

# Targhee Ties

Volume II

Compiled by M'Jean South Lund





# Dedicated

With love  
To the wonderful family,  
Past, Present, and Future,

of

BARNEY & MARJORIE SOUTH

Chances are pretty good — you have

A little sawdust in your veins,  
Music in your bones,  
and most importantly,  
A testimony in your heart.

**You have a great heritage.**—DAVID (MARCH, 1974)

**A NOTE FROM THE COMPILER**

We are pretty lucky, I should say blessed, to be part of a wonderful family. This is a story about that family. It's a love story.

Putting it together has been like putting together a giant puzzle, tracking down the pieces, trying to figure out where they fit, wondering about the ones that are missing.

At the start, all I had was the voice of Aunt Zelma, talking about early memories on a cassette tape which I recorded back in 1978, while Marj was on her mission. Then I found that Marj had written some special stories, among them "Campmeat" and "Faith at the Sawmill." Barry sent me a copy of his early history, David made his book, accounts from Myrna, Susan, and Randy surfaced, and stories shared by kind cousins dropped right out of the sky. Serious, mirthful, and inspirational tales were plucked and placed right in the puzzle.

Puzzle pieces were found in places like the court houses in Randolph, Idaho Falls, and Rexburg; highway dept., libraries, historical societies, college and university archives in Utah and Idaho.

There are the pictures from when David and Melinda went around to relatives and scanned their family photos, plus the pictures Marj carefully saved in that old suitcase over the years. Every once in a while we would get them out and look them over, then put them back. Susan tracked down Marj's transcripts, etc. from Ricks College.

Barry sent high school age Dianna with a tape recorder to Evanston to interview Ruth South and family. What a wealth of information! Gleaning facts from the long epistles chock full of memories Uncle Bernie used to send to everyone produced puzzle piece after piece. He had a memory like an elephant. When the Idaho Falls Temple was built, Grandpa Knapp served as the work director, and Grandma chronicled its construction start to finish.

This has also been like a treasure hunt, with the discovery of golden nuggets in journals, histories and hundreds of letters. Truly treasured are the video and audio interviews of siblings and their spouses, aunts, uncles and cousins. The many phone conversations and emails have been a delight.

There is a transcript of Barney's funeral and a tape recording of Marj's.

There were even hidden treasures. One day Randy dropped off a big box of cassette tapes and said, "I'm tired of being the 'keeper of the tapes.' It's your turn for a while." I played a tape and heard the voices of Grandma and Grandpa Knapp with memories and testimony, recorded just a couple of months before they both passed away.

Two unlabeled tapes, one with just the word "me" written in small letters, were a special surprise. When Marj used to drive around selling domes, she would run a tape recorder, and she told about her childhood and also Barney's. That's where I learned how she as a child was intrigued with Barney, hearing about the "good-looking young man at the dances in the little schoolhouse who did not often dance but would sit in the corner reading the dictionary."

Another hidden treasure was Barney's small blue notebook, which Melinda sent me. Mixed in among pages of figures of board feet, etc., all in Barney's handwriting, are thoughts and ideas about various topics, about love, and about life.

This is a story of trials and faith, of repentance and forgiveness, hardship and testimony. And of love. I hope that love will spill out all over the pages.

M'Jean South Lund

Thank you to all who have helped.

Sorry for anything I didn't get right.



BARNEY SOUTH



MARJ SOUTH

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Miji Notes are comments from the compiler.

## WHO'S WHO - SOUTHS

### Samuel Rich South & Hannah Corless South

Lorenzo "Ren" Snow South - Ruth Biorn

Glenna South Jones - Gene Jones

Jeannie Jones Layne

David Jones

Barry Jones

Gwen Jones Covington

Donna South Dickerson

Dan South

Burton South

Gayle South Stuart

Connie South Lunsford

JoAnne South Thornock

Allen South (died age 17)

Elgie South Tate Norris - Ade Larsen

Elayne Tate Bybee

Sanda Lee Bybee McCallen

Bob Tate

Myrtle Tate (died as infant)

Betty Norris Tremelling

Barbara Norris (died as infant)

Bernard Eugene "Barney" South - Marjorie "Marj" Knapp

David Barney South

Phillip Barry South

M'Jean South Lund

Myrna Lynn South North

Susan South Crandall

Randy John South

Zelma South - Samuel Schwartz

Charles "Charlie" South - Dorothy Brotherton

Keith South

Kenneth "Kenny" South

Dorothy Elizabeth South Tidwell - Hubert Hackworth

Shirlene [Tidwell] Hackworth (died age 22)

Allen [Tidwell] Hackworth

Lois Hackworth Wright

Donna Hackworth Simmons

Gerald Hackworth



## WHO'S WHO - KNAPPS

### Justin Willis Knapp & Mabel Fidelia Hale

Claudia Knapp - Arch Hess

Eleanor Hess Sorenson

Sharlene Hess Kelsey

Berdett Hess

Cherie Hess Jonas

Nikki Hess Bauer

Judie Hess Cantrill

Warren Knapp - Carol Unsworth - Beth Davidson

Maureen Knapp

Sharon Knapp

Steve Knapp

Natalie Knapp Bergevin

Rena Knapp

Mo-nee Knapp Harrigfeld

Marjorie "Marj" Knapp - Bernard Eugene "Barney" South

David Barney South

Phillip Barry South

M'Jean South Lund

Myrna Lynn South North

Susan South Crandall

Randy John South

Thelma Knapp - Elmer Snowball

Shirley Ann Snowball Grimmett

Dan Snowball

Dee Snowball

Anna Knapp - Paul Walker

Saundra Lee Walker

Billy Walker

Robert Walker

Larry Walker

Dennis Walker

Al Knapp - Lois Call

Anne Knapp Coleman

Kaye Knapp Hales

Douglas Knapp

Karla Knapp Oswald

Allen Knapp

Bernie Knapp - Louise Andrus

Lisa Kimberly Knapp

Willis Knapp

Justin Knapp

Shaun Knapp

Joseph Knapp

Ruth Knapp Calabro

Jess Knapp

Kathy Knapp Thorpe

Tim Knapp



# Bernard Eugene “Barney” South & Mary Marjorie “Marj” Knapp

David Barney South (Feb 20, 1939) - Judy Lynne Bates - (Oct 10, 1940)

Robin Sarah South Bitter (Aug 9, 1960) - Lance Bitter

Julie South - Dec 3, 1961 (died as infant)

Jenny Lynne South Semenza (Nov 1, 1962)

Nanette South Clark (Apr 23, 1966) - Gary Clark (Apr 3, 1955)

David Barney South, Jr. (May 7, 1968) - Jennifer Lee Warren (Sep 7, 1969)

Melinda South - Jun 24, 1970

Rebecca Jo South-Slota (Jun 18, 1973) Joseph Benjamin Slota (Oct 6, 1982)

Jessica South Goodwin (Sep 10, 1975) - Douglas Todd Goodwin (Jun 28, 1971)

Michael Jay South (Jul 22, 1979) - Tess Catherine Tovar (Feb 23, 1981)

Jamie Lynne South-Shaw (May 13, 1981) - William Shaw

Phillip Barry South (May 14, 1941) - Elinor Moss (Apr 11, 1941)

Jason Phillip South (Aug 2, 1970) - Jennifer Elizabeth DaBell (Dec 25, 1969)

Daniel Barry South (Mar 9, 1972) - Margo Eileen Wilcox (Feb 15, 1975)

Rachel South Thompson (Oct 7, 1973) - Lance James Thompson (Oct 19, 1970)

Dianna South Poston (Jan 16, 1976) - Jason Michael Poston (Jun 21, 1975)

Rodney Wade South (Jul 11, 1981) - Kylene Simmons (Apr 9, 1980)

M’Jean South Lund (July 1, 1944) - Gary Blair Lund (Jun 11, 1947)

Rosalie Lund Macmillan (Aug 26, 1975 - David Spencer Leith Macmillan (May 9, 1975)

Tessya Michelle Lund (Jan 10, 1977)

Jonathan Gary Lund (Nov 4, 1978) - Jennifer Lee Heap (Jul 27, 1975)

Jeanette Lund Viehweg (Apr 4, 1980) - Mark William Viehweg (May 28, 1970)

Lexye Suzanne Lund Thiele (Sep 1, 1981) - Nicholas Bryan Thiele (Mar 29, 1981)

Barney Alan Lund (Jul 3, 1983) - Mary Francis (Feb 6, 1985)

Molly Nanette Lund Cash (Dec 24, 1985) - Devin Blake Cash (Dec 31, 1982)

Myrna Lynn South North (Mar 12, 1947) - Vaughn Wilber North (Jan 7, 1945)

Susan South Crandall (Sep 7, 1952) - Jeffrey Lee Crandall (Dec 23, 1945)

Matthew Jeffrey Crandall (Jan 16, 1983-Mar 16, 2000)

Sean Foster Crandall (Mar 16, 1985)

Joshua Lee Crandall (Apr 30, 1987) - Tatiana Renee Brenchley (Aug 6, 1989)

Daniel Scott Crandall (Oct 30, 1989) -Kristen Walker (Apr 2, 1990)

Allison Marie Crandall Nunez (Oct 31, 1993) - Jordan Nunez (Oct 13, 1992)

Randy John South (Sep 18, 1952) - Karen Jean Dickson (Dec 21, 1955)

Andrew John South (Jul 4, 1978) - Courtenay Anne Carter (Aug 22, 1979)

Derek Thomas South (Oct 26, 1979) - Sarah Elizabeth Moser (Apr 18, 1983)

Joshua Eric South (Oct 2, 1980) - Francis Noel Parson (May 19, 1983)

Nathan Samuel South (Jun 12, 1982) - Emily Marie Barnes (Dec 20, 1981)

Amanda South (Oct 29, 1984) - Ty Chandler Hall (Feb 8, 1980)

Jonathan William South (Oct 17, 1987) - Lindsey Nelson (Apr 5, 1991)

Katherine South Walker (Oct 7, 1990) - Scott Tyler Walker (Dec 10, 1987)

Steven South (Aug 31, 1993)

Benjamin Hale South (Sep 15, 1995) - Melissa Huff (Feb 13, 1995)



THE "BIG TREE" IN THE CENTER OF CAMP

A large bushy, rough pine tree was close to the middle of camp and was referred to as the "Big Tree." It had survived much abuse from young woodsmen hacking and sawing on it. It served many purposes including a meeting place, something to climb in, shade, and a place to swing on a rope. I guess mostly it was just part of camp, like the old well, the sawdust pile, or the big puddle. -BARRY

# Two Centuries Two Countries

I like to tell people that I grew up in two centuries and two countries. That's because our family spent Memorial Day to nearly Christmas of every year in the mountains of Island Park and the remaining months in Idaho Falls. Our entire family moved twice a year. -DAVID

## Chapter 72

# The Old Log Cabin

It seemed it was a tradition that we moved from Island Park in a snowstorm and we moved to Island Park in a rain storm. –BARRY

Built in about 1922 by the Targhee Tie Company, the old log cabin, in its picturesque setting among a few pine trees, was about 150 feet from the railroad tracks at Island Park Siding. Had it been able to talk, it would have quite a tale to tell, of historical happenings of the era and of the various folks who took a turn living there. The last person the cabin could claim as a new resident was little Susan South, who came along in September, 1952.

DAVID: Our Island Park home and sawmill sat four miles east of Pond's Lodge, about forty miles north of Ashton and just ten miles from Yellowstone's west boundary. Going there meant taking a step back in time. Ashton, our closest town, had a doctor but no hospital during my childhood. But by the time I got to high school, Ashton had built a small hospital.

### POST OFFICE

Pond's Lodge had a post office so we did get the Idaho Falls Post Register. At first, our post office received mail three days a week; later it began arriving five days a week. Cold and snow came early to Island Park, and after the last train came through, our village was pretty well cut off.

But by the 1940s, roads between Pond's Lodge and Ashton were plowed, so you only had to maneuver the four miles between our sawmill and Pond's; then you could drive to Ashton. I remember that road as very winding and treacherous. Later they built a much straighter, nicer one.

### TARGHEE TIE HEADQUARTERS

BARRY: Island Park Siding had been the headquarters, in years past, of the Targhee Tie Company. This company hired men to cut and hack ties and haul them to the railroad siding where they were loaded into the train cars. During the peak years of the Tie Company's operation there was a school and a church at the village and as many as one hundred and fifty people lived there in the winter.

"Camp," as I knew it, consisted of about a dozen old buildings left from the Tie Company village and a few new buildings built since the sawmill was built. Along with the cabins were a few barns, storage buildings, chicken coops, outhouses and other facilities of a small village.

### MOVING IN SPRING

DAVID: Barney converted the Federal into somewhat of a moving van. He



added makeshift sides, a wooden rack, to hold furniture. After loading all our possessions, we hit the road. Once during such a move to Island Park, we entered the large, open area called The Flat. We were part way across it when we saw three or four elk. My dad stopped the truck, jumped into the back of it, dug out his rifle and shot one. That elk became an important part of that season's food for others and for us.

BARRY: One of the first things I remember about Island Park—we were moving—all the stuff was on the back of the truck, and we had come to the little flat. That little flat is almost grown over now; you don't see it too much. I remember Barney blasting away there on that little flat. He had spotted an animal, and he was trying to save some money on food. I can't even remember if it was a deer or elk or what it was. I can't even remember if we got one. But I can remember him shooting.

Our dad had a program worked out that we would stay up there until the snows got deep enough that it pretty well closed the roads up. He was quite worried than when we moved out of there that people would come in and vandalize the sawmill. So we tried to stay there until the snow got fairly deep.

#### MOVING IN WINTER

Usually by the first of November we had all of the lumber moved out and just had to load our horses and household items and leave. We always tried to stay until the beginning of a heavy storm that would close the road to the mill so we would not have to worry about our belongings being stolen. Since we tried to wait for a heavy storm, we did not dare wait for it to pass because we would have been snowed in. We had our things packed and ready and we would load our furniture on one truck and the horses on another and take off.

It seemed as though it was tradition that we moved from Island Park in a snowstorm and we would move to Island Park in a rain storm.

#### DAVID SOUTH WITH FOOTBALL WEST SIDE OF CABIN

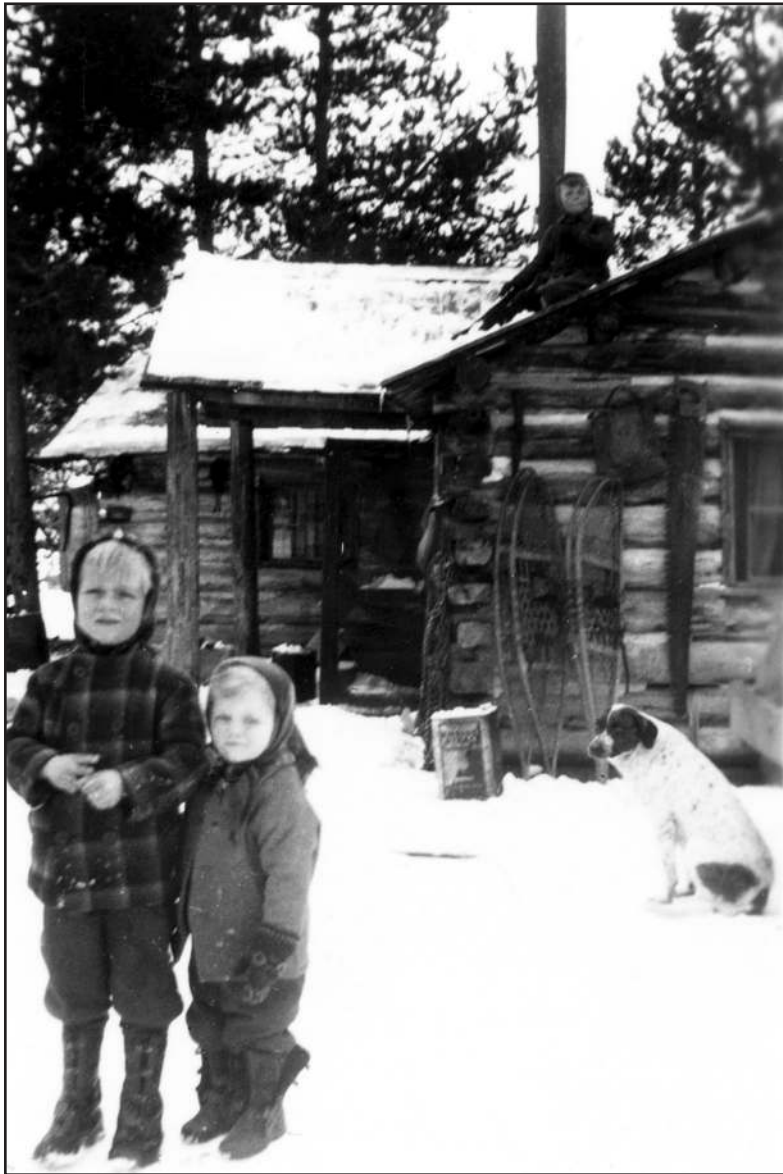
"Our house was a three-room cabin — the largest one in the camp." (*David*)

"The house was built of hand cut round logs that were notched and miter locked at the corners to make a sturdy little cabin.

I was glad that our house used to belong to the boss of the Tie Company for it was the only one in camp with two doors."

(*Barry*)





BARRY, M'JEAN,  
DAVID (*on roof*)  
"PERKY"

Kitchen door and  
back porch.  
Dinner bell hangs  
from far left corner  
of roof (*barely visible*)  
along with the  
bathtub.  
Snowshoes,  
crosscut saw, etc.  
on the outside wall.  
(*right*)

*Forest Home*  
The old log cabin was the first forest home of David, Barry, M'Jean, Myrna, and Susan. They each spent baby days journeying in the homemade crib from bedroom, living room, kitchen, out in the yard, and back again. They spent baby nights under mosquito netting.

BARRY: The first house that I remember living in there was a 3-room round log house that had been built by some people who worked for the Targhee Tie Company. And there were several houses in that camp that had been built and used by the tie company, and after so many years they quit hacking ties out of the forest, so the tie company left.

They abandoned the cabins. And the South Family moved into those cabins. I was glad that our house used to belong to the boss of the Tie Company for it was the only one in camp with two doors—a front door and a back door.

DAVID: Our house was a three-room cabin — the largest one in the camp — but only slightly bigger than the others. We had a 12' x 12' living room, a smaller-than-that bedroom where the family slept, and a tiny kitchen filled by a small cabinet, a

table, chairs and an ancient, wood-burning cook stove.

BARRY: The 3 rooms--kitchen, big room, and bedroom, together probably totaled about 700 square feet. The house was built of hand cut round logs that were notched and miter locked at the corners to make a sturdy little cabin.

#### PORCHES - LEAKY ROOF

The house had a nice covered porch at the front door and a small cover over the back door. The roof was built with a double layer of rough lumber that had tar paper between the layers of lumber. The roof was supported with a few ridge logs.

DAVID: The Targhee Tie Company had built with little thought for perma-





nence. Builders had stacked logs atop each other until the wall height plus the gable ends were reached. To form the roof, they had laid long poles between the gables. Then they had covered the poles with wide boards that ran perpendicular to the poles, from the eaves to the top pole, called the ridgepole. Finally, they had tar papered the boards and covered the tar paper with a second layer of boards.

M'JEAN: The roof of the old cabin leaked in many places, and during a heavy rainstorm kettles and pans had to be placed in strategic spots in all three rooms to catch the drips. During the rainy month of June, that was a very frequent occurrence.

#### NO INSULATION – CRACKS IN CHINKING

BARRY: There was no insulation anywhere in the cabin. The cracks between the logs were chinked with mortar which refused to stick very well. This chinking was done on the outside and inside, and there were always pieces of chinking falling away from the logs. That meant there were always a lot of air leaks through the walls. We never had a problem in getting fresh air.

M'JEAN: The mosquitoes found every leak.

DAVID: The wind blew through the house, in spite of the chinking — a mixture of lime, sand and cement used to fill cracks between the logs. Bugs and mice had the run of the place.

M'JEAN: Marj used to say the spaces between the logs were so big you could throw a cat through the cracks.

#### SHORT DOORS – BUMPED HEADS

DAVID: The sawmill at the Siding was located on National Forest land. In those days if you were buying timber from the National Forest, they never charged a lease, and we of course qualified.

And as you can imagine if you didn't own the land, and you had to build your buildings, you didn't build expensive buildings--no concrete foundations.

The buildings were made out right on the ground, and over the years the bottom log would rot, and the building would slowly settle down into the rotted area. Every spring we had the project of going around and cutting the doors off a little bit so they would still open and close.

DAVID SOUTH, BERT & SUSIE MILLER

The sheepherder couple stopped by to visit when they were in the area.

Far left: washmachine

Center: bunkhouse

Right: north side of the cabin near the back door

Note: tools, etc hanging on outside wall

"The cracks between the logs were chinked with mortar which refused to stick very well." (Barry)

M'JEAN: As the doorways became shorter, the taller guys who resided in camp learned to duck when they came in. But it was a fairly frequent occurrence that an unsuspecting visitor would bump his head on the door frame. (Although we tried to remember to mention a caution.) That might be followed by some muttered words we children were not allowed to repeat.

#### CALCIMINE COATED WALLS

BARRY: The inside finish of the cabin was a heavy paper tacked on the logs and then painted with calcimine for a stiff white finish. (I think it was a mix of lime and water brushed on.) Each year a fresh coat of calcimine was applied to renew the finish on the walls.

#### LINOLEUM

M'JEAN: The floor was covered with linoleum, several layers. The gravel constantly tracked in on work boots or spilled out of pockets and pant cuffs was hard on the linoleum. Each time new linoleum had been put down, it was laid right on top of the last layer.

#### NO PLUMBING

BARRY: The house had no electricity nor indoor plumbing. An outhouse among a few nearby trees substituted for indoor plumbing.

DAVID: There was no running water; there was no bathroom; there were no lights; everything had to be done in the light of a lantern or, if you had to go to the bathroom, you had to take a 50-yard hike out to the little outhouse--away from the home for obvious reasons.

#### WELL WATER

BARRY: Our water source was a well that had been dug about halfway between the house and the railroad track. The water was drawn by hand using a rope, pulley and well bucket.

DAVID: We had to go out there and lower a pail into the well and pull it up with a rope strung over a pulley. Then we'd pour the water into other buckets and carry them home, a distance of fifty to a hundred yards. I tell people, if you wanted running water, you had to run with the bucket.

### *Three Room Layout*

**H**omemade furniture and goods from the catalog store made up 3 rooms.

"Quite often there might be a quarter or half inch of ice on the water buckets." (Barry)

BARRY: The kitchen had some cabinets, a medicine chest, a table with benches, and a storage chest. The "big room" had a wood heater, a rocking chair, a sofa [usually called the daveno], and a desk that Dad used for his office. The bedroom had two double beds and a closet.

#### KITCHEN

The kitchen door on the east side was the one everyone used. On the wall to the left of the door were coat hooks, with some storage underneath. To the right of the door was the washstand, large enough for two water buckets and the wash basin. The medicine cabinet hung on the wall above it.

BARRY: A dipper was left in the bucket for drinking and other water needs. A wash basin beside the water buckets on the wash stand was the place for washing hands, shaving, combing hair, etc. In the fall of the year, quite often you'd come out to those water buckets, and there might be a quarter or half inch of ice on the water buckets.



MEDICINE CABINET  
MADE BY BARNEY





MAJESTIC STOVE  
WITH RESERVOIR

#### MAJESTIC STOVE - FLOUR BIN - WOODBOX

BARRY: The kitchen had a "Majestic" brand iron cook stove with an attached water reservoir that burned a lot of firewood. On a warm day it made it really hot in there when our mother Marj was cooking. On a cold day it was nice to have a fire in the two rooms, cause we had a little heater in the back room and we could stoke that up and could stay warm with it.

The Majestic cook stove took up the entire northeast corner of the room opposite where the cabinet stood on the northwest corner. Sandwiched between the cabinet and stove were the flour bin and the wood box.

A 100-pound bag of flour was dumped into the big wooden flour bin pretty regularly, as Marj did plenty of baking to keep up with the family and crew. The aroma of homemade bread would fill the house, and from the Majestic's large oven would come her wonderful bread, eight loaves at a time.

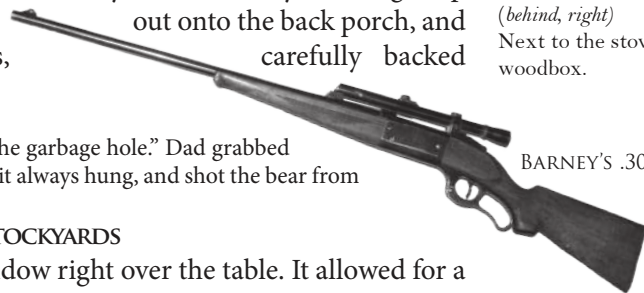


AL KNAPP  
Fish for Marj to fry  
on the Majestic stove  
(behind, right)  
Next to the stove is the  
woodbox.

#### GUN OVER THE DOOR

Over the door, the handiest spot for a gun, but still out of the reach of children, hung Barney's .300 Savage. Fortunately it was ready to fire the day Bernie got up from the table at the noon meal, walked out onto the back porch, and spotting a bear off in the woods a little ways, carefully backed up into the house.

BARRY: He yelled, "There is a bear at the garbage hole." Dad grabbed his .300 savage from over the door, where it always hung, and shot the bear from the back porch.



BARNEY'S .300 SAVAGE

#### VIEW OF THE STOCKYARDS

Opposite the door was a long, low window right over the table. It allowed for a good view of the railroad tracks, stockyards, and the Flat beyond. On summer days, through its panes streamed rays of the hot afternoon sun, lowering slowly in the western sky until it sank behind the timberline amid a beautiful sunset.

The other kitchen window looked out towards the forested area on the north, wooded side of camp. The cabinet under the window was the handiest place to wash dishes, just a few steps from the stove, where Marj would cart the dishpan when the dishwater began getting cold.

#### TABLE & BARNEY'S BENCHES

Centered in the room was the big round kitchen table, surrounded with the wooden benches Barney built, designed to slide right under the table when not in use. The table was covered with an oil cloth with a colorful floral pattern. Close to the table, on the south end of the kitchen, was the high dish cupboard, adjoining the doorway to the living room.



WOODEN BENCH  
MADE BY BARNEY





HANNAH'S SECRETARY DESK  
"Dad used the desk as his office."  
(Barry)

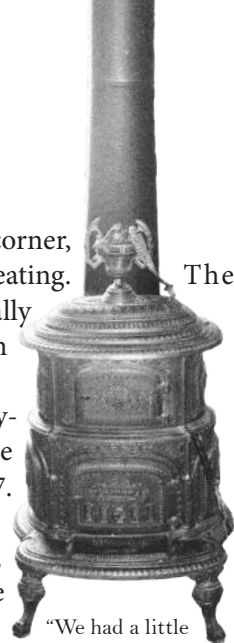
MARJ, MYRNA, DAVID,  
BARRY, M'JEAN  
In the living room of the old log  
cabin, the boys sport new  
longjohns in shipment from the  
catalog store.

## LIVING ROOM

Just inside the living room, in the northwest corner, was the small stove with the tall chimney used for heating. The ceiling overhead was severely scorched, as occasionally flying sparks had ignited. Fire in that corner had been extinguished on an estimated 21 occasions.

When Barney was ten, his family had lost everything in the fire which burned their ranch house to the ground. The sawmill in Island Park burned in 1937. Everyone was wary of fires.

It seemed the living room was always quite dark, no matter what time of day it was, even though there were two windows. The biggest window, the one on the west, was shaded by the large covered porch, where the firewood was stored. The cabin was practically surrounded by pine trees, which provided even more shade.



"We had a little  
heater in the  
back room and on a cold  
day we could stoke that  
up and could stay warm  
with it." (Barry)

## DAVENO

Under the west window, where formerly Grandpa South had played the organ, (which had long since been retired to the warehouse), was the daveno. For many years it served double duty, as a sofa in daytime and a pull-out bed at night. Marj's brothers Al and Bernie, Grandpa South, and various guests had slept on it. By the time there were 5 kids in the family, David and Barry had progressed from the bedroom to the living room, and they slept on the daveno bed.

## SECRETARY DESK

Against the opposite, east wall, was the tall secretary desk. The front panel lowered into a writing table, held by a chain. There were several little pigeon-holes and drawers.

## FRONT DOOR

The front door was on the far end of the room and opened onto the big porch where the firewood was stacked.

## LITTLE WARDROBE

In the corner stood the little tall wardrobe which Barney built.



M'JEAN: The top part had two doors which opened up, and there were hangers on a rod for little girls' dresses. In the three drawers underneath were our clothes—mine in the top drawer, Myrna's in the middle, and I even recall back when the bottom drawer held diapers, when Myrna was a baby.

David's and Barry's clothes were stored in a chest of drawers Barney made from the cabinet of an old phonograph. Barry's name is scrawled in large letters in childish writing on the bottom drawer.

Under the south window was the wind-up phonograph, and there was a rocking chair with a red seat made of something akin to vinyl, and a couple of chairs to match it.

## BEDROOM

A curtain hung across the narrow doorway from the living room to the bedroom. The room had two windows and was just large enough for two double beds with not much maneuver room in between. The boys' bed was under the window that looked out onto the back porch. Next to their bed, sticking out from the wall, was a tall wooden wardrobe, the cabin's sole closet.

Barney and Marj had the bed next to the window on the east wall. There was just enough space between their bed and the curtained doorway for a youth bed, crib-like with short side rails, just big enough for both M'Jean and Myrna. When not in use it folded up against the wall.

M'JEAN: I can remember having to take naps in that bed. Sometimes I would be lying there, hearing the train whistle, not feeling sleepy, and wishing I didn't have to take a nap.

Nighttime the bed was again folded down from the wall. My side of the bed was so close to the bed of my parents that I could have almost reached out and touched it—which I was tempted to do at times when kept awake by some loud snoring.

## THE POT

One more essential in that room: On the floor near the doorway was the pot—quite convenient during the night, especially considering taking little kids outdoors in snowy weather. Emptying the pot in the outhouse was a daily task—not the favorite one.



CHEST OF  
DRAWERS  
BARNEY MADE  
FROM OLD PHONO-  
GRAPH CABINET

M'JEAN: Eventually, David and Barry began sleeping on the daveno bed in the living room, and Myrna and I slept in their old double bed. At night we'd play with a flashlight, which would turn our hands red; then we'd stick a hand out above the light and gradually bring it closer, watching the shadow of the giant hand on the ceiling until it "grabbed" us.

By morning light we would lie in bed and look overhead for "pictures" in the rain-stained, sagging calcimimed cardboard ceiling, as one spies images in clouds.

## BASSINET

Near the "Master Bed," space was made for a bassinet, but that's a later chapter.



LITTLE WARDROBE BUILT  
BY BARNEY

"There was a rod for hanging little girls' dresses. I remember when the bottom drawer held diapers, when Myrna was a baby." (M'Jean)



"THE POT"  
Quite convenient in  
the middle of the  
night



Baby Bath on the kitchen table

DAVID, BARRY, M'JEAN  
Wooden skis were waxed in the kitchen.



## VERSATILE KITCHEN

The kitchen was versatile, becoming at times a barber shop, a schoolroom, or a doctor's office. Much of the washing and all of the ironing were done in the kitchen. In a round metal pan set on the kitchen table babies had their daily baths, and on Saturday nights, everyone had a turn in the long galvanized tub in front of the stove.

### TYING FLIES

Sometimes Barney would get out his tackle box, set up his vice on the kitchen table, and tie flies for his next fishing trip.

### WAXING SKIS

When snowy weather came along, he waxed wooden skis in the kitchen, first melting paraffin on the hot stove.

### SCHOOL ROOM

At the kitchen table Marj had taught her younger brother, Bernie, to read, and later on, taught her own children to read before they ever entered school.

### DOCTORING

Most of the doctoring took place in the kitchen. Over the wash stand was the medicine cabinet, from which came bandaids, merthiolate, iodine, the nasty canker sore remedy and the despised castor oil, served up with a spoonful of sugar.

### SELF SURGERY

Marj told about a time when Barney had a deep cut on his hand which had healed over but was infected down inside. He knew he had to re-open the wound to disinfect it. She described the torturous scene when he cut open his own hand with his knife. He lifted a lid off the stove, and alternately, he would hold the blade over the flame, cut, then hop around in pain, repeat, until he had the deep wound open so it could be treated.

The kitchen table was sometimes a real or pretend operating table.

M'JEAN: My first turn in the doctor's office in Ashton was when I was 5. It was common for children to have infected tonsils removed, which usually required a stay in the hospital. As the closest hospital was in St. Anthony, the doctor's office in Ashton would have to do. Marj prepared me for the ordeal by having me "practice." I would climb up on the kitchen table and lie still while she put a teacup over my nose and mouth.



When we arrived at the doctor's office, due to the practicing at home, my cooperativeness was stellar. I climbed right up onto the operating table as if I had done this before. The doctor and nurse were amazed that I did not put up a fight when they gave me the ether.

There were other trips to the doctor in Ashton to treat little Myrna's sinus infection. (The leftover paraphernalia made for fun gadgets to play with.) Not to mention the various times when stitches were needed when logging accidents occurred.

### THREE MEALS

The kitchen also had to operate as a kitchen, and three times a day Marj rang the dinner bell to call family and crew to the table.

### FAKE BUTTER

One time there was an item included in the groceries which seemed a real oddity to the kids: margarine. In a clear cellophane bag was a pound of white squishy stuff with a red dot in the center. By kneading the bag, the red colored dot was spread evenly throughout the stuff inside until it was a uniform yellow color which appeared like butter. No one liked it.

### LIGHTS - LANTERNS

BARRY: For lights in the evening we would light our gas lanterns that used unleaded or white gas--pumped them up with pressure, lit the mantle, and they were reasonably bright when there was a lot of pressure in there. We had two of them and they were sometimes temperamental. The pressure tank at the bottom held the highly volatile white gas. A small hand air pump was used to pressure the gas tank.

### RISKY TASK

Lighting the light was always a risky task. We never knew when it would shoot flames of raw gas or light normally. Many times the wood house could easily have been lit up along with the light if the operator was not pretty careful.

As the pressure drained off they would get dim, and then somebody would have to go pump them up again. It was quite common to have two lights, but on most evenings only one light was lit.

The brightness of the light depended on the amount of pressure in the tank. As the light grew dim it was a waiting game to see who would get the pump and "pump up the light."

M'JEAN: The mantles, once installed and lit, were fragile, and were frequently torpedoed by moths and millers attracted to the light. A small hole in the mantle allowed a little flame to shoot out. A big hole meant time to replace the mantle. It was fun to watch as a new, gauzy mantle was tied in place, lit, then would wrinkle up to its destined small size and glow.

### CENTERPIECE - KITCHEN TABLE

BARRY: The centerpiece of the house was the kitchen table, and lots of the activities centered around the kitchen after dark. The light was usually on the kitchen table where the family read or played games in the evening. Every once in a while there would be something going on at the kitchen table, and somebody would be doing something back in the other room, and they would need a light, so they would come in and grab the lantern and take off with it, and that would leave the kitchen table dark until the lantern came back.



GAS LANTERNS OWNED BY SOUTH FAMILY

The smaller lantern was yellow; the larger one was silver. If only one lantern was lit, it was usually the yellow one. (left)

"Lighting the light was always a risky task. We never knew when it might shoot flames of raw gas" (Barry)





BARRY "AT BAT"

Donning the newly arrived longjohns from Sears, and picking up the new axe handle, he took a batter's stance and said "Someone take my picture."

Marj's little suitcase full of hosiery samples.  
Inside was the tiny egg-shaped sewing kit.



## Sears & Roebuck

Shopping in Island Park was done out of the Sears and Roebuck catalog.

DAVID: Several times each summer, traveling salesmen came through, with news of the world beyond our mountains. They sold items such as clothing, lotions and general merchandise, chosen by looking through catalogs and at samples, then shipped in by parcel post.

M'JEAN: One time Marj ordered some wool blankets from a mail order company, and after waiting for weeks and receiving no blankets, she complained to them that it was taking so long. She got a reply that said something to the effect that her order was in the works and being attended to. Her response was "Do you mean you are growing lambs for the wool?"

Through one salesman Marj signed on as a representative of his company to sell stockings. Whether or not she made any sales, she probably received a discount rate for her own orders. The sales kit came in a tiny suitcase full of stocking samples and included a miniature egg-shaped sewing kit.

M'JEAN: Myrna and I would pore over the catalogs, looking at the dolls and all the accessories. I was especially intrigued with the little bubble blowing pipes; to this day, I have never set eyes on one. The storybook dolls were lovely to look at, the brides being our favorites.

I was baffled by pictures of babies inside of playpens and toddlers peering through latticed gates. Having never seen such, I could not figure out why these children were "in jail."

MYRNA: My dresses were ordered from Sears Roebuck to start school. One was red and white striped or print. The other had a blue skirt and maybe kind of a white top. It was so exciting when you got a box from Sears Roebuck, mostly if you were getting anything.

When the boys' longjohns arrived, Barry put his on, and fancying himself to look like a baseball player, he donned a cap and picked up the newly arrived axe handle. Taking a batter's stance, he said, "Someone take my picture."

Of course, the old catalog would eventually end up in the outhouse to serve "other use" in time of emergency.



# *Memories in that Old House*

## GUNS WENT OFF IN THE HOUSE

BARRY: One of my favorite pastimes was playing with guns. One time a fellow came up, and he had a gun there, and this may go back to when I was maybe 4 or 5 years old. They'd been out shooting guns, and they brought this gun in and leaned it up against the wall in a corner, and the adults were all at the table visiting, and I was over there examining that gun, and I was pulling on the trigger and couldn't get anything to happen.

So I went and got a little stick and put it through the trigger guard to where I could push down on it with both hands, and I pushed down on that thing, and the gun went off. That really got some attention. Not only a loud noise, it was a high-powered rifle, and it caused quite an uproar.

M'JEAN: Was that in the house?

BARRY: It was in the house.

M'JEAN: So it went through the roof?

BARRY: I think the bullet lodged up into one of the walls it was leaning up against.

Another time--we had an old lever action 25-20 that was really a lot of fun to work that lever action. Sometimes I would load it up and lever the bullets out just for the fun of levering the action. I was doing that one day, and it accidentally went off and shot a hole up through the roof.

## HONESTY LESSONS - CANDY BAR, DIMES

BARRY: Remember again we lived out in the sticks. No electricity. It was a big event to get to go to Ponds Lodge. The whole family in the old logging truck 2-3 times a month going to the store. Just seeing the neon lights was pretty exciting. Barney and Marj knew the Pond family very well. The relationship had complete trust and the kids were free to roam the store. One day I stole a candy bar. I just slipped it into my pocket. When we got home and I let it be seen my mother picked up on it immediately. Where did that come from? I confessed. The candy bar was confiscated.

The next time we went to Ponds I had to personally go to Charlie Pond and tell him I had stolen the bar and return it to him. What a grand old man he was. He was kind and understanding. I think it disappointed my parents a little that he was not more stern. Anyway, I got the message. That was the last candy bar that I ever stole.

### DIMES

One incident that happened in that old house—I'll never forget it. As I say, we were in a common bedroom there. Barney and Marj had their dresser over by their bed, and their things were on that dresser, and one day a stack of dimes showed up on that dresser.

What kid is there that doesn't know what coins are for? A nickel would buy a bottle of malt tablets, a candy bar, or a bottle of pop. Five dimes would buy a box of .22 shells.

Do you remember anything about that, M'Jean?

### TEMPTATION

Well that was sure a tempting stack of dimes, so they disappeared—into my pocket. And there were a few friends in camp about my age that I used to pal around with a little, cause there was nobody else there to pal around with. And I was feeling pretty generous, and I passed out some of those dimes.

Well, when it was discovered that the dimes were gone, the parents said,



"Where's the dimes?" And it didn't take long to find the guilty party, and they said, "Okay, you're not supposed to be taking those dimes like that. We're going to make a deal with you. We want all those dimes back. And for every dime you don't get back, you get one swat with a stick on the behind."

And I had a day to worry about that and try to get the dimes back. And I had to get them from my friends. I had a few of them. My friends had the rest of them. I wound up short quite a few dimes, and I had that to worry about all day long. So I got paid pretty well for those missing dimes.

M'JEAN: I think Marj told me she let you earn a few dimes through the day, because she was feeling bad for you.

BARRY: That could be.

M'JEAN: She said you were still short some.

## RADIO

DAVID: In about 1950, we did get a portable radio, but we weren't allowed to listen to it much because that got costly. Unlike today's radios, ours were extremely large and required lots of power and expensive batteries.

BARRY, DAVID, M'JEAN  
Leaning against the trusty Federal. "The truck had some lights up on the cab, and when we'd see those cab lights coming across the Flat, we knew that Dad was home, and that was always a good feeling."  
(Barry)

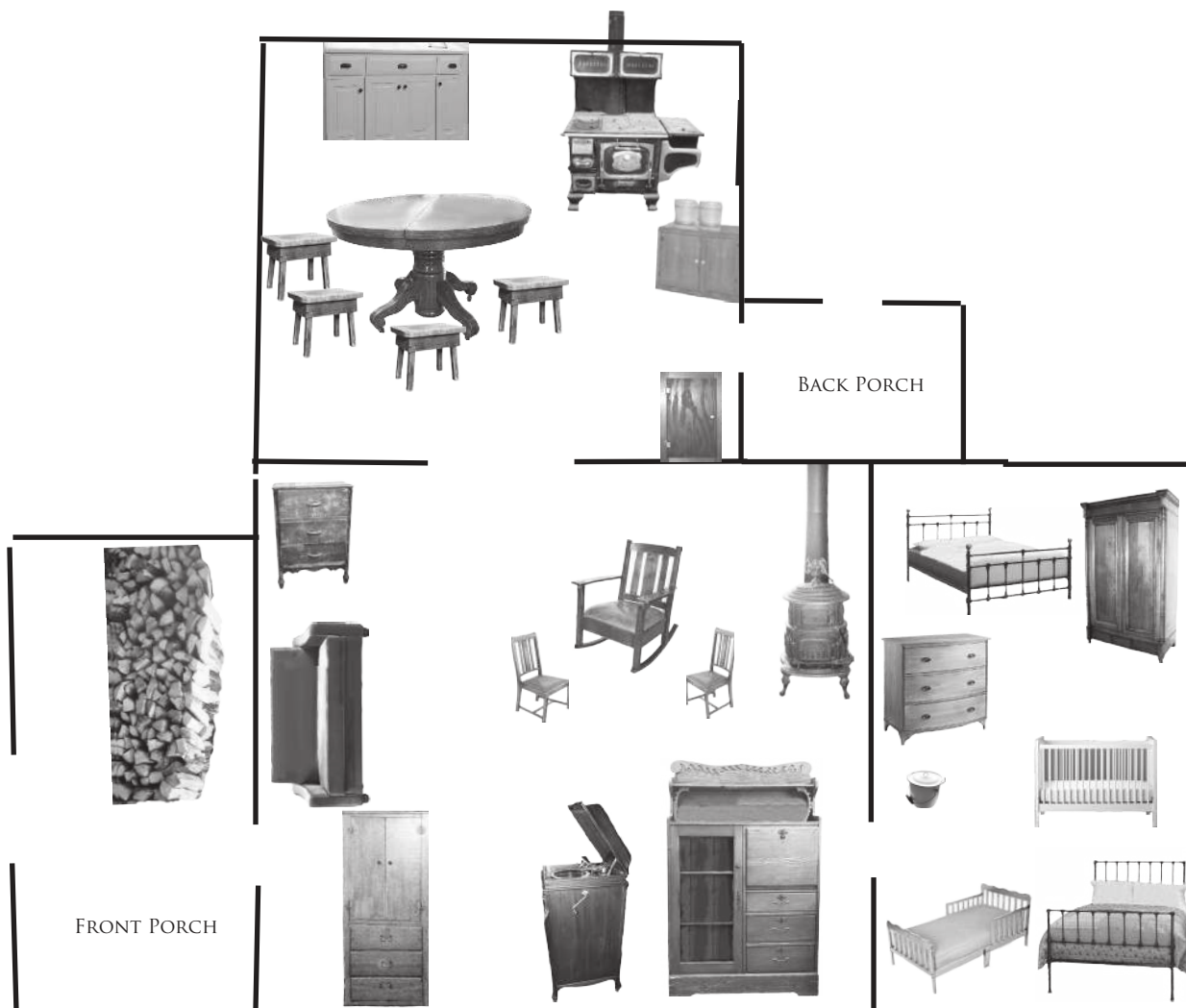
## WATCHING FOR CLEARANCE LIGHTS

BARRY: We had lots of experiences in that old house. I remember quite often our dad, Barney, would deliver lumber after it was cut out on the sawmill. He would deliver it anywhere in Island Park area or clear into the valley. He would load up the Federal truck and take off on a trip that would take a long time.

From our window we could see over the railroad tracks, past the stock yards, across the Flat, and watch the dirt road that led to the highway.

I remember a lot of long evenings as Marj and the kids sat at the table, reading or playing a game or something by the light of the gas lantern, but we were looking out across the flat after dark waiting to see the lights of the old Federal to come out of the trees and on to the Flat. The truck had some lights up on the cab, and when we'd see those cab lights coming across the Flat, we knew that Dad was home, and that was always a good feeling.

# The Old Log Cabin



## ORIGINALS:

Benches  
 Washstand & buckets  
 Medicine cabinet  
 Chest of drawers (*made from phonograph cabinet*)  
 Wardrobe  
 Hannah's secretary desk  
 Pot

## SIMILAR TO ORIGINALS:

Table, cabinet  
 Majestic kitchen stove  
 Davenport, stove, rocker, chairs  
 Phonograph  
 Beds, crib, dresser  
 Stand-alone closet  
 Woodpile





## Chapter 73

# Timber!

I read the risk associated with various occupations, and logging was up there about number one or two, and I was kinda proud of that. – BARRY

From the time Barney was young he had worked with animals, especially horses, he had worked in the timber, he knew how to get the most out of a saw, he was a carpenter, he was a mechanic, he knew a steam engine inside and out, and he later became well acquainted with a diesel engine.

Barney was also a phenomenal teacher. He passed on to his children much of the knowledge he had gained by his experience and allowed them similar experiences. In teaching them to work, he gave them responsibility and freedom. As long as they followed a few simple rules, they had a lot of latitude. At a future day, his boys, as young teenagers, would have to run the logging and sawmilling without him. The fact that they were prepared to do it is a testament to his effective teaching and the kind of father he was.

### *Little Loggers*

BARRY: All the time that we were growing up, David and I went with Dad almost everywhere he went. M'Jean and Myra were helpers of their mother more than helpers of their dad. But David and I were with Dad almost continuously throughout the days when he would go in the woods to cut timber and log. He would take us with him.

Our logging operation included cutting trees down, using horses to skid the logs to the loading site, rolling the logs onto a derrick, and then using a horse to raise the derrick to load the logs, and then hauling the logs to the mill.

#### INTO THE WOODS

Of all the work at Island Park I enjoyed working in the woods the most. The first I remember of the logging operation was when Dad started taking us to the woods with him.

I was maybe 5 or 6 years old and would be riding to work with him in a truck out to the woods. He'd pick me up and set me in his lap, and I'd steer the truck up on the road.

I remember the first time I did that. That old truck went across the road and back and forth, and finally he showed me how and I got it to go down the road straight.

BARRY DAVID, &  
BARNEY

Felling a Tree.

The boys went to the woods with their dad from the time they were small, learning the logging operation by experiencing it.





BARRY, DAVID,  
BARNEY (*probably*)  
"By the time I was  
eight I could drive  
the trucks. The early  
driving that David  
and I did, when we  
were so young, drew  
some attention."  
(Barry)

not permitted to drive alone. When I was ten I moved the trucks around the mill yard, and by the time I was twelve I was hauling loads from the woods. The early driving that David and I did, when we were so young, drew some attention.

It was exciting for David and Barry, as young children, to be entrusted with the task of driving a big truck. The ruggedness of the narrow, woods roads required slow travel, and Barney would let the two of them drive a truck to the logging area.

There never seemed to be any sign of squabbling about who should drive. Marj asked David and Barry about how they got along. They replied it was easy; they watched the speedometer and traded every time it changed. Marj was amused at their system--switching drivers every tenth of a mile.

### SIT IN STEERING WHEEL

When Dad first took me to the woods to log, I was small enough that sometimes I would get in the truck and play truck driver while the men were loading the truck with logs. I remember that sometimes I would climb into the steering wheel and swing back and forth as I sat on the bottom part of the wheel and held on to the top part.

### 1000 POUND PULL

The logs that were being loaded to the truck were skidded by horses from where they were cut. Sometimes the skid trails came right past the front of the truck, and the logs would slide against the front tire. When a horse was pulling a big log, the horse pulled hard and fast, and a log could easily weigh over 1000 lbs.

### SPINNING WHEEL

Once while I was sitting in the truck behind the steering wheel a skid horse pulled the log so close to the truck that the end of the log hit a front tire. It hit hard and turned the tire immediately as far as it would go. The steering wheel spun about two complete revolutions in less time that a scared heart beat. Luckily I was not sitting in the wheel. My Uncle Warren noticed what happened and commented to others that, "It was a good thing that Barry wasn't swinging in the steering wheel when that happened."

### YOUNG DRIVERS

I learned to drive when I was very young. It started out with me sitting on Dad's lap and steering the truck and then shifting the gears and then learning the pedals. By the time I was eight, I could drive the trucks but I was

## FIRST JOB: MEASURING POLE

BARRY: The logging operation was very special to me. David and I went to the woods with Dad when we were very young. When I was really small my first job was to carry around a measuring pole, and that's just simply a little tiny lodgepole tree about 10 or 12 feet long that's marked in 2 foot increments. And after Dad would cut a tree down, my job would be to hold that measuring pole on the tree, so he could mark where he wanted to cut it, and he'd tell me, "Well, 10 ft or 16 feet, or whatever."

## CROSSCUT SAWS

My first remembrance of going into the woods was before the advent of the chainsaw. It was back with the old crosscut saw. Crosscut saw comes in two forms: one is a 2-man saw, and the other is a 1-man saw. And I remember the guys getting out there on those old saws and they'd cut the trees down and go out and cut them into logs.

## TREES BUCKED INTO LENGTHS

At that time the trees were bucked into lengths with a cross-cut. The logs were skidded to the loading place by horses from the woods, but to haul a few loads.

were felled with a cross-cut and ax and the lengths with a cross-cut. The logs were skidded by horses. The old Ford truck hauled most of the we had a wagon that was still used

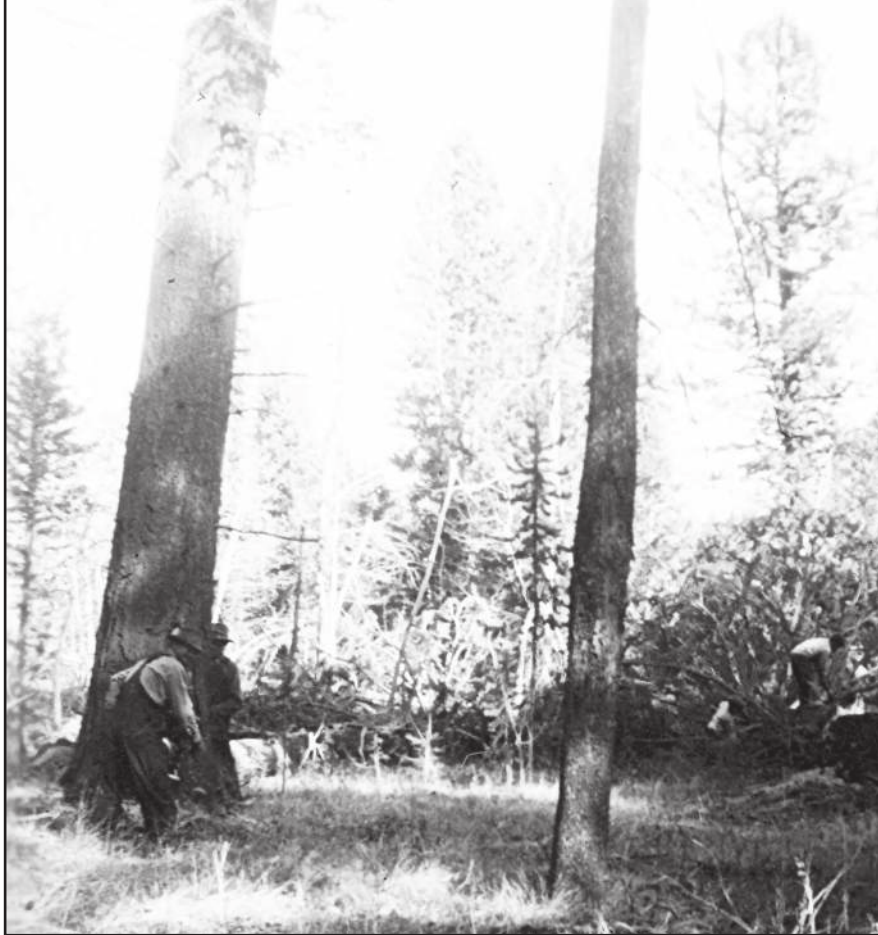
## ALL PHASES OF LOGGING

As I grew older I did all phases of the logging operation including: riding the skid horses, trimming trees with an axe, cutting trees with chain saws, loading the trucks with a horse and derrick, hauling the load to the mill.

## FELLING TREES

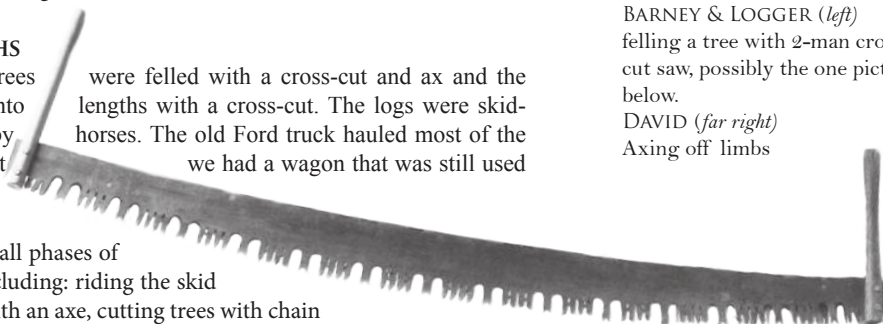
DAVID: When I was about eight, Barney allowed me to go into the woods. There loggers felled lodgepole pines by axing a notch into one side of the trunk, hand-sawing through its opposite side till only a hinge of wood remained, then giving the tree a push. That made it collapse toward its notched side. Some handsaws used at mills were called crosscut saws, and most were four to five feet long, but some were six and seven feet long.

Thin, ribbonlike crosscut saws, with handles on each end, were operated by two men pulling, never pushing, the blade through the tree. But at our mill, we usually used thicker, heavier, single-handle saws that one man pushed through the wood. Once felled, trees had to be trimmed of their branches before the bucking or sawing crews cut them into lengths of twelve to sixteen feet.

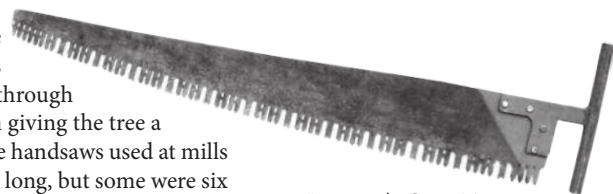


BARNEY & LOGGER (*left*) felling a tree with 2-man cross-cut saw, possibly the one pictured below.

DAVID (*far right*) Axing off limbs



BARNEY'S TWO-MAN CROSSCUT SAW



BARNEY'S ONE-MAN CROSSCUT SAW



#### SKIDDING WITH HORSES

"A skidder without a kid-helper had to hook the logs and personally lead the horses, so we kid-helpers were a real value. I loved riding and guiding those horses." (David)

#### AX OFF LIMBS - SKIDDING

At about the age of eight, I began using an ax to hack limbs off felled tree trunks and a saw to cut them. By the time I was twelve, I could do either task expertly.

I then graduated to helping with the skidding, the process of hooking logs to a horse and guiding or riding that horse while it dragged logs from the cutting to the loading area, usually a distance of about two hundred yards. Helping with the skidding by working the horses was, by far, a favorite job for me, my brother Barry, our cousin Steve Knapp, and any other kids our age.

We enjoyed the sense of adventure and potential danger that accompanied this work. The potential danger was created when logs chained to a horse were dragged through timber country. The logs constantly hit trees, limbs, poles — all sorts of debris scattered about the forest floor. And hitting something often sent it flying. If that something happened to be a pole, it could swing around in a large, fast arc, hit someone and really hurt him. Consequently, the safest place for the horse-guide was atop the horse, not beside him.

#### KID-HELPER PROVIDED TRACTION

And, strange as it may sound, the rider's added weight actually helped the horse. I remember several instances of working with a horse that was willing to pull a heavy load, yet couldn't because he couldn't get the traction. But my climbing up on his back gave the horse the extra weight he needed. The other kid-helpers and I loved riding and guiding those horses. When we'd get to the skidway, a worker there would unhook the logs, and we would ride/guide the horses back to another skidder who would attach a new log-load.

A skidder without a kid-helper had to hook the logs and personally lead the horses, so we kid-helpers were a real value. Plus it was something we could do, and Barney believed in giving youngsters tasks to keep them out of mischief.

#### BARNEY TAUGHT ME HOW

Barney taught me many things, including how to handle the log hooking myself. Even at the age of seven or eight, I could see how to hook logs so they wouldn't get tangled or stuck on tree stumps. I remember those times amazed me: here I was a youngster and I knew more about the physics of a problem than most of the adults — except for my dad.

#### SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP

By my 11th birthday, I could lead the horse out, attach the logs, send the horse to the skidway using voice commands. I would follow the logs, unhook them and guide the horse back for another load. My horse quickly learned that it was his job to drag load after load. He didn't seem to mind. Thus the logs got moved, the horses got fed, the men earned money and they got fed — a good symbiotic relationship that my brother Barry and I participated in. We spent many summers riding, leading, teaching, consoling and caring for those big, gentle workhorses, that were not only our responsibility, but just about our only playthings.

#### MISCHIEVOUS BARRY

BERNIE: Dad told me Barry was helping skid and he was riding Tops and leaned way out over the hames and put his hands over the horse's eyes and she walked right into a tree.

#### LOADING

BARRY: The logs were loaded on the truck by different methods. Sometimes they were rolled by hand up skids which leaned on the side of the truck. When the logs were extra large they were rolled up the skids by hooking a chain to the side of the truck, wrapping it over the log and pulling the chain from the opposite side with a horse.





DAVID :  
At first, loading logs onto a truck was done by rolling the log up a ramp. We made the ramp by placing two poles against the truck's side and angling them, so the poles extended from the ground to the

top edge of the truck's side. That was the most efficient way of getting a big log loaded, especially if you hooked the log to a horse that would then pull the log up the poles and over the truck's side. Trees often grew crooked and had to be cut to eliminate or minimize the crook, so these logs varied in length from ten to twenty feet. At any rate, ten feet was about the shortest you wanted to mess with, and twenty feet was about the longest.

#### BARNEY INVENTED DERRICK

Eventually, Barney invented a derrick, similar to a hay derrick. We loaded logs onto the derrick and let the horse drag the load up, dump it on the truck, and lower the derrick. With this device, it took just Grandpa Knapp, a few kids and a horse to quickly load large log piles.

#### PULLEYS, CABLE, GIN POLE TREE

BARRY: The most common method of loading was to use a derrick which was a set of pulleys, cable and gin pole tree. The logs were rolled onto the derrick and the derrick was raised by a horse pulling a cable that was rigged from the tree to the derrick. The first derricks we had were made of wood, but they kept breaking when too big of a load was put on them. Later, Dad made two steel derricks, and we never broke them.

#### BARNEY - FIX EVERYTHING

BARRY: One thing that impressed me about Dad was that he was so great at fixing things, under any circumstance—just anything that'd go wrong, he had enough ingenuity to put it back together and keep it going. Dad could keep the trucks running, keep the saw running, keep everything going.

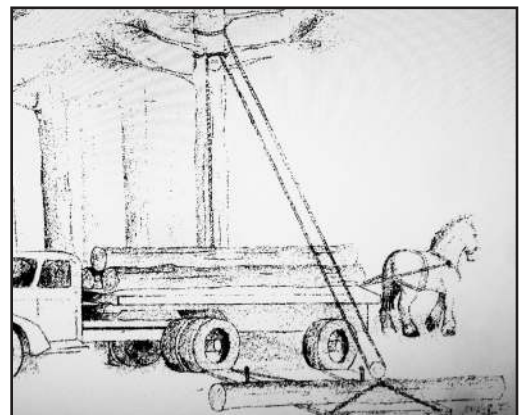
#### BUYING TIMBER

For a long time our timber source was U. S. Forest Service. This meant that Dad would go to them and buy a sale of timber, and a Forest Ranger would come out and mark the trees for us. The trees were marked by a blaze on the tree about chest high, which the Ranger made with his ax. The ranger would also cut a blaze on the stump and then stamp that blaze with the U.S. which was on the back of the head of his ax. I remember that I have heard Dad cuss many times because the ranger had marked a crooked tree and left a straight one standing next to it.



AL KNAPP, JUSTIN KNAPP, & BARNEY SOUTH  
Loading trucks by hand with ramp

Derrick that Barney designed and built. It expedited the log-loading process.





BERNIE, DAVID,  
BARRY

"A lot of the time we got to ride home on the loads of logs. Sometimes we tied a rope to the rear chain that bound the load, and then we would lasso tree limbs. That added a lot of excitement to the ride—We never told Dad about that!" (Barry)



"A new bag always tasted a little like canvas, but after a while, that taste was gone." (Barry)

### CHICK CREEK AND SPLIT CREEK

We worked in several different areas around Chick Creek and Split Creek while we were cutting lodge pole.

### SECTION 36

One year Dad made a deal to buy all of the timber on one section of land. It was Section 36, and Split Creek ran right down through the full length of it. We worked several years at cutting trees from that section, and we never had to worry about what tree we could take. We had a lot of fun while we were logging there. We caught fish from the creek when we wanted. We picked huckleberries from the mountainsides. We got to see wild game. We shot chickens along the roads as we drove the trucks to and from work. Working in the woods was great.



### WATER BAGS

When we went to the woods, we always took our drinking water in water bags. They were canvas bags sewn to form a bag about sixteen inches by twelve inches. They had a rope handle and a round aluminum hole sewed into one corner. The hole was about an inch and a half in diameter. We poured water out of the well bucket directly into the water hole to fill it. After filling, we hung the water bags on the truck mirrors and took them to the woods.

The water bags were for everyone to drink out of—just pull the cork and have a drink. A new bag always tasted a little like canvas, but after a while, that taste was gone. The water soaked the canvas and was always moist on the outside. As this moisture evaporated, it kept the water in the bag cool. The water was great. I miss the dipper and the water bags.

### BOX LUNCH - BERRIES

Lunch time was usually a big shared box lunch- just like a picnic. There were lots of wild berries to eat.

### RIDE LOADS - LASSO LIMBS

A lot of the time we got to ride home on the loads of logs. We could throw sticks from the moving trucks and just enjoy the ride. That was always nice, but sometimes we tied a rope to the rear chain that bound the load, and then we would lasso tree limbs on the way home. We kept the low hanging branches pretty well cleaned from the roadway. That added a lot of excitement to the ride. (We never told Dad about that.)

## TWO CREWS

When we started logging on Section 36, Dad was selling enough lumber and logs to keep a crew busy in the woods and another crew at the sawmill. It was about this time also that David and I were getting big enough to be of some real help. Dad

had problems keeping both the mill operation and the woods crew going when he could only be at one place at a time.

After David and I got old enough to take care of ourselves, while we worked, Dad had us work in the woods a lot while he ran the sawmill. By having us work in the woods with the men we were a deterrent for the men to be goofing off when they were supposed to work. This was never talked about, but it was real.

## HOB NAIL BOOTS

STEVE: Dad finally gave up trying to sell wood and went back to work for Uncle Barney South. They said we could live in the new cabin that Uncle Al had built the year he came back from the Air Force. So we moved into that little cabin. It was really nice compared to living in a tent winter and summer.

BERNIE: Possibly some of the women in the camp were unhappy, once Warren moved in there, because he ruined the floor. He wore hobnail boots, and it had the nicest linoleum of any cabins.

For a few years when Warren worked there for Barney, Steve would go out in the woods every day and ride skid horses with David and Barry.

## WARREN & STEVE IN THE WOODS

STEVE: I helped Dad haul logs to the mill. Uncle Barney would come up with the whole crew for about a week, and we would cut trees and buck them up. We would also use both trucks and haul a couple of loads down in the evening. When we got enough logs cut, Barney would take most of the crew back to the mill and start sawing logs. Dad and I and another guy, Dale, would drive up to the logging area and skid out a load and bring it down. We would make two or three trips per day with about 30 logs on the old Ford Truck. Dale also used Barney's big black gelding to skid the logs out to the derrick where we would load the truck. He used a set of driving reins to guide old Dick, who was smart enough to make his own way without any help.

A serious accident occurred when Dale somehow got his leg caught between a stump and a pole which got caught under the chains tied to the logs. Warren and Steve heard him scream. Warren made a splint for his leg. He and Steve carried him to the truck, drove him to Camp and told Barney, and the guy was taken to the hospital. It was a terrible break, and it was a long time before he could walk again.

STEVE: The doctor said if it had not been for the good job Dad did on the splint, Dale might have lost his leg. After Dale left, Dad and I took over the truck hauling and some of the cutting. I was pretty good with an axe and a 4 ½ ft. cross cut saw, so I would fell five trees and cut them up while dad was getting his cut and bucked up and then he would start to skid while I finished up limbing the tops of the trees.



## A REAL CABIN

"Dad finally gave up trying to sell wood and went back to work for Uncle Barney South. They said we could live in the new cabin that Uncle Al had built the year he came back from the Air Force. It was really nice compared to living in a tent winter and summer." (Steve)

*Standing in front of the cabin is a Jensen boy from next door.*





BARNEY SOUTH  
Driving the Federal.  
“When we got into  
the fir trees, that’s a  
whole different game.  
One tree could make  
a whole truck load.”  
(Barry)

## RIPLEY BUTTE - LOGGING LARGE FIR

BARRY: We logged the lodge pole timber mostly, with the average size of 8-16” diameter at the butt. That was always exciting, but it got really a lot more exciting when we’d get out of the lodge pole pine and go down to Ripley Butte into the Douglas fir. When we got into the fir trees, we were cutting trees that were typically more like a foot in diameter on up to about 3 foot in diameter.

### NOTCHES & STEEL WEDGES

That’s a whole different game. Cutting a 3-foot diameter fir with a crosscut saw is quite an endeavor. I remember those guys would make a big notch with the saw—sometimes they’d cut just the bottom and notch the top out with an axe. Sometimes they’d cut the notch both sides with the saw. And then they’d make the back cut on it and they’d cut in with a saw for a ways, and they’d drive their steel wedges into it and force the tree to fall in the direction they wanted it.

### ONE TREE MADE A WHOLE LOAD

After the tree was felled, they would cut the thing up, and again, you take a crosscut saw, and say, oh, here’s a 3 foot diameter tree I’m going to cut into. And after you cut the tree in two, you’ve got to move the thing over to where you’re going to load it on the wagon or the truck.

The logs were so big that it took a team of horses to pull just one log. A 16 foot log 3 foot in diameter was too big for one horse to pull. So they’d have a team of horses and a big pair of tongs and hook onto them and pull them over there. And you’d lay some poles up against the truck on an angle and hook a horse up to a chain around the log and roll it up the poles onto the wagon or the truck and take it to the sawmill. One tree could make a whole truck load.

### FARMERS LIKED WIDE BOARDS

BERNIE: They cut fir for lumber, not for ties. The railroad didn’t buy fir ties. Farmers always liked to buy wide boards rather than narrow boards so they didn’t need so many nails. If you were covering a cellar roof, you didn’t need so many boards and not so many nails--lots of reasons farmers like the wide boards.

### EXCITING CUTTING FIR TREES

BARRY: For several years we would work in the fall at Ripley Butte while we cut fir trees. It was especially fun, those early years, cutting fir. The trees seemed so big and fun to watch fall down. That was pretty exciting back then. It would be fun to go back and do that operation again—just to be part of it.

### FIRST CHAINSAWS

When I was first carrying the measuring pole, the cutters used axes and cross cut saws to fall and buck the logs. The first chain saw was brought to the woods by one of the hired men. It was a big, red two-man Mall.

It had a cutting bar with a chain around it, and this bar was at least 4 feet long, and the handle on the far end of it was called the stinger. And the other end of it had the motor, and it had two handles. So the operator had the motor end of it, and he had two handles, and there was a throttle on one of those handles, so the two men would pick it up and set it down over a log, and the guy would push the throttle down and the chain would start turning and the two guys would just lower the saw down through the log. And it would cut a log just much faster than the old crosscut.

I can't remember the details, but I suppose Dad probably bought that saw from the hired guy. So from then on most of our cutting was done with that old Mall chain saw.

I think we got our first chainsaw when I was about seven years old.

#### CHAINSaw DRAWBACK

One of the drawbacks of the chain saws was that they wouldn't cut when they wouldn't run. Keeping them running was quite a problem sometimes, and the men were used to working hard at trying to start a troublesome saw.

An event up there I remembered quite well—seemed like when I got in trouble, I could remember those events better. The first Mall was one of those where you had to wrap a cord around a flywheel and pull the cord to start it, and it had a magneto on it for a spark.

The way you'd shut it off—there was a ground wire that you touch to the frame of the saw, and the spark wouldn't go to the spark plug—it would just be grounded out, so the motor would die. And it was fun for me as a little kid to be able to shut the saw off. So when the guys were through cutting, I'd say, "Let me shut it off!" And that meant I could grab that ground wire and go and set it over and touch the frame.

#### BARRY CHAINSaw PRANK

Well, this one time, I thought, "Hey, you know, what would be fun would be to put that ground wire in there so it was stuck in against a ground." That meant that as they were trying to start the thing, there would never be a spark go to the spark plug, and it wouldn't start. I decided to try it.

So the next morning they got out there, and they started cranking on that saw, and they cranked, and they cranked, and they cranked. They worked and cursed and worked some more.

It really was quite funny there for a little while. And then I started getting worried. I thought, "What's going to happen if I tell them what's wrong?" They were getting frustrated. Finally, after an hour or so, I got up my nerve and said: "What would happen if you unhooked the ground wire?" And they looked at me like—you son-of-a-gun. (Laughs) The saw started. Dad was terribly mad, and I thought sure I would get punished. I didn't, but I wondered why. I thought maybe I was going to get horsewhipped on that one, but I got off scot-free, and that was kind of fun.

The chain saw cut so much faster than the cross-cuts that it replaced the cross-cuts within about a year. The second chain saw was another two-man Mall, and then came the one-man saws, first McCullochs and then Homelites.

#### CHAINSaw EVOLUTION

DAVID: Chainsaws replaced crosscut saws and brought more changes. Our first chainsaw was an ornery Mall that often refused to start, refused to run, or broke down. It weighed about eighty pounds, had two handles and took two men to carry. At first, we used the Mall strictly for cutting trees once they had fallen. But we soon mastered the technique of harvesting the trees with the Mall.

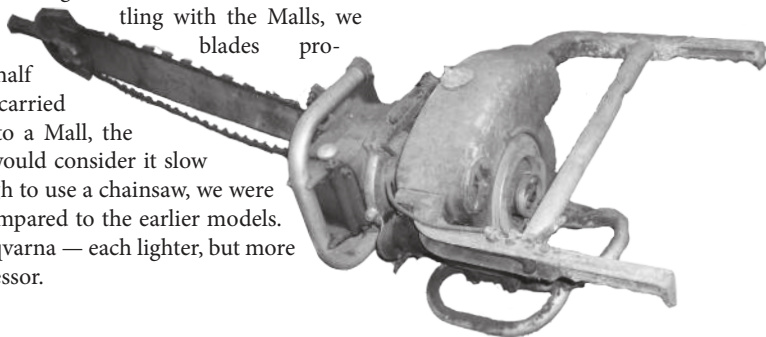
After two or three years of wrestling with the Malls, we replaced them with McCullochs. Their blades protruded from the motor. They weighed half as much as the Malls, so they could be carried and used by a single logger. Compared to a Mall, the McCulloch was a miracle, but today we would consider it slow and awkward. By the time I was big enough to use a chainsaw, we were using the Homelite — a quantum leap compared to the earlier models. Later we introduced the Stihl and the Husqvarna — each lighter, but more powerful and easier to use than its predecessor.

#### CHAINSaws

The Mall Tool Co. was founded in 1921 by Arthur W. Mall, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A year later he relocated the business to Chicago. The company became very successful, employing over 2,000 people making power drills, circular saws, chainsaws, and other hand-held products.

McCulloch in North America started to produce chainsaws in 1948. The early models were heavy, two-person devices with long bars. In 1949, McCulloch revolutionized the chain saw industry by introducing a light, one-man chain saw called 3-25. North American woodworking would never be the same again.

BARNEY'S TWO-MAN  
MALL CHAIN SAW



BARRY (*top*) &  
DAVID SOUTH  
Showing height  
of their tall  
stack of  
houselogs,  
the primary  
product of the  
South Lumber  
Company.

"My brother  
Barry was  
always my best  
friend, especially  
at the sawmill  
where we  
befriended the  
workmen but  
not many kids."  
(*David*)



## Chapter 74

# Sawdust in our Veins

The steam whistle was a dandy; it sounded just like the trains. Several times while a locomotive would be stopped at the siding, we would have a whistle match with the engineer.—BARRY

Barney trained many men, old and young, in the operation and maintenance of machinery, tools and equipment, and in the various jobs required to run a sawmill. His young sons, David and Barry, got a very early start.

BARRY: The mill was simple and small, but effective. By running the mill efficiently in the summers, Dad could take the family to live in Idaho Falls in the winter, and he didn't have to work a lot.

The sawmill was right there close to the sawdust pile. The sawmill, as I remember it, consisted of the large circle saw, a log carriage, the skidways, and a huge steam engine. It was a real great old antique.

### STEAM ENGINE

The steam engine was unforgettable. It would be a real showstopper today at the State Fair.

It was a two-cylinder Rumely--a large, steel monster--that stood about ten feet high, measuring to the top of the boiler. The flywheel, stack, whistle and other equipment stood above that. It had two steam pistons that drove the flywheel. A rickety old shed made mostly of slabs covered the steamer, and the smokestack poked up through the flat roof. The smoke stack had a screen box on top of it to keep hot sparks from escaping.

The front wheels were all steel, about 3-4 feet in diameter. The back wheels were big, maybe 7 feet in diameter. The rims were about 3 feet wide with big lugs on them, heavy spokes to the hub, all steel. The back wheels were the widest part of the engine, maybe 10-11 feet wide. The engine had a big round boiler that ran horizontally from the back wheels to the front. It was maybe 4-5 feet in diameter. The firebox was in the back section of the

### RUMELY STEAM ENGINE

It was bought in 1937 and had just been installed when it went through the fire when the old mill burned down.

Barney rebuilt the engine, and it powered the sawmill for several years.

It was retired to a spot in the woods north of Camp after Barney bought the diesel engine.







BARNEY SOUTH  
Maneuvering the  
carriage feed stick,  
Barney makes cuts by  
sending the log past  
the saw on the carriage,  
which is mounted on a  
set of steel tracks.

The offbearer is  
probably Bernie Knapp

boiler tube. The total length of the tube was maybe 25 feet long.

#### WATER FOR BOILER

The engine drew its own water from a water pipe that ran down a well just outside the engine room.

#### 100 FOOT BELT

The Rumely was parked so the front end was facing towards the saw, and the drive wheel was on the right hand side. So the belt came out of the steam engine shed and continued on down to the mandrel pulley on the saw itself. There must have been 60 or 70 feet between the drive wheel and the mandrel.

The belt was about 8 inches wide, a big heavy belt. That belt had to be over a hundred feet long--quite a belt.

That belt came down and turned the mandrel. The big saw (52" in diameter) was on one end of the mandrel, the pulley on the other end--the pulley that the belt ran across. The mandrel, that shaft that drove between the pulley and the saw, was a two-and-a-half inch steel shaft.

On the mandrel they had another couple belts. One powered the carriage feed stick, controlled by the sawyer.

#### FEEDING THE LOGS

As he pulled it back or pushed it forward, the log carriage rolled back and forth past the saw on a set of steel tracks. The carriage had two head blocks holding the log in place. Logs were cut when the sawyer fed them through the saw on the carriage.

Pushing the stick forward pulled the carriage back, where the log could be repositioned for another cut. Or the carriage could be made to roll back farther, to the skidway, for a new log.

#### MILL SHED

A shed roof was over the sawmill and sawyer. As a piece of wood was cut off the log, it was carried away from the saw by a man called the off-bearer. The wood-cuts were stacked into their appropriate piles: slabs, lumber, timber or house-logs.

### *Kid-Helpers*

DAVID: Barney taught my brother Barry and me a lot about running saw-mills. By the time we reached our sixth birthdays, we were encouraged to help.

#### FIRING STEAM ENGINE

Some of my earliest recollections are of helping my Grandfather Jesse Knapp, who by then was working for Barney as a Fireman, responsible for firing the Rumely steam engine. It was a thresher steam engine with two big back wheels and two small front wheels. Grandpa fed it water and wood; it created steam and could move on its own between mill sites.

BARRY: The mill crew was the sawyer, the off bearer, and the fireman. And then there was David and I, two kids.

DAVID: My brother Barry was always my best friend, especially at the sawmill where we befriended the workmen but not many kids.

## ROLLING LOGS

BARRY: My first work at the sawmill consisted of two different jobs, one I liked, the other I did not. The unpleasant job was to keep the logs rolled down the skidway. As Dad was sawing, he always wanted the next log just a couple feet from the carriage so he could save time. The idea was to cut as many logs as you could in a day, and if I had that log rolled down right next to the carriage, as soon as he got through cutting one log up, he could roll that one log on and start cutting the next one.

That was not hard, but it meant that I needed to be there most of the time. Once in a while we had to roll logs from the reserve skidway. This was hard because the logs had to be rolled about 75 to 100 feet.

### TOSSED INTO THE SAWDUST PILE

And sometimes I'd get a little bored and distracted. I remember one day, he got a little bit peeved at me for not being attentive to the job, and he picked me up and threw me clear over the carriage into the sawdust pile on the other side. It was a soft landing, and he knew he wasn't going to hurt me, but he sure got my attention.

## FIRING THE BOILER

The job that I did like was firing the boiler. Most of the time Grandpa Knapp did it, but sometimes he would be away, or David and I would just help him. Firing the boiler meant cutting slabs into firewood and stoking the firebox. I was quite small. To throw the firewood into the firebox--that was quite an experience--open the door, and that roaring fire in there. We were burning slabs, mostly. We'd chuck them into that old firebox, and that had to go on all day long to keep the steam up.

And just before the belt left the steam engine shed, they had another pulley by the steam engine shed, and that pulley powered a little wood saw. Those small slabs we'd stack there, and then we'd cut them into 4 or 5 foot lengths and throw them into the firebox. A circular cut-off wood saw at the front of the shed was turned by the same big flat belt that connected the steamer to the log saw. The firebox was at the back of the engine shed.

### FLYING FIREWOOD

The firewood was cut in four to five foot lengths, and the easiest way to get them from the saw to the back of the shed was to drop them on the wood saw. With a little practice, we were getting pretty good at sending them flying just where we wanted them. That worked till Dad found out what we were doing. Then we had to carry them.

### GRANDPA - FIREMAN

My Grandpa Knapp, my mother's dad, fired the steamer for a long time. And every morning, I remember my Grandpa would get up early in the morning and go out there and start a fire in that old steam boiler. I think he'd usually start that fire about 6 o'clock in the morning, and he'd start a hot fire, and by 8 o'clock the steam pressure was high enough to power the saw.

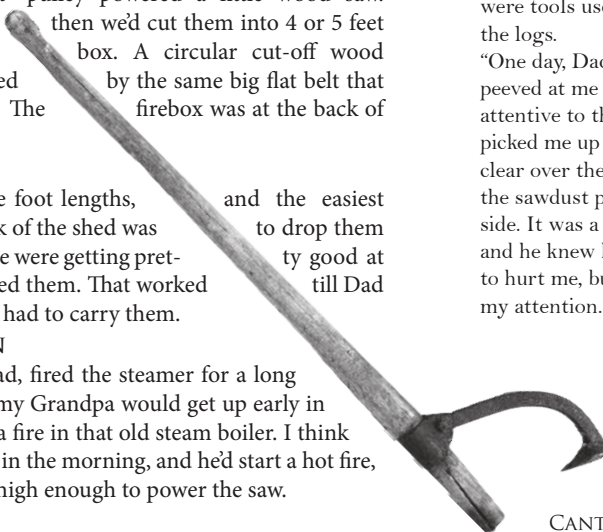
DAVID: As I look back, I suspect that we kid-helpers were probably more bother than help, but Grandpa wanted us to participate, which meant gathering and moving slabs.



### DAVID & BARRY SOUTH

The logs tumbling off the truck onto the skidway had to be rolled one by one right down next to the carriage. Pickaroons and cant hooks were tools used to maneuver the logs.

"One day, Dad got a little bit peeved at me for not being attentive to the job, and he picked me up and threw me clear over the carriage into the sawdust pile on the other side. It was a soft landing, and he knew he wasn't going to hurt me, but he sure got my attention." (Barry)



### CANT HOOK

Used by Barney and crew to position logs



Sawdust pile (*far left*)  
 Sawmill (*center*)  
 Steam engine shed with  
 tall screened smokestack  
 (*right of center*)  
 Warehouse (*right*)

Looking south from  
 north end of camp near  
 the chicken coop

The process we used for cutting house logs produced two kinds of slabs: heavy, thick, solid ones that could be sold; wimpy ones that could not be sold.

We kid-helpers threw the wimps into piles--almost like straw--where, for the next three or four weeks, the wind blew through the piles and dried the wood. We then carried the dry slabs back to the Fireman.

BARRY: I spent a lot of time helping Grandpa Knapp. We had to stack the green slabs so they would dry and then cut them into about 4' lengths and throw them into the fire box. It was a continuous job to keep the slabs going into the firebox. Sometimes when Grandpa was not there, my brother David and I had to do it ourselves.

DAVID: The firebox held a slab pile about three feet wide and two feet high. When the Rumley was running, air blew through the firebox to increase the speed of the burning. So feeding the firebox-monster was a full-time job, and my small but necessary part of it — gathering and moving the slabs — became one of my first responsibilities. You might say that our best mechanism for moving the wood was kid power!

M'JEAN: Once in a while I got to go to "work" at the sawmill. When Barney was shorthanded, Marj would take me with her out to the sawmill to fire the engine. She would have me stand inside one of the giant wheels of the steam engine, the only safe place for a four-year-old, while she threw wood into the firebox.

#### WHISTLE MATCH WITH TRAIN ENGINE

BARRY: Being around the steam engine was very unique--the sound of the hissing steam and the whine of the saw. The smells in the engine room, wood burning, steam, the hot oils, the cup grease, etc., were all quite special. The steam whistle was a dandy; it sounded just like the trains. Several times while a locomotive would be stopped at the siding, we would have a whistle match with the engineer. I surely liked to blow that whistle.

#### TRAIN CREW SHOCKED AT OUR ENGINE

BERNIE: One time when the engine was on the siding loading cattle some of the crew from the locomotive wandered over to the engine shed at the sawmill where I was firing the steam engine. They were shocked when they walked inside the shed and saw this old battered engine sitting there with grease and oil dripping over the sides of the boiler. The boiler had a cast of asbestos placed over chicken wire such as a plasterer might apply a coating. The insulation helped keep the heat in the boiler. It had long since lost its white appearance, showing oil and grease stains.

They were appalled at the sight. They could never have operated like that of course. They acted as if they were surprised it didn't burst into flames before their very eyes.



BARRY: My Uncle Bernie worked at all the jobs at the mill. He sawed for a couple of years while Dad worked in the woods.

Our other jobs at the mill consisted of:

#### HELPING THE OFF-BEARER - STACKING LUMBER

That meant carrying the slabs and lumber away from the saw after they were cut. Right after they were cut, they were stacked in different sizes and lengths in piles right near the mill. A lot of the lumber was sold right from those stacks, but when they got too big, our job was to load and move them to other piles away from the mill.

This meant that we had to load the lumber on a truck, and move it a short distance, and then unload it. We didn't have a fork lift, so it was all by hand, and it was a lot of work. We ricked a lot of the boards into piles that let air pass through them so they would dry and then be planed and sold as knotty pine.

#### UNLOADING LOGS OFF A TRUCK

Dad had his truck set up with a single axle trailer. There were still bunks on the truck and the trailer. We would pull trucks up on a dirt ramp, pull the stakes out of the bunks on the side that we wanted to unload from, and then we would climb up on top of the load and release the binders. One of the two binders was called a Swede binder, or a Johnson binder. It had a hook and a ring that would release by just unsnapping a chain. It was always a little bit exciting unbinding a load when you were on top of it. Some logs always came off when they were released. Sometimes a lot of them would. The challenge was to stay on the logs that stayed on the truck. If you didn't, you could get run over by a log.

#### JUNKER TRUCKS - DUMP TRUCK

Barney had three old Junker trucks that we used around the mill. We separated the slabs. The better ones were piled at the mill and sold from the piles. The others were hauled out to the junk slab pile on the dump truck. David and I got to take the truck out and dump it.

#### INTERNATIONAL WITH ROLLER BED

One of Dad's trucks was an old International and it had a roller bed on it. Most of the lumber materials were sold right out of the stacks, but sometimes the piles would get big and have to be moved to make room for more. For this job we used the International. It could be unloaded simply by using a big hand crank to turn a roller on the truck bed. The entire load would roll toward the back. Since the truck was a 2 axle bobtail, as the load rolled to the back, the front of the truck would rise in the air, lifting the tires way up, and the truck would roll ahead out from under the load, then drop back down.

The kids at camp would make it a point to ride the truck up and down whenever they had the chance. By using the roller bed we didn't have to unload one board at a time, and it was fun to drive the truck as the front end came up. David and I got to drive the old International.

#### FORD - CRANKS

Truck number three was the Ford. It was Dad's main logging truck until he bought a new Federal. The Ford became our slab truck with a dump bed.

#### BARNEY SOUTH

Unloading onto the skidway  
"We would climb up on top of the load and release the binders. It was always a little bit exciting unbinding a load when you were on top of it. The challenge was to stay on the logs that stayed on the truck. If you didn't, you could get run over by a log."  
(Barry)





RUTH SOUTH  
 BARNEY SOUTH  
 MARJ SOUTH  
 SAM SOUTH  
 GAYLE SOUTH  
 (on Grandpa Sam's lap)  
 DOT SOUTH TIDWELL  
 DOROTHY SOUTH  
 KEITH SOUTH  
 (on Dorothy's lap)  
 CHARLIE SOUTH  
 GENE JONES  
 DAVID SOUTH  
 (on Gene's lap)  
 AL KNAPP

In 1941 family photo at the  
 sawmill, the little sawdust chain  
 (referred to by Dan and Barry,)  
 delivers sawdust to the pointy  
 top of the small pile of sawdust.  
 Steam engine powers mill.

The old trucks had electric starters, but they did not work a lot of the time. The trucks had cranks. We had to use them sometimes to start the trucks. That was pretty hard to do for 10-11 year old kids.

## Sawdust

BARRY: The saw at the mill cut a one-fourth inch wide cut, and that meant there was a lot of sawdust to remove. There were several methods of removal used at different times.

### SAWDUST SCRAPER - HORSE POWER

The first method of disposing of sawdust that I remember was to place a car fender upside down, with one end below the saw. The sawdust came away from the saw at a high speed and it would hit the fender and be deflected back up and shoot out about twenty feet from the saw. From there it was moved into a big pile by a scraper pulled by a team of horses. The scraper was built so that a man standing on the back of it would counterbalance it, so it would push sawdust in front of it as it was pulled.

I used to like to ride the scraper up the sawdust pile. Sometimes the scraper would hit a solid object and flip and throw us off.

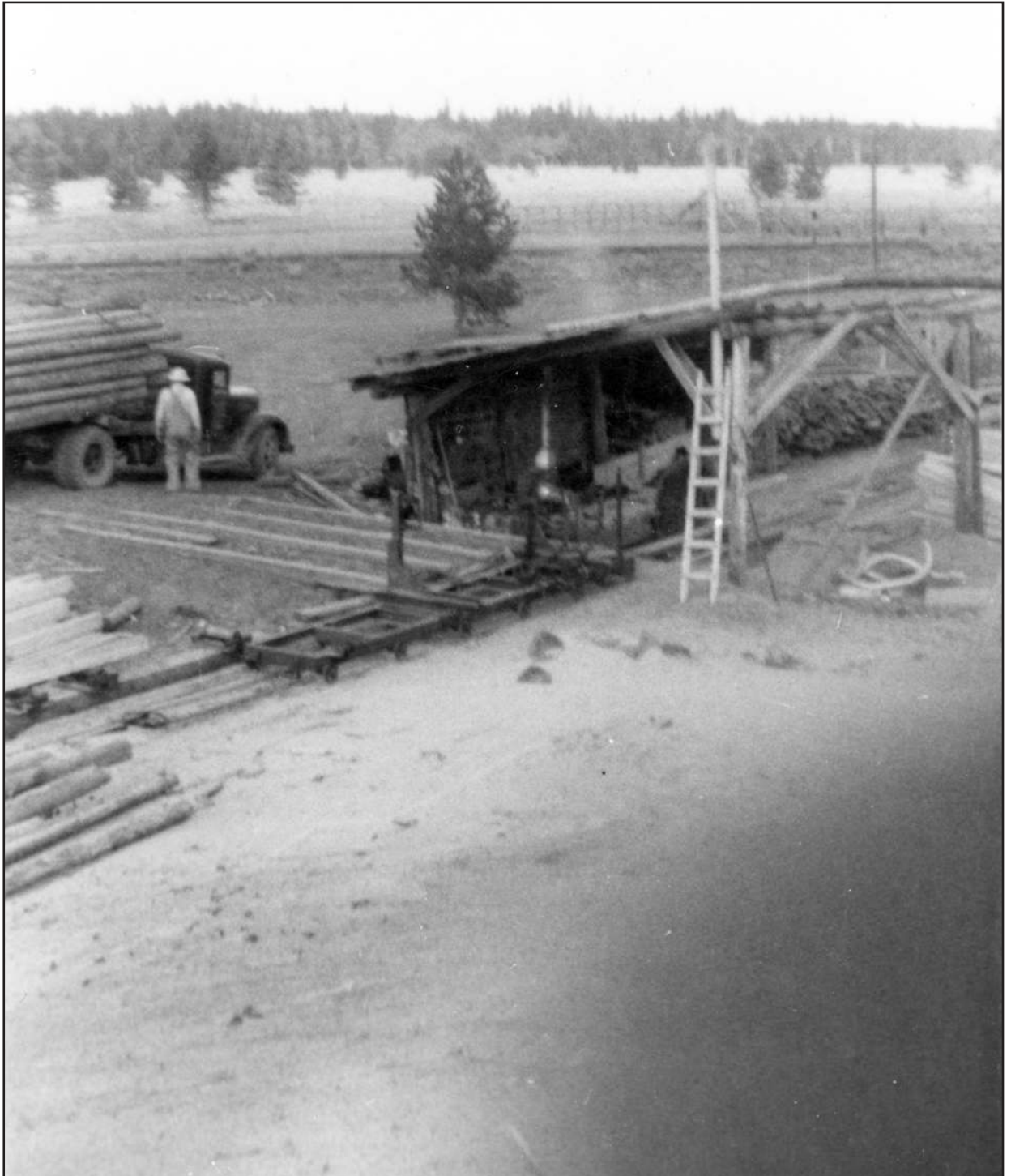
### SAWDUST CHAIN - STEAM ENGINE POWER

Another method was using a sawdust conveyer chain (the little chain that Dan South referred to)--turned by a belt from the mandrel--that piled it into a small pile that was later pushed up onto the big pile. Sometimes the pushing was done with Gene Jones' bulldozer.

### SAWDUST BLOWER - DIESEL ENGINE POWER

A third method of removal was using a sawdust blower that would suck the sawdust into a pipe through the blower and then out another pipe.





GRANDPA KNAPP  
Federal on skidway. Sawmill: saw, carriage, etc. Diesel engine powers mill.  
Background: RR tracks, stockyards, The Flat.  
*(view from up on sawdust pile)*

## Chapter 75

# Sawmill Tragedy

Barney always said that a board dropped on the saw would strike with such force that no one hit by it could survive the impact.—MARJ

Barney's younger brother, Charlie, had been involved in sawmilling for about as long as he could remember. Father Samuel South, had bought the sawmill on Woodruff Creek in Monte Cristo in 1916, when Charlie was six years old. Except for the times when the sawmill was shut down for a period of time during the depression and later, the war, Charlie had worked throughout his life in the sawmill business.

He was at the sawyer's controls the day of the accident which took his life.

BARRY: After Dad bought out the rest of his family to own the mill, his brother Charlie started a tie mill very close to Barney's. Charlie was married to Dorothy, and they had two little boys, Keith and Kenny, who were a little younger than I was.

BERNIE: In 1948, Barney was logging at Ripley Butte. He had an order for fir timber. Charlie was sawing at the new mill he had built the previous summer on the day when he was fatally injured. Barney was logging at Ripley that day. I remember it quite vividly. About mid afternoon we were surprised when Charlie's little old Chevy slab truck came rattling down the logging road where we were skidding and loading fir. I distinctly remember Bob Tate came to where Barney was cutting and hauling to tell us.

BARRY: I was with the logging crew at Ripley Butte. That is where we went when we were logging douglas fir trees. It was before the crew got our first chainsaw. The men were using crosscut saws and axes to cut the timber. I think we got our first chainsaw when I was about seven years old.

### NEWS OF ACCIDENT BROUGHT TO BARNEY

While the crew was working, one of Charlie's men came driving up in Charlie's truck and told Barney that there had been an accident at the mill, and Charlie was hurt. Dad climbed in the truck and headed home with the driver.

One of Barney's men jumped on the running board and rode with them. Another of the logging crew said, why did he go? How can he help? Another of the crew said, he just as well go, he isn't much help out here. It is interesting how a few things stay in our memory for many years, while so many thousands of others just go away.

When I got home, I learned that Charlie had been seriously hurt.

#### CHARLIE'S TIE MILL

A little saw-mill like Dad's and like Charlie's can be run by two people, the sawyer and the off-bearer.

The saw at the mill was a large (52" diameter) circular blade attached to the mill husk. The sawyer stood on the cutting side of the saw, positioned the log on the carriage, and operated the controls that ran the carriage back and forth past the saw. As the sawyer would run the log through the saw, the slab or the board or whatever that came off the log, would drop off on the other side. And the off-bearer was the guy who would pick it up and would carry it and put it on the appropriate pile.



#### DANGER FOR SAWYER

There was a danger to the sawyer if the off-bearer ever lifted a board or a slab above the saw and then let it down to where the saw could catch that board or slab. The saw could throw it and hit the sawyer with it.

The first thing that an off-bearer is taught is that he must never lift the slab or board so the back end of it is as high as the top of the saw. If the slab is high and swings to the saw, it can be caught by the saw. The saw teeth will grab a piece of wood instantly. There is a lot of energy in the saw, and the teeth are moving very fast. When the saw catches a slab, it can hurl it with tremendous force and speed.

#### FIRST-TIME OFFBEARER

Charlie was the sawyer on the mill that he was running, and they had hired a new man to be off-bearer.

CHARLES SOUTH  
Born: November 13,  
1909, Salt Lake City  
Died: July 21, 1948, St.  
Anthony, Idaho  
Buried: Rose Hill  
Cemetery, Idaho Falls,  
Idaho



UNCLE CHARLIE

CHARLIE SOUTH

"Charlie was really a fun guy. He spent quite a bit of time with the kids in camp, just being with them and playing with them." (Barry)

BERNIE: It was a new man sent up from the employment office in Idaho Falls who was off-bearing. It was his first day at the mill.

BARRY: The off-bearer had not learned his first lesson. He picked up a heavy slab (probably about 40 lbs), lifted it over the saw, and the saw yanked it out of his hands. Instantly the slab went across the saw and hit Charlie in the chest. The slab knocked Charlie back several feet, and the slab went on to the sawdust pile. And as I heard the story, it buried itself almost completely in the sawdust.

BERNIE: The impact of the slab carelessly carried and dropped on the saw carried Charley all the way across the skidway.

#### SERIOUS INJURY

BARRY: Charlie was hit very hard, and everybody knew that he was hurt pretty seriously.

M'JEAN: I have a very vague memory of that day. Barney had come in the house and changed out of his sawdust-covered work clothes and was hurrying out to the car, which was in the dooryard near the back porch. Barney was barefoot, carrying his socks and shoes, and wincing as he walked across the rough gravel that short ways to the car, to rush Charlie to the hospital.

BARRY: Charlie was taken to Last Chance where a small airplane picked him up and took him to St. Anthony.



Mysterious yellow telephone box, always locked—by the railroad tracks

#### EMERGENCY CALLS - YELLOW TELEPHONE BOX

The probable explanation for an airplane to be waiting at Last Chance would be a call made from the railroad telephone. Affixed to a tall pole near the tracks was a yellow box, locked with a padlock, so mysterious to the kids in camp. Inside was a phone used at times by the railroad maintenance crew.

BERNIE: Occasionally if there was an emergency, a person other than a railroad employee would open the door to the phone box by removing the hinges. The railroad as far as I know always obliged such calls by relaying messages of importance to proper channels.

I've seen Barney make emergency calls a time or two. He had to take a screw driver and take the front off to get to it and get it down where he could use it.

BARRY: Charlie was bleeding internally, and the doctor could not stop it. He died late that night.





## BARNEY AGONIZED

BERNIE: And they gave the news to Barney. I know Barney really agonized over that. He felt like the doctors at the hospital didn't realize the tremendous impact that had occurred and that had they realized it, they might have resorted to surgery at once.

## Uncle Charlie

BARRY: I do remember several incidents with Charlie. Charlie was really a fun guy. He spent quite a bit of time with the kids in camp, just being with them and playing with them.

I remember one time that was quite special to me. I have no idea why he did it, but he either found or had an old rusty, broken-down pistol, and this thing was just a frame—I don't think the grips were still on it. I don't think it even had a cylinder in it. But for a little kid, that's still a great plaything. It had been a real pistol, and he gave that thing to me. And I remember I could pull the hammer back and pull the trigger on it and act like it was a real gun, and that was a lot of fun.

Glenna and Donna remembered when they were small and Charlie lived with Ren's family in Ashton.

DONNA: Tell about Uncle Charlie and how he played the guitar.

GLENNA: He had a beautiful singing voice—would sit out there and sing and sing and play guitar—yodeled also.

RUTH: Uncle Charlie lived with us for a long time, and he played the guitar. And he and the kids would sing western songs. He was a lot of fun, Charlie was. And he was nice to have around. He was always so helpful, you know. He'd help me just as quick as he'd help Ren. He was really good in the house to pick up after himself and things like that.

And his wife was really a nice person. I liked her a lot, too.

DAN: And you know, I learned a lot from Charlie, Uncle Charlie. And I think Charlie's death at a pretty young age really stopped a lot of people from knowing what kind of fellow he was. He was a nice fellow. You know, he was—he was so good to me, and he would teach you—everything he knew, he wanted to teach you, you know.

RUTH: Well, he lived with us—a lot, and he was so good to help



CHARLIE

Singing to his guitar twanging on the front porch of the L-shaped cabin. (Note the wash machine on the porch)

"Uncle Charlie played the guitar, and he and the kids would sing western songs. He was a lot of fun, Charlie was. And he was nice to have around." (Ruth South)





DOROTHY & CHARLIE SOUTH  
LITTLE SONS KENNY & KEITH

DAN: But when I was over there at Marj's funeral, you know, I looked at Charlie's grave, and I thought, you know—all the people that didn't get to know him—because he was a good guy. Charlie was a nice man. And he'll be another one that I'll be glad to see, sometime.

Zelma praised Charlie and his goodness and talents: "Once he made a device to use at the sawmill on logs, and it was patented, which shows how ingenious he was."

#### EARLY DEATH

Charlie's tragic death came at an early age. He was only 38 years old. He left behind his wife, Dorothy, who was 29, and his two little boys, Keith, age 6, and Kenny, age 3.

He died July 21, 1948, and was buried July 25, 1948, in Rose Hill Cemetery in Idaho Falls.

DOROTHY  
KEITH & KENNY

DOROTHY BROTHERTON  
SOUTH

#### Local Matron Issued Patent

Mrs. Dorothy Mae South, 928 Ada avenue, received a patent from the U. S. patent office last week on an invention made by her late husband, Charles South, Island Park sawmill operator.

The patent was issued for a lever and toggle actuated log gripping device for use in sawmill work. The device is used to hold and turn logs during the sawing operation.

Mrs. South said that her husband had invented the device and used it in his own sawmill before his death in 1948.



## School 1948

The year that Charlie died was the first year that Island Park School was held in an actual schoolhouse.

STEVE: In the fall we started school at Mack's Inn at a school they had brought up from Warm River and put on a foundation.

MAUREEN: I left, cause I was in high school then. Sharon and Steve stayed up here, and they went to school at Mack's. When they moved the old school from [near] Marysville to Mack's, that's where Steve and Sharon went to school.

DION: The second year they moved school to Mack's. It was moved there from [near] Marysville. When we first started going to school there, they were working on it. There was an outhouse--pretty old. It was already there: one for girls and one for boys. I don't remember what we did about water. Then they added onto it--built a coat room and an entryway with bathrooms. There was a basement with a furnace. It was probably done before winter. They divided the big room with a pull curtain.

STEVE: It was a large building with a full basement for the plumbing and the furnace with enough room to play dodge ball and have a few dances.

DION: We used the basement for playing. They taught us how to square dance. We would start out with quite a big group of kids and ended up with just a few through the winter. I went 4 years at Mack's; one year before that at Ponds.

BARRY: We wound up going to school up at Macks Inn. And they had school up there for 8 grades. And they had a schoolteacher—one teacher to teach all eight grades.

DION: Our teacher, Josie Cooper, taught at Ponds then at Mack's. She was the sister of Frank Kuch's wife, Viola. She did quite a bit for all of us. She was a very good teacher and strict.

STEVE: That first year all the kids were in one room and our teacher was Miss Cooper (Jo Cooper). She was from the Midwest or somewhere and she took over the first to eight grade classes at Mack's Inn. As was typical for that area, in the fall there would be lots of kids, but as winter approached, many of them would move and that would leave just us local kids.

BARRY: We would start out there at the start of school in September—we'd usually have maybe 40 kids in the school, and as time went on, the kids would start moving to get out of there for the winter, and by the time we left, it was probably down to about a dozen students, and they would stay the rest of the winter, but we would move down to Idaho Falls, and I would go to school in the Idaho Falls system.

### SCHOOLHOUSE AT MACK'S

In 1948 the Fremont County School District moved the Warm River schoolhouse to Mack's Inn, where it was settled on a foundation west of the current LDS Church, where it became a school site for youngsters in that area. Drivers who transported children, including their own, to and from the schoolhouse were compensated.

### RIVERSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

David finished 4th grade and Barry finished 2nd at Riverside. When school was out in the spring, they both looked forward to helping their dad in the woods and at the sawmill. They would have the company of several cousins in Camp.

## Chapter 76

# Tall Timber on Black Mountain

It was a long hard battle, but we lost anyway.—BARNEY

It was a little like old times at Island Park Siding, with all the cabins occupied and the camp bustling with activity. Several folks returned after a twelve-year absence, having last lived at the mill site in 1937, the year the mill burned. Some were South related; some were Knapp related, and some were both. Barney and Marj, Gene Jones, Glenna South Jones, Dan South, Elmer Snowball, Thel Knapp Snowball, Bernie Knapp, had all lived in camp in 1937.

### REN BOUGHT CHARLIE'S MILL

After Charlie's death, Ren bought Charlie's mill from Dorothy. From humble beginnings, Ren had built up a successful tie operation in Evanston, and he had the manpower to run a second tie mill in Idaho.

In the spring of 1949, he hauled in equipment to do road building, as the timber needed for ties was impossible to get to by way of existing roads. His son-in-law, Gene Jones, was to run the whole operation.

Bernie Knapp was glad to see Dan South again. They had played together at the siding when they were kids.

BERNIE: Dan came over in the spring with his dad. They brought an International engine for the mill, also a dozer.

Warren and his kids had spent another winter in his tent over by the highway, "squatting" on the forest, as Steve described.

STEVE: In the spring of 1949, Dad and I were walking back from the garbage dump, which was about two miles north of Pond's Lodge. Some guys drove up in an old gray car and wanted to know if Dad was Warren Knapp. He said he was and asked them what they wanted. It turned out that the driver was Jay Whaley, and the other guy was Gene Jones. He was the son-in-law of Ren South from Evanston, Wyoming. Ren was Uncle Barney's brother and Gene had married one of Ren and Ruth South's daughters.



#### UNION PACIFIC TIE CONTRACT

They had signed with Union Pacific Railroad for a tie contract, and the ties were to be cut on Black Mountain east of Island Park Siding. Gene told Dad that they wanted to get the road open and start to run the mill at the siding, and they would be bringing in a big crew and lots of people to help with the tie contract.

Dad was very helpful to Gene and told them where things were located and how soon he thought they could get over to the mill site, which was usually around the last of May.

#### PLOWED ROAD WITH CATERPILLAR

Several weeks later, I came home from school, and when I walked up to where our trail was down the old Island Park Siding road, to my surprise, someone had plowed it out with a cat. I ran over to where our camp was, and Dad was nowhere to be seen. After a while, he came walking home and said that Gene Jones had brought over his Caterpillar tractor (It was an I H Crawler Tractor) and unloaded and started to plow out the road.

It was still early in the year, and we thought this guy was crazy, because the roads were usually always muddy and it was easy to get stuck in some places. But Gene knew what he was doing, and when he came to the mud holes, he filled them in and made arrangements for the water to run off, so for the first time, we moved back over to the cabin about the first of May.

BARRY, DAVID, M'JEAN  
Charlie's tie mill, across the road from Barney's sawmill, was bought by their brother Ren after Charlie's death.

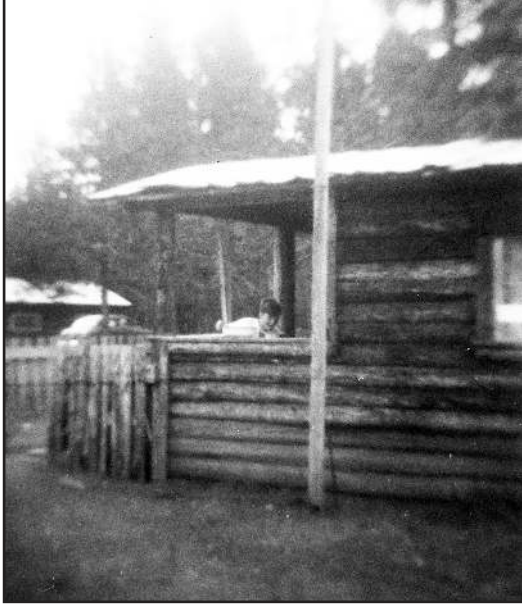
GENE & GLENNA JONES  
Ren sent Gene, his son-in-law, from Evanston with a crew to run the sawmill and fill the tie contract with the Union Pacific.

*Gene & Glenna Jones*  
**A**fter Gene returned from sea, he and Glenna had lived for a while in Idaho Falls with his parents on North Boulevard, not far from Ada Avenue, then moved back to Evanston. Their daughter, Jeannie, was born there on December 16, 1946. She came six weeks early. Glenna said, "I was in a lady's home and used a midwife when I had her. Jeannie was a tiny baby. At the time we were working for Ren [Glenna's father]."

Still working for Ren, they were now in Island Park to run Charlie's sawmill.







GLENNA JONES

"I loved living in that one cabin I remembered as a little girl.

GLENNA: We had Jeannie. She wasn't quite three when we moved to Island Park, you know, from Evanston. I was pregnant with David. He was born in November, and she turned three in December.

### GLENNA'S CHILDHOOD CABIN HOME

Gene and Glenna moved into the cabin which Charlie and Dorothy had lived in, the one Ren had built around 1929, when Glenna was two years old. She lived there again in 1937 as a ten-year-old. The cabin had some improvements, thanks to Charlie—the new well just east of the house and the fence around the front yard. It was handy to have a well so close, and it was good to have a fence to keep the two-year-old away from the well. The root cellar on the side of the house and the privy in the back were the same as they were when she was ten.

Even back then she had eyes for Gene Jones, a handsome young man of eighteen, who was logging with her father, Ren.

GLENNA: I loved living in that one cabin that we lived in at different times, because it was the cabin that I remembered as a little—as a real little girl. And that's the one where we first lived.

Glenna's brother, 18-year-old Dan South, was to work at the mill and lived with Gene and Glenna for the summer. Dan was a logger with many years of experience. His mother explained:

RUTH: He would stay all day long out in the woods with his dad when he was a little kid. I've thought about Dan a lot of the times—he never was a little kid. He was always with his dad doing something. He didn't have much time to play—it didn't seem to me like.

Some additional cabins were needed for Gene's crew. They were thrown up quickly, some on skids, so they could be moved from place to place, as needed.

### HIGHER ON MOUNTAIN - PORTABLE MILL

BERNIE: After Gene came, they went higher on the mountain on Split Creek to get timber for their ties. Gene graded the road up over Chick Creek and made the two dugways into the North Fork. They also bought a portable mill, powered by a diesel, and set it up on Split Creek.

### *Jay and Em Whaley*

BERNIE: Jay Whaley came to be the sawyer. Ren sent over a diesel engine to run the sawmill. Jay called the diesel engine the "gutless wonder." That didn't go too well with Dan South. He was pretty good at tagging names onto different things and people.

But I always found him quite likeable. I remember hearing him hollering at his two offbearers from across the road. Hurry! Hurry, Hurry! He sawed 20 ties in 20 minutes, one time, something like that.



PORTABLE SAWMILL  
Taking the mill  
to the timber



He was the only sawyer, or at least the first one I ever remember, that ran the log thru without putting in the dog. He also complained about how slow the feed was. After tightening it up on the portable up in the woods, he adjusted it so it was really responsive--the carriage jumped off the end of the track.

STEVE: Whaleys had a son named Mack. He was a couple years younger than I was but we palled around together and became pretty good friends.

### Gene Jones summarized his logging operation:

GENE: To get ties, first we had to get a contract, get the forest service to mark the tree, use hand saws and cross-cut saws, use an axe to trim branches, build skid ways, and load the truck. To get the logs out of the forest, we cut the logs into eight-foot lengths. Then we skidded them with horses. We would cut 6 x 8 inch size for the smaller ties and 7 x 9 for the larger ones.

#### SHIPPING TIES, LUMBER BY TRAIN

We then took the logs to the mill and stacked them. We put the ties on a truck and hauled them to the railroad car. The regular and most needed railroad tie size was 7x9. The ties went to The Dalles, Oregon, but some went to Laramie, Wyoming. Our mill was just across the road from Barney's mill.

BERNIE: Railroad ties in the 40's and 50's were occasionally shipped in boxcars. This meant a great deal more hard hand labor in loading and unloading. Lumber also was shipped, along with other wood timbers in boxcars. Barney shipped on boxcars sometimes. When available however, shipping railroad ties was much easier on Gondola cars.

Where Gene and Barney shipped on the train, closer to the stockyards, a new, shorter ramp was built into the gondola cars, so they would not have to pack ties in on their shoulders.

### BARNEY LOGGING SECTION 36

Barney was logging on Section 36, with Split Creek running right down through the full length of it. Having bought the rights to all the timber on the section, he was cutting whatever trees he wanted and sawing them into house logs and lumber.

#### WARREN CUTTING FOR BARNEY

STEVE: That was a fun summer for me. Dad was still working for Uncle Barney, and he drove an old Ford semi with log bunks on it. Uncle Barney had made a deal with the State of Idaho to purchase timber off from a school section of land that Split Creek runs through. It was Section 36, T. 13 N. R. 44 E. We could get to it from Trail Canyon from another old road that went up to the head of Chick Creek.

#### GENE BUILDING ROAD – BARNEY SALVAGING TREES

After Gene got things going on building the new mill and getting some cabins built, he started to build a road up to Black Mountain. He followed along an old logging road that we had used for years, except he straightened out the curves and built up the road so there were fewer mud holes.



Portable sawmill on Black Mountain

"We cut the logs into eight-foot lengths. We would cut 6x8 inch size for the smaller ties and 7x9 for the larger ones."  
(Gene Jones)



STEVE'S FRIEND WITH  
STEVE'S SQUIRREL  
"We were able to save one  
squirrel, took it home and  
fed it milk with an eye  
dropper." (Steve)

I guess the trees he was pushing over were free, so Uncle Barney would have his crew follow behind the road crew, and we would cut off the logs that were pushed over and load them on Uncle Barney's trucks and haul them back to the mill. When Gene got to Section 36, he made his road down through a draw, and that gave Uncle Barney access to the timber he had purchased from two different roads, the latter being the better of the two.

#### SQUIRREL

The road crew moved on, and we settled in on cutting logs from the State Section for Uncle Barney. One day one of the men cut down a large tree by the side of the road, and in the tree was a squirrel's nest. We were able to save one little squirrel, but the rest died. We took it home and fed it milk with an eye dropper. We raised the little squirrel and had it with us for many years.

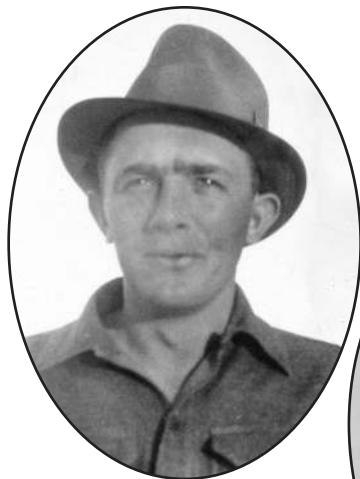
#### CAMP ON THE MOUNTAIN

Gene built his road up to the head of Split Creek and made a little camp there for his cutting crew. They built some cabins on the North Fork of the creek about a quarter mile above where the two main forks come together. Then he built a road up the side of Black Mountain and up onto the plateau about 1 ½ miles from the Yellowstone Park boundary. There were some big trees on the plateau, and they were just right for railroad ties. Before he got the mill built, they built a large ramp, and he hired drivers with 6x6 Army trucks to haul logs down to the mill. They started as soon as they could get into the timber, and by fall they had a large pile of eight foot logs stacked up across the road from Uncle Barney's mill.

### *Floyd & Leitha Perrenoud*

**T**he Perrenouds, Floyd and his wife, Leitha, were both from down around Plano, Idaho.

STEVE: Gene Jones hired a lot of help that summer, and we got acquainted with lots of new people. Perrenouds was one of the families, and they had a kid about my age. His name was Kent. We became friends and I showed him all my fishing holes on Tom's Creek. We spent lots of time together fishing and hiking the countryside.



ELMER & THEL SNOWBALL  
Barney's cousin Elmer  
married Marj's sister  
Thelma. With their 3 chil-  
dren, they lived in camp in  
1949, as Elmer worked for  
Barney that season.

### *Elmer & Thel Snowball*

**O**n Barney's crew, in addition to brothers-in-law Bernie Knapp and Warren Knapp, a third brother-in-law, Elmer Snowball—who was also his cousin—had returned to Island Park to work in the woods. Marj had the company of her sister, Thel, and the South kids played with the Snowball cousins: Shirley Ann, 10; Dan, 9; and Dee, 4.



M y

THEL: My daughter Shirley was born two years after we were married, then in 13 months my son Danny was born. These were difficult times. Work was hard to get. In 1944 we came back to Idaho. My son Dee was born in 1945. When he was two years old, we went back to Island Park. We worked at the mill, and hauling logs. two older children went to school at Mack's Inn.

## COUSIN SHIRLEY RECALLS

Shirley's recounted remembrances as a ten-year-old of that summer in her written history and in conversation with M'Jean:

SHIRLEY: When Uncle Sam was alive, Dad used to go up and work for him. He'd go up every summer. With Mother it was just that one time. We were in our '39 Pontiac the summer we showed up on Barney's doorstep needing a place to work, and a place to lay low. We got there about the time school got out.



## ELMER'S JOB IN THE TIMBER

The cabin we lived in that summer was not far from the barn where the horses were kept. Dad got his usual job, that of taking care of the horses and working them out in the woods. There was a team for pulling the wagon and a big black horse named Dick for snaking.

One of my favorite memories is when Dad let me go with him into the woods one day. We were clip-clopping along on the wagon when all of a sudden the horses started snorting and acting up. Dad said there was probably a bear close by, but suddenly out trotted a moose and her baby. They ran across the road and right by us as they went back into the woods. It was very exciting for me but kind of taxing for Dad as he had to settle the team as well as Dick who was tethered to the back of the wagon.

While dad was working I remember finding some little red berries on bushes that grew close to the ground. They were so delicious. I sat in that patch and ate berries to my heart's content, but didn't get too far from Dad, as I was pretty much the same wimp then as I am now. That was the only day Dad took me to work with him, but it was a very special and memorable day for me.

BERNIE: Elmer was a good worker. When he did work for Barney, sometimes he even helped offbear.

## ELMER SNOWBALL

"Dad got his usual job, that of taking care of the horses and working them out in the woods." (*Shirley*)

SHIRLEY & DAN  
SNOWBALL  
DAVID SOUTH  
ELMER SNOWBALL  
(*milking cow*)

On a visit Barney and Marj made to Randolph, a few years back.

## MILKING THE COW

Barney, when he was a kid living on the ranch in Argyle, before Sam traded his herd of milk cows for the sawmill, had probably milked all the cows he ever wanted to milk. Whenever possible, one task in camp which Barney relegated to a hired guy, was milking the Guernsey cow.

SHIRLEY: Dad probably milked the Cow.





SHIRLEY SNOWBALL  
[GRIMMETT]

"I so loved being there. The smell of the pines, the simplicity of our life, being surrounded by relatives, and especially being isolated in the woods away from the kind of diversions that worried me in regards to Dad and Mom, were very comforting to me." (*Shirley*)

## OUR CABIN

We lived in the house that Anna lived in when she was there [the old Al Smith cabin where the famous Sunday School photo was taken]. The house was east--it was away from tracks.

We settled in quickly. There wasn't much to unpack, just what we had in the car.

Our cabin had two rooms and a nice covered porch all along the front. The main room had a wood stove and table and chairs, or benches. I can't remember which. I do remember that Marj's house had both benches and chairs.

There were some cabinets and the obligatory wash stand by the front door which held the wash basin and a bucket of water with a dipper. Nails in the log walls served for hanging objects.

The second room was for sleeping. Beds were brought into that room and squashed together as suited the size of the family lodging there that summer. There was no such thing as a sofa or soft cushioned chair to sit on at the end of a day's work. In fact, at the end of the day Barney had half the guys in camp out running races or playing basketball in the dirt using a basket nailed up high in a tree.

Dee was soon chasing chipmunks and squirrels. Dan was very social. Steve, Barry, and Dan were all the same age. David and I are the same age. The boys all had work to do, but plenty of time for fun as well. Dan was nine years old that summer.

## AWAY FROM WORRY

I wasn't one for playing. I didn't get involved that much with the cousins. Marj's girls were younger than me, Warrens girls were older, and the boys and I had absolutely nothing in common. I would watch Dee for Mother or just help her out in the kitchen. I so loved being there though. The smell of the pines, the simplicity of our life, being surrounded by relatives, and especially being isolated in the woods away from the kind of diversions that worried me in regards to Dad and Mom, were very comforting to me.

## NEIGHBORS

Barney's niece, Glenna, was there that summer. She was in the cabin with the little picket fence around, and I remember how she was so clean. Everything was very, very clean.

Uncle Warren was living in the house next to us [the cabin Al Knapp built in 1946]. Sharon and Steve were there, and sometimes Maureen would come for weekends. I was 10. Steve was 9, just 6 months older than my brother Dan. Dee is 6 years younger than I. Sharon was 13, and Maureen was 16.

## STEVE

Steve was a very special little boy. He was always so quiet and polite. I always loved Steve. And I named a son after him. He was the sweetest person as a little boy. He was just a darling boy. As an adult Steve is just as sweet as he was as a kid. I know he's been a bishop, which is no surprise.

Mom wanted him to sing at her funeral, which he kindly did when we had the service in Pocatello. Everyone just loved him.

## WORK SEEMED FUN

There was plenty of work to go around, but it seemed more like fun than work to me. Going to the well with Dan to draw water was a twice a day chore, at least. We took a broomstick with us to carry the full bucket back to the cabin. The bucket dangled from its handle in the middle of the stick with Dan and I on either end trying to walk steadily so the water wouldn't slosh out. We had to carry a bunch of buckets full on wash day.



### WASH DAY - IRONING

Even wash day was fun because the old wringer washer was in the front yard. Who ever heard of washing the clothes outside? Someone had rigged up a gas engine to the washing machine since we had no electricity, and it worked just great. The clothes were hung out to dry and then brought in and ironed with irons that were heated on the wood stove.

The iron had a way of clamping the hot irons onto the main body of the iron. When the iron would cool off it was easy to unclamp it back onto the stove and hook up another hot iron. With two or three irons keeping hot on the stove you could just iron away without having to pause for the heating process.

### BOILER ON THE STOVE

Also, the wash water was heated on the stove in big containers that we called boilers. Sometimes the whites were boiled in the boiler so they would be as white as they could be. The boilers were heavy. It was back breaking work to carry them from the cabin out to the washing machine, but the women helped each other when needed. Barney's niece, Glenna, was known as a very meticulous housekeeper. Her whites were the whitest, which was a badge of honor in those days.

### SOLVED WITH SAWDUST

The lack of electricity for refrigeration was solved with sawdust, which was in ample supply. Blocks of ice would be brought to camp and then covered with mounds of sawdust under which food needing refrigeration would be kept in boxes or wrapped in blankets. Also, we had little cellars at the side of the house which kept things cool. The elevation was high enough that evenings were cool and sometimes downright cold which helped keep perishables in the cellars and under the sawdust usable. It wasn't a perfect system, but it was sufficient for us and besides, there's always canned milk, yuck!

### BEARS - BEAR GREASE

We stayed pretty close to camp after the sun went down and kept our garbage a far distance from camp, since the bears ranging from Yellowstone down to our camp were one and the same and were not afraid of people. Once we had a dead bear in our cellar at the side of the cabin. Someone in camp had shot it, probably Warren. I was so excited to see it, but didn't enjoy the bee sting I got as soon as the door was opened. I guess the bee thought I'd taste better than the bear. Warren liked to eat bear and used bear grease for cooking.

I've actually had pancakes fried in bear grease when I happened to be at Uncle Warren's cabin for breakfast.

### WARREN'S DOGS

Warren had a dog sled team in a run at the side of his cabin. I was very very much afraid of all of those dogs. They looked like wolves to me. Warren would make up big buckets of mash out of who knows what to feed his dogs. One time a porcupine got a couple of them in the face which caused Warren a lot of concern. I saw him pulling the quills out and then doctoring the dogs as the sores festered for some time.

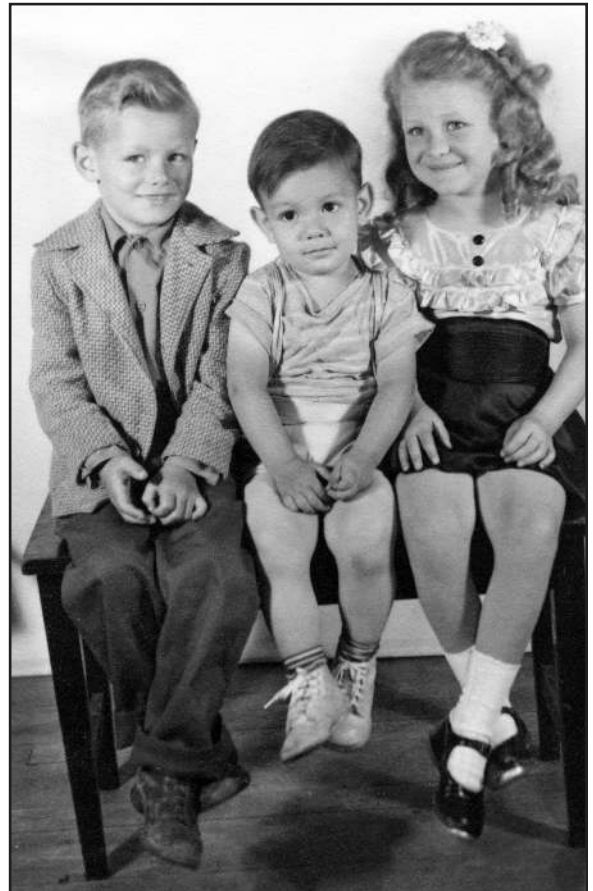


Bear in a trap

"Once we had a dead bear in our cellar at the side of the cabin." (Shirley)

DAN, DEE, SHIRLEY  
SNOWBALL

(Note Shirley's tap shoes)





MAUREEN KNAPP

Trick Riding

"They asked me to St. Anthony to the rodeo, and there I got paid, so I bought me and my sister a pretty satin dress from the money

I earned and that was pretty exciting."

(Maureen)

would have music playing.

Yeah, I got money. I did it in Randolph and Aberdeen. I can remember one time Dad went to Ponds Lodge, and we were in the car. I went in there and performed, then we went on up to the next lodge. There were 3 places we went that night where I got Dad money [probably Phillips Lodge and Mack's Inn]. That happened pretty regularly.

One time when we were living in Island Park, I was supposed to be doing acrobatics. I think it was a rodeo, and I got sick, so Maureen did it. She could take her legs and bring them up over her shoulders.

## DANCE & ACROBATICS

When we lived in Idaho Falls, Mom was a stage mother, so whether we had money or not she had me taking dancing lessons—ballet, tap, and acrobatics. In deciding if I should do acrobatics, as it was called then, the teacher said let's see how she would do. Could she do back a bendbend? Easy, no problem; splits? Easy for me, splits, zipped right down in the splits.

## PERFORMING IN BARS AND RODEOS

My dad would go into a bar and leave us kids in the car, and Mom would have me go in the bar and tap dance and show off. Also rodeo. I still have the contract for doing a rodeo. When they took the bulls out, there was a little bit of time. That's when I would go in and do acrobatics. Dad would throw down a tarp. Mother

## TUMBLING AND TRICK RIDING

MAUREEN: I tumbled at Island Park Lodge, cause my cousin had the chicken pox, so I took her place, and then I guess I did [all right] cause they asked me to St. Anthony to the rodeo, and there I got paid. So I bought me and my sister a pretty satin dress from the money I earned, and that was pretty exciting.

And this Robert, one-armed cowboy bronco rider--I was only sixteen, but he said over the announcer that he had gave me this song, and it was "Candy Kisses," so they played that at the rodeo, "Candy Kisses," cause he requested that song.

## WASHING DISHES - RIDING HORSES

When I was sixteen I washed dishes at Island Park Lodge. It was brand new. Pete Piersonte had built it. We had rodeos behind there. And I'd do my dishes and go ride horses, and they belonged to Angels that lived in St. Anthony.

## SATURDAY NIGHTS

SHIRLEY: On Friday [Saturday] nights Warren and his kids would get all gussied up and go to Pond's or further north to Mack's Inn to dance or something. I don't know what they did, but whatever it was they really looked forward to the weekend.

STEVE: I remember that on Saturday night we would get cleaned up and go somewhere for dinner and then go up to Mack's Inn. Dad would watch people dance and I would prow! around the grounds with some of my friends. It was a fun time. We started going over to Phillips Lodge to have dinner.

MAUREEN: And Daddy would take us to the dances at Mack's every Saturday night; pert near every Saturday night all of us'd go to Mack's to the dances. Steve had a beautiful voice, so Mrs. Phillips at Phillips Lodge had him sing every time they went in there. "Oh, Steve, please sing."

## MOSQUITOES

SHIRLEY: There was one bad thing about living in Island Park and that was the mosquitoes. They were our enemy. We carried little branches off of pine trees with us to swish them away when we were outside and we were constantly fighting to keep them out of our cabins so we could escape them when we were inside. All of us had mosquito bites all over us. We looked like we had the plague.

The good news is that when it started getting hot in July the mosquitoes pretty much disappeared. The bad news is that in their place came the dreaded horse flies. They were terrible as well and bit even harder than the mosquitoes. But, in all things there is opposition, and that even applied to our beloved home in the woods.

## MOUNTAINOUS SAWDUST PILES

There were two mountainous sawdust piles in camp. One was very old. The other one was much newer and was close to our cabin. That sawdust pile was the source of most of the playtime in camp. Many shoes and socks were lost forever under all those golden shavings. Climbing to the top was taxing, but sliding back down was worth the effort. However, sliding down brought with it a lot of sawdust which would bury anyone or anything that was too close to the edge down below.

Even in late fall when the pile was covered with snow and the sliding was done on skis or sleds, or on a piece of cardboard, the sawdust pile was the most popular place in camp for the kids to play.

I remember Dee and Dan playing in the sawdust pile, but I did not like to do the outside things so much. I was a "in the house little gal." But I did sometime play in the sawdust pile.

## LEARNED TO COOK

That summer my mother tried to teach me how to cook. Cooking on a wood stove is an art in itself but she especially wanted me to be able to cook the basic things, potatoes, meat, bread, eggs, and bacon, etc. Later she told me that she was preparing me for the possibility that she would be gone and I would have to cook for the family.

## THEL-MISCARRIAGE

Mother had a miscarriage while we were there. She had serious blood issues. She lost a number of babies. She had miscarriages, having to be rushed to the hospital. In Randolph she had a baby and she said the doctor was really mean. The doctor said the baby is alive but is dying. It lived about 20 minutes. They buried it in a shoebox in the back yard. Another miscarriage was in Idaho Falls. I was 7 or 8 when she went off with the ambulance blaring.

## 50 % CHANCE OF SURVIVAL - BLOOD TRANSFUSION

Because of the miscarriages she had had in the past associated with hemorrhaging and the scarcity of blood with an Rh negative factor for blood transfusions, her doctor in Ashton, Dr. Krueger, had told her that she only had a 50/50 chance of surviving this pregnancy if she miscarried. And sure enough, the day came that Dad rushed her to the hospital in St. Anthony with a miscarriage. Bernie drove from Idaho Falls to St. Anthony carrying the much-needed blood for a transfusion, which, thank heavens, saved my mother's life.

## THELMA KNAPP SNOWBALL

"My mother tried to teach me how to cook, preparing me for the possibility that she would be gone and I would have to cook for the family. The doctor told her that she only had a 50/50 chance of surviving this pregnancy if she miscarried. And sure enough, the day came that Dad rushed her to the hospital with a miscarriage. The blood transfusion saved my mother's life." (*Shirley*)







ELMER SNOWBALL & BABY  
SHIRLEY

Ten years later, in an emergency, Shirley sat on his lap and steered the car to the hospital when her dad was soused.

"Dad was an alcoholic.

When he was not drinking, he was quite the gentleman, very intelligent."

(Shirley)

MARJ

"She was very much of a role model for me. I used to come visit her. She was a steady person in an unsteady world." (Shirley)

### TRIP TO HOSPITAL - DRUNK DRIVER

It's even worse. While she was in the hospital Dad took a day off to drive Dan and I to St. Anthony to see her. He left Dee with Marj and away we went. I don't know what he was thinking, but he stopped at his favorite bar in Ashton, left Dan and I out in the car, and went in for a drink.

I think he had been very unnerved on the way to Ashton when we came over a rise to face two trucks coming right at us and Dad had had to take to the shoulder. I guess one truck was passing the other and then all of a sudden, there we were. Maybe that incident upset him, or maybe not, but, for whatever reason, he came out of the bar very "soused" as we used to say.

### SHIRLEY STEERING CAR

As we continued on our journey Dad was so drunk that he couldn't keep the car on the road so I asked him if I could drive. He sat me on his lap and let me steer the car until we got to St. Anthony. He managed to drive to the hospital and then found that children weren't allowed, so we had to sit out in the car while he visited Mother. I can just imagine how upset she must have been to see his condition knowing that her children were out in the car. I don't remember the ride back to camp, thankfully.

### GENTLEMAN DRINKER

Dad was an alcoholic. When he was not drinking, he was quite the gentleman. He was very intelligent. For us, school was big. We were always being prepped and quizzed. We always took a newspaper. He had very gentlemanly manners. He was crazy silly when he was drunk. If he had not been an alcoholic he could have had a very happy life.

### TALKING RELIGION

I remember Aunt Hannah. "She was a religious fanatic." That's a quote from my father. When he'd go to see Barney, he'd say, "Old Hannah is going to be there. She's going to be talking to me about religion."

### VISITING MARJ - FOOD STORAGE

I used to go to your house, and Marj would let me play with the typewriter. I liked to use the typewriter.

I liked going over to see Marj. She liked to talk to me. I wasn't an outdoor kid. I was more of a homebody, and she was right up my alley. She talked to me and treated me like an adult.

I loved little Myrna. She had curly hair. My South cousins are my favorite cousins. David and I have always been real good friends; we have never been around him much.

Another thing about Marj, she had such a storage of food and cases of food, I'd never seen so much food stored like that. That was my introduction to food storage.

### BEST MONTHS OF LIFE

About the 4 or 5 months we were there were the best months of my family's life. It was a time of cherished memories. It was better there than any other place we ever lived.

### MARJ ROLE MODEL

Your mom was very much of a role model for me. I loved her. I used to come visit her when we were there. She was a steady person in an unsteady world.





### BARNEY - FUN GO-GETTER

Barney was a real go-getter. I remember how much fun Barney used to have after work, how he'd get everybody stirred up playing basketball, singing, having races and games. He didn't expect people to come home and sit and twiddle thumbs.

### HORSE RACE - BARNEY'S SHENANIGANS

Bernie was in the little cabin north of your [Souths'] house by railroad tracks. Bernie had a horse—very nice horse. Barney said he could outrun the horse, because the horse was skittish.

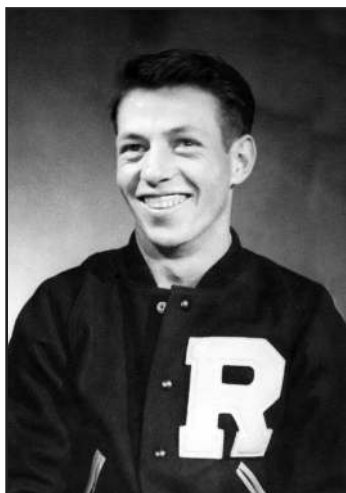
He challenged Bernie's horse to a race. He said he could beat that horse in a quarter-mile race, and believe it or not, he did. Bernie's horse was so skittish that Barney was practically back to the starting line before the horse stopped prancing around. I remember it well.

Barney just couldn't stay still and if he couldn't stay still no one else got to either. Dad, however, didn't participate much in Barney's shenanigans. Maybe he did when he was younger, but that summer he wasn't in the mood for hilarity.

### GENIUS

STEVE: Barney was a genius. And the men used to get together after supper and talk, and they'd tell hunting stories, and things about fishing, and so on. Barney was one of those fellows that liked to start an argument. Didn't matter which side of the argument he was on. He liked to get people going, and so he'd start a conversation with them, and then they'd argue.

(Laughs) And I got so much of a kick out of that when I was a kid, that it was just fascinating for me.



BERNIE KNAPP

### COUSIN DAN SOUTH REMEMBERS

DAN: I went up there in 1949 after I got out of high school and spent the summer there, and that's where I got pretty well acquainted with Barney and Marj, but you know, there was people doing things.

### BASKETBALL - YOUNG GUYS AND BARNEY

BERNIE: The basketball hoop up on a tree just opposite the large tree in the center of camp provided a lot of entertainment for quite a few years.

DAN SOUTH: We used to go out there and play ball, and you know Barney would play with us. And Barney couldn't play basketball, I guess he never did play much when he was a kid, but what he would do was hold you, so you couldn't play. He'd grab a hold of you, and of course he wouldn't let you go make a basket, you know. (laughing) But that was a lot of fun that summer. There was a lot of young fellows up there. Gene had some young guys, and Barney had some young guys.

### 100 BASKETS

BERNIE: Barney always liked to challenge others to a bet. He bet one time that he could make 100 straight baskets. And he did. But it had to be done his way. He stood at the same place and shot all shots without moving from that spot. He just banked every shot in from the right side of the hoop. After each shot someone had to get the ball back to him allowing him to shoot them all without moving



BARNEY

"I remember how much fun Barney used to have after work—get everybody stirred up playing basketball, singing, having races and games. He didn't expect people to come home and sit and twiddle thumbs." (Shirley)



DAN SOUTH

"We used to go out there and play ball. Gene had some young guys, and Barney had some young guys. Barney would grab hold of you, and of course he wouldn't let you go make a basket, you know. But that was a lot of fun that summer." (Dan)



BARRY, DAVID, M'JEAN  
Leaning against the  
Federal, ready for fun in  
the snow

from that one spot.

There was a lot of dust kicked up with all those guys scuffling around after the ball on that dirt court. That Island Park obsidian sand was also slick.

DAN: That was in 1949 in Island Park. That was a lot of fun. It probably wouldn't mean much to anybody else, but, you know, I'll always remember that.

## MUSIC IN CAMP

MAUREEN: Me and David and Barry, we got along really, really good, and played together and used to race down the road, and we had horses. We rode horses, and Aunt Marjie played the piano, and Uncle Barney did the guitar, and they sang, and there was always something going on.

SHIRLEY: The Souths and the Knapps are very big into music, always have been, so a lot of times we had musical entertainment at Barney and Marj's place. Steve would always be asked to sing, "I'm Gonna Buy a Paper Doll." He had a wonderful voice and was so cute when he sang.

## SNOW – IGLOO

SHIRLEY: We stayed in long enough that there was snow. We had some snow by the end of September and quite a bit in October. I can remember the boys and I making an igloo in front of our cabin. We rolled up snowballs the size of a basketball and laid them in a circle and then build up from there. It looked pretty authentic when we were finished.

## SKI OFF SAWDUST PILE

The kids in camp enjoyed skiing off of the sawdust pile as well as sledding. Again, the sawdust pile was the favorite place to play.

## BARNEY PULLED KIDS IN SNOW

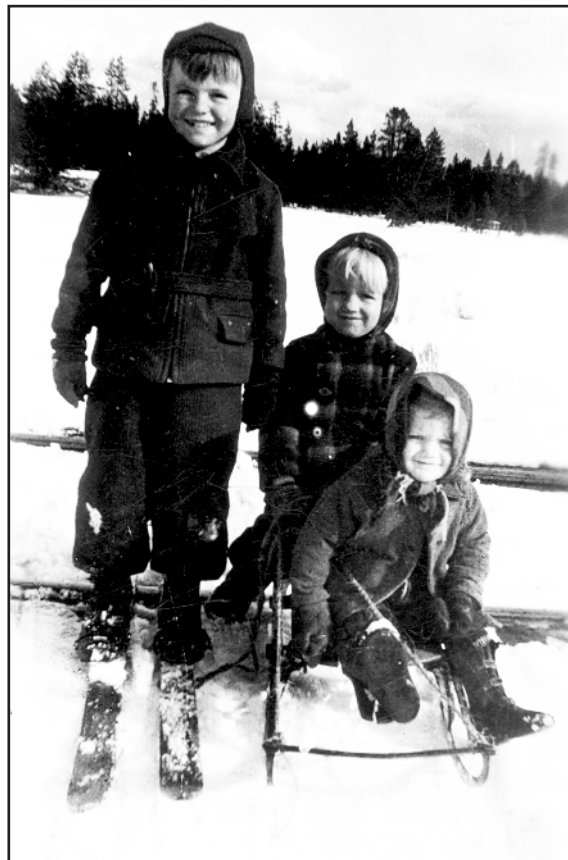
Also, Barney would pull us around with a vehicle – a string of kids on sleds and skis. He would hook us all up to ropes behind his car, and away we would go.

He'd get kind of wild with his driving and someone would get hurt and then the moms would be mad at him.

DAVID, BARRY, M'JEAN

"Barney would pull us around with a vehicle – a string of kids on sleds and skis. He would hook us all up to ropes behind his car, and away we would go. He'd get kind of wild with his driving and someone would get hurt and then the moms would be mad at him."

(Shirley)



## School 1949

**T**he Snowball cousins, Shirley and Dan, attended school in Island Park that fall, along with David, Barry, and the other kids in camp.

SHIRLEY: I went to Mack's to school. David and I were in 5th grade. I went just one year. When it came time for school to start in the fall, the moms organized themselves to carpool the kids from camp out to Pond's Lodge where we waited for a van to pick us up and take us to Mack's Inn which was north towards Yellowstone Park. There was a one-room log school house at Mack's.

If I remember correctly, the bathroom was an outdoor privy. The one room was fairly large.

We sat in rows--each row a different grade. There were only four desks in my row, 5th grade. My cousin David, myself, Brent Pond and someone whose name I can't remember were the fifth graders. I can't remember what row Dan was in, maybe third. He had had troubles with school and wasn't up to grade level, which would have been fourth. We played baseball. Took our lunches. All that I remember about the teacher was that she had red hair and had a lot of energy--named Jo.

### SHUFFLEBOARD

After school was out the van would take us back to Ponds where we would wait for the designated mother to pick us all up. While we waited, both mornings and afternoons, I liked to play a shuffle game. I just remember having to toss a heavy metallic disk down a long narrow table. If you aimed just right the disk would cause a bell to ring. That's not a very good description, but anyway, I thought I was pretty good at it.

### SMARTIES DAVID AND SHIRLEY

David and I were never competitive with each other, but our moms certainly were. Dad used to joke that Mom and Marj would meet each other in the middle of camp on the way to each other's houses to compare how David and I had done in some assignment or other. That wasn't really true, but the Knapps definitely were prone to bragging. I did well in school, but so did David. I imagine we were nip and tuck.

As to how many kids were in grade school that fall from our camp, I would have to guess, but there would have been around ten. Any kids older than eighth grade had to board in Ashton and go to high school there.

## *Moving Time*

**W**inter weather dictated the end of the work season. Although the sawmill owners stayed late at the siding to safeguard their equipment, the hired men at both sawmills moved out. Some of the young single guys had left earlier to get back into school.

STEVE: Jay Whaley and his Wife, Em, purchased Robbins Roost up at Island Park Lodge. There was a little cabin on the property, and Dad made arrangements for us to live in the cabin for the winter. So instead of moving over to the highway, we moved up to Island Park Lodge for the winter.

### HATED TO SAY GOODBYE

SHIRLEY: Finally, it would be time to pack up and leave camp for the winter. What a sad time that was and how we hated to say goodbye to our wonderful life in the woods.





From Island Park we went scouting around for a place to land. On Thanksgiving Day eve we were in Blackfoot in a motel. Dad said we could stay at a motel that night because of the holiday the next day. I think it was called the Blue Bird Inn, or Blue Bell Inn, or something like that. It was a series of little one room cabins. We were so excited to be there, though. Thanksgiving morning the mood was not so jovial because the bed bugs had had their way with us through the night and we were covered with bites.

We did stay there long enough to have Thanksgiving dinner, which was a pot of beans mother cooked on the hot plate, but we left before evening. I do remember that breakfast was shredded wheat and the box had cards of Indian pictures which was appropriate for Thanksgiving

#### ABERDEEN - BARRACKS

I can't remember where we stayed after that until we drove into Aberdeen on Dec. 3, 1949. We started school the next day in Aberdeen.

We were living in a labor camp. There were two buildings—barracks—they had been a prisoner camp during the war. Mexicans lived in the labor camp in fall when they came in to work. We lived there for 3 years. Dad got a job at a place in Pocatello. There were other guys working there, and he would ride over with them. He would quit it summer and go sheep shearing--Soda springs, Bancroft—we'd work our way up into Montana. Each fall the family would work together picking potatoes in the fields.

BERNIE: Elmer, when they lived in Aberdeen, on the day he'd get his paycheck Thel would have to go find him at one of the bars. If she didn't go find him in time the money was spent.

#### HAPPY TIME - FOND MEMORIES

SHIRLEY: That summer, living in Island Park, was the happiest time for our family. We visited there from time to time, but never again spent the whole summer there or worked for Barney.

Dee and I and all of my cousins certainly remember Island Park fondly. We thought of Island Park as though it was our own personal Shangri La, and why shouldn't we? It was.

#### WAITING FOR THE BIG SNOW

As was the annual pattern, Barney and Marj, as well as Gene and Glenna, remained in camp. They continued driving David and Barry to school each day, waiting and watching for the storm that would signal the time for their departure.

#### MIRACLE OF BIRTH - MIRACLE OF DEATH

As Glenna's due date drew close, she and Jeannie went to Idaho Falls. Gene was summoned in time for the arrival of his new little son, David, on November 9th. One week later, on November 16, 1949, the baby's great-grandfather, Barney's father Samuel Rich South, passed away.



THEL & CHILDREN:  
SHIRLEY DEE, DAN  
"We were living in a  
labor camp. There were  
two buildings--barracks--  
they had been a prisoner  
camp during the war."  
(Shirley)

BERNIE KNAPP  
BARNEY, M'JEAN &  
MYRNA

Preparing for the  
annual move from  
Island Park to Idaho  
Falls. They load  
Barney's 1946  
Federal Truck with  
its makeshift sides  
that secure the  
furniture.

## Chapter 77

# The Teacher's Work is Done

We live most when we love our neighbors as ourselves and live  
pure and holy at all times. – SAMUEL RICH SOUTH

The Post Register got some of the facts right in the article about Sam and Hannah's golden wedding anniversary. The article was written by their oldest grandchild, Elayne, and reads:

### SOUTHS MARRIED FIFTY YEARS

by Elayne Bybee

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rich South, 928 Ada Street, observed their golden wedding anniversary Wednesday and their great grandson was born the same day in the Idaho Falls LDS hospital. The parents are Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Jones, Island Park.

The honored couple were married November 9, 1899, in the Logan LDS temple, and resided in Randolph, Utah where Mr. South taught school until 1923. Then they moved to Island Park, Idaho, where Mr. South was engaged in the sawmill industry. For many years they have made their home in Idaho Falls.

SAMUEL & HANNAH SOUTH  
Married November 10, 1899  
in the Salt Lake Temple.  
Sam passed away 6 days after  
their 50th wedding  
anniversary.



There were also a few errors. Samuel and Hannah's wedding date was November 10th, and the temple in which they were married was the Salt Lake Temple. Sam had quit teaching school long before 1923 and was operating a sawmill in Utah, according to the 1920 US census.

A similar article, possibly from a Randolph paper, is even less accurate. It announces the birth of a great-granddaughter, rather than a great-grandson!

One week later, on November 16, 1949, Sam's obituary appeared in the Post Regis-

ter. A funeral took place in Idaho Falls on Friday, November 18, 1949. A second funeral was held the following day in Randolph, where he was buried.

DOT: A nice funeral was held for Father in the Fourth Ward and also one in the chapel at Randolph, Utah.

### HELPED BUILD BOTH CHAPELS

Samuel South and his family had much to do with building both chapels.

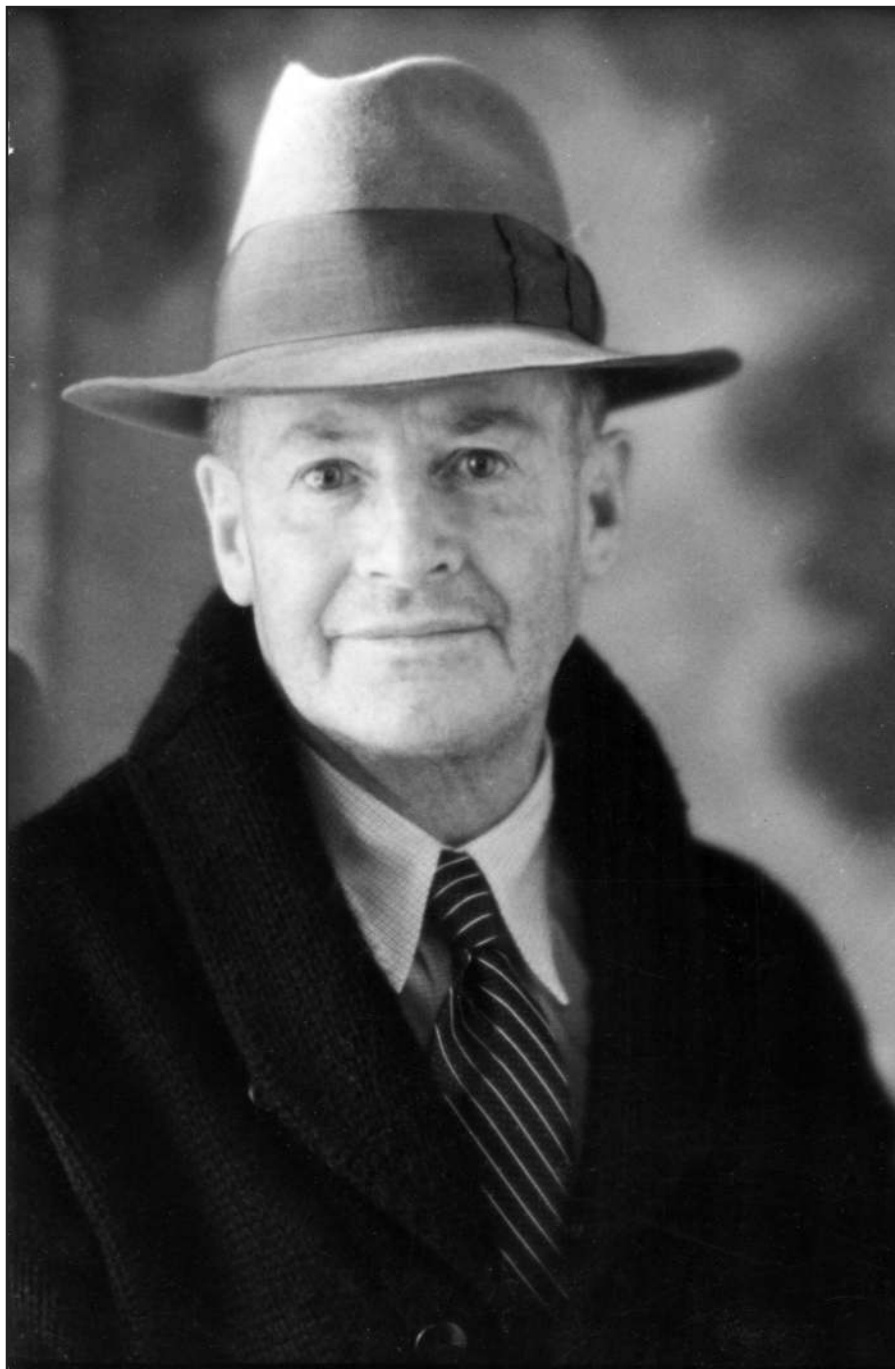
Sam's niece, Blanch Fox, was present at the funeral in Randolph. She gave some details in a letter, Nov 20, 1949, to Zelma, who had tried to attend and got as far as New York, but due to weather conditions, had to return to Massachusetts.

BLANCH: Mother, Wm., Ruth, Sarah, Ross and I and our two little boys went from here. The flowers were all beautiful, most being chrysanthemums of every hue! His casket was beautiful also.

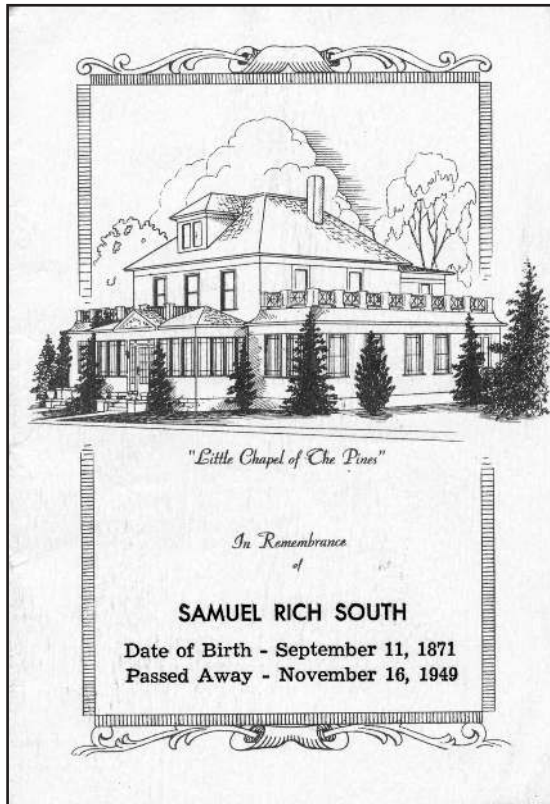
We all missed you, but inasmuch as you could stay such a short time, I'm almost glad you are coming in February when you can be with your mother a bit longer.

He was very, very thin and looked as though he had suffered much. Death can be so wonderful. I think that it has been three years since he started getting lost and that seems sad, but even so, when one thinks of seventy-five years of good living there is still much for which to be thankful.

Charlie's Dorothy, who seems to have been as close as anyone to them at pres-



SAMUEL RICH SOUTH  
Teacher, Scholar,  
Musician, Hunter,  
Rancher, Sawmiller,  
Missionary, Faithful  
Church Member, Devoted  
Husband and Father.



ent, said that for the last six weeks he hasn't known anyone, so even had you been here he maybe wouldn't have known you.

The services were very nice, all paid tribute to your father's hard working habits and honesty, his determination to get an education, his teaching and counsel and sound advice given to many.

## SAD LOSSES

In the spring of 1918 Hannah and Samuel had buried their dear 17w-year-old son Allen. Now in sixteen months' time Hannah had lost her youngest son and her husband of 50 years.

Ever since Sam became dangerously lost in Island Park, his sons Barney and Charlie made sure it would not happen again. Sam would stay in Idaho Falls. He did not cease to be a worry, however. Zelma wrote,

ZELMA: One time after Father had retired from work, once again the desire for card playing returned and Father started playing cards again in Idaho Falls. When Bernard and Charles found out about it, they learned of the location of the game and went to bring him home. He came home with them like a little child that had been doing something mischievously.

When Marj saw what Zelma had written, she added: "feverish expression in eyes."

## REST HOME

For some time before he died, Sam had been in a rest home.

GLENNA: They put him in a rest home. And that's when you'd go visit him, and, oh my goodness, he'd just swear up a storm, and that was so out of character that it was sad. Grandpa South was in the rest home when David was born.

On November 9, David was born in Idaho Falls. I went down to Idaho Falls, and Gene was still in the timber, but he got down just before David was born. We had to call Gene. We called

Services at	
Fourth Ward L. D. S. Chapel	
Friday, November 18, 1949 — 3:00 p. m.	
G. L. Crapo, Officiating	
Member of Fourth Ward Bishopric	
Organ Prelude Music .....	Mrs. J. O. Mellor
Male Quartette .....	"Abide With Me"
F. E. Belnap, Joe Parker, Walter Clark, LaVon Stokes	
Invocation .....	Walter Clark
Obituary .....	G. L. Crapo
Speaker .....	Bishop Warren E. Wright
Organ Solo ....	President Oscar W. Johnson
Speaker .....	President J. W. Telford
Violin Solo .....	"Perfect Day"
Mrs. Tabb George	
Mrs. J. O. Mellor, Accompanist	
Speaker .....	Dr. H. Ray Hatch
Quartette .....	"The Teachers Work Is Done"
Benediction .....	Vern L. Brown
Organ Postlude Music.....	Mrs. J. O. Mellor
Interment .....	Randolph Cemetery
November 19, 1949	

## PALL BEARERS — Grandsons

Edward South

Dan South

Burton South

Warren Bybee

Gene Jones

Robert Dickerson

## FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS

Fourth Ward Relief Society

Hazel Wright - Ruth Hart - Pearl Jordan



Ponds Lodge, and Horace Pond went out to the mill to tell Gene. Jeannie was three at the time. The day of the funeral is the day I got out of the hospital and we brought David home. And I went to the funeral that day.

DOT: We always hope our parents' last days on earth will be the best ones. This wasn't the case with our wonderful parents. Father was in an Idaho Falls nursing home for a while before his death on Nov. 16, 1949 at age 78, only a few days after his and Mother's Golden Wedding Anniversary. His death was from causes incident to age, but especially hardening of the arteries.

## INTELLECTUAL - OLD - SWEARING

GLENNA: He was intellectual—I mean, he taught school, and current events were very important to him. He always listened to the radio, the news, and all that stuff.

And then he got so he didn't do any of those things. He wore bib overalls, and he got so he put both straps over one shoulder, and he'd put his shoes on the wrong feet. And one day I said to him, "Grandpa, how come you're wearing your shoes on the wrong feet?" I was married then. And he said, "Because there's more room in them that way."

And you know, he'd always talk kinda sharp to you. So I thought, "Well, okay," you know, and then one time he got to where he—I guess he was speaking in tongues—I don't know—but it certainly wasn't English. And I said to him, "What kind of language is that?" And he said, "It's the East and West language." And then, you know, I mean he was just as, and of course, after a while and he got to where we...

In earlier years, Samuel had had serious accidents, and his life had been preserved.

RUTH: The doctor told Ren and I one time after his operation, that the reason—the only reason that he wasn't dead, was because his blood was as pure as a baby's. He never smoked. He never drank. He never drank coffee. And Gene said the other day when I was telling him about this, he said, "And he never swore." Gene said all the time he was in the woods, and everybody commented on it, that they never ever heard him swear—ever. He said you never heard him ever swear.

But later on when he got quite old, and he got so that he didn't know exactly what he was doing, you know, Glenna was telling me, Grandpa got so he'd swear. He'd gotten to the point where he didn't realize what he was saying, you know. And she said she heard him really swearing. But he can't be held accountable for that, because he didn't realize what he was doing.

GLENNA: And another thing about Grandpa, he never swore—ever. I never heard him—well, none of the family had ever heard him swear, till he got.... And then all of sudden he said every swear word you'd ever heard in your life.

DOT: He used to swear some at his horses in his younger years, but otherwise, NEVER. However, when in the nursing home, he'd astonish his nurses when he swore at them.

GLENNA: Grandpa was pretty straight-laced, you know. But he had that laugh. And it was cute. When he'd laugh--I don't know how you even describe it. But he did just have a cute laugh.

BERNIE: He seemed to always enjoy having kids around. He would laugh a lot, smile a lot. Being a quiet person by nature his laugh was mostly a chuckle.

## PATIENT, TENDERHEARTED

DOT: I admired Father's qualities. His patience and help with Shirlene and Allen will always be appreciated. He and Mother had unconditional love when I'd return home to live in one of their apartments. Mine was on the main floor, which shows how considerate they were.

## NOT A BUSINESSMAN

RUTH: He was a good man. He was just a real good man. He wasn't a businessman, Grandpa wasn't. He was a poor businessman. But he was smart as a whip. You could ask him any word you could think of, what it meant, and he could tell you. We said he was like an encyclopedia. He was really knowledgeable.

You know that Grandpa was a hard worker--a real hard worker. He worked long hours.

DAN: But he wasn't a—from what I heard Dad say, Grandpa was a hard worker, but he wasn't a smart worker.

RUTH: He wasn't a businessman.

DAN: I guess Grandma was the business head.

RUTH: Grandma had the business head on her.

DAN: But Grandpa had the education.

RUTH: Yeah, Grandpa was educated. And he was a smart man. He taught school, you know, for thirteen years. And everyone that knew him before he went to Island Park said that he was one of the best teachers that they ever had. They learned more under him, as a teacher. And I think that that was really his calling, you know.

Marj often said that Sam South had the equivalent of a Master's Degree. "Barney's father was a well educated man," she said. "And he had worked in enviable positions." Susan South related, "Marj said that people in Randolph had praise for Sam South's ability to teach."

RUTH: I met a man—he was over a school down in Utah--a principal of a school down there. He was born and raised in Randolph, and he told me one time—we were talking, and he told me, he said, you know, I learned more from Sam South—more the years that I went under Sam South than any year I went to school. That's what he told me. And I thought that was neat.

## LOVE OF THE TIMBER

REN: Teaching was not my father's first love. It was timber and his family.

ZELMA: Sam enjoyed working in the timber. Although he did many things in his life, this type of work appealed to him the most. He liked the action of the mill and seeing the logs turned into nice, neat piles of lumber. The clean odor of the pine in the raw really cannot be duplicated. It was the love of the sawmill and the love of the timber that stayed with the South family. The pines and the fragrance of them stayed in my blood and I loved it.

DAN: I've heard old-timers in Randolph say that he was one of the best axemen that they ever knew.

## EXCELLENT SHOT

DAVID: His own family had not learned from him how good a shot he was--his friends told them that when Samuel hunted geese it was for the geese. Because

ammunition was hard to come by he wouldn't shoot until he could get two with one shot. His friends indicated that this happened over and over and over. He was just as good at baseball but they didn't know about it until they were fully grown men and women. They did know that he played violin in a dance band during the years he taught school in Rich County. He was often chorister in singing groups and in church congregations.

DOT: Many enjoyed his musical talent of playing his violin wherever he and Hannah lived. In Randolph he played in an orchestra at dances and also directed a choir. He operated the Post Office there at one time - also he was Justice of the Peace.

Father had the most beautiful handwriting. He had lots of determination; he had a tender heart and cried when reading sad stories or watching some movies.

## GREAT READER

DAVID: Samuel read a lot. In the summer he read Western Magazines and he usually had a pile of them around.

DOT: Father liked to read and study the scriptures and he often wrote down from memory his favorite ones. For diversion, he read Western stories and went to movies. My, how he would have enjoyed television! He read the newspapers to Mother in the evenings while she did handiwork and made braided rugs.

RUTH: And he was really a good reader. He could read a story, and you could just live the story while he was reading it.

And Grandpa—he could recite poetry real well, too.

## FAITHFUL CHURCH MEMBER - SCRIPTORIAN

DOT: Our parents had firm testimonies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and lived the teachings thereof in an admirable manner. Father was a faithful member of the LDS Church and always appreciated his membership. He was jovial, kind, honest in his dealings, and respected by all who knew him.

BERNIE: On Sundays [in Island Park] there wasn't much to do usually. Normally they didn't log or run the mill. Some fished while others used the time to travel to the valley to visit or shop. Sam South often read the Book of Mormon in his cabin on Sundays.

DAVID: In the winter time when he was living with central heat and on carpet and in comparative luxury he would be about halfway dressed up most of the time. He read a lot but it was the newspaper and the scriptures. He had his scriptures nearby with the book open most of the time. His glasses he picked out most carefully at the counter at Kresses. Barney and I watched him once when he was unaware of our being there. He would sort through them and finally take about three or four to the clerk for which he probably had to pay from a dime to a quarter for each.

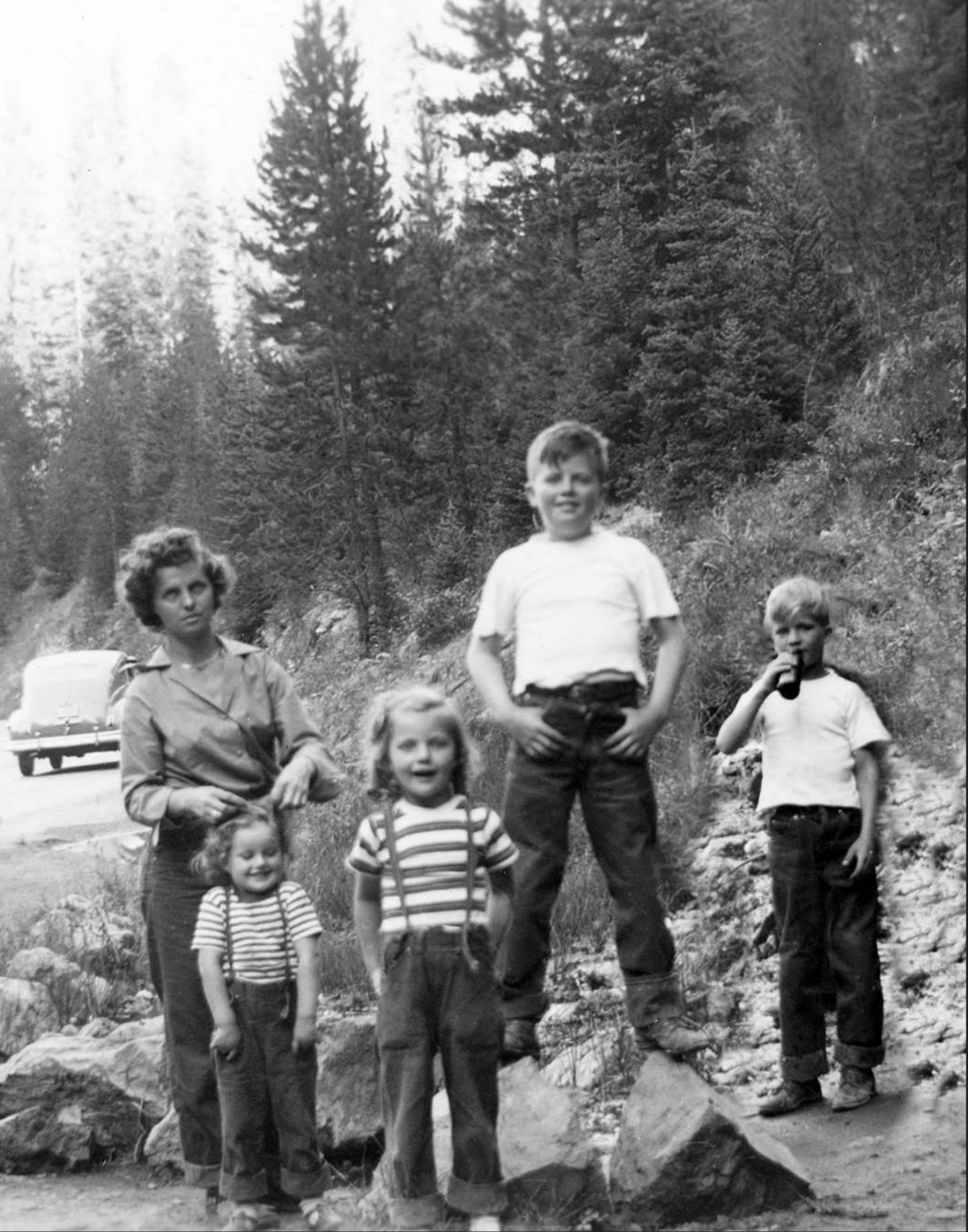
### DRESS CLOTHES SUNDAY ALL DAY

Always when he was in Idaho Falls he would be in church on Sunday and he would attend Priesthood meeting along with the Telfords, the Brunts and the Hatches. He would stay in his dress clothes for the rest of the day.

When Samuel gave advice to anyone, which he did occasionally, it would be in the form of a scripture or some lines of literature he would quote.

David Note: I have heard Barney, Ren, and Zelma tell of an instance in each of their lives when their father was with them, just the two of them and in a situation, like for instance the long ride on a wagon from Split Creek Saw Mill to the Island Park Siding, when Samuel opened up and talked. They indicated how it filled them with wonder. They also indicated that they wished for other chances to have that same kind of experience again.





MARJ, MYRNA, M'JEAN, DAVID, BARRY - YELLOWSTONE TRIP



## Chapter 78

# Good Times

Those were good days. I've never forgotten. I loved it up there.

– GLENNA SOUTH JONES

The early fifties were probably the happiest years Barney and Marjorie had ever known. They were experiencing the joys, along with the challenges, of parenthood, as they worked with and endeavored to teach their young brood.

They were blessed with two additions to the family, Susan in 1952, and Randy in 1954. Business was going well, and along with the rest of the country, they were enjoying a measure of prosperity.

Sharing in the everyday work and play with the Barney and Marj South family was the Gene and Glenna Jones family.

GENE & GLENNA JONES

GLENNA: It was during this time that Marj and I got to be good friends. Of course, they are our relatives and we see them on and off, but Gene and I moved to Island Park about 45 or 46 years ago.

Barney was my uncle, and my husband Gene and my father, Ren South, operated another sawmill at the same location in Island Park. And that's where we really got to know each other. Our children were all small and we had lots of fun and good times together. There are so many things that I think about. Those were good years at Island Park and Idaho Falls, and I'm glad that we had that time together. (*Marj, Life Sketch*)

Marj and Glenna shared a unique aspect of their personal lives, their fulfilled childhood romantic aspirations. Theirs was a similar story: The young girl who had, tucked deep inside, a secret love for a man. Although losing view of her sweetheart for a time, she never lost sight of her dream. When providence smiled (and after growing up), she attained the wish of her young heart.

Each story is replete with faith, hope, rescuing and saving. After being rescued by him, she became a savior of the man she loved.

### BAPTISM - TEMPLE

Gene Jones was baptized November 30, 1957. He and Glenna and their children were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple May 10, 1962.





GLENNA SOUTH  
JONES

"Marj was very knowledgeable. She taught me a lot. I always admired her so much."  
(Glenna)



MARJ SOUTH

"I remember hearing Marj's counsel for a young wife seeking a way to encourage her husband in church activity: 'Keep working in the Primary; don't give up—just keep working in the Primary.'"  
(M'Jean)

## A LOVE STORY

It was in those depression years of 1934-37 in Island Park that Glenna, as a little girl, had a great crush on handsome young Gene Jones, who was working at the sawmill. When Ren left with his family to cut ties in Utah, Glenna did not forget about Gene. By the time Gene came to work for Ren during the war, she had grown up, and he fell in love with the beautiful young lady version of Glenna. She became a young bride of almost 17, and he was 24.

### ADMIRATION FOR MARJ

GLENNA (*to M'Jean*): I used to love to visit with your mother, because she was very knowledgeable. She taught me a lot, because I was about ten years younger than her. I always admired your mother so much.

### GOOD TIMES

There were some good times. Your mom and I did quite a few things together. And your mom and dad and Gene and I. We used to get together and go to the dances, and we did a lot of fun things together.

One time we went up and visited the old camp where they first started the sawmill up in that area, and that was a fun time that we spent together. It was fun to get together and visit around the table and listen to the old stories.

### CARDS - RAINY DAYS

We used to play cards. I never was very good at cards. It kinda seemed like a waste of time to me, and I really wasn't, but they all liked them pretty good.

And the men—they used to play poker, which used to wear me out, because in those cabins—and one year in June, it rained every day, so the men couldn't work. And so they played poker in my cabin—all day long sometimes—ahhh, I had two little kids, David and Jeannie, and my, I got to where I hated that game. By the time June was over and they went back to work, it was really good.

### LITTLE LOG CABIN

Those were good days. I've never forgotten—I've forgotten a lot of details, but I loved it up there. I loved living in that little log cabin—that one with the porch in it. We did for—I don't remember how long, and then we built some of those other cabins, and we ended up in that one further. It was a skid cabin just made of lumber, not logs. Gene built it. Every spring, you never knew which cabin, you know, you may not live in the same cabin. It's kind of amusing that we moved around to different cabins, but we did.

## PERRENOUDS

And then there was these other two cabins on the left hand side from there. And there was one, remember, a smaller lumber cabin. And Leatha and Floyd had lived in that middle one, and that's the one that burned down.

### DANCES

We went to the dances at Macks Inn, and this one night—or morning, actually. It was probably three or four o'clock when we got home, and there was another couple that went with us. Their names was Leatha and Floyd Perrenoud. And they had a son, Kent, that stayed in the cabin—their cabin—and it was adjacent to where Gene and I lived.

### EXPLOSION

We had just barely got into bed, and all of a sudden the sky lit up. And they had lit the gas light, and that light had been leaking gas. It immediately just started flames, and they only had time to get Kent out of that cabin and outside before the whole cabin was in flames. It was really scary. They had some baby chickens on the porch, and didn't even get those out.

And of course, the guys was all out. Well, they fell some trees that was close to the cabin into the cabin, you know, to keep the fire from spreading. And that was pretty scary. So they were without a cabin there for a little while, till we got them moved around.

#### LEATHA POKED LADY

One time at Macks when we were at the dance, we met these people who had been over to our sawmill and bought some lumber. There were a couple of men and a couple of women. Anyway, when we went to Macks we met those folks, and Leatha—there wasn't a scared bone in her body, I guess. Anyway, this one lady—we heard her say something about those timberjack people who lived in those awful cabins—something very derogatory about how we lived. And Leatha poked her! (laughing) O my gosh! (laughs more) so, oh, dear. We had some confrontation there, and we laughed about it a long time. We were all pretty upset about how she talked about us, you know.

#### NOT UP TO PAR

So, that's the first time I ever thought that we looked a little bit like not quite up to par, I guess. (laughs) Cause I always was very satisfied with my life, and still am, but I didn't like the way she talked. Oh, we had a good time over that. Of course, the guys that were with them, they—Gene and Barney talked about—Boy, she should have been a little careful—did you see the size of those guys, or something...(laugh) It was kinda funny. Oh, my."

#### LEATHA CLEAN FREAK

But Leatha was a clean freak. I mean, just everything was just—and I used to think, Oh, my gosh. Kinda wore me out. And Kent—he was scrubbed within an inch of his life all the time. And he was just like her. He'd polish his shoes every day. And I would think, Oh, my, that kid would drive me crazy.

Leatha and Floyd. I liked them a lot. Floyd was—he cussed like a, you know, just swear, swear swear. He was a good worker. And they came over and worked for us a season in Evanston when we were up there. Not very long—it was probably only a season.



FLOYD & LEATHA PERRENOUD

"All of a sudden the sky lit up. They had lit the gas light, which had been leaking gas, and the whole cabin was in flames."

(Glenna)

#### JENSENS



MOYNE & ROMA JENSEN

Moyne Jensen, his wife, Roma, and two sons, Terry and Teddy, lived on the north-east end of camp in the old Al Smith cabin, where the famous Sunday School photograph of 1925 was taken. Moyne was working for Barney. Roma could whistle, a very loud shrill whistle, and that's how she would call her boys home.

It was kind of a joke in camp about calling kids home: Souths, honk the horn; Jensens, whistle; Perrenoud, yell!

#### PERMANENTS

M'JEAN: (to Glenna) Do you remember doing permanents?

GLENNA: Oh, yes, (laughs) I sure do. One time there were these folks that worked there and the wife's name was Roma...

M'JEAN: Jensen. Roma Jensen.

GLENNA: I remember Roma, and your mother was going to give me a permanent. And Roma came over, and she decided to help. And so your mother was



MOYNE JENSEN & BOYS, TEDDY & TERRY  
The boys went to school with the South kids in the one-room schoolhouse at Mack's.



MYRNA (standing, then clockwise)  
TERRY JENSEN (probably)  
STEVE KNAPP, TEDDY  
JENSEN, KENT PERRENOUD  
(probably, although obscured,  
BARRY, DAVID, M'JEAN

Some of the "rowdy kids"  
Glenna and Marj took to town.

rolling one side, and Roma was on the other. And that was the craziest permanent I ever had. Cause Roma—she'd never done it before. This side was wrapped really loose, and stuff, and your mother's was according to Hoyle. And all the time they were doing it, I was thinking, Oh, my gosh! But I didn't want to say, "Don't do any more." But this side was just barely curled, and this side—it was funny.

MARJ  
With "racy" pedal pushers

#### GOING TO ASHTON FOR GROCERIES

Your mother and I used to go to Ashton and get groceries together a lot. And I think back at that time we'd have that old car just literally filled with groceries, and it probably only cost not many dollars then, and we had a lot of food, a long time ago.

#### ROWDY KIDS

I remember one time Marj and I had taken all you kids to Ashton and bought groceries, and we had a hired hand with us—it was their hired hand. And when we got back that kid said, "I thought maybe I'd get married some day, but after this trip with you, I never want to do that." Cause it was a rowdy trip. We laughed about that a lot. Oh, dear.

#### PEDAL PUSHERS

One time when we saw a girl with pedal pushers on, and your mother and I--we thought they looked pretty nice. We thought we would maybe try wearing them, but we were both very worried about what people would think if they saw us in these pants. I don't remember if your mother wore them, but I did. Anyway, I thought that was kinda fun, cause, you know, we'd never seen anything like that, and we thought maybe it was a little bit too racy. It was funny. Oh, my.



#### PEDAL PUSHERS

Pedal pushers are calf-length trousers that were popular during the 1950s and the early 1960s.







## *Going to Ponds*

BARRY: Going over to Ponds Lodge was a special occasion. Before we owned a car, the whole family rode in a truck. It got pretty crowded when there got to be four kids.

Ponds was always lit up with lots of lights. There were things to see, candy to buy, and other fun things. Sometimes I looked at funny books while we were at Ponds. Once David and I stole a few. When we got home, our parents found them and took us back to Horace Pond. I learned from that. The sports department was a favorite place, and once in a while I got to buy a box of .22 shells.

### PONDS LODGE

Directions from Souths' Sawmill:

Travel the 4 mile dirt road to the highway, turn right (*north*), go short distance past the Buffalo Ranger Station, continue another short distance, cross the Buffalo River Bridge, turn left into Ponds.



**PONDS LODGE**  
 “Ponds was always lit up with lots of lights. There were things to see, candy to buy, and other fun things.” (Barry)

MYRNA: It was a big, exciting event. I'd be out playing, and someone would holler, “Anybody want to go to Ponds?” You'd get ready--you'd run in, maybe wash your face and change your shirt, and go to Ponds.

### CHARLES & MINA

Charles and Mina Pond, who built Ponds Lodge, were in their 70's, and their sons took care of the business. Horace lived there year round and was the manager. Barney had been good friends with Horace since they were young men at Island Park Siding and hunted together.



**CHARLES & MINA POND**  
 Formerly they had run the Targhee Tie Commissary.

### HORACE & ELIZABETH

M'JEAN: I remember him as being pretty slow talking. His wife, Elizabeth, was just opposite—quite animated. She had a cute laugh. She would usually be the one to give you your mail and was probably the postmaster. Marj always enjoyed visiting with Elizabeth. We knew the other Ponds, too, although some of them lived in Utah and weren't around there much.

MYRNA: Elizabeth was there a lot, and we liked Elizabeth. She just always had a smile on her face, and was kind of a chatty lady. Marj became quite good friends with Elizabeth.

### LARGE DECK - 3 ENTRANCES

The lodge was a long building with a large deck in front. The roof over the deck had to be strong enough to hold up under a big snow load. The large pillars supporting the roof were fir timbers the Souths had logged out of Ripley Butte back in 1935.

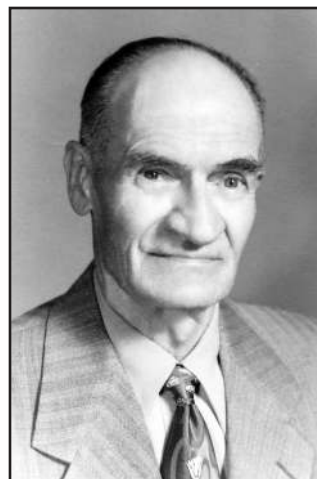
The lodge had three main entrances: the store, the dance hall, and





the café. Although the kids were pretty free to roam, everyone would usually start off by going into the store on the north end. There was always a little shopping to do—bread and milk, maybe some meat from the butcher, but not much was available up there in the woods in the way of fresh produce. The groceries would be written up and put on the bill. Periodically, Barney and Horace would settle up, balancing the grocery bill with charges for lumber from the sawmill.

M'JEAN: Barney always seemed to have change in his pocket, and the minute we walked in the door, we would be saying, "Daddy, can I have a nickel?" The nickel was for a candy bar, ice cream bar, or pop. Chocolate pop was my favorite. A little later we'd be back for another nickel. He was always pretty generous. It all came to a halt, however, after a sobering visit to the dentist's office.



CHARLES POND  
"What a grand old man  
he was." (Barry)

## CAFE OFF LIMITS - BALL ROOM

On the south end of the lodge was the café, basically off limits to us kids.



MINA POND  
"Every trip to Ponds we would  
stare up at their large portraits  
hanging high on the wall." (M'Jean)

It was closed off from the rest of the lodge with a big glass door, and we could look in at the large, glitzy room with windows all around and the glossy, varnished rustic table and chairs. Across one end was a long counter with bar stools. Mounted on all the walls were moose, elk, deer, and antelope heads. We rarely had occasion to venture inside.

In between the store on the one end and the café on the other, was a long open space, the dance hall. Through the years, as dances became less popular, the space was gradually encroached upon, as they built in a bar room, a souvenir shop, an arcade, and for a while, a soda fountain.

Barney and Marj would have a lot of visiting to do, and the kids never lacked for entertainment.

PONDS BALLROOM  
For many years it was an  
exciting place to be on a  
Saturday night.

and the turquoise jewelry. It was always the same, but we never tired of looking at it.

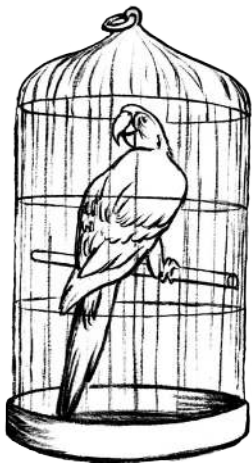
Arcade games required too many coins, but there was a long shuffle board, and we would send the round discs gliding back and forth to each other along the slick table.

## FUNNY BOOKS

In one corner was the magazine rack with every kind of funny book. My favorites were Little Lulu, Freckles and his Friends, and Wonder Woman. Often the case, you'd be in the middle of a page, when someone would come and say, get in the car we're leaving.

M'JEAN: The souvenir shop seemed pretty magical, and we spent a lot of time in there inspecting the little bears, the cedar boxes, the Indian dolls,





“Polly could talk and had a pretty good vocabulary. Some people taught Polly some swear words, and when Polly would start swearing, old Mrs. Pond would put a blanket over her cage.”  
(*M’Jean*)

## POLLY PARROT

BARRY: One of the attractions at Ponds Lodge was Polly the Parrot. The bird was a regular part of the store. Polly lived in a simple bird cage that was mounted up about 4 feet above the floor. We played a lot with that old bird.

During the fall, the kids at Island Park had to go to school at Mack’s Inn. The kids from Island Park Siding were taken to the school every day in a car by one of the parents, and then they were picked up after school for the ride home. There was a stop made at Ponds about every day on the way back to pick up mail or supplies.

For a while one fall when I was about 11 years old, my cousin, Steve, and I were competing with each other to get any feathers that Polly may have dropped during the day. We would hurry into the store and to the parrot cage to see who could get the loose feathers. One day we both got to the cage at the same time and there were no feathers in sight.

### FIGHT OVER THE FEATHER

But there was a newspaper on the floor of the cage, and I thought, I wonder if there might be something under that paper. I just turned up the newspaper, and there was the biggest feather we’d ever seen in there—really a pretty feather.

We both claimed it. One of us grabbed it, and the fight was on. It got pretty intense, and I don’t remember how the fight ended, but I do remember that when it was over, the pretty feather took such a beating that it was no longer worth fighting over.

### POLLY’S SWEARING

M’JEAN: Polly could talk and had a pretty good vocabulary. Old Mrs. Pond took care of Polly. Sometimes when we went in the lodge, we’d be disappointed to see a blanket over Polly’s cage. Some people had taught Polly some swear words, and when Polly would start swearing, she would get the blanket treatment from Mrs. Pond.

MYRNA: Polly was right there by the popcorn machine--the tall popcorn machine with the little chute where the popcorn came down. You’d catch it into a little white bag. People sometimes bought popcorn to feed her and drop it in her cage.

## BARBEQUES - PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER

JEANNIE JONES: We went and they had big barbeques, and they had all these big fires in the back of Ponds Lodge, and they’d have wonderful food. They would dance. It was so much fun to go down there to the barbeques.

### WELL ACQUAINTED - FANCY PEOPLE

You’d run into people from all over at Ponds. Barney and Marj were pretty well acquainted with the regulars—proprietors, ranchers, other loggers and sawmillers.

There were also some very wealthy people who held property in the area and would spend the summer months in Island Park. Barney supplied logs and lumber for some very elaborate summer homes. One well-to-do older couple would frequently be sitting in the big wooden chairs on the deck in front of the lodge. They would just sit and watch everyone walking past in and out of the lodge.

MYRNA: They both wore beaded leather jackets with very long fringe, and I remember the turquoise jewelry. The lady always wore her hair in a long braid down her back. They were very nice. I think they offered to send David to college.

An older couple, Hugh and Mary, worked in the store and everywhere else they were needed at Ponds for several years.



BERNIE: They often waited on us when we went there and she also would get our mail for us out of the post office. Both were very friendly and cordial.

MYRNA: We knew the Ponds' hired help and especially liked the Ovard sisters. They were all tall. They were good-natured, pleasant gals who worked there in the summertime. One or the other of them would likely be "minding the store" when we came in. Joan Ovard was a fixture in my mind. At the checkout stand right there, Joan would be there. She's the one I picture the most.

#### FOOT X-RAY MACHINE

BARRY: I remember going to Ponds and sticking my feet in an X-ray machine, and you could see the bones in your toes.



## SLOT MACHINES & OTHER MEMORIES AT PONDS

M'JEAN: I remember...

When they had slot machines at Ponds

Walking on the big logs out front bordering the long deck

Mounted moose, elk, deer, antelope heads on the walls in the café and store

Also a mounted bobcat

Seeing Charles and Mina Ponds in person & their large portraits on the wall

Polly swearing, watching Mrs. Pond put a blanket over her cage to shut her up

Tall popcorn machine: put in nickel or dime, hold a little bag under the chute

Comic book rack just inside the glass door which opened into the ballroom

Long shuffleboard & arcade games in the ballroom

Post office window where we picked up the mail

Souvenir shop: Indian dolls, beaded moccasins, cedar boxes, bears, etc

The Ovard girls, Joan, Mary Ann, and another sister, working in the store.

Nice married couple, Hugh and Mary, working in the store

#### SLOT MACHINES

The resorts in Island Park featured slot machines until 1954, when the State of Idaho outlawed all forms of gambling.

## *Family Excursions*

Barney lived in Island Park for 22 years. He saw the growth and changes that occurred in that time. In cutting timber and delivering logs and lumber throughout the region, fishing the lakes and streams, hunting in the woods and hills, traveling by truck and horseback, he must have known the entire Island Park area like the back of his hand. His sons grew up going everywhere with him.

When the kids were little, he sometimes took the family along when he was doing business, and then sometimes just for fun.

## MACK'S INN – PHILIP'S LODGE

M'JEAN: Occasionally we all went to Mack's Inn, and we kids became fairly well acquainted with the interior, with its view of the Snake River through the large picture windows. Less often, we traveled on up north a ways to Island Park Lodge.

The loop past Phillip's Lodge had been cut out when they built the new highway between Ponds and Mack's, but we sometimes took the scenic "old road." Marj would point out the fancy summer homes along that stretch, especially the one with the brightly colored chairs on the roof.

#### MACK'S INN

The resort was elegant and was situated next to the Snake River, which was easily viewed through the large picture windows.





Row 1:

Steven South, Josh Crandall,  
Jonathan South, Danny  
Crandall

Row 2:

Sean Crandall, Katie South,  
Molly Lund, Lexye Lund,  
Amanda South, Shanna  
Semenza, Melinda, Joshua,  
David South, Gary Lund

Row 3:

Jeanette, Barney Lund,  
Matthew Crandall, Nate,  
Ben, Andrew South, Jenny  
Semenza, Jessica South,  
Rosalie, Tessy, M'Jean Lund

Row 4:

Allison, Jeff, Susan Crandall;  
Randy, Derek South, Jon  
Lund, Michael, Dave, Jaime,  
Judy, Myrna, Rod South,  
Rachel, Lance Thompson,  
Elinor, Karen South

## BUFFALO RIVER

The head of the Buffalo River and a few other special scenic areas along its course were favorite destinations. The spot on the river where the old boarded-up, drooping Wallins Cabin sat nestled in the trees was especially lovely. Randy: "The river makes a left hand bend just before it comes up to the Wallins Cabin area." M'Jean: "Prettiest place in the world." Wonderful Family Reunions have taken place on the Buffalo.

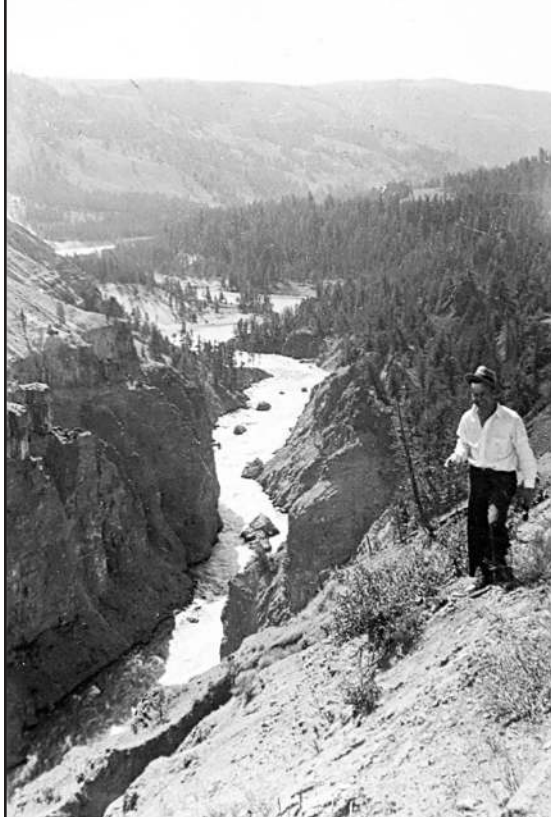
## BIG SPRINGS

A favorite place to visit was Big Springs, a couple miles east of Mack's, with hundreds and hundreds of jumbo-sized trout swimming under the bridge. If bread were on hand, the kids joined tourists in tossing in pieces and watch as several fish would jump for each piece. Barney and Marj would remember the tie cutting days when Big Springs had been a railroad siding, and a busy little community was located there, with Big Springs Inn at its center. The rails, stock pens, dwellings, and inn had all vanished. What was left was the picturesque Johnny Sack cabin and his pretty little water wheel house.

*Miji Note: It was  
sometime in the 60's  
that changes occurred  
affecting the fish popu-  
lation. Only a few can be  
seen there now.*







## Yellowstone Park

Yellowstone Park had been a tourist attraction for many years. Everyone at the mill watched as the Yellowstone Flyer shot past every day taking passengers to see the bears, buffaloes, and the wonders and wild beauty of the park. Barney first went through the park in the 20's. Marj went to Yellowstone with college friends in the 30's. They had since traveled through the park together. Even Marj's parents



BARNEY & MARJ  
Yellowstone Falls  
Yellowstone River  
Grand Canyon of the  
Yellowstone

MARJ  
Posing in Yellowstone tourist vehicle



had honeymooned in Yellowstone National Park by covered wagon in 1910.

The west entrance to the park, just about 30 miles from the sawmill, was the town of West Yellowstone—referred to by locals simply as “West.” The South kids got only an occasional glimpse of that glittering town, with its bright lights, fancy hotels and restaurants, quaint souvenir shops, and everywhere its rustic atmosphere.





SOUTH & PARKER FAMILIES  
Trip to Yellowstone

About 1951 Barney and Marj took the family on one grand trip through Yellowstone. Two families who also made that trip were the Hammon and Parker families from Idaho Falls. They were frequent visitors at Island Park.



M'JEAN: When Barney and Marj took our family to Yellowstone Park, we were pretty young. I just remember that we saw bears, and bears, and bears. It seemed like we counted the bears, and we got into the 20's.

DAVID: We saw a lot of bear. We went to Old Faithful.

MYRNA: I remember vaguely that we were going to go to the park. We were in the car. I was playing dolls, and I think there was somebody else with us, which seems logical.







## *Goin' Fishin'*

**B**arney was a serious fly fisherman. He had his favorite spots, one of which slowly disappeared at the time the Island Park Reservoir was completed and began filling, back in 1937.

**BERNIE:** Barney used to drive over and fish on the Buttermilk Rapids on the Snake River just above Ponds Lodge. But within a few years it was all inundated by the dam. After that they fished above the backwaters on Coffee Pot Rapids.

The government had established a power plant on the Buffalo River just before the confluence with the Snake River for use in the project. After the government completed the project they sold the plant to Ponds.

**DAVID:** Other places he fished were the upper headwaters of the Buffalo and the headwaters of Warm River.

When Barney took the family fishing, it would be in the small streams. The fish in Split Creek were always small, but they were plentiful and fairly easy to catch.

**M'JEAN:** On occasion we would hear the exciting announcement that we were all going fishing. Myrna and I would dash to the warehouse, where the tall fishing boots were stored. There were some small boots in the pile, and we would pull them on and push the straps through the loops of our levis.

Barney had a fly-tying kit. He would clamp his vise to the kitchen table, insert a bare hook in the jaws, secure bits of feathers to the hook with thread, and glue the thread with clear fingernail polish. He'd have a new fly to put in his tackle box.

Sometimes he let the kids tie flies. That was really fun. We could be creative and use whatever feathers we wanted. I'm sure mine would never fool a fish.

**MYRNA:** I went fishing with Barney and the other kids once, and I caught so many fish. He must have been hooking them good and then letting me bring them in. I remember thinking that I had brought in quite a catch, more than anybody else. The other kids were bent on setting me straight.

DAVID (center, & Friends  
Background: Train car on the  
tracks, Goal post, Grandpa's car  
and old cabin, lumber piles)

Opposite page, top:  
BARNEY, MYRNA, JEANNIE  
PARKER, DAVID, BRUCE  
PARKER

Bottom:  
MARJ, MYRNA, M'JEAN,  
DAVID, TOMMY PARKER,  
FRED & ELAINE PARKER,  
JEANNIE PARKER

### COFFEE POT RAPIDS

The rapids came by their name many years ago when fur trapper, rancher, and scout George Rea, the first to file for a homestead in the Island Park area, was canoeing along the Henry's Fork of the Snake River. After several miles of calm water, the river suddenly turned into raging rapids. His canoe overturned, and all he managed to salvage was his coffee pot.

## *Ye Olde Swimmin' Hole*

**T**he kids seldom had a chance to go swimming in a swimming pool. When the family was in Idaho Falls, Barney sometimes drove them to Heise or Green Canyon, the only options. Most of the “swimming” was in Tom Creek.

M'JEAN: The things I considered to be the ultimate in recreation were riding horses and swimming. I never did much of either.

By driving north about a mile along the railroad tracks, we would come to the railroad bridge. There was water deep enough for an adult to swim, yet shallow enough in spots for kids to paddle around. Sometimes there were little bloodsuckers, and they were creepy.

MYRNA: You keep going down the railroad tracks, and you get to Tom's Creek—major, major attraction for the kids in Island Park. We would go down there and swim. It seemed like a long ways. It seemed like a wonderful, wonderful place to swim. Now you go down and you look at it, and you see it was a very short place, but what a feeling of accomplishment that you could swim the whole length. And when I say the whole length, there was just a short portion that was deep enough to swim.

And if you got where it was very shallow, then the bloodsuckers got on you, if you got near the water lilies. We loved the water lilies—so pretty. But you could never go pick a water lily. Bloodsuckers were pretty awful—they get on you; you have to pick them off. They were slimy, and actually disgusting. That was our favorite swimming place.

Another Tom Creek swimming spot was accessed by driving part-way across the flat towards Ponds, turning off onto a faintly visible road to the north about a half mile. The trees there were pretty sparse, skinny and pole-like. The bank was fairly grassy, and there were always lily pads in the water. The water was never very warm. There were two choices. One was to plunge right in, accompanied by a loud splash, and then with the shock of the cold water, an even louder yell. Getting it all over with that way one would get accustomed to the temperature quickly. The other choice was to slink down into the water by inches, letting out little squeals with every inch. Either way, once in the creek and wet up to the neck, it was warmer to stay in than to get out.

M'JEAN: One incident that happened there was when I was about nine. Barney drove us over in the '46 Chev and drove up near the bank. Marj was watching from the car. The other kids were in the water, but I was still standing on the bank, leaning over and gingerly putting a toe in, when Barney came up behind me and gave me a nudge. I fell forward into the water with a big splash. That was not the way I liked to get in the creek, and I was quite indignant. Barney and Marj laughed while I sputtered.

Marj told me afterwards, “You were just leaning over far enough to be teetering, and all he did was touch your back with his finger.”

Of course swimming on a Saturday afternoon meant taking a bar of soap along, and the Saturday night bath ritual in the galvanized tub in front of the stove could be skipped.

## Birthday Wiener Roast

Marj always put the date when the mosquitoes were gone as July 1st—M’Jean’s birthday. (Sometimes the mosquitoes paid no notice to her ultimatum and lingered a little longer.) The traditional birthday celebration

was a wiener roast at suppertime, usually attended by everyone in Camp.

According to Bernie, in earlier days, the bonfire would be near the Big Tree. Later on, it was in the wide open space closer to the railroad tracks. Roasting sticks were cut from the big willow bush which grew right next to the railroad crossing.

M’JEAN: When we lived in the little cabin, Marj would ask me every year, “What kind of cake do you want?” I was not very fond of cakes. I loved pies. But I did go for angel food cake, which called for lots of egg whites. We had lots of chickens—plenty of eggs. Occasionally, I wanted devil’s food cake.

### CUTTING WILLOWS

When Myrna and I were old enough to handle pocket knives, we would be given the assignment of cutting the willows and sharpening one end to a point. There were some fairly long ones in the middle of the bush, but getting to them required wiggling clear inside, which we didn’t mind, since it seemed adventuresome. We fancied ourselves to be quite invisible to anyone driving past. Inside the bush was very fragrant. We usually ended up scratching up our arms.

### TWIN PRESENTS

In our family, birthday presents were usually duplicates—one for the birthday kid, and one for the sibling of similar age. Myrna and I usually received identical presents on my birthday.

## Flicka

BARRY: One day the loggers in the woods caught an orphan baby deer when it was a few days old. The loggers brought it to the camp, and the people and the kids at the camp bottle fed it and raised it. It had its own little barn and grew to be very tame.

### PLAYHOUSE BARN

M’JEAN: Right there at the foot of the sawdust hill, on the north side, there was a tiny cabin. Glenna said it



WILLOW BUSH (*located in the little gully just east of the old railroad crossing*)

It may seem strange to see a willow bush in such an unlikely spot. It got its start in the 1930’s when Barney and his brother Charlie diverted Split Creek water to the sawmill for the steam engine by way of a ditch. Ditch water puddled up in the low spot below the rail bed then flowed north along the tracks to Tom Creek.



“That deer ran around here all summer long. Everyone loved the deer. We called it Flicka. The kids in Camp cried a lot when it died.” (*Barry*)

As the story goes, M’Jean received the keepsake ceramic chipmunk on her 2nd birthday at the Camp wiener roast from a sawmill hand.



was a playhouse. That was its little barn.

BARRY: That deer ran all around here all summer long. Everyone loved the deer. We called it Flicka—that was after a movie, I think, “My Friend, Flicka.”

JEANNIE: I remember the day they brought me Flicka. I was standing outside our cabin, and they drove up and got out of the truck and handed me Flicka and said her mama died, and she was just laying there by her. He picked her up and brought her to us. We loved that Flicka.

#### JUMP THE FENCE

GLENNA: It was kinda fun. Luke and one of the other fellows that worked for us—they shot Flicka’s mom, and here they found that she had this little fawn. And so they brought it home, and it was fun. My kids loved it—well, all of you kids did. And we had it for quite a long while. Our cabin had a little fence around it, and that little deer could jump over that fence like it was nothing. She’d follow me when I’d go to the well for water, and the kids would play with her.

#### PLAYED HIDE -AND-SEEK

JEANNIE: She still had her spots when she came. That deer used to follow us kids around the cabin everywhere. We’d play hide-and-seek with her. She’d come and find us, and she acted so happy when she’d see us. It followed my dad out to the outhouse. Dad yelled, get out of here I can do this myself!

GLENNA: We had a little puppy, and one time that little puppy kept pestering her, and she just reached with that one little front hoof and just hit him right on top of the head. And those little hoofs are really sharp, and boy he took off, and he never bothered her after that.

#### FED ON BOTTLE - SOUNDED LIKE A KITTEN

We fed her on the bottle, and when she’d be hungry, she’d come up on the porch and she sounded just like a kitten meowing when she’d come up to the door of the cabin, and she’d kind of paw at the door, and so then I’d feed her. And then as she got older, she’d just take off, and she’d leave sometimes for several hours, but she’d come back and want a bottle.

#### RAN ACROSS THE TRACKS

JEANNIE: It really was cute, cute little fawn. One day we woke up and Mom took off, I mean she was out the door—she went as fast as she could go. Flicka was running. She was going somewhere, so she was following her. Mom would chase it across the plains and Flicka would hide in those trees and she could hardly find it.

GLENNA: She run away, and that little beggar just took off and went clear across the tracks and went way out in that sagebrush, and I was running after her as fast as I could go. I fell down—I tripped, and I fell flat on my face, and when I raised up, I couldn’t see that little fawn anywhere, and I thought, O my gosh, and I knew she had to be close, because there was still a lot of park left, and I couldn’t see her.

JEANNIE: Flicka had leaped over a tree that had fallen down and laid down, just laid down on all fours. And Mother almost jumped on her. (laughs) She went flying over the tree.

GLENNA: So I hunted around, and that fawn had laid down on the ground, and its front hoofs were straight out, and its back legs were straight out in the back, and its head was flat on the ground, and it was just as flat as it could lay, and if I hadn’t known what I was looking for, I’d have never seen her. So that’s how those little fawns do, when somebody’s around. They could lay down, and you’d never see they were there. Anyway, I took her back.



JEANNIE: She caught her and brought her home. But she was so much fun.

#### ATE DIRT

GLENNA: And then she started eating dirt, and I knew that wasn't good, and I imagined that she was lacking in her diet, and I got salt and put out one of those salt blocks, and did everything I thought I could do, but she got sick and died. So, that was real sad.

BARRY: We must have fed it the wrong diet, because Flicka died. The kids in camp cried a lot when it died.

JEANNIE: The day Flicka died, my gosh we were upset. Mother came and woke me up, and I could tell she was upset, and they had found Flicka, and she had died. And they decided that she wasn't getting the right kind of food that she needed.

#### FEEDING THE PIGS

And we had pigs. We had pigs there, too, and I still don't know why we had pigs. It was a little shed-type thing off the side of our cabin, and that's where they were. They stunk so bad. I remember Mother making me take out this stuff, you know, the leftovers and stuff and throwing it over the fence. They figured a way for me to get up on a stool and tip it over the fence. I'd feed the pigs. I never did figure out why we were pig farmers. (laughs)

### MAUREEN & SHARON MARRY, 1950

Teenage cousins Maureen and Sharon Knapp were both married during the summer of 1950. Warren had worked for Barney throughout the 1950 season, and ten-year-old Steve had worked alongside his dad. Maureen had been with her mother in Idaho Falls for some time, and Sharon was back and forth. There would be no more school for either of the girls.

BERNIE: Maureen lived with her mother. Sharon got married young. At that time Warren was living in a cabin at Island Park Lodge.

STEVE: I think it was during that summer that my sister Sharon came up one night with her boyfriend, Jay Nield. We visited for a while and then they put me to bed. I didn't know what was going on but in a few weeks, they came up again and Sharon and Jay, Dad and I and Uncle Bernie went up to Mack's Inn and went over to the Post Office where Keith McGinn Lived. He was the Postmaster and was also the Justice of the Peace. He lived in the back of the Post office, so after closing time, we went to his quarters and he performed the marriage ceremony for Sharon and Jay.

It wasn't much but it was legal and so they were married on 12 of Sept. 1950.

My other sister Maureen was also married that summer. She married Ralph Bart Walker on 24 of June, 1950. I remember going to the wedding, but that was about all I could remember.

Marj said that as Sharon and Jay were leaving, right after they were married, Warren said to Jay, "Take care of her. She's only fourteen." Jay answered, "Fourteen? She told me she was eighteen!"



MARJ  
"My mother Marj was an expert reading teacher. She taught us to sound out words. Every one of us could read well before our first day of school. (*M'Jean*)"

## School 1950

When fall came and school started, the kids in camp were transported to Mack's to the one-room schoolhouse. Sometimes the kids would be dropped off at Ponds, and from there travel in a van to Mack's. Marj, Barney, and others did the driving from the siding. As for the kids, whichever vehicle took them down the road was referred to as "the bus."

GLENN: (To M'Jean): At one time, I do remember that I drove the school bus over to Ponds, so naturally, it had to be you kids that I took. And I don't remember if I did that two years or not. But I know it was more than one year. And I drove kids over there.

M'JEAN: In the fall of 1950, I began a new wonderful adventure: 1st grade in the one-room schoolhouse at Mack's Inn in Island Park.

A large, gray curtain divided the room in half. The little kids, grades 1-4 on the right side, big kids, grades 5-8 on the left, with one teacher for each side. My first teacher was Mrs. Blackburn.

### MARJ TAUGHT PHONICS

There was no such thing as Kindergarten, and most first graders knew nothing about reading. But not so with the kids in my family. My former schoolteacher mother, Marj, was an expert reading teacher. She certainly believed in teaching phonics, and she taught us to sound out words. Every one of us could read well before our first day of school.

The books Marj used at home did not mention Dick, Jane, or Sally with their dog, Spot, Puff the cat and Tim the Teddy bear. Reading in schools at that time was taught not with phonics but by a memorization system. There was a giant book on a stand with huge charts picturing the above-mentioned characters, sometimes with only one word or phrase on the chart, like "Funny, funny Sally." As the pages were flipped over, there was somewhat of a story line which was similar to the one in the reading primer.

I had a crush on quiet, shy, Steve Pond, and I suppose I let him know it. Elizabeth, his mother, told Marj he would not want to go to school in the mornings. Marj had a talk with me. No more chasing!

### WAITING GAME

While the kids were in school, the parents were enjoying the late season at home. As snow fell, the population in Camp diminished, and the sawmill was made ready for its winter hibernation. It was a time of waiting. Waiting for more snow.

A description of that time of the year is found in a dialog found on a travel tape. David and Marj were traveling with a business associate, Ron, and their discussion veered from their current ventures to stories of the past at the sawmill. Ron was fascinated when they told of waiting it out for winter storms before they could move.

RON: How did families that moved in there, that weren't aware of all these things--how did they survive, or did they?

MARJ: There weren't any families living in the sawmill area where we were except they were working with the sawmill. Families working for us--we just moved them in and moved them out. But usually they didn't stay as late as we did.

### PLEASANTEST TIME OF YEAR

A lot of the time that we'd be there, the last hitch was not really to work; it was just to stay there and guard the mill and not turn it over to the people who would plunder. So there really would be no work going on. Actually it was the pleasantest time of the year. That was the fun time -- didn't have to work hard -- gotta get the kids up to catch the bus.

### CARD GAME

DAVID: .. and then they'd start a card game..

MARJ: or go hunting, or Barney'd drag out the old fiddle, or something for some of the hours of the day, and do some reading.

DAVID: Tell him what a card game was.

MARJ: A card game...We didn't play cards at that particular time of the year as often as we did earlier when we had rainstorms. But they'd start a game of cards in the evening, and play all night. Somebody'd take the kids to school in the morning to catch the bus, come back -- they'd have to flip to see who was going to run the school bus -- to get out of the card game long enough. Then sit down and play cards all day and into the night.

### RAMEY BROTHERS – POKER GAME

One card game that I remember better than all the others, well, maybe not better, but anyway it was one of the most fun. There were some guys that lived down at Rose, Idaho -- Pat Ramey and his brother Glen, whom they called Boss, and Blaine Ramey -- he was the younger brother, and their dad, Jake. He was just a--Jake was a nice guy--they were all good guys, you know. But they were the kind of fellows who sort of had an image of themselves that wasn't exactly the same image that everybody else had of them. They were trying to live up to their dad's image, which didn't really exist for them yet, in their lives.

But anyway they'd come up and stay in a cabin. We had a cabin and they'd stay there sometimes. One night they decided to come over and play cards. There were some other people in the card game besides them -- there was Barney, and I was playing there.

### BARNEY WILL TAKE YOUR MONEY

And their dad told them, "You go over there and you'll lose your shirt. Barney will take your money away from you. You'd better not go." So they came over, and they were going to play cards anyway. They were just so nervous, fidgety about playing cards. They didn't really know how and they weren't going to lose any money. They had more money than Barney did, but they weren't going to lose a dime. And they just kept losing, and the more they'd lose, the tighter they'd hold onto their hand. They wouldn't bet on anything but a pat hand and you don't get very many pat hands in a card game.

But anyway, pretty soon one would drop out, then another dropped out and went home. But Blaine, the youngest, the tall red-headed one, wasn't going to drop out for nobody -- Boy, he was right in there playing cards. And his brother-in-law was in there too. His name was Crowley, and they played all night long. And in the morning, Barney had all of their money. He had the whole deal -- which was usually the case.

### PITCHING DOLLARS

Toward morning he was trying to lose it -- he didn't want to walk off with all of their money. So anyway in the morning about eight o'clock they all went out there, and they drew a little circle in the dirt and they started pitching dollars, and they just kept pitching dollars till he let them have their money back. Barney said, "I can't stand to play a sluff-off game in poker."

### BARNEY

"They played all night long, and in the morning Barney had all their money. He didn't want to walk off with their money. They drew a circle in the dirt. They pitched dollars till he let them have their money back. Barney said, 'I can't stand to play a sluff-off game in poker.'" (Marj)



# Chapter 79

## Whistle Stop

They'd better blow that whistle, or else! –MARJ

At the time Barney and Marj were raising their young children at the siding, most of the other kids who lived in camp from time to time were cousins:

Maureen, Sharon, and Steve Knapp  
Dion, Rich, Valois, Gwen South  
Shirley, Dan, Dee Snowball  
Saundra, Billy, Robert, Larry, Dennis Walker  
Jeannie and Davey Jones

DAVID & BARRY  
SOUTH

Cattle cars left on the  
railroad siding (*seen in the  
background*)

were simply part of  
their “playground” and  
considered by them fair  
game for sabotage.

A few others who were unrelated came and went, among them, Kent Perrenoud, Terry and Teddy Jensen.

### TRAIN TRACKS

BARRY: The railroads, stockyards, cattle, and sheep provided many hours of great entertainment for kids. The railroad track was about 150 feet west of our cabin. The track ran pretty well north and south, from the lower valley up to the town of Yellowstone. Another track, the siding track, was another 30 feet west of the main track. It made a loop right in front of the tracks, so there were two sets of tracks there. The siding is where they would park train cars quite often.

#### YELLOWSTONE FLYER

There were two types of trains that went up that railroad track. There was a passenger train and a freight train. The passenger train was called the Yellowstone Flyer, and it was a main transportation of tourists going to Yellowstone Park.

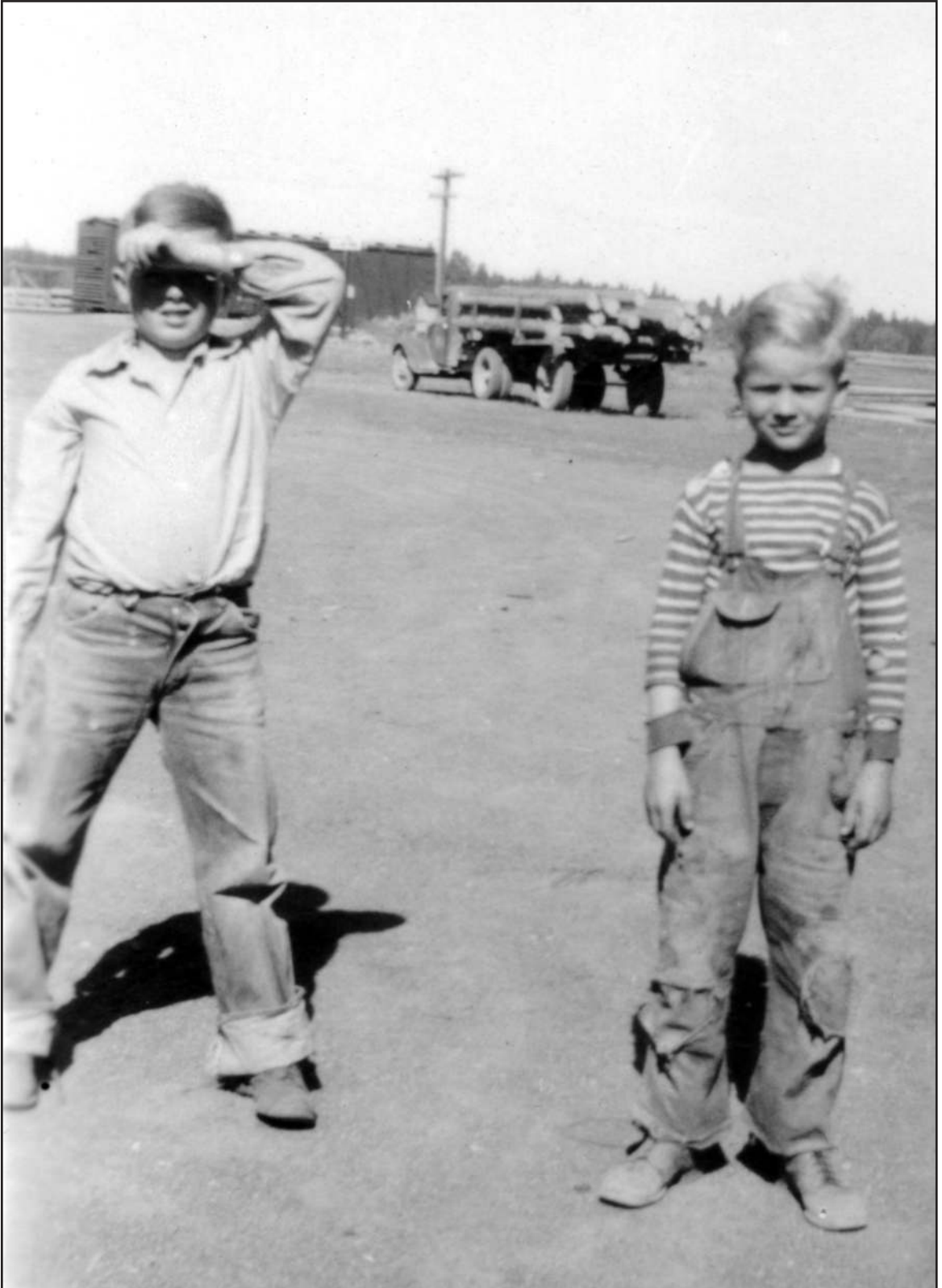
Every morning that train would go past our place about 6:00 a.m. The old steam whistle would go off, and you'd look out there, and there was a big cloud of black smoke as that thing would go puffing up the track. It would return in the evening about 9:00 p.m. You could almost set a watch by the schedule. The train was pulled up by two steamers and pulled home by one steamer. The second steamer returned about mid-morning each day.

The Flyer was so much fun to watch go by. When it was dark, up close to the tracks, it was fun to look at the “city people” as they rode past us in the night. I'm sure they never even knew that they were being watched, but we got to glimpse through the lighted coach window and see a little bit of how the other half of the people lived.

#### DOUBLE HEADER

In railroad terminology, double heading indicates the use of two locomotives at the front of the train, each operated individually by its own crew, used when additional power is needed due to uphill grades and additional speed is needed to maintain a schedule.







# THE YELLOWSTONE FLYER

*(also called the  
Yellowstone Special)*

A passenger train  
and the main  
transportation for  
tourists going to  
Yellowstone Park.  
“The Flyer was so  
much fun to watch  
go by. When it was  
dark, up close to the  
tracks, it was fun  
to look at the “city  
people” as they rode  
past us in the night.”

*(Barry)*

at camp was when the train was stopped for a passenger; then we could really get close. The train would pull up there and stop, and somebody’d get on the train, and they’d go on down.

## FLAGGING DOWN THE TRAIN

MYRNA: Sometimes we had guests who came on the train, and they would go back by way of the train. I think Delyn did that. So we’d have to get out there with the flashlight and flag the train down so they could get on. It was exciting.

M’JEAN: A visitor from Idaho Falls, having boarded the Flyer at a very, very early hour, would arrive at the siding in time for breakfast. We would be out by the tracks to greet our company before the steam whistle blew to announce the train’s approach to the railroad crossing.

David had friends who came up from Idaho Falls. I remember that Lindon White would come to stay a week with Barry, and sometimes Shirley Brocksome would come to visit me.

On the last evening of the visit, when the friend was to go home, it would be exciting to go out to the railroad tracks at dusk, a little before 9:00 p.m. and wait for the train. (There was no Daylight Saving Time in those days.) David and Barry would lie down with an ear against the rail to detect vibrations.

Then the first flicker of the headlight would be spotted, way up the tracks, but there would be no sound. Not until the light grew bright could the far away rumbling of the train be heard.

About the time the train reached the Tom Creek Bridge, about a mile away, a lantern was swung wide back and forth across the tracks to signal the train. The train responded with its whistle, and in a matter of minutes, the engine wheels would be squealing, and the train would roll to a stop.

The conductor would come down some steps, someone would take the baggage, the new passenger would board, and the long black train would swallow up our friend and disappear into the night. We would all walk back to the dark house and prepare for bed.

## FALSE FLASHING

BARRY: Once in a while when the camp kids were out playing near the tracks, a flashlight turned on at the wrong time would get two whistles from the train. All the camp kids had been strictly forbidden to flash the train. It was a real no-no to get out there with lights, but once in a while, it was just too tempting. You’d just flash that old train, and when you’d hear that toot-toot, it was time to clear out and hide in the woods. No kid wanted to be caught by an irate conductor looking for a kid that stopped the train for the fun of it.

## FLAG STATION

Island Park Siding was a whistle stop for the Flyer. A person at the siding could flag the train and then ride on it to the valley. To flag the train someone would stand out in the middle of the track and wave a light while the train was still about a half mile away. Two blasts of the whistle meant that the signal was seen and the train would stop. A big event

BILLY WALKER: I remember the train going down the tracks. I remember we stopped it one night.

M'JEAN: On purpose?

BILLY: Well, sort of. We were shooting a flashlight across the tracks. It stopped, and we ran.

#### FIRECRACKER ON THE TRACK

BARRY: One night I was playing with a friend on the tracks when the train was coming. He dropped a firecracker in the center of the tracks. BANG! FLASH! TOOT! TOOT! The train was going to stop! With anticipation, two scared boys were hiding behind some logs when the train stopped and the conductor got off and looked around, muttering and cussing, I'm sure. Then he signaled the engineer and climbed aboard and the train left. That was that. We watched the rotating red light on the last car as I had done so many times before. The light could be seen for about two miles past the siding.

#### COW ON THE TRACK

Occasionally we would hear the Flyer early in the morning blasting the whistle a lot when it was near the siding. This usually meant there was an animal on the track. Once a train came slowly to the siding, stopped, and the engineer walked to the house. He said a cow had been hit and had a broken leg. He said if we wanted to kill the cow for beef he would take care of it with the owner. We did. I was surprised that a .22 bullet between the eyes could kill a cow so quickly.

#### FREIGHT TRAINS

The other trains that used the tracks were the freight trains. They came through during the daytime, going north to West Yellowstone about mid-morning and returning about midafternoon going back south. The freight train would have some cattle cars, boxcars, or gondolas, maybe with some stabilizing rocks for the train tracks. Or it would have cars for loading ties or various wood products--mine props or logs, going back east for paper pulp. And the caboose was always on the freight train.

#### TRAIN CAR MISCHIEF

The freight trains often would park a string of cars on that siding, and they'd let them sit there for several days. This was always a heyday. Box cars to open and explore, gondolas to play in, sand to play in, rocks to look for gold in.

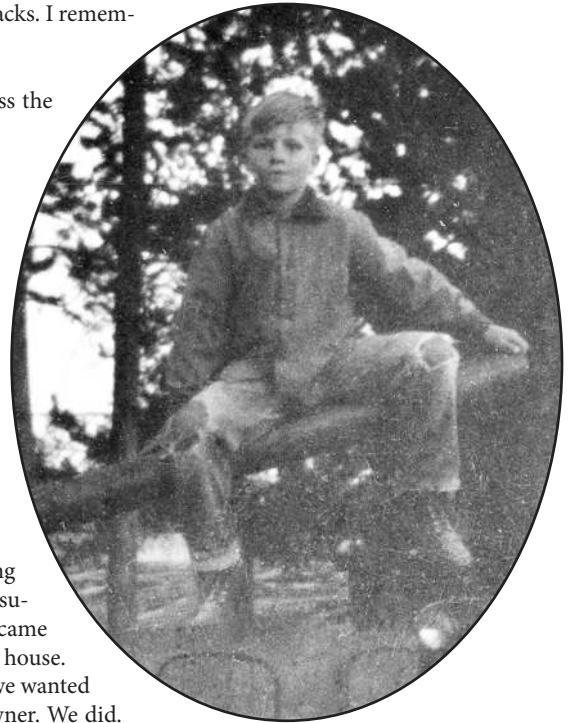
Sometimes when we got tired of scrounging, we would look for mischief by bleeding all of the air off of the brake systems. We could do that just by pulling a little handle under the car, and a few times we sabotaged the cars.

One of our favorite things to do was to manually set the brakes on those cars. Typically, when they'd come in, they could just disconnect the air hose, and that would engage the brakes. And to disengage the brakes, they'd just reconnect the air hose, the air pressure would build up, and the brakes would turn off.

But they had a manual brake system on it also—a big old wheel up there on top of each car. We'd go along and turn those big old wheels up until the brakes were tight on every car on the string.

When the engine would hook onto a string of cars and try to pull it, the brakeman would have to climb up there and undo all those brakes, and I'm sure he was pretty upset with that.

Another trick was to prop open the railcar hitch release key. The engine would hook on and get only one car, then re-hook and get one more. When the engine locked onto these sabotaged cars, the brakeman would have any number of things



MISCHIEVOUS BARRY  
"I don't understand why we didn't get into a lot more trouble from the railroad." (*Barry*)



to do to get the cars moving as they should. Often they would walk the string and fix them. I am sure we were cussed at a lot. As I think about it now, I don't understand why we didn't get into a lot more trouble from the railroad.

DAVID: When I was about 12 years old, Barry and I and other kids from employees of the sawmill camp would play on the rail cars that the railroad would occasionally leave at the rail siding. The rail siding was about a quarter of a mile long just on the other side of main tracks from the house. There were about six or eight families living there at the mill siding. The kids our age would mess around like kids will do.

One day there was a box car left on the rail siding. It was at the farthest end of the rail siding from the house. Now the rail siding comes off kind of like the round part of a D. It comes off goes down and around and then back onto the mainline at the switch. Just before the switch there is a derailer. The derailer will bounce a rail car off the track rather than let it onto the main line where it might wreck another train. The derailer bounces the car off the tracks and of course it slams into the rail ties and stops.

#### bled the air off the brakes

Well, the railroad had left a lone rail car at the far end of the siding. The siding had a nice gentle slope from the upper end down to the main line. It was much higher on one end than it was on the other, and they had left this rail car on the upper end. So we kids started messing around with the rail car. We bled all the air off the brakes. When we had all the air off we climbed up onto the rail car and turned the hand brake until we had it off. The rail car still would not roll, so we went over to the saw mill and got a couple of crow bars, and with these we bounced the brakes enough to push them off of the wheels. We knew a heavy rail car did not have any brakes on at all and was still sitting there.

So then we took the crow bars and jammed them between the wheels and the rails and by prying down on them and with the help of the little slope and the tremendous amount of leverage from the pry bars, we finally got the rail car wheel to move just ever so slightly. Then we jammed the crow bar back in to the crack again and worked it between the rail and the wheel and just kept after it until we could get it to start to roll.

#### THE RAIL CAR STARTED TO MOVE

Slowly that rail car started to move -- I mean an inch at a time. You could just barely see it moving. Finally it started moving a little faster. As I recall, about three or four of us jumped on the rail car hanging on the sides of it. It was really fun. This rail car is moving down the siding. It is going slower than you would walk. Then it got to where it was as fast as you could walk. Then it got to faster than you could walk and pretty soon it is going about as fast as you could run.

We realized that now we had something started that we didn't have any know how to stop. We climbed up and cranked onto the hand brake as hard as we could, but being little we could not get enough brake on it to stop this rail car. Finally we jumped off and watched it run to the other end, hit the derailer and get jumped off the rail tracks.

Of course we were scared and we ran to the house and never told anybody about it. A few days later a rail crew who had obviously spotted it showed up and put it back on the tracks. Nothing was ever said about it. As far as anybody knew, it had gotten away on it own and run down there.

#### COINS ON THE TRACK

BARRY: As the trains rolled by, they smashed a lot of objects for us, coins, rocks and etc. One time I put a steel rail pad on the track in front of a speeder. The driver came up to it, stopped, took it off, saw where I was hiding and came

MISCHIEVOUS DAVID  
 "We realized that we had started something that we didn't have any know how to stop.... Finally we jumped off and watched it run to the other end, hit the derailer and get jumped off the rail tracks.... Of course we were scared and we ran to the house and never told anybody about it." (David)





after me. I took off for home. He caught me. Boy! Was I scared! He was pretty nice and told me how much damage and hurt I could do. I never put anything big on the track again.

DAVID: Placing pennies on rail tracks so trains could run over and smash them was another bit of our mischievous fun. Once, rather than pennies, we decided to put a big, steel plate on the tracks. Fortunately, the crew on a construction car spotted it before it did any damage. Those rail workers chased us down and scared the heck out of us with a long lecture and a threat of jail.

SHIRLEY SNOWBALL: Some of the kids put coins on the tracks, but I was always nervous about that and worried that it would cause the train to wreck, or swivel, or who knows what?

MYRNA: At night when we knew the train was coming, we would go out and put pennies, and I guess other coins and nails, on the tracks before the train would come. And that way we'd get them smashed. Sometimes they didn't get smashed. The train knocked them off.

M'JEAN: I kept trying to get two crossed nails or pins to get smashed to look like little crossed swords like Barry's (I think they were Barry's). Usually one of them would roll away, and so the cross would get messed up when it got smashed.

## *Boxcar Cannon*

BARRY: Dad used a semi-truck for log hauling and had a spare semitrailer parked near our house. The trailer was a single axle unit with no tires on it. A steel reach extended out each end which made the trailer appear like a cannon. The cannon was elevated and pointed west toward the railroad track. By adding two large Y shaped poles, full length rubber strips cut from inner tubes, and a large leather pouch, we had a real rock flipping cannon. The flipper could hurl a rock clear across the railroad tracks into the stockyards. Many a box car received a dent as it invaded our territory. As I remember, we never did try to break a window of the Flyer.

### BOXCAR CANNON

MARJ, MYRNA, BARRY, M'JEAN

Barry & David used two large Y shaped poles, rubber strips from inner tubes, and a large leather pouch to turn Barney's semitrailer parked in front of the house into a rock flipping cannon.

"The flipper could hurl a rock clear across the railroad tracks into the stockyards. Many a box car received a dent as it invaded our territory."  
(Barry)



#### UNCLE BERNIE KNAPP

Cattle cars parked on the railroad siding await being loaded with livestock, and at times, meet with mischief from kids in camp.

Above Bernie's head can be seen the pole between the two trees where Barney hung a pair of swings. Close by is the doghouse. Barely visible on the far right is the well.

When Barney discovered that his boys had come up with a catapult that could launch boulder-size rocks clear out to the stockyards, he immediately recognized their "play cannon" as a lethal weapon and made them dismantle it.

## *Stockyards*

MYRNA: The stockyards? Oh, they were fun. We would swing the gates back and forth, and maybe we even locked them. We'd go from "room to room" almost as though we were herding our cattle. We'd go up and down the chutes. We knew which one was the sheep chute and the cow chute. We'd go in the weigh room and play with the scales. And I guess maybe we'd try to weigh each other or pretend to weigh the cows, or something.

BARRY: A large set of corrals were just west of the siding tracks. The corrals had a pen that had a scale and a weigh shack. There were also loading chutes from the corrals up to the cattle cars that would be loaded. We called the whole area the stockyards.

The facility was built there after the Targhee Tie Company left. And those stockyards were built and owned by the people who owned the Railroad Ranch. The ranch was sort of a dude ranch for wealthy railroad owners from back east. The Railroad Ranch was located over west of the highway over there by Last Chance. It was about maybe six or eight miles from Island Park Siding.

#### STOCKYARDS

Built by the owners of the Railroad Ranch, the corrals and loading chutes just west of the rail siding were for shipping livestock on the train.



STEVE KNAPP: When I was older, my uncle Barney sold some house logs and other lumber to the Ranch and I got to ride over with some of the men and deliver the logs and lumber.

BARRY: The stockyards at the rail siding was the shipping point for the cattle. That's where the Railroad Ranch people would bring their cows in to ship them out of here on the rails. Or that's where they'd haul the cows up on the train and unload them there and drive them over to the ranch.





### FUN FOR KIDS

The stockyards provided countless hours of fun and adventure. The empty corrals were for playing in and the gates for swinging; we enjoyed running in the sheep runs and climbing the ramps. The scales were for weighing things-kids, dogs, rocks or whatever. The scale house was for hiding in, getting out of the rain and whatever else could be imagined. I tried one of my first cigarettes in the old scale house and was tattled on by a tag-a-long sister. I think I got the old "soap in the mouth" treatment for that. Just outside the scale house was a little concrete fort for protection from Indians, tanks, armies and enemy rock throwers.

STEVE KNAPP: The railroad tracks were a fascination to us kids. The stockyards were just across the tracks on the west side. In the spring, the Railroad Ranch would ship some of their cows up on the train and unload them, and then drive them to the ranch. It was always a big day when this happened. All of us boys that lived in camp would go over and watch with great interest. Then in the fall they would trail them back over to the stockyards and ship them off again.

(Back:

M'JEAN SOUTH LUND  
SEAN CRANDALL  
BARNEY LUND  
RACHEL SOUTH (*Thompson*)  
DANNY CRANDALL  
JON LUND  
JOSHUA CRANDALL  
ROD SOUTH  
JEANETTE LUND (*Viehweg*)  
MATTHEW CRANDALL  
TESSY LUND

(Front:

MOLLY LUND (*Cash*)  
ROSALIE LUND (*Macmillan*)  
LEXYE LUND (*Thiele*)

Playing in the stockyards is fun for grandkids, as well!



"Up in the engine cab was like being in heaven with all those steam controls, valves, gauges, levers, handles, pipes, the firebox.

And once in a while you'd get to blow that steam whistle." (Barry)

Cattle were loaded from two chutes onto upper and lower levels of double decker stock cars.

"Shipping day for the cattle and sheep was always exciting. It was a time for the kids to go over there and get to watch the cowboys while they were working. The kids got to sit on the fence and watch and yell at the cows as they went up the chutes into the cattle cars." (Barry)



In the fall the sheep that ranged in the area would collect at the stockyards and they would separate the lambs from the herd and ship them out on train cars. That was an exciting time also. I loved the smell of those sheep and whenever we had the chance, we would help the sheep herders. We got pretty well acquainted with the Petersons, who were the owners of the sheep, and also with the herder whose name was Mr. Miller. Some years he would have his wife with him, and we always were happy when we heard the sheep coming onto the flat.

BARRY: Shipping day for the cattle and sheep was always exciting. It was a time for the kids to go over there and get to watch the cowboys while they were working and playing. The cattle herds would come into the corrals, and the horsemen would separate and weigh them. We "helped" herd the sheep or cows from pen to pen. The kids got to sit on the fence and watch and yell at the cows as they went up the chutes into the cattle cars.

#### COWBOY DINNER – FOUND WALLET

Sometimes the cowboys and girls would have a fire and dinner near the corrals. Our mother Marj made sure we were home by then, but sometimes we saw it from a distance.

Once I was scrounging around the site the next day, and I found a purse with three ten-dollar bills in it. I told my parents about it. The cowboys were all gone. I was surprised that I got to keep it. It sure seemed like a lot of money.

#### UP IN THE ENGINE

That was quite an event when the Railroad Ranch people would ship cattle in or out of that siding. It was also a time that we could interact with the engineers and brakemen on the train. On shipping day there was a big black steam locomotive there to move those boxcars back and forth to the loading chute, so they could load or unload the cows.

As kids we discovered we could stand by the steam engine just below the window of the engineer, and he'd be up there running that thing, and he'd look down at the kids and, he knew what we wanted, and we knew what we wanted, and that was to get up in that cab with him. And sure enough, every once in a while, he'd say, "Okay, come on up." And we'd scamper up into that thing, and boy, that was just like—just like being in heaven—up there with all those steam controls. Lots of valves, gauges, levers, handles, pipes, the firebox.

And then there was the steam whistle. And once in a while you'd get to grab that old whistle rope and blow that steam whistle. Could it get any better? Well, yes.

Remember, our home was a little log cabin—no electricity, no running water, no refrigerator. Our food up there came mostly out of a flour sack, a bean sack, a potato sack, a can, or a fresh piece of venison. A few times in that awesome, powerful locomotive the kids were given a piece of cold watermelon by those kind engineers. How could one forget an experience like that?





### RIDING THE CARS

Sometimes we would climb up on top of one of the cattle cars while it was being moved around back and forth to the loading chutes. Once in a while, they would load or unload those cattle cars without a steam engine, and when they had to move the cars, they'd usually hook onto them with a pickup truck.

Usually the pull was fairly short and slow. They'd gently pull the cars down. The cars would hit the string of loaded cars with a solid thump as the hitches connected. And we were up on top, and that would be a lot of fun.

Once when we were on top of a car, a dumb so and so cowboy came along in a pickup, hooked the car and started the pull. I'm sure his I.Q. was probably lower than one of the cows he was pulling. The distance was quite long. It was maybe a couple hundred feet that he was going to move it down and hook it to another line of cars.

Well, he started that thing moving, but when he got the car rolling, he didn't slow down. Instead of pulling at a slow constant speed, he never backed off on the power. He just kept going faster and faster. He got it rolling as fast as the old pickup could pull it.

There is not much to hold onto on the top of the cattle car. There were about four of us on the car, and pretty soon we knew we were in trouble. "What's going to happen when this thing hits?" We crawled to the back end of the car, hunkered down, and hung on. WHAM! We sailed half the length of the car. Nobody got hurt, but it was quite a while before we rode another car.



It was while watching the cattle in the stockyards through the kitchen window that M'Jean was stung by half a bee on the windowsill.

### STUNG BY HALF A BEE

M'JEAN: When the Railroad Ranch would ship cattle from the siding, there would be a lot of excitement over at the stockyards, with the cowboys moving the cattle around from one corral to another. We had a pretty good view from the kitchen window of the old log cabin—that is, until it became blocked by the string of loaded cattle cars.

Once when Myrna and I were staring out the kitchen window at the action at the stockyards, I suddenly let out a scream of pain. In an instant Marj came to my aid and was examining my arm. She was also staring at a small object on the windowsill where I had been leaning on my elbows. There on the windowsill was the bottom half, the stinger portion, of a wasp--a yellow jacket—quivering rapidly back and forth. I had been stung by half a bee! When Marj would hit a bee with the fly swatter, she would cut it in two with the wire handle end of the swatter. Marj quickly put a soda paste on my elbow, which was swelling fast.

### SECTION CREW – “SPEEDERS”

Small rail cars, “speeders,” traveled along the tracks, sometimes stopping for the section crew aboard to do some maintenance work.

MYRNA: When they were out there, we couldn't wear our shorts and sun tops. But we were aware of them because there were always men, and to maybe be a little more careful. Well, we were pretty intrigued by these little speeders, which, I guess were just a simple open-air little car that they could ride when they were doing maintenance, to get from one point to another on the railroad.

M'JEAN: Marj was careful about us. We couldn't wander away too far in those outfits. She didn't like us wandering away too far, anyway. She was always worrying about hobos, besides the men doing railroad construction. She was concerned about having her little girls being out anywhere near the track where they were so anxious to be.



M'JEAN SOUTH  
 "M'Jean was a little  
 4-year old blonde girl  
 in ringlets when the  
 freight train would  
 pass." (Bernie)

## SECTION CREW - RAILROAD BUMS

BERNIE: About 5:00 or 5:30 in the morning, if you were up, you would hear and see a motor car slowing at the siding. The operator would get off, lift one end of the car around and roll it off to the side of the tracks on a special little spot leveled off with just enough space that the car would clear the track when a train passed. Then the operator might go to the telephone [yellow box on pole] and use it. One has to understand the cool mornings in the shadows of the canyons prior to the rising of the sun to appreciate what a cool ride this man endured. Also he had to travel rain or shine. One morning he met a bull moose on the tracks.

BARRY: Since our house was near the track, we had a few railroad bums call on us. They usually would eat a meal with us, maybe do a few chores around the yard and take some grub with them and head down the track.

## *The "Trainman"*

BERNIE: M'Jean was a little 4-year old blonde girl in ringlets when the freight train would pass. As usual the children would hear the train whistle when it passed the siding at Eccles to the south. Several minutes later it would near the Island Park Siding and out the children would run to wave to the engineer and fireman. A more than middle aged brakeman rode the caboose.

### THREW CANDY FROM THE TRAIN

After a while school started, and the older children went off to school. M'Jean was the only little person to run out and wave as the train went past. This brakeman started to carry a small brown paper bag. Inside were penny candy and all day suckers. He would lean out over the rail at the back of the caboose and gently toss the little paper bag out onto the sandy roadbed side and wave with a friendly smile. Then M'Jean would run forward and retrieve her prize. This went on for several years.

When the brakeman on the train started throwing the bag of candy to M'Jean the previous fall, he really started something. The spring of 1949, when the freight train began its runs to Yellowstone, he was greeted by a whole flock of kids in the camp, eager to cash in on the loot.

M'JEAN: The steam whistle sounded the approach of the trains which whizzed past, about fifty yards from our house. To the kids in the camp, the tooting whistle of the mid-morning northbound freight train was the announcement of a major event of the day.

SHIRLEY SNOWBALL: One of the things that all of the kids in camp looked forward to each day was when the train came through. As soon as we could hear any whisper of the train coming we would drop what we were doing and run for the tracks. It was kind of amazing that we were so in tune to the sound of the train, that before you could actually hear it, there was just something in the air that alerted us to get ready for the big race to see who would get there first.

### FASCINATION WITH THE TRAIN

M'JEAN: We never lost our fascination with the engine, with steam spewing out on the tracks, its whistle, and bell. It was also fun to count the cars, especially of very long trains.

But the main attraction was the yellow caboose at the end



of the train, and especially, the nice man standing at the caboose railing, smoking a cigar, with a little brown paper sack in his hand. To us he was the "Trainman." When the caboose neared the small group of expectant children, waiting at a short distance from the tracks, he would toss the sack. But it was only when the train was practically out of sight that we picked up the sack and shared its contents of penny candy.

#### SPECIAL WAVE

Until then we waved. The waving started out as a hand wave, as we could see him clearly, and he could see us. But as the distance between us increased, the wave turned into a full-arm motion, then a two-arm, sweeping gesture, as we swung both arms up overhead and then down past our knees. He did the same. We waved, with him standing by the caboose railing and us near the tracks, until the train shrank to a speck and disappeared into the trees. Then we'd grab the bag of candy and divide it up.

#### BROWN PAPER BAG OF CANDY

MYRNA: I was young enough that I barely remember the candy bag. Oh, I think all of the kids in camp would get together when it was time for the train to come, and we'd go out there and stand and wait. And the caboose man, I think, would throw a bag of candy.

SHIRLEY SNOWBALL: The [brakeman] would throw candy out to us as he stood on the little landing at the back of the caboose. My cousin M'Jean was just about the cutest little girl in history with her blue eyes and long curly blond hair. The guy on the train liked her the most and one time threw a doll to her.

#### GOLDILOCKS DOLL

M'JEAN: In the afternoon, when the train returned, southbound from West Yellowstone, there would be no candy, but we'd still run out to see the train, wave at the engineer, and especially the Trainman. He'd be at his post on the caboose to greet us. It was quite the friendship we had with that gentleman, and never was the energetic waving ritual skipped.

One afternoon, however, when all the kids in camp were quite a distance from the tracks--playing way down by the barn, the whistle blew, and everyone was so engrossed in play that no one ran up to the tracks to wave at the Trainman, except me. He was standing at the rear of the caboose as usual, and he held in his hand a long string tied to a flat box, about 10 inches square, which he lowered carefully to the ground with the string, as the train rolled by.

I stood there alone and waved. When the train had passed, I ran up to the tracks and got the box, and inside was a little doll. It was a Goldilocks doll with two little booklets about Goldilocks and the Three Bears. But the sad part was that the doll was shattered. It was not ceramic, but made of a crumbly, sawdust-like material and was irreparable.

Marj told me the doll was meant for me, along with one of the books, and that the other book was for Myrna. Marj had given me the impression that I was his favorite, and the doll gift seemed to bear this out. Marj probably thought he admired my long "golden locks."

She also told me how bad it would make the Trainman feel if we told him the doll was broken. So, as far as I know, he never found out.



SADIE MACMILLAN about the age of her grandmother, M'Jean, when the "Trainman" would throw her candy in a little brown paper sack from the caboose of the moving train.

## Chapter 80

# Bear Scares

No bears out tonight. Daddy shot them all last night!

Island Park is home to wild things: wild berries, wild flowers, wild animals. (Even a few mildly wild people.)

BERNIE: I grew up of course hearing the popular story of Goldilocks and the 3 bears, 3 little pigs, Little Red Riding Hood and the Bad Wolf, and all that stuff.

After Barry and David were grown up enough so that Marj would start to tell them bedtime stories, she started to tell them one time, and Barney said, "Oh no, you don't do that. You're not going to teach my boys and have them grow up being afraid of bears and wolves and things like that." So, in my opinion, it turned out great.

The boys grew up in Island Park in the summer, never afraid of to walk in the woods.

### COUSIN BERDETT

Through the years quite a number of young fellows worked at the sawmills, several of them relatives. An exceptional young man was Marj's nephew, Berdett Hess. Marj's sister, Claudia, and her husband, Arch Hess, were raising their family in Shelley.

BERNIE: One spring Arch had Barney come down to Shelley and do some remodeling on his house, and while he was there, he met Berdett. Berdett was quite husky and big for his age. So Barney invited him to come up and work for him that summer, and that was the first summer Berdett worked for Barney, and he worked for him for several years.

BARRY: Berdett Hess was a legend around our sawmill. He was a football player in school and worked as our off-bearer during the summers. His strength and stamina were terrific. A few times I heard him holler to Dad while they were working and say: "Swamp me." This meant see if you can cut boards faster than I can carry them off. Then for the next hour the two of them would work as fast as they could. Berdett would carry slabs three or four at a time and run from the lumber piles. Barney really kept the carriage moving when they were doing that.



#### 430 POUND LOG

One time Dad cut an extra heavy, long house log. Berdett loaded it on a truck and afterward took it to the scale at the stockyard and weighed the log and then brought it back to the log stack. As I remember, it weighed 430 pounds.

Berdett boarded with the South family. Sometimes he would walk in the kitchen and grab the salt shaker and pour out a handful of salt and eat it. He told Marj that when he worked hard, he sweat so much he needed the extra salt.

Berdett was quiet, pleasant, a hard worker, played football in high school, college, and professionally. He was raised in a family of girls, one older, and four younger: Eleanor, Sharleen, Cherie, Nicki, and Judie.

CHERIE: He had kind of a speech impediment. Couldn't ever spell very well. Didn't ever let that bother him. He didn't brag about himself, had good opinion of himself, and it served him well. The only time we heard him say something was when he was driving, and another driver was annoyed at him and followed him.

When Berdett stopped and got out of the car, the guy drove off. (laughs) He told that one story. Berdett could do things, and he would just go ahead and do them and didn't talk much about it.



BARRY AND DAVID WITH LEGENDARY COUSIN BERDETT HESS  
Berdett Hess worked for Barney at the sawmill offbearing for several years. He played football in high school, college, and professionally.  
(The hill in the background is the sawdust pile.)



#### BERDETT HESS

"Barney gave him credit for an extra half hour of working for milking the cow night and morning." (*Bernie*)

### MILKING THE COW

BERNIE: When Berdett worked for Barney, Barney gave him credit for an extra half hour of working for milking the cow night and morning.

The second year Berdett came, he got Barney to hire Jim Taylor from his high school. That year Berdett and his friend Jim lived in that little log cabin by the gooseberry bush.

That was after he was a senior and graduated. Then the next year that same boy, Jim, went to work for Gene. Barney was nervous about him because he was quite awkward; he talked to Gene about him, and Gene hired him. Gene had a portable mill, and he probably worked up on it.

#### FIRING STEAM ENGINE

We still had the steam engine that year. I first fired the engine at age 13 and had that job for several years. The year that Barney hired Berdett's friend, Jim Taylor, he had Jim fire the engine. I helped Barney on the skidway, did odd jobs, greased all the trucks. Sometimes I would get a lot of lumber there at the mill, put it on skids and take the lumber down there and stack it by the Munson cabin--stack it up there to dry. We had piles of logs and piles of lumber to dry.

#### DELIVERING LOGS - BILL'S ISLAND

Later Barney had me delivering logs to West Yellowstone and Mack's and places like that. We hauled a lot of logs over to Bill's Island. Bill's Island was like a peninsula that extended out into the Island Park Reservoir. It was developed by people from Rexburg and had a gate you had to get through. There was breeze enough they didn't have mosquitoes—a great place for summer homes. I delivered a lot of logs there.

Berdett would stay there doing the offbearing. Sometimes Barney would stop the mill and have Berdett help me load a load of logs to deliver them.

### *Raisin' a Ruckus*

Gene Jones brought some young hired guys—colorful characters--from Evanston to help run his two mills, the sawmill in camp across the road from Barney's, and the portable mill up the canyon.

The Wyoming boys were a likeable but rambunctious bunch. With all the young guys around things never got dull. Luke Lym was maybe the wildest of the lot.

#### DAREDEVIL LUKE LYM

BERNIE: Several of the last summers I spent in Island Park it was interesting being around Luke Lym. He and Berdett often ran foot races. Luke seemed to lose each race but he'd always come back and challenge Berdett for more. He lost quite a few bets trying to outrun Berdett.

No one wanted to play chicken with Luke on the road to Ponds, however. He was a dare devil. He worked hard, though, as all the guys worked hard.

David and Barry were still very young, but they were out there doing the same kind of work as the rest, and through observation picked up on a few of their tricks.

Each escapade, through telling and retelling, became part of the local lore and was repeated from various perspectives.

## MISCHIEF

DAVID: In about 1952, we had two sawmills at our logging camp in Island Park. One was owned and operated by my dad, the other by my uncle. My uncle had a twenty-year-old working for him, a single guy who lived in the bunkhouse and whom we youngsters admired. Luke Lym was full of hell and fire. He rode bulls in the rodeo and took on dangerous logging jobs. To us kids, he was somewhat of a hero and great fun. On Saturday nights, you could bank on Luke visiting the local watering hole at Pond's Lodge, drinking too much, staggering home very late, and plopping into his bunk.

### TALES OF ESCAPADES

One October afternoon, Luke regaled some of us younger folk with tales of his escapades — fun stuff he had done, especially tricks he had played on friends. "I'd go to the barn and get me some horsehair," Luke said. "Horsehair? Whadja want that for?" we asked. Smiling broadly, Luke described how he would sneak into a barn, collect a few tail hairs off each horse, and cut those into quarter-inch lengths. Then, Luke would sprinkle those sharp-as-a-needle horsehairs in someone's bedding. He bragged and laughed about this trick and thought it was darn funny. Some of us thought so too.

### HORSE-HAIR PRANK

In fact, as Halloween, the trick-or-treat season, approached, my brother Barry, another friend of ours, and I decided to do the horsehair trick on someone ourselves. But who? We could think of only one other person in the camp that we could play that prank on: Luke Lym!

So on the following Saturday night, after Luke left for Pond's Lodge, we crept into the barn and collected and prepared our ammunition. Then we sneaked into the bunkhouse and discovered that Luke didn't sleep between sheets. He slept between four layers of sheet blankets. We liberally sprinkled each of those sheet blankets with the horsehairs, vowed not to tell another soul what we had just done, and sneaked out of the bunkhouse.

### HALLOWEEN TRICKS

BARRY: Halloween was tremendous. My parents did not believe in "trick or treat," so the kids did some tricking. One trick I remember well was when David and I put some chopped horsehair in the bed of a hired man, Luke Lym. Luke came home late and undressed, climbed into bed, had to get dressed and go out and borrow a sleeping bag. He was terribly mad. We were glad he did not know who did it.

DAVID: Three months later, after that year's logging season ended, Glenna visited my mother in Idaho Falls. She and Marj began talking about various incidents that had happened at camp that season, and I got in on the conversation.

"By the way, did Luke ever say anything about horsehair in his bed?" I asked her. She whirled toward me.

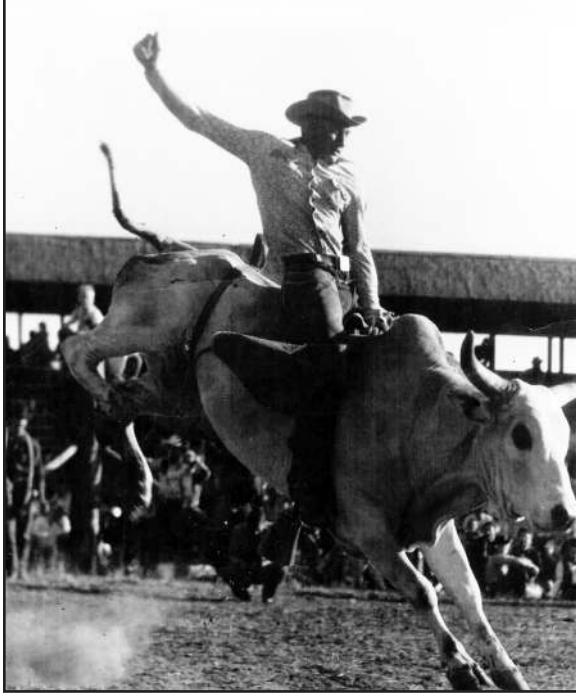
"Did you do that?"

### DAVID & BARRY

"Our parents did not believe in 'trick or treat,' so the kids did some tricking." (Barry)

"Glenna said it was fortunate that we did not talk or Luke just might have killed us." (David)





#### LUKE LYM

One of the colorful characters Gene Jones brought with him from Wyoming. "No one wanted to play chicken with Luke on the road to Ponds. He was a dare devil. He worked hard, though, as all the guys worked hard."

(Bernie)

"Well, I had a couple of helpers," I admitted.

"Did you ever tell anyone else what you did?" she asked.

"No! We didn't dare say anything."

Glenna said it was fortunate that we had not talked because Luke just might have killed us. Apparently, Luke had staggered back to the bunkhouse at about 1:30 A.M., stripped in the dark since the camp had no electricity, and fell into bed. He immediately discovered the cut horsehairs, jumped out of bed, threw the blanket that had been next to his body off the bed and climbed back in. Only to jump back out! That scenario got repeated for each blanket. Finally, Luke lit a kerosene lamp, got dressed, went over to another cabin, woke that person and borrowed a sleeping bag. Glenna said that she had to launder each of those blankets several times to get rid of all that horsehair.

"Luke was really mad," she added. "I wouldn't have been surprised at anything he did. I'm so glad you never

told anyone or asked him about it. If you had asked him, he would have known you did it. Then, look out!"

I told her that it was Luke who had told us about the horsehair trick in the first place, and Glenna said she thought that was pretty ironic. Luke finally settled down, moved, married and disappeared from our lives.

### I THOUGHT IT FUNNY – HE WAS REALLY MAD

GLENN: Luke Lym—he was a young single guy, and he was quite a guy, and he loved to drink, and he'd get soused. But he'd tell these kids all the fun stuff that he'd do to people. And he told them about cutting horse tail up real fine and putting it in a guy's bed, and I guess it just itches and gets all over you, and it's really hard. (Laugh) And they thought that was a pretty good story, and he took off over to Evanston over a weekend for something, and he'd been gone—I don't know how long he was gone, but anyway, when he came back and got in his bed—and he'd been drinking.

And David and Barry had decided to show him what it felt like, so they cut up this horse tail in little pieces and put it in his bed (laughs). And he didn't really think it was near as funny as they. He was really mad at them. And I thought that was funny. And so, you know, there was always something going on.

### BURLAP IN THE CHIMNEY

DAVID: Another trick was to stuff burlap into the chimney pipe on a cabin and then put a large snowball on top of the chimney. Alfred came home to go to bed. He saw the snowball, knocked it off and then went into the cabin. He built a fire and then undressed and went to bed. The stove began to smoke a lot and he had to get up, get dressed and climb up on the cabin and pull the burlap out.

### *Bear Head-in-the-Window*

**P**robably the most memorable prank involved the bear head. The pranksters were Luke Lym and the other guys working for Gene Jones.

Included here are various versions of the bear head-in-the-window tale. Barry South, Glenna South Jones, Jeannie Jones, and Burton South all have varying details, especially concerning who shot the bear in the first place.



## THE WAY BARRY TOLD IT

BARRY: One day Bert Miller caught a big bear in his trap. He killed it and cut off the bear's head and showed it to a couple of the hired men at camp. The men decided that they wanted to play with it. They waited until dark, and then they held it up to the window of Gene Jones' cabin and scratched on the walls. Gene had a lot of company, including my family. Gene probably would have shot the bear's head through the window, but one of the men slipped inside to keep him from doing it.

### SCREAM HEARD FOR TEN MILES

After that the men took the head up to the logging camp where they poked it into the tent flap of a timber cutter. The cutter flashed his light into the bear's eyes. The men said: "You could have heard the scream for ten miles."

## GLENNA'S ACCOUNT

GLENNA: One time when David was a baby and Jeannie must have been about three, your dad [Barney] was over, and I don't know if the boys, your brothers, [David and Barry] were there. I was getting supper, and some of the guys were sitting around the table, some was on the couch, sitting. I was at the stove, and it was situated in the corner-like place, and then there was kind of a double window.

### UNMERCIFUL SCREAM

And Jeannie was sitting on the table—why there, I don't know, but anyway, I was making gravy, and all of a sudden Jeannie turned around, and she let the most unmerciful scream of her, and I looked, and here was this hideous face—it was a bear head! It was kinda moving, you know, and my thought was that somebody had shot that bear and it's gone crazy.

When she screamed—there was a gun rack behind the couch, and there was these guns hanging behind that these guys kept raising up to get, and then somebody in the cabin—I don't remember which one--knew what was going on.

And what had happened is Luke and another kid that worked for us had killed that bear, and they cut the head off, and then they put it on a stick, and stuck it up there in that window. And they don't know how close it came—I guess the guy that was sitting there, he finally stopped them, but they were ready to shoot the bear. But it was really scary. It really was. And those kids spent the rest of the night going around scaring everybody half to death. They sure thought that was a lot of fun.

## BURTON TELLS THE TALE

BURTON: Luke Lym and some of the younger guys were working for Gene and Glenna in Island Park. They killed a bear that kept coming down there into the garbage dump up there, and they skinned this bear out. And those guys went around one night, around to the cabins, and I don't recall how many cabins there were, you know the families up there. And they had this bear head and this hide, one guy had it draped over him and they'd go up to the windows of the cabins, and they'd stick this head up, and of course, the blood coming out of its mouth, and you know, it looked real, just like a wounded bear.

There were quite a few people over to Gene and Glenna's, and them kids, they went over to scare everybody there in that cabin. And of course they had sense enough to send somebody in the house. Because Gene—they knew that if he saw that bear, well, somebody was going to get shot, you know, just that fast, because he wasn't scared of anything.

### SCREAMED BLOODY MURDER

And Jeannie was just a little girl. And I guess they had just finished eating and were still sitting at the table. And she was facing the window when they put that bear head up in that window. Jeannie just screamed bloody murder.

"There was kind of a double window. All of a sudden Jeannie let out the most unmerciful scream, and I looked, and here was this hideous face—it was a bear head!" ( *Glenna Jones* )



And Gene had a gun above him in a rack. And he had that gun so fast, that the guy just about didn't get him stopped before he started shooting. And it wasn't really all that funny, they realized, because they just scared poor little Jeannie right to death.

JEANNIE: I remember sitting on the kitchen table and I looked up and there was a bear looking in the window. I wasn't very big. I was just sitting—I looked over—here was this big bear looking at us. And everybody just went crazy. It scared them to death. And he's lucky they didn't shoot him. The guy. I remember that like it was yesterday.

#### BEAR HEAD INSIDE TENT

BURTON: But after all the hallaballoo was over there, they were still intent on going up different places and scare everybody they could. And they had moved a cutter up on Split Creek—he was cutting ties up there. And he had just got out of the marines. Well, the last thing that Gene and some of the others warned those kids about was going up there and scaring that guy, because he was so tough—he'd just got out of the marines-- and that somebody was going to get hurt. Sure as the devil, somebody was going to get hurt if they went up there and started, you know, scaring those guys up there in those tents.

Well, that was an invitation. They didn't need anything more. That was enough, so up Split Creek they headed, and they took that hide and head and got up there. And that guy's was the first place they got to, and they went around the side of the tent, and they scratched on the tent, and then they stuck that bear head through the tent flap. And that guy woke up and here was that bear head, the blood running down out of its mouth, and all they heard out of him was "ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh—it scared him so bad. They thought that was really great fun. Those kids were something else. They kept things alive for Gene and Glenna all the time. They were always pulling things that just—never quit.

"Barney had his rifle hanging above the door, and he got it down. He took a rest on one post and shot. The bear disappeared. There was quite a big log, and the bear went over the log, fell and died out of sight." (*Bernie Knapp*)

*Barney Shoots Bear from Porch*  
The bear incident most talked about by young members of the South family was when Barney shot a bear from the cabin porch. That shot became legendary.



BARRY: One day, about noon, a hired man came into the house and yelled, "There is a bear at the garbage hole." Dad grabbed his .300 savage from over the door, where it always hung, and shot the bear from the back porch.

Bernie is the guy who detected the bear out in the woods. Except on Sundays, Marj cooked three hot meals a day not only for the family, but for some of the crew—the unmarried guys. Bernie always ate with the family.

BERNIE: We were all seated, Berdett, Jim Taylor. We finished eating. I walked out the door onto the porch. There were two posts there on the porch. I spotted that bear at the clearing and carefully backed up into the house.

Barney had his rifle hanging above the door, and he got it down. He took a rest on one post and shot. The bear disappeared. There was quite a big log, and the bear went over the log, fell and died out sight. The whole camp came out so see the bear.

Mrs. Whiting came over and said, "Oh that poor little bear, that poor little bear." Later she was up at Split Creek, picking huckleberries. She came around some bushes, and there was a bear; after that she had a different idea about bears.

M'JEAN: The day Barney shot the bear is an early memory. I can picture him out on the porch and firing a shot. But since the bear disappeared, no one knew yet what had happened to the bear. Everyone got pretty excited and went out to the woods to find out, except Myrna and me. We were scared of bears. Sensibly, we ran into the bedroom and scrambled under the bed.

Everyone who witnessed or heard about the bear event was impressed that Barney had taken the bear down at that distance with one shot. The kids were all proud to tell anyone who came around how our daddy had shot the bear.

The familiar chant from one of our favorite childhood games took on a whole new meaning: "No bears out tonight – Daddy shot them all last night!"



"My dad (*Grandpa Knapp*) shot a bear. We had a spotlight. He was wounded. We were pretty cautious and stayed in the car with the spotlight.

## *Tracking a Wounded Bear*

**B**ernie was a fairly young kid when he had his courage tested, when Barney took him to help track a wounded bear.

BERNIE: Something about Barney I can remember. I can't believe Barney was that trusting. My dad and I went over to the new garbage dump on the road to Shotgun Valley. A new garbage dump just off the road that goes to Island Park Reservoir about a quarter of a mile west of the highway. My dad shot a bear. The bear was at the garbage dump when dad shot it and then just ran back in the timber. We could see blood and knew he had hit it.

We had a spotlight. He was wounded. We looked around for a while. We were pretty cautious and stayed in the car with the spotlight.

### **SAD TO LEAVE WOUNDED BEAR**

When we got back in camp, he told Barney. Barney thought it pretty sad to leave a wounded bear. Barney got his .300 Savage and took me back over there. He had a spotlight run by a car battery. He had alligator clips on the battery hooked up to the light. I was carrying the battery in a fishing bag over my shoulder--with clips on the light.

We were walking out thru there looking for that bear. As skittish as I was in those days, if I had gotten scared or something, I might have started to run, and with just a clip coming off the battery, there we'd been in the dark. It surprises me now to think Barney would take that risk with me, with just those clips keeping that battery going. We never did find the bear or any sign of it.

## *Head-On Meeting a Bear*

**G**enna's brother, Dan, worked for Gene the first summer they were there. When his brother, Burton, came for a visit, David and Barry saw to it that their much-admired older cousin was well entertained.

BURTON: Well, we had just been there a little while when David and Barry wanted to go fishing, and boy, I love to fish, so we went up to Split Creek. And as I remember Split Creek, it was just solid willows—it was hard to get into. But the minute you dropped your line in, you had fish, just that fast, you know, and we were just catching fish right and left, you know, just these little pan-sized fish.

There was a log protruding out through the willows across the creek, and I was going to get out on that log and fish in the middle of the creek, you know—it

BURTON SOUTH

"I parted the willows on this side, and that bear parted the willows on the other side, and I don't know which of us was scared the most." (*Burton South*)



wasn't very wide. Most places I guess you could jump across it if you could find it, you know, in the willows.

#### BEAR PARTED THE WILLOWS OPPOSITE

And I parted the willows on this side, and that bear parted the willows on the other side, and I don't know which of us was scared or turned around the fastest, but we both turned around, you know. And then, of course, I didn't know anything about bears, you know, and golly, I don't know how far it would have been down to Island Park, down to the old millset there, and we went back down there and got a gun, and we was going to go up there and get that bear, but we never did see it.

### *Barry's Bow & Arrow Bear*

BARRY: There were two brothers who were regular customers at our mill. They were Cliff and Virgil Jensen. They bought a lot of slabs from the mill and hauled them to the valley and resold them mostly to farmers who used them for covering the A Frame logs of the straw and dirt covered potato cellars. The brothers became good friends. Cliff hauled most of the slabs. He had a Studebaker truck that he would back up to the slab pile and load up.

Some of the slabs that are cut have nice straight edges. When Cliff loaded his truck he always stacked the edged slabs against the outside stakes so the load would look real nice so it would be easier to sell. Cliff called this, "dressing the load."

#### SAWDUST PILE BACK STOP

One day Cliff showed up with his new toy, a bow and arrows. He had to show it off. The big sawdust pile made a perfect back stop. It didn't take many archery practice sessions before David and I got hooked. I think we bought our first fiber glass bow by ordering it from the Herter's Catalog that we had. After a couple of years we bought a pretty nice laminated wood fiberglass bow.

I enjoyed the bow. I never did make a serious attempt to hunt big game with it. I did shoot a few rock chucks, porky pines and ruffed grouse.

#### BOW HUNT GLORY

There is always a certain amount of adventure or glory that goes along with shooting a bear or big game animal with a bow. I was certainly willing to try to get a big critter if the right opportunity came along. One day I was driving to the woods alone and I had the bow, and some nice aluminum hunting arrows and our .22 semi auto rifle. I saw a bear.

#### RIFLE BACKUP

Bears in the woods are seldom seen and when they are they usually disappear very quickly. This bear moved into the timber quite slowly. I figured maybe it was a dislocated park bear. I thought this is my chance to get a bear with a bow. I needed to get closer. That meant leaving the protection of the truck. "What if I wounded the bear and he came after me. I'll take the rifle along, but it's only a .22." The timber was thick.

#### BENT ARROWS

I started following the bear, until I got to within about 50 yards. I shot an arrow and missed. The arrow glanced off a tree. The bear moved further from the truck. I followed, and I got close enough for another shot. I set the rifle down and shot a couple more arrows. I missed again. The bear kept moving, and the same thing happened again. I shot about 5-6 arrows. I missed the bear, but bent a couple more arrows.

#### MAYBE NOT SMART

The further I got from the truck the less sure I was that I wanted to hit the bear. I decided that what I was doing might not be the smartest thing to do. I bid the bear goodbye, and took the bow, the .22 rifle and my bent arrows and went



BARRY SOUTH, BOW  
HUNTER

"I started following the bear, shot an arrow and missed. The further I got from the truck the less sure I was that I wanted to hit the bear."

(Barry)



back to the truck.

## *Bear Cave Saga*

**T**he story of the Bear Cave is more than a legend. It is a saga. It started in the 50's and it continues today. Time has changed many things in Island Park, but the Bear Cave remains the same. Many of you reading this have been there. This is how the South Family became acquainted with the Bear Cave.

### BERT AND SUSIE - SHEEPHERDERS

BARRY: Every summer an old couple named Bert and Susie Miller ran a herd of sheep in the forest around the mill. Bert was really a nice guy. They came to the mill quite often to visit our family.

### NUMBER ONE ENEMY - BEARS

Old Bert—his number one enemy was—the bears—cause every once in a while the bears would get into his sheep and kill a few of them, or really stir them up, and spread them out quite a bit. Bert hated bears. So he used to carry a .45 pistol in a holster. Just about every time you'd see him, he'd have that .45 with him. He also had some bear traps.

And one day he came into camp, and he started talking about a bear that he had shot, and this bear was down by Ripley Butte. And he says, "The bear went into a cave, and I think I wounded it, but I didn't dare go into the cave after it." So he talked to Dad, and between the two of them, they figured they ought to go find that cave and see if the bear was still alive. David and I got to tag along.

### DEAD BEAR - SPOOKY

We found the cave and the dead bear. The cave was cool and dark and interesting, but with a dead bear inside and close to the entrance no one wanted to explore the cave. The men carried guns but everybody was just spooky enough that they weren't really committed to going clear down to the end of that cave, and we didn't. They decided to explore it later. We blazed a trail to the road and went home.

### CRITTER IN THE CAVE

Later on, through the years, we made several trips to the cave. We always took a rifle, and one time it got pretty exciting, as our flashlights picked up a pair of eyes heading, ahead of us in the cave. The eyes were moving, and a scraping noise accompanied the movement. Guns at the ready. Wait and see. There are bare bear bones back at the entrance. Is this a bear? Scrape, scrape. What would it do in this cave if I fire a big rifle down in there? Little bit worried about caving the cave in. What will the bear do if we miss? The eyes and the scraping were coming our way. It turned out to be a big porcupine. What a relief!

### CAVE PASSAGEWAY

For years we would make that a kind of a fun outing to go hike over to that cave and go down to the cave and go down to the end. The cave was a lava tube cave that had an arched roof and a somewhat level floor from side to side, but the floor sloped downward the full length of the cave. At the end of the cave the roof just sloped down and met the cave floor. I guess that the cave was probably two to three hundred yards long. And for a long time, we went to what we thought was the end of the cave. There appeared to be a hole at the very end of the cave but it narrowed down from top to bottom to where you really had to get down and crawl through wet sand to get to it.

### CRAWLED

One time I crawled. My friend, Delynn Russell, and I crawled right back to the very end, and I stuck my head down there in that hole at the back of it, and the hole was maybe a foot and a half wide and 6 or 8 inches high. When I stuck my face in there, I felt a significant amount of air coming out of that hole. So I figured, "Hey, there's gotta be more cave down there, or another entrance, or something."

I looked at the hole and decided that with a shovel a person might get through. I was 18 years old then, and with my close friend, Delynn Russell, who helped me at the mill, we decided to come back with tools.

### LIGHTS AND SHOVELS

So we went home and got some shovels, lights, and rough clothes and came back. We shoveled and squirmed our way through a 30 foot long tubular passageway into the large cavern. The second part of the cave was about as long as the first. There was no other entrance way. There were some large caverns (maybe 30-40 ft. wide and 30' high) and the formation was different.

### STALAGMITES

A lot of the bottom of the cave was a real slick clay. It was slick enough that you could almost slide on it like you would ice. But there was another interesting part of it. There were some small stalagmites on the floor, but they weren't a normal cave stalagmite; they appeared to be from dripping molten lava. They weren't really big. Those stalagmites were sticking up anywhere from about 6 to 8 inches high. I think the highest one we saw in there was about a foot and a half high. And they were quite black, and you could just see where drops of molten lava had dropped on them and just kinda spread out a little. It was really interesting. I'm sure they are still there.

### FIRST PEOPLE - THAT PART OF THE CAVE

I am sure my friend Delynn and I were the first people ever to go into that part of the cave. My family moved away from Island Park after I was 19 years old. I moved back when I was about 25 but never tried to go back to the cave for another 10 years. By then the stud mill loggers had clear cut the area a lot and I haven't been able to find it again. I'll keep trying. It may be that my friend and I are still the only people that ever went into the second section of the cave.

### BEAR CAVE CONVERSATION: JUDY & M'JEAN

JUDY: Tell me, do you remember Ripley's butte—the cave on Ripley's butte?

M'JEAN: I remember hearing about it, but

JUDY: But did you go in the cave on Ripley's Butte?

M'JEAN: No, did you?

JUDY: Yes.

M'JEAN: Really!

JUDY: Yes. We went down inside there--the first year. Now, after that I was smart enough to say no, because I really don't like caves, but David found the cave on Ripley's Butte. I thought for sure there'd be a bear in there. It was really totally scary. Of course bears don't, you know, sleep all summer, so I should have been realizing that I wasn't going to be that--it was like a bear's cave, you know.

M'JEAN: Did it stink?

JUDY: You could stand up. No. I don't remember that it stunk. No, it was just a gray cave inside the Ripley's Butte.

M'JEAN: I never had the privilege.

JUDY: David went back to find that later one, and he couldn't find it. I guess maybe he probably did find it, but times when I was not with him, but the next

time he and I went out to find it, we couldn't.

## CAVE EXPLORATION

RANDY: (*Family Reunion Tales*) - Barry told you the stuff about the cave this morning. And I thought you knew this, Barry, but I tagged along with Barry and David a few times to look at the cave, and I remembered that blazed trail. When I got to be about 18, I used to go to that cave with my buddies. And I crawled through that tunnel and back into the back room and I—we—somebody said they thought that tunnel branched off—I don't want to get lost. So we took a rope and threaded the rope through that tunnel, and when we left, we left the rope. And I'm sure that rope is still there. And I would SO like to find that thing.

We tried a couple of times—Andrew and I took horses one day. We rode horses one full day, just crisscrossed that whole area and never found it. We did find two other caves—but nothing that was awesome as the one.

The initial discovery of the bear cave was probably in 1953 or 1954. About 57 years later it was rediscovered by Randy. On Sat, Jul 31, 2010 at 10:43 PM, Randy South wrote:

Dear Fam.

News Flash!!

I just got a call from Steve Knapp. I had called him earlier last week to tell him the news that we found the bear cave. Steve and Bernie and Warren were the first ones to go into the bear cave. Anyway. Steve just today found SPLIT CREEK FALLS!!! He will be sending to me coordinates tomorrow. He said it is just barely trickling water right now but it is there. He said it is about five miles of the most difficult hike he has ever been on. He said he has pictures that he will send. If I get them I will forward. Isn't it amazing, the bear cave and Split Creek Falls in one week!

Randy

## SPLIT CREEK FALLS

STEVE: One thing I remember about Barney was when they had the sawmill up on split Creek, he always told of Split Creek Falls. When I was a little kid that fascinated me. And so when I got older, I used to fish there with some of my friends. We'd ride up with Gene Jones on his truck, and then we'd fish and then we'd catch a ride home. I looked all over Split Creek, and I couldn't find Split Creek Falls.

And so when I got older, and married, and looking for things, I thought, "I've got to find Split Creek Falls." So one day, after I'd searched several years in a row and not found it, I kinda figured out where it must be. And my boys and I went up there about two years ago, and came down the middle fork, and we found Split Creek Falls. So I know it's there. And I've seen it. And I heard about it from Uncle Barney.

After the location of the bear cave was finally rediscovered, it has been visited many times. An excursion to the bear cave has become a popular activity (at least for the adventurous) at family reunions.

Sent by email June 1, 2017  
Dear M'Jean,  
Here is the Bear Cave Story:

RANDY: BEAR CAVE  
REDISCOVERY

## BEAR CAVE ON RIPLEY BUTTE

RANDY: Sometime about the middle of the 20th Century, Old man Miller and his wife, the sheepherders that ran their sheep up through the Island Park, Idaho back country, came into the sawmill looking for some help. The Millers were good friends and friendly people that came around for a visit once in a while. Turns out that Miller had shot a black bear, of course to defend his sheep, and the bear up and disappeared down into a hole in the ground. Miller wanted that bear but, who in their right mind would go down into a black hole after a wounded bear?! Hence the visit to the South Sawmill to ask Barney and some of the mill hands to help retrieve the bear.

That was the first time anyone can recall any experience with what has been nick named "The Bear Cave"

David South, and Barry South and Cousin Steve Knapp were some first visitors to what sort of became a family cave. It was a family cave because for the most part it was those in the immediate and extended family who knew about the cave and thought it interesting enough to make the trek.

Since the discovery of the cave and for about thirty years the cave was visited by family and close friends because it was a cool thing to explore and was a great excursion to show friends and relatives.

To enter the cave a person has to climb down while twisting and turning through a narrow broken up jumble of large lava rocks. And then you better stay hunkered over for the next twenty feet or so because the ceiling is really low at first. Then the cave opens up into a very large lava tube that runs on a steady and gradual downhill slant. The first room is about six hundred feet long. For the most part the ceiling is between eight and ten feet in height and the width is likely twenty to thirty feet. The temperature feels great on a hot summer day because the temperature inside has to be right at 32 degrees. How do you know? Because there is ice in the middle of the cave that melts very very slowly over the period of summer. Many tracks can be found about a hundred yards into the cave. Without lights it is total darkness.

After reaching the 600 foot mark the ceiling starts slanting down until at the very back of this first room there is only a hole just barely large enough for a person laying flat to squeeze through. The hole has not always been there but Barry and his friends, when teenagers, took shovels back there one day and dug enough sand out that it was possible to squeeze through into the second room.

After laying flat in cold muddy water and inching and squirming along for about twenty feet you enter the second room. The second room is larger than the first with an initial height of maybe thirty feet or more and perhaps equal in width. This second room extends similarly down and away for about another six hundred feet until the ceiling again comes down to where there is truly an end to the cave. In one area the explorer has to negotiate around a big pile of lava rocks that have fallen from the ceiling.

You may ask what is in the cave. Not much, but a few things that make it fun.

In the first half there are bear tracks in the mud that are perfectly preserved. How old are they no one knows. They may be one year old or they could be thirty-four years old. There is no way of knowing.

There is ice in the middle of the first room. Why in the middle? No one knows. The ice melts as the summer goes along and during the winter it accumulates again. But who knows why it is just in the middle?

Bears have over the years made little sleeping areas near the back of the first room by piling up sand in a circle to cuddle and curl into. As of last week there are 14 such bear beds in the back of the first room.

In the second room there are stalagmites and stalactites. They look to be of some kind of lava composition, not necessarily like those made of calcium that I have seen in other caves.



The floor near the back of the second room is a very slick clay. So slick you could slip and fall easily if not careful.

In 1976 we lost track of the location of the cave! That is right, it may as well have disappeared off the face of the planet. The old way to get to the cave was on a little old windy road through the forest to a specific spot where there was a big blaze made on a certain tree. From that tree you would hike a quarter of a mile or so following the blaze marks on trees made by the ax of the original spelunkers. But in the 70's, the stud mill in St. Anthony, Idaho, was hungry for logs to saw into lumber and millions of board feet of timber were logged out of Island Park in a clear cut manner. When the logging went through the Ripley Butte country the old simple back woods roads were obliterated by the caterpillars and skidders that ran through that country. The blazes on the trees disappeared because the trees disappeared.

Until that time I used to go to the cave a few times a year just to show it off to my friends. To my knowledge it was the summer of 1976 when the cave was lost and the five twenty two year old kids were the last to see the cave for decades.

What a cool thing to lose, and so for thirty four years many people associated with the extended family members that originally went through the cave looked, and hunted, and hiked, and dreamed of finding what was a little like a lost treasure to the family. Several motorcycle trips through the country availed nothing but hard rides through rough country. Horse trips ended up with some worn out horses. Hikes by the dozens for dozens of miles led to nothing but nice hikes through some pretty rough country. Once Barry and I flew over in a semi coordinated flight with his Columbia airplane. The airplane was just too fast to see anything.

Ripley Butte is a Lava Caldera about a half mile across. The rim around the crater rises gradually in the area for a few hundred feet. The area is so wooded that you really don't notice the butte for what it is but can easily assume that it is like any other hill. The area around the perimeter of the butte (outside the crater) is peculiar in that it all looks the same. On an overcast day a person can get lost in a heartbeat. The volcanic activity of thousands of years ago left the country scattered with intermittent piles and hills of broken lava that are all intermixed in the forest itself. Keep in mind this is centered in the great Island park Volcano (caldera) that is 50 or sixty miles across. Anyway, because of the unique terrain, finding the bear cave is like finding a, (you guessed it) a needle in a haystack.

After being thwarted in our attempts for thirty-four years, but still feeling like it would be an awesome thing to locate and experience again, the next generation of South boys decided to try it again in August [or July] of 2010. The plan this time included renting a helicopter to fly low and slow over the area in hopes that we could see more from the air. Derek South lined up a helicopter to take two up from Idaho Falls to meet the ground crew on either the horses or the dirt bikes. We all had our radio GPS' set for the occasion. The Wednesday night before, we figured and read the maps and called Barry and David both on the phone one last time to get as close to the area in our minds as we possibly could be. Then on Thursday we went up on the dirt bikes to establish reference points for coordination between the ground crew and the helicopter crew. On that Thursday morning, after establishing a jumping off point from the roads into the lava area, Derek, Joshua, Andrew, and Randy, decided to hike it one last time.

All left the dirt bikes on the road and started out through the thick woods. We spread out about 100 yards apart and moved due south following the GPS compass and keeping track of each other with the GPS radio. A quarter of a mile into the journey the thought occurred to me repeatedly that our Father up above knew where the cave was, and why not ask for His help. So it was my pleasure to pause and ask a plea for divine help. My feelings thoughts and words were; that I knew that our Father knew where the cave was, that we would like to know, and it



would be a great tender mercy if we were allowed to have His help in looking and finding the cave. After my heartfelt plea I continued on due south listening to every inclination carefully that came to my mind. I found myself turning here and there, and in no time was traveling not due South but due West, and after about a half mile walked directly up to the entrance of the bear cave!

After a very heartfelt thanks to our Father, who knows all things, it was a privilege to radio the boys to tell them the news! With the radio direction finding capability of the GPS radios they could then walk directly to where I was

also. And for the first time in thirty-four years we were able to descend into the cool of the cave.

We scrambled in, found the bear prints, felt the ice, saw the bear beds, and Joshua and Andrew, crawled through the icy water, saw the stalactites and the stalagmites and had a grand time. When we finally ascended back into the warm sunshine we all marked the coordinates. Needless to say we canceled the helicopter ride scheduled for the following day.

Now that is not the end of the story. The very next day it was a privilege for me to go with some of the venturing scouts on their summer trip to the mountains. Consequently we had a golden opportunity to show the scouts, you guessed it, the bear cave. It would be a snap to find it now; after all we had just been there the day before?

Not so, we parked the vehicle exactly in the new jumping off spot on the new logging road and started hiking to where I was certain we would find the cave. But in no time the cave was lost again! Or should I say I was lost again. The Ripley Butte area had fooled me again. Finally I dug out my GPS and after acquiring the satellites I looked for the Bear Cave waypoint only to find that I had not marked it the day before after all.

Fortunately my cell phone worked great in that area. After calling Derek on the phone, obtaining the coordinates from him, and keying the proper latitude and longitude we again walked right up to the entrance of the cave. It turned out that we had skirted around, passed by and almost tripped over the entrance in our wanderings. The Ripley Butte area will surely foul a guy up!

So there you have it. The story of the Bear Cave which many people in the family of the newest generation have already been through this year and the story now is only about a month old.

The best part of the whole thing is knowing there is a God who loves His children, who will grant tender mercies to those who ask and He has the ability to guide people with a system far better than any man made GPS. It also proves that our memories are not as good as we think they are.

Isn't it a wonderful thing to know God is over all and will help us as we ask and as we are worthy of His help.







After the location of the bear cave was finally rediscovered, it has been visited many times. An excursion to the bear cave has become a popular activity (at least for the adventurous) at family reunions.



# Chapter 81

## Down in the Valley

Sharing enhances anything, just anything.—MARJ

**B**ecause of the logging and sawmill, the timber and wide open spaces, the horses, hunting and fishing, the sawdust pile, the train, and camp itself, many--maybe most--of the family's fond memories are unique to Island Park. The South family also enjoyed living about half of each year in the "big city."

While residing in Island Park, someone expecting to make a trip to Idaho Falls would mention going to "I F" or "to the valley."

DAVID & M'JEAN  
BARNEY  
BARRY & MYRNA



### IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

DAVID: Mormon pioneers developed the irrigated land in and around Idaho Falls, where they grew hay, grain and potatoes — their big cash crop. The area also had a few other industries, mostly related to agriculture. The Navy had a large facility west of Idaho Falls called the Testing Station, where they tested battleship guns during World War II.

In the 1950s, the then newly formed Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) turned the Navy's Testing Station into the National Reactor Testing Station. Many early nuclear reactors were built there, including a prototype for the driving and control portions of the Nautilus submarine. That put Idaho Falls on the map! It got to be the place where Navy nuclear submariners went for training. Various reactor and atomic energy experiments conducted in our area created jobs, attracted newcomers and stimulated construction.

In addition to the Navy Test Reactors, we had a nuclear airplane prototype in the desert.

### MODERN IF

When I was a boy, returning to Idaho Falls for the winter was tantamount to moving to the big city and the twentieth century. We lived in almost the poorest section of town on an unpaved street, but we had running water and electricity, and the town had sidewalks, streetlights, stores and theaters.

Obviously we had no television; radio provided most of our entertainment. But my life there was a delightful, illuminating experience.

I grew up among friends, people with whom I could go to church or enjoy a movie or a Boy Scout activity. I could walk or ride a bike to school and get a good education.





## *New House on Ada*

The little log house at 950 Ada Avenue was soon to be the “old house,” as Barney finished the interior of the big log home directly across the street at 955 Ada. The house had three levels! On the main floor was a living room, kitchen, bathroom, and two bedrooms. A large, rather grand staircase in the kitchen led to the long attic room, the full length of the house, with walls lined with knotty pine. A door in the kitchen opened onto the stairway to the unfinished basement.

### BARRY & DAVID

In the spacious 3-level new house, once the furnace was installed, no one had to get up early in the morning to build a fire.

### OIL HEATER - FURNACE

When the family first moved into the new house, the furnace had not yet been installed. An oil heater which burned #2 fuel oil was used for a while. In the cold mornings, the kids would huddle around the heater in the living room. Once the furnace was functioning, what a luxury it was to have a warm house in the mornings. And without anyone’s having to get up and build a fire! A truck delivered coal for the furnace. It was sent down through a little door on the side of the house by way of the coal chute to the coal bin in the basement. The coal had to be regularly shoveled into the firebox, and the clinkers had to be removed and taken out to the alley behind the house--same as the garbage—to await the garbage truck.

The front door opened into the living room; there was a large window in front to the east and another on the south side.



BARNEY & HIS  
ADORABLE KIDS:  
BARRY, DAVID,  
M'JEAN, MYRNA  
LYNN

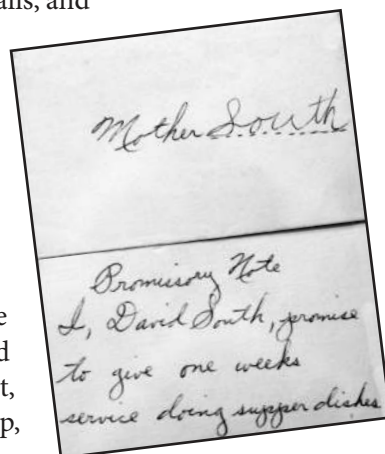
## MODERN KITCHEN

In the kitchen, Marj had an electric range with a deep well cooker, facilitating the tradition of lima beans on washday! Next to the stove was a nice refrigerator. Against the adjacent wall were cupboards, cabinets, and Marj's first built-in sink. Opposite the stove and fridge was the eating area, basically a corner nook enclosed on three sides: two sides were windowed walls, and the third, the staircase, which was often lined with indoor plants.

With running hot water, doing dishes was a pleasure! Marj had some volunteer help when David gave her a promissory note, which she saved as a keepsake.

## WASHDAY – MANGLE IRON

In town, Marj did not have the same fondness for washday, as she had in Island Park. The atmosphere in the basement, where the electric wringer washer was set up,



MARJ'S FLOWER POT  
Marj's plants often  
lined the staircase.





MANGEL IRON

did not compare to the fresh air in the woods. Clothes lines were strung in the back yard, and a few in the basement. The clothes off the line never smelled quite so fresh, and as the air was somewhat tainted with smoke from everyone's coal furnaces, they never looked quite so white.

A luxury in the new house was Marj's Mangle iron, which she loved. She could iron a shirt in just a couple of minutes. Before the days of permanent press, it was pretty nice to have a quick, slick way to iron sheets and pillow cases, especially when they weren't being whipped and smoothed on the line in the Island Park breeze.

### FIRST TELEPHONE

M'JEAN: It was pretty exciting when we got our first telephone. It was installed in the kitchen in the little nook behind the door to the hallway. The number was 3348J. The kids liked to answer the phone and could even make calls. Sometimes we would call Grandma Knapp. There was a number you could call at Christmas time to talk with Santa Claus and tell him what you wanted for Christmas. There was a number to call to find out what time it was. Of course you could also set your clock to the White Star Laundry's noon whistle.

When you picked up the receiver, you would hear the voice of the operator say "Number, please." You would give her the number, and she would connect you. That is, if the line were free. Since we had a party line, sometimes you would pick up the phone and hear two neighbors talking. That would call for patience, waiting for them to finish their call.

Miji Note: However, we NEVER picked up the phone and heard a recorded voice say, "Our menu has changed. To continue in English, press on!"

### ADA AVENUE NEIGHBORS

The neighbors on the south side were the Southwicks, a nice, quiet older couple. On the north side was a vacant lot, which the owner turned into a giant garden every year.

Across the street was our little old log house, now rented to the John and June Brocksome family. The three children were Shirley, Brent, and Steve. Shirley was M'Jean's age, and they became lifelong friends.

### GRANDMA HANNAH - BROOM

Across the street diagonally was the big apartment house where Grandma Hannah South lived. Before the family had a phone, sometimes a call for Barney



MARJ  
Although seldom seen in Island Park wearing anything other than a shirt and dungarees, at her home in town Marj wore what was generally referred to as a "house dress."





GRANDMA HANNAH  
SOUTH  
Crossing the street  
from the apartment  
house, perhaps to call  
Barney to the phone

would come to Grandma's phone at the apartment house, and she would cross the street to tell him. When it was snowy, she would have her broom to sweep a path in the snow.

BARRY: I don't remember much about Grandma South—Hannah. I didn't get to know her very much at all except for when she was pretty old. She was a sweet old lady.

I do remember one thing very, very clearly. It was when we were living in Idaho Falls. She lived in the big old apartment house across the road from our house that we lived in. But just about every day, Grandma would come over, and that was okay, except for one thing—she had to kiss all the grandkids, so when she came over, you knew that there was a big ole wet kiss coming right at you, and that was not very fun at all. Other than that, she was a great old lady.

M'JEAN: The kids did not like to see Grandma coming across the street. We did not want to get kissed. I remember that Myrna and I ran and hid under the bed.

GLENNA JONES: I remember then when we lived in Idaho Falls, I guess when David and Jeannie were still little, she would come down to see us nearly every day. We lived down on North Boulevard below that house then. She'd bring the broom with her, and, boy, she could outwalk a horse. She'd just come down the road with that broom—said she kept it to keep her from falling down.

And she'd put powder all over her face, and when she'd blink her eyes, it wouldn't hardly work, cause she had it all over. And David—she had a mole right here on her face--and when he'd see her coming, he'd go hide. She'd always kiss all of us, and that mole would kind of stick him, and he didn't like it at all.

## KIDS' STUFF

Silly old-time traditions: When a toddler fell down, a near-by adult would say, "Down went Magee." Gently poking the tummy of a little tyke with a broomstick or something similar, a grown-up would say. "Who stole the bishops hay?"

M'Jean and Myrna regarded their big brothers as being very knowing and capable, inventive, quite fun, and sometimes tricky. One of their favorite gags was to say, "Adam and Eve and Pinch-me-quick went down to the river to swim. Adam and Eve were drowned. Who was left?" The obvious answer was followed by the obvious result--a quick pinch!



## PENCIL IN THE EYE

In the comparatively confined quarters, David and Barry came up with various types of entertainment.

BARRY: As kids David and I played a lot. We liked rock flippers. They were not indoor toys. A substitute--little ones using elastic bands.

Barney had bought a big box of pencils. They were perfect for the new flippers. They were not sharpened. We shot at each other.

At one little battle he was at one end of the couch and I was at the other. There was a narrow space between the couch and the wall. I crouched down and looked toward David's end from behind the couch.



Bam! A pencil hit me in the eye--pretty hard. Luckily it was not sharpened.

My parents looked at the eye. There was blood starting to fill the iris ring. Off to the doctor.

The doctor said Barry has to be kept very still. He could lose the eye. To the hospital.

Both eyes bandaged. Lie down and stay still. When someone came into the room, I had to lift up the patch over the good eye to see them. I was in the hospital for a few days—maybe 4 or 5 days.

## BUNKER HILL

Fortunately, for his eagle eye hunting superiority, Barry suffered no lasting damage.

There was a round hassock in the living room. It took a beating from the kids. It was fun to stand on, jump from, roll around on.

Sometimes everyone wanted the hassock and played a game. Someone would stand on the hassock and exclaim, "I'm the boss of bunker Hill. I can fight, and I can kill." Then everyone else would try to push him/her off. There would be a tussle, and whoever came out on top would stand up on the hassock and say, "I'm the boss of Bunker Hill. I can fight, and I can kill, etc."

## MEASLES, MUMPS, CHICKEN POX

The kids all took their turns having the common childhood diseases of measles, mumps, and chicken pox, for which there were no immunizations.

M'JEAN: We did have to go to some public place to receive our smallpox vaccinations. We stood in a long line waiting for our shots. My smallpox inoculation scar is still slightly visible.

## SHOWS & "BLANKET SHOWS"

Movies were usually called "shows." The kids always were excited about going to a show. There were three indoor theatres in Idaho Falls, the fanciest being the Paramount. The other two were the Rio and the Center. Usually the family went to the Drive-in. There were two in Idaho Falls, one on each end of town, the Motor Vu and the Sky Vu.

M'JEAN: Most shows had a boring part at the beginning with some men talking and talking. There was always a fight with the Indians. Someone would always get shot with an arrow which would go right through him—pretty alarming to me. The cavalry would be so slow to get there, but at last would come to save the day.

When we thought we were going to see a show, then were told it was just a "blanket show," it would add insult to injury, enough to make you mad. We were being told to go to bed; the blanket show was nothing but your dreams!



MYRNA, BARRY, DAVID, M'JEAN  
Big brothers were inventive, fun, sometimes tricky.

Occasionally the kids saw a show at the Paramount, the fanciest of the 3 movie theatres in Idaho Falls. More often the family went to the drive-in.





MYRNA & M'JEAN

## *Baby Clothes Robbery*

From the time she was very small M'Jean loved to play with dolls. Before she could even talk she got a kewpie doll whose name tag read "Rosie O'Neill." She tried to say Rosie O'Neill, but what came out was "Nurr Nurr." From then on Kewpie dolls in the family were "Nurr Nurr."

M'JEAN: Playing with dolls and doll clothes was one of my favorite things to do, especially with my sister Myrna.

Near our new house in Idaho Falls was a basement house—quite common in those days—just a basement with a roof. One day the young mom who lived there washed her new little baby's clothes and set them out on the lawn to dry. When no one was looking, I gathered up some of the baby clothes for my doll, took them home, and hid them behind the rocking chair.

When the lady discovered her baby clothes were missing, she came to ask my mother if I had taken them. My mother, Marj, had not seen any baby clothes, and she asked me if I had taken them. I said no. The next day Marj moved the rocking chair to vacuum and discovered the

baby clothes.

My parents wanted me to know how wrong it was to be dishonest—to steal, and to lie—and to learn that I should never do it again. It was a pretty sad little girl, with tears in her eyes, with the stolen baby clothes in her hands, who was marched in front of both parents over to the neighbor's house to apologize.

The kind neighbor was very understanding and actually gave me the tiniest sweater, saying her baby had outgrown it already. Barney and Marj were not desirous that I should be rewarded, but the lesson stuck. I also got to keep the sweater.





#### FLUSHED \$20 DOWN THE TOILET.

DAVID, BARRY, M'JEAN, MYRNA

M'JEAN: The new house had an indoor bathroom, which we had never had before. I liked to watch the water swirl around in the white toilet when it was flushed.

Down on the corner of our street, Ada Avenue, there was a small grocery store with a large candy counter. Given the chance, we kids liked to go down to the store with a little money and buy our favorite penny candy.

One day, while everyone was busy working to finish the house, I saw some money, and I took it down to the store. The storekeeper said he could not let me buy any candy with that twenty dollar bill. I should take it home.

Since I could not get candy with that money, I guessed it was no good, so I flushed it down the brand new toilet. My Dad and Mom were not happy when they discovered their \$20 bill was missing, and they were less happy when they found I had flushed it down the toilet. I learned a lesson about money that day.

#### REMOVING ROCKS

There were a lot of rocks to be removed from the front yard before the grass could be planted. Barney hired me, and maybe Myrna, to pick up rocks out of the dirt. The driveway, it seems, was nothing but rocks, and I guess that was the way it was supposed to be. All I could see was the easier way to fill my rock can. I was given a lesson on doing a job right.

Eventually we got a lawn.







DAVID, BARRY, M'JEAN, MYRNA  
Taking photos with color film was generally considered an extravagance, but it was fun for Marj to have a few color pictures of the kids, especially in the colorful costumes she sewed for the dance revues.

The dance revues, spring of 1951 and 1952, featured students from pre-school through high school age, each class performing a ballet and a tap routine.



M'JEAN: My first year I was a daffodil and a cow-girl. The second year I was a lamb and a "slowpoke." Myrna had danced the second year. She was a little yellow bear and a "beautiful baby."

We had ballet slippers, tap shoes, and a costume for each number.

Marj sewed all the costumes.

We did some tumbling with long mats on the floor--headstands, somersaults, cartwheels.

Marj said we should practice, and we didn't, so she had us quit.

## *Dance Lessons*

M'Jean and Myrna took dance lessons at the Betty Anderson studio: Ballet, tap, and tumbling.







ROSALIE, TESSY, JON, JEANETTE LUND  
Choreographing their own routines in the same—albeit rather rumpled—costumes, made by Marj years earlier. The lamb outfit seemed to require a lamb to ride! (*Jon*) The cowgirl costume has lost its shiny metallic fringe. Marj's great-grandkids have had fun with the dance attire as well.





BARNEY, MYRNA, BARRY, M'JEAN DAVID  
& "COCOA"

For picture taking everyone had  
to face the sun. The photos turned  
out better, but oh, the faces!







VISITING GRANDMA & GRANDPA KNAPP  
At 347 Cleveland

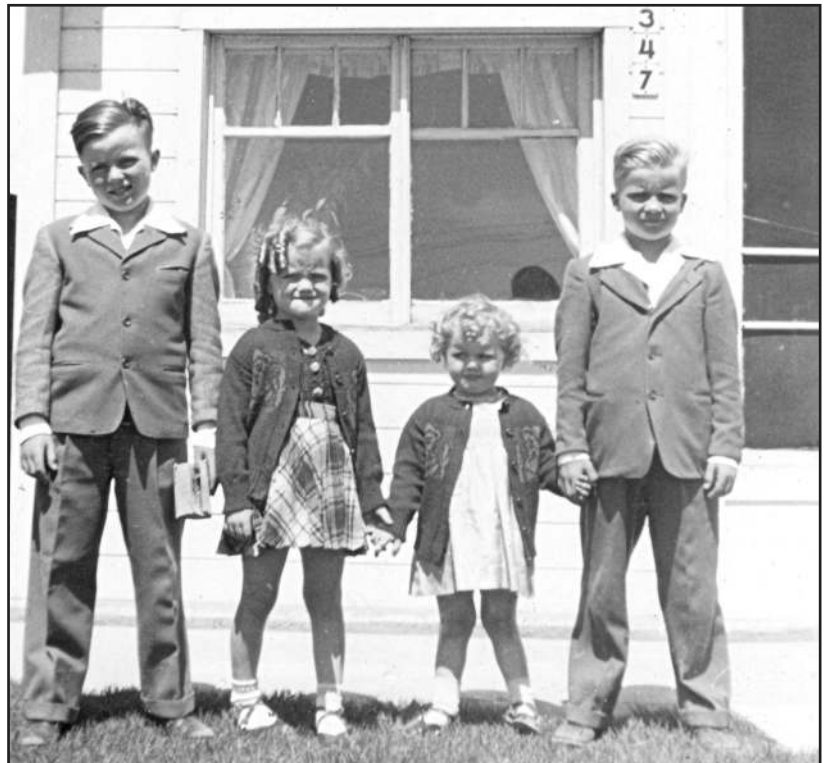
## VISITING AUNT EVIE

M'JEAN: The first time I remember that Marj took Myrna and me to visit Great Aunt Eveline, Grandpa Knapp's sister, we were very young and didn't quite know how to respond to the extremely affectionate greeting her two grown handicapped sons, Harold and Rulon, always had for everyone. They wanted to smother you with love.

Evie was one of Marj's favorite aunts. Evie's husband, Jack Hillman, ran a cattle ranch in Plano, west of Rexburg. Aunt Evie had some luxuries in her farm house. Hers was the first dishwasher I had ever heard of. Marj described what it did, and we, who had spent a lot of hours in our young lives doing dishes in somewhat primitive circumstances, tried to imagine such magic.

## RECORDING PHONOGRAPH

She had something even more amazing: a recording phonograph which cut records that could then be played back. While the turntable went round and round, Myrna and I sang into the microphone "Down in Oklahoma," the song from my first dance recital. Then we heard our own voices as Evie played the record.



## Chapter 82

# *Into the Woods*

This is a great place to raise a family—BARNEY

Marj had friends in town who wondered how she could so cheerfully leave her comforts behind and trek back to Island Park where she would have no running water or other indoor conveniences. To Marj, it did not feel like a big sacrifice. Island Park was where her husband had his work, and she looked forward to moving each spring to her mountain home. It was, as Barney said, a great place to raise a family.

Two things could be counted on in Island Park in spring: Rain and Mosquitoes. June was always a very rainy month. Some years it rained every day in June.

### ISLAND PARK RAIN

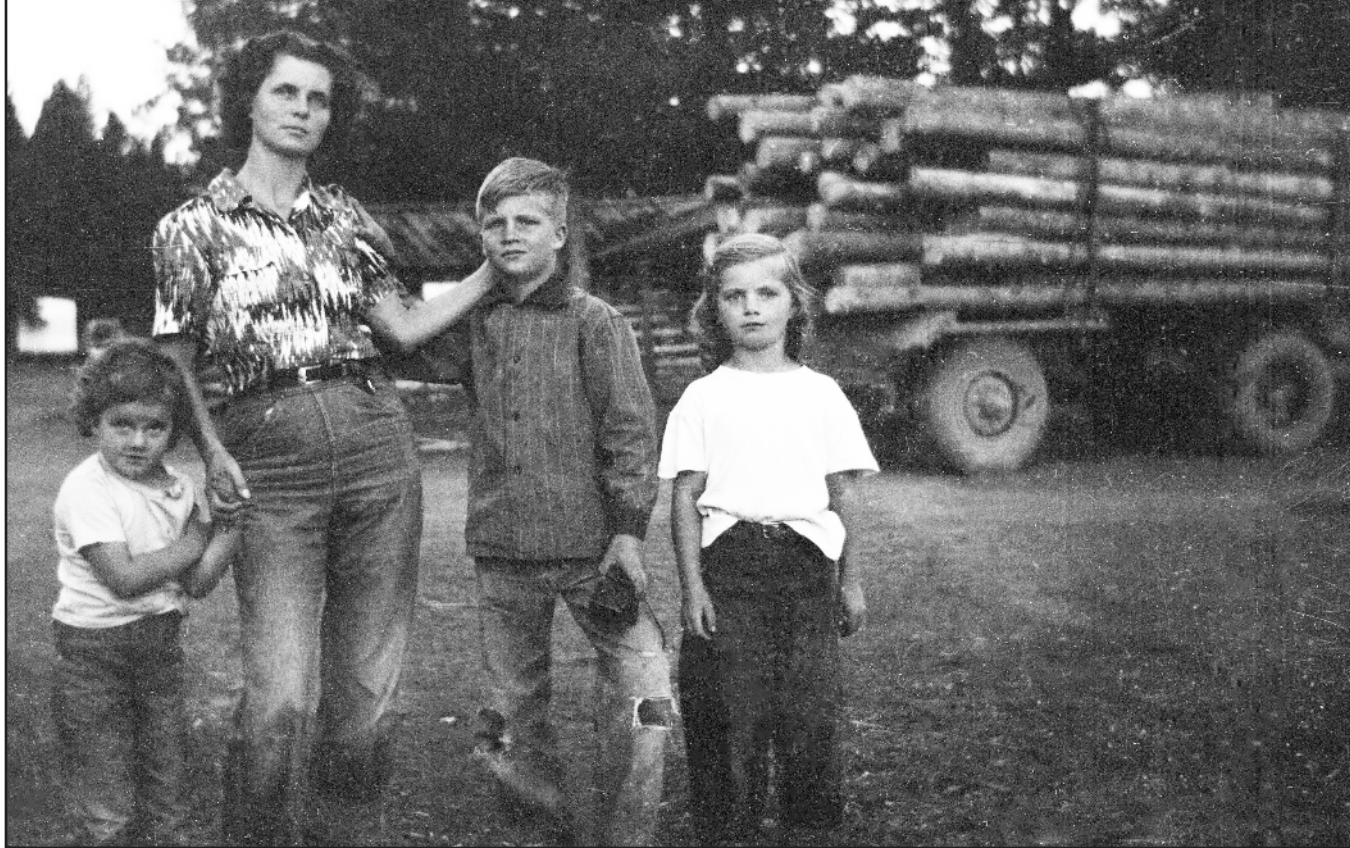
M'JEAN: Between the thunderclaps and the rain pounding on the leaky roof, making a terrific racket, we could scarcely hear one another talk. Marj, Myrna, and I would dash around the house placing kettles and pans on the table, beds and floor, wherever water was dripping.

Standing at the kitchen window, we would watch the sheets of water coming down, then when it let up a little, we'd go outside on the porch where we could keep mostly dry and enjoy the fresh smell of the rain. Hail was even more exciting, as it piled up around the cabin. Although the hail usually disappeared quickly, occasionally there would be a hailstorm that would leave white patches on the ground until the following day.

On rainy days when the crew was in the woods, they'd take shelter under a tree—or sit in the truck. When Barney and the boys were at the sawmill, if it rained hard, they'd wait for a little break in the downpour, then make a dash for the house. They'd get out the cards and play Canasta or Pinochle until it let up. It might be stormy and dark enough to warrant lighting a lantern.

M'JEAN: Those were fun times for us girls, because we got to play cards with them.





## ISLAND PARK ROADS

BERNIE: Island Park has a unique dark sand. It is basically from the obsidian rocks broken down over eons of time. This sand is hard, some coarse and round. It rolls beneath one's feet. Roads are made across the sage brush flats by merely driving over them repeatedly--no need of being graveled. Even foot paths after extended use have this type of surface. Graded roads quickly form washboards.

## MUD PUDDLES - STILTS

The rain collected in the low places in the sandy roads around camp making huge mud puddles. Drivers would go through them slowly so as not to get the spark plugs wet. For kids, the huge puddles were a big attraction.

MYRNA: A fun thing the kids did was to walk around on stilts. It was a great way to walk through a mud puddle without getting wet feet.

BARRY: I built a pair of stilts, the footholds 8' high. Simplest way to get on them was to get up on the roof of the house. Finally I put little short boards on the bottom of the stilts and could walk on the sawdust pile.

BERNIE: It would tickle Grandpa to see Barry walk around camp on one stilt.

MYRNA: I don't know how we started in on stilts. I think maybe Barry's the one who started in on stilts, but it seems like I was the one who really got hooked on them, and I walked everywhere on my stilts. The favorite thing to do was walk through the mud puddles. So, M'Jean, did you ride the stilts, too?

M'JEAN: Yes, I did.

MYRNA: But I was really the one who was just obsessed with it, wasn't I?

M'JEAN: That's for sure.

M'JEAN: We would go through phases. When it was stilts, we would not even go out to the outhouse without walking on the stilts. At other times, we rode a bike everywhere.

MYRNA, MARJ, BARRY,  
M'JEAN

To Marj, living at the sawmill did not feel like a big sacrifice. Island Park was where her husband had his work, and she looked forward to moving each spring to her mountain home.



MYRNA SOUTH

"A fun thing the kids did was to walk around on stilts. It was a great way to walk through a mud puddle without getting wet feet."  
(Myrna)

In the background are the stockyards, the yellow telephone box, and the well.

Mosquito Weaponry:  
6-12 & Flit gun



#### FLIT

Flit is the brand name for an insecticide invented by chemist Dr. Franklin C. Nelson intended for killing flies and mosquitoes and launched in 1923. A hand-operated device called a Flit gun was used for spraying. Mineral oil based, the formulation in the 40's and early 50's contained 5% DDT, and was later discontinued.

## MOSQUITOES – TARZAN SWING

A bloodthirsty mosquito can find you just about anytime in Island Park, especially in tall grass or near streams of water, but they are by far the worst in springtime. When kids failed to pay attention to mosquitoes, their playtime could end miserably.

MYRNA: One thing that we played on were

some--would it be called trapeze? Swings hanging up between some trees.

M'JEAN: The "trapeze" consisted of ropes hung from a wooden pole between two trees at about 12 feet off the ground. In various places in the woods close to camp there were such poles anchored to tree limbs for the purpose of hanging up meat at night to keep it cold. Not far from the house this one pole had ropes hanging down--it wasn't an actual swing-- and we'd just grab onto these ropes, then as Myrna says--Tarzan style--swing around on them.

MYRNA: One day I was out there playing for such a long time and I didn't go in for a while, and I was totally covered with mosquito bites--seemed like they didn't bother me much when I was having such a good time out there, but once I was in the house, they were horrible.

We rarely used mosquito repellent. The men that went out in the woods probably used it a little more. If you were out in the woods, there were going to be a lot of mosquitoes, especially if you were by a river or a creek.

M'JEAN: The mosquito repellent was really stinky. It was called 6-12.

## BUG-BOMBING THE HOUSE

In the worst "mosquito season" the little beasts were thickest about dusk. The daily ritual of bug-bombing the cabin and going outside for half an hour was followed by everyone in camp.

Making sure all the windows were shut and the water buckets were covered with dish towels, everybody would leave the cabin except the guy with a can of "flit," who would first spray each room, then hurry out the door.

With everyone outside, it was a time for visiting and a time for kids to play "Hide and Seek" and "Run-Sheep-Run."



MYRNA



## GRANDPA'S PORCH

M'JEAN: Myrna and I would go visit Grandpa, sitting out on his porch on the bench seat--taken from an old car--with a fly swatter. We'd sit next to him and listen to the crickets making a dull racket. Grandpa claimed he couldn't hear them. Sometimes a mosquito would land on his hand or face, and he would seem not to notice. Not daring to swat it, we'd tell him—very urgently, “Grandpa, there's a mosquito biting you!” It would drive us crazy that he would just let it bite him. We would watch for the first star to appear, and he taught us the little wishing-on-a-star rhyme:

“Star light, star bright,  
First star I've seen tonight,  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
Have this wish I wish tonight.”



GRANDMA & GRANDPA  
MABEL & JUSTIN KNAPP  
“On our evening visits with Grandpa, Myrna and I would find him sitting out on his bench. Because of her milkleg condition Grandma rarely ventured up to Island Park.” (*M'Jean*)



## MOSQUITO BUZZ – TRYING TO SLEEP

BARRY: After returning to the cabins one could sleep free from the annoying buzzing for a time until the cracks between logs let the pesky mosquitoes filter in. On cool evenings mosquitoes were not too thick. On warm nights when coolness didn't set in, it was really hard to keep free from these pests. What a bad night when you continually heard this unwelcome buzz in your ears!

## GRANDMA'S RARE VISITS

M'JEAN: Mabel Knapp, our beloved grandmother, did not often visit in Island Park. Her milkleg condition made it imperative that she protect her legs from insect bites. Grandpa worked at the sawmill, so she and Grandpa would not see much of each other in the summer. Only after the mosquitoes had cleared out of camp would she dare come, usually riding up with Al or another relative. She always wore dresses, never pants, and as a cautionary measure against mosquitoes, her hose would be lined with waxed paper.

I was pretty small the first time I remember a visit from Grandma in Island Park. I tried to copy everything she did, and when it came time for supper, I was going to eat exactly what she ate. Grandma didn't like tomatoes, and that night we had tomato juice, which I loved--and couldn't resist. That ended the game.

## BIG DIPPER

Above the city lights of Idaho Falls, stars were in scant supply. But in Island Park the sky was generously sprinkled with stars, and they seemed to be closer.

M'JEAN: My brother David showed me how to find the big dipper. He said it would look a lot like the dipper in the water bucket. I stared at the sky but I didn't quite know what I was looking for.

We went into the cabin, and he sketched with pencil and paper the outline of the 7 stars I since came to know as Asia Major. When we went back outside, he pointed to the northern sky, saying the big dipper was over the outhouse and a little to the left. I looked up, and there I could see it—just as he had outlined it.



WELL NEAR THE RAIL-  
ROAD TRACKS

"This was the main well when we were kids.

It was about half-way between the old log cabin and the railroad tracks.

One bucket of water I drew up had a big toad in it." (*M'Jean*)

In the background is the yellow box on a telephone pole by the tracks. Inside the box was the telephone used by the railroad maintenance crew. Barney also used it in time of emergency.

## Wells

BARRY: Our watering source was hand dug wells in the camp. A well was a hand dug hole in the sand with wood casing extending down into the hole. The well digging process was to build approximately 4' x 4' x 16' high wood casing and then dig the well hole. The bottom of the well needed to be a few feet lower than the underground water level. The hole was dug down to the water level, and then the casing was lowered into the hole.

BERNIE: The well cribbing of most wells was made of rough lumber nailed to the outside of 2x6's driven down as the sandy soil was dug out beneath by shovel and hauled out in a bucket on a pulley.

DAVID: We had a pulley and a rope and you pulled the water up. When you built these wells you built a square wooden frame with a post sticking up. Then as you dig the dirt out from underneath it, you pound on it and keep adding it up. So, you had that frame going all the way from the bottom to the top.

Wood that is all in water never rots but the top parts you had to worry about changing those boards once in a while.

BARRY: The digging usually stopped when the water was 3-4 feet deep. By then the well digger was about frozen out.

DAVID: You can imagine in July the water is down a ways so you send someone down there with a shovel and a bucket and it's hotter than anything up on the top, but as you go down in that hole with that cold water you were frozen.

They had waders and hip boots, but people couldn't afford first class stuff so you get down there and get wet and get cold and then you would trade with someone to go down and dig and then your turn again.

## DEEPENING THE WELL

BARRY: The ground water at the camp site was usually about 6' below the surface in the spring, and the level would go down through the summer. In late fall the ground water level was usually about 12 feet deep. When a new well was dug in the spring or the summer it had to be deepened as the water level went down.

DAVID: What you tried to do is dig as far down as you could because the water is going to be a little lower the next time you go out there. Along towards late fall you could get down further and then if you dug it out, then the next year you had good water clear till late fall.

BARRY: When we deepened the well I don't think we went down too far. It was not a deep well. My impression was that it was maybe only about 8 feet deep. Once the casing was 3-4 feet below the lowest yearly water level, the well was serviceable for years without very much maintenance.

## BRIGHT SPOTS

BARRY: The wells in camp were bright spots. They were places of hard work but they were fresh and cold and clean. The well bucket was always kept sitting upside down over a post that extended about 2' above the wood casing or about 5' above the ground. A quick pull on the well rope would yank the bucket off the



post and it would fall down the well pulling the rope with it. A splash and then the bucket would sink into the cold, clear well water. Pull the rope and up came the full bucket. Most of the trips to the well were with two buckets to be filled for the kitchen.

DAVID: The water you bring up for drinking water--you would use the well bucket. It was always left with the well. You would bring it up and pour the water in two buckets that you would bring back to the house. We had a cabinet in the house that we would set the water on and you would use a dipper to get the water out. Of course by the late afternoon the water would be warm so you would go get some more water. We were really pretty rich.

BARRY: On wash day it was a lot of work to draw the wash water. Bath day (Saturday) was another high water use day. Then there was watering the horses.

## HORSE BARREL

DAVID: Next to the well we always had a fifty gallon drum that had the top third of it cut off. You cut the top third off and you set it by the well and you bring your water up and dump it in that. That is how you watered the horses.

BARRY: When the horses were kept in the barn at camp it was usually a kids job to feed and water them. The feed was easy. Just climb in the barn loft and drop hay in the manger. The water was different. The horses sometimes were in the barn all day long and only got to drink once a day. When a 12 year old kid has to lead 4 big thirsty work horses a hundred yards to the well, he has to be pretty nimble and a firm leader to keep from getting trampled. When the horses get to the water barrel the work begins. It takes a lot of buckets of water to fill 4 thirsty work horses.

## THE OLD WELLS

BERNIE: The old wells were always a source of worry for mothers, fearing they might cave in and catch an unsuspecting child playing near. The well at the ranger station was a corrugated galvanized culvert [The "old" ranger station just west of the railroad tracks.] It remained for many years. It had no top or cover. Many of the other wells in use had no cover.

The old well in front of the bunkhouse caved in while everyone was still in camp, winter of 1937, the year the mill burned. It was never used again. The gaping hole was covered with a platform of planks and Marj had a wooden floor for her washing machine.

## FLOATING WOODCHUCKS - MICE IN THE WELL

BERNIE: Some years when we returned in the spring, we would find drowned woodchucks floating in some of the wells. This caused a lot of water to be drawn out before any was drunk.

DAVID: Once in a while the water would start tasting funny. And you'd go over and look down the well and see if you could see anything in the well but rarely could you see down the well. So the next thing you'd do is go in the house and get the big mirror off the wall and you'd take the mirror over and you'd aim it at the sun, and then beam the light down in the well, and that way you'd have a real powerful light to look down the well. Almost invariably if the water tasted bad, you'd find a mouse or two down there that you could dip out with the bucket. And go back to drinking the water. I've done that, not every year, but every other year.

### Barry Note: I

haven't drawn a bucket of water out of a well for 50 years and I do miss it. However, many times when I turn on a water tap I think about the well and the water bucket and watering the horses and I appreciate the electric pump at the bottom of my well.

### DANNY KENT

The Kent family were frequent visitors at the sawmill.

Barely visible on the left is the corner of the well and next to it stands the "horse barrel."

When someone starts pouring buckets of water into that 50 gallon drum, little Danny may find himself sliding down along the neck of a thirsty horse.



## WATERMELON IN WELL

M'JEAN: Sometimes someone from the valley came up to Island Park Siding and brought us a watermelon. What a treat for everyone—except Marj, who didn't like watermelon. Of course by the time it arrived, it would be warm. The way to cool it down was to take it to the well and put it in—carefully. It wouldn't work just to hang it over the edge and let go. With the 12 or so foot drop it would have splattered. Then besides having no watermelon, there would be really messed up water.

So the watermelon was placed in the empty well bucket and lowered into the water. The trick was in lowering it deep enough to get it down into the water but not so deep that the watermelon would float out of the bucket. Then the rope would have to be secured to one of the well posts by wrapping it around a few times so the bucket wouldn't sink any lower. Capturing a floating watermelon back into the bucket was a bit of a trick. Of course if you had two watermelons, you had to let one swim. And if you had two watermelons in the well and needed a bucket of water, good luck.

## TOAD IN THE WATER BUCKET

We weren't very old when Marj sometimes sent Myrna and me with a bucket to the well near the railroad tracks to get water. We would always take along the wash stick to put through the bail of the bucket to make it easier to carry, one on each end of the stick, and reach the house with most of the water.

After taking the well bucket off its post, being careful not to drop it, lest it splat and crack the bucket (so we were told), we would let the rope slide through our hands and over the pulley until it reached the water.

The bucket would sink and fill and we'd pull it up with the rope, hand over hand, and dump the water in the house bucket. One day we went out, let down the well bucket, and when we pulled it up, there was a big, disgusting toad in it!

## *Roughing It*

BARRY: Our toilet was a classic 2-holer about 150 feet from the house. It was located among a few fair sized lodge pole trees. Sometimes it was quite pleasant to sit there with the door open and enjoy the forest view. The door would swing to the inside so if you heard footsteps on the coarse sandy path, you could quickly close the door. Other times were not so pleasant. An emergency in the middle of the night meant making the trip with a flashlight and hoping that you would be the only bear in the privy that night.

One day we went to Cabin Creek in Montana for a hike up the mountain. I fell off of a cliff face and sprained my ankle quite bad. We ate a lot of junk food on the trip and that loosened me up inside a whole bunch. That night I had to make an urgent trip on a very painful ankle to the outhouse. 50 years later, I remember the pain very well.

The ply wood seat was okay, but remember we were up there at times when it was as cold as 30 degrees below. We finally wised up a little and bought a regular oval toilet seat and kept it behind the cook stove. We would take it with us on the really cold trips and that made the visit a little more tolerable.

## FACED RAILROAD TRACKS

Marj wanted hers facing out to the railroad tracks and the flat beyond, not facing camp. She wanted to be able to leave the door open. Of course, no one could see in, unless someone were out by the railroad tracks, but usually, there was no one there. With the other toilets around camp, shutting the door was a necessity.

"Our toilet was a classic 2-holer about 150 feet from the house." (Barry)





MYRNA: And then also it seems to me like there was a really sandy, kind of a heavy coarse sandy gravelly soil around the toilet, so that while you had the door open, you could hear if somebody was approaching, so bail over there to try to shut the door.

#### MOSQUITOES – YELLOW JACKETS

M'JEAN: You wanted to hurry really, really fast, where there were lots of mosquitoes around. That was open season.

MYRNA: The yellow jackets would build nests in the toilet, so then you would be almost scared to go to the outhouse, because the yellow jackets would be flying in and out of their nests. There was also a little sociality with it, because it was a two-holer, so a lot of times, there'd be two of us go out at a time.

MARJ, M'JEAN, MYRNA  
"The girls would all make that last trip out to the woods before bed, and we'd be a little scared and start to run. Marj told us that we were scared because we ran, not that we ran because we were scared." (*M'Jean*)

Walking out to the edge of the woods to the toilet at night seemed a little less spooky when you had company. Barney's claim and humorous complaint was that after accompanying Myrna, then M'Jean, then Marj, out to the outhouse after dark, he finally had to take a trip himself!

#### SCARED BECAUSE YOU RUN

M'JEAN: Later, when the girls would make that last trip before bed together, we'd be a little scared and start to run, at least on the way back. Marj told us that we were scared because we ran, not that we ran because we were scared.

She gave a little lesson on human behavior, which I have not forgotten. She talked about people acting in a certain way until they came to believe it. Like movie stars acting as though they were in love; pretty soon they'd be divorcing a spouse and going for their latest film co-star.

She professed not to be scared of bears—of course WE were always scared of bears—but she was scared of something else. She was more nervous about skunks and porcupines, probably with good reason, but I don't recall our ever having an incident at the toilet with a porcupine or skunk.

#### OUTHOUSE AT NIGHT – STARLIGHT

MYRNA: Lots of times you'd have to go out in the middle of the night. If there was a moon, you didn't bother with a flashlight, but especially when we were younger, we used to like the flashlight, and it seemed like we never had the foresight to put one by our bed or anything. It was always wake up in the night and search the house for a flashlight.

It seems to me like we were always facing the big dipper. The stars were so bright up there, and we could always see the big dipper. I only remember snowshoes to the toilet very few times.

## PAPER CRISIS - NEW OUTHOUSE

It was aggravating to go clear out to the toilet and find no toilet paper, which meant another trip back to the house.

"Barney, are you building a house or an outhouse?" asked one of the sawmill workers, when he helped carry in the spring supply of case goods, including toilet paper Barney bought in bulk. When the toilet paper supply would run out, that's when the Sears & Roebuck catalog made its appearance in the outhouse.

MYRNA: I remember the new outhouse. I'm not sure how old I was when we got that. I'm going to guess it was somewhere around seven. I can't remember where the old one was, or anything. But I just remember it was pretty neat having a new one.

### WHO LOCKED THE DOOR TO THE OUTHOUSE?

M'JEAN: At supper one night when Barney said, "Who locked the door to the outhouse?" We knew we were in trouble. There was a loose board in one wall which just gave us enough space to scootch through, and we had forgotten to go back and unlock the door. Barney was pretty mad about that.

### PRESSURE COOKER DOWN THE HOLE

Our second cousin, Gwen South, told of her plight when she was pretty young and was assigned to dump the spoiled food in their pressure cooker in the outhouse. In the process of emptying out the food, she dropped the pressure cooker. It was their best pan. So when she came back to the house with no pressure cooker—well, they couldn't do without it. She went back out, and Rich went with her to hold her feet while she went—upside down, head first—to retrieve the pan.

MYRNA: Well, there were other things about the outhouse, but they're probably not that fun to actually write into the history.

## Showerhouse

**M**emorable for everyone who lived at the mill in the days of the old Rumely steam engine was the shower house.

BARRY: The steam engine that powered the mill provided a nice benefit for the people in Camp, the hot steam shower. Baths at Camp were usually a Saturday night event. By keeping the fire in the steamer late on Saturday, we had hot boiler water, which was piped into a nearby shower house. Some valves would turn on a nice warm shower with all the water we wanted. A second pipe ran live hot steam inside. With hot water and steam we had a really good steam bath.

DION SOUTH: Remember the showerhouse was there!

BERNIE: That had to be the best thing invented up there. It must have rivaled the Swedish saunas.

DAN SOUTH: Here's the highlight of the old mill. I don't know who built the shower, but they had a shower built, and of course the steam engine made the hot water, see. So everybody would go shower—not all at the same time, but they would go shower.

MAUREEN KNAPP: When Uncle Barney got the steam up, we had shower days—girls showered one day, the boys the next.

ELAYNE BYBEE: the steam engine's warm, warm water was welcomed on Saturday night, for it was bath night at the mill. Men, women, and chil-

"By keeping the fire in the steamer late on Saturday, we had hot boiler water piped into a nearby shower house. Some valves would turn on a nice warm shower with all the water we wanted. A second pipe ran live hot steam inside." (Barry)





dren took their turn in the stall open to the sky.

BERNIE: Saturday nights people lined up from both camps for a turn in that old shower house. [The second camp was at Gene's portable mill up on Split Creek.]

BARRY: The size of the shower house was maybe 6x8 feet. It had a bench on one side, and a 2 in. high gap ran along the wall near the ceiling above the bench. It was a vent and it was fun to stand on the bench in thick steam fog, and look out the vent and breathe the cool air.

BERNIE: You could turn on the steam valve and sure clear out the mosquitoes. But when you turned it off you didn't have much time to get your clothes on before they attacked again.

BARRY: I remember being in the shower house when it was completely fogged full from the hot steam.

MYRNA: I remember taking a shower—I couldn't describe the house or anything, but I do remember going in there, and I remember the smell of the steam—the steamy wood, I guess. I'm not sure that I really liked it, but it's kind of been nostalgic, ever since then all my life when I smell steamy wood, when I smell a smell similar to that, it kind of brought back a good memory to me.

M'JEAN: I didn't like it. The shower house was awfully hot and steamy, and I didn't enjoy going there. It seems like we had a routine. David and Barry would go in first and take their shower, and they'd be out—there was a kind of a little outer room—dressing room. They'd go out and get into their clothes. Then we'd go in there. There was a large showerhead where the water came out.

Myrna and I were just little, so we stood on this little bench. There was a tiny window. It was rectangular shaped and probably about as high as the width of one log. We would stand there with our faces up to that little window breathing in the fresh air, because we felt the steam to be suffocating us.

## SATURDAY NIGHT BATHS

BARRY: The alternative to the steam shower was a tub in the house. The water was carried from the well, heated on the stove and poured into the tub.

DAVID: We had a stove that had a part [reservoir] that had been built on to it that would hold about three buckets of water. As you cooked, warming the water, you had hot water in that reservoir. When bath time came you had a tub, would pour cold water in, and water out of the reservoir to get it warm enough to keep from freezing. The littlest kids got the first bath and then the bigger kids got the second bath then the biggest kids got the third bath and Dad and Mom got the last one in the same tub of water.

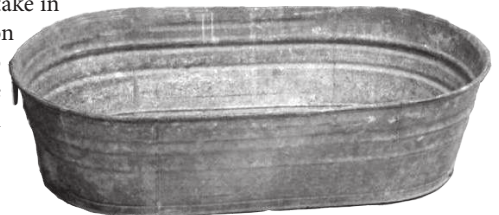
### DIP IN THE CREEK

That is why most of us when we got to a certain age would go up and jump in the creek to wash up. Tom Creek was only a mile away. You could get up there pretty easy.

The water in the creek was always colder than heck but it was not as cold as the snow. Snow temperature was always in the lowest 30's or upper 20's but the creek water was usually about 45 or 50. It ran down over the ground that was heated by the sun.

So you would go up there, and the last bath or two you would take in the fall in the creek, you would take an old blanket and throw it on the snow and build a fire next to it. Then you would strip off and go jump in the creek, clean up and then you would go stand by the fire as you dried out and get dressed. It was exciting. It was cold but still a lot warmer than snow.

"The alternative to the steam shower was a tub in the house. The water was carried from the well, heated on the stove and poured into the tub."  
(Barry)





**BARRY**

"A small jackpine Dad had cut fell and hit me on the back of my head. The knot hit just above the eye and cut a gash there. It just about shoved the knot into my eye." (*Barry*)

Eventually the weather was too cold for even the most hardy souls to tolerate Tom Creek temperatures. On Saturday nights, it was back to the galvanized tub on the kitchen floor in front of a roaring fire in the kitchen stove, with a teakettle of hot water added to the bathwater for each bather.

## *Accidents*

Once the South family had moved to Island Park for the summer season, everyone stayed put until heavy snow dictated the time to return to Idaho Falls for the winter. Barney's log and lumber deliveries to the valley were generally the only exceptions.

Other trips to the outside world were usually to the doctor, sometimes on an emergency basis. When in the middle of a work day Marj would suddenly see the Federal barreling down the road coming from the direction of the logging area on Split Creek, her heart would be in her throat, realizing something bad had happened.

David and Barry took turns having head wounds stitched up in the doctor's office in Ashton. M'Jean had stitches in her lip. Barry broke his leg. David broke his arm. But for being in such a hazardous environment and involved in such dangerous work, the family was very fortunate in having no more injuries than they did.

### **MOWER BLADE CUT**

BARRY: When I was little it seemed that I had my share of bumps and bruises. Just having an older brother insured a certain number of them; but there were others also. One day Dad was sharpening a big mowing machine blade. He filed one side and then he told all of us who were watching to stand back while he turned it over. I didn't move far enough back, and the blade hit me in the forehead.

### **WELL BUCKET CUT**

David and I were sent to the well for a bucket of water one day. The place for keeping the well bucket was upside down on a 2 x 6 post sticking up above our heads. A good sharp pull on the rope would jerk the bucket off the post, and it would fall inside the well casing. This time it fell outside the casing and hit me in the forehead. I was hauled out again for stitches. I still have the scars from the bucket and the mowing machine blade.

### **BROKEN LEG**

David and I liked to play on the lumber piles, and it was especially fun to tip them over. One particular pile was just right for tipping over but we had to get it swaying back and forth before it would go down. I decided to move from one end of the pile to the other end while David was still pushing on it. The pile fell over and landed on my leg. The leg broke and I landed in the hospital for a set and a cast on my leg.

### **CROSS-CUT CUT**

The early days of timber cutting were with axes and cross-cut saws. I used to watch the long pieces of sawdust come from the razor sharp teeth of the cross-cuts in the logs. When I got the chance I would grab a saw and cut on a log. One time I was cutting away and very neatly cut a gash in my leg when I moved it up too close to the saw.

### KNOT HEAD

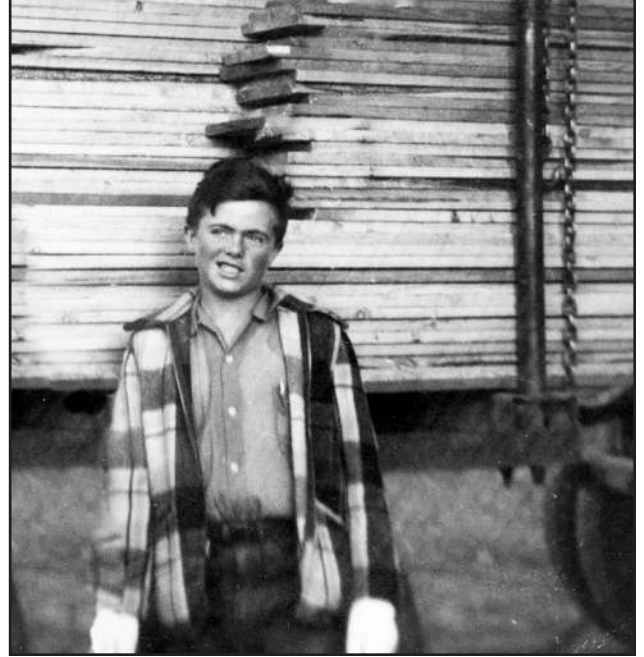
After we got chain saws in the woods, my job, a lot of the time, was to measure the logs. I used a small pole for a measuring stick. Once as I was leaning over the tree to mark the cut, a small jackpine Dad had cut, fell and hit me on the back of my head. My head was knocked into the tree I was leaning over and struck a dry knot. The knot hit just above the eye and cut a gash there. It just about shoved the knot into my eye.

### SKIDDING ACCIDENT

DAVID: I used to run skid horse. I would ride the horse, and the horse would pull the logs, and then there'd be an adult that would attach the logs to the horse and unattach them, when we got them to the landing. One time, I remember, that my horse and I took off, and the logs smacked into an overgrown sapling that had dried out, and it came crashing down on my head and caused about an inch and a half gash. The gash then had to be sewed up, which meant that my dad had to take me about an hour and a half down to Ashton to get a doctor to sew me up. When we got back, he insisted from then on that we wear hard hats, so that—he said if I'd a' had a hard hat on, all I'd a' had was a headache, instead of a gash.

### HARD HATS

So we then went to wearing hard hats--that we found were most effective for—hitting the rough grouse. We could sling the hat at a rough grouse and knock its head off, or knock it silly, until we could gather it up. Then we'd gather up the grouse—and they are extremely good eating. We'd take home grouse whenever we could get 'em.



### DAVID

"An overgrown sapling that had dried out came crashing down on my head and caused about an inch and a half gash. My dad had to take me to Ashton to get a doctor to sew me up." (David)

## School 1951

Frosty mornings and the start of school arrived together. Marj never minded making the scenic drive to the schoolhouse through the woods, with accents of bright yellow aspens and foliage turning red and orange among the green pines. The schoolhouse was 10 miles from the sawmill. Parents were paid to drive their own and neighboring children to school. On school days, the family car, the navy blue '46 Chevrolet, became "the bus."

BARRY: After a year or two the school was moved to Macks Inn. I went to that school up through the eighth grade for about three months each fall. There were usually about thirty to forty students from the first to the eighth graders.

There were two rooms in the school and a basement. Sometimes there were two teachers but usually just one. The upper graders helped teach the lower graders. We played a lot of different games at the school. We played lots of football or we played in the river down by the bridge. On days when the weather was bad we played dodge ball or other games in the basement.

M'JEAN: I don't remember taking sack lunches. Sometimes David, Barry, and I, walked down to Mack's Inn and ordered hamburgers. Other times we stopped at Ponds on the way and bought a Little Jack Horner pie and a bottle of pop.

## Chapter 83

# Diesel Power & Trusty Trucks

Life is a lot like a trip down the side of a mountain; we must steer through tough spots. You have to decide on your route long before you are in danger.—BARNEY

Barney knew steam engines. He knew what they could do and what they needed to stay operational. He had overhauled and rebuilt steam engines. Barney had had a very long and respectful relationship with those great iron titans.

In 1916, Barney was a lad of eleven when his father, Samuel South, acquired the steam-powered sawmill in Monte Cristo, Utah. That first steam engine was the Nichols and Shepard, which they moved from Utah to Idaho on the train. It was left at Split Creek when they bought the Case engine to power the sawmill when it was relocated near the siding. The Case was replaced by the more powerful, two-cylinder Rumely. It was the Rumely which went through the fire of 1937. After a 30-day overhaul, Barney had it going again, and it was moved, along with a new mill, closer to the railroad tracks.

### TRIP TO SEATTLE

But whatever attachment Barney had to those steam engines, he was a man for progress, and the time had come for a diesel engine. When Barney set out to buy a diesel, he took the family to Seattle to make the purchase. It was the only extended trip the family took. They did some touring and stayed in motels.

BERNIE: One spring Barney took his family in a '46 Chevy (the first car they had owned following the war) and went on a trip to the Pacific Northwest. They saw the Columbia River, toured a lot of big mills, and while there he arranged to get a diesel engine. It was a GMC. It was referred to as a marine engine. Maybe it turned opposite direction of some other diesels. Anyway it was a war surplus item, which made it affordable. I seem to remember \$1500.00 as a price. Maybe the rotation had to be changed. I don't remember the details.

BARRY: When I was about 10, Dad took the family to Seattle, Washington, where he bought a navy surplus Grey Marine diesel engine to replace the steam engine.

#### PHOTO NOTES:

##### GAS TANK

To supply his vehicles with gas, Barney had a large silver gas tank, which stood high off the ground on four steel legs. It was serviced by a gas company, which sent in a big tanker truck periodically. The gas tank was located about 20 yards north of the house.

##### THE TOILET

(barely visible beyond gas tank to the left)

##### GRANDPA KNAPP'S OLD, OLD CABIN

(far to the north on the road to Tom Creek)

##### FEDERAL TRUCK





DAVID SOUTH  
Hauling diesel to the  
Gray Marine Diesel Engine

BARRY SOUTH  
Taking the cat along





BARRY, MARJ, BARNEY  
MYRNA, M'JEAN

David snapped the one  
and only picture of the  
Trip to Seattle  
in front of one of the  
motels where the family  
stayed

This had to be before  
the ferryboat ride across  
Puget Sound when  
Barry's hat blew off and  
sailed away on the ocean.

## MEMORIES OF THE TRIP

M'JEAN: Marj had made batch after batch of oatmeal cookies, and she took oranges, too. We didn't stop and eat at restaurants very much. We ate cookies and oranges. We stayed in motels. One motel was near a motor-vu, and you could look out the window and see the movie—at a disadvantaged angle—but could not hear the sound. We thought it was a swell location. We saw huge waterfalls, many of them, and I always wanted to go back and take a trip through the northwest and see those waterfalls.

MYRNA: I kinda remember some big rivers and some big bridges and taking oatmeal cookies in the car. It seems to me that we stayed in a little motel on the seashore, and actually, that's kind of fascinated me all my life—the memory. But it might also be the same motel where there were bedbugs, and that was pretty creepy. Gross, awful. And then I remember the ferryboat ride, driving the car onto this boat. The main thing I remember there is that Barry lost his hat.

During the ferryboat ride across Puget Sound the boys were standing on the deck. Suddenly the wind whisked Barry's hat off his head, and it landed on the ocean water.

Barney and Marj were behind some kind of glass barrier when they saw the hat sail away and Barry's distraught look, as if he were about to jump after it. Marj had probably never seen Barney move so fast as when he bolted around that barrier out onto the deck to prevent a possible disaster.

## DIESEL POWER VS STEAM POWER

DAVID: A significant change came when Barney replaced the mill's Rumely steam engine with a rebuilt, six-cylinder, diesel engine. Made by General Motors, such units were often called Jimmy Diesel. But our diesel had yet another nickname: The Gray Marine, since it had been fitted with a drive pulley and used on board a ship during World War II. The Jimmy Diesel became an American favorite and dominated the diesel engine market for many years.

### "FREE FIRE"

The Rumely was still in use when I became really aware of the sawmill. It took

one person, full-time, to keep a head of steam in it. And what they would do is cut the slabs into 3-and-a-half foot lengths and throw them in the firebox to burn to create the fire for running the sawmill. Now, you'd think it would be cheap—and I always used to think, "Golly, you get free fire," but the reality was that you had to hire somebody, and sometimes two people to cut enough wood to burn for that steam engine.

#### \$1.25 AN HOUR

Despite the fact that it required the purchasing of diesel fuel, Barney explained how it was still a better deal than the Rumely. I asked him about it, and he said, "I can run that sawmill all day long with three dollars' worth of diesel. If I have to pay a man a dollar and a quarter an hour to feed the steam engine, you can see that it's vastly more expensive."

The Rumely had other drawbacks as well: It had to be fired-up an hour before you could actually use it. Rain often postponed that firing-up process, sometimes to the point of wasting half of a workday. With the diesel, if you decided to start sawing, you could fire it up and be running in minutes.

### RUMELY RETIRED

After Barney installed the diesel engine at the sawmill, the old Rumely steam engine was retired to a spot in the woods about 200 feet north of the cabin.

BERNIE: When the steam engine was taken out of the engine shed, I think Gene towed it with his cat out behind the little clearing behind Barney's outhouse and chicken coop.

BARRY: It was quite the event to tear down the engine building and tow the old steamer out to the bone yard. After Dad replaced the steamer with a diesel, Grandpa worked in the woods most of the time.

### NO MORE SHOWERHOUSE

BERNIE: It changed a lot of things in Island Park. It saved cutting a lot of slabs for use in the firebox to keep steam up. It eliminated getting up early mornings to get up steam. It also did away with a great thing--the old shower house with its steam bath!

BARRY: Of course when the steam engine got hauled off into the woods, that was the end of the showers. It's needless to say we really hated to lose the shower house.



#### DAVID SOUTH

The sawmill took on a new appearance without the steam engine. "It was quite the event to tear down the engine building and tow the old steamer out to the bone yard." (Barry)



AMY LUND (*Barney's great-granddaughter*)

Rings the dinner bell which Barney salvaged, now hanging from Barry's porch, with the handiest iron implement: pickaroon. "Marj would have one of us kids ring the dinner bell at noon to call the men for dinner and again at 6:00 for supper." (*M'Jean*)

## DINNER BELL COULDN'T COMPETE

Once the steam engine no longer powered the sawmill, another longtime tradition was changed. During the Great Depression at a time when the Souths could not run the sawmill, Barney was afraid the dinner bell might disappear, so he buried it for safe keeping.

It used to hang outside the kitchen door of the old cabin. In the years when the steam engine was in use, the dinner bell could be heard by the crew out at the sawmill.

M'JEAN: When Marj was close to having a meal on the table, she would have one of us kids ring the bell at noon to call the men for dinner and again at 6:00 for supper. She never had any trouble finding someone willing to ring the dinner bell. We clanged the bell with a stout iron clanger in a circular motion. It made a terrific sound, and ringing the bell never got old.

When the steam engine was replaced by the noisy diesel motor, the dinnerbell could no longer be heard out at the sawmill. Gone were days of calling the men in at mealtime by ringing the dinner bell.

## BARNEY HAULED DIESEL TO SLC

BERNIE: One winter Barney hauled his diesel to SLC where one of Marj's cousins, LeRoy Walters, had his students in the old vocational school on 600 East completely overhaul it. He used to visit Island Park each summer and fish. He would go out to the mill and just listen to that diesel run and always acted so thrilled to just listen to it. He told Barney it was a great engine. He advised Barney on how to winterize it.

## TWO CLUNKERS

With the diesel powering the sawmill, David and Barry were no longer helping to fire a steam engine. And they were too small to do much offbearing. Less time spent at the sawmill meant more time in the woods, but also more time to hone their driving skills. Barney saw to it that they had that chance.

BARRY: Dad bought two old clunk cars for us at a city auction. He took them up there, and we got to drive those cars quite a bit. One was a '37 Dodge and the other a '41 Chev. The older one gave up pretty quick but the Chev became our truly old run-about. One of our first runs with it was a speed try down the Eccles Road. We got caught in the sand and lost control and took out about six fence posts and a quarter mile of barbed wire. I was pretty proud of my driving abilities when I was young.

BERNIE: Barry drove the Dodge mainly. They drove all around camp. They ran out of gas and carried gas and drove some more. David had the Chev and they traded--one, one day the other the next.

DAVID: Barney bought us two, beat-up, old cars at a police auction: a 1937 Dodge that was a real loser and a 1941 Chevy that ran like a champ. The Chev became Barry's and my car. We drove it wherever we wanted, whenever we wanted, as long as we didn't take it out on the highway. Our driving privileges depended on keeping that rule, so we did, and in the process, the backcountry roads became ours!





From then on, driving the logging truck from the woods to our mill became my job, but I didn't mind.

## *Two New Trucks*

**B**arney's next upgrade in horsepower was in the logging end of his operation.

BERNIE: One spring he had two new trucks, not new, but new to him:

The '47 Chevy with the Brown-Lipe 3 speed over and under and direct drive; The Army six by six. The six wheeler had tandem duals, and if it got loaded too heavy the front end got light, especially if you went up grade.

Barney bought the army truck and '47 Chev the same year, after Dad (Grandpa Knapp) stopped working as custodian of the temple and worked for him.

### **BARRY DROVE FAST - GRANDPA NERVOUS**

It used to make my dad nervous to drive with Barry. Barry would drive the Chevy, and David would drive the Federal. Barry could outrun David in the Federal. The Chevy 3-speed Brown-Lipe transmission had a high range and low range, and the truck itself had a midrange, so the truck had 3 ranges of speed. Barry drove too fast; he liked it.

The first day Barry drove the Chevy to the woods with the semi I was behind him as he left camp. My dad was riding with me. He said, after Barry outran us all the way across the flat, 3-4 miles, "You had better get ahead of him before he starts up the timber road or he's liable to run into a tree."

I tried, I really tried at one place where there were two roads for about a quarter of a mile that went parallel to each other and then joined again into one road. But the old Federal didn't have it against the Brown-Lipe and BARRY! So

M'JEAN, MARJ, MYRNA, BARRY  
A good outfit to lean on—and count on, the Federal was not only Barney's logging truck and delivery vehicle, for some years it served as the "family car."



BARNEY SOUTH

"Barney bought the army truck and '47 Chev the same year. The Chevy had a 3-speed Brown-Lipe transmission. Barry would drive the Chevy and David would drive the Federal.

Barry could outrun David.

It used to make Grandpa nervous to drive with Barry."

*(Bernie Knapp)*

he won. His little friend 9 years old was bouncing nearly to the top of the cab as they flew across the bumps along the way.

My dad, every time he had a choice, would drive with David in the Federal. Going fast over those bumps in the road, as heavy as Dad was, made it pretty uncomfortable. David would drive enough slower that it was easier for him in the Federal. Some of the time David drove the army truck. But they took turns also with the trucks.

BARRY: I was about 8-9 years old when Dad bought two more trucks. They were used, but new to us. One of the trucks was a simple, small, two ton, 1946 Chevy with a single axle trailer. We used it for hauling logs out of the woods, and for delivering the lumber and house logs that we sold.

#### 6X6 – SPECIAL TRUCK

The other truck was really special. It was a six-wheel drive Studebaker army truck. It was geared low and built high. We figured it could go just about anywhere. All of the time that I lived in the woods I wanted an army jeep. There were so many great places to go that could not be reached by a two-wheel drive vehicle. The army truck was pretty big, but what it lacked in maneuverability it made up for in brute strength. The front bumper was good for pushing over small trees. Stumps could be straddled. Down falls could be driven over.

#### CLIMB MOUNTAINS

That was probably my favorite truck in the world. That thing would go anywhere and climb any mountain, and push any tree over, never get stuck—drive through all kinds of water.

Dad let David and me use the 6x6 for a lot of our recreational trips. We could drive to most of our favorite fishing and hunting spots. We could pull about any vehicle that was stuck in the mud or snow. The bumper was about 30" high. I remember driving in a fresh powdery snowfall and pushing snow with the bumper.

#### BIG TRUCK WITH "NO DRIVER"

David and I had 3 big cushions in the truck to prop us higher and closer to the controls so we could see better and reach the pedals. We were sent out one time to pull out a stuck fisherman from a mud hole. Afterward he reported that as the big truck was approaching, he couldn't see a driver. He was surprised and concerned when he saw two kids get out. He was also grateful to have his pickup pulled out of the mud.



### DRAGGING LUMBER SKIDS

We found another great use for the 6x6. We built some skids out of timbers that we placed at the sawmill and then stacked the lumber on the skids as it came off the saw. The 6x6 came in about every day from the woods loaded with logs, and it was simple to hook onto a lumber skid. The power and weight of the loaded truck could easily pull a big pile of lumber away from the mill. This saved a lot of time hand loading and unloading the lumber.

## *Puddle Drenching*

BARRY: I've mentioned the big mud puddles up there. One thing about the 6x6. The windshield was hinged at the top, so it could swing up and out until it was level. I had learned that by driving through a big mud puddle quite fast a lot of water would splash up and forward, and then back to the windshield. If the windshield was up, that water would suddenly come right into the cab.

And that's something I knew exactly would happen when you did that. I had a pretty nice, big wide-brimmed hard hat on my head, and my two sisters were in the truck with me and I thought, "Ah, now's my chance." There was a big mud puddle, and I drove through that mud puddle pretty fast, and I ducked my head and covered my face with that hat, and those two got drenched, and that was lots of fun.

M'Jean is sitting here just laughing about that. Do you remember that, M'Jean? (Laughing)

M'JEAN: Oh, yes. (Also laughing). It was fun for you. We were so surprised. We didn't know what hit us.

BARRY: It was fun to remember both from the view point of the perpetrator and the victims.

### FAVORITE TRUCK

I have owned a lot of trucks in my life. The old six by six was my favorite.

### DAD TAUGHT – RESPONSIBLE JOB

Dad taught me a lot about driving. When I was twelve and thirteen, one of my main jobs was working in the woods at cutting, skidding, and loading logs. I would also haul logs to the mill. I usually made two trips per day.

### WOODS ROADS - DUGWAYS

The roads into the woods were narrow and rough. There were dugways on the roads that were so steep that the trucks would barely pull the loads up the hill. Sometimes we even used chalk blocks to insure that if the truck did stop on the hill it would not roll back down and off the road.

The roads were rough, steep and muddy. I had to know how to do it or Dad would not have assigned the job to me.

### LOST & FOUND

One time David and I were driving one vehicle to Island Park, and Barney was driving another. David was about 14, and he was driving. We were a little unsure about the navigation. We drove up through Lewisville, then Menan, then pulled up to the entrance to the main highway. Just then the Federal went past, and we pulled out on the highway behind it and followed Barney. That felt pretty good.



### 6X6 ARMY TRUCK

"That was probably my favorite truck in the world. That thing would go anywhere and climb any mountain and push any tree over."

(Barry)



ANDY SEALANDER, BARNEY,  
ELMER SNOWBALL

Possibly Andy and Elmer were  
the guys in the truck with  
Barney when they went over the  
side of the dugway and were  
glad they lived to tell about it.

GRANDPA JUSTIN KNAPP  
"We worked with Grandpa  
Knapp all the time up in the  
woods. He'd grown up all his life  
working with horses." (Barry)



## Barney and the Dugway

DAVID: A dugway is a road, usually with zig-zags and blind, hairpin turns, that runs up the side of a hill or mountain. My dad once told me a story that involved him and two companions, in a 1.5 ton logging truck that he was driving, up a steep dugway. Barney and his friends knew that a blind, hairpin corner — not wide enough for two trucks to pass each other — topped this particular dugway. That meant that if a truck going uphill met a truck going downhill, the downhill had the right of way, especially if it was loaded.

Now, keep in mind that this particular incident that Barney told me about occurred in the 1930s when most trucks did not have good brakes. Sure enough, the unthinkable happened. At the dugway's hairpin turn, Barney's small truck met a big, log-loaded truck coming down. That gave Barney two choices, each potentially deadly: collide with the truck or go over the side of the mountain.

Barney immediately chose the latter. He turned his truck over the edge of the dugway where there was a nearly vertical drop of about six feet, followed by the rest of that extremely steep hill that terminated at a creek.

### "WOW - LUCKY"

Going down, Barney plowed the truck through some thick huckleberry bushes, into a large willow patch, zigged through a second willow patch and zagged into a third willow patch. That got the truck to a more level part, where Barney was able to stop it before they hit the creek. "Wow," one of the companions yelled. "Wow, you were really lucky! You just went through one bunch of brush, then another and another and they slowed you down, so we didn't wreck!"

### IT WAS NOT ALL LUCK

"Indeed, we were lucky," Barney replied. "But it was not all luck. I had that route planned. I have been on that blind corner, both coming and going, quite a few times. So, I had considered what to do if forced off the road. I plotted a course through those brush patches, knowing they would slow the truck down and keep it from turning over. Some time ago, I had looked the area over and determined that there was only one way to get down that hill: aim for and go through those patches!"

### LIFE - LIKE A TRIP DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

Dad told me that life is a lot like a trip down the side of a mountain. We are barely in control and must steer the course that will best benefit us. Many times, we must steer through tough spots. It is there that we learn and get the valuable experience we need, even when it is a "dragging" experience. Most importantly, you have to decide on your route long before you are in danger. Most often when danger occurs, you don't have time to then properly determine a solution.

Had my dad waited for the emergency to plan his route, it would not have worked because he went over that dugway at an angle that made seeing the brush an impossibility. But he knew it was there; he had examined the area and planned his route in advance. In other words, Barney was prepared.

I always thought that was a pretty good story that illustrates how to keep your life in order and plan it out ahead of time, so you are ready to deal with hair-raising situations.

### GENERATION GAP

BARRY: I spent lots of time with Marj's parents, Justin Knapp and Mabel Knapp. We worked with Grandpa Knapp all the time up in the woods. He was a guy that absolutely loved horses. He'd grown up all his life working with horses. He'd driven teams. There's a picture floating around in the family somewhere,





where he was—I think he was driving a team of as many as 26 horses on a thresh-  
er. Really classy-looking picture.

As we were working with him up in the woods, he really enjoyed those horses  
for skidding logs and whatever. But here I was, a kid, 12 years old, and he would  
rather have me drive the truck than him drive the truck, cause he just didn't feel  
good operating equipment.

#### LOOKING BACK

About 2 or 3 weeks ago I stopped and talked to Allen Knapp—that's Al's son,  
or another one of Grandpa's grandkids. Allen Knapp is probably 50 years old now,  
maybe a little more. And we started talking about Grandpa, and Allen says, "You  
know, I remember him as kinda being a grouchy old grandpa, but when I talk to  
my dad," he says, "my dad really tells me how fun-loving and great a guy he was"  
and he says, "that kinda shows you the generation difference."

And I says, "Yeah, I worked with Grandpa a lot and knew him really well, and  
he was a guy that, I think really had a hard time adapting to the modern world—  
the modern world being cars with automatic transmission and trucks instead of  
horses," and I made the comment to Allen, I says, "back when I knew him then  
I really thought that he fit the older generation a lot better, and now I feel the  
same way about myself. I fit the older generation a lot better than the younger  
generation." And Allen said, "Yeah, I know what you mean. I feel the same way."

M'JEAN, BARNEY, MARJ,  
BABY SUSAN (*born 1952*)  
Ready to deliver a load  
of sawn-on-three-sides  
houselogs in the 1947  
Chev truck.

(*Note the rolled pant leg  
cuffs, which was actually the  
style at the time, as per the  
Sears & Roebuck catalog.*)



AMY LUND (*top*)  
NATALIE LUND  
(*bottom*)

Barney's great  
granddaughters  
pose with his now  
antiquated '47  
Chevy logging  
truck.

M'JEAN  
& MYRNA  
SOUTH  
Marj sewed  
the royal blue  
corduroy  
drop seat  
coveralls with  
red buttons,  
along with a  
matching pair  
of her own.  
The little  
heart-shaped  
loquets  
opened up.



## Chapter 84

# Mud Pies n' Dolls

Snips n' snails & puppy dogs' tails, That's what little boys are made of.  
Sugar n' spice & everything nice, That's what little girls are made of.

**M**'Jean and Myrna Lynn were partly girly and partly tomboy. It varied hour to hour throughout the day. Every day. Marj was very protective of her children, which was a real challenge in such a rugged environment.

She followed Hannah's example in protecting her girls' faces from the sun. Out-fitted with cowboy boots to protect against the weeds and gravel, cowboy hats as defense against sunburn, and a coating of lemon juice on their faces to keep away the freckles, they would go out to play.

M'JEAN & MYRNA  
The cowboy hats were for sunburn protection in the high altitude of Island Park. Lemon juice on their faces was supposed to deter freckling.

### HAZARDOUS PLAYGROUND

Her kids had a diverse and dangerous playground. There were hazards on all sides: the nearby railroad tracks with the passing trains, section crews, and occasional hobos. There were open wells, scattered sawmill machinery and equipment, stacks of logs and lumber. And then there was the forest itself, which could quickly swallow up a child who had wandered off. Yet they were relatively unaware of the perils when they went out to play. They simply knew to don their cowboy hats to keep the sun off their faces and come home if they heard the car horn.

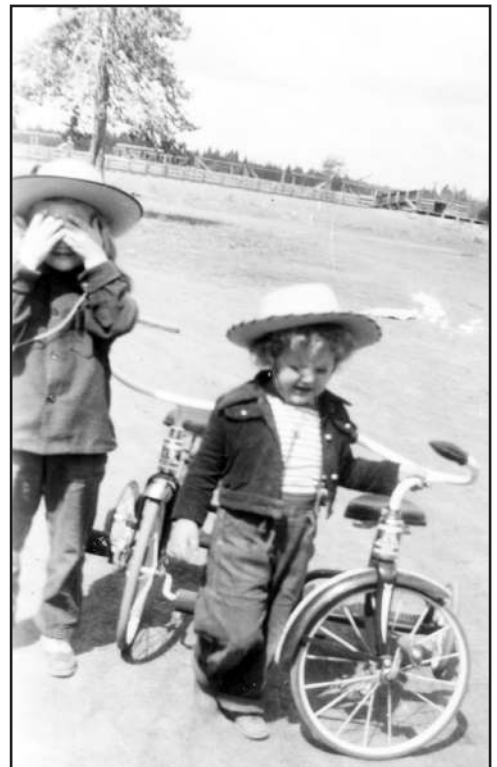
### MAKING OUR ROUNDS

MYRNA: When I was growing up in Island Park, we made our rounds from time to time--not that we discovered anything, really.

#### STEAM ENGINE

There was a steam engine out in the woods not far from our house--previously used to run the sawmill, and we would go out and play on it. We would check the grease and oil. There was a little place that you could lift it, and that was the grease cap, and then there was the oil gauge. And there was a place that you put wood in.

Every day we'd go through our routine of checking everything, opening it, and shutting, and climbing all over it. It seems to me we played on that, just all the time.







#### GAS TANK

Barney bought gas from a company which sent up a truck periodically to refill the tank. "We'd climb up there and play on it."  
(*M'Jean*)

#### MYRNA

The little swing hung from trees near the gas tank. "Mostly I remember my mother pushing me in the swing. Seems like I would ask to be pushed incessantly."  
(*Myrna*)



#### GAS TANK - SWING

M'JEAN: We also played on top of the gas tank. It had some gauges and gadgets, too, so we'd climb up on there and play around on it.

In the clump of trees by the gas tank was the swing, and Myrna never got tired of swinging.

MYRNA: Mostly I remember my mother pushing me in the swing. Seems like I would ask to be pushed incessantly.

#### "PLAY SAWMILL"

Then off to the old sawmill, a carriage remaining, mostly, and we would scoot boards over the rollers and pretend to be sawing.

M'JEAN: In a logging and sawmill camp, old sawmill parts were plentiful. We had observed enough of what went on out at the sawmill to mimic its operation.

#### STRAWBERRY PATCHES - "BEAR CABIN" - WOODPECKER HOLE

MYRNA: Then we had to check all of our strawberry patches; they were not plentiful. Somewhat close to one of our patches was the cabin our grandfather had stayed in. We would stop in and play the pump organ (its final resting place), then go have a look at the cabin where supposedly a bear had lived, passing the woodpecker hole on the way. I don't recall ever seeing a woodpecker in Island Park, but one tree had a very nice round woodpecker hole in it. Well, it was towards Tom's Creek, down the railroad tracks a little ways, probably just on the other side of Grandpa's old cabin.

#### STOCKYARDS - TRAIN TRACKS - PICNIC

Backtracking a bit we'd cross the railroad tracks to the stockyards. Oh, they

were fun. We would swing on the gates back and forth, We'd go from "room to room" almost as though we were herding our cattle. We'd go up and down the chutes. We knew which one was the sheep chute and the cow chute. We'd go in the weighing house and play with the scales. And I guess maybe we'd try to weigh each other or pretend to weigh the cows.

We went on a picnic one time. We had ham sandwiches—we rarely had ham.

M'JEAN: It was pretty cloudy when we started out with our little paper sack lunch, heading towards the flat. We went over the railroad tracks near the north end of the stockyards.

MYRNA: And it started to rain, so we ducked under the cattle chute and ate





our sandwiches.

M'JEAN: Marj indulged us by making those sandwiches. I remember how good that hot ham was. I guess it was maybe a little cold by the time we got to the stockyards, and it was raining, and that ham was hot, and it really tasted good.

MYRNA: The best ham I ever had.

#### GRASSHOPPERS IN POP BOTTLE

M'JEAN: There was a big open, somewhat circular area fairly close to the railroad tracks where Barney and the boys stacked piles of lumber, which were fun to play on.

MYRNA: Speaking of that circle, because it comes right to my mind, that's where we were going out to catch grasshoppers all the time.

M'JEAN: It was quite weedy, and there were always a lot of grasshoppers. They would jump all around that area, and the cat would jump after them. We caught a bunch, too.

MYRNA: We'd stuff as many grasshoppers as we could in a pop bottle. I don't know why we weren't a little smarter, wondering how we'd ever get those out, because we never could get them out. We wanted to feed them to the cat.

M'JEAN: Oh, we could get them out. We shook them out, a few at a time and watched the cat pounce on them.

MYRNA: Okay, so, but then, at the bottom it would get kinda wet and sticky and we couldn't get them out. But as I remember, the cat liked them, and we thought we were doing the cat a big favor.

M'JEAN: That's disgusting.

MYRNA: I suppose it is.

#### MUD PUDDLES

There were always these little blue butterflies in the mud, in the mud puddles. We used to go out and watch the butterflies and sometimes try to catch them. And then if we were really lucky, we got to see Monarchs and other beautiful variety, but the little blue ones you could kinda count on being there.

#### M'JEAN & MYRNA

The Souths' cabin is on the left, the railroad tracks and stockyards behind. To the right of the trucks is the weedy area great for catching grasshoppers to feed to the cat.

Sitting on the bike is the sheepherder, Bert Miller. To his right is Marj's brother, Warren Knapp. The boy with the dark coat is probably Steve Knapp, playing with a friend.





## Chicken Feed

**R**ight next to the L-shaped cabin was the bunkhouse, where things like chicken feed and Marj's canning jars were stored. And where often a slab of meat (sometimes illegal), was kept away from the heat, the flies, and the game warden.

M'JEAN: We inherited from our brothers the job of feeding the chickens and gathering eggs. Chickens will eat about anything. (Probably why Marj wouldn't eat chicken, unless it was grouse or sage hen). But in addition to whatever they scavenged on their own, we fed the chickens wheat and mash, stored in the bunkhouse and carried out by the chicken coop in buckets. The mash we put in a trough; the wheat we just tossed out on the gravel. They ate gravel anyway. Else what's a gizzard for?

Feeding the chickens was a pretty good job for little kids, but I remember gathering the eggs was scary. Just walking inside the chicken coop was a little unnerving, because the chickens would look you over, along with your little egg bowl, and blink, blink, squawk, flutter, make a dive, and when you got close enough to grab an egg, PECK!

## WAREHOUSE - ORGAN

M'JEAN: Next to the bunkhouse was the warehouse--a favorite place to play. In order to get into the warehouse, we had to pick our way through a collection of old rusty sawmill parts, then climb up to the high doorway. The warehouse was rather dark, but on a bright, hot day, it was cool inside, and a good place to explore.

MYRNA: We went in and played. We saw an old stencil that said "Logs: 5c per foot." (The price had since gone up.) There was an attic, and we climbed up to see what was up there: boards—a platform—dangerous, and searched through the junk.

M'JEAN: It's where the big box full of tall fishing boots was kept, along with tools and piles of both old and new sawmill parts.

MYRNA: The organ was there.

M'JEAN: The old organ was just about the best "toy" in camp. It must have been salvaged from the old schoolhouse where they had church in the "olden days" of the 1920's.

Only a few of the knobs were missing, and the keyboard was mostly intact. But it wouldn't make a sound without air in the bellows. That took diligent pumping on the one pedal not damaged by mice.

## CHICKEN COOP & SCATTERED CHICKENS

Grandpa's cabin (*far right*)  
The swing (*far left*)  
In the woods behind is the  
garbage pit where the bear  
was spotted which Barney  
shot from the porch.

BARRY SOUTH  
Behind Barry is the  
warehouse, full of  
sawmill parts, truck parts,  
and miscellaneous  
hardware. Amid the junk  
was the old organ, which  
had missing knobs and  
one damaged pedal, but  
with hard pumping, it  
could still be played.







AMY & NATALIE LUND (*granddaughters of M'Jean South Lund*)  
The stockyards—part of kids' playground.



MYRNA: It still worked pretty well. I think there must have been some holes in whatever it is that holds the air. But there were several stops, and the stops worked pretty well, and you just kept pumping, and you could play it.

#### EMPTY CABINS - MUD PIES

M'JEAN: We liked to play in the various empty cabins. The two small cabins closest to the railroad crossing were frequently unoccupied. The slab cabin we always called Whittings' because Mr. and Mrs. Whiting lived there for a time, but our favorite was the little log cabin. These were the two cabins which Marj's parents and younger siblings occupied back in 1937.

The cabins were never totally empty. There would usually be an old iron bedstead with bedsprings, a stove, cupboards, sometimes a few dishes, and various odds and ends.

A very few utensils would be sufficient to inspire an afternoon of making mud pies. We didn't need much to make mud pies, something to hold water, a few cans or broken dishes, and dirt.

#### GOOSEBERRY BUSHES - RHUBARB

Directly behind the cabins were the remnants of Grandma Hannah's garden: three gooseberry bushes and some rhubarb plants. The gooseberries were sour, and so was the rhubarb, but we picked and ate them anyway.

#### GARBAGE PIT

Just inside the timberline on the north side of camp was a large clearing. In the old Targhee Tie Company days, when Marj was a little girl living at the siding, it was the location of the commissary, company barns, and even the old schoolhouse where she went to school. Those buildings were long gone. The retired steam engine rested on the west side of the clearing,





and in the center, there was now just a big garbage pit. Gene Jones, with his Caterpillar, had scooped out a sizable, wide indentation in the ground. Strewn there were everything from rusty car parts to old wrinkled, weathered shoes.

M'Jean and Myrna frequented the garbage dump, finding treasures useful for making mud pies. There were warped pans, chipped dishes, bent coffee pots, and plenty of old rusty cans to be had—although many of them had been used for target practice and were too shot up to hold water.

### “NORA” - TWO-TONE DOLL

M'JEAN: One day when we were scavenging, we found two dolls which had seen better days. One had a crack in the back of its otherwise solid head. Its body was just made of cloth, which was raggedy and dirty. The other was a little Negro dolly with a hard rubber body, but it had no head at all.

We carried them home for Marj to doctor. Marj quickly discarded the filthy cloth body (while we were not looking) and attached the white head to the dark body. The head was a little too large for the body, but it didn't bother us, and we didn't care that this was a two-tone baby.

However, since we thought she was so unlovely, we decided to name her the ugliest name we could think of. We decided it had to be Nora. And Nora became the most played-with doll. Because we wanted to “save” our good dolls, we would play with Nora.

### PLAYING HOUSE

Of course we played with all the dolls a lot of the time. We could play house all afternoon, and when Marj said it was time to put everything away and set the table for supper, we would protest, claiming that we “just barely got set up.” Naturally, we had to establish which “house” was whose and outline perimeters. Then there were names to figure out. “I'll be ‘Mrs. So-and-so,’ and you be ‘Mrs. Such-and-such.’” Usually, we forgot the names selected and referred to each other simply as “Mrs.”

### FINGERNAILS

Each “Mrs.” must have fancy-looking, polished fingernails. Along with doing her own nails, Marj would polish ours in the old cabin. It took a lot of patience for us, just anxious to get the red color on. But Marj always did a proper job, first filing, then soaking, then pushing the cuticle back. She left a “moon” when applying the polish, as had been the style for a time.

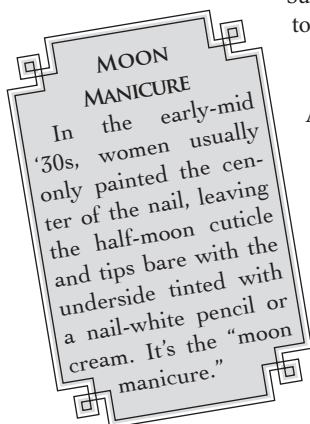
### A REAL PRINCESS

The subscription to the Post Register was forwarded to Island Park during the summer. A trip to Ponds for groceries also involved picking up the mail, including the newspaper.

M'JEAN: One day Marj read us a news item in the Post Register. On Tuesday, August 15, 1950, a brand new, real live princess had been born, of the house of Windsor, in the far off country of England. Her name: Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise. Imagine—four given names! Marj said that with royalty it was quite the usual thing to have several names. Myrna and I were properly impressed!



MYRNA, & M'JEAN  
“Garbage pit scroungers”  
Background: doghouse & toilet  
Back in the woods to the right  
is the garbage pit.



QUEEN ELIZABETH  
& BABY ANNE ELIZABETH  
ALICE LOUISE.

## BARNEY READING FUNNY PAPERS

M'JEAN: The weekend paper had the colored comics, which everyone scrambled for. Myrna and I especially liked the ongoing story of young, twin boys with curly yellow hair. They were always bent on some mischief.

The twins were saving up cereal box tops to win something, maybe a pony. To get more box tops, the twins hid cereal in various places, fooling their mom into thinking they were eating huge amounts of cereal, so she would keep buying more. Each week there would be another creative venture involving getting the cereal out of sight.

Eventually they started running out of places to stash the cereal. Barney enjoyed reading the comics and would laugh so hard it was fun to watch him. He was really getting a kick out of the mischievous twins.

When Marj made a trip to Ponds during the daytime to pick up groceries and the mail, Myrna and I would have a chance to read the comics before anyone else. When Barney came in from the woods or sawmill, we would be anxious to see his reaction to the latest wacky episode.

The day when the twins' dad opened up a closet and an avalanche of cereal flowed out on his head, we waited with anticipation until Barney came in and picked up the paper. Then we watched and waited for the fun. Watching him reading it was more fun than reading it ourselves.

## PAID JOB: PICKING UP NAILS

Occasionally one of Barney's trucks would pick up a nail lurking in the dust, and he'd have a flat tire to fix. The trucks were in constant use, being loaded, unloaded, making short hauls, making long hauls, and being gassed up at Barney's big silver gas tank inbetween trips. The trucks covered the various dirt roads surrounding and cutting through camp at odd intervals and angles. Nor did they always stick to the roads. A truck might be driven up alongside a neatly stacked lumber pile amidst a patch of weeds prior to being loaded. There were way too many places a nail could find its way into a tire.

### HORSESHOE MAGNET

M'JEAN: Barney enlisted Myrna and me to be on nail lookout. He trained us to keep a watchful eye for nails lying around. He provided us horseshoe magnets on long strings to drag around behind us to pick up nails and large tin cans to put them in. Then he set a price—a penny per nail.

We were not making very good money at that job. But then we discovered a bonanza. When the house with the loft that Charlie built burned down, the perimeter of that burned area was chock full of nails. We happily showed our full can to Barney, who looked at the charred nails and then gave us a lesson on not taking unfair advantage of one's employer.

### M&M CLUB

The M & M Club was the M'Jean & Myrna club. We hit upon the novel idea when we obtained a package of m&m candy. It seemed like a swell plan to have club meetings now and again, especially whenever we had the good fortune to acquire m&m's.

MYRNA: It was out by the steam engine at the edge of the woods that we would take the guns and do our target practice. M'Jean and I set up a bull's-eye target out there. We went there on our M & M club meetings and would shoot the .22 once or twice. We had our own shells. We would carefully preserve our resources, shooting once or twice and eating one or two M&M's apiece.



*Cousin Jeannie*  
**M**yrna and Jeannie Jones were close to the same age, and they became fast friends.

GLENN A JONES: Myrna was not very big then. She and Jeannie were really good pals.

M'JEAN: Myrna and Jeannie played dolls inside and lots of stuff outside. Of course I played with them, too. I didn't have any girl my age, so there were three of us playing together, but they were much closer, because they were closer in age.

The three of us slept out on our front porch in sleeping bags.

#### ALWAYS TOGETHER

JEANNIE: Myrna and I were together all the time. I loved Myrna so much. She was a lot smarter than me, but I was ok with that.

M'JEAN: She's smarter than me, and I'm ok with that.

JEANNIE: One day Myrna and I found some flour in a cabin, and we mixed it up. I don't know why we mixed the flour up, but there was some kids that were coming around so we made it into flour balls and threw it at them (laughing). I can't remember what happened to us that day when we did that. (laughing).

#### PLAYED UNDER THE BIG TREE

MYRNA: Jeannie Jones, who was a daughter of Glenna, was a few months older than I was, and we played together a lot. She came to our house to play, and I went down to her house. We played dolls and played under the big tree.

We'd go out and play in this area around the big tree, and there were some kind of wood—I think we called them racks [truck racks]. They were lying on the ground but elevated--it seems like there was somehow a club house effect in there, almost an enclosure with these racks and the tree branches. So we'd go in there and play all the time.

#### DAVEY BIT MYRNA

Jeannie had a little brother Davey, and I used to like try to pick him up, and he didn't like that. I was always carrying him around. Anyway, once when we were down there by the big tree, I picked him up--put him in perfect position to bite me on the chest, and he bit me, and I think that was the end of picking him up.

GLENN A: David was 3 years younger than Jeannie. Myrna wanted to carry him around all the time, and this one day she picked him up with his face toward her tummy, and he hated it, cause his feet were kinda dragging, cause she had him under the arms, and he bit her on the stomach. And boy, she went home howling, and your dad (Barney) came out and gave David the one, two, and he never bit again, ever—which was a good thing. Oh, my.

JEANNIE: I remember the day David bit Myrna. She used to pick him up all the time. His head would be right here in her middle, you know, and she'd carry him, and he just hated it. So one day he bit her. And oh wow, he got in trouble sixteen times that day.

MYRNA: And of course, every time I ever see anybody in Glenna Jones's family, especially Glenna or Jeannie, they remind me of how David bit me, and it was out by that big tree. Because I always would pick him up, and he hated it, so I guess I got what I deserved. (Laughs)



MYRNA, JEANNIE,  
M'JEAN  
"Babes in the Woods"  
Finding new hideouts up  
in the timber where the  
men are logging.





JEANNIE JONES,  
GAYLE SOUTH,  
M'JEAN SOUTH,  
CONNIE SOUTH,  
MYRNA SOUTH

It was fun having girl  
cousins visiting from  
Wyoming.

## GIRL COUSINS

MYRNA: One time Glenna's younger sisters, Gayle, Connie, and JoAnne, came. I especially remember when JoAnne was there. We played mud pies with JoAnne. She was a little older than M'Jean. It seemed like we tried to put on a play. Anyway, we had fun playing with them. Jeannie brought her cousin Melanie, from the other side of the family, and we made mud pies out in the cabin we called the Whittings' cabin [slab cabin]—it was a cabin close to our cabin.

## LOST STRAWBERRY PICKERS

GLENNA: You've heard about when Myrna and Jeannie decided to hunt for strawberries, and we couldn't find them. And that was very frightening, because—behind our cabin, close to our cabin, there was trees that were really close together—those little pines that grow straight up, and they say that's one of the worst things where you can really get lost. When you get in them, all you can see is straight up, cause they're so close together. And so we imagined all kinds of things, and we hunted and hunted, and come to find out they'd gone strawberry picking, and they'd been over by the railroad tracks.

## JUST DESSERTS

JEANNIE: Myrna and I decided to go pick strawberries. So we each had a bucket. We were holding our hands and walking down the field to that old train. We picked our strawberries; we were having a good time, visiting on the way home. All of a sudden, Marj come flying down, and she picked up Myrna, and she had a stick with her, and

she started giving her a lickin'. She gave her a lickin' all the way home. And my mom did the same thing to me. (laughing) I guess they'd been looking for us for about an hour and a half. That would be scary, not to find us, you know.

GLENNA: And I don't know if Myrna got a spanking, but Jeannie did—after I got through loving her, you know, and crying, because I was so scared. Then I give her a spanking. (Laughs) Oh, dear.

MYRNA: I remember when Susan was born, that I went down and stayed with them—a night or an afternoon. I think I remember that Jeannie didn't have to clean up everything on her plate, and I thought that was pretty cool. She was a cute little girl.

## SHE DIDN'T SKIN US

Typical of parents who tend to direct idle threats to their children, Glenna was frequently heard saying, "I'm going to skin you alive!" Marj had to laugh when Jeannie was telling her about something the kids had done which her mother was not happy about. Jeannie said, "She was pretty mad, but she didn't skin us!"



GLENNA: One day I watched Jeannie talking to her doll, and I heard her say, "I'm going to skin you alive." I decided to quit saying that to my kids.

#### GET ME A STICK FROM THE WOODBOX

When Marj figured one of her kids needed a spanking, she would say, "Get me a stick from the wood box." Then the offender had to bend over her lap and get the designated number of strokes.

M'JEAN: Sometimes we could spank the boys. If they'd picked on us, she'd put them over her lap and send us to the woodbox for a stick. And then they'd say, "Get that great big thick stick," you know, and they knew we could hardly even lift it."

MYRNA: (laughing) So they probably laughed. I don't remember being spanked with a stick. I think I had to get the stick from the woodbox a few times, but I don't remember it ever being used on me. It seemed like the hand did plenty of damage.

#### MYRNA'S SPANKING - LAUGHED

M'JEAN: One of our favorite forbidden delights was to jump on the bed. The old bare bedsprings were not encased in a wooden frame as are modern box springs and were therefore more easily damaged. The fact that it was not good for the bed didn't distress us very much, and we jumped when we thought we could get away with it. One day Myrna and I were caught jumping on the bed and knew that a spanking was imminent.

Myrna declared, "If you spank me, I'll just laugh." And laugh she did. Marj wanted her punishment to mean something, so she spanked harder, but Myrna kept laughing. "I spanked her so hard my hand hurt," she said. Myrna was pretty determined that day, and the laughing outlasted the spanks.

MYRNA: Oh, the last spanking I ever got was for jumping on the bed. It seems to me that most of the spankings were for jumping on the bed—it's too bad we couldn't have had a trampoline back then. But the harder she spanked, the more I laughed, and she never spanked me again. (laughs) Must have been frustrating. (laughs) I have no idea what got into me.

### *Filling the Woodbox*

Ten cents a day to keep the woodbox full. That was the deal. When David and Barry were big enough for Barney to take them to the woods, the chore of filling the woodbox fell to M'Jean and Myrna. Marj told them she would pay them each ten cents for every day that she did not have to go for a single stick of wood.

M'JEAN: We were pretty conscientious, needing only occasional reminders that the woodbox was getting low on wood. Every ten days was "payday." From the tall dresser in the bedroom of the little cabin she would take out two dollars. "Now here is a dollar for you, and here is a dollar for you," she'd say, and they'd probably be silver dollars. Now, I'll save them for you in this safe place." So we could see that we'd been paid. We carried in wood to the cook stove as long as we lived in Island Park.



MYRNA, JEANNIE, M'JEAN  
Note gas tank and chickens  
in the woods.

#### Miji Note:

It was fun to read a little story of Bernie's where he said his dad had the kids get a stick from the wood box: "I remember the 1st time I ever told my father 'No' when he asked me to pick something up. He said to Al, 'bring me a stick of wood from the wood box,' which was real handy just next to the Majestic range. I remember I did what I was told before Al had time to get the stick of wood and hand it to my father."

Apparently Marj's methods she adopted from Grandpa!



M'JEAN & MYRNA  
Tricycle transportation  
worked well on the  
gravelly ground.  
The goal post to the  
left of Grandpa's old  
car was used by Cousin  
Berdett for football  
practice.

*Trykes to Bikes*  
Everyone in the family  
learned to ride a bike on  
the trusty old orange bicy-  
cle, a boys' bike with a bar across  
the top.

M'JEAN: It was that cursed  
bar on the orange boys' bike  
that made it so difficult to get  
on. I tried and tried to ride it.

My system consisted of  
wheeling the bike alongside a  
stump or short lumber pile to

stand on, swinging my leg over, and shoving off. I'd go a ways before crashing. I remember the first day I actually rode successfully. It was Sunday, my 7<sup>th</sup> birthday, July 1, 1951. Barry's friend, Lindon White, had come up to visit him for a few days. He was holding up the bike and running alongside as I pedaled from our house toward the Big Tree. When I turned and looked behind me, he was not there. He was quite a ways back, and I was on my own, and that was pretty exciting.

For quite a while after that I still had to line the bike up by a lumber pile or stump to get on. I finally mastered the trick of getting a running start.

Since we were a one-bike family, and Myrna and I wanted to go places together, we eventually found the wretched bar to come in handy, when we learned that she could sit side saddle on the bar, and even steer, while I pumped. When she learned to ride the bike, we could switch around.

We did a few silly tricks, our favorite: "Ghost Riding Toast," whatever that was. What we really wanted/needed was a second bike.

#### THE BLUE BIKE

With our job of keeping the woodbox full of firewood, at the rate of ten cents apiece per day, Myrna and I earned money for a second bicycle--a blue girls' bike—it was also bigger. With two bikes, no longer having to pump each other, we could really travel.

We covered the whole camp from one end to the other and beyond--from Grandpa's old cabin down by the railroad tracks to Gene and Glenna Jones' cabin and farther--on to the old mill site. We rode around both sawdust piles, down a ways on Ripley Butte Road or Eccles Road, and finally, over the railroad tracks and across the Flat to the timberline. But always within the sound of the car horn, which would be our signal to "come home."

MYRNA: I think we had the blue bike when I was in the first grade. I bet we bought it during the year (1953). We were so lucky. Because we had the boys' bike and the girls' bike we could ride them both together, and then we could spend a lot of time on bikes. We'd ride on all these little roads around.

And sometimes we rode towards Ponds. We'd ride at least over the whole Flat, which was about a mile, I think.

#### RECKONING A MILE

Everyone in the camp reckoned a mile's distance by the length of the road across the Flat--from the railroad crossing by the stockyards to the timberline. It was quite

possible to view the entire distance at once. If you traveled half-way to the timberline and looked forward to the west, then glanced backward to the east over the distance traveled from the stockyards, it would be rather easy to visualize a mile.

There was more than one flat in the vicinity (large meadow-like area with few trees), but only one was distinguished by the name, "The Flat."

#### BUTTERCUPS AND SEGO LILIES

M'JEAN: The Flat was covered with sagebrush and grasses and sprinkled with flowers. The little buttercups were special but could only be found in the early spring.

MYRNA: We knew where to find the tiny brightly colored violet flowers and a few sego lilies.

M'JEAN: It was fun to bring home a bouquet of sego lilies and just as much fun to take a stick and dig up their bulbs. They tasted a little bit like a raw potato.

MYRNA: If we'd get a little too far away and Marj wanted us back, she'd honk the horn, and we didn't always want to come back, but we had to.

We had an area with a big pile of lumber out in the middle, seems like there was a circle around it. And we would always ride our bikes around this circle, and we'd get faster and faster.

#### BIKE BROKE IN HALF

And of course I remember the time the bicycle broke in half while I was riding it. I was riding around that circle and it came apart. The blue bike. Yeah, right smack in the middle. I don't remember that it was any big injury—just the usual. It seemed like I always had scrapes. So they welded it together, and ever after, it was welded.

#### RIDING BIKES OFF THE SAWDUST PILE

M'JEAN: It was pretty fun to ride a bike off the sawdust pile. After struggling to push the bike over the sawdust all the way to the top, you then had quite a vista. The top was fairly flat and quite broad. You could look out any direction and consider what route suited your courage. All along the north end, which looked right down into camp, the drop would be practically straight down, with a bunch of big trees at the bottom. Out of the question. To the south was the sawmill and skidway—impractical.

The safest direction was west, the "front side." It had a very long, gradual slope. The bumps and dips were always changing, due to the frequent addition of fresh sawdust. Next to the mill there'd be a small pile, kind of skinny, but it would get very high and be in the way of workers at the mill. Grandpa was usually the one to move it up onto the bigger pile with a scraper hitched to a horse. We usually rode our bikes down that side, and it was fun, but not a huge challenge.

#### TOO MUCH THRILL

It took a lot more bravado to go off the "back side," which was far steeper. One area had the shape similar to the bottom two sections of a giant snowman. I came down there once, and when I hit the second hump, it shot me off so fast I almost flew to the bottom, and I sailed out onto the road that ran between the two sawmills for quite a ways. It scared me to death and gave me more thrill than I was looking for.

#### SAWDUST PILE CRASH

MYRNA: I rode down the east side one night, and Jeannie was with me. I think it was just the two of us. And I crashed. And the next thing I knew is that I woke up in my bed, and I think it was dark. I think it had been a while. There were people in and out. It seemed like there was sawdust in my nose.



MYRNA

"The Blue Bike"

Everyone in the family learned to ride on the old orange bicycle. With money earned from filling the wood-box, M'Jean & Myrna acquired a second bike, could ride together, and covered a lot of territory.

Bike riding on the city sidewalk was less adventurous but a lot smoother than in Island Park.







SUSAN SOUTH  
Born Sep 7, 1952  
Ashton, Idaho

"I a innocent child"  
*(Marj heard coy Susan's remark to a stranger.)*

## Chapter 85

# Susan South

Get together and figure out a name, and when you get it figured out,  
we'll call her "Susan." —BARNEY

**D**uring the summer of 1952, Marj had her usual load of cooking, carrying water, washing, and ironing. She also kept the treadle sewing machine going, making white flannel baby nightgowns.

BARRY: As our family grew, the little three-room house became smaller. After M'Jean and then Myrna came, there were six of us in the house and we hardly had room to sneeze.

### EXCITING ANNOUNCEMENT

BARRY: I think I was 11 years old when Dad said, "We have lived in this old log cabin long enough. We're going to build a new house." And that was exciting. Barney taught David and me to build a log house as we were building our new home.

### NEW HOUSE - JUST IN TIME

The new house was built just in time. On the day we were pouring the foundation, Dad had to make a quick trip to Ashton. Our mother Marj was expecting sibling number 5, and the time had come. A new sister, Susan, was born in the Ashton hospital—Sunday, September 7, 1952.

DAVID: The arrangements had been made. Curley Kent and some of his men were on their way to our place in Island Park, Idaho to help mix concrete and pour a foundation for the new Barney South home. It was just after daybreak when Dad awakened Barry and me. He went over what was to be done very carefully. I was 13 and Barry was 11. We were to help pour the foundation as Barney was taking Marj to Ashton to have a baby--Susan. This was her first upsetting of plans. She was born later that day, about the same time the footings were finished. September 7, 1952 will be remembered by that unique start, at least for me.

DAVID, BABY SUSAN,  
JEANNIE JONES, MYRNA  
Through the kitchen  
window of the old log  
cabin, Susan's first home.



## Baby Sister

The summer before Susan was born was probably Teddy Jensen's second year in camp. Barney had hired his dad, Moyne Jensen. The going wage was \$1.25 per hour. His mother's name was Roma, and he had an older brother, Terry, who worked in the woods with his dad most of the time. There may have been a younger brother, also. The Jensen family lived in the old Al Smith cabin (where the famous photograph of the old Sunday School was taken) on the east end of camp.

GRANDPA JUSTIN KNAPP  
& BABY SUSAN  
By the back porch of the  
old log cabin  
Susan is wearing the  
traditional yoked flannel  
nightgown Marj made for  
all her babies.

M'JEAN: Teddy had been in my 1<sup>st</sup> grade class at Riverside School, and was I surprised to see him in camp! The younger kids in camp played outside together a lot, and Teddy became a pal. Although Kent Perrenoud was closer to Barry's age, his mother kept him cleaned up and close to home, and he often played with us, too.

Myrna and I knew our mom was going to be getting a new baby. Teddy told us the baby was in her tummy. We maintained she got the baby at the hospital. So we asked Marj about it. It bothered me that Teddy was right.

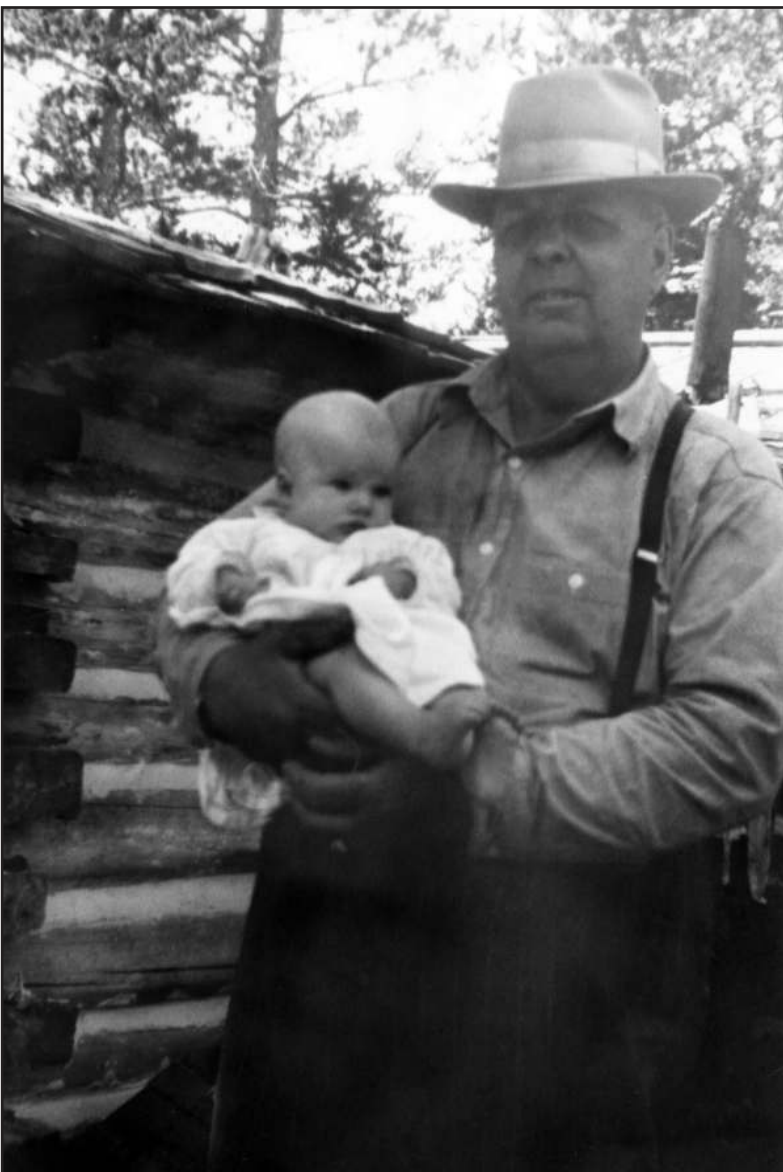
### BABY'S HOME

It seems it was already dark when Barney and Marj arrived from Ashton and came into the old cabin with the new baby. Everyone fussed over the new baby, of course, and when it was time to change her diaper, Marj displayed the newfangled netted diaper covers and liner inserts.

Not long into the evening, Marj or Barney noticed the baby had some little chunks of something in her mouth. Upon investigation they discovered that five-year-old Myrna, who had been eating peanuts, had shared with her new little sister!

With the addition of the baby basket at the foot of Marj and Barney's bed, the bedroom was slightly more crowded. For some time, David and Barry had been sleeping in the living room on the pull-out daveno bed.

M'JEAN: During the daytime the basket would be wheeled to the kitchen or living room, wherever the action was. I have one little memory about that. Marj had her hands full in the kitchen and needed David to rock the squalling baby in her basket in the living room. It became a bit tiring, so he sat in the





rocking chair with his foot on the rung of the basket and rocked back and forth, rocking the basket as well. He thought he was pretty clever, and so did I.

When Baby Susan outgrew the basket, she slept in the living room in the sturdy white crib Barney had made for David. It had served as a bed for Barry, Myrna, and me, as well.

## BUILDING THE NEW HOUSE

The house was built very quickly, although most of the interior work would be completed the following spring. David and Barry worked on the house every chance they had, although school interfered.

## School 1952

David was in 8th grade, the top grade in the little one-room schoolhouse, and thus the last year he would attend school in Island Park. Barry was in 6<sup>th</sup> grade, M'Jean in 3<sup>rd</sup>. Five-year-old Myrna stayed home with Marj and the new baby.

The new house was close to being finished when time came to move to the valley, and the kids transferred to schools in town.

School in Idaho Falls was quite a lot different from school in the one-room schoolhouse in Island Park where so few students attended. At Riverside there were several classrooms. In each there was a large class, everyone of the same age and in the same grade. The teacher gave everyone the same assignment.

The recess bell was a loud, electric bell, not the little handheld bell the kids would take turns ringing at Mack's. At noon, school was dismissed for one hour, and the South kids, along with most everyone else, walked a few blocks home for lunch.

David was in his second year at O. E. Bell Jr. High, where he attended multiple classes each day with more academic resources and opportunities, and more was expected of the students.

*Blessing the Baby*  
M'Jean had turned eight on her July 1st birthday but had no opportunity to be baptized in Island Park.

M'JEAN: I was baptized on the stake baptism day, Saturday, January 3rd, 1953, in the North Idaho Falls Stake Tabernacle (Dedicated September 17, 1950). Marj fixed my hair in French braids tied up with white ribbons, so I wouldn't come out of the water "with hair streaming in my face."

The next day, which was Barney's birthday, I was confirmed by the bishop. Susan was blessed by Barney in the same fast meeting. Barney, who was pretty shy in church, told Marj he could only do one. She said, bless the baby.

MYRNA: Were you confirmed the same day Susan was blessed?

M'JEAN: Yes, I was confirmed by Bishop Lloyd Ricks.



The foundation was poured the day Susan was born, Sunday, September 7, 1952. David and Barry had to give Barney's instructions to the concrete crew, as Barney had taken Marj to the hospital in Ashton.

David and Barry helped Barney in building the house that fall and the next spring.

The family moved from the little log house next door to the big log house on M'Jean's 9th birthday, Wednesday, July 1, 1953.



MYRNA, BARRY, BARNEY, MARJ,  
BABY SUSAN, M'JEAN

"I was baptized January 3, 1953,  
and confirmed the next day, on  
Barney's birthday, by Bishop  
Ricks. Susan was blessed by

Barney in the same fast meeting.

Barney, who was pretty shy in  
church, told Marj he could only  
do one. She said bless the baby."

(M'Jean)

MYRNA: What do you remember about me sitting in the car during fast meet-  
ing? Seems to me that one or both ordinances were performed that day and it  
must have been our first Fast Sunday in Idaho Falls and the routine was different  
and I couldn't figure out where to go so I sat in the car - and it was cold. While  
my memory seems quite clear about this, I can't believe someone didn't come and  
find me in the car.

M'JEAN: That is so sad that you had to sit in the car. You are probably right  
about it's being a new routine. It was only on Fast Sundays that Sacrament Meeting  
followed right after Sunday School. If we left Island Park sometime in December,  
it would have likely been the first Fast Sunday we were in town.

One more thing. The junior Sunday School kids came up from downstairs and  
sat with their classes, not with their families, during Fast Meeting. I remember  
always sitting by Shirley during Fast Meeting. Maybe that is why no one noticed  
you were not there.

MYRNA: Thanks for that little trip down memory lane and the reassurance  
that my family wasn't trying to lose me. I totally had forgotten that we sat with  
our classes. I have a vague recollection about coming up from downstairs and it  
seems that I didn't recognize anyone.

MARJ, SUSAN, MYRNA

What a luxury to have a real  
bathtub with running water.



## FIRST CHRISTMAS - FIRST EASTER

Susan was the first in the family to spend both her first Christmas and first Easter in the new house in Idaho Falls.

M'JEAN: Myrna and I were avid fans of the Easter Bunny, who would leave colored eggs hidden around the house.



Labeled on the back in Barney's handwriting:  
8 mos 1 week

worried everyone, especially Marj. It was alarming to find her seven-month old on top of the upright piano!

DAVID: She was precocious. She could walk well at 9 months. She learned to talk early and practiced much.

Barney taught her to do some counting and other things far beyond her normal years.

She was his sweetheart. At 2 she would travel with him in the car or truck often. At least as often as they could arrange it.

One time the Easter eggs had a new, distinctive look—paisley, with lots of bright, swirling colors. Apparently the Easter Bunny helpers had been a little sloppy with the dye, because we found little swirls on the kitchen wall, and we became suspicious. It seemed our older brothers must have been involved. I don't remember much in the way of candy associated with Easter, just eggs.

### EASTER COATS AND BONNETS

Marj did not want her girls to have the significance of Easter be all about Easter dresses, so getting new dresses was not a tradition. But one year we got some cute spring coats and hats—probably around Easter time.

MARJ, M'JEAN, SUSAN, MYRNA  
"Marj did not want her girls to have the significance of Easter be all about Easter dresses. Sometimes we got spring jackets around Easter time." (*M'Jean*)

### PRECOCIOUS CHILD

Little Susan both delighted and

SUSAN & BARNEY  
"She was his sweetheart."  
(*David*)







BABY SUSAN & FANS:

DAVID

BARRY

M'JEAN

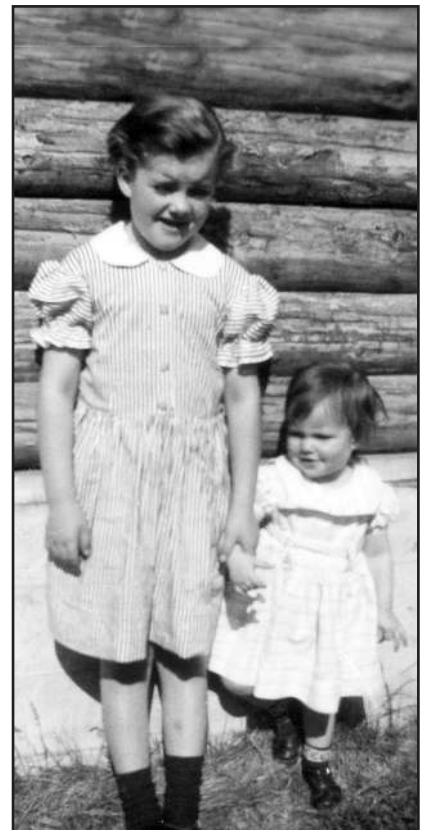




BARRY, M'JEAN, MARJ,  
BABY SUSAN, BARNEY  
A truckload of houselogs ready  
for Barney to deliver.



MYRNA LYNN & SUSAN  
"Little Pals"





**“I THINK I WAS KIND OF A LIVE-WIRE CHILD”**

SUSAN: Marj's mother, my grandmother used to have to take care of me sometimes, because my father passed away when I was very young. I have no memory of him. And I remember that my mother did not like







to leave me with her mother, because she knew it would be hard for her to care of me. I think I was kind of a live-wire child.

#### GRANDMA PATIENT & KIND

But when I did stay with my grandmother, she was so patient and so kind. She seemed like she was without much energy. She just seemed like sometimes she muscled her way through her days.

#### BASKET OF TOYS

When I would come to stay with my grandmother, she had this little basket of toys. They never multiplied—the same old toys all the time, and I remember teeny little perfume bottles in the stash—they were empty—that I loved,

and a doll that I inherited that she had—one of those little upside down dolls where if you pull the skirt one way you have Goldilocks, and if you pull it the other way, you have another doll. What I loved about my grandmother was that she would sit there—there was kind of a love-seat-sized chair—she would sit there, and I would sit beside her.

#### SIT & BE STILL

A lot of times, she would just sit and be still. I don't even think she'd talk to me. But she would just sit there, and I always felt her love for me.

So that was a very loving person—very tolerant and loving person—that was the mother of my mother. And her name was Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp.



## Chapter 86

# The Magic Piano

The family spent a lot of time pumping the pedals and singing the songs  
as the piano played the tunes.—BARRY

Soon after the family was established in the new house in Idaho Falls, Barney and Marj bought the family a wonderful gift—a “magic piano.” The “player piano” appeared much like any other upright piano, but two little doors in the upper cabinet slid open to reveal a player mechanism which could play the piano without hands. Only feet were required—to pump the pedals, lowered from the under side of the cabinet.

There were about 40 piano rolls to go with it.

Everyone enjoyed the piano. The kids loved being able to make music without knowing how to play. All they had to do was to insert a piano roll in the player mechanism and pump the pedals. Everyone would sing the lyrics printed on the roll.

When they got to the end of the roll, they opened the long, hinged, narrow panel in front of the keyboard, slid the switch over to reverse, and pedaled to rewind the roll.

### LEARNING TO PLAY

When Barney bought the player piano, he intended it would not just be a toy but that the family would learn to play it. He led the way. He bought instruction books, including those on chord construction, and taught himself to play both by note reading and by ear.

Barney and Marj were both very musical but had had limited opportunity in their lives to pursue music training.

### SIX WEEKS COURSE - DUMMY PIANO

As a child, Marj had taken a six-weeks piano course from C. W. Reid. He developed a unique system of teaching note reading without bothering about note names. During the time she had the lessons, she had only a dummy wooden keyboard to practice on. This course was her only formal instruction, but she retained enough to play a little whenever she had the chance.

MARJ'S PIANO BOOKS  
She had only 2 weeks of  
formal instruction,  
practicing on a dummy  
keyboard.





At long last she now had a piano available, and she enjoyed playing hymns and a few favorites pieces, particularly "Melody in F" by Anton Rubinstein. She probably did not have much time to practice.

### *Music Heritage*

**T**he family of Barney and Marj South had a rich musical heritage. Barney and Marj were desirous of continuing that love and learning of music in their family.

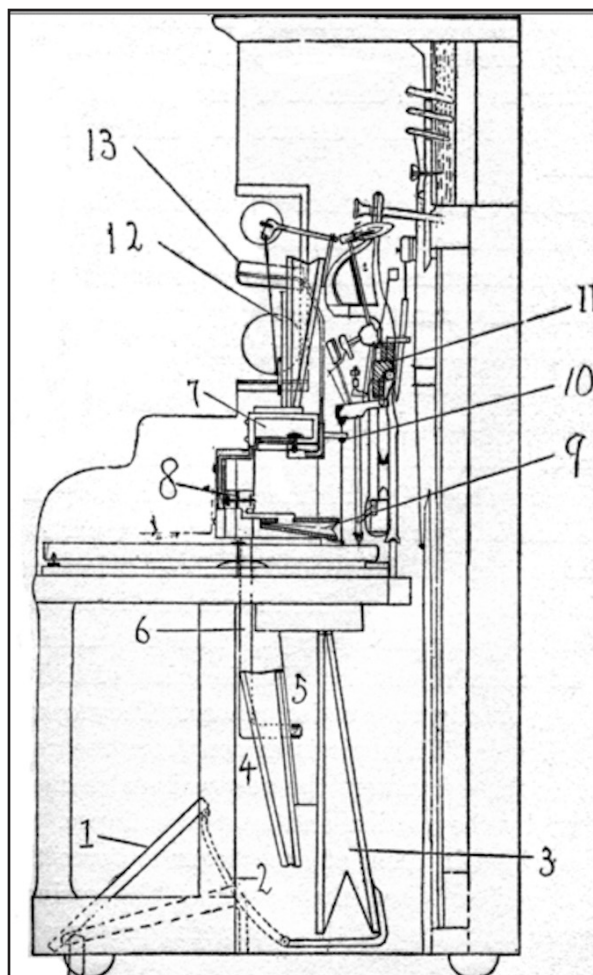
Marj's musical parents, though untrained, made a valuable addition to the various choirs in every ward in which they lived. As a young missionary, Justin found singing to be a great missionary tool. He always enjoyed singing in male quartets. His mother, Marj's beloved grandmother, Eliza Lemmon Knapp, was a sought after soprano soloist. Her grandfather, Justin Abraham Knapp, delighted those around him with violin music, which he played on the violin he made himself.

Marj's great grandfather on her mother's side, Alma Helaman Hale, Sr., also made his own violin.

Although he never knew his grandmother Elizabeth, Barney inherited her talent and love for music, as had his father. Barney grew up hearing violin music played by his father. Samuel was in demand at all the dances. At home he practiced for hours, while the farming suffered.

MYRNA LYNN SOUTH  
Receiving her first piano instruction from her father on the player piano, she studied in earnest, earning Bachelor's and Master's degrees in piano performance. (*Note the sliding panel in the cabinet for the player mechanism and the hinges in the long narrow control panel in front of the keys.*)





THE MECHANISM OF A PLAYER PIANO.

- 1-Pedal
- 2-Pedal connection
- 3-Exhauster (one only shown)
- 4-Reservoir; high tension (low-tension not shown)
- 5-Exhaust trunk
- 6-Exhaust tube to motor
- 7-Air space above primary valves
- 8-Secondary valves
- 9-Striking pneumatic
- 10-Connection from pneumatic to action of piano
- 11-Piano action
- 12-Pneumatic motor
- 13-Trackerboard (music roll passes over trackerboard)

## SELF-TAUGHT MUSICIAN

Barney was quite an accomplished, self-taught musician. He learned to play several instruments, including the violin, guitar, mandolin, flute, and concertina. With the piano, he took his music study to a new level, gaining a greater understanding of music theory.

## GIFTED TEACHER

He practiced and had fun learning to play, then began teaching his kids to play, as well.

Barney was a gifted teacher. Marj said that he was always willing to teach what he knew if someone were interested in learning.



BARNEY'S  
SOUNDPOST SETTER

## SETTING THE SOUNDPOST

Along with intonation on the violin, sound production was important to Barney. He made his own soundpost adjustments with a soundpost setter.

## TUNED HIS PIANO

Not satisfied with the results when the piano tuner was finished tuning, Barney learned to tune his own piano. He made so many adjustments that the tuning pins would no longer hold, and he had to get a technician to come do restoration. The piano had to be laid on its side and stay that way until the glue dried.

## CATALYST

The player piano was a catalyst of great things to come—piano and violin proficiency, vocal training, participation in choirs, orchestras, musicals, as the posterity of Barney and Marj carried on the great musical tradition in the Knapp and South families.



TUNING FORK



MYRNA, BARRY, MARJ, BABY SUSAN, M'JEAN  
Player Piano

Player piano, now residing at Barry's house. Piano rolls are placed on spindle. The keys move up and down as the roll rotates. Like Magic—"No hands, Ma!"



#### PLAYER PIANO

A player piano is a self-playing piano, containing a pneumatic mechanism that operates the piano action via pre-programmed music recorded on perforated paper. The paper, wound on a roll inserted into the mechanism, dictates the player action as it rotates.

The rise of the player piano grew with the rise of the mass-produced piano for the home in the late 19th and early 20th century. Sales peaked in 1924. At one point, more than half of all pianos being made in America contained a player unit. The player piano was not an obscure by-line—it was the dominant force in the industry. In the early 1920's, many pianists of note, in classical and popular fields, were called on to make rolls. An automated recording device could record a pianist's note timings and dynamics.

## Chapter 87

# The New Log Cabin

I work on deadlines best, you know. I used to have a very guilty feeling about this. I've come to appreciate deadlines.—MARJ

SUSAN  
Striding out onto the front porch of the new house is veteran traveler Susie, who started her walking career at 9 months.



It was always exciting for the South kids, at the end of the school year, anticipating the trip back up to the sawmill. In the spring of 1953, there was even more to look forward to, as the new house would soon be completed.

During the fall of the previous year, Barney had built the exterior of the house. No one would ever forget the day the foundation was poured, September 7, 1952, as it was the day Susan was born. Barney had taken Marj to the hospital in Ashton in the early morning, and he had left instructions with David, age 13, and Barry, 11, to relay to the guys already on their way to pour the concrete.

The house was the only structure on a concrete foundation ever to be built at Island Park Siding. Even so, the property was never owned by the Souths but leased from the Forest Service.

Barney had worked fast to get the logs up, the roof on, the floor down, and the windows in before the snow and the annual winter move to Idaho Falls. David and Barry had worked on the house every minute they were not in school.

### 5-INCH LOGS

BARRY: The house was built of five inch logs squared on three sides that were peeled and oiled. Dad was selling 3-sided sawed house logs all over the area for building very nice summer homes. Most of the logs were "six inch logs." That was pretty much what most of the customers wanted, and they were the main sales item from our mill.

Some of the logs were not big enough to make 6-inch logs, so we made them into 5-inch logs. They sold for less money and were not as popular. Sometimes we had a pretty good stockpile of those. And Dad decided to build our new house using 5" logs.

M'JEAN: Our house was not built of the logs Barney intended to use, I don't think. He had a very nice set of 6-inch logs. Someone came and wanted them, and so he got a good price for them and used the 5-inch logs on hand--not quite so fancy.

BARRY: Dad set up a cut-off saw. It was a circular saw powered by an old Briggs and Stratton engine on a kind of a swing table, and he could put a log on





there and swing the saw down through the log and it would make a real smooth square cut. And we started building that house. And I got to work a lot at helping build the house, got to peel a lot of the logs. I got to help cut them. I got to help put them on the wall and drive the spikes into them to hold them down, and I learned a heck of a lot about building a log house when I was 12 years old.

M'JEAN: Myrna and I helped peel logs. We used huge peelers that were of the same idea as potato peelers. They had a blade about a foot long or so with a handle on each end.

#### NICE GREEN ROLL ROOFING

BARRY: The roof was built of rough sawn 2x6 rafters 12" on center. They were covered with rough 1" lumber sheathing, and the roofing, instead of just lumber over tarpaper, was nice roll roofing with green colored sand as the top finish.

The exterior of it was peeled logs that were varnished, so it was nice looking,

#### KNOTTY PINE

The interior was made out of knotty pine paneling, essentially one-by-sixes. And it was finished off, and it was really nice inside. The ceiling was of knotty pine, and it had 6" of sawdust in the attic for insulation. The interior walls were also covered with knotty pine. The house was built quite fast, but the walls were not lined with knotty pine until the following year. All of the knotty pine we used was cut at our mill and then hauled to Rexburg where it was planed into patterned Knotty Pine and then we hauled it back to our new house.

#### SIX ROOMS!

The new house was really great. It was 26 feet by 46 feet (1196 Sq. Ft), and it really had a lot of room. We had a total of 6 rooms. Can you imagine the difference, going from 3 rooms to 6 rooms? There were 3 bedrooms and another little room that we called the cooler--it was just quite a large pantry. We'd keep our food supply stored in that. Those 4 rooms were on one side of the house.

The other side of the house had two rooms, the kitchen and the living room--divided by a big fireplace.

MYRNA & M'JEAN  
THE SHINY NEW LOG CABIN  
"Life in the new house was great. Some things didn't change. We still had to go to the well for our water. We still had to make a trip to the woods for the toilet." (Barry)

CUT-OFF SAW  
"Dad could put a log on there and swing the saw down through the log and it would make a real smooth square cut." (Barry)  
The cut-off saw was later used to cut firewood.





#### FIREPLACE - SCRAP IRON FOUNDATION

We hired a fellow by name of Pete Peterson to come up and help us put in the fireplace. They talked about putting steel in the foundation for reinforcing for the fireplace. We had a lot of scrap metal around. So we gathered it up—old tire irons and so forth, really a lot of metal. So the reinforcement was pretty unique—it was pretty much scrap iron.

And this fireplace was made out of colored gemstone bricks, red and green. It was a sort of a rectangular structure that was maybe 8 foot wide, maybe a little wider, and maybe 6 to 7 feet high. And a large fireplace in that.

M'JEAN: Marj said our fireplace was built using the largest heat form

MARJ

Oiling the logs of the new house. The old cabin still stands in the background.

Marj was anxious to get rid of it.

available.

#### LAST MOVE TO LITTLE LOG CABIN

Spring of 1953, for the last time, the South family moved into the little old log cabin. In just a few weeks the new house was ready, although some of the interior finish work would have to wait until the following year. The old cabin, which was in the door yard of the new house, was not removed right away, although Marj was anxious to get rid of it.

DAVID SOUTH

"The knotty pine was cut at our mill, then hauled to Rexburg where it was planed into patterned Knotty Pine, and then we hauled it back to our new house." (Barry)

#### MOVING DAY - M'JEAN'S BIRTHDAY

M'JEAN: We moved from the old cabin into the new one, a distance of a few yards, on my 9th birthday, July 1, 1953. There was still some work to be done to finish it. The exterior was given an oil finish which made it pretty and shiny.

BARRY: The house was built in a hurry. After we built the new house and lived in it, it was much better living conditions. There was still no electricity or running water, but that house was just great. Some things didn't change. We still had to go to the well for our water. We still had to make a trip to the woods for the toilet.



#### FIREWOOD

And again, the kids' job was to get the wood for the fireplace. The fireplace was big enough that we could put some pretty good sized logs in it. We could put a 3 foot long log in that thing. And it took a lot of logs, a lot of wood, so—by then we were old enough that we could drive the trucks, and we'd go driving out in the woods looking for some dead timber, some dry trees. We had chain saws by then. We'd cut the tree down and cut it up into logs and bring it home and stack it up, and that was our firewood supply.





## ICE BOX

Marj acquired an ice box which she kept in the walk-in pantry, or “cooler.” There was no ice to be had, but as sawdust makes great insulation, the solution was to bury an ample supply of snow under the sawdust. This Barney did when he made his annual mid-winter trek into Island Park to shovel the snow off the roofs of the buildings. The spot he chose was on the north side of the sawdust pile, where a cluster of trees would provide shade throughout the day. The snow kept all summer.

M'JEAN: Barry had the daily assignment of replenishing the snow in the ice box by digging up buried snow in the sawdust pile. The girls had the job of cleaning up the water and sawdust that would land on the floor when the snow melted.

BARNEY, MARJ, GRANDPA MYRNA, BABY SUSAN, M'JEAN  
*“All dressed up to go to Ponds”  
 (Note the stickers still on the new windows)*

## AND THERE WAS LIGHT

DAVID: Barney bought a little Briggs and Stratton motor and then attached it to a small generator about the size of what would be in a car. Then he ran a cord into the house and hooked up a couple of 12 amp light bulbs that would light up one or two of the rooms far better than a gasoline lantern. That little generator ran on gasoline. We would take turns pouring gasoline in it and starting it at night. It gave us light for school work and to read and do other things. We used it for several years until we sold the sawmill and we sold that building.



ICE BOX (similar to the one Marj had in her cooler)

Everyone loved having the light but it came at the expense of the usual quietness of evening, as the motor chugged loudly on the back porch. The silencing of the motor at bedtime came as a relief. To none more so that to Grandpa, over in





DOUBLE SWINGS

AL & BERNIE



his cabin, enduring the racket with none of the benefit. In writing to Grandma he made mention of how late and how noisy.

## DOUBLE SWINGS

There were two tall pine trees a little ways from the back porch, about 10-12 feet apart. Barney put up two tall swings with chains hanging from a pole secured to branches of those trees.

M'JEAN: We loved our swings. Grownups watching us twisting up in a swing and then spinning fast said it made them dizzy just watching. Just watching? I never could figure that out, although we were plenty dizzy when we got out of the swing and tried to walk in a straight line.



M'JEAN

## MICE PROBLEM

BARRY: One perpetual problem we had in Island Park was mice in the house. And it became my job at one point to be the mouse catcher. I had a trapline for mice. And that was a pretty good deal for me, because it was a money source. I'd get paid so much per mouse—something like maybe a dime or a nickel a mouse, or something like that. And in that new house, it was quite a tight house, and it was a little bit hard to figure out how those mice would get in. Course, a lot of times the doors would get left open. But I'd set traps and I was doing pretty good, and I found out that there was one area in the house that was a little more productive than other areas, and as I got nosing around in that area of the house, I went into a closet, and I found a hole in the boards in the bottom of the closet. And it was a hole that the mice had actually chewed through the lumber.

### MOUSE FREEWAY

And that was just like a freeway for them. Man, they'd go in and out of that hole. So it was a good place for me. I'd just set the traps around the hole. And my catch increased dramatically. I was making pretty good money. And I didn't want to tell anybody about the hole, cause that would shut off my money supply. But I caught a lot of mice around that hole.

## YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

Uncle Bernie had lived at Island Park Siding practically every summer since 1937 and had been on Barney's payroll for the past ten years--from the time he was 13 years old. But he was to have his sawmill career interrupted with an invitation from Uncle Sam to serve a hitch in the army.

BERNIE: I was there summers and after graduating from Ricks until July '53 when I was drafted. I believe I was in Ft. Ord at the same time as Burton South.



## *Cousins in Camp*

**C**amp was full of cousins, on both the South and Knapp sides. Marj's sister, Ann Walker, lived in camp that summer in the Al Smith cabin with the big covered porch. Thel and Elmer Snowball and their family had lived there. in 1949. Gene and Glenna Jones, Jeannie and Davey, were on the east end of camp.

DAVEY JONES, GENE JONES,  
PAUL WALKER, CHERIE  
HESS, SAUNDRA WALKER  
MYRNA SOUTH, JEANNIE  
JONES  
In front of Grandpa Knapp's  
cabin

### THE RUNAWAY

JEANNIE: My mom and I had had a fight. I was mad at her. And so I packed a box of clothes and took my stuff and walked down to Leitha and Floyd Perrenoud's. I walked down there, and I can still see—they were tall. And I knocked on the door, and Leitha answered the door, and I said, can I stay at your house tonight? She says, really? I said, uh-huh, I don't want to ever go home again. And so I went in the house, and she sent Kent down to tell Mother that I was there and it was okay, if it was alright with her if I stayed.

Mother knew I was mad, so she said yeah I could stay, so the next morning I went home, and everything was fine. Mom never mentioned it that I can think of after that. That was the only time I ran away from home.

### PINCURLS

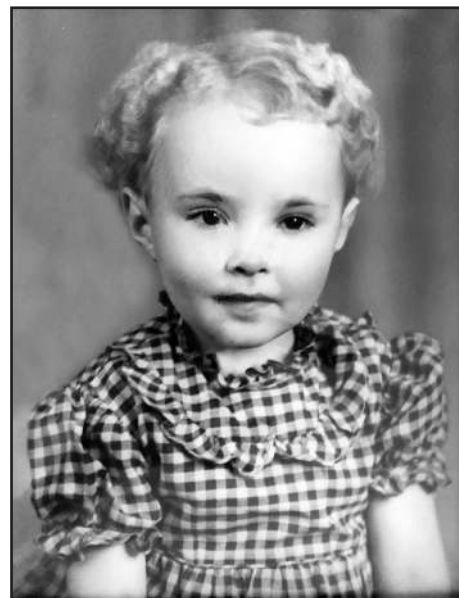
I remember one day riding in the back of a jeep. I can't remember who it was that was driving. But I'd just had my hair put up. I'd just washed my hair, and Mother always put little pincurls in it. We were going along, and there was someone else in the back of there too, and he hit a big bump, and I went "whoop" right on my head. And Oh, I was so mad at him. I was mad at him for a long time, cause he messed up my hair. My mom had fixed my hair so cute.

### OUT ON A LIMB

One day I decided to climb the tree by our cabin, big tall tree. I was about maybe four, so I climbed that tree. I got clear up in the top of the tree and sat out on a limb and started singing "All I want for Christmas is My Two Front Teeth." (laughing) I can still see Mother coming out the door, and she could hear me singing but she couldn't find me. And when she finally looked up and saw me in that tree, her hair just about turned green. It just scared her to death. And she said, "Come down here!" And I said, "I can't! I don't know how." So she had to climb all the way up and get me out of that tree. It was scary for both of us. So she didn't give me a lickin' that day, but she told me don't do it any more.

JEANNIE JONES

"I can still see Mother coming out the front door, and when she saw me up in that tree, her hair just about turned green"  
(Jeannie)





ANN & PAUL WALKER  
ROBERT, BILLY, SAUNDRA  
Summer of 1953

Paul had also worked for Barney several years ago, before the war.

## WALKERS

Ann's husband, Paul Walker, was working for Barney. He had worked for Barney twice before, but it had been a number of years since then. They now had 5 children: Sandra, 12; Billy, 9; Robert, 5; Larry, 3; and baby Dennis, who was born the previous winter.

BILL WALKER: That cabin we lived in only had two rooms, just the one bedroom in the back and kitchen in the front. It was full when everyone was in it --5 kids and parents. It had a porch on it. It had a cellar.

The cabin became even more "full" for a time. Things had not gone well in Aberdeen for the Snowball family. Thel and Elmer divorced in 1953. It was a sad and hard time for all of the family. The oldest two children, Shirley and Dan, went to stay with their Aunt Ann in Island Park.

SHIRLEY SNOWBALL: When Ann and Paul lived in the same cabin that we lived in, Berdett lived with them and also Dan and I. Mother sent us up to live with them for a while. It was just me and Dan there. Dennis [Walker] was a little guy. Dennis was a baby.

BILL WALKER: They just came up to visit. I remember that Danny got inside a truck tire and we rolled the tire down the sawdust pile. It rolled down the hill and hit the back of Perrenoud's cabin and it jammed his head inside the tire. We used to play kick the can after dark and hide and go seek kind of thing. There used to be a steam engine sitting out by the garbage pit.

ROBERT WALKER: I remember riding tricycle through the pond in the road there. I played on the steam engines--2 engines they had up there. And the sawdust pile--oh yeah we played on it a lot.

## COUSIN BERDETT

Marj's nephew, Berdett Hess, who by now was playing football at University of Idaho in Moscow, had been offbearing for Barney for about three seasons, sometimes bunking with Bernie. Living with Walkers, he became quite attached to the children.

BILLY WALKER  
DAN, SHIRLEY & DEE  
SNOWBALL



## HUNG KIDS ON CLOTHESLINE

ANN WALKER: Seemed like he was by himself for a while. One time Berdett was teasing my boys. They used to wear those striped overalls. He hung them onto the clotheslines by their striped overalls.

SHIRLEY SNOWBALL: I remember him clearly. How big he was; how he picked up Ann's boys and would throw them around. He would drink milk out of the bottle even if it was sour. He just couldn't get enough to eat--was always hungry.

ANN WALKER: I'd sometimes watch him training running up and down those hills. He found a big steep hill he'd go run up and I'd go up and watch him.



BILL WALKER: Berdett was up there helping in the timber and he was getting ready to go back to school. He was running up and down the hill in Trail Canyon getting in shape for football.

ANN WALKER: Paul and Berdett and I would go places. I didn't want them to shoot the game. I'd say, "run away, run away!" Paul and Berdett and me went together a lot over to Macks Inn and places.

Barney and Berdett used to have a time together. One time Berdett lifted the back of a Plymouth. Then went in and told Barney he could do it—made bet. Barney said I don't think you can lift this car, but he got a bet out of him. He was tricking Barney.

## WARREN WORKING FOR GENE

STEVE KNAPP: That summer Dad got a job working for Gene Jones at the siding. He was the sawyer at the mill, so that left me time to wander around the area around camp as much as I wanted. Bill, McDougals, Kent Perrenoud and I would catch a ride with one of the trucks and go fishing on Split Creek or walk up to Tom's Creek and fish.

That summer, My Uncle Paul Walker and Aunt Anna worked for Uncle Barney at the mill. For some reason, Shirley Snowball and her family were up there also. That was a great summer. Sandra, Shirley, Danny, David and Barry and I and Billy and some of the younger cousins were all about the same age, and we had a great time that summer.

### SADDLE HORSE

My Aunt Anna owned a saddle horse, and she even had a saddle, which for me was almost unheard of. They brought up this horse and to my surprise, she let me use him anytime I wanted to. He was a little hard to stop when you let him out, so some of the kids were afraid of him, but I had been around horses all my life and I soon learned that I was smarter than he was and I rode him all over the country.

BILL WALKER: Another cabin to the east was where McDougals lived. It had a sign "keep out" on the door. McDougals had worked for Gene that summer.

### RODE TO SHEEP CAMP

STEVE KNAPP: One time Sandra, Kent and I found out that the Millers were coming up through Ripley Butte with the sheep. So I took the horse, and Kent and Sandra rode their bikes and we went down to visit the sheep camp. When it started to get close to noon, I felt the urge to get home and fix Dad some lunch so he wouldn't get mad at me. So I saddled up the horse and rode home, fixed lunch for Dad, and afterward rode back to the sheep camp. We helped the Millers around the camp for a couple more hours and then went back home. I figured I had ridden that poor horse about 20 miles that day.

On the weekends we would take off in our Studebaker and travel around the country side. We went to Virginia City and West Yellowstone and into Yellowstone Park. We would also go up to Phillips Lodge and go to their barbecue and listen to the performers that came up to play on Friday and Saturday nights.



STEVE KNAPP  
SAUNDRA WALKER  
"CLOSE COUSINS"



BARNEY & BERDETT

SAUNDRA & BROTHERS  
BILLY, ROBERT, LARRY  
"Sandra and Billy went to Mack's to school. Seems if there were a certain number they paid you for driving." (Ann Walker)





BARRY (*photoshopped*)  
 BARNEY, M'JEAN, SUSAN,  
 MYRNA, MARJ (*front*)  
 TOMMY HAACK, (*friend*)  
 GRANDPA KNAPP,  
 DAVID (*back*)

## School 1953

With no school in Idaho Falls on Labor Day, David and friend Tommy Haack are on hand to celebrate Susan's first birthday, September 7, 1953. The family had lived in the new house for two months and one week.

Myrna was a new first grader. Unfortunately, she and her cousin and pal Jeannie Jones would not be able to go to school together. Gene was finishing his tie contract, which was not to be renewed. It was the last summer the Jones family would live in Island Park. Jeannie started school in Evanston.

GLENN JONES: We took Jeannie to Evanston where she started the first grade. She stayed with Ruth. This was okay because we knew we would soon be moving to Evanston. When the rest of the family followed, they lived with Ruth and Ren for a time.

Myrna joined Barry, M'Jean, the Walker cousins, and a few other children who were living in camp traveling from the siding to the schoolhouse at Mack's each day.

MYRNA: I remember Barry being in school when I first started. We went to school at Mack's Inn. That was about ten miles away, and Marj, my mother, was the school bus driver for our little neighborhood.

ANN WALKER: Sandra and Billy went to Macks for school. Someone had to drive the kids. Seems if there was a certain number they paid you for driving.

BILL WALKER: There were two rooms, grades 1-4 in one room and then 5-8 in the other. There was a principal and teacher.

M'JEAN: Bill and I were in the same grade, the 4th, so we sat in the same row. There were some McDougal kids, a boy and a girl, about our age, who lived in the sawmill camp and went to school with us for a few weeks. The girl and I had our hair permanented at the same time. Hers turned out to be a tighter wave. At school they called me "Curly Top" and her, "Frizzy Top."

## NEW SCHOOL ERA

The fall of 1953 started a new school era. With the start of school in 1953, the Souths were faced with a dilemma. The one-room schoolhouse at Mack's only went to 8th grade, and David was past that point. The family would not be able to leave the sawmill until November or December. It worked out pretty well for David to skip half of the school year back when he was a first grader, but it would not be okay in high school.

DAVID: As a ninth-grader who could no longer attend the Island Park School, I lived with Grandmother Knapp and went to school in Idaho Falls.

I rode the train. It was really exciting for a kid. I made several train trips. The depot was downtown, down by library. When I got off, then I walked to Grandma's. I don't think I came home riding the train. When it snowed they quit running the train.

Cousin Steve Knapp was there, also.

STEVE KNAPP: We both stayed at Grandma Knapp's until the weather got bad and shut down the mills at Island Park. Then David moved home with his family and Dad came down and we both lived with Grandpa and Grandma Knapp. Uncle Bernie was in the Army and had been to Germany. He came home for a while so we had a full house for a time while he was home. That house was pretty small.

## FIRST BIRTHDAY

Little Susan turned one year old in the new house on Labor Day, September 7, 1953.

SUSAN SOUTH

The 5th child in the family to sit in the high chair made by Barney, Susan eyes her pretty birthday cake with one glowing candle.





## Chapter 88

# Music in our Lives

Tell how much music has blessed our lives, cause holy cow it's a chore!— SUSAN

**A**t their home in Idaho Falls the family had enjoyed the player piano. But it was in Island Park, where they were so isolated, that it was really treasured. Without letting the kids know, Barney had the player piano moved up there to the new house. What a surprise it was for them when they walked in the house and saw it sitting there against the wall!

(Another surprise awaited them in the fall when they moved back to Idaho Falls to see in the living room another upright piano--not a player, however.)

BARRY: We had some great times up there as a family. Marj and Barney wanted their kids to have some music in their lives. We had room in that house for a couple of musical instruments. One was a player piano. I think we had about 40 rolls of music with the piano. Most of the rolls had words to the song printed on the roll.

That provided a lot of entertainment. Kids could gather around that thing and pump that old player piano and put a roll on there and get together and sing the songs. The family spent a lot of time pumping the pedals and singing the songs as the piano played the tunes. Some tunes I remember were, "Don't Fence Me In," "Meet me in St Louis," "Polonaise," "There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere."

Some of the others:  
"The Little Brown Church in the Vale"  
"Let the Rest of the World Go By"  
"When Irish Eyes are Smiling"  
"My Wild Irish Rose"  
"Till We Meet Again"  
"Beautiful Blue Danube"  
"Sweet Rosie O'Grady"  
"The Birth of the Blues"  
"Beautiful Ohio"  
"Mexicali Rose"  
"Jada"





Cousins, friends, anyone who came to visit would frequently wind up at the player piano, taking a turn pumping the pedals and singing along.

DAVID & SUSAN,  
M'JEAN, BARNEY, MYRNA  
Enjoying a little music on  
the porch of the new log  
cabin.

#### FLUTE

BARRY: Barney had learned how to play a violin when he was younger. I never tried to learn it, but we did have a flute come into the family once, and I learned a little about the flute.

[Barney bought the Armstrong flute on December 22, 1951, from Chesbro Music Company in Idaho Falls for \$137.50.]

#### VICTROLA

BARRY: We also had a wind up phonograph in the house--had some old time records. That was fun, being able to put the records on. Between the piano and the phonograph we were pretty well exposed to music.

The record player was a tall cabinet wind-up Victrola. The records were 78 speed. After winding it up with the crank sticking out of the side of the cabinet, it would play a record or two at the appropriate speed and pitch. But as it wound down, the pitch of the song would start going lower, and lower, and gradually the



BARRY  
Player piano bought by Barney  
Sold by family in time of financial need  
Repurchased by Barry & Elinor

music would get slower and slower until it droned to a stop--unless, of course, you wound up the phonograph while the record was still playing, and then the sound would slide back up to normal.

A package of very short phonograph needles was handy by the side of the player arm, and the instructions called for replacing the needle after each record was played. "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day" by Bing Crosby and "I'm My Own Grandpa" were among the favorites.



VICTROLA  
Similar to the one owned  
by the South family

## VERSATILE MUSICAIN

Barney was quite an accomplished, self-taught musician. He learned to play several instruments, including the violin, guitar, mandolin, flute, concertina, and piano.



M'JEAN: Barney gave Myrna and me piano lessons, gave us money for practicing--one cent for each 5 minutes. We kept track with a practice chart.

We had some beginner piano books. I remember how he also taught me to play familiar tunes by ear, figuring out the chords in the left hand to accompany the melody.

Barney was a gifted teacher. Marj said that he was always willing to teach what he knew if someone were interested in learning. He gave Myrna and me a solid start in music, which we have appreciated all our lives.

Barney and Marj expected the kids to use their time learning to work and accomplish something useful, rather than just to play all day. To our daily chores was added piano practice, which was sometimes frustrating to a cousin who had come to play.

JEANNIE JONES: I would come over to your cabin and you guys were always practicing.



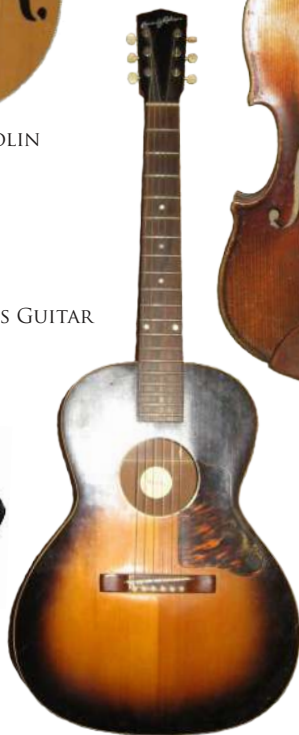


BARNEY'S MANDOLIN

BARNEY'S VIOLIN



BARNEY'S GUITAR



CONCERTINA  
Similar to Barney's

ARMSTRONG  
FLUTE  
Similar to the one  
Barney bought



MYRNA & M'JEAN

"Barney gave Myrna and me piano lessons, gave us money for practicing—one cent for each 5 minutes. We kept track with a practice chart." (*M'Jean*)

SUSAN SOUTH CRANDALL  
Learned to play and performed  
on Barney's mandolin.



RANDY &  
GRANDSON  
CARTER HALL



## Chapter 89

# City Life

I feel sorry for a kid who never had to want something.—MARJ

Living in the big, beautiful, log cabin in Island Park was such a luxury! Yet with the cold weather coming on, things like carrying wood and water through the snow and doing the wash outside in freezing temperatures made moving to the valley look pretty appealing.

### SNOOKER

More skill is required to play snooker than pool since the table is larger, the pockets narrower, the pocket lead-in curved, and the balls smaller. Because accuracy is critical to snooker, a person who plays snooker becomes better at pool.

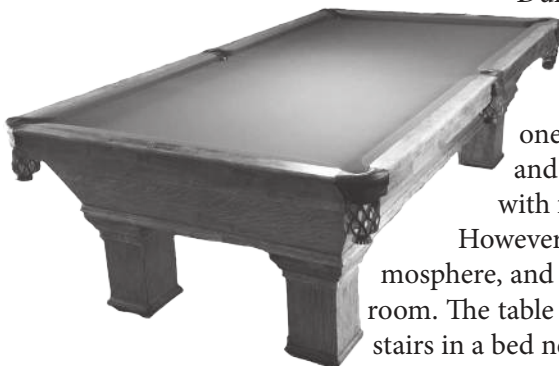
DAVID: The sawmill was small and old. But life was good. Friends were plentiful. The family moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho in the winter. It had the good stuff -- running water, indoor plumbing, light bulbs that worked.

At the sawmill, Barney worked hard, but in Idaho Falls he lollygagged. Yet, I do remember that during one winter he built a steel main frame to replace the sawmill's wooden one, and during another winter he built a steel main carriage. Barney also fixed the trucks and equipment for the next season's work.

BARRY: At the lumberyard Barney did quite a bit of welding and shop work. He built that new mill husk.

### FORD'S POOL HALL - SNOOKER TABLE

DAVID: But he still had ample time for Ford's Pool Hall, where he played pool or snooker with the men who gathered there every day — mostly farmers and loggers with not much to do during the winter.



During the winter months, Barney sold lumber out of the lumber yard, overhauled his trucks, and made improvements on the house, besides taking care of his mother's apartment house. He still had some free time, and he was never one for all work and no play. He became a skillful pool player, and the time he spent likely did a lot for customer relations with farmers who bought his sawn material.

However, he preferred the atmosphere at home to the pool hall atmosphere, and he decided to get his own table to put in the large upstairs room. The table he bought was a snooker table. David and Barry slept upstairs in a bed near the snooker table.





MYRNA, M'JEAN, DAVID, BARRY  
Front yard, Idaho Falls house.

BARNEY, DAVID, BARRY, M'JEAN, MYRNA  
Back yard, Idaho Falls house.







## Half Day School Pals

**A**t the sawmill Barney spent a lot of time with his boys. They worked together every day, and when there was time to go hunting or fishing, the boys went along.

In Idaho Falls a new opportunity presented itself, and Barney found himself in the delightful company of little Myrna, who as a first grader attended school half days.

When M'Jean was in school and Myrna was left with no playmate at home, Barney would often take her with him during the day. And when she was in school, she was often bored. Barney gave her "homework" to work on at school.

MYRNA: In Idaho Falls, of course, we started out at Riverside School, and I went there first grade and third grade [Myrna skipped 2<sup>nd</sup> grade.]

Well, Barney took me down in the morning to enroll me, and they had split sessions. You either went in the morning or the afternoon. Well, they signed me up for the afternoon session. They showed me where my room was. He took me home, and then in the afternoon, I went back alone.

Perhaps he drove me to the school, but when I got there, I walked in my room, and the teacher wasn't there. And one of the boys walked up with his fists doubled up: "This isn't

your room.” Anyway, I guess the teacher must have come back in time to stop any real trouble.

#### SAFE AT MOVIE

I only went to school in the afternoon; I had my mornings free, so sometimes he would take me someplace. One time he took me to a movie—I think it was called the “Squeezebox.” Somebody played something like a concertina—I guess it’s called a squeezebox, but he left me there, and then he came and got me when the movie was over. You couldn’t do that now, but it seemed to be fine, then. Perhaps he played some pool.

Another time he had me with him when he went to visit Al. The thing I remember about that was another one of those silly things only a little kid could think about. It had been snowy—so snowy for so long, that I saw some dirt on the ground, and I was so excited—there’s some dirt!

#### BORED AT SCHOOL

I was in the first grade.



M’Jean and my mother, between the two of them, had taught me to read. And I think I was probably a pretty good reader by the time I started first grade, and then I kept reading, so I kept getting a little better. Back in those days I’m not aware that there was a Kindergarten. I don’t think anybody in my class had ever been to Kindergarten, so they were all starting out from scratch. And they didn’t learn phonics. They just started reading Dick, Jane, Baby Sally. Tom? No, there was no Tom. Puff, the kitty, and what was the dog’s.... Tim, the teddy bear.... Spot the dog. So, anyway, while the other kids were writing their letters out, and while they were writing from one to a hundred on a piece of paper, I would be a little bored, and I would go home and complain that I was bored.

So, I remember my father writing out arithmetic problems for me—times tables.

He taught me how to play Canasta.

BARRY, DAVID,  
MYRNA, M’JEAN

#### MYRNA & BARNEY

“I only went to school in the afternoon; I had my mornings free, so sometimes he would take me someplace.

In school when the other kids were writing from one to a hundred, I would be a little bored, so I remember my father writing out arithmetic problems for me—times tables.

He taught me how to play Canasta.” (Myrna)





MYRNA

With such a sweet innocent look, who should ever have to worry about getting “coal in your shoes”?

## Christmas

The Christmas tree was always a fresh evergreen placed in Barney’s homemade stand with a pan of water underneath. The first string of lights remembered had bubbly, colorful candle-shaped light bulbs. There was always tinsel, or icicles.

In spite of threats to get nothing but “coal in your shoes,” everyone always got presents. (With a coal furnace, there was plenty of coal to be had.) David and Barry got ice skates and sleds and went skating and sledding.

M’JEAN: Each Christmas Myrna and I would receive dolls and doll furniture. The dolls were always “twins” and had twin names: Judy and Trudy, Lula Belle and Lilly Belle (both of which ended up being donated to the firemen to give to children less fortunate). Our last pair were beautiful Terri Lee dolls, and since they could not both be called Terri Lee, we named one Sanda Lee, after our cousin Sanda Lee Bybee, who was about our age. In the case of each set of twin dolls, no one else in the family could distinguish one from the other, but we had no trouble telling them apart.

MYRNA: We had a buggy and were always hauling them around in the buggy.

M’JEAN: The little doll buggy met with a mishap and received an L-shaped tear. Marj repaired it and showed us how to do a “football stitch,” which has often come in handy since.

MYRNA: Then we got the red table and chairs and the blue dishes.

M’JEAN: Barney made us a classy little wooden kitchen cupboard, varnished and shiny, and the blue willow dishes fit inside. (All of which still enjoyed by his great-grandchildren)

### TINSEL & BUBBLE LIGHTS

Tinsel was originally made from shredded silver, but the silver tarnished quickly. Lead foil was a popular material for tinsel manufacture for several decades of the 20th century. Unlike silver, lead tinsel did not tarnish, so it retained its shine. Use of lead tinsel was phased out after the 1960s due to concern that it exposed children to a risk of lead poisoning.

A bubble light is a decorative device consisting of a liquid-filled vial that is heated and lighted by an incandescent light bulb. Some early bubble lights used a lightweight oil or camphor, and because of the liquid’s low boiling point, the modest heat generated by the lamp causes the liquid to boil and bubble up from the vial’s base, causing them to shine.

Bubble lights for Christmas decoration were first patented in the United States by Carl W. Otis in 1944 and were very popular from the 1940s through the 1970s.





ROSIE O'NEILL (aka)  
NURR NURR



TRUDY



TERRI LEE & SANDA LEE



LITTLE PEAR



Party favor  
Made in Japan

BLUE WILLOW DISHES



TINKERBELL & PETER PAN

STORYBOOK DOLLS



Doll sent from Aunt  
Zelma in Boston







"Barney made us a classy little wooden kitchen cupboard, varnished and shiny, and the blue willow dishes fit inside, enjoyed by his kids, grandkids and great grandkids." (*M'Jean*)

LUND KIDS WITH CUPBOARD, RED TABLE & CHAIRS & "GLASS DISHES":

JEANETTE & JON (*top left*)  
ROSALIE & TESSY (*top right*)  
MOLLY (*below left and right*)

## DOLLS



900 TARGHEE TIES

Playing with Dolls was a favorite activity for big and little sisters alike. Susie often carried a doll around under her arm, and much of the time it was “Nora,” the two-tone dolly with the crack in its head from the garbage pit.



## BIRTHDAYS - PARTY AT FUNERAL HOME

M'JEAN: We celebrated everyone's birthday rather modestly, just with the family at home. There was always birthday cake and the inevitable “birthday spankings,” with a last extra spank: “And one to grow on!” The birthday child and sibling closest in age would usually receive matching presents.

Marj did not host birthday parties where other children were invited. She was always very sensitive about “begging for gifts.” However, we attended birthday parties of school friends occasionally. One girl, whose father was an undertaker, lived in the upstairs of a funeral home, and I was invited to her party. The table favor, a tiny china cup and saucer, and the prize I won, a porcelain figurine—both made in Japan—remain

in my collection of little childhood treasures. The figurine is a Chinese boy with an umbrella, whom I named “Little Pear,” after the character in story books my teacher read aloud at school.



## BIKES & ROLLER SKATES

When compared with the vast “playground” the South kids enjoyed in Island Park, outdoor recreation in the city had its limitations. However, the city sidewalks offered a smooth surface for rollerskating not to be had in the woods. The kids were acquainted with the grumpy neighbor with the great sloped driveway, as well as every large crack in the sidewalk.

MYRNA, SUSAN & M'JEAN

Susie clutches two-tone, cracked head “Nora,” dolly created from two discarded dolls in garbage pit at the sawmill.



Roller skates, sized to fit with the key, were clamped onto the soles of leather shoes, secured with straps over the ankle.







MARJ & BARNEY

With baby #6 on the way,  
Marj dons her flowing  
maternity jacket.

SHARLEEN HESS [KELSEY]

As a two-year-old in Island  
Park, Sharleen had been one  
of Marj's favorite camera  
subjects. The third child  
of Marj's sister, Claudia,  
Sharleen grew up in Shelley,  
potato country.

niece, Claudia's daughter Sharleen Hess, when she came to stay with the kids. She fascinated them with her wild tale about the "Wolf Girl." Sharleen was regarded as somewhat of a celebrity. She

was very pretty and even had her picture in the paper when she was queen for "Spud Day."

Later on, when David and Barry were old enough to be responsible, the kids were left home alone.

M'JEAN: Not very often would Myrna and I be left home alone, but one evening when this was the case, a man knocked, and

## SOCIALIZING

Barney and Marj socialized with a group of friends: Gene and Glenna Jones, Fred and Elaine Parker, Blair and Delsey Hammon, Virgil and Delva Edwards, and probably others.

They would go to the dances, the boxing or wrestling matches at the armory, go rabbit hunting, or have pinochle parties. When the kids got up one morning and found the remnants of a pinochle party that Barney and Marj had hosted the night before while the kids were in bed, that seemed pretty exciting. The card table was set up, and alongside the poker chip carousel and cards, there were a few leftover refreshments.

BERNIE: I remember living in I. F. when Glenna and Gene lived in the motel along the North Yellowstone Highway during the winters. I think it was Vissings. I used to tend Jeannie sometimes when they, Barney, Marj and Blair Hammon went to the Friday night wrestling matches at the Armory.

## "WOLF GIRL"

The kids were really taken with Marj's



we could see his face through the glass in the door. As the expression goes, he had a face that would stop a clock, and we figured anyone with a face like that had to be a bad guy, so we didn't open the door. It turned out to be one of Barney's good friends—very nice, but a homely guy.

## FIRE IN LUMBER SHED

It was on a school day, during the winter of 1952-53, that the lumber shed caught fire.

M'JEAN: I was sitting in my 4<sup>th</sup> grade classroom at Riverside Elementary when word was brought to our room that there was a fire at the Souths' lumberyard. Whatever possessed my teacher to think I should go home, I don't know, but she sent me home to help partake of the disaster. She chose a classmate, Georgia Brunt, to accompany me, to lend me support along the way.

When we got to Ada Avenue, sure enough, there was a fire in the lumber shed. Of course I was of no use to Barney and others dealing with the damage. "What are you doing here?" I was asked.



"Go back to school!" So I was sent promptly back.

Barney and his brothers had built the lumber shed shortly after building the apartment house in 1935. It had two levels. For over 15 years Barney had hauled logs and lumber from the sawmill in Island Park and stacked them in the lumbershed to be sold throughout the winter season.

Losing the lumber shed, along with the sawn materials inside, was a significant loss for Barney. It was added to the list of losses by fire in the South family.

DAVID & BARNEY  
Just to the south of the apartment house can be seen the two-story lumbershed, which burned in 1953.

MARJ  
At the lumbershed. When Barney was not available, it was Marj who did the figuring on a sale of lumber.

## Chapter 90

# Horse Tales

It is my honest opinion that some animals have more common sense  
than some of us humans.—REN SOUTH

Back in October, 1923, when Sam South and his family left Monte Cristo, Utah, and traveled by train to the Targhee National Forest in Idaho, they had arrived in Island Park with everything they owned. Included with the saw-mill, steam engine, wagons, and household goods were several horses. They were dependent upon these horses for transportation and for logging.

The following year, when Justin Knapp contracted with the Targhee Tie Company as a tie hauler, he likewise depended on his horses to haul loaded wagons and sleighs out of the timber. It was in a horse drawn sleigh that his family traveled to Island Park in January, 1925.

Gradually, the use of horses for transportation and hauling had been replaced by vehicles. However, for those engaged in logging, horses remained an essential part of their operation.

DAVID & BARRY  
Sitting high in the  
saddle.

BARRY: Our early logging days depended a lot on horses to help move the logs. We usually had two to four workhorses in the woods whenever we were working. The first horses I remember were Nig and Bolley. We liked them very much and they were good horses. One fall, when we had to move out or get snowed in, the horses had succeeded in getting loose and they could not be found. We left, and the horses died that winter a couple of miles from camp.

BERNIE: The year that Charlie was logging up there in Trail Canyon, he was using Nig and Bolley. They disappeared, and he thought they went to Ashton someplace. The next spring they found Nig and Bolley in the Vanoy cabin, tail to tail.

### VANOY PLACE – NIG AND BOLLEY’S BONES

BARRY: (*Family Reminiscences*) -There were some cabins just as you go into the trees there. They were called the Vanoy place. And I remember coming up one spring when we were really little when Barney was with us. We came up in the spring early to get the mill going, and he told us that they weren’t able to get the horses out the year before.

SUSAN: And they had to winter up here?







SKID HORSE  
Harnessed and  
ready to snake logs

BARRY: I never did hear the full story about that, other than, I think Barney kind of blamed it on Charlie—that Charlie didn't do something, and the horses were left in here. When we came up that spring, the horses were there by the Vanoy place. They were dead. I always really felt bad about those horses, having to freeze to death, starve to death, whatever.

M'JEAN: Didn't we call that Betty's Cabin?

BARRY: Nope.

MYRNA: We called it Nig and Bolley's bones.

BARRY: Yeah, that was Nig and Bolley's bones. But it was always interesting to ride by that old pair of cabins there. They just gradually deteriorated. There's hardly anything left of them now.

BERNIE: This is what I think happened. They had the horses up in the woods, and they hauled hay and water to them. When they finished with the horses, they moved them to the sawmill. They got loose and disappeared. It was thought they went to Ashton, where they were from originally. In the snow they didn't have anything to eat, so they went up to where they had been fed, by the Vanoy cabins, and got caught in that storm. The door to the cabin was shut, and they were trapped inside.

In Targhee Tie days they had a pond by the Vanoy cabin; they had Canada geese in the pond. Just past there into the timber a little ways, there was

a homestead place, the Clark place, and that is what Stimson and Malan bought.

## PET AND TOPS

When it was time to move to Island Park in the spring, there was the need for replacing the skid horses, Nig and Bolley. It was likely at that time that Barney bought the two roan mares, Pet and Tops, from the Rameys in Blackfoot, where he had bought the cow.

BARRY: Pet and Tops were two rodeo bronc mares that we got at the same time. They were both strawberry roans and getting on in years, quite gentle but they both would give us a little excitement by bucking when we kicked them in the flank. We only had Pet a few years, and she started getting old really fast, and she got ringbone at the ankles and was getting lame. We sold her during the winter.

## TOPS – GRANDPA'S FAVORITE

Tops didn't seem as though she ever would get old. She became Grandpa's favorite skid horse and the two of them plodded along all day, not moving very fast, but they got a lot of work done. They both liked each other a lot but they surely worked a lot at antagonizing each other. Tops would stop in the skid trail while pulling a drag, Grandpa would holler at her, then cuss at her, then "talk to her with a stick," or his pickaroon, and then they would go on down the trail as though nothing had happened.

## MISCHIEVOUS BARRY

BERNIE: Dad told me Barry was helping skid, and he was riding Tops, and

leaned way out over the hames and put his hands over the horse's eyes, and she walked right into a tree.

BARRY: Other horses we had at different times while working were Dick, Jane, Peanuts, Zorro and Chub.

BERNIE: One time they had a horse and they called it "Peanuts," fairly gentle. If we'd sit down for lunch, if someone would give it a crust of bread it would eat it. Paul [Walker] gave it the name "Peanuts."

#### LUNCH LEFTOVERS – TIMBER CRUISING

BARRY: The horses were often fed various leftovers from the men's lunches and each horse would accept or reject certain morsels. I remember Peanuts, especially, because he never turned down anything. He even ate tomatoes, something none of the others would eat.

The horses were used for many different jobs during the summer. They pulled many cars and trucks out of mud holes when they were stuck. They pulled small trees out by the roots to make roads to get back into new logging areas.

The horses we used for timber cruising or, when there were other occasions, to ride through the woods.

#### BUCKED OFF – WALK HOME

The horses were used for recreation sometimes--pulling a skier or cart or wagon. During hunting season sometimes we would ride the horses back into the higher mountains looking for game.

On one such trip Dad and I were on two horses and we were passing a rifle between us when the rifle accidentally fired. The horses bucked us off and ran. We had a long walk home, but the horses were waiting for us when we arrived there.

#### SKIDDING

Most of all, the horses were used for skidding and loading logs. When Dad worked in the woods he would have David and me each ride a horse from the loading area out to where he would hook logs to the horses; then we returned to the loading area dragging the logs. This would go on all day, and it was hard work, avoiding snags, watching for dead falls and keeping the horses moving.

#### STUCK IN A BOG

David and I would skid our logs with horses, and sometimes David and I would take the horses out just for kind of a fun little ride. We were up on Split Creek—really pretty canyon. I can't remember exactly how we got into this mess, but we took a horse, Peanuts, up the canyon. Peanuts was pretty clumsy and fell and got stuck in some kind of a bog and couldn't get up.

And we worked with it—David and I worked with it. We were just little kids. We couldn't lift it or anything, but we tried to encourage it to get up, but the horse was stuck, so we said, "Okay, let's go get Dad."

And I can't remember the exact details, but somehow we got word to Dad that the horse was stuck up there and we couldn't get it up, and a little bit later we saw Dad riding another horse up there, and he had a chain hooked to the singletree on that horse, and that chain was quite a special chain that we had, and we called it the "loading chain." It was 50 feet long, and he brought that chain up to hook onto that horse and pull it out of the bog. As it turned out, I think, the horse got up on its own. I can't remember exactly how. But I remember Dad riding up that canyon pulling that chain. It was quite a sight to us.

#### WATERING HORSES IN WOODS

Since the horses were used mainly in the woods, we left them at night in the woods. After work each day we tied them at a manger box where they were fed. The horses required a lot of water, and where we could, we kept the mangers at a creek. When we were not near a creek, we hauled water in fifty gallon barrels. The horses were seldom thirsty in the morning but after working all day they were really ready to get to the water.



# *Barney's Wild Ride*

## DAVID'S TALE: GIDDY UP!

DAVID: When I was about thirteen or fourteen, we spent a lot of time logging in an area we called Betty's Cabin, located on Split Creek. At Betty's Cabin near the water, we set up portable mangers for hay. At the end of each logging day, one of us — often I — would lead our three workhorses to the creek, water them, fill their mangers with hay and tie them up for the night.

## THREE-HORSE PROCESSION

One season, we began logging a ridge, probably about a quarter of a mile as the crow flies above the creek bottom and the spot where we had the mangers. By car, the only way to get from that ridge to the mangers was by driving about a mile over steep, rough roads. But for the horses, I devised a shorter, faster route. I created a procession of three horses by tying the last horse to the rear harness of the middle horse and tying the middle horse to the rear harness of the first horse. Then, I would swing onto the big, black lead horse and go down the mountain-side. Now, normally, you might let a workhorse trot, but you don't gallop him. I did. When that lead horse got almost to the bottom of the hill, it was "Giddy up, Fella!"

## CAR VS HORSE RACE

During this entire process of getting the horses off the ridge and to their night spot, someone else would be driving a car over that winding mile to the mangers, so I could get a ride back. Well, you guessed it. It became a race to see who could get to the mangers first — the car or the horses. Generally, I beat the car. In fact, most of the time I could get there, unharness the horses and get them watered before the car arrived.

## FAST RIDE

One autumn day after school started, Barney decided to ride the horses down as I had been doing all summer. But his was not the fun experience I had had. Apparently, Barney, knowing the horse knew the way down, didn't really guide him. And all went well till the animals almost reached bottom. Then "Whoa, whoa!" The horse took off at a dead run, narrowly missing a tree whose branches nearly knocked Barney off his steed. I knew all about that tree and always guided the horse to swing wide of it, but, of course, Barney didn't know that. When I got home, Barney was sort of laughing about this incident, but I still got a scolding.

## BARRY'S TALE: TRAINED TO GO!

BARRY: One incident was really quite funny, I thought. In the summer we were logging in the Split Creek area, and we had our horse mangers up right at the creek, so that we could water the horses in the creek instead of having to haul water to them. We were logging in that same area sometimes as much as a quarter of a mile away from the mangers. And this was when David and I were old enough to drive. When we got through loading the trucks with logs, Dad and the other crew members would take off in the trucks driving home, and David and I would take the horses to the mangers to unharness them and feed them for the night.

## A PRETTY GOOD RIDE

David and I would take turns riding the horses down the mountainside along the creek to the mangers where there was no road, and the other one would take the car and drive it from the logging site to the mangers. And we would have to follow the road. The road took quite a bit longer path, so we got in the habit of racing each other to the manger. The guy on the horses would run the horses down pretty fast. And these were big old work horses with harnesses on them,

but we rode them. And those horses—they were through with the day's work, and they wanted to get the water and the feed, so they weren't hard to get to move fast, so when you got on that horse, you had to be ready for a pretty good ride. After doing that for a month, those horses were trained to go.

#### DAD RODE THE HORSE

And then all of a sudden school started. David and I went to school, and Dad was up there with the crew, and he was the one that rode the horses to the manger that first night. (Laughs) Those horses were trained to go, and that night when we all got back together, he said, "What in the hell have you been doing with those horses?" (Laughs) Cause he nearly got brushed off on a tree at a sharp bend in the trail. Those horses really gave him a wild ride.

#### WATERING HORSES IN CAMP

Another similar incident happened during a different year, this time at camp. It was during the fall and the horses were kept in the barn. It was either David's or my job to water the horses. This meant going first to the well and filling the horse barrel and then leading the horses from the barn to the well and then drawing water as fast as possible while the horses drank.

#### NET WIRE FENCE – BARNEY SURPRISED

Some of us kids had been playing, and we stretched a net wire fence across the path from the barn to the well. Since we knew the fence was there, we just went around the fence when we led the horses to the well. One day, neither David nor I was there to water the horses, and Dad had to do it. When you lead four big thirsty work horses to water, it requires your full attention just to keep from being run over. Dad did not know the fence was up. It was after dark and he walked right into it with four big horses right on top of him. We surely heard about that the next day.

#### DICK STANDING IN MANGER

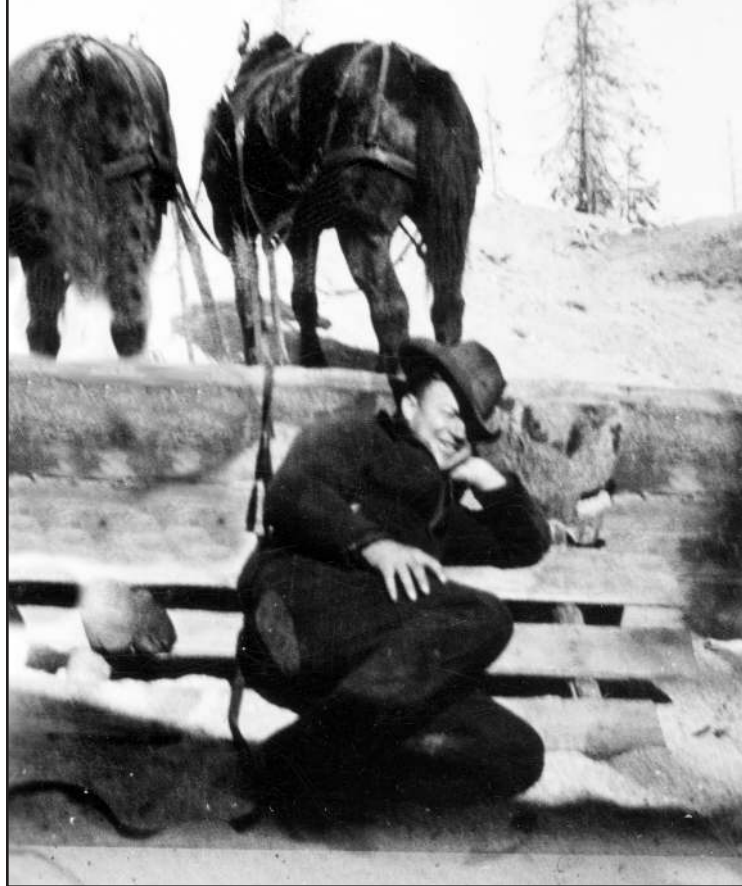
Wild animals usually spooked the horses to some degree. One morning we went to work and found Dick standing with his feet in his manger. We got looking around, and sure enough there were moose tracks a few yards down the road, and we even found a bale of hay where the moose had eaten down partly through that bale of hay.

#### DICK DIED

I only remember of one horse dying during the summer. That one was Old Dick. I guess he was our favorite one. He was the biggest and most dependable. He was a little sick for a while when he was in the woods, and one morning when we went to work he was lying, dead, by his manger. We hooked onto him with the "6 by 6" and pulled him down the road about a mile and up onto a ridge. (Later that summer Cliff Jensen killed a bear that was feeding on his remains.)

#### CHUB

Chub was the best work horse that we acquired. He was a good steady, hard worker. I took him with me one day when a California hunter asked me if I would pack an elk out for him. The elk was clear up on top of Black Mountain. It took two trips and all day to get the job done and I got home after dark. He paid me twenty dollars for the job.



BARNEY

Taking a break on the sawdust scraper.

In later years David and Barry did much of the work with the horses.

BERNIE: This Chub was pretty fast, a good skid horse. We must have been logging on the section. We had Bolley [not the one of Nig and Bolley fame] logging on the section also. There's a picture of Bolley at the sawmill. Also a picture of Ann's boys on Tops, Grandpa leading the horses around.

DAVID: We spent many summers riding, leading, teaching, consoling and caring for those big, gentle workhorses, that were not only our responsibility, but just about our only playthings.

## KIDS RIDE

M'JEAN: As kids we were always anxious to ride the horses. Our chance would come when the horses were brought in from the woods. Of course, they were big work horses, and we never had the benefit of a saddle. The horse would not move very far or very fast, and it wouldn't be much of a ride, but it was quite a sensation to be perched up so high and feel all that power moving beneath you.

MYRNA: When we rode, we were always worried about getting scraped off going through the barn door.

DAVID & SUSAN

Always excited to be on a horse, Susan gets a ride on a saddle horse.

## WINTERING THE HORSES – ARIEL PETERSEN

BARRY: At the end of the season when we would move out, we would load the horses in one of our trucks and haul them to Rexburg where they would be wintered. Ariel Peterson took the horses most of the time, and he would move them to Kilgore in the early spring.



BERNIE:

In the winter he'd let Marj or Barney winter horses in their winter pasture. Ariel Petersen had sheep; Bert Miller came up and tended the sheep. He had a section of land out in Kilgore. So we'd go up there in the spring.

## PICKING UP HORSES AT KILGORE

BARRY: After we moved to Island Park each spring we would take a truck out through Shotgun Valley on that long rough road to Kilgore to pick up the horses. It



seemed that that trip was always full of hazards, from not being able to catch the critters to getting the truck stuck in the mud holes.

We always managed to get the horses back to Island Park, however, and then we were ready to go to work. We had a slow turnover rate of horses.

## COWS

It all started with one milk cow. With no refrigeration anywhere in the camp, it was impossible to keep milk from Ponds for very long before it turned sour. Trips to Ponds were made as infrequently as possible, as the means of transportation was by truck. So Barney obtained a cow, and although he did not relish doing the milking, there were others who were willing to do the milking in exchange for milk or extra pay. One Guernsey cow produced enough milk for the entire camp. Also produced calves. The calves produced calves, and soon there was quite the little herd.



## MILKING THE GENTLE GUERNSEY COW

BARRY: I remember we used to have to go milk that cow once in a while. I think that was kind of unproductive. I think we'd lose as much milk as we'd get. We must have been awfully little then.

The old Guernsey was just a really, really gentle cow. But I know the next generation wasn't nearly as gentle—kind of an ornery old critter. About all I really remember of them is that they were a good source of milk for quite a while. But I think they got to where they were probably just more hassle than they were worth to us, as a milk cow.

And we had a place that we were taking them to in the wintertime. A farmer was taking care of them for us, feeding them. I think it was down by Rexburg or someplace down there, and I think we quit bringing them up here.

BARRY (*left*)  
Giving a ride to the  
little Kent boys, Danny  
and Larry, visiting from  
Ashton.

## HERDING COWS IN '46 CHEV

M'JEAN: I remember being in the old blue '46 Chev as Marj drove behind the little herd of cows down the Island Park road to meet the guy picking up the cows at the highway.

## TOO MANY COWS

BARRY: And they just slowing started adding a few more cows, and finally, the farmer told Barney, he said, "You've got too many cows. I can't take care of them. You're going to have to find somebody else, or we're going to have to sell them." And Barney said, "Well, would you take them to the sale for me?"

### SOLD COWS – GOOD PRICE

The guy took them to the sale and sold them. Barney got a pretty darn good check out of them. The farmer, a while later, talked to Barney, and he says, "You know, I sure wish I'd have sold my cows instead of yours." The price dropped a long ways. We got a good price, and he didn't.

## Chapter 91

# Woman's Work

I'd rather wear out than rust out.—MARJ

Keeping the family fed, clothed, and clean was woman's work. From the time she built a fire in the kitchen stove early in the morning until the lantern light was extinguished late at night, Marj had work to do. No one ever did it more cheerfully.

While the boys were at the sawmill or in the woods with Barney, the girls would be helping Marj with the long list of household chores:

Carry water, carry wood, stoke the fire, cook breakfast, dinner, and supper, do dishes, make lunch to go to the woods, bake bread, make beds, change sheets, empty pot, wash, iron, mend, shine the stove, wash cabinets, dust furniture, clean off mantel, mop and wax floors, sweep porch, wash windows, change diapers, bathe babies, potty train kids, cut and wash hair.

### MOVE TO THE NEW HOUSE

The move into the new cabin was pretty simple, since the new cabin was right next to the old one. Talk about spacious! Going from one bedroom to three, with a large kitchen, including a walk-in pantry, and a king-sized living room was a fantastic change. And such luxury! Built-in kitchen cupboards and brand new linoleum in every room. High on Marj's list was that the new house was nice and bright, with plenty of windows throughout.

### COOK STOVE

Going from the small iron stove in the living room to an enormous fireplace was a major change. Another significant change was the cookstove. However, it turned out to be disappointing. Instead of moving the big, black Majestic cookstove into the new house, Marj had found a smaller, attractive, beige enamel-covered cookstove, which was placed back-to-back against the fireplace.

Although it was a pretty stove, it was inferior in other ways. In the large Majestic oven Marj could place 8 loaves of bread, and they would bake to perfection. She discovered that the new stove had a thin wall between the firebox and smaller oven.

MARJ SOUTH  
Barney and Marj  
had spent all night  
rabbit hunting  
just before the  
appointment at the  
photo studio.  
Marj didn't like her  
portrait very much  
because she said she  
looked tired.  
Her kids always  
loved it.







ENAMEL-COVERED  
KITCHEN STOVE  
Marj shined up the  
stove top by quickly  
smearing crumpled  
waxed paper bread  
sacks over the hot  
surface.

Only 6 loaves would fit, and they would quickly burn on top while remaining undone in the center.

Additionally, the much smaller-capacity reservoir had rusted, and the water could be used for washing but not for cooking. Water for cooking had to be heated on top of the stove in the tea kettle.

#### SHINING THE STOVE

But Marj did enjoy the handsomeness of her new stove, and she kept it clean and shiny. The flat stove top had six round, removable plates. In order for sticks of wood to be put in the firebox, a stove lid was removed with a coiled metal handle, which could fit in the indentation of each plate. When the plate was lifted up and set on top of the stove, flames and sparks often shot up through the open space. The stove would get dirty, with soot from the bottom of the stove lids, ashes, and scorched wood chips.

Marj had an excellent method of cleaning up the surface and making it shine, even while it was still hot. In those days, there were no plastic bags. Bread came wrapped in cellophane or heavy-duty waxed paper. A crumpled up waxed paper bread sack was ideal for shining up the stove. The trick was to smear the smoking waxed paper around quickly without getting fingers burned. The black surface would have a lovely new shine.

#### ASHES - TEA KETTLE

Ashes fell through the grate onto the bottom of the stove and would have to be raked out regularly with the ashes rake. This was best done when the fire was out.

An essential kitchen utensil, Marj's tea kettle, was a permanent fixture on her stove. When set on the hottest spot over the firebox, water would quickly come to a rapid boil, and the tea kettle would "sing." The hot water was needed for simmering soup, for scalding a chicken, and for warming up bath water. Island Park water was so soft that the hard water buildup in the tea kettle, accumulated through use in Idaho Falls, would soon disappear.

#### TABLE & BENCHES

As in the old log cabin, the big oval kitchen table was situated in front of the west window. It was covered with a colorful oil cloth with a bright floral pattern. Every spring a brand new one was purchased. Marj always made it seem like this was a big event, and the girls looked forward to going with her to help pick it out.

Marj liked being able to slide Barney's wooden benches under the table when they were not in use, thus freeing up a large space in the center of the kitchen.



TEA KETTLE:  
for boiling water for the  
soup, scalding a chicken,  
warming up the bath  
water

#### COOKING

Marj was a good cook. She never claimed to be a "fancy" cook, but she turned out three plentiful meals a day for the family and guys on the crew. She was proud of her excellent cooking tools. Her cast iron skillet was great for frying bacon and eggs, steaks, and fish. Hot cakes off the large aluminum-coated griddle were tempting and tasty. Best of all was the set of Wearever kettles, designed for slow, waterless cooking.

Potatoes were a staple, and they were served hashed for breakfast, mashed for dinner, and scalloped for supper. Meat might come from Ponds, but quite often it

would be sawed off a quarter of venison wrapped in white cloth and kept cool in the bunkhouse.

Vegetables and fruit came out of a can: Peas, corn, and string beans; peaches, pineapple, and strawberries, bought by the case in Idaho Falls.

On washday, dinner consisted of homemade bread and lima beans.

Spice cake topped with mashed banana, devils food cake thinly frosted served with jello (set overnight in the windowsill), bread pudding, and pies were the most common desserts.

Barney's mother, Hannah, had often treated her family and guests to lemon meringue pie. Marj kept up the tradition with her spectacular pies. Probably everyone's favorite dessert was lemon meringue pie, in close competition with huckleberry pie, when the berries were picked at the logging site. She usually made three pies at a time.

Marj taught M'Jean and Myrna to do every task in the kitchen, and they acquired cooking skills from helping to prepare meals.



#### KITCHEN TALK: M'JEAN AND MYRNA

M'JEAN: You and I did a lot of the cooking, and we never really used a recipe. We just learned how to do it, and we could do it, as long as we had those particular utensils, and then later on in life, I thought, "I don't really remember how to make this. I used to know when I was little." So it felt silly having to look up a recipe to make an applesauce cake or scalloped potatoes.

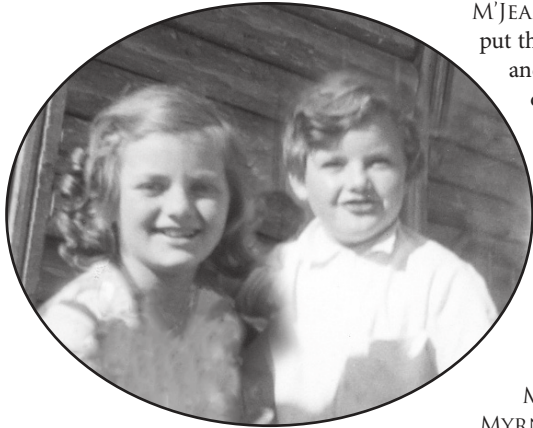
Remember making bread in that great big oval pan—white granite with a red rim around the top?

MYRNA: I do remember that. Every time it was time to make bread, seems like we'd make four big loaves and two small loaves and a pan of rolls, and then once in a while, we got to do cinnamon rolls, and that was extra special.

#### SUSAN & M'JEAN

Trading seats, M'Jean gets the high stool, while Susan sits on one of the benches Barney made.

Note: oil cloth on table wash stand, bucket (*right*), medicine cabinet (*left*), old cabin slightly visible through the window.



M'JEAN & MYRNA

Marj taught the girls to do every task in the kitchen as they helped prepare 3 meals a day for the family and sawmill crew.

M'JEAN: Oh, I wish I had one right now. I remember the way you did it. You put the pan on the stove with water up to a certain mark, or about so high, and then the yeast in the pan, and shortening—oh, and Myrna says powdered milk. I don't remember ever measuring anything, but then you just—if we'd had a different pan, I'd have been sunk, but I knew what to do with that pan—you put in so much flour.

#### DOUGH GIRLS

And once when Marj took off and left me to do more of the finishing up of the bread, after she came back in, oh I think she was pretty unhappy with me, because I had put in sooo much flour—I figured that the more flour the better, if you could get more flour in there, then go for it, you know, and that...

MYRNA: That was me...

M'JEAN: And that ball of dough was hard as a rock.

MYRNA: See, now I remember that as being me. So maybe it was the two of us, but it seemed to me, though, there was some misunderstanding about how much flour was supposed to go in.

M'JEAN: Well, I guess whoever did it, had the idea that you just put flour in until it wouldn't take it anymore, and it seemed to be taking it, so it seemed like the noble thing to do to keep putting it in. She had quite a time undoing the damage and making that big clump into decent dough.

#### THE LUNCHBOX

On days when the crew would be going to the woods, right after breakfast, Marj and the girls would pack the lunchbox for Barney and the boys while they were getting the trucks ready to go and filling up their water bags.

The lunchbox was a cardboard box filled with everything they needed to make their own sandwiches: a loaf of bread, a jar of peanut butter, a jar of jam, and a can of tuna fish. Without refrigeration, the family did without mayonnaise or salad dressing in summer.

Barry described the way he and David made their sandwiches: "First you spread peanut butter on the bread to hold the bread together. Then you spread on a layer of the jam so the tuna will stick, and then the tuna goes on top."

Barney would watch the boys eating that concoction day after day until he finally decided to try it himself. He said it wasn't bad.

#### LEMONADE

Also into the box went a lemonade pitcher with sugar and the juice of 3 lemons--squeezed with the help of an antique lemon squeezer, a round metal gadget with a little crank. At lunchtime the guys filled the pitcher with cold water from the creek. Canned strawberries and maybe some applesauce cake were included as dessert.

Pretty important was the can opener, and on a day the girls forgot to put it in the box, they heard about it!

The lunch had to be made before the dishes could be started, but on "woods days" there was more free time in the middle of the day, with no noon meal to prepare for the men.



LEMON SQUEEZER  
"Precisely the kind we used."  
(M'Jean)



## CANNING APRICOTS & CHOKECHERRIES

M'JEAN: Occasionally people would come up from the valley and bring us some fresh fruit, which was never available in Island Park. And the first time I remember ever seeing apricots was when Marj's cousin, Roy Walters, brought up 2 or 3 lugs from Kaysville, and we canned them. Do you remember that, Myrna?

MYRNA: I do remember that the first apricots I remembered, somebody brought from Utah, and that we ate, and ate and ate them. I also remember canning apricots.

M'JEAN: Do you remember canning the chokecherries?

MYRNA: Oh, yes. Our hands were bright red. And it seemed like it was quite a few months before I would ever taste that stuff again—kinda sickened me.

M'JEAN: I don't remember not liking the taste. I always liked chokecherry syrup, which is what we made, but yeah—purple hands forever. We'd wring it through a cloth trying to get the juice out of the berries and leave the pulp and the seeds back in that cloth.

MYRNA: We used wax to seal the bottles when we canned the chokecherry juice.

## WASHING DISHES

Three large meals a day, all made from scratch, and with a sawmill crew added to the family at the table, resulted in a lot of dishes, pans, and kettles to wash. Doing dishes was a big effort, took a lot of time, required a hot fire in the stove and a lot of helping hands.

Dishes time was time for singing songs, reciting poetry, story telling, and girl talk.

The table was cleared, dishes stacked, leftovers put in the “cooler” (the large walk-in pantry), and scraps tossed outside to the dog, sour milk poured outside for the cat. The wash and rinse pans were filled with hot water from the stove reservoir, then transported to the cabinet top next to the draining rack. “Vel” dishwashing powder was added to the wash pan (also used by boys to wash hair).

Marj almost always insisted on washing the dishes, while the girls dried and put them away. As the water cooled off, the pans were carted to the stove, and the dish washer kept washing dishes until the water became too hot for her hands, and the pans were returned to the cabinet. With a large batch of dishes, this might happen two or three times. Keeping wood in the stove was part of the job.

### “OLD MEN'S DISHWASHING”

M'JEAN: When Grandpa returned a dish which had contained cooked food Marj had sent over to him, it would have been washed, of course. She'd wash it again with a regular batch of dishes, with M'Jean or Myrna pointing out that it was already clean. Washing dishes was quite a project—Why would anyone wash a clean dish? She said, “I don't trust old men's dish washing.” As a kid, I thought that seemed a little insulting, being directed at Grandpa.”

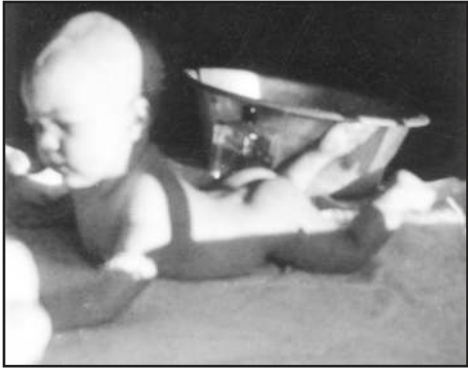


MARJ KNAPP SOUTH, DOROTHY BROTHERTON SOUTH, RUTH BIORN SOUTH, CONNIE  
“Women of the Woods” knew all about canning on a wood-burning stove.

### VEL

Vel was one of the first synthetic detergents. Before detergents were invented, people used soap flakes or powdered soap. Besides being sticky and hard to dissolve, soap makes lots of suds.





#### BABY'S BATH

Favorite ritual of the morning: Baby's bath. The more Baby splashed, the more the fans liked it.

M'JEAN, SUSAN, MYRNA

With her naturally curly hair, Myrna never suffered through getting a permanent.

#### SONGS, READINGS & POETRY

We sang songs, and Marj would sometimes recite readings she learned in college. Our favorite was "One-legged Goose." There were several others, like "Laska," "Gunga Din," "The Revenge of Hamish," and "The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill MacKie." They mostly had sad endings.

We also learned a few poems together. I can still recite "Between Two Loves" by T.A. Daly and "An Order for a Picture," a lengthy poem by Alice Carey.

Sometimes one girl would be excused to practice the piano, and at times Marj would offer to finish the dishes alone if we would go play duets.

#### BATHING BABY

Bathing a baby was a special daily ritual, the highlight of the morning. Baby had to wait until after the family and crew had eaten breakfast and the men had gone off to work, dishes were done, and the dishwater thrown out. Then came time to get the baby's bath pan, which would be hanging with the other tubs on the outside wall of the cabin over the back porch.

The pan was set on the table end nearest the stove and filled with warm water from the reservoir. Then came the baby shampoo, baby oil, baby's towel, washcloth, clean diaper, diaper pins, and clothes. At last came Baby. An appreciative audience, not required, but always at hand, made the scene complete. The more Baby splashed and squealed, the more the fans liked it.

#### HAIR WASHING - PERMANENTS

Hair washing called for the same big shallow pan as for the baby bath, but it was propped inside the #2 size galvanized wash-tub to catch the wash water and a couple of rinses. The tub was set on a bench in the kitchen near the stove. It was a two-person job, as the warm water had to be carted from the stove's reservoir.

The boys would be done in no



time, taking turns pouring for each other. If the first guy to pour got too rambunctious, he knew the other would get even.

Girls' hair was a bigger project. For hair cutting and doing permanents Marj would pick a day when the men were in the woods and would not be around for a noon meal. There would still have to be a hot fire going, though, to heat up all the needed water.

M'JEAN: Myrna, with her naturally curly hair, never knew the torture of getting a stinky permanent (now called a perm).

Every summer Marj would give me a Toni. Sometimes Glenna was there to help. They wound me up on tiny curlers and poured on the suffocating potion--many times more powerful smelling in those days.

The dripping down my neck was not fun. Nor was bending over the tub for multiple smothering rinses, gallons of water each time. "You have to pay the price for beauty," I was told.

## Washday

BARRY: Wash day at our house was every Monday. The washer was outside. It had a dasher and a wringer and was powered by a gas engine. We always were having to "fill the reservoir," "fill the boiler," "fill the washer," "fill the rinse tubs," "go hang the batch out." One compensation for all the water hauling and work was the lima beans. Every wash day we had lima beans for dinner, and I really liked them.

MYRNA: Wash day -- it took all day.

The wringer washer was set up near the house on a wooden deck, which covered an old well.



SUSAN SOUTH  
Everyone pitches in on washday. Little Susie is on hand with the dolls, the famous "two-toned" Nora in her right arm.

The retired wash machine (*left*) will likely be relegated to a spot next to the well to serve as a watering trough, or "horse barrel." The long oblong bathtub came into use on Saturday nights in front of the kitchen stove.





BERNIE: The main well in front of the bunkhouse next to Souths' house caved in late in the winter of 1936. It was never used again. The gaping hole was covered with a platform of planks, and Marj had a wooden floor for her washing machine.

The gasoline engine, mounted on the far end of the deck, turned the washer motor by means of a long belt. Situated next to the wash machine on wooden benches, were placed two round galvanized rinse tubs. The clothes basket was placed on a third bench.

Before starting the washing, a list of preliminary tasks took place, one of which was filling the motor with gasoline

#### BARRY SOUTH

"One compensation for all the water hauling and work was the lima beans. Every wash day we had lima beans for dinner, and I really liked them." (Barry)

from the gas tank.

The clothes had to be gathered onto a nearby table and sorted into batches. These included the long, rectangular, cotton-gauze pre-washed diapers, which had been scrubbed on the washboard with heavy duty "Fels Napatha" bar soap. [As were the sheets, the diapers Marj hung on the line were always snowy white!]



BAR SOAP

M'JEAN: On washdays Grandpa, Bernie, and any other bachelors working at the mill would bring their dirty clothes at breakfast time. These were sorted with the rest. We rounded up laundry soap, bleach, clothes pins, clothes basket, and put out some sticky jam bottles filled with water to catch the yellow-jackets.

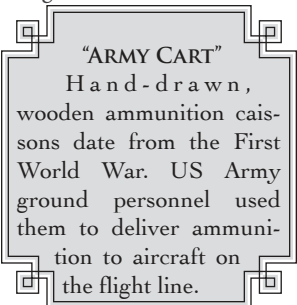
#### GETTING WELL WATER

The biggest chore was getting the water from the well about a hundred feet away. We transported the tubs in the army cart, along with the oblong copper boiler. It took drawing a lot of buckets from the well to fill them, and a lot of that water slopped out on the way back, leaving a trail, but we managed to save most of it.

On good days, we'd get an early start, with the boiler ready to be hoisted onto the kitchen stove as soon as breakfast was ready.

By the time the dishes were done, the water would be hot.

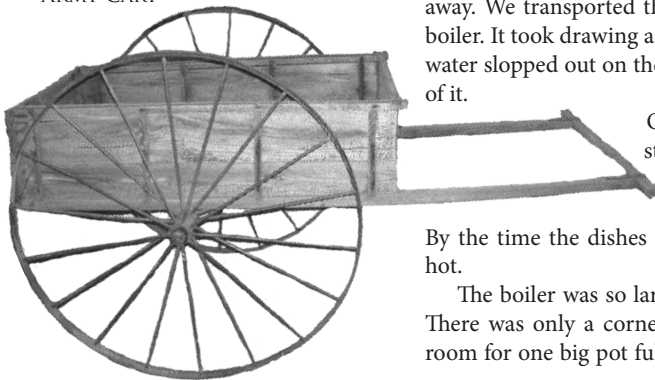
The boiler was so large it covered most of the stove. There was only a corner left for cooking--just enough room for one big pot full of lima beans. By noon, when



#### "ARMY CART"

Hand-drawn, wooden ammunition caissons date from the First World War. US Army ground personnel used them to deliver ammunition to aircraft on the flight line.

ARMY CART





COPPER BOILER

the sawmill crew would come in for dinner, the beans would be ready to serve, along with homemade bread and lemonade.

When the water in the boiler was hot, we bucketed it outside to the washing machine and started the motor. Marj added "White King" laundry soap to the washer, and the Island Park soft water did its magic, turning it into mounds of suds. After only a few batches there would also be a thick coat of soap

suds in the first rinse tub, and soon afterwards, in the second tub. These were fun to play in as we scooped them out, whole armfuls at a time.

Batch after batch went through the washer. The order went: white batch, diapers, sheets, dish towels, bath towels, light coloreds, hand towels, underwear, dark coloreds, work shirts and socks, levis and overalls. By the time we got to the end, the wash water would be black as sin, and the rinse water almost as dark.



SUDSY SOAP

## WRINGER

An important part of the washer was the wringer. Its appearance was a little bit like two rolling pins, one on top of the other, set in a frame. One end of the frame was attached to the washer motor by a shaft, which ran up alongside the wash tub.

The two rollers turned in opposite directions, either towards the center, where the two rollers met, or in reverse, both turning away from the center. Dripping wet clothes were fed through the wringer to squeeze the water out.

The shaft always remained in the same place, but the wringer arm extended out from the shaft, and it could be swung around into 3 or 4 different positions.

The two galvanized rinse tubs--a #2 and #3--were arranged on the benches so that the wringer when swung around would allow the clothes to fall into whichever tub they should go. It would first straddle the edge of the washer and one of the tubs, and the sudsy water was wrung out of the clothes as they dropped into the first rinse. The wringer was repositioned between the two tubs, and the clothes were wrung a second time. After the second rinse, they tumbled from the wringer into the clothes basket.

As the wringer was linked directly to the motor, it was very powerful and would easily grip a heavy pair of denim overalls and pull them between the rollers. It was also strong enough to pull fingers and hands through. In an emergency, it could be stopped by hitting a safety release lever on top, which would split the wringer open.

### FINGERS IN THE WRINGER

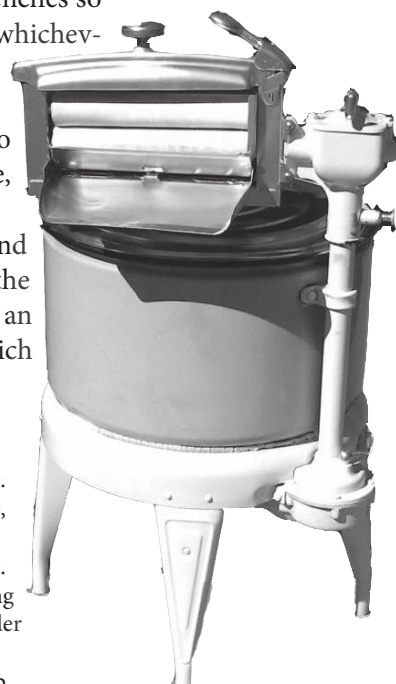
M'JEAN: There were three occasions when the wringer got the best of me. Once my fingers went through the wringer, and someone quickly hit the reverse, and they rolled back out. They were pretty sore for a while.

Another time, it was cold weather, and I was wearing Barry's brown coat. Standing there waiting for a batch to finish washing, I leaned against the churning shaft. The coat sleeve began winding around the shaft and grabbed my shoulder with it. I wound up with an ugly bruise on my shoulder.

My worst wringer mishap was when I got my hand caught in the wringer up past my knuckles before I could hit the safety release. The metal frame gouged my



GALVANIZED WASH TUB



WRINGER WASHER



M'JEAN

"My worst wringer mishap was when I got my hand caught in the wringer up past my knuckles before I could hit the safety release. The metal frame gouged my hand between my thumb and fingers, and I ran to the house with blood running down my hand."  
(M'Jean)



CLOTHES BASKET



PERFORATED NOZZLE

hand between my thumb and fingers, and I ran to the house with blood running down to my wrist.

#### WRINGER SCAR

Marj met me on the porch. As she washed off the blood and bandaged my hand, I couldn't figure out why she was so cheerful. She seemed a little unsympathetic. Then she told me that when she saw the stream of blood, it appeared to her that that my hand had been sliced in two, and she had a sick feeling. She was rejoicing that it was not what she first feared. I am also grateful that the damage was not worse, but it did leave me with a small permanent scar on my right hand.

#### HANGING OUT THE CLOTHES

Each batch of clean clothes was carried in the clothes basket to the nearby woods and hung on the heavy wire clothes lines strung from tree to tree. On a windy day, by the time the last sheet was hung, the first sheet would be dry. While one batch was being hung out, the next was washing.

The clothes basket was a wooden bushel basket with a colorful liner which looped over the handles and fit snugly inside.

At the end of the wash, then came the job of dumping out all the water--onto the adjacent gravel road, so as not to kill the friendly weeds which grew around the house.

M'JEAN: The clothes brought in off the line smelled wonderfully fresh. We folded them and put them away, except for those to be prepared for ironing the next day.

Marj was a cheerful worker. By following her sunny, contagious example, we learned the joy in hanging clothes out on the lines in the frisky Island Park breeze.

However, washing outside in the snow and cold truly was miserable. Even with a good wash stick, you had to get your hands in the icy water. A sheet would be frozen stiff the moment you fastened the clothespins. Amazingly, some of the frozen clothes dried quite a lot out on the line. Most everything had to be brought in and hung over the furniture.

#### WASH DAY ROOT BEER

Marj related a little incident about one of her early wash days in Island Park. She and Barney had made their own root beer, which they bottled, and the bottles were kept in the bunk house. With no one living in the bunk house, it had become a sort of store room for various supplies, including laundry soap.

It was on a wash day, long after the root beer making, when Marj went to the bunk house and discovered there was one more bottle. What a nice wash day treat! Well, that bottle of root beer had been there for a very long time and had its effect. She said she felt awfully "happy" doing the wash that day.

#### FOLDING SHEETS - SPRINKLING THE IRONING

Marj taught us how to fold the sheets right as they were taken off the line. The rest of the wash was brought in the house to be folded, then put away. Except items to be ironed. Those were sprinkled, rolled up tight, set close together inside the clothes basket and covered for next day's ironing.

To sprinkle a shirt, we spread it out on the kitchen table and dabbled water on it. Handkerchiefs would be laid out in a little stack, sprinkled and rolled together.

One day Marj acquired a great little invention that really improved the sprinkling process. It was a small, perforated metal nozzle with a hollow cork end that fit in the top of a pop bottle. Shaking water from the bottle through the nozzle sprinkled the clothes more evenly and was a lot more fun than the hand dip method.





## IRONING WITH SADIRONS

The day following washday was ironing day, and the clothes in the basket were now pretty evenly damp, just right for ironing. But if you waited two days, you'd better shake out the clothes, or they would mildew in the heat.

The heavy sadirons, stored in one of the warming ovens over the stove, were set right on the hottest spot on the stove, over the firebox. We had four or five of them, and they would get really hot as long as the fire in the stove kept going—which meant that the kitchen would get pretty hot.



The irons were about eight inches long, four or five inches wide, two and a half inches high, weighed about six pounds, and were shaped like little boats, pointed on both ends. On each side was a small round hole. Since a heavy, solid block of hot iron could not be handled, a wooden-handled detachable metal shell fit over the iron and was secured into the holes with a latch.

After latching onto a hot iron, we would carry it by the wooden handled casing to the ironing board. We would iron until it cooled off, then carry it back to the stove, unlatch, and latch onto a hot one. Since the iron might pick up a little soot from the top of the stove, we'd always swipe it a few times across a cloth by the iron trivet before ironing. Even so, there were times when a black streak would appear on a shirt.

We ironed Barney's work shirts and handkerchiefs, Barry's and David's shirts. Not Grandpa's or Bernie's—their clothes must have been designated second class. Not too many other objects were ironed.

On days that the men were in the woods, unless it was ironing day, we could let the fire go out in the kitchen, and the house would cool down quite a lot.

## SADIRONS

The name derives from the Old English word "sald," meaning solid. They first appeared in the 17th century. The basic sadiron is a shaped piece of metal, with a polished base and attached metal handle. These irons were heated in front of an open fire or on a stove. As they cooled off fairly rapidly, it was always necessary to have several irons, so that one could always be re-heating. Sadirons were heavy, ranging from 5 to 9 pounds, and the weight contributed as much as the heat to the pressing process.

Marj put a lot of miles on this treadle Singer sewing machine she inherited from her mother-in-law, Hannah South. It adorns the living room of Susan Crandall's dome home Marj built on the Snake River.

## SEWING

Marj was an excellent seamstress. In addition to making baby clothes, she made much of what everyone else wore. She enjoyed making matching outfits for herself and the girls, among them the black and white checkered skirts and dressy royal blue corduroy coveralls. Her favorites were probably the tailored shirts she made for Barney and the boys. Most of the sewing she did was on the treadle Singer sewing machine given to her by Hannah South. She talked of a time when she and Hannah were making baby clothes together.

M'JEAN: We were living in the new house when Marj taught Myrna and me to sew on the treadle machine. Pajamas were a good first project, since any imperfections would never be seen by the public. The treadle could get a little bit stuck if you didn't do it just right. It was quite a trick coordinating hands guiding cloth under the needle and feet running the treadle. We turned out some satisfactory, although not perfect, pajamas.





SUSAN SOUTH

Scooting on the clean, shiny linoleum which covered the floor from the front door in the living room to the back door of the kitchen—all 46 feet in length. *(The foot belongs to Marj.)*

## WASHING AND WAXING FLOOR

Sweeping and scrubbing the rough, marred floor in the old cabin was a hopeless chore, but Marj took delight in making the bright linoleum in the new house shine. A fair amount of Island Park sand was constantly tracked inside. M'Jean and Myrna learned early on the art of washing and waxing the beautiful floor and were tasked with the dry mopping, a daily must.

## DRY MOPPING - COACHED BY BARNEY

M'JEAN: In the new cabin in Island Park I was mopping the floor with a dry mop. I was probably pushing the mop around an area, then flipping the dirt into a pile. Barney took the mop and showed me how to cruise all around the room without lifting the mop until the whole floor was done. I recall not being very happy with this lesson, because it was not the way Marj had done the job. And when he left to go out to the sawmill, I was a bit relieved and received a little sympathy from Marj.

## SHAKING OFF THE DUST

After dust mopping the linoleum floors, there was a convenient way to clean the mop. Just a few feet away from the front porch, near the rhubarb plants and gooseberry bushes, was the back side of the little one-room log cabin. It was the one where Marj's mother and sisters had lived back in 1937. Leaning upright against its back wall was a bed spring. A few whacks of the mop, the dust would fly, and the mop was cleaned.

## FILLING THE WOODBOX - CLEANING OFF THE MANTLE

A couple of the jobs were mine and Myrna's exclusively: keeping the woodbox full in the kitchen, just as we had done in the old house, and cleaning off the fireplace mantle in the new house.

When Barney built the new house, he wanted a fireplace big enough to heat the house. Marj said they had purchased the biggest heat form made. The brick fireplace was so large it served as the partition between the kitchen and living room. The high, broad mantle was an invitation for everyone to place hats, gloves, newspapers, tools, and a variety of junk on top. It also had enough room for Myrna and me to crawl around on it when we dusted it and cleaned it off. Once it was cleaned up, we would arrange the large waterfall picture and the decorative horses and then just stay awhile and "play house."

## HELPING AT THE SAWMILL

MYRNA: Well, sometimes when our brothers were out in the woods, logging, we would actually, officially, work at the sawmill. And we must have been about 7 and 10. I think what we mostly did was just roll things. So when the log would come off the saw, there were several rollers, so we could roll them down, down down, down—there were quite a few, so the sawyer, who was our dad, could keep sawing. And then he'd stop, and then he'd carry them all and put them on the pile. Is that the way you

MYRNA & M'JEAN  
at the sawmill on a  
day when Grandpa is  
sawing.

When Barney was  
short handed at the  
sawmill, he sometimes  
had the girls help.



remember it, M'Jean?

M'JEAN: We were probably rolling big logs down the skidway to where he could saw.

MYRNA: Yeah, I think we might have done that, too. But I definitely remember rolling these other logs down these rollers. They were maybe about three feet high and maybe they were three or four feet apart extending from the sawmill out a ways and so we could roll several of them down there and then he could pile them all up. I think it was actually house logs.

I thought we were a great help. Indeed, I think we were, somewhat, so he didn't have to stop after every single log.

M'JEAN: And sometimes we peeled logs.

## THE CHINNING BAR

Marj cared about her appearance, and she made the effort to look attractive and stay in shape. Just a few feet from the back porch was the chinning bar, positioned across the limbs of two trees growing next to each other. As throughout the day a certain number of trips out to the toilet were necessary, it became her habit to chin herself on that bar after walking back to the house.

She also did floor exercises regularly, with the kids often joining in, lying on the floor doing sit-ups and leg lifts.

## "WAKE ME IN 10 MINUTES"

Along about mid afternoon Marj, who would have been up by the crack of dawn to build the fire and fix breakfast, would run out of steam. "Wake me in ten minutes," she would say, as she lay down on the floor. Of course, the kids would always let her sleep longer.

## VANITY

"Vanity, thy name is Woman!" Marj would say, standing in front of her full-length bedroom mirror in Island Park. [*In the often misquoted line from Shakespeare's Hamlet, the word is "Frailty," rather than "Vanity."*]

Marj dyed her eyelashes and curled them with an eyelash curler. At one time she became worried that something was seriously wrong with her eyelashes. The outer and inner lashes looked normal, but the ones in the center had disappeared. She fretted for some time before she discovered that the middle of the rubber pad of her eyelash curler was missing, and the remaining sharp edge was actually cutting off her lashes!



BARRY & DAVID  
Wearing tailored wool shirts made by Marj



MARJ  
She discovered the eyelash curler had actually been cutting off her lashes!



## Chapter 92

# Hunting Lore

Dad used to say we ate so much wild meat we were gun shy.—BURTON SOUTH

BARNEY SOUTH  
Fast and accurate with  
a gun, his shooting was  
legendary.

Barney's shooting was legendary. He was a successful hunter known for being fast and accurate. His hunting skills were born of need, taught to him by his father, Samuel South, who never wasted ammunition on just one goose—waited until two lined up so he could knock them down together.

Barney went hunting, trapping, and fishing with his younger brother, Charlie. Through the years he hunted with several of the men in Island Park, Glen Allison, Horace Pond, John Kuch, Alvin Isaacs, Gene Jones, to name a few.

He taught Marj's brothers, Al and Bernie, as well as his own sons, David and Barry, to be safe and effective hunters. Barney's trained eye could spot animals at far distances. He also trained the boys to keep a constant sharp lookout, seeing critters in the fields and mountainsides which would go unnoticed by casual observation.

RANDY SOUTH  
Relates hunting stories  
of his dad, Barney South,  
who brought down a lot  
of game with this .25-20

### FAVORITE FAMILY TALES - REUNION 2016

At a family gathering, family reunion time, May, 2016, Randy showed the group Barney's .25-20 and .300 savage rifles. He and Barry told some of the favorite family tales of Barney's shooting prowess.



RANDY: When Barney was a little boy, he dreamed about having a firearm of his own, and when he got to be 14 years old, he saved up his money, and he bought this Winchester .25-20. And it is one of the finest firearms ever made. And they made thousands of them and there are still a lot of them around. This is designed in 1892, and it's not a really big bullet, but this magazine in here—this tube underneath is called a magazine, and you can put 13 bullets in it. And he started shooting it when he was 14, when he bought it, and he'd practice, and he'd practice, and he got to be an incredibly good marksman.

And I've heard stories from people, not only family, but other people that I've met since, that said that Barney would shoot this, and it would sound like a machine gun going off, because he shot so fast and so accurate.

#### STORY TOLD TO RANDY BY MARJ:

The cabin that they lived in was about 100 yards from the railroad cross-







BARNEY & MARJ SOUTH  
REUNION  
traditional target practice.



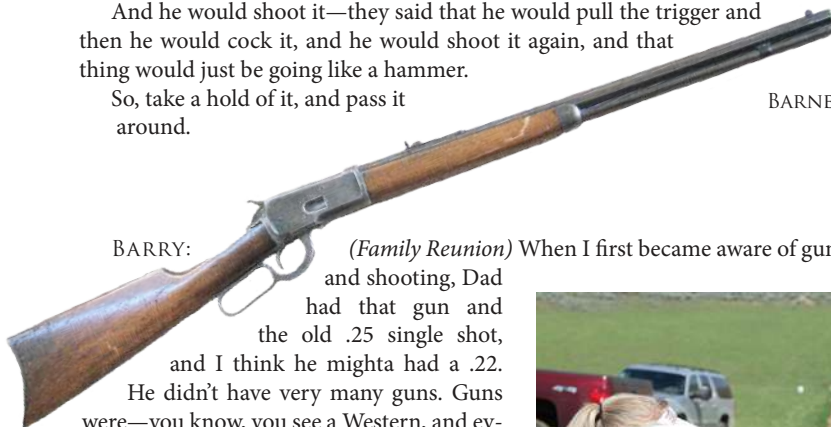
JONATHAN LUND &  
JENNIFER LUND  
Target practice in the  
crater of the South Menan  
Butte with grandfather  
Barney's .25-20

ing, where the road came up over the railroad tracks. And one morning he walked out on the deck and he saw 7 deer crossing that railroad crossing. And he went inside and he got his trusty .25-20, and he came out on the porch, no dead rest, no nothing, he started shooting, and in about 3 or 4 seconds all 7 deer were dead laying on the ground. Just off hand.

And he would shoot it—they said that he would pull the trigger and then he would cock it, and he would shoot it again, and that thing would just be going like a hammer.

So, take a hold of it, and pass it around.

BARNEY'S .25-20 RIFLE



BARRY: (Family Reunion) When I first became aware of guns and shooting, Dad had that gun and the old .25 single shot, and I think he mighta had a .22.

He didn't have very many guns. Guns were—you know, you see a Western, and everybody's got guns. But that wasn't the way it was back then. Good guns were pretty hard to come by. They were expensive. And that gun is—you look at the bullet, and it's a pretty small bullet compared to the bigger hunting rifles now. Not only is the bullet small, but there isn't very much of a powder load behind it, so it doesn't shoot very fast. But that's what he had to hunt with. And some of the animals that they hunted were pretty big animals.





## 26 SHOTS

Another story about that gun. A .25-20 was really quite a small caliber, but it's what he had to do his hunting with. And one day he was out, and he came across a moose that needed to be shot, so he shot it with his old .25-20. And the moose just looked at him, and he shot it again, and again, and again, and as the story goes—26 times before the old moose finally came down. And Dad gave that moose away to a guy by the name of John Kuch, that lived up there. Next time

John saw Dad, he says, "What did you shoot that thing with—a machine gun?"

## DAVID'S VERSION OF THE STORY:

DAVID: One warm August day, a big old moose had the misfortune of crossing The Flat near our Island Park cabin, looking like so many tasty dinners. Barney got his .25-20, which is not much bigger than a .22 caliber rifle, and started shooting. He shot one magazine of 13 bullets, reloaded and began firing the second magazine. Meanwhile, the moose responded with confusion. Barney was shooting from the cabin, so the moose could not see where the shots were coming from. Finally Barney brought the animal down.

Al Holmes, Barney's friend, happened to be there from Rexburg, so Barney and Al cleaned the moose. Afterwards, Barney kept a quarter of the moose for our family and gave Al the rest.

On his return to Rexburg, Al took his moose-portion to the butcher shop where, instead of the owner, a high-school kid was minding the store. The kid puzzled over the moose and then asked Al what it was. Al, knowing that hunting moose was illegal at that time, said, "Oh — ah — it's a horse." The kid accepted his answer and helped Al hang the moose in the walk-in meat cooler.

When the owner returned, he immediately asked the kid, "What's that hanging in the cooler?" The kid replied, "Al Holmes brought it in. He said it was a horse." The owner knew that was no horse. A moose has a big, high shoulder blade, and if you have been around meat, you can sure tell the difference between a horse and a moose! He said to the kid, "Well, let's get this horse wrapped up and out of here!" Later the owner asked Al, "What did you shoot that thing with — a machine gun?"

## PROTEGES BERNIE & AL

Al and Bernie learned from Barney not only logging and sawing skills, but how to handle a gun.

BERNIE: Barney told of shooting something like 18, 20 or 22 head of game once with the .25-20 with about 23 or 24 shells.

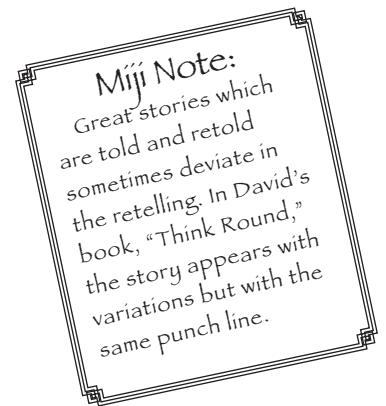
AL: He was a good shot. He could see an animal and shoot before I could get my gun off safety. He always shot left handed, because he claimed this eye was better than this one. He was a good hunter.

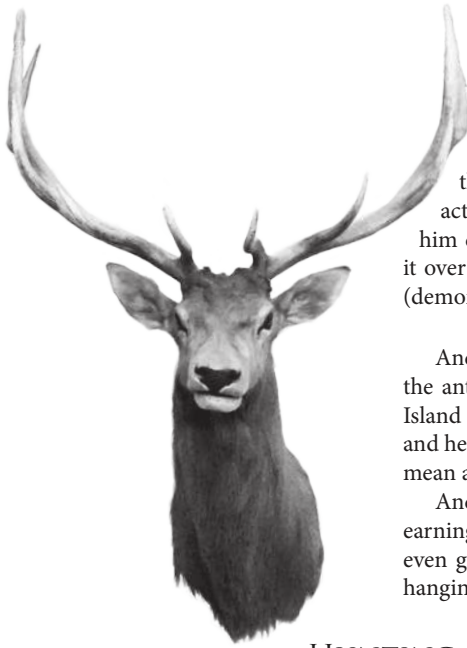
## ANOTHER REUNION STORY BY RANDY: BIGGEST ELK

Marj accompanied Barney on some of his hunting trips. In hunting season after Barney had already shot his animals and used up his tags, he would have Marj buy her own license, deer and elk tags. Marj never brought down an animal, but sometimes she would be the one to carry the gun.

RANDY: He let her carry it, and then when it came time to shoot, then he would grab it from her, and then he'd shoot. It's called a .300 Savage.

REUNION 2000  
COURTENAY CARTER [SOUTH]  
ANDREW SOUTH  
NATHAN SOUTH  
BRENT GUNDERSON (*behind*)  
BARNEY LUND  
DAN SOUTH  
KAREN DICKSON SOUTH  
JEN HEAP [LUND]  
JON LUND  
ROD SOUTH  
STRONG COUSIN  
KATIE SOUTH [WALKER]  
RANDY SOUTH (*behind girls*)  
M'JEAN SOUTH LUND (*seated*)  
LEXYE LUND [THIELE]  
GARY LUND  
MOLLY LUND [CASH]  
ROSALIE LUND [MACMILLAN]  
JEANETTE LUND [VIEHWEG]





"BENNIE"-PHENOMENAL  
ELK SHOT BY BARNEY  
"They measured the  
antlers and it turned out  
to be one of the biggest  
elk ever taken in Island  
Park." (Randy)

And he was hunting with some guys, and they came across an elk, which was an absolutely beautiful elk. And he grabbed the gun, just stood there flat-footed, no resting on a tree—it was similar to this—had a lever action. He levered and shot 5 shells into that elk. And the guys that were with him came up, and one of them took a silver dollar out of his pocket, and put it over the holes, and every one of those 5 bullets was within that silver dollar (demonstrates with drawing silver dollar-sized circle on pad of paper).

#### NOT A TROPHY HUNTER

And THEN, they started saying this is a phenomenal elk. And they measured the antlers, and that elk turned out to be one of the biggest elk ever taken in Island Park. And one of the guys that were with him said, "I want those antlers and head," and he said, "Barney, can I have it?" And Barney said, "yeah, it doesn't mean anything to me." Cause Barney was not a trophy hunter.

And one of the guys took it, and he worked hard all summer, with his family, earning enough money to pay for a taxidermist to fix that elk head up. And they even gave it a name. They called it Bennie, was the name. And Bennie is still hanging in Steve Knapp's house. I think it's Steve Knapp's house, isn't it, Karen?

### HUNTING - PART OF OUR LIFE

BARRY: Living in the woods provided one particular enjoyment and that was the wild animals. We saw a lot of them, from little ones to big ones. Hunting was a big part of our life at Island Park. The main reason for hunting was for the meat. Because of this the hunting seasons were not respected very much. Although meat was the main reason for hunting, there was a lot of sport in it, also.

The first time I remember an animal being shot was in the spring when we were in the truck hauling our furniture across the flat toward our house. Dad spotted some elk, stopped the truck, climbed on the back, grabbed his .25-20 and shot one of the elk.

DAVID: Once during a move to Island Park, we entered the large, open area called The Flat. We were part way across it when we saw three or four elk. My dad stopped the truck, jumped into the back of it, dug out his rifle and shot one. That elk became an important part of that season's food for others and for us.

BARRY: I remember a few times waking up to the sound of a rifle. I would jump up and see Dad in his underwear having just shot a moose or other animal.

### FALL SEASON – HUNTING SEASON

BARRY: The fall of the year was my favorite season. The nights were cool, the days warm, the colors of the aspens were turning to red and yellow and all the pesky flies were gone. Another reason that I liked the fall was the hunting season. Barney did not stop the sawmill just because it was opening day but during the hunting season there were a lot of occasions to look for game.

Dad used to take David and me hunting quite often. That was the ultimate--when we could go hunting. And we'd go hunting sage hens, and hunting grouse, and once in a while, we'd go hunting ducks, sometimes hunting deer.

#### SERIOUS HUNTING AFTER FIRST SNOW

The men would always carry their rifles in the trucks on their way to and from work. Quite often after work we would ride around in the car for an hour or so just before dark. Usually Dad would wait until the day after the first snow to go hunting really seriously. I remember so well the times that we would be the first ones to drive on those old logging roads since the snowfall. Dad would look for just the right track, usually that was an elk track, not too big--and really fresh. There were so many game tracks back then that we never had to drive very far to



look at another one. After Dad picked a track he would usually track the animal for a while which resulted in his shooting the animal, or jumping the animal and hearing it run away or realizing that the animal was moving out of the country and not worth the effort. Sometimes David and I got to track with Dad and other times we had to stay in the car while he went alone.

#### LEGAL DEER—NERVOUS

BARRY: Most of the game animals that Dad had shot were not in hunting season, and this was because ever since he was really small, they hunted more for the use of the meat than for the sport of the hunting. They were up there in the woods, and wild meat was a big part of their diet, and it saved them money, so they poached quite a few animals. When they were up there early on clear back in the early 1900's, there were laws about poaching, but they weren't enforced very much.

But as time went on, they got to where they were being enforced more, and Dad became more conscious that he had to be careful that he didn't get caught poaching. So when he'd shoot something, he was always pretty cautious and quite quick to get the thing taken care of and out of sight.

This one day the family was kind of relaxing, taking a drive around. It was in hunting season, and Dad was just sort of road hunting on Green Canyon Pass. It was during the deer season; everything was legal. He came up to a deer alongside the road, and he stopped and shot it, and right after he shot it, he just really acted nervous, while he was cleaning it out and getting it into the vehicle, so we could be gone. And I remember Marj chiding him about "You're so used to poaching that you're just nervous even when you're doing it legally."

The whole family was with him, and we all thought it was funny that he was so nervous and working so fast at getting the animal dressed and into the car trunk.

#### BARNEY SOUTH

"Ever since he was really small they hunted more for the use of the meat than for the sport of hunting. They were up there in the woods, and wild meat was a big part of their diet, and it saved them money, so they poached quite a few animals." (Barry)

#### BARNEY SOUTH

"Barney was a good shot. He could see an animal and shoot before I could get mine off safety. He always shot left handed, because he claimed this eye was better than this one. He was a good hunter." (Al Knapp)

#### NOT SURE OF TARGET—DON'T SHOOT

One time I was with Dad when we saw a large bull elk by the big dugway on Split Creek. The elk moved quickly to the top of the ridge and out of sight. Dad said: "He is moving down country. We will try to get him on down the ridge." We drove about two miles down Trail Canyon and then climbed to the top of the ridge. Slowly we moved up the ridge. Suddenly Dad stopped and raised his rifle. I could barely see the elk head and a patch of hair through the trees. The ground was bare and the elk hair looked like dry grass.





DAVID & BARRY  
SOUTH

"We had a single shot  
.410 gauge shotgun or  
.22 rifles we could hunt  
with.

I was up at the barn and  
saw a fly on the fence  
post and hit that fly.

We saw a grouse,  
nicked him, shot 10  
more times, finally  
chased him down and  
hit him with the gun.

We carried the bird  
under one coat and  
triumphantly walked  
home." (Barry)

I waited for Dad to shoot but he never did. Suddenly the elk ran off. I asked Dad why he did not shoot. He said: "All I could see was a patch of hair and I was not sure it was the elk." The elk got away but I was always impressed how well Dad knew big game hunting and how he did not shoot when he was not sure of the target.

## *Kids' Shooting*

BARRY: Personally, my first hunting trip was with David when we took his .25 Stevens and walked up the railroad tracks. [It was a really old single shot Barney acquired while in Susanville working on defense during the war. It was always considered to be David's gun.]

We saw a grouse and decided to shoot it. Our first shot nicked him and he could not fly. We shot about ten more times but could not hit him. I finally said, "I'm not wasting any more shells on him." I took the rifle and chased the grouse down and hit him with the gun. We took our coats off, carried the bird under one coat so no stranger would see it, and then we triumphantly walked home.

### RUFFED GROUSE - "FOOL HEN"

In the fall there were a lot of ruffed grouse in the woods. A ruffed grouse has a nick name, "fool hen." They are not very smart at trying to elude a hunter.

We had a single shot .410 gauge shotgun or .22 rifles that we could hunt with. Our choice most of the time was the .22's. We could get close to a group of grouse and usually shoot most of them in the head without spooking them into flying away. They were a lot easier to clean than the domestic chickens and I thought they tasted better.

### RABBITS

One of our favorite pastimes was to take our old pump .22 or .410 shotgun and go shooting. The railroad right-of-way had a lot of brush piles on it. By tramping on the piles we could run rabbits out of the piles. We usually missed them but not always.

When I was young, shooting was my favorite sport. There were a lot of bats around the mill site, and in the evenings they would come out, along with the night hawks, and fly around the place catching flying bugs.

### BATS AND NIGHT HAWKS

We had no TV to watch, nor malls to hang out in. We had to create our own entertainment. About one evening each week I could take the little .410 single shot, shotgun and shoot at the bats and night hawks. It was nearly dark most of the time I was shooting and they both could move fast and had an erratic course they flew. My success was not the greatest.

Occasionally we would catch a live bat somewhere in camp. Sometimes when we would spread the wings of a captured bat we would discover some shotgun bb pellet holes through the light wing membranes. Some of my shots were hits that I didn't know about.

### SHOT A FLY

One day, when I was about 8-10 years old, I was up at the barn with the .22 semi-automatic Savage, and I saw a fly on the fence post of the old corral, and I hit that fly.

## PRACTICE SHOOTING

BARRY: Dad was a great shot with a gun. I never did see him shoot a pistol, I don't think. He didn't own one. I think his philosophy was kids and pistols shouldn't mix—very wise philosophy, probably. But he was a good shot.

Guns and hunting were a big part of the life of about every male that lived at Island Park Siding. Naturally it was important to be a good shot not only to be able to bag the game, but it was a matter of who was the best shot.

Target practice at camp was quite a frequent occurrence. It was a good way to spend leisure time and it was participated in by many of the men at camp.

### NO WORK ON SUNDAYS

None of the crews worked on Sundays. They didn't go to church either. That left Sunday open for some fun activities. One of the most popular was to get out the shotguns and rifles and shoot.

The camp was located on the edge of a big open flat and the cabins were built just inside of the timberline. The camp was about 4 miles from the nearest cabin occupied by anyone else. That meant we could shoot about any direction without worry of hitting something we should not. Our cabin was on the north side of camp, and the timber to the north was heavy. We shot into the heavy timber.

### FIRING LINE 50' FROM DOOR

Our practice range was northward and the firing line was about 50 feet from our back door. Our firing line was only about 100 feet away from our fuel tanks, where we serviced our trucks. The motor oil we used came in one quart tin cans. We always had a good supply of oil cans for targets. Most of our practicing was done with .22 rifles or shotguns.

### STATIONARY TARGETS - MOVING TARGETS

There were several types of practice. Targets were nailed to trees and we shot at them. One tree was used as a backstop so much it finally broke off; then we put cans on the stump and shot them.

Most of the time when we were shooting our .22's, we weren't shooting at stationary targets; we were shooting at things that were thrown up in the air, and most of the times, those things were one quart metal oil cans.

It was a lot of fun. The gunners got to where we were all good shots.

Somebody'd get out there in front of the firing line, and throw a can up in the air, and 2 or 3 guys with .22's would perforate the can while it was up in the air. And at times we would get to where we would shoot things smaller than an oil can. We'd get down to a soup can and sometimes a baby food can, and once in a while we'd get down to shooting some shotgun shells out of the air.

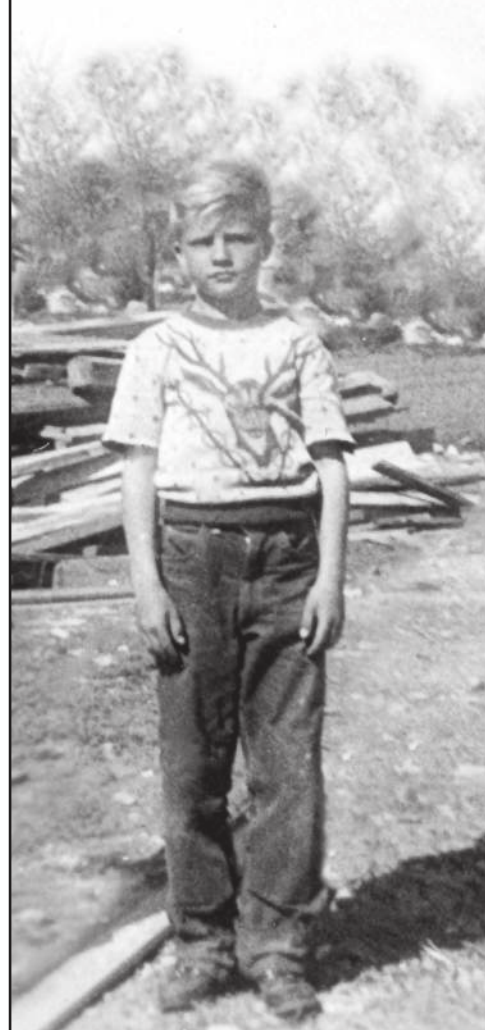
### .22 SHELL OUT OF THE AIR

And I remember one time in particular, Dad was shooting—several of us were there, and the targets for him were getting smaller and smaller. They got down to where somebody threw up a .22-short bullet. It was a live bullet—it had the bullet and the casing. And they threw it up, and this thing would have been like a quarter inch in diameter, and maybe three quarters of an inch long. They threw it up in the air, and he shot it and hit it with the little .22 pump. I thought that was an incredible shot.

### DRAGONFLY BET

Dad bought a couple of cases of shotgun shells for the summer's practice. He got really good at hitting air borne targets.

The shooters at camp got pretty creative using different types of targets. There was some betting on some of the shots that were made. The bets were never for money, but usually for a root beer. Once Barney and Burdett Hess made a bet on Barney's being able to hit a dragon fly on the wing that made the mistake of coming to a shotgun practice session. One shot, one dragonfly.



BARRY

"I was about 8-10 years old up at the barn with the .22 semi-automatic Savage, and I saw a fly on the fence post of the old corral, and I hit that fly." (Barry)



.22 SHORT BULLETS

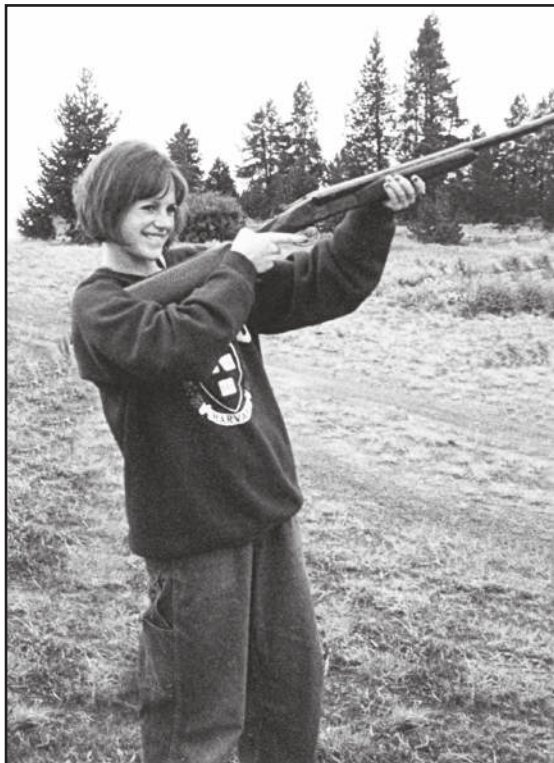
"Somebody threw a .22-short bullet up in the air, and Barney hit it with the little .22 pump. I thought that was an incredible shot." (Barry)



BARRY SOUTH, FRANK SOUTH, DAVID SOUTH, RANDY SOUTH, JOE SOUTH (*his arm*)  
 In 1960, 5 years after Barney's death, Barney's cousin, Bill South, brought his family from Salt Lake to visit in Island Park. All the kids became acquainted with their second cousins. David and Barry brought out Barney's rifles and shotguns, and the city kids got a taste of firing guns.

"DEAD-EYE" LEXYE LUND  
 [THIELE]

Barney's granddaughter  
 Skeet shooting in Island Park  
 "The girls had their turns at  
 shooting the guns." (*M'Jean*)



#### TARGET SHOOTING WITH COMPANY

It was common to shoot targets when company came. One day to try something a little different we stuck a can on top of a pole about 25 feet high and the pole holder moved the can around and others were trying to hit the can with .22 rifles. Dad whispered to me "sneak into the house and get the 12 gauge and come out and shoot the can." I did. The .22 hits on the can and pole were barely felt by the pole holder. The 12 gauge blast nearly tipped the friend over. It was a real surprise to him. Dad was pretty good at those practical jokes.

BARNEY'S .300  
 SAVAGE RIFLE

#### SHOOTING HERITAGE

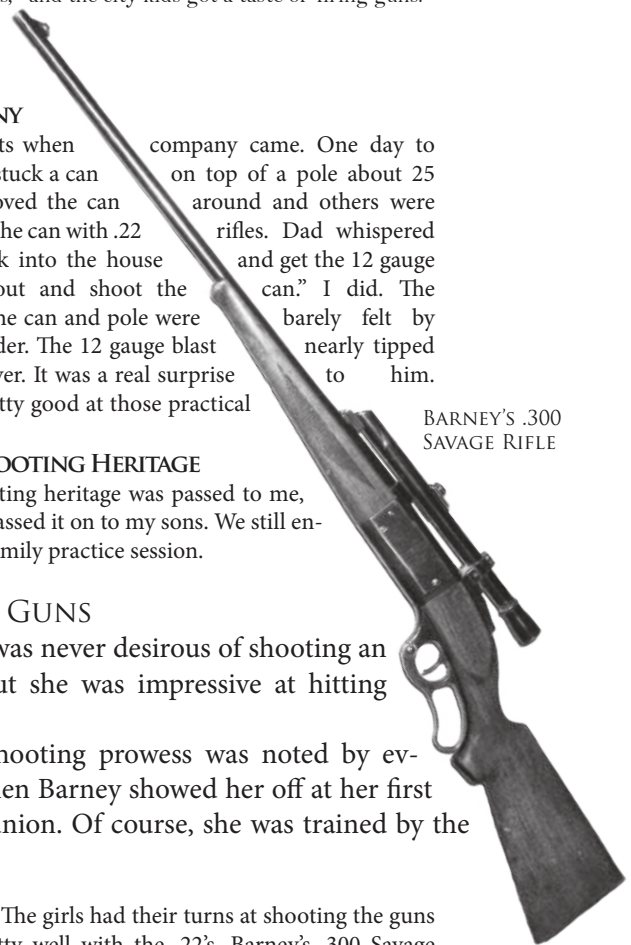
The shooting heritage was passed to me, and I have passed it on to my sons. We still enjoy a good family practice session.

#### GIRLS & GUNS

Marj was never desirous of shooting an animal, but she was impressive at hitting targets.

Her shooting prowess was noted by everyone when Barney showed her off at her first South Reunion. Of course, she was trained by the best!

M'JEAN: The girls had their turns at shooting the guns and did pretty well with the .22's. Barney's .300 Savage was a much bigger gun, the one he grabbed from over the





door when he shot the bear from the back porch. I was pretty excited to shoot it the first time. But when I pulled the trigger, I found out what it was when a gun “kicked.” The big bruise it left on my right shoulder for several days somewhat dampened my enthusiasm for target practice for a while.

## *Sage Hen Hunting*

BARRY: A big event each fall for a few years was to hunt sage hens. Island Park Siding was on the east side of the Island Park area. Shotgun Valley was on the west side. It was big open cattle country with lots of sagebrush. It was also where the sage hens were. The sage grouse is a game bird that is protected by law. Back then there was a two-day season that allowed hunters to shoot them. The bag limit was 2 or 3 birds per hunter. The sage grouse hunt was closely monitored by the game wardens. The hunters needed to be of age and have a valid license. The wardens set up check points to check the hunters as they left the area. The hunt was a big event that drew a lot of hunters from the lower towns.

### ROCKET OUT OF THE BRUSH

The preferred method of hunting was to have a group of hunters spread out in a line about 50-60 feet apart and walk through an area where sage hens might be. The sagebrush was so thick that we would hardly even see a chicken on the ground. They would suddenly rocket out of the brush in a noisy take off as they tried to get away from the hunters. This of course was the perfect target for the hunters with shotguns.

When I first got to go on the hunts I was too young to have a hunting license so I couldn't carry a shotgun. The kids were very welcome in the line-up even without guns because we replaced the dogs. The first hunts were pretty much just our family. That meant that Dad could only legally shoot the limit of birds for his license and for Marj's. For someone that was a real good shot, and liked to hunt, that was not very many birds.

### SHOTGUN VALLEY TRADITION

Dad started a tradition up there. The event started with only our family and Curly Kent and his family. As time went on we invited friends to go with us and David and I got our licenses. This meant we could hunt longer.

Then we came up with a new plan. The men and boys would go to Shotgun Valley before dawn, and pick out a nice dinner spot by Sheridan Creek, go out at rust daylight and shoot a bunch of chickens. We would shoot our limits, and then clean them and start a cooking fire. By then the rest of the family would be there and we would have a big family dinner with sage chicken as the main course. After dinner the hunters would go back to the hunt and fill the limits and go home.

Dad started inviting other people up, so within a matter of 3 or 4 years, that event got to be quite a large event, and quite a few people coming up. The number of people attending this dinner grew each year until there were about 75 people present the last year we did this.

One of the last times we did this, we thought, “You know, there ought to be a way we could get a few more chickens.” The game wardens set up a checking station on that road out to Shotgun Valley, and they'd start checking the hunters, usually by about ten o'clock or so—they'd check them to see if they got their birds.

So, what we did--about six of us drove out really early in the morning before the sun was up. And we got out there just at the break of day and shot our limit full of birds. And then we shot quite a few more, and we stuffed them in a badger hole, and we came home before the fish and game had their checking station set up, so they didn't punch our licenses.

SAGE HEN





SAGE HENS

dinner out there. The game wardens. It  
TWO CASES OF

Barney re-ally enjoyed the sage hen hunts. He bought 2 cases of shot-  
gun ammo a couple of the years we were up there and we used it up  
through the summers in our practice sessions. He was a good shot.

We were home by 9 o'clock, left the first limit, loaded up the family, turned around, headed back out there and went hunting again. This time we'd get our limit again, and the ladies would cook the chickens that were in the badger hole, and we'd have a nice second limit would be checked out of the area by the was quite a fun day.

#### SHOTGUN SHELLS

The last time we went out, six of us went out really early in the morning. We hunted by forming a line and walking through the sagebrush and flushing the birds ahead of us. Dad had practiced shooting a lot that summer and he was so fast and so accurate that he shot all but one or two of the birds that morning. A couple of the men were a little upset about that. It was all in good fun. The hunting day usually ended in another shooting session back at the mill site.

#### BARNEY SHOOTS AN OWL

DAVID: My dad established an Island Park tradition that had to do with the annual opening of the two-day season for shooting sage hens. During those two days, a shooter was limited to two birds per day, and those were counted when the hunter exited the area. When it came to shooting sage hens, Barney was dead eye! He really could shoot them. It didn't matter where they jumped, or how they jumped, or what they did, Barney would get them. Some of the other shooters were skilled as well, so getting their limit was not a problem. But they did have a problem: How could they keep having a good time, keep shooting, keep bagging birds without getting in trouble? It didn't take them long to come up with a solution. At the end of the first day's shoot, Barney's group began having a party during which they cooked and ate that day's kill.

#### SNEAKY PLAN

Word of this sneaky, new plan spread like wildfire, and with each season, more and more shooters — many of whom simply invited themselves — joined Barney's group. Barney would organize them into sweeps, with people thirty to forty feet apart in a line a half-mile long.

One season, some really obnoxious guys, who grew increasingly rude and crude during the shoot, invited themselves to join. But unbeknown to them, that day Barney had shot an owl that he cleaned and fried along with the hens. He began feeding the owl pieces to the obnoxious guys, and they immediately started complaining and bellyaching about how tough and stringy the meat was.

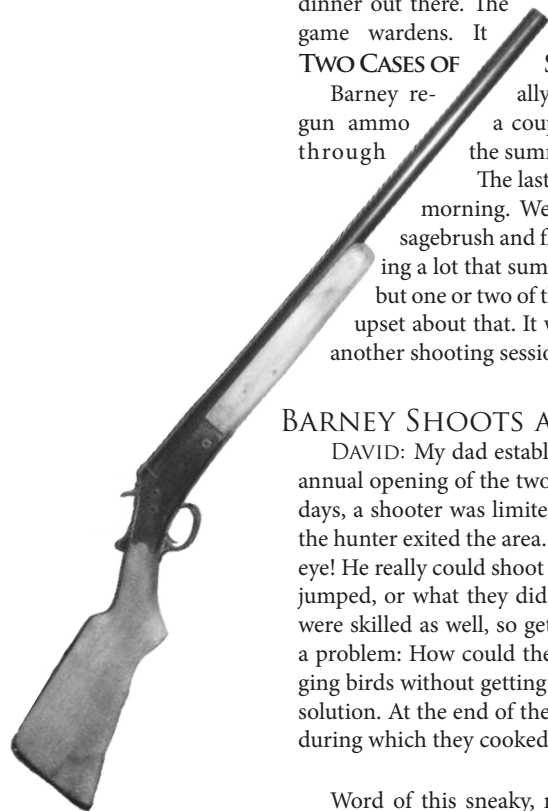
To this Barney responded, "Well, golly! This one really tastes good. Here, take a piece of mine." And he'd give them a perfectly good piece of hen, followed by more pieces of owl. Needless to say, those obnoxious few never returned.

#### DUCKS & GEESE -TOM CREEK

BARRY: Sage hens weren't the only thing we used the shotguns for. When duck season started we had a great place to go after them.

Tom Creek is a small stream running east and west, and it crosses the railroad track about one mile north of the camp site.

The creek heads about two miles from where it crosses the tracks. The head of Tom Creek is a very pretty place where the stream just comes right out of the ground in several places. The different springs flow together within a few hundred feet, and then becomes Tom Creek. The creek is not in a canyon but flows



BARNEY'S 16-GAUGE  
SINGLE SHOT SHOT-  
GUN

alongside a gentle timbered hill. The other side of the creek is a big open flat meadow called Moon Meadows.

#### HEAD OF TOM CREEK DOES NOT FREEZE OVER

The creek widens out and flows at moderate speed and is generally from 6 inches to 30 inches deep. The water comes out of the ground at a constant year round temperature (40 some degrees F), and it does not freeze over even in the minus 30 degree winter weather. There is lots of vegetation growing in and around the creek, and it is a good place to find ducks and geese. Especially when it is cold and the lakes in Island Park are frozen over.

After the lakes froze up a lot of geese would go there to feed. Sometimes the men would go there at about midnight on a very cold night and hunt geese with the aid of a spotlight. I was so young when they did this that I only got in on a couple of the hunts.

#### VARIETY OF ANIMALS

There may be more wild animals in and around the head of Tom Creek than any other place in Island Park. There are moose, elk, deer, bear, coyotes, geese, ducks, eagles, osprey, hawks, owls, beaver, mink, muskrat, squirrels, chipmunks, sand hill cranes, fish, herons, curlews, flying squirrels, martin, porcupine, weasels, grouse, and still lots of other little critters.



DUCK

I did get to hunt ducks and geese quite often on Tom Creek with David and Dad. We would go there after school, just before dark. We liked to go to Tom Creek early in the season before the snow came. It was pretty easy to spot where the ducks were on the creek, but then we had to get up into gun range before they spotted us. We could hide in the grass, bushes, and trees as we would sneak up on them. We would crawl up as close as possible. At about 40 yards we would jump up and shoot. The most we got was eight ducks and two geese. Then it was a matter of gathering up the ones we shot.

#### DAZED DUCK

One experience I had there was quite unique. I was gathering up the dead ducks and I came to one that was in the water right next to the bank. He was sitting upright and looked perfectly healthy. I grabbed him by the neck and lifted him out of the water. When he came out I heard and felt a slight "plop" like you would feel when you pulled a plunger out of the water, and the vacuum seal is broken. Suddenly the duck was alive with kicking feet, flapping wings, and very noisy. A quick twist of the neck silenced the duck but I have always wondered, maybe he just slept through the whole affair.

#### MUSKRAT

David and I were with Barney at the head of Tom Creek. It was one of the many short nearby excursions we took that made living in the forest so great. This time we had our guns but I don't remember if we were hunting for ducks, or deer, or both, or just out for some fun together.

What I do remember is that we walked up to the creek just above a small beaver dam. The pond above the dam was maybe 60 feet wide, and a muskrat was swimming near the opposite bank. As I think about it, I believe we must have been checking some traps that we had set for mink or muskrat. Dad had his .300 Savage rifle, and he raised it and fired. I don't think he was trying to hit the rat because a shot would have destroyed the pelt.

When the bullet hit the water that muskrat came flying up out of the water,



CANADA GOOSE  
"After the lakes froze up a lot of geese would go to Tom Creek to feed." (Barry)





GENE JONES, ALVIN ISAACS,  
BARNEY SOUTH

and it reminded me of a football doing a slow roll end as it made a loop up, and over a 12 foot high tree that was growing next to the water. The muskrat was dead when he hit the ground and never even twitched. When we crossed the stream to pick up the rat we saw that the bullet had just grazed his lower jaw. I realized then the power of the concussion of a high speed bullet.

## 8-GAUGE SHOTGUN

BARRY: Gene Jones had a single shot 8-gauge shotgun. And I'd been hearing about that 8-gauge shotgun for a long, long time. I finally did see it. Gene Jones showed it to me

one time. But I heard a lot of stories about it. One of the stories that I heard was, Dad and Gene were up at Tom Creek hunting geese. And the shells to that old shotgun were brass cartridges, and they were loading them by hand. And they had a formula for how much powder and the wadding and the shot and everything they put in them.

As the story goes, they didn't have the right wadding for it, so they cut some wadding out of some leather harness straps.

And Dad said that he was out with that old shotgun one time, and there was a goose out there quite a ways away, and he raised that shotgun up, and he fired it, and he says that thing kicked so hard, that the butt of the shotgun just slid right down his arm and made his arm black and blue, came to his elbow, swung the gun around, flew out behind him about 20 feet and landed in the bushes. Dad says, "I picked that thing up, and I never shot it again." And the story was, that somebody had accidentally dropped some of the shells in the water, and that leather wadding had swollen up and caused that tremendous recoil.

Another experience I heard about—I think it was Horace Pond was telling us. "I was out with your dad once, at night, or evening, and he had that old 8-gauge, and looked up the air, and there were some geese up there. They were so high, I couldn't tell which side of the moon they were on. Your dad raised that old shotgun up there and fired, and one of those geese came down—surprised the heck out of me."

## RABBIT HUNTING

Hunting was not limited to Island Park. During the winter months when the family lived in Idaho Falls, there was rabbit hunting. Hunters would go out to the area around Mud Lake and do the farmers a favor by reducing the rabbit population in the hayfields. It seems those poor little rabbits were doing a lot of damage.



Nighttime was the preferred time to hunt. Barney had spotlights mounted on both sides of the '46 Chev for the purpose of hunting rabbits. The guys had a lot of fun chasing them around the fields in the car, shining the spotlights on them, and when a little rabbit dared to stick its head out from behind a haystack, he was soon a dead duck, or hare.

BARNEY AND DAVID  
Equipped for rabbit  
hunting: guns in hand;  
mounted spotlights on  
the '46 Chev

## HOT SHELL DOWN MYRNA'S NECK

M'JEAN: On most of the expeditions just Barney and other guys went. But it was also sometimes regarded as a family outing. On one of those occasions, when Myrna and I were very small, we were riding in the back seat. It was an extremely rough ride, jouncing over the bumps in the hayfield. The driver would be going slowly, though, so as not to bounce off the shooters sitting on the car fenders.

With both front windows open, it was pretty cold. We sat watching the empty .22 shells flying around us, as rifles were popping off out each front window. One of the shells, hot as a little firecracker, went right down Myrna's neck.

MOLLY LUND CASH  
Barney's granddaughter

"The Family that Shoots Together..."

DEVIN CASH & BEN CASH  
Barney's great-grandson Ben  
gets help from his dad  
to shoot Barney's .25-20  
Winchester.





940 TARGHEE TIES



## Chapter 93

# Horse Sense

Envious acquaintance: "Barney, you sure are lucky!"  
Barney: "And the harder I work, the luckier I get!"

**M**oving directly into the new log house in the spring was a pleasure for everyone, especially Marj. She could not have been more delighted with her new mountain home. Not only were she and Barney on top of a mountain, they seemed to be on top of the world!

Both Barney and Marj, in their young years, had been raised in very difficult circumstances and were well acquainted with "being poor." They had seen hard times, and they had done hard things. But in addition to their hard work, they exercised sound practical judgment. They each possessed an uncommon amount of common sense—"horse sense."

And they had been blessed!

### WORK & SUCCESS

DAVID: Barney had a flair for organization. He organized a business in a time when the odds were against it and did very well with it. I've always been fascinated by the things that he did. He was able to build his own little empire, in not many years. He built a pretty darn good-sized construction business, sawmill, and the kind of things most people wouldn't be able to put together.

Barney was efficient and had his ducks lined up. His diesel engine kept the saw humming, and truckload after truckload of logs coming in from the woods kept the diesel humming. He kept up

BARNEY SOUTH

Studio portrait:

The sitting appointment fell on the morning after all night rabbit hunting.

BARNEY, M'JEAN, MARJ, SUSAN, BARRY

"Barney had a flair for organization. He organized a business in a time when the odds were against it and did very well with it." (David)





#### BARNEY & BARRY

"Dad was great to work with.

There wasn't lots of conversation—just do what he was doing, and he was always there to teach you." (Barry)

#### BARNEY – FIX EVERYTHING

One thing that impressed me about Dad was that he was so great at fixing things, under any circumstance—just anything that'd go wrong, he had enough ingenuity to put it back together and keep it going. Dad could keep the trucks running, keep the saw running, keep everything going.

DAVID: Barney was a self-made man, whose formal education ended in the eighth grade. [Barney attended high school, but each year was cut short because of work, so he was unable to graduate.] Like Abe Lincoln who once said that he got his education "by littles — a little here and a little there," Barney educated himself by reading about and trying anything that interested him.

He taught himself how to play the violin, some piano, concertina and others.

production to meet the steady market for house logs and lumber.

His well-trained boys, David and Barry, had become invaluable in the operation, both in the woods and at the mill.

#### WORKING WITH BARNEY

DAVID: In the very limited time we had together, I got to know my dad best by working with him. Barney expected you to do what you were asked or told to do — whether you were his child or his employee. As far as discipline goes, I never had much of a problem with Dad. I knew that you did what he said or else.

He taught me a huge amount about living and life, and he made me learn how to do things. I could run a chainsaw at 16; I could fieldstrip one; I knew how to fix a truck tire; I knew how to do just a huge amount of stuff.

BARRY: Dad was great to work with. He didn't—there wasn't lots of conversation, but just--- do what he was doing, and he was always there to teach you.



Geology interested him, so he learned about geology. Life and how men lived it was always a class in human behavior for him.

Barney became very well self-educated. He had a way of really studying. He studied nuclear physics, for instance, and he was really good at knowing what and where and stuff to find uranium—materials like that.

## THAR'S URANIUM IN THEM THAR HILLS

Some of my fondest memories of my dad have to do with searching for minerals. During the last two or three years of his life, Barney got bit by the prospecting bug. He began studying geology and minerals, bought a Geiger Counter and planned prospecting expeditions that included Barry and me.

The three of us must have run that Geiger over what seemed like a million rocks, checking their radiation count. We never did find anything significant, but we learned a lot about the mountains, the countryside and the rocks.

Once near Hebgen Lake Dam in Montana, we found a mineral that might have been pitchblende, a uranium ore. But we then learned that the dam was a high-pressure dam that had tripled the size of Hebgen Lake. Mining within a mile of it was strictly prohibited. On another excursion in that area, we found a ledge of quartz and mica, but, again, we could not mine it as it was within the prohibited one mile.

Barney's business dealings were based on honesty and fairness. He hated stinginess and would rather err on the side of generosity. But, he told Marj, to let a guy get away with cheating you in a business deal was not doing him any favor. His sister, Zelma, noted one of his tactics.

ZELMA: In dealing with the public, if creditors failed to live up to their agreement to pay at a certain time, Barney would confront the person and would say, "Well, I'll just mark the bill off as charity." His wife Marj said later, "This remark brought forth many checks, as men did not want him to be giving them charity."

Marj was also proud of her girls. She had instructed M'Jean and Myrna in the various facets of housekeeping, even in quite primitive circumstances.

SUSAN (*on the ground*)  
M'JEAN & MYRNA (*top of the load*)  
MARJ (*far right*)

Marj had instructed her girls in the various facets of housekeeping. They were also a logger's daughters.



BARNEY'S GEIGER COUNTER





DAVID, BARNEY, M'JEAN,  
MYRNA, SUSAN  
Barney's last summer

### KEEPING TRACK OF SUSAN

There was always extra work when there were extra people, which there often were, and M'Jean and Myrna were a great help to Marj. One problem was keeping track of little Susan, who was almost two.

SUSAN SOUTH (*almost 2*)  
"I remember being tethered to the chinning bar."  
(*Susan*)

SUSAN: I remember being tethered to the chinning bar. I liked to go to the stockyards and climb up on the fences. I was intrigued with the Brahma bulls.

## Relatives

**S**orely missed by the Souths that year in Island Park was the Jones family. For five years Barney and Marj had enjoyed a close association with Gene and Glenna. M'Jean and Myrna loved playing with Jeannie and little Davey.

But the previous fall, when the Jones family moved out of Island Park, it was not to Idaho Falls, but to Evanston, there to stay.

### FORCED OUT BY FOREST SERVICE

BERNIE: Gene hauled ties out of Trail Canyon. The forest service had somebody go up there where they were logging up Split Creek, condemned the road, said it was too steep, too dangerous; so the forest service wouldn't sell timber to them for that reason, and forced them out.

MYRNA: Jeannie Jones moved away before I started school. It was sad to me, even though I seldom saw her, I claimed her as my best friend for years.

Unable to continue to get contracts to cut ties in Island Park, Gene had returned to work at the Evanston location of the South and Jones Company. In the spring the company had hired Marj's brother, Warren. Warren and Steve Knapp had lived with Grandma and Grandpa



Knapp throughout the school year in Idaho Falls. The positive influence of wonderful parents helped Warren to change his life, and he had started attending church. He had also met Beth Davidson, whom he married in the Idaho Falls temple.

STEVE: They dated through the winter and were married on the 9<sup>th</sup> of June 1954. Gene Jones had completed his tie contract for the railroad the summer before and so in the spring, we helped them move all their trucks and equipment back to Evanston, Wyoming.



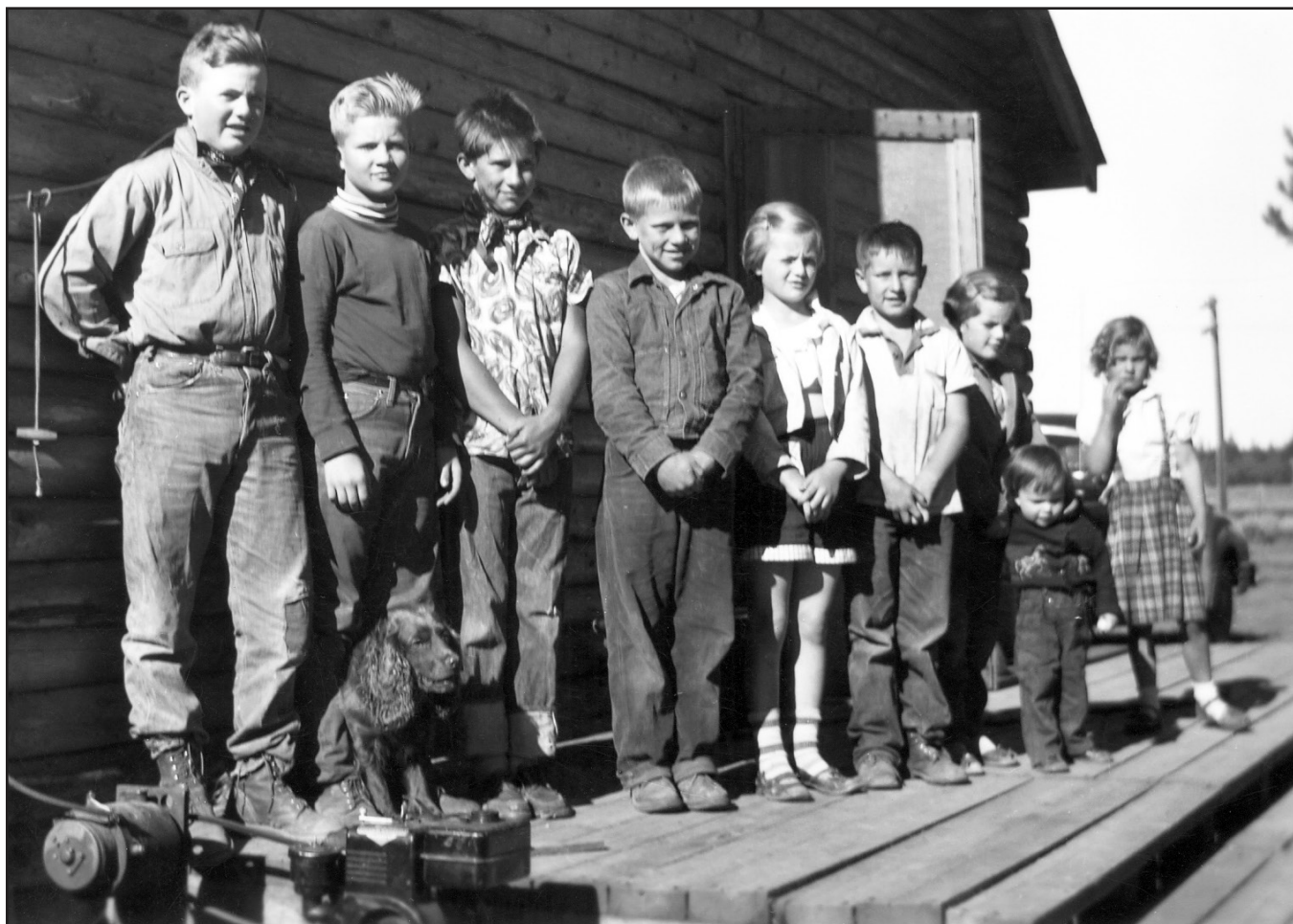
BETH, WARREN, STEVE KNAPP

## COUSINS VISIT

Barney's first cousin and pal Valois South Chipman, with her husband, Paul, and their four children came from Salt Lake for a delightful visit. The South kids had a chance to become acquainted with their city cousins, Washburn, Taylor, Matthew, and Karen, and enjoyed showing them around camp. When company came, singing around the player piano was always a favorite activity.

SOUTH KIDS & CHIPMAN COUSINS:  
DAVID, BARRY, WASHBURN, TAYLOR, M'JEAN, MATTHEW, MYRNA, SUSAN, KAREN

Note: The Briggs & Stratton motor and generator (*front left*), which Barney rigged up to run an "electric light" in the kitchen.







DAVID, VALOIS & PAUL CHIPMAN, MARJ (Back)  
TAYLOR, WASHBURN, MATTHEW, KAREN CHIPMAN, M'JEAN, MYRNA & SUSAN, BARRY & COCOA

Barney and Valois shared fond memories of the summer visits long ago when the Sam South family ran the sawmill up in Split Creek Canyon. After Valois' father, Edward, left the family, she, her brother Bill, and their siblings spent time each summer living with Sam and Hannah at the sawmill.

At age 18 Valois had served a mission in the Eastern States. Then as the oldest of 7 children, she worked for many years to help support her younger brothers and sisters at home and on their missions. She was secretary first to Elder James E. Talmage of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. After he passed away, she was secretary to J. Rueben Clark for 7 years, then at age 36 she met and married her husband.

BARNEY & ALVIN ISAACS



#### VISIT FROM ALVIN ISAACS

Barney had a long-time acquaintance in Island Park, Alvin Isaacs, with whom he had hunted in winter on skis and snowshoes. Alvin was a hard working guy in the logging industry with an operation at Trude Siding. He had seven sons who worked with him.

One day, when Barney and his crew were working in the woods and Marj and the girls were home alone, Alvin Isaacs came to the door, looking for Barney. His boy had been roughed up the night before by some tough characters, and he planned to catch up with them that evening and wanted Barney's help.



## Story: *Spoiling for a Fight*

It had been a morning of baking, so there was a stack of extra dishes and pans to wash. Marj had promised to help M'Jean and Myrna get started on some embroidery when the dishes were done. Susan was already down for her afternoon nap.

"You girls go get out the embroidery hoops and floss," said Marj. "I'll help you as soon as I throw out the dishwater."

Marj picked up the dishpan full of dirty water, and stepping to the screen door, pushed it open with her shoulder. The Island Park breeze felt good today. Keeping the stove hot resulted in a hot kitchen.

As she crossed the porch, out of habit, she glanced out across the flat. A great cloud of dust practically enveloped the pickup truck nearing the stockyards. She hesitated on the porch before descending the two broad steps to the back yard. "It looks like Alvin Isaacs's outfit," she thought. "And is he ever driving fast!"

Marj did not like to have the dishwater deposited too near the house. She said the soapy, greasy water discouraged the little bit of friendly vegetation that grew in the yard. She tossed the water out onto the gravel road and returned to the kitchen, where the girls were sorting the colored floss.

"It looks as though we have company," said Marj, looking out the window. "The embroidery will have to wait for a bit."

The three of them watched as the pickup came to a stop just beyond the trees in the back yard and a rugged-looking gentleman came to the back door.

"Mr. Isaacs, how do you do?"

"Hello, Marj," said Alvin, removing his hat. "I couldn't see anyone out at the mill, so I came to the house. I'm looking for Barney." Alvin appeared rather agitated.

"He's gone to the woods today with the whole crew," said Marj. "Won't you come in--have a seat."

"First, hope you don't mind me getting a drink from your water bucket here," he said.

"All the water you want," said Marj. "It should be cold. The girls just brought a fresh bucket from the well. As she spoke, she reached for a glass from the cupboard and held it out to him.

"Don't bother with that," said Alvin, as he lowered the water dipper into the bucket. I can just drink from this here dipper." He drained the dipper, then glanced at M'Jean and Myrna, who had both winced while watching their somewhat grizzled-looking guest drink from the same dipper that they themselves drank from.

"Mighty handy to have these little gals to help around the house, especially when you're in such condition," said Alvin, nodding at Marj's eight-months-along profile. Then looking straight at Myrna, he said, "These water buckets are a mite heavy for a little thing like you to tote here all the way from that well."

"Oh, M'Jean and I put the wash stick through the bucket handle

and each of us holds one end," said Myrna brightly. "It's not so heavy that way."

"Makes sense," said Alvin. "Us havin' them seven boys has made a lot of doin' for. My wife Blanche was always mighty glad for help from the five girls."

Alvin settled himself on one of the benches with his back to the window and rested his elbows on the kitchen table. He gave the girls no further notice.

Looking at Marj, he said, "Well, I'll tell you what I want Barney for. I need his help--tonight."

Immediately to Marj's mind came the image of Alvin's strapping boys working at the family logging operation at Trude Siding. "What job were they doing that they couldn't handle without Barney's help?" she wondered. She sat on a bench across the table from Alvin and waited for the story. M'Jean and Myrna listened from their perch by the stove.

"Two nights ago" related Alvin, "one of my boys went to McCrea's and got in a tussle with a guy who thought he was tough, calling my boy names. Well, he got trounced by my boy, all right. But then last night when he goaded my boy into a fight, he had his friends waiting around the side of the lodge. Every one of them had a neckerchief full of rocks, and they bloodied my boy up pretty bad."

"Well, that rough stuff don't sit well with me and my boys. We don't go for no dirty fighting, but tonight we're all going to be at McCrea's. We aim to be ready for them and teach them a little lesson."

M'Jean looked at Myrna out of the corner of her eye. Myrna was staring straight at Alvin Isaacs, who now lowered his voice slightly and looked intently at Marj. "That's why I need Barney. He's a clean fighter, but he's quicker than anyone I ever saw. He's beat plenty of guys a lot bigger than he is—cause he's quick—and he's smart. Nobody I'd rather have on my side in a fight. Nope, I've never seen the likes of anyone who could lick Barney South."

A wry grin stole over Marj's face as Alvin praised the fighting prowess of her man. "Barney won't be back from the woods until 6:00 tonight," she said.

Alvin stood up and walked toward the doorway. "That's plenty of time. You just have him meet us up at McCrea's at nine o'clock." Opening the screen door, he put on his hat and walked out onto the back porch. "Looking back, he tipped his hat. "Mighty fine weather we're having. Nine o'clock, remember." Then he walked out to his truck and drove off.

Marj had followed Alvin to the doorway as he left. After closing the screen door she turned and looked at M'Jean and Myrna. "Not a word of this to Barney or the boys," she said. "You're not going to tell him?" asked M'Jean.

"Oh, I'll tell him, all right. When the time is right. I'm sure he would

not want to go and get mixed up in this fight, but if we don't tell him, he won't ever have to explain anything to Alvin."

Turning her attention to the sewing project, she explained, "There are 6 threads in a strand of embroidery floss. After you cut off your length, then you separate out the number of threads you want to use. Some people use just 2, but the colors are richer with 3. I figure if you are going to do all the work it takes to make something pretty, better not be chincy with the thread."

Marj demonstrated as she spoke, and the girls each copied with their own lengths of floss.

"Is it true," asked Myrna, "what Mr. Isaacs said about our daddy?—that he is a good fighter?"

"Barney never did want to fight anybody," said Marj. "But he learned as a young man that it was sometimes necessary to defend himself or someone else against bullies who would pick a fight."

"And he's really fast?"

"He is just what Alvin said—very smart and very quick. Barney has known Alvin for a long time. They have hunted together in winter on skis and snowshoes. Alvin is about 8 years older than Barney. He was raised in Arkansas and came to Idaho about the time Barney came as an 18-year old from Utah.

"Back in the days when Barney was a young man living here in Island Park, there were a lot of rough loggers working as tie hacks."

"What are tie hacks?" asked M'Jean.

"You kids spend enough time walking along the train rails to know exactly what railroad ties look like. The ties supporting the rails are each 8 feet long, and 8 inches by 8 inches thick." Both experienced rail-walkers nodded their heads. Marj continued, "Tie hacks were men who could make those railroad ties with nothing but a crosscut saw and a great big axe called a broad axe."

M'Jean looked perplexed. "Without the sawmill?" she asked.

"Your Grandpa Samuel South brought the sawmill up here from Utah, but the sawmill was needed more for sawing logs and lumber for buildings than for making railroad ties. The tie hacks did their work by hand. With the crosscut saws they felled the trees and cut them into 8-foot lengths. With their broad axes they flattened the sides. It was really hard work, and a lot of the tie hacks were big, tough Swedes."

"What's a Swede?" Myrna asked.

"Someone from Sweden. Men who grew up in the great forests of Norway and Sweden were accustomed to the hard work of logging. A lot of the guys were very proud of their size and strength and liked to show off."

"By fighting?" queried Myrna.

"By doing all kinds of things to show that they were bigger or stronger than someone else—sometimes with work, or with hunting, sometimes with games at the schoolhouse. The games often turned into fights.

"Fights at the schoolhouse?" M'Jean wondered.



"Well, it never started out that way. But sometimes that's how it ended up. You see, the people who lived around here were very isolated from the outside world, especially when winter snows kept anyone from traveling very far. And they would often get together to socialize at the schoolhouse. For sure on Saturday nights there would be a dance."

"That's when Grandpa South played his violin, isn't it?" Myrna said, knowingly.

"Yes, indeed. He often played for the dancing. During the dance there would be a floor show. Have you heard of a floor show?"

Both girls nodded a "No," and Marj continued, "A floor show is special entertainment while everyone takes a break from dancing. All the people would move to a large outside circle, leaving space in the middle of the floor for a singer, a violin player, or a special dance number. Maybe poetry recitations.

"Barney sometimes would play music on his handsaw, using a violin bow. When sitting with the handle end of the saw secure between his legs, he would stroke the blunt side of the blade with a violin bow to make a musical sound. By bending the flexible saw blade he could change the pitch up or down and play tunes.

"Well, sometimes there wasn't anything planned for a floor show, but the people would clear the floor anyway and expect something to happen. Some folks would clamor for boxing matches or wrestling matches. Some of the guys were eager to show off; others were not, but they might be pushed into the circle by their friendly neighbors. The crowd seemed to love to see the young men get involved.

"Sometimes the boxing matches were not really boxing matches. They were contests to see which opponent could knock the other man's hat off. These could be very rough.

"Did Daddy box and knock guys' hats off?" asked Myrna.

"Barney did not like to box in the schoolhouse matches," said Marj. "But it seemed that unless he stayed home on Saturday night, which he frequently did, he often did get involved. Barney soon learned that it didn't make a big man happy to be outboxed by a smaller man. He avoided all the fights he could avoid."

"Then how did he get to be so good?" M'Jean asked.

"Well, there were times when Barney left the camp in winter when the deep snow made work next to impossible. He traveled to Salt Lake City and stayed with his Aunt Sarah South and her family. While he was there he became serious about boxing and trained with professional trainers. He made up his mind that if he were going to live among the fighting, scrapping people of the tie-camp he would learn to protect himself without resorting to knives or guns."

"Knives and guns?" Both girls looked surprised.

"At that time Island Park was very rough country, and even though there were several devoted husbands and fathers, there were also plenty of rough characters—some even hiding out from the law here in

these woods.

"Barney trained in Salt Lake with professional boxing trainers and learned all he could. His trainers were very impressed with him and tried to persuade him to go back East and pursue a boxing career.

'Barney, you're smart, you're quick, and you are talented,' he was told. 'You could make good money if you would come to Chicago with me and let me make you into a professional boxer.'

The look on both girls' faces showed some excitement. "Wow. Did he go?"

"If he had, he wouldn't have been your daddy; you kids wouldn't even be here."

M'Jean and Myrna both looked a little sober.

"Pursuing that course of action would mean leaving behind his home and family and everyone he knew and going to live in another part of the country.

"When it came to that point when he had to make up his mind whether or not to go, he counted on the Lord to help him make a clear decision. He had one last boxing match scheduled. He decided if he won that match, he would go back East; if he lost, it would mean he would stay and give up boxing.

"Just before he stepped into the ring, he found out who his opponent would be. He read the name posted and said to himself, 'I'm going to Chicago, I guess.' The other boxer was a man Barney had beaten easily in the past.

"But what awaited Barney in the ring that night was a surprise--a clear guiding sign in the form of a technical knockout in the second round. Barney never knew what hit him. The match was over and Barney had lost."

Nothing more was said about fights that afternoon, but at supper M'Jean and Myrna looked at Barney with new eyes. They were both thinking of Alvin Isaac's visit and gave each other a few knowing glances.

Late that night after the lights were out and everyone had gone to bed, Marj said to Barney, in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, "Alvin Isaacs was here today....."

Barney had sense enough to stay out of another's guy's fight, and Marj had sense enough not to bring up the subject.





# Chapter 94

## Randy John South

No doubt the Lord is the superior chess player.—RANDY

The South family was in pretty good shape and looking forward to a new addition in September of the eventful year of 1954. It was a year of progress and interesting events.

*Jan 26* - Groundbreaking begins on Disneyland  
*Apr 6* - TV Dinner was first put on sale by Swanson & Sons  
*Apr 26* - Nationwide test of Salk anti-polio vaccine begin  
*May 3* - Pulitzer prize awarded to Charles A Lindbergh and John Patrick  
*May 6* - Roger Bannister of UK becomes the 1<sup>st</sup> person to run a 4 minute mile  
*May 20* - Chiang Kai-shek becomes president of Nationalist China  
*May 24* - 1<sup>st</sup> rocket attains 150 mile altitude, White Sands, NM  
*Jun 14* - Pres. Eisenhower signs order, adds "under God" to Pledge of Allegiance  
*Jun 17* - Rocky Marciano beats Ezzards Charles in 15 for heavyweight boxing title, had shortest reach of any heavyweight champion, only one never defeated  
*Jul 4* - Meat and other food rationing officially ends in Britain, 9 years after end of World War II  
*Jul 12* - President Eisenhower's plan for an interstate highway system  
*Jul 15* - 1st commercial jet transport plane built in US tested (Boeing 707)  
*Jul 27* - Construction begins on Disneyland.  
*Aug 16* - "Sports Illustrated" magazine begins publishing  
*Sep 7* - Integration begins in Washington, D.C. & Baltimore public schools  
*Sep 17* - Rocky Marciano KO's Ezzard Charles in 8 for heavyweight titles  
*Sep 26* - KUTV TV channel 2 in Salt Lake City (NBC) begins broadcasting  
*Oct 10* - Ho Chi Minh enters Hanoi after withdrawal of French troops  
*Oct 18* - Texas Instruments Inc. announces the first transistor radio  
*Oct 26* - Chevrolet unveils V-8 engine  
*Oct 26* - Walt Disney's 1st television program, "Disneyland," premieres, ABC  
*Dec 4* - The first Burger King is opened in Miami, Florida  
*Dec 10* - Albert Schweitzer receives Nobel Peace Prize

Miji Note: Marj, as a schoolgirl remembered when "The Star-Spangled Banner" became the national anthem. Similarly, I remember when "under God" was added to the pledge of Allegiance, which we repeated facing the flag every morning in school.

### PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

The phrase "under God" was incorporated into the Pledge of Allegiance by a joint resolution of Congress. Eisenhower signed the bill into law on Flag Day, June 14, 1954.

Eisenhower stated "From this day forward, the millions of our school children will daily proclaim in every city and town, every village and rural school house, the dedication of our nation and our people to the Almighty. ... In this way we are reaffirming the transcendence of religious faith in America's heritage and future; in this way we shall constantly strengthen those spiritual weapons which forever will be our country's most powerful resource, in peace or in war."



SLOT MACHINE: "ONE-ARMED BANDIT"  
 "Growing up in Island Park, I remember going to Ponds Lodge and seeing slot machines lining the wall." (M'Jean)

## TELEVISION

The latest, greatest thing was TV, and in 1954, a long list of TV stations began broadcasting in cities all around the US. Idaho Falls had had TV since December, 1953.

## GAMBLING OUTLAWED

A new 1954 State of Idaho law affected the resort owners in Island Park, as all forms of gambling were outlawed. Slot machines, often called "One-armed Bandits," were removed from the resorts.

## WORKING THE TREADLE

M'JEAN: Marj had bought white outing flannel for new nightgowns for the expected baby. Myrna and I took turns running the treadle while she sewed. We would sit on the floor and work it with our hands. We didn't mind--thought it was fun. I know it was sometimes frustrating for her, though, when she wanted to stop the stitching at an exact spot and the treadle kept going—or stopped short.

It was also a little scary, as there was no needle guard. With fingers tight against a bunched up piece of cloth next to the needle, in order to set a tiny sleeve, a sudden motion of the treadle was a definite threat to the fingers.

## *Blessed Event*

For the South Family, the biggest event of the year occurred on Saturday, September 18, in the Ashton hospital. Marj delivered a baby boy. Marj's doctor was Alexander A. Krueger. Along with everyone else, Marj had great respect for Dr. Krueger, who had originally campaigned to get the hospital, which opened April 10, 1950.

## ABANDONED WITH HER BABY

It seems that on the day Marj was to be discharged from the hospital, all packed up and ready to go, she found herself waiting a while for Barney to pick her up, as the doctor poked gentle fun at her situation. On her list of topics she planned to write about was:

A.A. Kruegger –Randy – "Abandoned with her baby"

Little Randy John South had the honor of coming home from the hospital to the new house in Island Park.

M'JEAN: For a brand new baby to leave the hospital for home in a brand new sweater set was a must. Accordingly, Randy arrived in

### DR. ALEXANDER A. KRUUGER

A. A. Krueger came to Ashton to set up a practice the same day he was married. Ashton's only doctor had retired, and Dr. Krueger, on December 1, 1940, arrived in town with his new bride, Margaret, and \$80. He hung up his shingle and went to work.

Born July 15, 1912, in Latvia to Jewish parents, Dr. Krueger attended medical school in Italy, graduating at the time Hitler was demanding the registration of Jews all over Europe. He emigrated to Detroit where his sister lived. Finding that the Michigan laws did not accept a medical license from a foreign country, and finding that Idaho laws did accept such graduates, he went to Idaho and worked 2 years at the State Hospital South in Blackfoot, where he fell in love with his nurse, Margaret.

When America went to war, he signed on with Uncle Sam to help fight the Nazis. While in Europe, he learned that most of his large family were Holocaust victims. Dr. Krueger returned to Ashton in 1946 and pushed for the community to build a hospital, which opened April 10, 1950. He was dedicated to his patients. In terrible weather he made house calls. "Feet of hundreds of young men and women climbed the steps to his office for a physical prior to the athletic season, scout camp, girls camp, a Mormon mission, ministers, and many others. Our Doctor's fee: No charge."

Dr. Krueger died at age 63 on January 26, 1976, when he crashed his plane in a white-out storm.

The enormity of loss was grieved by his wife, their two sons, and the entire community.

style, to meet his 5 older siblings, wearing his mint green sweater set which Marj had selected. She was pleased with its masculine look, with its tiny knitted hat patterned to resemble an aviator's cap.

#### BABY STYLES

Styles for baby boys had changed in the years since David and Barry were born, when all babies wore little dresses, boys and girls alike. Randy wore the nightgowns Marj loved, but he never wore a dress. All the baby clothes had a boyish appearance.

#### JONES COUSIN

In 1954 another cousin, Gwen, was born to Gene and Glenna Jones on Oct 17 in Evanston.

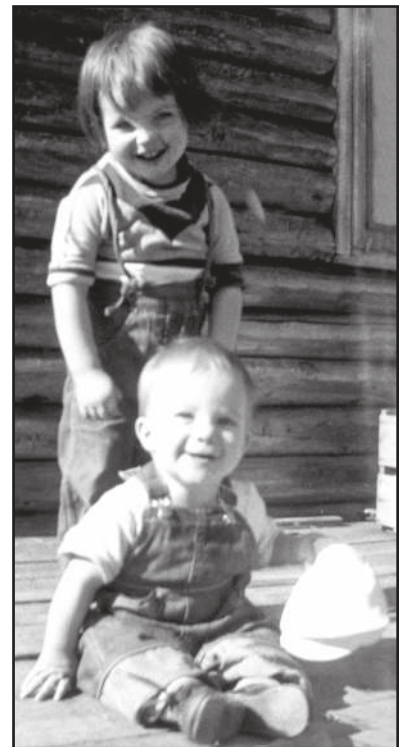


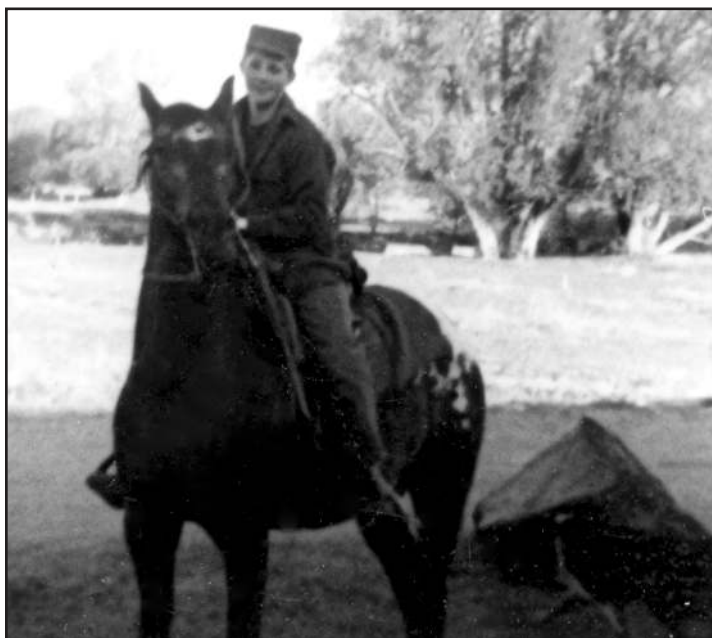
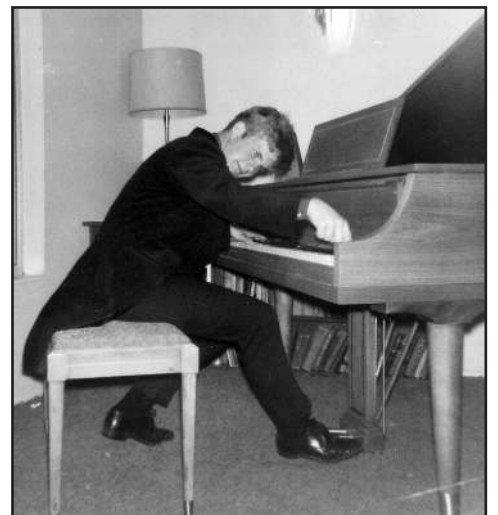
#### "ONLY HIS SHOE"

M'JEAN, MYRNA, SUSAN, RANDY

"There is only one photograph in the family where Barney and I are in the same picture, and it only shows Barney's shoe." (*Randy*)















## Chapter 95

# One-Room School

I wouldn't have traded that school for anything.—MYRNA

Frosty mornings, cool evenings, aspens turning gold, birds winging south! Fall was in the air, and it was accompanied by the excitement of the first day of school. 1954 marked the tenth consecutive year that children residing at the resorts, ranches, and rail sidings in the region would attend the one-room Island Park School.

Several hundred collective miles were logged to and from the schoolhouse each week by students in scattered locations, from Last Chance on the south to Valley View on the north. The kids in the South family had to get an early start every morning to cover the 10 miles to the schoolhouse at Mack's Inn.

### SCHOOL AT ISLAND PARK SIDING

They had heard stories of when their mother, as a little girl, attended a little schoolhouse right there in the logging camp. They even had a vague idea of where it was located, but there was no longer a trace of such a structure, and it was hard to imagine. It was hard to imagine that the camp was once a village, with a population of 100-150 people.

Marj, however, had a clear memory of those childhood days. Her father, who had been living in the tie camp for several months, hauling ties to the siding, built a cabin there, then went to Ashton to get the family. In January, 1925, they traveled into the hills over the deep snow by sleigh. In the new schoolhouse grades one through eight were taught in the same room. Marj finished 3rd grade and went to all of 4th at the school.

### POPULATION DWINDLED

The schoolhouse doubled as recreation hall in the evenings and church on Sundays. It was only for a period of about three years that school was held there, however, before the population in the camp dwindled and families with school-aged children no longer wintered at the siding, including the Knapp family, which had moved to Goshen.





MYRNA, DAVID, BARRY M'JEAN

All of the South kids had been taught by Marj at home and were fluent readers before they started school. As to formal schooling, some of that took place in a one-room school in Island Park.

## NO SCHOOL FOR 20 YEARS

It was twenty years later, in 1945, when a school was again established, but not at the Island Park Siding. By that time, the name Island Park was applied to the broad region which included the ranches, resorts, ranger station, and other rail sidings in the vicinity.



### SCHOOL KIDS AT PONDS

Row 1: Dion South, Rich South, Steve Knapp, Spike Fransen, Judy Barnett, Darrell Nickerson, John Kuch

Row 2: Jay Fransen, Larry Jacobson, Cleve Barnett, ?, Brent Pond

Row 3: Josie Cooper-teacher, Jim Fransen, Keith Millard, Frankie Cook, Sharon Knapp, Steve Millard, Dorothy Fransen

### JOSIE COOPER, TEACHER

Warm River schoolhouse when first moved to Mack's

## SCHOOL AT PONDS

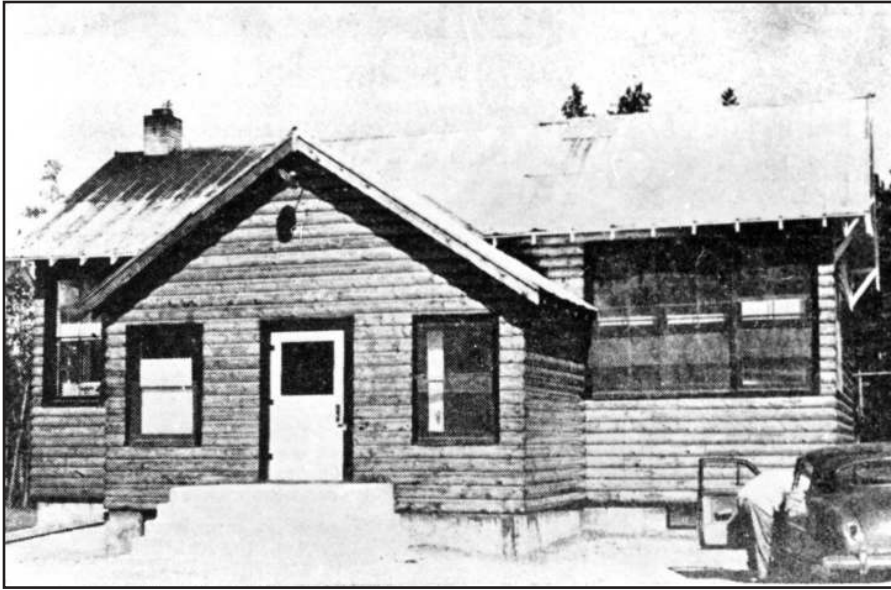
The question of what to do about school came up for the Pond family when Brent Pond, the oldest Pond child living year round at Ponds Lodge, had turned six years old, school age, but there was no school. The issue was resolved when the Ponds provided a cabin for a schoolroom, Fremont County provided a teacher, and a handful of children attended the school.

## SCHOOL AT MACK'S

After three years, the Island Park School was moved from the Ponds rental cabin to a real schoolhouse. The schoolhouse at Warm River, no longer in operation, was moved by Fremont County School District to a site at Mack's Inn, where it was settled on a foundation with a basement. Concrete steps, front entry, and indoor bathrooms were added later.







ONE-ROOM  
SCHOOLHOUSE AT  
MACK'S

the old Ford truck, and off they would go, over the railroad crossing, over the flat, and through the woods—4 miles to Ponds. In 1947, when Barney bought his shiny new red Federal truck with its fancy cab, the kids rode in style.

#### BLUE CHEV - "THE BUS"

The next step up was the "truck with two rooms," as M'Jean, age 4, had dubbed the 1946 blue Chevrolet car. On school days, the Chev was referred to as "The Bus." It was acquired in 1948, the same year the school was moved to Mack's.



BARRY & DAVID  
Started school in the  
fall in Island Park,  
transferring  
mid-winter to  
Idaho Falls schools.

#### PARENTS BUSED CHILDREN

The school district resolved the matter of busing children to the school by paying mileage costs to parents who transported their own and others' children from their various locations in their own vehicles.

It was usually Marj who drove the kids from the sawmill camp to school. Initially, David and Barry and whichever cousins or other kids lived in camp would crowd in

#### DRIVING TO SCHOOL

The trip to school was now 10 miles: 4 miles over the dirt road and 6 miles up the highway. (For a period of time, the kids from the sawmill were dropped off and picked up at Ponds, while a van covered the highway miles.)



Turning off the highway onto the Big Springs Road, and after passing Balch's Cabins on the left and the Church of the Pines on the right, the driver made a sharp right turn onto a narrow dirt road.

The road led up a steep incline through a thick stand of young pine trees. At the top of the hill the school was located in a large open area surrounded by forest.



The desks in the schoolroom were in rows, one row for each grade. Each desk had a round hole in the upper right hand corner for an inkwell. Along the top of the blackboard was a strip with the cursive alphabet in both upper and lower case letters.

### SCHOOLROOM

A few concrete steps led up to the schoolhouse. On each side of the entry area were coat hooks. To the left were the two bathrooms; to the right was the stairway to the basement, and straight ahead was the schoolroom.

Against one wall was a piano. At the front of the room was the teacher's desk. Students' desks were in rows, one row for each grade. Each desk had a round hole in the upper right hand corner for an inkwell.

### DIVIDED ROOM

In the early fall, 30-40 students attended the school, and two teachers were needed, one for the lower and one for the upper grades. The schoolroom was divided with a big gray curtain across the center to make two rooms. The lower grades were on the right, and the upper grades on the left. The gray curtain was later replaced by a wooden partition made of thin horizontal slats, which could be rolled up or down from a long trough along the ceiling.

Students fell into two categories. A few were permanent residents, who would attend the school year round. Most were children of seasonal workers. As the tourist season wound down, each week there were a few more empty desks.

By late fall, the schoolroom was no longer divided, and only one teacher taught the small number of remaining children.

The South kids never attended school in Island Park the entire school year, but would move in early winter to Idaho Falls, where they would finish out each year. The family usually moved sometime between Halloween and Christmas--when they would not be snowed in but others would be snowed out of the sawmill site.

BARRY: When the snow started falling in the fall it was about time to start thinking of moving out.



M'JEAN & MYRNA  
Ready for school

## CURRICULUM AND RESOURCES

The Island Park schoolhouse had limited resources. The basics were taught: "Readin', Ritin', 'Rithmetic"—not much else. Shelves in the back of the room contained textbooks, workbooks, and various types of paper. There was also glue--big jars of white paste with a brush attached to the inside of the lid.

M'JEAN: I remember some of the fourth grade boys eating the glue.

## READIN'

The youngest class learned to read words from a very large chart-sized book with pages that were turned over front to back. The text on each page consisted of between 1 and 4 words accompanying a large, colored picture of Dick, Jane, or Sally. The words and pictures matched those in the first grade primers.

None of the South kids learned to read at school. They were already fluent readers by the time they started school. Marj had taught them well, using phonics, rather than the newly adopted (and much inferior) "sight method."

M'JEAN: One year I tried to help a neglected-looking first grader learn to read. She was a very small girl in striped overalls, unkempt, pretty blond hair always tangled, and not too bright. During recess I worked at teaching her, not too successfully, I fear.

## RITIN'

Along the top of the blackboard was a long strip about 8 inches tall with the alphabet in large cursive letters, both upper and lower case.

M'JEAN: We had lessons in penmanship. The object was to make our letters look exactly like those displayed on the wall. Penmanship exercises consisted of making endless rows of spirals, thus: On the left side of the paper, place the pencil on the top line. Without lifting the pencil, proceed all the way across to the right side of the paper making circular motions, slanting slightly to the right. The result would look like a long coil or spring. Skip a line on the paper, then repeat until the page was full of springs.

This was to precede making endless rows of A's, B's, etc., copying the cursive alphabet displayed over the blackboard. I had trouble getting even-looking spirals.

## 'RITHMETIC

Myrna remembered being handed a math workbook, then being completely on her own for math.



MYRNA: I don't remember getting any instruction. So all I'd do was just work in my math book and read. There were library books. I read lots of books—had a great time.

M'JEAN: The "library" consisted of a modest sized bookcase with an even more modest collection of non-fiction and fiction. My favorite book was Alcott's "Eight Cousins."

## DUPLICATOR

Children in the lower grades spent much time cutting, gluing, and coloring. To make copies of big teddy bears, balls, etc. for them to color, teachers used an antique duplicator. This was a very shallow metal pan just larger than the dimensions of a sheet of paper. It looked a little like a cookie tray with a lid. The bottom of the pan contained a sheet of gel.

The master, with a dark, purplish outline of the object to be copied, was laid down flat on the gel, which made an imprint in the gel. One at a time, sheets of paper laid on top of the gel would be copied with the image.

When finished, a liquid was poured onto the gel from a can—it had quite a smell—and was rubbed in a little, to clean off the image so it would be clean for the next use.

M'JEAN: I recall once when a teacher wanted to make copies and took the lid off the tray, only to find that unfortunately, the last person who used it hadn't cleaned it off. So the old image was there, maybe forever.

## RECESS

Even though the school was in the middle of a forest, there were no trees in the immediate school yard--no bushes, nor landscaping of any kind, just the hard ground of Island Park obsidian gravel and a few weeds.

The kids made the best of their playground. Behind the schoolhouse were the swings, where the younger children played. On the south side of the school was the area where the boys played football and baseball. Baseballs, bats, and a ball used in the basement for dodge ball made up the meager assortment of sports equipment.

BARRY: We played a lot of different games at the school. We played lots of football or we played in the river down by the bridge. On days when the weather was bad we played ball or other games in the basement.

During recess, students sometimes ventured onto trails down the hill, probably trespassing on private property, finding hideouts among the trees and large, wobbly piles of rolled up fencing made of thin green panels, referred to as "the green slats."

## THE GREEN SLATS

MYRNA: One of the attractions not far from the school was a roll of what must have been used by the transportation department for snow protection— a kind of a bamboo fence that they rolled up, and we'd go out and play on those— kind of jump around on them.

M'JEAN: I remember those. They were painted green, and we called them the green slats. We used to go down the hill where they were among a bunch of trees and bounce on them.

### HEKTOGRAPH DUPLICATOR

A master page was written with a special aniline ink and placed face down on a 9x11 tray about 1" deep containing gelatin.

As it was pressed down gently for a minute or two, the ink transferred to the gelatin. Gelatin was used because its moisture kept the ink from drying.

Copies were made by pressing blank papers onto the gelatin, successive copies being progressively lighter.

## BASEBALL IN THE EYE

M'JEAN: I hated it when we all had to go to the basement and play dodge ball. I didn't like being hit by the ball, and I was not very good at dodging.

Although I never played baseball, I hated that, also. For good reason: I had just walked out the door of the schoolhouse and was on the top step when I was suddenly hit in the eye with a baseball gone wild from the nearby baseball field. It hit me very, very hard. I opened my eye, and everything was totally black. I thought I was blind, and it was terrifying. After a few moments I could see out of that eye again. Besides being painful, that was a scary experience!

### SWINGS

The swings were my favorite. One time I was sitting in a swing, and a boy was in another swing, Bruce Hopkins. He was eating an apple, and he ate the entire thing, the core and all. And I was just so amazed that somebody could eat the core of an apple.

Bruce was the one who got hit in the head with a metal chain, from the swing, I think, and he came into the schoolhouse with blood spurting from a gash in his head. His older sister, Betty, was like a mother hen. I remember she carried Pepto-Bismol in her purse.

## RINGING THE BELL

MYRNA: There was a bell, and that was part of the fun--this hand rung bell. The big kids got to ring the bell; it was a privilege. I'm not quite sure how people were selected to ring that for recess, and so forth, but I remember that as being special.

BARRY

"The teacher and I taught the rest of the kids to play chess. Much to his embarrassment we were playing when the school superintendent walked in."

(Barry)

## SOUTH KIDS

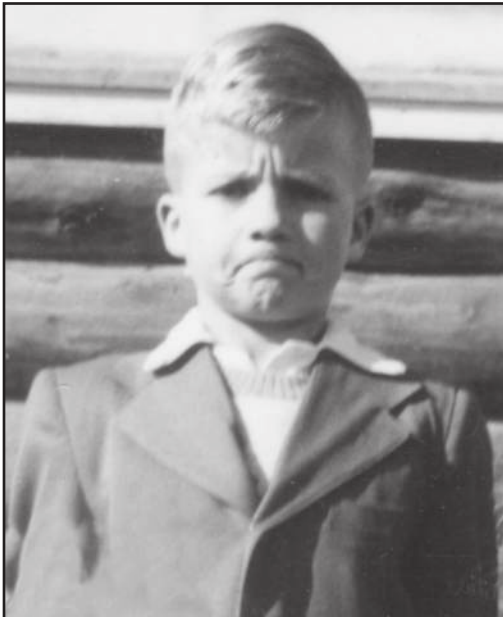
David and Barry South had attended the school at Ponds, then at Mack's. M'Jean joined her brothers at the school at Mack's in 1950. In 1953, when Myrna was beginning first grade, David was beginning ninth. Myrna went to school with Barry and M'Jean. With no high school classes in Island Park, David had started the school year in Idaho Falls, living with Grandma Knapp until the family moved from the sawmill.

MYRNA: I remember Barry being in school when I first started. We went to school at Mack's Inn. That was about ten miles away, and Marj, my mother, was the school bus driver for our little neighborhood. So she would drive us over to Ponds, pick up the Ketchie kids at the ranger station, which was just before Ponds.

And then she would drive us up to the school at Mack's, and she'd take off and leave us there. It was a two-room school, and we really liked it. In the first room I think you went through the fourth grade. And I remember Mrs. Goebel as being my favorite teacher. In fact, I don't remember any other teachers.

## Chess

BARRY: One year a Mr. Jensen was the teacher. He and I taught most of the rest of the kids to play chess. We played it a lot and much to his embarrassment we were all playing one day when we should have been doing our school work and the school superintendent walked in. That ended the chess games.



## COUSINS - CLASSMATES

In the years the South kids went to school in Island Park, they were joined at times by several cousins: Maureen, Sharon, and Steve Knapp; Dion, Rich, and Valois South; Shirley and Dan Snowball; Saundra, Billy, and Robert Walker.



Row 1: Candy Balch, ?, ?, ?, ?\_Caudle, ?, ?, Mack Whaley, Valois South, ?, Patty Fransen  
 Row 2: Dennis Kennedy, Larry Jacobson, Rick Kennedy, Delwyn Lemburg, Ronnie Pond, Steve Knapp, Betty Jo Hopkins, \_ Dudley, Rich South, Spike Fransen  
 Row 3: Jane Dudley, Brent Pond, Jay Fransen, Margaret Murray, Dion South, LaDell Petersen  
 Row 4: Ms. Murray-lower grade teacher, Gay Lemburg, Sharon Knapp, Mary Dudley, Blaine Murray, John Stevenson-upper grade teacher, Kenny Caudle, Jim Fransen



Row 1: Brent Pond, Jane Dudley, Dion South, Margaret Murray, LaDell Peterson, Charles Pond  
 Row 2: Mary Martha Dudley, Jay Fransen, Gay Lemburg, Sharon Knapp, Blaine Murray, Kenny Caudle, Jim Fransen  
 Teacher: John Steveson

Row 1: Mrs. Blackburn-grades 1-4, Claudine Reyburn, Candy Balch, Valois South, Lynn Reyburn, Mack Whaley, Ron Pond, Steve Pond, Larry Jacobson, Rich South, Dennis Kennedy, Bruce Hopkins  
 Row 2: Mrs. Shearer-grades 5-8, Delwyn Lemburg, Rick Kennedy, Darryl Nickerson, Brent Pond, LaDell Peterson, Betty Jo Hopkins, Spike Fransen, Jay Fransen, Dorothy Fransen, Dion South







M'JEAN

"I was hit in the eye with a baseball. I opened my eyes and everything was black. It was terrifying. After a few moments I could see out of that eye again." (*M'Jean*)

## 4 in 1 Club

M'JEAN: There were no girls my age—only boys. But there were two girls just older and one just younger: Karen Ketchie, Candy Balch, and Glenda Pond. The four of us formed the "4 in 1 club" and received permission to use the supply room in the basement for our club room. There were lots of handy shelves; some just the right height for individual workstations. We decorated our carrels with pictures cut out of magazines. My favorite picture was of pretty, young Audrey Hepburn.

### FELL ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR

A favorite activity in our "clubroom" was to swing on the pipes near the ceiling. One day I was swinging away and fell off onto my back on the concrete floor. Barney drove the "school bus" that day. He carried me to the car and took me to the doctor in Ashton. I had to strip to my underwear, which was a bit raggedy, so I was embarrassed—more about the frayed underwear than having to undress. The doctor said I was okay.

## The Feud

MYRNA: Doug McKay and Carol Harris are the kids I remember the best. It seems like we had some kind of a fight that wound up involving—seemed like a whole bunch of the younger kids. Carol Harris was dragging a long pole around, she was on my side. This may have been in 3rd grade.

M'JEAN: Tell about the feud you had with Doug McKay—how that turned out.

MYRNA: I have no idea what started that. But it seems to me as though he was my enemy. Maybe he tried to hit me; maybe I tried to hit him, I don't know, but I do remember he must have started doing a little physical fighting, because I remember going home and Barney trying to teach me how to box so I could do better. He was sitting on the couch, and I was facing the wall. I remember how I'd pull my hands back, and he said, "No, you don't want to waste time pulling your hands back—you ought to keep your hands up forward, out front, ready to punch." Actually, it's probably one of my few memories of Barney.

Then I remember going to school and one day there was a fight. Carol Harris was supposed to be on my side. And she was kind of a quiet, shy, little bit of a strange girl, seemed like she just got a big stick and walked around everywhere carrying it—I mean a really big stick.

### BLOODIED HIS NOSE

M'JEAN: When you bloodied Doug's nose—do you remember that?

MYRNA: It just sounds familiar enough that I won't deny it.

M'JEAN: Well then I'll fill in the rest of that story, because I've heard it so many times. What happened is, after the boxing lessons, then the next time Doug started picking on you, you smacked him right in the nose, and he got a bloody nose and went crying to the teacher, and you were the big hero, and he didn't bother you after that—is the way I understood the story.

MYRNA: It did seem to me that was the last day of the fighting.

## Story: *The Boxing Lesson*

"There's the bus," hollered Barry. The '46 Chev had just reached the top of the steep dirt school road. Barry was standing in the rain watching from the top step of the schoolhouse. "The bus," echoed M'Jean, as she and Myrna came running from inside the building, where they had been playing tic-tac-toe on the blackboard. Close behind them were the Ketchie girls.

Barney was driving, with little two-year-old Susan standing in the seat at his shoulder. He pulled up in front of the steps, and everyone dived into the car out of the pouring rain. "Where are Marj and the baby?" asked M'Jean from the back seat. "I want Karen and Anne to see our new baby." "Don't worry. Marj will be back to bus driving soon, and that Randy baby will be coming along."

The schoolhouse had been built at the top of a forested hill. Nearby summer homes could barely be seen through the trees. The schoolhouse was not visible until directly approached by way of the narrow dirt road leading off the Big Springs Road. The car slipped around a little in the muddy, rutted road down the hill. At the bottom, they stopped briefly before making a left turn towards the highway.

It had been only last week when there was fine weather for the school field trip. Everyone had walked along the road to Big Springs and shared bread from their lunches with the numerous large fish underneath the bridge.

The rain turned to hail as they turned onto the highway and headed south. The sky was dark, and it seemed more like evening than 4:00 in the afternoon. Barry, who was having his sawmilling career interrupted by having to go to eighth grade, asked what had been happening at the mill.

"I think Marj was glad for the rain," said Barney. "I wasn't getting much done at the mill, so I fixed a few things in the house." Barry hated to miss out on anything exciting at the saw-mill.

The windshield wipers, swishing across the windshield were not doing a very good job of keeping up with the hail. Susan was persuaded by Anne Ketchie to crawl over the seat into the back. There were only two children in the Ketchie family, just Anne and her big sister, Karen. It was novel to have a little person around.

As Susan vacated her spot in the front seat, Myrna slid over next to Barney. He noticed she had not spoken a word since getting into the car.

MYRNA

"I have no idea what started that, but it seems to me as though he was my enemy." (*Myrna*)





BARNEY

"I remember he said you don't waste time pulling your hands back. Keep your hands up forward, out front ready to punch" (*Myrna*)

"Did you learn anything in school today?" he queried.

"I learned that Doug punches hard."

"Did he punch you?"

"Yes," spoke up Anne from the back seat. "I saw him hit Myrna, and she was crying. He hit her yesterday, too."

Barney slowed the car down for the right turn in to Ponds. "We'll have to do something about this," he said. Barney parked right in front of the store end of the lodge, and everyone piled out of the car and went in. Horace was standing behind the counter.

"Where's all your help, Horace?" laughed Barney, knowing full well most of the summer employees had gone back to the valley for school.

"They've pretty much left," drawled Horace. He smiled, "Elizabeth says I have to earn my keep now."

"Daddy, can I have a nickel?" asked M'Jean, as she held out her hand. "Can I?" chimed Myrna. Little Susan had her tiny hand out, too. Barney passed out two nickels apiece as he went on talking with Horace.

"A nickel for a candy bar, and a nickel for a pop," said Myrna. Karen and Anne had change in their pockets and were already looking over the candy shelves. They were joined by Myrna, who was holding Susan's hand. "I hope they have my favorite pop," said M'Jean, who was heading for the pop cooler. The other girls were still trying to decide on candy bars when she returned with a bottle of chocolate pop.

After paying Horace for the candy and pop, the girls all went to the far end of the store to watch Polly, the parrot, while enjoying their treats. Polly's round cage was on a stand about three feet off the floor, next to the popcorn machine. Anne picked up some popcorn off the floor and poked it through the cage. "Polly want some popcorn?" she said. Polly pecked at it, but didn't seem interested in eating it. She was not being very talkative today, probably because of the storm. M'Jean lifted Susan up to get a better look. "Polly is a pretty bird," said Anne to Susan.

LATER, AFTER SUPPER, WHEN IT WAS TIME TO DO DISHES:

"Marj, do you think you and M'Jean could spare Myrna?" asked Barney. "There's a matter of getting punched by a bully at school."

"Are you going to teach Doug McKay a lesson?" asked M'Jean.

Barney looked at Myrna with all seriousness. "No," he said. "Myrna is."



"But Doug is bigger and older and mean. How can Myrna..."

Barney interrupted. "We don't have to worry about that. Every bully is something of a coward, and when he learns he can get hurt, he backs down really fast."

Myrna had not said anything. She just stood there looking worried.

"Tonight we're going to have our first boxing lesson," said Barney.

The boxing lessons continued in the evenings as Myrna learned some of the fine points of self-defense. "A mistake you don't want to make is to put your fists up in front of you and then pull back before your take a punch," said Barney. "That gives the other guy time to come at you. Try it. Take a poke at my hand."

"Like this?" Myrna asked, making a surprisingly strong jab.

"Not bad," said Barney. "Don't pull back at all, but just punch straight out—with the right, then with the left, and go straight for the nose. You don't want to have a long fist fight—just hit where it counts and get it over with."

#### A FEW DAYS LATER:

"There's the bus!" Barney was driving, Susan standing next to him. Myrna had been watching the road in front of the school for several minutes. All the riders hurried toward the blue Chevrolet. The moment the car door was open, M'Jean blurted out the tale. "She hit him! Myrna hit Doug McKay and gave him a bloody nose!"

Anne piped up, "He had blood all over his face and all down the front of him. He went crying into the boys' bathroom for paper towels."

Barney looked at Myrna. "What got it started?"

"Doug came up to me at recess and hit me," said Myrna, "the way he does almost every day. I usually don't do anything. But today I socked him--hard enough to make his nose bleed. He was a real baby about it."

Barney, with a satisfied look, said, "I don't think he will bother you any more."

And he didn't.



#### MYRNA

Bloodied the bully's nose.  
"It did seem to me that was  
the last day of the fighting."  
(Myrna)



## Chapter 96

# On the Avenue

Everyone can do at least one thing better than you can.—BARNEY

When heavy snowfall dictated the time to leave the sawmill, Barney and Marj, for the 17th time, packed up and made the annual winter move to the valley. Only during the war when Barney worked at various defense plants was there an exception to the routine.

Near the end of the long moving day, when the family pulled up in front of the house on Ada Avenue, everyone was eager to dash inside and switch on the electric lights and turn on the running water, luxuries they had done without for several months.

With the acquisition of electrical appliances, as well as additional beds and furniture for the house in town, fewer items had to be moved back and forth from the sawmill, and the moves had become easier. Even the player piano found permanent residence in Island Park. Just as moving the player piano to Island Park had been a surprise for the kids, finding another piano in the Idaho Falls house had also been a surprise. It was a better quality instrument but was not a player piano. It did not play a tune unless the person at the piano knew how to play.

### PIANO LESSONS

Barney had been giving piano lessons to M'Jean and Myrna, and they had been learning note reading out of beginning piano books. As he had studied chord construction, he also taught them how to design simple chordal accompaniments in the left hand to a melody played in the right hand. They could either read the melody notes or plunk out the tune by ear. He had given them a good start, but he and Marj decided it was time to look for a trained, professional piano teacher.

Marj was tasked with the job of finding one. Since it was well into the school year, the piano teachers already had their schedules established when Marj started calling. She and Barney had already been told by the piano dealer, Mr. Hammond, there would be no point in calling Betty Benthin Petree, the foremost teacher in the area, saying she did not teach beginners.

BARNEY & MARJ  
The new house on  
Ada Avenue, south-  
west corner.



## PIANO TEACHER

Marj called all the piano teachers she ever heard of. Everyone gave the same answer. They were full. Finally, she said, "Mrs. Petree could do no more than say no, as had the others." So she called. Betty said that her schedule was full but that she had students who were teaching and that if Marj would bring the oldest daughter, M'Jean, to meet her, she would be happy to place her with one of her students.

### PLAYED BY EAR

M'JEAN: Marj and I went in the evening to Betty's house. She had two grand pianos sitting side by side. She indicated one of the pianos and asked me to play something. We had not thought to take along any of the little beginning books from which Barney had me play. That probably turned out to be a good thing. I played "Oh My Darling, Clementine" by ear, using chords Barney had taught me how to figure out.

### LESSONS DURING LUNCH HOUR

I don't know if it was my excellent rendition or Marj's sincerity, but Betty couldn't resist. She said if they could arrange for me to come for lessons during lunch hour, she would teach me. So I started lessons with the most renowned musician in eastern Idaho. It was up to Barney to pick me up at lunch time and take me to her house.

### LIFELONG PURSUIT

Within a year Myrna was studying with Betty also, and we received the best training that could be had. We set on a course that would affect our entire lives and the lives of others.

## *Church in Idaho Falls*

In Idaho Falls the family attended the 4th ward in the unique, Tudor-style building which had in its structure great timbers and lumber from Ripley Butte fir trees, gotten out by the Souths' sawmill in Island Park.

### "DAVID, WAKE BARRY"

Barney would lie in bed and wake the family by calling David's name, until he answered: "David...David... (response)..Wake Barry." Then he'd call "Barry... Barry...Barry...Wake David." Of course they would be sleeping next to each other in the same bed. Then he'd go on to M'Jean and Myrna in the same fashion. Eventually everyone would be up, and he would not have gotten out of bed.

### PANTS LAST

M'JEAN: When Barney got ready for church in Idaho Falls, he would dress with shirt and tie, shoes and socks, garters to hold up his socks, and even his hat--but no pants yet. He looked quite formal, with that one exception. He saved pants for last so they wouldn't get wrinkled—or to amuse his kids. With his hat on his head, he was ready to shave. The hat "shaded his eyes from the bright light."

### BARNEY SOUTH

Stairs in the kitchen where the kids practiced their 2 1/2 minute talks.

In front of the stairs Barney would tap dance on the new linoleum.

### BARRY & DAVID

"Owned the street"

Between 1939 (*when*

*David was born*)

and 1964 they lived in

4 different homes on Ada Avenue. The little log house was the 3rd.



### SHY IN CHURCH

Barney was a man of strength and courage when it came to facing the elements or beasts in the forest. But he was pretty shy when it came to church.

Marj told of an incident when Barney was laughing and talking with some friends in the foyer of the church, when he let slip a swear word. She said, "He looked over at me with a helpless look."

### A BOLD ACTION

One Sunday morning, either David or Barry, or both were sitting up front with the other young men of the Aaronic Priesthood during Sunday School, and one of the boys had a mirror or some other reflective object. The sun shone through the window, and some boys were having fun reflecting the light into the eyes of the bishop and others up front on the stand. It was very distracting, and no one was doing anything about it.

Marj and Barney, along with everyone else, could see what was going on. Their boy may not have been





IDAHO FALLS 4TH WARD  
CHAPEL

Dedicated in November, 1937

The South family attended the 4th ward in the unique, Tudor-style building which had in its structure great timbers and lumber sawn at the South sawmill.

## CHURCH CHANGES

Some changes have occurred through the years. At that time the church schedule was: early morning Priesthood meeting, followed by hour and a half Sunday School upstairs and simultaneous Junior Sunday School downstairs. The sacrament was administered to and passed in both places. The “sacrament gem”—usually a scripture—preceded the sacrament. About fifteen minutes were devoted to hymn practice during Sunday School. Two two-and-a-half minute talks were given by children and youth.

Hour and a half Sacrament Meeting was held in the evening. (In the real “olden days,” it was frequently referred to in grandparents’ writings as simply “meeting.”)

On Fast Sunday the schedule was different. Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting were held back to back.

## TWO-AND-A-HALF MINUTE TALKS

The South children were known for their outstanding, well-prepared 2 ½ minute talks.

BARRY: One thing I remember quite specifically was when we were assigned to give 2 1/2 minute talks. There was no reading them. They had to be memorized.

The South kids remember standing at the pulpit directly in front of the painting to deliver their 2 1/2 minute talks.

Marj, who had excelled in English, speech and dramatics in college, provided a

masterfully constructed short sermon. The young speaker was given the typed version, with certain phrases underlined--for emphasis--to be memorized and then rehearsed to perfection. All of the kids can remember standing on the kitchen stairs landing, drilling every pause and inflection to her satisfaction.

## PULPIT - MURAL

In the unique layout of the chapel, the elevated pulpit was back behind the choir seats at the far end of the large podium. It was reached by way of long sloping ramps, one on either side of the stand. Above it was a very large, beautiful mural of the Ten Virgins, with the Savior standing in the center: “Five were Wise and Five were Foolish.”





## RELIEF SOCIETY

Relief Society sisters met on a week day morning. Relief Society was open to any sister, but to belong to Relief Society officially, a sister “joined” and paid her annual dues, a nominal amount. The Relief Society lessons covered a variety of subjects, including literature, theology, and home health. Once a month was homemaking, or “work day,” when the sisters learned and practiced homemaking skills--sewing, cooking, etc., and enjoyed a luncheon together. There was usually at least one quilt set up on quilting frames, and the work might go on for hours. Crafts and quilts were sold at the annual bazaar, which brought in quite a significant amount of money, which was kept in the Relief Society fund.

## MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

The youth met regularly at the church on a week night. Opening exercises included everyone. Talks were given and time was given to singing hymns and songs from the red recreational songbook published by the church. Classes followed. Boys followed a scouting program. Girls were Beehives, Mia Maids, and Junior Gleaners (changed to Laurels in 1959). Annual speech festivals, quartet festivals, and dance festivals were big events, as were the roadshows.

## PRIMARY

Primary was held on a week day after school. Everyone met together in the chapel for opening exercises: opening prayer, talks, and songs, including the penny song. On Primary day, the week of your birthday, you would take your birthday pennies to Primary—one (and later, two) for each year of your age. While everyone sang the Primary Penny Song, the birthday children would file up to the Primary Children's Hospital bank and drop in their pennies.

### PRIMARY PENNY SONG

Words and music by Irene Christopherson

Five pennies make a nickel,  
Two nickels make a dime.  
Ten dimes will make a dollar,  
How we'll make it shine.  
It's for the crippled children who cannot walk or run,  
Who have to lie in bed all day and cannot join the fun.  
So let us be unselfish and bring our pennies here,  
To help the crippled children become better year by year.  
Let's march along and sing our song,  
And pray that they may be  
A little better every day because of you and me.



BARRY  
Known as a tease by his  
three younger sisters:  
M'JEAN, MYRNA, SUSAN

### THE PRIMARY CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Authorized by Church leaders in 1949, it was completed in 1952. While the majority of patients were from the intermountain region, others came from many areas of the world. Children of all races and creeds were welcomed. Patients' families usually paid for their medical costs, but charitable funds assisted many. The hospital transferred to private ownership in 1975.



NATALIE & AMY LUND  
(M'Jean's granddaughters)

## MARJ PRIMARY TEACHER

Marj served faithfully for many years teaching boys in the Primary. Later, she taught girls. She preferred the boys, who were rowdy but were openly so. Girls, she said, tended to be more sneaky. The last three years in Primary, boys were Trailblazers: Blazers, Trekkers, Guides. Girls were Homebuilders: Larks, Bluebirds, Seagulls.

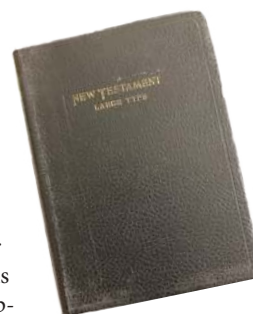


M'JEAN: Our text was the New Testament. We each had our own copy. As requirements were fulfilled, we received awards which were placed on our bandalos. We also cross stitched a sampler with each year's motto.

## TEMPLE BAPTISMS

M'JEAN: At age eight, I went with my primary class to the Idaho Falls Temple to do baptisms for the dead. On March 6, 1953, I did 20 baptisms and confirmations. Each baptism was followed immediately by the confirmation. There were steps on either side of the marble seat just above the water where the confirmations took place. Two children would go into the font together to be baptized alternately. The first would be baptized, then while going up the steps to the confirmation seat, the other would move into place to be baptized.

My little temple baptism cards show I again was baptized for the dead on May 1, 1954, January 5, 1955, and April 15, 1955.



to

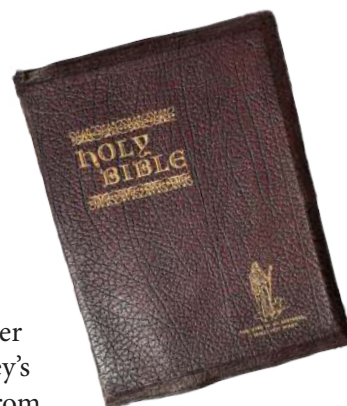


MIA ROSE  
PIN

## CHURCH MAGAZINES:

The Improvement Era  
The Instructor (Sunday School Magazine)  
The Juvenile Instructor (for Junior Sunday School)  
The Relief Society Magazine  
The Children's Friend

The magazines ran commercial ads for such things as wheat grinders, Postum, book stores, tractors and farm implements, roofing, ham, bacon, wall paper, draperies, wedding invitation printing, and eventually, manufactured white temple dresses. (Most people rented dresses at the temple--mid-calf length nurses uniforms.)



SOUTH  
FAMILY BIBLE

## SCRIPTURES

In the South home there was a beautiful, large, red-letter edition of the Bible and a Triple Combination with Barney's name imprinted on it. Marj read Bible stories to the kids from additional scripture storybooks.



M'JEAN'S PRIMARY &  
MIA MEMENTOS  
Primary Sampler, Primary  
Bandalo, New Testament, Rose  
Pin, MIA Bandalo (Handstitched  
applique -- Birth Month Flower:  
Larkspur)



## Christmas

**M**arj would get M'Jean and Myrna up very early on Christmas morning to help her get the turkey ready. There was dressing to be made, which involved putting the giblets through the meat grinder, chopping up apples and onions, all to be added to the bread cubes and raisins and stuffed tightly inside the bird. Only after the turkey was in the oven could anyone go in to see what was under the tree.

**PHONOGRAPH** Whether or not the electric 78-speed record player was a family Christmas present, it was especially needed to enjoy the records which Santa put under the tree.

Unlike the Victrola in Island Park, the mahogany cabinet phonograph in the Idaho Falls house did not require being wound up. Just



MYRNA & M'JEAN

In the corner is the electric phonograph. It didn't require being cranked up to play a record.



plugged in.

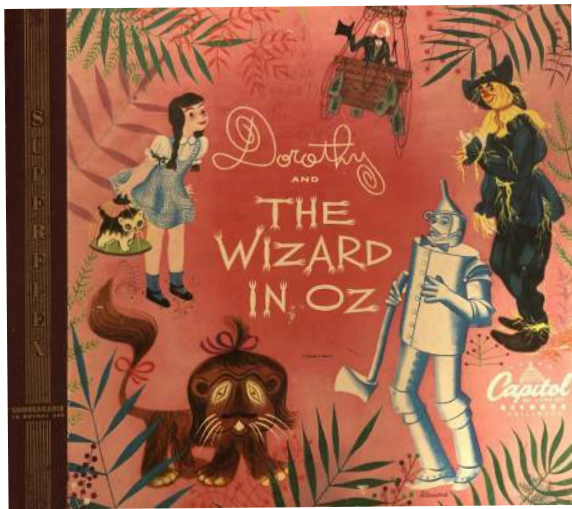
A Bing Crosby album of western songs included "Don't Fence Me In," "Pistol Packin' Mama," and "Ridin' Down the Canyon."

The album "On Moonlight Bay" by Doris Day included the title song and several others, for example, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," and "Till We Meet Again."

On the cover of one special album can still be seen faintly Santa's handwriting: "David, Barry, M'Jean, Myrna Lynn from Santa Claus." The set of 78's is entitled "Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz." The kids spent hours listening to the dramatized tale of Dorothy's adventures. Especially memorable were the scary "Mangaboos."

M'JEAN, BARRY, MYRNA  
Christmas celebrations were never extravagant, but there was always a tree and always a turkey.





On the cover in Santa's handwriting:  
"David, Barry, M'Jean, Myrna Lynn from Santa"

## FRIDAY NIGHT HAMBURGERS

The kitchen was the heart of the home. There were many happy times in that kitchen. Barney and Marj would go to Albertson's together and bring home a lot of groceries. They would carry the full paper bags into the kitchen and set sack after sack on the stairs.

It would be a hamburger night, and Barney would fry the hamburgers. Myrna would recall it to be Friday nights. It seemed like a party.

MYRNA: Of course, he would walk in the door with the grocery bags, and we'd all dive for the donuts. Seems like we got donuts quite a bit.

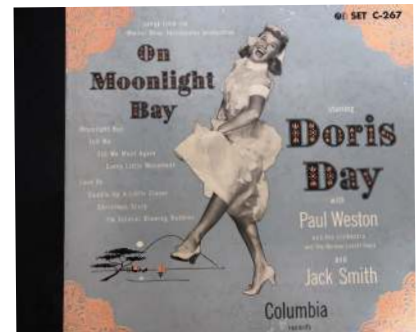
And then he would wear the green apron and cook hamburgers—seemed like that was kind of a ritual. I can still smell those hamburgers to this day. Kind of a special event. I've never been that much of a hamburger lover, as far as cooking hamburgers at home. Once in a while I get hamburger out, but I just remember very fondly those hamburgers he used to cook.



## CHERRY CHOCOLATES - SAFE

"Barney would wear the green apron and fry the hamburgers. I can still smell those hamburgers—kind of a special event." (Myrna)

Barney liked cherry chocolates, but no one else did. He could buy a box and leave it lying around and know that they would be pretty safe from disappearing very fast. He would buy maple nut ice cream, and that was not very popular with anyone else. Maybe David liked it.



## BOSTON CREAMS

The candy deemed the most deluxe and loved by everyone was Boston Creams, which Barney and Marj would make together occasionally. The recipe calls for two ingredients: Sugar and Evaporated milk: Carmelize 1 ½ cups sugar, add 1 cup cream and cook until smooth. Add another cup of cream. Boil a few minutes and add 1 ½ cup sugar. Boil until it forms a medium hard ball in water. Remove from stove and beat until creamy. Add nuts, pour into buttered pan, and cut in squares.

## KITCHEN WORK

M'JEAN: On Saturdays Myrna and I had our kitchen chores. We listened to the opera on the radio while washing the front of the stove, the refrigerator, the cabinets, and the metal legs of the table and chairs. That is when I remember memorizing the 13 Articles of Faith—while we were working.



## AT THE KITCHEN TABLE

The family almost always ate three meals together daily at the kitchen table. As Riverside School was just a few blocks away, grade school children walked home for lunch. The kitchen table was situated in a “breakfast nook” enclosed on three sides by the staircase on the right, the south wall opposite, on the left, and the west wall on the far end.

M'JEAN: We all had our places at the table. Barney sat by the window on the south side nearest the cabinets, and I sat next to him. David next, on the far end, in front of the west window, then Barry opposite me, his back to the stairs, and Myrna was next to him. Marj sat on the open end, with Susan's high chair nearby.

## WATER ON HIS CORN FLAKES

Sometimes there would be cold cereal for breakfast. Only a few varieties were on the grocery shelves and even fewer on the breakfast table. Usually the choices were shredded wheat, grape nuts, and corn flakes. Since childhood, Barney had such an aversion to milk, that after adding sugar to his corn flakes, he would pour water over the top. The kids all thought it was funny.

MYRNA: Of course I remember that he wouldn't have milk on his cereal, but he did have cereal, so that meant water—water and sugar on his corn flakes. Because of that I think only 3 of the kids in our family would ever drink any milk. Although none of us was so extreme as to put water on our corn flakes.

## RADIO

During supper the family listened to the little brown radio, which sat on the kitchen counter next to Barney's place at the table. There was a variety of radio programs such as “Corliss Archer,” “Amos and Andy,” “Our Miss Brooks,” “The Jack Benny Show,” and “The Lone Ranger.”

M'JEAN: One little memory I have while I was sitting in my place next to Barney at the table is when he taught a concept which has always stuck with me: “Every person can do something better than you can.”

I also remember how he showed me the proper way to wash a sharp knife—with the sharp edge away from my hand. Barney was always teaching. He showed me how to fold up a pocketknife with one hand—always down against your leg, not against your stomach. Then, he said, if you ever accidentally jabbed yourself, it would not be in a vital spot, but would result in a lesser injury.

## TELEVISION

Barney bought a TV for the family. TV had been available for about a year. Channel 3 KID-TV had begun broadcasting in Idaho Falls in December, 1953.

M'JEAN: TV was brand new in Idaho Falls, and the first television I ever saw was at our next-door neighbors' house. The Southwicks were a nice older couple, and for some reason it was arranged that I spend part of an evening at their house when the rest of our family was gone. TV was only black and white then, but the Southwicks had a colorful, mottled, yet transparent panel in front of their screen which gave the hint of being colored. It was pretty amazing to watch their TV.

### MET BROADCAST

The Metropolitan Opera Radio broadcast history dates back to 1910, with Enrico Caruso as one of the first voices heard. The first network broadcast was a performance of Engelbert Humperdinck's “Hansel and Gretel” on Christmas Day, 1931. Texaco's sponsorship began on December 7, 1940—exactly one year before the attack on Pearl Harbor—and lasted 63 years.

The KID-TV station was founded on December 20, 1953, as KID-TV, co-owned with KID radio. Channel 3 announcer Roy Southwick interviewed Philo T. Farnsworth, inventor of electronic TV, the first day they went on the air. Its transmitter is located atop the East Butte in the Arco Desert.



LEXYE SUZANNE LUND THIELE  
Marj's granddaughter  
Modeling Marj's Ruffled Peplum  
"Dancing Dress"

## TV SCHEDULE

During the day there was only a test pattern visible. The first show came on in the late afternoon, and it was always a western. Every day after school the house would resonate with gunfire, as the single channel featured Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy, The Cisco Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, and The Lone Ranger.

Evening shows included Rin-Tin-Tin, Jack Benny, Our Miss Brooks, Eddie Cantor, and Red Skelton.

The kids were readily hooked on watching the programs. Some of the programs the family had been used to hearing on the radio were now on TV.

Late at night the station signed off with a rendition of the "Star-Spangled Banner," followed by the test pattern.

## *Dancing Feet*

Barney and Marj had always enjoyed going to the local dances. Dancing was in vogue, and they would get all dressed up and go "trip the light fantastic."

Marj had a very elegant black dress and black suede high heels which her girls admired. M'Jean and Myrna liked walking around in her shoes.



Marj's  
"Dancing  
Shoes"

## LIGHT ON HIS FEET

Marj claimed that Barney was a good dancer--light on his feet. Customarily, at the dances, everyone, including married couples, changed partners frequently, and the gals always liked dancing with Barney.

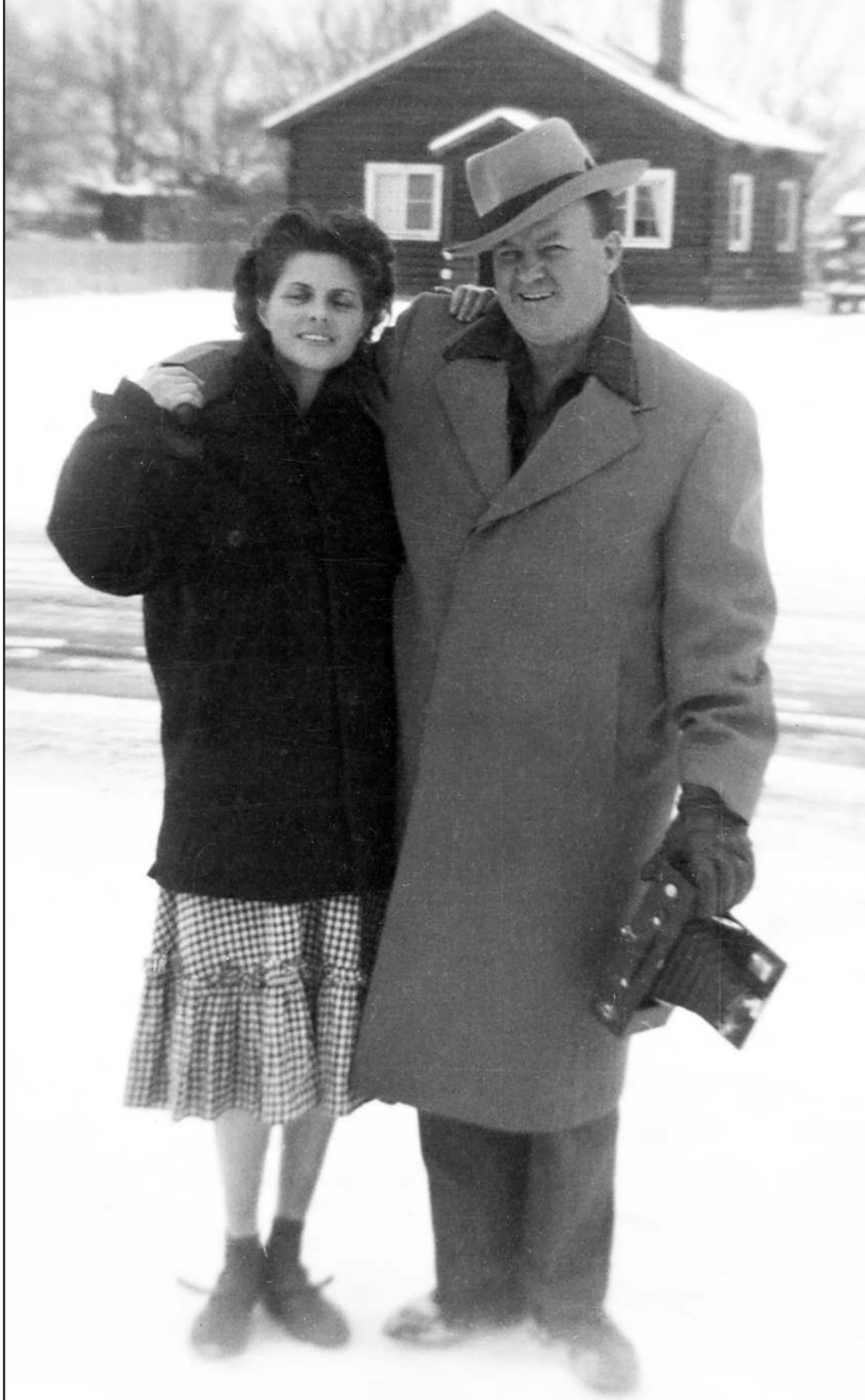
## TAP DANCING IN THE KITCHEN

M'JEAN: There was also dancing at home. I can still picture Barney, head thrown back, chin out, tap dancing in front of the stairs on the linoleum of the Idaho Falls kitchen. It is a favorite memory of my dad.

## *Happy Days*

Happy memories. A happy time. And much to be happy about. Barney and Marj had established a wonderful family with six beautiful children, ranging from ages 15 years to 5 months. Theirs was a loving home, and they had taught the children by example to worship and to work.





MARJ &  
BARNEY  
On Ada  
Avenue  
Across the  
street is the  
first house  
Barney built  
first for his  
own family.



MARJ & BARNEY

"Barney was a very astute self-taught man. He had a flair for organization. He organized a business in a time when the odds were against it and did very well with it." (David)

a business in a time when the odds were against it and did very well with it.

In addition to being a hard worker, Barney was a smart, efficient businessman. His industry and ingenuity paid great dividends. He was the sole owner of the South sawmill. He had the horses he needed for logging and had added new trucks to his fleet of vehicles. In town he owned the lumberyard, rental and investment properties.

He had looked out for his parents, as he and his brother Charlie built them two apartment houses, one in which his mother was still living.

He had built for his own family two lovely new homes, one in Island Park and one in Idaho Falls, and did not owe a dime.

## Legacy

In a material way Barney had taken good care of his family.

From his father, Barney had learned to work hard, but he witnessed how hard work alone did not lead to financial success. He had grown up in circumstances where misfortune and mismanagement had cost his family their home in Randolph and their ranch in Argyle. Both were mortgaged, and when they could not make the mortgage payments, both were lost to foreclosures.

DAVID: Barney was a graduate of the 8th grade but also a very astute self-taught man. He taught himself how to play the violin, some piano, concertina and others. Geology interested him, so he learned about geology. Life and how men lived it was always a class in human behavior for him. Barney had a flair for organization.

He organized





MYRNA, SUSAN, BARNEY, M'JEAN, BARRY, DAVID, MARJ

# *The South Family*

Not pictured: Randy

MYRNA, MARJ, M'JEAN, SUSAN, DAVID, BARRY







BARNEY & MARJORIE SOUTH

Showing off her new diamond ring.

# Eternal Ties

What is this thing that men call death  
This quiet passing in the night?  
Tis not the end but genesis  
Of better worlds and greater light.  
O God, touch Thou my aching heart  
And calm my troubled, haunting fears.  
Let hope and faith, transcendent, pure,  
Give strength and peace beyond my tears.  
There is no death, but only change,  
With recompense for victory won.  
The gift of Him who loved all men,  
The Son of God, the Holy One.

-GORDON B. HINCKLEY

## Chapter 97

# Called Home

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God  
will wipe away tears from off all faces. –ISAIAH 25:8

On December 31, 1954, New Year's Eve, Barney and Marj celebrated their 18<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. Four days later, on January 4, 1955, Barney turned 50 years old. Just about 6 weeks later, on Valentine's Day, Marj turned 38 years old.

David, a 15-year-old sophomore, was attending his first year at the two-year old Idaho Falls High School.

Barry, age 13, was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade at O.E. Bell Junior High.

M'Jean, age 10, was a fifth grader at Central Intermediate, the old high school building.

Myrna, age 7, following in the footsteps of her mother, had skipped a grade in school and was attending 3<sup>rd</sup> grade at Riverside.

Precocious Susan, who had been walking since the age of 9 months, was two years old.

Baby Randy, growing like a weed, by the time Marj's Valentine birthday arrived, was practically five months old.

BARNEY SOUTH  
in his prize-fighting days.  
Marj kept an enlargement of  
this photo in her bedroom.

### WASHING WALLS

The house at 955 Ada Avenue was perhaps the first Marj had ever lived in which had real plaster on the walls with real paint on the plaster, unless Barney also plastered the walls of the little log house across the street. Even the walls of the apartment house were cardboard-like, coated with calcimine. It was customary in those days to calcimine the walls and ceilings. Calcimine was a cheap, easy-to-apply chalk-based paint. When the walls became dirty, you applied another coat.

In the new house the walls and ceiling of the kitchen were painted a light mint green. Green was Marj's favorite color whenever it came to decorating. When the walls were dirty, they could be washed. And they were dirty. The coal furnace was the major culprit.







## ARM ACHE

It was just prior to Barney's annual trek into the sawmill to shovel off the buildings, that Marj had enlisted his help in washing the kitchen walls and ceiling. The picture that comes to mind is one of Barney standing on a ladder to reach the especially dirty area above the kitchen stove. As he scrubbed, he complained to Marj of an ache in his arm, and as he had a lot of shoveling to do, he said he would like to postpone the rest of the cleaning project until he got back from Island Park.

Neither Marj nor Barney knew arm pain was a heart attack symptom.

## SOUND AS A DOLLAR

The previous fall, a few weeks after little Randy was born, Barney and Marj went from Island Park to Ashton for her checkup with the doctor. Barney had some red bumps on his chest, which he thought he should have checked, so the doctor gave Barney an examination as well.

While Barney was dressing, the Dr. came into the waiting room and said to Marj, "Your husband is as sound as a dollar. He'll live to be a hundred."

## SHOVELING SNOW OFF THE CABINS

BARRY: Lots of snow falls at Island Park Siding in the winter. There has not been as much in recent years, but 55 years ago we figured that 6' was typical for a winter.

BARNEY  
Every winter for many years Barney had made the 4-mile trek on snowshoes to the siding to shovel the snow load off the buildings. When the boys were big enough to help, he took them along. "That meant a 3-day excursion from our home in Idaho Falls to the mill site. It was always the highlight of the winter." (Barry)

DAVID: The snowfall in Island Park would usually accumulate to about 6 feet in depth. The water content, however, would just keep increasing all winter. As the snow would fall, it would warm up, pack, and the depth would drop. More snow would fall on top of the old snow. So, the actual water content would keep building, even though the depth of the snow never seemed to get much above 6 feet. Six feet of heavy laden snow will cave in anything but the best built buildings. Many of the old buildings in Island Park, particularly at the Souths' Sawmill, would not stand a full winter's load of snow. So, around mid February, someone would have to remove the snow from off the buildings.



## ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

BARRY: Dad didn't want the buildings to have that much weight on them, so he made sure that they were shoveled off one time mid-winter. That meant a 3-day excursion from our winter home in Idaho Falls to the mill site. It was always the highlight of the winter.

DAVID: As Barry and I got to be old enough to be of some help and old enough that we could go on the snow removal team for whatever value we were, it became an annual pilgrimage and a time of excitement for us.

BARRY: Usually the snow shov-  
elers included Barney, David and I, and 2 or 3 friends of David or myself.

We packed our food, our sleeping bags, shovels, warm clothes, skis, snow shoes, and toboggan and drove to Ponds Lodge at Island Park. The siding was 4 miles away and the road was not plowed. This was back before the days of snow machines.

### 4-MILE TREK

The adventure started with the 4-mile trek through the snow. I mentioned 6' of snow. That doesn't mean 3' in mid winter and 6' in April. It is more like 5' to 6' in January but the snow is not as dense. The top third would be pretty light and fluffy. As more snow fell it would consolidate a lot.

In January when you tried to walk in the snow without skis or snow shoes your legs would sink to your thighs or hips in the snow. In late April you could walk on the snow without skis and snowshoes and usually only sink a few inches.

### PACK SACKS - TOBOGGAN

When we made the trek in January or February we had to carry pack sacks and pull a toboggan. Even with skis or snowshoes, every step in the soft snow sank nearly to the knees of the trail breaker. It was hard work. The toboggan brought up the rear where the trail was packed a little. We took turns breaking trail and pulling the toboggan.

The trek was a lot of work but it was great. Sometimes we traveled by daylight and other times by moonlight.



BARNEY, DAVID, (& Friend in lead)

"As Barry and I got to be old enough it became an annual pilgrimage and a time of excitement for us." (David)







CABIN BUILT BY REN,  
LATER CALLED THE  
"BUGHOUSE"

## ISLAND PARK IN WINTER

The Island Park forest in the winter is altogether different than in the summer. The thick snow in the trees, the silence, the absence of motors, no telephones, especially at night, made the experience very memorable.

## TWO HOUR TREK

The trek usually took about 2 hours. We stayed in our cabin at the mill site. That again was a special experience. No electricity, no running water. We built fires in the stove for heat and cooking. We used lanterns or candles for light. We melted snow for our drinking and wash water.

## SNOW WATER

If you have not had to drink melted snow water, you should try it. It is very soft and is very different. It tastes great after you acquire a taste for it.

## VERY COLD – FUN IN CABIN

The evenings were long, which gave us time for games and pinochle or chess around the lantern. The days and nights at Island Park in January can get very cold. I remember one time that we watched the thermometer sink lower than minus 40 degrees. We spent the whole day at games and stoking the fire. The meals were cooked by amateurs, but they were creative. Anyone who complained had to wash the dishes.

## SHOVELING

Shoveling the roof was also a fun experience. The cabins didn't get a lot of wind up there. The snow just stacked up on them, and the snow would overhang over the roofs, and there were really beautiful, picturesque pictures of cabins with as much as 4 to 6 feet of snow on them.

## SAWING SNOW INTO BLOCKS

DAVID: The snow would be so solid that the easiest way to remove it was to get up on top of the roof with a 4 or 5 foot long saw and saw it up into big blocks.

BARRY: Our method was to use a 6' long crosscut saw and cut the snow into cubical blocks. We'd go up on top and cut the overhang off to where it would just drop off. We might get 25 percent of the snow off of a cabin by just cutting the overhang off.

And then we'd start cutting the snow into big blocks. We'd just run that old saw up and down. Blocks would be about 6' square and 4-6 feet high. After they were cut, 2 or 3 shovelers could break a snow block loose

DAVID: Then we would put a scoop shovel under the block and slide the block over the side of the roof.

BARRY: Sometimes the shovelers would go off with the block.



DAVID: Some of these blocks would weigh literally a hundred or more pounds each.

BARRY: By the time the roof was finished the shoveled snow was usually higher than the eaves of the house.

DAVID: Usually, by the time we could get all the snow off the cabin, the pile along the eve would be so deep that we would have to chop the blocks up with the shovel and heave them over the top of the pile.

### SHOVELING THE BARN

The one exception to that was always the barn. The barn was two stories high, and it seemed to stand in spite of the fact that it was set in the trees where it would get more snow than the other buildings. Each year we would usually start with the barn. The snow as it would accumulate on the buildings would usually drift to the downwind side and form a huge cornice. Sometimes that cornice would actually hang over the side of the building by 3 or 4 feet. If you took a saw and sawed along the roof back onto the roof 2 or 3 feet, just so that the balance point was off the roof, when you could get through sawing--the saw cut along there--then the entire cornice would drop off

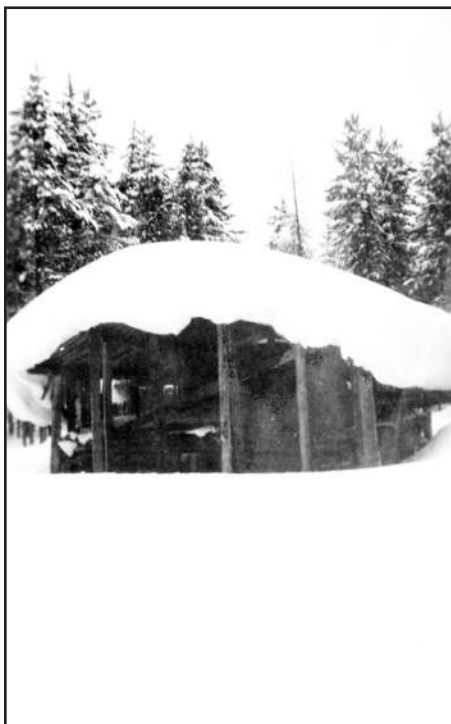
in one piece.

Th a t

cornice could weigh 2 or 3 ton.

Of course, the barn was the worst and probably the most fun because you would saw the cornice off and it would drop the farthest and land with great impact.

By the time we would finish shoveling that snow off the barn, then usually someone would get down with a camera to take pictures and watch the rest of the team jump off into the snow.

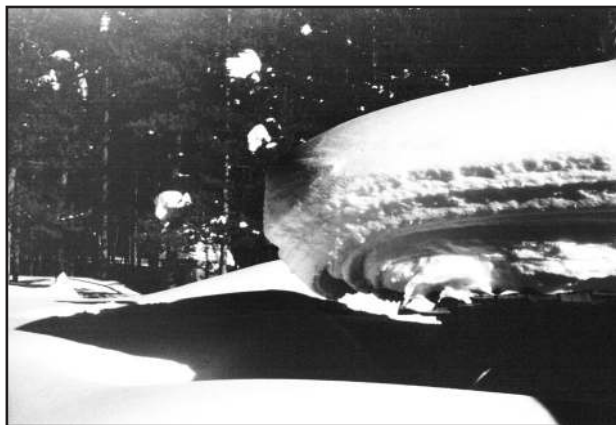


DAVID & BARRY

"Sometimes the shovelers would go off with the block." (Barry)

### CORNICE (Overhang)

"The entire cornice would drop off in one piece --could weigh 2 or 3 ton." (David)





## JUMPING OFF THE BARN

BARRY: The barn was two stories high because it had a hay loft in it. It was fun to jump from the highest point into 6' of snow. We would sink clear into our mid-section.

DAVID: As the snow was 6 feet deep, there was very little danger and you would go clear up to your neck when you would land in the pile of snow. It was a great sport. Usually, it was Barry and I and some friends that would go with our Dad, or my Uncle, later, and somebody would try doing a somersault and other things in mid air.

### BARRY & DAVID

"It was fun to jump from the highest point into 6' of snow." (*Barry*)

"Someone would get down with a camera and take pictures of the rest of the team jump off into the snow. It was great sport. Somebody would try doing a somersault and other things in mid air." (*David*)

## THROW EACH OTHER OFF – NO NEED TO SHOVEL

DAVID: Another thing that was usually fun was to get on one of the smaller cabins--and the old commissary which was a hold over from the 1920's was one of those such buildings. If you had a bunch of boys, you would get up on top of the commissary and everybody would get in a row along the ridge and then when everyone was set, the word would be hollered "Go," and the idea was to see who could stay on the building the longest. Of course, you would try throwing off your neighbor and he'd try throwing you off and in very short order you would have everyone off but one. Then, you would try it again. Usually, about 5 or 6 times of that and most all the snow would be gone, or at least enough that we wouldn't need to shovel that building.

BARRY: Those winter trips were good times for David and me to be with our Dad. They were some of the most memorable times I have ever had.



## Heart Attack

On Saturday, February 19, 1955, one day prior to David's 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, Barney set off with David and Barry and two of David's friends to shovel off the buildings in Island Park. He probably expected to be gone the usual 3 days. Driving up to Island Park on that old highway was a long trip, and it included going through the often slick and treacherous Bear Gulch area in Warm River Canyon. Barney would drive to Ponds Lodge, where they would get something to eat and park the car.

DAVID: Five of us drove our 1946 Chevy Fleetline to Island Park, then snowshoed four and a half miles across snow six feet deep, pulling a toboggan with supplies and food. The group included Barney, Barry, Tommy Haack who was my age, Brent Walker who was slightly older than I, and me.

### BARNEY SICK

BARRY: We all left Ponds and snowshoed in. I think we got in there probably early afternoon, mid-afternoon, and when we got in there, Barney was pretty quiet, and he knew that he'd had some troubles on the way in. He didn't really talk about his troubles, but he said, "Guys, we're going to have to leave tomorrow—first thing tomorrow." I don't know that he gave us any specific reason—he may have told us that he wasn't feeling well or something.

### CUT THE OVERHANGS

There were still 2 or 3 hours of daylight "What I'd like you to do," he says, is to get out there and cut the overhang snow off of the cabins tonight as much as you can, and then we'll stay the night, and then we'll pack up and leave tomorrow."

### DAD INDESTRUCTIBLE

And that's what we did. We went out, and we cut the overhang. I never really thought much about any serious problem. As far as I was concerned, Dad was indestructible.

### PAIN - WANTED TO REST

DAVID: Dad was in obvious pain. He told me that he wanted to rest for a bit. So we kids, using handsaws and working as quickly as we could, began cutting down the overhangs--accumulated snow that hangs three to five feet from a roof edge, weighing it down.

BARRY: We had one or two big crosscut saws that they used for cutting timber, and they were about five feet long, and that's typically how deep the snow was. We'd just get up on the building and go around the edges of it, and make a cut, kind of on an angle, maybe six feet back from the edge. Then we'd get a shovel, and we'd pry that cut, and we could break the snow loose in really large pieces, and it would drop off the roof. And we did that with the cabins.

DAVID: When we returned to our cabin, we could see that Barney was worse.

BARRY: The boys were there just—it was an adventure for us. It was fun. I wasn't all that concerned about why we were going back the next day early other than maybe I realized he was a little sick. I think I'd seen him throw up just a little bit.

BARRY

"Those winter trips were good times for David and me to be with our Dad." (Barry)





#### TREKKING OUT

Starting across the open Flat.

One mile over to the  
timberline, then 3 miles to  
the highway.

#### NO PANIC - BEST JUDGMENT

There was never any deep concern that I noticed; there was never any panic—anything like that. I think he was just trying to use his best judgment of what to do in that situation.

We went to sleep that night. And the next morning we got up and packed up, and without any question we just did what Dad told us to do. He said, now you guys are going to have to pull me out of here. I still didn't think an awful lot about it.

I suspect what he had was some kind of a heart attack on the way in there, and he was just quite fearful of having another one, and he didn't want to stress himself—wanted to make sure that everything was going to be okay—that he got home alright. So he said, "I'd like to have you pull me out on the toboggan."

#### PULLED BARNEY ON TOBOGGAN

DAVID: We strapped a box onto the toboggan, sat Barney on it and wrapped him in blankets.

BARRY: He just climbed on the toboggan, and we had a rope there long enough. All four of us got pulling on the rope, and we pulled him. And we pulled him about three miles.

DAVID: We kids pulled that toboggan, with a two-hundred-pound, ill man, to the highway. That took about two hours, but thank goodness we had broken trail going in, making it easier to get out.

#### WALKED LAST HALF MILE

BARRY: We got out close to the road. There was kind of an uphill grade on the last little bit. And he got out and put his snowshoes on and walked that last little ways. I think he figured, "Well, I'm not going to make the kids work that hard to pull me up those hills." They weren't big hills at all, either. But anyway, he walked out on his own power for the last half mile or so.

#### DAVID'S 16TH BIRTHDAY - FIRST HIGHWAY DRIVING

When we got out to the car, we loaded up, and he said, "Okay, I'd like to have you drive." He was talking to David. David had his driver's license. "I want to go down and check in at the doctor's at the hospital in Ashton."

DAVID: We piled into the car that I had to drive to Ashton — my first paved-highway driving experience.

The date was Sunday, February 20, 1955, David's sixteenth birthday. He had been licensed to drive, daytime only, since age 14, according to Idaho regulations. Nighttime driving was not permitted until age 16.

## ASHTON HOSPITAL

DAVID: At about 7 P.M. we reached the very small Ashton Memorial Hospital, and a doctor immediately checked Barney and assigned him to a room. The doctor then told me Barney was resting comfortably, and it looked like everything would be all right, but he wanted to keep him there for the night.

BARRY: It doesn't seem to me like we waited very long. I think he must have been quite sure that he'd had a heart attack, and he did not want to get into trouble. He didn't want to take any chances at all. He told us he was going to stay there that night. He says, "When you get home, tell your mother to come up and see me in the morning." So that's exactly what we did. We went home and told Marj what had happened.

## BOYS DROVE HOME

DAVID: He told us to go home, get some rest and return in the morning. We drove to Idaho Falls, dropped off our friends, and Barry and I went home to Mother.

M'JEAN: In the evening, David and Barry arrived home—a day earlier than expected--and came into the house alone, both of them grinning just a little, and carrying a load of supplies. Marj may have supposed Barney was right behind them. But when the boys made another trip from the car to the house and there was no Barney, she knew something was wrong. They reported that they had left Barney in the Ashton hospital, and David had driven down.

It was mentioned that just before the start of the 4-mile trek on snowshoes, the hamburger eaten at Ponds may have been suspect.

David and Barry exhibited no great concern, probably due to Barney's calmness. But Marj knew that it would take quite a lot for tough-as-nails Barney to admit himself into the hospital and send the boys home alone.

DAVID: Marj didn't like the idea of waiting till morning to go to the hospital, but she had several small children, including baby Randy, so she decided to wait.

## *Heartache*

It was in the middle of the night, somewhere around three or four o'clock a.m., that Marj received the dreadful phone call and the paralyzing news that Barney's heart had stopped at 2:40 a.m.

Her immediate concern was the fear of going into shock. Suddenly left alone with six children, ranging from 5 months to sixteen years, she must be strong. Leaning on strength acquired through 18 years at Barney's side and the moorings of her parents' teachings, she must go forward, buoyed up by pure faith in the Lord.

DAVID: Marj didn't wake us when she usually did, so it felt strange to see sun streaming in through the windows when we did awake. Then, of course, Marj told us. It was a big blow to a young family — certainly to a young mother with six kids. Her oldest had just turned sixteen the day before, and her youngest was just five months old.





BARRY

"I remembered that it wasn't a dream-- it was true that Dad had died."

DAVID

"I felt lost. I was going through something that none of my friends could relate to."



BARRY: Marj came up and told me that she'd got a call in the night and that Dad had died that night. And that was just about like getting kicked in the belly with a horse. That was really a tough blow. For the next 2 or 3 nights, in the morning I would wake up and I felt really relieved, because I thought I had a dream where Dad had died, and I was really happy that it was a dream and it wasn't reality, and then all of a sudden reality hit, and it was a reality, and I knew that—I remembered that it wasn't a dream—it was true that Dad had died.

M'JEAN: I may have awakened on my own, or maybe Marj woke me. On my way to the bathroom I could see that Grandma and Grandpa Knapp were there scrubbing the walls and woodwork.

Marj followed me into the bathroom and told me the sad news. I started to cry, but then I was trying not to cry, and she said, it's all right if you cry.

MYRNA: I was in bed. I suppose Marj woke me up. I remember that feeling that it can't be true. I've later come to believe that's what Heavenly Father gives us, --that feeling to help ease pain.

I remember sitting after he died, and crying at the breakfast table. And somebody said, "What's the matter with you?" And I said, "Everybody's picking on me." And I know I didn't think everybody was picking on me. I know I just needed some excuse for crying.

One time in school I started to cry, and somebody in front turned around and asked me, "Are you crying because your father died?" and I think I said, "No." But I had no idea why I was crying. Just crying.

## SNOW BLIND & LOST

DAVID: The morning of Barney's death, I woke to some terrible news and eyes that felt like they had been stabbed with hot pokers. My snow hike, up to the sawmill's altitude of six thousand feet, on a bright, clear day, and the return had caused snow blindness. Dad and the others wore sunglasses, but mine had broken, so I had not. My eyes burned and my vision blurred severely. I could count at least ten fingers on the one hand held in front of me.

Marj took me to the doctor. He treated my eyes with drops to deaden the pain and ordered prescription sunglasses. For the next few years, I wore sunglasses to school. I wore them during the day, I wore them at night, I even wore them on dates. I wanted to give my eyes time to heal, and I suspect I got addicted to the glasses.

During my first college year, I decided enough was enough. I began going without dark glasses, then got really stubborn and refused to wear them when I probably should have. But that did strengthen my eyes, so I could be outdoors without sunglasses.

I felt lost. I was going through something that none of my friends could relate to — not even those being raised by single moms.

## *Love and Support*

Justin and Mabel Knapp, Marj's parents, were her first and foremost support. Early that Monday morning they were at the house, cleaning the walls and woodwork, finishing the job Barney and Marj had started before the snow shoveling trip to Island Park. There would be a lot of people coming to the house, Marj explained.

And they came. Friends, neighbors, relatives, ward members came with food and help. There were also visits from the bishop and perhaps other church leaders to assist in making funeral arrangements.

## CALLED TO CANCEL LESSON

M'JEAN: The middle-of-the night call that Marj received from the Ashton Hospital notifying her of Barney's death was on February 21, 1955--Monday. Monday was the day Barney drove me to piano lessons.

Though stunned by the most tragic event of her life, Marj had the consideration to call Betty Petree to give her notice that I would not be coming for a piano lesson and explained the reason. To make such a call, under those circumstances, reflects the caliber of person Marj was.

Betty expressed her sympathy and asked if there were anything she could do. Marj thanked her for her kind offer. After hanging up the phone, Marj called back and asked Betty if she would play the violin at Barney's funeral.

Conservatory trained in both piano and strings, Betty was not only by far the best pianist around but also the foremost violinist. Although Betty barely knew any of our family, she graciously agreed to play.

Marj requested two of Barney's favorites, which he often played: "O Solo Mio" (My Sunshine) by Eduardo di Capua, and "Serenade" by Franz Schubert.

Long distance calls were expensive and were generally made only regarding important, urgent matters. That day certain long distance calls were made, particularly to Gene and Glenna Jones in Evanston.

GLENN: (To M'Jean) I guess I'll never forget when we moved in back to Evanston, and one day I got a call from her, and I'd had Gwen, and I think Randy and Gwen must be real close to the same age. And he was just a little guy—I don't know how old, but it was a couple months. And anyway that's when I heard about your dad. And I just couldn't believe it, cause that was—and your mom was so young, and I felt so bad for her, and then I just couldn't believe how she took hold—and your brothers—that had to be a hard thing. Those boys were just kids.

It likely fell to Glenna to bear the sad tidings to the other family members in Evanston, which included her parents, Ren and Ruth South, Barney's remaining brother and his wife. Ren's daughter, Gayle, related:

GAYLE: I can remember when Barney passed away and I came home from school and Dad was out in the truck and he was just sobbing. I felt so bad for him. He was just out there crying. He didn't come in for a long time. He sure loved his brothers.

Glenna agreed to give the obituary at the funeral.

*Miji Note:* 38 years later Glenna also gave Marj's obituary.

M'JEAN: Gene and Glenna arrived in Idaho Falls that evening. The following day, Marj asked Glenna to take me shopping for a winter coat to wear to the funeral. Myrna already had a decent winter coat, but I'm sure she went along. We loved Glenna, and it was a pleasant little shopping trip. We found a pretty pink and gray plaid coat with a soft pink hat with two tassels on the side.

### *Miji Note:*

Having taught piano lessons for many years and having had students skip lessons with no notice, due to trivial excuses or simple forgetfulness, I marvel at the level of Marj's responsibility and consideration in calling under such circumstances to be excused from the lesson.

### MYRNA & M'JEAN

"I remember sitting after he died, and crying at the breakfast table." (*Myrna*)

"I was trying not to cry, and Marj said, it's all right if you cry." (*M'Jean*)



# Toboggan Trek Futile For Stricken Local Man

A four and a half mile snowshoe trek by four 'teen-age boys, pulling a toboggan bearing a sick man proved fruitless Sunday when Bernard D. (Barney) South, 50, 955 Ada Ave., Idaho Falls, died in an Ashton hospital at 2:45 a.m. Monday.

Mr. South and the four boys, David, 16 and Berry, 13, sons; and Tommy Haack, and Brent Walker, both 16, had snowshoed to the South Sawmill in snow laden Island Park area Saturday to do some work. Mr. South was stricken with a heart attack Sunday and the four boys put him on



Bernard South a toboggan and pulled him to the highway where they had parked their car Sat-

urday. They drove him to the Ashton Memorial Hospital, but he died early Monday.

The five had trekked into the sawmill to remove snow from around the buildings and were planning on staying for three or four days until the work was complete.

He has owned the sawmill with his family for the past 23 years. One brother, Charles, was killed at the sawmill in 1948 and another brother, Ren, Evanston, Wyo., still owns part of the mill.

He was born Jan 4, 1905, at Hyrum, Utah, and was the son of Samuel R. and Hannah Carless South. He was married to Marjorie Knapp at Randolph, Utah, Dec. 31, 1936, and the marriage was solemnized April, 1946, at the Idaho Falls LDS Temple.

He is survived by his wife and the following children, David, Berry, M'Jean, Myrna-Lynn, Susan and Randy. He is also sur-

vived by the following brother and sisters, Ken South, Mrs. L. G. Larsen, Randolph, Utah; Mrs. Selma Schwartz, Boston, Mass.; and Mrs. Dorothy Hackwell, St. Anthony.

Funeral services will be at 2 p.m. Wednesday at the Fourth LDS Ward Church with Bishop Lloyd Ricks of the Fourth Ward officiating. Friends may call at the Wood Funeral Home until time of services.

Interment will be in Rose Hill Cemetery.

The article contains

12 errors:

8 Misspellings of names

4 Misstatements of facts

## WEATHER-TIME

The longest cold spell in Idaho Falls in 1955 was from February 9 to February 25, constituting 17 consecutive days with cooler than average low temperatures.

Daylight saving time was not observed at that time.

## BITTER WEATHER

Eastern Idaho was experiencing a period of severe weather conditions which would persist throughout the time of the funeral and interment.

## LETTERS, TELEGRAM TO BERNIE

When Barney died, Bernie was in far off Germany, serving in the army. Al sent him a telegram, and both he and Grandpa wrote him of the sad news. Al included the article which appeared in the Post Register.

Tuesday

Dear Bernie,

I'm sending some bad news. Barney is to be buried tomorrow the twenty-third. I'm also planning to send a telegram today so you'll know before this arrives. I'm enclosing a clipping; you'll see some errors in it but in general it relates the circumstance.

I hope you enjoyed your trip a lot and, I apologize for not writing while you were gone.

Beth is feeling better so we've been told.

We just got about 8" snow since daylight. It's nearly as high as our fence in places now.

Have you heard anything definite of whether you'll be released early or not. Marj hasn't been too strong, and the baby has a cough, so it's an added concern. The boys are trying to be helpful; I hope they continue. I'd like to be fixed so I could do more, but maybe I can do a little someday. It sure took everyone by surprise around here. Gene & Glenna came in last night. The rest will be here too.

I dread tomorrow. I'm expected to say family prayer & I doubt if I can speak in such circumstances; I'd hate to fizzle. Everyone else seems to be fine, but I don't seem to have much to say, so I'll send this off.

As always your pals  
Al's.



## MYRNA'S SAD LETTER

Another letter to Bernie telling of the sad news was written by seven-year-old Myrna. Probably Marj found it in the typewriter and saved it.

Dear Bernard  
How is every thing over there?/. I would kind of like a watch if you could get a water proof scratch proof and a nice watch I would like a prettier one than Sandera's. I have wanted one for a long time. The weather has really seemed bad this winter hasn't it. It seems by what we hear the Joneses will be moving back pretty soon. Barney blessed the baby not long ago. His name is Randy John. I guess Jean Jones little girl and our boy will get to know each other. Randy talks a bit now. Barney has been teaching us to play the piano, M'Jean takes lessons now. Barney and David and Barry, went to shovel the buildings off Barney didn't feel good all the way in but didn't think it was anything serious so we just let it go. And they went right in. They got there somewhere about one o'clock p.m I guess that was about it Barney shoveled for a while then he got so sick that he couldn't work any longer so he went in side and rested a while and let the boys do the rest of it and finally it was just too bad and he called all the boys in and told them to get there things ready to go so they did and they started to go back on the way home skiing but Barney couldn't so they pulled him back on the toboggan until they got to the hospital and they put him in and Barney told David and Barry to tell Marjorie that he would call her in the morning. and told them not to worry the doctors said he would have to stay in a while and then he could go on out and would be okay so DAVID and Barry came back home. In the morning doctor Kruger phoned and said that he died the night. When Marjorie woke me up in the morning she said that Barney died about 3:00, am.

Postmark: Idaho Falls, Idaho

Feb 21, 1955 - 6 PM

6 cent airmail envelope

Cpl Bernard E. Knapp

Vs56211675

Btry B29 FABN

AP030 NY NY

(address in Grandpa's handwriting)

Mon 21st 55

*I wrote you yesterday. But didn't get it mailed. So will add a little.*

*Barney and Boys went up to Shovel Snow Sat. Sunday Barney took ill. The boys had Tommy Haak and another with them.*

*They hauled Barney out to Hiway on Toboggan. Brought him to Ashton to Hospital.*

*The Dr sent them home. Said Barney would have to stay a day or two.*

*This morning at 3. They called from Ashton and Told Marjorie he was Dead.*

*It was hard to believe.*

*Mother and I have spent most of the day with the family—helping clean up and to be with her. The Funeral will be Wed 23 at 4th Ward. We had a Telegram Today. Also a letter from you. Glad you are O.K. Will get this off tonight.*

Love

Dad

<b>CLASS OF SERVICE</b> This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.	<b>WESTERN UNION</b> W. P. MARSHALL, President 1955 FEB 23 AM 7-17	<b>SYMBOLS</b> DL=Day Letter NL=Night Letter LT=Latent Telegram VLT=Latent Victory Let.
The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time in Group is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.		
1-PRA010 0B028 0=CDU035 PD INTL=CD FRIEDBERG VIA MACKAY (143-345-67) 28= EFM MRS MARJORIE SOUTH AND FAMILY= 955 ADAVE IDAHO FALLS IDAHO=		
THE LORD BLESS AND SUSTAIN YOU IN YOUR LOSS. BE HAPPY AND BRAVE. MY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS ARE EVER WITH YOU. BERNIE=		
THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE		

TELEGRAM FROM BERNIE  
Dated February 29, 1955  
From Germany  
To Marj and Family

Chapter 98

# *Till We Meet Again*

He Is Not Dead  
I cannot say, and I will not say  
That he is dead. He is just away.  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.  
And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn  
For an old time step, and the glad return,  
Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here.  
Think of him still as the same. I say,  
He is not dead, he is just away.—

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY 1849-1916

POEM  
Found in Marj's  
papers was a copy  
of this poem by  
James Whitcomb  
Riley,

Barney's funeral was set for Wednesday, February 23, 1955, an extremely cold and wintry day. On Tuesday, the day prior, Al mentioned in his letter to Bernie the heavy snowfall. On Wednesday, snow continued to fall. There were people who wished to attend the funeral who could not because of the severe weather conditions. But in spite of the weather, there was a very large congregation. The overflow of the 4th ward church had to be opened, and the hall was filled to the back. Marj said there were church leaders who registered surprise at the number of people in attendance, probably because Barney never took a prominent part in church.

But he was counted as a friend to a great number of people. And even in a blizzard, they came to pay their respects. Marj was gratified to recall how full the church was at his funeral.

#### PROFUSION OF FLOWERS

For being the very practical person Barney was, when it came to sending flowers for a funeral, he felt people ought not to be discouraged from doing so. Many must have felt the same way, for the front of the chapel was filled with flowers.



#### 4TH WARD CHURCH - BARNEY HAD SUPPLIED LUMBER

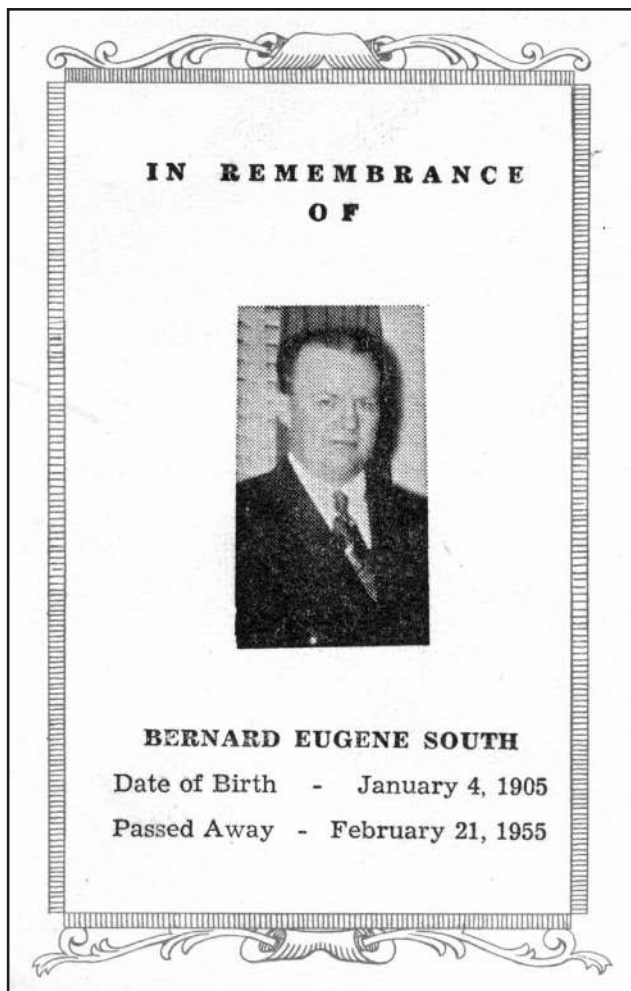
Barney's funeral was an outstanding meeting. It took place in that great brown-stone 4th ward building, for which Barney himself had supplied much of the lumber--particularly the very long fir boards.

The musical renditions were beautiful. The words of the speakers were both comforting and inspirational. From the same pulpit--in front of the beautiful mural of Christ and the Ten Virgins--where the South kids had often delivered their memorized two-and-a-half minute talks, they heard tributes to their father and words of comfort and counsel to their mother.

M'JEAN: I mostly remember sitting very still, never removing my new pink and gray coat and hat throughout. I glanced over once to the row on the side of the chapel where the flower girls sat and saw my friend, Shirley Brocksome, looking back at me. Then, how strange it was, when leaving the chapel, to follow directly behind the casket.

"FIVE WERE WISE AND FIVE WERE FOOLISH"  
The mural of the Ten Virgins covered the back wall behind the pulpit. In the unique layout of the chapel, the pulpit was back behind the choir seats and was reached by means of a long ramp on either side of the stand.





#### SINGING MOTHERS: "TWENTY-THIRD PSALM"

G. LAVELL CRAPO  
Ward member and father  
of David and Barry's  
friends.

#### INVOCATION: GEORGE LAVELL CRAPO

Our Father which art in  
Heaven, Hallowed be Thy  
name. Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done in earth as it  
is in Heaven.

This afternoon, Father in Heaven, we are grateful for the privilege we have of assembling together as neighbors, friends, and relatives and paying our last respects to our Brother and Thy son, Barney South. We thank Thee, Father, for the life of this good man. We appreciate the privilege and opportunity that we have had of associating with him and enjoying his friendship and companionship. We thank Thee for the things that he has accomplished, for the wonderful family that he has established here in our midst.

We thank Thee for the gospel that gives us strength in the future; that teaches

## Services of Bernard Eugene South

### OFFICIATING: GENE O. GOODWIN

Friends and dear ones of Brother South, we have met here this day to pay our tribute and last respects to Brother Bernard Eugene South, fondly known to all as Barney.

The family prayer was offered in the funeral home by Brother Al Knapp. I will read the program as it will go forward - - -. Without further introduction it will go forward.

Family Prayer ..... **Al Knapp**

#### Services at

L. D. S. Fourth Ward Chapel

Wednesday, February 23, 1955 -- 2:00 P. M.

Gene O. Goodwin, Officiating

Member of the Fourth Ward Bishopric

Prelude Organ Music ..... **Effie Mellor**

4th Ward Singing Mothers ..... **"Twenty-  
Third Psalm"**

Director, **Violet Hendrickson**

Accompanist, **Effie Mellor**

Invocation ..... **G. L. Crapo**

Violin Solos ..... **Betty Petree**

"O Solo Mio" -- "Shubert's Serenade"

Accompanist, **Georgia Reading**

Obituary ..... **Glenna Jones**

Speaker ..... **Bishop William South**

Vocal Solo ..... **"Just A Wearyin' For You"**

**John Reading**

Accompanist, **Georgia Reading**

Speaker ..... **Bishop E. Lloyd Ricks**

Vocal Solo ..... **"Lord's Prayer"**

**John Reading**

Accompanist, **Georgia Reading**

Remarks ..... **Gene O. Goodwin**

Singing Mothers ..... **"God Shall Wipe  
Away All Tears"**

Benediction ..... **Seth L. Jenkins**

Postlude Music ..... **Effie Mellor**

Dedicatory Prayer .. **Bp. Vernon S. Johnson**

Interment ..... **Rose Hill Cemetery**



us that family relationships are eternal, that teaches the principals of the resurrection and life hereafter. We pray that Thou wilt bless Sister South and her family with the comforting influence of Thy Holy Spirit. Strengthen them and sustain them in this hour of bereavement. Help us to realize the truth of the statement "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted".

Bless the speakers and all who participate in the services that they may have inspiration to say and do what will be of consolation and help to this family.

Bless us all that our faith in Thee be increased. That our testimony may be strengthened. Bless us with understanding and with the wisdom and the ability to see thy hand in all things. Help us to face the future with courage and with quiet strength; serene and confident in the knowledge that Thou art merciful and just and kind forever.

We pray for these blessings and all blessings for our good at this time, and we do it humbly and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## VIOLIN SOLOS: BETTY PETREE - GEORGIA READING, ACC.

"O SOLO MIO" - EDUARDO DI CAPUA

"SERENADE" - FRANZ SCHUBERT

## OBITUARY: GLENNA JONES

### BIRTH 1905 - HYRUM, UTAH

Bernard Eugene South was born January 4, 1905, in Hyrum, Utah, the son of Samuel Rich and Hannah Corless South. He was one of seven children. At the age of four he moved with his family to Randolph, Utah. His boyhood days were spent in Randolph and he received his schooling there. In 1923 the South family moved to Island Park where they engaged in the sawmill trade. Barney followed this occupation the rest of his life.

### MARRIAGE: 1936 - SOLEMNIZED 1946 IDAHO FALLS TEMPLE

He was married to Marjorie Knapp December 31, 1936 at Randolph. The marriage was solemnized in April 1946 in the Idaho Falls Temple. The couple are the parents of three sons and three daughters, David, Barry, M'Jean, Myrna Lynn, Susan and Randy.

Barney and his family have spent each winter in Idaho Falls and their summers at the mill in Island Park.

### HEART ATTACK - DEATH

Last Saturday Barney, accompanied by his two sons, David and Barry and two companions, Brent Walker and Tommy Haack, left Idaho Falls for Island Park to remove the winter's snow from the buildings (and the family would like to thank these boys for the help they gave). The group traveled into the mill site on snowshoes and while there Sunday he suffered a heart attack. The four boys brought him to the highway on a toboggan and from there to the Ashton Hospital where he died at 2:45 A.M. Monday.

He was preceded in death by two brothers, Allen who died at the age of seventeen and Charles who died following an accident at the sawmill in 1948, and his father who died in November, 1949. Besides his family he is survived by his mother and one brother, Ren, both of Evanston, Wyoming, three sisters, Elgie Larsen, Randolph, Zelma Schwartz, Boston, Massachusetts and Dorothy Hackworth, St. Anthony.



GLENNA SOUTH JONES  
Barney's niece, daughter of his brother Ren and wife Ruth. Glenna and her husband Gene became very close to Barney and Marj when they lived several years in Island Park.

Glenna also read Marj's life sketch at her funeral 38 years later.



## SPEAKER: BISHOP WILLIAM SOUTH

I think it was the poet, Robert Burns, who said “The best laid plans of mice or men often go astray”. We lay our plans and then some higher power, greater than we are, steps in and changes them. Sunday one of our Ward members passed away and we were called to their home to arrange the funeral service for one o’ clock today and I was to conduct that service; but as I said, some higher power has stepped in and our plans have been changed.

When my sister called and said that Barney had died of a heart attack and Marj would like me to speak at the service I said I would arrange my affairs to be here. I sense my responsibility to the Bishopric. I have been Bishop for six years and have never been away for a service but I felt close enough to Barney and his family to come here and I feel it is a privilege to occupy this position for a few minutes today.

I would like to remember my first contact with Barney. I think the closest I can remember was when they were living in Ogden and our family spent two weeks with them. Aunt Hannah was making doughnuts and we tried to sell them, and thin beets.

During his tours of the country whenever Barney came to Salt Lake he would always stay at our house. I remember at the funeral services of Aunt Agnes he said when he came to our house he was going to make his money in boxing. At that time he was pretty good, or thought he was and he made arrangements to box in Salt Lake so I accompanied him to box. The second round of the match his opponent hit him just right and it was a technical knockout and the referee stopped the fight. That ended his boxing career—twenty four years ago during the depression.

So to make money he bought a file and said anyone could make money that way [sharpening scissors and knives] with a little planning. I remember for a day and a half he knocked on doors to try to get money to pay for the file and couldn’t do it so all the resources we had was two dollars and fifty cents left from the boxing.

We then went to Randolph and with two dollars and fifty cents I didn’t know how we could do it and Barney said he would show me how. We caught a freight train, which wasn’t too uncommon as this was during the depression. We went to the yards and a church member knew me as a church man and told us how to catch the train. We caught a train and went to Ogden and stayed with Aunt Kate. Then we went to Randolph.

At Evanston it was cold and we only had enough money to stay in a hotel or stay in jail. I said, “Let’s stay in the hotel.” So we used the last money for the hotel. We arrived at Randolph without any money. Elgie was gracious to ask us in and showed us a great deal of kindness. For two months I was very close to Barney. We worked together to make a little money. We worked at Randolph so I became acquainted with the people for that was where my parents came from. I have many fond memories of that country.

Later on when the Souths were in island Park we spent many summers working there for Uncle Sam in the sawmill and I guess if I have ever been close to my cousins it was to Barney and Charlie, Zelma, Elgie, and Dorothy. Ren was married and working there. We lived right with the folks.

BISHOP WILLIAM SOUTH  
“Bill,” as he was known by  
Barney, was cousin and close  
friend to Barney.  
“When the South’s were in  
Island Park we spent many  
summers working there for  
Uncle Sam in the sawmill  
and I guess if I have ever  
been close to my cousins it  
was to Barney and Charlie,  
Zelma, Elgie and Dorothy.  
During his tours of the  
country whenever Barney  
came to Salt Lake he would  
always stay at our house.”  
(Bill South)



Barney had his own philosophy of life, his own little grin, his set jaw. He thought deeply and could discuss his side of every issue. He had a practical sense of humor. That was probably why my sister Valois and he got along so well. She has a good sense of humor. She tried to come to this service today but they had to come from Salt Lake and return today and asked to be excused because of the weather, along with my sister, Ruth.

But as I said, times have changed. Last week Barney was with us planning his work for the summer. We know he must have been planning just as much as now we are planning what to do in the future, but some power over which we have no control stepped in and Barney's mission is now completed. True, he will live in his family and what they do will still bring glory, to do what he outlined for them, but as far as Barney, himself, is concerned his planning on this earth is through.

There is something final and just about that. None of us know how long we will be here or how we will go. We leave that in the hands of a Higher Power and when He dictates what we will do we submit ourselves to His will.

There will be a new life for Marj and the family. I have always been impressed by Barney's family--how well trained they were.

My first experience (We both got married about the same time.) was when our first babies were due about the same time. Barney was always pretty good with his hands and could always lick me so when our first babies came I said mine probably could lick his. When they were several months old Barney brought David down.

He was bashful and my boy took to David with a wooden elephant. David has made it up in other ways but he was afraid of my boy for awhile.

I remember when I took my boys up to the mill. We wanted to spend some time with Barney and have Barney show them how to shoot. He loved guns and I knew he would have some around. We went over and my boys were thrilled to spend an afternoon with Barney and the boys and Marj's brother, they were all outstanding shots.

Another characteristic of Barney was his music. I don't know if the peices that were just played were by special request but I know he loved them. He had a violin and piano which he taught himself to play and did very well.

His going is going to place a burden on the family, those for whom he was providing. But along with the burden it will be an opportunity. It is hard to say that but if we could see it the way the Lord sees it then we could accept the hardships a little more willingly. The only way to tell the stuff a character is made of is to go through trials and tribulations.

The big problem facing Marj at this time is to keep her children with her home and provide for them. Now the training these children have had will stand them in good stead. They can step in and do a good work. They can't be as carefree as their associates but they will grow, their responsibilities will help them develop in other ways.

You are not alone, Marj. You know when the Saviour was about to be taken



BARNEY SOUTH

"Barney had his own philosophy of life, his own little grin, his set jaw. He thought deeply and could discuss his side of every issue. He had a practical sense of humor." (*Bill South*)



JOHN & GEORGIA  
CHRISTENSEN READING  
Georgia was Marj's best  
friend when she was  
growing up in Goshen.



BISHOP E. LLOYD RICKS  
Bishop Ricks was a very  
young bishop. He and  
the other members of the  
bishopric took David and  
Barry under their wing  
with tremendous love and  
support.



from the earth. I think it is one of the most beautiful scriptures. When He was through and talking to His disciples and explaining that where He went there would be a place for them.

"Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also. And whether I go ye know, and the way ye know." Showing that this life is just part of an eternal plan. A very important part because we work by faith but if we rely on the Lord He will give us help.

So in the days which come you will be lonely. Wherever Barney was you felt his presence. He was full of life and energy. We will miss him a lot, especially his family, but with the knowledge that he has completed his mission and has gone on to a much more beautiful sphere of existence. His father and brother are there and he will prepare a place for his family. If we live worthy we will live as a family unit. He has fulfilled the requirement by being married in the temple so you can be reunited with him again. You must finish the job of raising the family so they can fill the same requirement and again be reunited with him.

Bless this family. I pray the Lord will bless you with peace of mind in your home that can come only through the knowledge of His works and through praying and through faith in Him. That you may be able to face the challenge that has been given you, and fulfill it to your credit and that through Barney's life and this service today we may grasp the realization of this life and the life to come and adjust our affairs to realize the true benefit of it, and I do this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

### VOCAL SOLO - JOHN READING, GEORGIA READING, ACC. "JUST A WEARYIN' FOR YOU"

### SPEAKER: BISHOP E. LLOYD RICKS

My dear brothers and Sisters it is with humility that I approach this position this afternoon and I pray that the spirit of the Lord will be with me that the things that I might say will be in accordance with His mind and will and will be comforting and strengthening to this good family.

When a tragedy of this nature overtakes us it leaves us a little confused. We always have that question in our minds as to why such things have to happen. Why should a man in the prime of his life be taken and leave the responsibility of raising a fine family upon his wife.

I know something of the sorrow this family is going through. The same thing happened to me that is happening to Barry and David. My father passed away when I was eleven. As I grew up I often wondered, but I think now I can see some of the blessings that have come from that. I can see the advantage to the young man of drawing closer to his mother and of shouldering some of the responsibilities that will come to them.

I know, too, of some of the loneliness that will come into the heart and mind of Sister South. I would like to encourage the boys to do all in their power to help their mother over the dim, dark hours that lie ahead. There will be lots of lonely

nights and days. Many of the decisions that Barney has ordinarily taken care of will now fall on Sister South to make and she, of course, will lean upon these fine young men that she has to support her in these trials.

I know, too, of some of the problems that will face these boys as they grow up. There will be times when they will want to talk to someone. We need to ask questions that come up in the life of a young man, questions we would ordinarily ask our father. When a tragedy like this happens we have to take those problems and questions to someone else. I would like to encourage them to seek proper counsel. Seek out the men who will help, guide and inspire them as they grow up, because the responsibility of finishing their youth will depend a great deal on themselves and they would like to grow up to be the type of individuals and men their father would be proud of.

One factor in their favor is the wonderful job Barney and Marj have done so far. They have built a strong foundation. They have devoted many hours to encourage and guide them.

I have seen each one of these children develop. It is as though they had a piece of clay and each child they have molded a perfect individual. They have instilled into each child characteristics that will make them respected by their fellow men.

Barney spent long hours with his family. He loved his family and appreciated them. His goal was to make them happy and add a few more comforts to them.

I don't think there are any children in the ward who give any better talks than the South children. There have been long hours spent with helping them so when they gave talks they are letter perfect. It makes some of us ashamed that we don't prepare our talks and parts better.

I can almost see the look on Barney's face as his children took part. He sat up and squared his shoulders and was proud. Whenever they were called on to speak they were always willing to perform their duty and in each case have done an outstanding job.

A famous philosopher once said, "The greatest gift we can give our children is to teach them to face life on their own two feet and greet the world with a smile." Barney has certainly exemplified that in his children.

As Barney grew up he did not have all of the opportunities some of us have today. He had to work hard for everything he got. I think that might be exemplified by the type of business he was in. Any of us who have any experience in lumbering know it is a hard life and requires strength to keep it up year in and year out, and I think he tried to realize in the lives of his children some of the things he probably missed in his life when he grew up; some of the opportunities and things that come to the children as they have taken part in church. Because I know that he was not one to be out in front where everyone could see him but he was always there like a rock in the background to give any support necessary and we, as a Bishopric, always looked forward to the Souths' coming back to the ward.

They had a great deal of strength. The boys in the priesthood work have been outstanding. In the summers while up at camp they were unable to attend church but while here in town they never missed a Sunday. I don't believe either of the boys has missed an award since they have taken part in the priesthood. It requires every Sunday to achieve those awards when they are here. They have done it every year and we are grateful for that.

Barney has left some wonderful memories behind. Memories that will sustain



the family throughout the coming years. Sister South mentioned the other night that the eighteen years of their married life couldn't have been any happier. There could have been no possible way to enjoy her married life more. That is quite a statement in these days when the world now has a tendency to break up some of these wonderful things that exist in the lives of married people.



MARJ & BARNEY SOUTH  
"Barney has left some wonderful memories behind. Sister South mentioned that the 18 years of their married life couldn't have been any happier." (*Bishop Ricks*)

Barney was very proud of his boys. He always had time to answer their questions and if the opportunity came to scuffle with them he was always right there. He always had time to take to devote to his family.

When I was over the other evening David mentioned the three musical instruments his father had, piano, violin and flute, which he had taught himself to play. He was always trying to improve his talents.

I was talking to an insurance man a few weeks ago. He made a statement I think is pertinent to this occasion, "We can insure ourselves for thousands of dollars but the best policy we can invest in is a good family" and if that statement is true we can surely say Barney has made a wonderful investment in these six fine children he has left to take his place in this world and to honor his name.

I like to look at death like a long journey. It is quite saddening when we lay our loved ones in the grave and can't see them again in this life, but it is actually just a long journey. I doubt if anyone here doesn't believe in eternal life and doesn't believe we will have the opportunity in the future of seeing and mingling with our loved ones. What a comfort and a strength it is. Wouldn't it be awful if this was all. If we had to do all in this life that our Father in Heaven has created for us. It is a very important time as there are things we have to do in this life but with the majority of our existence to come in the hereafter.

Jesus the Christ taught us there was a life hereafter. He made quite a significant statement when he said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He came back from the grave and proved resurrection. There wasn't only one resurrected; many arose from their graves that day and came forth and were seen by many in the city of Jerusalem. So He wasn't the only one. Many of our latter-day scriptures prove to us about the resurrection. Other individuals have born testimony to the fact there is a life after death.

It has been stated today that Brother South was in the lumber business. He took from Mother Nature building material and with these--care, precision, and know-how he arranged the things from nature and made lumber out of them and that lumber stands in many of the homes in Island Park and many other places in Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana as a monument to the work he has done the last twenty five years.

His wife made another significant statement the other evening. She said the men Barney did business with he counted as his best friends. I think that is quite a statement, that in this day and age of business when in some cases it is "dog eat dog," feelings are aroused over business dealings, but as far as I know Barney didn't have an enemy. He sold the material and often helped them to use it to the best advantage, free of charge. He was always willing to give the necessary advice to get the most out of his product.

I think there is a poem that exemplifies somewhat Barney's characteristics and I would like to read it at this time.

## ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."  
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,--  
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

I leave these few thoughts with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

## VOCAL SOLO - JOHN READING, GEORGIA READING, ACC "THE LORD'S PRAYER"

### REMARKS: GENE O. GOODWIN

My brothers and sisters and Barney's family, I do not wish to multiply words any further but I do want to mention a few things that have entered my mind at this time.

I know that even the initial shock and the fast moving events that follow sometimes keep the family occupied to the point that they don't fully comprehend the loneliness. I believe that, as one who has also gone through this experience in recent years, the ensuing months are the time when these dear people will need the support and comfort of their friends. I know that many times when we have a few minutes or are out for a drive that these people would appreciate visits and letters from other relatives and friends who may be away to know that they are remembered in the times when they do need it. Many times we think, "Well they know we think a lot of them" but we do need to show our affection and interests at times other than the initial crisis.

Also while I occupy this position, in behalf of the family I would like to thank those who have taken part in the services and those who have rendered these beautiful numbers and also the fine talks that have been given and those who have in any way helped. Also there are many who have participated who have done it in other ways than in front of us and vocally.

I would like to thank the pallbearers, Horace Pond, Glen Pond, Henrie Ketchie, Gerald Kent, Blair Hammond and Gene Jones. Also these beautiful flower arrangements were taken care of under the direction of the Fourth Ward Relief Society Presidency, Ruth Hart, Hazel Wright and Clara Wadsworth; and all the girls and ladies who are the friends of the family who helped make these arrangements.

### Miji Note:

38 years later at Marj's funeral, "The Lord's Prayer" was played on violin and cello by grandchildren of Barney and Marj: Rosalie, Tessya, Jon, Jeanette, Lexye, Barney, and Molly Lund, accompanied by M'Jean South Lund.

GENE O. GOODWIN  
Counselor in the bishopric, who was always mindful of the needs of the South family and especially looked out for David and Barry.





SETH L JENKINS  
Worked with young men  
in the ward.

I know that many tributes have been offered in floral offerings, acts of kindness, and in other ways that will never be forgotten by the family and I know they wish to extend their thanks to each and everyone present this day.

I pray the Lord will continue with us throughout these services and go with us to the cemetery that no harm or accident will befall us. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

SINGING MOTHERS:

“GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS”

BENEDICTION: SETH L. JENKINS

Our Father in Heaven, as we come to the close of this service this day we thank Thee for Thy spirit that has been with us. For the words of comfort and the gospel that has been preached this day. For the music sung and the flowers given.

We thank Thee, Father in Heaven, for the strength and knowledge and comfort of the plan of salvation we have as Latter-Day Saints. We thank Thee for the Priesthood and all things pertaining to Thy kingdom on earth.

We ask thee to bless this family, Sister South, and the boys and girls, and all the loved ones grieving this day. We ask Thee to bless and comfort them during the ensuing weeks and months. We pray that this family might remember the teachings that their father would have them perform. We ask Thee to be with them at all times. We ask Thee to bless us as we depart from this chapel to the resting place of this dear brother, and we ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DEDICATORY PRAYER: BISHOP VERNON S. JOHNSON

Our Father, which art in Heaven, as a group of Thy children, the family and friends of Brother Barney South, we surround this open grave and by the authority of the Priesthood we dedicate this spot of ground as a final resting place for the mortal remains of Brother South and we pray that thou wilt temper the elements that this might be a hallowed spot, that to his wife and children and loved ones it may always be a shrine unto them that they may have sweet memories of their association with him here upon the earth.

We are grateful, our Father, for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the teachings it gives to us.

Now may our hearts be filled with strength and understanding that we might realize that this is a part of life and the plan of salvation and that we might have faith.

That this body might remain in Mother Earth until the trump shall sound and we will be called forth on the glorious morning of the first resurrection to receive immortality and eternal life and be there with our loved ones and associates we have made here on the earth, might come again to us in life eternal.

Now we dedicate this spot of ground to this purpose and dedicate ourselves unto thee for Thy service and I do it in the name of Christ. Amen.

BISHOP VERNON S.  
JOHNSON  
Bishop of the ward  
previous to Bishop Ricks





## FUNERAL CORTEGE - GRAVESIDE

At the graveside, family members huddled close in the fast-falling snow during the dedicatory prayer, as the blizzard which had prevailed during the funeral continued. On the way to the Rose Hill Cemetery the hearse had become stuck in the snow in the underpass, referred to by locals as the "little subway," and the entire funeral cortege was halted.

## PALL BEARERS

Barney's pall bearers were all long-time friends, with whom he had worked, hunted, fished, and done business:

Horace and Glen Pond- some of the first people he met in Island Park, whose family ran the commissary and later built Ponds Lodge

Henry Ketchie- the forest ranger in Island Park

Gerald "Curley" Kent- worked, hunted in the woods

Blair Hammon-shared business, recreation interests

Gene Jones- began working for Barney at young age, became close friend and married his niece Glenna

## FAMILY PRAYER

Despite the weather, the funeral had proceeded as planned and as printed on the program, with one exception. As the time for the viewing and visitation of friends had come to a close, family members had a last look at their husband and father, lying in the casket, dressed in his temple robes. The cap was placed on his head, and the casket was closed.

The family prayer was to be offered by Marj's brother, Al Knapp. His name appeared on the program. But when the room was stilled and heads were bowed in reverence, a flood of tears rendered him unable to speak, and the prayer was given by Grandpa Justin Knapp.

## AL'S LETTER - TRIBUTE TO BARNEY

A day or so following the funeral, a letter from Al arrived in the mail. The envelope was addressed simply,

Sis, 955 Ada, City

## HOSPITAL BILL

Soon after the funeral, the hospital bill arrived from Ashton.

### ASHTON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Date: 2-21-55  
Ward: 1 day - \$8.00  
Medication: \$5.00  
Total: \$13.00

Addressed: Sis, 955 Ada, City

Postmarked: Feb 24, 1955; 7 a.m., Idaho Falls

Things I cannot say;

Dear Marj & family,

I hope you will forgive me for my failure today; it wasn't in me to do it; I'm sorry.

For 3 yrs I ate 3 meals a day at your house and many of these days I spent shoulder to shoulder with Barney cutting with cross-cut saws, skidding, logging, and many tasks you are familiar with.

We discussed principles of mechanical inventions, practical problems, and innumerable things that we have both long since forgotten; But we always tried to see each others viewpoint.

He taught me to work. I've treasured that very much.

We hunted together countless hours for big game. He was the best hunter I've ever went with for big game. I remember very well when I was 18 he was 36. When we hunted he'd sometimes ask me to carry both guns after a kill or when we were returning to the car. I have followed him through the woods for hours at a time timber cruising. He told me once he would as soon see me saw his house logs as himself. Barney seldom said compliments like that. He worked, drove trucks, and etc. always with an eye of checking and watching for mistakes before they happened. He was honest and fair with his associates.

The first year or 2 of David & Barry's life; I seemed almost like their brother under his guidance. He was like a dad to me. I used to dress David morning after morning while breakfast was being prepared. I did a lot of supper dishes. I enjoyed all of it, although it is a past Era. He taught me the value of Poker chips as compared with an opponent's good will.

So you see I knew your father & husband very well indeed. He was my best friend.

Your Pal  
Al

## Chapter 99

# Faith & Fortitude

My Heavenly Father heard my prayers and granted to me the guidance and direction I needed to carry on. There were so many people dependent on the decisions He helped me to make. There is power in prayer.—MARJ

BERNIE KNAPP  
From the time he was 7 years old, Bernie spent most every summer at the sawmill. He was on Barney's payroll for 10 years. Drafted in July, 1953, he served in the army in Germany 2 years, returning in May, 1955, 3 months after Barney died.

The funeral over, the relatives gone, the food from neighbors consumed, and the kids back to school, there remained a few potted flowers on the windowsill and a great emptiness in Marj's heart. Her little baby and rambunctious two-year-old, along with all the regular household chores, kept her hands busy. Her mind had to be occupied with the concern of how she should manage, what she should do.

Barney and Marj had discussed their desires for their family. Barney wanted his kids to go to college, have music training, have better than he did. Her desire was to carry on as Barney would have wished her to do.

M'JEAN: Marj said that she and Barney had talked about what she should do, should anything ever happen to him. He said she should take the family back up to the sawmill in Island Park—that it was a great place to raise a family.

For Marj and her kids to move to Island Park and to run the mill without Barney was remarkable. Some thought it foolhardy even to try. But they did it.

DAVID: Our mother Marjorie was a spectacular, well-organized woman. I was too young at the time to really understand what she was going through, obviously. She was not very old. She'd gone through a lot of experiences taking care of sawmill people.

BARRY: Marj was--as I get older and look back at what she did—I appreciate her capabilities more and more all the time. When you consider that she was quite a young person when Dad died—she was younger than 40 years old—very attractive lady. And her main concern after he died, was to do the very best job that she could do at raising six kids.

David was the oldest—he was 16 at the time. Randy was the youngest—he was, I think, about five months at the time. And Dad died in February and my mother had the decision to make: “What do I do with





that sawmill?" And to me, it was a really tough decision to make.

After Barney died, Marj made the decision to go ahead and run the sawmill. I think it took a tremendous amount of courage to do that. One of the reasons, one of the things that gave her, I think, some support in that, was the fact that her Dad and her brother had both been working for a considerable amount of time before Barney died.

M'JEAN, 10; MYRNA, 8  
SUSAN, 2; BARRY, 13  
RANDY, 7 MONTHS DAVID, 16  
Easter Sunday, April 10, 1955.  
Less than 2 months after  
Barney died.

## BROTHER LOVE

Marj's youngest brother, Bernie, returned in May from Germany, where he had been serving for two years in the army. As he was growing up and working for Barney in Island Park, Barney had trained him in every aspect of the logging and sawmill operation, including the skill of sawing. Thus Bernie understood what needed to be done and how to do it. His willingness to help run the sawmill, along with the fortuitous timing of his return, was a great blessing to the family.

Marj's message on  
Hallmark "Thank You"  
card to Bernie, 1992

## GRATITUDE FOR BERNIE

Marj was forever grateful for Bernie. While she was serving as a full-time missionary, many years later, on May 23, 1979, she wrote Barry from Battle Creek, Michigan of her gratitude for:

"the skinny little brother I used to tend and grew to love. We owe him a mighty favor—He helped us when we needed him—Spent a couple years or more of his life—at the mill."

The job that required the most training and skill was that of sawyer.

Postmarked Feb 21, 1992- 37th  
Anniversary of Barney's Death

Dear Bernie,  
If I could send you a card from every deck of  
"Thank you" cards Hallmark ever put out—  
to greet you with "Thank you, Bernie, for  
all the myriads of things you have done for  
me"—I would still run out of cards. It would  
take that many more to begin to thank you  
for the things you have done for my family  
and me together.  
And how long has it been since I even said  
Thanks?  
Sincerely, Marj





BERNIE KNAPP  
Stationed in Germany  
when Barney died, he  
was discharged from the  
army in May, returned  
and worked at the  
sawmill  
3 seasons before his  
mission to China.

Bernie would be the sawyer. He worked at the mill that year and the next two summers. David and Barry, Bernie and Marj's father, who was nearing his 69<sup>th</sup> birthday, made up the crew.

The first test was in moving up to the sawmill. Moving to and from Island Park was always a huge job. What with transporting all the trucks, furniture and household goods and even the horses, it was a really serious undertaking. What a task it was to move without Barney!

DAVID: On Memorial Day 1955, Barry and I secured the rack to the truck, packed up the family and moved to Island Park — as we usually had, but with a significant difference: We no longer had Barney at the helm.

BERNIE: The first year I came home from the army in 1955, David, Barry, and I drove the army truck, the '47 Chevy, and the Federal with the trailer back up to Island Park. We put the rack on the back, and put the furniture on the truck.

Barry, whose 14<sup>th</sup> birthday was May 14<sup>th</sup>, was old enough for a daytime driver's license, which allowed him to help with the highway driving. Marj, with her girls, two-year-old, and baby, would follow in the '46 Chev.

The family succeeded in making those moves twice a year for at least six more years! Sometimes it required extra cooperation from the schools.

## DAVID'S NOTE TO THE SCHOOL

In May of 1956, David submitted a school request asking permission to leave school on May 23, before the school year officially ended. All of his teachers had to sign it for David to get released. On the back of the note David gave his reasons for this request.

The request succeeded in getting him the needed permission.

## RUNNING THE MILL WITHOUT BARNEY

The sawmilling that season was a bare bones operation.

DAVID: After Barney, my dad, died, Marj tackled just about any task that she felt she could handle. She did a major part of the lumber selling and even helped move the wood. That was a tough time; everybody had to pitch in to get the work done.

BARRY: Dad had always hired other people to work for us. But Marj knew that

all of a sudden the main breadwinner was gone, and she had to really be careful with money.

So we went up with the idea of running that mill that year, and Bernie and Grandpa Knapp were there to help us, but there was nobody else as hired men, so the logging and the sawing was essentially done by Grandpa, Bernie, and David and I.

And we did it the same way that we had done it with Barney all the time, and that was we'd take the trucks out into the woods--the horses were out there, and we'd cut the trees, and drag them to the trucks with the horses, and we had an old derrick there that we could hook a cable onto, and swing the logs up onto the truck. And we'd load the logs and then haul them down. Marj's brother, Bernie, was a pretty good sawyer.

DAVID: At sixteen, I felt like I knew quite a bit — but certainly not as much as I thought I did, though my parents had taught me well. On the other hand, I did have work experience, and I knew I had already successfully handled a few significant challenges.

I could take apart a chainsaw, repair it and put it back together while at a job site, and I did a lot of the truck repairs. I was blessed with an ability to grasp concepts quickly and to analyze a problem and see its solution. For example, when a truck got stuck in the woods, I usually could determine how to free it.

But I simply wasn't big enough to do some things. Changing a tire always presented a problem because it required so much power. Consequently, experiencing what I could not do became a part of the learning process.

#### REQUEST FOR ABSENCE FROM SCHOOL FOR NON-SCHOOL TRIPS

*May 8, 1956*

*Since my father died last year, I and a younger brother have been running our sawmill. This year, since school is lasting so long, it would help us if I could get out of school on May 23.*

*The road into the sawmill will be open by the end of this week. This makes it possible for vandals and thieves to get into the mill. This situation requires someone to be there.*

*My mother cannot move with three other children in school. If I can move up early, I can get the sawmill running early--thereby make about \$50 a day.*

*David South*

An incident told by David reveals how spooked the boys could become out in the woods at night. It also reflects the training received from Barney in recognizing potential hazards and thinking through possible solutions.

#### WATERING THE HORSES AT NIGHT -WHAT IF?

DAVID: One time, my brother Barry, our Uncle Bernie and I drove down to water the horses which were already at the mangers. On the way back, we began speculating about just what we could do if the car quit. In all probability, no one would come down that road till the next day. We would probably have to walk — in the pitch black dark. We had flashlights, but they had batteries that would only last a short time.

We finally decided that if our car quit, we could remove its battery and headlight, and power the headlight by hooking a wire between it and the battery — that is, if the battery wasn't the source of our predicament! Or we could just leave the car there and walk in the dark. Of course, the woods at night are not silent — plenty of weird, scary sounds. Then too, there's always the remote possibility of stumbling into a skunk or porcupine. One could spray you with its oil while the other could shoot its quills into your leg. Not fun and fortunately not something we ever actually had to do.

#### *Quiet Camp*

The camp was very quiet. There were no families of hired men. Marj and her kids, Grandpa, and Bernie were the only ones living there.

Gene and Glenna Jones, along with their crew, had moved previously from Idaho to Evanston, Wyoming.



SUSAN, M'JEAN, RANDY,  
JEANNIE JONES, MYRNA

The Jones family spent a short time in Island Park, closing down their sawmill, before saying a final goodbye.

"I know, your mother—I think she hated to see us leave." (*Glenna Jones*)

BERNIE: Gene hauled ties out of Trail Canyon. The forest service had somebody go up there where they were logging up Split Creek, condemned the road, said it was too steep, too dangerous; so the forest service wouldn't sell timber to them for that reason, and forced them out.

Unable to continue to get contracts to cut ties in Island Park, Gene Jones had returned to work at the Evanston location of the South and Jones Company. However, some of the sawmill equipment remained at Island Park Siding.

That spring of 1955, Gene and Glenna came from Wyoming to Island Park, but it was for a brief stay. It was certain that there would be no more cutting ties, and they were there only long enough to haul out whatever equipment was left and clean up the remains of their sawmill.

#### SAD DEPARTURE

Marj would always recall the empty, lonely feeling she had when Gene's caravan went up over the railroad tracks and headed across the flat.

GLENNA JONES: (to M'Jean) I wish I remember more, dear, but you know, I just remember the good times being together. And I missed them when we moved to Evanston. And I know, your mother—I think she hated to see us leave.

M'JEAN: Yes, I know she did. It was one of the toughest days of her life—watching you pull out.

GLENNA: Well, and I felt bad, too. I hated leaving. And we had a real good relationship, and I've always been glad that we moved over and had that time, because otherwise, I wouldn't have known your mother and dad as well as I did.

#### CLEAR VIEW

Marj always liked having a clear view outward from her house. Whenever the railroad left a string of boxcars on the tracks for days at a time, blocking her view across the flat, she would be anxious for the cars to be gone.

Being so alone in camp made her more resolved to remove obstructions in all directions. She didn't want anybody sneaking up on her. She didn't like a junky look, either. The first to go was the old cabin, which was still there in the back doorway next to the new house. David and Barry hooked onto the cabin with the 6x6 and dragged it out into the woods not far from the steam engine, where it collapsed. Within rather a short time it disappeared into the ground.

Gradually, other changes were made. The nearby bunkhouse was also moved



farther away from the house, probably by the same method, to a new spot next to the chicken coop. It was also not long before the forest service was after her to clean up and get rid of some of the empty buildings. One by one David and Barry burned them during their mid-winter snow shoveling expeditions.

## CUCKOO CLOCK

Bernie brought from Germany a cuckoo clock, which hung on the wall right where the kitchen adjoined the living room.

MYRNA: Bernie brought that home from Germany. He was in Germany in the military. It had music that played; it had a little bird that came out. And it had pine cones [on long chains] that we wound it with. And I think we kept it wound regularly. We paid a lot of attention to that clock.



### CUCKOO CLOCK

Bernie brought a similar cuckoo clock to the family from Germany. At first it would wake everyone up at night.

M'JEAN: It seems when we first got it, it would wake everybody up at night, but we soon got used to it and slept right through the cuckoo and the little tune.

It was fun to have Bernie back working at the saw-mill, eating at the kitchen table with the family. He paid a lot of attention to all of us kids. He was like a big brother to us.

## SWISS WATCHES

M'JEAN: While Bernie was serving in the military in Germany, he was in a good position to acquire very nice Swiss watches. Cousin Sandra Walker had received one, and Barney and Marj agreed to get watches for Myrna and me. We were saving our earnings from wood carrying and piano practicing to pay for them.

MYRNA: I'm thinking our watches were thirty or thirty-five dollars.

M'JEAN: Bernie either sent the watches or brought them with him when he came home in the spring, but either way, they arrived after Barney had passed away. They were very fine, beautiful watches. Marj told us the watches were from Barney. Even if we did carry wood and practice the piano, he was the money source. The watches have truly been treasured.



M'JEAN'S SWISS WATCH

## PIANO PRACTICE

Even with no Barney no coach them, the girls kept up their piano practicing, along with the wood-getting and other chores.



### M'JEAN & SUSAN

The old cabin is just a few feet on the other side of the new one. Marj was anxious to have it gone.



MYRNA, RANDY, M'JEAN,  
NOVELLA, ROY, BILL  
DAVID, BARRY, SUSAN  
(on Tryke)

When the Nicholson family came to visit, the cousins had a good time together. After Nick helped David and Barry set up an effective antenna, radio reception at the cabin was very good.

## THE NICHOLSONS' VISIT

Visiting at the sawmill that summer were Barney's cousin, Sara Spencer Nicholson, her husband, Nick, sons Bill and Roy, and daughter Novella. Sara was the daughter of Barney's much admired "Aunt Kate," Sam South's sister. Nick was an electronic technician for the Federal Aviation Agency. It was thanks to Nick's engineering that the family was able to get improved radio reception (never TV) and eventually acquire a refrigerator which ran on kerosene.

MYRNA: Oh, some cousins, second cousins, like Novella came up. She stayed with us about a week. It seemed like she changed clothes about every hour. And she had shorts and stuff that we didn't wear. She was very much more socially advanced, or anyway, she was kind of worldly—a little more grown up, I guess. We thought she was pretty racy, which I imagine she might have been. But we had a good time with her.

And then her whole family--her dad was into electronics, and I think he might have engineered the great big pole that we put up on top of the house. And then we could get better reception on the radio. And she had brothers, and so they probably all stayed over night, I guess, and had dinner.

ROY NICHOLSON: Dad's siblings lived in Northwest Washington. Mom's extended family in Idaho, or California.

So for summer road trips we would visit relatives. As I remember, we visited Island Park, Idaho two or three times. Barney and Marj South operated a lumber mill about 4 miles east of Pond's Lodge. On February 21, 1955, Barney died of a heart attack. Marj continued to operate the mill for some years.

They had a home with cookstove, water from a well, (rope and bucket) metal washtub, etc. They had a small generator to provide light in the house. They also had a bunkhouse where us young folks would sleep. And, of course, an outhouse.

They also had no refrigerator. After our first trip there, my Dad arranged to get a Servel LP (Propane) fridge for them.

As time went by they were eager to have radio and TV. The problem was that the signals from Idaho Falls at 4,705 foot elevation were too weak up on the plateau at 6,293 feet.

Dad was eager to help them so he built an antenna for them - it worked quite well. Before long, others built similar antennas. There were so many that a visitor to the area once asked if this area of homes, cabins, etc. belonged to some religious group or cult as each antenna looked like a cross.

(Roy Nicholson - a son of William Otto Nicholson - with some input from David Barney South)



SARA  
& NICK



## *New Policies*

**B**arney never logged or ran the sawmill on Sundays, nor did he have his hired men work on Sundays. Even so, the family did not attend church during the summer. They might go fishing. They might go timber cruising, or they might just go over to Ponds for groceries. But not often was the camp left for very long with no one there to be on the look-out for vandals, thieves, or fires.

BARRY: When Barney left, things changed. Barney was a great guy, but we didn't go to church up there. I don't think we ever went to church up there. In the wintertime, we'd move to Idaho Falls, and we were quite active in the ward in Idaho Falls, but Barney was pretty shy in church. He didn't like the idea of getting up in front of people and talking very much.

But Marj determined that the family needed all the help we could get to get by and do the things we should be doing, so we had some new policies up in Island Park.

Marj saw to it that the whole family every Sunday went to the Church of the Pines up there where they had our LDS services. And we were very faithful in going, and Marj saw to that, that we were faithful.

MYRNA: After Barney died, our church attendance increased. Before that we hadn't gone to church in the summertime, because we were afraid to leave the sawmill unattended, for fear of vandalism. And so the first summer we moved back up to the sawmill, after he died, she just told us all, "Go get ready for church." And we went to church and never stopped going.

BARRY: As I say, she dedicated herself to raising the family the way they should be raised, and she did a fantastic job of it.

## *The Church in the Pines*

**W**hen Doc Mack built the Church in the Pines for the community back in 1941, he allowed that any denomination might use the building.

It worked out. Catholics met at 10:00. Mormons met at 11:00. Not sure when the Protestants met. There were usually far more people than places to sit for sacrament meeting, so when the Catholics filed out, the Mormons swarmed in, trying to grab a seat.

The ladies coming out of the Catholic service wore some kind of head covering, a hat of sorts. Often it would be a handkerchief on their heads.



CHURCH LOOK-ALIKES  
Cabins with antennas appeared to strangers like churches.

THE CHURCH IN THE PINES







STEPHEN L. RICHARDS

(above)

MARION D. HANKS

(below)

Two of the general authorities who spoke in the Church of the Pines

As to dress, some of the Mormons attended church in rather casual attire. Vacationers showed up in whatever they had, which might be jeans or shorts. Since it was impossible for everyone to crowd inside the church, many folks attended the service sitting on logs outside under the open windows, where they could hear the speakers and sing along on the hymns. It took quite a while for the young priesthood bearers to pass the sacrament both inside and outside.

MYRNA: A lot of times we sat outside. I loved sitting outside for church. Did you? Sometimes we'd find a caterpillar. We'd give him a piece of grass and let him walk back and forth. And sometimes we'd braid the grass. And I think we listened and got a lot out of church, as a matter of fact. But I enjoyed doing that while sitting outside during sacrament meetings in the Little Church of the Pines.

At the end of the meeting they sometimes announced the number in attendance. One such announcement was: 450 in attendance—200 inside, 250 outside.

Eventually, the LDS church built its own large building, up the road to the east, followed by a second large building next to it. Numbers swelled to 1000 plus.

## FLOWERS - GENERAL AUTHORITIES

In the little Church of the Pines, one thing you could count on: there would be a bouquet of lovely wild flowers on the stand--gathered fresh by Sister Stoddard. They never failed to mention her efforts in this regard.

Sacrament meetings were held under the direction of the Yellowstone Stake. There were many outstanding speakers at those meetings. It was not too uncommon to hear general authorities in the little church, two of whom were Stephen L. Richards and Marion D. Hanks.

## MEMORABLE TALK

M'JEAN: A memorable talk was given by one of the younger leaders in the Yellowstone stake. It was about the 5th commandment, to honor father and mother. He did a masterful job of weaving the theme of his talk around the lyrics to the song by Johnny Cash "Don't take Your Guns to Town." The song tells the sorrowful tale of the boy who meets with a tragic end when he disregards the pleas of his mother, "Leave your guns to home, Bill." Had he heeded his mother's warning, his "days may have been long on the land the Lord thy God giveth thee." (Exodus 20)

## MEMORABLE MUSIC

A memorable musical number was performed by a young woman who played a piano medley of familiar sacred music depicting the life of Christ. The arrangement was remarkable and the rendition well done. Marj was anxious to acquire the music for us girls to learn but found that none was to be had. The arrangement had been put together by the performer. This was long before the surge of LDS hymn arrangements later available. It was truly unique.

Marj referred now and then to that very effective musical number, and she remembered the pieces included in the medley. When I had acquired a few more piano and theory skills, I put together my own such arrangement, which I performed in our Idaho Falls 18th ward prior to leaving for Connecticut to study at the Hartt College of Music. Printed programs were not often in use, and performers generally announced their own numbers. Marj said I should announce the number thus: "I will play for you a story—the story of the life of Christ." I played that "story" in several subsequent wards in which I lived.

## Miji Note:

While on my mission, I used the musical number for a stake conference. Since the members in Austria were far less familiar with the music, I knew they would miss out on having the association of the text, unless the words were either sung or spoken. Two elders helped me out. I played and sang. One elder read scriptural narration, and the other sang with me.



#### SACRAMENT

At the Church of the Pines David and Barry could be counted on to bless and pass sacrament, even in the fall after they went to live with Grandma Knapp for school.

BARRY: I don't remember going to church at Grandma's ward, so we must have made it back on weekends. David and I pretty well took care of sacrament at church up there at the Church of the Pines.

BARRY, RANDY, DAVID  
"David and I pretty well took care of sacrament at church up there at the Church of the Pines."  
(Barry)

#### BANANA SPLITS

M'JEAN: We would stop at Ponds on our way home from church, pick up groceries, and enjoy a banana split. A section of the big dance hall had been made into a soda fountain. It had a big horseshoe-shaped counter with bar stools. There would be someone behind the counter to make sundaes, shakes, and banana splits.

BARRY: Oh, yeah. They had some great banana splits there for a while.

M'JEAN: It was in the mid 50's, but it wasn't there for very long. They took out the soda fountain, and we stopped being so extravagant.

#### COMMITTED TO THE GOSPEL - TITHING & FAST OFFERINGS

Marj was committed to raising her family in the gospel and following the counsel of the church leaders. Some may think she had an excuse for slacking on tithing and fast offerings, but she believed strongly in being financially "square" with the Lord. "You can never get ahead of the Lord," she would say. Recalling the words of a speaker on the subject, and reminiscing on those days in Island Park, Marj wrote:

MARJ: He told us that many people can do all the other required things but can't quite bring themselves to pay their tithing. He said it was one of the hard tests. He said one who pays full tithing has done one of the most important things required to have the Spirit of the Lord accompany him, etc., that it is to help us to prepare ourselves to live the law of consecration.

I remember fondly the times when the "little kids" would get so hungry on Fast Sunday that we would take the old road home from Mack's on Sunday so we could pull off and have our prayer in the woods and then they could even eat a slice or two of bread on the way home. I don't think the pangs of hunger are so

**Miji Note:**  
Marj was always liberal when it came to church offerings. She would say, "You can't get ahead of the Lord."



painful to adults as they are to kids.

How I love my family for their willingness to go along with the program. I love my family now for their willingness to go along with the program.

If I were raising my family again I would have each one contribute some small amount to the "Fast Offering Kitty." For habit's sake. Of course I know there isn't a selfish person in the family. There are many sermons we all need to hear but I still say this family is willing to share. (*From a letter written by Marj, 1974*)

## FAMILY PRAYER

Marj had taught her children to pray from the time they were small, and she listened to their nightly bedtime prayers.

Having regular family prayer was newly instigated--in the mornings before breakfast. Everyone knelt around the kitchen table beside the benches, which Barney had built.

Every day someone took a turn saying the prayer, rotating according to age, oldest to youngest. From that time on, the family never failed to have family prayer.

## *The Nickel Game*

BARRY: Another thing we got going up there-- this was after Barney had died--my mother made a very courageous decision to continue to run the mill, and we were up there as a family, living together, trying to cut lumber.

### COLORFUL LANGUAGE

Have you ever heard the expression, "He could cuss like a teamster?" When you work with work horses that expression is pretty easy to understand. We worked around horses a lot. And horses

needs to be talked to quite sternly sometimes with usually some pretty colorful language, "Bolley D\_\_\_\_ you, put some strain on those traces!" Or Good H\_\_\_\_ Tops I said get up!" These could have been typical expressions while the men and horses were skidding logs. Sometimes it sounded worse. Our family worked and associated right along with the mill crew. The language was not real bad, but it did get colorful.

### CLEANING UP THE SPEECH

We had some pretty good adjectives we were starting to use quite a bit, and my mother wanted us to clean up the language, so we came up with a game called the nickel game. Don't know who came up with the idea, but the rules of the game were that whenever a family member would catch another one saying a cuss word, the first one hearing the cuss word would holler "Nickel." That meant that the cursor would owe a nickel to the catcher.

We kept a mental tally of who owed who. The sisters racked up a lot of I owe U's from the boys. I don't think anyone got paid, but the game worked and it was a fun way to clean up the expressions.

### TWO CENTS

M'JEAN: At first the charge was "Two Cents." After everyone made some progress, it was raised to a nickel. Bernie played the game, but Grandpa was not



SUSAN, MARJ, BABY  
RANDY  
Attending  
birthday parties for  
neighbor girl

Neither Susan nor  
Randy would ever  
remember a time when  
there was not daily  
family prayer.



really on board. He worked with the horses every day and called his rather mild expressions “American Slanguage.”

Myrna and I were pretty young, and in fairly short order our language was squeaky clean. But I had an experience prior to this time at Primary in Idaho Falls, when I found out that certain words we used all the time were actually considered by most people to be swear words. In Primary class I said a word that started with “D,” and the other girls said, that’s swearing. “D\_\_\_?” I repeated. “That’s not swearing. My mother says that all the time.”

By the end of that first summer, I think everyone’s language had become quite respectable.



## LINE IN THE SAND

BARRY: I think Marj was strong enough in the gospel, that she just simply drew a line in the sand and said, we’re not going to cross that line. And that line was, we go to church, we have family prayer, we pay our tithing, we do everything the Lord has told us to do. As I say, she dedicated herself to raising the family the way they should be raised, and she did a fantastic job of it.

## School 1955

Towards the end of the summer, Marj would read in the Post Register the announcement of the start schedule for school districts up and down the valley. All too soon that time approached, and there had to be an empty feeling growing in the pit of her stomach. It wouldn’t be long now, and she would be left to manage without the boys. Alone with the girls and the little kids, there would still be all the chores to do, including taking care of the horses.

Barry had finished grade school. Not only David, a junior, but Barry, now in ninth grade, would soon be leaving to attend school in Idaho Falls. He, too, would sleep on Grandma Knapp’s pull-out couch bed.

BARRY: After I got past the 8th grade, there was no school for me in Island Park. So I moved—I went down and stayed with Grandma Knapp—that was Mabel. And Grandpa would be up there in his cabin staying alone, and his wife would be taking care of their house down in Idaho Falls, and they would see each other once in a while. I went down and stayed with her until the rest of the family moved down to Idaho Falls.

Their mode of transportation varied, but the boys made it back to the sawmill on weekends and helped run the mill on Saturdays. Sundays they attended church with the family and made the trip back to Idaho Falls in the evening. Somehow the transportation was worked out for the weekend trips.

Of course, David had been making those trips for the two years previous. But it was all new to Barry. On occasion, the train was the best option.

### MYRNA & M’JEAN

“I found out that certain words we used all the time were actually considered by most people to be swear words.

Myrna and I were pretty young, and in fairly short order our language was squeaky clean.” (*M’Jean*)

## RIDING ON THE TRAIN

DAVID: It was really exciting for a kid. I don't think I came home riding the train. When it snowed they quit running the train. Made several train trips. The depot was downtown. Later I would drive from Island Park to Idaho Falls with a load of lumber.

BARRY: I don't remember much. I did travel by car. I did ride the train once—glad I got to ride the train once. Have ridden down with Grandpa. A few times he asked me to drive. I remember that.

### Story: *Train Ride*

It was almost nine o'clock. It was especially exciting for everyone being out at the railroad tracks, anticipating the arrival of the train, when a family member was to get on board.

David and Barry were experienced, when it came to flagging down the train. Barry knelt on the ground by the train tracks and put his ear next to the rail.

"I can hear it," he said. "Maybe feel it more than hear it. But it's coming." It wasn't long before they could all hear it: the faint, far off rumble of the train. M'Jean and Myrna walked along the rails, quite expert from frequent practice. Three-year-old Susan was practically doing a dance back and forth across the tracks. David stood back from the tracks a little ways and inspected the few items of baggage, as he listened to last-minute instructions from Marj. Marj would be concerned about the extra load it would be for her mother, cooking for her two boys.

"There will be two of you now for Grandma to cook for. Try to be as helpful as you can."

"We will," promised David.

"You both know how to do dishes. Be sure to make up your own bed." Marj had been holding little Randy in her arms, but as he squirmed to get down, she set him on the ground. She reached in her pocket, pulled out several bills, and placed them in David's hand. "This should take care of expenses for you and for Barry to get started in school. Don't worry about paying Grandma for groceries. I'll send her a check. Just be sure to help her."

"We'll be on our best behavior. And help."

"One more thing, said Marj. "You must remember to go to the coal company and order coal for the furnace at the house. Arrange to be at the house when they deliver the coal."

David bobbed his head a little. Yes, he would remember.

Randy reached his arms up to David, who picked him up. "I'm going to miss you, little guy," said David.

They looked around to see Bernie walking up behind them.

"Hi," he said, in his usual quiet fashion. He was carrying a lantern. He proceeded up the shallow embankment and stood beside Barry, who was looking intently up the tracks towards the timberline. Bernie grinned at him. "I thought I'd bring an extra lantern, just in case."

Barry was the first to spot the headlight of the engine. "There it

is," he said. David and Marj moved up closer to the tracks. Everyone stared hard at the glimmer of light.

Barry had never ridden on the train before, not as a real passenger. The fascination with trains for him and his siblings came with growing up 50 yards from the railroad tracks. For as long as they could remember, they had watched freight trains stop at the siding to drop off or pick up cars. David and Barry wasted no time in getting over to investigate the action, sometimes with a little sister in tow. The engineer would look down to see the two little boys staring up at him wistfully. Their curiosity would be rewarded with a ride in the engine. There were more dials, valves, and gauges than they could count. Sometimes they even got to blow the whistle.

Barry had plenty of memories of experiences he and David had had, some more pleasant than others, in hooking brief rides on freight cars. But to buy a ticket and ride in the seat of the passenger train was a brand new experience for Barry, and the ear-to-ear smile on his face betrayed his quiet excitement. He was glad he would be with David, now a veteran train traveler, having made the trip to Idaho Falls a few times when going to live with Grandma for school the previous two years. It was especially reassuring, considering the end of the ride, when they would get off the train late at night at the downtown depot and make their way to Grandma's house on foot.

The light shining through the narrow corridor in the forest grew brighter and brighter.

"It's probably reached Tom Creek by now," said Bernie, glancing at Barry who nodded in agreement. Standing squarely between the rails, Barry switched on the lantern in his hand and began swinging it back and forth in a wide, slow arc across the tracks. The engine responded with two short toots of the whistle. Barry turned off the lantern and with a wry smile handed it to Bernie. He had flagged down the train several times before, but always for someone else. Tonight he took satisfaction in hearing the whistle answer his lantern's beam, because he was the one for whom the conductor would be lowering the steps. He and David would climb aboard and join the city folks he had so often stared at through the train windows as it passed.

The noisy black engine billowed smoke as it slowly approached the siding, with wheels squealing and a great burst of steam hissing out onto the tracks. When it stopped, Barry looked up and saw a few faces peering out into the dark, probably looking for clues as to the reason for the stop. A door on one of the long, black cars opened, and the conductor climbed down the steps onto the ground, followed by a porter.

David and Barry hurried to the car as soon as they saw the door open, handed their few items of baggage to the porter, went up the steps and disappeared. The conductor signaled the engineer, who responded with a short toot of the whistle. Amid sounds of chugging and churning, the giant wheels of the engine began to roll forward.

Whether or not the boys could see them waving, everyone on the ground waved anyway, as the train slowly moved down the tracks,



picked up speed, and finally disappeared in the distance.

They continued watching for a moment before heading toward the house. There was not much chatter on the way. Susan, full of energy at more than an hour past her bedtime, was kicking the gravel with her boots. From out in the woods they heard the yelp of a coyote. Bernie bid Marj and the girls goodnight and walked towards his cabin. It was very comforting to Marj, knowing that he and her dad were close by.

A solemn quietness had settled on Marj, and with scarcely a word she carried her now-sleeping baby into the house and lowered him into his crib. "I don't think it makes sense to light the lantern this late," she said. M'Jean and Myrna nodded in agreement.

Everyone made preparations for bed by flashlight. Marj helped Susan, her little bed partner, into her pajamas and boosted her into bed. The moment her head touched the pillow rambunctious Susan fell asleep.

Off in the distance, Marj heard the train whistle at the Eccles Siding crossing. It had a lonesome sound.

It was in such quiet times that her mind would race, contemplating the responsibility, the chores with only two little girls to help, the loneliness, the wildness of the forest, unknown factors like weather, car trouble on the aging vehicles, the good chance of the well going dry, and the bitter cold that would soon be coming.

She couldn't think of all that—except the loneliness. Was Barney someplace where he could be aware of her and his little family? Hard. Yes it was hard, but he had taught her well. She had succeeded in running the sawmill business one summer. They had stayed afloat. Grateful for Dad and Bernie! How could she have managed without them? On the other hand, what would Dad have done without her? But she had done it! She could do it again!

Now was another test. Getting through the fall and winter months. Looming ahead was the prospect of moving out. Would she know, as Barney always did, when it would be time to move? How did he know? But he was always right.

The future—would it always be so very hard? The one safety was being secure in the knowledge of what direction they were heading.

The kids would eventually grow up. David only had one more year of high school after this. College. Of course, college. Barney wanted his boys to go to college and do more with an education than he had been able to do without one. "Look at David's hands," he would say. "He would make a fine doctor." And missions. Barney had expressed to her the regret he felt that he never had a chance to serve a mission. Music had always been important to Barney. Somehow, she must continue with the music.

Growing up, life had been hard for Barney, but he had made something of himself. He was a successful business man, a self-taught scholar and musician. He was a wonderful husband and father.

## *Persevering*

**T**he cold weather came, and soon. When snow fell, every chore—carrying water and wood, doing the wash, was much harder. The clothes would freeze on the clothesline. Snow had to be shoveled off the porch and woodpile, and there were no big brothers around to shovel.

M'JEAN: One day Myrna and I were shoveling snow off the large back porch. We each had a shovel, and we were working in close proximity. I must have swerved around carelessly or something, because I hit Myrna in the head with my shovel. It was an accident, but I never quit feeling bad about it.

At night Marj would bank the fire in the fireplace with two big logs. Two logs would keep each other burning all night long. First thing in the morning Marj would have to get up and get a fire going in the kitchen stove so she could cook breakfast. The water buckets would have a thin sheet of ice on them. The girls' feet could never get used to getting out of a warm bed and hitting that cold linoleum. After getting dressed, the girls would help dress the little kids and get ready for school.

Then there was the ten-mile drive to the school at Mack's, with kids to pick up at the Ranger Station and at Ponds along the way. In the afternoon, Marj made the round trip again.

RANDY JOHN SOUTH  
First birthday, September 18, 1955, 7 months after his father Barney died. Next to the kitchen door are the two water buckets and wash basin. Early mornings there would be a thin sheet of ice on the water buckets.





## ICE IN RADIATOR

MARJ: I remember one time I drove over in the car -- this was after Barney died -- it wasn't on a moving day, but I just drove over in the car. And we hadn't had enough antifreeze in the car. I had some but not enough, and it had frozen partially, not enough to break anything. I didn't have enough experience with cars to know what was going on, and I got close to Ponds and all of a sudden I heard a clatter and a bang, and a bubbling and a boiling.

The ice had thawed out enough to start moving around, I guess, to make a clatter. Talk about a clatter! And I thought, "Oh, the motor is just going to pieces." And we got water in the transmission of the car that year. And so it would freeze into position wherever you had it shifted; it would freeze there. So if you had it pulled up to the house and in low gear, you were in bad trouble.

When we finally learned what the deal was, we could always put it in reverse or pull it out where we could put it in low and just pull straight ahead. After you'd drive it a little ways it would thaw out and you could shift it any way you wanted to.

When we got it down to the valley we finally drained out all the stuff, put in new oil and got along just fine. It was freezing up every night, you know.

When David and Barry went to school in Idaho Falls, the logging and sawmilling slowed to a minimal operation. On weekends, they came back to Island Park and worked with Bernie, who had put off getting into college until winter semester.

## LONG DAYS, LONGER NIGHTS

The weekends seemed quite lively with the boys being home. During the week, the days seemed long and the evenings longer.

M'JEAN: After the supper dishes were done and the little kids were in bed, Marj would carry the gas lantern into the living room from the kitchen. Myrna and I would curl up on the daveno, and Marj would read aloud. She read "Giant" by Edna Ferber, published in 1952. It was a pretty thick book, and she kept saying that it would get interesting—that it takes a while for a book to get interesting. We didn't complain, but maybe we were a little restless,—don't know—or just maybe she thought it was a slow moving book.

## WEATHER ROULETTE

It was no doubt spooky for Marj to play the waiting game with the weather—gauging the amount of snow that keeps thieves and vandals out without getting yourselves snowed in. It was the first winter move without Barney. She and the girls packed and got ready, the boys arrived home, and the timing worked out.

Somehow the family made it through those tough moves. The family was blessed. Marj was blessed, and she gave credit where credit was due.

MARJ, WOMAN OF  
FAITH

"Those were the golden  
years. Every evening  
was Family Home  
Evening.

My Heavenly Father  
heard my prayers and  
granted to me the  
guidance and direction  
I needed to carry on."

(Marj)



## *Faith at the Sawmill*

**M**arj wrote of her experiences, some of which took place during this period, and titled her writing "Faith at the Sawmill."

### TAUGHT BY PARENTS

MARJ: My mother and father taught me to pray when I was a child. They taught me principles of the gospel--the importance of paying tithing, how essential it is to attend Sacrament Meeting regularly so we could partake of the sacrament to renew the covenants we had made when we were baptized and about the great and wonderful blessing of having the companionship of the Holy Ghost and etc. I knew about all the major events in the Old Testament, The New Testament and the Book of Mormon. All of this furnished a foundation which I really needed all the rest of my life.

### MARRIED A SAWMILL MAN

When I was married I moved up to the sawmill in the Targhee National Forest which was owned and operated by my husband and his brothers. Insurance companies classify logging as the most dangerous occupation and sawmilling is about third down the list.

### TWO BOYS - CLOSE CALLS - ACCIDENTS

It didn't seem to take long before I had two little boys of my own out working every day in that dangerous work. They were either carrying the measuring stick or riding the skid horse or carrying water canteens. As they grew bigger their responsibilities became bigger also. At night we would hear stories of the close calls around the dinner table--there were hundreds of them and some accidents. Every summer several trips would have to be made out to a Doctor to have someone sewn up or patched up. Both little boys had their turns and bear their scars. One hired man had a leg shattered while he was working in the woods, and it took a year for him to get so he could walk on that leg again.

### DEATHS OF CHARLIE, BARNEY

The boys had an uncle who was killed at the mill. My husband died about 7 years later. His death was not by accident.

### LEARNED TO PRAY

It was during these years I really learned how to pray. We all did. All the crew members who ate in the kitchen and all our family would kneel at our chairs around the table for the prayer. We took turns saying the prayer and everyone knew in advance when his or her turn was. Those prayers were earnest and sincere and some of them were very inspiring. Some of the young men who participated in these prayers had never prayed before. One had never been in a church before, yet he is the Bishop of the Eighteenth ward in Idaho Falls today. Those young men filled missions. Each one was encouraged by the others.

### EVERY EVENING FAMILY HOME EVENING

Those were the golden years. Isolated as we were--we worked hard together. We played and sang and read together. Every evening was Family Home Evening.

### ANSWERED PRAYERS

When I look back it seems to me that during those years at the sawmill I learned "in practice" what I had learned when I was a child "in theory." My Heavenly Father heard my prayers and granted to me the guidance and direction I needed to carry on. There were so many people dependent on the decisions He helped me to make. How did we ever accomplish the things we did--missions, school and music on the meager income we could accumulate in our shortened season of work? He heard our prayers. There is power in prayer.



### WOMAN OF FAITH

Marj, young widow, with Baby Randy

# The Golden Years

“Those were the Golden Years,” she recalled.

Marj was remarkable! A young widow, who had lost her husband whom she idolized and depended on, she was now on her own with six young children. What a reflection of her character to make the best of her circumstances and go forward with faith.

Returning with her family year after year to live in the forest, under primitive conditions, she ran a logging and sawmill operation with only her two teenage sons, her brother, and her elderly father to do the dangerous work.

How remarkable that she, in her little essay entitled “Faith at the Sawmill,” could pronounce this period of time in their lives as the “Golden Years.”

Those “Golden Years,” however, were laced with challenges and hard times.



## Chapter 100

# *Trials, Tears, Trust*

Marj would say to me over, and over, and over, “Trust in the Lord  
and leave your little life to Him.” –SUSAN

Barney was a hard working, smart, efficient businessman, and he had provided well for his family. In recent years they had known a measure of prosperity Marj probably never dreamed possible. In Idaho Falls they had a new home. When they went to Island Park, they had a new home there, also. And had no debt. Marj must have felt rich.

Marj also knew what it was to be poor—poor in grade school, poor in high school, poor in college. But she had always determined to stand on her own. Rather than to accept favors, she would go without. While at Ricks, how many formal social activities she missed because she had no appropriate dress to wear, even when it was offered!

### MONEY

When it came to money, Barney was pretty generous with his kids. He believed in the kids working but getting compensated. Even responsibilities like keeping the woodbox full, practicing piano, picking up nails, and catching mice were paid endeavors. At Ponds Lodge Barney would readily shell out change for the kids to buy a candy bar or a soda pop.

DAVID: Barney gave me generous amounts of money. In junior high, I bought my lunch or dinner at Fred's Café almost daily. I spent seven or eight dollars a week, while other kids only bought an occasional twenty-five cent hamburger. That made quite a difference in my life, and my dad sometimes talked about it. He'd say, “Well, the reason you have money to spend is because you work hard all summer. It's not that you haven't earned it. It's just the family business. We work hard, we play hard and we split what we earn.”

### REDUCED FAMILY INCOME

Of course, that changed when my dad died. I discovered that I had to be far more careful with money, since the generous allowance my dad had provided was no longer available. Our family income was now reduced to Social Security benefits for the children and some money from rental property. In Idaho Falls, Barney had built a small house that we lived in for a while. When we moved into

MARJORIE SOUTH





DAVID  
 "I had to be far more  
 careful with money.  
 Although we had to  
 play it close and tight  
 I never felt poor. We  
 just didn't spend a lot."  
 (David)

a larger home, we rented the small one. Fortunately, these properties, while not elaborate, were paid for. Barney didn't like debt, so we had very little of it.

#### JOB - CHASING

While still in high school, I began working evenings at Hammon Motors. I suspect Blair Hammon, the owner of this dealership, felt sorry for me because I was just sixteen and the son of a widow. So I became chief flunky. I greased cars, fixed flats, ran errands, delivered vehicles, swept the shop — all the gopher assignments.

With my earnings, I bought gas for the car and some groceries and helped keep the family afloat. Although we had to play it close and tight, I never felt poor. We just didn't spend a lot.

Yet, because I earned the money, I got to do all the chasing I wanted. I traveled around town, visited girls' and guys' houses. We went to movies and organized roller-skating parties and dress-up dinners. Some of these activities were church related, some were not, but they were all fun.

#### INDEPENDENT SPIRIT

Financial challenges became a constant concern for Marj, but she remained resolved to take care of her family without outside assistance. The kids became quickly aware of the need to help out and to be frugal.

#### FINANCIAL CRISIS & TEST OF STRENGTH

A financial crisis loomed ahead just eleven months after Marj became a widow, when Barney's mother, Hannah South, passed away. The ensuing property settlement case, involving legal hearings, tried her to the depths.

### *Death of Hannah South*

**H**annah died of a heart attack on January 31, 1956, at age 79. Although strong physically, for some time she had suffered from dementia or alzheimers.

She acquired the condition when she was young enough that her grandchildren never knew her as the special, wonderful lady others had known.

Barney had had a special kinship with his mother. Although studious like his father, he was practical like his mother. Ever since being married, Marj had lived very near her mother-in-law, and she admired her greatly.

MARJ: It was she who was a wonderful example to me. The fruit she sweated over a hot stove to can she would gladly share. The quilts she quilted and the rugs she braided and the pillow slips she embroidered she gave away one right after another with no conditions in the giving.

ZELMA: Mother made beautiful lace for the bottom of slips, pillow cases, doilies, scarves, tablecloths, bed spreads, afghans, shawls, and lace for dainty handkerchiefs.

DOT: To me, Mother was a beautiful woman. She was meticulous in her appearance, stood straight and tall; she kept our home clean and tidy. I never re-



member her leaving dishes on the table, but she washed them immediately. She was a gentle, kind person.

GLENNA: You know, Grandma—it's sad that we remember her when she got old, because her mind wasn't clear, and she got really strange, actually. My gosh. And I think it's sad that we don't remember more about the younger days. Cause Mom talks about Grandma was a very good cook, and she was pretty—real pretty. And it's kinda sad, too, because actually, she started—she got kinda old fast, it seems to me, like.

DONNA: Tell about how Grandma went around and helped all the sick.

RUTH: Yes, that's what they said. Some of the ladies that know Grandma in Randolph said that when she was in Randolph she was always helping somebody. She was just the kind of a person that was just doing for other people all the time. And Grandma was that way. I wish you kids could have remembered her more, before.

Grandma South was a hard worker. And she was a real pretty, neat woman.

And then Grandma, after she got older, she had a hard time. She had a big goiter, and she wasn't the same after they took that goiter out. It affected her some way, and as she got older, she had a hard time.

She was up here in the mental hospital [probably Wyoming State Hospital, Evanston] for a while. And I went up there one day to see her, and she looked so pitiful, and they weren't taking care of her like they ought to, and I brought her home.

And she kept wanting to go to Randolph, and she'd run away. And I really had a time with her—just had to watch her every minute, you know.

I had her over here for I don't know how long. She was here quite a little while, and it got to where I just couldn't take care of her. I couldn't keep her, you know. She'd just run me to death. She was bound and determined she was going to Randolph. And if I didn't watch her for a few minutes, I'd catch her way down the street, headed for Randolph. I really had a time with her for a while. It was sad, and I really felt bad about it.

And then they took her over to Blackfoot, and she was there for a while, and she died there.

## COMMITTED TO MENTAL HOSPITAL

Hannah's oldest granddaughter, Elayne Tate Bybee and her husband, Warren, had been living with Hannah in the apartment house. Warren, who had been appointed Hannah's guardian, had her committed to the mental institution in Blackfoot.

## SAD VISIT

M'JEAN: Marj went to visit Grandma in the hospital in Blackfoot and came home feeling sad. She told us how they had her strapped in her bed.



HANNAH CORLESS SOUTH

### Death Claims Hannah South, 79

Obituary written by Elayne Bybee

Mrs. Hannah Corless South, longtime Idaho Falls resident, died Tuesday of a heart attack while eating dinner. A resident of Idaho Falls area since 1923, Mrs. South was born April 2, 1876, in Randolph, Utah, where she lived for many years. She was married to Samuel Rich South in the Salt Lake City LDS Temple Nov. 10, 1899. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary a week before he died in 1949.

After coming to Idaho, the couple established and operated the South Lumber Mill in Island Park. Later they built an apartment house and small lumber yard on Ada Ave. in Idaho Falls.

Active in the LDS Church, she at one time was president of the Relief Society. Three sons preceded her in death, Charlie, Allen and Bernard.

Survivors include a son, L.S. South, Evanston, Wyo.; three daughters, Mrs. Elgie Larson, Randolph, Utah; Mrs. Zelma Schwartz, Natick, Mass, and Mrs. Dorothy Hackworth, St. Anthony; two daughters-in-law, Mrs. B.E. South and Mrs. Dorothy Burns, Idaho Falls; 23 grandchildren including Mrs. Elayne Bybee, Idaho Falls, and

13 great grandchildren. (Post Register)



LOVELY HANNAH

## FUNERAL

Hannah's funeral was held in the beautiful Randolph Tabernacle which the Souths had helped build. She is pictured in the group at its dedication.

## SPEAKER –NEPHEW G. WILLARD PEART

I am grateful on this occasion for this privilege. Aunt Hannah was very close to me. You who knew this good lady know that she would like to have been a mother to all she was around. There was nothing in the world that she would not do for you. She worked her life away for the principles she knew to be right. For her brothers and sisters, her family, friends and neighbors whenever she could go, she would go to them in their time of need and help them. Is it any wonder that they sang that song at her request, put your shoulder to the wheel. All her life she tried to be of service to anyone and everyone.

I remember when I was a little boy and Aunt Hannah lived across the street. I used to follow her around and ask her questions, and then she would take me up on her knee and tell me a story. And when we were sick she would come and take care of us. I don't know what we would have done without her when my mother had to go to Logan for an operation. She left her home and came and lived with us and took care of us. And that is the way it has always been on every occasion, not only with her own family, but with everybody.



G. WILLARD PEART

## FUNERAL

Funeral services for Hannah South, 79, long time resident of Idaho Falls who died Tuesday, were conducted Saturday at the Randolph LDS Ward Chapel. Bishop Lynn McKinnon officiated. Hubert Hackworth offered the family prayer; Hiram J. Norris gave the invocation; Veloe Jackson, the obituary; and Patriarch William T. Rex, the benediction.

Speakers were Bishop Willard Peart, Earl Stuart and Bishop McKinnon. Prelude and postlude music was provided by Deana Jones who also accompanied the Randolph Ward Choir in two numbers. Marjean Tate in a vocal solo, and Gwen Hanney and Hyrum Thompson in a vocal duet were accompanied by Gale Argyle. Kathleen Thornock and Thelma McKinnon presented an organ and piano duet.

Pallbearers were Dan, Burton, and David South, Bob Tate, Gene Jones and Warren Bybee. Flower arrangements were under the direction of the Randolph Relief Society presidency.

During the interment at the Randolph Cemetery, Jack A. Wood Sr., offered the dedicatory prayer. Funeral arrangements were under the direction of Wood Funeral Home.

## *Trials*

Back when Barney and Charlie built the apartment house for their parents, Sam and Hannah, at 928 Ada, Sam's brother, Will, built a smaller apartment house at 1355 Mound.

DAVID: The day came when Uncle Will became too weary, I guess, to continue on, and he asked Samuel and Hannah to take it off his hands. They purchased his place. It was really rather rough carpenter work and the place was not too neat.

Will went to live with his daughter Sarah and her husband Albert Brough in Trenton, Utah, and died 2 ½ weeks later on November 24, 1941 at the age of 80.

## SAM AND HANNAH DEEDED APARTMENT HOUSES TO BARNEY, CHARLIE

DAVID: One day [June 3, 1948] Samuel and Hannah went down to Gilbert St. Clair's office in Idaho Falls and signed papers to the effect that the apartment house on Ada Avenue was to be Barney's upon their death subject to his paying approximately \$1250 dollars apiece to Ren, Elgie, Zelma, and Dot. They signed papers to the effect that the property on Mound Avenue was to be Charlie's free of all encumbrances upon the event of their death.

Charlie died the following month. Barney's father passed away about a year and a half later. In just a little over five years afterwards, Barney was gone, also. No one could have foreseen that these sons would not outlive their parents. Upon Hannah's death, the two apartment houses became property of two widows, both with young children.

May 27, 1936: Ed Ellsworth and Edwina Ellsworth sold to William R. South Lot 7, Block 85 of Riverside Edition -- Address connected to 1355 Mound  
Nov 7, 1941: Samuel and Hannah South bought from William South lot 7, block 85-1355 Mound.

Jul 1, 1935 Hannah bought from George Bird Lots 37&38, block 80 -\$100.00  
Jun 3, 1948 Barney given from Sam & Hannah lots 37&38, block 80-love and affection  
Jun 3, 1948 Charles given from Sam and Hannah lot 7, block 85-1355 Mound -love and affection

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD all and singular the above granted premises, together with the appurtenances and every part thereof unto the said Hannah South and her assigns for and during the remainder of her natural life; reserving to the parties of the first part herein the reversion and reversions in and to said premises and every <sup>part</sup> and parcel thereof. And the party of the second part by acceptance of this conveyance agrees to assume and pay all taxes and special assessments levied or assessed upon said premises when and as the same shall become due during the remainder of her natural life.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said parties of the first part have hereunto set their hands the day and year first above written.

*Bernard E. South*  
*Marjorie South*

STATE OF IDAHO )  
County of Bonneville ) SS

On this 3rd day of January, in the year 1951, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said State of Idaho, personally appeared BERNARD E. SOUTH and MARJORIE SOUTH, husband and wife, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

206086

*Delbert C. Blair*  
Notary Public for State of Idaho  
Residing at Idaho Falls, Idaho  
(State of Idaho) (County of Bonneville) in No. \_\_\_\_\_

My Commission Expires: November 26, 1953

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MARJ  
 "I remember looking  
 back, discreetly, and  
 I was observing her  
 gaze out that window.  
 And it seemed distant,  
 and there were tears  
 rolling down her cheek  
 and dropping into the  
 dishwater." (*Susan*)

## LEGAL BATTLE

However, there was a settlement dispute. There was a suit filed against Marj, and a legal battle ensued. Getting through the ordeal which followed was wrenching. It tested her to the very core.

M'JEAN: Only later when we became older, did we children come to realize and appreciate how much strength of character she displayed: to move on without rancor, where it would have been easy to plant seeds of bitterness. Due to her valor, we cherish our solid relationship with relatives.

## *Tears*

**M**arj was tender hearted. She also possessed a quiet toughness and had incredible inner strength. She faced her problems head on with faith, courage, and determined cheerfulness.

Except during a sad movie scene, it was rare for any of her children to see her shed tears.

Feisty little Susan, with whom Marj spent so much time during those first years after Barney's departure, probably witnessed more quiet moments of struggle and grief than the rest.

SUSAN: We went back and forth to our residences for the first quite a few years of my life. We spent part of the year in Island Park, Idaho, and part of the year in Idaho Falls, Idaho. And this was at our home in Idaho Falls. And I know I was really young. I just don't know how young. Our address was 955 Ada Avenue.

### SUNNY KITCHEN - BREAKFAST

This happened in the morning, a sunny morning in the kitchen.

We didn't have a lot of money, and our breakfasts were kinda boring. They were cracked wheat cereal most mornings. I loved it whenever we had lumpy cornmeal cereal or, even, I think, cream of wheat or ANYTHING else but cracked

wheat cereal. I hated cracked wheat cereal. Anyway, it was a sunny morning in the kitchen in there. And this was recalling an almost daily ritual, which was unique to me and my mother.

#### ALONE AT THE TABLE

Everybody else would have eaten and left the table. But I would still be sitting there with my bowl of cereal in front of me and expected to eat it. And as long as there was something for her to do in the kitchen, I'd have to stay there in front of my bowl of cereal. And she always thought I was going to take some more bites. But I don't think I ever did.

#### WASHING THE DISHES

I was seated at the end of our oblong, metal table—if I remember correctly, that table was kind of a gray color on top—with my back to her. Because she was at the sink washing dishes looking out the window that was in front—just in front and above the sink. And it was facing the sunny south side of the house. I would sometimes turn to take a look at what she was doing, because I wanted to get rid of the cereal. I would see if she was still there. I would see if she was paying any attention to me. I would try to see if there was ANY opportunity for me to be able to dispose of the cold, nasty cereal in my blue bowl.

#### TEARS IN DISHWATER

But once I remember looking back, discreetly, and I was observing her gaze out that window. And it seemed distant, and there were tears rolling down her cheek and dropping into the dishwater. And I felt like it was a pretty private moment and that I shouldn't make a sound or make any mention of it. She seemed pretty vulnerable at that time. And most of the time that I remember at that time in my life, she'd—towards me was always the enforcer—you know, eat your cereal, do this, don't do that.

#### PIVOTAL MOMENT

Anyway, it was a pivotal moment for me, because as I watched her weeping, it made me realize the weight of things on her and the hard challenges that she was facing in life. And it was a paradigm shift that took place that day for me that altered how I viewed our mother.

#### SHARED BEDROOM—MARJ PRAYING

And there would be many times to come when I would glimpse her in private moments—because, we shared a bedroom—we shared a bed. And she, she would go in the bedroom, often. And she would kneel in prayer. Multiple times during the day, and so I'd be going to go into the bedroom, and I'd open the door. I got so I kinda opened it a little crack to see if she was praying before I'd go in. And she often was.

And the reason I called it our bedroom was because we shared a bedroom. She used to call me her bed partner. And it was expedient that we share a room, because David and Barry shared a bedroom; M'Jean and Myrna shared a bedroom. I honestly can't remember where Randy had his private spot, but anyway, Marj and I shared a bedroom.

#### SUSAN

"We shared a bedroom. She would go in the bedroom, often. And she would kneel in prayer. Multiple times during the day, and so I'd be going to go into the bedroom, and I'd open the door. I got so I kinda opened it a little crack to see if she was praying before I'd go in. And she often was." (*Susan*)





BARRY & DAVID

In choir robe and  
graduation gown.

Both boys had private  
vocal lessons, sang  
in quartet festivals at  
church, and choirs at  
school.

In the background is  
the apartment house  
Barney and Charlie  
had built for their  
parents.  
“Marj borrowed four  
thousand dollars at  
the bank to hire a  
neighboring  
contractor, who  
remodeled it into  
three, nice rental  
units. They provided  
income for the family  
and work  
experience for my  
brother Barry and  
me. When renters  
moved, we cleaned,  
painted and  
repaired.” (*David*)

## Trust

The apartment house had been built very quickly by Barney and Charlie for their parents in severe depression times. Sam and Hannah had no home of their own, and it was no longer feasible for them to winter at Island Park Siding. They spent the winter of 1935 in the two-room log cabin on the back of the property during construction. Initially there was no indoor plumbing in the apartment house, but it was later added.

DAVID: Shortly after Barney died, Hannah Corless South, Barney’s mother, died. We inherited her home that consisted of five apartments.

This 5-unit apartment house, you have to remember that it was not too much of an apartment house. It was made out of logs, and the main floor had plastered walls in it. There were two apartments on the main floor. In the basement was an area for utilities and for furnace and two apartments down there. But those apartments were sectioned off by 2x4 studs covered with cardboard. And then upstairs was another apartment made with the 2x4 studs covered with cardboard.

### REMODELED APARTMENT HOUSE

Marj, my mother, then borrowed four thousand dollars at the bank. She used that money to hire a neighboring contractor, who remodeled what we dubbed “The Apartment House” into three, nice rental units.

M’JEAN: The Goodwin Brothers, who lived in our ward, were the contractors—really good guys. Gene Goodwin was in the bishopric. The bishopric did a great job of befriending David and Barry and looking out for our family.

DAVID: They made one basement apartment and plastered it, and one upstairs apartment. The main floor was consolidated into one apartment also. They provided income for the family and work experience for my brother Barry and me. When renters moved, we cleaned, painted and repaired.



## "FIELDS AND FLOCKS"

M'JEAN: Keeping the apartment house rented was difficult, especially during the times when we were in Island Park. Whenever it was vacant, not only was it losing money, the possibility of vandalism was worrisome.

I remember when the two largest apartments had been vacant for some time, and Marj was not having any success in getting them rented.

Her constant prayer was for help and guidance. She determined to take counsel given in the Book of Mormon to "cry unto Him in your fields and over your flocks" and put her trust in the Lord. She went across the street and went in the apartment house to pray over what she considered her "fields and flocks." While she was praying, a family showed up to see the apartments and rented the main floor. While she was showing the apartment, another family came and rented the basement.

## *Music – Sacrifice & Diligence*

**M**arj was determined to carry out the desires of both Barney and herself to see to it their children had music in their lives. Having never had the opportunity for formal training themselves, they were both self taught. It was not to be that way for the kids. The sacrifice would be made.

### PIANO, VIOLIN, VIOLA

Betty Benthin Petree, M'Jean's wonderful piano teacher, discovering that Myrna had great musical talent, eagerly took her on as a student soon after she began teaching M'Jean. She generously awarded a scholarship to M'Jean, which meant Marj was paying for only one lesson instead of two.

### RESPONSIBILITY RESTS ON THE PARENT

Marj well understood that for children to succeed in their music training, the responsibility rests primarily on the parent. There was never a more faithful and responsible parent than Marj. The girls never missed a lesson and were usually pretty well prepared. Even though there were no lessons during the summer, regular practice continued, and they progressed quickly and performed in the annual festivals and recitals.

They also received some string instruction from Betty and at school and had opportunities to participate in both school and civic orchestras.

David and Barry took voice lessons, participated in choirs and musicals at school. David was choir president and played Og the Leprechaun in Finian's Rainbow. They sang in quartets. Barry was a frequent soloist.



MYRNA, BARRY, M'JEAN, MARJ (*peering through the window.*)

Marj understood that for children to succeed in their music training, the responsibility rests primarily on the parent. There was never a more faithful and responsible parent than Marj.

## Chapter 101

# *The Boys, The Girls & “The Little Kids”*

It would be pretty sad if the new generation isn't  
an improvement on the old one. —MARJ

**T**he South family continued to return each spring to Island Park to run the sawmill. In the words of Barney, it was a great place to raise a family. Except for the onslaught of spring mosquitoes, it was always refreshing to be back in the pines. The other things spring brought were the beautiful flowers and the persistent rain.

Again Bernie and Grandpa were at the sawmill and in the woods with David and Barry. One of the first tasks in spring was to go get the horses from the winter range where Ariel Petersen kept the horses.

BERNIE: After I was home from the army, Marj had a horse named Bolley. Last time I went there with David and Barry, Ariel Petersen called and said your horses are in the stockyards, and this Bolley mare had a colt. I had to rattle it around to get it in the truck. I'd put a rope on the colt and rode a bicycle across the tracks and broke it to lead. The next year it was gone, probably stolen.

BARRY: One of our mares had a colt one spring. We named the colt Zorro and had a lot of fun teaching him and watching him grow. Just when he was getting big enough to start doing some work, somebody must have stolen him. He disappeared, and we never got him back. I remember I felt pretty bad about that.

## *The Getting Dressed Problem*

**M**arj was a very young widow, and she had some very young children. The four oldest were mostly self sufficient and spent their days contributing to running the business and the household. David and Barry were in the woods or at the sawmill. M'Jean and Myrna worked at all the domestic chores.

But the two “Little Kids” needed attention from their mother. Susan was two when Barney died, and Randy was only 5 months old.

Susan was a delightful child, independent and full of the dickens. Marj was pretty startled when she discovered her on top of the upright piano at 7 months. At 9 months she was walking. When she awoke from her nap, she would stand up

in the crib, crawl over the side, and fall on the floor.

Then she began to talk. Marj heard coy Susan declare, "I a innocent child." Even as feisty as she was, however, she would cry if anyone called her "tiger."

Randy was more docile. He would wake up in his crib and say, "Marj, I awake," and patiently wait for her to lift him out. He was cheerful and good natured.

But he didn't like anyone other than his mother getting him dressed, and he would put up a terrible fight when anyone tried.

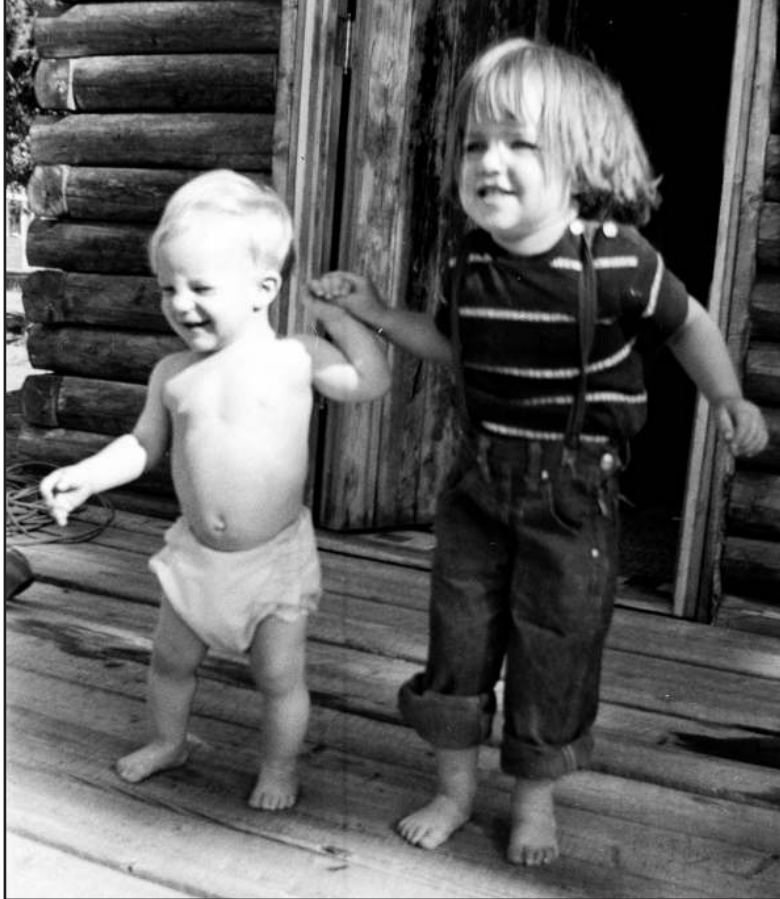
One of the biggest daily challenges was getting everyone up and fed so the guys could start work on time at 8:00.

BARRY: Marj had to get up and get the fire going, and the house heated up and get breakfast going. That was quite a job for the mother. Kids had to build the fire a lot of times, but a lot of times it was hard to get the kids up in the morning that early.



BARRY, RANDY, DAVID SOUTH





#### RANDY & SUSAN

Susan was pretty rough with her little brother. Randy was naturally quite mild natured, but he toughened up as he learned to stick up for himself.



While Marj and the girls worked on breakfast, it fell to the boys to get the little kids dressed.

#### BUFFALOED HIS BROTHERS

DAVID: It's mid summer 1956 and we are all — Marj and her brood — living as a family unit in our Island Park cabin. We had a very specific routine. The family would get up at the same time. Marj, M'Jean, and Myrna would start cooking breakfast. I'd get Susan up and dressed; Barry would get Randy up and dressed. We'd all pitch in and help with breakfast. Then Barry and I would go out to work.

Well, there was a short period where Randy had been sick. We hadn't been getting him up early in the morning. And after the rest had had breakfast and we'd gone to work, then Marj would go in and get him up. He really got to liking that.

#### THREW A TANTRUM

When he got well again it was time to go back to the old routine. Barry went to get him up in the morning and he threw such a fit that he wouldn't let Barry dress him. And I mean he threw a tantrum that was a real tantrum! He screamed and hollered and fought like a two-year-old demon. Barry finally gave up. The next morning, the same temper tantrum got repeated. On the third day, I asked Barry if he would like to trade jobs. Barry was only too happy to make the switch, "Okay! Good luck!"

#### THE FIGHT BEGAN

I went in and woke Randy — and the fight began! Had I not witnessed it, I would not have believed that a two-year-old could put up such a struggle. Randy straightened and stiffened his arms, making it impossible to get them into a shirt without breaking them. So I gave up on the shirt and began struggling to get his pants on. With that done, I again tried to get his shirt on. Meanwhile, Randy managed to squirm, wiggle and kick his way out of the pants.

But I persisted, and Randy just kept screaming and hollering.

Meanwhile, Marj walked around tight-lipped. Mom knew she had to stay out of it or getting Randy dressed would become her job.

Well, I finally succeeded — but at what price? What should have been an easy, pleasant — even fun — chore was just too hard.

#### TOO LATE TO FIGHT

I had a new plan for the following day. I never bothered waking Randy. I got him almost all dressed before he woke enough to begin struggling. When he realized what was happening, he started fighting, but by then it was too late. He was dressed. I continued doing it that way till Randy accepted that he was going to be awakened and dressed whether he wanted to or not. Then he was all smiles, and our mornings together really did become fun.



### “WHO DO YOU LOVE?”

Marj wanted her toddlers to know they had a daddy. She would hold them on her knee and ask, “Who do you love?” Their energetic reply was “Barney Daddy!”

Susan was pretty rough with her little brother. Randy was naturally quite mild-natured, but he toughened up as he learned to stick up for himself.

### SUSAN LEFT AT PONDS

Whenever the family stopped at Ponds, the kids would scatter. When it was time to leave, they would be gathered up from the store, the curio shop, the comic book nook, or they might be staring at Polly Parrot’s cage or playing shuffleboard.

One time Susan was left behind at Ponds. Supposedly everyone was in the car, and they headed out. They were part way home when Marj realized that Susan was missing and went back for her. Someone had her in tow in the souvenir shop. Marj was amazed at herself for getting that far down the road before missing such a little noisebox.

SUSAN: A nice lady in the gift shop just kept me company until Marj came back for me.

On another occasion, for Marj and the kids, the trip home from Ponds turned out to be an unforgettable adventure.

## Story: *Things that Go Moo in the Dark*

Marj had been in the curio shop talking with Elizabeth Pond for quite a while. Elizabeth was attractive and petite, very pleasant and cocked her head a little when she laughed. She and Marj had several similarities and a common bond: They had called these woods home for many years, had raised families here. Their husbands had hunted together, done business together, and had been good friends. A sincere friendship had developed between Marj and Elizabeth also.

“I guess it’s time to round up my kids and go home,” said Marj.

“Marj, I’m afraid I have talked your ear off tonight, said Elizabeth. “What a treat to have someone to talk with for a change.”

Marj looked surprised. “You are surrounded with people all day long here at the lodge. If you’re not in the post office or store, you’re

### PONDS LODGE

With frequently buying groceries and picking up the mail at Ponds, Marj might not be surprised at leaving a child behind, but what puzzled her was how could she not notice the absence of the noisiest one?



#### RANDY & SUSAN

Marj wanted her toddlers to know they had a daddy.

She would hold them on her knee and ask, "Who do you love?" Their energetic reply was "Barney Daddy!"

here in the curio shop."

"Marj, getting someone's mail or selling someone an Indian doll is not talking, not really," said Elizabeth. "And you know how quiet Horace is."

"I always enjoy talking with you, too," said Marj.

They both suddenly became aware of how dark it had become.

Marj glanced over at the display case where Susie had Randy in tow. Both were staring through the glass at the variety of dolls, tomahawks, and fuzzy Yellowstone bears. Smiling down at the little scene, Marj took each child by the hand and said, "It's time to go."

"Marj, so here you are again, driving over that rough road at night with all these little kids," said Elizabeth. "I worry about what could happen out there in those woods."

"I might be nervous if it weren't for the kids," said Marj, as they moved towards the doorway.

"The kids!" Elizabeth said in astonishment. "What help could they be if you ran into trouble?"

"Not much help," replied Marj, "but they are company, very good company, in fact. And I just don't worry much when they are with me. Goodbye, Elizabeth."

"Goodbye, and be careful, Marj!" Elizabeth called after her.

M'Jean and Myrna were at the comic book rack reading "Little Lulu" and "Wonder Woman." Along with Marj and the little kids, they walked out to the car.

Moments later the blue '46 Chev had left behind the lodge, with its bright lights. They crossed the Buffalo River Bridge, passed the Ranger Station, and turned onto the 4-mile dirt road to the sawmill.

#### TOTAL DARKNESS

There was plenty of chatter as they drove along, winding around the twists and turns of the bumpy road. They had just come to one of those familiar bends when suddenly the headlights went out. As they became enveloped in blackness, Marj brought the car to an abrupt halt.

"What happened? Why did you turn off the lights?" asked Myrna.

Marj's response sounded puzzled. "I didn't turn off the lights. They just went off." She pushed and pulled on the light control knob a couple of times. No use. "I think we blew a fuse," she said.



"A fuse? In a car?" asked M'Jean in amazement. "Can you fix it?"

"You don't fix a fuse; it has to be replaced," Marj answered. She reached over and opened the glove compartment. "We're in luck," she said, cheerfully. "We have a flashlight." She turned it on. A dim beam shone in the darkness. "Oh-oh, the batteries are weak."

#### DIM FLASHLIGHT

She opened her door and stepped out onto the dirt road. "You kids stay inside. I'm going to walk down the road a little ways and see if we are close to that big rocky mud hole. I don't think we passed it."

The kids sat in total darkness. In a few moments Marj was back in the car. "It's just ahead of us," she said.

Needing both hands to put the engine in gear, she put the flashlight in her lap, then held it out the window as she drove. At first the light provided visibility several feet in front of the car, but soon it became dimmer. She switched it off as the car continued to move forward. "I'll have to conserve battery power if we are to make it home."

#### DRIVING BY MEMORY

Driving down this rough, narrow, winding road lined with trees on both sides in daylight required careful attention. Driving it at night by memory seemed impossible. The alternative of spending a cold, anxious night in these woods loomed in her mind. Everyone, even the little kids, was quiet as the car crept along in the dark.

At intervals Marj turned on the flashlight. The meager illumination of the road ahead provided a limited view of its curvature, along with the most immediate rocky bumps and deep ruts, and gave a hint of where they were located along the route. Marj would drive as far as her memory would serve, stop and shine the light down the road, then turn off the flashlight and drive in the dark again.

After following this pattern for what seemed like a very long time, and after maneuvering around several rocky dips and sharp twists, Marj announced, "The worst is behind us, and it's a good thing—there's not much juice left in these batteries." "This stretch of the road is straight for quite a ways."

#### CRITTER IN THE ROAD

The car moved along in the dark for some time, giving the flashlight batteries time to charge up a bit. Suddenly Marj stopped the car and flipped the flashlight switch. The light did not go on. She flipped the switch back and forth and shook the flashlight a little. The light came on, brighter than before, and as Marj directed its beam straight ahead, she gasped. "Heavens to Betsy! A cow!"

Lying right in the middle of the road, smack in front of the bumper, was indeed a cow. "Another couple feet and we'd have run right into it," she said.

Surprised and excited, the kids watched wide-eyed as the cow, rather lazily, looked around, got up, and walked off into the woods.

"That was close," said M'Jean.

"Too close," laughed Marj, as she put the car in gear. "This will be quite the tale to tell the boys."

The car rolled forward, and Marj held the flashlight out the window. By its dim light she could barely see a few feet ahead. Everyone

was straining to see, as the light became dimmer and dimmer. She did not turn it off.

"We're nearing the timberline," she said. "If the light lasts that long, we won't need it to get over the flat."

"Why not?" asked Myrna.

"Once we're out in the open we won't have trees shading the light from the sky."

"I don't see any light from the sky," said M'Jean. Whenever the flashlight was off, it was pitch black.

"You know how you can see your way to the toilet at night without a light?" said Marj. "It's because there is some light from the sky. As it reflects off the gravel, you get enough to see pretty well."

#### THE FLAT - STARLIGHT

All at once, through the opening in the timberline, the flat came into view ahead. It was just in time. The flashlight was dead.

"We made it!" Marj exclaimed, breathing a sigh of relief.

What a stark contrast! Moments ago, with a forest canopy overheard, stealing every bit of starlight, they were encompassed in darkness. On the open flat, with the bright star-studded sky reflecting light off the honey-colored grass, Marj could see well enough to drive right along without stopping.

"How do you know about a fuse?" Asked M'Jean.

"Barney taught me. Barney taught me a lot of things. Barney also used to say he knew of no other place where the stars seemed so close as up here, in Island Park."

In just a few more minutes they covered the mile-long flat, went up over the railroad tracks, and drove up to the dark house. They were home.

## *Neighbors & Customers*

Neighbors and customers well acquainted with Barney, who had frequently come up to the sawmill on business or just stopped by to visit, were now visiting and doing business with his young sons. David and Barry became friends with these men, who shared stories about their dad and passed along bits of wisdom they had drawn from him.

#### CLAUDE MALAN'S STORY: WISDOM FROM BARNEY

DAVID: At the Island Park Siding, which is approximately four miles east of Pond's Lodge, we were pretty much out in the middle of nowhere.

East of us, about five miles were a couple of ranches. One was owned by Claude Malan. Claude lived in Ogden. He was a mason by trade. He had done quite well as a masonry contractor and he owned his cabin and his small ranch, although there were no cattle involved, on the head of Warm River. Claude Malan would stop at the sawmill once in a while and spend some time talking to Barney. Barney died in 1955.

In 1956, Claude stopped by the sawmill one day and was talking with me and he said he wanted to tell me a story. A couple of years before at one of his stops at the sawmill he talked to Barney. He was about to leave and Barney said, "You know Claude, I don't like you very well."

Claude said to me, "I was absolutely taken aback, astonished, shaken because

I thought I was a pretty nice neighbor.”

Then Barney continued, “You never let me help you. You see, friends help friends and when you need something fixed up here you haul it all the way to Ashton [about 40 miles], and all you would have to do is stop and let me help you.”

Claude told me that Barney said, “We like the people we help.” Claude then told me that from then on he made a habit of stopping when he needed something welded or something fixed that Barney could do at the sawmill, borrow a chainsaw, or whatever. He said they became good friends.

Claude told me that, I am sure, to emphasize what he thought was the wisdom that my father had with dealing with people, and the psyche people have, and that in fact people do like to help each other. They don’t want to be slaves, but if you want somebody to be your friend, get them to help you with a project. Claude was a good family friend and each year while he was away we would go check on his place off and on to make sure nobody was bothering it. This continued on until after I was married even though Barney had died several years before.

## JUDY AND NANCY JENSEN

Cliff Jensen, a customer who often bought slabs at the mill, would sometimes spend a few days cutting poles and would stay in one of the cabins. His young daughters Judy and Nancy accompanied him occasionally, and M’Jean and Myrna became acquainted with them.

MYRNA: Then there were Judy Jensen and Nancy. I think Judy often went out and worked with her dad. She worked like a man, I believe. She might have been closer to David’s age, or Barry’s. But Nancy was about M’Jean’s age. They had a jeep. And I remember that we went driving around with Nancy in the jeep, and she ran into a tree, and I think maybe M’Jean chipped her tooth off in that trip.

M’Jean: Yes, both front teeth.

## Story: Jeep Accident

It was such a struggle to get the crew to work on time, but this had been a good morning. The boys had finished their breakfast and had gone out to the sawmill, and Marj was glad about that. She was still sitting at the table, encouraging the little kids to finish eating their cooked cereal. M’Jean and Myrna started clearing the dishes.

“We need a bucket of water,” Marj said, glancing at the wash stand, where two water buckets stood next to the wash basin. “Would you girls please go to the well?”

Always happy for the chance to delay the task of doing dishes, M’Jean and Myrna immediately grabbed the empty bucket and pushed open the screen door. Out on the back porch, they heard her call after them, “Take the wash stick with you.”

For certain, it did make carrying a bucket of water by two people much easier when a stick was slipped under the bail and each person held an end of the stick, the bucket swinging freely in the middle. Lugging a heavy bucket alone, with water slogging out the top, or



awkwardly sharing a grip on the handle with one's sister were sure ways of getting one's shoes wet.

The well by the railroad tracks was inconveniently blocked by a truck parked right in front, so the girls headed down past the Big Tree to the well on the far side of the cabin later known as the "bug house."

When they reached the well, M'Jean gave the rope a yank, and the heavy well bucket flew up off the post. She had been well schooled on the hazards of splitting open the bottom of the well bucket by letting it drop full force onto the water surface, as well as stirring up the sand in the bottom of the well.

She carefully let the thick rope slide through her hands and over the pulley until the bucket reached the water. Myrna helped pull hand over hand to draw the full bucket up. Lifting it up over the top of the well housing, M'Jean poured the water into the bucket on the ground and replaced the well bucket on its post. Myrna slid the wash stick under the bucket handle.

Just then a voice could be heard through the trees at the east end of camp. A slim figure of a girl could be seen in the bright bits of morning sun streaming through the pine branches. She was tossing water out of a dishpan. "It's Nancy!" said Myrna. "Judy and Nancy are back."

"Let's ask Marj if we can go play with them," said M'Jean, as they each picked up an end of the wash stick and hurried towards the house.

Judy and Nancy Jensen were the daughters of a cutter, Cliff Jensen, who came up to Island Park periodically to get out poles. He often brought his daughters to help. Nancy was about twelve, M'Jean's age. Judy was two or three years older. When they came, they stayed in one of the cabins at the far end of camp.

"Judy and Nancy are back," the girls said in unison, when they reached the house. "Is it alright if we go see them?" asked Myrna. Marj had come out onto the porch, and taking the water bucket from them, went in and set it on the wash stand. She was followed by the coaxing daughters.

"By the time the dishes are done, Judy and Nancy will likely be at the door," she assured them.

M'Jean was just hanging up her wet dishtowel when she looked out and saw Judy and Nancy getting out of a jeep parked in the road. "How did you know?" M'Jean puzzled, as she and Myrna ran out to greet their friends.

Marj smiled and called through the screen door, "We're glad to see you girls. Will you come in?"

"Thank you, Mrs. South," said Judy.

"Just call me Marj."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, Nancy and I have permission from our dad to drive the jeep until it runs out of gas. It's Nancy's turn to drive. Could M'Jean and Myrna come with us?"

"Where are you going to drive? Marj asked, looking at Nancy.

"Dad said, just around camp," replied Nancy.

"And he said we have to stay in low gear," added Judy.

"Alright," said Marj. "Be careful."

The girls dashed out to the jeep. M'Jean sat with Nancy in the front. Judy and Myrna climbed in the back.

To M'Jean and Myrna, whose two older brothers had been driving since the age of eight, being passengers in a vehicle driven by youthful drivers was no novelty. But there was still something fun about riding around in an open jeep with no adults present.

Around camp there were several definite, well-used roads, created by frequent driving over the obsidian sand. One ran north and south paralleling the railroad tracks. Another ran straight east from the railroad crossing down between the two sawmills and their respective sawdust piles. Others were less well-defined and crisscrossed the camp leading to individual cabins. The road on the east end of camp down by the barn was little more than a wide trail.

After making a wide loop around the camp a couple of times, Nancy turned the jeep in front of the barn and headed west towards the railroad tracks. Here the road became very narrow, winding through the most thickly wooded part of camp. Trees crowded both sides.

#### THE CRASH

Judy called from the back of the jeep, "How much gas we do have left?"

"I'll check," said Nancy, turning to look down at the gas gauge. As she turned her head, she inadvertently turned the steering wheel.

Crash! The impact of the jeep against the tree was an instant, forceful jolt. Glass from the shattered windshield flew everywhere. Sitting in front on the passenger side, M'Jean had received the biggest impact of the crash, as her face was jammed against the smashed windshield.

Feeling pain and the horrid sensation of blood oozing from her mouth, M'Jean extracted herself from the jeep, which was rammed against the tree, and made her way to the house.

Marj had a sick feeling when she saw M'Jean's bloody face, somewhat like the time when she got her hand caught in the wash machine wringer mechanism and walked towards the house with blood dripping down her hand. Marj had been so relieved that the cut was so much smaller than she initially supposed, that she actually acted jovial as she did the doctoring, much to M'Jean's dismay.

But this time there was no such relief. A quick examination showed that M'Jean's bottom lip was cup up badly. Her two front teeth had



M'JEAN & MYRNA

Wearing their suntops and shorts was permissible close to the house. But with the section crews on the railway, strangers, and now and then a hobo in the vicinity, the breezy attire was forbidden anywhere else.

been broken off, and another tooth had been knocked loose. There were several small cuts on her face. After sponging off her face, Marj gave M'Jean a wet handkerchief to hold to her lip, and they headed for Ashton.

#### DOCTORING

The doctor put 4 stitches in M'Jean's lower lip and said to return in a week to get them removed. He said the two front teeth would have to be capped, and that she would probably lose the loose tooth on the bottom.

The next day was the long trip to Idaho Falls to see the dentist. Good news! The dentist said that there was no need to cap the two front teeth--that they would grow down to the length of the adjoining teeth on either side. He also said the loose tooth would be okay and would soon become solid in its place. He simply smoothed off the rough surface of the two broken teeth. This was all a huge relief.

The weird sensation of those stitches on her lip, sticking way out from her face, was a feeling M'Jean would not forget.

At the end of a week, when it was time to return to the doctor's office to get the stitches out, Marj had a different plan. She would remove them herself. M'Jean had little confidence in her mother's doctoring, but when Marj got out the cuticle scissors and tweezers, it was evident she did not want to make another trip to Ashton. And the stitches came out!

## School 1956

Island Park's early autumn weather signaled two major events: start of school and hunting season. Marj probably dreaded both. David and Barry would soon be leaving, again occupying Grandma Knapp's sofa bed as they attended Idaho Falls High School, David as a senior, and Barry, a sophomore.

M'Jean and Myrna would be attending the Island Park School, in 7th and 5th grades. For Marj to get them to school on time was no small task: getting all the kids up, fire built, breakfast cooked, out the door and into the "bus" (the '46 Chev). Preparation would start the night before in seeing to it that there was wood in the woodbox and water in the water buckets.

M'JEAN: Marj shouldered a heavy burden, and although the kids were responsible in doing their part, she alone wrestled with the major worries. She also had to ramrod the essential, daily routine.

She seemed to be able to do it all and still keep her spirits up. Maybe the singing helped, for she would often sing!

#### "WHAT A LOT OF THINGS TO SEE ON OUR WAY TO SCHOOL"

MYRNA: Marj and the kids sang songs on the way to school--one which we made up:

"What a lot of things to see, On our way to school,  
Squirrels climbing up a tree, On our way to school,  
We see sheep and cattle, too, Elk and deer and bear and moose,  
What a lot of things to see, On our way to school."



M'JEAN: These words were very true. There was wildlife all around us, and we would spot critters from the car.

Frequently we would run into a herd of cows or sheep from the Railroad Ranch, being driven down the road to the stockyards at the siding for shipping on the train. Marj would drive along slowly through the herd. Sometimes there was nothing to do but turn off the mo-

tor and wait. As the animals brushed past the car, the kids would roll down the windows and moo back to the cows. Of course the delay would make the trip to school a little later. In any case it took much longer to drive the 4-mile stretch to the highway than it did to travel 6 highway miles on up to Mack's.

MYRNA: She would drive us over to pick up the Ketchie kids who lived at the ranger station and whose dad was the forest ranger. It was just before Ponds, where we would pick up Glenda Pond. And then she would drive us up to the school at Mack's, and she'd take off and leave us there.

#### UPPER GRADES

MYRNA: Fifth grade was my last year there, and I was in the room with the big kids. When I got to be in 5th grade, I was the only one. There wasn't anybody else in the 5th grade, I guess. I think they didn't have textbooks for me. All I had was one textbook, a 5th grade math textbook and a 6th grade workbook. And then there were library books. I don't remember getting any instruction. So all I'd do was just work in my math book and read.

So, I read lots of books—had a great time. When I got down to school in Idaho Falls, I was a bit behind. I didn't know quite what all that dividing stuff was about.

But anyway, I wouldn't have traded that school for anything.

### *Hunting Season*

**H**unting season precipitated both excitement--on the part of the boys, and apprehension—on the part of their mother.

Marj reminded herself that they had been well-trained by their father, acknowledged by many to be the best hunter around and who was meticulous about gun safety.

But they were still kids, and for a mother, watching the shotguns and rifles being loaded into the vehicles had to give her concern, and contributed to the catalog of pleadings which kept her on her knees.



#### DRIVING THE "SCHOOL BUS"

Amidst the beautiful fall foliage, it was a pleasant task for Marj.

She and the kids would sing their made-up song about the wildlife they would see along the way.

Often they would meet a herd of cattle or sheep being driven from the Railroad Ranch to the siding for shipping out on the train.



1056 TARGHEE TIES

## Chapter 102

# Shootin' Straight

Tell the truth, and shame the devil!—MARJ

Each year a limited number of once-in-a-lifetime permits were issued for a special moose hunt. The permits were issued by way of a drawing. To put in for a moose permit cost \$35, which was refundable if your name was not drawn.

If you got a permit, you had only that season to get your moose, and one way or the other, the money was gone. In 1956, when the guys in camp put in for moose permits, remarkably, both Barry's and Bernie's names were drawn.

\$35 was quite a large investment for taking a chance on either getting the family's winter meat supply or getting nothing. What's more, Barry was just fifteen.

### COURAGEOUS DECISION

BARRY: Our mother Marjorie made a very courageous decision to continue to operate the sawmill after Barney died.

When she decided that, I am sure she determined that our family needed the Lord's help to be successful. She determined that the family would keep the Commandments.

### POACHING COMMON PRACTICE

Up until then poaching wild game was common practice in the family. It was a big help to the budget.

### MOOSE PERMITS

The year after Barney died, Bernie and I both drew a permit to shoot a moose. One day Al was at Island Park, and he and I went hunting. It was a little before the season started. At Skinnerville we found a nice buck deer. One shot was all it took. I don't remember if the shot came from my gun or Al's.

### SHOT DEER - SCOLDING

Anyway, when Marj learned of it, I got a pretty severe scolding. Bottom line, we were not going to break the law.

A few days later it was moose hunting time. Bernie and I hunted together in between the logging and sawmilling that we were doing.

One afternoon in Trail Canyon after a light rain, we found some tracks that had gone through the light wet soil to the dry ground below. They were really fresh. They were also the size of a moose or an elk. We followed them in the bot-

### BARRY SOUTH

Having drawn a moose permit, it was get a moose or forfeit the fee.

After passing up chances to get a cow, Barry succeeded in shooting a bull moose.

"I hurried the truck home, took the .300 Savage Barney bought. I got to within about 100 yards, got out and fired. The moose went down."

(Barry)

The army truck was Barry's all-time favorite truck.



tom of the canyon. It could have been a moose. They frequent there.

However, the tracks led us up a game trail to the high hillside above the bottom. I figured this is probably an elk track.

#### COW ELK

Suddenly from about 50 feet away a big cow elk jumped up out of the thick huckleberry bushes. She stood broadwise to us, and we looked at each other. It was not yet elk season. It was tempting, but I remembered the scolding. The elk walked on up the hill.

#### BULL ELK

Then another surprise—a big bull elk came down the slope, stopped and looked—big rack. Now there was real temptation! I remembered the new policy, “We don’t break the laws.” The elk walked away.

#### BERNIE’S MOOSE

Bernie and I continued to hunt. A day or two later we were again in lower Trail Canyon. We had separated. I heard a shot. I went to the source. Bernie had shot his moose.

BERNIE: My brother Al and Dad went with me and we went up a kind of swampy area the bottom end of Trail Canyon a ways from Stimsons’ and Malans’ summer homes, and we were walking through the woods and my dad was with me and I saw a moose. It was in timber and it was walking towards us. I wondered if I should shoot it. I would like to have shot a bull moose, and I couldn’t see any antlers, and it took me a while to figure it all out. And I shot it.

And one of the antlers didn’t grow—it went over its eye and it must have had one blind eye, probably why it kept walking towards us, so that’s why I didn’t know if I should shoot it or not. Bull moose with only one antler.

M’JEAN: Got teased about that?

BERNIE: Probably.

### TIME RUNNING OUT

BARRY: The time of the moose season was running out for me. Work had a higher priority.

#### COW AND BULL MOOSE

BERNIE: Barry had been hunting quite a bit. One day we were out on the flat. We saw a cow moose out there. We were in the ‘46 Chev, and we chased her around the flat. She got really spooky and she ran. Next day we were driving down the Eccles Road down the tracks [east side]. We saw the cow again. Behind her was the bull.

BARRY: I was driving home with a load of logs, crossing the flat. I looked south and saw a medium sized bull moose on the flat.

BERNIE: We turned around and drove back to the mill.

#### .300 SAVAGE AND CAR

BARRY: I hurried the truck home, took the rifle—.300 Savage that Barney bought—transferred to another vehicle (maybe the car), and headed out on the flat.

BERNIE: Barry went down the road towards Black Mountain towards Stimsons’ and Malans’. She went down that road.

#### BERNIE, MARJ, SUE, RANDY SPECTATORS

I jumped in the car with Marj, Sue, and Randy—she probably had the ‘54 Chevy, too. I was driving, and we went back down the road to Eccles where we had been before. Barry went east.

Marj, Sue, Randy, and I saw Barry get out; he took a rest. We saw the cow again, and the bull was behind, a couple blocks behind. We just sat and watched as the moose went in front of him. The cow ran on past him in a hurry, the bull behind but not in a big hurry.

## ONE SHOT KNOCKED HIM DOWN

W e were on the other road and saw him shoot it, saw it go down. He knocked him down with one shot, not more than a quarter of a mile.



BARRY (*age 15*)

BARRY: I got to within about 100 yards, got out and fired. The moose went down. I drove up close. The shot had broken the back of the moose. He was throwing his head up and down. A second shot, this one to the head, killed him.

After I field dressed the moose, I took our 6 x 6 truck back out to him. I was pulling a lumber skid. We loaded him on the skid and pulled him back to the sawmill. We dressed the moose out. Good meat.

SUSAN (*age 4*)  
RANDY (*age 2*)

BERNIE:

After we went back and got the army truck and hauled it back, that's when we took those pictures.

## MOUNTED ANTLERS

BARRY:

Marj arranged to have her brother Warren attach the antlers to a mounting board. Since then in one of my moves I lost the antlers.



## Chapter 103

# *The Winter Move*

Cheer up, the worst is yet to come! –MARJ

**A**s winter approached the days would get cold, and the nights even colder. In the morning there would be a sheet of ice on the water buckets on the wash stand by the kitchen door. Ice coated the water in the wash basin, and thick ice covered the puddles outside.

Marj kept a fire going all day in the kitchen stove. Feeding hungry fires was part of her daily routine. In the huge fireplace the fire never went out. Before bed she would bank the fire with two large logs, which would keep each other burning through the night.

### GETTING WOOD

Preparations were made early on for cold, wintry weather. Living in a forest meant there was always an ample supply of wood. The discard slabs cut at the mill and dried in piles throughout the summer made ideal firewood.

The task of cutting and stacking wood was, like everything else, a family operation, and it involved even the youngest family members. Weeks before the threat of snow, there were wood-cutting days. The wood saw buzzed as David and Barry hauled and cut up slabs and dry logs into firewood lengths.

The worker bees gathered up the sawn wood into the wheelbarrow and army cart to transport to the house. When finished, the porches on both ends of the house were partially covered with neatly stacked wood: short 12-14 inch lengths on the back porch for the kitchen stove and slab wood and logs about 3-4 feet long on the front porch for the fireplace. Each stack was covered with a tarp. The South family was ready for winter. Sometimes the cold weather came, but not much snow. It was like that some years.

### WELLS WENT DRY

In the fall the water table lowered, and sometimes the well water became so shallow that the well bucket was scraping up sand from the bottom of the well.

Marj and the kids would fit the two water buckets, the oblong boiler and two





galvanized wash tubs in the trunk of the '46 Chev. It might be Barry at the wheel, as they drove to a well about a mile out onto the flat east of the sawmill.

There was a little abandoned log cabin out there, and next to the cabin was the water pump. The area being somewhat marshy, there was always water in that well, which was a lifesaver in dry years. The pump had to be primed, but then the water flowed fast and clear. With all the water receptacles filled to the brim, they covered the rough terrain back towards home. By the time they arrived at the house a considerable amount of water would have sloshed out. (Just how much depended a little on the driver).

#### BARN BURNED OUT ON THE FLAT - SLEIGH RIDE

BARRY: do you remember when the old cow herder came up to the house, beating on the door, early in the morning?

M'JEAN: Huh-uh

BARRY: We were all asleep in the house there, and all of a sudden, Bang, Bang, Bang! On the door. Jumped up, opened the door, and the old cow herder who was out on the flat. He said, "Would you come help me? My barn is on fire, and I'm afraid it's going to catch my trailer on fire. Would you please come help me move my trailer?"

So we jumped in the old army truck and went out there. And when we got out there, it was raining like crazy. By the time we got out there, the wind had shifted, and his trailer wasn't in danger. But that barn was fully engulfed, and it burned right to the ground. In that windstorm in the heavy rain.

**CUSTOM-BUILT FIREPLACE**  
Barney designed the house to be heated by the fireplace, and it did a pretty good job. Marj banked the fire with two large logs which kept each other burning all night.

It was during a snow shoveling expedition, when Barry lit the gas lanterns, placed them strategically in the kitchen to create the backlight effect and captured the great glow of the hot fire.

M'JEAN: And where was this?

BARRY: Out where the pump was. Remember the pump out on the flat?

M'JEAN: And was the barn out there?

BARRY: Yeah.

M'JEAN: Whose land was that? Was it Charlie Simmons'?

BARRY: No.....

RANDY: Clements.

*(From recording made Memorial Day weekend 2017, in Randy's ATV, traveling around in Island Park. Present: Barry and Elinor; Karen and Randy; Gary and M'Jean)*

M'JEAN: One time when there was quite a lot of snow on the ground, David and Barry hitched up a team of horses to a sleigh, or at least a lumber skid or something else that could pass for a sleigh. We rode out on the east flat until we got to the little cabin by the pump. By then everyone was freezing. We went in the cabin and the boys built a fire in the stove. I don't think it was enough to warm us up very much before we headed back. It's a fun memory.

## GETTING READY TO MOVE

It was always good to have David and Barry home from school on the weekends. As the time to move drew closer, they made preparations to leave, packing up sawmill equipment and tools. Weekend trips would include hauling remaining logs and lumber to Idaho Falls and stacking them in the lumberyard on Ada Avenue.

The rack Barney had built for moving was installed on one of the trucks, and they would load the horses and take them out to be wintered.

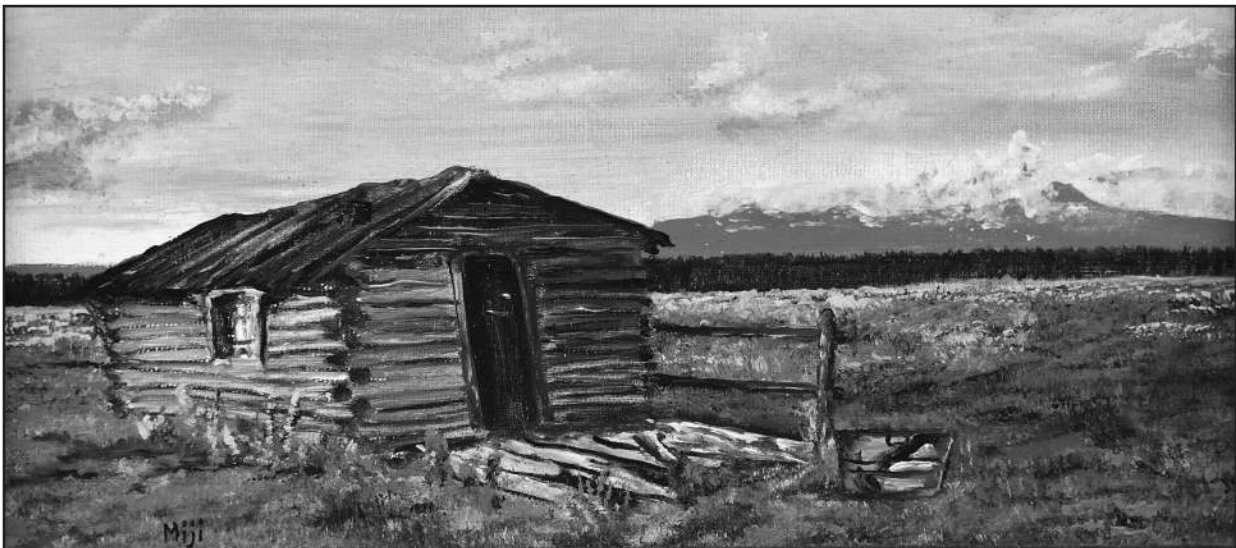
BARRY: Barney made arrangements with a guy, Ariel Petersen, who had a winter range—maybe several of them, and we just kept with that arrangement.

We had to have those horses to operate, then had to haul them down to Ariel Petersen's place, maybe Rexburg area, out on a ranch somewhere. Turned them loose. It was really a good deal not to have to worry about taking care of the horses through the winter.

DAVID: Most of the time we kept the horses at somebody's place like at the farm up in Rexburg that we used most of the years as I remember--also another

OLD LOG CABIN WITH  
PUMP ON EAST FLAT  
The pump had to be primed  
but the well always had  
water, a lifesaver when the  
wells in camp went dry.  
David and Barry rigged up a  
sleigh, harnessed the horses,  
and the kids had a sleigh ride  
out to that old cabin.

OIL PAINTING BY M'JEAN



ranch up there in Spencer that would take care of the horses for the winter.

They were severe winters when the horses were kept, but remember horses are tough animals and they were used to living in some pretty tough places. We put them out on the big ranch and they will find grass and be able to keep going.

### BURNING THE SLABS

Another chore—one with plenty of excitement—was to burn the large piles of throwaway slabs out on the flat. Throughout the summer, the slabs which were not good enough quality to sell were hauled off, away from camp out on the open flat southeast of the mill. It would be safe to burn them without fear of a fire spreading only when there was plenty of snow on the ground. Of course that meant there was also plenty of snow on the slabs. David and Barry would grab a can of “boy scout fluid” (diesel) and a box of matches and head for the army truck. If the windows were rolled up, Cocoa would wait impatiently until someone opened a door for him.

Once they got the slab piles burning, they had the biggest bonfires ever. In the freezing cold they would have to stand way back from the tremendously hot fires.

### PACKING UP

In the “olden days,” Barney and Marj had to move everything in the house, even the iron cook stove, all the beds, dressers, daveno, wardrobe, and every tub, bucket, dish, pot, or pan. Gradually they built up a supply of furniture in both places and didn’t have to move so much.

M’JEAN: Myrna and I helped Marj with the packing. For several weeks we saved every available box. All the dishes were wrapped in newspaper and packed in boxes, along with clothing, towels, and bedding. Marj did not like the clutter of a lot of cardboard boxes, and after every move, she gleefully burned every box she unpacked.

### MANY, MANY MOVES

There were many moving days throughout the years. Marj first moved with Barney to the sawmill in 1937. Except during wartime when they had left to work in defense, they had moved twice yearly ever since.

There were two types of moving days—the spring move--usually in the rain; the winter move in the snow! There were many memories. A lot of them blended into one, the way sometimes Christmas memories merge into one, repeated celebration.



Grandpa's Cabin, where Grandpa and Bernie lived, grew some very long icicles. Bernie lit every available lantern and put them next to the windows to take this shot.

Through the summer the dry throwaway slabs were dumped in huge piles out on the flat east of the sawmill. Only when there was a lot of snow on the ground was it safe to set them on fire. The conflagration produced extreme heat and was something to behold!





But some stood out. Marj's first move out of Island Park in deep snow was on their first anniversary, the unforgettable New Year's Eve of 1937 when a very large group, which included her parents and younger siblings, made up a very long caravan of vehicles and teams of horses.

#### MARJ DROVE TEAM & BOB SLEIGH

The following year Marj would always recall, maybe with a smile at her bravado, but perhaps also with mild terror. As there was a much smaller caravan that year, she had to drive an outfit. Clad in Barney's large overalls, being seven months along in her first pregnancy, she drove the team of work horses pulling the open bobsleigh. In front of her was the little band of vehicles precariously edging along the packed-down tracks in the deep snow across the flat.

The team and sleigh were the rescue outfit. A call relayed to the rear to "bring up the horses" was the signal to make her way to the stuck vehicle. It meant leaving the trail to skirt around the caravan, as the horses lunged through the deep snow, the sleigh lurching behind. With everyone back on track, the procession would gain momentum and leave her to bring up the rear, the coyotes yelping behind her in the dusk.

#### GASOLINE BURNING UNDER TRUCKS

Some years, in subzero temperatures, it was all they could do to get the trucks to run.

MARJ: You'd have gasoline burning under the trucks trying to warm them up -- put gasoline in cans or buckets and ignite it. We started those vehicles and let them run. And other times when we'd know we were going, we'd get out there and start those trucks two or three times in the night, run them a little while, go in and sleep for an hour and a half, go out and start them again.

#### ALL DAY TO START VEHICLES

David and Barry also often worked in extreme cold and experienced a host of setbacks but were trained by their dad in every aspect of moving.

DAVID: One year we decided to move out and we started about 6:00 in the morning and we never got a vehicle to start until about 7:30 that night. So we let them run all night and then we started again the next day.

MARJ: That was after Barney died, wasn't it?

DAVID: Yes. It was so doggone cold...

#### EXTREME TEMPERATURES

DAVID: As for temperatures in Island Park, Grandpa Knapp told me that in the late 1920's they had a week there where every night the temperature would get to below sixty degrees below zero. Their thermometer would only read to sixty below and it would pull it below that. I have never seen it that cold but I do remember shoveling the snow off one winter and it was twenty-eight below zero in the afternoon with the sun shining. It didn't seem that cold but we were dressed really warm also. I suspect I have seen thirty-five or forty below a time or two in Island Park.

BARRY: About 5 of us huddled around a stove in Gene's cabin in December when the temperature was 41 below zero.

#### CHECKING STATION

M'JEAN: I have just one distinct memory of a winter move when Barney was alive. I got to ride with him in the truck. There was a truck checking station along the direct route north of Idaho Falls. Because the trucks would not always com-

ply with regulation, we were used to taking the route which circumvented the checking station. That day I was so surprised that he did not take the long way around but drove right through the checking station.

## MOVING WITHOUT BARNEY - WHEN TO GO?

The family moved out of Island Park in the snow 6 times without Barney.

When to go was always the big question. It was up to the snow, and it was anybody's guess what the snow would be like any given year. Sometime between Halloween and Christmas.

In earlier years, when the horses were wintered in town in the stable behind the lumber shed, vehicles and horses went out at the same time. The horses were used to plow the road and pull out stuck vehicles. Later on, when the horses were wintered on a ranch, they were taken out earlier. This meant that the timing was even more critical, since the vehicles had to get over the snowy road on their own.

## HALLOWEEN MOVE - WORMY PEANUTS

M'JEAN: Everyone remembers the year when trick-or-treaters came to the house in Idaho Falls as the loaded truck backed up to the front door. It wasn't long before the whole neighborhood knew that the Souths were back in town.

While unloading boxes and furniture, we doled out the only treat we could come up with—a bag of unshelled peanuts. When we got to the end of the bag, we noticed a few worms at the bottom. A few days later a couple of the kids at school told Myrna, "Those peanuts you gave us for Halloween had worms in them, and they got into our candy!"

## THANKSGIVING DUCK - CHRISTMAS TREE AT SCHOOL

The Souths had rarely spent Halloween in Idaho Falls. Thanksgiving was more of a toss-up. For Thanksgiving dinner in Island Park, there was never a turkey. One time the boys went hunting and shot a duck, and Marj cooked it. No one liked it. One thing was certain: there was always corn. One year when the snowfall had been very light up until the middle of December, it looked as if there was a chance of spending Christmas in the woods.

M'JEAN: In the schoolhouse there was a Christmas tree, and all the kids had helped decorate it with chains of red and green construction paper. We started getting quite excited about the prospects of staying in Island Park for Christmas.

## THE BIG SNOW - MOVING DAY

With all the planning and preparations to move, there was no way of knowing ahead of time which specific day would be moving day, and when the time to move arrived, it did so abruptly.

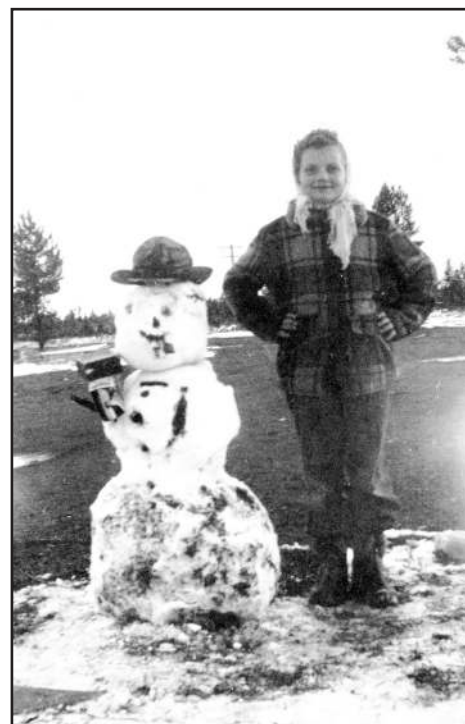


## BARRY SOUTH

David and Barry had learned from Barney how to turn trucks into horse trailers and moving vans.

## M'JEAN & MR. SNOWMAN

"We started getting excited about the prospects of staying in Island Park for Christmas." (M'Jean)



## Story: "We'll Move Tomorrow"

It was late December. Marj surveyed the sky. Night after night it had been clear and cold, and stars dotted the deep blue skies. Tonight the sky was black with heavy clouds which hung low, and there were no stars. David and Barry stood with her out on the front porch. Then together they walked towards the sawmill. Along with Marj, they had been carefully watching the weather patterns. All three gazed at the sky for several minutes.

"We'll move tomorrow," she said, finally.

"Sure looks like it'll snow," said David. "But how do we know it will be enough?"

"If we are not out of here by tomorrow night, I'm afraid they will have to dig us out next spring," replied Marj.

Enough said. Marj seemed to know. They went in to get some sleep before the big day.

### THE HAZARDS – THE GRAVITY OF THEIR SITUATION

For Marj, sleep would be slow in coming. Starkly aware of the gravity of their situation and the potential hazards, thoughts of all that needed to transpire within the next 24 hours crowded her mind.

The objective in timing the move was for the family to get out just ahead of a big storm. A large snowfall which occurred *after* the family got out would prevent anyone else from being able to get in, protecting against thievery and vandalism. In the past, Barney had sensed when that kind of storm would descend, and now that it was on Marj's shoulders, she felt the same urgency when the time came.

One potential problem was that with the enormity of the task and the frustrating delays which compounded it, the predicted storm would descend *during* the move. Often the work and travel took place in blizzard conditions.

### STUCK, STORM, BREAKDOWNS

All of the vehicles were now older models, the weather was generally uncooperative, the roads treacherous. They could have serious breakdowns. They could get stuck. They could be caught in a serious storm. They could become stuck, caught in a serious storm with a serious breakdown. They did not have Barney the mechanic. He always kept his vehicles in crackerjack condition and always knew what to do in an emergency. But he had also trained his sons very well, which gave them a lot of confidence.

Marj always claimed she herself had been trained by the best, and she never exhibited real fear to her children. What she did exhibit was faith. She was prayerful. She trusted that there was a purpose for her little family to be growing up to be hardworking and courageous in their peculiar environment, and that Father in Heaven was watching out for them.

### MOVING DAY

"The Indians are coming," called Marj to the two sleepyheads. David and Barry knew that meant "Get up and get moving." They



also knew they had a long, hard day ahead of them and were clinging to the covers as long as possible. But it was no use. Marj was getting breakfast and was rattling every dish and pan in the kitchen that hadn't already been packed. It would be the last breakfast before leaving Island Park for the year.

Marj was elated about the early start. Year after year, no matter how great the efforts, it seemed impossible to get out of camp and over the flat before nightfall. But this time it was to be different!

"For once we will arrive in Idaho Falls in daylight!" Everything on this moving day had gone well. Most of the packing had been done ahead of time, and loading the furniture and boxes went fast. Everyone took a last trip to the outhouse, and the girls got the little kids in the car while Marj took one last look around the house.

The boys had already crossed the railroad tracks with the trucks and were standing at the crossing when Marj drove over the tracks and stopped on the other side.

With everything in the camp—the sawmill, the house, the barn and other buildings—secured, locked down, and ready for a long winter, now back on the other side of the tracks, the little moving company was ready to roll. Except for one more thing—removing the planks in the railroad crossing.

#### RAILROAD CROSSING PLANKS

The Souths had a long-standing arrangement with the railroad concerning the railroad crossing. Because the planks in the railroad crossing would freeze during the winter, they would cause some expansion in the rails; therefore, the railroad would remove the planks in the fall when the seasonal train schedule came to an end.

But those living at the siding still needed to use the crossing for some time after the trains stopped running. There would be no train crews available to remove the planks. So the railroad agreed to leave the planks in the crossing, provided the Souths would take them out when they left.

"We had to pull the planks out so in the winter they wouldn't freeze up and spread the rails," Marj had explained. "They would leave them there for us, but if we were not dependable enough to pull the planks out they wouldn't have left them for us, and then we would have had a hole in the railroad tracks to go over, and that was hard on the outfits. They stopped running in October, and we'd be there another two or three months."

It had created a terrible problem the time when the railroad removed the planks early. "One year," Bernie recalled, "the railroad forgot the deal they had with Marj and took the planks out of the railroad crossing. The 6x6 got the tandem duals stuck between the tracks, dropped down into the ties. It was quite a problem getting it out."

Removing the planks in the railroad crossing added to the long ordeal of moving.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT

With shovels and crowbars, Marj and the boys went to work, while the rest waited in the car. It soon became apparent that the planks were imbedded in solid ice and that it was going to be a major project getting them free. It was disheartening. It took hours of hard work before all the planks were out. Once again, the hope of reaching the highway before nightfall became a lost cause.

"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come," Marj said, as she always would say. Disappointed at once more arriving at the house in Idaho Falls by night, she was glad for the good fortune to have daylight for the ordeal of removing the railroad planks.

Later she looked back, "It was daylight when we got to the railroad tracks. But by the time we'd dig those old planks out and the last vehicle had gone on over, why it would be dark, and we'd be on our way."

The young children never understood or felt the urgency of their plight. With the small family traveling through the woods alone in wintry weather, there were some frightening possibilities.

The large snowflakes which had been falling gently were now coming fast and thick. Those four miles from the sawmill to the highway were never longer than when creeping along through deep snow in a blizzard on moving day.

What a relief it was to arrive at the juncture of the woods road and the paved road! Even if the long drive ahead down the highway promised poor visibility and snowy road conditions all the way to Idaho Falls. In good weather the trip took two hours. [This was before the new road over the Ashton Hill and the divided highway skirted around each town.] In stormy weather it took much longer.

At the highway there was the usual need for a load adjustment, and then there was a pleasant little detour over to Ponds Lodge before starting the next leg of the journey towards Idaho Falls.

THE RAILROAD CROSSING, buried under the snow, is located in the space between the end of the stockyards and the little clump of trees far left.

Planks in the railroad crossing were removed for the winter.

The photo is taken from the sawdust pile, looking down on the mill shed, the stockyards, and the flat beyond. The little cabin on the far right is the slab cabin, which was moved to its spot in 1937 just before the old sawmill burned.



#### CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

The kids anxiously looked for any signs of Christmas along the way. After passing Last Chance with its neon lights, there was the long, twisting, treacherous canyon road which wound its way down the mountain through Bear Gulch to Warm River below. Nestled at the bottom of the canyon was the first sign of civilization, the lonely Warm River Inn, where there would be a candle in the window.

Next came tiny Marysville, with its single string of colored lights hanging across the road and blowing in the wind. Everyone would sit up and take notice, "Lights! Look at the lights!" Here in Marysville, Marj explained, Grandma Mabel Knapp had tended the post office as a girl.

Along the road were isolated farmhouses, perhaps with a Christmas tree visible through the window or a tree with colored lights in the front yard.

The next town was Ashton, larger than Marysville by about two strings of lights. As a seven-year old, Marj was in Ashton at Christmastime, just prior to her family's move to Island Park in the sleigh. It was in Ashton where she had crawled under the moving freight train to keep from being late for school. What a lot of water under the bridge since then!

St. Anthony provided more things to see, and everyone had to look fast to take it all in: a few strings of lights across the road, plus lighted wreaths and other decorations in the store windows along the main street. It was considered to be very good fortune to see any kind of Santa decorations.

Sugar City came next, with its little festive splash of color, and then on to Rexburg. Rexburg was a bright and shiny 5-light-strings-town! From the lights strung across the road at each intersection, to the festive décor of the storefronts, to the tall lit-up pine tree in front of the courthouse, complete with a star on top, Rexburg was exciting.

Anything after Rexburg would present far less to gaze at, but anyone still awake still took note of anything "Christmassy" in Rigby, Lewisville, Thornton, and Ucon. Entering Idaho Falls from the north meant missing the lighted downtown region, but several Christmas trees were spotted, along with a few front yard decorations.

#### HOUSE ON ADA AVENUE

Finally the little caravan drove up Ada Avenue and stopped at the very dark house. Ever since leaving for Island Park six months ago, if lights were needed, a gas lantern would have to be lit—or flashlights would have to do. Before beginning the task of unloading the truck, the tired travelers would go inside and relish switching on the electric lights in every room.



#### ASHTON, IDAHO

In the 50's—with its little bit of Christmas splendor!



# Chapter 104

## Real Estate & Getting By

Nothing ventured, nothing gained –MARJ

After Barry shot his moose, the South family winter meat supply consisted of moose steaks, moose roasts, moose chops, and moose burger. The various cuts were wrapped and stored in a locker at a cold storage place downtown. It was a blessing to have the meat.

Even with frugality and hard work, running the sawmill after Barney died was not really profitable. The family's other income asset was the newly-remodeled 3-unit apartment house across the street.

Doll  
Brought from  
Germany by Bernie.  
Meddled with by  
renters.

DAVID: Without Barney the sawmill was not a money maker. It was a very small sawmill and it did not generate enough for us to live on.

The apartment house did not provide a reliable income. It was difficult to keep it up and to keep it rented. Also, there was debt on the place.

Sometimes apartments would be vacant. With maintenance costs and the monthly mortgage payments, it was often a toss-up between profitability and liability and was difficult just to keep the lights on.

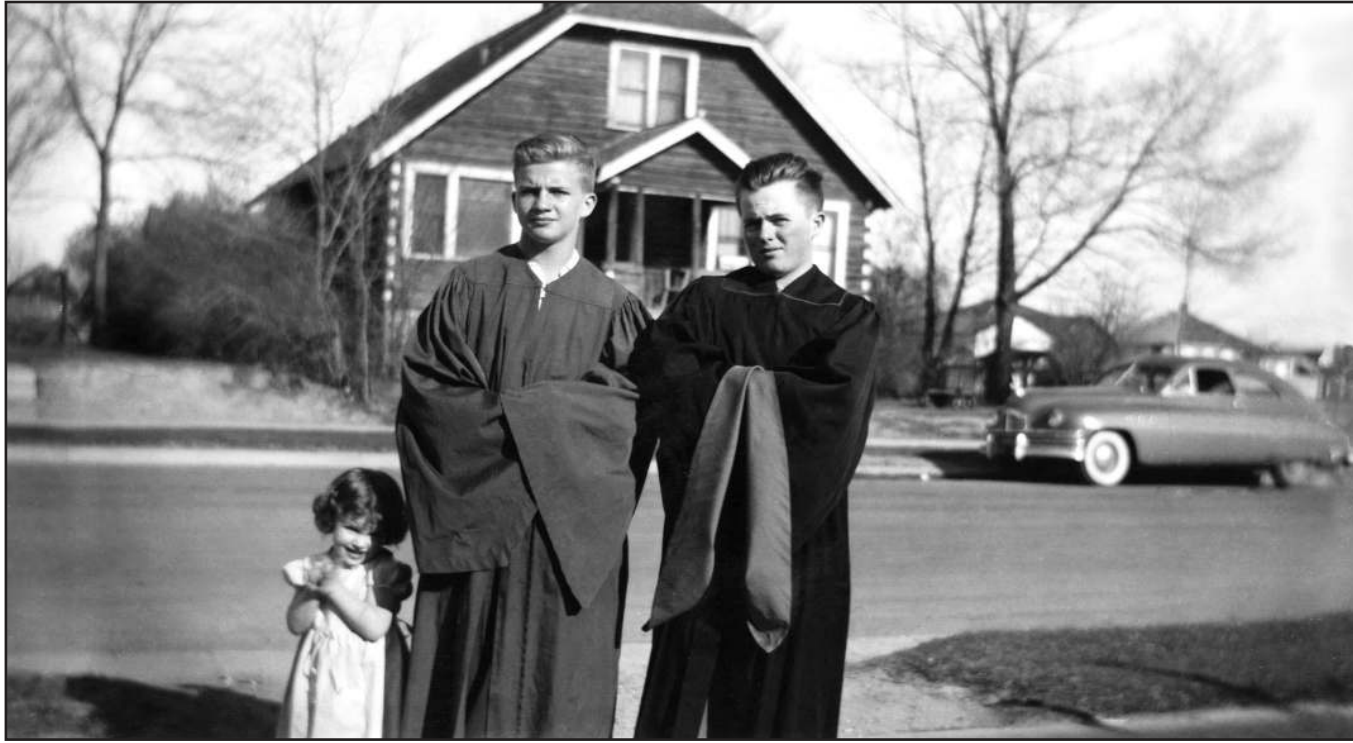
### RENTED FAMILY HOME

One summer, probably 1955 or 1956, Marj rented the family home at 955 Ada. A trip to Idaho Falls during that summer meant having to go to Grandma's just to use the bathroom. Maybe the renters failed to pay the rent or it must have been otherwise an unsatisfactory situation, because Marj never rented it again.

M'JEAN: I just remember about the doll. When Bernie returned from his stint in the army in Germany, he had brought us a pretty little German doll in folk dress. Along with many other of our possessions, it had been packed away in one of the four storage closets in the attic.

When we returned to our house in the fall, we found that the renters had gotten into our belongings, and we girls were disappointed to find the doll disheveled.





When David turned 18, Marj's social security allowance was reduced, and it would be the case again when Barry turned 18, and so on with the rest of the kids. Yet, as the children grew older, their expenses became greater.

#### REAL ESTATE

As financial pressures increased, Marj had tried to find a way to bring in some money. At that time, relatively few kinds of jobs were available to women. School teaching was not an option, as her teaching credentials were outdated. The only job she could get would be low-paying, and by the time she paid a babysitter for the two children not yet in school, there would be little left. Marj never wanted to leave Susan and Randy in anyone else's care anyway. And who would hire someone who intended to stop working when school was out in the spring to move to Island Park?

Marj became re-acquainted with Cortez Christensen, for whom she worked at his grocery store in Goshen while she was in high school. She also had tended the Christensen children. Cortez had an insurance business and was a real estate broker.

Although it was uncommon, there was nothing to prohibit a woman from getting a real estate license and selling real estate. Marj took the required course, studied to take the exam, and became a licensed real estate salesman. She sold real estate for several years. In addition to working on her own sales, she did a considerable amount of paperwork for Cortez. Soon after Marj became licensed, David followed suit.

SUSAN, BARRY, DAVID  
Little sister poses with her brothers: Barry, wearing Idaho Falls High School choir robe. David, graduation gown. The trio is standing on the front lawn of the house at 955 Ada. Pictured across the street is the apartment house which Barney built for his parents and for which the boys now have responsibility for maintenance.



MARJ SOUTH, REALTOR

As a real estate salesman she could name her own hours and take her pre-schoolers along.

DAVID (*being choked*) & Cast members Rehearsing as Og, the leprechaun, in the musical "Finian's Rainbow, David became closely acquainted with his future bride, Judy Bates.

Barry was also in the cast.

DAVID: In my senior year in high school, they had several men come by and give speeches to the students about things they should study and do to get good grades to become more self sufficient in making money to live on. I went to one of the lectures.

The man was talking about people learning how to make money selling. I had already heard several times that selling is where you could make the most money. I went to this guy's discussion about selling, and when I got through with it, I decided I wanted to sell.

About that same time my mother had a friend by the name of Cortez Christensen, a good family friend, who had a business selling insurance for cars and trucks, had a real estate broker's license and could sell real estate. I talked with Cortez. He said, yes, selling real estate is a real good way of making money. You have your own time, you can run it on your time and not a clock.

I had already been busy helping him with some real estate he was working on. I had helped him with a house project he had. So, selling real estate made a lot of sense.

#### LICENSED

Well, I was part way through my senior year when I decided I would like to get my real estate license. So, I had to take a class, not a school class, but an outside class to get what I needed to get the license, and then I passed the state boards, and at eighteen, I got my license. Cortez told me I was the youngest person that ever got an Idaho license. It gave me a chance to go out and sell real estate, and I liked it.

Marj was already selling real estate. I began selling--after school, on weekends and whenever I could. I got really busy finding people to help sell for and finding prospects that wanted to buy.

#### HIGH SCHOOL FUN

David managed to squeeze in fun high school activities as well. Both he and Barry participated in choirs at school, and David was choir president. When the music department chose to perform the musical "Finian's Rainbow," David landed a lead role: Og, the Leprechaun, which he played to the hilt. Barry was in the cast as well.

Another member of the cast, whose role of Henrietta required blackface, was Judy Bates. David and Judy became well acquainted during rehearsals. Two years later she would become his wife.





## LEAN TIMES

Marj would take little Susan and Randy with her when working on real estate projects. She made some sales, but money was tight for the family. Everyone helped. More of the cooking and household chores fell to the girls. Everyone learned to be frugal.

## KIDS PITCHED IN

Barry found creative ways of making money with various enterprises like selling greeting cards, etc. He and David built garbage racks to sell. Garbage collection was done in the narrow alleys, which ran between streets. Garbage cans were set out behind the houses in the alley. When a city ordinance required the cans to be a certain height off the ground, Barry and David constructed wooden garbage racks out of lumber from the lumber yard.

M'JEAN: Starting in 9<sup>th</sup> grade I began teaching piano lessons. From my first little student I learned that not all kids will practice diligently and that not all moms will see to it they do. I taught all through high school. I charged \$1.25 per lesson. The silver dollars and quarters piled on the upright piano came in handy when we needed bread or other groceries, and we'd take that money to the store.

### SOMETIMES NEGLIGENT

But we were still kids and did not really see the whole picture. Nor did Marj want us to carry any more burden than necessary. We were often negligent about carrying out responsibilities.

We had our instructions about answering the phone. If someone called in answer to an ad about renting an apartment, we were to get the name and phone number. If someone called in answer to an ad on a house for sale, we were to get the name and phone number.

We often forgot to ask for the name and number. When we failed to get the information, so Marj could follow up, she would be sorely disappointed.

Sometimes Marj would return home from a sales call about dinnertime and ask why we had not thought to put some potatoes on to cook.

Probably none of the kids regarded themselves as being "poor folk," but there were some lean times, and sometimes it became a personal challenge, in feeling that clothes and supplies were not up to par. Apparently because of such consciousness in being frugal, Randy later joked, "M'Jean had her own private depression."

### SOMETIMES EMBARRASSED

M'JEAN: Central Intermediate was the school I attended when Barney died. I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade. All the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> graders in the district attended Central. As some of the 7<sup>th</sup> grade classes were added, I went to Central in 7<sup>th</sup> grade also. The building, which was the old high school, had a swimming pool. There was only one occasion our 7<sup>th</sup> grade P. E. class was allowed to swim. I don't remember the pool at all, only the dressing room. I remember that day primarily due to the embarrassment I felt in the dressing room because of my raggedy slip. Knowing that funds were tight, I did not ask if I could buy a new slip but mended the old one over and over until it was a sorry sight.

This type of embarrassment did not do the damage to my self esteem that it caused Myrna. She never forgot how a boy pointed out to her that she had a



DAVID SOUTH, REALTOR  
"At eighteen, I got my license. Cortez told me I was the youngest person that ever got an Idaho license."



M'JEAN, RANDY,  
SUSAN, MYRNA  
"I thought Susan  
sometimes looked  
little a little waif, with  
her tangled hair. I  
tried cutting her hair  
and found out cutting  
hair was harder than I  
thought." (M'Jean)

commission, which was a really nice size commission. With that commission I had enough money that I could go to college that next fall. For the next couple of years I sold quite a bit of real estate.

### SELLING A PLUM

One of Marj's early real estate sales was in Island Park. Marj learned that the owners of the beautiful property on the Buffalo River known as Wallins' Cabin were interested in selling. Wallins' was one of the family's favorite spots in Island Park. The cabin was old and dilapidated, but the property was isolated and scenic.

The owners lived in Pocatello. Marj visited with them--two elderly sisters--both childless, I believe--who had lived in the cabin at times as children and who

hole in her skirt. But she was probably more damaged by her two well-dressed uppity fair-weather friends. The two of them came from wealthy families and had been friends since early childhood. Both were piano students of Myrna's teacher, Betty Benthin Petree. They each got along fine with Myrna and desired her company when the other was not about. When the three were together, Myrna was always feeling that three's a crowd.

### LITTLE WAIF

I remember thinking Susan often looked like a little waif. Her hair was difficult to comb, and sometimes no one had time to try getting a comb through the snarls. Once I thought a haircut would solve the problem, so I cut her hair and found out that cutting hair was harder than I thought. It turned out less fortunate than I had envisioned. Marj didn't say anything.

### SAWMILL PRIORITY

Summertime the focus was still on the sawmill and would remain so for the next four years, but Marj and David had opened a new door which would have a large impact on the future of the family.

### REAL ESTATE SALES

DAVID: My first real sales project was a property in Montana. I got Cortez to help me, and I sold this property, which was a lodge up by Hebgen Lake, to a man that lived in Idaho Falls. I got my first real estate

had inherited the place. She succeeded in getting a listing. There was no trouble finding a buyer. Claude Malan, an Island Park neighbor who owned a beautiful summer home east of the sawmill, was very interested in obtaining the property. When they went to look over the property, they found that inside the shed was a miniature cast iron cookstove in pristine condition. It was a real stove!

When Claude spotted it, he asked that Marj also arrange to buy the stove from the owners. He could see it was a valuable antique and was willing to pay whatever they asked.

Marj took little Susan with her when she went up to the Wallins' property and met with one of the sisters. Susan was probably close to five years old.

SUSAN: I remember going to the outbuilding where the stove was with the lady. The stove was in the shed, along with the stove accessories. I was not included in the conversation. The lady was really nice to me.



### "WE WANT A LITTLE GIRL TO HAVE IT"

The lady recalled fondly how she and her sister, when they were little girls, would cook on that small stove. It was on the porch next to the kitchen. There would be a fire in the firebox. Their mother would hand the ingredients through the window. They used the several tiny cast iron utensils, including a griddle, a waffle iron, and a tea kettle, which were still there with the stove.

"We do not want the stove to go to a collector. We would rather that a little girl have it to use as we did," she said. She looked at Susan and asked, "Would you like the little stove, honey?"

SUSAN: The shed was jammed full of stuff. But it was obvious what it was--you could see what it was—a mini cookstove, along with the stove accessories. I was pretty excited!

Marj was excited about the real estate commission, and it was a good commission! She loved the stove too, and there was also a certain satisfaction in not having it wind up in Claude's antique collection. Instead it sat on the hearth where Susan could play with it.

MINIATURE REAL IRON COOKSTOVE  
Given to Susan South by its owner

JENNY LYNNE SOUTH [SEMENZA]  
Jenny, along with Marj's other grandchildren and later, great-grandchildren, played with the little stove.







## Chapter 105

# Sunday School Revival

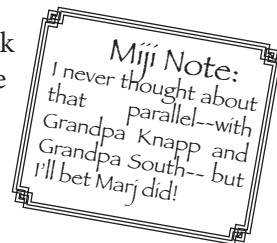
I hope that we can all remember who we are. We can help each other and our fellow men. Each day we have the opportunities and now and then we try. It seems that we must go farther out of our way to be of service.—DAVID

After the South family had been attending church in Island Park a couple of years, one spring day, leaders of the Yellowstone Stake came out to the saw-mill at Island Park Siding. They said they were organizing a Sunday School in Island Park. David, age 18, who had recently graduated from Idaho Falls High School, was called to be an assistant in the Sunday School superintendency. M'Jean, 12, and Myrna, 10, were asked to be the chorister and pianist.

Sunday School was set for 10:00, one hour before sacrament meeting. However, since the Catholic service was held in the Church of the Pines at that hour, Sunday School would be held up the hill from the church in the schoolhouse.

### LIKE OUR GRANDFATHERS BEFORE US

Thirty-two years earlier, there was a similar occurrence at Island Park Siding. Marj was 8 years old, and Barney was 20 when stake leaders came to the tie camp and organized a Sunday School to be held in the schoolhouse. Their fathers, Justin Knapp and Samuel South, were given responsibility in conducting meetings and directing music.



MYRNA: The first year we had Sunday School I played the piano.

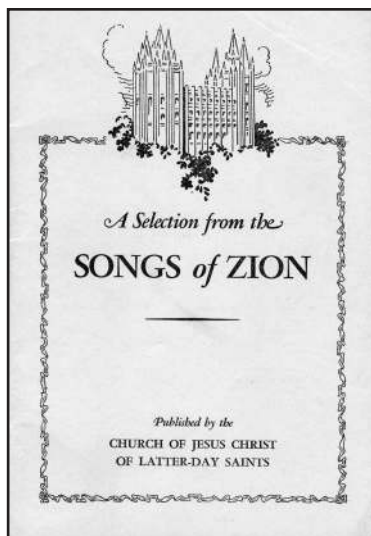
M'JEAN: I don't know how it was decided who should do what, but Myrna played the piano, and I directed the Sunday School singing in the same little building where we had gone to school in the fall of every year. What a remarkable pianist Myrna was at ten! We had a great experience there. It was the beginning of a lifelong involvement with music in the church for both of us.

There was quite a lot of music in Sunday School, including about ten minutes of hymn practice. There was also a sacrament hymn. At that time, sacrament was blessed and passed in Sunday School, as well as sacrament meeting.

The hymn books were little thin green paperbacks with 50 hymns; only about three were suitable as sacrament hymns. Myrna and I were involved with the Sunday School music in Island Park for several years.

Mary Lou Ovard was our Sunday School teacher. She gave a lesson on the sacrament that has had more impact on my life than any other single lesson.

MYRNA, SUSAN, M'JEAN  
BARRY, RANDY, DAVID  
Ready for church.  
M'Jean and Myrna are  
wearing their Swiss  
watches Barney and Marj  
requested that Bernie  
bring from Germany.



LITTLE GREEN HYMN BOOK  
Small paperbound hymn books were used in the Church of the Pines and at the schoolhouse, where M'Jean and Myrna conducted and played the hymns.



DAVID SOUTH  
Broke his arm while cranking the old Ford truck. The engine backfired and the crank kicked backwards.

MYRNA: A little later, Marj was a Sunday School teacher.  
M'JEAN: After Sunday School everyone would hurry down to the Church of the Pines for the 11:00 sacrament meeting.

### KEROSENE REFRIGERATOR - BROKEN ARM

Marj bought a kerosene refrigerator, and it was huge. It was a real boon. For the first time at Island Park Siding, it was possible to keep food refrigerated. One drawback of the fridge was the powerful bad smell of the kerosene when the pilot light went out. Which it did now and then.

M'JEAN: It was in the process of transporting the fridge that David broke his arm. The date, I believe, was the 24<sup>th</sup> of July, 1957.

### CRANKING THE OLD FORD TRUCK

BARRY: About the only time I ever got even with David for all of the knocks was a time when he was cranking the old Ford truck and I was running the choke and throttle. The engine backfired while David cranked and I heard a yelp and a groan. The crank had kicked backwards and it cracked the bone in his arm. He surely hollered over that one. He got to wear a bandage or cast for awhile, and I figured it got him out of quite a bit of work.

### NO LICENSE TO PRACTICE MEDICINE

DAVID: One Island Park summer afternoon when I was eighteen, a messenger from Pond's Lodge drove the four miles to our camp to tell us that equipment we had ordered was waiting for us at Pond's. We had an old, ton-and-a-half, Ford dump truck that was hard to start and never did run just right. We used it mostly to haul scrap slabs away from the sawmill.

But that afternoon, we decided to get our equipment at Pond's with that truck. Generally, we started that Ford by cranking it, and, with a large engine like this truck's V-8, that was always dangerous. Nevertheless, I got a hold of the crank handle and gave it a healthy turn. The thing backfired, spun the handle back around, smacking my left wrist. Woweee! That really hurt!

I fought back tears while Uncle Bernie cranked the truck again and started it. All the way to Pond's, I squeezed that arm just as hard as I could because it hurt so much. We got our equipment and returned to camp. For the next twenty-four hours, I kept applying cold compresses, then heated ones. Cold followed by heat kept both the swelling and the pain down, but it was still pretty sore. Nevertheless, I thought it was doing quite well — till I squeezed my arm above the spot that was hit. I could feel bones grating! Oh, oh — I had a broken arm!

Somewhere, I had read that broken bones don't start knitting for about a week, so I wasn't all that worried, though I couldn't do much with that arm. Another six or seven days went by, and I knew that, as much as I didn't want to, I had to see a doctor.

### NO HOSPITAL STAY - JUST PUT A CAST ON IT PLEASE

In those days, doctors confined patients with such injuries to the hospital. I sure didn't want that. I made a deal with my mom. I agreed to go to the hospital if Marj would let M'Jean, my then thirteen-year-old sister, go with me. I felt that with my sister there the doctor would not order a hospital stay because he could see that I had to get M'Jean home. And, I told Marj, on the way home, we could even get some groceries. So M'Jean and I drove to Ashton and I showed the doctor my arm.

"It's broken. I need a cast," I said.

The doctor looked at the arm and examined it. "You don't have enough pain for that arm to be broken."



"I did it a week ago. And I used cold and then heat. Trust me, it's broken."

"Well, I don't trust you," Doc replied. "Let's get an X-ray."

He looked at the X-ray, saw the break and said, "Boy, I ought to make you stay in the hospital for about a week."

"NO! Just put a cast on it, please!"

"You should have come in right after this happened, or at most by the next day," he scolded.

I told him I had read that bones did not heal or set that quickly.

"That's not totally true," Doc said. "Besides, you don't have a license to practice medicine."

#### SYMPATHY

He put the cast and a sling on and I drove home using only my right arm. When I got there, Barry, with a brother's typical amount of sympathy said, "Get out of that sling. You have work to do."

So I got to wear the sling only during that drive home from the doctor's. But the cast stayed on for five or six weeks, which got me a lot of sympathy from my girlfriends, including Judy, my future wife.

JUDY: I remember church when I wasn't going with David. I went to church up there after I graduated and looked over, and there was David South, and he had broken his arm. Most of my girlfriends had dated him, and I had dated him a couple of times and been in a play with him. And we all commented, because we all thought David South was pretty fine, you know.

Verifying the date of David's arm break is a letter from M'Jean's friend, Shirley Brocksome, following her summer visit:

SHIRLEY: Aug 9, 1957 - Dear M'Jean, How's everyone up that way except for all the bruises and sprains? Rubeine Sanders said David's arm really looked awful. Hope yours is better by now. His too.

M'JEAN: Shirley was my age, and we had been close friends since we were four years old and her family rented our little log house on Ada Avenue after Barney built the new house across the street. Of course when she visited, she would be Myrna's guest, as well. All three of us got along very well together, which was fortunate, considering the family policy. Marj never tolerated the kind of behavior where one child in the family, while entertaining a friend, excluded the younger sibling. If such became the situation, the friend would be invited to go home.

#### SWINGS – UNDERTUNNELS

The swings Barney had hung near the back porch got a lot of use through the years. There were two trees spaced just the right distance apart for two swings. Both swings hung from the same long pole secured to limbs of the two trees.



SUSAN

Giving an undertunnel to Susie was easy. When the swinger was someone much heavier it was a different story, as Myrna found out when she got a scrape down her back.

MYRNA

Mounting her stilts



SUSAN, RANDY,  
& UNCLE BERNIE  
KNAPP

Bernie had everyone helping to collect the 600 species of insects required for his college course.

MYRNA: I remember when Shirley Brocksome was up visiting, and about that time, we really liked doing undertunnels. An undertunnel is where you start to give a person a push, and then you can give them an extra push by running under the swing. Undertunnels were pretty harmless if you were pushing somebody about your weight or smaller, and there was just the regular flat board. But I gave Shirley an undertunnel, and sometimes if you wanted the swing a little shorter, you tied a knot in the chain, and that would be under the board. And she was a little heavier than what I was used to pushing, and that knot scraped down my back, so yeah, I remember that.

## *Flower Summer — Bug Summer*

Bernie attended the Agricultural College in Logan winter semester, 1956, and was pursuing courses in biology. He returned to Island Park that spring with all kinds of knowledge about various plants, including flowers. He had reference books and keys to the many varieties of wild flowers in the Island Park area.

M'JEAN: He showed us girls how to identify wild flowers. It wasn't long before we had a grand collection of pressed flowers in the Life magazines in the bottom of the bookcase. The prettiest were the Blue Gentian.

It was after winter semester of 1957 that Bernie had a project that involved everyone in camp. He signed up for a course to be completed outside of school, which consisted of collecting, identifying, and mounting 600 species of insects. Island Park was just the place to do it. Everyone helped.

MYRNA: One summer we were into collecting wild flowers, and another, bugs--for our uncle, who was a biology major. Everywhere we went we took a bug bottle and a butterfly net.

The guys carried band-aid boxes in their shirt pockets to put captured bugs in. The nicest of the empty cabins, the one Ren had built in about 1927, became the "Bughouse." On the table Bernie spread out all his paraphernalia, including mounting pins, wax, cyanide bottles, and display boxes. He learned he had to protect his insects from other critters.

BERNIE: I had bugs--specimens--in a cigar box with wax on the bottom. The mice got into them and ate the bugs.

## CYANIDE BOTTLES - PINNING SPECIMENS

Bernie made the cyanide bottles by putting 3 or 4 inches of sawdust in the bottom of a quart jar, then covering the sawdust with about a one-inch layer of plaster of paris. One drop of cyanide was sufficient. The lid was kept screwed on, except when putting an insect in the jar. When it fell on the flat surface of plaster of paris,

it perished instantly, in perfect condition for pinning in the display box.

The insects were pinned through the thorax on the right side. Insects too small to pin were mounted on a small tag, and the tag was pinned. The wings of butterflies, dragonflies, and moths were spread out before being pinned. Some of the moths Bernie captured were very large, as were the water beetles. Beneath each insect on the same long pin was the label.

M'JEAN: Extra insects came in handy for future school science projects for us kids.

### M'JEAN DRIVING '54 CHEV

It was probably late in 1956 that Marj had purchased a used '54 Chevrolet, light green. It had an automatic transmission.

M'JEAN: It was in the green '54 Chev that I had my first driving experience. I was twelve years old. One day we were returning from Ponds. Myrna, Susan, Randy and I were in the car with Marj. When we got out of the timber onto the flat, where there were no trees next to the road, Marj asked if I would like to drive. I jumped at the chance.

After going off into the borrow pit on one side, back across the road and into the borrow pit on the other side a couple of times, I finally was able to keep the car going relatively straight, and somehow we made it the mile across the flat to camp.

A little later David and Barry came across that road in another vehicle. When they got to the house, they remarked about the crazy car tracks they had seen out on the flat. "Some drunk driver must have been heading our way," they said. "No," they were told. "That was M'Jean driving the 'Chev."

## School 1957

In the fall of 1957, both David and Barry left for school. Barry was a junior at Idaho Falls High School. David, however, had graduated and was attending Ricks College, so he was back and forth, spending evenings in Island Park part of the time. Bernie also left Island Park to attend fall semester at the Agricultural College in Logan.

### ASHTON SCHOOL - YELLOW SCHOOL BUS

There was a big change in store for M'Jean and Myrna that fall. School was an entirely new experience. In 1957, the new highway between Last Chance and Ashton was finished. It was no longer necessary to travel the hazardous route through Warm River Canyon and Bear Gulch to get to Ashton.

That fall the Island Park School closed, after being held nine years at Mack's and three years previously in a cabin at Ponds. A real yellow school bus picked up all the Island Park students from a few designated locations, and they were transported to Ashton for school.



M'JEAN

The crazy zigzag car tracks left in the dusty road were not from a drunk driver but from 12-year-old M'Jean's first time driving the car.

#### US ROUTE 20

The main highway to Yellowstone was rerouted up the Ashton Hill in 1957, bypassing the Warm River Inn, resulting in a great downturn in business.



### ASIAN FLU

The deadly 1957 influenza pandemic, the "Asian Flu," was one of the famous influenza pandemics in history, although milder than the 1918 event. It was a category 2 flu pandemic outbreak of avian influenza that originated in China in early 1956 lasting until 1958. It originated from mutation in wild ducks combining with a pre-existing human strain. The death toll in the US was almost 70,000. A vaccine for H2N2 was introduced in 1957, and the pandemic slowed down.

MYRNA: We had the same group on the bus every day. It seems to me that everybody pretty much had their seats they always sat in. The bus, of course, started picking up kids further north, up towards West Yellowstone, so the ones from Island Park Lodge, which I think might have been the Kennedys, and then Mack Whaley. It seemed to me he always sat on the back row.

They'd stop and get us at Ponds, go on down the road a ways and stop at the Railroad Ranch and pick up a couple of kids that lived there, and go on down to Ashton.

### SMALL TOWN CLIQUES

M'JEAN: The one year I attended the Ashton High School I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and that was when I found out what small town cliques were all about. There were 3 or 4 girls who were the stand outs, and they took me in—sort of. I was never really "in"—always partly "out." My presence at lunch, etc. was politely tolerated but not really welcomed. During those few months up until we moved for the winter, I came to understand a little more the small town cliquishness that plagued Marj during her childhood in the little town of Goshen.

### FLU EPIDEMIC

However, there was not a lot of school for anyone in Ashton that fall. Soon after school started, it was announced on the radio and in the newspaper that school was closing due to the flu epidemic. School remained closed for about 4 weeks because of the flu. By then it was time for the potato harvest, and school was closed an additional 2 weeks for "spud vacation." Farmers relied on school kids to help harvest their crops.

When we returned to school after a 6 weeks' absence, none of us could remember our locker combinations.

MYRNA: My first year I was in the elementary school there. What I remember best about the school there was art. I had no artistic ability, but before that, all these people had just handed me some crayons or paint and said, "Here, make a picture." We actually had a teacher who taught us how to do railroad tracks and roads with the perspective, and I thought that was so cool. Ever after, if I ever wanted to make a picture that looked decent, it had to be a railroad tracks or a road.

### ASHTON HIGH SCHOOL

M'Jean briefly attended 8th grade at the high school. Myrna was in 6th grade at the elementary school.

### BUS PARTY AT PHILIP'S LODGE

M'JEAN: It was decided that the kids who rode the bus to Ashton every day to school should have a party. After all, most of the residents, except the Souths, were in the resort and entertainment business. The party was held at Philips' Lodge.

MYRNA: We had a party for all the kids that rode the school bus—a Halloween party. And they had a juke box. So they played music on this juke box, and it was partly a dance. And because there were so few girls, we got to dance with these big boys. It was quite the evening.



### TENDING HORSES

M'JEAN: Late every afternoon came time for the chore of watering the horses. With all of the guys gone off to school, this challenging, dreaded task would fall to Myrna and me.

Next to the well stood an old washing machine, with the big granite washtub intact, but having the wringer and most of the shaft removed. That was the "horse barrel." When the horses were not being kept in the woods, they were stabled in the barn in camp.

MYRNA: We'd go down to the well, fill up the wash machine, go get the horses, they would drink.

SUSAN: They got pretty excited and lively when they were going to get their drink.

M'JEAN: When we went to the barn to get the horses, it was hoped that the horses would have lead ropes. Did I say "lead"? Why, they would practically run right over us in their hurry to the water. Still, we did not dare to let go of the rope, and we didn't dare really run, or the horses would start running and trample us for sure. Or so we feared. So we'd walk as fast as we could, and try to ignore that awful feeling of horses breathing right down our backs.

When we arrived at the well, we would be very glad if we had had the presence of mind to fill the horse barrel beforehand. Even so, we would have to draw water as fast as we could to keep up with those big mouths--lips open but teeth closed to screen out the bugs and pine needles floating on top of the water. The trip back to the barn would be a little more calm.

## SPUTNIK 1

On Friday, October 4, 1957, thanks to the antenna rigged up by Nick Nicholson, everyone stood in the kitchen, next to the fireplace, and heard on the radio remarkable news. Russia launched a satellite called Sputnik 1.

## WATCHING FOR THE TRUCK

As the days grew shorter, Marj would light the gas lantern earlier in the evenings. She and her four youngest children gathered around the kitchen table, keeping busy with schoolwork or games. Sometimes she would read aloud. On Friday nights, she would be watching out the kitchen window for headlights coming across the flat. Many evenings in the past she had watched out toward the flat for the amber clearance lights on top of the red Federal, as she waited for Barney to return from lumber deliveries. But now it was her young sons, David and Barry, she would be watching for.

At length, when in the distance there shone through the darkness a pair of glowing lights, possibly through fast falling snow, Marj could at last breathe easy.

## MAKING MUSIC BY LAMPLIGHT

M'JEAN: Some of those long evenings, Marj, Myrna, and I played music together. With the lighted lantern set on top of the piano, we would get out the "Music for Millions" book for two violins and piano and all of us trade around playing the parts. We had a couple of old music stands, and Marj could tune the violins, and we all knew just enough to get through some of those pieces and end pretty close to the same time. A treasured memory.

Marj sometimes sat down to the piano and played her favorite piece—"Melody in F" by Rubinstein. She never quite got the rhythm right, but it was stuck in her head a certain way, and that's how she played it. Maybe it wasn't her favorite piece, but it was a piece she could play.

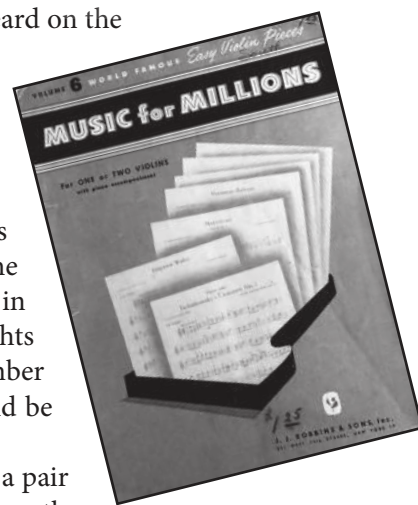
## WINTER MOVE

When the time came, the family managed to make its third move out of Island Park without Barney.

### SPUTNIK 1

Sputnik 1 was the first artificial Earth satellite. The Soviet Union launched it into an elliptical low Earth orbit on October 4, 1957. It was a 23-inch diameter polished metal sphere, with four external radio antennas to broadcast radio pulses. Its radio signal was easily detectable even by amateurs.

The satellite travelled at about 18,000 mph taking 96.2 minutes to complete each orbit.



"By the light of the gas lantern on top of the piano Marj, Myrna, and I played pieces for two violins and piano." (M'Jean)



## Chapter 106

# Passing the Torch

I ran the saw as the sawyer for the next 3 years. And I learned an awful lot then about working. It was pretty hard work.—BARRY

Ever since soft spoken, mild mannered Uncle Bernie had taken Al's place at Marj's kitchen table, as well as his spot on the pull-out bed in the living room, he had become like a big brother to the South kids.

He had started working for Barney at age 13 and had spent almost every summer since then in Island Park at the sawmill.

### NAMESAKES

Bernie's having been named Bernard Eldon came about because of the friendship the Knapp family had with Bernard Eugene "Barney" South in Island Park—4 years before Bernie was born in Goshen. Bernie probably had heard about his namesake long before ever meeting him. Then when he was six years old, and his family was living in Rexburg, Barney came calling on his big sister. The following spring when he found out Marj had married Barney in the middle of the school year, he was as surprised as anybody.

### YOUNG BERNIE - LIVING IN ISLAND PARK

When Marj's father went to work at the sawmill that spring of 1937, Barney helped move the Knapp family to Island Park. Bernie was awed at Marj's newfound richness—living in the biggest cabin in camp, wearing dungarees and cowboy boots, even having a car.

Eager to be outside, even in snowy weather, Bernie told how Marj "came to his rescue," convincing his mother that the fresh air would be good for him.

He remembered how Barney was "always looking out for kids" and asked him, as a 7-year-old, to build a wooden tool box, and paid him for it.

When the Rumely steamer went through the millfire, Bernie watched with great interest as Barney rebuilt the engine, recalling the ladle used to melt the Babbitt and pour new bearings. He remembered the melted, twisted water glass in the engine.

He credited Marj for teaching him to read. Because of the excellent tutoring he





GRANDPA JUSTIN KNAPP SAWING. BARRY AND BERNIE OFFBEARING





BERNIE KNAPP WITH  
DAVID & BARRY  
From age 13 on Bernie  
lived with Barney  
& Marj in summer and  
was like a big brother to  
the South kids. Barney  
taught him to work in  
the woods, at the sawmill,  
and to drive the truck.

had received from Marj, and because of her persuasiveness with the school, Bernie was admitted to second grade, even after missing the first half of the school year.

#### BARNEY & JESS BUILT KNAPP HOUSE

He credited Barney for getting the Knapp family into their own house. After moving to Idaho Falls New Year's Eve, they were able to move into their own new log home. "Barney built the house for Dad," said Bernie.

#### BERNIE WORKED FOR BARNEY - LEARNED TO DRIVE

It was after Barney and Marj returned from work in defense plants during the war, and after Al went into the Air Force, that Bernie became practically a member of the family. He worked in the woods and fired the steam engine at the sawmill.

As he had done with Al, Barney took Bernie places and taught him things—about work, about life. He taught him to drive and gave him the chance to practice.

BERNIE: I learned from Barney quite a few things. One time Barney was talking to me and he said, "Charles Pond is a pretty wise person. He'll go and ask people for advice; that doesn't mean he'll take their advice. But he will ask, and then he will think it through and figure it out for himself."

Well I was with Barney one day and some other men on his crew and we were out in the middle of the flat looking for horse tracks. We turned the horses loose at night a lot of the time, especially in the spring when there was a lot of good grass. We walked and looked for tracks. Finally we were quite a ways from the truck and Barney said, "Bernie, go get the truck."

Well, I'd seen it driven a lot but I'd never driven it myself. I was 13 or 14, I guess. I probably used 2nd gear, which was low. The lowest gear we called compound in those days. It was a 4 speed. So that's how I got started.

When Barney used to take trips delivering logs or lumber to the valley, he used to take me with him in the old Ford with semi trailer, and that's when I learned how to drive. We'd come home empty. He would get tired and a little sleepy, especially on a hot afternoon and he'd have me drive.

### TALKED ME THROUGH THE SHIFT

At first he'd tell me what to do with my feet while he double-clutched on downshifts. I remember once going over an overpass over the railroad at Sugar City and traffic slowed us down so much that before we got over the top we had to downshift, and he talked me through it.

### STOPPED AT CAFE

Once in a while we would stop at a little café and get chicken fried steak. There was a place between Sugar City and Rexburg by the railroad tracks. On the same side of the highway as the railroad track on a narrow piece of ground there was a café. That was something I wasn't used to. In my family we never got to go eat at a restaurant.

### BARNEY GOOD TO ME

I learned quite a bit from Barney riding with him delivering logs and different stuff to the valley. Barney was awful good to me. He helped me with a lot of things.

### ROLL UP THE WINDOW, ELI

One fall I was out of school for spud vacation and Barney hired an old guy from Duttonville to come offbear for a week. I went up with them in the old '37 Ford truck. I sat in the middle. As we passed the Hugginsville school where the highway east of Ashton turned north, the temperature changed. Once we dropped down into Warm River it really cooled off.

One of the things I always remember about the old Ford was the sound of the engine sucking in air as we crossed the Warm River bridge and started up the hill with the throttle wide open. At that place just before the bridge the driver would have the gas lever all the way to the floor to get a run at the long hill. (It is a nostalgic sound --I can almost hear it now.)

As soon as we crossed the bridge we were in the shadow of the mountain. And the cooler air came into the cab, chilling us. Old Eli Dutton had been riding all the time with his elbow out the window. Barney said, "Hey Eli, how about rolling up your window?" No response came from Eli. "Eli, roll your window up." Barney raised his voice several times and still no response from Eli. He just sat there looking straight ahead.

### CRANKED THE WINDSHIELD OPEN

Finally Barney reached up to the middle of the dash and cranked the windshield wide open. It would open up 6-8 inches I suppose. About a quarter of a mile further up the hill, Eli rolled up his window. Then Barney cranked the windshield back down and we traveled on in silence all the way to the mill, but much warmer.

Eli was slow. Barney had to wait on him quite a lot. I'd come out from the engine shed and help get the waste slabs moved that piled up on Eli. After a week Barney had most of the special order cut out that he needed at the time. I think Eli went home after 2 weeks and never worked for Barney again. He was maybe 45-50, a slender guy, not very husky, real quiet. Had a wife and a bunch of little kids. After 2 weeks we didn't seem to know him anymore than when he came, despite Marj's many inquiries.

Sometimes the instances longest remembered are those related to trouble.

### POPPED THE CLUTCH

BERNIE: One time in the fall we went out—it was during spud vacation. I used to come up during spud harvest sometimes. Instead of picking potatoes, I'd come up and work at the mill. And so one time there was something like a first snow, or some early snow, just a little snow and probably melted by noon or so. I went out to haul some slabs, and I put some slabs on the truck and was ready to bring it over to the mill, and I got in the truck and went to go, and it wouldn't go.



I'd shift gears and let the clutch out, and nothing happened.

So I went and told Barney, and he came over and looked, of course, and what had happened, I had some snow on my foot, and those old pedals they had on the Ford—they'd get worn down til it was just the metal—it was kind of slippery, and my foot had slipped off the clutch, and the clutch had come out sudden and popped the clutch, and it broke one of the rear axles.

#### BROKE OFF THE NUT

So Barney was kind of unhappy. But fortunately in the warehouse there was a spare axle, so he went over and got that and came back and was putting it on, and I was helping him, and I was screwing on the little bolts that hold the axle into the wheel, -- they aren't very big bolts, but I turned one so hard, I turned the nut off. He just kinda groaned, you know, and sent me back over to the mill to do something. If I'd have been his kid, I'd have probably got a lickin'. He just kinda groaned about it and didn't say much afterwards, just went ahead and got it fixed. Of course the truck ran when it was fixed. And he told me you have to be careful not to let the clutch pop out.

#### JACK-KNIFED THE TRUCK

Barney hired a Swede, John Olds, to cut for him, to work up at Chick Creek. We were logging up Trail Canyon quite far up. And one time he rode up to work in the morning with me, and I was driving the Ford, and I was following Barney in the Federal.

We went up a low canyon a ways, and there was a dugway to get up on top where we were loading the logs. So I just let the truck just idle along until it got to where I had to go up the steep hill. It had snowed during the night, just a skiff.

As I started up and hit the gas it coughed, sputtered, and killed. Down we went backwards. It jackknifed, the windshield wipers turned backwards, cleaned out the carburetor, the works. It stopped after one wheel went up over a big rock, bumping our heads on the top of the cab and came to stop when the trailer reach was all the way around wedged against the duals.

And this Swede got out of the cab and grabbed his lunch pail, his saw and his axe, and went tromping up the hill and told Barney, "He's trying to kill me!"

So Barney came down and started her up and said, "Well, probably because you just let it idle a ways, and hadn't stepped on the gas to get it going much until it started slipping."

After that the Swede always rode with Barney each morning.

#### FIRING THE STEAMER

After Barney started up his mill again using the old steamer I got the job of firing it. I had that job for several years while Berdett was offbearer during summer breaks from school. He was there several years of high school and during summers from college. I was there summers and after graduating from Ricks until July, '53 when I was drafted.

#### OFFBEARING

One summer Berdett left early in order to play in an All-star football game. So I ended up offbearing. After about a week of that I really felt worn down. I quit and took a week off. I asked Barney for my pay. I wanted to settle up. My dad was there working for him. He didn't say anything to me. I spent that week playing with Barry, David, and Steve in an old rowboat we found discarded and patched it up with tar so it would float in Tom's Creek.

It was a bad time to leave Barney with Berdett gone. I asked Gene for a job and being the caliber of person he was he wouldn't hire me away from Barney of course. So one day when one of their offbearers took a day off I did work at the portable. It was a change, but offbearing is offbearing and it was not any easier except there were two offbearers. After a week off I went back and helped Barney until school started at Ricks.

### LEARNED TO SAW

One time a Munns family from Rexburg came up and got out their own cellar timber. They also hauled a lot of logs to be sawn into lumber for sheathing and use around their farms. So Barney started me sawing. Some of the lumber sure wasn't up to the same standard he cut and sold to other customers as I was learning to saw. Some of the logs cut by those farmers weren't too straight to begin with either. That's how I got my start sawing. It proved to be the most interesting work at the mill for me.

### DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF THE OFFBEARER!

I recall one time Barney came out to the mill and asked if I had a tape with me. I didn't. He bought a new 6' tape, gave it to me and told me he never wanted to see me sawing again without a tape. I still have it among my souvenirs. He also told me if you want to live to a ripe old age, don't you ever take your eyes off the offbearer! And that proved to be greatly beneficial. On several occasions I've dashed from the sawyers box behind the millshed as slabs or lumber sailed over the skidway and beyond, always unexpectedly of course.



### BERNIE SKILLED SAWYER - DRAFTED INTO ARMY

Bernie was good at anything that required precision, and he became a skilled sawyer.

For ten years, from the time he was 13 years old, Bernie had spent his summers working for Barney, who had taught him every aspect of the sawmill operation. At age 23, Bernie received his draft notice. He was at the sawmill until July, 1953, when he went into the army. He was never to see Barney again. Eighteen months later, while he was serving in the army in Germany, he received the sad telegram, stating that on February 21, 1955, Barney had died.

#### BERNIE KNAPP

Drafted into the army, Bernie left the sawmill in July, 1953, never to see Barney again.

He was in Germany when he received the telegram telling of Barney's death.

Discharged from the army in May, 1955, he helped the South family run the sawmill for the next 3 years.

### QUIET HERO

In May, 1955, Bernie, now 25, was discharged from the army just in time to come to the rescue when the South family needed him to help run the sawmill. He was a quiet hero.

### *Mission to China*

After sawing at the mill for three summers, Bernie was called as a missionary. Everyone who knew him was excited. Bernie felt overwhelmed, for he had been called to serve in China, and there was no prior language training. He was also quite a bit older than most missionaries. The minimum age for missionaries at that time was 20; Bernie was 28. Missionaries to China were called for 3 years, although during the time he was serving, the duration was changed to 2 ½ years.

#### BERNIE KNAPP, QUIET HERO

Sporting a mustache the summer before leaving for China.





BARRY SOUTH  
Standing next to the mill shed  
where he will become the  
sawyer at age 16.

BERNIE KNAPP  
In March, 1958, Bernie arrived  
in Hong Kong, answering a call  
to serve a 3 year mission for the  
Church of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints.



and was set apart by Elder S. Dilworth Young, another of the Seventy. He invited my father to stand and lay his hands upon my head during the setting apart. Also my mother sat there. It was to her the fulfillment of a lifetime dream--having a son going on a mission.

Bernie arrived in Hong Kong in March of 1958.

## *Sawyer Dilemma*

**T**he 1958 sawmill season started with a new dilemma: the absence of Bernie, who had been the sawyer at the mill for the past three years, leaving a giant hole in the operation.

BARRY: Bernie would run the saw, and we'd saw the logs into house logs and lumber, and sell the lumber, and that's how we got by. And that went on for three years that way, and then Bernie was called to Taiwan on a mission. And the question came up—"okay, what are we going to do for a sawyer?"

We discussed it as a family a little bit, and I remember, we determined that David would be going on a mission pretty quick, and it took a while to get somebody trained, to learn that. So it was decided that I would be the sawyer. So I ran the saw as the sawyer for the next 3 years. And I learned an awful lot then about working. It was pretty hard work.

Barry loved everything about sawmilling, and he became an excellent sawyer.

Bernie's parents, Justin and Mabel, would surely be lonely without Bernie, but how happy they were to have a son fill a mission!

BERNIE: I was interviewed by Elder Bruce R. McConkie before my mission. I drove to Salt Lake City in my Volkswagon bug for that interview. It was in the old church office building. Later, after I was in the mission home, I went to that same office building to an appointment



## TRAIL CANYON & RIPLEY BUTTE

As Barney had bought the logging rights to Section 36, David and Barry continued to log that area.

DAVID: Trail Canyon was quite a long canyon, and Barney primarily got the trees out of Section 36. Barry and I logged quite a bit of section 36 as well. The other miles of canyon were logged by other people.

All of this is part of Black Mountain. Black Mountain is the edge of the volcano that is all along the edge of Yellowstone Park.

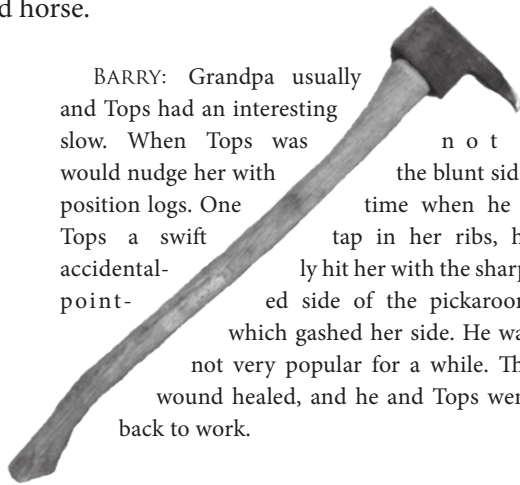
We did log in places other than Split Creek. For one thing, once in a while we would go after the big fir trees which were primarily on Ripley Butte. Ripley Butte is between the highway and the railroad, and it is primarily the place where fir trees grew. There were a lot of fir trees there, but they were not particularly good trees. About once a year we would log one of the fir trees and get the large lumber out of it.



## GRANDPA KNAPP

Marj's father, Justin W. Knapp, was fast approaching age 72. As Grandpa was getting older, he was slowing down, but he continued to work at the sawmill. He was a blessing to the family, and the family was a blessing to him. On one occasion, however, he had everyone mad at him on account of poor Tops, the skid horse.

BARRY: Grandpa usually and Tops had an interesting slow. When Tops was not moving to suit him, Grandpa would nudge her with the blunt side of the pickaroon he carried to position logs. One time when he gave Tops a swift tap in her ribs, he accidentally hit her with the sharp, pointed side of the pickaroon, which gashed her side. He was not very popular for a while. The wound healed, and he and Tops went back to work.



PICKAROON

## 6X6 WINDSHIELD BROKE

Some of the time it was necessary for Grandpa to drive a truck. He preferred the Federal over the more powerful Chev and army truck, or 6x6.

BERNIE: My father was stuck on a dugway one afternoon with the Federal. We towed the

## GRANDPA KNAPP

Having sawed for Barney and later for Ren, he occasionally still did some of the sawing.

When working with a horse, Grandpa kept his pickaroon in hand in case the horse needed a nudge. Meantime two lucky little fellows are getting a ride.

Note the size of the sawdust pile.





Federal once with the 6x6. David was pulling me and he was looking back and ran into a big dead tree at the side of the road. Our hand signals didn't warn him enough to get him stopped in time. He had the windshield out flat to get more air in the cab. The impact on the tree

MARJORIE SOUTH  
Shown examining the teeth of the big saw blade, Marj was featured in a newspaper article which acclaimed the managerial might of a pretty, petite sawmill woman. Marj had good business sense.

shook a big limb out and it fell straight down breaking the windshield, both halves.

## RUNNING THE BUSINESS

As for Marj, she was first raising a family. But second, she was running a business. Marj had good business sense. It was a good thing, because of the overwhelming number of things to do. They all caused concern and they all cost money. A partial list includes:

- Move the tools, furniture, and household goods twice a year
- Procure a summer's supply of dry and canned goods
- Get the horses in the spring
- Order and haul feed for the horses
- Haul the horses to be wintered in late fall
- Order gasoline; arrange for gas company to deliver gas to the gas tank in camp
- Maintenance on trucks
- Maintenance on logging equipment
- Maintenance on sawmill equipment
- Bookkeeping for the business
- Dealing with the Forest Service

### Miji Note:

Being able to sell the sawn materials was also a big concern. Years later Marj wrote, "When we were overstocked with houselogs at the mill, I prayed over our 'flocks, fields, and herds.'"

## WINCH AND QUICKWAY

Marj counted on Barney's guidance, even after he was gone. Perhaps especially after he was gone. She talked about the things he did. She repeated the things he said. Her boys, although well trained by Barney, were very young when he died. They were young still.

When it came to managing money, Barney was conservative, practical, wise. He grew his business slowly and without debt. New equipment came a little at a time as it could pay for itself.

David and Barry were enthusiastic about ways to improve and expand the sawmill operation. Their eagerness ran ahead of her practicality, and sometimes their enthusiasm and her common sense would clash.

It was frustrating for her and for them. They were the ones doing the logging and sawmill work. She was the one writing the checks.

She was reluctant to undertake speculative measures when her vision of a return on the investment appeared dim.

M'JEAN: Worn down from the persuasive arguments of the boys, Marj would pour out her frustrations to us, her daughters, who could do nothing but listen and sympathize.

But she would end by saying, "Barney would say that the farmer's sons who had no chance to try new ideas and ways of farming would, when they were able, leave the farm."

New large pieces of equipment, never before used in the Souths' timber operation, were imported to the logging areas.

DAVID: When we were logging the hillsides of Split Creek on each side it was about a quarter of a mile to the top of the ridge. We bought a winch that had half-inch cable about a half mile long. We used it to pull logs off the side of a mountain down to where we could load them on a truck.

It worked very, very well, as we could run the cable up over a pulley up towards the top of the ridge, then back down to the base and fasten it around the winch.

Then with the winch we could then pull a chain or a hook any place the height of the ridge and hook onto a log and then use it to pull it down. As it pulls it down, it pulls the cable back down, and when you want the cable to go back up, you reverse the winch and it pulls it back up. It is a very simple, slick way of moving the logs where it is too steep of a hill to drive a tractor or something like that. It would handle loads up to ten ton.

We bought it, I think it was two years after Barney died, which would be when I was eighteen. We used this winch for two summers to log the sides of the Split Creek Canyon and then we didn't log that kind of hillside again and we got rid of it.

We also bought a Quick Way which is a crane mounted on the back of a truck. It is used often for digging ditches, but it is also with a cable and a crane to be used as a loader. We used it as a loader. We used it for several years, and we bought it at the same time we bought the other winch. It was extremely good for what we did. You could drag the log over from a long distance and at the last minute raise it up to the boom of the crane and set it on the truck.

We used that motor for several years and then we sold it. It was useful for anyone that wanted one of those devices for digging ditches, as well as moving logs.



QUICKWAY: CRANE WITH BIG BOOM

David and Barry used the new winch to move logs off the steep hillsides of Split Creek and the quickway to load them on the truck.

David and Barry loved expanding their range of operation. But in the end, the





#### CHEV LOGGING TRUCK

Barney bought it a few years after the Federal. It had more spunk and was fun for David and Barry to drive. When asked to do the impossible, however, it revolted, and required an overhaul.

shallow local market, along with ever increasing stumpage fees and restrictive regulations of the Forest Service put a lid on expansion. The sawmill enterprise would remain a small business with large expenses and little return. Part of reality was the inevitability of breakdowns.

#### TRUCK TROUBLES -OVERHAUL

BARRY: This old truck Barney bought when I was maybe ten years

old or so, and I learned to drive it, and I drove it a lot, hauling logs out of the woods. When I was about 16 or 17, I think, we were logging out of one place and there was a pretty steep dugway and we had to pull the loads up out of that dugway. And we would judge the size of the load by what we figured the truck could haul out.

This one load was a little bit bigger than normal. I took off with it and headed up that old dugway in the lowest gear that was there, and that engine just slowed down, and down, and down, and down, and it just barely made it out over the top. And when it got over the top and I revved the engine up a little bit more, there was a knock in the engine, and we had to overhaul it.

BERNIE: Marj had both engines overhauled, the Federal and the Chevy after Barney died. But they didn't last too long.

#### AL HOLMES - MACHINE SHOP

Mechanic work that could not be handled at the mill was usually taken to Al Holmes at his welding and machine shop in Rexburg.

#### MADISON COUNTY COURT HOUSE IN REXBURG

"I scored 100% on my drivers license test while still 13. The license was mailed a couple weeks later after my 14th birthday." (M'Jean)

M'JEAN: I don't ever remember seeing Al Holmes in his shop but what he was wearing a smile, a welding helmet, and a lot of grease. There were rather racy calendar pictures on the shop wall. He was a pleasant guy, rather small built with a large wife and large daughters. The whole family sometimes visited at the sawmill.



#### DRIVERS LICENSE

It may have been during one of those trips taking a part to be welded or rebuilt at Al's shop when Marj pulled up in front of the Madison County Court House and instructed me to go in and take the drivers license test.

I was 13, but just two weeks shy of 14, the legal age for daytime driving in Idaho. It was a written exam only, and I scored 100 percent. The people in the office declared they had not seen a perfect score in a very long time. But when they found that my birthday was still two weeks off, they did not give me the license that day but promised to mail it. It came to the post office at Ponds after my July 1st birthday.

## School 1958

The summer's work at the sawmill was to be cut short with the start of school, as David and Barry would be gone during the week and were limited to what they could accomplish on Saturdays.

Marj considered it vital that children learn to read well. She did not trust the schools to get it right. As she had done with the four older kids, she worked consistently with Susan throughout the summer so she could read fluently when she started first grade at Ashton in the fall.

As in the previous year, the school bus went each school day to and from Ashton, Ponds Lodge being the pick up and drop off place. Marj would drive Myrna and Susan to and from Ponds.

### LEARNED READING AT HOME - ASHTON SCHOOL

SUSAN: I'll never forget my learning experiences with my mother, and I watched it happen with my siblings. I remember some of my earliest memories were with her and a chalkboard, and a piece of chalk, and an eraser. And she would have the smaller case alphabet on that chalkboard, and we would be sounding out the vowel sounds. And she was teaching us to read at an early age.

There is something horribly embarrassing about 1st grade in Ashton: there were twin boys—Overhansly—and they were cute. I would chase them around at recess. I was a maniac out of the classroom and out on the playground. My first grade teacher didn't want me there, because she thought I was emotionally immature, but I read better than anybody there.

M'Jean, a ninth grader, joined David and Barry at Grandma's house. She could have started the year at Ashton High, but Marj knew it would put her at a disadvantage to have to transfer high school level classes mid-school year.

M'JEAN: The first year I stayed at Grandma's I was in 9th grade at O. E. Bell Junior High. Barry was a senior, and David was commuting to Ricks College. Many days he returned to Island Park after classes. It was the last year either of them stayed at Grandma's in the fall. While David and Barry slept on the sofa bed, I had my own space in the tiny bedroom with the small built-in bed just off the living room.

Marj was always reminding us, "Help Grandma!" She didn't want us to be a burden. I think I may have been more helpful in the kitchen than the boys. Weekends we went to Island Park. I never did ride the train. David and Barry always had a car or truck to take back and forth.

The arrival of a lot of snow in Island Park was soon followed by the arrival of the South family on Ada Avenue, as the long-established pattern continued. The family had made it through another sawmill season, and had done so without Bernie.

O.E. BELL JUNIOR HIGH  
Having a reputation for being wild, it was alma mater for David, Barry, M'Jean & Myrna.





SOUTH FAMILY: M'JEAN, DAVID, BARRY, MARJ, SUSAN, MYRNA, RANDY  
 In front of Grandpa & Grandma Knapp's house on Cleveland Street. David, Barry, M'Jean & Myrna  
 each spent autumn months living with Grandma Mabel when they became high school age.  
 The little boy looking over the fence is perhaps Allen Knapp.  
 Traveling in the Volkswagon was a bit of a squeeze.



# Chapter 107

## Earthquake '59

I keep looking around for someone to blame.—MARJ

When Nineteen-year-old David was commuting to Ricks College in the fall of 1958, some nights he stayed at Grandma's house in Idaho Falls, and sometimes he returned to Island Park when he finished class. He was approaching mission age, which at that time was 20 years old. A mission for David was the plan.

One night he was late getting home to the cabin. He went to Marj's room to announce his arrival. He announced something else which caused her to forget her sleepiness: a new plan--his intent to get married.

### DAVID MARRIED

On February 20, David's 20<sup>th</sup> birthday, he married 18-year-old Judy Lynne Bates in the Idaho Falls temple. They lived in the apartment house in the upstairs apartment. They both continued to attend Ricks.

### DELYNN & VIC

David was spending quite a bit of his time working at selling real estate. He and Barry figured they needed more help at the sawmill. Barry, a new high school graduate, barely 18, had two 18-year-old friends he thought would be good workers. Although family members were excepted, 18 years was the minimum age for a hired hand doing logging work, as per insurance requirements.

Barry persuaded Marj to hire his friend Delynn Russell, who was a gregarious young man in the ward, and another fellow he knew from school, named Vic Erickson.

MR. & MRS. DAVID SOUTH  
Married February 20, 1959  
in the Idaho Falls Temple.



### Miji Note:

When we were all living in the little white farmhouse in Taylor the summer of 1964, I went to the mailbox one day, and there was a letter from Vic in New England where he was serving a mission.

It was addressed to the South Family, a short letter saying thanks for helping him become active in the church.

M'JEAN, MARJ, SUSAN,  
RANDY, JUDY, MYRNA  
The South kids gained a new  
sister when David and Judy  
were married

M'Jean: Marj knew Delynn very well, but she had never met Vic. I remember hearing Marj quizzing Vic on the phone. That interview was probably rather intimidating. "Do you smoke? Do you drink? Bring clothes to wear to church." Afterwards she thought about it and said "I don't know if he is even LDS."

Vic, who later admitted to being scared of Marj, had no experience with horses and had never even been on a horse. He may have had some misgivings about this new job of his when he learned that his first assignment was to go with David to round up the horses from the range where they had been running wild throughout the winter. Vic was a good worker, was rather shy, quiet, and very polite.

### FAMILY PRAYER - HIRED GUYS TOOK THEIR TURNS

It turns out Vic had been baptized when he was young but had not attended church. He did not know who Joseph Smith was. He went to church with the South family. He knelt at the breakfast table for family prayer each morning. In order of age, everyone took turns offering the prayer. On the first cycle Vic was skipped, but after a few days Marj stole a moment with Vic alone and apprised him that his turn was coming up.

He gave the prayer, albeit a brief one. He prayed and attended church throughout the summers, then continued to be active in the church, filled a mission, and was married in the temple.

It livened things up having two additional 18-year old fellows in camp.

### GRAMMAR LESSONS

Another thing Vic and Delynn would be in for: a day by day corrective grammar course. Marj was a stickler for correct grammar. Family members could not get away with improper usage, and those who practically lived with the family found they could not, either.

### "BUGHOUSE"

The spring of 1959 David took his bride of 3 months up to rough it in Island Park. They lived in the cabin by then known as the "Bughouse."

Barney's brother Ren built his houselog cabin about 30 feet south of the Big Tree. Barney no doubt sawed the logs. When his brother Charlie, with his wife Dorothy, later occupied the cabin, Charlie built a fence around it to keep their two little boys, Keith and Kenny, from escaping into the woods.





When Ren's daughter, Glenna, and her husband, Gene Jones, came from Evanston to run Charlie's mill, Glenna thought it fun to move into the same cabin where she had lived as a little girl, when she first met Gene.

The Perrenouds lived in the cabin when Floyd worked for Gene Jones. Warren and Beth Knapp spent one summer in the cabin with their baby Natalie. For a while it housed Bernie's famous insect collection and became known as the "Bughouse." David and Judy lived in it two summers, 1959 and 1960. It was to this little home in the woods they would bring their beautiful little baby, Robin Sarah.

#### SUSAN & RANDY SOUTH

A little small to ride, at ages 5 and 7, they still enjoyed pushing the bikes around. Behind them is the "Bughouse," where David and Judy lived for 2 summers. (Photo: 1959)

MYRNA: When they lived there Judy calcimined the walls and painted quite a pretty weeping willow in gold on the wall.

JUDY: I had always wanted to marry somebody who lived in Island Park. And I didn't know David did, and the first time it dawned on me was when we went up to visit that first time when Randy was four. And it was such a thrill. David had already been really top dog in my mind's eye for a lot of years.

And so we were married in February and went to the mill about June 3<sup>rd</sup> of that year and saw the flat with all of the lupine [camas lilies] blooming on it, and it was wonderful, it really was. If it had just been David and me out in the woods, that would have been great, you know, but it was better, because everybody was there, you know, the whole family.

#### HEARING THE STORIES

I think the best part of it was hearing Marj tell what they used to do and stories about the old mill and the old site, and the tie hacks.

Island Park. It was great. We lived in the "bug house," which I always took offense at, but we had enough mice for 55 houses in that house (laughs), which should have been called the "mouse house." (more laughing) And they ate the fringe off the bedspread. For many, many years we used that bedspread, it was missing a hunk of fringe. But it was fun. It was hard. It was an adjustment.

#### PIE - GRANDPA

One day I baked a pie—I'm really not a very good pie maker. But I had baked this pie. Grandpa was across the way, so David and I took Grandpa a big piece of pie. And he looked at me, and he said, "This is really nice pie, but I really prefer round pieces." And I--Round pieces! How--I was just so slow. I just didn't get it. Finally—David's standing there, of course—he explained to me, "well Grandpa would really like a whole pie." (laughs) Well, okay. Grandpa was—I just love Grandma and Grandpa.

The most wonderful thing was I got to know David's mom and family. And she was wonderful. She was so good to me and spent hours and hours teaching me things that I did not know. And let me help cook and let me help do things, taught me how to bake, taught me how to can. And it was good. She was living on not very much, not many funds.

#### JUDY SOUTH

"We lived in the 'bughouse,' which I always took offense at, but we had enough mice for 55 houses, which should have been called the 'mouse house.'" (Judy)



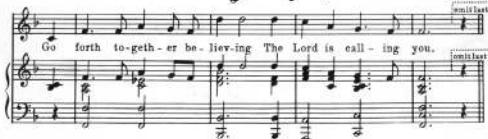
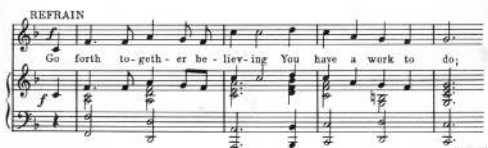
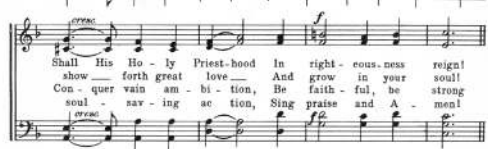
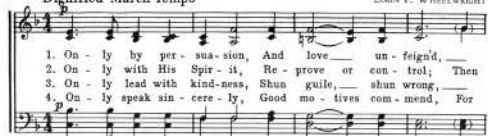


## Go Forth Together Believing

Begin with the Refrain

Dignified March Tempo

Words and Music by  
LORIN F. WHEELWRIGHT



### SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN

Instructions for Sunday

School hymn practice included teaching "Go Forth Together Believing" found in "The Instructor," which was the Sunday School magazine.

"We sang the song for weeks, anticipating it to be the theme in some kind of production—we were thus instructed. Never happened. I never met anyone who ever heard of it." (M'Jean)

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG

For the third year, Sunday School was held in the little schoolhouse. David continued serving in the superintendency, M'Jean and Myrna in the music.

JUDY: I remember the music--the little green hymn books. It was fun, really fun. I learned a new song. It might have been the Sunday School. It was probably you girls taught the song that I remember learning.

M'JEAN: "Go Forth Together Believing." By Lorin Wheelwright. It was in "The Instructor." (Sunday School magazine)

JUDY: Yes, there you go.

M'JEAN: "Only by persuasion and love unfeigned  
Can the holy Priesthood in righteousness reign.

Go forth together believing we have a work to do,

Go forth together believing, the Lord is calling you."

The Sunday School--they assigned us that song to sing. I never heard of it any other place.

JUDY: That's right, that's right. That was so impressive to me. I gave a talk one time. And a man came up afterward and said, "You must have been on a mission." And I said, "No, no mission." It was pretty flattering.

## New Well

After the South family had enjoyed the new house quite a while, the time came to have a new well—not just an ordinary well, but one with a pump.

It was to be on the east side of the house, just a few steps away from the back porch. The endeavor of putting in a pump would not only provide convenience, but would yield a measure of peace of mind for Marj, as one less hazard for little Susan and Randy, as they played outside.

DAVID: We hand dug our wells in Island Park. It means you dig a hole in the ground and you drive a well-casing made out of wood down around the hole. You drove it around the inside of the hole so you could keep digging without having the dirt fall in on you. And you'd drive it and dig, and drive and dig, and drive and dig, until ten or fifteen feet and there was water and you'd pull out the water with a bucket.

BARRY: The upper end of the casing had a frame with a cross bar on top. A pulley was hooked to the cross bar, and a well bucket was attached to a rope through the pulley. The digging was then continued and the sand and dirt was pulled through the casing in the well bucket. As the sand was taken out and the bottom of the well went down, the casing went down.

It was frustrating to me because we put that casing on there, and as we got into the water, the casing would sink, but as we pulled the water out of there, the water and sand would come in from outside of the casing. More sand would come in from outside the casing, so we were not just excavating from inside of the casing but from outside.

## DEEPENING THE WELL - HIP BOOTS

DAVID: Then as the summer would go on the water would get lower in the

well, lower in the well. And in dry years it'd run out. So then you'd have to get your boots on and someone would have to lower you down in the bucket and when you got down to the bottom, you'd dig some more down into the water, and dig the thing down deeper. You'd dig and put the mud in the bucket and someone would pull it up and lower it back down. That's where you get the expression "Colder than a well digger." Well it could be hotter than Hades on the surface, but you get down one of those wells, and it would get cold.

You'd wear your hip boots and you'd dig as deep as you could go until the water'd start running in your boots. Then you would freeze so cold you'd have to wait until the water level dropped again. Each year the water level would go down, well, not every year. I think we dug two new wells while I was there, and I think we had to deepen each well two or three times.

## DIGGING NEW WELL - INSTALLING PUMP

M'JEAN: It was either when the well by the house was first dug or when it had to be deepened that both Delynn Russell and Vic Erickson helped with the digging. It was hot, and it was hard work, so when they each took a turn, they took their shirts off. It was interesting to watch, and we looked down into the well as they were digging. All we could see was the bare back of the digger. There was such a contrast in their skin coloring. Delynn was fair skinned and freckled. Vic had an olive skin. Of course as they dug, someone up top would have to keep drawing up the bucket of sand.

BARRY: We did put a pump in the well at one point and we put a cover over the top of it so we didn't have to draw water out, we could just pump it.

## MICE IN THE WELL

M'JEAN: One spring when we moved to Island Park, we found the door had been left open enough for mice to invade the new log house. Marj set out D-con and made war on the mice. After a few days, we started noticing a tainted taste to the well water. It was more of a smell than a taste, and at first it was rather faint. As it became worse instead of better, we found it preferable to carry drinking water from the well down by the bughouse than to drink water from the pump right next to our place.

BARRY: At one point the water started tasting quite tainted, so I decided to investigate. It was not a simple task to lift that cover up.

I shined a flashlight down there, and there were 4 white mice--they looked quite white--they'd been lying there quite a while floating on top of the water. We drew out a lot of water and then went back to drinking it again.

M'JEAN: The discovery of dead mice floating in the water made everyone feel a little sick. Marj remembered about the D-con, which make mice go hunting for water. It was only after a lot of water had been drawn out that anyone was thirsty enough to drink water from that well.

MYRNA: That was horrible. The water doesn't taste very good when you have mice in the well.



### DAVID

Staring at the daunting task of shoveling the snow off the roof of the new house. Behind him stands the giant tripod from another daunting task in the summer: digging the new well. *(Also yet to be shoveled off is the warehouse, the building on the left.)*

### HOIST USED FOR DIGGING THE WELL

The tall tripod had a pulley installed at the top with a long rope hanging down. The guy digging down in the hole would shovel the sand into a bucket tied to the rope. The guys on the surface hoisted the bucketfuls of sand to the top and emptied them. The digger, when frozen out, could be hoisted up as well, and another digger lowered into the hole. It was quite a project. *(David)*



SHIRLEY BROCKSOME [CUMMINGS]  
M'Jean's best friend who visited each summer, in front of new cabin in Island Park.  
Shirley wrote before her 1959 visit, and after the 1960 visit (*when both girls were sweet 16*).

July 10, 1959

Dear M'Jean,

*I sure hope it's all right with all your family if I come up. I'll assume your invite is still legal. If Don and Dorothy Kerr are going up to their cabin in the morning—Saturday morning I may be able to hitch a ride with them. But if you don't see me tomorrow I'll plan to take the 11:00 bus Monday morning. It leaves here about 11:05 and should reach Ponds about 1:00 in the afternoon. So I'll wait for you there. OK??*

*The reason I'll not take the train is that the guy said it would only stop at Big Springs wherever that is—and somebody would have to pick me up clear down there. And besides, I would have to catch it at 2:45 in the morning—Get the picture?*  
Shirley

August 8, 1960

Dear M'Jean,

*I surely did get some good pictures of you. The one in the kitchen didn't turn out, though. But the others are really good. Thank you so much for the wonderful time—I really enjoyed it.*

*Even the part about the horses and my poor sit-down.*  
Shirley

## YELLOW JACKETS

BARRY: Another thing, I made quite a discovery. I'm not sure which well. Remember the yellow jackets? They were thick and a real nuisance. We were always slapping at those things. We had some boards in front of the well, and a lot of times we would spill some water out on those boards. One day I lifted one of those boards, and there were 2 or 3 hundred yellow jackets there on the underside of that board. I stomped on them and killed a lot.

What was happening is they would go under that board and spend the night. Every morning for a while I stomped on all the yellow jackets and cleared them out a lot.

## SHIRLEY'S VISITS

My dear friend, Shirley Brocksome, a very sweet young lady, was a fellow piano player and the most active church member in her family. Years later she talked about her visits to our place and told how she was impressed that we had family prayer. She was also impressed that the girls practiced with encouragement. At her house she would start to play the piano, and her dad would complain about the noise, and her mother would say she had a headache.

How blessed we were to have a supportive, strong and faithful mother at the helm!

## RADIO - YEARBOOK

Ever since the Nicholson cousins had visited and Nick had helped put up a radio antenna, the family had enjoyed hearing the latest catchy hit songs on the little battery-powered radio:

"Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini" – June 59

"One-eyed, One-horned, Flying, Purple People Eater" – June 58

"Pink Shoelaces" -1959

"Lonely Little Robin" – 1951

"Wake Up, Little Suzy" - 1958

In the kitchen, the radio sat on top of the neat, little bookcase Barry had built in his shop class. On one shelf were the Idaho Falls High School yearbooks, including "The Spud 1959," as Barry had just graduated in May.



M'JEAN: I was looking forward to attending the Idaho Falls High School as a sophomore in the fall, and I spent hours poring over those yearbooks.

Judging by the events and social activities pictured, high school appeared to be pretty exciting. I was especially dazzled with the Cinderella-like appearance of royalty at homecoming and other formal dances.

BATTERY-POWERED RADIO  
After Nick Nicholson helped David and Barry set up an effective antenna, radio reception at the cabin was quite good.



## The Quake

**N**o one in camp had experienced an earthquake before, but it was not hard to recognize. It was scary.

M'JEAN: Marj was in Idaho Falls. She made several trips back and forth between Island Park and Idaho Falls that summer, as she was selling real estate. Four-year-old Randy would usually accompany her, but Susan, who was six, would stay for Myrna and me to look after. If Marj did not return by nightfall, I would sleep in her bed with Susan. Such was the case on the night of August 17<sup>th</sup>, 1959. Susan was sleeping soundly when I crept into bed. Once again Marj was either coming home late or not coming.

I woke up having a frightening dream. I was on a ship. It was rocking on huge waves making a terrifying creaking sound.

### CRACKLING SOUND - ROLLING MOTION

It was the intense crackling sound and the rolling motion that awakened me, and to my alarm, I found that the bed was the ship, and it was in motion. The crackling sound seemed to be coming from the window on the south side of the room. I was petrified, and immediately I figured we were in an earthquake.

Myrna came running through the doorway. "I got up to use the pot, and suddenly it started moving," she quivered. "And the mirror on the wall was swaying back and forth."

"It must be an earthquake," I said.

"Should we say a prayer?" Myrna whispered.

I shivered at the thought of getting up to kneel at the bedside, as I supposed kneeling was mandatory. I was more frightened than I was willing to admit to poor Myrna. As cowardly as I may have felt, especially with Myrna already out of bed, I suggested we skip the prayer and that she get safely back to bed. She was alone in our room, which was the middle bedroom.

### TERRIFYING WINDOW CREAKING

A few minutes later, the terrifying window creaking sound started up again, followed by the violent rocking. It would be quiet for a little bit, and then here would come that chilling sound starting at the south window, and I knew what would be next. This happened several times. The scariest part of it was not the rocking but that eerie creaking which seemed to be coming from the window.

Barry and two of his friends were sleeping in his room on the opposite side of the house.

BARRY: I remember waking up, and it felt like a big strong guy was standing at the foot of the bed and was rocking the bed. There were three of us in the room, two in the bed and one on the floor. I think Delynn Russell was one of them. I know one was Clinton Bennett. He said, "Hey, South, does this happen very often up here?" I figured it had to be an earthquake.

M'JEAN: Hearing voices coming from Barry's room on the other end of the house, I called to him. "Barry, what is going on?"

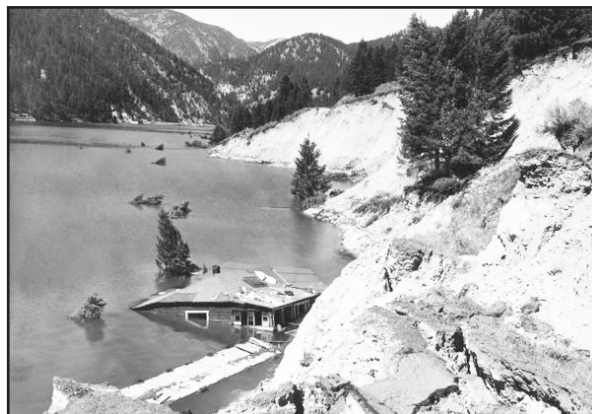
I could not detect any fear in Barry's voice. "I think it's just a little earthquake. Just go back to sleep."

Through all the recurring window creaking and bed-in-motion activity, gratefully, Susan never stirred.

### YELLOWSTONE EARTHQUAKE

The powerful Yellowstone Earthquake occurred on Monday, August 17, 1959 at 11:37 pm (MST) in southwestern Montana. It was registered at magnitude 7.3-7.5 on the Richter scale. The quake caused a huge landslide, over 28 fatalities, and left \$11 million in damage. It blocked the flow of the Madison River, resulting in the creation of Quake Lake. Effects of the earthquake were also felt in Idaho and Wyoming.

Devastating Results of  
Yellowstone Earthquake



Judy had gone to the valley with Marj and Randy, and they had driven about halfway back, as far as Rexburg, at the time of the earthquake. They probably arrived home in the wee hours of the morning well after the quake.

JUDY: Marj and I were in Idaho Falls in the Volkswagon. David and Marj were selling real estate, and she had something to do. We went down there for groceries, and I went and dropped in to see my mother and dad. We were just about to Rexburg, and we were going to stop in Rexburg at Birch's and get a lemon cone we used to get there.

And the Volkswagon just wouldn't quit rolling, and we couldn't keep control of it. It was just a real puzzle to us. But when we went in Birch's, we learned that there had been an earthquake.

## EARTHQUAKE TREMORS

David slept right through the earthquake. The cabin where David and Judy lived—the Bughouse—was not built on a concrete foundation, as was the big new house. It was supposed that the little log cabin had quite a lot of give, and was able to absorb the shock without jostling its inhabitant. Anyway, David reported feeling nothing of the earthquake.

The next day, when news from the outside world arrived in camp, everyone learned there had been a powerful earthquake centered in Yellowstone at 11:37 p.m. It measured at a magnitude of 7.3-7.5 on the Richter scale.

That day everyone in camp felt aftershocks. The tremors which occurred by daylight were unsettling but not terrifying, as had been the ones in the night. Nor were they so big.

SUSAN: Marj was sitting in the living room stitching, patching a pair of work pants. She was sitting right over by the window, the window facing the sunset. She was having a hard time seeing to sew. I was sitting beside her.

There was a little red ball in the windowsill. All of a sudden she stopped and saw the ball as it started rolling. It rolled towards me and then back towards her. She turned and looked at the opposite wall, and the mirror was swinging.

## HEBGEN LAKE LODGE

The Yellowstone earthquake was devastating to many. One family who suffered was a former real estate client.

DAVID: I was fortunate in real estate. One of my first sales was Sutter's Hebgen Lake Lodge near Yellowstone.

JUDY: We went up and saw Balls' cabin, you know, at Hebgen Lake Lodge, where David had sold that, and saw the big break in the ground, you know, where the fault line was.

Anyway the people, the Harold Ball family from Menan, only had it just a short while. And their shoreline moved by a long ways out, further out—the lake tipped. Their house was a foot different from the kitchen to the bedroom. It was something else! It was really amazing.



GRANDPA JUSTIN  
WILLIS KNAPP  
worked at the sawmill  
every summer. He was  
often the first to go to  
the mill in spring to  
serve as caretaker.

*Grandpa Knapp*  
**W**ork in the woods and at the sawmill was moving forward at a good pace. Marj's father, Justin Knapp, who had arrived in Island Park in the middle of May to look after the sawmill, was still working hard,

long hours, despite growing ailments incident to age. In letters to Mabel he chronicled some of the work details, including those related to the earthquake.

JUSTIN: *Aug 23 Sun* - We got a little rain last night as we were getting ready to leave for home with 3 loads and the horses. I drove the army [truck]. We cut, skidded, and loaded 3 big loads, lots of work. My hip is always sore at end of the day.

*Aug 30 Sun* - David took a load of logs to West Yellowstone yesterday. They say the logs stood the quake best. An old customer ordered 1700 feet of them. Many chimneys were damaged, and foundations, also. But people still flock up there. Of course some will never want to go again.

*Sep 6 Sun* - I thot we were thru in a week. Barry said this morning they were thinking of taking out another sale-so who knows.

I wouldn't have been surprised to see snow this morning.

## REQUEST FOR NEW CHURCH

Grandpa also noted that everyone at camp went to church meetings: Priesthood Meeting and Sunday School in the schoolhouse and Sacrament Meeting in the Church of the Pines, which was bursting at the seams. The Yellowstone Stake Presidency announced that they awaited approval for building a new chapel at Mack's.

JUSTIN: We all went to S School, Sac Meeting, and Prs Meeting, had large attendance. President Mortensen presiding. Presidents Homer Ovvard and Mickelsen were there. They have contacted Salt Lake about a new building starting next year. A number were outside. Not enough room.

### M'JEAN - SCHOOL

Marj spoke of M'Jean coming down for school. I told her I was sure it would be alright.

## School 1959

**A**t the start of school, M'Jean, a sophomore at Idaho Falls High School, lived at Grandma's. Everyone else stayed in Island Park.

### GRANDMA'S HOUSE

Grandma's house, small and humble, had housed many family members at one time or another in its 20 years.

Barney and Grandpa, with the help of 14-year-old Al, had built the log house back in the winter of 1938 in just 6 weeks. It had since been upgraded with indoor plumbing, a built-on kitchen in the back, and covered with white siding.

The house was on an elevated lot quite a ways above the street level, with a tall concrete retaining wall and surrounded by a white picket fence. The garage was on the same level, with a steep driveway down to the street.

The garden behind the house produced a variety of vegetables and wonderful raspberries.

GRANDMA & GRANDPA'S  
LITTLE HOUSE ON  
CLEVELAND

"There were so many  
raspberry bushes in the back  
yard. We could eat what we  
picked." (*Myrna*)







Replicas of Grandma's  
antique refrigerator &  
toaster.

Visiting grandchildren saw the house as unique and quaint. There was the antique refrigerator with the ball on top, the toaster with fold down sides, which toasted one side of the bread at a time, and the pretty set of blue, flowered dishes. Eating a bowlful of raspberries from Grandma's garden in the blue dishes was a deluxe treat.

On the highest shelf in the living room was Grandma's 365-day clock, gold, with moving parts under a glass dome. "There was a little woodpecker that would pick up toothpicks," remembered Myrna. Susan's favorite was the "reversible doll."



## TINY BEDROOM

M'JEAN: Again I slept in the very small bedroom off to the side of the living room. It had some of Bernie's things in it. There was no door, just a curtain over the doorway. The built-in bed under the south window was exactly the length of the wall. Opposite the bed were some built-in shelves and a rod for hanging a few clothes. The "walking space" between the bed and the shelves was narrow enough that one could almost reach across to access a book while lying in bed.

### 45-SPEED RECORD PLAYER

Bernie's little record player played 45-speed records, most of them western songs: "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," "Cool Water," "Ghost riders in the Sky." However, there was one classical violin piece, "Meditation" from Thais by Massenet. I'd listen to it over and over and over. I later learned it was the favorite piece of Grandpa's mother, Anna Eliza Lemmon Knapp. That is probably why it was there.

### HEARING THE TRAINS

Grandma's house at 347 Cleveland was not far from the railroad yards and stock pens. I would lie in bed and listen to the trains at night as they would switch cars around on the tracks.

Sometimes I would stay up to do homework or read. I read Grandma's copy of "Jesus the Christ" by Talmage in that little bedroom. The vocabulary was challenging, but it had a significant impact on me, especially in reading about the last week of the Savior's life. The illegalities and the indignities to which Christ allowed Himself to be subjected, and all the detail which Talmage describes, left a great impression on me.

### BOOKS FOR MABEL

Grandma loved to read, and she could never get enough books. The high school librarian was her niece, Maxine Slagowski. Maybe she helped me choose books to take home to her, maybe not. I used to check out quite a few at a time. I wasn't sure what she wanted to read, didn't know my way around the library that much, but did the best I could. She never complained about the books, but got through a pile awfully fast, and then I would bring her some more.

### PIANO – TAKING LESSONS – TEACHING LESSONS

Marj arranged for me to resume piano study with Betty Benthin Petree, so I walked to her house for weekly lessons. The previous year, Grandma had arranged for me to practice at the home of a friend. She and her single daughter, Vonae, lived a few blocks away. I studied the Chopin Preludes while practicing on their piano.

BERNIE: Vonae's mother worked at the temple with my



GRANDMA'S CORNFLOWER  
BLUE DISHES  
Eating a bowlful of  
raspberries from Grandma's  
garden in her blue dishes was  
a special treat.



mother. They lived in a house that had been a garage on an alley, so you go to that house, you went up the alley, into the garage and that's where they lived.

M'JEAN: In this, my sophomore year, Marj had a rental piano delivered to Grandma's house. Grandma played it a little during the school day, and I gave her some lessons. I told my teacher, Betty, and when she said, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," I was incensed that she would speak that way in reference to my sweet grandma.

Besides taking piano lessons, I was teaching piano lessons. Most of my students lived in the neighborhood near our family's home on Ada Avenue, which was across town from Grandma's house on Cleveland Street. I walked to the homes of the students for the lessons.

#### GRANDPA BACK AT HOME - GRANDMA NIGHT OWL

Grandpa did not stay in Island Park to the "bitter end," just waiting for the snow, as did the South family. When there was no more actual sawmill work for him, he moved back to his home.

Grandpa went to bed fairly early, but Grandma was a night owl, and she and I would stay up late talking. Of course, I would pay for it the next day when I couldn't stay awake in Chemistry.

BERNIE: My father would always go to bed before she ever did. She never went to bed early.

M'JEAN: When David and Barry were no longer staying at Grandma's, I still managed to get transportation back to Island Park most weekends.

At times I rode up with a couple in our ward, Don and Dorothy Kerr, who had a cabin at Mack's. One time we got to Island Park on a Friday night, too late to drive over to the sawmill. So I slept at their cabin--under an electric blanket--the first I had ever heard of.

#### CANNING BEEF

It must have been a weekend that I did not make it up to Island Park when I helped can the beef. Al had raised and slaughtered the animal. Grandma, Grandpa, and I—and I think Al helped—worked for hours cutting up the meat and putting it in the wide-mouth pint jars, which then went into the huge pressure canner. Whenever Grandma opened a jar of that meat we knew we were going to have something tender and tasty.

#### TRAVELING TO SCHOOL

There were a lot of miles logged getting to and from school. Myrna and Susan rode about 70 miles per day to attend school in Ashton. Barry, David, and Judy made a round trip of about 130 miles.

#### DROWNING THE SKUNK

BARRY (*Reunion Reminiscences*): Another story that was kind of fun. This was when I was about 18, I guess. The first year after high school, I commuted to Ricks. David and Judy and I drove down and back every day in the Volkswagen. We were running the mill up here, and in the fall David and I—David was married, and Judy was living up here. They were living in a little cabin just a little ways from ours.

And we were still—we were pretty poor people up here. We were trying to earn a little money any way we could, and David and I and Judy all arranged our college schedules so we could take our classes in the morning and run the sawmill here in the afternoon.

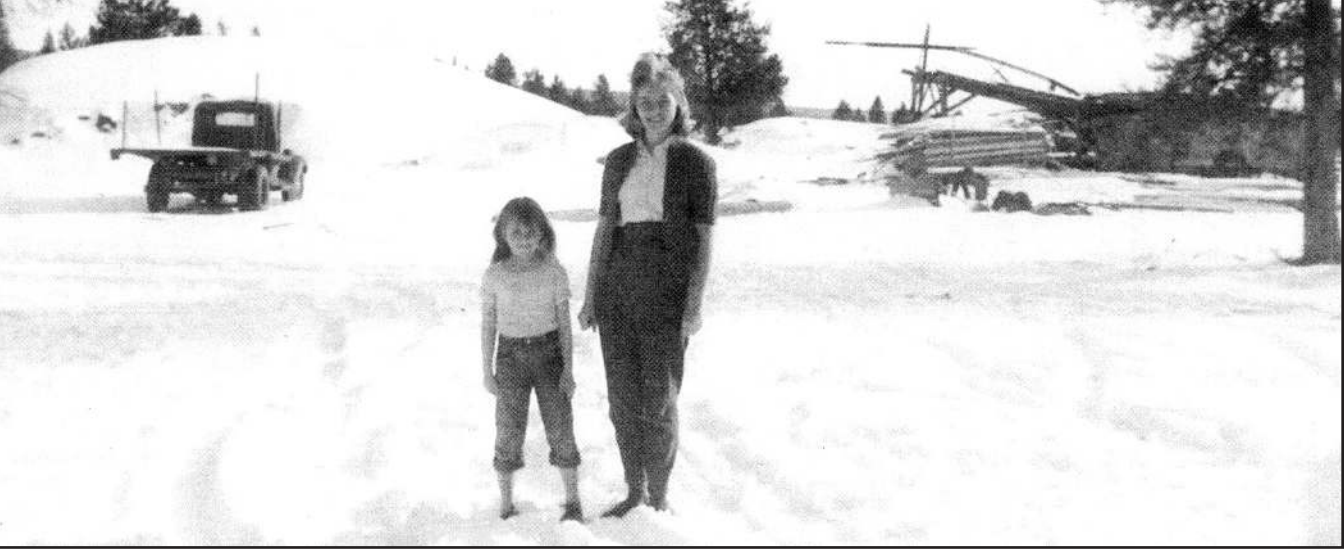
So we'd jump in the Volkswagen here at about 6:30 in the morning and drive to Ricks College and take our classes and come back. David and I were always interested in various things, and we'd try to trap a few fur-bearing animals. And



GRANDMA MABEL  
HALE KNAPP,  
Avid reader and  
Night Owl



Replica of Grandma's  
Gold Dome  
365-Day Clock



SUSAN & JUDY SOUTH

"It was fun to wash outside, but when it got to be winter, and we'd hang it on the line and it would freeze on; that I had never done." (Judy)

Marj letter to M'Jean in  
Idaho Falls: Order the coal!

*Tuesday [PM: Dec 8, 1959]*

Dear M'Jean,

M'Jean, call Clyde Hess Distributing Co and have them deliver 4 ½ ton of their very best stoker coal to our place. Make an appointment with them so you can be there to let them in. Ask Dad if he can help you figure out how to get this accomplished as soon as possible. If the pipes are frozen, you better step up the thermostat 4 or 5 degrees. Tell Clyde Hess I'm up here but I'll send them a check right away. Don't fail to get this done, M'Jean very soon.

Don't work yourself too hard but the more Saturday cleaning you can get done the more quickly we can get settled. We are all very eager to move. Christmas is so close. It is about 13 degrees below zero right now. I'm still interested in getting the food and dishes, kettles put away as quickly as possible so next comes refrigerator and stove, medicine cabinets and in that order. Be a good kid. I hope I get down there in time to go shopping with you.

Be sure about the coal, now.

Love, Marj

*They can't seem to start the Volkswagon.*

there was one fur-bearing animal that was harassing us at that time. It was living under one of the houses. It was a skunk. So we decided we'd better get the skunk. And we set a trap for him, and we had the trap on a pretty long wire. The wire was probably 30 feet long.

And one morning we got up and were just about ready to head out the door to go to college, and we heard the skunk rattling around in the trap. So we pulled the trap out. Sure enough, the old skunk was attached. And Ah—here's an opportunity to get a skunk pelt. There's no holes in him now. We don't want any holes in him, so we've got to dispatch him somehow without putting holes in him. The mud puddle—pretty good-sized mud puddle. We'll drown him. He didn't want to get drowned very bad. We'd put him out in that mud puddle, and he'd swim or wade around, so we got ourselves a couple of long poles that we could try to hold him under with. I think it took us at least fifteen minutes, but we finally got the son-of-a-gun drowned.

#### STINKY CAR

Immediately jumped in the Volkswagon, and it was cold, so we had the windows rolled up, so we drove to Rexburg and went to school. We didn't pay much attention until we came back and opened the door of the Volkswagon after school, and it sure smelled like a skunk in there. I imagine we were taking that smell to all of our classes. (laughing)

MYRNA: Actually, you have that story just a little bit wrong.

BARRY: Well, it's been a long time, Myrna.

MYRNA: We drove down and traded you cars at Rexburg that day. So we were the ones that died. (laughing)

BARRY: Well, I know that I remember there was a skunk smell.

#### DAVID CLEANED WEASEL

M'JEAN: Do you remember when David cleaned the weasel and he had to sleep with gloves on for a couple of weeks? Nobody wanted to be around him!

BARRY: Yeah, we were after weasel skins, mink skins or whatever we could find, and

MYRNA: Muskrat, wasn't it?

BARRY: No, it was a weasel. Somehow we caught a weasel, and we later found out that a weasel is part of the skunk family, and they've got a musk gland, down around the tail somewhere, and he accidentally cut that and got a little bit on his hand. And boy, it was just—it was there for several days.

As cold winter weather hit, the annual winter move approached. Probably the hardest thing was not knowing just when it would be.



The daily question hovered over everyone's mind, "Will it snow tonight? Will we be moving tomorrow?" Preparations were made both in Island Park and Idaho Falls. A Saturday would be devoted to taking the horses to be wintered.

## MOVING THE HORSES

BARRY: We had to have those horses to operate, then had to haul them down to Ariel Petersen's place, maybe Rexburg area, out on a ranch somewhere. Turned them loose. We had that one colt we raised called him Zorro. Somebody must have stolen him. He disappeared. We never got him back. I remember I felt pretty bad about that.

## PREPARATIONS - THE HOUSE ON ADA AVENUE

Marj's letters to M'Jean, living at Grandma's in Idaho Falls, included instructions concerning getting ready for the family's move out of Island Park: pay bills, clean house, turn up thermostat, order coal for the furnace, mail the tax notice.

## PATIENT PREGNANT JUDY

The anticipated heavy snowfall, which precipitated the "winter move," was very slow coming in 1959.

Judy had been a real trooper, living up in the woods in her mousy house, learning to cook on a wood stove. She happily experienced the rustic way of doing the wash, although her enthusiasm waned, washing in winter.

JUDY: It was fun to wash outside, and everybody boiling water and throwing in things to wash. I was amazed at how wonderfully white everything was--here we were in primitive conditions. But when it got to be winter, and we'd hang it on the line, and it would freeze on, that I had never done.

## THANKSGIVING DINNER

We had Thanksgiving dinner there, and we not only had a turkey, but we ate every single edible part of that turkey. It was a clean carcass when we were finished with it. It was wonderful. And I learned things like how to cook deer meat, and we had meals that to me were the best I've ever eaten. But it was an adventure.

I got a little homesick when I got pregnant with our first child.

## MOVE OUT IN SNOW 1959

We went home on the 20<sup>th</sup> of December [Sunday]—drove home, and I think they drove home one day earlier than they would have, because they knew I was so homesick. I was pregnant [about 2 months] and really lonely for home. When you get pregnant, you really want to talk to your mom a little bit, you know.

And it didn't snow, and we were going to college. And I'd watch, every day coming home from college—maybe it will snow today. And it was really kind of miserable. We didn't want to wash, and I didn't know what to wear.

Anyway, December 20<sup>th</sup>—finally everybody knew that I was so desperate to get home. But the minute we drove away—thank goodness, for me, because it snowed so hard that we would have had to leave the next day in the middle of a snowstorm.

## CHRISTMAS TREE

And we took with us a lodgepole pine that was covered in pine cones. Of all the Christmases past, never did we have a tree that was any prettier than that first tree that we had. One string of lights, one box of icicles.

*Mon Morn [PM: Nov 2, 1959]*

*Dear M'Jean,*

*I am enclosing a check for \$20.00. Pay your debts—to Grandma first and watch your spending. Even your own money from music lessons.*

*The boys left this a.m. with the horses—Barry had been gone about 20 minutes and had to come back with Coco.*

*Marj*

*Tues. Eve. [PM: Dec 9, 1959]*

*Dear M'Jean,*

*On the stove is a tax notice for our house. Anyway, David says he put it on the stove. The next time you go over to the house, get it and mail it to me. If we still aren't down there.*

*Please let me know how you come out with the coal deal—and if the pipes have thawed out yet. I'm a little worried. We got Dad and Mother a tree. Please ask Turners when you get a chance, if the pipes have frozen anywhere there. Tell them we got them a tree, too.*

*The taxes have to be paid by Dec. 20th or they are delinquent, so I must have them early enough to meet our 3 day a week mail service and have them in on time. Dec. 20th so please don't forget.*

*I'm freezing at 0 degrees so I'm going to bed—goodnight. Let me know about coal, pipes, &c.*

*We miss you—Believe me.*

*Yours - With love*

*Marj*

*Don't make a special trip over—Luff and stuff??*

Chapter 108  
*Head for the Hills*

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some  
have entertained angels unawares.—HEBREWS 13:2

There were two primary ways to get to Island Park Siding, either by way of the railroad tracks or by way of the road. The train tracks ran north and south. The Island Park road ran east and west.

In 1908, the railroad finished laying track to Yellowstone, and in those earlier days, the main mode of travel to the siding was by train. Later on, the passenger train stopped only now and then to let a passenger on or off.

#### HOBOES

Occasionally a passenger may get off even if the train did not stop, for now and then a tramp would come from the direction of the railroad tracks to the cabin, asking for food. In earlier days it was pretty common for hoboes to ride the rails. Marj would give them foodstuffs—potatoes, etc.

M'JEAN: I remember one old fellow accepted some potatoes and asked her if he could have some fat. Marj was in the habit of saving grease from hamburger drippings or any other meat in large, open tin cans. She stored them in the bunkhouse. This practice was a throwback to her childhood days when people often had to make their own soap, by cooking fat in water and lye. If she ever had to make her own soap, she wanted to be prepared.

To accommodate the old gentleman, she went to the bunkhouse, which was cool and dark and used by Marj for storage. She came back with one of these cans, telling the man she was not sure but what the grease may be rancid. Before she could say any more, without hesitation, he took a big swipe of grease with his finger and put it in his mouth. It was just fine, he said. After he headed back to the railroad tracks, Marj said that on top of the grease were quite a few mouse droppings, which she had noticed too late to say anything.

#### THE ROAD OVER THE FLAT

From 1926, when the highway was built between the Osborne Bridge and West Yellowstone, the Island Park road, connecting the siding with the highway, became a primary approach. Through the years it had become busier.



The first 3 miles of that dusty, rugged road wound through the timber. The last mile over the open flat was fairly straight. Vehicles on the Flat could be seen from the siding a good part of that mile.

With that visibility of an approaching vehicle, everyone in camp knew someone was coming several minutes before anybody arrived. Often the vehicle was easily recognized, and those in camp knew who it was.

Barney and Marj were acquainted to one degree or another with most everyone in the area around Island Park. Barney did business with many of the proprietors, ranchers, and homeowners in the area. Some would come to the sawmill on business or simply to make a social call. Neighboring property owners often stopped by. Customers from the valley came in trucks to pick up lumber or slabs at the sawmill. They all traveled over the flat.

But there was plenty of other traffic on that road as well.

## PLAYGROUND FOR CITY FOLKS

BARRY: We lived and worked right smack in the middle of an area that lots of city folks want to go into to play. We could point our finger, literally, any direction from our cabin and find good fishing or good hunting in that direction.

There was a pretty good stream of vehicles coming over the flat in a cloud of dust. At the railroad crossing, those with fishing poles sticking out the back either continued east towards Split Creek and the Buffalo, turned right towards Eccles and

GRANDPA JUSTIN KNAPP  
With his handy pickaroon,  
working with a horse, as he  
had done most of his life.

There was that enormous  
sawdust pile glistening in  
the sun.  
Too much temptation!  
What kid could resist  
dashing up that hill and  
jumping up to the waist in  
the fresh sawdust?  
Though the soft landing  
would mean ending up  
covered with sawdust.





TOMMY PARKER,  
DAVID SOUTH (*back*)  
FRED PARKER,  
JEANNIE PARKER,  
BARNEY SOUTH,  
BARBARA HAMMON,  
BLAIR HAMMON,  
DOUG HAMMON (*center*)  
DELSEY HAMMON,  
BRUCE PARKER,  
BARRY SOUTH,  
ELAINE PARKER,  
MYRNA SOUTH,  
CAROLYN HAMMON,  
M'JEAN SOUTH,  
MARJ SOUTH (*front*)

Warm River, or turned left onto the narrow road next to the railroad tracks that led up to Tom Creek. A few came into camp just to ask for directions. Customers generally stopped right at the sawmill.

The rest were VISITORS, who headed straight for the cabin, and they came in two varieties:

Those everyone was glad to see;  
Those everyone was not.

#### ENTERTAINING COMPANY

Close friends and relatives were a welcome sight. They might be coming for a short visit or staying a week. They sometimes brought a watermelon or a lug of apricots from a fruit stand in the valley.

Trip to Yellowstone Park  
with the  
Parkers and Hammons,  
who were frequent  
weekend visitors.

#### FREELOADERS

But there were others--uninvited, vacationing acquaintances expecting red carpet treatment, figuring it would be cheaper to eat and sleep at the Souths' than to go to a restaurant and motel. With these folks, an afternoon "drop in" visit might stretch until suppertime. After delaying as much as seemed decent, Marj would get up from her chair, build a fire in the kitchen stove, and begin fixing supper.

After supper dishes were done, and the lanterns lit, when it became evident the "guests" were not leaving, Marj began making up beds, her dutiful daughters being recruited to help.

It all came down to which vehicles came across that flat!

There was a certain car, one with a distinctive shape and color, which, when spotted, guaranteed, would elicit an audible, universal groan.

M'JEAN: We knew we would be in for a weekend of making extra beds, fixing extra food, and doing extra dishes for another large family. At least that mother was helpful in the kitchen. If their friends were in the car behind them, the number of "guests" would double.

MYRNA: We always had guests that came and stayed at our house. Usually, friends of the family, and I don't know I was that happy about it, because it meant that we had to cook more, do dishes more, and I don't remember very often that they had kids we got to play with.

M'JEAN: One customer and business acquaintance would bring his family to Island Park for business and pleasure. His family was large—not just in number, but in size. The father and sons were big fellows. But they were probably easily outweighed by the mother and daughters, who were particularly large ladies.

It was partially because of their size, I'm sure, that it would make Myrna and me so mad that they would simply sit, expecting to be waited on. It was always our lot to help with supper for these folks while they sat and watched. Then came time for the considerable task of doing all the dishes, while they sat and watched some more. With all the work that it entailed, would they ever pitch in and help? Never! We were quite amazed that Marj would put up with it. But for all we could tell, she did it all very cheerfully. If she complained to Barney afterwards, we never heard of it.

Marj used to quote Barney as saying, "When you do something for someone, do it graciously, or not at all." Everyone she served, she served graciously. There were also many gracious guests.

## FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND SHIRT-TAIL RELATIONS

At one time or another, Marj and Barney entertained guests from every neighboring state and from every branch and twig on their family tree.

MYRNA: We had the family from Ashton. The mother's name was Helen, and she was a nurse. I can't remember the last name.

M'JEAN: Kent. Curly & Helen Kent and the little boys, Danny and Larry. The little girl was Ilene. Curly and Helen had both served in the army and used language that reflected their army days. And so did their little children. It was weird to hear that kind of swearing out of the mouths of babes!

MYRNA: It seemed like they came over rather frequently. Danny was about my age—in fact, he might have been in my grade in school when we finally started going to school in Ashton. And a lot of these people would stay over for dinner. We had a few that came from Idaho Falls or somewhere like that and would stay overnight.

## KID VISITORS

Every summer there would be "kid visitors," friends in Idaho Falls who would come up to Island Park and stay for a week. There is a family photo at the kitchen table with David's friend, Tommy Haack.



MYRNA & M'JEAN  
WITH HELEN KENT & BABY ILENE (*above*)  
DANNY & LARRY KENT (*on horse*)



### Miji Note:

Back then, I don't remember being so much impressed as I was chagrined with Marj's being so hospitable under those circumstances. But my admiration has soared ever since. From her I learned something of the art of hospitality, although I could never come close in degree.

M'JEAN: It was when Barry's friend, Linden White, came to visit, that I first rode the bike by myself. He helped me get started, steadying the bike while I pedaled for a ways, and then when I looked back, he was far behind.  
My good friend, Shirley Brocksome, would come for a week in the summer.

The girls also made friends with Judy and Nancy Jensen, who came with their dad to log poles. Already mentioned is the jeep accident, which left M'Jean with chipped teeth and a permanent scar on her lip.

One time when Marj was over at Ponds Lodge, Glen and Evelyn Pond asked her to keep little Glenda overnight. M'Jean and Myrna were delighted to have the company.

GAYLE & CONNIE  
SOUTH (back)  
JEANNIE JONES,  
M'JEAN & MYRNA  
SOUTH

Ren & Ruth left Island Park in 1938. It was on rare occasions the kids were able to see the cousins from Evanston.

MYRNA: I don't think Glen Pond was there at Ponds Lodge all the time. His wife Evelyn was the cook in the café. They had a daughter named Glenda. She was between M'Jean's age and my age. And we liked Glenda.

She came over and had a sleepover with us one night. That was really a treat for us, because I don't think we ever had sleepovers. We played on the sawdust pile. I remember somebody leaving her shoes out by the sawdust pile at night.

M'JEAN: When Glenda Pond stayed over with Myrna and me, we played flashlight games in bed. She was so funny and giggly, and she entertained us with her silly version of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

## Cousins

It was fun having cousins come visit. M'Jean and Myrna had become fast friends with their cousin Jeannie after her parents, Gene and Glenna Jones, came from Evanston to Island Park in 1949 to run Charlie's sawmill. When Glenna's three younger sisters, Gayle, Connie, and JoAnn, came to visit, it was double fun for M'Jean and Myrna, who rarely had a chance to see these cousins.

Many cousins on both the Knapp and South sides of the family at one time or another had lived in Island Park and felt very much at home. Others who had never actually lived there had heard the tales from their parents who had. Sometimes they would stay with the family, and at other times in an empty cabin.

They all seemed eager to come visit. The South kids in Island Park were the ones who had the fantastic "toys." They may not have recognized it at the time, but by comparison, they probably seemed pretty lucky to their city cousins, who did not have a huge old steam engine or a massive sawdust pile in their back yard.

In camp there were old trucks and two retired steam engines to climb on: the Rumely out in the woods to the north, and the Case, down at the old mill site. There were old empty cabins, the barn with its hayloft, the warehouse with the pump organ stored inside. Most of the keys and some of the stops worked, and there was one pedal that still pumped air. Kids played in the big swings, walked on stilts, climbed the Big Tree.







## *Sawdust in our Socks*

**A**nd of course, there was that enormous sawdust pile. Too much temptation! What kid could resist running up that sawdust hill and jumping up to the waist in the fresh sawdust? Though the soft landing would mean ending up covered with sawdust.

It would be impossible for someone who never saw it, to visualize the enormity of the sawdust pile. And equally impossible to describe how immense it really was.

A giant hill, made up entirely of sawdust, it had its own character. Although just one big pile, it had very distinctive “sides.” Everyone knew that the “back side” referred to the east end, where the oldest sawdust was orange-brown and packed down quite solid. It could be walked across without getting both shoes full.

On the west side, the “front,” the new, bright yellow sawdust glistened in the sun. Tramping through fresh sawdust usually meant sinking to the knees. Although the front side sloped down gradually in the direction of the railroad tracks, in any other direction there was a steep drop, in some areas being almost straight down.

In close proximity to the saw, fresh sawdust from newly cut logs heaped up like a pyramid to a high pointy top. It was necessary to keep moving it out of the way over to the main pile. It was a job done with a horse hitched to a large scoop—likely an old truck fender, the driver with long reins steering from behind. With repeated trips from the pile in front of the saw to the larger pile, the new sawdust could be cleared away, while the large pile was continually growing.

### DAREDEVIL CLUB

**BARRY:** (*Reunion Stories*) The sawmill was right over there. If you look close you will see a little mound in the snow. That mound is what’s left of the sawdust pile. When I lived here it was big; higher than a house and a great hill to play on. We burrowed tunnels in it, rode bikes on it, skied and tobogganed down it, rolled ourselves into a ball in a truck tire and rolled down the pile.

### SAWDUST PILE

“It was big—higher than a house and a great hill to play on. We burrowed tunnels in it, rode bikes on it, skied and tobogganed down it, rolled ourselves into a ball in a truck tire and rolled down the pile.”  
(Barry)

Some of the kids in camp belonged to the Daredevil club. The function of the club was for a member to think up something risky and then do it. The others were then supposed to do it. Events included riding bikes off the sawdust pile, being rolled in a tire, swinging on trees, etc. The greatest event was when a cousin, Dan Snowball, was rolled down the sawdust pile in a truck tire. The tire went, of course, and bounced over a small log pile and hit a house and then fell over. Dan's head had slipped into the tire and he was trapped. He sure was yelling when we got to him and helped him get out.

STEVE KNAPP: We had a big swing right in front of our door and we would swing and play in the sawdust pile. My two cousins, David and Barry South were pals, and we would follow the man that was driving the team and pulling the scraper when he dug the sawdust away from the saw and up onto the sawdust pile. As I recall, the pile got pretty high, maybe fifty feet at the top and it sloped up from the west to the east. We would run down the west slope and sometimes we would jump off the east side and roll in the sawdust. Needless to say we had our clothes full of sawdust when we were done.

One time, on a dare, Danny Snowball, a cousin, rolled down the steep side in a tire. The tire hit a log at the bottom and Danny's head slipped into the tire. The tire tipped over but his head was caught. When we got to him he was hurting, crying and scared. We pulled the tire open and got him out. He was okay.

DION SOUTH: That sawdust pile was two stories high. We could climb on that and dig for stinkbugs.

MYRNA: We used to jump in the sawdust pile, and that was quite fun. We'd just take our shoes off and play in the sawdust. Sometimes you'd get cut a little, I think. Sometimes the sawdust was too sharp. And sometimes there would be quite disgusting large beetles in there. But for the most part it was pretty fun, and I remember when we had people over sometimes, we'd take the kids out and play in the sawdust pile.

SHIRLEY SNOWBALL: Playing in the sawdust pile. I remember Dee and Dan playing in the sawdust pile, but I did not like to do the outside things so much. I was a "in the house little gal." But I did sometime play in the sawdust pile.

ALLEN HACKWORTH: I remember the big piles of sawdust. There was a little bit of playing that went on. The sawdust was kinda prickly and got into your clothes.

#### STRANGERS

M'JEAN: Occasionally, kids would arrive at the sawmill, accompanying a dad who was getting a load of logs or lumber, who had brought his family along.

The kids would be invited into the house, along with the wife, who would sit and visit with Marj, likely keeping her from her work. The kids would sit on one side of the room for a while, as we sat on the other, all of us bored with the adult conversation. But it wouldn't be too long before one of the kids on one side of the room would speak to one of the kids on the other side of the room, and what would follow would be the idea to go outside to play. Sometimes we took them to the barn, or some of our other play places.

But the visitor kids would be intrigued with the sawdust pile. "Your sawdust hill looks like fun. Can we go play in the sawdust?" We knew better, but we would bite. Off we'd go to wade with them through the clean, aromatic pile of golden prickly excitement, knowing full well how miserable it was going to be picking the sawdust out of our socks at the end of the romp.

## RAILROAD TRACKS & STOCKYARDS

To the west of camp were the railroad tracks and the stockyards. It was fun to walk on the rails and swing on the stockyard gates.

There were bicycles and plenty of open gravelly roads to ride on. Carrying water from the well and everything else that went along with outdoor plumbing were novelty.

## ARMY CART

The army cart was handy for hauling water, wood, and kids. Sometimes older kids would fill it up with younger kids, especially if there were extras in camp that day, and give them a pretty thrilling ride. You wanted to make sure your load was balanced somewhat evenly over the two wheels, which were in the center. Otherwise, if the load were too far forward, it could be very heavy and hard to hold UP. And if the load were too far back, it would be too hard to hold DOWN, in which case sometimes the cargo got dumped. A lot of screaming ensued.

The army cart could even be fun to play in for one person who stood in the box, straddling the center and rocking the cart back and forth with a surfing action. This was potentially hazardous for someone who should overcorrect to the front, sending the cart tipping upright on its end.



CRANDALL, SOUTH, & LUND COUSINS  
Playing in the Stockyards

LEXYE, MOLLY, JEANETTE LUND  
Besides serving its time hauling water and wood, the old army cart put in a long hitch providing entertainment for 3 generations of kids.







BETTY TREMELLING  
ELAYNE BYBEE  
ZELMA SCHWARTZ  
ELGIE LARSEN  
DOROTHY SOUTH BURNS  
DOROTHY HACKWORTH  
MARJ SOUTH

### EXTRAORDINARY AUNT ZELMA

There was a bit of mystique associated with “Aunt Zelma in Boston.” With no children of her own, she did her best to connect with every niece and nephew in the Sam and Hannah South family.

M’JEAN: One thing we could count on. Every birthday we would receive a birthday card with a dollar bill inside.

ELAYNE: I thought everyone must have a rich aunt in Boston who sent a dollar in a birthday card every year.

LOIS HACKWORTH: Zelma would come and have us do little crafts. I remember she would involve everybody with these projects.

Almost every summer Zelma would travel out west for a visit in time to attend the Charles & Elizabeth South Family Reunion, which was always in Utah. She would then stay a week or two with her sister, Dot, in St. Anthony. After a few days she would drop the eastern accent—mostly. She would bring little gifts—crafts she made.

Probably everyone had a little of Zelma’s artwork hanging somewhere in their

house. And who doesn't still have a little red velvet pincushion with "South Reunion" written on the ribbon, a knitted poodle or crocheted clown, a copper tooled picture, lap quilt or a "Zelma bag"? Sometimes she had crafts for the children to make.

## PAINTING PARTY

On one occasion there was a big family get-together in the Souths' new cabin in Island Park, when Zelma conducted a sort of painting seminar. Several of the South aunts and cousins were there, some from Utah. Zelma brought oil paints, brushes, and canvasses. Everyone painted his or her own masterpiece.

M'JEAN: Susan, who loved horses, painted—what else? a horse. David's wife, Judy, produced a charming painting of fish, which subsequently hung on her bathroom wall (after she lived in a house that actually had a bathroom).

My painting was of a huge mosquito carrying a man off into the sky. I copied it from a tiny illustration in a magazine.



Poodle and "South Reunion" pincushions were some of the many, many crafts Zelma made and gave away.

SANDA LEE BYBEE, LOIS HACKWORTH, M'JEAN SOUTH, BETTY TREMELLING, ELAYNE BYBEE, SHIRLENE HACKWORTH, MYRNA SOUTH, RANDY BYBEE, RANDY SOUTH, JIM BYBEE, GERALD HACKWORTH, SUSAN SOUTH, DONNA HACKWORTH, TERRY BYBEE







SUSAN, RANDY (*front*)  
MYRNA, M'JEAN (*back*)  
& the Player Piano  
"That provided a lot of  
entertainment. Kids could  
gather around and pump  
and put a roll on there and  
sing the songs." (*Barry*)

"Man-eating Mosquito"  
Oil Painting by M'Jean



## PLAYER PIANO

Best of all was the player piano.

BARRY: That provided a lot of entertain-  
ment. Kids could gather around that thing and  
pump that old player piano and put a roll on there  
and get together and sing the songs.



Zelma's  
pincushions

## HACKWORTH COUSINS

Allen, Lois, and Donna Hackworth had never  
lived in Island Park, but they knew all about how their  
mother, Dot, moved there with her family at age 8 and  
had attended school in the logging camp.

ALLEN: (To M'Jean). I learned to ride the bicycle on  
your family's bicycle. There was a well in front of your  
house. I pushed off from the well. It was so exciting.  
Maybe it was when I was around 5. I thought it was a  
pretty wonderful place. Look at that puddle; conditions  
were kind of rough.

I remember that it was out in the forest not too far  
from the mill there was that old steam engine. There  
was a horse team, Nig and Bolley. It seems like Grandpa  
would yell at them "gee" and "haw" to get them to turn.

LOIS: I was fascinated with the player piano. For us it was a fun different ex-  
perience that we didn't have living in St. Anthony.

I remember going on a train from St. Anthony. Mom was mad at Dad. She  
took us kids on the train and when we got back late at night Mom wouldn't let us  
call Dad and we had to walk home. I didn't care. I just remember coming home,  
getting off, carrying our things, our suitcases.

DONNA: I remember walking on stilts, the player piano. The generator. The  
lights went out, and when the generator worked again, the lights came back on. It  
was a wonderful play area. We played the player piano. And all of you played pia-  
no. I mostly played with Susan and Randy. I had good feelings. I remember your  
mom. Your mom was alone for many years. She was happy.

## KNAPP COUSINS

Warren's children, Maureen, Sharon, and Steve,  
lived much of their young lives in Island Park. The  
Snowball kids, Shirley, Dan, and Dee had lived in camp  
one summer, as had the Walker children. Saundra, Billy,  
Robert, Larry, and Dennis were residents at one time or  
another.

M'JEAN: Al and Lois Knapp came and stayed in the  
slab cabin, the one nearest the railroad crossing, which  
was the cabin Al and Bernie and Grandpa lived in the  
summer of 1937, when it was located down by the old  
sawmill. Myrna and I went over to the cabin to see them. I  
remember watching Lois diapering cute little Baby Karla,



with her mop of black hair, and noticed that there was a way to fold a diaper which differed from the way they were folded at our house. We loved playing with Anne and Kaye.

MYRNA: Al Knapp came up with all of his kids. I don't think that happened very often. One of the times, I think, all of his kids were in matching clothes that had big polka dots. I'm sure we had pictures of them.

#### HESS COUSINS

MYRNA: Our Aunt Claudia came up and stayed; I think it was a week or more. Judie came with her. [Probably Nikki also] I remember spending time with Judie. She was a little older than I. And we had fun with her. It was probably the only time we ever really got acquainted. The big project was making a quilt.

M'JEAN: It was the first time I ever saw a quilt set up on a quilt frame. The quilt had a silky top covered with beautiful roses. I was surprised that Claudia trusted us beginners to quilt on it. She showed us how to make the stitches. When I went to bed and closed my eyes, I could still "see" the needle going in and out.

#### THE UNRELATED KNAPPS

MYRNA: One time we had a cousin named Knapp that came, --his name was Floyd—I'm not sure what the relationship was [none]. He had a son named Lyle, and he was about my age, and they stayed a couple days. It was always fun to have somebody come up and play.

#### CHIPMAN COUSINS

Barney, in the "old" days, had had a special relationship with his cousin, Valois South. He had rarely seen her since she was married. She and her husband, Paul Chipman, had 4 children.

MYRNA: We were visited by Valois Chipman and her family. I remember little Karen. She must have been something like 4 or 5, and, it seems like she might have been taking dance lessons. And over and over she would do this little dance and song for us. She was a cute little kid. Matt was a little older than M'Jean, I think, and a very appealing boy.

#### NICHOLSON COUSINS

Nick and Sara Nicholson and their three kids, Bill, Novella, and Spencer, visited first in 1957, when Nick engineered the radio antennas. In subsequent years they came again.

#### WALTERS COUSINS

M'JEAN: Marj's cousin, Roy Walters and his wife Mary and their boys came from Kaysville. They brought a lug of apricots, the first time I had ever seen apricots. They were delicious! Marj taught Myrna and me to can, and we canned those apricots. It was an unpleasant surprise when I opened one up and a nasty-looking critter fell out—first time I ever saw an earwig.



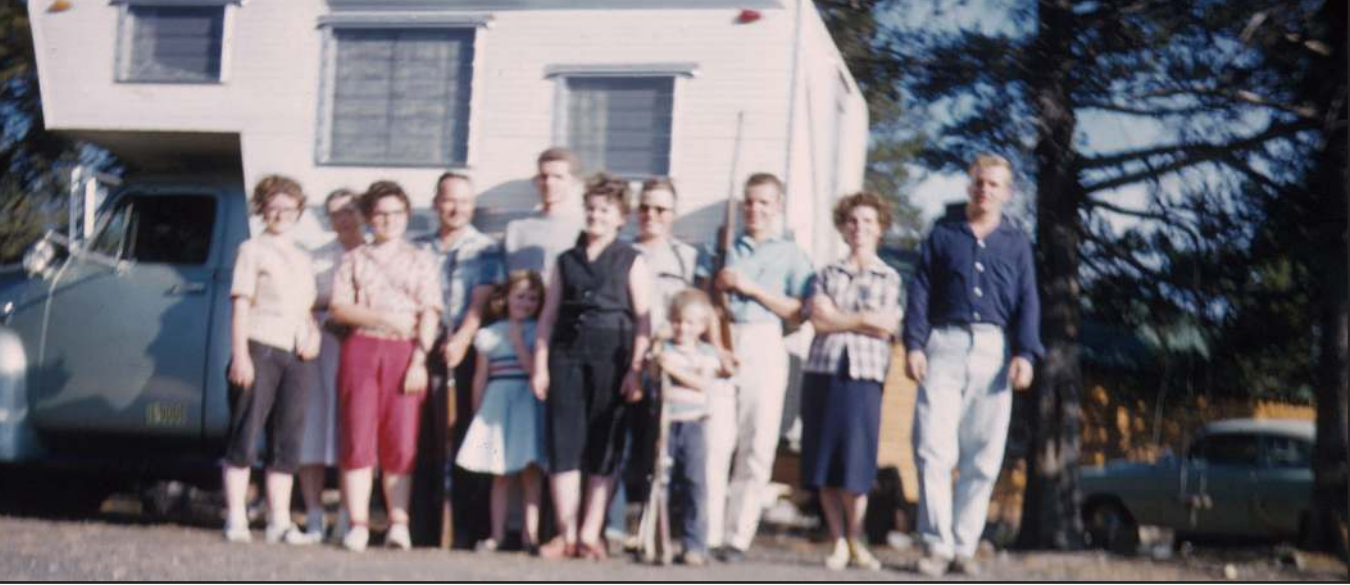
LYLE KNAPP, M'JEAN, MYRNA



KAYE, DOUG, KARLA, ANNE KNAPP  
"Al Knapp came up with all of his kids in matching clothes with big polka dots." (Myrna)

SUSAN, RANDY, & COCOA  
"I mostly played with Susan and Randy." (Cousin Donna Hackworth)





M'JEAN, JANE, MARY JANE,  
BILL, SUSIE, FRANK, MYRNA,  
DAVID, RANDY, JOE, MARJ,  
BARRY.

JOHN (Photographer)

### BILL SOUTH FAMILY

One morning when Marj got up early to build the fire, she saw a camper parked in the dooryard. It turned out that Barney's cousin, Bill South, and his family from Salt Lake had spent the night there, knowing it to be a safe place, but intending to drive off without bothering anyone.

BARRY FRANK, DAVID,  
RANDY, JOE  
"COCOA"

The Salt Lake cousins enjoyed the chance to do a little shooting—probably for the first time.

BILL,  
JANE,  
MARJ



This was after Barney had passed away. Except when Marj had asked Bill to speak at Barney's funeral, it had been years since she had been in contact with Barney's Salt Lake relations.

M'JEAN: Marj invited Bill and his family to come on in for breakfast. All of us became well acquainted and had a great time together. The boys, John, Frank, and Joe enjoyed the chance to do a little shooting—probably for the first time. Myrna and I got along famously with perky Mary Jane, who was a pianist, just a year older than I.

Their summer visit became a delightful annual event.



## SOUTH REUNION 1964

Bill South was the stake president, which position he held for many years. Not only was he glad to be coming back to Island Park, which he had loved doing when he was young, he seemed to feel relief from the pressures of his work and his church calling.

Bill's family and Marj's family planned a rather spectacular Charles and Elizabeth South Family Reunion to be held in Island Park July 24-26, 1964, exactly 30 years from the first reunion, instigated by Hannah South. Much of the planning took place over a campfire, one of the main features to be a pit barbeque Barry learned to do on his mission in Texas.

### "THE TIES THAT BIND"

The reunion notice from Chairman Ray South included:

Marj's family and William's have planned wonderful events to bring us all together as a family should be. It will be especially memorable for the youngsters. They would like some of those extemporaneous skits like Bill Call and Barney did of "Cinderella," so start planning now for real fun.

Get your family lined up with numbers.

The fishing will be perfect, the mosquitoes gone, and the temperature perfect. Sleeping out under the stars is wonderful at that time.

For the timid, reservations could be made at Mack's Inn or Ponds.

Barry--to take you into the hills where you went logging--old times.

There will be a business and genealogy meeting.

Highlight: a Texas-style beef barbeque Saturday night presided over by Barry Church and Priesthood meetings in chapel at Mack's Inn on Sunday.

Bring your bats, balls, mitts, horseshoes, fishing poles, tiddlee-winks, whatever you think the group may enjoy. Last year the single men talked about giving the married men a 5-point lead in the baseball game; the winter has made them a little cautious; now they want to look over the married men's team before deciding on the point lead.

If you have any group activities, skits, or other sure-fire entertainment, bring it along. We want this the best organized, most memorable reunion ever held!

We'll be seeing you at Island Park the evening of July 24th, all day July 25th, and Sunday morning, July 26th, in the beautiful spot where our reunions originated many years ago, when Uncle Will, Uncle John, Uncle Sam, Uncle Ed, and Aunt Kate were still with us. It is as much in their memory--and that of Aunt Agnes who had gone before--as that of our Grandparents, Charles and Elizabeth South, that we meet to keep bright "the ties that bind."

## SUCCESSFUL WELL-ATTENDED REUNION

The reunion was the best attended yet. Folks came in campers and trailers, etc. People were there who had not attended reunions in years.

The next year's invitation, for the 1965 reunion held in Ogden, gave special thanks to Marj's family, who last year "went the extra mile, such as hauling horses from Idaho Falls, getting the huge barbeque pit ready and barbequing a quarter of beef."





BERT & SUSIE MILLER  
DAVID (*bicycle*)

"They had a genuine old sheep camp and some dogs and they'd keep this band of sheep together out through the woods. Just a wonderful old couple. They came to the mill quite often to visit our family."  
(Barry)

#### BERT MILLER

With the horses and dogs at the sawmill. It was Bert who introduced the South family to the famous bear cave.



#### SHEPHERDERS BERT & SUSIE MILLER

One exception to the train/road approach to Island Park Siding was that taken by Bert and Susie Miller, the shepherd couple who would ride into camp on horseback. They could be coming from any direction. Everyone in camp became acquainted with them. Bert and Susie were simple, hardy folks—very nice. It was Bert Miller who introduced the South family to the famous bear cave.

BARRY: Every summer there was a band of sheep that came into the Island Park area to graze, herded by an older couple by the name of Bert and Susie Miller—really nice pair of shepherders. They had a genuine old sheep camp trailer that they would take around, and they had some

dogs, and they'd keep this band of sheep together out through the woods, and the sheep would graze and put on fat.

One time in particular we were over there somewhere—I'm guessing Ripley Butte area. They were having a lunch, and they invited me and I'm not sure who else, there to eat with them. It was kind of a fun experience. Just a wonderful old couple. They came to the mill quite often to visit our family.



MAUREEN KNAPP: And we had a shepherd couple up here. They were in their 80's. She was from back East somewhere. She chewed tobacco. Us girls couldn't believe that. White hair, and she'd chewed tobacco ever since she was twelve years old. But they herded sheep up here for the [Ariel] Petersen family at Rexburg.

STEVE KNAPP: We got pretty well acquainted with the Petersons, who were the owners of the sheep, and also with the herder whose name was Mr. Miller. Some years he would have his wife with him, and we always were happy when we heard the sheep coming onto the flat.

M'JEAN: They would come to the cabin to visit. One time they had a cute young granddaughter with them. Her name was Tana. Susie told us Tana was born very prematurely. It was expected that Tana would not live. But Susie did not give up on her. She cared for the tiny baby--made her a bed in a shoebox and kept her close to the stove to keep her warm. She fed her with an eyedropper, and Tana lived.

## ECCENTRICS

There were also some eccentric types who would visit. Ed Ryburg was a unique character who had a cabin about 5 miles to the east where for years he was panning for gold at the head of the Buffalo. But he would stop and visit.

The avowed young hermit with the big yellow dog who lived down near Eccles, sequestered out in the woods “to be alone and away from people,” on his way to Ponds, would stop and talk everyone’s head off.

## SUMMER TREK DOWN THE RIVER

One summer highlight was when Marj, M’Jean, and Myrna hosted the girls and leaders in the MIA (Mutual) in the Idaho Falls 18th ward. Everyone drove up in the woods to a spot on the Buffalo River, probably Wallins cabin, where they got in the water and walked down the river to Ponds Lodge, where some of the leaders picked them up.

## WINTER TREK OVER THE SNOW

As long as the family had the cabin at the siding in Island Park, David and Barry continued to trek into camp mid-winter to shovel the snow off the buildings. Often they invited friends along. In addition, they started a new tradition of sharing the cabin with the men and boys in the ward for their winter camp for scouts and explorers.

DAVID: When I became an Explorer, the Explorer Scouts had the opportunity to go into the Boy Scout camp on a winter camp. As that was much like our going into the sawmill; it was nothing new to me. We had to ski into the Boy Scout Camp. We spent three days and then skied back out.

### HOSTING EXPLORER SCOUT CAMP

That became a lot of fun, although after the first year I persuaded the boys that it would be more fun to go to our place in Island Park than to Boy Scout camp because the Boy Scout camp was a summertime lodge and it was so cold that no matter what you did you could never get the building warm. Where, with our cabin, we could have just as much room and you could have the building nice and warm and we had more supplies and it had more privacy.

Up until the advent of the snowmobile, it was extremely private. So, each year for all the years I was in Exploring and all the years Barry was in Exploring and a few years after that when we were both leaders, we would take the Explorer Scouts from whatever troop we were in, up to the sawmill and the cabin. They would spend two or three days. It was good for them. The brotherhood was good for them. It was also good for them to learn about how things are and were. Of course, the physical exertion didn’t hurt anybody.

Through the years, many people--all sorts--came and went at the Souths’ sawmill.



“Each year Barry and I were in Exploring and a few years after when we were leaders, we would take the Explorer Scouts up to the sawmill and the cabin.” (David)



Sliding, tobogganing, skiing off the sawdust pile at winter camp.



## Chapter 109

# Forest Fire

As Barney used to say, “Hell is full of poor excuses!” –MARJ

**M**ay 6, 1960, was a memorable day for M’Jean. Having been a winner of the Young Artist competition, she soloed in concert with the Idaho Falls Symphony. Professor Harold Mealy from Idaho State University was the conductor.

M’JEAN: I played the first movement of the Schumann Piano Concerto in A Minor. Marj and Judy made me a new dress of taffeta with a chiffon skirt overlay.

At the rehearsal I had a memory slip, and it was scary. But the performance came off very well. As soon as it was over, I wanted to do it again! It was really exciting and fun.

Myrna and I were making good progress in our piano study. We had great respect for our teacher, Betty Benthin Petree, and we had unstinting support from our mother.

It was my second year of teaching private piano lessons. During the times I lived at Grandma’s house I walked to the homes of my students to teach.

As summer vacation approached, Betty loaded up Myrna and me with a pile of sheet music and a long repertoire list to take to Island Park, as we anticipated again being our own teachers for a few months. We had a limited supply of piano duets, which we would play to death.

### CARETAKING –GRANDPA KNAPP

In the spring, reports would come from Island Park that the snow was gone and the roads were open, sometimes two or three weeks before the end of school. Since the family could not move to the siding until school was out, there was concern about leaving the sawmill site unprotected during the interim. A caretaker was badly needed.

Poor Grandpa Knapp would draw the black bean! He would drive up to the woods and stay in his little cabin, sometimes in freezing weather, and stick it out alone for a couple of weeks or so until the family could move to the sawmill.

In dreary weather conditions, with scant supplies and little to do, the hours dragged. Being alone in the camp, several days might go by before he would see





M'JEAN, GRANDMA MABEL, GRANDPA JUSTIN, MYRNA  
RANDY, SUSAN, "COCOA"

Grandpa lived in the little two-room cabin built by Al in 1946.  
In the evenings Grandpa would sit out on his bench with his flyswatter.  
After the mosquitoes were gone Grandma visited on occasion.

another soul, and his letters to Mabel reflect the somber solitude.

When the road was muddy, he would truly be stranded, not chancing the 4-mile drive to Ponds to mail a letter or pick up groceries. On the weekend he would wait and watch for Barry to show up in the truck, hopefully with a letter from Mabel, clean clothes, and the food items he had requested. He could also send a letter back to her, as well as dirty laundry.

His letters would catalog mundane daily tasks, food items of his menu for the day—or the lack thereof, and the ailments that go along with being almost 74 years of age and diabetic.

Marj could probably not pay him wages on the same scale as when the sawmill was running and everyone was doing productive work. Caretaking did not generate dollars but was still vital. Grandpa and Marj had a good working relationship. They needed each other. And he was willing to help.

A few excerpts from his letters paint a little of the picture:

RANDY  
FUTURE FIREBUG  
"Who could resist  
lighting  
stick matches?"  
(Randy)



EXCERPTS FROM JUSTIN'S LETTERS

I've been out splitting some old wood blocks. The wind blew my hat off, and I had quite a time.

Some are part rotten but will soon dry a little, and this stove holds so much that it gets away with it pretty good. When we were down to Ripley last year we got some old pitch out of fir stumps. I use a little of that occasionally.

The track rider [railroad maintenance] went past a little time ago—the only person I've seen today.

It froze ice across the water barrel at the well last night

Wind has blown cold all morning. I sat close to the stove part of the morning.

I went for a few sticks of wood, put on my old coat. The wind just goes right through. The wind has been moving things all day. Old boxes, tin cans, anything that is loose.

I only brought 6 cans of oysters and have used 2. They are quite expensive but taste so good. Please send some more, out of the cooler.

Didn't bring a calendar.

No water. Can't get more than half bucket of water at a time from well. I am boiling water.

I don't have soap for dishes. No salt shaker. Please send one.

There is snow in timber and quite a bit.

I saw a big rabbit, half white, a big black crow when I went for water and one squirrel, the only one I've seen so far. There were no mice in traps. They were all set.

If the wind goes down a little I'll uncover the mill shed. It looks like storm before the day is over.

I just came from drawing the well out. It has quite a bit of settlings in but will soon be alright.

I won't dare go to Ponds. There is too much water on the road.

Send heavy underwear. I slept cold, and it is cold up here. I should have thought of that.

My jug is empty but I boiled water yesterday, and it cooled last night.

I have a letter ready for Bernie [in China on mission]. I hope Barry comes today.

A man on speeder went south last night. That's the only person I've seen. It is quiet.

The cranes are here. They make quite a noise and at sunset they really sounded off last night.

Maybe we'll get rain in June like last year. Marj couldn't get enough water to wash clothes if she were up here.

Last night was too cold for mosquitoes. I am not complaining.

The boiled water tastes strong. The boys put down a new curb in the bottom, and it tastes of lumber. The water is clearing, though.

The freight train just passed with 20 gondolas.

The sun has warmed things up in spite of wind. It's not bad now. The train just passed—10 cars of pulp wood.

It doesn't look like Barry is coming today.

When I got up an animal was after my meat in snow bank. When I opened the door it looked at me. I couldn't get clear sight and missed. It went under the bunk house. I went south of house and sat on a block. It's head stuck out of hole, then it came out, crouched low. I shot for center of body. It turned over, then backed in against snowbank in a little. I shot again, and it got under the house. It must have been a martin. I've only seen two before. It was quite large. I went and dug meat out. It had dug down and had eaten some.

I set two traps, although I think this one will die, there may be more. No mice, no squirrels, no rabbits. That is the answer.

A car just went out towards Ponds, came up from Pineview, I guess.

Well, A Clement came in. We had quite a visit. He was looking for David. Clements wanted to look at the house. I didn't have a key. They looked through windows.

Sun is setting clear tonight. I've missed you so much today, being Sunday.

Bye. The Lord bless you. Lovingly yours, Jesse

## LAST FULL SEASON

Grandpa was as glad as anyone when the last day of school arrived and the family joined him at the siding. Delynn Russell and Vic Ericksen again worked at the sawmill that summer. 1960 was the last year the South Family would all live in Island Park and run the sawmill all season.

## A DAUGHTER BORN - AUGUST 9, 1960

David and Judy were spending their second summer in the “bughouse.” Judy was making little baby nightgowns and had a due date of August 2nd. Each check-up with the doctor meant a trip to Ashton. M’Jean went with her, they took turns driving, and after the appointment, they would get groceries to last until the next doctor visit.

## DOCTOR - GROCERY TRIPS TO ASHTON

M’JEAN: Do you remember all those trips we made to Ashton?

JUDY: Groceries.

M’JEAN: Getting groceries, and you’d go to the doctor.

JUDY: Yes, that’s right. That’s right.

M’JEAN: We’d fill up the whole back seat of the Volkswagon with groceries for twenty-five bucks.

JUDY: We always had twenty-five dollars. If we went over that, we had to give something back. I remember that.

And the doctor—Robin cost us two hundred dollars total. And it’s just astounding now, when you think about the thousands of dollars people have to pay to have a baby. It cost us \$200. It’s so funny. I don’t even remember—I don’t think we had to pay the hospital or the anesthesiologist—I think it all came out of the \$200 fee.

M’JEAN: Who was your doctor?

JUDY: Melcher. And you know, I had forgotten his name until about a week ago. And I remembered it, Dr. Melcher.

And you know, you took me up when I was ready to—when I was in labor. We didn’t know that I was in labor. I woke up and thought I had the flu. A week overdue, you know. That’s really stupid, thinking back on it.

And all the nurse did was just touch my belly, and said, “Yes, dear, you are in labor.” (laughs) So then you had to drive home alone and go get your brother.

M’JEAN: And he drove like a maniac, too.

JUDY: Did he?

M’JEAN: We went out to the woods to get him, and he drove like mad.

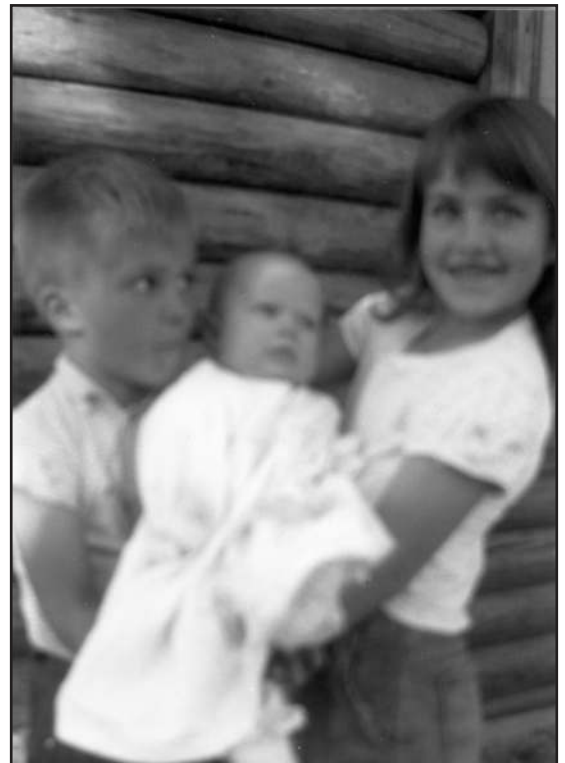
JUDY: Oh, really?

M’JEAN: ...through the woods. He had the road memorized, you know.

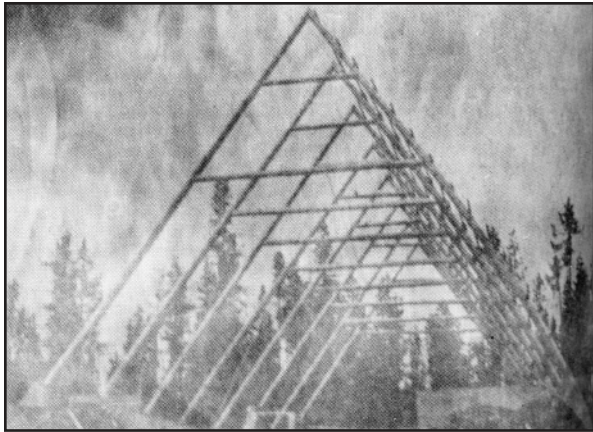
JUDY: It seemed like forever before he came back. Thirteen hours—you know, you have plenty of time to do all the things you need to do before the baby is being born.

Robin was blessed up there. Did you remember that? A week old. We took her up and had her blessed in the Church of the Pines.

RANDY, ROBIN, SUSAN  
In camp, little Robin was hovered over by a really enthusiastic fan club of very adoring young aunts and uncles. Marj, the new grandmother, even got to hold the baby once in a while. Of course Judy’s parents, Norman and Maureen Bates and sister Susan were equally excited to claim relationship.







A-Frame for the new church

FINISHED A-FRAME  
CHURCH IN ISLAND PARK  
"It was fun leading the singing in Sunday School in that spacious building." (M'Jean)



## CHURCH OF THE PINES

Everyone attended Sunday School in the schoolhouse and sacrament meeting in the Church of the Pines. David resumed his position in the Sunday School superintendency, and M'Jean and Myrna again conducted and played the hymns.

## MUTUAL IN ISLAND PARK

There was also mutual. There were a lot of young people spending their summer vacation working at ranches and resorts in the Island Park area. The MIA (Mutual) provided an opportunity for them to get together and socialize. Some of the activities were held at the Church of the Pines, where they danced or played crazy games like "Balloon Stomp" and "It's a Dog-It's a Cat."

M'JEAN: Barry and Myrna and I enjoyed going to the mutual activities in Island Park. When Delynn and Vic were working for us, they went also. Many of the activities were held at the various resorts and hosted by the owners or the young people who worked there.

### LIVELY "HAYRIDE"

Favorite events included a swimming party at Lakeside Lodge, a barbeque at Phillips Lodge, and a hayride at the sawmill hosted by none other than Barry South. With everyone piled on the back of his truck, Barry knew just where to go to give them an exciting ride. He drove up into the hills over some rough, narrow logging roads, those with trees crowding into the road and branches hanging over both sides, which, of course, everyone had to dodge with plenty of yelling and screaming, which was exactly what Barry had in mind when he chose his route.

## NEW A-FRAME CHURCH BUILDING

Since its dedication in 1941, the Little Church of the Pines had served the Mormons, Catholics, and Protestants.

The church-going Mormon population in Island Park had long ago outgrown the small building. Just up the road a little ways, the LDS church built its own large, unique A-frame meetinghouse.

Sunday School, as well as Sacrament Meeting, was held in the new church.

JUDY: They must have been building the new building by the second summer, you know, after we were married. We went over to the new building for a while, too, after we had Robin.

M'JEAN: It was fun to lead the singing in Sunday School in that spacious building.

## CATS & DOGS

There always seemed to be a cat or family of cats around the cabin in Island Park. Marj was glad to have them keep down the mice population. They also drank quite a bit of milk and didn't seem to mind that it was always sour. With no refrigeration in camp for most of the years the family lived there, milk in summertime soured in a hurry, and it became a frequent chore to pour the sour milk into the cat's dish.

No one can remember how many dogs the family had that were called "Perky." The South kids had enjoyed playing with each one.

### "COCOA"

BARRY: The next dog we got was a chocolate brown spaniel. We called him Cocoa.

#### CLIMBED LADDER

The old barn was a great place to play. The ground level always had a lot of manure in it so we avoided it. However, the loft had soft hay in it and was good for hiding, games, talking and etc. An accomplishment that we were proud of was teaching our dog, Cocoa, a springer type spaniel, to climb the vertical ladder to the loft.

#### SPRANG THROUGH TRUCK WINDOW

Cocoa loved water and adventure but his favorite activity was any thing that involved guns. Cocoa was about 2 years old when we got him and he took to the family very quickly. He discovered that adventure came along with a truck ride. Whenever anyone climbed into a truck Cocoa made sure, whenever possible, that he got in the truck also. One time David and I were going somewhere in the 6x6 and we didn't want Cocoa to go. The truck was built high off the ground. The window was way up there.

I timed my entry into the truck so Cocoa would not have a chance to get in with me when I opened the door. I got into the drivers seat and slammed the door. Within 5 seconds Cocoa came scrabbling through the high open window and landed in my lap.

#### GUN CRAZY

Whenever someone had a gun in hand and was in a shooters stance Cocoa really became intense. He would stand ready to spring into action, look you right in the eye, let out an occasional yap that meant, "I'm ready hurry up and shoot." When the shot was fired Cocoa would explode into action, back and forth on a dead run in the direction the gun was fired. He was looking for something, anything that had been shot, a duck or chicken or chipmunk. After a thorough search and finding nothing he would come back to his stance and yap again saying, "You missed, shoot again." He never tired of the hunt.

Cocoa was not a good bird dog. When we got him he had all the enthusiasm for hunting that a person could imagine but he didn't have training or discipline. It was shoot and run. When he found something that had been shot he might bring it back or he might not. If it was small enough he would bite it once and then swallow it.

#### LAI D DOWN THE LAW

My mother had laid down the law pertaining tree squirrels. They were not to be shot. Chipmunks were fair game and there were a lot of them in the woods. One day Cocoa and I went hiking in the woods to shoot at pine cones or whatever. I shot 26 chipmunks and cocoa downed every one of them. Sometimes a frog in split creek was a good target. One time Cocoa swallowed a toad. A couple of



BARRY, COCOA  
"Within 5 seconds Cocoa came scrabbling through the high open window and landed on my lap."  
(Barry)

#### COCOA





DAVID, COCOA  
In Idaho Falls, where  
Cocoa's doghouse was in  
the back yard.  
"I got up, went to the  
window and looked out.  
Cocoa was at the end of  
the leash and making as  
much noise as he could.  
The doghouse was fully  
engulfed in fire." (Barry)

hours later he was frothing at the mouth. The guys that saw him decided that it was because of the toad rather than rabies.

#### CLOSE CALL - WHIRLPOOL

There was a place on Split Creek where the stream came around a corner in such a way that there was a significant whirlpool in the stream. I was fishing there and had a .22 rifle along with me. Cocoa was there hoping there would be some shooting on the fishing trip. I threw my spinner, hook and worm into the whirlpool. The water was probably about 4 feet deep. Within a few seconds I had a snag. I worked at it for a while and could not get it free. As a last ditch effort I decided to send in the dog. The easiest way to do that was to shoot into the whirlpool. I did and Cocoa went in. Very quickly I realized it was a mistake. He was swimming frantically but he was going down. Soon only his nose was up and then he was gone. He stayed down. I was worried. Should I go after him? I didn't know for sure how deep the water was. If I went in would the whirlpool get me too?

I don't know how long he was down. It seemed like a long time as I worried about what to. To my relief Cocoa emerged at the side of the pool. He came out of the creek and he was pretty subdued, but otherwise okay. I was really surprised when I found that my fishing lure was hooked to some thick hair on his foot.

#### CLOSE CALL - ICE

I made a mistake another time when I shot and sent Cocoa in to the water. We were at an ice covered pond and there was a hole about 20 feet in diameter in the ice in the center of the pond. I was with another duck hunter and we could walk to within about 23 feet to the edge of the ice. Beyond that was to risk thin ice and a cold, wet drop.

I shot a mud duck in the open water and Cocoa tore off and into the water. He grabbed the duck and swam back towards me and then could not get back onto the ice. Cocoa abandoned the duck and focused on getting on to the ice. He could get his front legs up on the ice but then his rear end would swing down and under the ice and he could not pull himself out. The struggle went on quite a while. I tried to figure out how to help him get out. I went back to the woods and found a small dry tree about 25 feet long. I thought maybe I could stick the end of the tree out to Cocoa and he would bite it and hold on, and I could pull him out. I did but he didn't understand my instructions to grab hold.

I had another idea, I knew where his priority was. I waited until he was swimming toward the dead duck that was floating in the pool. I shot the duck again. Cocoa saw the shot pattern hit the duck. He grabbed the duck by the neck. I shouted to praise him and told him to bring it here.

#### COLD HUMBLE MUTT

He swam to the near ice edge and I stuck the end of the pole between the duck and his lower jaw. Cocoa put his front legs on the ice, and between his paddling with the rear legs and my lifting and pulling on the pole he was able to get out. He was a pretty cold, humble mutt for a while.

#### NOT A HOUSEDOG

In the winter time our family lived in Idaho Falls. Our life in the city was a lot different, and the dog's life was not nearly as exciting. Cocoa was not a housedog and he stayed outside a lot but it got real cold some nights. On these real cold nights some times we would put him in our basement, but he didn't like that very well. I finally built him a doghouse when he got old and that was okay but some nights were really cold even in the dog house. I decided to try to heat his house.

#### CLOSE CALL - DOGHOUSE ON FIRE

I ran an electric cord out to the house and put an electric light bulb on some



brackets up near the peak of the roof. For some reason that I don't remember I tied him with a rope about 6 feet long, to the doghouse. My bedroom was upstairs in our house and I could look out the window into the backyard and see the doghouse. During the night I heard Cocoa barking, hard and loud. Something was different. I got up, went to the window and looked out. Cocoa was at the end of the leash and making as much noise as he could. The doghouse was fully engulfed in fire.

#### QUITE A DOG

BERNIE: (on a camping trip, reminiscing about Cocoa) I awoke in the tent about 2 or 3, I'd guess, and couldn't sleep. I heard coyotes on every side. After I got up about 5:45 and went outside, the coyotes set it up again for about 5 minutes. They sounded like they had the camp surrounded. I thought of Cocoa, and if he had been there, he'd no doubt been out barking and protecting the camp; running up toward the barn and out near the well. He was quite a dog. Remember him?

#### SADDLE HORSE

BARRY: One fall we saw a saddle horse hanging around camp for a couple of weeks. The animal had a halter and broken lead rope on. We tried to catch him a couple of times but the horse was so scared he would not let anyone near him. Finally we saw him out on the flat one day and we started chasing him in an old car. We ran him so long that he was completely exhausted and was willing to be herded into a small corral. We caught him then. He turned out to be a pretty good saddle horse. We tried to find the owner but never did. We kept him for another year until we finally sold all of our horses.

#### HORSE IN THE KITCHEN

M'JEAN: Barry rode the horse up onto the large back porch and into the kitchen. Marj may not have liked the idea, but she laughed.



BARRY  
"Barry rode the saddle horse up onto the porch and into the kitchen."  
(M'Jean)

### *Steam Engines Farewell*

NO one seems to remember exactly when Marj sold the steam engines, but there was a man in Rupert, Idaho who wanted to buy them. They were icons, and everybody loved them, but they were no longer of use at the sawmill. The family needed money, and the Forest Service would insist they be removed, anyway. The man wanted all three. Problem solved! Almost.

The big Rumely, which was out in the woods a little ways north of the toilet and just east of the garbage pit was easily accessible to him for hauling. As was the Case, which was still at its location at the old sawmill site about a quarter mile east of the railroad crossing. However, the smaller Nichols and Shepard was still sitting next to the creek in Split Creek Canyon. It would be the family's problem to go to the canyon and get it down to the siding.

#### TAKING NICHOLS & SHEPARD OUT OF SPLIT CREEK CANYON.

M'JEAN: I remember that trip. Marj wanted the whole family to share that experience. The boys hooked onto it with the army truck, and I think we brought it out along the creek bed. We walked down the canyon behind the steamer while she talked to us about our heritage—about when Barney's family first came to Island Park on the train. They had actually driven the steam engine all the way into the canyon, along with the wagons and teams, hauling the sawmill and everything else the family possessed. Close to the creek they set up the sawmill. For several years they cut trees and sawed ties, lumber, and house logs in that location.



BARRY, FRANK,  
DAVID, RANDY, JOE  
Shooting with  
South cousins

RANDY & SUSAN  
Always together,  
Above the bar where  
they are hanging  
from their knees  
is the dinner bell.



gether. They were lovey-dovey one minute and trying to kill each other the next. Some of their battles required someone to separate them for fear of serious damage to both.

“Do unto others!” one would say while delivering a “love tap” to the other with particular fierceness.

### TIED THEM TOGETHER

BARRY: Susan and Randy when they were little—probably in the neighborhood of 6, 7, and 8, somewhere in that range, maybe a little younger—can’t remember for sure. They were always bickering and fighting and squabbling, and I got tired of it all the time, and so one day I pulled them together and I got a piece of twine and I tied just two of their hands together, so where one of them went, the other one had to go. And that was fun, watching them squabbling while they were tied together. And that’s the end of the story.

### SAWMILL REMNANTS

At the old mill site were remnants of the hand-hewn log house and barn, as well as scattered pieces of old equipment and housewares. There was a large pile of throwaway slabs which had been tossed in a heap while they were operating the mill.

### BILL SOUTH FAMILY

It was in the summer of 1960 when the Bill South family came to visit and got in some shooting. Thus a tradition began.

### “DO UNTO OTHERS!”

The two littlest people for miles around were Susan and Randy. Their contribution was not much when it came to work, but they kept things lively. They were a delight to everyone. Usually. They played together and fought to-

### SUSAN & RANDY

Lovey-dovey, one minute, trying to kill each other the next! The “little kids” were a delight to everyone in camp.



## *How to Start a Forest Fire When You Are Six*

RANDY: Fire! Fire! Fire! That, hollered through the old house log cabin would bring any six year old out of his mid afternoon nap and blankets. Now what was the biggest tragedy? Guess who started the fire? Who could resist lighting stick matches at six years old anyway? For several days now, for afternoon activity time, yours truly, had been hiking out in the woods lighting matches and throwing them for fun.

This particular day it was really dry and was harder to stamp out the little fires that the matches had started. The matches were obtained from the little cast iron dispensers that hung on the knotty pine walls of our home in the woods. One was by the kitchen wood-burning stove. The second one was by the fireplace in the living room. It would not have been good to take them all or someone would notice. After stealthily sliding one of Dad's homemade wooden stools near to the dispensers and getting a load of wooden matches from each, it was off to the woods. The trail led north out past the outhouse and then a little distance beyond where the boundary between state land and the Targhee National Forest ran.

The sight of three fire trucks coming over the railroad tracks at the crossing is still vivid. Three days later the fire was deemed "out." You can imagine how low the six year old pyromaniac was laying for those three days knowing full well how the fire got started. Speculation had been running rampant for those three days how it could possibly have been started. David, the brother 16 years older than the pyromaniac, had speculated that it was the sun shining through a bottle.

Ha! Little did they know! And no one knew but the perpetrator until 10 years later when the tide had gone so far out that a full confession was made.



RANDY & SUSAN

## School 1960

It was at about the same time Randy started the forest on fire that he started his school career in the first grade at Ashton Elementary. Susan was a veteran student in the third grade. The yellow school bus transported the Island Park kids on the daily round trip between Ponds Lodge and Ashton. It was up to Marj to get them to Ponds and back.

Of course, everyone in the car would chime in on the little made up song, "What a Lot of Things to See on Our Way to School!"

RANDY: And what was amazing is that we would see almost all of those animals every day in the four-mile run from the sawmill to Ponds' Lodge as we traversed the old dirt logging road in the family Volkswagen. And also, we saw many animals that are not even mentioned in the song. The woods were full of critters when I was six years old. We saw badgers, rock chucks, chipmunks, blue jays, ducks, geese, the mountain blue bird, pine grouse, mourning doves, foxes, weasels, and of course skunks and porcupines at night. Sand hill cranes were there every day on the flat, eagles and hawks were common, antelope were in great numbers, and of course in June there were those magnificent and fierce mosquitos.

RANDY & SUSAN  
"What a lot of  
Things to see,  
On our way to school!"







M'JEAN, RANDY,  
JUDY, MYRNA SUSAN  
"Cocoa" & Tiny  
Snowman  
Near the time when  
David slaughtered the  
two sheep.

## MUTTON

Colder fall weather made it easier to keep fresh meat—wrapped in cloth in the dark bunkhouse by day and hung high off the ground in the woods at night. So when the sheep came into the stockyards, Marj made arrangements to buy two sheep for the family meat supply.

M'JEAN: I remember the day David rassed the two sheep to the spot on the east of camp where he had a pole nailed across two trees which were maybe 6 or 7 feet apart.

After roping the hind feet and throwing the ropes over the pole, he raised both sheep upside down off the ground to the height where he could secure the ropes, one around each tree, and went to work.

David had learned from his dad how to slaughter and clean an animal: Cut the throat, let it bleed out, cut out the entrails, being careful not to puncture the wrong things and make a terrific mess, along with a horrible stink, remove the organs, skin the critter, carve the cuts of meat.

It is not simple as it sounds, but David, like his dad, worked fast and did everything very adeptly.

M'JEAN: The rest of us were there to help a little, very little. When he cut out the first heart, he said Judy liked to use the protein rich organ meat and told me to hold out my hand. He handed me the bloody heart. In short order I was holding a heart in the other hand, too. It was a weird feeling, standing there holding those two hearts.

The family balked a little about eating the mutton, but it was the cheapest way to get meat in the diet.

I went for the few weeks in the fall before we pulled out of Island Park for winter and for the last time, because of the sale of the mill.

I remember very little. The VW ride, standing by the bent up electric heater in the Ponds store. Not much else.

The song lyrics which went "We see sheep and cattle too" referred to the herds of cattle driven from the Railroad Ranch down the road towards the stockyards, to be loaded into cattle cars and shipped out on the train. Same thing with the bands of sheep which had been grazing in the area throughout the summer.

## SHOOTING THE PORCUPINE

M'JEAN: Since school started in Ashton a week or so before the Idaho Falls schools started, I had not yet gone down to the valley to stay at Grandma's. I was taking some turns driving the "little kids" to Ponds and picking them up after school.

It was right about this time that the family was out driving on one of the timber roads, most of us on the back of the truck, when the boys spotted a porcupine a little way off, waddling through the brush. Porcupines were regarded as an enemy to timber men because of their destruction of trees—they'd gnaw the bark in a ring around a tree, and the tree would die. There was also the hazard of the dog or a horse getting a noseful of quills. These were all the justification they needed for shooting every porcupine they saw.

The truck stopped, and one of them grabbed the gun. "Let me shoot it!" I said. I was handed the gun—must have been a .22. I took aim and fired and the porcupine went down. I was about to hand back the gun when the porcupine got up and continued to waddle along. "Shoot it again," they hollered. I shot it again, and it fell down, but it got back up again and lumbered forward a little. "Shoot again! You have to kill it." I shot. It moved. "Keep shooting! It's hard to kill a porcupine." By this time I was sorry I had asked to shoot at all. I don't know how many times I shot that poor thing before it decided to die.

That just about killed my taste for shooting live targets. But the story doesn't end there. The next day when I went to pick up the school kids from Ponds, I was driving across the flat and looked out the window to my left, and there was what appeared to be that same porcupine, lumbering along through the tall grass. It had come back to haunt me! Anyway, it surely felt like it.

## SHARING A TWIN BED

Myrna was in 9th grade, so she and M'Jean both went to stay at Grandma's to go to school in Idaho Falls. They shared the little bedroom and the twin bed. Having slept for years in beds with saggy springs and mattresses, always rolling to the middle, it was not a big change.

MYRNA: Grandpa was always sitting in his chair. Sometimes he would play his harmonica. Grandma was always serene. I think of her making temple clothes, though I don't remember seeing a sewing machine. I picture them eating bread and milk.

M'JEAN: Grandpa liked to watch TV, especially the Lawrence Welk show, which always featured "the Lovely Lennon Sisters" quartet. If any of them, or any other girl on TV, wore her hair in a pony tail, Grandpa would comment that it was a "lazy way to fix hair."

Barry, who was soon to depart on his mission, did not enroll in college and was able to run the sawmill until the weather turned.

## "FIRE CREEK"

BARRY: At Tom Creek, for some of the last baths we had in the fall, there might be 4 inches of snow. We would take a pretty good bundle of kindling, build a fire, and after getting out would dry off and warm up by the fire. We'd take 2 or 3 gallons of gasoline to start the fire, and after the bath, pour gasoline in the creek. It would go down about one to two hundred feet, then we'd light it on fire. It was a slow moving stream. To see the fire run down that creek—pretty spectacular!

## Rescue

The story of Marj's coming to the rescue of JC Stimson and his little family is a tale of miracles, but exactly when it took place is uncertain. The story was not told by any of the South family but by JC himself. Why David and Barry were not at hand is also uncertain. They may have taken a load of logs and lumber to the valley. They may have been taking the horses out to be wintered.

But fortunately, Marj's brother, Warren, was at hand, and he is the one she sent with the army truck to the Stimsons that day.

### "I THINK MARJ COULD VERY WELL HAVE SAVED OUR LIVES"

Sent Feb 25, 2018 Sunday at 2:49 a.m.

RANDY: Perhaps it was the summer of 2014 when Karen South and I, Randy South, were out for one of our afternoon Mule rides in the backwoods of Island Park, when we deliberately headed out to find a back way to the Stimson spread and cabin. The Mule was actually a four-wheel drive buggy that Karen and I loved because you could just do with it what a mule does. Go just about anywhere.

I had visited with Karen about the Stimson place and wanted to show it to her. I knew the place from when I was a young teenager and I lived up in Island Park in the summers of my high school years.

The main gate was locked and there was no crossing onto the private property surrounded by the jack fence. Knowing that the Stimson cabin was close to the boundary and fence on the far side, we simply drove all the way around the forty-acre spread and came up to the jack fence on the far side. The Mule did a great job of winding around out in the forest.

We walked up to the fence, crossed up and over and then walked right up to the unique octagonal shaped cabin belonging to JC Stimson. And they were home! I had not seen JC for a few years, so it was a treat to knock on the door and have him answer. Of course, he invited us both in and in no time, he invited Karen and myself to have lunch with him and his wife. We spent a wonderful afternoon together talking about old times as well as solving the problems of the world.

The highlight of the afternoon was when he recounted an actual event that happened to them years before when the two of them were young married kids living in Island Park. JC loved Island Park, and even though his regular home was many hours away in Utah, their family spent as much time as possible up in the woods on their beautiful hide-a-way section of ground, hidden in a thick forest of lodgepole pines, looking over a "Warm River" basin, and nestled up against "Black Mountain."

JC told us about an event that day that was remarkable. Like the South family often did, he stayed as late in the year as he could to enjoy as much time in the mountains as was possible for the season. Every year it seemed to be a critical timing issue as to when to leave. If one was too late in their departure, it could have serious consequences.

The story goes that JC had packed his little Volkswagon van and was ready to go, and the morning of their planned departure he and his pregnant wife and two other small toddlers woke up to a blizzard of all blizzards.

They threw into the V W the remaining items for the journey back to Utah and headed out. Needless to say, they did not make it very far at all. They were in trouble and they knew it, stuck in deep fresh snow in a blinding white out with snow continuing to dump from the heavens. They were off the grid, no phones, no electricity with only a 12-volt battery powered radio to listen to a.m.





stations. The radio was there only to listen to. They had no contact to the outside world. The only person on the planet that even remotely could understand their predicament was Marjorie South.

Marj had been concerned for days and had been watching the roads from which JC would have to come by to get out. Normally he did not stay so long in the season and always stopped by to say he was headed out and goodbye for the year. This year he had not come. Marj and her grand family had their own challenges to get out, but Marj also had one great big asset. A phenomenal six-wheel drive army surplus ten wheel truck! After waking up and determining this was the day for the Souths to pull out, she made one more terrific decision. She sent her brother Warren Knapp with the six by six truck to check on the Stimson family.

JC recounted to us that when he heard the big straight six engine of the army truck and saw it emerge through the blinding blizzard, his appreciation was almost more than he could contain. In no time Warren had the little VW van in tow and with all JC's family tidy in the van they headed the few miles to the mill site, conferred with Marj that all were safe, and then Warren continued to drag the little van all the way to Pond's Lodge another four miles.

When they arrived at Pond's Lodge, the snow was so impacted into the undercarriage of that little rig that there was no turning of any wheels. It was a hard labor-intensive job to dig the snow out from under the Volkswagon. The snow was impacted so hard that JC said he had to dig it out with a screw driver in places using the screwdriver as an ice pick!

## MARJ SOLD THE MILL TO JC

Marj and JC enjoyed a great relationship for a long time. Marj sold the entire sawmill to JC Stimson some time later. The mill, engine, and all still sit inside the cocoon log buildings that JC has built for that equipment. If you look carefully on the channel iron frame of the saw carriage you can read plainly "B.E. South."

When Karen and I visited with JC and his wife that day, it was plain that they were struggling with health issues. Since that time JC's wife has passed away. The last time I talked to JC in the summer of 2017 we reminisced and talked about maybe someday getting together and with the help of my boys starting up the old Detroit Diesel engine and running some house logs through the mill. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that it could easily be done. Everything there appears to be in excellent working order.

*Randy South*

MARJ & DOROTHY  
KERR

"Marj and family had their own challenges to get out, but Marj also had one great big asset: a phenomenal six-wheel drive army surplus ten wheel truck!" (Randy)

*(Photo taken a few years later when Marj, Bernie, and a friend, Dorothy Kerr, went to Island Park to get the truck for a buyer.)*

## Chapter 110

# Street Wise

Do you have as much trouble with right and wrong  
as you do with right and left? —MARJ

Marj and her own little family moved to Idaho Falls from the sawmill in 1960, as she had been doing every winter since 1937. Every snowy move was the same in some ways, unique in others. This move held the distinction of being the last winter move from Island Park, although no one knew it at the time. M'Jean and Myrna, who had come down earlier for high school and had been living at Grandma's house on Cleveland Street, settled in with the rest of the family at 955 Ada Avenue.



ELDER PHILLIP BARRY SOUTH  
SUNDAY, NOV. 13, 1960  
7:00 P. M.  
L. D. S. 18th WARD  
at L.D.S. 1st Ward Chapel

GULF STATES MISSION

### PROGRAM

Prelude Music ..... M' Jean South  
Opening Hymn p. 213 ..... Congregation  
"The Spirit of God Like A Fire Is Burning"  
Invocation ..... Fay Peterson  
Sacrament Hymn p. 218 ..... Congregation  
"We'll Sing All Hail"  
Scripture ..... John Bracksome  
Sacrament—  
Speaker ..... Ivan Crouch  
Selection ..... Quartette  
Gene Goodwin, Barry South, David South  
Sherwood Johnson  
Accompanist, M'Jean South  
Speaker ..... Bishop E. Lloyd Ricks  
Violin Solo ..... Susan South  
Accompanist, Myrna Lynn South  
Remarks ..... Bishop Earl E. Bagley  
Selection ..... Quartette  
Remarks ..... David South  
Remarks ..... Marjorie South  
Remarks ..... Missionary  
Closing Hymn p. 47 ..... Congregation  
"God Be With You Till We Meet Again"  
Benediction ..... Victor Van Sickle  
Postlude Music ..... M'Jean South

The kids' playground was once again reduced to the city street in a relatively small town.

One family member, however, was slated to become very familiar with life in the big city. The age requirement for missionaries had recently been changed from 20 to 19. On May 14, 1960, Barry had reached missionary age and he received a call to serve in the Gulf States Mission, later changed to the Texas Mission.

### BARRY - MISSION FAREWELL

When Barry spoke to the congregation of the Idaho Falls 18th ward, there was a printed program, as was customary, and family members participated on the program.

The start of Barry's mission to the Gulf States coincided pretty closely to the end of Bernie's mission in China. As Bernie said, "I returned in Nov, 1960 in time to attend his farewell."



SUSAN &  
MYRNA

955 ADA AVENUE

Next door on the north is the large garden of an old  
gentleman, then the "basement house."  
Across the street is the little log house Barney built 1944-46.

RANDY &  
FRIEND WESLEY







SUSAN, RANDY, BERNIE, BARRY

Bernie returned from his mission in China just prior to Barry's departure for the Gulf States Mission.



BARRY & DAVID



MYRNA, MARJ, JUDY, M'JEAN



### SEEING BARRY OFF

Bidding farewell to a missionary is never easy. Barry was leaving for two years! Marj, David, Judy, M'Jean, Myrna, Susan, Randy, and Uncle Bernie were on hand to see him off.

### MISSIONARY HAT

At the time Barry left on his mission in 1960, missionaries were not only required to wear a dark business suit, but also a formal hat.

Barry wrote that it felt silly to be riding a bike in a hat. During the time he was on his mission, the hat rule was dropped. Most of the time the missionaries drove Nash Ramblers.

### CHANGE OF CLIMATE

ELDER SOUTH: When I got in Houston [location of mission home] I stepped off the train and felt the heat and humidity and was about ready to get back on. My first city was Borger, Texas, in the panhandle, which was half as far back as the ride to Houston.

I worked in two little towns in West Texas, Houston, Lubbock, Dallas, a little place near San Antonio, Orange, and Huntsville.

### "STREET WISE"

ELDER SOUTH: I don't like the "Big City" very well, if I had to live here all my life. The traffic here is murder and the streets are terrible. If it wasn't for the freeways it would take half a day to cross town, 30-40 miles. You never saw so many people and cars.

Barry was a successful missionary. He was serious about the work and obeyed the rules. He spoke in church, and when it was discovered he had a beautiful voice, he sang solos in church. He had the respect of the members. He taught investigators who were baptized.

When two years had passed, Barry began to think about home.

BARRY: Nov 15, 1962 - We had a real nice conference with President Hill last week. I am to be released on the 23rd. I think Marj is planning on coming down after me. It will be a surprise to see the kids. Probably they are a lot bigger by now.



MYRNA, SUSAN, RANDY  
After holding down the fort for two years, they would accompany Marj to Texas to pick up Barry.







BARRY SOUTH & JC STIMSON - 2012

Fifty-two years earlier, Barry had last stood at the controls as sawyer at the sawmill, before departing on his mission in November, 1960. The sawmill was sold to JC Stimson in July, 1961. Still visible is "B. E. South," welded into the mill husk, and "South Lumber Co." engraved on the surface.



## Chapter 111

# The End of an Era

Things could possibly turn out all right. The old world turns in mysterious paths.  
Who knows, the sun might shine tomorrow. —DAVID

In the spring of 1961, Marj had a real dilemma regarding the sawmill. Barry had become an expert sawyer, but he was gone on his mission. David was selling real estate fulltime, supporting a wife and baby, and did not move up to the sawmill. “By then I was married, and I needed more money,” he said. “The sawmill didn’t pay any money.”

Once again, Bernie, back from Taiwan, came to the rescue. Bernie and Grandpa Knapp ran the scaled-down operation. For a short period, Vic Erickson and another young fellow worked at the mill in the early spring.

BERNIE: In November, 1960, Barry left on his mission. I returned in November, 1960, in time to attend his farewell.

The next year I went to the mill with Grandpa Knapp. Also Vic Erickson, who had worked at the mill before with Barry and David, worked at the mill and in the woods. They logged with a hi-line on the section next to Betty’s Cabin on Split Creek. Erickson had climbed up and topped some trees to set up cables for the hi-line.

A fellow from Driggs came over and had a small trailer at Betty’s cabin. Marj hired him to haul logs the last summer she ran the mill. He hauled in timber full length (tree length). We cut them just north of the skidway and moved them onto the skidway with the quickway.

M’JEAN: Marj was involved in real estate business when it was time to go to the mill. Bernie and Grandpa went up to run the sawmill, but Barry was on his mission and David did not go to the mill that summer.

I was 16, almost 17; Myrna was 14; Susan was 8; and Randy was 6. Marj drove up to Island Park with the four of us, not intending to stay. However, it was decided that Myrna and I would stay and clean the house and cook for Bernie and the hired guy for a day or two when Marj would be back. (Grandpa did his own cooking in his cabin.) She did not return for ten days!

BARRY SOUTH  
Reminiscing.

In 1957, at age 16, Barry took on the challenging job of being the sawyer at the mill.





## THE GREAT MOUSE CAPER

M'JEAN & MYRNA

"We found baby mice in the fold-out daveno, the stove, and then when we sat down to play the piano we even heard squeaks coming from underneath the keys." (*M'Jean*)

There was not much in the way of food or cooking utensils, but our most urgent problem involved getting rid of mice. The house seemed to be full of them, and they had made their presence known! Grandpa proved to be very useful to us in this, for he had no qualms about drowning them in the mop bucket, even the cute little ones nesting in the wood box. By the time we caught the 21st mouse Myrna and I had become hardened ourselves. Big squeaks meant a big mouse to be cornered and chased down with the broom. Little squeaks would lead us to a nest.

MYRNA: We found mice in the fold-out part of the couch, the daveno we called it. And there were some blankets down there, and we found a nest of baby mice in there. And we found a nest of baby mice in the kitchen stove.

M'JEAN: The task was almost daunting—and haunting, for we even heard squeaks when we just sat and played the piano. Of course we supposed we had a couple of squeaky keys. But there was a pretty inconsistent pattern to the squeaks. One time the middle "C" would squeak, and another time it would be the "D" next to it.

MYRNA: It seems to me as though it was really in the octave that starts maybe like about the "B" above middle "C"—and especially, it seemed like it was in the black keys. It would make a squeaky noise.

M'JEAN: And then we noticed a squeak when we were not even playing. That did it! Off came the piano keyboard, revealing a nest of little tiny pink mice, and without a bit of fur. Into the mop bucket they went!

We were pretty busy cleaning house—cleaning after mice, etc. But we had been assigned to do some cooking, also. Here is the storybook version of how that turned out:

## A Story: Spilled Beans

The larder was meager, and there were hardly any cooking utensils, but M'Jean and Myrna did the best they could.

"Myrna, we'd better stop cleaning now and figure out what to fix for dinner."

"We can't, said Myrna. "There isn't anything to fix."

"Well, Bernie and that hired guy are working hard out there at the sawmill, and they'll be coming in here at noon expecting something to eat. As she spoke, M'Jean walked to the cooler and opened the door. She came back out carrying a bag of red beans. "Well, we do have these," she said. "And there is a box of salt."

"What about a kettle?" said Myrna.

They both began looking through the mostly empty cupboards. "There has to be something that will work." The frequently-used cooking utensils had been packed and taken to Idaho Falls last fall. Only a few miscellaneous items remained. Myrna, on her knees and reaching to the back of the bottom shelf, produced the only item that could possibly qualify as a cooking pot. "What about this?" she asked, producing a shallow pan. It was an old-fashioned bun-warmer with a swivel handle. Who knew from whence it came? It did not belong to the preferred set of household cookware.

"It will have to do," said M'Jean, as she held it up by the handle, the pot swinging slightly back and forth.

The fire in the kitchen stove had gone out. Out of habit, the girls had filled the wood box. While Myrna washed the beans, M'Jean built a fire and put the pan full of water on the hottest spot on top of the stove. Myrna dumped in the beans.

Myrna's responsibilities acquitted, she went outside to pursue one of her favorite pastimes, walking through the mud puddles on the stilts.

M'Jean, staying in the kitchen to tend the fire, decided to take advantage of the water heating in the stove's reservoir and mop the kitchen floor. She had noticed that there was an ample supply of floor wax in the cooler.

"I may as well do the living room, as well as the kitchen," she said to herself.

M'Jean was very experienced at mopping and waxing the floor, having been well trained by Marj. The linoleum, which reached from the front door in the living room to the back door of the kitchen, had a cheerful pattern of large alternating tan and brown squares, which encompassed contrasting small brown or green squares. The pattern of squares made it easy to mop or wax a section at a time.

Mopping was a dirty job, and it took far longer than it did to wax. After a thorough scrubbing, the floor looked clean and dull. "Now for the fun part—shine it up!"



Quickly applied, the wax did its magic; the floor looked almost new!

After stoking up the fire, M'Jean coated the final squares between the stove and the back door, until she had waxed herself out of the house. She made sure the back door was open, so the floor would dry in a hurry, and that the screen door was shut, so that the mosquitoes would not come in the house.

Myrna was just descending from the stilts near the back porch.

"Don't go in the house," said M'Jean. The floor isn't dry yet.

"You waxed the floor?" asked Myrna. She stood on the porch and peered through the kitchen window. "Looks shiny."

"We'd better give it some time to dry," M'Jean said. "Anyway, we need to get some water." They reached in to the wash stand, grabbed both water buckets, and headed for the pump next to the house. In a few minutes they were back on the porch with the water.

"It's dry," said Myrna, opening the screen door. But just to make sure, she stepped on tiptoes across the newly waxed floor all the way through the front room to the piano, and started to play. Glancing at the clock on the mantel, M'Jean quickly set the table, stirred the fire, and stirred the beans. She took the two pot holders from the drawer, placed one on the table, and with the other, picked up the metal handle of the bun-warmer.

Then disaster struck. The swivel handle of the bun-warmer allowed the pan to tilt to the side, and the contents of the pan spilled onto the newly-waxed floor. The sound of the splatter, followed by the quiet shriek of the person holding the mostly empty pan, were heard by the piano player. Myrna came running to the kitchen and looked first at the beans on the floor and then at M'Jean. M'Jean, if she hesitated at all, it was not noticeable. With the wooden spoon, she began scooping the red pile into the pan. Myrna gave her a quizzical look. M'Jean did not even look up. "The floor is clean, and what else are we to do?"

With the beans back in the pan and the pan on the table, dinner was ready. A moment later the girls heard the diesel engine shutting down at the sawmill.

"Better not say a word about this," M'Jean said.

## ALFALFA ANYONE?

M'JEAN: After a day or two, Grandpa drove us to Ponds where we could get a few groceries.

The thing Bernie would remember was the day we cooked the alfalfa. Marj had once told Myrna and me a story about a woman who served up a delicious meal three times a day in a cook shack to a ravenous woods crew, and they never said a word of appreciation, ever. So one day she cooked up a pot of alfalfa. When the men came in to eat, she set the pot on the table, and when they got the picture that this was supposed to be their dinner, did they ever holler! Why this was

nothing but hay! Where was their food?

She calmly stated she did not think they would even notice the difference. They did not seem to take note of the good food she always cooked. I assume the story ended with a more appreciative crew.

### STUPID JOKE

Why we thought it would be cool to duplicate this episode I do not know, but we went to the barn and gathered up a little supply of hay and proceeded to cook it in the bun warmer. Talk about stink! It smelled terrible! But we put it on the table. We had taken the precaution of fixing some other items for dinner. The alfalfa bowl was passed politely all around the table; no one took any, and no one said a word about what it was or why the house reeked. Afterwards we felt a little stupid.

It was years later that the subject came up, when Bernie commented, "You and Myrna cooked up some alfalfa once for a joke for dinner!" He also reminded me about the guy living out in the woods that summer, trying to be a hermit.

BERNIE: M'Jean, do you remember a young fellow from California was camped down around Pineview? He drove an old car. Had a big yellow dog, a beard, and looked like a forerunner of the hippies. He stopped quite often when going to Ponds.

*Dealing with the Forest Service*

Running the sawmill was becoming more and more burdensome. Not the least of the problems was the trouble Marj was having with the Forest Service, including the increase in stumpage. She and Bernie went looking for satisfactory timber—and a square deal.

BERNIE: Marj and I went with the state forester looking at a section over by the Buffalo. But we never did buy any timber on the Buffalo. There were a lot of jackpines; we heard a lot of elk.

Marj bought some timber between the highway and the mill just past Tom's Creek Flat. She bought some poles for rafters, had to get them spotted. I remember telling the ranger, "Why would you want to leave some straight ones after spotting a few crooked ones?" Barney always said that the thing that produces straight timber is being in a good stand; some protect the others.

The South family, ever since coming to Island Park, had had dealings with the Forest Service. Business was done in a business-like fashion, not al-

The special use application referred to approximately 12 acres of land to be used for operating a sawmill and camp, for 180 days per year, with no improvements to be constructed.

The land tract as follows: E 1/2 NE 1/4 Sec1, T. 12 N., R. 43 E., B.M. Idaho

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOREST SERVICE TARGHEE NATIONAL FOREST	
2710 South, L. S. - Sawmill - 4/26/51 South, B. E. - Sawmill & Camp - 10/16/53	St. Anthony, Idaho December 9, 1960
Mrs. Marjorie South 955 Ada Avenue Idaho Falls, Idaho	
Dear Mrs. South:	
Enclosed are 3 copies of a Special Use Application for initiating transfer of the B. E. South and L. S. South Special Use Permits.	
This application would consolidate these two permits under your name, as we discussed earlier this year. If you still wish to effect this change, complete all 3 copies where marked with an X and return to us. We shall forward your signed application with our recommendations to the Forest Supervisor.	
We thought you would like to know that the Forest Service is now requiring a \$500.00 Surety Bond on all sawmill Special Use Permits. If you would like further information concerning the Surety Bond, please feel free to write us or stop in and see us.	
Very truly yours,  E. Rex Naanes District Forest Ranger	
Enclosures - 4	

ways to the loggers' liking, but several of the forest rangers had become friends. Henry Ketchie, the ranger at the Buffalo Ranger Station, was a pall bearer at Barney's funeral.

With changes in Forest Service policies and personnel, doing business had become more difficult. Bernie gave a classic example of their specious rationale when they forced Gene Jones out. His description is ironically humorous.

BERNIE: The forest service had somebody go up there where they were logging up Split Creek, condemned the road, said it was too steep, too dangerous. So the forest service wouldn't sell timber to them for that reason, and forced them out.

Some guys went hunting and drove up those roads in a jeep. Some of those roads had obsidian sand, and it was hard to get traction. They parked and went up on foot. There was Barry and David's Volkswagon parked up there!

In 1961, Marj purchased 160 acres of land on the flat southeast of the sawmill from S. Wyman and Viola Rolph, of Philadelphia. The Rolphs had never seen the land which they had received by inheritance.

### PRIVATE LAND ON THE FLAT

The possibility of not being able to operate on forest land was probably the impetus which started the investigation into private land near the sawmill. It led to the purchase of 160 acres.

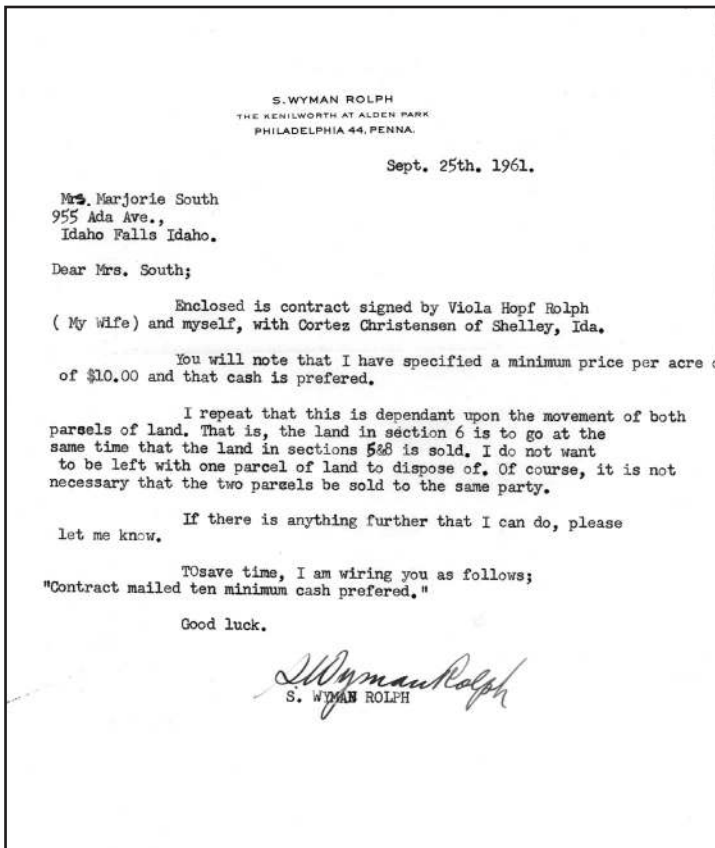
BARRY: Another thing we did. We bought the land out there on the flat. If we did have to go, we'd have a place to go.

DAVID: While at Ricks College, I visited the Fremont County Courthouse and researched Island Park property owned by S. Wyman Rolfe of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) owned most of Island Park's middle area known as The Flat. But Rolfe also owned two of The Flat's parcels — 320 acres and 160 acres. A rancher ran his cattle on Rolfe's 320 acres and on some additional BLM acreage.

Rolfe's parcels stood about a mile apart from each other, with the smaller one just a quarter of a mile from where we had had our sawmill. Rolfe had only seen photos of this land that he had inherited and paid taxes on for many years. He considered it "flat, old sagebrush" that no one had ever offered to buy, rent or lease — until I asked Rolfe to let me sell the parcels.

David suggested that Marj buy the 160-acre parcel. There were no buildings on the property. It was a quarter mile from the sawmill and family home, both of which were on forest land. If the Forest Service were to force Marj off forest land, she would own property nearby to move onto.

A good deal was maneuvered. Rolfe spec-





ified he wanted both parcels sold. He did not want to be stuck still owning one parcel.

DAVID: I contacted the rancher using the larger parcel to run his cattle and gave him the choice of either buying the 320 acres or having that parcel, in the center of his ranch, sold to someone else. The rancher bought it for eighty dollars an acre.

Marj bought the 160 acre parcel.

DAVID: By subtracting the commission for the sale from the purchase price of the 160 acres, the cost was \$7 per acre.

DESTINY OF THE LAND  
Moving the sawmill or the cabin onto private ground was never to happen. However, there was eventually a sawmill set up on that property.

## BARRY'S MILL

DAVID: When Barry completed his LDS mission and schooling, he wanted to establish another sawmill at Island Park, so the family gave him the 160 acres. Unfortunately, his partnership did not work. Barry was forced to sell ninety acres to get free of debt and the partnership.

The remaining seventy acres were divided into ten-acre plots marketed for \$1,000 an acre, with nothing down, \$100 a month, and eight percent interest.

DAVID: I learned that money coming in every month was just as good as money received as a lump sum.

All but ten acres were sold and that got split into four pieces for M'Jean, Myrna, Susan and Randy.

FORM NO. 672 COPYRIGHT 1944 REVISED 41 STOCKPORT-NEES LAW FIRM, CO. PORTLAND, OREGON		REAL ESTATE BROKER'S EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT		FARM PROPERTY
Description: 400, more or less S. Wyman Ralph Land in Sec. 8 described as follows: SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ & SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of all in Sec. 8 T. 12N R. 44E W. 1E and in Sec. 5 & 8 T. 12N R. 44E W. 1E EBM & NE $\frac{1}{4}$ less Tax #1 of Sec. 8, T. 12N, R. 44E, W. 1E County of Blaine State of Idaho; for better description see owner's title deed on record, now made a part hereof. For personal property, if any to be included in property offered for sale for price next mentioned, see below or see signed inventory, to be attached. Selling price, free of encumbrances: \$10.00/acre minimum Terms: Cash preferred				
Is signed inventory attached on part hereof? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> To be attached on part hereof? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>				
To: Cortez Christensen Shelley		City: Idaho		Date: Sept. 20th, 1961
FOR VALUE RECEIVED, you hereby are employed to sell or exchange the property described herein at the selling price and on the terms noted. You hereby are authorized to accept a deposit on the purchase price. You may, if desired, secure the cooperation of any other broker or group of brokers, in procuring a sale of said property. In the event that you, or any other brokers cooperating with you, shall find a buyer ready and willing to enter into a deal for said price and terms, or such other price and terms as I may accept, or that during your employment you shall see an offer with a buyer to or through whom at any time within 180 days after the termination of said employment I may sell or convey said property, I hereby agree to pay you in cash for your services a commission equal to <u>5</u> % of said selling price. I agree to convey said real estate to the purchaser by a good and sufficient deed, to transfer and deliver said patented property, if any, by good and sufficient bill of sale and to furnish either title insurance insuring a complete abstract showing marketable title to said real estate and good right to convey. I hereby warrant that the information and except taxes listed on said property for the current tax year shall not be paid said between the seller and buyer. In case of an exchange, I have no objection to your representing and authenticating you, at any time, to fill in and complete all or any part of this contract. I hereby authorize you and your customers to enter any part of said property at any reasonable time to show same. Also, I warrant: All irrigation fixtures and equipment, including minor and oil tanks but excluding fire place fixtures and equipment, water heater, electric lights and fluorescent lamps, bathroom fixtures, venetian blinds, window and door screens, storm doors and windows, attached lineament, attached latrine system, all shrubs and trees and all fixtures except.				
The following personal property is also included as a part of the property to be offered for sale for said price: (for see signed inventory, if any, attached). This agreement expires at midnight on <u>June 30</u> , 1962. But I further allow you a reasonable time thereafter to close any deal on which earnest money is then deposited. Any sale, exchange or conveyance of the property or any part thereof by me prior to the said expiration date or through another broker or third person without your assistance shall be considered as a withdrawal of your authority to sell the above described property. In case of sale or exchange, I agree to pay said commission on the basis of the net proceeds as shown on the title insurance policy. I further agree that my signature affixed to the personal property list, shall have the effect of transferring and extending your employment to a new date to be fixed by me at the same time and all with the same effect as if the said new date had been fixed above as the expiration date of your employment. THIS LISTING IS AN EXCLUSIVE LISTING and you hereby are granted the absolute, sole and exclusive right to sell or exchange the said described property. In the event of any sale, by me or any other person, exchange or conveyance, or any part thereof, during the term of your employment, or in case I withdraw the authority hereby given prior to said expiration date, I agree to pay you the said commission, but the same as if a sale had actually been consummated by you. I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT I HAVE RECEIVED A CARBON COPY OF THIS CONTRACT.				
Accepted: Sept 25 - 1961		By: S. Wyman Ralph		(SEAL)
Owner's Address: Kenilworth at Alden Park		City: Philadelphia State: Penna.		Phone: (SEAL)
FOR VALUE RECEIVED, the above broker's employment hereby is renewed and extended to and including <u>19</u> , 19 <u>61</u> .				
Accepted: <u>19</u>		By: <u>19</u>		(SEAL)
Broker		Owner		(SEAL)
FINANCIAL DETAILS				
Selling price (free of encumbrances) \$ <u>400</u> Terms: <u>Cash</u>				
Payments include: Prin. <u>10.00</u> Int. <u>8</u> Taxes <u>1.00</u> Ins. <u>0.00</u> (Check items to be included in payments)				
Interest on deferred payments <u>8</u> %				
Fire ins. \$ <u>0.00</u> Ann'l premium \$ <u>0.00</u>				
Taxes last year \$ <u>0.00</u>				
Net annual profit \$ <u>0.00</u>				
ENCUMBRANCES Payable				
1st mtg. \$ <u>0.00</u> Int. <u>0</u> %				
2nd mtg. \$ <u>0.00</u> Int. <u>0</u> %				
Mtg. held by <u>0</u>				
Contr. bal. \$ <u>0.00</u> Int. <u>0</u> %				
Delinquent taxes \$ <u>0.00</u>				
Municipal liens \$ <u>0.00</u>				
Chattel mtg. Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Bal. \$ <u>0.00</u>				
Are implements fully paid for? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>				
Is livestock fully paid for? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>				
Remarks: <u>0</u>				
Will exchange for <u>0</u>				
BROKER'S COPY				
FARM PROPERTY INFORMATIVE DATA				
Office Listing No. <u>0</u>				
Known as <u>S. Wyman Ralph</u> Farm or Ranch				
How to get there <u>Four miles East of Buffalo Ranger Station on Island Park Road.</u>				
S. Wyman Ralph Owner Tel. <u>0</u>				
Owner has: Abstract Title Insurance. Cert. of Title. Contract. Deed.				
ACRES - CROPS				
Total <u>400</u> Cultivated <u>None</u>				
HOUSE: No. of rooms <u>0</u> City <u>0</u>				
When built <u>0</u> Type <u>0</u> What city <u>0</u>				
Plastered <u>0</u> Papered <u>0</u> Called <u>0</u> R. R. Station <u>0</u>				
Bath <u>0</u> Toilet in <u>0</u> Elec. Lts. <u>0</u> Bus Stop <u>0</u>				
Tel. <u>0</u> Fireplace <u>0</u> P. O. <u>0</u>				
Basement <u>0</u> Heating <u>0</u> R.F.D. <u>0</u>				
General condition <u>0</u> School: G. <u>0</u> H. <u>0</u>				
SOIL: <u>0</u>				
WATER: City water <u>0</u> Well <u>0</u>				
Windmill <u>0</u> Pump <u>0</u>				
Piped to house <u>0</u> to barn <u>0</u>				
River <u>0</u> Creek <u>0</u> Spring <u>0</u>				
IRRIGATION: Water right <u>0</u>				
District <u>0</u>				
Canal Co. <u>0</u>				
Acres irrigated <u>0</u>				
Cost per acre \$ <u>0</u> per yr. <u>0</u>				
Acres not irrigated <u>0</u>				
Drainage per acre <u>0</u>				
Cost of drainage <u>0</u>				
BARN: <u>0</u>				
Silo <u>0</u>				
OTHER BUILDINGS: <u>0</u>				
Is lease outstanding Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>				
Possession may be had <u>0</u>				
CHATELAIN IN SALE				
Livestock <u>0</u>				
Implements <u>0</u>				
Growing crops <u>0</u>				
Ensilage <u>0</u>				
In storage <u>0</u>				
For details as to chattels included in sale: See above				
See signed inventory				
Listed by <u>M. South</u>				
Signs permitted <u>0</u>				
Inspected by <u>0</u>				

#### TOTALS FOR CATEGORIES OF EXPENSES 1960

Wages	\$3146.15 (for 3 men)
Stumpage	\$ 737.48 (Ponds & State)
Truck	\$ 757.38 (tax, licensing, ins., parts)
Logging	\$ 338.78 (equipment)
Mill	\$3000.82 (Montana, Idaho)
Misc	\$ 853.84
Gas & Oil	\$1208.98 (Utah Oil)
Apartment house mortgage	\$ 873.73
Apartment house repairs	\$ 198.55
Apartment house lights	\$ 215.50

## *Selling the Mill*

After Barney's death, Marj had continued with the sawmill operation for six seasons. But by 1961, the 7th summer, it was becoming more and more clear that it was not practical to keep running the sawmill.

The 1960 business expense ledger, where Marj and David carefully recorded all business expenses for the apartment house and sawmill, shows the cost for wages, truck, log-

ging and sawmill, equipment, parts, repairs, etc.

The entries for stumpage indicate that Marj was not buying timber from the Forest Service but from the State and from Ponds.

BARRY: Barney had been buying timber from the Forest Service for quite a while, then started buying from the state on section 36 up on split Creek.

When he bought timber from the Forest Service, a forester would go out and mark the trees. They would blaze the tree with an ax about chest high and put another blaze on the stump. The ax was a hatchet type. On the back there was not a blade but it was more like a hammer and had a stamp on it that said US. They would stamp with the back of the ax on the blaze area. When they'd go through there they could check the stumps and make sure no one was stealing trees. Our big beef was that they would mark the crooked trees and leave the straight ones.

#### SCALE THE LOAD

Barney favored buying timber from the State. Wherever we wanted on section 36 we'd cut a tree. (The State didn't come up there.) Then when we got to the sawmill, we would scale the load. They gave us a scale stick about a yard long, and it had some numbers on it. There was a reading on the stick that gave the amount of board feet in the log. By measuring the diameter and length of each log, the stick would automatically measure the board feet. There were usually about 40-50 logs on a load. Each load would scale out to about 12-1500 board feet. We would turn that number into the state and pay the amount.

**Miji Note:** Back in 1926, Grandpa Knapp had hauled ties for the Montana Idaho Tie and Timber Company. After getting out of the tie business they became Montana and Idaho Lumber Co and wound up with a sawmill in Rexburg where they also had a planing mill. It was where Souths got their planing done to fill their big Yellowstone order.

In the "Mill" column of the 1960 ledger are several payments, totaling \$3000.82, to the Montana Idaho Lumber Company in Rexburg, which had a planing mill.

#### ROOFING FOR LDS CHURCH - BIG ORDER

BARRY: We got out a big order for a guy in West Yellowstone named Herk Ritenauer. It was a large order of 4x4's. He dried them and had them planed into special roofing material that went into the new LDS church they were building in West Yellowstone. You look up into the ceiling, and the decking was made of those 4x4's, planed, and the bottom side rounded. Halfway up the 4x4 there was a notch planed into it, one on each side. Spaced 4 inches inbetween there was a 1x4. It was a unique, beautiful building. They used it for quite a few years.

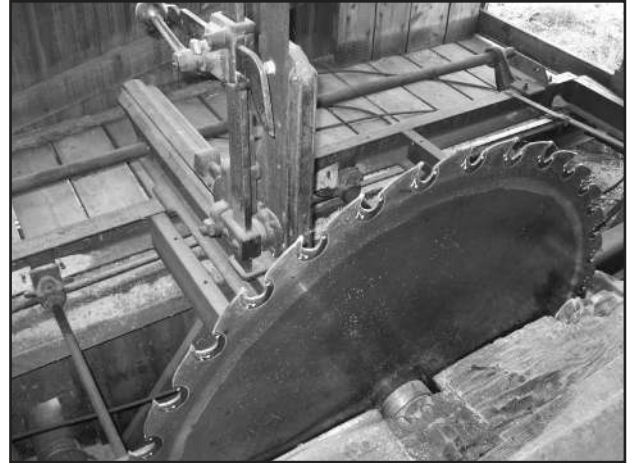
We did get that big order and we struggled to get that out. David and Judy and I were going back and forth to Ricks and would come back up to the mill after school to work. There was a carpenter in West Yellowstone named Glen Goff. Barney had sold him house logs. He made an order or two in the last years. Another guy built a house on the shores of Hebgen Lake in those years. So we had

quite a few orders in Montana.

## OUT OF THE SAWMILL BUSINESS

DAVID: We struggled with the sawmill till about 1961. By then, I had graduated from Idaho Falls High, had married, and had completed some college accounting courses. In the process, I concluded that running the sawmill needed an older, wiser helmsman — certainly someone with more experience. But even then the mill's operating expenses would be more than we could afford to invest. I learned that sawmills generally require a dollar invested for every dollar in sales, so the best sales profit you could hope for was a meager ten percent.

That meant that if you plowed all the profits back in and worked forever, you might eventually have an operation of some value. I wasn't interested, so I talked Marj into selling.



The sawmill was sold in the summer of 1961. The buyer was JC Stimson, the neighbor rescued in the blizzard when Marj sent her brother Warren in the army truck.

DAVID: Now, we sold it for a song. He didn't pay much money for it. And he had Warren Knapp come help him run it for a while. He ran it as a kind of summertime hobby, not a business. We almost gave it away. But that got us out of the sawmill.

BERNIE: That same summer [1961] JC bought the sawmill — Marj sold it probably sometime in July. David was living at Lawndale, working with Cortez [selling real estate]; Robin was just small; David didn't come up very often. David only showed up at the mill to help move the mill—came up and helped load the carriage on the truck, etc, to take to Stimson. He loaded the carriage, etc. with the quickway.

RANDY: Marj and JC enjoyed a great relationship for a long time. Marj sold the entire sawmill to JC Stimson. The mill, engine, and all still sits inside the coon log buildings that JC has built for that equipment.

If you look carefully on the channel iron frame of the saw carriage you can read plainly "B.E. South" [welded letters by Barney].

Barney's sawmill was sold to JC Stimson in 1961 and moved to the Stimson ranch east of the siding.

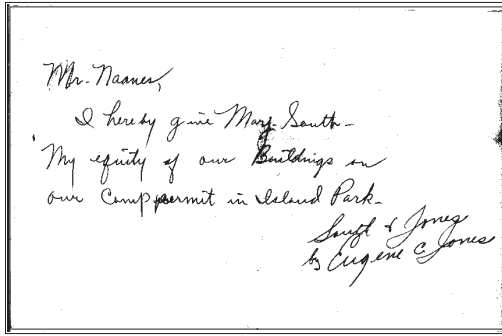
Barry, who loved every aspect of logging and sawmilling, was serving in the Gulf States Mission when the sawmill was sold.

BARRY: I think one of the reasons we gave it up was David didn't have the desire to keep running it. He was selling real estate. I was very disappointed when I learned they had sold the sawmill. That was one reason I built a new sawmill [Years later].

## INHERITED HEADACHE

The property at Island Park Siding, as well as the forested land all around, was either State or Federal land, never privately owned. Those using the land did so by permits. The Targhee Tie Company had first occupied Island Park Siding in 1922; they had built structures which they abandoned in 1928 when they left. The usable





Directed to the forest ranger, Gene Jones officially signed over interest in buildings at the siding to Marj.

buildings were taken over by the South Sawmill and also others who worked in the area. Soon after Barney's death, when Gene Jones left, as a representative of South & Jones, he turned over to Marj the equity of all the buildings on their camp permit.

#### SOLELY RESPONSIBLE

At that point Marj became the sole party responsible for everything at Island Park Siding except the railroad tracks and stockyards.

There were more than a dozen cabins and other buildings at the siding. In addition, over the years a significant amount of junk--scrap wood and scrap metal-- had accumulated, to

say nothing of the three sawdust piles.

When the decision was made to stop running the sawmill, and after the permit had expired, Marj was stuck with the problem of what to do with it all.

### STATE & FEDERAL FORESTER WOES

For several years the Souths had been cutting on a state section of land. In order to clear her contract, Marj and Bernie went with the state forester up on the section. They had to walk through to check on stumps.

BERNIE: When we were on the hillside up by Betty's cabin, the young ranger was complaining about stumps on hillside. We had to cut some with a chainsaw lower; I had to go back and cut a few more.

The Forest Service began riding her to "clean up" the camp, and it became her inherited headache to get rid of stuff which had accumulated over 40 years.

### CLEAN UP MILLSITE - BURNING THE CABINS

BERNIE: Marj had quite a problem with the Forest Service, because they'd keep riding her to clean up the place. She cooperated to an extent with them so they wouldn't make her move all that sawdust pile. She felt like she could just not afford to move that sawdust pile. But maybe they'd have let her try to burn it—course it would have been hard to burn—it would have smouldered instead of burned. Smouldered for years. So to try to keep them happy, every year they'd burn down one of the old buildings.

#### BURNED WITH SIX FEET OF SNOW

DAVID: As we wound down the sawmill operation, the forest service didn't like having the cabins there that were no longer in use and they were so old that they were of little or no value. So, we would burn them down. We would burn one or two each winter when there was 6 feet of snow on the ground and no danger of the fire spreading to the forest. It was an interesting phenomena. Some of the buildings would be very difficult to get started, but in all cases they would burn even with 6 feet of snow. They'd burn 'til there was absolutely nothing left. In fact, there would be a hole six feet deep into the snow about 2 or 3 feet wider and 2 or 3 feet longer than the cabin the next day when you went back to inspect it.

#### ALL BUT THE NAILS

Everything would be gone, the only thing that would be left would be the nails and whatever other iron pieces there were inside the building. One by one we destroyed all the cabins at the sawmill site that way, except for the big main one, which we sold. It was then moved off.

Miji Note: Also Grandpa's cabin, the one Barney had Al build, was moved to the Boy Scout camp.

BARRY: (At Family Reunion) - We're now on the north side of the Camp. The houses over here were the chicken coop, and Roma's cabin, and Grandpa's cabin. And I burned Roma's cabin down also. And

that was interesting. Middle of the winter, lots of snow around.

I went inside. The snow outside was about 6 feet deep.

I was on snowshoes. I took the snowshoes off, and there was a porch on the cabin, and the doorway was back under the porch just a little bit. And I set my snowshoes down right in the doorway so I could slip them on real quickly.

And I went on into the cabin, and I piled up a few little sticks and some papers, and I lit a match and got it going pretty good in that, and within about a minute I decided I'd better get out of there. And I walked over to the snowshoes, and I bent down to buckle the snowshoes on my feet, and I noticed that the smoke and the flames were going out the door above my head, so I kept crouching down and ran on out. That's how fast that cabin burned up in the middle of the winter.

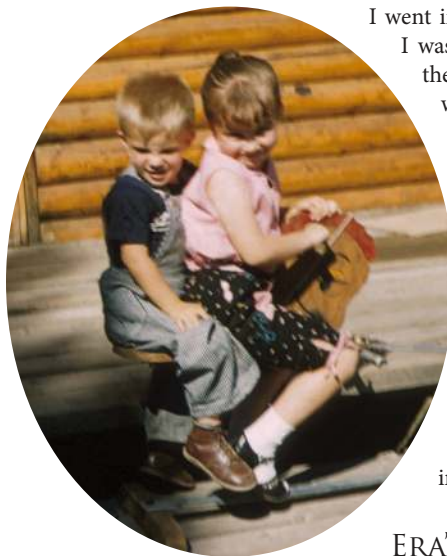
### ERA'S END

In 1922, The Targhee Tie Company had set up headquarters at Island Park Siding. Tie hacks, tie haulers, loggers, and sawmill-ers had occupied Camp for about 40 years.

At one time over 100 residents called the siding home.

The year 1961 marked the end of an era, although it would be another four years before Marj would sell the big cabin. When Barry built his sawmill on the flat, his crew occupied some of the remaining cabins for a short period.

Yet when all the cabins were gone and the campsite cleared, practically no trace of evidence remained that anyone had ever lived at Island Park Siding.



MARJ, SUSAN, RANDY  
Beloved Island Park Home



## Chapter 112

# Free to Roam

I say "See America First." —MARJ

**A**fter the sawmill was sold, there was a big change in the family routine--living in Idaho Falls in summertime, making only weekend trips to the cabin in Island Park. Marj still had concerns about having her wonderful Island Park home vandalized, although she no longer had to worry about protecting a sawmill.

### School 1961

**N**o one lived at Grandma Mabel's in the fall of 1961, and no one rode a bus to Ashton to attend school. All four kids still at home started the school year in Idaho Falls.

When the October school recess for the teacher's convention approached, and the kids would be out of school for a few days, Marj had a little sense of freedom from obligation.

Excepting the period when she and Barney were traveling around to defense plants during the war, it was the first time since she was a new bride Marj was not tied to the siding. There would be no playing a risky game with the weather, watching and waiting for a big storm, then moving in deep snow.

### *Yellowstone Trip*

**I**t seemed the perfect time to go enjoy the beauty of the national parks Marj had long wished to visit.

On the agenda was a stop at Mesa Falls, a luxury not usually afforded in the countless, hurried drives made between Idaho Falls and Island Park through the years.





M'JEAN: We made the trip in the Volkswagon. The pictures we took all turned out terrible. The best picture was of a buffalo. At night we slept in sleeping bags.

MYRNA, RANDY,  
M'JEAN, SUSAN

MYRNA: It was probably October. It was M'Jean, Myrna, Susan, Randy and Marj. We went to both parks, I believe. I'm thinking we must have gone through the Teton Park first. Even though we lived in Island Park, which was SO close to Yellowstone Park, we rarely went there. So I think this was probably the first time I remember actually going through the whole park.

#### SLEEPING BAGS - SNOW ON THE GROUND

Anyway, we went through the Teton Park, and then we slept overnight in sleeping bags. And I remember it as being right across and in view of the big Old Faithful Inn. And it seemed to me as though we woke up and there was snow on the ground in the morning. Although I don't remember having snow on the sleeping bag or anything, so I don't know, that's a little vague.

#### THE BEAR

The other very memorable thing was the bear--while we were lying in our sleeping bags. It seemed to me we didn't believe it—until the next morning, and there were bear prints around us.

YELLOWSTONE PARK  
BEAR







RANDY



SUSAN, MYRNA, M'JEAN

BLURRY VIEW OF MAJESTIC PEAKS  
Four blurry kids tromping through the field.

SUSAN  
RANDY  
MYRNA  
M'JEAN



BUFFALO



## OVERBEARING BEAR

M'JEAN: The only night I can remember is a night I'll never forget! We parked the Volkswagon in front of one of the logs on the outer edge of a service station parking area. Beyond the parking lot was a wooded area which sloped towards what seemed to be a little lake down below. I am not exactly sure about that.

We wanted to be a little bit away from people, but then not too far away from people.

We set up our sleeping bags in a spot on the other side of the log. We could see some light from the service station, but we were far enough away from it that we were hidden in the shadow of the car.

We had 3 sleeping bags—two of them zipped together, making a double bag, and the other one was just a fairly wide single bag. Susan and Randy slept in the single one together—they were pretty small. Marj, Myrna, and I shared the double bag.

Myrna was in the middle, with Marj and me on either side. I was on the right side, next to the “little kids” in their shared sleeping bag.

I had just dozed off when I heard sounds in the gravel—footsteps. Some guy from the service station had come over to gawk at us, I supposed. When I opened my eyes, there was the horrible outline of a bear's head. It was enormous, and it was right over Marj's face. The sight was so paralyzing I felt numb, like I could not speak, only I felt like I must--to alert Marj!

I whispered to Myrna, “Tell Marj there's a bear over her head.” No response. I tried to wake her. “Myrna, wake Marj. There is a bear over her head.” Myrna was sound asleep. She didn't wake up. Neither did Marj.

Well, thank heavens, she didn't! Imagine awaking to such a terrifying specter--a huge bear's head hovering a few inches above your face! Not to mention what the bear might have done. Thinking about it now makes me shudder. But I persisted in trying to get Marj awakened. By the time she did wake up, the bear had lumbered off down into the woods in front of us.

Then I could speak up and thoroughly awakened Marj and Myrna and explained there had been a bear standing right over Marj's head. And of course she didn't believe me. Neither did Myrna. And everyone went back to sleep, including myself.

The next morning, right next to where Marj's head was, there in the dirt, were gigantic footprints.

## REMEMBERING THE BEAR

Seven years later, in a letter to M'Jean in Austria on a mission, Marj referred to the Yellowstone trip:

MARJ: *Oct, 1967* - Remember the day we headed north for the park during the Teachers Institute? Jackson and the wild colored fall foliage and sleeping out and the bear and blizzard etc.? I wouldn't sleep out like that again. Three people were killed by bears this summer in sleeping bags and two last summer. More problems the last two years than I can remember in 20. Excessively dry season last year with little food in hills is supposed to have something to do with it.



## *Texas Trip*

Marj took the opportunity to see more of the great country she loved when Barry had fulfilled his two-year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Louisiana and Texas. On November 15, 1962, he wrote, "I am to be released on the 23rd. I sang a solo here last Sunday and I spoke in church, then we went to Cleveland, and I had to speak again."

Marj determined that she, Myrna, Susan, and Randy would drive to Texas to pick him up. M'Jean, who was studying music in Connecticut, got the report by way of postcards and letters.

MARJ: That was quite an ordeal, in a way. We left here at 11:00 Wed. Myrna was driving. She drove to Montpelier. I drove from there to Rawlins and we slept there that night. We started out the next day and Myrna drove through the balance of Wyoming and to Fort Collins, Colorado. Then I drove a while, then she took it again, and drove into Denver, but finally turned it over to me there. I drove all night, that night. She took it at daybreak, and we changed off and on that day; she drove into Huntsville.

Barry did all the driving in that part of Texas; he knew the roads, and cities. But he changed off and on with Myrna after that by day, and I'd take it at night. He would change off to spell me at night until I could sleep for an hour or two, then I'd take it again. Sometimes we'd pull off to the side of the road and sleep. If we hadn't done this, however, we couldn't have seen half so many things, because we couldn't have spent enough time. We had to get back to get Myrna Lynn in school.

MYRNA: Nov 26, 1962 - Fredericksburg, Texas - We left Wed 11:00 a.m. arrived Huntsville Friday at 3:00 p.m. Texas is magnificent and the weather has been wonderful all the way.

MARJ: I'll always be glad that we went down to get him. I had always thought that since the people had had to do so much for missionaries all the time, that we would not impose on anyone, and would take motels all the time. When we got down there, I could see almost instantly that it was out of the question. People were waiting to meet us. Many had made him promise that he would make sure that they would get to meet his family. They had food cooked for us, beds made for us when we arrived. I talked three different times in three different meetings. People everywhere kidded Barry that I looked like his sister, and at first he didn't know how to take it, then he came to think it was funny.

The Eoffs actually seem dear to me now. Also, another lady (older widow) who kept the first night. (kept us) Because of a Morgan couple who Barry wanted to baptize (but didn't) we stayed down there two days longer than I expected. (Oh, I'm getting mad at this typewriter.) We had a devotional in the mission home, Friday night. We arrived in Huntsville Friday afternoon. Huntsville is about 70 miles from Houston, then we went back up to Huntsville to stay for the night. Saturday it was a round of meeting people all around (one of the cutest girls I've ever seen, among others (engaged, thank goodness, Barry says, or she'd have given the missionaries a bad time.) The kids didn't go with us, they stayed at the first place through the day, rode horses, played with the goats. I don't think Myrna enjoyed it, but she wouldn't go with us. I think she was sorry afterwards.

We made it on down to Orange on Sat. 10:-- P.M. I'm sure that Barry had ev-



ery intention to stop at the Eoffs', but upon our arrival they were not home, so we went on over to the Berretts' and stayed there all night and went to church with them the next day. Berretts and Eoffs and Souths had Sunday dinner together, then we went on up to Houston again and we went to church there and stayed with the Bishop in a really fabulous home.

RANDY & SUSAN  
Somewhere between  
Idaho and Texas

The next morning, we headed for Galveston, waded in the Gulf of Mexico, and played around a little, then we headed west for San Antonio. We saw the Alamo, went on down through some big mountains, up to Carlsbad Caverns, to El Paso, into Juarez, Mexico for an hour or so, then up to Grand Canyon.

MYRNA: We really had a nice trip. We intended to leave early Wednesday morning but didn't. The car wasn't ready and we left about noon. We got to Rawlins, Wyoming and spent the first night there. The next day I drove until we got into Denver and then I got confused and turned it over to Marj. The post cards (I am not sure we mailed them) were of scenes from the Denver Museum. They would put stuffed animals in scenes with plastic trees and painted backgrounds. We kept driving until late Thursday night and at a service station a man told us we would have to drive all night to get to Huntsville by 6:00 PM the next day. We hadn't intended to drive all night, but it worked out really well. We drove through the part that has no trees and is flat and ugly at night.

SOUTH FAMILY & TEXAS  
MEMBERS  
ELDER BARRY SOUTH (*back, 3rd from left*)  
SUSAN (*front, 2nd from left*)  
MARJ (*5th*)  
RANDY (*7th, standing*)  
MYRNA (*9th*)

The next day we saw the sunrise. It was the biggest sun I've ever seen. That day the scenery was beautiful. The trees, leaves, were colored and just big forests of them. I can't remember the kinds, some sort of gum tree and some oaks. Where Barry lived was quite a pretty area. The town all looked rather slummy.

When we stopped at the apartment and asked if Barry were there, the lady said no, and we were just about



to go up to his apartment, when he came walking around the corner of the house. We went around to the back and he took another look and said, "Good grief." He thought we looked a little different. His hair is really receding. He is a little bit worried about it.

The first night we stayed with a member, a widow, sister Clark. She has a small farm where she raises animals. Earlier in the evening we went to Houston to meet the mission president. He asked us to stay to the devotional, which all the missionaries who live at the Mission Home attend. It was sort of a testimony meeting. He asked every one of the Souths to speak.

We went back to the farm (Huntsville) and stayed. The next day Barry and Marj went to visit people; the kids and I stayed and rode horses. About 3 PM they came back and we left for Orange. We intended to stay with the Eoffs, but they weren't home. We went to see another family, the Berretts. Brother Berrett is a sort of musician. He played the horn in the Beaumont Symphony. He has a lot of really good stereo equipment, which he has constructed (he is some sort of engineer) and he said he would like to play something, how would Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 1 be? He played some of it and a lot of organ music and finally his wife got home and they asked us to stay there that night.

The next morning while we were eating breakfast, brother Berrett suggested to his wife that she invite the Eoffs for dinner. (They are really good friends.) She said, "No, I want my guests to myself," but she finally called them. I believe from what she said that they turned her down. Then she told them that she had guests, Elder South and his family. Then they started making plans for dinner.

The people really think a lot of him down there. We hurried back to Houston for sacrament meeting. Barry was to meet some contacts there and they would tell him whether they would be baptized. It was an older couple, Brother and Sister Morgan. They told him they would be baptized, but he was a deacon and head of a building committee in his church and he thought he better resign before he joined our church.

We stayed with the bishop in Houston that night and left early the next morning. I am sure Marj will tell you more about the people there. One 17-year-old year-old girl particularly.

SUSAN: (*Post card*) We are having tough times going through these big towns but we're getting used to it. We are on our way to San Antonio.

MYRNA: (*Post card*) We waded in Gulf of Mexico today. Saw Battleship Texas and a 500 ft. monument. Texas people are really friendly. We have stayed with three nice families. I went horseback riding in Huntsville. I'm still awfully sore. We're on the way to San Antonio and Mexico.

MYRNA: (*Post card*) We just finished seeing Carlsbad Caverns. We ended up traveling up 750 feet by elevator to the ground surface. The caverns were really spectacular. Yesterday we saw the Alamo and San Antonio. It has a river winding down the center of it and is quite a beautiful city.



MYRNA: We went through San Antonio and saw the Alamo and then headed for Carlsbad. Then we went down to El Paso. I guess I should say something about Carlsbad. We spent three hours there. It was a 3 mile down into and around in the caverns, really nice. The pictures for viewmaster are really good so you'll be able to see them too.

As we drove into Mexico it was very different. Boys were running right in the street selling papers. One boy ran up alongside the car and said he'd show us the way to the city market. We didn't want to go to bad, but he just ran down the street showing us where to go. When we got to the city market, he directed us into a parking hole and said it would be a quarter for parking and he would take care of our car. We locked the doors so he couldn't take care of it too well, and we decided to take a look at the city market. We bought some castanets, maracas, and a whip. When we got back to the car, this boy and another one were just finishing washing it. Our "guide" wanted to take us sightseeing, so he got in the car, but the other boy just stood there, and our friend said "Pay him for the car wash." Barry asked how much he owed him and the boy answered him two dollars. Barry got that down to seventy-five cents.

We went sightseeing, saw the bull ring and the rich people's houses, then we told him we had to go, and he wanted two dollars. They flipped a coin and Barry paid him one dollar. That boy was pretty bad luck for us.

We left Mexico and headed for Grand Canyon. We drove all night through Arizona.

BARRY: (*Post card*) We just left the Grand Canyon. It sure was big. We were going to Hoover Dam but not enough time. Now we are headed for the Painted Desert.

For several weeks before the trip, Marj had been hearing reports about Barney's sister, Elgie, who was ill and becoming progressively weaker. She had been concerned about finding a window of time to visit. In October she wrote, "Elgie is steadily sinking. I should like to have gone to Randolph this weekend, but I can't see how to get it done. I hate to wait until she dies. I don't think Barney would like that." On the return trip from Texas, the family came through Randolph.

MARJ: We stopped in Randolph to see Elgie, which is truly sad, and home.

## MISSIONARY HOMECOMING

Barry reported his mission last Sunday evening.

Last night, Barry had to report to the Stake Presidency and the High Council. I went with him because he invited me. He had been asked to report on apostlyt-ing (I'll bet that's incorrect spelling.) methods, and to take 10 minutes. I thought he did a really good job.

The 3-year period following the sale of the saw-mill was, for Marj and her family, one of drastic changes and remarkable events. It was laced with struggle, frustration, and desperation, but also with faith, toughness, perseverance and hopefulness.

Three concurrent, interconnected, overarching themes were paramount in Marj's life, and thus the lives of her family, at the time. They all related to finances:

First, Marj's desperate struggle to get out from under the debt incurred in a complex real estate deal;

Second, her frustrating efforts to secure employment;

Third, her hopeful endeavor to get her young children out of town and into the country on a farm.

The astounding thing is that in a relatively short period of time, all three things came to pass.

From then on--

The adventures were only beginning!

# Life after the Sawmill

GET OUT OF DEBT

GET A JOB

GET OUT OF TOWN



## Chapter 113

# The Deerslayers

I'll bet it is really snowing in Island Park now. Sometime I hope to spend a summer there. Not too much turmoil to go with it.—MARJ, NOV 16, 1962

Although the family now lived in town year round, Marj had a great desire to maintain ties with Island Park and felt very anxious about protecting the cabin at the campsite. Even though the sawmill was gone, everything else in camp remained unchanged. It was to be years before all the buildings--barn, warehouse, bunkhouse, chicken coop, cabins, especially the big new house, were gone. Every winter there would be a snow shoveling expedition. In summer, Marj tried to spend as much time as possible at the cabin.

She and the kids living at home would travel to Island Park on weekends and attend church meetings in the new A-frame church at Mack's.

### FEEDING THE MISSIONARIES

MYRNA: Do you remember stopping to get groceries to feed the missionaries? Ok, there's a good story. We went to church one Sunday when we were living

in Idaho Falls, and we'd just go up on weekends. We went up to church at Macks. You know, we probably had a can of pork and beans and a few potato chips we were going to eat. Susan invited the missionaries to dinner! (She was pretty little.)

We didn't have much to feed them. We stopped at Ponds on the way and stocked up on a bunch of stuff and went to the cabin, and the missionaries came, and we fed them.

### STOLEN PROPERTY

Marj always worried about someone's breaking in and stealing or vandalizing the place. She had heard of a summer home which had been broken into by vandals. Among other things, they had cut the piano wires.

Our player piano was never damaged, but the wind-up phonograph was stolen.

MYRNA & M'JEAN (*back*)

RANDY & SUSAN (*front*)

"We'd go up on weekends

and go to church at Mack's.

We probably had a can of

pork and beans and a few

potato chips we were going

to eat. Susan invited the

missionaries to dinner!"

(*Myrna*)





## School 1962

SPLIT CREEK CANYON

When the school term started in the fall of 1962, Myrna, Susan, and Randy attended Idaho Falls schools. M'Jean, who had graduated in the spring, traveled to Connecticut for the intent of studying music at a music school. She was living with Betty Benthin Petree, the girls' piano teacher, whose husband, Frank, had been transferred to New Haven.

### CABIN BREAK-IN

In a letter from home, M'Jean read Marj's unsettling report about the cabin.

MARJ: *Oct 24, 1962 Sun* - At Sunday School Virgil and Delva told me that they went to Island Park Saturday and found the cabin bulging with people, 3 cars of them. They told me that it looked as though the road crew might have moved in and taken over. Naturally I was upset about it and called David. Bernie was at his place and wanted to go. So we rode up in his Ford Galaxy and found the cabin empty, locked, the back lock jimmied up, but no noticeable damage otherwise.

The stove was still hot, the fireplace warm, windows locked securely, a half a sack of coal sitting by the woodbox. We still don't know who was there, but are very suspicious that it was Gary Covert and Paul [Walker--brother-in-law] and Company.

### *Deer Hunt*

In the fall of 1963, during hunting season, the family made an excursion to Island Park, enjoyed staying in the cabin, and went out hunting. The youngest little hunters were Randy, barely 9 years old, and Susan, who had recently turned





SPLIT CREEK FALLS  
Not many people have  
seen Split Creek Falls-  
hard to find hidden  
away in that rugged  
country.

has the falls. We were now east of Split Creek Falls when we stopped the car right at the end of the road.

RANDY: We were up on the logging road that they call the dugway road on Black Mountain.

DAVID: We were hiking cross-country through country that I knew pretty well. We were now higher on the mountain than the falls, so we went west which brings us down off the mountain.

MARJ: We hiked two miles or so, and Myrna and I were down in the bottom

11. Myrna was 16; Barry was 22; David was 24; Marj was 46. Missing out on the adventure was 19-year-old M'Jean, again in Connecticut in her second year at Hartt College of Music.

The day following, Marj wrote to M'Jean about what had turned out to be an unforgettable experience, especially for Myrna. Memories by the others present supply additional details.

MARJ: Oct 20, 1963 - Barry came in Friday night [from BYU], and we went to Island Park. We arrived about 1:00 a.m. and slept till morning and went off hunting, and came back to the cabin, then we left again. Barry went up Clark Canyon with Virgil Edwards, and Myrna, Sue, Randy, David, and I went up Fish Creek Road (generally the Moose Creek Plateau area).

#### SPLIT CREEK FALLS

DAVID: By driving up through Big Springs and around and down alongside the Yellowstone Park, we wound up about 12 miles east of the sawmill. I wanted to show the family Split Creek Falls. The wash that comes out of Yellowstone Park came down and made the middle fork of Split Creek, which is the fork that



of the canyon, and David, Sue, and Randy were traveling ahead of us on top of the ridge, and to scare some game down ahead.

RANDY: David was hunting; the rest of us were just tagging along. David was hunting with Barney's .300 Savage. We were hiking out through the trees, and he was coaxing us to be quiet.

#### SHOT BOTH FAWNS

DAVID: We were coming down off the mountain, and we got to about the location of where the falls were, and there a doe and two fawns cut across the hillside. I was carrying a .300 Savage. And I knew we needed the meat and I grabbed the rifle, swung around, and I shot both fawns. Now the reason you shoot the fawns is they are a lot less likely to survive the winter than the doe. And of course they are better eaten. The mortality rate on the fawns is very high, and these are big fawns. So I shot them both.

MARJ: Myrna and I heard a volley of 3 shots, and later 3 more, and finally when we came up even with them, David had killed two young deer.

RANDY: So David got out his knife and he gutted them both while the rest of us stood there and watched; he blooded them out.

SUSAN: When he started pulling the guts out, it made this horrible sound, and I vomited.

#### NO TAGS

MARJ: He had cleaned them out. But—he had forgotten to bring his tag! So Sue and I went out and hiked out and went back to Mack's Inn to get Myrna and me a license and a tag.

#### FOLLOW THE COMPASS

DAVID: I gave Marj my compass, and I showed her how to hold the compass and how to follow it. I told her to go two miles on this compass bearing and then she would hit a road, the road we traveled. Then she was to turn right, then she was to go down the road to where the car was. I didn't dare let her try and hit the end of the road, because if I did and she missed it, she'd go clear on into Yellowstone Park and probably wind up at Old Faithful.

She was determined, when you get her lined up, and so I did explain to her that if somehow she got across that road without noticing it, which seemed impossible, if she got to where there was a line of trees blazed, that she'd gone too far. She must turn around and come back.

Talking with her later about it she told me how scared she was to leave.

Well that left Myrna and Randy and me. After Marj had left, I finished gutting the two deer and left the hides on them,

RANDY: He was talking about how to get them out of there. Myrna was asking that question--how to get them out of there.

#### DRAGGING THE DEER

DAVID: I carried the rifle and dragged one of the deer and left Myrna trying to drag the other deer. Now remember, these are fawns, but they weighed about 60 pounds apiece.

MYRNA: Somehow Randy and I seemed to be responsible for getting that deer. We could pull it with only the back legs, so the hair was going against the grass.

DAVID: We were heading back for the car. Myrna couldn't drag the one deer

all by herself very far. So after we'd gone a ways and Myrna was really having a struggle, I suggested she carry it. And I said, "Sure, I'll just drape it around your neck like a stole."

And she decided that didn't sound too terrific, so after we'd gone a little further, me carrying the rifle and dragging one deer and she trying to drag the other one, well she decided that maybe we ought to try it. So I picked the deer up and put it around her neck.

#### DRAPED THE DEER OVER HER SHOULDERS

RANDY: He said she would have to carry it out. He draped the deer over her shoulders with the legs hanging down in front, and she had to have hold of the legs.

DAVID: With a pair of legs hanging down on each side of the neck and the head kind of bouncing around on the one side, off we went again. And this time we were making pretty good time, because she was able to pack the deer because it was loaded and balanced. And we'd go for a little ways, and of course it was warm, a warm day, and the deer was warm, and the fur laying up against her neck, caused her neck to start sweating. As her neck started sweating, rivulets of sweat would run down her back.

#### BLOOD DOWN MY NECK

She'd scream, "Ahhh, the blood's going down my neck." She really thought that that deer was bleeding all over her when the fact was it was just the sweat from her neck, and I'd have to stop every now and then and explain to her, "Now, calm down, you've still got to carry that deer."

RANDY: She was complaining because of some of the blood was trickling down her back and neck. David packed the other one and I packed the rifle.

DAVID: And so we traveled the two miles back to where the end of the road was.

#### RIFLE HEAVY

RANDY: When we finally got to the car I was so sick of carrying the rifle cause it was so heavy.

MARJ: When Sue and I arrived back, we came upon David and Myrna, who had carried the two young deer out. Yes—Myrna had carried a young deer out approximately two miles on her back. I was aghast. Her face was so red, and her back was so bloody. David said that when he put it on her shoulders the first time, it gurgled as some blood poured out, and Myrna just about died. I don't know how many times they stopped and unloaded again, but it must have been an ordeal.

#### COURAGEOUS MOTHER

DAVID: And my dear mother, courage in hand, had gone out, found the car, drove down to Mack's Inn, bought the licenses, bought the deer tags, and drove back to the end of the road, and met us there about half an hour after we got the deer out.

#### THE WINTER MEAT

We loaded the deer in the car and took them home, and that's what we had for meat that fall. Probably 50% of the meat we ate was wild meat. It was either wild meat or no meat. I remember the money situation then was really tight. That was the meat.

As they say, that was a graduation day for Myrna. She'd had to help pack the meat.

#### PROUD BROTHER

MARJ: David is so proud of Myrna! She's tired today, however.

## Chapter 114

# Resilience & Resolution

What a lift the warm sunshine gives one's spirits.  
It seems to generate new hope, faith, and courage.—MARJ

After Barney's death, Marj received social security payments for herself and six children. The amount, while never great, was greatly needed. It was also greatly reduced as each child became ineligible for payments, while at the same time incurring more expense. Marj sought ways to make up the difference. What with keeping Barry on his mission and helping M'Jean with college expenses in Connecticut, the budget was stretched to the limit.

Marj and David had been involved in real estate sales since 1959, when the real estate business was booming in and around Idaho Falls. Marj's resume states "Over one-half million dollars sales." The broker they were working with was Cortez Christensen. Their association started out well but ended in disaster and a huge pile of debt.

DAVID: While Marj and I were working for Cortez Christensen, he acquired a piece of property by the Lincoln Sugar Factory near Idaho Falls. It was an 80-acre farm that some other guys had started to try to develop into a housing edition. Cortez took it over and planned to develop a subdivision of custom homes, that he called Lawndale Estates.

Cortez began by hiring builders to do the construction while he, Marj, and I began selling the houses. And we did really quite well for about two years. We built 40-some-odd houses there.

### SOUTH LUMBER COMPANY

The builders had proved unsatisfactory, and I started working for him as a job superintendent. To make the most of this opportunity, Marj and I decided to resurrect our South Lumber Company—from the old sawmill days. We rented property on the South Highway in Idaho Falls, built a building, and hung our shingle. That allowed us to buy directly from the wholesalers at a discounted price, sell to Cortez at the standard contractor's price, and pocket the difference. It also gave us a retail yard from which we could sell various products.

MYRNA, MARJ, M'JEAN (*back*)  
RANDY, SUSAN (*front*)







RANDY, SUSAN (*front*)  
M'JEAN, GRANDMA, MYRNA,  
GRANDPA, MARJ BARRY, DAVID  
COCOA



DAVID SOUTH  
"Judy and I would move  
into trade-in houses, fix  
them up and sell them."

As the passage of time proved, that plan worked better as an idea than as a reality, but we had no way of knowing that.

At first, everything began going well. More houses got built and sold--due partly to Cortez's business creativity: he began accepting older lived-in houses on trade--a novel idea at the time. Of course, conditions of the trade meant that Cortez got the lived-in houses at a heavily discounted price. And when those were sold, the profits financed the building of a new house for us to sell.

#### COULDN'T GIVE A HOUSE AWAY

But it all fell apart when the Atomic Energy had a meltdown. The United States Government stopped financing the nuclear airplane research. That put a bunch of people out of work, scared the heck out of the rest, and made selling a custom home an impossibility. Suddenly, you couldn't give a house away, and while he never declared bankruptcy, Cortez essentially went under. When he did, Cortez owed South Lumber Company a considerable amount, and his only assets were the old, trade-in houses. Cortez gave those to us.

And so for the next year Judy and I would move into rental and trade-in houses, fix them up and sell them. I think we moved into 4 different houses in that next year to get rid of them.

At this point, South Lumber Company was upside-down, since our liabilities exceeded our assets. When the whole thing cratered, we shut down the company, sold all its assets, let the lumberyard property go back to the owner, and eventually sold the building.

#### A BIGGER MISTAKE

Actually, we traded the building for a bigger mistake: 10 Appaloosa brood mares and a stallion. Talk about going from the frying pan into the fire--but that's another story.

### *Debt Saga*

As David described, the fallout of the real estate venture that had started out so well was the mountain of crushing debt thrust into Marj's lap. During a grueling time of work and worry, her efforts were directed at getting out from under the oppressive burden of debt that hung over her. In a concentrated endeavor to cover their losses, Marj focused on renting the trade-in homes, then selling them one at a time, while struggling to keep her apartment house rented.

MARJ: *Nov 6, 1962, Tue* - The main floor is vacant at the present time.  
*Nov 16, 1962, Fri* - Now the main floor of the apartment house is [still] vacant, and I can't seem to stay close enough to the telephone to rent it.

I am sitting in a vacant house over on 10th street. We have the furnace stoked up and going. We have run extensive advertising in the paper and over the radio and are really trying to move it out in the next two days.

This is an experiment which we have never tried before. Since it is my idea, I hope it works. If this method of selling sells, we'll go through all his [Cortez's] houses one by one, and sell them out. That will help immeasurably. In one week, I rented 6 of his vacant houses.

*Dec 11, 1962, Tue 6:00 a.m.* - Much has happened since page one [of this letter]. Several thousand dollars have changed banks and bank accounts since then, some legal work in an attorney's office, some legal description on some 80 odd lots and 41.39 acres have been copied and totaled, draws have been made. Kids have had their lunch and gone back to school, I have picked Sue and Myrna up at school, and delivered them back again, after Sue's solo. It is now 1:25 P.M.

Since an occupied home was easier to sell than one which sat empty, David and Judy would live in one trade-in house until it sold, then move into another.

MARJ: *Jan 7, 1963* - David sold his [Lawndale] home, the other day—or, rather, I did. He has taken one in on it on Sawtooth. It is a two bedroom with full basement and attached garage and big lot. It's about 2 ½ or three years old. I've been in it and have seen it throughout. David hasn't and neither has Judy; funny? He got his full \$19,000 out of it. That is pretty good, eh?

*Jan 13, 1963 Sun* - Things have been rough, but I guess we'll weather it.

## UNABLE TO COLLECT COMMISSIONS

During the downturn period in real estate, Marj had the distinction of selling more properties than any other real estate salesman in the area. The problem was in collecting commissions. With Lawndale at a standstill, David began working for an accounting firm.

MARJ: *Feb 20, 1963 (postmark)* - I have real estate commissions owing me, but you know how that is, I don't get them until the houses are finished and closed out, and the trade-ins sold and closed out also. If it works as it should, there should be a steady flow of income after a time, from past sales. I've only been an active salesman for about a year and a half. They say it takes two and a half years before a real estate salesman can rely completely on his sales income for total living.

Incidentally, we are all working desperately at present to get FHA at Lawndale—when that happens we'll have a very good thing. This will eliminate second mortgages and put everything on a better financial basis. Cortez and David are in Boise today to work out some of the details.

While they are gone, I am typing up covenants which will have to be signed by the residents of Lawndale, and approved by FHA, then recorded, the rest is all under way. We are also going on multiple listing, which should help.

### DAVID - JOB

*Mar 12, 1963 1:55* David is at present working as Junior Calculator for Bush, King and Company. Lawndale is temporarily at a standstill. I'm taking care of the details concerning Reilly Atkinson, banks etc., but —oh well I don't know what is going to happen, I'll let you know when I find out.

## Employment Saga

While Marj's real estate efforts were focused on getting out from under a boatload of debt by getting rid of hard-to-sell properties, she began in earnest to look for other employment for a source of income. One hopeful job prospect came about when the Toole family Barry had taught on his mission came from Texas to be sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple.

MARJ: *Jun 11, 1963* - One of the Toole's company is the big boss out at the airport and he has practically offered me a job in his office, if and when he rates a stenographer, which he thinks he will soon. It pays more than I could make school teaching even for quite a few years (if I study constantly evenings in winter and summer), and there will be periodical raises.

He said I would have to have shorthand, so I am brushing up on my shorthand as fast as I can. This job I want. It will be out in the big terminal, and he seems like a wonderful person for whom I could work. So I'm hoping. The work would be from 8:00 until 4:30, 5 days, 2 weeks paid vacation, all holidays paid, cumulative retirement plan, hospital and insurance benefits.

### JOB SEARCH

The position did not materialize. Marj applied for a bank position and other jobs in the business world. As a woman she was discriminated against [no repercussions for such policies at that time].

While still following every lead regarding office jobs, she focused her attention towards teaching. However, her teaching certificate she had earned at Ricks College in 1936 had expired. Even to be hired as a substitute teacher, she was required to take classes to update her certificate. She registered for the classes and prayed continually for help in landing a job.

MARJ: *Sep 17, 1963* - I haven't worked yet, but Mr. Petersen practically promised me a job teaching starting Monday. I didn't get my certificate. Darn it.

*Sep 22, 1963, Sun eve* - Mr. Peterson may call me for a substitute tomorrow, he said. Oh, I do hope he does call me tomorrow. I do hope so!

Blair Hammon is going to see if he can get me a job with Dr. Rees. He says he pays really well.

*Oct 3, 1963 Thurs eve* - I don't have a job yet. Lately I've been very very busy trying to get a loan closed out on the Hammon place on Beverly Road to pay off debts.

I contacted two superintendents today for jobs. I have to fill out an app and take back to Bonneville district 93. I am signed up for 6 credits of night school to get my certificate mid-year.

*Oct 20, 1963, Sun* - Doris Southwick is trying to land a job for me over where she works. If I could get that I'd make \$350 per month. Wouldn't that be wonderful?

### CLASSES FOR CERTIFYING

I am taking two classes from BYU-Ricks. That will give me 4 of the credits I need to become certified.

I haven't worked at all, but I have been applying for substitute teaching. They say there is very little of it until November. But...I can't keep hoping a substitute job will come along, because that means that some ill luck has befallen someone, or they wouldn't need a substitute.



I've got to get the kids [Susan and Randy] started studying with Mrs. Katseanas [violin teacher]. They are not progressing lately. I've wanted so much to get to working first. I know I'll get something soon.

#### SUBSTITUTE TEACHING

*Nov 14, 1963 Thur* (Bernie's Birthday) - I have been teaching school in Bel Aire. I'm in my 4th week and have had a recent raise in pay--\$15 per day now. Of course, I'm just substituting, but tonight I heard that the lady has hepatitis, and if that is true, I may be there for quite a while.

Mr. Jacobson (Jerry) is my principal—likes me—and asked me not to sign up anywhere else until I talked to him. He says there will be an opening at Bel Aire I can fill.

#### HELP FOR BARRY - STIFF CLASSES - DEBT BALANCE

I don't think Barry will ever make it through [school year at BYU] without help. I hope I can keep on working.

The only thing that worries me is whether I can pass my classes or not. They are stiff, and I honestly don't learn as easily as I did.

Cortez is working to get the rest of the red tape done on a loan on the Bush place which will pay off a good deal of the balance of the debt. That will be one of the greatest days of my life!

#### BLESSED

MYRNA: *Dec 10, 1963* - Marj is teaching until Christmas.

MARJ: *Dec 10, 1963* - I feel blessed indeed to have this job. There is an opening in the school too. Vonae is pregnant. I am trying to line up to take her place permanently.

#### FORGET CHRISTMAS?

SUSAN: *Dec 22, 1963 Sun* - (age 11) Sometimes I get scared the way Marj talks I'm afraid she's quite willing to forget Christmas because of lack of money. I hope you won't be mad because I don't have a present for you. I've only bought three presents and according to money I don't know if I'll get many at all.

#### HOPING AND PRAYING

MARJ: *Dec 1963 (Christmas card)* - Vonae King is expecting and they need a replacement for her. And I am hoping and praying that I get that place. I'm eligible for a provisional [certificate] now.

#### PROVISIONAL CERTIFICATE

*Jan 3, 1964* - I have finished the necessary 6 semester credits required for my provisional certificate. Vonae is expecting and will quit soon, and I hope to fill the vacancy she makes when she quits. This I pray about daily.

#### FINANCIAL BOOST

The ten weeks I taught gave us a financial boost. I just am so grateful! And I found to my surprise that I liked teaching. I had thought my nerves were too shot. But even with classes 3 nights a week, and half days Saturdays, and teaching all day, it was easier and pleasanter than anticipated.

When school starts again (if I get in), I won't have that heavy a grind of classes. I probably should take one, but I won't take 3 again this semester. But I really enjoyed my classes again—it seemed good—rather invigorating to be studying again, like starting to exercise.

About the first thing I think of every morning is—Oh, I hope I get my job. The world will definitely be a rosier hue if that happens.

#### SUSAN & RANDY

"Sometimes I get scared the way Marj talks I'm afraid she's quite willing to forget Christmas because of lack of money." (*Susan*)



## MINIMAL SUCCESS

Marj left no stone unturned in trying to get hired. While chasing down every lead for other types of employment, she willingly substitute taught any school class, no matter how unappealing or inconvenient, on short notice. Her success for the balance of the school year was minimal.

**Miji Note:** Jerry Jacobson was our teacher one year in the one-room school in Island Park. Another year, when I was in 6th grade, when we moved to Idaho Falls for the winter, I walked into my assigned class and was surprised to find he was the teacher. He was a fine educator and administrator. Marj liked working with him. He eventually became the superintendent of schools.

MARJ: *Jan 14, 1964 Tue* - Mrs. Moss came back to her 5th grade 1st day after the holidays. I have substituted last Thurs and Friday at Edgemont, second grade, and Monday (yesterday) at Bel Aire 6th grade, and today I teach the afternoon at Hawthorne. I hope to see Mrs. Erickson [administrator] again today. I am hoping to get Vonae's place (4th grade) for the rest of the year.

This Mr. Jacobson who is principal at Bel Aire is your teacher from back about 6th grade. We talked about that yesterday. He began slowly to remember. -asked if you were not 20 by now—and by golly you almost are!

### PERSEVERING

*Jan 15, 1964 - Wed* (same letter) I went to see Mrs. Erickson (She hires and fires in District 93). An opening I had known was coming, came, but she gave it someone else. Today I was going over to Temple View to see them, and out to Bonneville 93 to see them, but I couldn't start my car. I've called David to see what time he's coming in. He bought licenses for the truck and two cars yesterday and put the truck license on the Volkswagon and vice versa. So he'll help me start my car, and I'll get on out to Bonneville. Mrs. Englund told me they pay beginning teachers better out there.

### WISH ME LUCK

I talked to Mr. Peterson last night on the telephone (principal at Riverside) and he told me he'd put in a good word for me with Mrs. Erickson. Mrs. Erickson is an old lady but glamorous as all get out. The principals around town say they can't get along very well with her. I'm going to get ready and hope David will be here by then. Wish me luck on my job hunting.

*Jan 27, 1964 Mon* - Week before last I taught Thursday and Friday second grade at Edgemont Gardens. Last week I taught Monday in Bel Aire sixth grade. Tuesday I taught in afternoon at Hawthorne. Friday I taught second grade at East side. Today I taught sixth-grade at Bel Aire, and tomorrow I go back to Bel Aire. Wednesday and Thursday are parent-teacher conferences so I don't expect any teaching those days.

### NO DICE

I don't get the job at Bel Aire to replace Vonae. A former I F teacher with a degree is coming in to it. I hope somebody else gets pregnant quick!

### STUDENTS' VOTE

The sixth grade kids told me today that they voted for me to come in when they learned Mr. Ballard wouldn't be in. Today I went to the restroom about time for the 1 o'clock bell and in order to do so had to go past the big double glass doors. It almost caused a riot—really. The kids were really happy to see me. I got out of there in a hurry. I didn't want Mr. Jacobson or Mrs. Moss to see it. I fear they would feel that I have turned the fifth-graders against her, but I never ever did anything to run her down.

Later, a few of them dared to come down to talk to me in the hall. (They are forbidden in sixth grade territory) and complained about how sarcastic she is and they wished I'd come back, etc. I came really to like those kids and I hate to see them so unhappy.

### SUBSTITUTE PAY

The way they pay—it's \$12 dollars per day flat rate unless you've been there 10 days straight then it's \$15 until the term is broken. Then you start over. So after I

left Mrs. Moss's room last day before the holidays, then I went to \$12 dollar days again instead of \$15.

I'm in a hurry—I teach (substitute) at Temple View today. No steady job yet.

## TERRORS OF RIVERSIDE

After teaching sporadically, just one day at a time, Marj finally got a substitute job which promised some longevity, although she was not sure she wanted to stay. It was a wild bunch, Susan's 6th grade class at Riverside.

Both Susan and Randy were attending Riverside, which was the alma mater of David, Barry, M'Jean, and Myrna. Through the years, several cousins had also attended Riverside. As time went on, Riverside gained a reputation for being a rough school, no doubt a reflection of the deteriorating neighborhood. Randy's memories provide a colorful image of both street and school:

### CUT OUR EARS OFF

RANDY: The walk to school in Idaho Falls was not bad, but you had to cross the street just a few houses away because it was not worth the risk to walk close to Mister Dee's house. You had to be far enough away that when you started running from him you would have a head start. He had threatened to cut our ears off with his pocketknife. No way were we ever going to get that close.

Now on the other side of the street you passed Katz Pharmacy. Then about three blocks more, heading north, you beheld the Riverside Elementary School. Constructed in 1906, the school was so old the steps and stairs were worn troughs from foot traffic. One small patch of grass tried to stretch up out of the ground on the southwest corner of the block, but mostly the gravel parking lot and gravel playground were where we roamed.

### WITCHES - GANG FIGHTS

Just picture a scary movie with a gray haunted castle centered in the entire city block on a cloudy snowy day with witches inside yelling at small children. Except the witches were teachers in gray dresses with yard sticks for magic wands. That is pretty much how I remember it. The one bright spot was that I was a bright kid and very good with my ciphers. The 4th grade teacher, Mr. Campbell, would praise me for my phenomenal brilliance as the smartest kid in his math class.

No doubt other kids in other schools played soccer, basketball, dodge ball, and whatever. However, the Riverside kids, well, we had gang fights, threw snowballs, and sometimes gravel, and generally ran around pulling the girls' hair. A recent haircut would determine your gang membership.

With some trepidation, Marj took the substitute job at Riverside.

### RAN OUT THE TEACHER

MARJ: Feb 25, 1964 Sat - I've been teaching Sue's room (6th grade) at Riverside for 6 days. The bunch of kids, Sue's room, ran out their six foot 240 pound male teacher. One day he just laid his head on his arms on the desk and cried, and when the morning recess came, he left and never came back.

### LITTLE HOODLUMS

I've had that little bunch of hoodlums six days. They have an ex-army sergeant in mind for the job. He was supposed to be there last Monday but he wasn't. Mr. Peterson doesn't know if he'll come at all or not. Mr. Peterson thinks maybe I'll get it if he doesn't come.



RANDY SOUTH

"The witches were teachers in gray dresses with yard sticks for magic wands. A recent haircut would determine your gang membership. The one bright spot was that I was a bright kid and very good with my ciphers."  
(Randy)





SUSAN SOUTH

"One thing I've learned—they all like Sue—all of them.

There's hardly a boy in the 6th grade that can outrun Sue. They take off their shoes and run after her in stocking feet in the snow. But they about run her to death." (*Marj*)

### "THEY LIKE YOU"

In six days time I've dragged half a dozen of them (one at a time) into the hall by the nape of the neck, slugged one, slapped the big Mexican boy once. I've kept them all in after school twice and even made them miss their bus once. But I also play tag with them at recess, and I got their football back for them (it had been taken away). I got their singing time back for them, and Friday they had art and P.E. for the first time in months. Sue just gasps at what happens but comes home each day and in an astonished tone she exclaims, "They like you, Marj."

For the first three days I didn't want the job permanently, but I feel differently about them now, and if I get the chance I'm going to keep them. One thing I've learned—they all like Sue-- all of them.

### SHOT OUT WINDOWS

Last week 2 boys from my room (Sue's room) shot out 28 windows of the Riverside school. One is now on parole to his parents, and if he breaks it, he'll be headed for Reform School. The other was the big Mexican. Anyway, I'm not scared of it any more.

Today Sue, Randy, and I and my "young reform school candidate" are going out to the farm [farm story coming up]. David says he'll be a big brother to him for a while and let him help clean out the barn.

### "POOR LITTLE INICIENT KIDS"

SUSAN: *Feb 1964* - My teacher at the first part of this year was Mr. Robert Graham. You may have heard of him. He used to play in the Idaho Falls Symphony when Mr. Mealy conducted. ...Well our room was so noisy we ran him out of his mind. He finally resigned. He was 6 ft 2 in tall and weighed 250 pounds. Can you imagine us poor little inicient (sic) kids running out a teacher as big as he was. Well don't be shocked at the next phrase because it's true. Mrs.! Marjorie! South! Is! My! Teacher! For! The! Time! Being! (Surprise!)

### CHASING SUSAN

MARJ: *Feb 25, 1964 Sat* - Incidentally, there's hardly a boy in the 6th grade that can outrun Sue. They take off their shoes and run after her in stocking feet in the snow. But they about run her to death. Everyone wants to chase her. I will feel that I am a teacher if I make it through this year with this bunch.

### ATTACKED THE TEACHER

Sue said one day they kicked him and hit him (their former teacher) and slugged him all in a group in the school room. That was the day Susy went crying down to the office and told Mr. Peterson that she couldn't stand it any longer.

### PRAYERS FOR COURAGE

The kids have taken a lot, but they are sort of organized in the room. I've broken that buddy, buddy stuff up a little. I have punished all a little on occasion for the offenses of a few, and that quickly turns the group against the offenders. But honestly, if it had not been for prayers I would not have had the courage to face that group each day. But now I feel I can do it, and I want a steady job and some money so bad. Izola Hall [teacher] saw me drag one kid out into the hall one day. She and Glenna [another teacher] just can't believe the things they see.

## ONGOING JOB HUNT

*Mar 10, 1964 Tue* - They finally have their male replacement for Sue's room at Riverside—a man. Sue was really impressed. Yesterday was his first day. I taught at Teresa Bunker yesterday, and I had a call to go to Bel Aire also. But no calls today. Mondays I often get calls.

### DEGREE REQUIRED?

Two different school principals have told me that Dr. Shreve (Supt) says—No teachers next year without degrees. Of course I know and so does he that that isn't true. Glenna is 20 hours away from a degree, and Izola does not have one, not

Mabel Hinckley, nor I bet 50% of the rest in the elementary systems. But still he holds out against me. Jerry Jacobson tells me not to get discouraged, but it seems to me they are discriminating against me for some reason.

#### APPLIED AT THE BANK

I am going into a bank and apply for a job. June Brocksome called me--that there is an opening at the bank. I went in Friday night and had an interview and they informed me that the teller job June sent me to see about wouldn't pay much. But he told me to see Mr. Nielson (head of the Real Estate Division in the bank) and that he needs a stenographer. So I planned to go in yesterday and was called to teach. So today, I thought I'd get my hair fixed first and then go in.

#### A JOB AT LAST!

*Apr 26, 1964 Sun* - I had a phone call from Dr. Shreve (Supt of schools) to appear in his office 10:00 a.m. About 10:50 I was finished with my interview. I feel that I will have a chance to teach in District 91 for sure, now, after this morning.

They wanted to give me a Riverside second grade this morning. I told them I wanted a 5th or 6th. I do not want 2nd. How teaching does drag for me when I'm teaching the low grades. The days go by quickly in 5th or 6th. I like it so much better.

During the next two years, Marj taught fulltime on a provisional certificate at a substandard salary rate, continuing college course work until graduating.

### *The Farm Saga*

**M**arj had considered it a great blessing, in raising her family, to spend half of each year at the sawmill, with the kids being able to play and learn to work in their wonderful Island Park environment. With the sale of the sawmill, the Island Park home became only a weekend retreat.

She had a great concern for her kids still at home, being confined to the little neighborhood on Ada Avenue. Marj wanted Susan and Randy to grow up living out of town and not on a city street. She considered the next best thing to being at the sawmill would be to be on a farm. She set her sights on acquiring a farm.

#### DETERMINATION DESPITE DEBT

It seems remarkable, that in her difficult financial circumstances, while desperately struggling to get out of debt, earnestly seeking employment, she should consider such an undertaking. Yet she was determined to use what assets she had to make it happen. By 1962, she had undertaken an earnest search.

*MARJ: Oct 24, 1962 Wed* - I'm still working on the farm deal. I haven't anything interesting to tell you about that yet.

*Dec 11, 1962 Tue* - We are still looking at farms. We saw one yesterday that Barry and David like, but it would put all the kids in Jefferson County. I am not enthusiastic about it. It really is a beautiful house. The land is sub-marginal.

*Feb 20, 1963* We are still trying to put the farm deal together, and Myrna is wanting Barry to learn what she could make off one calf in a summer's time if she saved up enough to buy one by spring.

The mail just came! In it was a birthday card from Dot, and I shall quote you what she says, "Happy Birthday, Marj. Have a nice eventful day and a year of peace, prosperity and happiness. Perhaps it will be this year you'll get that farm!"

## FARM PLAN - APPALOOSA HORSES

The farm plan included raising Appaloosa horses, for which there was a good market at the time. The first horses were to be a trade for the South Lumber Company building, the “bigger mistake” David referred to.

Barney’s cousin, Bill South, with whom the family had maintained a close relationship in recent years, expressed interest in the farm idea, as he had become interested in raising beavers, for which there was also a good market at that time.

“SOLD FROM UNDER ME”

Finally finding a farm she wanted, Marj went to work trying to get it, then lost the deal. Disappointed, she became even more determined to acquire a farm.

MARJ: *Sep 9, 1963* - The big loan hasn’t come through yet. I wish it would hurry. I think that Bill and his family will be up one of these days to look at the farm. I think he has ideas that we could make a beaver farm out of the big place.

*Sep 17, 1963* - The farm deal is still hanging fire. I want it, but I am not sure it is the thing to do. I made him [owner] an offer. We’ll see what he does now. Bill wants me to start a beaver ranch.

*Sep 22, 1963- Sun eve* - I just finally made up my mind to get the farm for sure—and Wackerlis sold it out from under me. So I think I’ll start looking for one after all—and in earnest—to raise Appaloosa ponies.

MYRNA: *Sep 23, 1963* Do you wish we had got the farm so when you’d come home we’d have 30 horses?

## WE PICKED OUT A FARM

MARJ: *Oct 3, 1963-Thurs eve* - I don’t have a job yet. Lately I’ve been very very busy trying to get a loan closed out on the Hammon place on Beverly Road to pay off debts and really really dealing on a farm. Have I ever been busy—and I’ve spent quite a bit of time looking at farms—and I have been looking at horses. Lots of horses. Tomorrow I am to have the apartment house appraised, and if it goes well, we will have an 80 acre farm. Ok? The whole bunch of us is really going to be disappointed if we don’t.

We have picked out a farm and are trying to put the deal together. I hope it works. There are going to be some disappointed Souths otherwise.

MOVE THE CABIN?

MYRNA: *Oct 9, 1963 Wed* - How do you feel about the farm and horses? Do you think we should move down the cabin?

## A FARM AT LAST!

MARJ: *Oct 20, 1963 Sun* - I signed the papers on the farm and then worried about that for about a week because I knew I had not driven enough of a deal for myself, and inasmuch as Floyd Hillman has the place listed, I called him and made him write it all over again.

### WHITTILING THE PRICE

The people were reluctant to sign the last offer. They did, however; and I saved myself about \$7000 in the process, and lost a Quonset that I didn’t want which accounted for about \$3500 of the \$7000. So the farm (with Quonset) was going to cost \$30,300.

After we rewrote it, the farm will cost \$23,000 (without Quonset). The Quonset is an insulated building, built high on a high spot of the yard, and is designed for a potato cellar. We aren’t going to raise potatoes anyway, and so now the Quonset belongs to the owner, and is his responsibility to pay for it.

The payments are \$100 per month.





### LOAN ON APARTMENT HOUSE BUILT BY BARNEY

It is costing us the equity in David's home, and \$10,000 we are borrowing on the apartment house, and we are assuming a \$10,300.

#### IN A RUT

The place has a two bedroom home on, in which David will live. The kids and

FAST DRAW RANDY &  
DEMURE SISTER SUE  
Ada Avenue view to the north.

RANDY, SUSAN, MYRNA  
The apartment house across the street, with shakes covering the logs, took on a convetional appearance.

*Miji Note: what a blessing, that a loan on the apartment house, built by Barney and his brother Charlie for their parents, back in 1935-36, now almost thirty years later, enabled Marj to purchase a farm!*

I plan to move out also, in a trailer house, until spring, when we will build a new home. Sand Creek runs through the place diagonally in a very attractive way. It is going to take a lot of work to build the place up, but it is going to be real living again—not being dead inside, sort of, as I have felt we all are here in town. I'm looking forward to getting out of the rut I am in.

### "THE RANCH"

MARJ: *Oct 20, 1963 Sun* - This morning, Barry, Bernie, and I left early to go look at the ranch. (Randy doesn't like us to call it a farm—he wants us to call it a Ranch.) I think Barry is quite thrilled with the place. He asked me if I thought I could put him through school next year if he spent his summer working on the farm.

### FANTASTIC FARM PLANS

I love the creeks and have fantastic plans of bridging it with a foot bridge (one that a horse could cross), water wheel, a little fish pond, a few ducks, geese, a couple of peacocks, not to mention sloshing off in the creek. I want to have a few turkeys, hens, (not pigs), a few calves.

SUSAN & RANDY  
Mailbox, Milk box, skis.





#### RANDY

"Everyone tries to worry me about running the ranch. I have to come back to the idea of Randy's growing up on the sidewalks to encourage myself again." (*Marj*)

M'JEAN SOUTH, "FARMER'S DAUGHTER" & CLYN BARRUS  
"At Thanksgiving, Clyn came from Philadelphia to Betty's house in Connecticut, where I was living." (*M'Jean*)



#### FARM WORRY?

Everyone tries to worry me about running the ranch—tell me how difficult it will be, and how hazardous it is to raise livestock, how much risk, until they actually worry me, and I have to come back to the idea of Randy's growing up on the sidewalks to encourage myself again. Then also, I tell myself, it can't be any worse than running a sawmill. No more risky, hazardous, or as hard.

#### FARMER'S DAUGHTER

You asked if you are a farmer's daughter, and I would say you are. There is many slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and that is the only thing that could happen. The deal is on its way. We are to have possession by Nov 1st.

#### FROM EPHRAIM

I just read that Ephraim is adventurous, and it is he who is exploring the earth and searching out every new thing, and I guess I'll go ahead with the farm—ranch—and maybe even beavers—cause I'm from Ephraim.

#### HORSE TRADING

Not only was the South family going to live on a farm, they were going to be raising horses on the farm. Marj's demonstration of "horse trading" ingenuity never ceased to amaze.

#### TRADE FOR HORSES

MARJ: *Oct 20, 1963 Sun* - We are trading the building on South Highway for \$5000 worth of Appaloosa horses. The horses we will be getting are to be mares which will foal (have their colts in March or April). Then probably we will lease other mares and take care of them, and have half the colts of these. So we'll get a start. It's going to be fun.

#### TRADE FOR HEIFER

I've traded our old '46 Chev for a Holstein heifer, and tomorrow I'm to meet a fellow to trade him the equity in two of Cortez's places for some kind of livestock. The equities are small; I won't come out with much, if anything.

#### COWBOY DUDS

I bought Sue and Randy a matching set of white levis and green shirt for fun of it. I did it mostly because they lately have been getting up and communicating with each other (not on school days), and then come downstairs dressed alike, as much as possible, with their limited wardrobe. So I thought I'd give them a chance, and I bought the stuff for them.

#### BOOTS & SADDLES - HORSE SHOWS

She also bought them boots when they went to Salt Lake for a horse show. "Randy wants a big hat," she said.

MARJ: *Nov 14, 1963 Thurs* - (Bernie's Birthday) On Saturday (Nov 9) Myrna went to orchestra clinic and also took her tests (ACT) at Ricks. The rest of us took off for an Appaloosa horse show in Salt Lake. And believe it or not Bill South went to the horse show with us. He could hardly believe himself where he was. He is coming up soon to look at the "ranch." He said he was looking for a place to put his money and he wanted to come up and look over the farm with me and go in on it with me. This, of course, I don't want him to do.

Although Bill and his family spent time visiting on

the farm, as well as in Island Park, beavers never figured into the farm picture.

Marj attended horse shows and auctions whenever she had the chance. When Myrna was to audition for a \$1000 scholarship in Caldwell, Marj said, "I also hope to go to the Appaloosa horse show while we are there. Myrna Lynn and I even went over to the stockyards to a horse sale a week ago for a couple of hours. She liked it."

## FIRST MOVE TO FARM

The plan was for David's family to be the first to move to the farm and live in the small farmhouse. Marj would sell the family home on Ada, then build a new house on a different spot on the farm.

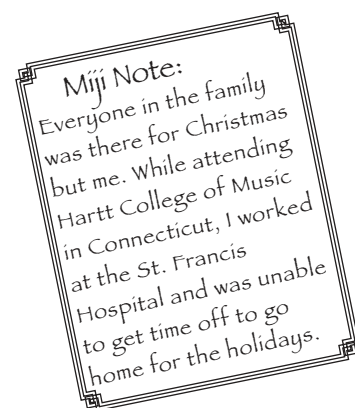
RANDY: *Dec 13, 1963* - Did you know we got the farm?

MARJ: *Nov 14, 1963 Thurs* (Bernie's Birthday) - Today I banked \$6852.19 from a loan on the apartment house. Tomorrow I'll pay \$5000 for farm. I'll have 6 months to dig up another 5. David and Judy will move Saturday if all goes well. We are all excited about it believe me.

*Nov 16, 1963 Sat* - It is Saturday morning and we are moving David to the ranch.

## CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM

MARJ: *Jan 3, 1964 Fri* - We spent Christmas Day at the farm. Judy cooked the dinner. New Year's Day we were out there also, and I took out the ham, sweet potatoes, bread, milk, juice. She cooked dinner again while David and I drew up house plans. It's time for that now.



## IN THE HORSE BUSINESS

For the kids, the most exciting thing about the farm was having the horses.

DAVID: Blair Hammon was the one that had the brood mares that we traded the lumberyard for. He took the lumberyard building—it was a nice building. I think it was 28 by 60. And he moved it over there on some of his property and leased it, and he's the one that traded the horses for it--And how I was going to get rich raising these horses. Quite a deal.

And I took those brood mares down to the farm, and that got us in the horse business.

SUSAN: *Dec 22, 1963 Sun* - I wish we would get moved on the farm. I haven't seen the horses for a week, but I'd better stop talking. You haven't seen the horses at all.

*Jan 3, 1964 Fri* - You can almost tell now which horse will have the first colt. Star is a horse that had a bad cancer on her left eye. When the vet came out to remove the tumor he checked the other horses also and to our surprise some of them will not have colts this year. Randy and I would like to raise a beef calf, a bum lamb, and a pig for meat.

BARRY: *Jan 11, 1964 (postmark)* - the farm is a pretty good one, and the horses are nice looking critters.

MYRNA: *Jan 31, 1964 Fri* - The horses are pretty. Kind of honery. The farm is pretty, messy buildings, though.

MARJ: *Feb 25, 1964 Sat* - Blair is going to loan us a small saddle for Randy, and he's going to get us one more mare (with foal) and a very well broke pony for the kids.





BARRY & DAVID

Log house at 955 Ada Avenue.

Barney bought the lots on December 7, 1946, and finished building the house in 1948.

## SOLD FAMILY HOME ON ADA

The two-story log house Barney had built, back in 1947-48, at 955 Ada Avenue, had been the South family home for sixteen years. It now served a new purpose, that of providing means for his family to live in the country on a farm in a modern new home.

MARJ: *Jan 3, 1964* - I sold our house this week. We have to get out April 1st. I want so very much to get out on the farm to

watch spring break and kind of get acquainted with things.

From here I will go to the bank to deposit S. S. checks and the earnest money on our house and half a month's rent from Thompsons.

*Jan 14, 1964 Tue* - Did I tell you I have sold our house providing the loan is approved? With delivery date Apr 1st. I don't know what we will do then, unless we get a trailer house and put the piano in the milk barn. But I can see ahead of me getting off Ada Avenue and that helps.

## OLDSMOBILE TRADE

Marj often did some trading to sew up a deal, and it helped her sell the house.

MARJ: I am driving a '59 Oldsmobile (nice) that we took in as part down payment on our house.

## OUT IN THE COLD

*Feb 25, 1964 Sat* - I'm going to look for a trailer house and we'll use it for sleeping and use Judy's kitchen (community kitchen) and bath until we move into our own. But we'll be out there on the farm at last! And I think the first thing I'll do is transfer Sue and Randy out of that bunch of hoodlums into the Longfellow School.

We'll probably have the house closed out Monday—ours—sold right out from under us. Whew! out in the cold! And is it ever cold!

The temporary trailer house plan changed. Instead, all the family would make do, moving in with David and Judy in the two-bedroom farmhouse, with most of the household goods and furniture being stored in the big Quonset, which at some point became Marj's property after all. Two Saturdays, March 14th and 21st were designated moving days. Barry's help would be needed for the major move.

BARRY: *March 2, 1964* - I just talked to Marj on the telephone. They say they are moving out of the house on the 21st and want me to help. Ugh what a job. I'm going to write a letter home now and tell them how I think they should build the new house.

MARJ: *Mar 8, 1964 Sun* - Just think in 2 weeks from now we'll be moved.

## HISTORIC MOVE

At last, when moving to the farm became a reality, the task began under typical South Family moving conditions: lots of snow. On Saturday, March 14, 1964, the first load of stuff went from garage to farm. "The snow in the drive is 30 inches deep," wrote Marj. "David and Randy had to shovel out all the way back. We had to plow out the drive at the ranch." The sun broke through the following day.

MARJ: *Mar 15, 1964 Sun* - Today is a beautiful day, actually the first spring-like day we have had. What a lift the warm sunshine gives one's spirits. It seems to generate new hope, faith, and courage. Yesterday I finished a big washing.

This week I move. Three events at the end of the week. Barry's coming home to help us move, the kids play their duet on the talent program, and Myrna's concert. Myrna plays with the symphony on the 22nd--her Liszt Concerto--all besides moving.

MYRNA: *Mar 16, 1964* - Myrna: We're moving Saturday. We've 10 horses.

On Saturday, March 21, 1964, the monumental move was completed, taking the South family out of the city and into the country at last.

### MYRNA SOLOIST

The day following moving day, on Sunday March 22, 1964, was a highlight in Myrna's music career. For young musicians, the most prestigious musical event in eastern Idaho was the spring concert which featured youth soloists with the Idaho Falls Symphony. Myrna had been a winner in the auditions earlier in the year.

It was the second time for Myrna to solo with the Idaho Falls Symphony. She won the auditions first as a sophomore and played the first movement of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor. As a senior, she would play the first movement of the Liszt Concerto No. 1 in E-flat Major.



Log house at 955 Ada Avenue  
As log homes did not fare well in the real estate market in the 60's, Barney's sons went to work to give the house a conventional appearance. It was sold by Marj March 1, 1964.

MYRNA SOUTH, PIANIST  
Lovely in her concert attire, Myrna Lynn soloed with the Idaho Falls Symphony at age 15 and again at age 17, giving stunning performances of Tchaikovsky and Liszt concertos.





SUSAN, MARJ, RANDY

"I hope that living on the farm, new increased activity, where I can see the moon come up and sun rise and sun set, I'll know I'm alive again."

(Marj)

## Fulfilled Anticipation

Never was anyone so happy as was Marj, when she and her family were finally out on the farm. For a long time she had anticipated getting out of the city, raising the youngest of her brood in the country, and "being alive."

MARJ: *Oct 20, 1963 Sun* - It's going to be wonderful to be out where we can see a sunset again, and the stars. I never cease to get a thrill when I see the thin little crescent of a moon start another climb. It reminds me of the days when I was afraid and had the feeling that it was a lantern in the sky, put there for me more than for anyone else.

Jan 3, 1964 Fri - I want so very much to get out on the farm to watch spring break and kind of get acquainted with things. My life has been so vacant and dull. My kids are all that have mattered. I hope that living on the farm, new increased activity, where I can see the moon come up and sun rise and sun set, I'll know I'm alive again. To me personally that IS IT--to be alive again. I really haven't felt that way since I left the mill.

Then I know Judy and David love it, and it will be so good for their kids. And Sue and Randy, and Myrna too are really anticipating the event of living there with intense (if varied) eagerness. Barry is quite non-committal.

## TRADE FOR GRAND PIANO

A new acquisition, which the family had never before possessed, but which Marj had longed for, went to the farmhouse along with the family: a blond Weber grand piano! Marj had traded for the piano, to her great satisfaction. She had negotiated the deal in January.

MARJ: *Jan 3, 1964 Fri* - I went to the Melody Shop to pick up application blanks for the Youth Auditions. The owner and manager was present. I asked him if he'd trade me a piano for a lot, and he said he would definitely be interested and asked me to bring in my plat. So I'll do just that. Maybe I'll get a grand piano yet!

MYRNA: *Jan 31, 1964 Fri* - We have been talking to the Melody Shop about trading a grand piano for a Lawndale lot.

Apr 24, 1964 [regarding sleeping in Miss Garland's class] I told her I just got a new piano and stayed up all night trying it out.

MARJ: *Apr 26, 1964 Sun* - Guess what sits in the living room—something that we've always wanted. It's a baby. A beautiful baby grand piano. It's ours. We don't owe anything on it at all. It's new, brand new. The action is stiff. Alongside sits the old one, and I hope that this summer without fail, we can get that duo-piano number ready. I know you'll like the piano. It isn't Steinway, but it's grand.



### NEW VOLKSWAGON

MARJ: *April 26, 1964 Sun* - We have a new green Volkswagon. Myrna is about the only one who ever drives it. She takes it to school, and then teaches lessons every night after school [in Idaho Falls]. She took the kids down to their lesson yesterday, also [in Blackfoot].

### "REBEL" MYRNA SUSPENDED

One day honor student Myrna parked the Volkswagon in the wrong parking lot at school, an infraction not to go unpunished.

MYRNA: *May, 1964* - I've been suspended from school for a week. Mr. C says I'm lucky. Miss N looked shocked. Miss G said have a nice vacation. Jean Biddstrup was suspended too—also Deb Edwards, Norm Hooper—all the hoods. I've been having fun on the farm. I drove tractor and rode horses one day, sat in a big tree by the creek and read one day. Spent a day at school and library getting assignments. They called once and said I could come back, then changed their mind.

### OUT FROM UNDER THE DEBT

The sale of the house and the family's anticipated move to the farm coincided with another joyous circumstance, especially for Marj: getting the lumber company debt off her shoulders. The previous October, she had made significant headway. Five months later, with a few more business transactions, she could see light at the end of the tunnel.

### A GLORIOUS DAY

MARJ: *Oct 20, 1963* - Cortez is going to give me the Bush house to trade in on the farm, so that will bring about \$4500 and that much of our loan will go towards paying debts. Incidentally, I paid out about \$3400 more debts lately, and if I get about \$4500 more out of the Bush place, that will mean that about \$1000 will just about clean us up with debts. That will be a glorious day, I can tell you.

*Mar 8, 1964* - If there are no slip-ups, we'll be out of debt this week or first part of next.

*Mar 15, 1964* - I had to go to Jerome this week. I had to go for a signature. I'll soon be out of debt. Isn't that wonderful!!!!

*Triple Celebration*  
**W**ith hard work and determination, persistence and prayer, in a period of about six months, Marj had gotten out from under the mountain of debt which had plagued her, qualified for a teaching certificate and secured a contract for the following year, and moved her family out of town onto a farm!

### MARJORIE SOUTH

A remarkable woman!

In a period of about 6 months, Marj had gotten out from under a mountain of debt, qualified for a teaching certificate, secured a teaching contract, and moved her family onto a farm!



## Chapter 115

# Gentleman Farmers

I never cease to get a thrill when I see the thin little crescent of a moon start another climb. It reminds me of the days when I was afraid and had the feeling that it was a lantern in the sky, put there for me more than for anyone else.—MARJ

M arj was eager to have her whole family together, enjoying each other, working and playing together. And if that meant a ton of work for her, that was ok. If there was one thing she was used to, it was work, and she would sing while she worked. How many times the kids remembered, in the middle of a big job they all may have been engaged in, that she would break out in song, “The new mown hay with all its fragrance...”

MARJ: *Apr 26, 1964* Sun - Oh, I am looking forward so to this summer, with the whole family's being home together. The horses will be fun. The two pianos will be fun. The getting into a house will be fun and hectic. Burning old fences and building new ones will be fun. Burning the useless buildings and painting and fixing up the good ones will be fun. Horse shows we'll attend now and then will be fun.

### THE FUN BEGINS

RANDY: The old place was run down and for the most part in disrepair but it was loaded with cool stuff. An old milk barn, a hay barn, a quonset shaped tool and equipment shop, old pens, chicken coop, and in them all, junk and old tools, harnesses, implements and stuff. What a playground!

#### STARTED WITH MATCHES

Marj, David, and Barry made big plans, and the whole family got involved in transforming the place. A lot of the transformation started with matches. That was naturally my favorite part. Sheds were burned, pens were burned, new pens were put up, trees were trimmed.

MARJ: *May 26, 1964* - Our farm has no decent fence at all. But even though they'll look ragged to you when you [M'Jean] arrive, you'll never know how much we have put into cleaning up the place. We'll have burned 3 old dilapidated buildings, plus piles of old ugly corral and waste lumber, and dead, knocked-over trees.

RANDY: The old farmhouse on the place was a frame house surrounded by huge old cottonwood trees that were generations old. The cistern out back had re-



cently been replaced by one of those new-fangled submersible pumps. The apple trees in the back yard were mangy at best.

Railroad tracks ran right through the acreage and the ditches were canvas dam specials, worn, weed filled and ridden with mice holes. Talk about potential! Fantastic was the fact that Sand Creek ran through one corner of the place.

MARJ SOUTH

"I do my best singing on the tractor." (*Marj*)

## GENTLEMAN FARMERS

DAVID: We made an offer to buy the 80 acres down there just north of Taylor, one of the area's original settlements located about 7 miles south of Idaho Falls. And it had an old farmhouse on it, and we all lived in it. So we had that 80-acre farm. So we were gentleman farmers.

I had a job out at Atomic Energy Commission, and I worked most of the time in the summer at night, so I'd work from 4 to midnight, and then I'd come home and run the farm during the work day. It was a great place to raise a bunch of kids. The last of Marj's other kids—the younger kids--were raised there, and some of my kids.

## TILLING THE SOIL

Living on a farm was one thing, but actual farming was another. David, surveying those 80 acres said, "The farm sure looks big as plowing and planting time comes around." The farm crops were alfalfa and grain. No one in the family knew how to farm. But the neighbors did, and there was plenty of advice to be had.

DAVID: This was a sand farm, 80 acres of loose, sandy soil subject to wind erosion, and I was not a farmer. Nor did I have the time to become a full-time, dedicated farmer. Nevertheless, I talked with neighbors and friends and read books. In the process I learned that a lot of farming is just knowledge, or the lack of it, passed from generation to generation.



For example, a sand farm doesn't need plowing, yet most people plowed. Instead of plowing, you can use a little more fertilizer, then plant right back into the stubble. That process helps keep the sand in place, but it wasn't what most people did.

## TRADE FOR TRACTOR

There was a barn that had to be moved. It was full of manure. Just what was needed. For days, Marj and David spread manure, using two tractors, one borrowed. The other tractor Marj had acquired in a trade for the fancy Oldsmobile she got as a trade-in when selling the house on Ada. Marj was an amazing trader!

MARJ: *Apr 26, 1964 Sun* - David and I have been spreading manure all week. We have a tractor with a manure loader. We have a manure spreader all our own. But we have been sort of using a neighbor's tractor and manure spreader also. Inasmuch as his land is so much clay, he can't get into it because it is too wet. Our soil is just enough sandier that we can get into it in spite of the storm. It has snowed three days in a row. It has been extremely cold. Yesterday was worst of all.

### SINGING ON THE TRACTOR

I have worked steadily getting manure spread when it was way back there in cold, cold weather. Through putting in the crop, and now we are irrigating. But though it's been hot or cold or dark—irrigating, I get out there on the old tractor and feel more like singing (I do my best singing on the tractor) than I have for years. "The New Mown Hay" –I want to learn the words to that one. There is a fragrance to hay already, and it's so beautifully green.

### WIDEN ROAD - WATER IN CREEK

They are going to widen and oil our road, and I had to give them a quit claim deed for a four foot strip along the front of our farm. Our fence has to be moved back, and also, the big metal loafing shed. The metal loafing shed was chuck full of manure, so we had to clean it out. We wanted the manure on the fields anyway.

There's water in the creek, now. The trees are not leafed out at all, but they are forcing buds. The grass in the pastures is not growing fast at all. People are afraid that the winter wheat has been killed to quite a destructive degree. Mice have invaded the area until many people have had to replant lawns.

Today is very cold. One week ago today we had a very nice day. Even Jenny Lynne and Robin were outside. We had two horses saddled all day, and we burned old rotten fences, posts, debris in general. There's a lot of work to be done on this farm, but it will double itself in value, when we have it cleaned up.

BARRY: *May 1, 1964 (postmark)* Last weekend Bernie and I went to IF with a truck and one of his two horses. I helped burn some brush there and did some other cleanup work. It looks like you are going to be a farm gal this summer—like it or not. You are in for a few surprises when you get home. It seems like something new each time I go home.

## HOUSE PLANS

Before Marj had moved to the farm, the family was making plans for the new house to be built in the summer. A two-story house was at first considered.

### "NEW HOUSE" PLANS

SUSAN: *Jan 3, 1964 Fri* - We drew up the plans for our new house on Wednesday. I'll copy a map of the plans to show you the main features. We are going to the ranch tomorrow (Saturday) to burn the trees on an acre of the ranch to make a space for the house to be built on.

MYRNA: *Jan 31, 1964 Fri* - We had decided on the house plan but now are wondering about another- something else, anyway on one story.

MARJ: *Feb 25, 1964 Sat* - We've been talking to Gene Goodwin about building us a house and taking the lots on Ada for part trade deal. Otherwise, if we get no trade, we'll build the house ourselves.

BARRY: *Mar 2, 1964* - I'm going to write a letter home now and tell them how I think they should build the new house.

MYRNA: *May 11, 1964* - We have to plant 1000 trees one of these days. We really need to build a house also.

## FINANCING THE NEW HOUSE - SOLD LOTS ON ADA

The new house was to be financed by the sale of a section of property on Ada Avenue adjacent to the apartment house, which included six lots: numbers 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44. The lots had been purchased by Barney and his father and brothers in the 1930's. In 1960, Marj had bought out the other half of ownership of lots 41-44, from her sister-in-law, Dorothy South Burns, Charlie's widow, making Marj the sole owner of all six lots. There were two small log house rentals on part of the property. The rents were meager and hard to collect. The lots were sold to John Richard Wheeler, Burt Peery, and Blaine Hendricks in two transactions.

MARJ: *Apr 26, 1964 Sun* - We have our house plans drawn and we'll start soon. I sold our lots on Ada on options basis. And as soon as we get a word that they can get a permit, we'll start our house. We'll know that we can begin. We won't have to wait until they can get their loan through before we can begin. They are going to build a milk and dairy products station there.

David served as building contractor for the house. He had had plenty of experience at Lawndale Estates. He was also working at the AEC and running the farm.

SUSAN: Reese Casperson built the house, nice guy, LDS. His son John Casperson is a good friend of Randy.

### HOUSE ON THE SAND

RANDY: People would refer to the scripture, about building your house upon the sand. But we went ahead and built it on top of a sand hill.

## FIRST COLT

SUSAN: We've really been having fun. We had nine horses to begin with: Running Feathers, Johnnies Jewel, Red Roanie, Red, Cricket, Star, Flaxy, and two others we don't have names or papers for. Later we got another horse we don't have a name or papers for either.

DAVID: *Apr 6, 1964* - We don't have any colts yet but it shouldn't be very long till we do.

MARJ: *Apr 26, 1964 Sun* - We have no new colts yet. Their mothers look as if they would pop almost any moment

MYRNA: *May, 1964* - The Roan is supposed to have a colt pretty soon but I wish she would hurry up.

SUSAN: *May 7, 1964* - We put Red Roanie in the corral with connection to the barn. Three days later David put her in the barn with the door shut. She had her colt that night. The next morning David said she had had it. Randy and I ate our breakfast and ran out to the barn. I opened the door and looked all around but I couldn't find it anywhere.

### BONNEVILLE COUNTY COURT HOUSE RECORDS

May 20, 1960-May 23, 1960

To: Marjorie M. South  
From: Dorothy South Burns and Ken  
½ interest in lots 41, 42, 43, 44 in Block 80 of Highland Park  
Book 128, page 25

Sep 8, 1964-Sep 11, 1964  
To: John Richard Wheeler, Burt Peery, & Blaine Hendricks  
From: Marjorie South  
Lots 39, 40, 41, Block 80  
Book 158, page 389

Sep 8, 1964-Sep 11, 1964  
To: John Richard Wheeler, Burt Peery, & Blaine Hendricks  
From: Marjorie South  
Lots 42, 43, 44, Block 80  
Book 158, page 391



DAVID & ROBIN  
& "Frosty Tips"  
(named by Susan)

"Our first colt is the most colorful any of the horse raisers in the country have seen this spring." (Marj)

We were really wondering by this time if she had or not, but she wasn't big anymore so we knew she must have. We ran and got David and told him there wasn't a colt in the barn and it looked as though nothing had happened. He came to the barn and surveyed the barn, then he noticed that one of the wires of the door had broken and the colt had apparently gone through, but it wasn't in the corral either.

It had gone through a hole in the fence, and when we saw it, it was running around with all the other horses. We hurried and got it back in the corral and let out the Roan. She sniffed it all over (I guess to make sure it was hers). It is a "Boy" with brown on the head and

front of the body with a star on its forehead and white tips on the ears. Its rear is white with brown spots on it. It has a really beautiful body with long bony legs. Its knee joints are quite large, but hoofs and lower legs are real nice.

Blair is going to give us a riding pony this summer, and that'll make 12 horses altogether. Our new one (not the colt) is the next to have a colt.

#### COLT - COLOR

MARJ: May 26, 1964 Tues - I guess you have heard by now that the colt #1 is the most colorful any of the horse raisers in the country have seen this spring, and color is so very important in Appaloosa horses. I think Blair turned green when he saw him.

I guess we'll train the little colt and put him in the shows. The Stangers tell us a few blue ribbons will increase his worth. No more colts yet and one due soon. I bought a halter for the new colt. He's filling out now and getting really cute.

We are to have one of Blair's stallions on the place today or tomorrow for a time. We have one of his ponies now.

I think besides David, Sue is the best rider on the place.

We have two saddles of our own, and the temporary use of one of Bernie's. Bernie was up over the weekend and reports that Barry will be home Thursday. That will be nice. We need him.

#### SAND CREEK

MARJ: May 26, 1964 Tue - The creek is running high. Sue and Randy and Myrna have been swimming several times. I am glad it rained. The farms needed it. Also garden. We have one tomato plant in bloom (one blossom). The apple trees are blossoming. The trees are leafed out at last.

May 29, 1964 Fri - We have the stallion home, and he's beautiful. Barry came home last night. He's a beautiful sight also.

### Home Sweet Home

After Barry's arrival, all of the family was living, working, and playing on the farm—except M'Jean, who was at Hartt College of Music in Connecticut. M'Jean's friend, Sue Palmer, a recent convert to the church, was anxious to travel out west, and M'Jean planned to drive with Sue in her new blue Volkswagon.



### DIFFERENT AT HOME

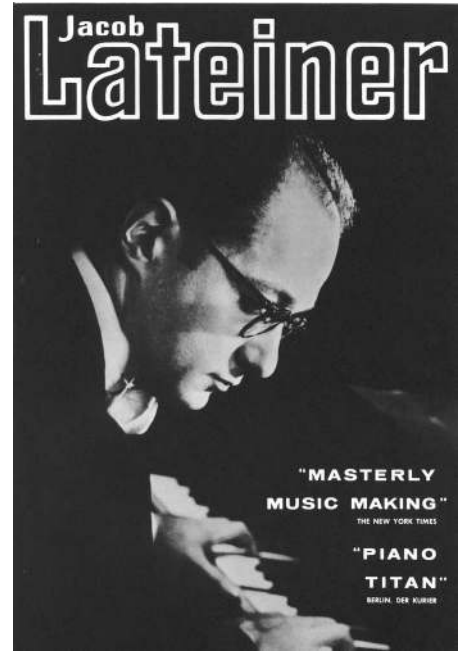
DAVID: *Spring, 1964* - (To M'Jean) Things are sure going to be different when you get home this year. We have been riding the horses some lately. If you hurry home you will have time to break a couple horses before fall.

M'JEAN: *April 15, 1964* - Sue and I are planning our trip west. We want to take the northern route as much as possible and come down over Teton Pass. It is OK for Sue to stay with us, isn't it? She wants to use our place as home base and branch out from there.

MARJ: *May 26, 1964* - Will you explain to Sue that she won't get a letter, not likely to anyway. Tell her we are eager to make her acquaintance and assure her how welcome she is.

### PIANO EXAM

M'JEAN: My final piano exam will be on the 1<sup>st</sup> of June. Can't wait to get it over with. I'll have, hopefully, about 30 minutes of memorized playing to pass the scrutiny of the jury. All I really care about is my teacher, Mr. Lateiner, whom I want so much to please, because he is a marvelous musician, the one whose playing made Betty decide she wanted to be a pianist [Betty Benthin Petree, the girls' wonderful piano teacher].



### WORLD'S FAIR

M'Jean and Sue spent a weekend at the New York World's Fair, June 6-8, the biggest highlight being the church exhibition, with the replica of three towering Salt Lake Temple spires. They also saw the beautiful Michaelangelo statue "Pieta" in the Catholic exhibition. They returned to Hartford, then left the following week for the drive across the country to Idaho.

JACOB LATEINER

"My teacher is a marvelous musician, the one whose playing made Betty decide she wanted to be a pianist."  
(M'Jean)

### WEST POINT

M'JEAN: From Hartford we followed a route which took us to two points of interest in New York State: first to get a view of West Point, which held much fascination for me ever since it was the subject of a high school research paper; second was Palmyra. The sky was overcast and the air misty when we first caught sight of West Point, a fitting atmosphere for viewing that historical place.

### SACRED GROVE

It was the middle of the night when we arrived at Palmyra, so we pulled up in front of the police station and slept. At daybreak we drove to the Sacred Grove and walked among the trees. We were the only ones there. A special experience. It was about the same time of year and same time of day when Joseph Smith entered that grove to pray.

### SCARY WIND

When we drove through the outskirts of Chicago, I was driving, and I learned why they call it the "Windy City." Driving a small car on the freeway through the terrific wind was a frightful experience. While steering into the wind to keep from being blown off the road, we would pass a semi and I would have to over-correct to keep from slamming into it. As soon as we were past the truck, I had to turn the wheel hard and fast back into the wind. A truck passing on the other side of us meant steering just the opposite.

### ARRIVED AT FARM

Once in Idaho Falls, I was driving on familiar ground until we came to the end of Holmes Avenue and the paved street turned to a dirt road, the Park-Taylor Road. I followed the directions the family had sent until we arrived at the farm.



"The front door opened into the living room, and there sat the grand piano I had heard about." (*M'Jean*)

## FARMHOUSE

On the south side of the farm there was a small, gray house [soon to be painted white by David and Judy] set back from the road, with a row of tall trees on either side of the front yard.

The front door opened into the living room, and there sat the

grand piano I had heard about. The upright piano was against one wall. Other furniture crowded the remaining space. Adjacent to the living room, with no separating partition, was the modest-sized kitchen.

There was one bathroom and two bedrooms, which were occupied by David and Judy and their two little girls, Robin and Jenny.

A space in the basement barely large enough to fit two facing double beds and two dressers served as a bedroom for Marj and the girls. The exposed pipes substituted for a closet. The cement floor was painted bright red.

## MILK BARN

The kitchen door led to the back yard and a small building referred to as the "milk barn," where Barry and Randy slept.

RANDY: Barry and I were relegated to bunk in the milk barn. Can you believe it? A tin shed with concrete slab floor. No insulation, no fans, no heater for winter cold, no air conditioner for summer heat, and no mufflers for pounding hail and rain storms. Mice would run rampant. Evenings were spent with the family in the big house till bed time and then it was off like a dash to the milk barn to sleep. Mountains of blankets and old sleeping bags were used to keep us warm on nights that dropped in temperatures. Fortunately, there were only a few that were down below zero. Many nights Barry would wander in later after his escapades in painting the town.

ROBIN & JENNY SOUTH



## BARRY FARMING - CONSTRUCTION

Barry worked on the farm, but he also had various construction jobs.

BARRY: I was working with Gene Goodwin on a job. He was building an apartment house for someone, pouring foundation. Sherwood Johnson was working for him too. The job did not last long. Another job, I was a grade checker when that highway was being built up beyond Rexburg towards St. Anthony and Ashton. I marked stakes. That lasted about two months.

I worked for Mel Empey. Do you remember him? He lived not too far from us on the farm. He had a business of grading and paving, and I was doing quite a few parking lots and a few other roads for him. One was the runway at the airport. We were filling in cracks with tar.

## BRAND NEW FOAL

M'Jean, introduced to the horses, joined in the excitement of the new foals.

M'JEAN: Early in the morning I was walking past the corral and saw one of the mares, with a small heap next to her on the ground which appeared to be covered with a white film. It was her seconds-old foal! I had happened by just moments after this little colt was born. After spreading the news to whoever else was available, we watched the little critter find its wobbly legs and start walking.

With Barry and Randy sleeping in the milk barn and the girls sleeping in the red-painted-floor basement room, everyone shared space in the little farmhouse all summer. At the time fall classes began at BYU, and Barry, M'Jean, and Myrna had headed to Provo, the new house was far from finished.

### *College Kids*

Barry was a veteran at the Y, but everything was new to M'Jean and Myrna, and he looked out for them, especially 17-year-old freshman Myrna. Sometimes he visited at their apartment, took them grocery shopping and occasionally, a movie. Sometimes they borrowed Bernie's truck, which was a challenge to drive, as it required double-clutching to shift gears.

MYRNA: I was happy that we both got into orchestra. I am getting to like Crawford Gates more and more. On the surface he seems sort of hard. When he is aware of a problem he becomes extremely considerate, and he is interesting, but efficient in conducting. We had a lesson in ballroom dancing by Alma Heaton. He was interesting, sort of exhilarating.

Barry is helping with my composition on dressing out a deer. For the Halloween party I dressed as a nun, M'Jean a friar. Roommates were Robin Hood and gypsy.

### THANKSGIVING - NEW HOUSE

M'JEAN: Myrna and I had roommates, Maggie, from California and Jane from Hawaii. Neither had prospects of spending Thanksgiving vacation at their homes, so we invited them to come home with us, also Maggie's brother.

MYRNA: We left about four. Played password etc. on the way up. Got home quite early. Jonas was just finishing the carpet. The house was gorgeous. I loved every inch!

MARJ: Nov 12, 1979  
- I remember in Taylor the first Thanksgiving, last of carpet laid about 7:00 PM and girls arrived from Provo about 9 o'clock with roommates as guests. Myrna went running through the house shouting "I like it! I like it! It's wild but I like it." I think I shall always remember that. We still didn't have a stove so we cooked our turkey out and had to go pick it up Thanksgiving Day from someplace. But we were all home and it was wonderful.

SUSAN SOUTH

"Myrna went running through the house shouting 'I like it! I like it! It's wild but I like it.' I think I shall always remember that." (Marj)





## CHRISTMAS

Christmas vacation was always fun and always went by too fast. It would be hard to say who looked forward to Christmas vacation more--Barry, M'Jean, and Myrna, home from BYU, or Marj, so glad having everyone home and having a reprieve from her own school. With college finals looming in January, everyone would bring home a ton of studies and then never crack a book.

MYRNA: *Dec 22 Wed* - We went to pick out our Christmas tree. It was fun. We went shopping for Grandma and Grandpa. Well everybody went to ward party, Barry and I went shopping for Sue and Randy.

*Dec 24 Thur* - Grandma, Grandpa, and Bernie and all of us singing Christmas carols. Barry sang a couple songs.

*Dec 25 Fri* - We got up to open our Christmas presents, got our coats and nightgowns which were pretty. David picked them out. Zelma sent slippers. Grandma, Grandpa, Bernie came over. Barry, Sue, Randy, and I played Monopoly.

The homebodies were glad for a little help with chores. Food was abundant, meals haphazard. As Marj was unable to eat gluten, Susan and Randy rarely had hotcakes. Myrna decided to give them a treat. Monday, December 28, she journaled, "I cooked hotcakes. Barry pities our husbands."

One month later, it was home again for semester break.

### TEMPLE CLOTHES MADE BY GRANDMA KNAPP

MYRNA: *Jan 31, 1965 Sun* - It is always pleasant to come home. We went to see Grandma and Grandpa. She gave us our temple clothes and said to be sure to wear them.

## BYU -NEW STADIUM - HFAC - WILK

The school year 1964-65 was a banner year at BYU, with the unveiling of three significant new structures. The Cougar Stadium [later renamed LaVell Edwards Stadium) was opened October 2, 1964.

Myrna: We went to the game at the opening of the stadium. There was an interesting program. The band and folk dancers performed.

### HFAC & WILK DEDICATED

Also, two significant multi-million dollar buildings were completed and dedicated: The Franklin S. Harris Fine Arts Center and the Wilkinson Student Center. In celebration, a gala concert was performed November 12 & 13, 1964, with Crawford Gates conducting the orchestra and oratorio choir in Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

The orchestra would again perform at the dedication on April 3, 1965.

MYRNA: We had the HFAC dedication. The symphony played. President Joseph Fielding Smith dedicated them (HFAC and the Y Center).

## TWO YEARS - TWO COLLEGE DEDICATIONS

M'JEAN I had the opportunity to participate in two college dedications, two years in a row. The year previous, I had played in the orchestra at the December 5, 1963, dedication of the Alfred C. Fuller Music Center, Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford. The orchestra accompanied renowned guest soloist, Marian Anderson, who sang the Star-Spangled Banner and a Verdi aria.

Especially exciting was the performance of the Brahms Double Concerto for Violin and Cello by famous artists Isaac Stern and Leonard Rose at the gala concert. At Hartt, I also played under the baton of Aaron Copland.

M’Jean and Myrna had classes other than music, but their main focus was in the music department. They even got a job, which they shared, marking bowings in orchestra parts. They played some of those same parts in two opera productions, “Tosca” by Puccini and “The Bartered Bride” by Smetana.

#### SOPHOMORE RECITAL

Springtime, Myrna pursued more social activities, while M’Jean practiced for her sophomore recital, scheduled for May 17. Marj, Sue, and Randy would be driving down for it.

MYRNA: *May 12, 1965* - “Y Day.” We got up early and went in truck to the dairy farm. Had breakfast then had program. We went to pick rocks out of the orchard. I had my cowboy hat which helped matters. (I think the boys took notice of the hat.)

*May 17* – M’Jean’s Recital. Sue and Randy came to school with me at 7:00, to my French class and then also to my theory class. Brother Cundick was friendly to the kids. He told us we could all be composers. I think my appreciation grows for him more all the time. Bernie and Marj came. Sue and Randy came to softball. We were quite a team, throwing the balls to each other. We spent an hour or more deciding where and what to eat and were nearly late to M’Jean’s recital. It was very nice.

A few more days of school and it was time to go home to the farm.

### *Magic Summers*

For two summers, in 1964 and 1965, the entire family lived on the farm and worked at raising animals and farming: tending horses, cow and calves, irrigating, baling, bucking, and hauling hay and straw, harvesting and hauling grain. The heavy duty tasks, especially in regards to equipment repairs, fell to David and Barry, who both had other jobs in addition.

Everyone was dedicated to working hard. They were just as dedicated to playing hard: swimming, canoeing, riding horses on the farm and the butte, as well as fishing and trail rides in Island Park. There were also plenty of church activities, and fun in hosting visiting relatives.

Even that second farm summer, the family shared time in the little farmhouse, in the evenings. David and Judy had a TV, and every night there would be a movie on TV. Everyone at Marj’s house would go over to watch the movie, and when it was over, always pretty late, it would be pleasant, traipsing back together in the dark, from the other side of the farm to go to bed.

Letters, writings, and day-to-day journal entries paint somewhat of a memory picture of the sawmill family down on the farm.

M’JEAN: The summer of 1965 was especially memorable for me. School was to be put on hold for a couple of years, when I was called to serve a 27-month mission to Austria, scheduled to leave in September.



"The love of horses was intense. Marj enrolled Susan and me in the 4-H program. We would spend huge blocks of time currying, riding, training and caring for horses."  
(Randy)

## Appaloosa Horses

All of the family enjoyed the horses, but with Susan and Randy, it became a true love affair. They loved horses and were involved in taking care of them for years.

RANDY: By far the best part about living there was the association with horses. The love of horses was intense. We would spend huge blocks of time currying, riding, training and caring for horses.

Marj enrolled Susan and me into the 4-H horse program. That made it all up for me. The 4-H kids met once a month in someone's home and we learned about horses! I looked forward to those days just about as much as Christmas.

SUSAN: *Mar 24, 1965* - Just recently Randy and I joined a 4-H riding club. We go to school with most of the kids in it.

*April 11, 1965* - I got my picture in the paper with the 4-H club but Randy couldn't make it.

RANDY: At the first 4-H fair I showed one of the original ten brood mares. Then during that first year "Navajo" was born and he was designated "Randy's horse." Navajo was a purebred Appaloosa stud colt with a beautiful traditional Appaloosa coloring. He was a beautiful black horse with white rump including spots. A white star on his forehead accented his paint job. He was a blue ribbon winner trained to walk very fast and go anywhere asked to go.

Susan had the beautiful Palomino she called Flaxy. For several years running we entered those horses into the 4-H fairs and each won ribbons each year.

The other horses took care also, and we were involved up to our earlobes. At one time, we had over thirty horses on the little farm. The work and play included feeding, training, grooming, and so forth. We loved the interaction with those critters. The breed of the horses was the Appaloosa. At that time in the 60's the Appaloosa horse breed was one of the favorites for our area. Our mares were a sporadic lot and a mixture of broke horses, half broke horses, and horses as wild as March Hares.

### TEN BROOD MARES

Star, was a white, almost albino mare with a single foot gate, not a kids horse. She must have had barrel racing training because when you rode close to a 50-gallon drum she would run around it so fast that if you were not really holding on you'd be dumped

The Blue Roan, never ridden.

Apache and Comanche--dark brown, both with stars on their foreheads and white socks, not typical Appaloosa coloring, but their scary eyes were definitely of that breed.

The Red Roan-I think Barry had a saddle on her once and then decided against riding her. It just was not worth a broken bone.

The Bay.

Red, a gorgeous sorrel that Barry rode sometimes, definitely not a kids horse



and only a daring soul would get on her.

Feathers, a leopard Appaloosa with a very interesting paint job and a big Roman nose that was purely Appaloosa.

Cricket was the odd one out in that she must have been a Thoroughbred Appy cross. She was chocolate brown with a splendid demeanor.

Flaxy was a beautiful young Palomino mare that Susan fell in love with. Susan loved, cared for, groomed and trained Flaxy to be a grand horse. Susan won many ribbons at the 4-H fairs with that splendid horse.

### INDIAN HORSES

DAVID: We raised and learned a lot about horses. We learned that in North America the Appaloosa was bred as a saddle horse by the Nez Perce Indians of the Northwest. These Native Americans valued the Appaloosa for its strength, speed and sure footedness. We also learned that Appaloosas are most easily recognized by their colorful coat patterns, but that they also have three other distinctive characteristics: mottled skin, white sclera and striped hooves. Then too, I found out that stallions can be tough. Even the gentle ones can get mean and go after you. Once, my gentlest stallion turned on me. I had to hit him on the nose, hard, to wake him up and get him to back off. During all the time I had a stud horse on the farm, I kept a rifle at the back door just in case I needed it. But we had fun times too--trail rides and parties with friends and neighbors. And besides fun, our Appaloosas were interesting.

### THREE STALLIONS

RANDY: We had three stallions during the years of horse breeding. Domino, named for his coloring, was jet black with white spots and was a beautiful horse. Dry Ice was another papered and BIG Appaloosa stallion that we housed for a time. He was high on to a draft horse size. David spent some time on him and could never seem to wear him out no matter how long the ride. Lucky Daze was a valuable pure blood stallion.

MARJ: Dad [Grandpa Knapp] is beginning to take a real interest in our place and the horses also.

## Cow & Calf Rodeo

In addition to the horses, Marj bought or traded for a black and white milk cow, named Pet, and a few calves. Pet's job was not to provide milk for the South family, but for the calves. The calves' job was to milk this cow, which they had never seen before, and get fat. M'Jean was assigned to tend the calves.

M'JEAN: The smallest calf was my favorite, and I named him Cochituate. There were also Massasoit, Pequot, Sagebrush, Lambsies, and Angie. Cochituate had been weaned off his mother so young that he didn't seem to remember how to get milk from a cow. We had to feed him milk replacer from a nursing bucket until he could figure out what a cow was for.

There was even more trouble when there were new little calves to milk the cow and the older ones were big enough to be weaned. They didn't take to that idea. The result of trying to jostle stubborn calves around always meant rodeo time.



### RANDY & NAVAJO

"Navajo was a purebred Appaloosa stud colt with a beautiful traditional Appaloosa coloring. A white star on his forehead accented his paint job. He was a blue ribbon winner trained to walk very fast and go anywhere asked to go."

(Randy)

*Miji Note:*  
Marj was a believer in raw milk, and the family bought milk from a neighbor down the road.

### CALF FEED

Powdered Milk Replacer, mixed up with water, is sucked by the calf through the long nipple, which extends from the side of the nursing bucket. Calves have a strong suckling instinct and will suckle most anything.

M'JEAN: *Aug 4 Wed* - David, Myrna, Randy, and I went to Jenkins' and got two more calves. Randy and I had our own rodeo with the new calves. We tried to get the big ones out of the barn, the medium ones in the stalls, and the little ones on the cow.

We got Sagebrush and Lambsies in the stalls; Lambsies jumped over. I got oats for the cow; she almost took my arm off, so I handed them to Randy, and she chased him in the barn. The calves followed. The wrong ones. After we finally got everyone in place, the little ones ate, and we took the cow out, only to realize we forgot the udder cream. We propped a bucket of oats on a board and applied the udder cream out in the corral while trying to keep the big calves off. We finally took the cow back in the barn and shoved all the calves out but the littlest one. We put him in a stall.

#### THE GRASS IS GREENER

Until fixed or replaced, many of the fences on the farm were in sad shape. Some were broken down board fences, some barbed wire, and some electric.

M'JEAN: Many mornings we would wake up to Marj's announcement, "The Indians are coming!" Sometimes that meant get up there is work to be done, but frequently it meant the horses got out of the pasture and we have to round them up and chase them out of the alfalfa field.

Although a horse will have some respect for an electric fence or barbed wire, fences never seemed to mean much to a cow. Any kind of fence they can get through, they will. It was more serious when we had a few beef cows and they got into the grain field. The biggest, best heifer foundered. Dead, bloated, lying on its back with 4 feet in the air. Nothing to do but call animal products and have it hauled away.

#### CHASING CALVES

M'JEAN: One day some of the calves got loose and ran down the road and turned into the neighbor's yard and into his haystack. This haystack was like a maze, where some of the hay bales had been stacked somewhat haphazardly, providing little passageways where the calves could hide out. Those calves would dart around so fast. Every time we got one out, another would run inside. It was crazy! By the time we succeeded in getting them back to our farm, we had done some real wrangling. This was just part of the ongoing "rodeo."

### *Irrigating*

With the flood-irrigated farm, the job that never ended was irrigating. The crops were watered by diverting water from the ditch into one section of furrows at a time. The furrows were graded to a gradual slope, so once the water was turned into them, it would flow downhill to the bottom of each furrow.

Of course there had to be water in the ditch. But before opening the main headgate at the canal to let the water run down the ditch, it was necessary to dam up the ditch at the spot where the water needed to stop, just past those few furrows next to be watered. The dam would keep the water from continuing down the length of the ditch, thus forcing the flow into the furrows.

#### CANVAS DAM

Walking along the ditch bank, surrounded by green fields, the fragrance of

alfalfa in the air, was pleasant. The unpleasant part was damming the ditch with a canvas dam. A canvas dam is a big tarp, with a board secured into the top end, long enough to span the width of the ditch, and then some. By setting the rigid board-end of the dam across the ditch, the rest of the canvas hangs loose, and you can poke it down into the mud at the bottom and sides of the ditch with the shovel.

You have to make sure to shovel enough mud and dirt around all the edges so that when the water flows down the ditch and hits the dam, it doesn't leak through. You set the dam when there is no water in the ditch.

#### SPIDERS & DADDY-LONG-LEGS

So here was the procedure: put on your irrigating boots, grab your shovel, tromp to the back of the field to the canal and close the main headgate to stop the water flow from the canal. Walk back along the ditch till you get to the spot where you last set the canvas dam. Yank out the dam, knock off all the spiders and daddy-long-legs you can, carry the heavy, muddy dam on your back down along the ditch to the new spot, just past the next group of rows to be watered, and set the dam. Go back to the main headgate, crank it open and let the water down the ditch. Go back to where you set the dam and wait for the water to make sure the dam is secure.

If you didn't do a good enough job of setting the dam and water starts leaking around the edges, you try desperately to fix it by frantically shoveling mud onto the leak. But good luck. It just doesn't work. The water gets the best of you, the whole dam washes out, and you have to go back to the main headgate and shut off the water and start over.

This was often demonstrated by Myrna, who did more irrigating than anybody.

MYRNA: Today wasn't terribly profitable. I started irrigating at 8 and finished about 11. I thought it would only take a minute. I used the Volkswagon. There were lots of ducks on the flooded area. There were some holes in the ditch bank. I worked with dirt for a while and finally gave up and stuffed a pole in one and a stump and some willows in another. I was on hands and knees packing mud around.

#### MINGO

M'JEAN: Irrigating just got worse when Mingo came along. For \$5.00 Marj bought a little Border Collie pup from the neighbor, Norman Stanger. If Mingo saw you wearing gloves and carrying a shovel, he was right there. Trouble was, he wouldn't walk beside you, in front or back. Had to be right under your feet. We would try to sneak out the back door without making a sound. If the door squeaked, it was all over.

When you came to a ditch and jumped across, he would follow but wouldn't quite make it. His hind legs would be in the water and his front legs pawing frantically trying to get up on the bank. So of course you'd have to help him up. With his back half soaking wet, fur clinging to a body you didn't realize was so small, and his front half dry and fluffy, he looked like a little lion. Mingo grew and eventually turned out to be the best cow dog around. Norman wished he had him back.



#### MINGO

Marj bought a little Border Collie pup from the neighbor, Norman Stanger, for \$5. Mingo eventually turned out to be the best cow dog around. Norman wished he had him back.



## *Haying*

One morning when the girls woke up in that makeshift basement bedroom of the little white farmhouse and started to dress, one of them discovered that her legs, above the knees, were covered with red spots like a large rash. That was startling. Then everyone else noticed the same thing--red spots on the legs. It appeared they all had some queer disease. When they realized where the "disease" came from, it turned out to be funny, in a sorry sort of way.

The day before, they had all been introduced to the backbreaking job of bucking hay. Previously, they had each taken turns baling hay, driving the tractor through the hay field, towing the hay baler along the windrows of cut hay. The result was neat rows of hay bales which then were to be loaded onto the trailer before being transported to their final resting place.

### HEFTING HAY

The trailer was pulled along slowly, next to the hay bales, by the tractor. Driving the tractor was the easy job. Standing on the moving trailer and stacking the bales was a hard job. The really hard job was to walk along beside the moving trailer and heft the hay bales up onto it. The guys were able to pick up a hay bale and throw it up onto the trailer in one motion. Really big guys could do two at once.

The girls were just not strong enough to do it that way. They would bend down, grab the twine bindings, one in each hand, pick up the bale, and sort of jounce it from their knees, and hoist it onto the trailer. So that next morning when the light dawned, the girls realized that even though they had worn levis, the red spots came from being stabbed, right through their denim levis, by sharp, poky hay stems.

MYRNA: Working in the hay field I remember pretty well. One night we were working very very late and I think David had a hay fever attack and we all spent the rest of the night at his house, maybe sleeping on the floor. By then we must have been living in our own house, or why would we have slept on the floor.

### MARJ COLLEGE CLASSES

Marj was farming, but she had school, also. Having earned her provisional teaching certificate, Marj had taught school fulltime during the 1964-65 school year with a salary of \$3575. Throughout the school year she had continued taking night courses from BYU extension in Idaho Falls.

When summer school started, Marj signed up for a heavy load of classes, moving forward towards getting her degree from ISU, and logging a lot of miles on the green Volkswagon. Any class offered at BYU-extension in Idaho Falls would save some trips to Pocatello. She had her kids helping with her homework, reading her books, typing her papers.

M'JEAN: I typed a report on the Aztecs, then another paper, and another. Several days I worked on her notebook. Marj would bring home an armfull of books, 6th grade level, mostly fiction, which she was supposed to read and report on. I don't think she ever read any of them. She just passed them out to all of us. We were all so captivated by "The Bronze Bow" that we read it out loud while doing dishes, ironing, etc. One of my favorites was "The Witch of Blackbird Pond."

## SAD ACCIDENT

It was on a day when Marj was not at home that a sad accident occurred on the farm. Ten-year-old Randy, watching Barry using a table saw in the shop, reached toward the saw to knock off a piece of wood, and the saw grabbed three fingers.

M'JEAN: Barry was holding Randy's hand in his when they came hurrying towards the house, where I was. I held the little bleeding hand while Barry, white as a sheet, drove to the hospital. Poor little Randy was crying and said, "I'll never be able to play the violin again."

RANDY: I was "helping" my older brother Barry make some tool boxes out of wood, and I placed my left hand right over the turning blade of the table saw! Even though the skillful doctors sewed my fingers back together, that ended the prospect of me being a violin virtuoso. It may have been a great blessing in disguise because I do like the construction industry. I could still play the violin of sorts but it would never be the same because my fingers just do not function exactly as they should. I did continue to take violin lessons and practiced until I was about sixteen. When my older sister Susan graduated from High School she stopped taking lessons and I was allowed to follow suit.

Over the next two years Randy had additional surgery and numerous therapy treatments.

## BERNIE MARRIED

Thursday, July 22, 1965, was a red-letter day. Uncle Bernie Knapp, who had been like a big brother to the kids in the family all their lives, was married, at the age of 35, to Louise Andrus in the Idaho Falls Temple.

The plan for wedding celebrations included a reception in Louise's ward in Lava the following evening and an open house in Marj's farmhouse the week after. Their reception in Lava featured several musical numbers followed by a dance. David was emcee; Barry sang "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"; Myrna and M'Jean played piano numbers; Susan played "Melody of Love" on the violin. The kids painted Bernie's car, and Grandpa got mad. It was a "swinging reception" with Oriental theme for the cake, wedding dress, bridesmaid dresses. Barry danced in the bridal waltz.

The reception coincided with the 3-day musical production of "Annie Get Your Gun" in the Idaho Falls auditorium, part of the Pioneer Day festivities. David's wife, Judy, played the leading role of Annie, a role she had played in high school.

M'JEAN: I danced with David. He said, "I guess Judy shouldn't mind if I dance with my sister when she's off making love to some stranger."

## PIONEER DAY PARADE - MUSICAL PRODUCTION

M'JEAN: *Jul 24, 1965 Sat* - Barry and I worked on cattle guard, had to take Susan and Randy to ride in the parade. Our truck was not fixed, so we got Bernie's pickup at Al's. Tonight we saw "Annie Get Your Gun." Judy did a bang up job.

### JUDY SOUTH

Pioneer Day festivities featured a 3-day musical production of "Annie Get Your Gun." Judy played the leading role of Annie, a role she had played in high school.



The week between the reception at Lava and the reception at the farm was quiet. Myrna and Susan went to girls' camp. M'Jean and Randy doubled up on their share of the chores, and since Myrna was the primary irrigator, that meant a lot of tromping around in the mud carrying nasty spidery canvas dams, in addition to wrestling calves.



BERNIE KNAPP &  
LOUISE ANDRUS  
Married July 22, 1965  
in the Idaho Falls Temple  
They were given a "warm"  
reception at the farm.

M'JEAN: *Jul 26, 1965 Mon* - Myrna and Susan got off to camp before six. (I took them to the church.) I was left with the irrigating. David and I worked on truck some more, bearings. I welded a little bit.

*Jul 27, 1965 Tue* - Still irrigating. Worked a little with David on the truck. Randy went to hospital for treatment. Stake president called, made appointment for Wednesday next. [mission interview]

*Jul 28, 1965 Wed* - Irrigated, cleaned house, got sunburned. Randy had Trail Builder round-up at church. Barry and I went. It was a really good steak dinner. We took ice cream. It was a good party. Randy got splattered with an egg in the egg throwing contest. Barry was being really careful. Bishop got egg on him.

*Jul 29, 1965 Thur* - Judy came over to clean house for the reception. I irrigated. Judy went to Temple while Marj went to class. I tended kids.

#### "WARM RECEPTION"

When the mason installed the back-to-back fireplaces in Marj's new house, he had advised, "Now don't just use this kitchen fireplace as an incinerator." But that good counsel was largely ignored, as it was so handy for burning up boxes, cartons, and scrap paper. That kicked out a lot of heat. Sometimes there would be quite a pile of trash in each fireplace before anyone would strike a match, especially in summer, as there was no air conditioning. This was the case the day of Bernie's reception.

M'JEAN: *Jul 30, 1965 Fri* - Bernie's reception at our house. I went to town in the morning and got groceries and some flatware for a present and also irrigated, finished the house. I burned the trash in both fireplaces just before the party began at 3 o'clock, so it was extra hot. About 50 to 75 came. It was nice.

#### EVERYDAY CHORES

M'JEAN: After David and I fixed the fence on the south pasture and put the calves and cow in (What a job!) we and Norman took the motor out of his truck. I got pretty dirty. Then Sue and Randy and I got in the creek.

MYRNA: I went out with Barry to irrigate when I got home. It's nice to have the boys explain things to me, but I never can tell what they're talking about.

M'JEAN: Pet got her halter loose and got her foot stuck through it today. I tended the calves.

MYRNA: I discovered I had no brakes at all. We coasted past the gate, couldn't stop, turned around came back. M'Jean jumped out and opened it so I could go through. When we got to the gate Barry was feeding the horses so I stayed with him. We had to tie up Lady (David's Great Dane) and will probably have to get rid of her because she got into Sessions' chickens.

M'JEAN: Getting the hay for the horses was a real job. Barry and I rode the tractor to the back hayfield up to the stack. He climbed up the lift to the stack top and threw down five bales. We loaded them on the bucket and came through the hay behind the quonset. At the fence we dumped the bales and carried them to the horses.

MYRNA: Randy and I went out to water the horses about 10:30. We got all five calves to drink from one mother today.

**Miji Note:** Some of the equipment worked a lot of the time. A lot of the equipment worked some of the time. But for all of the equipment to work all of the time was wishful thinking. There always seemed to be something for Barry or David to fix. This time it was the truck. David liked having someone with him when he worked; it didn't seem to matter so much if it were a big someone who knew enough to help or a little someone who would just keep him company.



M'JEAN: We took Red Roanie and colt to the horse sale. They brought \$60.  
MYRNA: We gave the calves shots today.  
M'JEAN: David and I went to Al's to help wire.  
MYRNA: I saddled Feathers and went with Susan and Randy. It was quite fun,  
made me feel independent.

## SUNDAY CHORES

The few farm chores necessary to be done on Sundays were taken care of very early or in the hours between morning Sunday School and evening Sacrament Meeting, necessitating changing clothes from Sunday best and back again.

M'JEAN: There were three organists at church - Judy, Myrna, and I— Because Myrna and I got stuck in the VW out in the back hayfield. David and Barry came and got the car out but got the pick up (Bernie's) stuck. Barry and I still had to get ready and so we were rather late for church. Myrna played "Canzonetta" in church on violin. The E tuner got stuck while she was tuning, and finally she and David had to go out and fix it while the next guy spoke.

## WARD ACTIVITIES

Taylor Ward had energetic youth, used to farm chores and plenty of physical activity. They had a roadshow, luau, hobo party, etc. There was an active M-Men and Gleaner group for the kids out of high school. Myrna was on the M-Men & Gleaner council. They planned firesides, roller skating party, canyon hayride.

Myrna and Susan enjoyed girls' camp and played on the girls' softball team.

M'JEAN: Myrna and Sue played and lost their second tournament game. Sue pitched 1st half and then they took her out; guess that's why they lost.

MYRNA: *Aug 4*, - Susan did a good job of pitching and I was really excited about it. We had a swimming party, played ball and chain. It was quite fun.

## MUSIC

In the Taylor Ward the South girls frequently played the organ and led the singing. With no recitals to prepare for, summer piano playing was mostly just for fun. M'Jean and Myrna had always enjoyed played duets. When asked for a number at the MIA opening social, they dragged out two of Barney's overcoats and worked up a routine. "M'Jean and I, in long coats, hats, and gloves, did comedy on 'Glowworm' and played Brahms," said Myrna. The Brahms, "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," designed for two pianos, they played on the piano and organ.

### PUCCINI'S "TOSCA"

At BYU M'Jean and Myrna had enjoyed playing in the orchestra pit for the opera production of "Tosca," by Puccini. There were some late hours for nightly rehearsals, but they liked the conductor, Lawrence Sardoni, and they fell in love with the music. Months later, the power of Puccini rang through the farm house daily, when it was discovered the record and score were to be had at the public library.

Barry was frequently asked to sing for church, weddings, funerals, etc. The girls enjoyed playing for him. Sometimes that was also just for fun.

M'JEAN: *Aug 19, 1965* - Barry and I sang and played some songs after supper. We didn't go to the show because it was indoors, and he didn't want to clean up.

## CATTLEGUARD & DRIVEWAY

There never seemed to be enough time to make all the improvements needed, but the ones which rose to the top of the list were the cattle guard, the driveway, and the yard around the house.

Everyone was tired of constantly having to open and close the gate out at the road, and when the gate was left open, there were horses and calves, just waiting for their chance, to sneak out and run off. What a job it was rounding them up! David and Barry tackled the project of putting in a cattle guard.

M'JEAN: *Jul 24, 1965 Sat* - Barry and I worked on cattle guard.

*Aug 7 Sat* - David and Myrna and I poured the cattle guard. Barry worked, made \$50.

*Aug 13, 1965 Fri* - Marj and David surveyed for the new driveway. Barry brought home the big loader (cat) and started leveling around the house.

*Aug 14, 1965 Sat* - David and Barry worked on the loader.

## CALLED TO SERVE- AUSTRIA

M'JEAN: *Aug 4, 1965* - A little after 9 o'clock I went to see the stake president. It was a short interview. He warned that it would be hard work, asked if I were willing to work harder than ever before. He asked where I wanted to go, if I would go anywhere.

*Aug 14, 1965* - Today I got my call! Austria! Oh frabjous day, calloo callay!! As I read it over, the letter signed by President David O. McKay, I had the most wonderful feeling. I am quite excited.

*Aug 19* - I got a card from Mary Jane South [cousin, serving in Austria]. I am surprised at how fast she found out.

*Aug 23* - I got a letter from my mission president, J. Peter Loscher. I went to the bishop's to get my acceptance signed and get a recommend.

*Aug 24* - Got my passport pictures taken.

### TEMPLE

*Aug 26, 1965 Thur* - I went to the temple with Grandma and Judy. Marj had to be at school. The temple was soon to be closed for summer end cleaning, so this was my only opportunity to go to the Idaho Falls Temple before my mission. Grandma was my escort, and I was able to wear the beautiful temple clothes she made for me.

### MARJ'S ART

Marj's summer art class had neared the end, and she had yet an art assignment.

M'JEAN: *Aug 17, 1965 Tue* - Marj had to have an old picturesque painted for tonight's class. She did ours [barn]; then she and I drove down the road to the barn with the hole in the roof. We sat on the canal bridge, and she worked on her easel with black ink. I sat on the boards and worked charcoal.

(Later) Marj just came home so excited. Her art teacher took her artwork apart from the rest, looked at it long and commented longer, said it was abstract, just perfect, and asked her to enter it in the fair. Then he hovered over her class-work, giving no suggestions, just watching.

He says she is an abstract painter, nothing he has taught them she is doing, just something natural coming out. She is tickled to death that she, who she figured never had a streak of artistic ability, can do abstract painting "whatever that is"; she is bound and determined to enter her picture in the fair.

## ISLAND PARK CABIN SALE

As of July, 1965, it had been 4 years since Marj had sold the sawmill. In those 4 years there had been countless trips to Island Park--fishing, hunting, attending church, enjoying the scenery--and everyone loved staying in the beautiful home Barney had built there. Marj held her breath a little every time she neared the old railroad crossing, hoping everything would be intact. It truly was home.

But the Forest Service didn't see it that way. They just wanted it out of there and off forest property. Between the worry about vandals and fire, and the heat she was getting from the Forest Service, Marj knew she had to do something.

The deal she made turned out to be pretty good for everybody. Fortunately there was a buyer who had property in the summer home area near Last Chance, and fortunately the house was built solidly enough it could be moved. The bill of sale was signed July 8, 1965, by Marj and the new owners, William and Ada Moss. The price was \$2000.

*Miji Note: Reading the Bill of Sale, I realized that the cabin was sold just 2 months before I left on my mission to Austria. And that the \$2000 price of the cabin matched closely the cost of my mission! My mission was 27 months, and Marj sent me \$75 per month, which is \$2025.*

Barney, through building that beautiful cabin we loved so much, quite directly had funded my mission! How grateful I am to him and to Marj for affording me that priceless experience of serving as a missionary.



STEVE KNAPP, BARRY SOUTH, DELYNN RUSSELL, DAVID SOUTH

### SALES AGREEMENT

I hereby agree to sell my log house, twenty-six feet by forty-six feet, which is located at Island Park Skiing to William F. Moss and Ada S. Moss for the sum of Two Thousand dollars to be paid as follows.

One thousand dollars to be paid upon the signing of this agreement and the sum of forty four dollars and thirty three cents (\$44.33) to be paid on the first days of each month beginning with the month of August 1965 and ending with the month of July 1967.

Dated this 8th day of July 1965.

Seller Marjorie South

### BUYER'S AGREEMENT

We, William F. Moss and Ada S. Moss, do agree to buy the above described property under the terms stated above.

Dated this 8th day of July 1965.

William F. Moss  
Ada S. Moss  
Buyers





One of the South family's favorite spots on the Buffalo River.

## FAREWELL MOUNTAIN HOME

It took a few weeks before the new owners got the cabin moved. The weekend of August 20-22 it was still there. The beds were gone, however. With summer classes over with, Marj was ready to play a little before school started. For three weekends in a row there were family excursions to Island Park. The first trip was with horses.

MYRNA: *Aug 20, 1965 Fri* -We spent most of the day getting ready to go to Island Park. We went to the Buffalo.

M'JEAN: *Aug 20, 1965 Fri* - We went to the mill. Norm and Joyce Stanger and kids went too. We put the supplies in their pickup, horses in the truck, and took the VW. When we got to about Last Chance, it started to pour. We gave up the tent idea and decided to stay in the cabin. We fixed supper and went to bed. Sue and I slept in Marj's bedroom on the floor.

### FAVORITE SPOTS

The next day the family migrated to their favorite scenic spots: the old mill set, up Split Creek Canyon, Wallins' cabin on the Buffalo River, Ed Ryberg's, and Tom Creek. As M'Jean was scheduled to be in the Mission Home in Salt Lake in exactly one month, David and Barry seemed determined either to make sure she had a good time or be glad to be leaving.

### "Close to Home"

Countless were the times, in all kinds of weather, the South family traveled over the Flat. In the distance is Sawtelle Peak.



### 1ST TRIP - HORSEBACK

M'JEAN: *Aug 21, 1965 Sat* - After breakfast the guys rode up to the old mill set while we did the dishes. Then David, the Stangers, and I rode the horses up to Wallins'. The others came in the pickup. David took us through the woods, and Cricket tried her best to scrape me off on every tree. The others were fishing when we arrived. David caught a couple from horseback. We rode up to Ed Ryberg's [campsite of old hermit who had panned for gold] and back. It was fun.

### "FISHING" WITH BROTHERS

At camp Barry and David grabbed a piece of cake, and then the three of us went fishing up to Tom Creek. Barry and I had the fun of watching David fall through the limbs of a log we were crossing and then get the seat of his pants caught on another limb. As soon as we got to the fishing hole, it started to rain.

When it began to pour we took to the woods. The trees were a little sparse and not too limby, at any rate, little protection. When it started to hail, David and I heard Barry hollering; he had no hat. So, each under a tree, and David jumping from one to another, we waited till it subsided somewhat.

I thought maybe when I was leaving for Austria I might think of that afternoon in the rain under our trees.

We did go back to fishing. David got one fish. I was assigned to break limbs off the dry side of the trees. Then David tried making a fire. After about 15 matches, three lost flies and numerous bites but no success, we gave up fire and fish and went back, soaked.

### CHURCH - APOSTLE RICHARDS

After a second night spent with make-do beds, everyone went to church.

M'JEAN: *Aug 22, 1965 Sun* - Apostle Legrande Richards, who was up with the Robinson reunion, spoke - good talk.

MYRNA: *Aug 22 Sun* - After church we went to the Buffalo [fishing]. Susan, Randy, and I rode the mares up. On the way back, David, Marj, and I went down a trail along the river. We went to the beautiful Moon Meadows.

### 2ND TRIP - HORSELESS

It was always fun to have a visit from city cousin, Frank South, with his dry humor. Called "Franto" by his half-Czech family, he enjoyed spending time with the family on the farm, always pitching in to help with the work. He went along on the next weekend trip to Island Park. On this trip there were no horses, and it was not all play. (But it was not all work, either.) As the cabin was soon to be moved, the truck was not for hauling horses but household goods.

Sandwiched in between packing and loading the truck, there was fishing on the Buffalo, roasting corn at Split Creek, and rolling rocks down the canyon--always a favorite pastime, and sighting a cow moose. Marj and Frank missed the moose, as they had gone golfing at the little Island Park golf course.

On Sunday, August 29, 1965, the Sacrament Meeting program was provided mostly by a choir from Pocatello. The family enjoyed Sunday afternoon in the woods and at the cabin.

M'JEAN: David and Barry went fishing late afternoon and took Sue and Randy. Marj went home with Dorothy Kerr [close friend]. Frank and Myrna and I sat on the only remaining piece of furniture in the cabin--the daveno, and talked by firelight and watched little Robin and Jenny.

It was to be the family's last stay in their dear mountain home.

## *Harvest Time*

**A**t the end of August, the start of school coincided with the beginning of harvest. The golden grain awaited the combine, and the hay, cut and lying in neat windrows, was ready to be baled.

The break for Marj between the end of her summer classes, and the beginning of the new school year and next batch of evening college courses, had been way too short. Early mornings, as she and the kids piled in the car and headed for school, she would rather have donned her work clothes and climbed on the tractor.

### **FARMIN' & FIXIN'**

Time doing farm work was divided between harvesting the crops and fixing the equipment--the tractor, the truck, the baler, and the combine. Cousin Frank, still on hand, pitched in to help.

M'JEAN: *Aug 30, 1965 Mon* - Myrna, David, Frank, and I baled hay and combined grain.

MYRNA: We worked on the machinery and crops all day. I broke the combine; M'Jean broke the baler.

M'JEAN: Barry and Norman Stanger (neighbor) got the combine fixed. They left the gate open, so Myrna, Frank, and I had to chase the horses out this morning. Then we combined and helped David fix the baler. It still isn't fixed.

MYRNA: *Aug 31* - I combined till it broke. Frank baled.

*Sep 1 Wed* - Frank's back from chasing horses. He was out baling at 6 AM. The baler broke down. He and David started work at eight.

M'JEAN: When the baler broke, Frank brought it back and put it in the quonset. David worked on it all day.

While poor David was repairing equipment, it fell to M'Jean and Myrna to get the grain to town in the truck. Then, since the combine did not work, to find someone to finish combining.

M'JEAN: *Sep 1, Wed* - Myrna and I took a load of grain in. The battery went dead on the truck. They pushed us off the ramp, but Myrna hadn't turned the key on. They pushed us with the fork lift.

Myrna and I rode around in the truck talking to old farmer men who were combining, to see if we could get our wheat combined now that the combine is out of commission. Frank left this afternoon.

MYRNA: Frank left while we were out looking for combines. We really enjoyed having Frank here. Wish he could be another brother.

M'JEAN: Myrna and I made a nocturnal visit to the south pasture tonight to kick three calves out.

M'JEAN: *Sep 2, 1965 Thur* - I drove around all morning looking up old farmer men with combines. I even flagged one man down who was driving a combine down the road.

M'Jean: I baled a while, tended calves, did breakfast dishes while David baled and Myrna went to dentist, then baled some more and broke a shear pin.

### **3RD ISLAND PARK TRIP - LABOR DAY WEEKEND**

By Labor Day weekend, the camp in Island Park looked bare, as the house had been moved to Last Chance. Only a few old cabins remained. Bill South's family often enjoyed vacationing with Marj's family on Labor Day weekend in Island Park.



Bill and Jane, the first to arrive, had driven their camper from Salt Lake, stayed two nights on the farm, then preceded Marj and kids to the campsite.

M'JEAN: We went up Saturday night. Bill and Jane were probably asleep. They had Grandpa's cabin warm and had locked the door. We slept there.

MYRNA: They wrote a note telling where the key was in Czech and German.

M'JEAN: *Sep 5 Sun* - We went to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting and about froze. We rode up to the Buffalo Inn. I walked up the river. It's so beautiful.

#### ON LABOR DAY IT RAINED.

MYRNA: *Sep 6 Mon* - We had breakfast and went to Big Springs and headed home. We tended the horses. Late dinner and dishes.

#### BACK TO THE SALT MINES

MYRNA: *September 7* - Susan's birthday. We tried to help with the combine. We fed the calves and horses. It took till after four.

M'JEAN: *Sep 9, 1965* - Myrna and I hauled grain. Marj hired Dwain Miller to do the combining. We had quite a time with the man in the white pants and yellow shirt at the grain elevator. We got to be pretty good at shoveling grain.

### THE DEVIL IS TRYING TO KILL YOU

Barry and Myrna left for BYU. M'Jean was also soon to be in Provo at the LTM (Language Training Mission). She was to enter the Mission Home in Salt Lake on Monday, Sep 20, 1965. In her last dozen days at home, due to a few farm accidents, everyone said the devil must be trying to prevent her leaving and joked that he was trying to kill her. The most traumatic accident was up on a dry farm.

M'JEAN: *Sep 11, 1965 Sat* - The sorriest day of the summer. Marj, David, Sue, Randy, Robin and I baled and hauled straw up at Dick's Stanger's dry farm. I found that working in hay to be bad for someone with hay fever, but straw is ten times more miserable, because of the dust.

While loading a bale of straw onto the truck. I rammed my leg into the trailer hitch, gouging my right shin. Terrible place for a wound, and very painful!

The job took way longer than expected, with a big delay of having to go back with a flat baler tire. It was dusk before we finished baling and had the truck loaded. It was a tall load, about 15 feet off the ground, with rows of bales stacked quite a bit higher than the rack. They were secured with a chain down the center of the load. Marj and I rode on top, lying on the bales and holding onto the chain, as David drove the truck slowly through the field towards the road.

It was quiet and peaceful, and we watched the beautiful sunset and distant lights of the skyline. I was so absorbed that I stopped holding on to the chain, and when the truck hit an irrigation ridge, I rolled right off— all 15 feet down. It knocked the wind out of me. David heard the thud and stopped the truck. He figured he had lost a bale. When he found me, I was trying to breathe. My glasses bows were broken, and I had a terrific headache. I was fortunate not to have broken my neck.

I remembered at the end of this day that we had neglected to have family prayer that morning. Just saying...

*Sep 12, 1965 Sun* - Today was conference. My head hurt all day.

Included on M'Jean's pre-mission errand list of pictures, passport, dentist, testimonial programs, cloth for missionary suit and blouse, was baler twine. This was needed for more days of straw baling, and so was the pre-missionary. "David and I baled straw. I rode the slip. It was windy, dusty, dirty, and miserable."

## A Farewell Testimonial

in honor of  
**M'Jean South**

daughter of  
Mrs. Marjorie South  
prior to her departure  
for the

**AUSTRIAN MISSION**

to be held in the

**TAYLOR CHAPEL**  
**Park-Taylor Road**

**SEPTEMBER 19, 1965**

**7:00 P. M.**

Enters Mission Home  
September 20, 1965

WALDEN W. JOHNSON ..... Bishop  
LaVON VEST ..... 1st Counselor  
RAYMOND J. PORTER .... 2nd Counselor

## PROGRAM

Prelude ..... Shirley Cummings  
Opening Hymn P. 3 ..... Congregation  
"A Mighty Fortress"  
Invocation ..... Fay D. Peterson  
Sacrament Hymn, P. 263 .. Congregation  
"He Died! The Great Redeemer Died"  
Scripture Reading ..... Norman Stanger  
Sacrament Service .... Aaronic Priesthood  
Speaker ..... President Erwin E. Wirkus  
Vocal Solo ..... Barry South  
"And Though a Cloud", Weber  
Speaker ..... President William T. South  
String Quartet .... Randy, Susan, Myrna,  
M'Jean South  
"I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked"  
Remarks ..... Barry South  
Remarks ..... David South  
Remarks ..... Marjorie South  
Male Quartet ..... Barry, David, Frank  
President South  
"O My Father"  
Response ..... Missionary  
Remarks .... Bishop Walden W. Johnson  
Closing Hymn ..... Male Quartet  
"Bright Beams Our Father's Mercy"  
Benediction ..... John L. Brocksome  
Postlude ..... Shirley Cummings



SISTER M'JEAN SOUTH

— Mission Address —  
Wien XIX (Osterreich)  
FEURFANGGASSE 4

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The whole family participated on the program for M'Jean's testimonial.

M'JEAN: *Sep 19, 1965 Sun* - My testimonial tonight. Lots of people came. Some said it was the best testimonial they had attended. Barry did his song "lovely." Barry and David both had very sweet remarks.

I have been packing, with Marj's assistance. It is 4:30 AM. We have to leave at 8 o'clock. I am tired.

The following day, she went to Salt Lake with the Bill South family and entered the mission home, located where the Conference Center now stands. After a wonderful week listening to counsel by the General Authorities, she spent three months in the Language Training Mission located in the old Amanda Knight Hall in Provo.

Even while immersed in German language lessons, learning to say words like "aufgezeichnet" at the LTM, M'Jean couldn't help thinking about the farm: "How is the calf production coming? Is Cochituate still getting all the TLC he is used to?"

Hearing about the two-day scenic cattle drive over Thanksgiving break made her downright envious. However, upon learning that Cochituate was in the deep freeze, she was glad not to be around.

## AIRPORT GOODBYES

On December 21st, 1965, the day M'Jean was scheduled to leave for Austria, the family drove from Idaho to see her off at the Salt Lake airport. It was the last time she would see any of them for two years.



BILL & JANE SOUTH, MYRNA, RANDY, COUSIN FRANK, SUSAN, M'JEAN  
Salt Lake Airport

## WE ARRIVED FIRST

The new movie musical, "The sound of Music," was playing in Salt Lake, and the family took in the show before returning home. They wrote to M'Jean, "We got to Austria before you did!"

### TREASURED MEMORY

The moonlit hayfield scene, a cherished mental picture, which I often looked back on during my mission. (*M'Jean*)

Nov 17, 1965

Dear Marj, Sue, & Randy,

This last summer I really became attached to that crazy farm. I decided at the beginning of the summer I was going to enjoy it, learn a few things about work and being resourceful, and get acquainted better with my family. And I did enjoy it. This was a lovely time, and perhaps it will be the last summer we'll all be together.

There is one little scene which I think I shall never forget. It was during that interesting time of haying, that 2000-bale family project. Bucking hay out in that field was such hot miserable work we figured we'd had our fill of "making hay while the sun shines" and thought we'd try to make hay while the moon shines instead. It was a pleasant night with a full moon when David, Barry, Myrna, Susan, Randy, and I drove the tractor and trailer to the "back forty" and started loading hay. Except for its one lone tree, the field was wide open, and by the bright moonlight, we could see very well.

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On top of the trailer, Barry and I stacked bales as they were handed up to us, loading the back end first.

We had quite a tall stack when suddenly we had a real jolt as the front of the trailer flew straight up in the air, and the trailer stood on its end. The weight on the rear was too much strain, and the trailer hitch had broken.

It was disappointing, after having only gotten a good start. There was nothing to do but give it up and return to the house.

Somehow we found space on that red tractor for all six to sit and hang on, as we bumped along through the hayfield, with the light of the moon streaming down on us. David was driving, with me on one wheel, Sue and Randy on the step and other wheel, Barry astraddle the front of the tractor, and Myrna in front of him. I thought about how I liked this crew and how good it was to be together, the six of us, out there in the middle of the hayfield in the night.

Love, M'Jean



SISTER M'JEAN SOUTH

"My first flight. I flew with Swissair all the way to Austria, with a brief refueling stop in Montreal. It was exciting." (*M'Jean*)

MARJ & M'JEAN





## Chapter 116

# Fourteen Years on the Farm

The days slip by so rapidly that some of them seem left out. Sometimes  
I wonder if we don't take time too lightly. - DAVID

The house was quiet, the mornings rushed, as Marj, 13-year-old Susan and 11-year-old Randy hurried to get off to their respective schools. "I am taking eight hours credit along with my job plus mutual," wrote Marj. "And I have scarcely time to breathe." David's work schedule at the site in Arco was 4:00 until midnight, and what with travel time, not many hours remained for farming. Yet with Barry and Myrna at BYU and M'Jean in Austria, he was shouldering the bulk of the farm work. Then David made an announcement which rocked the boat.

### DAVID SCHOOL

"David says he wants to go to school," wrote Marj. "I hope we can work it out that way. I'm afraid if he doesn't go now, he never will."

The counselor at ISU told David he had four full semesters ahead of him to get a degree in business administration. School started February 7, 1966. "When David starts school, we have to do all the chores," said Marj.

### CHORES

RANDY: *Mar 17, 1966* - Tending the horses is a big job and it takes about 30 minutes. We have to give hay and oats to the calves and colts that are in the corral and then hay and oats to the horses outside, whew! It's even hard writing about it. All the large horses from Red Cloud up can roam all over the farm except for the 40 (acres) on the east side of the tracks. We have nine horses now and they are all on the farm. Flaxy, Red Cloud, Star, White Filly, Apache, Cricket, Queen, and Bay's and Apache's colts in the corral.

Commuting to Pocatello for school, in addition to working at the AEC site in Arco, meant long days and many miles for David. "He travels around 270 miles a day," said Judy. "He leaves at 8:30 in the morning and gets home at 1:30 at night (a.m.). In order to see him at all I'm going to get up at 1:30 and visit with him."

David began wearing a suit to school. It had quite a positive effect. Professors saw him as a serious student and treated him accordingly. Some of the students



even mistook him to be a professor. David's schedule meant long lonely days for Judy, at home with two little children and another expected in April.

MARJ: *Mar 23, 1966 Wed* - With David's being gone about 16 hours of every 24 during the week, I kinda get nightmares about getting Judy to the hospital on time.

*Apr* - Well the baby is due this week. I've alerted Mr. Peterson that I could get a call from Judy any time to go home and bring her to the hospital, and he agreed!"

MARJ, MYRNA, ROBIN, (holding picture of M'Jean on mission) JENNY, JUDY, SUSAN, BABY NANETTE, DAVID

Nanette South was born April 23, 1966, on a Saturday. Marj did not have to make the dash from school to farm to hospital.

## VIOLIN VIRTUOSO SUSAN

Auditions were held in January, 1966, to select young soloists to perform with the Idaho Falls and Pocatello symphonies. Susan prepared for the competitions with expert coaching from her teacher, Professor Harold Mealy at ISU.

Marj, willing to make sacrifices so her kids could have the best music training possible, was driving the kids to Pocatello for lessons each week.

MARJ: Sue and Randy are studying with Mr. Mealy Friday nights at 6:30. Quite a chore but it's better than going into Idaho Falls on Saturday. I get home in time to see the last half of the football games. He said Randy's hand has improved. He's been good for Randy. I like the old guy.

*Jan 8, 1966* - Myrna came home to accompany Sue at the Pocatello and Idaho Falls auditions, both of which she won today. Is she ever elated! Mr. Mealy seemed elated, also. He sat by me while she played in Pocatello and I thought he'd pound my leg off. He was excited as could be, and she looked sweet.

True to form, Judy has offered to make the dress.

JUDY: *Feb 13, 1966 Sun* - Yesterday we spent most of the day downtown hunt-

"Warren and Elayne are planning to enter your picture in the art contest for photographers at the Intermountain Convention in Salt Lake in April. Warren has expressed that he always has thought you to be very pretty. Wouldn't you feel excited if while you are clear over in Austria your likeness in Salt Lake would win here!" (Marj, Feb. 1, 1966)

## Four Talented Youths In Saturday Symphony

Saturday, March 5, appearing with the Idaho Falls Symphony Orchestra will be four outstanding area youths who will be featured soloists. These four youths were winners of a recent Youth Auditions sponsored by the Idaho Falls Symphony.

Youths to be featured will be Susan South, violinist; Jerry Holman, pianist; Douglas Humpherys, pianist and William Fife, pianist.

Two concerts will be given on Saturday, the first at 10 a.m. at the Civic Auditorium and will be free to all students. The second concert will be Saturday at 8:15 p.m. in the Civic Auditorium. Tickets will be available at the door or those who hold symphony tickets will be admitted.

Susan South, 13, who will be featured violinist at the concert, has been studying music for approximately 5½ years.

Susan is an 8th grade student at Clair E. Gale School and is the daughter of Mrs. Marjorie South. During the concert she will be star violinist in "Concerto in A Minor" by Antonio Vivaldi.



Susan South, violinist

ing for a pattern and cloth for Susan's dress. First we went to several stores just looking for styles. One dress, all three of us--Susan, Marj, and myself fell in love with: white lace over white taffeta, skirt A-line with a couple of pleats at the top. An additional row of lace gathered onto the bottom of the hemline, a blue ribbon sash and a flower at the waistline. It was absolutely the prettiest thing we saw all day. The price tag said \$25. Susan was really crazy over it. We crossed the street and went to work trying to duplicate the dress at the fabric shop. We found a perfect pattern, lace, beautiful dacron, velvet blue ribbon, and everything cost just about \$11!

On Saturday, March 5, 1966, Susan soloed in morning and evening concerts with the Idaho Falls Symphony. Sue was pleased with her performance: "My concert went off really well and it was a lot of fun."

RANDY: You asked me what I thought of Susie's concert if she was pretty. In a way and not in a way. I know, I don't know what I am talking about either. The concert went well though. I'm doing pretty good on the fiddle as you asked.

### HORSE ACCIDENT

The day following her concert was not so fun. Marj wanted to take Sue and Randy with her to a concert in Pocatello to hear Salt Lake pianist Gladys Rosenberg. Sue and Randy persuaded her to let them stay and ride horses.

SUE: Mar 7, 1966 - Randy got Red Colt and I got Flaxy. I was loping Flaxy up to the house when she slipped and fell. I couldn't get my leg out from under her until she leaned up a little bit. When she did I slid to the step. Then I started screaming and Randy came home. He called David and he came over and took me to the hospital. They took care of me and here I am. My ankle capillaries and blood vessels are popped and my foot is as big as a bowling ball. It keeps going twang, twang, and it is killing me.

JOSEPH KLIASS  
Renowned Russian pianist,  
Guest teacher at BYU.



### BYU - MYRNA

At BYU Myrna studied piano with the renowned guest Russian teacher, Joseph Kliass. He and his wife, Lydia, had left Russia, had lived in Berlin and Paris and after the first World War established a music school in Brazil. They spoke 7 languages, alternating each day of the week. They remarked that at BYU, even if they stepped into the elevator, there would be someone who could understand the language they were speaking. He told Myrna, "You play musically."

Marj did all she could to stretch the money and help



those who needed it. At BYU, Myrna and Barry often ran short of money, sometimes borrowing from each other or somewhere else. Myrna had a job playing for the opera workshop, which paid better than regular campus jobs. Barry spent the semester break in Evanston, working for cousins at the South and Jones sawmill, making \$120. He also made his annual winter snowshoe trip to the campsite in Island Park.

MYRNA: *Feb 1, 1966* - Barry went home this weekend and intends to burn some buildings in Island Park. I'd have gone home just to do that except he was afraid the snow would be really deep and powdery and he wants to go in and out in one day.

### BYU - BARRY

Barry found it difficult to get excited about, or study for, the classes required for civil engineering. Of his 15 credit hours, 10 were math. Marj was concerned about the draft. "Barry is worried, so Myrna says. His grades seem precariously low. I do hope he can stay out of it."

BARRY: *Feb 4, 1966* - I have heard that the draft is going to determine how it selects men to be drafted by giving all available men a test and taking those that score the lowest. After I hear that I am not so worried about having to go (sure hope I do well on the test).

*Mar 29, 1966* - My math is still giving me hard times. I think I would rather tract in a blizzard than study math.

*Spring, 1966 Mon* - David and I took Sue and Randy and went up to Island Park yesterday. It was fun to get up there again. The last year's snow was all gone but yesterday morning it snowed about 3 inches. While we were up there it snowed about the same amount here in IF. We missed the storm but they said it was a good one."

### WARD DISSOLVED

In 1964, when it was known that the South family was moving from Ada Avenue to the farm, it had created quite a stir in the Idaho Falls 18th ward. When Marj mentioned that the next Sunday would be her last, one member about hit the ceiling, saying she "belonged in this ward." "I told him I wasn't leaving the church, just moving out 6 miles."

After the move to the farm, the South family began attending the Taylor Ward in the little meetinghouse located on the corner at the end of the Park-Taylor Road. On the doorposts was engraved "1915," the year it was built. Right away family members received callings and were asked particularly to help out with music.

In March, 1966, there was a lot of excitement about that little country ward.

MARJ: *Mar 16, 1966 Wed* - They announced Sunday that there would be a special meeting next Sunday at 4:30 (sacrament meeting) under the direction of the stake president, and general authorities would be there. We all know, that it is for the purposes of determining the fate of the Taylor Ward.



TAYLOR WARD CHURCH  
Etched into the sideposts is  
the year 1915.

### TAYLOR SETTLEMENT

Taylor Ward was named after Apostle John Taylor, who was sent by the Church in 1886 to organize the first group of settlers in the area into a branch. They first met in a small log building, then slightly larger two-room buildings, until the church was built in 1915.

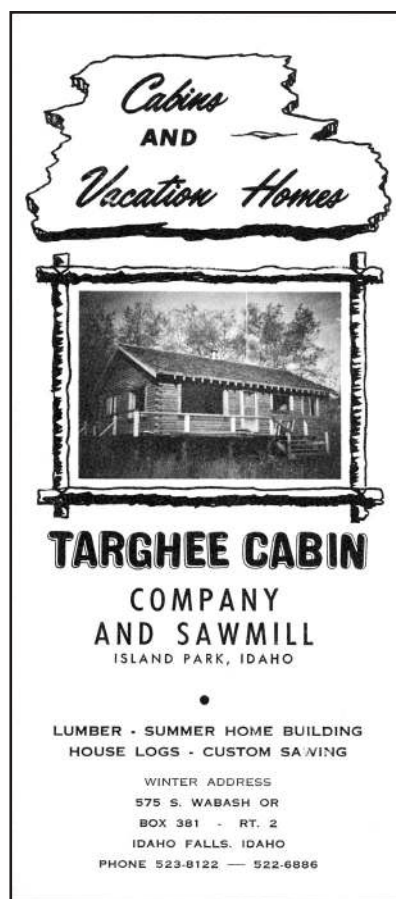
JUDY: *Mar 15, 1966 Tues* - There will be a discussion about what is going to happen. It might be dissolved with half going to Jameston and half into town. It's keeping us on pins and needles anyway.

The meeting, which lasted 2 ½ hours, was termed by Marj, "a rather gory meeting." There was quite a hullabaloo made by some of the old timers. One brother, in answer to complaining remarks, said "it was true that it would be farther for some to go, but across the street seemed too far to go to church for some. He thought in many cases the people were not so worried about what church they attend but mighty particular about what church they stay away from!"

MARJ: At last they had a standing vote. The Souths stood together, every last one (although not sitting together) with the others who were willing to uphold the proposed merger recommended by general authorities.

JUDY: The vote was 64 for consolidation and 57 against and those who were against were sure outspoken! The stake president said he would call President Joseph Fielding Smith for the decision and we WILL abide by his decision!

Barry's  
Cabin Company  
Brochures



The line was drawn along the school boundary, with those to the south being incorporated into the Jameston ward and those to the north to be included in the Idaho Falls 15th ward. Marj, concerned about having Susan and Randy split off from supportive school friends, received permission from church authorities to go to the I.F. ward, as the kids were attending I.F. schools, also with approval from school authorities. As long as there were South kids attending Idaho Falls schools, the South family went to Idaho Falls to church.

After girls' camp Susan declared, "We had a regular ball. I've decided 15th Ward is the greatest and I'm glad we switched!"

#### BARRY'S BUSINESS PLAN

Other than the tedious classwork, Barry had a great time at school. He was very involved in ward callings and activities, including having the main part in the roadshow; he took voice lessons and sang in an opera. He dated a lot, playing the field.

BARRY: *April 19* - I went out four times a week for two weeks and then decided if I kept that up I'd flunk for sure. Now it's down to about once a week or less.

A plan Barry got excited about was one he formulated with some adventurous guys he met. They would build a sawmill in Island Park, buy some timber, build and sell some cabins, build a lodge, and establish a boys ranch. They formed a partnership, bought some trucks and other equipment and took them to the farm, with the intention of building the sawmill and transporting it to Island Park.

BARRY: "The Targhee Cabin Company" is the boys ranch before it is a boys ranch and it was the cabin company that bought the two government trucks. One truck had a rod out of the engine that will cost us about \$300 to repair.

We went out looking for some equipment and wound up buying \$2000 worth and we still need a loader. We got an engine and edger and some other things that make a pretty good deal. I'll go home this weekend and get the truck and come down to get the stuff. We are going to get a loader in about two weeks.

*May 10, 1966* - Last weekend was hectic. I left here Friday afternoon and took the truck to Ogden and picked up some equipment and then Gordon, Wally, and I took it to Idaho Falls getting there at 3 AM, unloaded, left at 4 AM for Ogden. Dropped Gordon, picked up Ken, went to Vernal, near Colorado, picked up quickway, left Vernal 11 PM to Ogden 8:00 AM. 8:30 AM truck grounded by police because of overlength. Came back to Provo. Not much homework done. Last week I went out to Vernal to look at the quickway and Bernie had borrowed my car to take a load of people to Idaho Falls. I took his little VW to Vernal. When I got there the engine stuck, bearing or rod out. Wally brought me home. This week I have to go out sometime to get the car and tow it back.

## COLTS & CALVES

The summer before M'Jean left for Austria, she had the assignment of tending the little calves. "You ought to see your babies," wrote Myrna. "Pretty big babies. Horns too."

RANDY: *Mar 17, 1966* - The calves are huge. Massasoit and Pequot are bigger than Lamsies and Sagebrush even wow!! You say you are sad for Cochtuate but Marj says that we might get some more and you will probably be home then.

There were also some new cows on the place, with more to come. Christmas presents for Susan and Randy had been quite out of the ordinary. "I bought them each a registered black Angus cow, which will calf in July for them," said Marj. "When the 4H club man learned of it, which was immediately, he was down here to get the kids registered in the club again. He wants them to show them in the fair."

## TRADED KEROSENE REFRIGERATOR

MARJ: *Dec 13, 1965* - We have a big black mare we traded Warren for our kerosene refrigerator. She foals in March and he wants the foal. We will sell her then, and put the proceeds into calves, perhaps.

*Jun 23, 1966* - We had to sell one of the registered black Angus cows because she had swallowed hardware, wire or nails. I put the money in saving, with which, I intend to replace that cow. It's about as much fun to "expect" calves as to "expect" colts and I'm sure that at least it's more profitable.

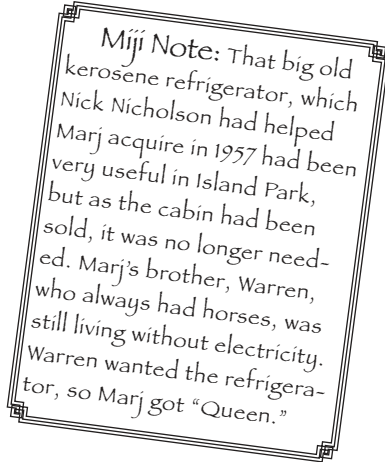
The surviving black Angus they called "Bess." "Bess had her calf," reported Susan. "It's half Angus and half Hereford. It is really cute like a little white-faced black bear."

MARJ: I wish you could see Bess our registered black Angus. She's beautiful! Just square, but always so dirty. Calves cute too.

BARRY: Apache has had her colt, a filly from "Maverick." It's a white horse with brown and gray and black markings. The markings are almost perfectly symmetrical and makes a real cute colt.

SUSAN: Flaxy had a colt and it's the bestest! Just like her, only with a crooked blaze and spots! It's mine and I am taking her to the fair on the 19th. Blackfoot.

MARJ: Red Colt is still rather bony. Randy is breaking him.



Miji Note: That big old kerosene refrigerator, which Nick Nicholson had helped Marj acquire in 1957 had been very useful in Island Park, but as the cabin had been sold, it was no longer needed. Marj's brother, Warren, who always had horses, was still living without electricity. Warren wanted the refrigerator, so Marj got "Queen."





SUSAN & RANDY  
(Two young friends, center)  
"Marj and the kids and I  
went to the 4-H fair to see  
Sue and Randy  
show their colts. (Judy)

going to ride him in the parade this year, I think he will be an excellent horse.

RANDY: Mar 29, 1966 - I am breaking Red all by myself. Isn't that something. Last Sunday I took him for a real long run and I didn't know he could ever run so fast. Then I rode Flaxy, from the end of the pasture in front of the house to the corral. I really let her open up and I really can't describe how fast she was going, but she was really opened up hard. I hope to break White Cloud to ride shortly. My colt now is pretty big, friendly and is broken to lead.

Jul 10, 1966 - Well I have Red Cloud broke to a bridle now. I'm

## NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE

While everyone else was reveling in being out of school, Marj once again hit the road, driving to Pocatello for classes at ISU: "Advanced Grammar, Human Growth and Development, and Philosophy - 9 hours. First class 7:30, second, 8:30 and third 9:30. Home by 11:30." Just in time to irrigate! "I am the irrigator this summer on this half of the farm. And Norman and Jenkins are supposed to be doing the other half." She got help, of course. Myrna was a veteran irrigator.

MYRNA: Jun 20, 1966 - This morning we went irrigating and I wound up with Robin [almost 6]. We were all through and on our way back to the quonset but had to cross the ditch by the house. I was helping her across the ditch and threw her in. She said she was afraid of that.

With Marj at school, another chore fell to Myrna--cooking for Barry and his partners, building their sawmill in the quonset. "I've ridden horses once, cooked three meals a day for a while," she wrote. "Been using recipes, quite creative. Some of things are pretty good. I got some compliments on my stew and dumplings."

## MILKING

The milk cow, Pet, had been milked through the winter on the neighbor's place. In the spring, she was turned over to amateurs. "The cow is here now and we all take our turns milking it," said Barry. "No one is very good at it."

MYRNA: Jul 10, 1966 - Did we ever tell you about juicing the boss? Boy you really missed out, that's a ball. You get on each side of her with the bucket in the middle and start squeezing.



JENNY SOUTH  
& FRIENDS

It took us about one hour each time. It's not too easy. The first time nobody told us how, just said go milk Pet. We were getting nowhere when Judy's grandfather came out and took over.

He taught us a little about it. Next day we go try again. We

got the bucket 1/2 full, about 1 gallon, when she sticks her mucky foot in the bucket. She stepped on my toe too. We took a bottle next time. Every time we got a little milk we dumped in the bottle. We finally learned you tie a rope around her back legs so she can't tip over the bucket.



DAVID & MARJ  
Barry's sawmill out on the open flat. Built on property Marj bought in 1961.

The milkers had a short reprieve when Pet dried up to calve. "Pet had a cute black calf," said Myrna. We had to milk her afterwards. I'm the fastest milker in the family."

## BARRY'S SAWMILL

Building a sawmill from scratch was a task full of snags and delays. Barry and his partners spent days in the Quonset trying to get ready to transport it to Island Park. Randy, with his arm in a cast from his latest surgery, was Barry's shadow.

MARJ: He is out from morning until 10 o'clock or 11 o'clock at night with Barry and Barry's crew, constructing, reconstructing or working on trucks or sawmill. Myrna is feeding them. I help with dishes usually, or do them.

No matter how swamped she was, Marj couldn't stand to let dirty dishes sit, and it was hard to keep her out of the dishpan. On Saturday, June 11, David spent all day helping Barry and his partners. As they were so far behind schedule, he spent all day Sunday the 12th, as well. On Sunday night he wrote:

DAVID: *Jun 12, 1966* - It is 11 p.m. and Barry and associates are trying to get everything ready to go to Island Park at 4 a.m. I hope they make it. They sure are getting discouraged about all of their delays.

The land in Island Park where Barry set up his sawmill was land Marj had bought a few years earlier out on the flat, south of Barney's sawmill. She deeded the property to the partnership. The guys lived in the little old cabins still in camp. They bought timber, sawed logs, built a couple of cabins for sale, and started building their lodge. Launching into that dangerous work, Barry and his greenhorn partners kept their guardian angels on their toes.

BARRY: *Jul 24, 1966* - We have a good start at building a house that is bigger than the one in I.F. The mill is running quite well and we have a lot of timber out now. We haven't made many sales but I think it will get better.

It's quite a riot working with these guys up here. Lots of laughs and so on. We have had our share of close calls too. They fell a tree on the same chainsaw two



JUDY & DAVID  
In winter David worked hard. In summer he played hard and made sure everyone else did.

different times and the crane gets broken down every little while, but the guys are getting better at the things they are doing.

MYRNA: *Jun 20, 1966* - Two of the guys were working on cutting down a tree and when they couldn't control it they threw the chainsaw and ran. The chainsaw (their brand new one) got sort of crumpled up.

## DAVID - PROMOTION

About the time David finished his first semester, he received a promotion, doing computer programming, and a \$50 raise. What's more, he was to have an office in Idaho Falls. No more traveling to Arco, which would save him 3 hours a day. Two weeks of training, one in Seattle and one in Portland, at company expense was part of the deal.

DAVID: *Jun 12, 1966* About your birthday time [M'Jean, July 1st] I go to work on a new job. My duties will be to write programs for the computer instead of running it. My new employer will be Idaho Nuclear Corporation. They are taking over most of Phillips contract and employees.

On July 22, 1966, David and his family were enjoying the swimming pool at the University Inn in Seattle. "David went to school in Seattle all week and ended up with probably the highest grades in the whole class," said Judy. "It was a farce for him." When they arrived in Portland, they found that the second week of school had been canceled. They had a wonderful trip, however, taking daily sightseeing excursions. Memorable were the space needle and the USS Missouri, the largest battleship ever made. Robin and Jenny rode on a carousel, one of the three largest in the world. They spent time by the ocean and stayed one night in a cabin right by the beach.

## HEY HAY!

Marj probably had not wanted to let David out of her sight until one big project was completed. Mid-July she wrote: "The hay is up. That has been quite a worry."

## PLAYING IN ISLAND PARK

In winter David worked hard. In summer he played hard and made sure everyone else did too. There were fishing trips, float trips, trail rides, camping trips. Sometimes it was just family, and sometimes neighbors and relatives went along.

JUDY: On the 4th of July he took Marj and family, Allen Knapp (cousin), and Bishop Johnson and family to the Buffalo. They had the canoe and two rubber boats. They started up at Chick Creek and ended at Pond's. Anyway it was a real adventure and everyone but Nanette, Jenny, and I got very wet and very cold.

MYRNA: We put our boats in at Chick Creek and floated, carried, pushed, pulled them all the way to Ponds. It got chilly and the little kids (Robin and Johnson kids) got some skeeter bites.



## MORE ISLAND PARK EXCURSIONS

MYRNA: *Jul 10, 1966* - We are on the way home from Island Park. I am wet from 3 inches below the waist on down. David took our whole family and Robin. Barry showed us the sawmill. It even works. We went to the Buffalo a couple miles above Wallins' and had lunch. Then David and Randy went to fishing. Marj, Sue, Robin, and I started floating down in the rubber boat. The mosquitoes weren't too bad and the sun was pretty warm. It wasn't but a few minutes till we got our feet wet; sooner or later we were soaked.

We had to get out several times to pull the boat over the windfalls, a good 20 of them. Sue kept making fun of me for paddling so piddly so once when we were in a big open spot I got silly and said sure I like to row fast and we started spinning around in circles. We finally made it to Wallins'.

MARJ: *Jul, 1966* - I go to church and school, and down the Buffalo twice, I should have stayed home. I haven't had my golf clubs out of the closet. I was up until 20 minutes till three last night finishing an assignment for my linguistics class. It is the toughest course of study by far than I have ever taken. I made a terrible mistake of getting behind one week, doing errands for David around here, and I've never caught up. Today is the first day of the last half. I hope I make it through.

## YELLOWSTONE - WHACK THE BEAR

David and Judy took their family to Yellowstone and camped near Mammoth.

JUDY: We saw 13 bear, which was just one bear too many. If we have seen only two bear, it would have been one to many. Have you a recollection of your Yellowstone bear? [Miji Note: The one standing over Marj's head--How could I forget?] We have one, too. He bent the chrome and mirror on the car trying to get in the trunk after our food. Then he came and laid against the tent flap behind which Robin, Jenny Lynn, and Nanette, David and I were sleeping. David whacked him with an ax handle and he never came back. We saw 10 moose, 10 elk, one coyote, and 30 different kinds of wildflowers.

NANETTE, ROBIN,  
JENNY SOUTH  
"When we had about 30 Appaloosas that seemed like 50, I began selling and even giving horses away." (*David*)

## SELLING HORSES

The horse-raising picture changed when the market for Appaloosa horses dropped.

DAVID: You know, you fall into these businesses like raising Appaloosa brood stock, and of course, our luck was never really, really good. We got in at the wrong time. The horses were expensive then. By time we had enough of them to start selling them, the price had gone to nothing.

When we had about 30 Appaloosas that seemed like 50, I began selling and even giving horses away. I gave one horse to a guy who bought one of our houses. Part of the deal was getting a free horse when you bought a house, and his kids knew it. They wouldn't leave him alone. They wanted that horse.





RANDY  
 "This is Pebbles. You know like Pebbles Flintstone, She is Bishop Ricks's filly. Red's half-sister and Cricket's daughter. And of course loveable ME!" (Randy)

One time I traded 5 unbroke ones for one broke one. So I had me a good, broke horse.

And I traded a boat for one, and it was an old beat-up boat. After I had it around for a while, I didn't dare use it. I finally just took it out in the yard and burned it and got rid of it. But I was ahead, because I didn't have to feed that horse that I'd traded the guy.

Lucky Daze, the beautiful Appaloosa stallion, was sold in October, 1965, at the Golden Spike horse sale in Ogden. Some of the other horses were sold in the ring, at a disappointing price. In March, 1966, Randy reported, "We sold Comanche and Bay in the sale Saturday."

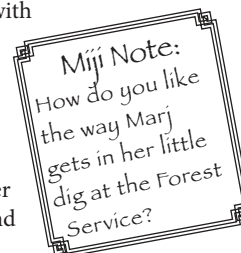
MARJ: We'll only get \$160 approximately. I think we'll sell Cricket to Bishop Ricks and maybe Star to Verdean Bodily. But I do sort of hate to see Star go! David likes so much riding her.

DAVID: Star was mostly Paso Fino, a South American breed, considered by some experts as the Rolls-Royce of smooth gaited horses. They use a single foot gait, not natural to other breeds. Most horses travel with 2 feet in motion and 2 feet on the ground. They go from a gentle walk to a rough trot. But with its single foot gait, a Paso Fino travels with only 1 foot in motion and three on the ground. They use a super fast walk that's as smooth and steady as sitting on a bench. Star could travel as fast as a trotting horse, but without the joust and bounce. On Star, a rider could cover a lot

of distance at a fast pace and do it comfortably. That made trail rides with family and friends extremely fun for me.

Nevertheless, though the Appaloosas and Star were fun and interesting, they were very unprofitable. Horse-raising is a tough enterprise.

MARJ: Oh, we sold Feathers to the Forest Service. She's a better horse than they deserve. But she's gone now and so is Bay Lady and Comanche and I don't miss any of them.



## 44 YEARS WORTH OF JUNK

The Forest Service had been hounding Marj to clean up the campsite in Island Park. Since 1922, when the Targhee Tie Company was established at the Island Park Siding, with perhaps 200 people over the years to leave a trail of trash, and with trappings of three different sawmills, the amount of accumulated junk scattered over those few acres was pretty significant.

The 200 people were gone, the sawmills were gone, and what was left, was the scattered junk. The way the Forest Service figured, it was all on Marj to clean it up.

In her letter of December 29, 1966, to the Forest Service, she reported hiring a front end loader to bury accumulated junk at a cost of \$350. That was a lot of money for her. The good thing about it was that it went to Barry. Barry had worked for a neighbor, Mel Empey, who had some big equipment, which he was able to use for the project.

BARRY: He lived not too far from us on the farm. He had a business of grading and paving, and I was doing quite a few parking lots and a few other roads for him. There was also a time when I used his loader. I borrowed it. His loader was in Island Park. For 3 to 4 days I worked at cleaning up the trash at the Island Park campsite. There was just a lot of junk there, old sawmill and car parts. Gene Jones' old house was still there.

I burned most of the other houses, gathered up the ashes and buried them. I buried all that stuff in that clearing out where the garbage dump used to be.

## BOULDERS

BARRY: I took his loader up to Split Creek and brought those black boulders down and put them in front of Marj's house. I was running that second sawmill with partners. I bought a truck from Hill Air Force Base. I did a pretty stupid thing. It was a heavy loader. The load was heavier than that truck should have carried. I drove it really slowly and pretty darn carefully.

MYRNA: July 1966 - Barry brought some big black

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
FOREST SERVICE  
TARGHEE NATIONAL FOREST  
St. Anthony, Idaho 83445

IN REPLY REFER TO:  
2720  
January 6, 1967

Mrs. Marjorie South  
Box 268  
Park Taylor Road  
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

CERTIFIED MAIL  
RETURN RECEIPT REQUESTED

Dear Mrs. South:

We were pleased to receive your letter of December 29, in reply to ours of December 12, 1966.


Your plans for cleaning up the area appear reasonable except for removing the remaining buildings "when we can". If, as you say, you still need the buildings for your son and his partners in connection with their sawmill, we suggest you move them to private property. Any occupancy of the buildings after termination of the permits could be considered a violation of permit terms and thus a trespass. We know you will want to avoid this possibility.

As of this date, we are terminating the two special use permits designated:

1. South, L. S., Sawmill, 4/26/51
2. South, B. E., Sawmill & Camp, 10/16/53

Ranger Cole will be pleased to work with you on the completion of site cleanup, as referred to in clause 11 of the permits.

Sincerely yours,  
*Alvin F. Wright*  
ALVIN F. WRIGHT  
Forest Supervisor



Dec. 29, 1966

Alvin F. Wright  
Forest Supervisor  
Targhee Nat'l Forest

Dear Mr. Wright:

In regards to your letter about the termination of our permit at Island Park.

I realize that the cleaning of the campsite is progressing slowly, but I want you to know that I have made definite steps toward cleaning the site and I have plans to complete it.

Last summer I hired a front end loader, at a cost of \$350.00 to bury a lot of junk that had accumulated. About all of the hardware, with the exception of two vehicles because of their small value, has been removed. The wells and cellars were filled in and one building was torn down and piled for burning.

I intend to have two more buildings burned this winter, probably this week but possibly later on in the winter, and next spring I plan to burn a lot of scrap wood that has been piled for burning.

The campsite has not been abandoned. Last summer the livable buildings were used to capacity by my son and his partners while they were operating their sawmill. Most of the timber they used was purchased from the Forest Service.

I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Cole.

Cordially

Marjorie South

*P.S. Agreed, the buildings are not very valuable — but find the fact that we still need them — but will get them removed, also, when we can —  
Marjorie South*

obsidian boulders down and we have a hedge of them around the front of the house.

When Red Cloud got close he started to turn around (this was the first time the horses had seen them). I got off and started to lead him by the rocks. He braced all 4 feet the way you expect a mule to and started pulling back. Then he'd come and inch closer, his nose stuck out sniffing for all he was worth till he finally licked it, and now it doesn't bother him.

Randy came galloping up on Flaxy and she nearly dumped him when she saw the rocks. We will have to take a picture and show you.

Marj's postscript reads:  
P.S. Agreed, the buildings are not very valuable—but for the fact that we still need them—but we'll get them removed, also, when we can.  
Marjorie South

*Miji Note:  
Fortunately it was Barry Marj was paying.*





MYRNA LYNN SOUTH  
 "The pageant went well.  
 I got the most applause  
 for my talent. I was the  
 first one named in the top  
 five." (Myrna)

## MYRNA - MISS IDAHO FALLS PAGEANT

One member of the family attained somewhat of celebrity status. Myrna was selected as one of the top ten, then the top five, in the 1966 Miss Idaho Falls pageant.

MYRNA: *Jun 3, 1966* – Dear M'Jean, You remember the night at Ricks you suggested I should try out for Miss Idaho Falls? Well, Monday night charm school starts. In 5 weeks, by talent night, they select the top ten. I'm on a 100-calorie per day until Monday.

*Jun 20, 1966 Mon* - Last week at charm school we exercised for a long time (I wore your leotards) and had a lesson on voice and diction. Which do you think would be better to play for the talent night, a selection from Tchaikovsky Concerto or the Brahms Rhapsody Number Two? Or can you think of something else that would be better? Three minutes.

In Idaho Falls, shopping with Judy, Myrna found a striking blue formal for talent night, and after a long shopping day with Marj in Pocatello, she found a stunning white lace-covered gown. "Marj is way behind in philosophy and has a test tomorrow," said Myrna. "It's too bad she had to spend 6 ½ hours with me yesterday."

All of the family was excited for Myrna. The talent performances were shown on TV. Little brother Randy reported:

RANDY: Today was the big day for Myrna. I stayed home from church to watch the pageant preview and I thought she did really quite well she looks very pretty and I think she has a real good chance and I am not a judge."

JUDY: Sure excited about Myrna! She is one of the top 10 in the pageant. Last Friday was talent night. She was absolutely beautiful. Her music was beautiful too. I am so very excited for her!!!

BARRY: Myrna is doing pretty well in the Miss Idaho Falls contest now.

SUSAN: Myrna looks tops. She looks pretty nifty in her \$3 white and gold swimsuit, her \$6 blue formal, and \$44 white gown for the pageant.

On July 24th Marj watched three of her kids in the parade, Susan and Randy riding their horses, and Myrna riding on the Lions Club float in her formal.

GRANDMA MABEL: Myrna did look very sweet in the pageant. Even I could tell her piano piece was superior. She was modest and prettier than any of the others.

"They put height weight and measurements on the program," said Myrna. "You walk out over the stage and five rows of seats on a ramp. They're going to know about you everything there is to know." A judged event before the pageant was the luncheon, to which Myrna wore an outfit borrowed from her hostess: yellow suit and hat and gloves and shoes. "I was a knockout!"

Final report to the missionary in Austria from the beauty queen in the Miss Idaho Falls Pageant: "The pageant went well. I got the most applause for my talent. I was the first one named in the top five."

## PALISADES TRAIL RIDE

The day following the pageant: back to vacationing hard and fast with David.

MYRNA: Well next morning I took my wiglet out--my hair was so pretty. Headed for Palisades with David and Al. Rode horses seven miles each way, saw two lakes, slept outside. Real fun. Saturday night got back.

David, working all the while at Phillips, saw his days numbered before he would have to return to double duty, both work and school. The trail ride was followed by another canoe trip in David's new \$265 canoe down the Buffalo River with Myrna, Susan, and Randy. Marj got a turn floating from the head of the Snake River down to Mack's Inn. Then came Yellowstone and Cooke City.

### RED LODGE - COOKE CITY

For years Marj had wanted to drive the 2 ½ hour scenic route between Red Lodge and Cooke City, Montana. In July, she wrote, "I wish I had a longer vacation between school and school. I do think we will make it to Cooke City this year. This is our solid intention."

August 29, 1966, Marj, David's family, Barry, Myrna, Susan, Randy, along with Bill South and cousin Mary Jane, who drove from Salt Lake, left for Yellowstone for a two-day camping trip. Judy described the famous drive as "Absolutely fantastic! The summit is over 10,000 feet high and the view is absolutely breathtaking. Lake after lake, mountain after mountain, roads, valleys, until you feel lightheaded."

## BACK TO SCHOOL

All too soon the short vacation was over and it was back to school. For Marj, again it was both day and night.

MARJ: My two day vacation with Bill and Mary Jane was nice. I think I enjoyed it more than anyone else.

I hate like poison to do two classes, three hour classes, both, and teach school. It works me to death and leaves no time for anything else, but suppose they conflicted next summer and I couldn't get them both worked into my schedule. I am determined to finish next summer, come heck or high water. My last summer in captivity.

## TRAGIC ACCIDENT - HEARTBREAKING FUNERAL

August 31, 1966, a tragic train/car accident took the lives of cousin Sandra Walker Covert, her younger brother, 13-year old Dennis Walker, and Sandra's 4-year-old daughter Judy Covert.

Barry was requested to sing "Go to Sleep My Little Buckaroo" at the funeral, September 3rd. He arrived from Island Park the night before. He was accompanied by Myrna.

### BARRY - SEASON END

At summer's end Barry was left on his own. (BYU term started late September.)

MYRNA: Sep 13, 1966 - Last week Gordon and Ken went to teach school. Wally had to get a job, flat broke, so I went to the sawmill to help Barry. I stayed all week. I helped nail sheathing on a roof, load lumber, cut up shakes, load the skid way.



Cattle Drive from the Railroad Ranch to the stockyards.

"It was fun but I nearly froze to death. You never saw so much dust. About a mile from the stockyards the family caught up. I let Randy finish the cattle drive and went in the truck." (Myrna)

### CATTLE DRIVE

Saturday morning at 4:00 AM Warren picked me up. We went to the railroad ranch and helped drive the cattle to the stockyards. It was fun, but I nearly froze to death; if he hadn't loaned me some gloves I don't think I'd have made it. I was the only one without hat and boots. You never saw so much dust. I had gray hair, face and eyebrows by the end. About a

mile from the stockyards the family caught up to the cattle (you see they were just arriving.) I let Randy finish the cattle drive and went in the truck.

### LODGE - "OUTLAW"

David had arrived to help finish putting up the rafters on the new lodge. "Quite a cabin," said Myrna. "Huge, big fireplace, lots of windows, four bedrooms, the rafters reach from ground to roof on one side."

Did you know the family is still outlaw? We go fishing in Moose Creek (that's illegal). We go at night (that's illegal). We use flashlights (that's illegal). We use pitchforks (that's illegal). We catch salmon. You guessed it they're spawning and aren't fair game. There are gobs of them, they're huge, 12 to 16 inches or more I don't know. We pick up about 24 a night. We've only gone about 4 times or I should say Barry has. I went 3 times, even forked a fish. Sue and Randy took a turn too. If we only dared take them to the smoke house!

### RANDY - SUSAN - BARRY

RANDY: When I turned twelve, my mother let me drive the family car when we picked up the fast offerings in the country. I looked forward to that responsibility each fast Sunday, the first Sunday of each month, because she let me do the driving!

MARJ: It seems funny to have Sue in choir (David, choir director) and Randy passing sacrament. (12th birthday Sep 18th.)

Even with all his hard work, Barry was short on money for school, which worried Marj. "I don't know what to do about it. He has to go to school or he'll be drafted so fast." Barry managed to get into school and enjoyed his studies much more after switching from engineering to business. "As for dating," he said, "I am still playing the field. That is still a lot of fun."

MARJ: Oct 21, 1966 - Barry's military classification came today. 2S. Safe for a while.

### RENTED QUONSET

Marj had a chance to make some money off the Quonset in October, 1966. "We rented our quonset to the R. T. French and Co for \$300. That ought to help a little on farm payment." "They rented it for spuds and put in over 500,000 pounds," said David. "That is a lot of eating. But man, was that a job cleaning it out for them! You wouldn't believe the amount of junk that can accumulate in such a short time." Barry had lumber and stuff he had to get out also.

### NEVER A DULL MOMENT

MARJ: We tied for 2nd place with our roadshow. [Wild West theme - Marj, drama director.] I understand we got knocked down points because of "Saloon" painted above the saloon door. (No one seemed to object to our killing 4 brave



men in cold blood.)

We butchered Hobo. He is in the deep freeze.

One of the horses kicked out a window, outside layer only, in the living room last week. It's one of the side windows on the south.

I am debating whether to take Randy in to the see the doctor. Red stumbled tonight and threw him headlong into the sand hill and I am suspicious he has a broken bone below his elbow. I haven't been able to get the line [Party line in those days].

Judy sang "I Believe" in church Sunday night and I was holding Nanette, and Nanette started-- her lip trembling first and from there to loud wailing. When Judy came to "Every time I hear a newborn baby cry," it was a toss up who was loudest. Finally had to take her out.

I think Barry intends to have his gang here during the holidays to work on equipment. That's a job, cooking for them.

My Christmas present from Barry--repair window of the house in living room horses kicked out.

Barry's 3 pals were here the whole while for meals, and meals were never on time. Waiting for them. They tracked so much dirt in from the Quonset.

MYRNA: Jan 10, 1967 - Susan broke her arm in PE tumbling. She dove over 4 kids, turned a somersault but cracked her elbow. She has a little trouble wearing her clothes. We traded coats because hers won't fit over her cast.

MARJ: Apr 9, 1967 - I was really proud of Judy. She looked so little and so sweet and so young and so good [conductor, Singing Mothers Concert]. She was the only one who didn't use her hands (used baton), and most women who use their hands use them so they do not appear to be hands, but flippers.

MARJ: The 6 x 8 valentine [Marj's birthday on Valentine's Day] that Sue and Randy gave me was from "your little black sheep." Once Randy told her she looked pretty. She rolled her eyes and collapsed on the floor! He said, "I just said you look pretty." She said, "I know it, but coming from you!"

## BETTY - VIOLIN LESSONS

Susan and Randy were without a violin teacher for quite a while when Mr. Mealy had surgery. Marj tried valiantly to keep them going on their practicing, but there was a long dry spell with no teacher.

When Betty Benthin Petree moved back to Idaho Falls from Connecticut, she taught the kids for a few months. Marj felt indebted to Betty for housing M'Jean in Connecticut and gifted her a horse. "I presented her with White Cloud," said Marj, "and she accepted quite graciously."

Betty boarded her on the farm, and she and Frank and their two kids, Jeannie and Jim, came out on weekends to ride White Cloud and Flaxy.

### SURPRISE COLT

MARJ: The funniest thing you can imagine happened! Nobody knew that White Cloud (belongs to Betty Petree, now, remember?) was expecting.

But lo and behold, one night I heard a racket outside my bedroom window and I turned on the outside light, then there stood a shiny white tottering colt who couldn't decide who her mother was, and was confounding Susie and me on the issue quite thoroughly, too. We froze for a half hour trying in vain to separate the colt from the geldings who were picking on her and getting Cricket to



BETTY BENTHIN PETREE, the kids' music teacher, nervously mounted on Flaxy. "I presented her with White Cloud," said Marj, "And she accepted quite graciously."

### JUDY SOUTH

"I was so proud of Judy. She was the only conductor who used a baton. Most women who use their hands--they do not appear to be hands, but flippers." (Marj)





MARJ & RANDY  
"Virtuosi"

Marj, looking like the real deal in the cute posed picture, wished she could have studied piano—made sure her kids had the chance to study music.

sonata plus a trio with Randy and Jeannie [Petree]. Also on Midnight Bells by Kreisler, and a quintet with Betty, Serrine (sp) and two other guys. It's the Brahms Quintet.

Betty taught the kids for a short period, helped select a new violin for Randy (which Marj traded other instruments for), and set up a teaching studio for Myrna in her basement. Marj was delighted to have Betty teaching Susan and Randy and to hear her evaluation of their abilities and of the flexibility of Randy's injured hand.

MARJ: She confessed that she was scared of Sue. She claims that never has she had a student before (Clyn came the closest) that has the stuff bubbling out of them without Betty's first having to pour it into them (violinists, of course). So now she is faced with the teaching of a unique person and she is scared. She hopes she will get along and not dampen any of the innate "stuff."

I was overjoyed to hear Betty's appraisal of the hand situation. Randy's hand isn't too bad, she thinks. Much better than she had been led to believe and she said he certainly had a good feel for the violin. She hopes to have them to do a double violin number (Shudder, shudder).

[That remark--a reflection of the periodically turbulent brother-sister relationship!]

RANDY: The duties we were supposed to attend to as soon as we got home included our daily stint sawing back and forth on our respective violins. Ha! That happened once in a while but mostly the watching of TV took precedence over practicing. Susan's favorite program for the first thirty minutes was "I Love Lucy." Bah Hum Bug! Chuck Connors as the "Rifleman" was on the other channel. So we would take turns day to day as to which of the two channels to watch, eight or three. The second program favorite was "The Wild Wild West" and we never argued over that one.

## FARM TRANSFORMATIONS

Little by little, by the sweat of the brow, the old run-down farm continued to

pay some attention to it. Sue (in night-gown) finally got her arms around the colt, and then White Cloud came over and we began to get suspicious that the colt was White Cloud's. It is pure white!

I suppose we should have guessed sooner. Anyway we had to go wake David at 1 o'clock in the morning and he helped. After another half hour we went back to bed, and the colt and mother were in the other pasture, isolated.

The next morning I called Betty from the office and told her to brace herself, she had two horses. She was simply delighted.

### VIOLIN PROGRESS

SUSAN: April 9, 1967 - I like Betty lots for a teacher and for what she assigns us also. I'm working on the Kabalevsky Violin Concerto and a Grieg

be transformed. Marj and David slaved on weekends, and then during the brief spring break, when Marj had report cards to work on and 4 midterm exams to study for, they took on the project of staking out the big pasture between the front of the house and the creek, for leveling.

MARJ: It would have been so nice to take things easy today, but we worked hard all day cleaning on the farm. We moved the chicken coop and burned two great big piles of trash, dead trees, weeds, debris, the place looks better, and you know the feeling it gives, kind of clean feeling. But I got so cold I can't get warm.

#### PASTURE TO GRAIN FIELD

MARJ: *Jun 8, 1967* - We have had a lot of rain lately. We are glad. We have leveled the front field in front of the house and planted it into pasture with a nurse crop of grain and I was so afraid it wouldn't grow, but it is growing. We can see all the grain in the little rows coming through. Of course this is when everybody else's is a foot high, but we had to wait for the man to come level the field and then for the ditcher to come make the ditches to water it, so we just got it done.

The front of our place looks so different now I can hardly recognize it when I go by and when it all comes up and turns green, I'm waiting for the day. Many remark about how different the place looks.

RANDY: The pasture out front--not a pasture anymore--is leveled and is growing grain about 6 inches high.

MYRNA: Looks neat the way the grain is coming up out in front.

#### FORD TRACTOR

JUDY: *Mar 31, 1967 Fri* - David traded the old tractor and \$150 for a small Ford tractor. Randy is just crazy about the Ford.

RANDY: Driving any moving contraption has always been of great interest to me. At harvest times, I was solicited to drive the little Ford tractor, that pulled a home-made slip. The slip hauled the hay. That was my first driving experience. I really thought that was cool! After a couple of years, I was driving that tractor all over the farm and down to the neighbors.



MARJ

"It would have been so nice to take things easy today, but we worked hard all day cleaning on the farm. But I got so cold I can't get warm."

#### COLLEGE - SUCCESS & SOCIAL WHIRL

The school year following the Miss Idaho Falls Pageant, Myrna was a junior at BYU, and she was having a blast. Besides her busy social life, she performed her junior piano recital, which the family attended.

Barry had switched from engineering to business. "I have decided to try my hand at some business classes next semester. We formed a corporation after Christmas and I am thinking that business may help me more than engineering." He also made a switch in his dating, from playing the field, to narrowing the field.

He took Elinor Moss to Myrna's recital, took her home to the farm, and up to Island Park. It was the beginning of a serious courtship.

#### BURNED UP ENGINE

MARJ: *May 23, 1967* - Bad news! We ordered some new gasoline [for tank



on the farm] and it had fuel oil in it and it burned out my motor. It happened on the way home from Pocatello last Tuesday night and I had to hitchhike home. I got a ride in a GMC diesel (didn't think to count the wheels), and had to climb so high! I wondered all the time how I'd get out in my pencil slim skirt, without a parachute; I made it somehow, with the trucker standing beneath me--to catch me in case I might fall. Well anyway, he wasn't going off the oil so when we got to the Shelley exit I walked for a mile and a half or so and finally got a ride home and then David had to take me back down and tow mine home, which he did with a long rope and now I know just how a glider pilot feels.

*Jun 8, 1967 Thur-* We are still without a car so we are running the wheels off David's going to Betty's [violin lessons], and to shop, (not often) and to take Susan into town for drivers training twice a day. It's pretty messy. School starts in Pocatello Monday (the homestretch), and so if the guy doesn't have it fixed by then it is going to be rough around here.

*Jun 19, 1967 (abt)* It rained hard in Pocatello today and I got drenched. I'm in a car pool and I hate carpools but with one car broke down it became a must. I had no choice. But I have to walk from upper campus to lower campus, have five minutes to do it in and I can't. I'm always late for my lit class. Then up I go again for my third class, uphill this time, and late again. I wish it had rained here as hard as down there for the grain's sake as well as my sake.

## NEW CALVES

Raising calves had taken precedence over raising horses, although some were destined for the larder.

MARJ: *Dec 13, 1966* - We have a new calf from Layton's, for the express purpose of butchering and eating. The kids want "Cochituate," but I am trying to outvote them in favor of something edible, like "Caramel." We are going to get about two or three more, so I won't have to save the meat in the deep freeze. I am always saving it.

*Jan 20, 1967* - We bought two three-day-old calves from Laytons. Both of them died. Old Bess (registered Black Angus) and her calf (male and unnamed as yet) are doing well. The prettiest calf you ever didn't see.

*April 24, 1967* - We bought two registered black Angus heifers the other day. They can be bred in a few months so they will calve a year from now. It will be something to have calves start to come as thick as colts did for a while. Bess's calf is as big as these heifers and she'll calve in July, I think. I hope the percentage of females is the same as with the Colts, but our first was a male.

*Jun 8, 1967* - We have another Cochituate—(how the devil you spell it I don't know) we intend to keep, not eat. We didn't want to hang that name on another we intended to butcher!

## THE MENAGERIE

MARJ: David bought two dozen chickens for his kids to take care of and they are growing like weeds.

JUDY: *May 10, 1967* - We have 24 chickens in a box in the house and boy do they stink. I'll sure be glad when they're big enough to kick out into the chicken coop. The girls really like them.

SUSAN: *Apr 9, 1967* - Well you know about the geese by now, don't you? Three of 'em. One gray, (boy, and his name is Dick), and two white ones (girls, one is Henny Poo and the other is Winnie Poo). Since it's gotten warmer they've been laying eggs, but every time they do the dogs get 'em and eat 'em. We have two dogs, Blanca, the Samoyed, and we just got another one, Duffy, a beagle. They're really great fun, but I'd take Lady back anytime. [David's dog, Lady, had to be sold when it dragged home the neighbor's pig.]

MARJ: *Apr 24, 1967* - Our geese left for so long I was really worried, but they have come back. I missed them. I guess the dogs were bothering the nest. We have one goose egg in the house, you ought to see it. What if it would hatch!

*Jun 8, 1967* - The geese have two goslings among the three of them. The kids saw them for the first time yesterday. I'd like to see them.

RANDY: The geese were downright scary! They would hiss and snarl when you got close and would not take any guff from even the biggest animals on the place. The horses would not even get close. The dogs gave them a wide berth also.

MYRNA: *Jun 24, 1967* - Today I spent with David and Barry doing errands in the morning then fishing this afternoon. Now we have chickens, geese, sheep, cows, garden. The garden is growing pretty well.

RANDY: The sheep were great for keeping the weeds down but not much fun to play with. They were also the wimpiest critters imaginable. Any little inconvenience to them and they would bawl and carry on. One got just a little bit tangled up in a rope once and just laid down and died. Sheep take a lot of care.

SUSAN: *Aug 25, 1967* - About a week or so ago when the Ricks kids were out here, my sheep Sybil wrapped her chain around and around some weed until she choked to death. I remembered from going hunting with David that unless you slaughter an animal a short time after they die they won't be any good. So I called Myrna's boyfriend and asked him what to do because he majored in some class that had to do with animal study. He didn't know but his dad told me to string up the sheep and cut its throat so it could drain.

I went out to do it when he (Don) came over. All the kids around were screaming and laughing and "ooing and icking" about the skinning job and Don got a little touchy. David then came and saved the day.

## BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR GRANDMA - Jun 4, 1967

The birthday party in October honoring Grandpa Knapp on his 80th was at the home of Marj's brother Al and was an adult only party. Marj planned a different kind of gathering for her mother. "We are trying to have every grandchild and great grandchild they have if we can get them there. It will be at our place. Mother will get as much fun out of the kids as anyone."

MYRNA: *Jun 8, 1967* - Grandma's fake birthday party was Sunday, June 4th. [On her March 20th birthday it would have been cold]. Everybody but Claudia's family came. We all sort of sat around most of the time till it was time to eat. Everybody said hi on the tape recorder. Shirley's kids sang and Barry did "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." I think Grandma liked it.

## CANOEING IN SAND CREEK

MYRNA: *Jun 8, 1967* - Yesterday Susan and Randy and I took a canoe ride. We paddled downstream nicely, turned around and headed back. I was in the rear, supposedly the guiding spot. We went from bank to bank but little



ANN, THEL, CLAUDIA, GRANDPA, BERNIE, GRANDMA, AL, MARJ  
Grandpa's 80th birthday party at Al's house.

GRANDPA & GRANDMA KNAPP  
BABY DAVEY, JENNY, NANETTE, ROBIN  
Grandma's 78th birthday party was held on the farm. (Photo taken following year)



progress forward. Susan decided to run along the bank to tow us. As she got out she saw the geese and announced they had goslings, and that the cows were chasing them. I was still trying to untie a knot in the boat when she started yelling, "Come get me out of here." She was standing in the creek. A cow had lowered his head and chased her so she jumped in. We finally threw rocks and chased them away, started home.

We were just pulling up on the bank when the kids decided to tip me over. I was yelling, but not really scared. I said they wouldn't dare cause the oars would get lost, so they took them out. Both kids were in the water rocking the boat.

We started to float downstream. I kept trying to get out. Susan lost the rope and we were on our own, no oars--me in, Randy hanging on and floating. By Hooks' we got close enough to the bank for Sue to catch the rope. I finally escaped to shore and Susan tried to push me in the water. We had a big fight like in the movies, then Randy got out and tied up the boat. I was helpless. They just toppled me backwards into the creek. It wasn't a warm day and what a feeling--all the way under in one application. Things went fine until we tipped the canoe over and got it full of water. So we stopped at Crapos' trailer house, borrowed his #2 tub and a couple dippers and went to work bailing out the canoe. We have such fun on our funny farm.

#### TRIP TO RED FISH LAKE

MYRNA: *July, 1967* - Marj had to stay home from the 4th of July weekend vacation to study. The rest of us went to Red Fish Lake, Salmon River country near Chalice. Bishop Ricks took his family. We had canoe races and a little swimming. That water was awfully cold and the mosquitoes discouraged the wearing of scanty clothing. Susan, Randy, and Myrna came home with red, sore, sunburns. The place was really beautiful, Sawtooth Mountains with some snow on them, a lot of forest, and a beautiful river or creek that was so swift and violent it was white. I climbed a hill and could see all three at once. It reminded me of what we think Austria is supposed to look like. David thinks we will load the canoe and all of us into the back of the truck and go to Caribou.

#### SOUTH FAMILY REUNION

The South Family Reunion took place on the farm on July 15th. The previous year's reunion had been disappointing. "It wasn't worth going to," wrote Myrna. Marj's family volunteered to have the next one on the farm. "I am—believe it or not—the hostess," continued Myrna. "David volunteered me because I was complaining about how crummy it was. I figure we can swim in the canal (gobs more fun than the creek), ride horses, play ball. I think I'll have everyone register when they get here so someone will know who everyone is and who all came."

In April, Myrna, Barry, and cousins Matt Chipman, Jean and Ann Soderberg had met in Salt Lake to plan the event. The activities were preceeded by Myrna's performance of her junior recital (shortened version). In the audience were several reunion attendees.

#### GRADUATION - "OUT OF CAPTIVITY"

Marj's last of three summers of school at ISU proved to be her hardest. Timing of classes kept her there all day. "Since my classes are so spread out, I intend to take a golf class. This may carry me along to make the long days palatable. Just think, I will have to eat lunch down there. I hate it. But like all things, I suppose that this too shall pass."





In August Marj attended rehearsal for commencement and started to make all kinds of resolutions about what to do with all her free time when school was over.

MYRNA: Marj is much more tired of school than usual. She has remaining time planned three ways: farming, woodwork, sewing, and vacation in Island park. (She's the one who said three—it's not me that can't count.)

MARJ: School's great: It's almost over! Cap and gown Friday and I am horrified to realize my poor sense of rhythm will keep me out of step in the Grand March. I do hope it's "Pomp and Circumstance."

MYRNA: *Aug 1967* - Friday is Marj's graduation. She says things will be pretty different after she gets out. For instance, she will feed us what we are to eat and we don't eat anything she doesn't tell us to. If we say fink or liar we get sentenced to a term in the garage. Now you might not think that sounds too distressing, but try to picture: real dirty cement floor all covered with junk and some rats (not really), mice, lizards running around some garbage and a sack of old rotten potatoes that have to be sorted and thrown away. I'm sure I've drawn the picture quite adequately to convince you of the horror in the fate that awaits us.

I have to write to Barry and tell him about the graduation so he can give it a moment of reverence at the appropriate hour of the day, which is 4 o'clock. This is really a long awaited for event you know.

MARJ: Hurrah! School's out! I am graduated! I am eligible for a standard certificate to teach school; I have a degree, Bachelor of Arts. I've neglected the kids ever since I started. I'm going to try to undo some of the neglect. I'm going to enjoy my teaching from here on in more. I'm going to take classes I choose, if I take classes, instead of classes other people choose for me.

#### COUNTY FAIR

RANDY: *Aug 22, 1967* - Last Saturday was the Bonneville County Fair. Remember last year I got two blue ribbons. Well this year I got two more of the same color. Susan took Flaxy to the fair. But she only got reds because Flax was rope burned the other day. We got them both shod.

#### NEW CAR

Marj's higher teaching salary started just in time to pay a higher car payment. Since the burning-up-the-Volkswagon-engine-with-bad-gas incident, Marj had carpooled to classes and used David's car for errands.

MARJ: *Aug 22, 1967* - Problems, problems, problems! Bad motor in Volks makes it necessary to do something, so we attempted to turn it in on a used bigger car, and the one we picked out is quite big, a used Mercury which the banker at First Security had, and then I ran into a snag.

The snag was the financing. It was a relief when the Bank of Idaho vice-president approved the loan.



MARJ GRADUATED AUG 4, 1967



RANDY & NAVAJO  
Two more blue ribbons



MARJ  
Perched on one of  
Barney's benches, Marj  
soaks up the atmosphere  
of her beloved  
Island Park.

vents, automatic window washer, four-door, you could sleep in the trunk. The only trouble is it BURNS GAS!!

RANDY: You'll just love to see our new car. It is a 1965 Monterey Mercury put out by Ford. It has 36,000 miles on it and is in top condition. It is a 390 engine with 250 hp, power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, and a real swinger. It is about the size of a new Cad. It costs about as much. It costs about \$2,300. Heater, radio with speakers in front and back, seatbelts,

## BREAKING AWAY

Before starting back into the grind of teaching school, Marj had a little summer's end vacation during Labor Day weekend with two good friends, Dorothy Kerr and Elizabeth Pond. Since moving from the sawmill, Marj rarely saw Elizabeth. She enjoyed the trip and the delightful company. She was also enjoying her new car.

MARJ: *Sep 8, 1967* - We went to Island Park. I golfed Saturday morning with Dorothy and Monday morning with Dorothy and Elizabeth. It was great fun. We went up to the melodrama in West Yellowstone Friday and saw "See How They Run." Just think our Mercury is a 1965 and Dorothy's Pontiac Grand Prix is a 64. How's that? Well, I suppose hers is worth the most; it's a deluxe model. There are quite a few of every kind you know.

Ours is a Monterey Marauder and I asked the banker why one car has so many names and he said, they designate whether the car is a Ford Merc or a Lincoln Merc, and I asked him what ours was and he said it is a Merc Merc.

## NEED MORE MONEY

I called superintendent of schools, Casper, and told him I needed more money for more work. What could I do? He told me to apply to teach in the adult education classes. I am the first applicant for this job. It will be two nights a week for three hours each night and pays \$12 per night which will be approximately \$100 per month which will help a lot. I really need it. If I don't get it I'll surely have to pinch.

## BARRY - ACCIDENT & INJURY

It was already going to be a week-late registration at the Y for Barry in the fall of 1967, as again he was left alone to finalize the season's work in Island Park. On Saturday, September 23rd, the family went up to help him finish up and move, as did one partner.

MARJ: We put a roof on the cabin, finished it anyway, and put finishing touches on two more. David packed with Barry outside, tools, diesel etc. and Sue and I inside, groceries, clothes, papers, etc. we put in the trunk of the Merc. They loaded the truck and jeep.

It was late by the time the string of vehicles left the sawmill site, David in lead in Ken's Volkswagon, Barry driving the truck, Ken the jeep, and Marj the Merc.

MARJ: Barry got out to check his load (stood on top of the load) and fixed a few things and went to jump off and tripped on a 2x4 and fell full length on the ground on his face and banged up one knee. He drove the truck on down, showed me his knee, took a bath, soaked a long time and went to bed. We were all exhausted. The next day (Sunday), he couldn't walk, it hurt him so.

JUDY: Marj took him in to have it x-rayed, (after much persuasion.) It wasn't broken but it already had some infection in it.

MARJ: The Doctor gave him two big shots, tetanus antitoxin and penicillin, and gave him orders for hot steam packs on it all the time. Said tetanus infection has set in rapidly. Anyway he didn't go to Provo next day either.

JUDY: *Sep 27, 1967 Wed* - He was unable to drive and get down to school on his own, so we took him yesterday, Tuesday. David skipped school and took a day's vacation so he could leave. We left early in the morning. Then Barry set out to register, which he did limpingly all over the campus.

After he got registered, we got Elinor and Myrna and went apartment hunting. He took the first one he saw, which simplified that project 100%. We took Myrna home [to her apartment] and then left about 5:30 PM for home.

MYRNA: *Sep 29, 1967* - Barry's leg was much better Thursday; I had a doughnut with him and walked while he limped over to the library.

## THE MERC - CHASING COWS

Marj really enjoyed her new car. She spent a lot of time in her Merc, much of that time sitting, waiting for kids attending meetings, rehearsals, scout activities, and such [minimizing trips to town to save on gas]; and while she sat, she would write letters in the dim glow of a streetlight, sometimes mentioning how cold she was and how she regretted not having brought a warmer coat. She loved her Merc.

She was pleased to show it off when she attended a niece's wedding reception. "Ken Burns thought our car was a '67. It fools a lot of people. I like it better all the time. I was going to keep it sparkling clean, but too much cow chasing. I haven't had time to take it to a car wash, and it's getting dirty."

Cow chasing? Really? Cow chasing?

Ever since spring, there had been extra cows on the place. With pasture to spare, it only made sense to make some income by boarding cows. But those darn cows were troublemakers from the start.

MYRNA: *Jun 8, 1967* - Oh we've had fun times lately. Yesterday at 6 o'clock Marj said "put on your running shoes fast." We hurried out and would you believe-- at 6 o'clock in the morning all they wanted was for us to play follow-the-leader through Hooks' muddy field, several fences, across a couple of ditches 1/4 of a mile down the road, through our field, around the house. About the time I was all fagged out we got the cows in the gate. We figure at 12¢ per head we can earn 12¢ a day by herding a cow all over this end of Taylor to keep track of them. We have 18 of them here.

It gets worse. In the fall, not only were there fewer cow chasers, but there were fewer daylight hours. After teaching classes of kids all day and classes of adults all evening, Marj would come home to discover the cows were out.

MARJ: *Sep. 1967* - We had about 23 head of cows on the place, grazing them this summer and one old Holstein started leading 4 or 5 through the fences--any



place, and literally, truthfully, practically every night for many nights Sue and Randy and I chased cows until dark. Didn't get anything done. One night we chased them until after dark, gave up and got them in the next night.

*Oct 1, 1967* - For the last five or six nights I've chased cows until dark. It is about 20 till 9 now and I've been in the house 15 minutes. It got too dark to bring her home. Nothing blacker than a black Angus after dark. But we found her. Nothing, I mean nothing gets done and there are so many things I would like to be doing.

*Oct, 1967* -What a clean house I could have if I'd use all the time spent chasing cows cleaning house.

*Oct, 1967* - We finally called the owners, two different ones, and asked them to come and get them. Tonight the last are gone. Now our two and Al's one little calf are on this side of the track and I hope to do something now besides chase cows.

## LETTERS TO AUSTRIAN UPPER CRUST

When M'Jean was in Linz, Austria. Her mission president, Arthur Watkins, BYU German professor, had set out to help the missionaries find effective ways to proselyte professional individuals unreachable through door to door tracting.

An introductory letter from a missionary's parents requesting an interview with their son or daughter may prove effective. Receiving a letter from America would seem prestigious, and whether they could read English or not, they would feel complimented and would find someone to translate it.

M'Jean sent Marj a short list of names and addresses of Austrian businessmen and attorneys in her area. This was quite a request for Marj, up to her neck in teaching, taking college classes, kids' music lessons, and farming. But in true missionary spirit, a little at a time, Marj wrote the letters. It was exciting for the family to receive a favorable response in return from a "Mr. Moser."

### RESPONSE FROM AUSTRIAN ATTORNEY

MYRNA: We got the letter from Mr. Moser. We poured over the dictionary, all of us sprawled across the front room floor struggling to translate it. We admit we didn't catch every word. We had the impression he was an attorney but there was a doctor in front of his name.

MARJ: Oh I do hope that you will go see Mr. Moser before you leave the area. We are all sort of sentimentally attached to him. Send me another list. I'm slow, but I'll get it done.



## LETTERS FROM HOME

In the fall of 1967, M'Jean was transferred to Vienna. Queries came right away: "Are you going to watch the Lipizzaner stallions? Take some pictures." The horses were indeed spectacular.

How a missionary misses family! And a missionary appreciates being missed. Marj had started the countdown long before Vienna: "One year mark"; "6 months remaining"; "Just 4 months"; "2 months remaining." Finally time was measured in weeks. "I miss you and Myrna and Barry," she wrote. "Sometimes I could almost 'flip' from missing people."

Throughout her mission in Austria M'Jean treasured the clever, snappy, sometimes wistful remarks from younger siblings. Her cute little sister and brother were just 13 and 11 when she left. Best pal and roommate Myrna was 18. Upon her return 27 months later, Myrna had her set up with an apartment and income!

SUSAN: It sure is weird having your letters come addressed to Idaho Falls, Idaho, U.S.A. I sometimes forget you live in a way out foreign country. We pray fer ya lots.

RANDY: I wish I could be riding a bike with you while you are riding the cobblestones. It sounds like fun.

MYRNA: Won't it be fun to take you on a canoe ride when you come home!

SUSAN: I was playing the tape recorder yesterday identifying all the tapes and came across you, Randy, Myrna, and me singing carols at Christmas. I had almost completely forgotten what you sounded like until I was leaving the room and heard you yell (on the tape), "Susie, you get back here"!!! That was you all right and I almost turned around and headed back for the recorder. We miss ya lots and can hardly wait to see ya again. If you get a chance send us a picture of ya. Sometimes we forget what you look like.

RANDY: We really miss you back here. Today I heard you yell on the tape recorder and I knew it was you quite clearly. I only wish it wasn't a tape recorder.

SUSAN: Won't be long when school is back in session. Hurry home. I have lost my roommate [Myrna] and need a refill.

RANDY: My horse is getting stronger all the time. By Christmas I will have had him broken. When you get home I will let you really have a ride.

SUSAN: My my it's been such a long time. Last time I saw you you were so high but I betcha I'm taller now!! I'm tall as Marj and am growin' strong. Can't wait till you get home. just think of the wardrobe...ah.

RANDY: You'll have to come home quick. Navajo is dying to be ridden by someone else.

SUSAN: I suppose you've been told how terrific it'll be to have you home this Christmas! Marj told me it will be the first time the whole family has been together in three years.

RANDY: I really miss you.

SUSAN: We're starting to count time in days and weeks now before you get back. Everyone is trying to draw a picture of you in their minds about how you're going to look when you get back.

MYRNA: I am really glad you enjoy tracting and teaching. I always wondered whether you really did. I love you and miss you and hope you're happy and I'm anxious for you to be back. Work hard and accomplish a lot; you don't have much time left.

SUSAN: Hurry home!

What a blessing to have such a wonderful caring family!



SISTER M'JEAN SOUTH, AUSTRIAN MISSION

### THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL

The world-famous Spanish Riding School, the oldest riding academy in the world, uses highly trained, snowy white Lipizzan stallions in public performances of classical dressage movements. They perform in the baroque Winter Riding School in the Vienna Hofburg Palace. Although born with a dark coat, the horses turn white between the ages of 6 and 9.

#### RESCUE OF LIPIZZANER

In 1942, During World War II, The Spanish Riding School in Vienna was overtaken by the Nazi army and the horses were transferred to Hostau in Czechoslovakia.

They were rescued from probable slaughter by the Soviet army by the Americans in 1945 in "Operation Cowboy," under the direction of General George Patten.

Miji Note: I remember thinking, after arriving on the other side of the world, "If I disappeared and never returned home, no one but my family would notice."





BARRY & ELINOR SOUTH  
Married Nov 18, 1967  
Idaho Falls Temple

## BARRY'S WEDDING

M'Jean was nearing the end of her 27-month mission when she learned she would be missing out on an important, exciting event at home. "I guess you've heard of my engagement by now. I'm sure sorry you are not going to be able to be here for the big day. Elinor works at the training (retard) school at American Fork, 12 miles north of Provo, as a speech therapist. We found a little house there in American Fork yesterday that we rented. We are getting married in the Idaho Falls Temple and then coming to Bountiful for a reception, both Saturday, November 18. Then the next weekend we are having an open house at our home in Idaho Falls. Once again I wish you could be here."

MARJ: I wish you could be here. In fact I feel sad about it. David asked Barry once in front of everyone if he wasn't supposed to get your sanction, and Barry replied, "Wasn't that why we sent her away? So we could marry who we were wanted?"

## HOMEcoming AT CHRISTMAS

When M'Jean returned from Austria a day or two before Christmas, 1967, she met her new sister-in-law, Elinor. The entire family enjoyed the holidays together.

## DAVID - CHICAGO

In January, 1968, David moved his family to Chicago, where he had taken a position with Chicago Northwestern Railroads running the computer system for the payroll department. The modest house they rented in Wilmette was surrounded by mansions.

## BARRY & ELINOR

Barry and Elinor lived in American Fork, where she was teaching at the American Fork Training School, while Barry finished the semester at BYU.

ELINOR: We moved up to Idaho Falls and lived in the little white farmhouse not long after David and Judy moved out to go to Chicago. It was the middle of the year, and someone called me and asked me to take over teaching a third grade class at Edgemont. Barry drove trucks for Mel Empey.

I had my master's all but some paperwork. I had a dual minor, in education, had done student teaching as speech therapist. Barry finished his coursework by correspondence. They mailed his diploma to him.

## MYRNA TO THE RESCUE

M'JEAN: When I returned from my mission, I was like a fish out of water. Myrna came to my rescue. With her assistantship at the Y she was making pretty good money, but she had traveled home every two weeks to teach a dozen students in Idaho Falls up until Christmas when I could take over the students and have some income. She also found a place for me in an apartment next to hers.



Regarding registration, she figured that out also. We took some classes together, physics being one, and she pulled me through. Trying to plow through the college catalog made my head swim, but Myrna would spend hours pouring over the catalog. She figured out that by taking certain classes in a specific order, including a summer extension freshman English course, I could fulfill the two-semester senior requirement and graduate the following year. It worked. I graduated the following year with the exact number of credits required. Thanks to Myrna.

## MYRNA GRAD

Myrna was winding up her senior year, and in the spring of 1968, she performed her senior recital and graduated from BYU in piano performance. She was offered a teaching job for the following school year in Idaho Falls.

## ROUGHING IT

It was a new experience for Elinor, living in Island Park in a little old mouse-ridden log cabin.

ELINOR: At first we stayed in the little cabin with that big woodstove [Gene Jones cabin]. Then we moved over into that lodge that was supposed to be the Boy Scout lodge. It never was finished. They had some kind of gas stove or something to cook with in the kitchen, and I had to do the cooking for those guys, and I'm not a very good cook. I had to fix their lunches. We didn't have much money.

When those guys' (partners) wives came up, we had to go outside someplace under the trees and sleep. One night we were already in bed and we had to get up and take our sleeping bags and go sleep out up by Tom Creek or someplace. (It was probably Penny, who was pregnant.)

### BATHS IN TOM CREEK

There was no place to take a bath except for Tom Creek. And sometimes I just didn't want to. One time I had Barry bring me down to that farmhouse just so I could take a bath. I remember how much I enjoyed climbing in that tub. Then he woke me the next morning to go right back up there.

I was glad to come back down that second year.

## THREE TEACHERS

During the 1968-69 school year, there were three school teachers living on the farm, all teaching in Idaho Falls.

Marj started her fifth year of fulltime teaching. Elinor returned from the summer in Island Park to teach third grade at Edgemont Gardens. Myrna taught the string program in the elementary schools throughout the district.

## TRIP TO CHICAGO

No one in the family would ever forget the long snowy trip to Chicago for Christmas that year. Marj, Barry, Elinor, M'Jean, Myrna, Susan, and Randy went in the Merc, driving straight through. In blizzard conditions, cars were piled up in the snow on both sides of the freeway. It was great to see David's family and become acquainted with little Davey, who had been born on May 7th. Christmas shopping at a big mall was a new experience.

## SPRING 1969 - MOBILE HOME

Maybe it was because there was nowhere to take a bath but Tom Creek that was

## CASE OF THE MISSING CHURCH

When the second semester began I traveled home every two weeks to teach the students. Transportation home for the weekend was arranged thanks to the "ride board" in the Wilkinson Center. There was always someone driving to Idaho Falls who wanted riders to share expenses. I would tell the driver to take the Shelley exit, continue a couple miles and turn left onto the main road, the Park-Taylor Road. There was a church on the corner, and you couldn't miss it. Sometimes I would be asleep by then. On one trip I was awakened by the others in the car questioning my directions. I looked out and saw that we were on the skinny little road almost to the cemetery, and that we had missed the Park-Taylor Road. I said we should have turned at the church and was told they had seen no church. When we turned around and headed back, I was stunned, because where there was supposed to be a church there was no church. We even drove back and forth on the road a couple times. Finally I said this was indeed the correct road, the correct corner, and that by golly, two weeks ago there was indeed a church on the corner. Of course when I got home I was told that the old Taylor Church, no longer in use, had been razed that week. (*M'Jean*)



M'JEAN  
Buffalo River Bridge

the impetus for buying the mobile home. When Barry and Elinor returned to Island Park in the spring, they lived in better style, in a new mobile home parked in a nice shady spot surrounded by big pine trees at the KOA Campground.

### M'JEAN GRAD

M'Jean finished her senior year at BYU, having taught as a graduate assistant (a job likely "inherited" from Myrna), studied piano with the renowned Joseph Kliass, performed her senior recital, and graduated with a BA in piano performance. She got a summer job waitressing in the café at Ponds Lodge. Barry and Elinor graciously invited her to live with them in their new mobile home.


### MARJ'S PARENTS DIED -DOUBLE FUNERAL

On Father's Day, June 15, 1969, Grandpa Justin Willis Knapp died. Grandma Mabel had been sick for some time and was in the hospital, getting thinner and weaker. When Marj went to cut Grandpa's hair, she leveled with him about Grandma, that the doctors said she had stomach cancer and that she would not get well. After the haircut, Marj asked him if he had eaten. He answered that he hadn't but would like just to visit as long as she was there, and he could eat afterwards.

He must have died shortly after Marj left, because when Bernie and Thel found him lying on the kitchen floor, his breakfast was on the table.

Funeral arrangements were made for Thursday, June 19th.

In Memory of



**JUSTIN WILLIS KNAPP**  
Born October 5, 1886 at Richmond, Utah  
Passed away June 15, 1969 at Idaho Falls, Idaho  
and  
**MABEL FIDELIA HALE KNAPP**  
Born March 20, 1889 at Swan Lake, Idaho  
Passed away June 18, 1969 at Idaho Falls, Idaho

Family Prayer— Warren Knapp

Services at  
IDAHO FALLS L.D.S. NINTH WARD CHAPEL  
Thursday, June 19, 1969 — 1 P.M.  
Terry Hopkins, officiating  
Counselor in the Ninth Ward Bishopric

Prelude and Postlude Organ Music ..... Hal Romrell  
Male Quartet ..... "O My Father"  
Art Park, Barry South, Bob Burtenshaw, Russell  
Christensen — Myrna South, accompanist

Invocation .....	Stanford Blaylock
Life Sketch .....	Douglas Knapp, Shirley Grimmett
Speaker .....	Ward Reynolds
Vocal Solo .....	"Wonderful Mother of Mine"
	Steve Knapp — Ann Knapp, accompanist
Speaker .....	President LaRue Merrill
Vocal Solo .....	"23rd Psalm"
	Barry South — M'Jean South, accompanist
Speaker .....	President Willard Dye
Vocal Duet .....	"Whispering Hope"
	Doral and Doris Meikle — Shauna Meikle, acc.
Speaker .....	President Milton Romrell
Vocal Duet .....	"When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day"
	Doral and Doris Meikle — Shauna Meikle, acc.
Remarks .....	Terry Hopkins
Male Quartet .....	"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere"
	Myrna South, accompanist
Benediction .....	Glenn Walters
Dedicatory Prayer .....	Bernard Knapp
Interment .....	Rexburg Cemetery

**PALLBEARERS**  
Robert Walker, Larry Walker, Steve Knapp, Paul  
Bauer, Randy South, Alan Knapp, Fred Walker, Mike  
Johnson, Kean Kelsey, Barry South, Mike Nield and  
Gary Covert

**HONORARY PALLBEARERS**  
Ninth Ward High Priest Group

**FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS**  
Ninth Ward Relief Society Presidency  
Yvonne Robertson, Alta Cannon, Barbara Fullmer

**FLORAL BEARERS**  
Granddaughters

Your kind expression of sympathy is more deeply  
appreciated than words of thanks can express.  
Family of Justin W. Knapp and  
Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp

M'JEAN: On Wednesday, we were at the funeral home, and a call came from the hospital. Grandma had died. I remember Susan and I were standing there together near Grandpa's casket. The floodgates opened, and we had to seek a more private place to weep. After Grandma was told that her dear "Jesse" had passed away, she had passed through the veil as well. Theirs was a double funeral, and they were buried in the Rexburg cemetery near the graves of their two baby daughters.

## MOON LANDING - OFF TO CHICAGO

During the summer vacation, David and Judy and their 4 children drove out to the farm from Chicago. On the return trip, they were taking a northern route and stopped at the trailer in Island Park to visit Barry, Elinor, and M'Jean. The date was Sunday, July 20, 1969, the date of the first moon landing. They all watched as Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin walked on the moon's surface.

When the time came for them to leave, David and Judy extended M'Jean a generous invitation. Would she like to go to Chicago with them, live with them and get a summer job there? Yes. Could she be ready in 15 minutes? Yes.

M'JEAN: The scenery was beautiful, the temperature very hot. There was road construction in an area we passed through twice. On the return, David picked up an ice cream bar for the smiling young flag girl.



DAVID & JUDY  
JENNY, NANETTE, ROBIN,  
DAVEY  
Wilmette, Chicago suburb

## AUF DEUTSCH - NAUVOO - ZOO

The German Consulate in Chicago advertised for a bilingual receptionist, a temporary position. M'Jean worked there for the remainder of the summer.

When Myrna flew out for a visit, David took his sisters on an excursion to Nauvoo and a famous Wisconsin zoo. Certain animals roamed free in a large area, and visitors could roam around among them. M'Jean got too close to a camel, which spit smelly mucus on her. Nauvoo, at the time, remained pretty much a ghost town. The Mansion House, which was not owned by our church, was intact.

M'JEAN & MYRNA  
Nauvoo Mansion House

## MISSION CALL

Myrna was at David's house in Wilmette when her mission call arrived at home. Marj opened it and read it to Myrna over the phone: Italy! Myrna was pretty excited.

## MARJ BOUGHT NEW CAR

SUSAN: Aug 3, 1969 - Guess what!? We got a brand new 1969 Chevelle Malibu 307. It's a four-door gold and white job. It's about a gallon for 15 miles, but so far that's only been around town.

RANDY: What a car to cruise chicks with! When I was 17 [two years later] I became the designated driver and would drop Marj off at her school, then I would go to my high school, then pick her up after her teaching at her school. It was a grand life.

## FALL 1969

In September, 1969, M'Jean started graduate school at BYU and Myrna entered the Language Training Mission in Provo. They saw each other on occasion.







SISTER MYRNA LYNN SOUTH,  
ITALIAN MISSION

Myrna's letters included great humor. Commenting on a rather zealous young elder: "He preached to us how we can't have the spirit when we sin. Those rules I don't like, but they are rules."

RANDY SOUTH  
Working for Barry in Island Park. "For 3 summers in a row I ran the wheels off of that little motorbike." (Randy)



## MYRNA - ITALIAN MISSION

On November 18, 1969, Myrna left for Italy. The Italian Mission was a relatively new mission. Myrna served in 4 cities: Catania, Taranto, Torino, and Bari.

Her April Fool's prank of sending transfer telegrams to several missionaries became legendary. (All of the missionaries she "transferred" were clued in before buying train tickets. But in one case it was close.)

From eating raw shell fish she became sick with hepatitis. She went to the hospital, where "you wash your own silverware which you bring from home," and there contracted typhoid. Fortunately, she recovered from the hepatitis with no liver damage, and never got a fever with the typhoid.

## HEADHUNTERS - DAVID TURNED DOWN OFFERS

DAVID: *Oct 10, 1969 Journal* - I received a very lucrative offer from Dayton Skogmo, one that would have doubled my salary and moved me to Minneapolis. Turned down Haskin and Sells \$16,500; turned down Crowell, Collier and McMillan \$18,000 [New York] Patent possible on optical scanner. Offered \$16,500 to stay with Chicago Northwestern.

*Nov 12, 1969* - My new job is project manager, yard control. That doesn't sound very exciting does it. But I think it will be. Three projects are to install printers in the train engine, to set up scanners by the tracks to record train movements. Set up an automated automatic control system for the Escanaba Ore Dock. It handles 110,000 cars per year.

## ISLAND PARK WINTER - SUMMER

Barry and Elinor did not move again to the farm but remained through the winter in the mobile home in Island Park. Marj, Susan, and Randy visited on weekends. Barry and Marj both bought snowmobiles and they would all go snowmobiling. Marj would take a bag of groceries up on those trips.

Randy worked for Barry at his sawmill. With his wages he bought a small motorcycle and rode all over the back woods of Island Park until he knew the country like the back of his hand. "For three summers in a row I ran the wheels off of that little motorbike," he said. "I caught hundreds, maybe thousands of fish."

## TRAILER - WINDSTORM - GRIZZLY

Elinor had a frightening experience while in the mobile home at the KOA campground in Island Park. Huge pine trees surrounding the trailer were torn right out of the ground by a sudden violent windstorm.

ELINOR: I was 7 months pregnant when that big windstorm hit up there. And I was there by myself. It was horrible, like a tornado, so frightful. I can remember those big trees came crashing down, one right next to the laundry room door. I was shaking, and even started having contractions. I was in that kitchen on my knees, praying. Barry was somewhere else. When he heard about it, he came, and we went to Idaho Falls. The contractions stopped.

Baby Jason was born 5 weeks later (3 weeks early) on August 2, 1970. By the following spring, the trailer had been moved to another location, and Elinor had another scary experience, this time with a grizzly bear.

ELINOR: We had the trailer back behind Ed Strobel's, this was when Jason was 9 months old. There was a big bear out there. Steve Christensen worked for Barry for a while (lived in neighboring trailer). I saw the bear and yelled. He held a gun, and I ran across, stayed on their couch. Barry wasn't even there. A lady, named Baker, who had 7 kids, stood on the balcony of her cabin and shot that bear. In the Ranger Station there is a cast imprint of the huge bear paw.

### SUSAN GRAD - HS

By the time Susan graduated from Skyline High School in 1970, she had become an excellent seamstress and had built up a nice wardrobe. She went to Provo to visit M'Jean, who was slaving away on her master's program, and they rode Bernie's horses.

BERNIE: Sep 4, 1970 Susan said she enjoyed the week down with you. She enjoyed riding a Morgan for the first time. She's quite a girl isn't she?

### DAVID - BACK TO THE FARM

David turned down the lucrative offers from headhunters in the east. He and Judy decided they wanted to return to the west to raise their children. Judy flew to Idaho with little Davey. David drove a rental truck straight through--household belongings in the back and a bed in the cab for Robin, Jenny, and Nanette. Their arrival at the farm in June, 1970, was timed just a short while before the arrival of baby Melinda on June 24th.

DAVID: I arrived at Marj's farm in Taylor almost broke and jobless. I wanted to get into the foam business but knew that would take somewhere between \$10,000 and \$20,000, and I certainly didn't have that kind of money.

### FOAM BUSINESS - NEW ERA

David convinced Ready-to-Pour Concrete to open a plastics division managed by him. He took Marj with him scouting for equipment to spray urethane foam, and soon he was in the foam business, coating the inside of potato cellars with urethane foam. "David is swamped with work," noted Marj, Sep 9, 1970.

And thus began the foam business and the start of a new era.

### MASTER'S DEGREE

The title of M'Jean's master's thesis was "The Development of Russian Pianist-Composers through the Conservatory System: St. Petersburg and Moscow (1862 - 1917)." She received her diploma in August, 1970, with a Master of Arts degree with an emphasis in Musicology. She played a piano solo, "Reflets dans l'eau" (Reflections on the Water) by Debussy at graduation exercises.



ELINOR & BARRY  
BABY DANNY & JASON  
At A-frame church in Island  
Park

M'JEAN SOUTH, MA  
Graduated August, 1970





SUSAN SOUTH  
Soloist with Symphony  
at ISU

## TEACHING BAND

Unable to find a college teaching opening, M'Jean interviewed for positions in Salt Lake and Davis public schools. "You are certainly qualified, and I would like to hire you," she was told, "but my hands are tied. I must hire someone with a teaching certificate." Duchesne County, off in the boondocks, was looking for a band teacher and had more leeway. "Can you teach band?" they asked. "Yes," she answered, not bothering them with the detail that she had never blown a horn. M'Jean was hired to teach band at Altamont High School, which included grades 7-12.

M'JEAN: The elementary school was next door. I taught those kids too. I taught band and choral music on all three levels. Band and choral groups went to festivals, the first time in 30 years Altamont had been represented. My high school choir put on the musical "Calamity Jane," and taking a page from Marj's book, I had the elementary kids perform the operetta version of "Hansel and Gretel," with the elementary band playing the overture. It was a great experience.

## SUSAN - ISU

Susan visited M'Jean in Altamont, brought her violin, and performed for the students, most of whom had never even seen a violin! They were totally enthralled.

Susan was attending ISU as a music major. She played in the faculty string quartet and was Queen Bee at the institute. A highlight of her college career was her stunning solo performance of the Beethoven Romance #2 in F Major, Opus 50, with the Pocatello Symphony.

## SAND CREEK HOME

David, with a lot of help from family, built a lovely new home right on Sand Creek about a quarter mile upstream from Marj's place. It was a great place for family parties.

M'JEAN: David's family was living with Marj, and it was kinda crowded. We girls went over every day to help with the house. Mostly I remember doing the carpet. If David didn't know how to do something, he did not let it stop him. He said you can learn to do stuff by checking out a book from the library. And he did. When it came time to lay the carpet, he acquired a book on carpet laying, rented a carpet stretcher, etc., and we went to work carpeting his entire house.

## SELLING FOAM

By 1971, David's foam operation was in full swing. David cut ties with Ready-to-Pour Concrete to strike out on his own. He was so busy spraying he had limited time to sell. He asked Marj, "Will you go out and sell some insulation jobs for me?"

Her protest, in which she pointed out that she didn't know anything about urethane, was met with David's insistence that she learn as she go.

"Start selling," he said. "It's the best way to learn. Nobody knows anything much about urethane foam and most people have never even heard of it. We will have to teach people what it is and what it will do. Leave some literature with them



MARJORIE SOUTH  
"Start selling," David said.  
"It's the best way to learn."



to read and some samples of the foam.”

Marj, who had been effective in real estate sales, took to selling urethane like a duck to water. She started putting a lot of miles on her Chevelle Malibu. She loved to drive around the country, enjoyed interacting with customers, learned about the foam business and sold a lot of jobs.

### HOME FROM ITALY

In the fall of 1971, Myrna returned from her mission in Italy and immediately got into college, joining Susan for a semester at ISU. Then it was back to BYU for a semester, theoretically as a business major, taking organizational behavior. Susan also spent a semester at BYU, then got a job with a print shop in Provo and later worked at a print shop in Salt Lake.

### TEACHING STRINGS

During the 1971-72 school year, M’Jean taught the string program, along with some elementary vocal music, in Rexburg. She organized a multi-district orchestra clinic hosted by Ricks College, and her students performed a spring concert at Ricks. She and fellow music teacher, Eileen Wilhoyt [later Wilcox, mother of Margo South] presented an all-school choral concert in the Rexburg Tabernacle of the elementary students in Madison District. Their select choir was invited to sing on the Ricks College Christmas concert. She directed a “Hansel and Gretel” production at Washington Elementary.

M’JEAN: I attended BYU summer school to finish up teaching certification requirements, including mock student teaching, a formality (basically a joke). Summer school was fun, with great roommates and family home evening brothers. I bought a cheap bike and would ride out to Bernie’s acreage to ride horses.

She had 3 job options for fall. Madison School District wanted to renew her contract. She interviewed in Sacramento and was offered a good salary, but when the chance to teach in Granite District turned up, she grabbed it, even though it was a half time position. Pickins’ were slim in Rexburg, and Sacramento held no promise of being better. Salt Lake was where a single young lady wanted to be.

### JOINING FORCES

David looked to Barry to join the foam venture. The time was ripe for a consolidation of energy.

In Island Park, Barry had split with his partners and was working at cabin building, cutting timber for the stud mill in St. Anthony, and doing road construction. In August, he and Elinor, two-year-old Jason and Baby Danny, born March 9, 1972, then moved to Idaho Falls and lived on 17th Street in a pre-fab home hauled from Salt Lake. Barry had a foundation ready, and they slid it onto the foundation.



SUSAN & MYRNA  
“Swingers”- indoor swing  
David’s house on Sand  
Creek

“MISS SOUTH”  
Spring concert at Ricks  
College for all string students  
in Madison District





MYRNA, DANNY, BABY  
REBECCA, ELINOR,  
BARRY, JUDY, DAVID,  
M'JEAN, RANDY MARJ,  
SUSAN (*back*)  
DAVDY, MELINDA,  
JASON, ROBIN, JENNY,  
NANETTE (*front*)  
DAVEY, MELINDA (*seated*)  
On the occasion of  
Rebecca's Baby Blessing  
Born to David and Judy  
June 18, 1973

DAVID & BARRY

## INTERSTATE HOUSE

ELINOR: It was after we came back down to do foam. We called it the Interstate house. Barry was always trying new things. It was kind of like a model home, and he hoped to sell them. Barry had them put a different color carpet in every room—master bedroom and two more—green in one, red in one.

We were there for the whole winter. No

washer, no dryer. Two kids in diapers. Rinse diapers, put in bucket, bring them out to Ammon to laundromat, had baby and teeny kid. We subscribed to a diaper service for a while. It was pathetic--the dingy little diapers they would bring, kinda gray, not white. They did have paper diapers then but I couldn't afford them. There was a Saving Center pretty close, so I could get some things, but hauling two babies around all the time.

The interstate was later moved out to the corner by Marj's home, just down from Sand Creek. Eric Gessell bought it.

## A POWERFUL PARTNERSHIP

David and Barry, working together, were positioned to take on projects they themselves could scarcely imagine. They needed a crackerjack salesman, one with some capital. The third member of the triumvirate would logically be Marj.

Marj had an actual, secure job, and she was making a pretty good salary. It had been a long old haul getting there. She had pushed herself just about to the limit through the hard struggle to get her degree. She had kept up an exhausting schedule, teaching all day, taking college courses in the evenings, and attending school fulltime for three summers. After she graduated, she still had her evenings tied up, teaching adult education classes.

## FENCED IN

Marj knew she was a good teacher. She cared about the kids. And although administrative policies were hard to swallow, and playground duty was burdensome, teaching had its rewards. But after teaching for 8 years, she felt, in her words, "fenced in."

## BOLD MOVE

She faced the perplexing question, should she quit her teaching job and go to selling full time? Nothing seemed so appealing as the idea of working with her sons and at the same time being liberated from the four walls that closed her in day after day. Was it folly to take such a bold step? She needed an answer.

She went to the Lord. She also met with her bishop, Bishop Archibald. She told him of her desires, also her concern about taking such a risky step. The bishop said,



lets pray about it, and they knelt in prayer. Then the bishop stood and said he felt she should go ahead with her plan.

## SOUTH'S INC.

In 1972, David, Barry, and Marj, in a three-way partnership, organized their own insulating business. "We decided to call it South's, Inc. Since our family name was well known and respected in the Snake River Valley."



DAVID & BABY REBECCA  
BARRY & BABY RACHEL

## TREE CONTRACT

An opportunity presented itself to the Souths to make some capital with a bid from the city to remove the big cottonwood trees around the old Eagle Rock School in Idaho Falls. The trees were several feet in diameter at the base. They got some help from some of the rest of the family.

M'JEAN: Returning home for a visit, I was surprised to find my little sister Susan running a chain saw.

SUSAN: They had a contract to cut down those trees and clear them out. There were a lot of trees, and they

SUSAN, MYRNA, M'JEAN  
Sewing Sisters



were big, fat monstrous trees. They had to be cut down, cut up and hauled. They were not healthy trees. There was rot in the trunks. You could see it when you cut them up. I thought it was a shame that we were cutting them down until we got into them.

MYRNA: I was involved in that project, gathering up limbs and branches.

RANDY: The trees were several feet in diameter at the base.

M'JEAN: I didn't help with the trees, but maybe I delivered some lunch to the work site.

I can remember observing 16-year-old Randy. He had worked for Barry in Island Park for three summers but was now working, whenever not in school, for both of his older brothers. What I noticed was his cheerful willingness to do whatever he was asked to do, with a ready reply to either one, "Okay, Boss!" I couldn't help thinking it went a long way in smoothing the fledgling partnership.







RANDY SOUTH  
High School Grad  
May, 1972  
Attended Ricks in the  
fall. Sang and danced  
through freshman year

### RANDY HS GRAD - RICKS COLLEGE

Randy had fun in high school. When he was not in class or performing with his quartet, Nuclear Aeroplane, he was spraying foam. In 1972 he graduated from Skyline, went to Ricks in the fall, and sang and danced through his freshman year. When not in class, singing or dancing, he was spraying foam.

### SUSAN - MISSION

SISTER SUSAN SOUTH,  
M'JEAN, MARJ  
"On my 21st birthday I  
was enroute to my mis-  
sion in Portland." (Susan)

"On my 21st birthday [Sep 7, 1973] I was enroute to my mission in Portland," said Susan. Susan was a bold and dedicated missionary, learned to drive in Portland traffic, served for a time as the president's secretary, and constantly challenged her family at home to be missionaries. Her clever "Oregon Trap Line" helped keep the family informed of her mission activities.



### BABY RACHEL

Barry and Elinor moved out to Taylor, renting Barnett's big old house north of Marj's house.

ELINOR: I was pregnant when we moved out to that cold old farmhouse. Barry was gone all the time spraying foam. I started in with labor 6 weeks early. Barry was not around. Do you know who took me to the hospital? Harry Ames took me in and dropped me off. I think I called Judy, and she arranged for Harry [Judy's brother-in-law] to take me. Maybe she had the two boys.

The doctor said it looks like you're going to have to have this baby early. But we don't know if she is going to live. They got the word to Barry and he came by the time Rachel was born. She was so early, so small, just 3 pounds. She had to stay in the hospital for a while.

Myrna came and she had Jason and Danny. We went out to the car and Dan looked at her and you could tell by the look on his face he knew he wasn't #1 anymore. We were staying with Marj for a while.

## RANDY - MISSION

Not long after Susan's departure, an article appeared in "The Weakly Times," a local publication with a modest circulation, edited by Myrna.

*Miji Note:*  
Randy elected himself as President of the Society for the Prevention of Old Maids (teasing his sisters). He signed his letters "Sir Randy John of South" or "The Kid"

RANDY: I had scheduled the leaving on my mission close to late October, so I could help the family with the "busy season" spraying foam. In 1973, we had completed somewhere between three and four million dollars' worth of business alone, and our overhead was low and our profit was fair (but also good.)

After Elder South had been serving a few months, lest he should feel a slight bit wistful, regarding what was going on at home, he had a reminder from David:

DAVID: *March, 1974 (To Randy)* - Don't you wish you were here? You could be thawing out frozen compressors, warming iso, trailing on icy roads, wiping metal walls so they can be sprayed. Or better yet, digging mud (frozen) out of a spud truck. So far we have been lucky--it has only been to 10° below and we have only had about 8 inches of snow.

The business is strange this year. We are as busy as we have ever been, at a time when it should be slow. We have sold as much as we did last year in July. With the new truck we've made three trips to L.A. for foam.

We are averaging 200 thousand of pounds of foam from California per month along with a semi load of pyrocrete per week.

Right now we have a bear by the tail. We have orders for 12 full truckloads of foam. Not much let up. We are kept very busy paying for the toys we are buying.

Barry thinks we should get your mission president to release you for three months this fall! (not serious, just wishful thinking).

## SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS

Everyone knew what was coming up in the fall—Barry and David keeping crews working around the clock, Marj busy trying to keep the money collected.

Marj was deeply involved in the urethane foam industry. She met with foam and equipment suppliers. She helped develop and prepare presentations at the potato schools. She became acquainted with a good number of the farmers in the entire valley. She sold foam. A lot of foam. She sold air systems.

South's Inc. did very well. They acquired an office/shop in Shelley. Myrna went to work in the office, and so did Marj, when not out selling. All the while, Marj would come home every night and tend whatever horses were still on the farm.

After Randy returned from his mission, Marj would turn her third of the partnership to him, making the three brothers equal partners.

## The Weakly Times

Myrna South, Editor

### GULF STATES GET LUCKY BREAK

(Tempo: drawl.)

There'll be real good times down the Louisiana (pronounced Looosiana) way come November. We got a new elder a comin' down to help us out in the missionary work. Comin' from a prominent family with a real good reputation as missionaries, he should be a big help down here.

South has had vast experience in the field of public relations, trying to promote love between the brothers and sisters on the South farms way up in Taylorsville, Idaho.

(Don't forget you 'all to read this news report in proper drawl style).

He is a past president of the Society for the Prevention of Old Maids. Randy has not commented on his success in either of the previous capacities.

As third partner in a PU spray service he's just been used to a lot of guff and will be properly prepared for the coming events.

Now a good old Southern welcome to "The Kid."

MARJORIE SOUTH

Keeping the money collected.

Tending to business every day.

Tending horses every night.





SISTER SUSAN SOUTH  
ELDER RANDY SOUTH

## NEWS FROM HOME - NEW TOYS

As the missionaries before them, Susan and Randy were informed about what the family was doing without them.

Barry was sorry to learn of the sawmill sale.

M'Jean was envious when reading about the cattle drives.

For Myrna it was snowmobiles.

Susan and Randy heard about toys-semi, sailboat, airplanes.

RANDY: The first big toy I read about was an over-the-road-tractor-trailer Ford semi with tons of horsepower. It would sure be neat to get behind the controls of a truck like that. Next was a Cessna 182 Skylane. Yes, the boys at home were taking flying lessons and traded off the sailboat. What sailboat? A Catalina 22. The Skylane and Supercub came and went all during the two years. I only saw them in my imagination and dreams.

Then what next? A Piper PA-11 or Supercub. Evidently, they weren't hot enough to suit the brothers, so six months or so before I returned home, David and Barry ended up with a "Bonanza" made by Beechcraft. Beechcraft was like the Cadillac or Rolls Royce of airplanes, and the Bonanza was like the sports car model.

## FLYING - SAILBOAT - AIR CYCLES

David and Barry loved flying their small planes. Being able to hop in a small plane certainly cut down on travel time for business trips. When Marj went along, David said, "She sure enjoys flying." There was nothing quite like sailing on the lake in the sailboat, unless it was skimming across the water on an air cycle. Both provided entertainment for many a company outing.

SOUTH FAMILY  
Trying out the new  
sailboat



## HUMANITARIAN PROJECTS

The work for South's Inc. was going well. The jobs were rolling in; the money was rolling in. It was labor intensive. It was gratifying. South's Inc. sent a young lady on her mission. (Shhh. Don't tell anyone.) Humanitarian projects were initiated. [This was in the days before Latter-day Charities.] The idea behind them was to help poor neighbors, in Mexico and Guatemala, help themselves. Thus the sewing machine project. Among the poor people, sewing machines were rare, and the garments being sold to tourists were hand sewn.

### THE SEWING MACHINE PROJECT

Marj started buying sewing machines, used, but in good condition. The plan was that they be donated to the church for distribution to those in need in Mexico. After collecting a goodly number of machines, it was found that the red tape involved negated the plan. She received a letter in December, 1973, from Robert L. Simpson of the presiding bishopric, suggesting she donate the ma-



chines locally. "Kind of disappointing," she said, "but maybe I'll learn next time not to leap before I look."

#### MEXICO - GUATEMALA

However, on March 26, 1974, Marj and Myrna found themselves suddenly in possession of two tickets in a small charter plane for a trip to Guatemala and Mexico on a sightseeing/humanitarian mission.



MYRNA: On the way to work this morning I dreamed up all kinds of plans for the weekend. David has some other, more exciting, I must admit, ideas. We are going away for about 8 days. I guess we're going to look into the possibilities of importing stuff from Mexico or Guatemala.

MARJ: Guatemala, Mexico -- to research what we can buy from people directly, eliminating middleman, to give poor guy better price as a profit on resale, leather goods, jewelry, etc. etc. We are thinking of buying back the service station in Island Park and if we do, use it for outlet for the goods we are talking about to be flown in, and as I say, eliminate middleman. And I am nervous because I don't believe it's going to be easy to fill such an assignment on a guided tour situation. We are supposed to take lots and lots of pictures, etc., contact mission presidents all along the way and do all we can to buy directly from the people.

We will be flying in a new Lockheed Lodestar. [Flown by Al Mallard]

A postcard arrived at the farm from Mexico with a brief report:

MARJ: Leaving soon from Mexico City. Turbulence has caused much sickness on plane. Being Souths with cast iron stomachs, Myrna and I have not been bothered. This gang we are with are lopsided as is possible and most of them spend money like crazy--best hotels, meals, everything. Flying is fun, but it has been unbelievably rough--like a lopsided roller coaster

"We did take lots of pictures," said Myrna. "It seems that was about as far as the project got."

Shortly after their return, Myrna, who had been working as secretary/bookkeeper at South's Inc., decided to dust off some music ambitions. She drove to Boulder and got set up to launch into a master's program in piano performance at University of Colorado.

#### M'JEAN ENGAGED

During the 1963-64 school year M'Jean taught string orchestra at Kennedy Jr. High and 3 elementary schools in Granite District in Salt Lake. In the fall she became acquainted with Gary Lund. Gary obligingly attended her students' Christmas concert. He also attended the Ogden performance of "Carmina Burana," a collaborative effort of Ballet West, Utah Symphony, and the Utah Symphony Chorus, in which M'Jean, along with the other singers, wore a hooded monk's robe. He also took her ice skating at the Bountiful Duck Club. On Easter weekend, 1974, they engaged in sailboating with the South family and also became engaged.

#### MARJ & MYRNA

"Leaving soon from Mexico City. Turbulent has caused much sickness on plane. Being Souths with cast iron stomachs, Myrna and I have not been bothered." (Marj)

#### LATTER-DAY SAINT CHARITIES

The church's humanitarian outreach was launched in 1984. Then a church-wide fast was held to raise funds to assist those affected by a devastating drought in eastern Africa. Church members donated \$6.4 million on that single fast day. Then Elder M Russell Ballard and brother Glenn L pace were dispatched to Ethiopia to assess how those consecrated funds could best be used. This proved to be the beginning of what would later be known as Latter-day Saint charities. Since that time Latter-day Saint Charities have provided more than \$2 billion in aid to assist those in need of aid throughout the world. (Russell M. Nelson, Conference, Oct, 2019)

## BARRY & ELINOR - NEW HOUSE

"It is fun watching Barry," observed David. "He appears to be really enjoying what he is doing. Many times he remarks how nice it is having good equipment. He keeps the big truck parked at his house." Before the busy season hit, there was a concentrated effort all hands on deck to get Barry's new house built. Their beautiful home, on Sand Creek between David's house and Marj's, was ready mid-July 1974.

Glad to be through with school after teaching four years, M'Jean enjoyed living with Marj for the summer, helping Elinor with painting at the new house, and anticipating her day of days!

## M'JEAN & GARY WEDDING

M'Jean and Gary Lund were married August 30, 1974, in the Idaho Falls Temple. There were two receptions, the first, the day before the wedding in Bountiful, at the home of Gary's mother Joyce. Gary and M'Jean flew to Idaho Falls afterwards with David and Barry in their 4-seater Skylane. Following the sealing, the luncheon and second reception were held at Marj's home on the farm.

DAVID: *Sep 1, 1974* - (To missionaries Susan and Randy) Your birthdays are now upon us [Sep 7 & 18]. Be sure to write and thank your mother. She is all alone again. This time it will be worse than last. She is doing very well.

DAVID: *Sep 8, 1974* - Dear Susan and Randy and Myrna - Well, this has been quite a day. The stake was divided by Elder Packer. He is truly an apostle of the Lord. He warned us that we will not see much of the general authorities in the years ahead. He also said that if the explorer program continued pushing co-ed units, the church would drop the program. He gave two leadership sessions. I was very VERY happy to be invited to attend with the bishopric. The church moves more toward the Celestial Kingdom every day.

Susan, after talking with you on the phone, I thought about your life. Barry and I had to take over at your birth and pour the foundation for the Island Park house. Later the problem of being "step-father" dropped on us. I only apologize to all of you for lack of maturity, experience, and etc. I personally feel the same joy when each of you does what is right as I do for my other children. I am very proud of each of you and I know that Barney is also.

## RETURNING MISSIONARIES - SUSAN & RANDY

When Susan returned from her mission in March, 1975, she met her new brother-in-law, Gary, who began working for South's Inc. the following month. When Randy returned from his mission in the fall of 1975, he met his brother-in-law Gary, and nieces Rosalie Lund, born to Gary and M'Jean, Aug 26, 1975, and Jessica South, born to David and Judy, Sep 10, 1975.

## MASTER'S RECITALS - LAW SCHOOL

Myrna, in pursuance of her master's degree in piano performance, performed the two required recitals in the spring of 1975 and spring 1976, giving spectacular performances at each. Marj, M'Jean, and Susan drove over to Boulder to attend the first.

GARY & M'JEAN LUND  
Married August 30, 1974  
Idaho Falls Temple



Marj, M'Jean, Randy, and Baby Rosalie attended the second. On Myrna's horizon was BYU law school.

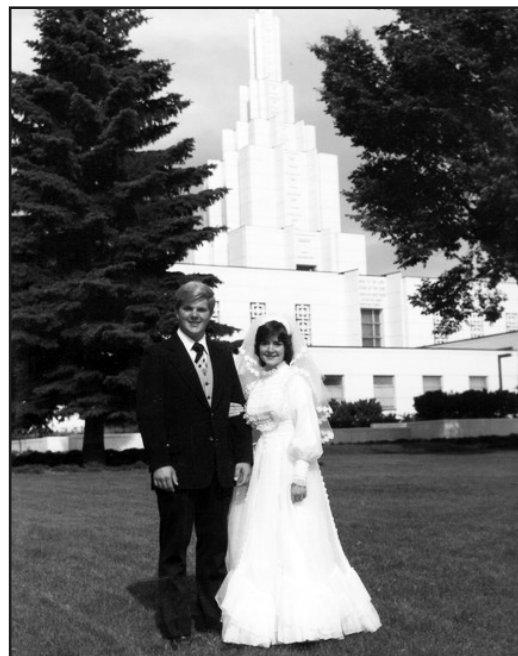
South's Inc. had some great successes, peppered with some dramatic failures. They invested money into a farm deal that did not go so well. There were some lawsuits regarding building problems. What was needed was an in-house attorney. Someone really smart should go to law school. Myrna was elected. She began studies at BYU law school in the fall of 1976 and graduated in December, 1978. She represented the company in various court cases and worked for several different law firms.

### EVERLOVIN' FAMILY EVENTS

Dianna South was born to Barry and Elinor January 16, 1976. A year later, on January 10, 1977, Tessya Michelle Lund was born to Gary and M'Jean Lund.

Randy offered a \$100.00 for finding him a wife. Sister Susan set him up with lovely Karen Dickson, and they were married June 18, 1977 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

Miji Note: I think he still owes Susan \$100.00!



RANDY & KAREN  
Married June 18, 1977  
Idaho Falls Temple

### FIRST DOME

In April, 1976, South's Inc. ventured into uncharted waters and inflated their first monolithic dome skin in Shelley, Idaho. From youth David had been fascinated with the concept of domes. He felt driven to study, research, and experiment. He sought a way to build big domes.

DAVID: One day, driving down the highway, all of the bits and pieces just came together. I knew how we would build big domes! There is no doubt in my mind that this was God-inspired I knew it then and I know and believe it now.

That realization led to the Monolithic Dome construction method Barry and I received a patent for in 1979.



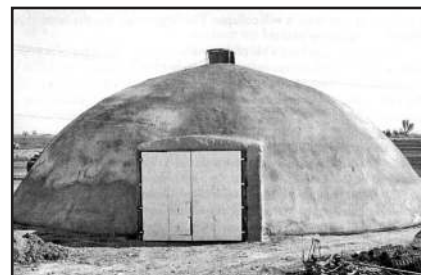
A potato farmer in Michigan learned of that first dome in Shelley in an illustrated feature article of "Idaho Potato Grower," a magazine with nationwide readership. He read about this remarkable potato storage, 105 feet in diameter, 35 feet in height, made of sprayed foam, steel rebar, and sprayed concrete, and he wanted one. He was also persistent.

It was mid-summer, 1976, busy season for South's Inc. At first reluctant about risking traveling so far from home, with men and all their equipment, to perform their second experiment, South's Inc. accepted the challenge. In 17 days, including travel time, the customer had the honor of owning the second such structure in the world.

GARY LUND - FIRST DOME  
105' diameter, 35' height, Shelley,  
April, 1976  
Fitting airform around the ring-  
beam foundation, making sure the  
drawstring was below the lip of  
the protruding concrete.

### MARJ'S "DOMICILE"

The first ever residential dome, the "Domicile," was shortly to come. It would be Marj's new home on the butte!





## Chapter 117

# *The Butte Miracle*

Time is just like the old steamer when the governor got weak=  
It's running away.—MARJ

Within a year of acquiring the farm, Marj showed she was not through pulling rabbits out of a hat when she became the owner of the butte! It was that year of “magic and miracles” when Marj turned assets Barney had accumulated, through his labor and genius, and which she had hung onto, through her prudence and perseverance, into both properties. The loan on the apartment house helped secure the farm, and the apartment house itself was traded for the butte in a three-way trade.

This happened between autumn 1963 and autumn 1964. It was during one of the most trying periods of her life, as she struggled to get out of debt, find a job, and get her kids out of the city. It was also when she became so sick and was finally diagnosed with celiac disease.

It seems astonishing, that when the farm was still a novelty, Marj was considering another, much larger piece of property. Marj and the kids had lived on the farm only a month when Myrna reported:

MYRNA: *Apr 24, 1964* - Barry was home last weekend. Saturday we burned things and rode horses. Sunday we looked at a volcano, including climb up on it. We are thinking about buying it—1200 acre cattle ranch.

It was known as the South Butte, a “retired” volcano or “cinder cone,” a unique geographical phenomenon located in Madison County near the little community of Menan. It was on its nearby twin, the North Butte, where Marj had roamed in her college days. She could never have guessed then that one day she would bear the name South and become the owner of the South Butte.

### *How We Got the Butte*

SUSAN: Once upon a time there was a three-way swap. Jim and Leona Purcell owned the South Menan Butte. There was a lady in Wyoming whose husband had been killed in an accident, and she owned the Blind Bull Coal Mine. Marj owned an apartment house on Ada Avenue in Idaho Falls.





SUSAN SOUTH  
 "Once upon a time there was  
 a three-way swap....."

Marj learned that Mr. and Mrs. Purcell wanted the mine, the lady in Wyoming wanted the apartment house, and Marj wanted the butte. Marj obtained the butte on December 7, 1964. The lady had a house containing three apartments, and Mr. and Mrs. Purcell got the mine (and made a huge amount of money on it).

DAVID: Since the coal mine and our rental-property were each valued at about \$70,000, but the Menan property was not, we received an additional \$12,000 in the swap. Everyone was happy with the deal and I was ecstatic: I no longer had backbreaking rentals to worry about! In fact, this particular deal still carries a feeling of satisfaction for me since Souths still own the butte.

Ah, that was quite a transaction. At the time —everybody would say, "What in the world would you want with that piece of rugged, no-good land?"

At that time, the South family was serious about the business of raising horses. There were a lot of horses on the place for the limited amount of pasture.

DAVID: Horses are true baling machines that destroy their food source. Their strong teeth either close crop the grass or pull it right out of the ground; this eventually destroys a pasture. A pasture with two cows will grow grass tall enough to cover the cows, but that same pasture with two horses will turn to stubble.

The butte provided grazing land. Near the road there were some corrals. Some of the horses were trucked to the butte, unloaded at the corrals, and turned loose to roam the butte. They drank from the river and grazed in the crater. On occasion family members would go exploring on the butte or round up horses.

RANDY: We had so many horses that we summered some of them up on the butte in Menan, Idaho and their drinking water was the Snake River.

M'JEAN: *Aug 5, 1965 Thu* - David and Judy went to the butte this morning. We have the kids. Randy and I tended the calves. Barry and Myrna and Randy went to the butte while Sue and I tended horses.

*Aug 7, 1965 Sat* - David and Norman Stanger and I rode across the Butte. I rode Flaxy. They took the bushiest darn path. The slope was awful rocky and seemed like a stairway. I was feeling so sorry for Flaxy; I wondered if she would make it to the top. But she did, and then she took off across that crater like a streak of lightning. I got a blister on the right hand staying with her. We rounded up the four horses and drove them into the front corral. It was surely a lot of fun.

The family's horse-raising enterprise ended, and so did activity on the butte.

## QUANDARY

SUSAN: Since 1964, there was the annual quandary (a word Marj often used) that she faced when it was time to pay the taxes on the butte. Many years she questioned whether or not she should hold onto the butte when the tax payment came out of her school teaching salary, along with expenses for missionaries and college students, etc.







#### TRIED TO TRADE

She tried to trade the butte to the BLM once for parcels of equal value with the same distance of river frontage, but the parcels that the BLM was willing to trade were scattered “bits” that the BLM didn’t want.

#### TRIED TO SELL

MARJ: *Mar 30, 1966* - It is Wednesday. I’m going to call Rex Price to take him up to the butte in his Jeep to look it over. He knows a promoter in Salt Lake City who helped make their project go in Island Park, and if he’s impressed with our several miles of riverfront, he’ll get in touch with his big promoter and have him look at it too. He said if our land were in Island Park, it would be worth \$300,000. Anyway, it’s such a long shot in the dark, I’m just going to go ahead and show it to Rex, if for nothing else to show off.

#### CHURCH - OFFER

M’JEAN: She offered to let the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have access to the crater, as a natural amphitheater, for staging a pageant. I accompanied Marj and a man representing the church to the rim of the butte to view the crater. He did not see any feasibility of having a pageant there and suggested that Marj donate the property to Rick’s College. She definitely did not want to do that. However, the college radio tower has stood on the rim rent-free for many years.

#### WELL - ROAD - BLESSINGS

SUSAN: A government agency requested permission to drill a test well here, and she allowed it, requesting that they leave the water well at a depth of 120 feet with a casing. The well became the well for her home. She knew that it was a blessing. There was a need for a canal company to have a place to dump gravel that they dredged out of the river bottom, and that rock and gravel became the foundation for her road. She acknowledged that as a blessing.

Our Father in Heaven blessed Marj and our families and others with this opportunity to enjoy the unique cinder cone in this area on the planet. It’s a temporary stewardship. I hope you are all enjoying/appreciating it as much as we do. All this reminiscing brings to mind another reference to a “rock” and a parent beseeching His children to remember their blessings and from whence they come.

“Marj wanted to live in a monolithic dome. We designed it with a 50 foot diameter and 18 foot height and drew her floor plan on the back of an envelope. It wasn’t a floor plan many people would like, but it was what Marj wanted. About a third of the house was living room with surround windows. Her home, with its view of a shimmering river and sweeping eagles, became our first residential dome.”  
(David)

#### FIRST DOME HOME

For fourteen years, Marj watched her kids come and go down that long lane

to her home on the farm: college, missions, jobs, travel. Marj stayed on the farm, tending the horses, holding down the fort. Then in 1977, Marj made another bold move—pioneering the plan of moving the family to the butte.

DAVID: The butte was a really nice place. And one time Barry and I drove to L. A. to meet with our supplier of the urethane foam, and we took Judy's cousin with us, and we spent a day or two on the beach in a fancy house that belonged to her cousin's sister, another cousin. And on the way back, Barry and I got talking, and we said, "You know, that was really spectacular staying there on that beach in that house out overlooking the ocean, and the water coming in." And we got thinking, "You know, we've got every bit as pretty a piece of property up on that butte. Let's get busy and move up onto the butte." So we made the decision on that trip, that when we got back, we're going to figure out how to get it done.

During one of our family powwows in about 1975, the Souths decided to sell their homes in the lower valley and build on their 1100-acre Menan butte property. That beautiful site, bordered by the Snake River on two sides, had bluffs we could build on that overlooked the water. We planned to build in stages, with Marj's home first.

Marj wanted to live in a monolithic dome. We designed it with a 50 foot diameter and 18 foot height and drew her floor plan on the back of an envelope. It wasn't a floor plan many people would like, but it was what Marj wanted. About a third of the house was living room with surround windows. Her home, with its view of a shimmering river and sweeping eagles, became our first residential dome.

In 1977, South's Inc. inflated a skin, sprayed foam and concrete, added windows and doors, and almost overnight, on that virgin land, there stood a wonderful, unique dome dwelling. The lizards, rabbits, eagles, deer, elk, moose, big horn sheep, and the wood ticks no longer had the butte to themselves.

#### SOLD THE FARM

Marj's home on the farm was sold before the interior of the new dome home was finished. [M'Jean noted cleaning, vacuuming her house Aug 23rd.] Elinor said. "She stayed with us for at least a couple of weeks while her house was being built."

#### FIRST NEIGHBORS

Marj's first neighbors were Randy and Karen. Since their marriage in June, they had lived in a tiny house in Shelley. Randy broke his leg in the summer and spent the busy season spraying on crutches. In the calm after the spraying storm, he and Karen bought a 12 foot wide, 65 foot long used trailer house and parked it just up the hill from Marj's dome.

RANDY: Yes, we were trailer people! We did have to pay for a septic system but we did not have to drill a well. Instead, we tied into my mother's well, which was about 250 feet away. I simply hooked many garden hoses together and for a year our water line was that garden hose. To keep the water running we had to have a trickle of water running at all times if the temperature outside was below freezing. And when the temperature was below zero, that trickle had to be pretty sizeable. If a person would forget and shut the water off for just one second, the battle was lost and the hose would be frozen solid. After a year we moved into our new stick built prow point house.

#### FOURTH OF JULY BABY

Little firecracker Andrew John South, born to Randy and Karen South July 4, 1978, became the 4th butte dweller.

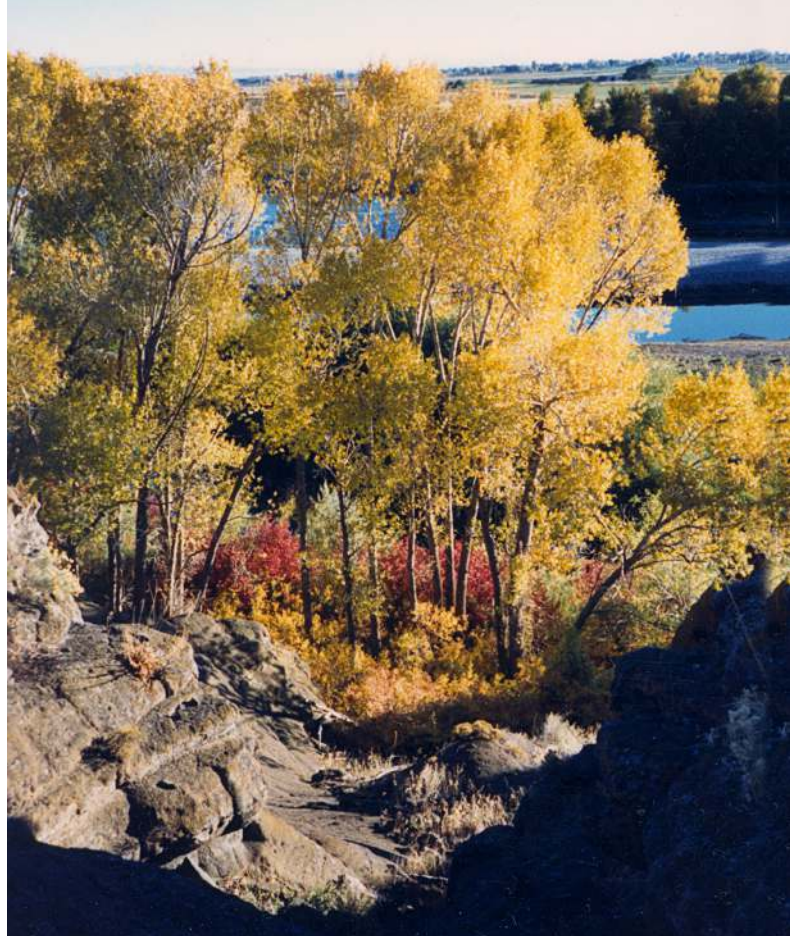


#### SPECTACULAR VIEW

Marj loved everything about her new dome home. She loved her spectacular view of the Snake River. Just watching the water flowing by was mesmerizing. Occasionally an eagle would dive for a fish. A variety of beautiful birds seeking mates were fooled when seeing their own reflection in the 14 tall one-way windows. At night, from her bedroom she would see the reflection of the moon on the water.

#### *Called to Serve*

**M**arj had lived in her lovely new home for less than a year when she received a call to serve a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Michigan Lansing Mission! She would drive her own car, first to Salt Lake for missionary training, and then to the mission office in Lansing. She departed from home Saturday, September 16, 1965.



Leaving her beautiful butte behind, Marj embarked on a wonderful, challenging adventure, where she accomplished much good.

#### FAREWELL - DEPARTURE

Marj's farewell was Sunday evening, September 10, 1965, in the Menan Ward. Afterwards a family gathering in her dome included birthday cakes and celebrating for three September birthdays: Susan, the 7th, Randy, the 18th, and Jessica, who turned three that very day.

Marj had invited Gary and M'Jean and their two little girls, Rosalie and Tessy, to live in her home during her mission. What a great blessing for them! On Tuesday they were on her doorstep. That evening Marj was set apart by President Edwin Adamson. Wednesday and Thursday she shopped for cars for Myrna and Susan. Friday evening, after a day of buying cars and running errands, the job of packing loomed overhead.

But it would have to wait until the dying down

SISTER MARJORIE SOUTH  
Called to serve as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Michigan Lansing Mission.



of the commotion, a “real circus,” prompted by a family saying goodbye to a dear, wonderful missionary mother and grandmother. Already there were Gary, M’Jean, and noisy kids; Susan; Myrna, who had just arrived; Randy and Karen, who were only next door; Barry and Elinor and more noisy kids who drove up from Taylor, as did David. There was excitement in the air.

#### PACKING

At the time Marj should have been going to bed to get some sleep before her early start to Salt Lake, she set to packing, her three returned missionary daughters, helping. It took until 3:30 AM.

“No, you won’t need that! Take that out of the suitcase! Too many of these! One more of those! You’ll never wear something like that! Too much stuff!”

“Too much HELP!”

Well, she took way too much stuff, and the girls all knew it. It wasn’t too long before packages arrived in the mail sending back the excess.

## *The Missionary*

### TWO SENIOR COMPANIONS

After her week in the Missionary Home in Salt Lake, Marj drove her blue Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme to Lansing, Michigan. Her first assignment was one of her roughest. She was to travel 56 miles to Battle Creek where she would be junior companion to two young sister missionaries. Much about the threesome arrangement taxed her endurance. “You don’t have much to say about your life when you have two senior companions.”

The companions were familiar with the area, and as Marj was not, they wanted to do all the driving, and they were not particularly careful in the way they treated her car.

MYRNA: They didn’t really care if they ran it into the curb. And she would wince, and they would make fun of her and laugh, “Oh, poor car,” with Marj sitting there being concerned about the wheel alignment.

#### BATTLE CREEK - THREESOME

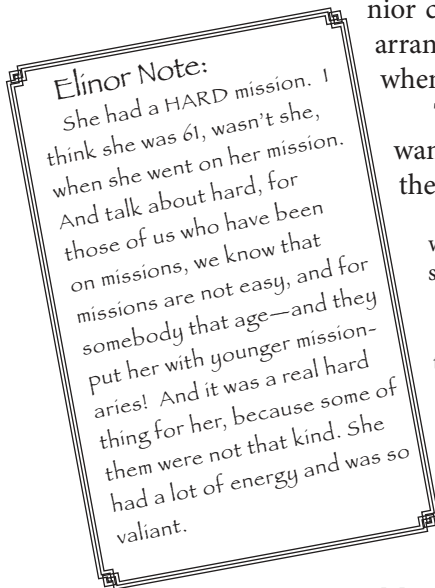
MARJ: Battle Creek is the “pits,” as both companions describe it. We are really trying hard to change that. We are working hard, not too efficiently sometimes, but hard. Highest divorce rate in US, Michigan. Highest abortion rate in US, Michigan. Battle Creek highest in Michigan in divorce. Battle Creek highest in Michigan in abortion. Some record, huh?

Three are a nuisance together. Knocking on doors you never feel good. You feel as though you are overwhelming them or that you are Jehovah’s Witnesses. One man swore at us last week and told us never to come back.

Marj, years later, in writing notes of encouragement to her missionary grandson, Jason South, referred to these “rough times.”

MARJ: .....in the meantime I received a letter from Susan and in her beautiful handwriting she had written this following paragraph on the envelope: “Have you learned lessons only of those who admired you, and were tender with you and stood aside for you? Have you not learned lessons from those who reject you and brace themselves against you or would treat you with contempt, or dispute the passage with you?”

That little quotation helped me. Another quotation was one of the Savior’s



own and it goes like this: Doctrine and covenants 38:27. "Behold, this I have given unto you as a parable, and it is even as I am, I say unto you, be one; and if ye are not one ye are not mine." I used to whisper this to myself under my breath and add "and if you are not one ye shall not teach." That helped me over some very rough spots, also.

#### CEREAL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

For 15 years Marj had struggled to maintain a gluten-free diet. [No labeling in those days.] The one cold cereal she thought safe to eat was corn flakes, supposing it to be gluten-free. Living in the cereal capital, where cold cereal was invented, she was soon to find out the real deal about corn flakes.

*Dec 4, 1978* - One thing I like about Battle Creek. It has the aroma of cereals in the air, But they smell really like popcorn scorched ever so little. We are going through Kellogg's today. Something the companions want to do before they leave.

Towards the end of the cereal plant tour, the guide said, "This is where we put the malt in the cereal. All cereal has malt; otherwise it would be tasteless." So Marj realized even corn flakes were not free from gluten.

#### PASSING OFF 8 DISCUSSIONS

In the early weeks of her mission, frequently having to pass off the eight discussions word for word to the young supervisor elders was a challenge. In one of her letters to the mission president she said it was like "flying kites." She later included some of her experience in learning discussions to grandson Jason (who had to learn them in Korean):

MARJ: I was having a rough time with two companions once. We were a threesome for a few weeks. They didn't like having an older companion in with them and they were "out to get rid of me." They did a lot of ornery things to make me "holler uncle" to the president but I didn't do that. It finally came to an end and in the meantime I was left to myself a lot and I studied and studied as hard as I could and got my discussions word perfect. When one of them went home I got a new companion and I was really ready by then to go to work.

Marj found many people to teach in Battle Creek. Her battle seemed to be with time, and incredibly, she was already thinking in terms of serving another mission!

#### FISHING

MARJ: *Apr 16, 1979* - I can hardly believe how time is hurrying along. My mission is more than a third over. Seven of 18 months are gone! I wonder where my next one will be. I am not eager to leave Battle Creek. It has really opened up. We teach as many discussions in a day, many days, as we used to in a week.

Bernie told me in a letter that his former mission president said it's like fishing. The big ones you have to play a little longer. You can't drag 'em out. I think about them a lot. We are after a "big one" tonight. It's constantly on my mind what to say and how to say it. We have been "playing him" for months. The Lord helped. He's home on sick leave.

Marj had been "fishing" for years, selling lumber, selling real estate, selling urethane foam. She was observant, knew how to connect with people, meeting them on their own turf.

#### FIX WITH SOAP

One young couple Marj was anxious to teach was reluctant to hear their message, and the guy was agitated with a pressing problem. He said he had a hole in his

Dear President,  
Learning the discussions is like flying kites. You get one kite aloft and flying - then you have to hold on to the cord while you launch another. Then you have to hang onto both strings and get another aloft. I wonder if one person has ever flown 8 kites simultaneously before. I guess it has been done. I want to try it when I get home.

Sincerely,  
Sister South.

"FLYING KITES"

It's not hard to understand Alma's feelings. "Oh that I had the voice of an angel." There are so many people out here. So many, Thicker than mosquitoes on a cloudy day in early June in Island Park and just about as insensitive and not a fraction as attentive.

-Marj

gas tank, must fix it, and didn't know how. "Then I told him to weld a piece of soap over the hole with pressure, and it would work if the hole were not too big. He was going, thanks, to us and smiling when we left. Both clean, good-looking, smart, two little children. So you can imagine the feeling, waiting for the next appointment."

#### KNOCKING ON DOORS

Marj was asked to serve on a panel at Sisters' Conference. "Sister Baird [Mission President's wife] said they chose me because I've been the most successful. My part is to tell how to make the door approach and how to get in, etc." she explained. "I guess I can talk for five minutes on that."

#### LETTERS FROM HOME

Marj loved getting letters from home, learning what was going on with her family, trying to keep track of gypsy daughters Myrna and Susan, delighted that Elinor would pack up and go to Nebraska with Barry, learning of the whereabouts of Randy and Karen, hearing from David and Susan in Denver.

#### FAMILY TAPE RECORDING

For her first Christmas on her mission, the family got together at David's house and made a tape recording of singing, poems, and greetings. She said over and over how she loved the tape and that she would play it on prep days.

#### THE RIVER RAG

Marj thanked everyone for their letters, said they gave her a lift, and expressed her appreciation for the "River Rag." M'Jean, Susan, and Karen were the editors of the little newspaper which reported events on the butte, at the shop, church, school, and various places the family members were off to.

#### SUNRISE OVER SNAKE RIVER

"Every time I look out  
and see a beautiful sunrise  
reflecting in the river, I  
think, 'I must write Marj.'"  
(M'Jean)

MARJ: Oct 8, 1978 Your newsletter is so welcome and interesting. I love it. I might say that I expected one and wondered and wondered what the name would be.

*Christmas card, 1978: I love the River Rag.*

*New Year's Day: 1979 - "The River Rag is getting to look rather professional. I love it.*

*Apr 2, 1979 - Thanks millions for River Rags.*

*June 25, 1979 - The River Rag was wonderful. I love those little news bits. They are a work of art.*

*Jul 2, 1979 - The River Rag was great! I really love them and admire them so greatly. Thanks for the labor that goes into them.*

*Jul 18, 1979 - The last River Rag was really special as art. I love it.*

*Aug 20, 1979 - I am anticipating receiving the next River Rag. They are indeed special.*







The intent of the River Rag, of course, was to keep Marj up on the news. Susan ran off copies down at the office and shared them with everyone in the family. The name was inspired by the ever changing river flowing past Marj's dome.

#### MOON RIVER

"I said goodbye to the full moonlight on the river when I left." (*Marj*)

M'JEAN: WINTER— Marj, every time I look out and see a beautiful sunrise reflecting in the river, or frost all over the trees, or steam rolling off the river, or the sun sparkling in the water, or a brilliant sunset, I think, "I must write Marj...as soon as I finish feeding the baby, and describe this to her." But before I'm finished feeding the baby, someone needs to go potty, then the baby needs to be changed, and I decide to take the load out of the washer, Tessy's crying for something to eat, and I may just as well fix lunch for everybody, and by that time the scene outside had changed anyway; I'll write later—after the piano lessons maybe or if all three kids go to sleep at the same time—or tomorrow for sure.

SPRING – The river is high and fast-flowing. There are some pretty white birds, egrets Gary says (he has a bird book) which fly up and down the river. They don't usually fly too high, and they look neat against the green backdrop. Several birds have come right up to the windows, robins, magpies, and one day three woodpeckers entertained us for half an hour. They would take turns doing a little dance right up against the window. A tiny barn wren sat on the chain of the porch swing one day. Tuesday a muskrat jumped up on the window a couple of times and then ran off. The eagles are gone; we never see them anymore. We saw some geese not long ago. Gary thinks two are nesting over by the lagoon, but most of the ducks and geese are gone for the summer.

## A LITTLE HOMESICK & LONGING FOR HOME

MARJ: *Dec 1978*: I am out three moons now. I said goodbye to the full moonlight on the river when I left. Believe it or not there is a moon in Michigan, and a sun.

*Feb 19, 1979* - The president is planning a Sister conference this month sometime. I guess we go to Lansing and stay in their home all night. It's a beautiful home! You ought to see the master bedroom. But it isn't on the beautiful Snake River.



MARJ  
She felt a constant sense  
of urgency, always  
commenting on the  
shortness of the time.

*May 7, 1979* - Have the prickly pears blossomed yet? Are the wood ticks out? Is the lagoon full of water?

*Jan: 14, 1980* - Dear M'Jean and Gary. I really think your letters are fun. I enjoy them so much. It sort of keeps me acquainted with the kids and conjures up scenes in my memory about frost, and even the weeds etc. and the beautiful, beautiful river. Never do I see the full moon but I remember the moonlight on the river the last night at home, and the owl hooting etc. and everybody tired.

#### FALL ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR

*Jan 14, 1980* I want to go to a show and fall asleep on the floor watching TV.

M'JEAN: How well we all remember the many times Marj did just that! Reluctant to take herself off to bed, she would find it pleasant to lie on the couch or the floor "for a few minutes" and waken an hour or two later.

#### LOVE FOR FAMILY - GRATEFUL FOR MISSION

She consistently expressed her deep love for her family. She also expressed gratitude for her mission. "I am really grateful for this mission. I appreciate it more each day." And again: "I am enjoying my mission, sincerely. I shudder to think how maybe I wouldn't have come. Maybe I would have missed it. That would have been a big tragedy in my life."

#### MICHIGAN WEATHER

She often included the weather report, be it bright or bleak:

MARJ: *Oct 30, 1978* - The weather is beautiful still. I am so glad. Leaves by trillions all over the ground everywhere and they are so brilliant. It's hard to believe it can get so bad in the winter as people say it will.

*Jan 8, 1979* - It is really cold here. The temperature doesn't dip too low. -10° is lowest but it is the kind that makes you feel somebody slugged you between the eyes the minute you step outside. My woolen winter coat is not warm. If I didn't wear my woolen black sweater, Myrna's old cardigan, with it I'd freeze to death. It surely wasn't worth the \$100 I paid for it.

#### LANSING

It was in Lansing where Marjorie saw the most success. Several of her investigators were baptized.

Marj was well respected and became known by the mission president, as well as others, for getting things done. Marj was 61 when she left on her mission. In one ward the mission leader remarked that the sisters had done better than all the elders in the zone. "He wondered how someone my age had kept the pace. I sort of forget my 'different' age until someone reminds me of it."

Another mission leader, less diligent, not holding weekly correlation meetings nor getting friendship families lined up, needed a nudge. "We have been dilly-dallying four months for him to get on the ball," said Marj. She and her companion finally started going to his home. "It was the only way we could get anything done. We won't let him rest until he contacts them all."

#### OTHER RACES

It was a new experience for Marj to become well acquainted with people of so many different races, colors and religions.

MARJ: There are so many whites and blacks and yellows and browns mixed and reds around this area. Our black family is doing fine and we have a neat fellowshiping family to help there, the family who referred them to us in the first place. (Later) Still working with our black family. I hope we can keep them. I didn't know how easy it would be to hold a little pigtails black girl on my lap. She's an affectionate kid.

We taught a Jewish family the other night—took a Book of Mormon—gracious, friendly people. We worked with a beautiful Catholic family. I really hope hope hope--we'll see.

Marj was so proud of Mario and Margaret Torrez, “our Chicano family--he teaches high school.”

MARJ: *Jul 18, 1979.* We baptized the Torrez family!!! And are they really special. The more I get to know them the more special I know they are. He has a Bachelors degree and a Masters, smart, clean, and the other night he stood on the sidewalk and told me how everything we told him fell into place like pieces of a puzzle. It was quite a testimony.

*Sep 17, 1979* - Mario has to speak at a youth fireside next Sunday. Everyone loves Mario. Everyone thinks his wife is ravishing!

*Feb 18, 1980* - Mario and Margaret Torrez received their patriarchal blessings yesterday. Were they ever happy! They are wonderful. They plan on going west in 1981 to Salt Lake Temple. But they are going to Washington DC this July.

## HMONGS

The race of people Marj became most involved with teaching and helping were the Hmong refugees from Laos.

MARJ: *Dec 17, 1979* - I wish I could show you the little Hmong people. Little tiny ladies expecting babies. No layette of any kind. Last week we made a crib quilt for one while the men were playing volleyball in the gym. We were in the foyer. They loved it. We are going to start to teach them how to bake bread. Bishop said yesterday we could use the kitchen. We want each lady to be mixing her own batch of bread and take it home with her. He allowed that they would do it through the Relief Society and furnish the ingredients. Next potatoes, in several ways, then the bishop said to teach them how to do hamburgers next and then they will be thoroughly Americanized.

*Dec 19, 1979* - I guess you know the answer to your question about my Thanksgiving with Laotians at church, their first. We should be very grateful. Just think, out of 100 who leave their homeland to escape across the border, 30 make it. The communists slaughter the rest.

Marj heard horrific stories of those trying to escape, both father and mother carrying a child on their back and one in their arms. They told of the children who died because they “could not digest the grass” they ate trying to stay alive.

MARJ: Poor Hmong and Laotians houses are cold all the time. They have had so many experiences in “running” enduring and fighting and starving and burying etc. In spite of it all they are happy, good-natured people.

Dear President,

It is certainly interesting how you find the same variety of attitudes whether you knock on doors in poorest neighborhoods or richest. Some turn missionaries away “gently”—desiring not to offend—others curtly—others rudely—and it doesn't seem to matter if they are in poor circumstances or pretentious ones. The grammar is different but the variety of attitudes exists everywhere it seems.

I used to suppose that people in the most humble circumstances would be most willing to listen. I wish I knew the statistic on this—if there are any.

In my own opinion, if there is any difference at all, the ones in the middle—in between the rich and poor—are most likely to listen. It is interesting to observe. I love to knock on doors. Sincerely,

Sister South





MYRNA LYNN SOUTH  
Marj requested that Myrna,  
recent law school graduate,  
look into the procedure for  
sponsoring Hmong refugees.

### TEACHING HMONGS

Marj was very instrumental in getting the ball rolling to help these people. Got elders going—took them around and introduced them. Then the elders started working with them more.

MARJ: We are working with three Hmong families and starting two more, and moreover we finally have two sets of elders working with about two apiece."

We have to improvise for discussions with Hmong people. Can't start out with Joseph Smith when they are not acquainted with God and Jesus.

Last week we gave a discussion and asked if any one of them had seen God and they all said their grandfather had and that they knew he had been reincarnated and knew his other parents. It's going to be tough. We had dinner with them. It was fun.

*Mar 24, 1980* All is well; we are extremely busy. Working with many people 1/4 of them Hmong. Sometimes we are making progress there, sometimes I fear not. Don't know.

### BROUGHT BY THE LORD

*May 7, 1980* - I think it's verse six in first chapter of second book of Nephi says all who would come to this land would be brought here by the Lord.

### SPONSORING HMONG REFUGEES

Marj determined that she would help sponsor Hmong refugees when she returned home, which she later did. She requested that Myrna, recent law school graduate, look into the procedure for sponsoring Hmong refugees.

MARJ: There are supposed to be 40,000 in Thailand ready to come. How about trying to learn who handles matters for sponsoring refugees in our end of the world, would you please? I guess you heard Elder Hanks. Maybe you could have all that information by the time I get home. Here, it is all handled through the Catholic social services. Two members of the ward here have signed up here to sponsor families and they'll fly them over as soon as their number comes up. They go on social services as soon as they arrive. Members have to buy clothes for them and find a house for them, etc. They arrive at airport (winter, also) in thongs and very brief clothing and maybe a shoebox per family, baggage. Any treasures they bring have to be fastened to their bodies.

They are smart, agile, cute, and the young guys are very vulnerable to the female predators with blond hair who chase them. Our favorite couple has had 12 children, lost three, and were married at 14 and 13. Their marriage was 'arranged.'

Do you have the time to take on a project of learning all you can learn pertaining to the subject of bringing people in, sponsoring them?

### NAVAJO COMPANION

While gaining a love for the Hmong, a race of people Marj had never heard of, she was encountering a challenge with another race.

MARJ: *Sep 17, 1979* - I am eager to get along with my companion. She is Indian, though raised mostly by a white family; she can't seem to get along with any companions. President Baird came to me Sunday a week ago and told me that I was his last hope. He says that if she continues to cause trouble he'll send her home.

But so far, so good! She gets up on time. I call her. She's willing to work and I have had other companions that I wouldn't trade her for. So, here is hoping!

MYRNA: Their chores were divided between them. Whatever chore the Navajo companion was supposed to do she didn't do, maybe vacuuming. Marj started vacuuming, and the companion said, "That's my job," and pushed Marj down on the floor.

Marj was pretty tolerant, but the three months they were together was a test of patience. After the first two months the president was about to make a change. "I felt that the change he had in mind would be so bad for a poor unfortunate who would get her that I begged for him to let me keep her. You see, she has caused trouble everywhere for everyone."

## SHOUT & SING

But the month following, on December 19, 1979, Marj wrote,

MARJ: "Joy in Lansing!" The president said something about a change of companions, and I told him the sooner the better. He is thinking of a different change, (a sister who can handle it better), and I didn't protest.

But what a change for me!!! I could shout and sing, and shout and sing, in my heart silently. You see the Lord has heard my prayers. I will shout and sing silently, in my heart. The atmosphere is not conducive to shouting and singing.

### SELFISH WHIMS

Both Marj and her new companion, the only active member in her family, who had sold her car to come, were subjected to the selfish whims of a young elder.

MARJ: Today is district activity and my enthusiasm is diluted to a thin, small measure. Bowling and going to a restaurant. My companion spends about four or five dollars for groceries and can't afford restaurant or bowling. And the district leader likewise. But still we must go bowling and one elder says eating at a restaurant is his favorite sport, so he votes eat out when the others say I can't afford it. It's a good thing I spend \$15 for groceries or my companion wouldn't make it.

## SECOND CHRISTMAS

MARJ: *Dec 1, 1979* I am thankful this Christmas season. There are no presents going westward. Just a very sincere Christmas wish that the family can appreciate each other more than ever before. And the families within the family likewise. And that Christmas can always be thus. Just think, "In a little while I'll begin to smile, when the sun goes down again." [from one of Marj's songs about home she used to sing]

Love, Marj

*Dec 17, 1979* - One of the things I think about is grand reunion with all the kids. It will be great. I hope I can accomplish much in the meantime. Love to everyone, Marj

Dear President,

On these small report forms for Sunday inventory we have a block where we are to mark excellent, good, fair, or poor ratings for 8 different items.

The third item is spirituality. Now if I should mark the "excellent" rating, the Lord won't think of me as humble, likely. If I put "fair" the mission president might consider I have a real problem. If I mark "good" it seems like a "middle of the road" marking with not true meaning.

But if I put "poor" will the Lord know that I am aspiring to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? (Matt 5:3) What do you think about that?

Sincerely,

Sister South.



## GARY & M'JEAN IN THE DOME

Gary and M'Jean appreciated living in Marj's dome home. They loved all the same things she did, especially the view of the river.

M'JEAN: *Apr 3, 1979* - It's probably pretty hard to get used to hardship, but it's super easy to get used to luxury. Your house, for instance: it took us no time at all to get used to your plush carpet, deluxe conveniences, deluxe everything, and that hypnotic view of the river.

### NEW BABES

When Marj started her mission, Gary and M'Jean had two children. By the time she returned, they had four. M'Jean was only 6 weeks away from delivery when Marj left. From Michigan Marj wrote, "One thing I am going to miss. I planned long since (until I realized it was futile) to spend some time living with Rosalie and Tessya while you languish in the hospital."

### DOMES TOURS

Marj's unique dome home was such a curiosity, that many people came to see it. Gary and M'Jean showed doz-

Many people toured Marj's unique dome home. When the head of Interior Design at Ricks College and his BYU counterpart knocked on the door, they wound up with a self guided tour, as Gary and M'Jean were leaving for the hospital, where Baby Jonathan made his appearance.

ens of people through the house.

### BABY JONATHAN

M'JEAN: The head of the Dept. of Interior Design at Ricks College called to make an appointment to tour the house, along with his BYU counterpart. They asked to come Saturday, November 4th. I told him I had a baby due that day and was not sure if we would be there. He said they would take their chances. Well, they came and brought their wives, arriving just as we were heading out the door on the way to the hospital. We told them to give themselves the tour and left.

TESSYA MICHELLE LUND,  
Driver of the car about to  
enter the master bedroom.

Jonathan Gary Lund  
was born a few hours later.





#### BABY DEREK

It was less than a year later that Marj received news of another little grandson, Derek Thomas South, born to Randy and Karen October 26, 1979.

#### EXTENSION

According to the calendar, Marj's 18-months were to be up mid-March, 1980. Marj expected to be home by the time of the arrival of Lund Baby #4, due April 6th, and again looked forward to helping out. She had written, stating emphatically, that she did not want Gary and M'Jean to be concerned about vacating the dome right away when she returned.

About the end of February or beginning of March, President Baird, Marj's mission president, whom she admired very much, asked Marj to stay longer, then left her hanging regarding just how long, while he was hospitalized—again. "He has a hard time staying on top. He has been in the hospital several times with pneumonia—once for 10 days. When he is out of the hospital he never quits."

Marj ended up serving an extra two months.

#### THANKS

MARJ: I realize this is a very sloppy letter. I have been writing on my lap and drying my hair with my little sunbeam. Thanks for the little sunbeam, Susan. Thanks for the hymns on tape, Myrna, thanks for mesh bag to launder hose, M'Jean. Thanks for the use of your iron, Gary. Thanks for letters, pictures, telephone calls. Thanks for your prayers. Thanks for all the wonderful things you do in the family and ward and world. Thanks for the wonderful people you are.

Know that I love all of you very much and am looking forward to the postponed reunion. I had hoped to be home to help you, M'Jean. Not that you didn't manage with Jonathan without me, but anyway I wanted to.

#### SAME AS KIDS' MISSIONS?

*Mar 24, 1980* - Sister's conference tomorrow and Wednesday till 2:00 PM. Did you have Sisters Conferences? It is a big event in this mission. Everyone looks forward to it, even I. I am always wondering, is this or that the same as my kids' missions? Did they do this?

*Mar 24, 1980* - I really miss all of you and I'm really looking forward to home again. M'Jean, I am regretting I can't be home to help.

*Mar 31, 1980* - Dear M'Jean and Gary, A hasty note to tell you I really planned to help a lot when the baby comes. I am sorry I am not home for that reason. I surely hope all will go well and there will be no problem.

#### BABY JEANETTE

Jeanette Lund was born two days early, on April 4, 1980. Her grandmother, Marj, was not home yet, but when she arrived at the dome, she was fussed over by Myrna and Susan, who were also living there. M'Jean was spoiled by Karen (next door), Judy (who was by now living in her own home on the butte), Elinor (whose house at the top of the butte was underway), and the Relief Society.

MARJ: *April 7, 1980* - So it is all over and the little one arrived—safe and all is well. How wonderful! I am so glad. That day I heard your voice, M'Jean, set a mood for the day. I was joyful and teary both, and I did much reflection on how very much you mean to me. I guess one important reason I want to fill a worthy mission is to make the family know I want their approval. Of course, I really want my Father in Heaven's approval.

I am so certainly looking forward to homecoming, to meet the new ones.

## EAGER TO LEAVE - RELUCTANT TO GO - COUNTDOWN

It is funny how eager I am to leave one minute and how reluctant the next. It is not so much that I can't stand to leave the people or area. It's that I have so many halfway home. I fear for some of them if certain people are here in the area. But I guess that sounds very egotistical. I am sorry. I must get busy. I have much to do. And I will soon be home—Scarlet! [Referring to "Gone with the Wind," a favorite movie] Love, marj. (Home is underlined three times)

Well, it's the countdown again. Go into Mission home 18th, leave 19th, baptized Josephine yesterday after conference. Be home in about three weeks! Meantime, I hope the three weeks will be good to all of you.

## DETERMINATION FOR FUTURE

MARJ: *Nov 12, 1979* - I am not the same person. I have changed. Things that used to mean a lot to me don't matter anymore. They are not important. I am restless, and I want to be restless. I've seen too much of older ladies devoting life to home, and sometimes dog. And I am sort of ashamed for them. I never want any house to mean that much to me ever.

*Jan 21, 1980* - I hope I will have a lasting determination to follow through when I do get home to give rides, share space, help missionaries, if they want it, be a missionary myself etc.

## THREE WEEKS & A RESOLUTION

MARJ: *May 7, 1980*, Dear Judy and family, I guess I'll continue this letter from thoughts I've had for a long time. I am doing two things at once: one lining up tentative projects to do when I get home such as:

A, stake Mission;

B, teaching reading project in ward, and stake and church to nonreaders among members;

C, try to help full-time missionaries;

D, try to get on a bandwagon to fight pornography, or ERA;

E, try to help others make a project of helping see to it that every family, everyone, gets in 4 generation, thereby forcing me to learn myself;

G, work on the project of sponsoring refugees among the Mormons.

Maybe A and C would go together as one. OK, that's one thing I'm doing.

The other is that I'm trying to build a strong very strong resolution to do these things, or some of these and not drift into complacency as I was before and as far too many people are.

But one thing is an absolute must, to make sure that every member of our family big and little know all the fundamental principles of gospel so well that it is part of their conscious thinking all the time. I mean, the war that is being fought today and how very real it is. And how sneaky Satan is, and how clever and stinking low down.

## THE TRIP HOME - MARJ & MYRNA

MYRNA: When Marj finished her mission, I flew to Michigan to drive back with her. We went to Friday forum at the LDS Institute of Religion at Michigan State University. The speaker was a professor of biology and

SUSAN, MYRNA, DEL  
PARKINSON, GARY (*bottom*)  
RACHEL, DANNY, JASON,  
(*middle*)  
TESSY, DIANNA, ROSALIE  
(*top*)



presented an unforgettable slide-show on the eyes of bugs and small animals, and how they were uniquely and perfectly adapted to the needs of each. To me it was a great evidence of the perfection of God's creative work.

We went to Washington D.C. where we stayed in a home across from the temple. We went through the visitor center and a temple session, then we also went to the Smithsonian and saw some of the sights in the city. The city was beautiful in the spring. We arrived home in Menan April 26.



## Homecoming



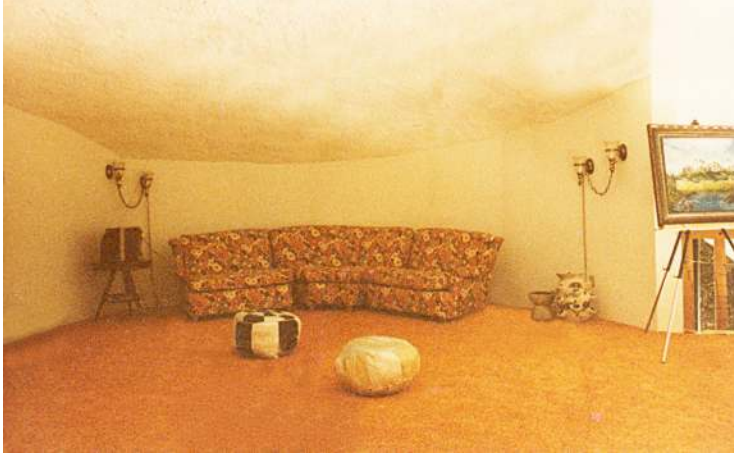
On April 23rd Marj and Myrna called from Washington, D.C. They were heading home. Saturday, April 26, Myrna called from Rock Springs, then later from Palisades, and soon afterwards they were home!

ELINOR:  
When Marj came back from her mission and reported in church, it was Mother's Day, and all of the grand-kids got up and sang in front of the chapel "I Always Go Walking." I'll never forget that. It was neat. She gave a really good report.

TESSY, DIANNA, JESSICA, DANNY, (*front*)  
JENNY, ROSALIE, MARJ, MELINDA, JASON, NANETTE, MYRNA, JONATHAN (*back*)

MELINDA (*front*)  
JESSICA, DIANNA, RACHEL, REBECCA, (*middle*)  
ROSALIE, MARJ, TESSY (*back*)



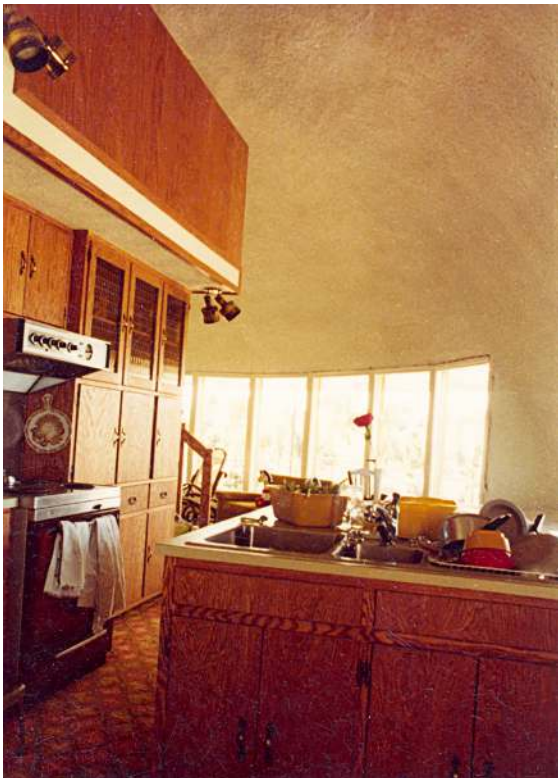


#### THE LOFT

"We used to play upstairs in the loft. That loft inspired me to build one in my home in Providence. My children live up there." (*Dave South*)

#### KITCHEN & LIVING ROOM

ROSALIE, TESSY, JON  
Maybe the big cushion at the base of the stool is there for good reason.



## Home Sweet Dome

Everyone enjoyed having Marj back from her mission. She met the new little ones and became re-acquainted with the other children.

From May to October, 1981, Marj's dome, dubbed the "Domicile," housed 9 people, Marj, Myrna, Susan, and the six Lunds.

#### HOME SWEET OFFICE

Back in the saddle, Marj again worked for the company. David, Barry, and Randy had expanded the business, and domes were popping up like mushrooms in several states.

#### BABY JOSHUA SOUTH

On October 2, 1980, Joshua Eric South was born to Randy and Karen.

#### MOVING ON

On October 7, the dome population diminished by six when Gary and M'Jean and four children moved to Salt Lake.

Marj was left alone when Myrna moved to Rexburg, worked for an attorney in St. Anthony, and taught piano at Ricks College. Susan moved to Salt Lake.

Marj would soon fill her house to capacity as she made preparations in the coming months to sponsor a Hmong family.





JON, TESSY, ROSALIE  
M'JEAN, BABY JEANETTE,  
GARY, MARJ  
Pretty hard to say goodbye.



THE LUND FAMILY  
After living on the butte for two years, the Lunds are  
off on a new adventure in Salt Lake City.





# Chapter 118

# The River Rag

All the news that's fit to print-ADOLPH SIMON OCHS



September 20, 1978  
Edition #1  
Circulation 8  
Weather: Sun, rain, snow



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## THE RIVER RAG

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### Company Capers

Bids opened September 19th for the Provo dome; South's got it for \$48,000...Probably won't start until Feb. or March.

...Craig is quittings South's to move to Salt Lake to work for Bob Sawyer.

...Company hoping to hire Fetch Anderson--will know by week's end.

...Terry Thornock also now working at South's. He keeps Randy supplied with an abundance of the current jokes.

### OLDER & BOLDER

Monday Randy felt the shadow of old man time as he saw the last of his 24th year. To celebrate he and Karen invited Gary and M'Jean to dinner at Jonathan's Grotto in Rexburg. The waiter gulped slightly when he saw the baby and two small children, but he dutifully began searching for a secluded corner and a couple of high chairs.

Randy dined on IDAHO trout; the others, roast beef. To make it official they drank a toast of fake champagne to Randy's "many more."

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### River Rats

How do Gary and M'Jean like living in the domicile? They love it. So far the kids have seen the following: 2 pelicans, 2 cranes, 1 woodpecker, numerous magpies, chickadees, starlings, sparrows, and swallows.

Wednesday two parties came to see the house.

### less, stained yellow flyswatter. Much to his chagrin he picked up each fly one by one

..Robin now working at McDonald's.

..Jenny rehearsing for Finians Rainbow

..Nanette will perform Thurs for Spud Day talent show.

..Jason now a Bobcat in cub scouts.

..Danny and Jason taking singing lessons from Susan Ames in exchange for Sarah's speech lessons.

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### Dying Like Flies

The zillions of flies buzzing on the ceiling of the dome garage met with doom when Gary sprayed with bug killer Monday. The following morning their carcasses made a hairy carpet on the floor.

The house houseflies also met their fate at the end of Gary's ruth-

### President Kimball Addresses Women

Saturday Sept 16 Pres. Kimball addressed by closed circuit women of the church throughout the world. M'Jean, Karen and Andrew went to the Roberts stake House; Elinor, Judy and daughters in Shelley. They wondered if Marj were listening in the tabernacle.

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### Teetering Trailer

Our heater is working (HALLALUJAH!) and it wasn't mice after all. We finally have foam under the trailer.

Tuesday night Randy and the Priests went shooting instead of air cycling, much to Randy's relief.

P.S. We must still have one mouse because a few of Randy's Priests saw a fat little furry critter scurry from the

### stove down the hall. It's description very closely resembled that of a mouse.

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### Society Section

*... Gems from Judy*

The Jameston Choir will do a special arrangement of "Do What is Right" and "Dare to Do Right" in Oct. Sacramento Meeting. Should be excellent.

The Jameston Singing Mothers sang Wed night. Judy South acc., Susan Ames conductor.

Elinor made her debut as a choir singer Wednesday and received rave reviews.

Rebecca loves kindergarten--goes to Bunker where Marj taught. The secy is Bp. Crockett's daughter; Marj taught some of her kids. They treat Becky very well--it helps to have friends in high places.

Jessica has opened an art studio: "Paints" on everything: tables, books, papers, hands, doors.

New inventor in area: David South Jr. His mother almost strangled when she stumbled onto his automatic dooropener-light turner oner-radio deal. Is now drawing plans for a 3-story club house.

New hair stylist: Melinda can now wash, dry, curl, fix, part, and completely style her own hair. She will be open for business after school except primary and music lessons days or when the third grade teacher sends homework.

### 'Twas the Night Before, Mission Home

and all thru the house, Evry creature was stirring, yea evry South--and Lund--Hanging stockings with care, in hopes they would dry--just 2 hours to spare: from 3:30 to 6:00, a short summer's night. We jumped on the suitcases, and to our delight! they closed.

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### Horrorscope

Avoid walking on teetering train bridges

Away to the cars they fl like a flash. On Outlass Colt, Toyota; we really must dash. And to our wonder- ing Did they make it???



# THE RIVER RAG

Weather: Beautiful

October 11, 1978

Edition #2

Circulation 9

## Shop Talk

South's have come up in the world. All offices now contained on upper floor. At present time all is in a mess. The "majority" have come to the conclusion that it is a great move. All books, files, accounts, personnel, etc. will now be together and we can all rub elbows at the same time and level. Only one balker in the crew-Dorothy-she teams up with the great Garbo line, "I want to be alone." Golden Valley Marble will be renting the ground floor as well as the basement. Now they can inhale their own fumes.

Henny Penny the sky is falling in!! No, no dear, it is just the Chambers' Dome.. All turned out well. NO one hurt and dome replaced in a week's time.

Crew working around the clock finishing up spud cellars. At least 3 calls a day from last minute 'Johnnys' wanting a rebuild or a cellar sprayed tomorrow. They wait until the spud trucks are rolling through the door.

EMERGENCY! Lambert Produce places 2 to 3 calls a day for entire week. Porter's wife doing spray job in their commercial cellars. Potatoes pouring in all around. "Help," they cried "COME AND SAVE US!" And we did, to the tune of \$12,000, which figured a \$6000 profit for us. Baby, we is getting smarter and richer.

Two new handy helpers at the shop: Jenny and Manette. They've been helping us to move and doing a fine job of cleaning.

## Chokecherry Chimps

If an award were to be given to the most determined South, the recipient would have to be Karen. In a recent chokecherry picking excursion she espied enormous clusters of chokecherries hanging from a particularly hard-to-get-to tree: it was surrounded by a large thicket of thorny bushes. It looked impossible. (It was,) But Karen took stock of the situation and mapped her course, followed by her somewhat skeptical mother-to-be sidekick. Failing to regrouped and tried another route. After another few failures, Karen, armed with a hoe, took off down a trench, ploughing through the thorny thicket towards the tree. She reached the tree but discovered she had left behind the bucket. So her picking partner had no choice but to follow with the buckets. Karen climbed into the tree; the first branches were easily

picked but not too fruitful. As she struggled to climb higher she broke off the next limbs and came crash-back to her starting place. So from her precarious perch she attempted to pull down the higher branches with the hoe. All efforts to reach them were in vain, but it was sheer inspiration to watch her try. "I'M not going to let this tree beat me," she declared. But in the end it did, and the scratched and tattered burr-bedecked troops abandoned the front and settled for less green but more available pastures elsewhere.

## Grand Move

Marj's grand piano made the big move down stairs with the help of Gary, Neil Taylor, Randy and his priests, while M'Jean was downstairs fixing everyone a treat and "shaking in her boots" (Hoping they wouldn't drop it.) It looks great downstairs.

## Walkout Threatened

Corporate headquarters of Decision Systems, Inc. (a SLC based company) announced today that the entire Production Dept. as well as the research and Design division threatens to stage a work stoppage at the Menan Idaho facilities commencing the 23rd of Oct. immediately following the NARUC Conference in Ohio. Although presumed not to be protracted sources stated that the shutdown would be "indeterminate." No picketing is expected, but there could be some fishing, river-gazing, stone-slinging, wood-cutting, and possibly repair and maintenance at the plant.

## Face Lift

Sasha II under went surgery last month and had all of her wrinkles taken out and a new paint job. It took them 1 1/2 weeks (longest surgery on record) but she is cooperating well. She looks years younger!

## Laughing Lad

October 4th (a date that will go down in Andrew's Baby Book) was the day Andrew laughed out loud. He was standing on his mother's lap, looking at her funny face, and just couldn't contain himself any longer.

## Mishaps

Jason recently had a nother excursion to the Emergency Room to have a pencil lead removed from his hand. He had been shooting pencils in the garage--a chip off the old block!

M'Jean tried to break her leg, and for a second, thought she had, when she boarded the truck rather ungracefully to hold the greaser door open which Gary and Randy had just loaded. Probably due to a temporary condition of not being able to see her feet, she placed one between the truck bed and porch, instead on on the truck, and fell, unceremoniously and quite painfully shrieking, Help! Gary hurried to her rescue picked her up and carried her into the house, where it was found that no bones were broken--just some ugly bruises and scrapes on the left ankle and right knee. She was in agony only a few days.

## Message to the Front

Whereas those on the front are daily winning battles in the war for the kingdom. Those in the rear ranks are having their skirmishes too. On Oct. 8 a young lady from Roberts succumbed to the waters of baptism as a result of a wicked attack with cont' pg.2 column 1

## Rag Bag

Marrieds September activity was a progressive dinner. Gary, M'Jean, Randy, & Karen attended. Judy had a birthday luncheon at Elinor's house. M'Jean & Karen were there to wish Judy a HAPPY BIRTHDAY! She received a book (Gospel Doctrine), a picture frame, and from the artist in the family a picture of the BUG HOUSE (I mean their first little home in Island Park), and a hankie from Susie.

Gary is teaching the nine year olds in S.S. Karen sang in a trio while M'Jean accompanied them at the Relief Society Opening Social on October 5th. They had dinner and got acquainted with the new Relief Society Presidency.

Randy, Karen, Gary, M'Jean, & kids went to Island Park to look at a cabin for Karen's parents.

Dome for a house in Kansas.



## Sots from Judy

Davey calls himself the "Little scientist of the lane". We changed his room to accommodate his "automatic light-switch".

Nanette received a "Simplified Hymns" for learning at the piano--she's the new family organist. Sunday all children will be called to positions in the family organization for this year --asst. to the Pres.(who is David Sr.), Ass't lesson-giver, charister, organist, cook, greeter, etc. We're excited about the possibilities for building leadership in the family.

Jenny "Jaws the Third" is sorer but wiser after losing four wisdom teeth.

Jessica played in the sand at the sandhills--all the D. Souths and B. Knapps were there--and figures she has really grown up - it was her first time.

## Out of Towners

Susan was in the area for the weekend visiting family and friends. She stayed Fridaynite in Pocy with Judy Chandler, with whom she played racquetball Sat. morning. Then she stopped at Elinor's, then Judy's--went shopping with Judy and finally arrived at the domicile after 10:00.

Sunday she attended church, played violin with M'Jean for a while, enjoyed a roast beef dinner (chef: Karen) at the dome, packed, watched the sad ending of "Samson" as he pushed the temple pillars down, and left for Salt Lake, where she reports that she loves her job and is excited about her ward and roommate.

## Funeral

Elinor was out of town for a few days last week, attending the funeral of her mother and visiting her family. She took all four children with her and reported that she was glad to leave Utah for home. She claims to be a true Idahoan at last.

## Message to Front cont'

a 1st Discussion and a constant barrage of testimony from "Seventy" Lund (with a little help from Elder Call his companion). With successes like this the "shock" troops will be hard-pressed to keep up with the rear echelon. Do I hear a challenge?

## Newcomers

Being properly initiated into the Menan II ward, Brother and Sister Lund (first introduced to the Sunday School class as Brother and Sister South--the correction was made by the class president at the end of class) were named speakers at Sacrament Meeting on Conference Sunday.

No one was quite prepared for this: Enter Susie in her chariot, "Charity," with pinstripes--bright orange and black!

## Advertisement

The David South Music Ensemble--instrumental and vocal--has begun preparations for their current holiday tape. This fine recording will soon be available to those true connoisseurs of fine art. It may be ordered through this paper or from: David South Recording, Rt. #3 Box 152 Idaho Falls, Idaho. These famous artists will be featured on the next tape: Kids singing: "Never Never tell a Lie" "My Grandmother's Going on a Mission" "Never Smile at a Crocodile" and many more.

Jenny -- viola  
Nanette -- violin  
David and Melinda -- PIANO  
plus mystery artist

## Letters to the Editors

Dear Editors:

The River Rag--how clever. And very informative.

It stormed while we were in Salt Lake. Everything in my trunk was soaked.

I heard the first session of conference Sunday Morning at a so-called investigator's house--but he'll never join the church and the church is better off, thereby.

-Sister South

How do you catch a unique rabbit?

Unique up on it.

How do you catch a tame rabbit?

Tame way.

## Grubbing in Greenfield Garden

M'Jean and Karen put on their grubbies and spent a day harvesting all the vegetables in the garden: picking corn, onions, tomatoes, beets, and coaxing carrots out of the cement-hard ground. (It took a lot of water and elbow grease.) Karen had mud up to her ankles.

They then went on to a leisurely trip to the chokecherry trees, where they enjoyed a picnic with the kids, the flies and spiders. (See article page one.)

THOUGHT: Harmony happens when we all play our part.

## ELINOR'S ESCAPADES

Jason and Danny are enjoying spud vacation. They are carrying wood, practicing piano, singing, wrestling, teasing sisters, and having lots of fun. They also spend a good deal of time drawing star wars ships. Their conversation is 75% space oriented.

Susie was here Saturday and we had a good time looking at photographs with her. We see Barry for a few minutes early morning and late at night. Sometimes the kids don't even see him then.

Elinor, tired of waiting for Barry to be home, installed a storm door, with the help of Jason and Danny. What an experience! Saturday Rachel turned 5 years old. She and Dianna spent the day helping to make cupcakes and playing with their new tiny teddy bears.

## Bridge Blown Up

From the vantage point of her dome home on the butte, Marj savored the evening sunsets. Framed majestically against the multi-colored western sky were the great steel arches of the iconic black railroad bridge spanning the Snake River. When Marj departed for her mission, she barely missed the spectacle of the dynamiting of the no-longer-in-use bridge. "There was one loud explosion," said the butte dwellers, "and it all came down at once."





Circulation 11



**BERNIE'S BAMBINOS**  
Bernie is working long hours (nothing New). Lisa got her ears pierced. Louise is feeling fine. The kids have a lot of friends. The Knapps went to Provo for Spud vacation to see about the sale of the property and everything is going on schedule. The boys got 2 new bikes. All is well in Shelley.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITORS**  
Dear Editor,  
Are all the leaves turned yet? I attended a baptism Sat.-a married couple. My senior companion gave the tak on baptism. I have never heard better. I am supposed to have all the discussions learned by Oct. 27. That is hard.

## Betty Butte

Dear Betty Butte,  
I've been invited to Manila (Philippines) to spend a couple weeks in the spring visiting my wealthy roommate and her wealthy family, which includes a charming, eligible and wealthy brother. But the trip would be expensive. Fare alone would run at least \$600. Would you consider this a profitable investment?

-Single in Salt Lake

Dear Single:

### WHERE'S MY MAN

At sweet sixteen, I first began  
To ask the good Lord for a man.  
At seventeen, I recall  
I wanted someone strong and tall.  
The Christmas I reached eighteen  
I fancied someone blonde and lean.  
And then at nineteen, I was sure  
I'd fall for someone more mature.  
At twenty, I thought I'd find  
Romance with someone with a mind.  
I retrogressed at twenty-one  
And found college boys most fun.  
My viewpoint changed at twenty-two  
When "one man only" was my cue.  
I broke my heart at twenty-three  
And begged for someone kind to me.  
Then begged at blase twenty-four  
For anyone who wouldn't bore.  
Now Lord, that I am twenty-five  
Just send me someone who's alive.

-Betty Butte

Dear Betty Butte:

Do you think that when I get out of law school I should look for a husband or a job?  
-Attractive Attorney

Dear Attractive:

Take whatever comes first!! -Betty--

**"ROLLER" DERBY**  
Rollers were racing and paint brushes were flying Saturday as Randy, Terry Thornock, and Karen spent the day frantically painting the house. They finished the last room with the help of a 75 watt light bulb. It looks great!! Just think, they may be in by Easter 1980!!!!

### Rag Bag

Sun. (Oct. 22) Bob & Thelma Walker, Chad & Debbie Morris visited the dome. Chad sounded ~~sedis~~ about getting one. Randy's tooth hurts him. He also has a blister on his tongue. Racie had the flu WED. Tessy has gone to RS nursery twice! Andrew sat by the mirror in RS and grinned at himself a lot. He thinks he's pretty cute. (he's right)

Karen's parents and grandmother drove up from California to look at a cabin for sale in Island Park at Mack's Inn. It looks as if they may have bought a cabin. It was a very short trip and a very long drive. They had to leave Saturday night for California as Karen's dad had to be back to work Monday morning.

Zelma visited the domicile Tuesday and Wednesday. She made puppets while Karen and M' Jean made apple cakes and pies. Tessy and Rosie loved the puppetmaking.

Visiting Clearfield this week are Terry, Barry, and Randy. I'm sure they are having a delightful time.

Wednesday Judy took off for Hawaii accompanied by Melinda and Rebecca. (October 18th)

## Barry's Bunch

Elinor carpeted the van. Elinor fixed the screen door. **BARRY FIXED THE SCREEN DOOR AGAIN?** Barry came home from Clearfield Monday nite because his back was hurting. He went to the Dr. today (Tues) & found out it was a torn cartilage. He is to refrain from lifting or pulling heavy things for a while. He will return to Clearfield Wednesday or Thursday. Elinor & kids have horn swaggled Barry in to taking them to Disneyland during X-mas vacation. Myrna and Susan are planning to go too if they can.

### UPCOMING EVENTS

Elinor & Susan Ames are throwing a Halloween party (probably to keep the kids from terrorizing the neighborhood) Karen & Randy are in charge of the Co. dinner in December. Nanette will play in the concerto division of the Music Festival Nov. 18 and the I.F. Symphony youth soloist auditions Dec. 2. (in the Civic Auditorium) Barry & Elinor are expecting to be in St. George for T-Day. Karen & Randy are expecting to go to Kansas soon? Louisiana maybe? They're also expecting to spend T-day in California? M'Jean is expecting..

## Shop Talk

Things are shaping "UP" & shaping "DOWN" upstairs at South's Inc. On the "UP" side--carpenters & plumbers will be here in a week or so to put a bathroom & kitchen. Offices are all organized & look very efficient & business like. Keeping track of the books & co-workers is much easier. Robin is cleaning out Gary Lund's corner & getting the leftovers org. On the "DOWN" side Dorothy is still shedding a pound or two & has her eye on that LEVI outfit. How do you feel about cowgirl boots in the office???????

Part of the crew is looking forward to a trip to Severy, Kansas the first part of Nov. to build a dome home shell for Mr. Boyd Stewart. Pop. of Severy 385. Just enough to staff a ward. Maybe the fellows can do some proselytizing while there. Why not? Doesn't sound like much else to do.

Barry's shingles are selling like hot cakes! Also "Ye Old Brick Yard" is getting a bit emptier each week and the cinder blocks are also selling like hot cakes.

**FEARLESS FLORENCE FLAILS FLIES FURIOUSLY!!!!** Florence constantly is swatting at anything that flies or lands no matter where. Office crew suffering cuts & bruises due to this mania



## Shop Talk

Plans in the air for a Holiday Party. Randy and Karen are in charge. This ensures a super fun time.

South's Inc. are the proud owners of 2 new Dodge Pick-ups, a brown 4 wheel drive for Barry and a blue 2 wheel drive for the company in general.

DeLynn is on leave of absence to put all his efforts in the direction of building a new home.

Norval Bettlyone is quite the handyman--can handle any job or problem that arises. A very pleasant person and a wide open candidate for the gospel. Hope the crew keeps up the missionary work and brings Norval and his family into the church.

We all extend our sympathy to Fetch who lost his brother in an accident this past week. Don and Florence experience great joy for their daughters marriage. They went to the temple Tuesday evening to take out Linda's endowments. Excitement is in the air. The Wedding is Saturday, October 28th.

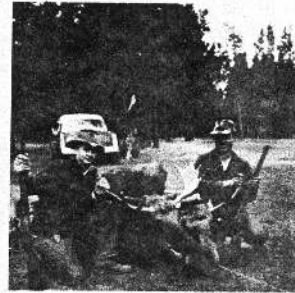
**CREW CRUISES TO CLEARFIELD!!!!**

## Addresses & Phone #'s

**MARJ:** 24 1/2 Horton  
Battle Creek, Mich 49017

**SUSAN:** 3598 S 2300 E  
SLC, UT 278-3287

**MYRNA:** 510 E 2200 N  
Provo, UT 84601  
377-8378

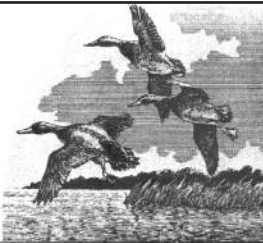


## Spotlight on Barry South





October 31, 1978  
Edition #4  
Circulation 11  
Weather: Crisp & Beautiful



# THE RIVER RAG

## Shop Talk

The water hose sprung a leak. (Nothing new) Karen went to Pocatello and picked out the light fixtures for the house. They aren't the fanciest ones but they are very efficient. Randy is going to be the MAD SCIENTIST in the Menan 2nd Ward Mutual Haunted House tonight (Halloween Night).

Karen, Randy, and Andrew are leaving for Kansas Monday, November 7th. The plan is to be back for Turkey Day.

Plans have changed again. Karen and Randy will be going to California for Christmas instead of Thanksgiving.

Karen has bought some material to make Andrew a couple of suits and white shirts for wear on Sundays.

## MORE CHICKENS THAN YOU'VE EVER SEEN DAD!!

When M'Jean & Karen went to Clark's to get eggs, after Relief Society, Rosie & Tessy wanted to see the chickens. Sister Clark opened the door of the coop. There were 800 henpecked hens!!! Rosie & Tessy were wide-eyed.

Star B. She doesn't even know is that is 5 or 6 yrs. old (Lisa will have to come home & tend the little ones, because they won't go in the nursery).

Last Sunday the family went to Lava Hot Springs to a nephew's missionary farewell. They will be hosting Louise's family for Thanksgiving. Bernie is working long hours. He has been looking around for property in Bonneville & Jefferson counties. He visited Al. Saturday and visited Claudia 2 or 3 times a week.

## Bernie's Bunch

All the Knapp kids are excited about the BIG HALLOWEEN PARTY at Elinor's. Willis is going as the Hulk. Justin will look as if he's been in a fight--ragged clothes, blood, etc. Lisa & Ruth are cheerleaders; Joseph is a bear. Jess is a goblin without costume as make up - he is starting to assert his personality, & he has a strong one. Shaun will be a skeleton. For school he went as King Kong. A neighbor applied make-up, & he looked just like a monkey. Louise has been asked to be a Primary teacher

## BETTY BUTTE

Dear Betty Butte,  
My wife is throwing a Halloween Party for 50 kids. Where can I go?? What can I do???

Desperate Dad--

Dear Desperate,  
Stay clear in Clearfield.

Betty Butte--

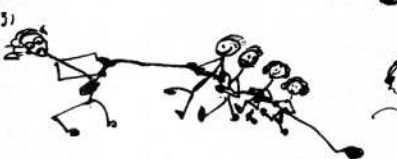
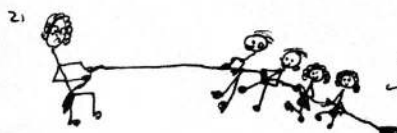
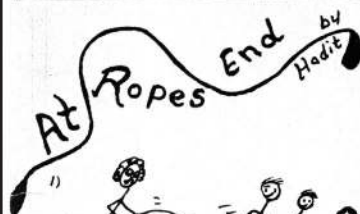
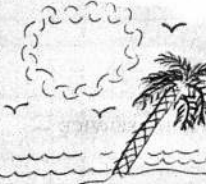
HORRORSCOPE  
EVENT OF THE WEEK  
These items one & the same: Beware Elinor's Halloween Party!!!!!!

## Jolly Jack-o-Lantern

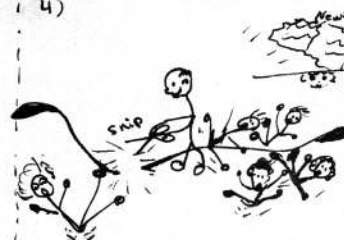
The most original pumpkin face in the valley now inhabits the domicile. For FHE. Gary provided a large pumpkin. Karen, Randy, Gary, M'Jean, Rosie, and Tessy all submitted drawings of faces. The best looking? one was chosen by unanimous vote: Rosalies. Gary removed the top and took out the seeds. Randy, with coaching from Karen, drew on & carved the face.

## HOME TONIGHT

Aloha  
Judy!



4)



Peace







November 7, 1978  
Edition #5  
Circulation 11  
Weather: Getting cold



# THE RIVER RAG

## Crew to Kansas

The first of the Kansas crew left today: Randy, Steve Davis, and Norval Bettlyone. They took the White Dodge, the foam trailer, the skin, the fans, etc. Either David or Don will follow later with the concrete pump. Karen will fly to Tulsa, Oklahoma Saturday. Randy will pick her up at the airport Saturday night. When the crew is finished with the dome Karen and Randy will leave for Memphis, Tenn. (pronounced Mephis)

## LETTERS TO EDITORS

Dear Editors: It's a good thing you put Marj's address in the River Rag. I sent the last letter to Battlefield, Mich. I was so tired when Elinor called me I didn't write down the whole city. Maybe the zip code got it there.

14 BYU Stakes now. We saw "Goin' Coconuts" Friday night. Donny Osmond is in my bishopric, so we thought it would be fun to see his movie. It was.

--Myrna

Dear Editors: Battle Creek is the "pits" as both companions describe it. We are really trying to change that. We are working hard--not too efficiently sometimes--but hard--lots and lots of hours.

Highest divorce rate in U.S.-Michigan.

Highest abortion rate in U.S.-Michigan.

Battle Creek highest in Michigan in divorce.

Battle Creek highest in Michigan in abortion.

The weather is beautiful still; I am so glad--leaves by trillions all over the ground everywhere and they are so brilliant. It's hard to believe it can get so bad in the winter as people say it will.

Michigan Mission was divided. They are trying to build up both halves to full strength rapidly--causes shifting & unsteadiness

## Horrorscope

If staying overnight at the Domicile take sleeping bag and stay upstairs--avoid brown guest bedroom--habitation of at least one black widow spider found last week.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

Myrna will argue in Moot Court in Denver this week. Good luck, Myrna!

Recital scheduled Sunday evening in Domicile will feature Nanette South, violinist, David and Melinda South, Nikki Long, Edith Mae and Wenda Marie Harris, pianists.

## RETRACTION

The River Rag wishes to correct the mistake made about Barry's back. It was torn cartilage on his ribs--now ok.

## WHIPPING INTO SHAPE

Tuesday, the trucks were rolling up and down the Butte as the new home of David South is being built. They have the forms up and the road is packed down sufficiently for concrete trucks to start rolling at the crack of David's whip.



KPS.

## Stork Market

Riverview Idaho Falls Hospital announced a rise in the stork market Saturday Nov 4, '78 at 6:11 p.m. when a dark-haired, 7 lb. 5 oz. 21" baby boy was brought to the Lunds by a very punctual stork.

The mother began having regular contractions around 8:30 am. and was subsequently advised by the Dr. to report to the hospital. Karen gallantly took over Rosie and Tessy and sometime about noon the Lunds made it to the hospital. Finding that they may have some time to wait, they decided to visit Elinor. The pains gradually became more severe, and eventually Elinor kicked her guests out of the house, saying, "I don't want to deliver that baby. Get back to the hospital!" The timing was about right.

Another little bundle showed up at Riverview Saturday: the daughter of Doug and Janet Knapp.

## Baby Scope

Bed down as far away as possible from room of Baby Lund. Otherwise disturbance of sleep by nocturnal wailing imminent.

## River Ruggers

There are now two little boys on the Butte. Andrew has a playmate now or should we say cry mate. The latest addition has made Andrew suddenly grow very large indeed.

## SECRET MESSAGE SCRAMBLE

tepre preip ckpiel a eckp fo idelkpc prpepse.

## Ragamuffins

Rosie and Tessy are crazy about their new baby brother. He has almost been smothered by affection. Monday when they went with Gary to pick up Mom and Baby from hospital they stood in awe; Rosie would hardly go out door and into car--kept looking back to see if baby were following

## PROUD PAPA

A brave Gary made it through practically the entire delivery this time--only stepped out of the delivery room once for a moment to regroup when a slight case of weak knees set in. (His wife would have left too had she had any choice.) He was the first to announce "It's a boy!" And was he happy! He spent the next minutes watching the funny, little youngster being clamped, footprinted, getting eyedrops, etc. He then helped steer the bed carrying mother and child to the recovery room where he played with and photographed his new son before taking him off to the nursery.

He kept the telephone lines hot for the next while informing relatives of his great accomplishment.

## NAMELESS NEWBORN

While roommates are cooing to their infants, "Wake up, Jeffrey," "Eat, Joshua, eat," M'Jean is saying, "Good morning, little kid." Some parents have a history of having difficulty in naming their children, and they foresee no easy time of it this time either. Thank heavens for deadlines. Fast Sun. in December will surely have to be the latest date Elinor will have to call the baby "It."

## Lucky Lois

Lois Knapp was visiting her new granddaughter in Riverview Hos. Sunday. She reported that she had not felt so well in years--weighed more than she ever had. She looked great too! And it's only been 2 weeks since she's been out of her sickbed. A change in Dr. & a new prescription.



## Gems from Judy

Norman Bates getting better after 7 weeks of recuperation from operation--6 months of treatments and operation. Still swollen and weak but on the mend.

Judy, Melinda, and Rebecca enjoyed being in Hawaii for 13 days to care for Judy's Dad. Didn't do any tourist stuff but enjoyed being there. They haven't warmed up yet. David is shopping for an electric blanket.

Since coming back the South's Butte has lost all its leaves--almost winter. The Butte looks like Diamond Head in Hawaii--fun huh!

Robin has been welcomed back home--for a while at least. She brought a little puppy with her. The family has nicknamed him "Grey paws and saucy jaws" or Scruffy.

Jenny practicing hard for Finnian's Rainbow to be presented Nov 8,9,10. Jenny has been called to be the assistant ward dance director.

Nanette practicing hard for the symphony tryouts and music festival. Made high point man on her school volleyball team.

Dayey went to Blazer Briefing last evening and he is the Chief Blazer for 2 months.

Jessica has a whole new vocabulary since her mother and two sisters went to Hawaii. Her mother is very impressed.

**SUPER DAD OF THE YEAR AWARD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

David Senior was awarded this title after baby sitting 13 days. The kids think he's the best there is and his ulcers aren't acting up too much either.

## Bernie's Bunch

There's nothing new about the sale of the property in Utah. Meanwhile Bernie's found some interesting pieces of land in Idaho.

Louise is currently reading "The Promised Messiah".

Lisa has lots of chances to baby sit and enjoys the incomes.

Willis has missed 2 days of school because he has had the flu.

Justin had to take a sack lunch because of the elections.

The smaller children have been enjoying the company of the two Adams cousins who we have been tending.

## Halloween Headache

Tuesday, October 31st, the whole neighborhood (or so it seemed) showed up at Elinor's at 6:00 for a fun filled night. "THE COUNT" (Elinor) "counted" everyone (40) as they entered the spook-alley and made sure each of them were sufficiently "spooked" by the end of the nite. They each did a trick so they could get a treat. They played games, had a fish pond, & lots to eat. Some kids came trick or treating, were run through the spook alley, and were lost in the crowd of kids for a while (while their parents were outside freezing to death & wondering what that lady dressed as Dracula had done with their little monsters!), but were soon discovered and sent back outside. At 8:30 p.m., to Elinor's delight, the kids all went home and left a mess & also a headache with Elinor. Elinor says it was fun but she'll let someone else get the blessings next year!



**Spotlight  
on  
David  
South**





December 6, 1978  
Edition #6  
Circulation 11  
Weather: Cold and Clear



# THE RIVER RAG



## Myrna Finishes Law School!!

At the recent Moot Court competition in Denver, Myrna South & teammates placed third. The other BYU team, 2nd. Myrna would have enjoyed winning but is relieved that she will not have to postpone graduation to go to New York.

## Souths Head South for Thanksgiving

Barry, Elinor, & kids went to St. George for the Thanksgiving Holidays. The weather was a little rainy but Barry, Del, Wally, & Reese went golfing inspite of it. They visited Brigham Young's home & Jacob Hamlin's home. They had snow on the roads from Cedar City to Shelley. As usual, after having stayed in St George a few days, Elinor has decided she would like to move there. They all arrived home in one piece (except Elinor's nerves) & a good time was had by all.

Jonathan

Gary

Lund



## Jonathan Gets What He Deserves

After waiting for four weeks and one day the little tyke who came to contribute to the noise at the Lund's finally received a none and a very nice blessing bespoken by his father. David, Barry, Randy, Pete Wilde, & the 70's Quorum also stood in the circle.

After church everyone had dinner at the dome--all the family and the Wildes. Later in the day M'Jean & Karen had all the little girls sing some songs together.

## T-Day at David's

Oh, that Judy puts on a fine turkey dinner! And such great dressing. Huh Gary? Myrna & Susan arrived late "ed. evening. M'Jean's one accomplishment of the day had been to bake four pies--assisted somewhat by Zelma, who dropped in to visit and inspect the latest addition.

Thursday morning the Menanites struggled to get themselves ready to arrive in time to eat the feast that Judy and kids had been slaving all morning to prepare. After dinner it was fun to talk with Randy & Karen who called from Memphis. We gave them all the cheery news about their trailer troubles. They told us how nice the weather was there. It was really ne- at for everyone to talk

## Gary Meets with Utah Power

Gary left for SLC Saturday, Nov. 25 -- to finish preparing for a presentation with Utah Power Mon. Myrna, Susan, M'Jean, Rosie, Tessy, and Baby stayed home to do some shopping & then left Sunday A.M. Gary's meeting went ok but the guy with the check book wasn't there. Another meeting is in the offing. Gary's family was all very impressed with the new baby. M'Jean went to "Take Down" with Gary's sisters.

with Marj. We were hoping she missed us a little. It was also great to have Myrna and Susan home for Thanksgiving!!!!!!  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



## Nanette Featured in Music Events

A short informal recital was presented by students of M'Jean Lund at the Dome Sunday, November 12. Performing were Wanda Marie Harris, David South Jr., Melinda South, Nikki Long, Edith Mae Harris, Nanette South. Everyone played very well.

The Idaho Falls Jr. Music Festival, Concerto Event took place at the home of Florine Berntson Saturday, November 18. Nikki, Nanette, & Edith Mae all received superior ratings.

Idaho Falls Symphony Youth Soloist Auditions were held Saturday, December 2. Thirty-four contestants participated. Half of the performers played at the Civic Auditorium (all pianists), 5 pianists, 6 violinists, 1 bassoonist, 1 French Horn player, 1 flutist, 1 trumpet player & 2 vocalists played at Eagle Rock Jr. High. From each group semifinalists were chosen who competed again that afternoon. Two outstanding young area artists were Nanette South, violinist, and Edith Mae Harris, pianist both students of the renowned M'Jean Lund. Both students performed very well. Edith Mae was chosen as a semifinalist. The audition winners include 4 pianists, 1 violinist, & 1 vocalist.

## Interview: with World Famous Choir Conductor Judy South

- RR We understand you recently conducted an outstanding performance of the Shelley Stake Choir at Stake Conference. Could you tell us what you performed?
- JS God of Our Fathers, Prayer of Thanksgiving and I Need Thee Every Hour.
- RR How did you feel about the performance?
- JS The Stake President wrote a letter asking me how I got such a beautiful sound out of so few voices.
- RR How large of a group did you conduct?
- JS I guess about 40.
- RR How did you lure the musicians to your practices?
- JS I left that up to the Lord.

## Interview with Jenny

- RR You have been accused of being a bookworm. Do you readily admit to this or are you going to try to squirm out of it?
- JLS I will readily admit to it.
- RR Is it true that Tolkein Books are "Hobbit-forming"?
- JLS Yes I've read them six times.
- RR How would describe a discoteque to someone who's never been there?
- JLS You can't!!!
- RR What is the most exciting thing in school this year?
- JLS "Finian's Rainbow"
- RR Tell us about it.
- JLS It was really fun. I was in a chorus, (sang & danced)



## Wedding Bells

Mr. and Mrs. David B. South  
announce the marriage of their daughter

Robin

to

Mr. Michael G. Gardner

son of

Mr. J. B. Gardner and

Mrs. Geraldine G. Connell

and request the pleasure of your company  
at an Open House to be held in their honour  
on Saturday, December ninth

Nineteen hundred and seventy-eight  
from seven-thirty until nine-thirty p.m.

at the home of the Bride's Parents

Park Taylor Road

Idaho Falls, Idaho

Married at the Bride's Home December 9, 1978

Robin was given a very nice bridal shower November 24 at the home of Susan Ames. In Attendance were friends and relatives of the bride. She received some lovely lingerie & some things for her kitchen.

## KOOKY KANSAS KAPERS

Randy, Mike, & Steve left early on November 6th. It took 30 long hours to get there. Karen and Andrew followed on Nov. 11 by flying to Tulsa. Don & Florence brought up the rear. They arrived Nov. 14. Two days later Florence & Karen went to Bartlesville and stayed for a week. Don & Randy came on Sunday to go to church with their wives and the Johnsons. Don & Florence flew home for Thanksgiving & David and Don flew back Monday to finish the job. Finally on Wednesday night they finished the Dome and headed for Idaho Thursday. They arrived home about 2:00 a.m. Saturday morning.

## Rag Rag

Gary's mother and her husband visited the Lunds the weekend of Nov 10 to lend a helping hand. Davids house has come to a stand still because of the snow. They have the forms up, telephone line, & electric line in. Things are looking up for Randy & Karen's house because things are looking down at the trailer. Rolan will begin working on Thurs. & work until the house is done!!! Judy's dad is feeling much better. (THATS GREAT) Tuesday, December 5th, Robin got her marriage licence. The South's Company Party will be held at DAVIDS house on December 13th at 7:00p.m.



### Randy & Karen to Tennessee

Wednesday, Nov. 22nd Randy & Karen headed for Memphis, Tenn. to visit friends. They arrived there Wed. night and spent the night in a hotel. Thursday morning they called Karen's parents & Marj. to wish them a happy Thanksgiving. About noon they showed up at the Donaldson Family home just in time for dinner. They spent the following 3 days there. Sunday evening Randy & Karen sang a duet ("Teach Me To Pray") in the Memphis 3rd ward Sacrament Meeting. Randy had fun visiting old friends from his mission. They returned to Kansas Monday.



### Spotlight on Myrna



### "Ice Follies"

Randy & Karen returned home from Kansas early Saturday (Dec 2) morning to a trailer with frozen water pipes & broken sewer pipes. Randy fixed the water Sat. only to wake up Sunday morning to another frozen set of pipes. They are staying with Gary & M'Jean until things are fixed.

ELASH!! The pipes to the sewer are now frozen and broken. The Randy Souths are now permanent residents with the Lunds until their house is completed.





# THE RIVER RAG

December 20, 1978 Edition #7 Circulation 12



Weather: Winter

**Christmas is coming,  
the geese are getting fat**

**Please put a penny  
in the old man's hat**

**If you haven't got a penny,  
a ha'penny will do**

**If you haven't got a ha'penny,  
then God bless you!**

## Souths Celebrate

Wednesday, December 13th South's Inc. held their company party at David and Judy's house. The whole crew showed up with their wives (or girlfriends) and celebrated the Christmas Season. David, Barry, and Randy each received a wind breaker with South's Inc. on the back and their name written on the front. We had a buffet dinner and afterwards sang Christmas carols. Barry agreed to sing "O Holy Night" if Randy and Karen would sing a duet. Fetch's wife sang and we were favored with a Male Quartet--Barry, David, Randy, and Wayne Bergren--that sang "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy." The employees received a turkey, 5 pounds of Cache Valley Cheese, and creamed honey from the company. A good time was had by all!!

## THE MENANITES

Karen and Randy anxiously await the finishment of their house. But in the meantime Gary and M'Jean and the kids have been enjoying their company at the domicile. Rosie and Tessy especially like entertaining Andrew. There's now a tree in the living room, lights outside, and the smell of Christmas baking & the sound of Christmas music fill the air. The music includes Rosie's and tessy's renditions of "O Hush Thee my Baby" and "Jingle Bells"; Karen's carols on the piano; Gary and M'Jean seem rather stuck with "No Room" (going thru their heads constantly)--a piece of the miserable cantata-conglomerata being sung (again) this year by the Menan II choir. They were recruited by a persistent (and very large) choir director--Ralph Golder. Pershing Jacobs asked M'Jean to work up some violing accompaniment; lastweek she got Randy to practice with the choir but this week didn't have the nerve to ask him again so did it herself; next week Myrna and Susie will play--they don't know it yet, but surely they'll do it--won't they--please???

**Robin South**

**Mike Gardner**

**Wedded Dec 9th**

Saturday, December 9th wedding vows were spoken by Robin South and Michael G. Gardner in a Christmas tree setting before Bishop Bartenshaw. The bride looked splendiferous in her mother's gown of white satin with white lace ruffled at the neck and train with pearl trim. She wore her great-grandmother's bracelet which was worn by her great-grandmother, her grandmother, and her mother at their own weddings. Her veil was short with a pearl crown. Her Maid of Honor was Doloris Meek with Jenny South, Jeanet Crooks, Megan Gardner, and Tammy Gardner as bridesmaids. The best man was Mike Parsons with brothers & friends as ushers. A reception followed.



Here we are again at the height of the Christmas Season & with all the hustle and bustle of last minute shopping - trying to decide what to get for that hard-to-shop-for person & when the shopping's done you go home & remember you forgot Uncle Fred... trying to keep the gifts hidden from the kids... keeping the ornaments on the tree & the tinsel in at least the near vicinity, it is important to take time out to tell our families what they really mean to us. So here goes--YOU'RE A GREAT BUNCH OF TURKEYS!!

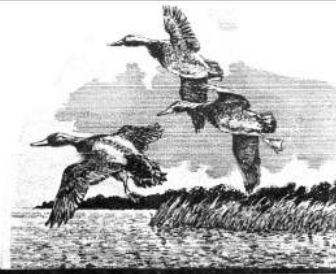
**MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

*The Editors*





January 19 Edition #8  
Circulation 12  
Weather: Frosted!



# THE RIVER RAG

## NEW YEAR BRINGS NEW RESOLVES

RANDY is not going to eat anything after 6:00 p.m.. (He's already blown it.) He's also going to build a doghouse for Penney and Georgia.

GARY'S resolution is to double his income and get the snow tires on the Pinto before June.

BARRY is going to finish his greenhouse; also he's planning to write to Marj once a week.

DON CURNUTT plans to take Florence and Tammy to the Bahamas.

DAVID is going to buy Judy a cello for their anniversary; also he plans to lose another 15 lbs.

JUDY is going to practice hard on her new cello.

MYRNA resolves to go to at least two "bars" and get hitched.

SUSIE resolves to live it up; then write her memoirs.

ELINOR: "I don't make them public."

ROBIN is going to achieve status of a gourmet cook!

MIKE: Attain wealth (not necessarily fame)

MELINDA resolves to practice her had handwriting so she can write better cursively.

NANETTE resolves to keep getting straight "A"s.

DAVEY is planning to build a three-story club house with a flush toilet on the top floor.

JENNY LYNN is going to learn to barrel race and compete in the rodeo this summer.

RACHEL resolves to work up to three meals a day and become a Miss Piggy instead of a Tinkerbell.

JASON and DANNY plan to invent a wood-carrying robot: "tree-threepio"

JONATHAN and ANDREW resolve to stop sucking their thumbs.

## "DOMB" TYCOONS STRANDED IN HISTORIC BLIZZARD

Two South Brothers, David and Barry, found themselves a part of "History in the making" last week when they stayed in Chicago, Ill. (and stayed...and stayed....)

They left on Monday for Atlanta to attend the "World of Concrete" displays and seminars. "Learned all about products and equipment available, i.e. concrete and mixers, or concrete "add" mixers, concrete pumps, etc. "Went from Atlanta to O'Hare on Wednesday and stayed w/ Ron Grundberg and family in Northern Illinois for the next two days due to the perilous weather conditions. "THEY WERE THERE" ..when Chicago received the greatest amt. of snow on the ground in the history of the city. During their stay they bid a job in Ohio and a fertilizer storage on the east bank of the Illinois River- near Nauvoo.

Ron drove them to the airport in Indianapolis on Sunday from where they flew to Denver, Dallas and SIC- Susan met them in 'Charity' at the Salt Lake Airport & the three of them made the trek home through another snowstorm and heavily drifted roads. "Didn't get stuck until they reached the Taylor Store(approx.) After spurring and spinning there a bit they skidded the remainder of the way to their abodes.

River Rag to DBS: When do you plan to finish the foundation of your domicile?  
DBS: 'Next couple of days.  
RR: How is the new snow-blo working out?  
DBS: 'Plan to sell it. We've purchased another cat w/a

## COUNTY COURT HIRES NEW CLERK

Ms. Myrna Lynn South, recent graduate of BYU Law School, reported to work, Monday, Jan. 15, 1979 at Bonneville County, Idaho. Ms. South will be the "main slave" for Judges Thomas, and George. Her office is the jury room (w/two adjoining bathrooms) and she is in charge of the law library. She will soon have her very own stapler, scissors and scotch tape. (She already has the key to her very own desk!) Her hours are from 9:00 until 5:00 p.m.

River Rag to MLS: How does it feel to be settled?

MLS: (no audible response)

RR: How do you roll your eyes back into your head like that?

MLS: (no response)

RR: When do you go to the bar?

MLS: I'm trying to quit!

## N W S FLASH!

Gary and M'Jean took down their Christmas tree on January 15th!

bigger bucket on it.

RR: How do you intend to double the profits in '79.

DBS: 'Double our volume.

RR: What do you want for your birthday?

DBS: Ticket-to-the-Aleutian--Aleutian-Islands--Teshito-Sale-later, SHIRTS! - Size 15 1/2, Long-sleeved.

Editors note: David is a winter.

## LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear River Rag:

'Would like to make your tribunal aware that some of my friends read your publications and am asking that you make a more concerted effort to keep it clean-(leave off the fiction, 'tired of being misinterpreted and misquoted, etc.)

-SS



## YE OLDE TRAILER HOUSES THIRD PAIR of NEWLYWEDS

Mr. and Mrs. Cardner at Home

RR: How do you like living in Trailerville?

Robin & Mike: We like the solitude but we don't like the road conditions.

RR: Mike, how do you like working at South's Inc.?

MG: I like it - but I wish I had Fetch's job!

RR: Robin, what do you do all day?

RG: I live a life of luxury. My maids take care of the house. (Mike: she's been catching up on all the sleep she's ever lost during the past eighteen years) Robin has also made some gorgeous afghans- larger and 'smaller'- hence...

RR: What do you want to name your baby?

RG & MG: (in unison) Jamie! if it's a girl. We haven't decided on a boy's name.

Mike was born on March 22nd at Hyannis Port, Mass. At age 7 years his brother threw him down some stairs and he broke his collar bone. "But I got back at him last year and broke his leg when we went tubing." When asked of other casualties Mike mentioned a bout with pneumonia in 7th grade. He has also managed to contract it again almost annually.

Mike plays the guitar well and enjoys Blue Grass Music and opera. He also enjoys cross-country skiing, basketball, baseball, soccer and swimming!

The Cardners' address is: Rt. 2 Box 623 83274

-but don't try to call them- they'll have to call you!

A Jot with JENNY

River Rag To Jenny Lynn: What do you have to report that is newsworthy?

JL: Nothing exciting right now.

RR: What are you doing?

JL: I'm keeping a low profile at present - working out my plans to graduate early and get to Africa.

THE "SNAKE" WAS FROZEN OVER ON - (ROCK LEVEL UP FOUR FEET NOW!)

## RUMORS: To be stopped!

- "I am not a mean guy." -Mike

- "Barry is going to California in February." -Elinor

- It is not true that Tom Stosich turned down Myrna's proposal of marriage.

## To be started!

- We have heard that Don is going to take Florence to the Bahamas for their anniversary.

- It is rumored that Elinor's garden is on again, much to Barry's chagrin.

- We understand that Marj has two baptisms scheduled for the 3rd of February?!!

ALREADY STOPPED!

- Word has leaked out that Bernie and Louise are going to have another girl!

- Someone let the cat out of the bag that Barry & family are going to Disneyland in April.

- News is also circulating that David intends to take his family on a lovely vacation this spring.

## URCHINS TO STAR\* IN FORTHCOMING OPERA: HANSEL AND GRETEL

Nanette (oops-sorry Nan), Jason and Melinda South, and Norman, Glenn and Danny Ames, and Randy West (neighbor) attend rehearsals each Monday and Wednesday afternoons from 4:00 until 5:00 p.m. thanks to their sponsors and cheuieurs, Susan and Harry Ames and Judy South. These prodigies are gingerbread children dressed in rags and tatters that come to life and sing in the chorus during the opera. Their director is Mrs. Evans and they think they have had 8 rehearsals so far. There are 28 kids performing altogether-23 on stage and?? in the pit?

Their performance is to be some time in February?

A TITTLE with MELINDA

River Rag to Melinda: (upon her having recently been photographed and "printed" in the Post-Register for her role in upcoming opera)

RR: How does it feel to be a star?

MS: fun,-nice (giggle)

RR: What part do you sing?

MS: Soprano

RR: What do you like most about being in an opera?

MS: I get to stay home from school and get to be on T.V.

## FROM: OUR SICKLE-SWINGER IN MICHIGAN!

"The temperature doesn't dip too low. -10° is lowest but it is the kind that makes you feel somebody slugged you between the eyes the minute you step outside. The work is really picking up. Its great. No church yesterday- no school today- We are getting the "big snow." I understand O'Hare airport is closed so I wonder if David & Barry are home. I wonder often. Where is Myrna tonight? - Where's Susan tonight? I am glad the rest of you are a little bit more Stationary."

"Its 10° below. I hope I can get the car started. Then I hope I can get out of our long, long, driveway. We have appointments to teach about eight discussions this week already set up- including one tonight - Its great fun!"



JANUARY 1st - THAWED  
AND FREE FLOWING BY  
THE 12th!! - PRETTY  
RIVER!



### AT LONG AN EXCLUSIVE with the LAST! RECLUSE

RR: How do you figure you can double your profits this year?  
 CL: Easy. Two times nothing is nothing.  
 RR: You left here Tues., Jan 2 for Boise to meet with the IPUC (Idaho Public Utilities Commission) and had a good mtg. the following day with the IPUC. Could you tell us about that meeting?  
 CL: Approximately ten members of the staff met with us from 4 o'clock until 1/2 hour past going home time. We gave demonstration and they asked us questions about the capabilities of the system and informed us that they were currently trying to decide what direction to go as far as computer capability was concerned. Unlike the Utah Public Service Commission, they have funds allocated to use in their dept. Their interest extended beyond our ability to answer all of their questions technically because the final program structure had not yet been completely defined. They asked us to come back again the next day, but we had technical problems with the equipment that evening and so decided to wait until the programs are completely finished and show them the total operation.  
 RR: You met with Utah Power & Light two days later. What happened then?  
 CL: We gave them a simulated routine demo and went into detail on the data base and the advantages of a desk-top computer versus a time-sharing terminal. As usual, some of the decision makers were not there. They have since contacted us; their computer dept now wants to evaluate the machine. They are convinced on the data base.  
 RR: How close are you to being finished?  
 CL: We expect to have a product ready for delivery by mid-February!

"PEOPLE SHOULD  
 PLAY MORE  
 SCARLATTI!!"  
 (Thank-you-Myrna!)

### SOUTHS GO SOUTH FOR SEASON'S FESTIVITIES

Randy, Karen & Drew left the butte on the morning of Dec. 22 and headed for California in their "hot little Nova." They had breakfast with Myrna & Susie in SLC en route and arrived in Downey the following afternoon. While in California they visited Marineland and Universal Studios but after fighting the crowds there Randy decided he'd had enough sight-seeing for one trip. Dale took Randy flying (aerobatic of course) and managed to make him sick.

### AT HOME IN THE DOME

'Twas the night before Christmas and all thru the dome There was no indication that anyone was home. The stockings were hung on the stairway with care In hopes that candy and peanuts would soon abound there! River Rag to Tessa: Who is Santa TL: He's a nice man, he gave me candy and peanuts.  
 RR: Did you sit on his lap?  
 TL: I sit on his lap. He gave me candy and peanuts.  
 RR: What did Santa bring you for Christmas?  
 TL: A "fwicycle and candy and peanuts!"

This year Christmas at the domicile was hosted by the Lunds. Zelma, Myrna and Susan enjoyed a warm "welcome home" and spent time tying sleeping bags, wrapping gifts, painting gifts and just relaxing. There was the usual "pounding" and "sawing" and "howling" and the dome resounded in annual pressure test. This annum we had the added pleasure of operatic vibrations freely rendered by Myrna's seasonal guest, Tom Stosich. As always Santa made it down the chimney and tracked the ashes all over the living-room carpet and spilled his milk, left cookie crumbs and broke some of the presents but we're glad the old guy still gets around and will continue to humor his""thought, that counts!"

THE F.H.E.  
 PHANTOM  
 STRIKES AGAIN IN MENAN!!

### SUSIE ON SKID-ROW.. AGAIN

-to be read with sighs & sobs

Wandering  
 Aimless;  
 Forlorn  
 Lost Waif.  
 Pauper  
 Poverty  
 Lazy  
 Bum  
 Charity:  
 Humility  
 Decision-  
 Valley.  
 Work?  
 Pits.

### OBITUARY

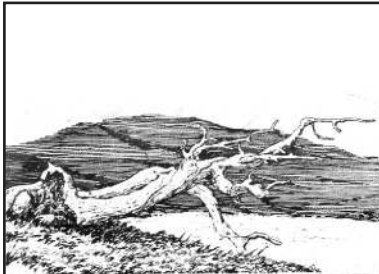
Arch Hess died on Jan. 4th. He was born July 24, 1908. Funeral services were held Monday, January 8th in Shelley. Representing the family were Judy, Randy, Karen & Andrew, Rosalie, Susan, who played "Just a Wearyin' For You" on violin, and M'Jean, who accomp. The funeral services were nice. It was good to hear so many speak so well of Arch.

### THE "PASSING" OF ANOTHER YEAR

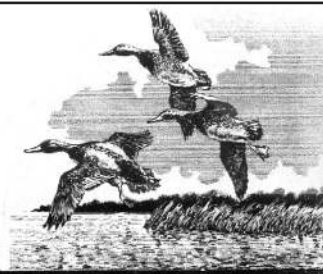
Tessa, who for two weeks had practiced singing "Happy Birthday to You" and had practiced blowing out the candles to the tune of "I'll blow your bathroom down" satin front of her cake, with candles all aflame... like a bump on a log with a silly look on her face as everyone sang "3" verses and "one more rousing chorus" and then coaxed and coached in an effort to get her to blow her candles out. What an act, yea, even grandstanding! She finally blew the two big ones out after which the anxious "choir" devoured her 3-layer Bonnie Butter Cake w/Chocolate (theo-bromine) frosting, a specialty of the House! The honored little kid has now entered her terrible Two's 2222222222222222

ANY PRAISE, THANKS, SPLENIFEROUS COMMENT, SUGGESTIONS, LETTERS, ETC., ETC., ETC. WE WELCOME! THE EDITORS  
 (But NO CRITICISM)





February 14 Edition #9  
Circulation 12  
Weather: Soup!



# THE RIVER RAG

## Great Performances

It's too bad that January 31st wasn't April Fool's Day because M'Jean, Karen, Myrna, and Randy made fools of themselves at the Stake High Priest Banquet. They were asked by Pershing Jacobs to play a few numbers on their violins for the entertainment (and boy did they do a number on their numbers!!). They played 3 violin numbers and 1 piano duet in a fairly civilized manner but unable to contain themselves longer their final song was an orchestrated version of "Oh Susanna" with a touch of country (or was it a country version of "Oh Susanna" - with a touch of orchestral back-up?) Any way, the mood was surely changed when Randy brought out his harmonica, M'Jean played her violin like a "uke", Myrna played the fiddle and Karen played the Milk Jugs! After one chorus of "Oh Susanna", Randy, the M.C., asked President Adamson to come play the kazoo, Brother Max Thomas to play the cast iron skillet, Pershing Jacobs to play the toilet plunger (demonstrated by Myrna), President & Sister Field, and President and Sister Huelett were the quartet. After being booted off the stage we left in humiliation.

### GOLDEN THROATS SHARE SPOTLIGHT!

Tuesday, February 6th, Vonda Casper gave another outstanding Spiritual Living Lesson and for the closing song, Karen South and Bonnie Gunderson sang, "He that Hath Clean Hands" accompanied by M'Jean Lund. Auto-graphs, however, were not requested.(?!)

## THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN AND - THEIR FLYING MACHINES -

It won't be long before the super-duper air plane that is being constructed in Barry's den will make it's flying debut via Barry, Jason & Danny. Any interested onlookers are welcome. No admission fee will be charged 'Will post flying date in future edition. It has a wing span of approximately eight feet. It's a real beaut with a powerful motor. An over the phone reporter questioned the wife of the famous pilot to learn: "It's a really fragile unit and if it crashes it will probably go to pieces. It cost so much money I couldn't believe it!"

## Bernie's Bunch

The name of the baby is going to be Kathy. There was a big confusion over what it would be. Louise and the boys were in favor of another name. Bernie and Lisa liked Kathy. Louise said she'd rather switch than fight. Lisa bought the boys off with a dollar each. Bernie didn't agree with those tactics but he did like the name, Kathy.

All are delighted with the baby. The first night the baby was home Louise slept in the living room with the baby, so all the kids brought in their sleeping bags and slept in the living room. BK said that when the baby was first born she looked like Joseph when he was a newborn. When the kids told Joseph this he began to cry. He said, "Do you know why Jesus wanted to make the baby look like me? It was so she would be so cute."

The family is grateful to all the friends and relatives for gifts, and goodies and help.

The baby will be named and blessed next month.

## HORRORSCOPE

BE WARE of Cupids using poison darts!

AWARD-  
WINNING  
"STRIP"  
OF  
THE MONTH  
EDITORS'  
CHOICE!





## Letters to the editors

Dear River Rag,

We were really impressed with the direct line you seemed to have when you predicted we would have a girl. If you do have a direct line could you check your contact for information regarding when the next one will be, what it will be, and how many more?

Bernie & Louise

Dear River Rag:

Your editor and contributors are doing a fine job. We want to commend you. Your last edition had a hint of yellow journalism in it possibly to increase in circulation, which we would like to "nip in the bud" (if you really want your circulation to increase, jump up and down and do a few jumping 'js) Also, please make clear the fact that it was not I who submitted David's shirt size to your paper, nor am I lobbying for new shirts for his birthday. All he wants for his birthday is for someone to melt enough snow on the Butte to permit him to blow up his dome.

-JLS-

## jots from judy

I've finally figured out how to get David home for lunch: I'll have the kids perform on TV. Today he hurried home, grabbed his bag and ate a salami sandwich, watched Melinda and Nanette and headed for the airport. He'll be in Oklahoma until Thursday, when he comes home to see the opera. (Feb. 6, '79)

## excerpts from ELINOR

Jason is getting a head-start on his basketball career. He's playing for the YMCA. He is pretty good as a gaurd, but he needs a little help from Mom & Dad in learning how to sink it.

Danny is 7th in his class to graduate from the new reading program. (His mother likes to brag) We are all awaiting the springtime fun.

## Great Performances

Nanette and Melinda were on TV at noon on Tues., Feb. 6th in a short special advertising "Hansel and Gretel", an opera in 3 acts by Humperdinck to be performed here in the Civic Auditorium, Thursday night at 8:00 by the Texas Opera Company. Melinda, Nanette, along with several other children including Danny and Glen Ames, will sing in the chorus of the gingerbread children and forest creatures. Melinda was especially spotlighted by the TV camera and since then has become a celebrity... "Talent scouts are coming out of the weedwork," noted her mother. "I've been personally acosted for autographs."

## DIZZY DUCKS FLY

### NORTH TO NEST

Both Myrna and Susan now reside on the bonny butte. Susan is settled into Randy's and Karen's place. Myrna is at home in the dome. Susan is working for South's Inc. and Myrna is the clerk for the District 7 Court. Bothe have succeeded, so far, in avoiding the draft into the ward choir.

### The out-of-townners

South's, Lunds Dine w/Zelma Gary, M'Jean, Rosy, Tessy, Jonathan, Myrna, Susan, Randy, Karen, & Andrew were among the dinner guests at Zelma's one Sunday. Hugh and Dorothy Hackworth were also there. We all ate chicken and dump-lings on very fine china. After dinner entertainment was provided by Rosy & Tessy.

## RAGAMUFFINS

Scenario: Tessy is sitting in high chair in kitchen. Enter Rosalie using golf club for a magic wand. Rosalie: I'm going to turn you into a frog. Poof! You're a frog. (Exit) Tessy: Rosie poofed me into a fwog. I'm a fwog.

## rag bag

Randy & Karen have their "stove" installed. It's Barry's baby; Dick built it. It's a real honey that puts out lots of heat.

Jonathan smiles! and smiles & smiles & smiles & smiles....

Our two "pet" bald eagles are still regulars to soar down the Snake every morning to fish just below the bridge. They are wonders & ought to be photographed!

## HAS EVERYONE HEARD OF THE THRIVING SUCCESS OF:

FOR DEPOSIT TO THE CHECKING ACCOUNT OF:

BADLY SCATTERED INVESTMENTS  
ROUTE 3 BOX 152 523-2758  
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO 83401

## SHORT TALK !!?

The January thaw, which came in February, enabled us to get one layer of cement on DBS' foundation. However, now the thaw is over... Good luck David! (RJ)

After traveling to Montana (Butte) with 13 miles to the gallon. Barry installed the new \$180 GAS SAVER!! & traveled home at 13 miles to the gallon.

Randy is getting more proficient at throwing the tracks off the cat. The first time it only came partially off. This time it is lying in the mud alongside.

The crews are packing up and making ready to depart for Oklahoma on Friday, Feb. 16th. The first fertilizer storage dome-style will spot that state by the end of March.

The shop (Susan) loves to harass the siblings when they call/SHALOM

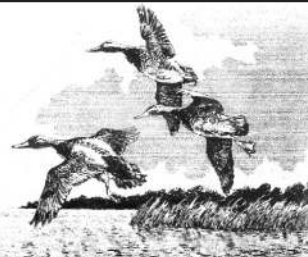
## BIRTHDAY GIRL !!

Marj managed to get Valentines to each and every one! She was also remembered by each and every one on her Valentine Birthday! Vern Johnson even called the shop to tell her "Happy B-Day" and was a surprised?! guy to learn of her new whereabouts. The RIVER RAG sincerely hopes that her big day was a celebration of a yippy old time in mortality!!





June 15 Edition #10  
Circulation 14  
Weather: Wonderful!



# THE RIVER RAG

*New BUMP? BUSH? BOULDER? ON BUTTE!!*

The natives of Menan have been asking "What is it?" and upon closer surveillance exclaim, "Wow!, How close is it?!" ("to the edge of the cliff," that is-)

The "Green Skin" (for David's & Judy's "humble" new abode) began to grow and grow and GROW! The dome skin was inflated on Friday, May 4th. David & Judy checked the kidlets out of school so they could watch their house "get blown up" -along with other onlookers. 'Not somethin' many kids can boast of, eh? Monday, May 7th, RJS sprayed the inside with urethane. Tues., May 8th, RJS, Don Juan, Mike Gardner and Mike Adams put the hangers or "stickers" inside. Wed., May 9th, RJS & crew sprayed 1st coat of concrete inside and etc. etc. etc. Sunday, May 13th, Don and Florence turned off the generator (air support) and its still standing today! / The new domicile has "new" features inside as well as out, -an indoor garden and a gym! Though the building process has slowed considerably in comparison to initial construction, Rolan and Steve Christensen are diligently carving out the interior day by day and the place is beginning to look like some kind of dwelling with one terrific view, Butte-style. Butte dwellers are almost as anxious as the DBS flock for their move "up"!! which will hopefully be by September ('79!)

*STORK! DUE TO ARRIVE SOON!!*

Robin and Mike are "patiently" awaiting the arrival of "Jamie" (if feminine gender) or of "Jay Michael" (if masculine). The "situation", or should we say, Robin's "condition" was touch and go there for awhile but the Stork is still circling and may not touch down 'til much closer to "D"ue date, which is July 15th. ('Looks like their fate is sealed, -Grampa's and Gramma's that is!)

*STORK! ALREADY SCHEDULED TO RETURN AGAIN THIS FALL!*

Karen and Randy are plotting and planning their li'l family of thirteen and BIG NUMBER TWO is on the way-- 'Time to start submitting names again, fans. Just mail to: Baby South, South Butte, Menan, Idaho. / Note: Baby South's big brother, Andrew, can walk now and has teeth so the new little arrival can expect to be broken in good! The edition/addition should be delivered sometime in the first part of November!

**THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:** "THE LORD GAVE YOU TWO ENDS -- ONE FOR THINKING AND ONE FOR SITTING. YOUR SUCCESS DEPENDS ON WHICH YOU USE -- HEADS YOU WIN. -TAILS YOU LOSE!"



NOT ONLY IS  
LIFE PASSING ME  
BY -- I THINK  
IT SIDESWIPED ME!

THOMAS 5-5

## Letters to the editors

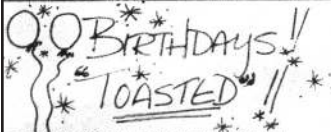
Dear Editors:

This studying for the bar stuff has been a bit of a drag -so I thought I'd jump the gun a little and check out the bar myself in person. The testing building is just down the street. It says BAR right over the door so I stopped in on my way to class. 'Talked right away to the top guy. I found that there wasn't any necessity of taking any test at all and with my qualifications he said I could get a job right now. In fact, they had an opening. He just looked me over real good, 'asked a few silly questions & gave me a tiny bag and said my new uniform was inside. He must have known I was a "summer" because the uniform, what there is of it, is my color, -sky blue. He asked if I could start work immediately. I figured since I had already paid for the study course I'd better finish it so I told him I was available in the evenings. He said that was just fine and had I ever used a strobe? I figured I'd probably been asleep in class when they went over that so I said I figured I could handle it.

The work is a lot different from the way the professors talked. But its certainly not dull and the money is excellent.

Boise Barrister P.S. All that work in Law School in front of the video tape must have panned out, because when I told my new boss my major criticism had been breath support, he said I was projecting just fine!





**BIRTHDAYS TOASTED AT A PARTY** HOSTED by David and Judy! Monday night, June 11, saw another gathering of the clan to celebrate the numerous June birthdays! Lisa, Jess, and GARY were showered with attention and presents, blew out a vast number of candles, and ate as much cake and ice cream as anybody. Gary was presented with a risqué birthday card from David & Barry, etc. (which his wife has since put in a safe place).

## Bernie's Bunch

Lisa, on the 15th became a teen-ager (yikes!) Happy Father's Day, Lisa! They usually remember it was her birthday on Sunday, June 15th, 1969 and Grampa Knapp passed away on A Father's Day so they always remember that way. Willis & Justin like climbing on the butte and doing wheelies on their bikes. They helped with the fencing etc. at the Dome Park on Beeches Corner. LOVE THAT SCAFFOLD! Shaun, -summer kindergarden, too busy with work to play and make new friends. Shucks! - No Recess! Joseph still observes every key and keyhole wherever he goes. Ruth is a real conversationalist but lots of tease and bologna. Joseph tries to keep up w/ the others. Kathy is very alert and is trying to drag herself (successfully too) over the carpet. Dad -looking at acreage on the Lewisville highway. Right shoulder has bursitis (not much fun) Louise has a new hairdo (the finger in the light socket kind) and she has recently taken her parents to a family reunion in SIC.



## Great Performances

MENAN 2ND WARD YOUTH & JENNY LYNNE ★ STAR★ IN TRI-AREA DANCE FESTIVAL . . .

"The" Tri-Area Dance Festival took place in the Mini-Dome in Pocatello on June 1st and 2nd. Jenny Lynne went from the Jameston Ward and danced the Modern Dance. Randy & Karen, dance directors for the Menan 2nd Ward, escorted "25 kids from our ward," Randy reports. 99% of the other wards had only 16 (average) participants. "We spent 2 nights and 2½ days in borrowed homes. There were a total of 6,000 dancers!" With the three performances there were an estimated 31,000 spectators among whom were David, Judy and flock. They all went down in cars. / The Butte dwellers were enabled to see the Menan dancers (and Jenny!) perform their dances at the MENAN GOLD & GREEN BALL which has been reported to be the first successful dance in Menan for 7 years! Randy & Karen provided music and stereo. All ages, styles, etc. of music were alternately played for the dance music

"CAROUSEL" Captures - - (a review/staff)

Susan added not only her bow on four strings and super tone but her determination to count measures and come in on time, which saved the day more than once for the strings of the small orchestra which accompanied the recent production of "Carousel." The musical was presented by the "Latter-day Sounds" choir on Friday and Saturday, June 8th & 9th in the Civic Auditorium and was very well done. The colorful scenario certainly had one small front-row viewer entranced. Rosalie's eyes never left the stage except to look down at her program to compare the people on stage with their pictures or to smile at Susie playing the violin right in front of her. Only during intermission did she come back to earth a bit to munch on part of her peanut-butter sandwich.

## CLARKS STOP IN I.F. ON THEIR CELESTIAL QUEST!!

Bob Clark and his wife, Sharon and their three daughters AND Bob's brother, his wife and their two children were sealed together as families in the Idaho Falls Temple on Wednesday, June 13th! Barry and Susan were in attendance and Marj and David were surely there in spirit! SOUTH'S INC. were glad for their good friend (and sales rep. for many moons) and his Family!

## THE CAMPAIGN GOES ON! AND ON AND ON AND ON —

DBS, Judy S, Jenny S. and SS are repenting for past sins..... David is by far in the lead, Judy's next, and Jenny S, and SS are just getting started. Says David, "Ten more pounds and I'll be down to what I weighed when I graduated from high school." Many thanks to the Hatch Clinic, however, they now know the price of their fat to be higher than that of beef, tuna, chicken, pork, turkey—

## JUMPING GYMAST!!

Nanette has been dutifully attending her gymnastic classes and has been adapting some skills/moves she has learned there to her routine on the home trampoline. Nanette has been volunteered (by everyone) to teach everyone's kids gymnastics when she gets her "at home studio" (gym) on the Butte!.



"GOLDEN" - 50<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY - CLAUDIA & ARCH - JUNE 29<sup>TH</sup> - FRIDAY - 1979!!



## BATTERED BUTTE BOATERS

### FIND FRIENDS IN FRENZY!!

Wonderful news, folks! Saturday, June 9th, when all were aboard, boating (Gary, M'Jean, etc., etc., Randy & Karen, etc.) and after the motor quit, and after they braved the "rapids" under the bridge, and after they determined the only broken paddle ineffective\* and after many worries and wonderings, -neighbors arrived on the scene and towed up the estranged boaters to safety and to their picnic (original departure) spot!  
\* - New oars are ordered. RJS  
\* - New Mechanic ordered.

## POCK CREEK CAMP 15 mi. EAST OF ASHTON YOUTH CONFERENCE HOSTS ROBERT STAKE

Randy, Karen & Jenny attended! Outdoor overnights, canoeing, mountaineering, pioneering (w/genuine hand-carts), survival, backpacking/ Two hour per day outdoor experiences: sketching, photography, nature odyssey (or Name that Flower!), trail riding (on plugs), search & rescue, creative campfires, dutchoven cooking, solo- According to Jenny Lynne, "there was a 120 ft. slide coming down the mountain behind camp and it wasn't very slick at first so a couple of crazy people soaped the slide hoping to make it slicker. That didn't work so they poured water down it and that worked! It was then slicker than greased lightning! Most people going down would "brake" by putting their feet against the sides of the slide, that is, all but a few crazies. One crazy did brake but his foot caught the end of the slide (which turned up like a ski jump) and he went spread-eagle down the slope to land head-first at the bottom. Number two crazy would hop on and curl up like a bullet and shoot down & over the sawdust to land on his fanny at the very "bottom". Now the "big splash" was at the end of the slide where the water would pool up. When anyone came down they would hit the pool and water would go in all directions for thirty feet. Even Randy tried the slide (but he used his feet to brake). There was a good dance. Camp directors were from Ricks.

## LATEST "FROM THE FIELD..."

Rec'd June 15: "Business is picking up a little in Lansing. We'll baptize a couple this month, I hope- I think! He's a high school teacher, Chicano, very attractive, athlete, pretty wife, 'have little boy (4) and a little girl (1½). We taught a Jewish family the other night. They are going to San Paulo, Brazil for a couple of months. 'Took pamphlets and copy of The Book of Mormon with them, -gracious, friendly people. We are teaching two more, a lady (trying to get her husband involved) and young lady (skeptical as can be). 'Loads of excitement. Love, Marj  
P.S. 'picked another couple tonight!

## IN QUEST OF THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH - BUT STUMBLED INTO THE SWAMP OF THE AGED!

June 12-14. Tuesday morning Randy, Karen, Donna Purcell, Jenny Lynne & 28 other kids left Ricks College at 7:00 A.M. and headed for "YOUTH" Conference. Some of the unplanned activities included water fights, frizbee throwing and sliding down the 120 ft. slide. Randy & Karen- overnight experience: canoeing (what an experience!!) 'Slept in tent on HARD ground with bugs, spiders, & "skeeters." Workshops: Trailriding, wilderness trailer, dutch ove cooking, canoeing (twice and never even tipped... while fellow campers were sinking around us right and left), photography & creative campfires. Food-Good (when you're hungry you'll eat anything)?!

NEXT RAG! - UPDATE ON SMITH'S IND. ENTERPRISES AND SPECIAL "GEMS FROM JUDY" AND "EXERPTS FROM ELIALOR" ALL ABOUT THEIR SUMMER FUN - THUS FAR

## SPORTS

### ROAD RUNNER!! (of sorts)

M'Jean has fallen in love-with running! Since she usually runs alone there is no one to show her up so she doesn't mind being the slowest one. But she loves it! And where does she run? Up the Butte and down (of course). And when? After the kids are tucked in bed. Oh, I lied. See, she doesn't exactly run alone. Georgia & Penny refuse to stay home, so she's training them to "heel."

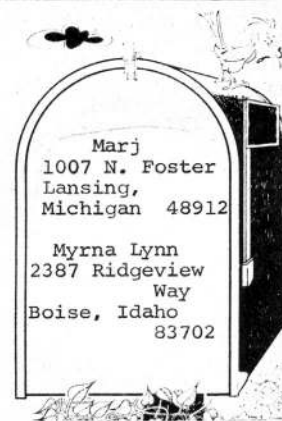
### Ball CHAMP!

Gary is playing on the ward softball team. In the tournament, so far, they have 4 wins and 2 losses. Last week was the first game Gary didn't jam his finger. He plays third base and is still batting over 500. Some day he'll find his spikes and then watch out!

### ROLLER DERBY!?

The new skating craze has reached Menan. Rosy & Tessy have just acquired new roller skates and are they ever hot stuff! So far they can walk on the carpet, roll on the concrete (if someone holds them up), race back and forth in a quick easy style as long as 80% of their bodies are draped over the porch swing, and fall down-- all by themselves.

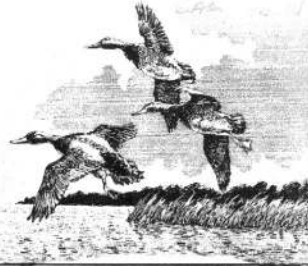
THEL NO LONGER HOSPITALIZED - HOME, PROPERLY DIAGNOSED AT LAST AND FEELING A LITTLE BETTER!







July 19 Edition #11  
Circulation 14  
Weather: Better than Sub O



# THE RIVER RAG

*SOUTH'S INC. GOES SOUTH....  
EAST... FARTHER SOUTH....  
FARTHER EAST...*

Here, at long last is the update promised on South's Inc. and/or Monolithic Structures, Inc. Don Juan is still in Port of Catoosa, Oklahoma, recently joined for a couple of weeks by Florence. The Oklahoma Grain Corporation just can't seem to resist ordering MORE DOMES!!! Randy is now in Anamosa, Iowa, another fertilizer storage. David took a plane with him and is yo-yoing back and forth 'til all gets rolling smoothly again. It seems that concrete and concrete pumps are jinxed during mid-month July. The next job-sites will be in Port Arthur, Texas (fertilizer), then near Denver at a church welfare project (a storage similar to the one in Linden, Utah), then Minnesota, Portland, etc and who knows where else. Rumor has it that Venezuela, & Libya are now on the list and possibly Saudi Arabia, Iran, & Hawaii. When asked recently whether or not SOUTH'S INC. would build overseas, David South, president of the corp. replied, "We'll go where the money is." Barry is holding the Fort in Idaho and his flock is enjoying his stay.

*STORK! - Dizzy from CIRCULING!!!!!!?*

ROBIN'S little whobody is now overdue FOUR DAYS!!! and the fans are growing impatient. Robin seems to be feeling OK. She and Mike have tried driving over bumpy roads, walking around acting normal (no cod liver oil yet) and hoping. Nothing has seemed to hustle the program. Mike says its a girl because "she" can't make up her mind whether or not to come. Girl or even BOY, the tribe would like to welcome the new little Gardner!

*MARJ "KNAPP" SOUTH DUCKS OUT ON HER OWN BROS. AND SISTERS AT RECENT REUNION!*

In attendance at the last Knapp family reunion, held on Monday, July 16th at David's & Judy's, were Aunt Eveline Hillman, Harold & Rulon, Donetta & her husband and their three daughters and their children, Claudia and the Bauers Thel & Ken, Clive & Shirley Grimmett and flock from up in Coer d'Elene, Al & Lois, Bernie & Louise and following, Judy, Elinor, Gary, M;Jean, Karen and all the cute little South ruggers. Natalie, her husband and their li'l daughter made it from Warren's family and Billy, his wife and their children made it, from Ann's family. Soooo all of Marj's brothers and sisters were represented, even if not in person. All enjoyed their favorite pastime..... What a spread there was! -Calories, calories, and more calories!

*S.S. RECEIVES  
"TWENTY-ONE GUN"  
"SALUTE"??*

Monday, July 16th, after the reunion, Susan left the butte at approx. 8:00 p.m. to run to repent somewhat for "tasting" all that she had at the family feast. After touring the neighboring fields w/ Penny, the faithful pooch, she returned, staggering across the Snake River Bridge, at approx. 9:00 p.m. but while trudging past some rushing "neighborly" dogs, several shots were fired, then several more, then more (too many to count) and a chorus of ~~GO SHOOT~~ was heard, but not audibly. "Natchurally", the actress (chicken) that she is, she sauntered" (would you believe dragged) her weary bones up to RJ's & Karen's as if only the crickets were chirping. 'Greeted by Karen who queried, "What was that?!!!" 'Later to learn (Wed. eve.) from a northerly neighbor (via Gary) that the chorus of ~~GO SHOOT~~ was quite possibly meant for Susan. She felt that it had been meant for those ~~GO SHOOT~~ neighborly dogs but just the same--- she's ordering a bullet-proof jogging suit and lots of cinder block and barbed wire for a nice "neighborly" type fence!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Ah, for the good ole days when people could only throw rocks.!

*THE GUNSHY  
EDITOR.*



THAMES 6-27



## SPORTS SPECTACULAR BUTTE DWELLER RUNS TO TOP



Last Tuesday M'Jean made it from power pole to power pole, nineteen in all, to the top of the butte at a dead run!

### Ball CAREER THREATENED:

Gary's career as third baseman on the Menan Second Ward softball team may come to a screeching halt if they lose their game this Friday. If they win they go to the regional play-offs!

BIKEATHON: A large hoard of bikers swept through the Menan area last Sunday evening. Karen & Randy and the Menan 2nd Ward Youth were spotted among the swarm of cyclists. Joinging (that's joining) the troupe on the last leg of the trip, Gary, M'Jean, Tessy, Rosalie & Jonathan treddled along on only two bikes.

WHERE THE ACTION IS!!! Piano action that is... and it's back in Karen's piano so that she can get back to ticklin' the ivories.

## ANOTHER YEAR FOR MISS DEAR OR - HAPPY BIRTHDAY HITS HARD!!

July first, M'Jean celebrated her 35th year of existence as a mortal. Myrna came home for the occasion. It was fun having her here. Gary supervised the lighting of the (bonfire)candles. Rosalie, Tessy and Jonathan glowed right along with the blaze. The birthday girl got a plant, "Impatience" THE Messiah, by the Tab Choir, from Gary, a smashing new dress from Marj, Myrna and Susan, a long desired book, Stories of our Mormon Hymns from RJ and Karen and a nifty cook-book from the DBS tribe.

AGAIN - THE RIVER RAG SALUTES MART IN HER "ETERNAL LIFE INS." SALES EFFORTS AND HOPE ALL READERS REC'D HER MOST RECENT LETTER - (PUBLISHED)

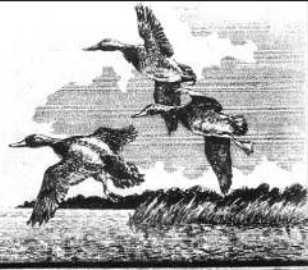
Sincerely,  
The Editors  
R.R.

## THE RIVER RAG PAGE TWO

THE EDITORS WISH  
TO EXPRESS THEIR  
HEARTFELT SYMPATHY  
TO MYRNA LYNN AS  
SHE PREPARES TO  
"CROSS THE BAR" -  
THIS COMING WED.  
JULY 25th  
(WE'LL WAIT 'TIL  
AFTER SEPTEMBER  
TO EXTEND OUR  
CONDOLENCES.)



August 16, Edition #12  
Circulation 15  
Weather: Lovely



# THE RIVER RAG

## Where It's Happ'nin'

There's a new "board" at South's Inc. specifically for the purpose of keeping the whereabouts of the different (3) crews logged and to schedule the new domes/locations. The passers-by gaze at it in wonder, (wondering if they're next to go) -in fear, (fear that their hubby will be shipped out) -in awe, (stunned at the prospects of so much work to do) -and with a sigh, (because this board probably won't be big enough for long.

SOUTH'S INC. or MONOLITHIC STRUCTURES is getting a particularly thorough foundation or "course" on dome construction. By the end of 1979, everything that could possibly go awry will have gone awry and to date the "experimentation" (crises) continues. (But since when does one learn anything without first making mistakes?!!)

Jenny Lynne found a new motto (mutter) for the corporation this week: "If at first you do succeed, try to hide your astonishment."

Don Juan is still faithful in Catoosa. 'Heard that the crew there saw a fantastic, three-ring, circus (Barnum and Bailey) in Tulsa. David has been yo-yoing around the mid-western states and betwixt the Iowa Job and the Oklahoma Site. Randy has become attached to the Iowa dome and Barry has been defending home plate and continuing to sell domes farther and farther away. (Farther South for winter work!!!)

## BAR GIRL

Myrna has not been seen reading many books lately. She is making sure that she forgets the last of what she crammed for the last two months so her mind will be clear. She figures it will take a few more days. When asked how she thinks she did, she says she was worried about it for awhile but is resting on the assurances of Judge Thomas and Roger Wright that it is easier to pass than to fail--the same assurance which allowed her to take it easy instead of studying the first month.

Myrna took the Idaho bar exam July 25, 26, & 27. She arrived home Sat. Jul 28 just in time to tend kids. She has since spent a relaxing wrk of cleaning her room, washing the windows, tending kids some more, shopping--with kids, of course, oiling the planes, and CLEANING THE FRAGRANT FOOD ROOM!! In her spare time she jogs.

## STORK MARKET REPORT

### Stork Lands; Delivers Boy



Weighing in at 8 and a half lbs and tall enough to play basketball, little Michael Jay Gardner was born Sunday morning, July 22, 1979 to proud parents Mike and Robin Gardner.

Two weeks later on Fast Sunday Michael was blessed in Jameston Ward by his grandfather David South. It was a special blessing in which Michael was admonished always to honor his good name.

After Fast Meeting family from far and wide gathered at David and Judy's for a pot luck dinner.

### Future Stork Itinerary:

Nov 10th at Karen and Randy's  
Apr 6th at the Lunds'

## From the Field

Dedicated, disciplined, diligent, determined missionary of the year was recently assigned to stay in the mission home for a few days. But "I got up at 5:30 every morning and 'sneaked' back to the apt. for my shower etc."

Marj has a new companion and is so happy to be out doing the full-time work again. She is very concerned that the time is short. Readers take note! The time is short!

IN THE CASE THAT YOU DID NOT READ THE FINE OBSCURE PRINT AT BOTTOM OF STORK MARKET REPORT.

Myrna IS PREGNANT!!

## "...the End"



Now HEAR This!

School begins Soon!

Jason and Dan aren't quite ready to quit riding bikes, swimming, teasing sisters (and everyone else). Nevertheless, school is starting on schedule. There are those in the family who are ready, as smiles indicate!





## Ancient Volcano Erupts

Alarmed residents of the area surrounding the South Butte in Menan were busy packing their worldly possessions and preparing to abandon their property as several explosions occurred recently on the famous cinder cone. Gigantic rumblings accompanied each blast of lava as rocks and dust spewed forth from the top of the supposedly extinct volcano.

The site of the ructions coincides exactly with the spot where Barry and Elinor plan to build their house. When it was learned that the tumultuous noises were actually caused by some mucho big fireworks (dynamite), neighbors were persuaded to stay.

## "THE DOME"

by Nanette South

Aliens landed! the radio said,  
Spaceship sighted! the newspaper read

Warning to people who live in Menan...  
Watch out for the dome whose color is tan.

The sheriff went to investigate,  
And took some men, number seventy eight.

They advanced to the Dome with cautious care,  
Then saw a boy behind the bush there.

The sheriff went up and asked the boy,  
"What is this.....thing: Answer me, Roy!"

This thing as you call it is our Dome,  
But we don't call it nuttin' but Home!

Dear RiverRag. This is

## "A Poem"

made by Melinda South

Summer is baseball,  
Summer is: swing  
Summer is having a picnic  
Summer is swimming.  
Summer is fun.

## Computer to Wash., D.C.

(AN INTERVIEW)

River Rag: We understand you recently took a business trip to Washington, D.C. Could you tell us why you went?

Gary: What is this? I told myself when we were rich and famous we wouldn't give interviews to Business Week, Forbes, Time, Fortune, or any of these. And here is the River Rag scooping the world.

R.R. You're neither rich nor famous, so just tell us, would you, why you want to the nation's capitol.

Gary: We went to explore possibilities of mutual cooperation with the suppliers of the SEC data base.

RR: You were quite encouraged by the meetin. What do you think this will mean for the future?

Gary: At minimum a reduced rate on the micro fiche. At best a possible joint venture using their computerized data base in conjunction with our data base on our machines with them marketing ~~and~~ it and supplying the micro fiche.

RR: Did you have any trouble transporting the computer?

Gary: Just a lot of sweat. (It weighs 72 lbs) and raised eye-  
(cont' next column)

## "DREAM ON"

A DREAM, BY ROSALIE LUND  
August 15, 1979

I was in the forest, and there were lots and lots and lots of pictures, and the one picture was a tiger. It was big and green and yellow. I closed my eyes so I wouldn't see the tiger, because it scared me. It didn't say "rohr." I looked at it; it scared me.

I looked down off the tree, and I saw Mom and Myrna and Tessy, and I jumped down and took a walk. The snake was on the stairway. It said "Sssssss." Mom was scared of the snake. Rosalie and Diana got rid of it. And Diana put her foot inside of it and she kicked her foot, and -ocop---the snake was dead.

brows by the stewardesses and security guards, but everything was fine when we showed them our special boarding pass labeled "Mr. Computer."

RR: Did you get a chance to do anything else in Wash?

G: Visited my ancestors' county.

RR: How are your business activities shaping up at home?

G: We have a meeting on the 20th with the Div of Public Utilities in Utah and immediately thereafter the beginning of a big sales push.

RR: What have you been doing in your spare time?

G: Brush my teeth. What spare time??

RR: Is there anything else you'd like to say to the Rag?

G: Get out of here and leave me alone. I'm busy.



ROSALIE



**The Out of Towners**

This weekend it seems that everybody who is anybody was traveling or preparing to travel or anxiously awaiting the return of the travelers. David South spent a short weekend visit at the soon-to-be-moved-out-David South residence. Arrived Saturdaynight attended church in Jamestown where he blessed his new grandson after which Judy drove him to the airport. (David returned to Oklahoma where he to doomed to dome a little while longer. How long--who knows??..)

Within the same hour Karen and Andrew were beckoned to the very same airport to retrieve a much awaited Randy, who had been away in Iowa for 3 weeks.

Susan left Thursday for San Diego along with Marian Nelson. They were given a rush tour of the area by Ron Axtel. Susan loved the trip. 'Loved Seaworld. 'Loved San Diego. When asked if she were moving to San Diego, her reply was an emphatic "no." This desert apparently isn't so desert as that surrounding San Diego. She commented that she kept thinking how beautiful it was as she was returning.

Mike and Robin and two-week old Mike Jr. left for Oklahoma Monday. They will be there until Christmas or longer.

**Gems from Judy**

Judy has decided definitely not to become a general contractor and go into the house building business, although it's been fun to have a little say on the new house.

David is shopping for youth violins and cellos in Okla. all the time. The kids have been swimming in the creek almost every day, but it's doubtful if they will be able to keep up such active swimming careers once moved to the Butte. I dare say that climbing back and forth on and off the cliffs might be a mite tedious, not to mention the spectacular swan dive off the top.

Melinda, Davey, Nan, Jen are all good swimmers and can swim safely in the creek. Rebecca can dogpaddle now. David Grace was here for one and one half weeks--helped move the woodpile. His mom is expecting a baby next spring.

Kids went to Muppet movie and liked it. Judy too. Melinda has been practicing up a storm this summer on the piano and has memorized several new pieces on her own--no lessons. She learned one whole book of Davey's.

Mother was here for a month. She is doing fine--has some good leads on jobs. She and Sarge became extra good pals while she was here. It seems Davey has been earning \$ mowing lawns this summer. (Neighbors) He is also chief irrigator--runs the pump that waters the lawn.

Becky can stand on her hands, lower herself into a headstand, do the splits in the air and do a regular cart wheel. Nanette keeps practicing gymnastics and piano and has tended kids like a trooper, cleaned house, is doing crewell embroidery. Melinda has finished her crewel end. Zelma spent Sunday night and part of Monday with us--stayed up until midnight teaching the kids to do crewel.

David was here 15 hours in Idaho--made a quick trip to the dome, blessed baby, flew back.

Jenny has been working at the office and dieting. She feels like queen of the hill driving David's red car back and forth. She's getting slender, too. (Good going, Jenny!!)

Jessica's biggest joy all summer has been playing in the wading pool. She even has a tan!!

**JASON BLOWS IT!!!**

...the cake, that is, lit with a significant number of blows 9 candles-- eventually... to extinguish the flames! ---

Once again the gang gathered for Jason's birthday. True to form, Jason lit all the front candles first, the ones in the back last. But what a surprise when it took

**CELEBRATED SINGER****A SMASH****AT CELEBRATION**

The Roberts 24th of July Celebration included a spectacular musical production (It was presented in a Behlen Bldg. with a truckbed for a stage. The sound system was rare; the talent was - - - local.)

The one bright spot on the program was a lyric delight: Susan South's seductive rendition of "Habanera" from the opera Carmen. She was dressed for the part--to the teeth, including the rose. The number was a big hit--well sung.

Susan's accompanist, M'Jean, got 4 mosquito bites while waiting in the "wings," for the number to go on.

**Youth Choir**

The Menan II Ward Youth choir made its debut singing "The Battle Hymn and Come Come Ye Saints" with a duet part by Karen and Randy on July 15. The group has been requested to sing for Roger Clark's testimonial on Aug. They will sing "Soft Rain" and "Beautiful Saviour."

**Primary Performers**

Three primary groups have also recently performed in Menan sacrament meetings. The first was the combined Targeteer classes (teacher M'Jean) who sang two pioneer songs. The second group were Karen's six-year olds. She led them in a medley of favorite primary songs.

more to come--gotta get the little folks and the **MY** big folks up here a'singing.



especially when he can get Danny's, Rachel's, or Diana's candles out with one mighty puff. You're slipping, Jason. HAPPY BIRTHDAY--from the rag.



## Little Swimmers

(A FISHY STORY)

Monday July 23, Aden Cunder-son's Blue Bus transported 46 Menan waterbugs to Green Canyon. Among them were Karen, Andrew, Susan, Gary, M'Jean, Rose, Tess, and Jonathan. Jonathan probably enjoyed the occasion more than anybody, judging from the grin that never left his face as he floated around in a tiny inner-tube, splashing like crazy. Andrew also had an innertube and he looked as if he were content to stay in the pool forever.

Rosie and Tessy's enthusiasm for swimming mounted when they learned what a riot it is to jump off the side and splash water all over everyone.

Susan discovered some of the Menan natives were a lot of fun to party with, as she played games with the big people.

As they drained the pool every one finally got out and we ate a potluck picnic. All the kids slept on the way home except one, Tessy, who kept up her end of the conversation most of the way. Susan said she expected a whole tribe to get off when the lights suddenly came on the bus made a "convenience stop"--out in the middle of nowhere. Instead just one little Tessy marched up the aisle.

## SPEAKING OF SWIMMING...

Myrna, Karen and M'Jean took the kids swimming at Heise on a subsequent occasion. No inner tubes. The kids didn't drown, but the lifeguard did get in on the act once.

Andrew was by far the best floater. He just lay back as if it were the most comfortable place he ever lay, closed his eyes but continually wiped the water off his face as if it were constantly splashed on.

## Baseball

The Menan II Ward Sr. baseball team made it to the regional playoffs. They lost their first game, won 2nd, won 3rd, lost 4th. It was double elimination so that was the end of the trail. Gary, third baseman, did a pretty good job of making a fan out of M'Jean. He made her score cards and had her keep track of the plays. So she had to learn the terminology and pay attention.

## Lazy River \* lagoon

(Editorial)

In one of the summer editions of the rag I read about an excursion on the Snake where the motor failed and there was a shortage of paddles. Paddles were promptly purchased.

Next was the big 4th of July featuring boating on the river. Everyone converged on the snaky banks and would you believe the motor still wouldn't work. The females present fought their way through the mosquitoes down to the lagoon and went wading briefly. Jessica wins the bravery award for walking on the rocks without shoes and not complaining. Others present were M'Jean, Myrna, Susan, Nanette, Melinda, Becky, Tessy, Rosalie, and Dolores.

Most recent encounter was the seventies party which was to be a float trip from Beaver Dick park to our very own landing. The river was slow so they started up Charlie Miller's motor and tied on in a caravan. You guessed it. The motor wouldn't work. Paddling down the Snake is more of a chore than you might guess. The gang finally gave up and got out 2 miles ahead of the planned landing. We should thank them for exploring the river--finding the good holes, clams, birds' nests, etc.

## Riding the Ragged River

Neil Taylor wasn't sure what had crawled out on his property the evening of Sat Aug 4. It looked like a batch of half-drowned river rats. It was. Tired from rowing down that slow-moving North Fork, and a little nervous about the sun's steady approach toward the west horizon, they gave up the ships (3) and hitched a ride back to the pickups at Beaver Dick.

Through the mud, water, and stringy hair faintly recognizable were: Gary and M'Jean, Charlie and Diane Miller, Dana and Kathy Youngstrom, Bob and Karen Huffaker, and Steve Golder.--the Menan II Ward Seventys and wives.

## ANOTHER YEAR RIPS BY ROBIN!

REMEMBER THAT FIRST AUGUST BIRTHDAY WONDER-CHILD, -THAT SWEET LITTLE BUNDLE OF JOY "HEADIN' SOUTH"?! WELL -- SHE'S MADE IT THROUGH ANOTHER ANNUM-- AND HAS MUCH TO CELEBRATE - ROBIN WAS OUT-OF-RANGE FOR A CHEBAN PARTY BUT... WE ALL CELEBRATE HER ARRIVAL INTO IMMORTALITY FROM...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY NINETEEN IN 1979 FROM... ROBIN!! AFAR!

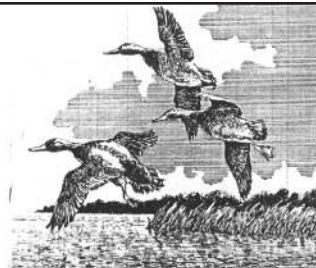
THE RIVER RAG WISHES TO EXPRESS DEEP GRATITUDE TO THOSE WHO SO WILLINGLY SUBMITTED (WEATH THE LASH) ARTICLES, POEMS, NETWORK?! ETC. TO THIS EDITION--AND BIDS ALL SUBSCRIBERS...

AROAR. HAD / Sincerely, The Editors





May 24, 1991 Edition #13  
Circulation 14  
Weather: Better than Sub 0



# THE RIVER RAG

## MELINDA SOUTH AND DANIEL SOUTH TO SERVE IN SOUTH !!

Melinda has accepted the call to serve in the San Diego Spanish-Speaking Mission!! She is scheduled to enter the MTC on June 25th!

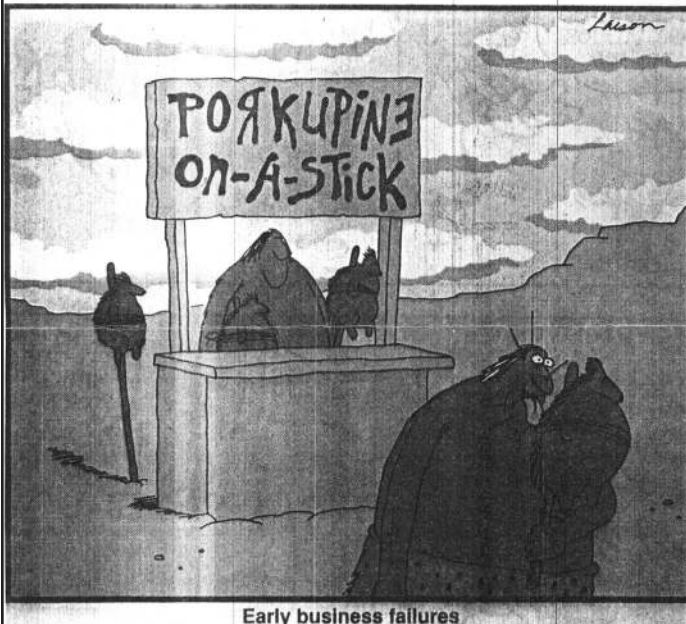
Danny has been called to labor even further south! He'll serve in the Santiago, Chile Mission (also Spanish speaking?!) He is scheduled to enter the MTC on July 12th!

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR VALIANCE YOU TWO!  
We are all thrilled with your good news and with your choices!..\*

## \*CONGRATULATIONS!! TO THREE \*GLAD GRADS!!!

Robin and Jenny Lynne graduated "with honours", reported their grandmother, who attended the ceremony. Marj was pleased to be there for their graduation and enjoyed the remarks and entertaining of the featured speaker, Roger Williams. He is also a former graduate of ISU. Robin now has a degree in Mathematics! Jenny has a degree in History!

The third to graduate will be Rebecca, from Madison High, on Thursday, June 29th!



Early business failures

## Barry's Bunch

(as reported by Rachel)

"Dad has been gone.....  
building domes."

Next week is the last week of school for everyone.

Elinor will be glad when school is out! She's excited about Danny's mission call and is learning Spanish.

Rachel said that with Elinor speaking Spanish around the house, everyone is picking it up a little.

Everyone is getting excited in anticipation of Jason's return! He has been threatening to cook some Korean cuisine for them!

Marj reported that Jason has been made ZL and is serving well in Korea!

Dianna is interested in ballroom dancing and hopes to take a dance class offered in Rigby!

Rod enjoys scouts and playing with his friends.

Rachel is presently rehearsing with the Ricks College Summer Theater. They're going to be performing PETER PAN in the latter part of June and the first few days in July.

Their family project for the summer will be to sell fireworks again! (Sounds like a blast!!!)



Elder Jason South  
Korea Seoul Mission  
GWANG WHA MOON  
P.O. Box 210  
Seoul 110-602  
South Korea



## SOUTH'S NORTHBOUND . . . SCHEDULED TO LEAVE TODAY!!

Judy reported that their trek North will begin today! (Fri) They plan to visit Maureen, Susan and Harry and family, Robin, Jenny and Shanna, attend Rebecca's graduation, and spend some time visiting with Nanette and Doug and boys and the other natives on the Butte! ( not necessarily in the preceeding order )

They hope to begin their return trip on the 8th or 9th of June and will be joined by Jenny and Shanna and Rebecca! Enjoy them while you can!

Judy said that all the kids have done well in school in Italy (Texas). Jessica is finishing the year in the top 20 students in her school. She recently was awarded the "American Nat'l Band Award" from the Italy High School, presented to an individual student for her trumpet playing!

Jamie and Michael have enjoyed school and their new friends and surroundings.

Melinda reported that Rebecca has enjoyed her senior year in Rexburg. She was able to play in the orchestra and the band and sing in the choir. She also played the role of an "old woman" in the play, To Kill a Mockingbird, that her school performed.

## WHAT ABOUT DAVE?!

Melinda reported that there is a type of "famine in the land of Italy, etc." and even though he's kept busy with work, and synthesizing and arranging accompaniments for Randy's kids and others, she thinks he's making plans to attend Ricks College this coming fall

Ask Dave about it!

## "BUSY AND HECTIC!"

By Karen Dickson South

When the parents show up to the games its fun to say Hi to the other parents that we have seen all year at basketball, soccer, and now baseball. In a little town like Italy many of the players go out for all of the sports. We've all had fun in spite of the rat race. Ball games, piano lessons, "young men's" for Andrew and Dad, Blazers for Derek, Cubs for Joshua and Nathan, Relief Society for Karen, etc.

We've also had great fun practicing and doing more singing programs. Our biggest event ever was last week at the "Po Boys Barbeque" in Waxahachie. You have never seen so much barbequed beef in yo life!! After we sang we ate till we had to roll out the door towards the car! Derek and Joshua are now eligible so we enrolled them into a summer school at Baylor Univ. Yes, we are gluttons for punishment. We will have to work it in between Blazer Camp and Day Camp.

(contin. page 3)

## Great Performances

IT'S WHAT THEY DO BEST (i most!)

Tessy, Jonathan, Jeanette and Lexy recently competed in the Utah Symphony Guild Competition. Jonathan and Lexy were called back for greater scrutiny. Lexy won 3rd place and \$25.00. Congratulations Lexy!

Last Saturday Rosalie won 1st Place in the Westminster Chamber Orchestra Concerto Competition. She played the Vieuxtemps Concerto #4 and won \$100.00 and the opportunity to solo with the school's orchestra when they finish construction of their new Performing Arts Building.

She and Jenny Oaks recently "soloed" with the Mormon Youth Symphony. They played the Bach Double Violin Concerto. They are the two youngest members of that symphony.

On Mother's Day, Jonathan and Tessy played in a concert with the Utah Youth Symphony (with Joseph Silverstein).

This past Wednesday night, Jonathan and Barney played two cello solos each at the art center in Springville and this Saturday (tomorrow) all but Molly will play in another String Competition.

Next Saturday, Jeanette and Lexy and Molly will be performing with the Japanese Tour Group on Temple Square.

Jonathan likes scouts. He's the troop bugler! All the kids have enjoyed school, especially Rosalie. She was recently voted into the Concert Choir Dress Committee. Next year she can also look forward to being in Madrigals, on the Thespian Council and on the Junior Class Committee!

M'Jean still serves as Music Chairman in her ward. Gary is in the Young Men's Presidency and Deacon's Quorum advisor.

The Lunds have a new VAN!!! It's an '88 Voyager, Gunmetal Blue and they are considering naming it VINCENT VAN GOGH!! (I wonder why?)

"BUSY AND  
HETIC" (contin.)

Andrew, this summer, plans on scout camp of course but will also work ar MCI or PAS. (Precision Air Structures)

Don't let Andrew mow the pasture though, because the last time we had him on the tractor he nearly died from his hay fever attacks!

Katherine (Katy-bug) continues to be smiley all of the time and has learned a few tricks. She can sit up by herself rather well now, she can scrape Dad's face easily with her long claws as she reaches for glasses, and if you let her, she can roll off of the bed. (exceptional child)

The last couple of days it is practice, practice practice on the piano because Andrew, Derek, Joshua, Nathan, and Amanda are playing in their recital this Sunday.

We are looking forward to this weekend because we have four boys staying with us from the Ricks College Showtime Company. They are touring around the U.S. performing, of course, and put on a show in our region Saturday and a fireside for the youth on Sunday.

We are all happy and mostly healthy (except for sneezing) and we love all of you.

Warmest regards,  
Randy, Karen, and  
family

It's been  
Kinda fun!  
Sincerely,  
The  
Editor

# THE RIVER RAG

PAGE 3

Edition #13



Nanette and Doug, Matthew and Caleb have moved back to Idaho and are dwelling in the Domicile on the Butte!

Marj and Myrna stayed with the Lunds in Bountiful last week (Thurs. eve, Friday, and Sat. A.M.) They managed to catch the ISU Graduation Ceremony en route back home.

David stayed with Jeff, Susan and boys in California a couple of weeks ago, trying to nudge the next project along.

## IDAHO OR BUST!

Jeff leaves for Camp ROBERTS, for summer camp on June 8th June 8th is the last day of school here.

The rest of us hope to depart the next a.m. (Sat) for Bountiful, Ogden, and Menan.

We're all excited about the prospects of visiting with everyone up the pike!! - especially MARJ AND MYRNA!!! (so look out)!

The editor is tired and will shortly head for bed but first must needs thank all those who contributed to this edition of THE RIVER RAG.

It's been nearly ten years since the last edition was published!

We'd appreciate your "contributions" for the next RAG around August 1st! Thanks!

HAD ANOTHER EDITION OF THE RIVER RAG BEEN PUBLISHED IN 1982, IT WOULD HAVE CONTAINED THIS CONTRIBUTION FROM ELINOR. THEIR FAMILY WAS THEN LIVING IN OKLAHOMA, WORKING ON TWO DOMES(?) AND HOPING TO GET THE ONES IN MUSKOGEE.

### Six Months Old and a Banged Up Nose (the youngest one)

'Twas near dinnertime one evening and the kids were gathered 'round.

They all wanted to hold Roddy, for he was acting like a clown.

Each playfully took a turn to hold the little fellow.

When came Dianna's turn she wasn't acting very mellow.

She bounced him up and down 'till he touched his little toes.

Then she bounced and jounced till he fell upon his nose.

He cried and cried with all his might.

It was plain to see that his nose was a sight.

I called Dr. Theadore as quickly as I could.

He said, "Come on over, I think you really should."

I bundled up the little guy and headed for Muskogee.

The hospital is located there on a road they call

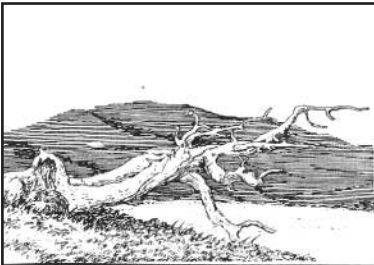
"Okmulgee."

Upon entering the hospital the nurses took him in their care.

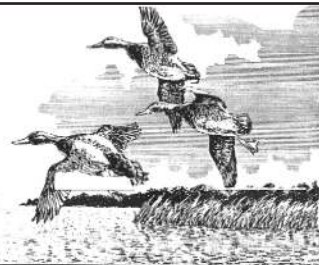
The doctor said, "dear mother, the waiting room is over there."

(to be contin.)





August 19, 1991 Edition #14  
Circulation 14  
Weather: Temperate!



# THE RIVER RAG

## ELDER SOUTH RETURNS! TO U.S. of A. AND CIVILIAN LIFE

He says its good (and different!) to be back in the 'states.' Dianna had changed the most. He's going to begin this coming semester at Ricks and he sounds great!

Rod reports that "he's dating Jennifer again. She started coming up here a lot a few weeks before Jason came home and she's been here the last two nights." Rod said that Jason had mentioned that it seemed kindof 'scary' to ride Danny's motorbike or to go water skiing.

When Jason returned my call he started speaking in Korean and I nearly told him he'd reached a wrong #. He said, "Mom's hair is grey" (silver?!). "Dad did not lose any more hair." "The mission was great and the Church is true!"

## Great Performances

July 5th - Barney was baptized by Gary in the Salt Lake Tabernacle!

July 6th-13th - Jonathan and Andrew went to Scout Camp and for one wild week they enjoyed the rigors of living in the great outdoors.

The two of them slept out all week without even putting up a tent. Their overnight canoe trip was fun! Andrew and Jon beat all the other canoeers coming and going but "archery was hard!"

Swimming 10 laps in the lake at 7:30 a.m. was brisk. Jon said he was numb after the first lap.

They spent one night in a wilderness survival shelter that they built, saw a moose on their nature hike and Jonathan was greeted one morning by a squirrel beside his head. (Would they do it again?)

June 12th - Randy arrived at the SLC Airport and he and Gary went to the Scout Camp that evening and slept with their boys and next day headed for the butte.

June 12th - M'Jean and remaining flock went to the butte where they: + shot guns at ye olde rock pile + picnicked at the Menan Park + beheld the craziest fireworks display!

Barry and Randy and seventeen kids with a lighted cracklin' ball in the left hand and a "punk" in the right. The spectators were kept hopping.

Ethel, Del, and Sally Hayes were there. They'd come for Danny's "farewell."

Danny's testimonial was a really great meeting. Danny was handsome and clever and he and Barry and Elinor gave good talks. One thing in particular that Elinor said was a quotation from a sign she'd seen at a Medical Center: "THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE ARE NOT THINGS."

(contin. pp. 2)



## ON THE RIVER

Marj had visitors (family) non-stop for two months.

"It's been wonderful", she said. "This summer has been green, different from most." She's been looking forward to seeing Jason and reported that she enjoyed the meeting wherein he reported about his mission. She especially enjoyed the musical number sung by Jason and his friends. They sang "Ye Elders of Israel" and Jason sang one of the verses in Korean!

She re-echoes a message from one of Danny's letters home, "Have your Family Home Evenings!"

## MORE ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION

Robin begins school on August 26th. She'll be teaching Math 111 which is Basic College Algebra. She worked for EG&E this past summer and said it was a good experience (to have behind her). She learned much about computers and about working with people!

This summer (for fun) she's been bicycling and has learned how to change tires and ore about the electrical workings of bikes and cars.

Another hobby: crocheting! (We saw one in Marj's bedroom, and it was gorgeous)

She has officially changed her name to Sarah Robin South and it will be 'legal' on August 26th!





## GREAT PERFORMANCES continued)

The South and Lund girls did a flute, violin, & vocal number that sounded pretty good.

July 28th - Gary & M'Jean provided the talks and music for the Island Park Ward (914 people), one of whom was Dale Dickson!

Steve Nadauld (originally from I.F. & the newest G.A. was there and his wife recruited the Lunds for a program in Logan.

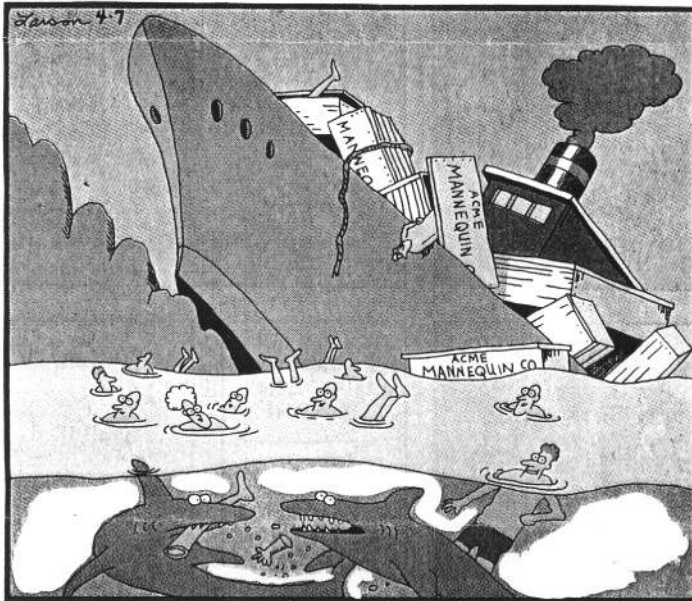
Ruth Bishop loaned us two cabins for two nights and while there we attended the church annual chicken dinner, went canoeing on the Buffalo, went to a show at the Playmill Theatre and visited with Marj on the trip home.

July 31st - Church Music Week at BYU. The Lunds presented a 1 hr. program at the Madsen Recital Hall for an enthusiastic audience. Besides the usual string solos, and ensembles and fiddling, this time they did two vocal #s- (complete with choreography). Charleston Flappers and Razz m'tazz and San Francisco Bay Blues. (Myrna helped a lot with the vocal numbers en route home from the Singles Conference in Provo.)

Friday, M'Jean made a presentation entitled: Music in the Home; How we do it! She said it went well because of the program the previous Wed. night. (When asked if she had told the whole truth, she answered "I told the truth.")

Saturday night the kids played for an outdoor wedding reception (2 hrs. of background music). During the last ten minutes, zillions of mosquitoes descended on them. Have you ever tried swatting while playing?! YIKES!

Gary has had an August 12th "do or die deadline" and has been working his head off.....



"What is this? ... Some kind of cruel hoax?"

THE GRANDALLS' TOASTER BLITZED LAST MOS., - THEN THE WAFFLE IRON AND TODAY THE DISHWASHER GAVE UP. I'M ONLY WRITING THIS SO THAT ONE DAY I CAN READ IT AND FIND SOME HUMOR IN IT (SOMEWHERE?!)

DURING THE MOS. OF JUNE AND JULY, YEA, EVEN UNTIL THIS DATE WE'VE JUST BEEN COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS!

SR

## jots from Jenny

David Jr. will be going to Idaho the last week in August to school at Ricks and will major in Business Administration.

Rebecca will be flying to Idaho on August 14th and then going on "Expedition" for 8 weeks! Her major is hiking!!!

Jessica, Jamie, and Shanna begin school on August 21st!

Jessica recently returned from a fun Youth Conference and is looking forward to going to Band Camp. She took Drivers' Ed. and will be able to "date and drive" on her birthday, Sept. 10.

Jaimie & Shanna have been enjoying swimming and singing w/the Sunshine Generation and are enjoying Judy's "summer camp for girls!"

Michael is working for Precision Air Structures. He was able to go to Scout Camp for a week (the only week that it rained in July), where he earned his canoeing merit badge. He's 12 yrs old now and was ordained a Deacon on Sunday, August 4th!

(Great News Mike!) Robin will be teaching at ISU while working on her master's degree.

David Sr. is teaching the Temple Preparation Class.

Judy said she's had a wonderful summer!

Monolithic Constructor Inc. just signed up a dome for The Church of The Bread of Life in Houston.

Jenny is presently working for Monolithic Constructors. (Thank you for your report, Jenny!)

NEWS FLASH

RANDY SAYS HE'LL -

REPORT SOMETHING NEXT TIME!

# The River Rag

Edition #14

August 16 '91  
PAGE THREE

## SINGLE N' STILL SWINGIN'

Myrna recently attended a Singles Conf. for four days at BYU.

President Hinckley's remarks were the highlight. She said he still looked really good!

He emphasized the importance of learning, reading good literature and listening to good music.

She liked the diet & exercise classes.

Saturday night (3rd) she had a Luau on the butte. It took lots of food preparation and she did hang lanterns and moved 1/2 the furniture outside.

'Twas pretty fun but toward the end they were invaded by hosts of mosquitos "like on the African Queen."

When interviewed, Myrna was trying to work up enough energy to put the furniture back in the house.

She made a fun visit to Virginia City and especially enjoyed the music machines, -even the three in the restroom.

She recently bought an inflatable boat!...

## A NOTE FROM NANETTE

"Everyone is happy."  
"Caleb has seven teeth and took his first step 2 weeks ago."  
"Matthew recently finished his first session of swimming lessons."

Rumor has it that Nan is going to play in the symphony?! YES!



## SISTER SOUTH TO BEHOLD MIRACULOUS HARVEST IN DESERT

"We, in this mission, live with members. We live with a woman who is a widow who has four married children. This way of doing things save a bundle and makes it possible to keep expenses down to \$300/mos."

Melinda was "in the mission home less than 24 hrs. on my way to the desert!"

Sister Melinda South  
c/o Mrs. Farar  
2128 11th Ave.  
Yuma, Arizona 85364

Her companion is from Houston but was born in El Salvador. "She's about my same height and size. Her name is Sister Hercules." "I feel like such a gringa!"

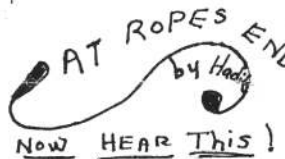
Thank you, Judy, for these excerpts from Melinda's epistle.

## UPDATE FROM ITALY

David said that MCI has a contract to build in Houston but that's still over 2 mos. away. "We're keeping busy with only a skeleton crew. It's been interesting."

"The fish in the pond are nipping the swimmers. They're about 8" long now (the fish). We had a rain-storm recently that put 3" in the pond in 21/2 hrs. The lake had gone down approximately one foot."

"We've done a few roof jobs (18 stories high). We tripped to Idaho in June and have been here in Texas in July."



## School begins Soon!



We printed this cartoon that Elinor sent to us about ten years ago! This year, Dianna says, "Nobody is excited about going back to school."

She reported that Danny went into the MTC on July 17th, Jason came home on August 6th, Rachel and Dianna went to Island Park for girls camp on Aug 7th. Barry's been in Nevada most of June & July

finishing a dome in Battle Mountain.

Rod's been goofin' off riding the Fat Cat all over the butte.

Jason still hasn't slept in his bed (as of Aug. 16th). He sleeps on the floor as he did in Korea. He still tries to buy 'kimchi' (sp?!), which is fermented cabbage and is no longer a picky eater afraid of a piece of onion!

Elder Danny South  
MTC Mailbox #271  
Departure date 9/16  
2005 North 900 East  
Provo, Utah 84604-1793



THE RIVER RAG WISHES TO EXPRESS  
DEEP GRATITUDE TO THOSE WHO SO  
WILLINGLY! SUBMITTED ('NEATH THE LASH)  
NEWS, POEMS, ARTWORK, ETC. FOR THIS  
EDITION - AND BIDS ALL SUBSCRIBERS -  
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!"



# REMEMBER WHEN.

Edition #14

AUG. 16 '91  
PAGE 4

## THE RIVER RAG

### ON THE JOB

### ... THE REST OF THE STORY!

January 26th, 1982 from the sunny state of Oklahoma!

Six Months Old and a Banged Up Nose  
(the youngest one)

'Twas near dinnertime one evening and  
the kids were gathered 'round.

They all wanted to hold Roddy, for he  
was acting like a clown.

Each playfully took a turn to hold the  
little fellow.

When came Dianna's turn she wasn't  
acting very mellow.

She bounced him up and down 'til he  
touched his little toes.

Then she bounced and jounced till he  
fell upon his nose.

He cried and cried with all his  
might.

It was plain to see that his nose  
was a sight.

I called Dr. THEodore as quickly as I could.

He said, "Come on over, I think you really should."

I bundled up the little guy and  
headed for Muskogee.

The hospital is located there on a road  
they call "Okmulgee."

Upon entering the hospital the nurses  
took him in their care.

The doctor said, "dear mother, the waiting  
room is over there."

He said to me, "Please, wait patiently,  
for there is nothing you can do you see."

I waited, but my patience was not the  
very best.

To hear my baby wailing really  
put me to the test.

Finally, when the Dr.'s work was

'drawing to a close,'

There were fifteen stitches on baby's li  
little nose.

When Roddy saw his mother, after this ordeal,

He cuddled on her shoulder to say

the pain was real.

Being six months old is not always that much fun,

Especially when there are five in all,

and you're the youngest one!

by Ellie

### AND IT CAME TO PASS . . .

Born on July 12, 1982 and liable to wear rags passed  
down from older and brawnier brothers the rest of his  
life, the great grandson of Samuel South, NATHAN SAMUEL  
SOUTH, came into the world in a flash but all things in  
order. Now the brothers have a new toy and something  
to hold, pet, hug, ride, etc.

Now our quartet is full, -not quite a basketball team  
yet but the legs would be too short anyway! (RJS)

WE'LL TRY  
TO PRINT THE  
NEXT EDITION AFTER  
THANKSGIVING BUT BEFORE  
DECEMBER 10TH!!  
(I WOULD BE MORE FUN IF Y'ALL  
WOULD SEND YOUR OWN  
"COLUMN" TO THE Editor)

Dear Sue,

Hot is the best descrip-  
tion of this place.

We are at the job from  
7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.  
with 1 hr. for lunch. We  
now have the dome inflated.

It is very, very impres-  
sive. We are quitting  
at 1:00 p.m. this day.  
We will start super early  
Monday.

THIS is a very pretty  
place. Everything is  
green. The corn and the  
cotton are growing about  
4in. per day.

We are renting a home  
from D.C. Thornton of  
Rogersville. D.B.S.

(also enc. was a copy of  
a letter from the design  
engineer, Bryan C. Coats  
of the Ford Motor Comp.  
with praise of the  
"cullet storage facility"  
'recently' completed at  
the Tulsa Glass Plant.  
(dated June 11, 1982)

### ON THE SCENE

Susy,

The crew at Alabama ha  
had a new experience at  
11:00p.m. last Sunday.  
They were evicted out of  
their 3 story house on  
the river (scandal and  
more scandal) and made to  
move into a motel over-  
night. We found another  
house the next morning.

The southern accent has  
appeared in small ways on  
various members. Yea,  
y'all and other such word  
now slip easily from  
unwary tongues. Dad & I  
are the worst offenders  
mainly 'cause we talk to  
the southerners the most.

David Jr. is becoming  
quite tan and is the water  
boy while I'm known as  
'the girl' & Wanda is  
'the cook.'

Rolan & Wanda installed  
an air conditioner in  
their trailer before  
coming out and boy were  
theytsmart.

It's really pretty out  
here. You've never seen  
so many trees. J.L.S.

(NEVER DID LEARN  
WHY THE EVICTION?!)  
The Editor





MARJORIE SOUTH

“Knowledge of and a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel is not enough. We also need a love for the gospel. That love is the motivating force.”

*(Marj, Monday Sep 9, 1963)*

# Loving Ties

True religion,  
the tie that binds us to  
God and to each other,  
not only seals our  
family relationships  
in eternity  
but also heightens  
our delight in those family  
experiences while in mortality.

-JEFFREY R. HOLLAND

## OUR SAVIOR'S LOVE

The Spirit, voice  
Of goodness, whispers to our hearts  
A better choice  
Than evil's anguished cries.  
Loud may the sound  
Of hope ring till all doubt departs,  
And we are bound  
To him by loving ties.  
*(Edward L. Hart, Hymns, #113)*

## Chapter 119

# When the Sun Goes Down Again

It doesn't say much good to go away from home,  
unless it's a home one could miss a good deal.—MARJ

MARJ  
Butte Sunset

At Christmas time, when Marj had anticipated being released from her mission in March, she was looking forward to being home, as she wrote:

Just think, "In a little while I'll begin to smile, when the sun goes down again."

### WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN AGAIN

When the sun goes down again,  
I'm gonna be where I belong,  
Down among the folks at home,  
where every day you hear a song,  
I'm gonna throw away my walking shoes, I never want them on again,

In a little while, I'll begin to smile,  
when the sun goes down again.

I'll never learn to be a roamer, no  
matter how I try,  
And when the next train leaves  
this town,  
I'm gonna tell you all goodbye,

When the sun goes down again,  
I'm gonna be where I belong,  
Down among the folks at home,  
where every day you hear a song,  
I'm gonna throw away my walking shoes, I never want them on again,  
In a little while, I'll begin to smile,  
when the sun goes down again.

Marj's family had often heard her sing the plaintiff song about the wanderer, tired of roaming, throwing away the walking shoes, and taking the next train home.

Seven months into her mission, Marj had written: "I wonder where my next one will be." Once at home she knew what kind of mission to serve. True to her resolve to help Hmong refugees, Marj sponsored a Hmong family of three generations, grandparents, parents, and children.

ELINOR: Well, we lived up there when the Hmong people came. When she was on the mission, she taught a lot of Hmong people who came from Cambodia. And she learned to love the Hmong people, and they learned to love her. And she made a connection there, and after she got back, she sponsored a family that came straight from there to here. They speak no English. (Laughs)

SUSAN: Valee spoke some English

ELINOR: He spoke some English, but the rest of them didn't, so when they came in, we all came down. They were not familiar with any of the modern conveniences—even the toilet, or anything—it was quite entertaining. And they liked their rice cooked in a certain way. I mean, they didn't want their rice cooked the way anybody else cooked it. So they did a lot of their own cooking, didn't they?

SUSAN: Rice every single night.

ELINOR: And they wanted it, like really sticky, I think, as I remember. But they were really cute. They were small people. Of course, we couldn't understand them and they couldn't understand us, except for—what was his name?

SUSAN: Valee.

ELINOR: Well, which one went to school at Rigby High School?

SUSAN: It was maybe Ba.

ELINOR: Ba. Okay. Ba. Anyhow, I can't remember how long they were here.

SUSAN: Valee had a wife and a little girl named Mi.







REBECCA SOUTH &  
HMONGS  
The boy on the  
right, Ba,  
attended school.

M'JEAN: The kids and I met the Hmongs at Marj's house when we drove up to Idaho with Susan while Gary was gone to New York. It was March 2nd, 1981. Marj said they watched Sesame Street to help with learning English. We went to Del Parkinson's recital in Rexburg and took Ba with us. Five-year-old Rosalie was drilling Ba on counting, etc.

MYRNA: Jeanette was so cute --and so bad. Rosalie was teaching Ba the Hmong boy all the words as we went -- "glad," etc. With Jeanette, she said "squawk, baby squawk."

ELINOR: Oh, what the Hmong people went through to get here. They went without food going through the jungles, and they swam across rivers with children on their backs. And they stayed in these concentration camps before they got here. Marj never forgot them. And they couldn't come, unless they had a sponsor. And that was the thing—she sponsored them. And they came.

SUSAN: It took a while for all the paperwork to get them out of that camp where they were, and it took some money. And she had to jump through a lot of hoops to make sure that happened for them.

## GRACIOUS TO HMONGS

ELINOR: Marj was just so gracious to them. I mean this house is big enough for her family and that, but there were a lot of them. And I don't even know where they slept. But they slept around. And they were just—they were--it was just fun. I know it wasn't easy for her having them come here, but they were so grateful to her.

Anyhow, she was just an angel for taking in those Hmong people. Other people have done that, too, but we actually witnessed it, you know. Because she did it. Anyhow, that's an incredible thing for the whole family to know—was what she did for the Hmongs. I mean, we should all learn from her example on that.

MARJ & SAWMILL RELICS:  
Dinner bell, gas lanterns,  
cant hook, crosscut saw.



HMONG NEEDLEWORK:  
BABY CARRIER  
The Hmong family was very grateful to Marj. The only thing they had to give her were examples of their native handiwork. *(Marj had written about the Hmong ladies stitching quilts in Relief Society. "Their stitches were so tiny and neat," she said. "They laughed at mine."*

In her journal Marj wrote of the "highlight of the association with the Hmong family, which arrived at the airport Feb 21, 1981." She and David each drove to the airport to pick them up. She loved having the Hmongs living there, was sad when arrangements were made and they left for Seattle. "So they are gone and the house is big and empty again." She mentions over and over how she misses them. "What an experience. I am so appreciative of this golden opportunity. What an exciting and wonderful episode in my life."







#### Elinor Note:

Several years ago, many years after Marj had passed away, I got a telephone call from this fellow, said he was from California. He said he was looking for Marj, and I told him she had passed away. And anyhow, the reason he had called me, was Marj's telephone number was passed over to a teacher that taught at the elementary. She told him to call me.

He could speak perfect English. And he was living in California, and I think he said he was running a dry cleaning company or something, and he just went on and on. And he said, "Wasn't it just so funny when we came, and we couldn't speak English, or anything." And I don't know which one he was. But he just said how thankful they were for the fact that Marj sponsored them. And anyhow, it was just an incredible unselfish thing she did. That is not easy to do, cause she wasn't that young, you know.

#### GROWING FAMILY

In the next few years Marj's family continued to grow. July 11, 1981, Rodney South was born to Barry and Elinor. A little less than two months later, on September 1, 1981, Lexye Suzanne Lund was born to Gary and M'Jean in Utah.

While she was living in Salt Lake, Susan met Jeffrey Crandall. She brought him to meet M'Jean and Gary and their five children.

M'JEAN: I remember how the poor guy was mobbed by all our little kids. He wasn't used to the noise, and I think he was relieved when it came time to go.

#### SUSAN & JEFF MARRIED

On April 9, 1982, Susan and Jeff were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Their lovely reception was held at Marj's dome.

#### NEW BABY GRANDCHILDREN

On June 12, 1982, Nathan South was born to Randy and Karen.

Matthew Crandall was born to Jeff and Susan on January 16, 1983, on Dianna's South's birthday.

Barney Alan Lund was born July 3, 1983, to Gary and M'Jean Lund.

Amanda South was born on October 29, 1984 to Randy and Karen South.

Sean Forrest Crandall was born to Jeff and Susan Crandall on March 16, 1985.

Marj was on hand to welcome the new little grandchildren and delighted in holding and rocking each one. But when Molly Nanette Lund was born to Gary and M'Jean, Christmas Eve, 1985, she was practically too weak to hold a newborn baby.

#### TEMPLE TUESDAYS

Marj had been called as a temple worker in the Idaho Falls Temple, a calling which she cherished. Marj was usually selling or working at the office most days, but Tuesdays she would spend the entire day at the temple.

Late in 1985 she had developed a bad cough, and was unusually tired. But she soldiered on with her temple assignment, which was really quite strenuous. Tuesdays were very long days.

JEFF & SUSAN CRANDALL  
MATTHEW & SEAN  
Married April 9, 1982  
Idaho Falls Temple





## ACCIDENT

MARJ: *Dec 18, 1985.* I arose at the usual hour for a Tuesday, which was approximately 1:30 AM. I took my bath, fixed my hair and make up, ate a little, took my vitamins, and said my prayer. I left approximately 3:15 for the temple. I parked my car and walked up to the temple. It was slick. It wasn't too cold. It was calm and beautiful. I was feeling great but I was a little concerned because I had hardly slept. I knew it was going to be a long day.

### DROVE INTO SNOW BANK

At night I went out to my car feeling wide awake, but tired. It must've been 10 o'clock; my duties had extended into the evening longer than usual. I became sleepy directly and struggled all the way, and I didn't make it. I ran into a snow bank, just barely off the road. That awakened me! I flagged down a passing pickup. He took me to a phone. Randy and David came and pulled me back on the road and I came on home--1 mile from home, approximately. The next day I was sick and even though the family urged me to see a doctor I didn't.

## PRESCRIPTION: OXYGEN

ELINOR: The oxygen thing.—we were living here up on the butte when she was working for the boys, and she developed this really bad cough, and it went on and on and on, and it was cold—I remember it was cold. And her house was cold. And I came in. Quite often I came in after school and just checked on her on my way home. Sometimes I'd just stop in during the day when I went up to the house for lunch, or something. And she wasn't anywhere in here, and I kinda called for her, and I heard a little voice in the back room, and I went back there in her bedroom, and she was in her bed, cause it was cold in here. She was in her bed, and she was bundled up. I think she might have even had her coat on under the covers, and she had a cap on her head. I mean, she was cold.

It really frightened me, so, anyhow, I got a hold of somebody, and I think David and Barry or somebody took Marj to the doctor. And then she was gone for quite a while to the doctor. Anyhow, when she finally came back, she was on oxygen. And she was on oxygen for I think the next 7 years.

### “VERY SICK LADY”

MARJ: The next day Susan made an appointment with the only doctor I've seen in a long, long time. He was an ear, nose and throat specialist. He told me I was a very, very sick lady and asked permission to send me to Dr. Armour who is chest disease specialist. He also told me that I was a very, very sick lady and for the next five hours they were running tests of various kinds with various machines and they finally told me the name of it is COPD. He sent me to the hospital for some “Sophisticated blood tests” and told me I could go home as soon as we filled the prescription he gave me, which was oxygen.

### EXPOSURE TO FOAM

I was on oxygen while I was in the hospital. I have been ever since. I still don't know what the results of those tests are. I don't know if he does or not. I knew that my lungs were not as good as they used to be. I blamed the exposure to urethane foam. The doctor said that isn't so. I really believe that he is a very good doctor. I am still suspicious that urethane foam has had something to do with the lung problem. My whole family and I know that I have been really sick a few times because of exposure to foam. Moreover, Barry, Randy, and David have all been sick a few times due to exposure to foam.

I persisted in questioning the doctor about this because I felt it was important to know. If they are candidates for this it would be well to reduce the risk to the minimum if that can be done. Immediate attention might postpone and possibly eliminate any attack.

### “TIP YOU OVER”

I asked the doctor how it could happen so fast. He said it hadn't happened so



fast. The deterioration had been going on but it takes something like the flu to “tip you over.” I didn’t know until then that I had the flu. He said “your pulse rate was 190 when you came in.”

#### NEVER SMOKED

He questioned me about my smoking. Four times I told him I didn’t and hadn’t ever smoked. Believe me, I am so glad that I never had smoked. I am very glad that I didn’t bring this on by that particular kind of activity.

#### WAITED - SANTA

Barry was so considerate when he took me to the doctor and waited all those hours, until after 5:30 and then he had to take me to the hospital and check me in. He was supposed to play Santa Claus. He figured he’d missed it, but he made it by the skin of his teeth. I didn’t know about this until the last minute. Then he told me.

#### PART OF THE PLAN

He came to get me the next morning and talked about the purpose of life and that problems were part of the plan. Some people had more problems than others and etc. In his soft-spoken way I knew he was trying to lighten the blow.

#### CHRISTMAS - MYRNA HOME

Christmas was a little blurry as it passed by. Myrna was home. It was so good to have her here. Soooooo good! She was struggling with some problems of her own but she was really good to me. Everyone was. Everyone! Myrna didn’t stay too long. I watched more television while she was here than I had watched for a year. I hated to see her go back.

#### HOT FIRES - HOT MEALS

David dropped in every day and spent some time. Susan came whenever she could. Her children were a little off and on all winter. She couldn’t bring them with her. Susan and Judy and Elinor have done shopping for me. Barry built fires in the house every morning for a long time and when he stopped (He broke his leg playing basketball), Elinor built them from then on, right up until this week of April 2nd, she has dropped in to build the fires. She has carried in the wood.

Karen has sent many a hot meal to me, and it has all been beautifully arranged on a plate with an interesting dessert to accompany the main dish. They have seemed so good when my appetite was lagging so. My instructions were to eat and eat and gain weight. It wasn’t easy. Those delicious meals helped.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE BABY

M’Jean was expecting a baby. I had told her I would be down to stay with them a while at that time. Her baby didn’t come until December 24. She came home that day. That made a terrific Christmas for her family. The baby is a healthy little girl, M’Jean’s seventh child.

### LIFE TURN AROUND

This event is a real turn around in my life. I love the river. I can’t think of a more beautiful spot to be if you have to be house-bound.

#### SNAKE RIVER

Flowing past Marj’s dome.  
“I love the river. I can’t think of a more beautiful spot to be if you have to be housebound.”  
(Marj)



MARJ  
Behind her is the lovely apricot tree she planted by throwing out a bunch of pits.

"Another one of my joys is this word processor," she wrote. "How I love this thing." Marj typed letters sent by David to Susan and Randy on their missions and letters Randy had sent on his mission. She typed Barry's history. She typed patriarchal blessings of ancestors. She wrote up the story "Campmeat." She began a history of Barney, which unfortunately got lost. She also started religiously keeping a journal.

Then in April she declared "I'm going to start driving my car as soon as I get my snow tires replaced. The battery is dead. The car hasn't been driven since that last day I went to the temple which was December 18th."

Marj loved her view of the river in every season.



## NEW GOALS - JOYS

For several months Marj stayed pretty close to home. She tackled projects that had been on the back burner for a long time. She had copies of pictures made of Barney, her parents, and her grandparents, and got them into the hands of her children and siblings. She spent hour after hour, day after day sorting pictures, cards, and letters in the trunk and boxes Susan brought down from the attic.

MARJ: Another goal I have had is to get better acquainted with the scriptures. I have purchased one of the best bargains I ever did find—the whole standard works on tape, read by Michael Flynn. He has done such a superb performance in the reading. I love to listen to him. I'm going to be a lot better acquainted with the Old Testament by the end of this year than I have ever been before. This is one of my joys!

ELINOR: At first it was hard for her to go to church, because of the oxygen, —I mean, Marj was always very nice looking, and she didn't want to wear that

oxygen. She got to where she had to wear the oxygen all the time. But she would carry her little tank, and then--she wanted to drive by herself, but we didn't like her to drive by herself, when she was on this oxygen, but she did, sometimes.

### TEACHING RELIEF SOCIETY

She focused on teaching her Relief Society lessons, and her presentations were always excellent. Her weakened condition slowed her down a lot, and getting ready on time was a challenge.

MARJ: *May 25, 1986 Sun* - I taught my Relief Society lesson today--no make up! Horrors. If I had realized that in church I would have collapsed. Oh, I hope I never do that again.



Often Marj arranged for a musical number in her lesson. Barry and Randy obliged when she asked them to sing solos, and they were very well received. She also loved it when she could get a male quartet to sing.

One morning when she went in to Relief Society and sat down, the sister next to her mentioned her lesson, which she thought was the following Sunday. "Luckily for me I was supposed to be able to choose my own subject and I chose very quickly: Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. No one knew that I was taken by surprise except Myrna."

ELINOR: Marj used to teach the Relief Society lessons in the ward here. I think she taught them a lot before she went on her mission. It was when they used to have the different lessons, like literature, and spiritual, whatever they called it. Anyhow, she was always just such a great teacher, and if you talk to any of the older members of the ward here, they all knew who Marj South was. And they had great respect for her.

Several other family members held teaching positions in the ward. And when they were out of town, they often subbed for each other. Marj frequently told her journal what an outstanding job David, Barry, Jeff, or Randy had done. She would comment on how well Judy handled the music and about Elinor's stake and ward Relief Society lessons.

AUG 10, 1986 Sun - Elinor taught the Mother Education lesson in RS. She looked pretty. She was sort of a picture in pink. She did a good job, too.

#### TEMPLE

Once she had wheels, Marj mustered strength to attend the temple again.

MARJ: *April 26, 1986* - On this day I went to the temple--the last session which was Spanish. By the end of the session I was able to pick up some phrases in Spanish but only because I knew the ceremony so well. It was pretty special to climb the broad stairway again. It was a good feeling.

*May 22, 1986* - I went to the temple and it snowed on me as I walked in. I didn't panic when the wind began to blow me around today but I did have some ideas cross my mind. If I were in danger, I couldn't run so what would be best? Would it be better to move as fast as I could with the tank or dump the tank and get out.

*Aug 1st, Fri* - I didn't get to the temple. I was honestly nervous about going.

*Aug 6th, Wed* - I'm trying to get up enough steam to get to the temple tomorrow.

*Sep 4, Thu* - I came home on the very last fumes of oxygen.

*Sep 25th, Thur* - Temple--2 endowments. Choir practice.

Week after week she attended the temple Thursdays, usually doing two endowment sessions, then afterwards faithfully attending ward choir practice.

#### SOUTH'S INC

Not much could compare with Marj's interest in what was going on with her kids. She began having a hard time even keeping track of who was where, as David, Barry, Randy, and Jeff were traveling around the country and the world selling and building domes. In her journal she noted when David was off to Arizona,

Michigan, Algeria; when Barry was in Oklahoma, Yellowstone, Battle Mountain, Nevada, Norway, etc.

Unable to spend her days at the office of South's Inc., Marj's role had become pretty much limited to signing the checks brought up to her.

#### ROUND UP

Then along came something exciting for Marj. Time had come for the "Round Up"—not a cattle drive, as she had experienced during the farm years, but the company newspaper.

On May 16, 1986, Marj noted: "David wants a monthly newspaper printed, edited in a similar way to the Ready-to-Pour newsletters, and I have the go ahead. I have a job!" Having felt out of the loop for five months, Marj was excited to be once again involved in the mainstream of the company. For two hours she lay awake. "I couldn't help thinking about the up-coming newsletter. David told me that an office paper is a 'company organ.' He wants it sort of integrated, etc."

#### TECHNICAL CHALLENGES

The Round Up was quite a project. In the ensuing months it called for working with various computers, computer programs, photo and printing companies, with equipment and procedures continually changing. As technical challenges loomed, David and Dave Jr. served as technical advisors, and Robin helped with the mailings.

When the company acquired their laser printer, Marj wrote "The Roundup looks great printed on the laser. I am pleased as I can be." Ten days later she exclaimed, "Oh, catastrophe!! The printer has stopped." Technical delays were matched only by the challenge of tracking down the articles to be written by David, Barry, Randy, and Jeff, usually swamped with little time to write. Marj worked almost daily on the Round Up, turning out a good paper month after month. "I am loving it," she said.

#### COMPANY MOTTO

In June, Marj noted, "Investigated a sign for our new motto." When the wooden plaque with the motto arrived at the office, it was hard to read. After it was touched up by Susan, Marj was pleased. "It is thoroughly legible now and quite nice. It is old English print and it is "HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVETH BEST." It is the last line from a poem I learned in grade school entitled "Commerce," written by Edward Everett.

#### RANDY AND KAREN TO EMMETT

When a big job was sold in Emmett, Idaho, Randy and Karen put their house on the market and prepared to move there. That was hard for Marj. "I keep thinking about it. It will be lonely when they go. I will see no lights at night. I always miss their lights when they are gone." She thought also about how much Elinor would miss Karen. She dutifully watered Randy's lawn, as well as her own.

#### FAMILY EVENTS - GRANDCHILDREN PERFORMANCES

Even with her limitations with the oxygen, Marj had again been able to attend family outings, as well as the concerts, plays, pageants, musicals, and sports events her grandkids were involved in. She received a special invitation from Dave Jr. to hear his jazz band, which she did, and at the same time she heard Melinda's choir.

Melinda also performed in high school musicals.

MARJ: I went to see Jason and Danny play an Idaho Falls team for champion game in the Church tournament. They played hard. I liked watching them. I went straight down from the office to Shelley and I was out of oxygen before I ever left the schoolhouse. I made it home all right.



Marj had been present with Nanette when she was in the Miss America competition. Now she went to the pageant in Idaho Falls, where Nan, “on her way out, played her saxophone one more time with the band. Charlene Wells was the MC. I was glad I went,” said Marj.

South Family  
Jam session in  
Marj’s dome

#### MARVELOUS MYRNA

Myrna was a huge part of facilitating Marj’s getting out of the house. When Myrna moved back from Boise, she rode with David. Two days later, May 23, 1986, her Steinway grand piano arrived. Not only did Myrna play her Steinway, but she spent untold hours teaching little fingers to play it as well.

#### LEGAL WORK FOR THE COMPANY

Occasionally Myrna took off with David to various parts of the country to do legal work for the company. But when it came close to festival time, Myrna could be found at the piano, with a kid and sometimes two kids on the piano bench, drilling and cheerleading for the upcoming performance. She had them give recitals at the dome, serving them ice cream and cake at the end.

#### TAUGHT - ENTERTAINED - TENDED

She taught all of the South kids. She played with them, went on walks with them, tended the little ones, held them on her lap in church. “All the kids love Myrna,” said Marj. “She loves them.”

#### TALENTED MYRNA

MARJ: *July 6, 1986* - Myrna saw Matt at his most exuberant self. She took pictures of them. She is a very good photographer and I think she gets very interesting shots. Some of them make me envious and I wish that I had the artistry to recognize the potential of things that she photographs.

#### TALENTED SUSAN

It reminds me of how I used to feel about Susan when she would buy materials for clothing. I would see what she bought and wonder what she could do with it. When it was finished I’d find myself wishing--wishing that I had such a creative talent.

#### CONCERTMASTER

Myrna played in the Idaho Falls Symphony, eventually becoming concertmaster. She also played for various productions, including ballet, opera, even the musical “Wizard of Oz,” performed by Firth High School. Marj was thus enabled to attend many performances.





MARJ & MOLLY  
Family Reunion at a  
favorite place on the  
Buffalo River.

Molly was born Christmas  
Eve, the week following  
Marj's accident in 1985,  
Ever after Marj is seen in  
pictures with her small  
oxygen tank nearby.

The night Marj went to the Nutcracker, Myrna was playing in the orchestra pit.  
In getting to her seat, Marj had a workout equivalent to that of any dancer onstage.

#### MT. EVEREST

MARJ: When we arrived at the auditorium, we learned that the seats were first come first served and there were none left except way up in the crow's nest. I stood looking up at it with that oxygen tank on my shoulder and told myself that is Mt. Everest. I made it. Slowly I ascended till I reached the summit.

#### FUN WITH MYRNA

MARJ: *Apr 6, 1987 Mon* - This winter has been fun. Having Myrna here has been wonderful for me. I have seen a lot more of everyone on the Butte because she has been here. I am just a lot better acquainted with all the kids because she has had them here for lessons, recitals, theory classes and watching TV. It has made a lot of difference.

She, herself, is excellent company. I love to hear the music--she has music on all the time. She brings records home from the library and listens to them when she exercises. She whistles in the bathroom. She sings sometimes, also. We go to church together and to the concerts together. We went to a show and it's the only show I've seen in years. We watch TV at home together sometimes. We have been invited to dinner together several times. We have collaborated, a little only, on the things we have done for the company--such as brochures, Roundup, etc. We eat together sometimes, cook--well I help a little sometimes. She is so fast I can't keep up with her. We do dishes together sometimes. I'm going to miss her when she goes. I know that.

#### LUND FAMILY VISITS

Myrna made occasional trips to Utah, and Marj occasionally went with her. They visited M'Jean's family and got in on some of the activities and performances of the Lund family. Gary and M'Jean and their kids made it up to Idaho periodically and would get in on a wiener roast with the butte dwellers down by the river or a trip to the sand dunes or to Island Park for the annual Family Reunion.

## JOSHUA CRANDALL IS BORN

On April 14, 1987, Jeff Crandall flew to Thailand for a three-week summer camp. "Susan is so close to her delivery date," wrote Marj. "There is very little chance he will make it back before the baby arrives." Two weeks later she again noted, "It's the 28th and Susan's baby could come any day."

On April 30, 1987, there was no one else around to help. Randy and Karen and family were living in Emmett. David was in Cedar Rapids. Barry was in Ruidosa on Rio Grande. Myrna was in charge at the office.

MARJ: Thursday - Susan awakened about 2:00 A. M. and she called here approximately 6:30. Today is the day. Susan is trying to be so independent, but Myrna went over and brought the kids and their things over here and went back and took Susan to the hospital.

The day wore on. Finally the phone rang and Susan was on the line. It was about 2:15. Little Joshua Lee Crandall had checked in about 1:30 at 7 pounds 15 ounces and 20 inches long. All went well. All is well. Myrna stayed with Susan through it all and photographed the baby alone a few times and then with Susan a few times. After Susan was settled down in her room, Myrna went to the office to take care of things. There were checks to be signed and some phone calls to take care of.

We took the boys to the hospital. Matt loved every minute of it. He reminded me so much of Randy while we were there. He was abstractedly answering our question about how did he like the baby and won't it be fun to have him home, etc. but all this time he was investigating levers that raised the bed and lowered it; called for the nurse; turn on TV and all the rest, etc.

But Sean screamed. He wanted nobody but Myrna. He was afraid of the hospital and Susan in her strange gown and surroundings. He didn't want anything to do with the baby. "I want to go" was all he would say and he constantly leaned hard toward the exit. Myrna had to keep him in the hall.

The baby is nice--nice features and lots of long, dark hair, and very red as babies usually are.

*May 1st, Fri* - Myrna spent some time at hospital and brought Susan and the baby home about 11:00 P. M. Susan slept on the couch, and the baby was on the little couch beside her. Matt slept with me, and Sean slept with Myrna. We got along fine.

MYRNA: It was fun being the dad.

## SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Marj couldn't say enough about Myrna, her thoughtfulness, and her abilities. Marj bragged to her journal when Myrna soloed with the symphony.

MARJ: *Feb 23, 1988 Tue* - It is wonderful to have Myrna here. She has been wonderful and I consider it a blessing that she has chosen to spend some time here. It has meant ever so much to me. She has played in the symphony ever since she arrived here.

MARJ: *April, 1988* - Myrna played the Liszt Concerto with the symphony on the special program in Idaho Falls on April 9th. Another person had been scheduled to play--for a year, but had to bow out because her Dr. ordered it. Myrna was talking to the conductor and he told her about it and mentioned that he didn't know what to do about it. She told him she would play, and she did.

She worked so hard to get the piece perfected. Her performance gave her a lot of satisfaction because she played so well. She bought a new dress for the occasion. It was a burgundy flowing skirted shiny dress with lots of lace in the bodice,



# Pianist 'pinch-hits' for ailing soloist

By SHARON WILLIAMS

Post-Register staff writer

When violinist Myrna South called Idaho Falls Symphony conductor Carl Eberl one evening in early February, she had simply intended to warn him she'd be missing a few practices.

But as the conversation ensued, Eberl mentioned that Shulamit Hoffman, piano soloist scheduled for the Idaho Showcase '88 on April 9, was ailing, and probably wouldn't be able to perform. He expressed his concern, and said he might need a replacement.

The wheels in Ms. South's head started turning.

"That looked like a good opportunity," Ms. South said. "The next day, I called him and said, 'If she can't play, I'll play for her.'"

But not on her violin — on the piano.

The Idaho Falls native is a principal violinist with the symphony, but holds a bachelor's degree in piano from Brigham Young University, and a master's degree in piano performance from the University of Colorado.



Myrna South

"That looked like a good opportunity. The next day, I called him and said, 'If she can't play, I'll play for her.'"

## Myrna South

While at BYU, she studied with Josef Kliass, a visiting professor from Russia, who had been a student of Marguerite Long, who studied with Debussy.

Eberl accepted her offer, and since then, Ms. South has spent little spare time away from the keyboard.

With only two months to prepare, she decided to perform Liszt's E Flat Major piano concerto.

"I figured that would be enough time to whip it into shape," she said.

A two-time winner of the Young Artists competition when she was in high school, Ms. South performed the piece in 1964 with the symphony.

With its fast scales and parallel octaves, the Liszt piece — often called the "Triangle Concerto" — is challenging, she said. Mastering it again has required four-hour practice sessions each day, but this time, learning it has been easier.

"It didn't take me long to have it memorized," she said. "Hopefully, I'll be playing it a lot better than I did then."

Preparation has meant putting her other careers on hold until after the concert. An attorney, she does contract work with local law firms, and also teaches music.

But performing on the piano with the symphony in the Idaho Showcase is a rare opportunity, just as her two performances as a Young Artist were.

"Those were the only times to play with the orchestra. All through college, you rarely have time to do that," she said. "When I was in high school, that was the big thing to look forward to."

While she doesn't really favor one instrument over the other, Ms. South doubts that she would want to solo as a violinist, although she likes playing the violin in the symphony.

But both the violin and piano have been instrumental in her musical career.

She has performed as a violinist with the Boise Philharmonic, but played the piano for the Boise Master Choral.

She also taught piano at the University of Colorado, BYU and Ricks College, and taught string music in all of the elementary schools in District 91 for a year.

Marilyn Law, a principal oboist with the symphony, will perform Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela" on the English horn, which also is her second instrument.

Because of the instruments' similarities, many oboe players also play the English horn, Mrs. Law said, so her situation is not as unique as Ms. South's.

She played the English horn in the Tucson Symphony, and performed the Sibelius piece as a soloist with the I.F. Symphony in 1979.

"The piece that Marilyn is doing is one of my favorite pieces, enough to almost make a person want to play the English horn," Ms. South said.

The concert also features soloists in its opening number, Vivaldi's Concerto for Four Violins, Cello and Continuo. Mindy Gossweiler, Ryan DaBell, Jason and Jan Yarrington and Sasha Nelson will play violin. Jared Yarrington will play cello and Des Yarrington will perform on the keyboard, according to Eberl.

The Idaho Showcase concert begins at 8:15 p.m. Saturday in the Civic Auditorium. Tickets are available at the Idaho Falls Symphony office, 545 Shoup.

"When Myrna was a senior in high school, she played the Liszt with the Idaho Falls Symphony. I was in Connecticut and missed the performance. This time she was playing not as a student, but as a professional. Our family drove from Amalga, Utah, where we were living, to hear her stunning performance. Everyone was very proud of her." (M'Jean)

and she rented a ruffled slip to wear with it, and she exercised a lot and was in good shape and she looked great. They had quite a lot of publicity in the paper and some on TV. She appeared on TV. She was the last number on the program and she did a bang-up job. She was given three curtain calls.

Only bad part was--I didn't go. I was coughing hard and I was actually nervous about going. David taped it on video so I have seen it and it was wonderful even on tape. She looked so pretty. Everyone else in the family went, for which I am glad, even Matthew.

## Health-Trial

It was such a disappointment for Marj not to be able to attend Myrna's concert. Her declining health was an enormous trial. Ten months after she had been on Oxygen, she wrote:

MARJ: Oct 21, 1986 Tue - "Oxygen Day. Oxygen day is a mile post in time and marks off the weeks as they spin by alarmingly fast with devastating result sometimes of making me reflect on how little I have accomplished since last Oxygen Day."

Marj tried so hard to become healthy and desperately wanted to get off oxygen. She did everything the doctors advised--took the pills they gave her, did the exercises, walked, used the sinus washes. Days when she breathed a little easier, she was encouraged. Other times she had discouraging chest pain, congestion, and infection.

She worked as hard as her health would allow. She served. Cheerfully. Faithfully. Valiantly. However, her health began to allow less activity. She regretted that in the entire year of 1987, she had been able to do only three temple endowments.

MARJ: Jan. 4th, 1988 Mon - Barney's birthday. I weighed 90 lbs. this morning on Myrna's scale and I realize I must gain weight. I don't feel good about how my back bone sticks out--it reminds me of Davey's when they brought him home from Chicago.

### Music Note:

Marj loved hearing Myrna play. After attending a recital Myrna had presented in 1981, Marj wrote, "Oh it was so great to hear her play again. What playing! It seems impossible that human hands can do what I saw hers do."



When Dr. Orchard encouraged her to get off oxygen, she tried and found she simply could not. He said he thought she may be allergic to the plastic hose and canula and gave her capsules to counter the allergies. Medical Mart told her of a different canula and a vinegar treatment for the plastic equipment to make it safe. The canula was delivered, Judy brought down vinegar, and Myrna went to work soaking hoses in vinegar. "Later we tried tomato juice," said Myrna.

MARJ: *Jan. 27th, 1988 Wed* - I am excited with the hope I have that this is the solution to the problem and that I'll get better now. I will not have this pain in the chest and back and my heart rate will become normal and I'll be able to use the oxygen that I do breathe which will be different. It won't be polluted as it comes to me through this plastic tube.

Marj had witnessed the improvement in the health of Melinda and Judy following help they received from the Omni Clinic in Las Vegas. She decided to seek help and answers at the clinic.

MAY, 1988 I went to this Omni Clinic [Nevada] last week, May 17th to 21st for help, along with David, Judy and Jamie. I brought home lots of pills to take, drops to take and shots to take. I wasn't feeling well at all while I was there but they have helped me and I do have hope of doing much better in the future. Food allergies are as much the cause of my problem as any other single thing possibly.

Marj found help, relief, but there was no cure, no long term healing, and her lung capacity did not get better. The use of oxygen was a permanent situation. Although Marj fought a tough battle, she continued to become weaker.

#### CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY - TESTIMONY

ELINOR: But she would go to church every single Sunday, and she would sit on the second row on the right hand side going in, in the middle, and every single fast and testimony day Marj would bear her testimony. They would just be a short, strong testimony, but there she was, on her oxygen. She came to church all the time. So she was a great example to the people in the ward.

#### ATTENDED JASON'S WEDDING - ON OXYGEN

And she was able to go to Jason and Jennifer's wedding [March 21, 1992] when they got married in the Idaho Falls temple. She was on oxygen. To go up to the room, there were these stairs, so she needed some help getting up into the room, but she was there. And it was really hard for her to come, but she came. I think that was really special to him.

I can just remember that so much, because, like I say, for a lot of people, they might have just thought they couldn't make it, but Marj was incredible that way. She just had a very strong will to do things that she wanted to.

#### MYRNA AND VAUGHN MARRIED

When Myrna married Vaughn North in the Salt Lake Temple, July 17, 2004, we like to think Marj was a quiet witness in that sealing room.

VAUGHN & MYRNA NORTH  
Married July 17, 2004  
Salt Lake Temple



## M. Marjorie South

MENAN — Mary Marjorie South, 76, of Menan, died June 15, 1993, at Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center of respiratory failure.

She was born Feb. 14, 1917, at Hibbard, to Justin Willis and Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp. She graduated from Firth High School and was a graduate of Ricks College and Idaho State University. She had lived at Hibbard, Goshen, Island Park, Idaho Falls, Taylor and Menan.



South

On Dec. 31, 1936, she married Bernard Eugene "Barney" South at Randolph, Utah. Their marriage was solemnized in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple April 24, 1946. Her husband died Feb. 21, 1955. She had been a teacher and she became a sawmill owner when her husband died. She worked in real estate sales and sold urethane insulation for South's Inc.

She was a member of the LDS Church.

Survivors include her children, David Barney South of Italy, Texas, Barry South, Myrna Lynn South, Susan Crandall and Randy John South, all of Menan, and M'Jean

Lund of Bountiful, Utah; two brothers and a sister, Alma Knapp of Idaho Falls, Bernard E. Knapp of Orem, Utah, and Ann Walker Jorgenson of Cascade; 32 grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by a brother and two sisters.

Funeral services will be Thursday at 1 p.m. at the Menan LDS Stake Center with Bishop Gary Cziep of the Menan 3rd Ward officiating. The family will visit with friends Wednesday from 7 to 9 p.m. at Wood Funeral Home in Idaho Falls and Thursday for one hour before services at the church. Burial will be in Rose Hill Cemetery.

## Running Out the Clock

Ever since Barney's death, when Marj had thrust upon her a double load of parenting and providing, she had raced the clock. While she was serving her mission, her letters home reflected a constant sense of urgency. She was always commenting on the shortness of the time. Back at home, it was the same, as she worked hard at so many things, serving, persevering, wanting her time to count. Illness and weakness had slowed her down, but never stopped her.

MYRNA: About May 26th, 1993, Marj fell and broke her hip and was taken by ambulance to emergency. By the end of the day she was on a ventilator and soon after was intubated. We communicated by having her point to letters - or by writing, which was sometimes difficult. She had hip surgery. Of course there was a good deal of pain and discomfort, but Marj did not complain. She did write in her notebook about being very hungry. The relief doctor was not letting her eat. When her regular doctor came back, he told them to feed her. She progressed to the point she was off the ventilator and she started physical therapy. It was so very hard for her at first. But she got stronger. At the same time she became confused and got to where she couldn't make decisions.

### SENSE OF VICTORY

On June 14, she was accepted into the rehab program and was to be moved to the 6th floor. I think she had a sense of victory. She was concerned that if she missed her walk, it would blow the whole deal. Angel and another nurse took her walking. She was weak and couldn't walk well and had to rest. Then I discovered her oxygen was on 2. It had been on 3 previously. I turned it up to 3. She got her second wind and started back down the hall. She didn't want to stop at the room, but didn't protest when they guided her in. I left about 8:00 p.m. David left about 10:00 p.m.

About 2:00 a.m. the hospital called David and said they were putting Marj back on the ventilator. Shortly after, they said her heart had stopped and they were doing CPR. David and I conferred and David called and told them to stop. We met at the hospital. I had the staff call Wood Funeral Home. David and I stayed up the rest of the night getting a picture and obituary for the paper so it could go in in the morning. In the morning we called Barry and M'Jean. I had called Susan right after it happened. Randy was staying at the house.

During the time Marj was in the hospital, Randy was moving his family from Texas. They arrived at Marj's house and began looking for a house. David flew from Texas. It seemed Marj had been waiting for him.

### ALL THE FAMILY VISITED

MYRNA: Susan and Randy visited when they could. Barry had just arrived in Pennsylvania when this happened. He flew right home and spent a lot of time with her. M'Jean came up twice [from Bountiful]. Once she brought her daughters to the hospital and they sang "Marjie" for Marj. David had been the last to come [from Texas]. He stayed almost the entire days Sunday and Monday with Marj. That was very special. It was neat that everyone spent a significant amount of time with her.

One of the medical people said she had been living with 1/10th of her lung capacity.

# *Returning Home*

When the sun went down again, on June 15, 1993, Mary Marjorie Knapp South had returned to her Heavenly Father.

## FUNERAL

BISHOP Cziep: On behalf of the South Family I'd like to welcome you here to the services of Sister Marj South this afternoon. Our invocation will be given by Gary Lund, and then we will proceed as outlined in the services brochure.

## INVOCATION

GARY LUND: Our father in Heaven, as we gather together as friends and family, to celebrate the life of Marj South, we express unto thee our love and our gratitude for the opportunity we've had to associate together with Marj. We are grateful for thy Son, for His atonement, for the hope and comfort that it gives to us in knowing that we might be reunited with her. We are grateful for the knowledge we have, of the blessing it is, to know that she has reunited with her husband and her family. And we look forward to the day when we might be with her again.

We express our gratitude unto Thee for all those who have made it possible for us to gather together and to associate with one another. We pray that Thy spirit might be with us, that we might be edified, that we might be comforted, that we might feel of Thy peace. We pray that Thou wilt bless us that we might go on in our lives in a way that will be pleasing unto Thee, that we might all be benefitted from the life of Marj. Please be with us now, watch over us and protect us, we pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen

## LIFE SKETCH

GLENN JONES: Brothers and Sisters, I hope you can hear me above the heart beat. It's pretty loud. I want the family to know that I feel that it's a real privilege to be asked to be a part of the service today. I've been asked to give Marj's life sketch.

Mary Marjorie South was born February 14, 1917, daughter of Justin Willis Knapp and Mabel Fidelia Hale. She died at age 76 of respiratory failure at the Idaho Falls Hospital June 15, 1993. She is survived by her children, David Barney South, Philip Barry South, M'Jean South Lund, Myrna Lynn South, Susan South Crandall, Randy John South, 32 grandchildren, and 4 great-grandchildren. Brothers living are Alma Knapp of Idaho Falls, Bernard E. Knapp of Provo, Utah. A sister living is Anna Knapp Walker Yorgenson of Cascade, Idaho. A brother deceased, Warren Knapp. Sisters deceased are Claudia Knapp Hess, Thelma Knapp Snowball Johnson, Marie Elizabeth Knapp, and Justie Knapp.

### HIBBARD - GRANDMOTHER

Marj was how she was known; she always preferred to be called Marj, even by her children. Marj was born in Hibbard, Idaho, the fifth of nine children. Hibbard was named after her uncle, George Hibbard. All of her siblings were born in Hibbard except for Bernie. She lived there for her first twelve years. [sic—6 years]. One of her first loves was to ride in her grandmother's Model-T coup. She was fascinated by the trinkets her grandmother had hanging in the window of the car, how they would swing and sway as the car moved.

### ISLAND PARK - GOSHEN - RICKS - SUGAR CITY

The family spent the next substantial period of time in Island Park, four years





IN LOVING MEMORY OF

## MARJORIE SOUTH

Born February 14, 1917, at Hibbard, Idaho  
 Passed Away June 15, 1993, at Idaho Falls, Idaho  
 Family Prayer by David B. South

### SERVICES HELD AT THE

Menan LDS Stake Center  
 Thursday, June 17, 1993, at 1:00 p.m.  
 Bishop Gary Cziep, Officiating  
 Menan LDS 3rd Ward

Prelude & Postlude Organ Music . . . . Nikki Mobley  
 Male Quartet . . . . "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy"  
 Allen Hackworth, Dave South, Jason South, &  
 Andrew South, Acc. by Myrna Lynn South

Invocation . . . . . Gary Lund  
 Life Sketch . . . . . Glenna South Jones  
 Speaker . . . . . J. Al Knapp  
 Vocal Solo . . . . . "A Perfect Day"  
 Barry South, Accompanied by Myrna Lynn South  
 Speaker . . . . . Keith Clark  
 Speaker . . . . . Randy South  
 String Ensemble . . . . . "The Lord's Prayer"  
 Gary & M'Jean Lund Family, Acc. by M'Jean Lund  
 Remarks . . . . . Bishop Gary L. Cziep  
 Benediction . . . . . Bernie Knapp  
 Dedicatory Prayer . . . . . Jeff Crandall

### INTERMENT

Rose Hill Cemetery at Idaho Falls, Idaho

### PALLBEARERS

Allen Hackworth	Joseph Knapp	Doug Larsen
Jonathan Lund	Shaun Mitchell	Dee Snowball
Andrew South	Jason South	Bill Walker

### HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Clive Grimmatt	Gerald Hackworth	Burdett Hess
Alan Knapp	Doug Knapp	Justin Knapp
Dan South	Larry Walker	Robert Walker

### FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS

Menan 3rd Ward Relief Society Presidency,  
 Utahna Olaveson, Elise Church, Barbara Golder

### FLORAL BEARERS

Granddaughters

*Your kind expression of sympathy and caring is more deeply  
 appreciated than words of thanks can ever express.  
 The Family of Marjorie South*

WOOD FUNERAL HOME - DIRECTORS

[sic-1 ½ years] as her father worked for the Targhee Tie Company. Then she lived in Goshen, where she graduated from Firth High School. And then she graduated from Ricks in 1936 with a teaching certificate. She taught the 1936-37 school year in Sugar City, second grade.

### MARRIED 1936 - TEMPLE 1946

At the winter break, she and Barney traveled to Randolph, Utah, where they were married December 31, 1936. This marriage was solemnized in the Idaho Falls temple on April 24, 1946.

### MARRIAGE SECRET - SUPPORTING FAMILY

She kept her marriage a secret for the balance of the school year or she would probably would have lost her job. The depression was on, and the school policy was to not hire the wife of a man with a job. It was very important that she not lose her job, as she was helping support her immediate family weather the depression.

### ISLAND PARK - COOK FOR CREW - TOUGH JOB

When the school year ended, Marj and Barney moved to Island Park, Idaho. Barney and his family owned and operated a sawmill at the Island Park Siding. Marj cooked for the mill crew. Now cooking for a mill crew was a tough job. There was no electricity; the water had to be carried by bucket from the well, and the stove needed a lot of wood that had to be carried. I identify with this, because I went through all these things. The kitchen would become almost unbearable in the summertime.

### ANNUAL MOVES

The annual routine was to live in Island Park and run the sawmill in the summer and live and operate a small lumber yard in Idaho Falls in the winter.

### WWII - DEFENSE PLANTS

With the advent of World War II, Barney took his family in 1942 to Bakersfield, California. He was ineligible for the army, and he felt he could do best by helping to build the defense plants needed to supply the war materials. He worked as a

carpenter on various plants. He moved Marj and the family with him from place to place. At the war's end, they were in Susanville, California [sic-Island Park], and when the war ended, they returned to Idaho.

#### BOUGHT OUT BROTHERS

In 1946, Barney bought his brothers' interest in the sawmill. He ran it in the summers. The family lived in Idaho Falls in the winter where he had a small lumber yard. Barney built the family a four-room log home in 1946, and later he built the larger home. Both homes were in the 900 block of Ada Avenue.

#### NEW CAR

Upon return to Idaho, they drove a truck as a means of transportation, and then by 1948, the family could afford a car, a 1946 Chevy—a truck “with two rooms,” is what M’Jean dubbed it.

#### MARJ & GLENNA - FUN TIMES

During this time is where Marj and I got to be good friends. Course they are our relatives, but we'd see them on and off. But Gene and I moved to Island Park about 4,5,-6 years ago. And Barney was my uncle. And my husband and my father, Ren South, operated another sawmill at the same location in Island Park. And that's where we really got to know one another. Our children were all small, and we had a lot of fun, fine times together.

The last few weeks Susan called to tell our family in Evanston that Marj was really bad, and since then I have reflected a lot on the times that we spent up there together.

#### SHOPPING - SINGLE MAN

This is sort of an amusing incident that happened to Marj and I one day. I know we got all our kids together and took them—we went to Ashton, and I don't know why—what for. But we had them all, and it was a commotion, I remember that. And we took a young man with us that worked for Barney and Marj, and he didn't say much about it. He was really quite a gentleman. But when we got back to Island Park, he says, “You know, I've always thought that I would get married and have children some day. But this trip today has changed my mind.” And we chuckled about that a lot.

#### BROKE THE BITING

And then Barney—he broke our little boy David—I need to tell you that we have a David and Barry in our family, too. And David was just a little boy about two, and he'd bite on occasion. Well, Myrna and Jeannie were three years older than he was, and Myrna used to like to carry him around. And she'd get him under the arms, and he hated it. One day she got him under the arms with his face in, and he just bit her something fierce. I remember Barney got after him, and he came home, and that was the last of his biting experiences.

#### GOOD YEARS

But there are so many things that I think about, and they were good years, and I'm glad that we had that time together.

By the late forties, the depression lessened, and life was getting better, but always a struggle. For Marj, life in Island Park was without running water, electricity, and many other creature comforts. Nevertheless, it was still a place of great joy for her. Wintertime was spent in the homes her husband built on Ada Avenue, and the kids' schooling took precedence in the winter.

#### BARNEY'S DEATH

On February 21st, 1955, Marj's husband, Barney, died of a heart attack in the Ashton hospital. He had an initial attack while on a trip with his sons David and Barry and two of the boys' friends. This trip was to Island Park to shovel the snow off buildings at the millsite. And he had his heart attack then and the boys took him to the Ashton hospital, where he died the following morning. And things changed immediately.

Marj kept her family together. David was barely 16 and Randy was 5 months old, with the other four children in between. They ran the sawmill that summer and for four more summers before selling it. After the sale of the mill, Marj sold real estate for a few years. In addition, she went back to teaching school. She also had to go to college as her earlier teaching required but two years of education and now she needed four years, or equivalent.

#### TEACHING & ATTENDING COLLEGE

Marj would teach days as a provisional teacher and take night classes and summer classes until she graduated from ISU in 1968 [sic-1967]. Upon returning to teaching, she first taught at Riverside Elementary, and by 1964 [sic-1962] she decided she wanted her children to grow up out of the city.

#### FARM

In 1964 [sic-1963], Marj purchased an 80-acre farm south of Idaho Falls at Taylor. David and his wife (Judy) and children and Marjorie and the other children made it their home for the next several years. There they raised horses, cattle, hay, grain AND ESPECIALLY KIDS. The family had many fond memories of life on the farm. Living there allowed Marj to work at local schools and still have some of the life she had enjoyed earlier.

#### SUPERIOR TEACHER

In addition to teaching at Riverside, she taught at Teresa Bunker and Dora Erickson as well as to do substitute teaching at other schools. She also enjoyed teaching adult remedial reading and night classes. She was a superior teacher at teaching reading to those who needed help.

#### FOAM BUSINESS

In 1972, she joined her sons in business, known as Souths Inc. It was a company to spray polyurethane foam for insulation. She was their star salesman. Marj traveled all over the valley meeting old friends and making new ones selling the insulation. This freedom was very welcome. She was able to spend much time with her family, both at work and at home.

#### HOME

In 1977, Marj moved to Menan, Idaho, into one of the monolithic homes her sons were pioneering. Her lovely home on the bank of the Snake River was always a source of joy and contentment to her. The view from her window was constantly breathtaking. Scenes included the bald eagles and water birds in the winter and the life of nature in the summer and ALWAYS the ever-changing patterns of the river.

#### MUSIC

Marj loved music. She had a piano class on dummy pianos when she was six years old. That was the only formal training she had other than singing in school glee-clubs, but she got to practice her grandmother's piano occasionally and that was a treat to her.

#### LEARNED VIOLIN, PIANO

When she married Barney, he taught her a little more about music. He had taken a correspondence course in violin and taught himself to play one as well as to play a little on several instruments. Marj learned from him, even to play the violin some and the piano a little more. She would often go into the living room and start playing "Jeannine, My Queen, of Lilac Time." She passed her talent on to her children and always encouraged them in their music.

#### FINANCES LEAN - MUSIC LESSONS

After Barney's death the finances were very lean, but Marj made sure that the kids kept on with their music lessons. She would often tell the girls she would do the dishes if they would go practice. She loved to hear a male quartet, and especially enjoyed hearing her sons sing.





#### NO THOUGHT OF REMARRYING

Marj didn't even consider the thought of remarrying. She always maintained she was married for time and all eternity in the sacred temple. She felt that she would enjoy the next few years alone and rejoin her husband, which she has done. Their joy must be indescribable.

#### LUNG DISEASE

About seven years ago Marj became afflicted with a lung disease which necessitated fulltime use of oxygen. This slowed her down, but did not stop her. She still did temple work, published the South Company newspaper, and she carried on with her church and family activities.

#### NEVER QUIT - CHURCH SERVICE - MISSIONS

Gradually she became weaker and could do less and less, but she never quit. Her last church calling was to be a name extractor, and this she really enjoyed, spending about two hours daily doing this work. She was also responsible for the musical numbers to be performed in church. She never quit exhorting her family to do better and better. Marj supported five of her own children on missions, as well as helping others.

#### MARJ'S TESTIMONY

In conclusion, let me read to you something Marj wrote for all of us.

"Dear Friends, I KNOW this gospel is true; I KNOW Joseph Smith translated the account of it from the gold plates which was the will of God by the gift and power of God, for my sake and for your sake also, that each of us may know the plan of salvation.

"I KNOW that by obedience to the principles of the gospel that you and I, and all those who obey and love the Lord, will be candidates to inherit a place in His celestial kingdom for those He loves.

"The Apostle John said, 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself' (John7:17) The Lord bless you in your endeavors in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

When the sun went down on June 15, 1993, Mary Marjorie Knapp South had returned home to her Heavenly Father.

## Chapter 120

# *A Spectacular Woman*

She was a great example of endurance. She always had been.  
Actually she was just a great example.—MYRNA

**M**ary Marjorie Knapp South, in her 76 years, with cheerful optimism, creativity, and industry, carved a slice of history to affect generations.

DAVID: Our mother Marjorie was a spectacular, well-organized woman.

BARRY: As I get older and look back at what she did, I appreciate her capabilities more and more all the time.

M'JEAN: Marj operated on faith and prayer. She lived by the counsel she frequently imparted to her children, "Remember the words of the little song, 'Have faith and leave your little life to Him.'"

MYRNA: It is pretty amazing considering that she was left to raise six children ranging from age 5 months to 16 years by herself, that we had such great opportunities and experiences.

SUSAN: I've thought an awful lot about her and about her life and the contributing factors to why she was the person she was. A major factor would be her testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ and her compliance with the laws of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and embracing that faith. She had parents--had gospel teachings--in their home.

RANDY: Marj and Barney exemplified the phrase "salt of the earth." They worked hard, and were excellent examples of being good honorable builders of a righteous society. They loved and cared for their own six children and along the way helped a myriad of other relatives and friends with honorable work and employment.

MARJORIE SOUTH  
From her vantage point on the butte, there is a good view of the old railroad bridge which spanned the Snake River until it was dynamited in 1978.

### *Marj's Hero*

**M**arj attributed her practical education to the guy on the pedestal. When it came to practical, real-life skills and applications, she credited Barney with being her teacher. He taught her much, she said, about dealing with people—family, friends, strangers, and in business relationships.







MARJ IN ISLAND PARK  
"She was forced to practice what Barney taught her, and has done, I must say, very well at it. She's been able to stand up to a lot of problems." (David)

Barney encouraged Marj in being capable and strong, bold, decisive, and unafraid. For example, he wanted her to be able to drive any vehicle they acquired. He coached her on being a "smart driver." She understood how the motor worked, and what went wrong when it didn't work. She knew how the steam engine operated. She learned about business.

On a logging day, Barney might be in the woods when a customer showed up with his truck at the sawmill to buy a load of lumber. Picking up a carpenter pencil and a sales book, out she would go to figure the board feet and the final cost of the truckload. From Barney she learned to shoot, and she was a pretty good shot. He taught her to play the violin.

She had many things to teach him, as well. But it was his training that helped give her fortitude to handle the affairs of business after he was gone.

DAVID: When Barney married Marj, she was very young, pretty, and well educated; she had a teacher's degree. When they married, Marj inherited the job of cooking for the men on the mill crew, including his Father and her Father. Her life had not been easy, but cooking for hungry, hard working men with wood stove and well water were learning experiences.

These, together with all that Barney shared with her of that same rugged individualism that he knew so well, made it possible for her to carry on when he died. She was forced to practice what he taught her, and has done, I must say, very well at it. She's been able to stand up to a lot of problems.

### MAN OF VISION - WOMAN OF VISION

Marj truly had vision. Like Barney, she was courageous and progressive. Marj had observed the way Barney, with ordinary means, accomplished extraordinary feats. Faced with a dilemma, she would often say, "What would Barney do?" Drawing on his wisdom in action she had so often seen, she would arrive at the answer.

#### MISSING BARNEY

She missed him. An occasional remark would let on how much he was in her thoughts.

MARJ: My fingernails are too long to make typing comfortable. Isn't that sort of a paradox? I bit my nails to the quick until I was out of high school and then it was a struggle to try to have them grow enough so the base was any length and not just all whites. Then after Barney has been dead 14 years almost, I finally begin to achieve fingernails that I dare polish with something besides neutral or natural polish. I get lots of compliments on my nails. I wish I could have kept them a little better while Barney was around to see them.

### LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN

MYRNA: She continued to run the sawmill after Barney died so we had the great privilege of living in our little piece of heaven in Island Park. Then she gave us the farm experience - running the farm machinery, building things, riding and raising horses. She helped us get to college and through college. She had it in her head that to become like Alexander the Great you had to have some freedom to try things and she allowed that - particularly noticeable with the boys in the family who tried many different ventures.

## INDEPENDENT MARJ

Marj grew up in the small town of Goshen, her family being, as Bernie said, “among the poorest of the poor in the ward.” At the beginning of the Great Depression, she was 12 years old. Through her teenage years her family suffered humiliating poverty.

M’JEAN: We had heard the stories of the little kids thinning beets, their beds outside, with slightly better-off kids looking down their noses. She had shown us the shacks in Goshen that her family had lived in. It was fun to get this communication from her:

### “GETTING EVEN”

MARJ: *Feb 13, 1966* - Tonight Sue and Randy played “Finlandia” at Goshen!!! And Sue played “Liebeslied” by Kreisler also. I’ve always wanted to “get even” with Goshen. The kids did very well and one Goshenite remembered the tumbling squad I had out there one summer.

Marj didn’t like being poor, but worse, she abhorred the idea of “feeling poor.” Remember how she came close to missing an exam and thus graduation from Ricks because of lack of funds? Remember how she missed the prom because she would not wear the offered dress? And then there was the time the Elders Quorum had done work on the apartment house without her knowledge, because she would not have gone along with it had she known.

### NO HANDOUTS

Marj was needing a new car at a time when she was keeping M’Jean on a mission, and she talked with the bank vice-president about a loan.

MARJ: When I went to him to finance the Volkswagen and told him all the financial data, he tried very hard to persuade me to turn you [M’Jean, on mission] over to an Elders Quorum to support and I refused flatly. He argued and said it bolsters the morale of the quorums and they perform better etc., etc., etc. for quite a while. Then when I told him I was a lot more interested in bolstering the morale of my own family, and being as how, no husband, I had to guard against my kids getting used to taking, etc. I wasn’t going to worry about Elders Quorum morale. I had enough problems of my own. He finally said OK. How can I help but say yes to something like that and he gave me the loan.

Marj’s kids learned frugality but never felt destitute. Marj worked and scrimped and took risks to give her kids every opportunity to make something of themselves, to strive, to work at something interesting, to excel at something, to do something.

But money was always tight, and sometimes the kids would drive her crazy with their ambitions, and expensive chancy notions. About one such she exclaimed:

### GASPING FOR AIR

MARJ: And sometimes things that seem so hard to swing seem almost as though they have the effect of choking me. I feel as though I’m having to struggle to breathe. I am still gasping for air.

MARJ

“I told the banker I had to guard against my kids getting used to taking. I wan’t going to worry about Elders Quorum morale. I had enough problems of my own. He finally said OK. How can I help but say yes to something like that and he gave me the loan.”



With her family depending on her, and with so much riding on financial outcomes, the strain on Marj was often intense.

MARJ: Feb 1, 1966 - I got a real scare. I received a letter from Social Security stating that I'd better come into the office right away. I had not reported my income from last year. So I went in and hashed it over and they took an application stating Myrna is still a fulltime student. Well anyway, as they told it to me, we'd have to hear from San Francisco before we'd know if my payments would decrease, or stay the same or stop altogether for a penalty. Anyway I guess I've worried a lot about it, because today when I found out that everything is ok, I felt like turning handsprings, and whistling, and singing, and all these things I cannot do.

#### DIMES JINGLING IN MY POCKET

Marj also liked feeling a little bit rich. Once she had her degree and no longer had to take college night classes, she sought to teach adult education night classes to make a little more money.

"My application was the first one filed, and I was told I had a good chance," wrote Marj. "Then I'd be making \$100 a month more. I am hoping for the job. I really want it so I can hear a couple of dimes jingling in my pocket occasionally and I can take my kids to a show once in a while."

#### NICE CARS

Eventually some of the financial drain eased up. Her Volkswagon days behind her, driving her Mercury gave Marj a boost, and she developed quite a taste for nice cars. She later drove the Chevelle Malibu, followed by the Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme, which she took on her mission. Her last car was the silver Honda Accord Hatchback.

MARJ

"I am hoping for the job. I really want it so I can hear a couple of dimes jingling in my pocket occasionally and I can take my kids to a show once in a while."

#### FIVE NEW HOMES

In all, Marj had 5 brand new homes built for her. Coming from a poverty situation, that's not too bad!

October 12, 1943, Barney bought the property at 950 Ada and built the little 4-room log house. He later built the 3-level log home across the street at 955 Ada, on property he bought December 7, 1946.

On the day Susan was born, September 7, 1952, the foundation was poured for the big log house Barney built in Island Park. As the home was built on forest land, Marj sold it a few years after the sawmill was sold, July 8, 1965, and it was moved to the Last Chance summer home area.

In 1964, Marj had her new house built on the farm which she acquired in October, 1963.

In 1977, she had her sons build her the dome home by the Snake River on the butte, which she acquired December 7, 1964.

#### HOMEMAKING SKILLS - BARBERING

Marj appreciated each home. "She was a rather good cook and seamstress and house-keeper," noted Myrna. Marj always said she was not a "fancy cook," but the meals she served were tasty and healthful. On the home front, as well as everywhere else, all was done with practicality and common sense. She touted her set of





Wearever kettles she loved, which allowed for waterless cooking of vegetables, saving the vitamins otherwise drained out in boiling water. There was a modest quantity of sugar on the table. Cakes, if they were iced at all, received a very thin layer of frosting and were sometimes simply smothered with mashed banana. However, there was no sparing of sugar when it came to everyone's favorite, Marj's wonderful lemon meringue pies.

A bench on the back porch of every house became the barber shop, as Marj cut hair: Barney's hair, her brothers' hair, Grandpa's hair, the boys' hair, the girls' hair. She would have her scissors, comb, and hand clippers (no electricity usually), and everyone who sat on that barber bench got a great clip.

## *"Train Up a Child..."*

**B**arney and Marj taught and guided their children by example, common sense, and great wisdom.

### KIDS - POLICIES

Marj did not put up with kids' squabbling over an item. If they couldn't take turns, the object was taken from both, to be restored only upon willingness to share and on penalty of its being taken away again if fighting resumed.

### FAMILY FIRST

Marj was careful not to allow a friend or playmate to come between two of her kids. The South kids understood that an invited friend was welcome only until the point that one South brother or sister (likely the younger one) became excluded from an activity. If the threesome wasn't working out, it was time for the friend to go home. Teach them they **MUST** get along with each other. They should get along with the neighbors also, but this is secondary in importance.

### BLAMING

Barney and Marj taught their children to take responsibility for their own actions. It started at an early age. When children are small and hurt themselves on an object, like a chair, it's not the chair's fault. Marj emphasized one should not sympathize in this manner, "The mean old chair." Kids should not grow up blaming inanimate objects—or other people for their hurts.

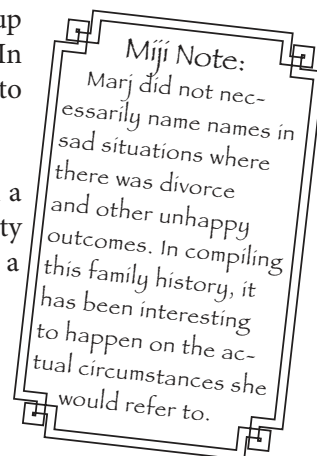
Sometimes Marj and everyone else would experience equipment malfunction, getting hopelessly stuck in the mud, plans gone awry, etc. In frustrating, fouled up situations, often Marj would say, "I keep looking around for someone to blame." In wry fashion she pointed to the fact that there was no one to blame, just a need to dig in and fix the problem.

### HONESTY

Regarding honesty, there was to be no lying, no stealing, no excuses. When a situation arose—stealing of candy bars, dimes, baby clothes, .22 shells--the guilty party was made to reap the consequences of his/her actions and hopefully learn a lifelong lesson.

### LEARNING FROM BAD EXAMPLES

M'JEAN: Marj sometimes used negative examples of others' behavior as teaching tools. She would point out to her kids the potential dangers of certain actions and the disastrous results.





MARJ

"There comes a time when we have to develop the drive to make us work for certain things because it is what we want. That is what all the chatter is about, 'To thine own self be true.'"

## RESPECT

In some cases we would know who she was referring to, like the very nice, upstanding, law abiding neighbor couple who would call their kids' school teacher "an old bag" in front of the kids. Other authority figures, church and civic, were openly criticized as well.

This was a serious mistake, Marj would say, as the kids in the family, hearing such things from the mouths of their parents, followed suit, speaking the same way. Such disrespect breeds contempt, for teachers, leaders, police, the law. Two young men in that family died while still teenagers as a result of lawbreaking.

## LOYALTY TO SPOUSE

Don't run home to Mama. A wife, when any little thing goes wrong, or she misses her mother, or for a little vacation, don't go off for days at a time and leave your husband to come home to an empty house. A man doesn't want to come home to an empty house. He doesn't want to fix his own dinner and spend the evening alone. He would rather eat out, and he would rather not eat out alone. So he might invite someone like Marj, pretty young widow, to a harmless lunch or dinner. She knew; she had turned down several such invitations.

Danger of the traveling salesman. Same with a man staying night after night in a hotel. He doesn't want to stay alone.

## DON'T DO IT!

Loyalty to a husband does not mean taking a drink with him. What a sad story when the wife also became an alcoholic.

## THE JOY OF WORK

One of the most valuable lessons the South kids learned was how to work. They learned to work from parents who taught them and worked beside them. David and Barry were very young when Barney started taking them with him to the woods to do the logging. They learned to handle the horses, drive the trucks, to load the logs, to fell the trees. At the sawmill they likewise gradually learned every aspect of the operation.

Marj involved M'Jean and Myrna in all the household chores, starting with getting wood from the woodpile, drawing water from the well, doing dishes with water heated on the stove, doing the wash outside with water heated on the stove, doing the ironing with irons heated on the stove, baking bread and cooking dinner on that old woodstove.

Parents like Barney and Marj strive to instill in their family not just the habit of work but the value of work, intentional work.

MARJ: *Apr 29, 1963*- There comes a time when we have to develop the drive to make us work for certain things because it is what we want. That is what all the chatter is about, "To thine own self be true."

It is a sign of maturity when we begin pushing and driving ourselves toward our own goals, and not just try to excel because we want to impress someone else. That is false security. If that someone lets you down—Wham! You see, you have to build on your own foundation.

Not only did Barney and Marj teach their kids to work, they taught them to like to work, to tackle every task with a good deal of cheer and good-natured optimism.

## BE OF GOOD CHEER

A hallmark of Marj's character was her cheerfulness and positive attitude. It would be hard to picture Marj as anything but cheerful when there was work to be done. Her kids remember how she would often break out in song:

"The new mown hay, with all its fragrance, in the fields I used to roam.  
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash  
And I long for my Indiana home."

Or sometimes it was:

"Riding Down the Canyon, watch the sun go down...."

She just never appeared to get down, or be glum, no matter the circumstances. In the middle of a disaster, her kids could count on her saying brightly, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!" Her positive outlook was inspiring, contagious.

M'Jean: I returned home on a college break one time when she was teaching school in daytime, teaching adult classes nights, working on sales, fulfilling her church calling, and tending the livestock. She wasn't getting much sleep. When she rattled off her schedule, it made my head swim. I expressed concern that burning the candle at both ends like that could shorten her life.

She said if she were to take off a little time at the end of life by spending more now, it's a good trade.

## ONE DAY AT A TIME

But it wasn't always easy for Marj to be positive. She had to work at it during tough times.

MARJ: *May 8, 1963* - No day has more than 24 hours, no matter how rough it gets, it is only so long. So live them one at a time. This is a good trick when you have learned to do it. I had to. You can. Make the best of it.

MARJ: *May 15, 1966* - A little thought I have to live by when I feel somewhat desperate. "To live only one day at a time - only one." Think none of tomorrow, only today, because today is only so long. And I know I can get through it. If I don't worry about other days. Sometimes this is the only thing that will work for me. And the bed, wondrous bed, and sleep at the end of the day. Sometimes this idea eludes me, and I can get into a spirit of actually being low, until I recapture it and put it to work again.

## GETTING OUT OF DEBT

Hard work did not always spell financial success for Marj, as she faced the responsibility of providing after Barney was gone. When she was drowning in South Lumber Company debt resulting from a collapsed real estate deal, she taught a lesson from her own experience, by words and example. "If you are making payments," she said, "even small ones, your creditors know you are not trying to get out of paying them. They will work with you."

Marj never stopped teaching life lessons, desiring her family to learn wisdom not only from experience, but also from experiences of others.



MARJ

"I guess I've worried a lot about it, because today when I found out that everything is ok, I felt like turning handsprings, and whistling, and singing, and all these things I cannot do."





MARJ  
(pushing the truck)  
"Cheer up.  
The worst is  
yet to come!"

## TENACITY

Marj's "sticktuitiveness" was unparalleled. In the early days of the farm, before Marj had concrete head gates installed, the irrigation ditches were dammed up with canvas dams, wedged across the ditch with a lot of dirt shoveled along its edges to prevent a leak. Once water started pushing through your dam, try as you might, it was nigh on to impossible to plug up the hole. You would have to go to the main head gate, shut off the water, and

wait until the ditch ran dry enough to start over installing the canvas dam.

M'JEAN: I have memories of doing the irrigating with various combinations of Marj, Myrna, Susan, and Randy. One day there were several of us out there with shovels, trying to "save" one of those dams which had sprung a leak. It looked hopeful when we would get the water stopped from coming through in one place, and then suddenly a little trickle would start washing the dirt out in another spot. Then it started to rain, and everything was against us. It rained harder, and all the kids said this is miserable and it's hopeless, let's go in the house. But not Marj. She stayed out there, wearing her black rain hat, wielding that shovel, refusing to give up.

## TRAITORS - MARTYR

That ditch was not in the back forty but close enough to where we could see her through the glass of the back door. By turn, the kids in the nice dry house, feeling a little like traitors, would look out the back door, note that Marj was still out there shoveling mud, and mutter, "the martyr." Eventually, she returned to the house to wait out the rain. I suppose it was not nice of the kids to tease her about it. Thinking back on that memory, I'm sure she knew it was a lost cause, but it may have been therapeutic, somehow.

## ENDURING THE COLD

M'JEAN: When I was teaching school in Salt Lake, I often drove home to the farm for the weekend and would stop in Pocatello to see Susan, as she was attending ISU. One time, when it was especially cold, I came out of her apartment, and my fair-weather Toyota, "Sascha," would not start. Some of Susan's college friends volunteered to help me start my car. Marj was there also. The guys lifted the hood and tried to find the problem. Someone would be in and out of the driver's seat, trying to get it to turn over. They worked valiantly for a very, very long time, trying everything they could think of under the sun to get the car to start.

It was so cold. I was freezing, and I finally got inside the car in the back seat to warm up, while they were all out there working away. And where was Marj? She stayed right out there that whole time, not succumbing to the freezing temperature, as I had, but giving moral support to those guys as long as they were willing to try to start MY car! Eventually, we called David, who came to the rescue.

Marj wrote of an instance when her endurance was severely challenged.

MARJ: Nov 11, 1974 - I was out in Terreton trying to collect \$10,588.40 from Oldhams. The sun went down and the sunset was wild and I loved it, but all of a sudden I noticed my one ear was aching, it was so cold. So I started to think,

why is one ear so cold while the other is not so bad. Then I pulled hair down over the other ear. All this waiting while I watched and shivered while Mr. Oldham chatted on and on about the spuds he's digging and putting into cellar tonight by means of conveyors that extend at least 250 feet from truck to potato pile in cellar. They are finishing up tonight. He explained much to me about spuds and had I not been so cold and struggling manfully to keep my teeth from chattering audibly (of course, all that squeaky machinery helps to camouflage the chattering of teeth), I would have relished hearing all that. I was tempted to pitch in to help in order to get warm but I didn't have any gloves and I was afraid my hands would get so cold I wouldn't last long enough to get me warm. All I really wanted was his \$10,588.40.

After I had watched and listened while he finished unloading two trucks and then cleaned up the dirt piles with scoop shovel and picked up the stray potatoes etc., he said "Well, you came out to get some money." And I said (risking unclenching my teeth for a brief sentence), "You are right, I did come out to get some money." Anyway, I didn't get the money but I did get his word that he'd get it to us within a day or two.

I turned the heater up full blast when I headed for home and how good it felt. I still have sort of a chilly feeling.

## The Teacher

Frequently Marj would say what an excellent teacher Barney was. Anyone willing to learn, he was willing to teach. But she was no less gifted at teaching. Not just school subjects but about life.

With her 2-year college diploma, at age 19, Marj's formal teaching career began in Sugar City. She did a superior job of teaching reading, and her own kids benefited from her skills. Each could read fluently before entering school.

### IRONY

When Marj began again to teach full time in 1964, the rules had changed. You were supposed to have a Bachelor's Degree. She didn't; therefore, she was not paid on the same scale as those who did. All the time Marj had a substandard salary, to go along with her substandard certificate, she was teaching wonderfully well.

MARJ: *Jan 8, 1966 Sat* - I am still enjoying school. I like the kids, and some of the so-called "unteachables" are learning to read and that is quite a thrill, really. One little guy read a page out of the social studies book the other day he couldn't have begun to read at the beginning of the year. And my wild ones are taming down, and my poor sports are beginning to own up to their own misdeeds, and the cheaters are proud that I now trust them with mild money or correcting their own papers, and they are learning to laugh at themselves and their own mistakes.

I hear them debate quite a bit about which they like the best, reading, math, or spelling, all of which I have taught differently than they have ever studied before. All of it, I teach on an individualized basis.

The "School System" did not check to see how effective her teaching was, if the kids were learning, or if they were not, if they were behaving, or if they were not. The irony was that in order to be paid commensurate with her worth, she did not have to be a better teacher; she had to spend time taking bowling, linguistics, advanced literature, math, etc., working towards a degree. Constantly taking night classes became her lot for quite a long while.



#### COLLEGE COURSES

The one saving grace was that each time she had three night classes, one of them would turn out to be easy, and one would be interesting. The literature classes, in which she studied the works of great British and American writers, were challenging courses, but she considered them to be worthwhile and enjoyed them immensely. And in her last summer session, she worked in a golf class and golfed without paying green fees!

No one heard many complaints from Marj about having to go to school. She accepted the challenge, muscled through, marched to the strains of Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory" at graduation, and was pretty pleased to receive her diploma.

#### FED UP WITH ADMINISTRATION POLICIES

Her complaints were about policies of the administration.

"This year Petersen (principal) has set up the most ridiculous schedule I have ever heard of."

"Our special school is a flop."

"Faculty meeting tonight (and they are so stupid)"

"Have to attend compulsory meeting after school because we are pilot school. Thursdays 3:30-5:00. It's awful. Don't get district credit even."

"Our new special program is a "dud" because our counselor is a "complete dud."

"I'm glad I like the kids!! I really feel that though I am the strictest one of the upper grade teachers, I get along with all the kids better than any of the others."

#### TEACHING ART & MUSIC

Marj patterned her art instruction after her college art course. "I'm getting some real good stuff," she said. "And they like it and teachers are starting to come in to look, and kids in the other rooms are coming in to look. They say they wish they could do things like that." Following the art contest, she reported, "First prize in Riverside went to one of my kids which I'm teaching art. Believe it?"

MARJ: Mr. Strong chickened out as a music instructor, so Mr. Peterson wants me to teach them music once a week. I asked him if I could do anything I liked, and he hesitated a long time and mentioned that the district had an outline I was to follow, but finally said OK, anything you want. So I immediately picked up a little operetta, "Hansel and Gretel." The kids loved it, and the performance was a smash hit.

*Feb 20, 1967* - This teaching art and music is kind of exciting. I like it. Funny thing, I feel I'd like to teach art. Now I think, I'd like to teach music. Then I think, I like teaching spelling. I like teaching math. And language, and of course I really like teaching reading. I don't care that I am not teaching science, nor do I feel sad that I'm not teaching social studies.

#### WARM WATER, SENATOR, AND A FLAG

Marj made an impact on the school in other ways as well. Assigned as PTA secretary, in the officers' meetings she pushed for improvements to boost morale.

MARJ: *Sep 8, 1967* - I am plugging for a few things our school needs--warm water to wash our hands instead of ice cold, a flag on the grounds etc. A campaign to build up the prestige of the good old Riverside so the kids won't feel so picked on. I did a lot of thinking on this while I was driving back-and-forth to school this summer. After approximately 80 broken windows in our building last spring while school is in session, something needs to be done.

*Oct 31, 1967* - It's fun to know this was my brainstorm: Senator Church comes

MARJ  
"I'm glad I like the kids!!  
I really feel that though  
I am the strictest one of  
the upper grade teachers,  
I get along with all the  
kids better than any of  
the others."



to Riverside for an assembly Wednesday morning at 9:00 AM. We received a flag that has flown on the USS Forestall to be flown on the mast at Riverside. There have been several big pictures and splashes of Riverside in the newspaper.

#### TEACHING ADULT NON-READERS

Marj was an effective teacher of her adult students, as well as kids. After the first class she wrote, "My adult evening classes include at least three who cannot read even three-letter words. One month later she noted, "The non-readers at school are reading. Simple stuff like: 'pack the stuff in the box and dump it.' That's pretty good when they were starting from scratch."

When the stake launched a reading program to tutor children lagging in school, Marj was asked to head the program.

### *Education - Music*

Getting a sound education was important to Marj. She was very supportive of her kids in their scholastic studies and extra-curricular endeavors all through school. There was major sacrifice on her part to help them with college expense, even while working towards her own degree--and which she was the first to receive. (She had to be a trifle proud of that!)

Music was important to Marj. Quite an understatement. Words like support, encourage, cheer on, shot in the arm, buttress, shore up, reinforce, underpin, follow-through paint some of the picture. Words like sacrifice and scrape the bottom of the barrel come closest. Marj determined to provide the best musical instruction and experiences for her family she could afford. She thrilled at the musical talents, accomplishments, and enjoyment of her family and the service they rendered through their music.

MARJ: *Sep 9, 1963* - I am parked in front of Mrs. Rosenberg's [SLC] waiting for Myrna to come out. She played at the fair this morning and did a bang-up job.

*Jan 14, 1964 Tues* - The auditions are two weeks away. Myrna hopes to play an entire concerto, not just one movement.

*Feb 25, 1964 Sat* - We have to hurry home [after Sue and Randy first violin lesson with Mrs. Katseanas] so Myrna can go to the Piano Exchange to have her small recital for her students who are playing in the festival next Saturday.

*Feb 1964* - Myrna won the first bout of auditions yesterday, finals Sun.

*Mar 10, 1964 Tues* - Myrna is swamped as usual. She auditioned at Caldwell, a week ago. Saturday David took her down to BYU to audition (results yet unknown). She got 2nd in Caldwell. Myrna plays with the symphony on 21st and 22nd of March. Her Liszt Concerto.

*Apr 26, 1964 Sun* - Tonight is commencement. Myrna got \$150.00 scholarship from BYU. She is in top 10 %--purple tassel

*Sep 9, 1963* - Susan played in junior youth symphony in Salt Lake one and a half hour--said no problem keeping up--on her birthday.

*Jan 15, 1964* - Sue played Hungarian Dance #5 for me this morning, and it really was a thrill for me.

Randy calls me in every time he comes to a shift to watch him "shift." He thinks that's so much fun. He plods along--no fire--but pretty steady, and the improvement is gradual but it's real.

#### CONCERT SERIES - MUSIC APPRECIATION

Enhancing her own music education, as well as that of the kids, she enjoyed the visiting artists on the Community Concert series and often supplied critiques.



MARJ  
"I picked up a little operetta, 'Hansel and Gretel.' The kids loved it, and the performance was a smash hit."



MARJ

"Myrna says we have witnessed three deaths tonight in Tosca. I was quite unaware. One advantage of being uncultured."

MARJ

Notice the fingernails!



Occasionally they provided a pleasant atmosphere for a nap. "The community symphony concert Saturday was good. I enjoyed it. Slept through one whole number, though."

Her own exposure to great music came primarily through the years of attending countless performances of her kids and the thousands of hours of practice, all of which she enjoyed immensely. To M'Jean she wrote, "Thanks to you and Myrna and the 'little kids' I've had a long old course in music appreciation."

Opera was a stretch. "I better study opera some day. I know almost nothing about them," Marj admitted. "I like Madame Butterfly." Myrna had a phonograph recording of Puccini's "Tosca," which she enjoyed playing while they were doing dishes or sewing, etc. "Myrna says we have witnessed three deaths tonight in Tosca," wrote Marj. "I was quite unaware. One advantage of being uncultured."

### WIT, EXPRESSIONS, GRAMMAR

Marj was clever with words and pretty well known for her quick wit. She had a few jokes she liked to tell, and quite a number of expressions she would use. [Several are quoted in chapter headings.] Some were fairly common, some came from great literature, and occasionally she would quote from a favorite movie, "After all, tomorrow is another day!" from GONE WITH THE WIND. She frequently quoted Barney. "As Barney would say, 'Hell is full of poor excuses.'"

One time she had played matchmaker, introducing two singles who later married. The following year, telling the news of their baby's arrival, she wrote, "So here I am, almost like a stork, you might say, and I haven't been over to see the baby yet." [Note: She did buy the baby a pretty, curved-handled baby spoon.]

Marj loved the literature and poetry of great English writers. She loved English, and she was a stickler for correct grammar. If you were family, or lived with family, or were close friends of the family, you qualified for friendly correction of your grammatical errors.

### OBSERVANT

Marj was observant of everything, particularly people. She would notice their build, features, dress. M'Jean answered the door when a man stood on the doorstep, asked for directions, didn't even come in the house, and after he left, Marj commented, "Didn't he have pretty eyes?" "Eyes? Did he have eyes?"

It was fun to read in her letters the vivid descriptions of the weather, the soft rain, howling winds, the colors of the sky, etc.

She especially paid attention to the weather as it would affect the farmers. "This wet spring is going to make it hard for the farmers to get their crops in," she would say. Or she would speak of the dryness, or the cold, or heat. She was keenly aware of the agrarian community we were a part of, and she was sympathetic to the plight of farmers. In her journal she wrote, "Every time I hear of another farmer who has had to quit farming it seems like time for a funeral. It's just about that sad."

## *Adventurous - Patriotic*

MARJ: Nov 9, 1973 - Today I went into Arbon Valley to measure a Behlen building. I'd never been there before. It was worth going there just to see the valley. I love to go new places. Quite a lot of the time I try not to backtrack on my way home, just to cover new territory. Arbon Valley is beyond a strip of Caribou National Forest from Pocatello—up up up a winding road, then down a winding road. The soil in the fields in that valley seemed black.

Marj had an adventurous spirit. She enjoyed her trip with Myrna to Mexico and Guatemala when South's Inc. sent them on a "discovery expedition," but she always said she wanted to "see America first."

Marj loved America. She told of patriotic stirrings from primary days, when she was the Japanese girl in the presentation representing nationalities around the world. The song sung by the little girl representing America was the one she liked and remembered all her life: "America, I Love Thee."

M'JEAN: I was probably a pre-teen when I heard of people living on the dole, and I must have complained to Marj about government handouts to people I assumed must be shiftless and undeserving. I've always remembered her response. "I'm glad I live in a country that takes care of its poor people."

In a letter to her kids, dated January 1, 1974, six days after Church President Harold B. Lee died, she typed the synopsis of the talk he had given at the Ricks College Homecoming. It was a talk which gave her great hope and comfort, and she referred to it again and again. President Lee talked not only of the destiny of the church but of America:

### **PRESIDENT HAROLD B. LEE:**

The United States is the greatest country in the world, a country that will stand until Christ comes to reign. This country is the cradle of humanity and will be the New Jerusalem where the Savior will come to His temple.

Man may fail in this country. Earthquakes may come; seas may heave themselves beyond their bounds; there may be a great drought and disaster and hardship, but this nation, founded as it was on a foundation of principle laid down by men whom God raised up, will never fail.

We should not be so concerned about finding out what's wrong with America, but what is right about America.

I have faith in America. You and I must have faith in America if we understand the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Lord's work of latter days centers in the geographical area of the United States. This is His base of operations for the latter days.

To the New Jerusalem, here in America, will the Savior come to rule and reign for 1000 years. And in that time, according to President Brigham Young, the flag of the United States will proudly flutter unsullied on the flagstaff of liberty and equal rights without a spot to sully its fair surface; the glorious flag our fathers bequeathed to us will then be unfurled to the breeze by those who have the power to hoist it aloft and defend its sanctity.

"Ye Are the Light of the World," Writings of Harold B. Lee  
Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co. [1974], 350-351





## *Serving in the Church*

In each ward Marj attended she was looked to as a spiritual pillar, as she faithfully fulfilled many callings. But in earlier days, she wanted just to take a back seat. Only in primary did she feel at home.

M'JEAN: It was pretty fun for us young kids when Marj was called to be a Relief Society teacher. This was not so very long after Barney died. She had taught us that we do not say no to an assignment. We had all given talks (The South kids were known for giving outstanding, letter perfect two-and-a-half minute talks) and had met other assignments.

The deal was, you are asked to do something in the church, you do it.

But here was something different.

This was totally out of her comfort zone. Teaching Relief Society! She had never spoken very warmly of Relief Society. Back in those days you "joined" Relief Society, paid your dues, and it seemed to her that Relief Society focused on quilting and the like, and she did not have much interest.

### SCARED

She was in such a quandary. For one thing, she knew her kids would never let her get away with turning down the calling. She had taught primary for years, but the idea of standing in front of a group of ladies, most of them much older and more experienced, scared her to death.

It was with plenty of trepidation that she accepted. She was to give the lessons on home health. Of course she did an outstanding job. She was pleased with the response she got to her innovative ways of putting her lessons over.

Next she taught the Theology lessons. A sister remarked, "I sure love to hear your mother give the Theology lesson."

MARJ

"For many years Marj taught Relief Society, but when she was younger, her first calling scared her to death. She knew her kids would never let her get away with turning it down." (M'Jean)

"I think I actually made that gray suit she used to wear," (Myrna)

Marj became comfortable teaching Relief Society, and when anticipating leaving the 18th ward to move to the farm, she wrote, Sep 22, 1963: "I am really sad at the prospects of having to give up my Relief Society teaching. I hate it in fact."

For the rest of her life, Marj received callings to teach Relief Society. Some other callings were primary teacher, mutual teacher, drama director, and music chairman. Visiting Teaching was an assignment Marj took seriously. Her diligent, consistent efforts to make contact with less active members contributed, in more than one case, in the reactivation of an entire family.

### MISSION - TEMPLE WORKER

Marj was a very diligent, conscientious missionary. She loved her mission and accomplished much. Marj loved the temple. She loved serving in the Idaho Falls Temple. Her father, as Work Director, had played an important role in its construction. Her mother also had participated, and after its dedication, they served as long as their health would allow.

When Marj served as a temple worker in the Idaho Falls Temple, she would get up at 1:30 a.m. in order to get ready and make the drive from Menan to arrive for her early assignment. She did this faithfully for several years until the icy evening, December 18, 1985, when she fell asleep driving home and her car skidded into a snow bank. She became frosted before getting help and getting home, and she wound up having to be on oxygen, which was her lot for the rest of her life.



## *Family Relations*

### HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

For many years Barney had provided employment for Marj's father, Justin Knapp, at the sawmill. After Barney's death, Grandpa continued working at the mill for Marj until he was nearly 75, when she sold the mill. For the next few years both parents became more and more housebound.

Although the farm was not many miles out of town, it must have seemed far away to Marj's parents, and it was hard for them to see her move. Even at her busiest, Marj found time to go in and trim their hair and do some housecleaning. "They are so glad for a visit from anyone," she wrote.

M'JEAN: While on my mission, I learned about the surprise 80th birthday party planned by Marj and her siblings at Al's house, for Grandpa, Justin Willis Knapp, born October 5, 1886. He and his sisters sang, and he played his harmonica, and it was a very enjoyable evening.

MARJ: After his birthday party I was cutting his hair one day and he started to cry and said I'm over 80 and I'll never see another birthday, and I figured he'd lost a goal now of reaching 80 and hence the tears. So I decided another goal had to be established, so I said "Wait a minute, you've got to see another birthday. You've got to be here when M'Jean gets home."

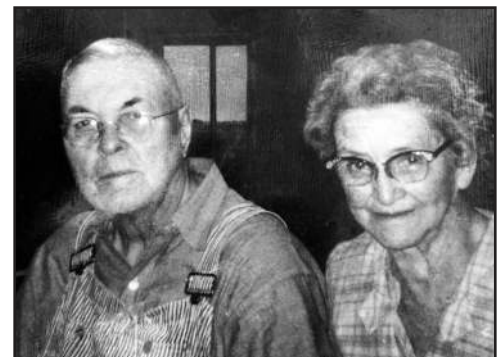
The year following, when asked what he wanted for Christmas, he replied, "Only my granddaughter home again."

"He seems to have adopted that goal," wrote Marj. "Now I've got to find a new one for him."

MARJ, GRANDMA MABEL, GRANDPA JUSTIN, THEL (front) ANN, AL, BERNIE, WARREN, CLAUDIA (back)

Marj had a good relationship with all her family. Her father, 3 brothers, and 3 brothers-in-law all worked for Barney and Marj at the sawmill off and on over a period of 26 years.

GRANDPA & GRANDMA KNAPP





MARJ & GRANDPA KNAPP  
80th Birthday Party  
"He seems to have adopted  
that goal (*'My granddaughter  
home again.'*)  
Now I have to find a  
new one for him.

Mabel Hale Knapp, Marj's mother, loved music, books, and doing genealogy. Figuring that her mother, in her hard life, had been cheated out of cultural opportunities she would have enjoyed, Marj determined to make it up to her a little. She would buy season tickets to the Community Concert series. Besides the Idaho Falls Symphony, concerts featured big name artists and often a well-known ballet troupe. She would take her young musician children to the concerts, and in addition, there was always a ticket for Grandma.

Marj's mother had never learned to drive, and as her father became limited in his driving, she would see to it that her mother had transportation to the genealogical library, either driving her or paying her taxi fare.

Grandma was also honored at a big birthday party, held on the farm, a few months after her March 20th birthday. She was 78.

MARJ: Her party is scheduled for June 4, 1967. That isn't her birthday, of course, but it is a day in summer when we can celebrate her birthday outside and have all the grand and great grandkids here. That's our aim. It will be at our place. Mother will get as much fun out of the kids as anyone.

## FRIENDS

Marj made friends everywhere she went—in school, doing business, and in every ward she attended. As a widow, she did not accept many invitations to social events with friends who were married. She did not like feeling like a fifth wheel.

When it came to socializing, her circle was very small. Dorothy Kerr was a widow who had never had children. Marj and Dorothy enjoyed each other's company. Dorothy had much more free time than Marj did, but occasionally coaxed her to go to the church singles dances. "I find that I still like to dance," Marj said. But added that there wasn't anyone interesting to dance with. They went golfing now and then and occasionally made trips to Island Park, where Dorothy had a cabin. On a summer's end excursion, just before the entrapment of another school year, Marj had an especially good time with both Dorothy and longtime Island Park friend Elizabeth Pond.

When it came to courting, Marj simply did not.

## KIDS - BEST FRIENDS

Her best friends were her kids. Their mutual love and respect was demonstrated in actions, as well as words.

While Myrna was serving her mission in Italy, just before Christmas, 1970, she wrote: "Did you stop to think recently how great our family is. That to be able to communicate with other members of the family. It's not always that way."



MARJ & DOROTHY KERR  
At the Salt Lake Airport  
December, 1965





#### KIDS LOOKING OUT FOR EACH OTHER

Marj treasured the sweet relationships in the family. Nothing pleased her more than to see how her kids cared for each other and looked out for one another.

Not long after Barney died there was a Daddy-Daughter Dinner at the church for primary girls and their dads. Maybe they were bribed, but David and Barry accompanied M'Jean and Myrna. They continued to do so every year. Twelve-year old Susan wrote, "David took me to the Daddy-Daughter Dinner. He has taken me every year since I was a Gaynote."

There is not much to compare with the way Myrna, even while in high school, taught Susan and Randy for months at a time, then accompanied them for dozens of performances.

MYRNA: *Sep 13, 1966* - Sue, Randy, and I played "I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked" in Goshen, 15th Ward, and stake 70's meeting. People think we are great. I hear comments like "Oh your little brother is so cute. He stole the show. Or "Oh the little girl has so much talent." Gee, I am honored that they include me.

MARJ: *Nov 1965* - I have David helping me with my math today. Bless him! He's so sweet sometimes. He's really good with the kids.

David has taken Randy [11 years old] with him on two successive Saturdays. Last week fishing in Island Park. This week up above Palisades on a trail ride with Al, Doug, and Allen. Today after classes in Sunday School Randy rushed into the chapel and over to sit by David.

When Randy was 13, Barry took him to Island Park, and under his wing. Randy worked in the woods for Barry for three summers, learning the same things Barry learned when he was a kid working with Barney.

In so many instances the kids helped each other with business ventures, building homes, living arrangements, music endeavors, sewing, and scores of other things. The kids worked together, played together, and Marj loved it.

DAVID, BARRY, MARJ,  
MYRNA, M'JEAN,  
RANDY, SUSAN



SUSAN & MARJ

## *Susan & Randy*

As the youngest children in the family, Susan and Randy remember Marj only after she was widowed. As their older brothers and sisters left for college, mission, work, marriage, the number in the household narrowed to three, then two.

### MAINTAINING CIVILITY

SUSAN: I was recalling today some things that I thought were admirable about Marj and that I've tried to imitate and I've tried to teach my children. And she's been the pillar—or

the really good example in this: To most people, most times, Marj was always civil. I was around her a lot while I was growing up, and there were many times when somebody would be trying to sell her something or talk her out of something or talk her into something—sometimes, you know what it's like—someone is twisting on you to do something—and you try to weigh, and sometimes, when you say “no” to them, they just won't take no for an answer. So they just keep working at you, and so pretty soon, sometimes they're the one that gets—they get ornery and mad or you get ornery or mad.

But to the frustration of others, she would often reply, “No, thank you.” And then on the next attempt, she would say, “No” politely, at the repeated requests until the person, the petitioner would give up—abandon the approach. Sometimes they'd be really frustrated, but she always remained civil. And I always felt like it was a really good example, and I've tried to teach my children that there really is no instance when you cannot remain civil.

### MARJ CRITIQUES

She would, I think, try to teach us by offering critiques on things that we saw together and that we shared together. Honestly, many a Sabbath we'd be coming home from the meetings, and she would make comments regarding the manner of the delivery of the presentation of, you know, people that spoke in church, or performing musical numbers, or taught lessons—or, you know, made any kind of presentation. And I think it was in an attempt to teach us what could have been better. And she also was very observant of people's physical appearance. And maybe what they could have—how they could have looked better or chosen to do things better.



SUSAN, MYRNA, RANDY, MARJ



MARJ & RANDY



### PHYSICAL APPEARANCE – TAILORED LOOK

SUSAN: She was pretty particular about her own physical appearance, and I remember it was always wonderful that I could feel pretty proud, happy, about my mother's appearance. Because she took good care of herself. She always made an effort to look good.

She had a sort of a choice of dress—she didn't wear frilly, lacy things. She referred to her choice of her apparel as a more tailored look. And most of the time that's what it was. And I was always grateful that she cared about her appearance. And she set a really good example for me.

### DIFFERENT RELATIONSHIP

RANDY: It was an opportunity for me to have a relationship with Marj that I think was somewhat different than it was for some of the rest of my brothers and sisters, because I was the youngest. And what that meant was the last couple of years we were together it was just me and her.

### SUNDAY DINNERS – ICE CREAM

She and I did a lot of fun things together. One was a Sunday dinner that was very peculiar, in that we would remember on Saturday to get a half gallon of ice cream, and Sunday after church we would take that half gallon of ice cream and unwrap it, cut in two and then share that, and that was our Sunday dinners. (Laughs) I even don't know if my brothers and sisters know about that, but that was a tradition that Marj and I had together for, for a long time.

### WATCHED OLD MOVIES

We watched a lot of movies together. She really liked old movies. And she knew the old movies, and we would drag out old movies that she was familiar with, and she would tell me the storyline, and it made it a whole lot more interesting for me. We read some books together. Of course, she was a reading teacher, and she knew a lot about books that were really special, and we read books together.

### TRAVELING – GOLF BALL

We did a lot of traveling together. There were a lot of times that we would just travel around, and take drives, go look at things, and go visit relatives. One thing that Marj and I did, too, was tease each other about driving. Marj was an excellent driver, and she had a pretty sporty car. It was a Chevelle Malibu, and of course I always wanted to drive, and she didn't have any trouble with me driving, but she wanted me to be a good driver.

She did some golfing, and one of the things she did, is, she kept a golf ball on top of the dashboard. And we would tease each other about driving so that you wouldn't roll that golf ball back and forth across the dashboard. The dashboard was designed such that the golf ball would stay on the dashboard, but it would, could, roll all the way from left to all the way to the right. And it was a goal that we had that we would drive so that golf ball would never move from one side of the car to the other. And if you got violent at all, or not even violent—if you got too rigorous in your turning, then the golf ball would roll across the dashboard, and then we'd have fun teasing each other about we were driving too rough.

### GOSPEL DISCUSSIONS

We did some fun things together, but the one I think I would like to focus on, the one I think my kids and grandkids would appreciate some day, is the fact that Marj and I had some wonderful discussions those last two years about the gospel. When I got home from my mission, we had quite a bit of time together. We talked a lot about church doctrine that you just normally don't talk about in Sunday School, because it's a little more than just the basic doctrines. And we had some really neat study times where we studied the basics of the gospel, but we also talked about the really important things about the gospel that are in depth.





ELINOR & JUDY  
With their "babes in the woods" on one of the many family outings to Island Park

SOUTH WOMEN:  
ELINOR, DIANNA, KAREN,  
MARJ, M'JEAN, SUSAN



## WONDERFUL DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW

Judy was a seamstress, and she was fast. She sewed for everyone, making clothes for concerts, school, missions, and weddings. Later on it was Elinor and Karen who looked after Marj when she was sick and frail, bringing her meals, beautiful and delicious enough to tempt the poorest appetite.

### *Judy Bates South*

JUDY: David's mom taught me how to bake, she taught me how to can. She was a guiding light. I can't talk about her without tears. I was at Relief Society one day, and they were studying the Book of Ruth, and I realized on that day that I loved my mother-in-law the way Ruth did, and I have ever been so grateful for her.

#### "YOU ARE A SISTER"

Many years afterwards I went down one day to visit her, and she was ill. And we were sitting at the kitchen table, and I said, "Marj, I love you as much as I love my own mother." And she said to me, "Judy, you are a sister." And I couldn't think of anything I'd rather be than to be thought of an equal to David's mother.

#### MARVELOUS

She is a marvelous person, raised a marvelous family. She, in spite of enduring so many things—illness, and at times, poverty, and being a widow early in her life, set an example for me of testimony and prayer and endurance. She said she'd rather wear out than rust out. And she showed us the way to do that. Never to give up serving the Lord. Always to follow what is right. Always to be where you're supposed to be. Always to serve the very best of your abilities. She was so proud of her family, and she had a right to be.

I know without a doubt that David was extremely blessed to have a dad like Barney, and to have a mother named Marj, and I am always grateful to Father in Heaven that David has been a guiding light to me. He learned to be steadfast at his mother's feet. He learned to work at his dad's. He learned to have a testimony and to speak honestly, and I love him and his family with all my heart.

### *Karen Dickson South*

KAREN: I remember Marj to be very committed to the gospel. She would bear her testimony, it seemed like, every fast Sunday. And she just read her scriptures a lot. And she never, it just seemed to me that she never faltered. She was very strong in the gospel.

She would get together with our children. She was always teaching them something, and I appreciated that about Marj. She always continued, it seemed like, to learn. She read a lot, and I really admired her for that.

#### LOVE BETWEEN MARJ AND BARNEY

One thing I didn't know a lot about, but I really I sensed that there was a really deep love between Marj and Barney. She never remarried, and so I knew that she just never found anybody that she loved as much as Barney, and I sure thought that was pretty cool. When he passed away, she had so many children, and some women maybe would have remarried, but Marj didn't, and so I really admire her for that. That must have been really hard for her.

And she was a hard worker, and very dedicated.

#### NEIGHBOR - MOTHER-IN-LAW

Mostly I remember her as a neighbor. We lived just up from

her, the next house up the butte, and when she went on her mission, Gary and M'Jean lived in her house, of course, and then she moved back in when she got home, and so we were neighbors for quite a few years with Marj, and she just was always there. We could go down and visit with her, and the kids would go down and visit with her.

I just really appreciated her as a mother-in-law. She would offer to help in any way, and I appreciated that about her.

#### CAMPING - SLEPT ON GROUND

On, it seemed like more that one occasion, we would, we all went camping. And Marj slept right on the ground in a sleeping bag, and I thought, Wow, that's pretty cool that she would sleep right on the ground. But she wasn't afraid to get her hands dirty and go out and go camping with us and I really appreciated that about her. As I said before, she was a hard worker, and very dedicated.

#### EXAMPLES OF THE GOSPEL

I'm very, very grateful for her example. She raised Randy, my husband, and I'm very grateful for the way that she raised him. It was very evident to me that the gospel meant a great deal to Marj, and she passed that on to her children. She passed it on to Randy; we're passing it on to our children. And I'm just really very grateful for people like Marj and their examples of the gospel, because it helps me keep going, and it helps me realize how important the gospel is in my life. We want to follow Marj's example and raise our children in the gospel and teach them to have, you know, strong testimonies and teach them about the importance of the family in the gospel.

#### FAMILY - MUSIC - LEGACY

Family meant a great deal to Marj. She passed on some things that meant a lot to Barney to her children—like music—meant a lot to Barney, and Marj passed that on to her children, and we're passing that on to ours, also.

So I'm just really grateful for the legacy that she has left, and that Barney—I didn't know Barney—but Barney must have been a wonderful person, and I appreciate the legacy that they passed on, because it gives me a reason to keep going and to pass those same things on to my children.

### *Elinor Moss South*

ELINOR: When I first met Marj, I thought she was so cute, cause I always thought Marj was so cute. She was cute. Anyhow, she was really nice to me, and I remember her commenting—I lay down on the floor by her fireplace. I was stretched out there talking to her, and she said, "I can't believe how long you are," because I was quite a bit taller than Marj. I have long legs, anyhow. I can just remember that comment.

#### TEACHERS

Barry and I got married November 18th, 1967, and stayed in Utah a little while, then in 1968 moved to Idaho, into a little white farm house next to where Marj and Susan and Randy and Myrna were living. So I got to know her really well, and I always thought Marj had so much energy. She was teaching school, and I had a lot in common with her because I got a job teaching in Idaho Falls--the third grade. And so we would share teaching experiences a lot.

#### MUSIC

I remember the music going on all of the time, all of the time, and they were there with the violins a-playing and the pianos a-playing. It was very lovely. She was very, very dedicated to get her children to do what she did, and I thought that was pretty neat.

Marj was a very, very strong personality, as I perceived her, but it was a good personality. She was a good example, and yet she could have a lot of fun, too.

### MARJ AND THE KIDS

And then when the little kids came along, it was just fun, because Marj loved little babies, and when Jason came along, omigosh, it was so much fun to watch her with Jason. She was just really cute with him, and she really babied him.

### SACRIFICING - STRAIT

Marj was just a very sacrificing person. She didn't care so much for "what's it going to do for me"; she was always looking out for the others. She did without, and she wore it out, and she was very thrifty, as you would call it. Before she was on oxygen, she would just go--Marj could go without food, water, anything, longer than any person I have ever, ever met--maybe, except for Barry. Plus she would just—I mean, she was very strait in her knowledge of the gospel. She followed the commandments to the "T," and she was a real good example that way.

And she was a real good example to our kids. She moved up here two or three years, maybe, before we moved up here, and so then we were up there on top of the butte, and she was down here on the base of the butte, and we just got to know her really well, and the kids did, too.

### NEVER CALLED HER "GRANDMA

They'd never call her "Grandma." And I remember, Diana, in particular, once came home from Kindergarten, and said, "They told us at school, cause we're having a little operatic play in first grade, and they want us to invite our Grandma." And she said to me, cause Ethyl Hayes was my foster mother, and they called her "Grandma." And she said, "Do you think Grandma could come up from Utah to my play?" And I said, "Yeah, but what about Marj?" And she said, "But they said my GRANDMA" And I said, "Marj IS your grandma." And so she goes, "She IS?" And I said, "Yes, she is."

### INSTRUCTING - POEMS - DRAMATIC READINGS

Anyhow, she was good to the kids, and whenever they would come, she was always instructing, instructing. I mean, she taught them a lot of things, and Rachel and Dianna she taught a lot of really cute poems. And Rachel took some drama classes and that over at the high school. She'd come down, and Marj would help—the "One-Legged Goose" or something Marj helped her work on.

And then Rod used to get off here when I was teaching school over at Midway Elementary doing speech. He used to get off here quite often on the bus and come in and go out and water her trees, and so he would wait here for me, so all of our kids got to know Marj pretty well, just because we've been around her so much. And I think they all have fond memories of her. I think they all remember her real well, even Rod remembers her real well.

### REMARKABLE LADY - TOP OF THE LIST

And so, I just think she's a legend for what she did and accomplished, and when you think about the fact about how young she was when she became a widow, and raised the six kids and went back to school to finish. And then, worked for all the years she did plus sold real estate and just kept things together on the farm and everything out there. I mean, she was 38 –38 years old! And it wasn't that old. It just wasn't that old. So she was one remarkable lady. Just a really good example. I wish all of the grandkids would learn from her great example.

They should know what a fantastic grandma they had. And especially the ones that didn't get to know her, because she was incredible.

So that's the one thing we all ought to try to achieve is to leave a legend of striving for greatness, which is what she did. Because she was one devoted—I can't—I just can't even tell you how devoted I thought she was.

Even to this day, people talk about someone who is stalwart and just a strong, strong, person, strong in the gospel, strong in her beliefs, and Marj's name comes to the top of the list.



## Jeff Crandall

JEFF: Marj taught me a lot about sacrifice, dedication to principle and hard work. I appreciated the time that she put aside her peace of mind and comfort as Susan and I early on in our marriage, camped in her "space." I was convinced that she was convinced that anyone could do anything with enough faith, prayer and hard work.

Marj was not boastful but she earned the right to boast of her independent spirit and approach to life and the fact that she raised a good family.

I wager she is still passing out counsel and guidance and giving liberal doses of assurance and encouragement. I look forward to taking my dose when I arrive on the other side. Hopefully, the right side.



DAN & JASON SOUTH  
JEFF CRANDALL,  
BARRY SOUTH, MARJ SOUTH,  
SUSAN CRANDALL, BABY  
MATTHEW  
MYRNA SOUTH (center)  
RANDY SOUTH & JOSHUA  
SOUTH, RACHEL SOUTH  
"Play ball!"

## Gary Lund

M'JEAN: What did you think about Marj when you first met her?

GARY: Well, she was pretty quiet, so I figured she was sizing me up. She didn't say much, but she watched intently. She impressed me, well, I don't know if it was then or not, but I came to think of her as one of the most "horse sensible" people I ever met, not only practical, but realistic.

### DIGNIFIED - RESERVED

But she had the same bright blue eyes, which intrigued me with you—beautiful eyes. She had a kind of a —At that time it was a little hoarse, but it was soft, she had a smooth voice that impressed me as kind of dignified. But, uh, I was sizing her up, too, thinking there's M'Jean in the future, and I was favorably impressed with that. There were a lot of people in your family that liked to talk. She was a little more reserved. She didn't say much, but what she said was worth hearing.

She was cute, and she took care of herself. I always liked the way she styled her hair. I came away very favorably impressed with Marj.

I came to appreciate Marj a lot more for things I found out about her, because she never volunteered much. She never spoke about herself very often. And she never complained about anything. But she was fiercely protective of her family, that's for sure.



MARJ SOUTH  
GARY LUND  
"Sailing"

### OBSERVANT

GARY: But she was always observant. She knew what was going on all the time. She paid attention and was very observant about details. When she spoke, you know she was thinking about what she said, because she said things that were on beyond the immediacy of the conversation. She was always thinking of everybody too, like if someone was sitting off somewhere on their own, she'd pay attention to them, but not to the neglect of the adults, because that's where her primary interest was. She wanted to know what was going on in the middle of the conversation. She wasn't interested in the peripheral stuff, the little chit-chat on the side with pleasantries and stuff. If there was something that was being discussed, she was there. If there was something of importance, she was there. She paid attention.

She had her own mind, and when it was set, it was set. If she ever jutted her chin, you knew there was no way you were going to change her mind.

### QUIET LAUGH - EYES SPARKLED

I loved when she laughed her quiet laugh, cause her eyes would sparkle. It wasn't a quick grin, but it spread clear across her face.

### PRETTY MOTHER

M'JEAN: When I was supposed to get a picture of my mother to place inside a Mother's Day card I made at school in 4th grade, she got a picture out of the trunk for me. It was one where she's in the polka-dotted dress—elegant picture. I was very proud that my mother was so pretty.

### FAMILY HOME EVENING - MUSIC

MYRNA: Things about Marj—she had family home evening when she could. She read us the Bible stories, and she always made sure we had family prayer in the morning. She taught us how to read, got us involved in music - with the best teachers available. So many times she would say, "You practice and I'll do the dishes." When we had to give a talk she would have us practice it multiple times.

### MISSIONS - OURS - HERS

She made sure that we all went on missions. Except for David, the oldest, got married the day he was old enough to go on a mission. And then when we were all out of the nest, she finally went on a mission to Michigan. And that's a little bit of a hard thing. I'm sure she had a good experience. She loved her mission president, who was President Baird.

MARJ & MYRNA



At the conclusion of her mission, I went to pick her up. I flew out there. She had her car. And we drove home together.

### GREAT EXAMPLE

She went on oxygen because her lungs didn't function well enough. Everything became harder, but she continued to work and take care of all of her responsibilities. It got to where it took quite awhile to get ready for church - tie a shoe and then rest a bit, but she would get ready and she would go. After she died the doctor said she only had a small percentage of her lung capacity - I can't remember what that percentage was, but it was less than I could have imagined.

She was a great example of endurance. She always had been. Actually she was just a great example.

LETTERS FROM MARJ TO MISSIONARY GRANDSONS:  
"Have faith in Him who guards the sparrow's fall."

Marjorie to Elder Jason South, October 24, 1989

A True Story

It was a Friday and I traded my blue Oldsmobile in on the silver Honda that day. Myrna, living in Boise, had been given the key to her bosses' big condo in Ketchum. She was told she could use it to entertain her family on that 4th of July weekend. Only Jeff and Susan and I could go.

As I came onto the butte, I met Elinor at the mailboxes and she looked my Honda over and said she thought my new silver car was pretty. We talked for two minutes maybe, and I came to the house to get ready. Myrna had given me directions and the phone number. It was dark before I got away and midnight before reaching the Ketchum exit. I became hopelessly lost. I finally decided to go back to the main road and start over. I succeeded in getting lost a second time. My greatest concern was that I knew Myrna would be worried about me and I was worried about keeping her up. It was getting onto about 1:30 AM. I drove over to Sun Valley to find a phone, which wasn't too easy at that time of night, dialed the condo number, and got the recording that this phone was temporarily disconnected.

I realized that I was now turned around. I didn't know whether I was to go ahead or back to get to the Ketchum exit. On my right was forest and on my left was the town, Sun Valley. To continue on was to travel the highway into the forest, but I didn't know if I was going the right direction or not.

So guess what I did. I prayed.

I stopped and pulled off to the side of the road and looked across the highway over at a big service station with much area of blacktop, lots of gas pumps, and an island with diesel pumps for trucks. There was only one car over there, but I couldn't distinguish what it was because it was on the other side of the pumps. I was trying to see if there were a person there near the car but I couldn't.

Then I heard a voice, speaking on the pay phone. I waited another few seconds and then decided to shift into gear and head out on the highway and see if I could see the Ketchum sign someplace within a few miles.

About that instant I heard someone say in an excited tone of voice, "Silver!" Then just as I was about to go I heard Myrna calling, "Marj, Marj!" I recognized her voice, and she hung up and started running toward me. It was about 2:00 AM. Guess what! Earlier when I hadn't arrived, Myrna drove to town to call Elinor. Elinor was the only person who could have told her about the new car and that it was silver and, of course, she was looking for the blue Olds. Elinor told her on the phone that it was a silver Honda. Myrna looked up and there across the blacktop, on the other side of the highway, was a silver Honda.

Jason, I was not in any kind of trouble. I wasn't hungry or cold or in any danger, but you don't have to be, for the Lord to answer your prayers. I was so full of joy that He had heard my prayer and answered it, I just felt like singing and singing and singing. There have been many other times when He has given me an answer to my prayers. But this one showed me how intricate details were laid out in advance so it could come to pass. I am sure some would say that it just happened. I know that isn't so.

All you have to worry about is that you are sincerely prayerful and obedient and let Him worry about the rest. Have faith in him who guards the sparrow's fall.

Love, Marj

To Dan South---Saturday  
before Christmas, 1991

Dear Dan, Elder South,

You say you've learned a lot. I've learned a few things the last few months, too. I've learned that the Holy Ghost is real. Practically all my life I've thought of Him only in an academic way. I studied the Holy Ghost and what were His functions and took it for granted that because I was a member of the church, I had the Holy Ghost with me - the right to the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

But I've learned that having the right to the Holy Ghost doesn't mean that you are going to have the Holy Ghost. Many times I've heard people say they were guided by the Holy Ghost or they felt Him close or His presence or something like that, and I was envious of them. I've come to know that you can't take it for granted and I've read lines from the scriptures that say such as, "He that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness shall be filled with the Holy Ghost," so it still seems that we have to live righteously and that makes sense.

Surely the Holy Ghost would not be a constant companion for an individual whose heart is full of contention or who harbored thoughts of evil.

Love, Marj





MARJ & M'JEAN

*Prayer & Gratitude*  
**M**arj recognized the hand of the Lord in small matters as well as large ones. In her journal she recounted incidents where problematic situations she seemed powerless to resolve, especially after she became so sick and was housebound, seemed to resolve themselves.

She fasted frequently. It seemed as though she fasted every Sunday. "Marj, it's not fast Sunday," she would be reminded. No matter. She fasted. It almost made everyone else feel guilty for eating. Even when she was on oxygen, Marj observed the fast, as spelled out in the Old Testament:

Marj: July 6, 1986 - I ate. I was hungry and "my sun down to sun down" was over.

Marj was grateful for her blessings. One day each of her six children received a copy of this letter expressing her gratitude:

Dear David, Barry, M'Jean, Myrna, Susan, Randy,

An off the cuff note:

It sort of gives me a funny feeling about not knowing where I will be on Christmas.

Times when I am very tired and about to crawl into my bed I sort of say to Heavenly Father, "I am so glad for this bed. Thank You."

I am also thankful that my pillow is not a stone."

There is a picture vivid in my memory in a filmstrip about saints being driven from their homes in a snow storm. The mobbers who attacked an old man in his cabin were about to drive him out and he asked them if he could take his warm coat. They snatched his warm coat and said fiercely, "You don't have a warm coat, old man. Get out." The old man went out into the storm and huddled behind a rock for the night. This picture flashes back in my memory and I sort of say, "Thanks that I am indoors tonight and not out in the stormy night in the cold bitter wind."

Sometimes when I am about to eat and I am thinking about a blessing on my food I sort of say I do thank thee for my food. I am struck with the wonder of having lived all these years and I have never really been hungry, nor have I had to watch my children suffer from hunger. This is truly fantastic when there is so much hunger in the world. How come I have escaped? How dreadful it would be to watch your children suffer from extreme and dread hunger.

I have thanked my Father in Heaven many, many times in the

THANKSGIVING

November 28, 1985.

Dear Marj,

There is so much I am thankful for. I am thankful for you. I have been thinking lately about how fortunate I am to be in such good health. You did all you could to safeguard our health as we were growing up, and you still try. What a blessing that is for a person who is so frequently in my present condition and have so many little people depending on my stamina.

I am grateful for Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, etc., but I never would have been able to have enjoyed their great music as being such an important part of my life were it not for your tremendous efforts to allow for that opportunity. Thank you for your sacrifice and your vision. And now you are helping my kids, which I surely appreciate. I just hope that their involvement in music and practicing and performing together will be a meaningful enough part of their lives to leave less space for the many meaningless things lurking about them.

For solid moral teachings, church activity, my mission, sensible values, practical fundamentals, a childhood of sweet memories, family relationships worthy of patterning a family after, and of course countless other, not the least of which is your noble example of love, strength, and being valiant, I am grateful to you and love you.

Love, M'Jean

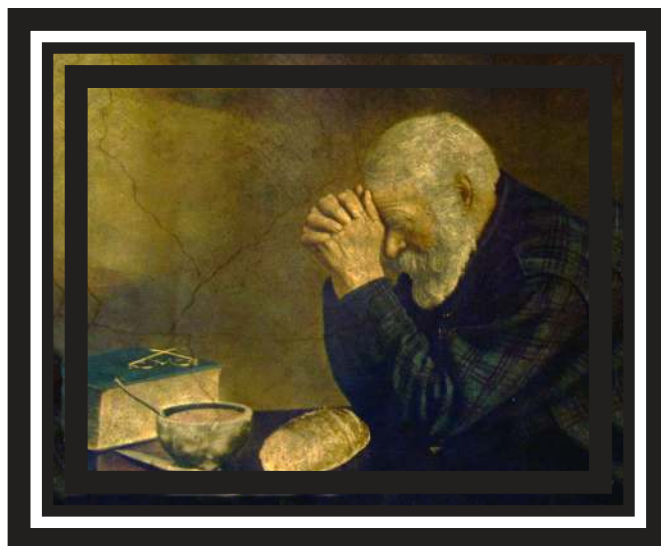
past for protecting us through hundreds of close calls and through a significant number of accidents and yet we have never been in intensive care, or had crushed bones, or any paralysis, etc. At last another great and important blessing we (different ones of us) have received is that in addition to the safety he has given us he has blessed us that in those close calls and accidents we have not hurt anyone else. What a blessing!

The blessings that He has given to me are immeasurable and countless! In addition to this the beauty that surrounds us—the rivers, trees, flowers, rocks and of course people make up the most beautiful part of the scenery.

Then I think of the many blessings I ask of Him. I think of the little that He asked of me to help Him fill His assignment: “This is my work and my glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.” Surely I am to do all I can to prove my gratitude.

Hey, Aroar Har,

Love, Marj



“GRACE”

The picture that hung over Marj’s dining table.

Photograph by Eric Enstrom  
Colorized in oils by hand by his daughter, Rhoda Nyberg

#### MARJORIE SOUTH & HER FAMILY







JEANETTE LUND, DIANNA SOUTH, ROSALIE & TESSY LUND, MYRNA SOUTH, JON LUND, ROD SOUTH, MOLLY, BARNEY, LEXYE LUND,  
MARJ SOUTH

Enjoying The Island Park Flat when the sea of blue Camas Lilies are in bloom.



## Chapter 121

# Memos & Memories of Marj

Acquaintance: "Why do you call your mother Marj?"  
South kid: "Cuz that's her name."

**M**arj loved her grandchildren, and they loved her. She was friend, teacher, and frequent babysitter. The oldest had a close relationship with Marj. The middle ones have few memories of her, and some were born after she passed away. They all revere the name of Marj.

### JENNY SOUTH SEMENZA

*Nov 5, 2020* - Marj took me to all the plays and concerts when we were living in Taylor. I went to every concert and every play. I would watch until I fell asleep. I have the programs for all those things. I got to go to the concerts when Susan was playing. She took me to the musical *Randy* was in in high school. I watched the whole thing. I was fascinated.

#### SHE TOOK ME PLACES

The real memory was going places with her. Maybe my other siblings did too. She was fun to travel with. She would tell stories and ask questions. She took me to Ketchum. I was the only one who went. She had to do something for the business. I don't know if she wanted the company, talked Mom into letting me go, or if Mom was just glad to get one kid out of the house.

I was a little kid and I was her traveling companion. It was just me that time. We bought presents for my siblings. It may have been on that trip that I learned about Hemmingway, because he used to live in Ketchum.

We sure did a lot of things, the benefit of being one of the two oldest of the grandchildren.

*Jenny*

### NANETTE SOUTH CLARK

*Feb 24, 2020* - I know I met my grandmother, Marj, before 1970, but my earliest memories of her are from that time. My dad, David, loaded my sisters, Robin and Jenny, into a moving van — along with me, and drove us from Chicago to the Jameston-Taylor area just outside of Idaho Falls to live with his mother, Marj. My mother, Judy, was pregnant, so she and my brother, Dave, flew to Idaho.

Marj welcomed us into her home. I remember being a little afraid of it at first. She kept the lights dim and the wind whistled and moaned around the corners of her house. It was still the fanciest place I'd ever seen with its sea foam green shag carpeting and the stone wall [floor] in the foyer. Some of the stones sparkled when light shone on them through the open door. I was sure they were diamonds.

#### MINIATURE STOVE

She had a child's size cast-iron wood stove with a child-sized teapot and other cooking utensils. I thought it was the most magical play kitchen in the world. I still remember how the hinges squeaked when I opened the door to stoke my imaginary fire.



JENNY & MARJ

Marj's son, Randy, still lived at home. His bedroom door was at the end of a dark hall and had a stop sign mounted on it along with the words, Randy John of South... in case we were confused about whose room it was. Marj's daughter, Susan, also lived there. Her window was one of the loudest moaning windows in the house.

#### RICE FOR DINNER

My parents shared a room next to Susan's. Across the hall was Marj's room. Marj bravely shared her room with Robin, Jenny and me. When we first arrived, Marj had us all sleeping in the same bed together. That quickly came to a halt when she realized I still had accidents at night. I soon found myself on a little mattress on the floor at the foot of the bed, while Marj, Robin and Jenny slept in the big bed.

Melinda was born while we lived with Marj. Mom put her bassinet at the end of the hall between Marj's room and her room.

Many nights Marj made dinner. Rice was the usual fare... rice with butter and salt and pepper, or rice with milk, cinnamon and sugar. One night Randy came home and started rough-housing with Robin and Jenny. I sat at the table trying to eat my rice as fast as I could, but decided it wasn't fast enough. There was a danger the playing would be over before I finished. I took my bowl, dumped the rice in the sink and raced out into the living room to play. Marj discovered my misdeed and gave me the worst punishment I could ever have had. I had to stop playing with Randy and go to bed. I never did it again.

Sometimes Marj would take me with her to the drugstore and we would share a treat. She always bought honey candies that came in a foil rectangle. We never ate them at home, only when we were out running errands. Marj also loved Tang. I think Tang was touted as a good source of vitamin C in those days. The television bragged that astronauts drank it in space. I just knew that I was glad whenever she mixed some up for us at dinner.

#### ENGLISH LESSONS, POETRY & READING

I don't remember knowing where Marj went all the time, but I do remember picking her up at O.E. Bell Jr. High in Idaho Falls with my mother once. Mom told me, as I watched Marj walk to the car, that Marj was an English teacher. Marj's English teaching didn't stop at the end of her school day. She allowed no improper English to be spoken in her house. If she did detect an English infraction, she gently corrected us—sometimes with an accompanying lesson. I think she gave me the lie/lay/laid/lain lesson well into my twenties.

I'm pretty sure most of Marj's grandchildren memorized "I'm Nobody! Who are you?" by Emily Dickinson. Robin, Jenny and I would have races to see who could say it the fastest, after she taught us. English was such a passion of hers. Marj taught many illiterate adults how to read. I remember that during my twenties, while we attended church together in Menan, Marj taught Relief Society. She always had us stand and do many choral readings during her lessons. She told me it was because so many of the adults in our ward had trouble reading. She said the choral readings would help them improve.

#### NEW HOUSE - SAILBOAT

My dad built us a house just down the road from Marj's house in the Jameson-Taylor area. We moved there sometime between 1971 and 1973. Melinda was born in 1970 while we were living with Marj. Rebecca was born in 1973, while we were living in the new house.

One of my memories from the early 1970s was an ill-fated sailboat outing. Marj's brother, Bernie, was visiting, so Dad took Marj, Bernie, Robin, Jenny and me out on Palisades reservoir in his sailboat. While we were out on the lake, someone we knew pulled up alongside us in a motor boat and convinced Dad to jump ship. Dad gave Bernie and Marj some brief sailing instructions along with assurance that they couldn't tip it over because of the size of the keel. He then hopped in the other boat and sped away.

Well, the wind came up. Bernie and Marj scrambled around trying all sorts of things, but soon the wind was rocking the boat wildly and pushing us toward shore. Marj told us to get in the cabin. Bernie claimed he could fix the problem. He adjusted something and that was it. The boat lay completely on its side. Marj flew down into the cabin where she wrapped her arms around me. The wind ended up pushing us all the way to shore where we waited in the thick reeds for Dad to



NANETTE

come rescue us. Marj stayed with me the entire time.

#### EXPLORING THE BUTTE

We went to the butte to explore. I don't remember how we ended up in Barry's Jeep, but Dad was driving. Marj, maybe Myrna and I were riding along. Dad drove us up the butte and then decided to come down the east side. There wasn't a road down at the time and the terrain was steep and rocky. Marj yelled at Dad that he was going to roll that vehicle all the way to the river. Anyone who knows my dad knows that was almost like issuing a challenge. He just drove in a steeper place and told her to settle down. She yelled some more and demanded to be let out. He stopped and as she was exiting, she held her hand out to me and said, "C'mon, Nanny." Of course, I wasn't allowed to get out, but I will never forget the look on her face as she shut the door. I wasn't old enough to be scared of my dad's driving, but I knew she was and that she wanted to save me. All's well that ends well, I suppose. She (and Myrna?) hiked off the butte and we drove. Nobody got hurt. Phew.

#### VIOLIN LESSONS - MOCCASINS

While we were living with Marj, I began violin lessons in Pocatello with Susan's teacher. Robin and Jenny also took lessons and frequently, Susan or Marj would drive us. One lesson, I don't remember why, I was the only one who went. Marj drove and told me a story the entire way.

Marj loved moccasins. She firmly believed they were the superior at-home shoe. She even bought me a pair of little fringed leather moccasins from Fort Hall while we lived with her. I think hers had beautiful beadwork.

#### BITING FINGERNAILS

Marj hated how much I bit my fingernails. She even bought me a fancy fingernail file. I remember her showing me how the file was coated with diamond dust. I promised to use it whenever I had the urge to bite my fingernails. I wish it would have worked. I. Can't. Stop.

Marj taught me many things, including how many toilet paper squares to use and how to fold them. One of my favorite things she taught me was how to make a paper boat. We were sitting together in a stake conference. Nobody was with us, I don't know why. We were in a large wooden tabernacle—I'm thinking it had to have been the Shelley tabernacle before it burned down in 1976. I know LeGrande Richards spoke there in the early 1970s. It might have been that time. Anyway, I was trying to be quiet and still. Marj tapped me and whispered, "Do you want to learn how to make a paper boat?"

I was so surprised. Crackling paper was strictly forbidden in my family and would earn you a flick on the head from the long arm of the parents. Of course, I said yes. She proceeded to show me how to fold and crease the paper accompanied by whispered instruction. I kept looking around to see if we would get in trouble, but everyone seemed to be ignoring us. She unfolded her boat and urged me to try. I would make a fold and she would either correct my mistake or help me with it. We worked on that boat until I could fold one by myself with no help.

After the boat folding, she rummaged around in her purse and pulled out a tin of Sen-Sens. She offered me one with the explanation, "People who smoked used to use these to cover up the smell on their breath." I can say I was nervous then! Crackling paper AND eating a breath freshener for smokers! I ate it and hated it, but I was so proud Marj and I had made boats and were eating in church that I took a second one when she offered it.

#### DRIVING TO PORTLAND

Another landmark moment for us in the 1970s was when Susan put in her mission papers. Susan's mission flew by and Marj decided to drive to Portland and pick her up. Robin, Jenny, Dave and I smashed into a car for a road trip with Marj. Marj told stories, asked us questions and led the merriest trip to Portland. When we got there, I remember she took us to a coffee shop. I knew it was a coffee shop because it said so. I was horrified. Surely no good could come of going inside a place where they specifically sold coffee! I whispered something about it to Robin as we trailed behind Marj. Robin told me to get over it. The coffee shop was just a cafe and it was fine. I remember thinking Robin was deluded because it was dark and spooky inside the coffee shop. Dave, however, was super excited to eat. Of course, we were very happy to see Susan and we all made it safely home.

*Nanette*





## MARJ'S JOURNAL

May 7th--Wednesday, 1986

It's Dave's birthday. He is eighteen.

I remember that kid well when they moved back to Taylor about sixteen years ago. He was cute. I loved having that little guy around.



I watched him one day while he struggled to keep a tire pump upright and put a pipe extension over the hose, which had been broken and was only half its normal length, so he could pump and get blasts of air in his own face.

Everything would go wrong that could go wrong--the pump would slip, the pipe would fall etc. He'd have to line the pump up again and hold it with his leg while he put the pipe over the hose and then hold these in place while he raised the plunger, over his head, and bring it down again.

Once in a while he would get that blast of air in his face and he would look up toward the sky and smile, relishing the sensation of that puff of air in his face and possibly the success, too. Then something would slip and he'd have to start all over. He was absorbed in his occupation, and he never one time noticed me. I watched and watched.

## DAVE SOUTH JR.

Feb 24, 2020 - My earliest memory of Marj is exploring her home in Taylor. I was extremely young. I remember the flagstone in the house — I think there was a flagstone fireplace — and the "giant" black boulders outside. Nan and I loved to play on the boulders. They were as big as anything I've ever seen. Probably at least 3-feet tall. At least, they were taller than me.

I remember colorful lights, like the ones in the house on the butte by the fireplace.

We used to float down the "crick" to a place near her house before the highway. In winter, we'd sometimes cross over the frozen "crick" and walk to Marj's house past a barbed-wire fence that sometimes caught my coat. We also used to slide down the "big" hill across the crick if we were daredevils. It was way scarier than the hill in the horse corral. It had a jump into the crick.

When I was in first grade, it was my turn to be the student of the day. They had pictures of my sisters on a skyscraper! What was that all about? We never had skyscrapers in Idaho. "You were born in Chicago!" "I was what?"

She showed me a picture of Grandmother Bates and asked who that was. I said, "Grandmother." She showed me a picture of Marj. Who is that? "Marj." "No, she's your grandmother, too." "WHAT? I have two grandmothers!" That was QUITE the day for a six-year-old.

I remember the dome on the butte very well. We used to play upstairs in the loft. That loft inspired me to build one in my home in Providence. My children live up there.

Somehow, one day, I had a BB gun and walked down

by the river. I shot a BB straight up. A little later, Dad stepped out on the deck of Marj's house and yelled at me to come up. I'd hit the window with the BB, creating a round crack that would eventually destroy that window. Always felt bad about that. Marj kept it for years. Didn't seem to mind it.

When the bus brought us home, it'd drop us off by the mailboxes. If it was warm, we'd just walk home. If it was cold, we'd go to Marj's house and visit until someone came and got us. I remember 208-754-4117.

In the 80s, I helped Marj publish the Roundup. I knew computers. She knew how to write the newsletter. We used an Atari ST computer with one of the earliest desktop publishing software available. I'd have to carry the whole computer to a store in Idaho Falls to print it on their laser printer (\$10,000 machine at the time). Marj took our work to the print shop. The guy told her that it's okay for us to use a computer, but it's not something that they'll ever use in their print shop.

Sometimes she'd make "dinner" which mostly consisted of plain corn chips and mild cheddar cheese. Her celiac forced her into a very restricted diet.

I remember going to her home, often, with everyone. I thought it was normal for families to sing choir music in four-part harmony. Or we would have mini concerts complete with Susan as the one-eyed, one-horned, giant purple people eater.

I remember visiting Marj a few times before she passed. Her funeral showed me that real riches are not money, but the family you leave behind.

I also learned that Rosalie could make her violin cry.

I loved Marj and everything about her.

Dave



Family Home Evening in the loft

MICHAEL, ROD, JAMIE, MELINDA MATTHEW, JEFF, MARJ

### MELINDA SOUTH

*Feb 20, 2020* - I had the lucky opportunity to live with Marj twice. Once in 1989 when I was at Ricks College and after my mission from January 1993 to her death in June.

I was needing a vacation from my housing situation and Marj and Myrna offered me a place. I slept on the green couch for a couple of months and delighted to see the sunrise over the Snake River every morning. Marj helped me get an A on my final essays in English class. She would frequently bake potatoes for us for when I would get back in the evening and we would eat them with Cool Cucumber Salad Dressing. We would also make cole slaw with bananas.

After my mission I lived with Marj and Myrna, ostensibly to help Marj. I wasn't much help, but they were wonderful. Marj at the end of her life had three things she really wished she had done: studied Isaiah, done family history work, and read the Harvard Classics. So she started studying Isaiah. She also started in on the Harvard Classics. She was called to do extractions for

the new computer-based family history work. She and I would sit for an hour or two deciphering old family group sheets from the Manti Temple with magnifying glasses. Nan and her three children lived just over the butte in Cliffdome and they would come and visit us shut-ins. Barry and Elinor would often stop by, and Rodney after school.

We had so much snow that year and we didn't have a car, relying on Myrna for everything. Marj woke up one morning to a surprise — there was a pile of moose manure outside her bedroom window. She said it felt like Island Park all over again. The moose and her calf stayed with us most of the day and then crossed the bridge to feed on the other side of the river.

Marj would tell me stories. Once when she was about 9 years old [sic-7 yrs old] she was going to school. There was a train starting to move on the tracks, very slowly. If she waited for the train then she would be late for school. So she quickly darted under a moving boxcar and out the other side. She said she never told her mother.

*Melinda*

### MARJ'S JOURNAL

*Jun 3, 1986 Tue* - I went to Derek's and Michael's graduation from kindergarten in the evening.





SOUTH, LUND, CRANDALL HAPPY FACES  
At Marj's Dome

### JASON SOUTH

*Feb 27, 2020* - I might first note that Marj fits in a special place in my heart. There are few who we truly love in this life at the highest level a human does or can. Marj was such a person to me. In return, if loving me was a sport she was a gold medal world champion. I knew that whatever I did she would be there to love me. She would have a word of advice to be sure, basically about every thing from my hair cut, to my behavior in all things. We spent a lot of time together. As an adult, spending time with me in my youth, other than my Mom and Dad, I spent more time with her than anyone.

As much as I know she loved me, funny thing was, she hardly ever said I love you, and she was not a hugger. But in her own way she let me know how much she cared for me.

#### PERFECTION

I know that nobody is perfect. But I think Marj was as close to it as most people will ever get.

#### HAIR CUTS

In the late seventies I became aware of my hair. Beautiful blonde hair. I wanted it to look like BO Duke, or Magnum PI. Mostly BO Duke. Marj was not fond of BO Duke's hair. Marj cut my hair. She was Judge, Jury, and Executioner. My stylistic wishes fell on the deaf ears of Marj and my Parents. Many a time I sat in her kitchen, or our kitchen, on a stool getting a hair cut (or in the dome home in the laundry room) with tears rolling down my cheeks mixing with the plentiful amounts of hair she shaved off my head with an old pair of Oster clippers. Oh, how I hated those clippers. Marj must have trained giving Army hair cuts in a former life. She did a great job if you were wanting to enlist.

### VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP (*Jason cont'*)

Marj babysat Dan and I a lot. In fact, I can only remember one other person babysitting us. Most people have forgotten what a picky eater I was because today I will eat about anything. Back then, basically I ate no veggies. And no to lots of other things. Especially onions. Marj and I had many epic battles over eating dinner. She was determined to make me less picky. Lectures on starving children in China and the rest of the world always ensued at dinner as I struggled to eat my food. One evening she was watching myself and siblings and ask what we would like for dinner. In the cabinet I could see Campbells Bean of Bacon Soup. I loved that stuff. I would eat it, like my DAD, any way you wanted to serve it. Cold, in the can. With bread. With cheese sandwiches, my favorite. Any way she asked and so I thought that was what's for dinner!! Upon hearing dinner served, to my dismay I found a bowl of brown stuff with vegetables in it. Vegetable beef soup. No way was I going to venture eating that. A disagreement ensued. I decided I would rather play than eat, but Marj had other ideas. I had to stay seated at the table and listen to a lecture on the current dire situation of starvation in other countries. The rest of my siblings were excused!!! I can still picture my tears splashing into the dark abyss of the vegetable beef stew. That night Marj tested my muster, her steel against mine. She never lost her cool. She stayed at the table with me all night until my parents came home. I never touched the soup. At one point after a long story about split pea soup and my Dad and David she had me smiling and I think she felt she had gained some ground. Sadly, when the



subject turned to the vegetable soup it all came crashing into a wall. I never ate my soup that day. Marj always knew me to be a very picky eater. She never witnessed my palette expansion. I hope today she looks down and smiles when I eagerly eat my vegetable beef soup.

#### ARM WRESTLING

In my youth I became enamored with arm wrestling. At a school activity I did well in an arm-wrestling competition. Consequently, I came home and started to ask everyone I knew to arm wrestle. I was young enough that all the older men in my life could easily beat me. But I soon learned I had some success beating persons of the opposite sex who were older than me (to remain nameless). As every one knows, Marj was not a big person. In my quest to conquer all peoples I felt I could beat, I challenged Marj to a match. I remember thinking how easy it would be because she was so small. I soon found out that even though she was small she was very strong. In our match that lasted maybe a minute or so she steadily wore me down and beat me. A glutton for punishment I offered the other arm and she beat me again. I was humiliated. Of course my siblings emboldened by the loss shouted it to the world. No doubt, because being older they had no chance to beat me, and I let them know about it. I was soon to find out in another feat of strength just how strong Marj was.

#### STRINGING A BOW

As not everyone is aware, I will give some background in Archery regarding a recurve bow. A recurve bow must be strung before it is used. It is stored in an un-strung state. Just before you use it you install the string. When finished you uninstall the string and store the bow. Depending on the strength of the bow it can be quite difficult to install the string.

My Dad had a recurve bow that was quite strong. As a youth I became very interested in Archery. I was given a recurve bow for my Birthday and I loved it. It was only a 30 lb bow. I could easily string the bow and use it. But it was not very powerful. My Dad's bow was a 65 lb bow and it was very powerful. I loved to use it but I could not string it. I was very interested in getting a compound bow. A compound bow uses pullies and cams for a mechanical advantage. It is a very efficient weapon.

My dad knew how much I wanted a compound bow and offered a challenge to me. When I became strong enough to string his recurve bow, he would buy me a compound bow.

The challenge was on. I spent many hours trying to string that darn bow. This went on for several months. My brother Dan tried as well. It became a super challenge to us.

One day Marj was at our house observing the commotion of us trying to string the bow. After watching for a moment, she said let me show you how to do it. Snatching the bow and string she hooked the base of the bow under the calf of her leg and leveraged the bow along her body pressing the tip down and slipped the string in place, easily stringing the bow. She also easily unstrung the bow, an effort even harder than installing the string. It was too much. I burst into tears. First the arm wrestle and then this. I was taller, I weighed more. How could this be? Concealing my

tears as much as possible I could not take any more advice. I did not want to string the bow any more that day. I think Marj knew how sad I was and she never made me feel bad about it after that. I soon accomplished the feat of stringing the bow, received my compound bow and Marj was one of the first to congratulate me.

More to come: The Bus Stop, Pepsi Free  
Buying my First House, Aluminum Cups  
Raining Frogs, The Temple, My Wedding Day

*Jason*



JASON & MARJ

#### MARJ'S JOURNAL

*Dec 19, 1973* - Danny has such soft teeth that they wore down to nothing and were so tender he wouldn't eat with them but would shove everything he had to bite around in the back to bite. He had his front upper 5 teeth capped with silver. Root canals, no less. Barry took him to the dentist to get the job done and he said the little kid was really good and just took it with only a little crying. His personality is getting cuter all the time. The baby is really cute. She's getting an appetite at last and beginning to fill out.

I was tending the kids one day and Jason wanted me to help him write a letter to Santa, so we wrote and I had him tell me what to say. It went much like this: Dear Santa, please bring me a big tractor with two dumpers. (He means a back hoe and bucket.) I asked him what shall we tell him to bring to Danny and the answer was: Bring Danny a little tractor with two little dumpers. I prodded him about Rachel and he said, Bring Rachel a dolly. Then I asked him about his father and mother, and he said, They like clothes. Bring Mommy a dress and some perfume. She likes perfume.

Nanette's letter to Santa was in the Shelley Pioneer. We haven't seen it.



#### DAN SOUTH

*Feb 24, 2020* - I have many impressions of Marj, and many memories. One of my favorite memories of her is when I was around 9-10 years old, and she was babysitting our family. She told me of a story about a hunter in Africa who became treed by a water buffalo, on a hunt that went bad. I remember sitting on our living room floor for a long time asking questions, and listening enthralled as she told the story. She was a great storyteller.

One of my favorite memories is of her small silhouette framed in the window of her front yard. She was semi confined to the house with her oxygen, but was always wanting to be involved in all activities that took place outside her house. One time in the winter Jason and I were riding some very old beat up snowmobiles in the field above her house. One of the machines became stuck in the snow and a wrestling match between the two of us ensued. As fortune would have it I managed to get Jason in a head lock on his back in the snow (thank goodness for wrestling practice). I began force feeding Jason 17 years worth of pent up wrath in the form of snow, because of all the injustices a smaller younger brother has to endure from a larger sibling. As I was enjoying my years of revenge, Marj (who as usual was watching from her window) began yelling at us, demanding to know what was going on.

Because of the large amount of snow that Jason was consuming, he was not able to respond with intelligible words. I took the opportunity to respond to Marj in a pleading voice, petitioning for help, and tell Marj that Jason was in fact white washing me with snow. I told her that I needed

protection from him as I continued to heap snow on his face by the kilo. (At the distance to our location she could not tell us apart.) Marj became very animated and told Jason that she wished she could be the referee and help even the playing field between the two of us. She shouted her disapproval in Jason and in his behavior, and told him to let me go immediately. When I was certain I had incapacitated Jason to the point he could not exact any retribution on me, I quickly made my way to Marj to tell her of all the injustices Jason had just inflicted upon me. After Jason made his way out of the snow pit I had placed him in, he joined me in the discussion with Marj.

He told a much different, but accurate version of what had transpired. I suspect that since Jason was several inches taller than me, and at least 30 pounds heavier, Marj was disinclined to believe his version of events. It even made her overlook the snow rash on his face that usually accompanies all good white washings. She gave Jason a verbal berating about loving your brother, and his lack of kindness, and even went so far as to tell him how she would love to show him a thing or two if she were able to do so. (I am laughing so hard as I type this it is hard to finish.)

My ultimate memories of my grandmother are of her character and of the testimony that she gave nearly every month of the Savior and of His restored gospel. She was and is a rock, immovable in her convictions, with a streak of steel a mile wide in her back bone. She was immovable in her convictions and testimony, and that has left an indelible impression on me.

*Daniel South*



### REBECCA SOUTH

*Feb 24, 2020* - I remember saying to my mother, "I know who YOUR mother is, but where is Dad's mom?" I fully expected her to be dead because dad was so old. When she told me it was Marj I was flattened. How could this be? Grandmothers were supposed to be round and soft and so so so sweet.

In August 1992, she let me marry Shaun Mitchell on her front lawn. She was so sweet to me.

After Shaun and I were married, Marj and I talked on the phone about once a week for many weeks—maybe through the end of the year. She gave me so much marital advice and told me about her marriage to Barney. She sure loved him. She died the next summer. I will always hold those memories of her in 1991 and 1992 close to my heart.

*Rebecca*



DIANNA SOUTH, ROSALIE & TESSY LUND, REBECCA, RACHEL, JESSICA, MELINDA SOUTH  
MICHAEL SOUTH (*keeping his distance*)  
From the roof hangs the old dinner bell.

### JESSICA SOUTH GOODWIN

*Nov 5, 2020* - As a child, I considered Marj to be the nice old lady at the bottom of the butte. I was shocked to find out she was my grandmother.

In 5th grade I wrote a speech for a contest at school. Mom took me to Marj's house to practice my diction and delivery. Marj had me do it over and over and over again. I came second to Diana, who I believe also practiced with Marj.

I loved participating in the family talent shows at Marj's house. In my mind's eye, I can see her delighted face as we performed our parts.

I spent most of my time at her house running around with the cousins. I can tell you about her house, her yard and the river. I loved playing in the loft and looking over at Marj, my mom and the aunts gabbing at the kitchen table.

*Jessica*

### DIANNA SOUTH POSTON

*Feb 17, 2020* - I remember watering the trees in Marj's yard and her standing at the door while we were doing it.

She was always happy to have a visit when we came over.

I remember she had immaculate fingernails. She told me a story once about how she learned to not bite them but I don't remember all the details. I think she learned to not bite them and then when she went to a scary movie she bit them all off, after that she learned to wear gloves?

I used to help her fill her small oxygen tank. She used to always get after me if I wasn't wearing socks in the winter...

Once we were supposed to pick her up for church and she forgot it was daylight savings time and didn't think we were coming.

I remember all the family gatherings at her house where we would sing and play the white elephant game.

*Dianna*



## RACHEL SOUTH THOMPSON

*Feb 24, 2020* - I have so many memories of Marj that it is hard to choose what I'd like to write about her. I always felt like she was a quiet force in my life and yet in my early years I never really knew what exact relation she was to me. When I was about 9 years old, Rebecca told me a dear "secret" that would forever change how I viewed Marj; she announced that Marj was our Grandmother. I suppose deep down inside I may have suspected this relation because she was so respected by my dad but since nobody referred to her as Mom or Grandma, I at such a young age couldn't connect the dots and to me she was possibly another Aunt.

Many of my memories regarding Marj have to do with her quiet mannerisms such as: her quiet voice as she talked with me, patiently teaching me a recited poem about a bluebird, the way she looked at me when she listened to my stories after school, how she'd sit and listen to my piano playing, and especially her bright blue eyes. I could always sense her feelings and emotions in those eyes.

Once my Dad and I were visiting with her (about what, I don't remember), but she silently grabbed my Dad and pulled him into her office and pointed to a date circled on her calendar pinned to the wall. I looked up into her eyes as she looked at my dad. It was my parents' anniversary date she was reminding him. I'm not sure why but to this day every year when it's my parents' anniversary I am reminded of that moment and the intensity of her eyes on that day as she pointed to the circled date.

When Marj became more frail, Dad would have us kids go and check on her more often and many times right before bedtime. One of these nights I went into her bedroom and I assumed she was asleep so I tried to creep past her to turn out a light. She had a winters cap on her head (which I thought was odd but later learned she did this often on cold winters night to retain her own heat) and she was bundled up under the covers in bed. Marj really wasn't asleep. She opened her big blue eyes and took my hand. Her eyes said everything to me, thank you.

Marj was the best storyteller. When I was in high school, she supported me in all my activities and always wanted me to "practice" in front of her with whatever I was involved in, meaning singing, piano or monologues. It was for the monologue that she always gave her quiet but firm criticism and suggestions for improvements. I can remember sitting down with her going through some suggested monologues for a school competition. She at some point stood up from the table and started reciting the most animated monologue from memory, boy can I remember how excited she was, her bright blue eyes danced like crazy. She was on oxygen, she was so small and seemed

so frail and yet she filled that space with so much wonder and amusement! Everything about her became animated, her eyes, her hands and how she shook them in the air, and her facial expressions took on a new life as she immersed herself into characters. She taught me that monologue word for word and every detailed action. I can still recite the piece and it brings me back to standing in her kitchen reciting it with her. I don't remember the title of the monologue, but it was about a little black girl and her master "John." I even won second place in state with that monologue! [One-Legged Goose]

As I've gotten older my respect and my love has grown for Marj and I often refer to her now as my Grandmother. She taught me so many things and she helped my love for the Savior grow through her testimony that she often vocally bore to me. Still to this day I can remember her partaking of the Sacrament on Sundays, by pinching off the tiniest crumb of bread with her perfectly manicured nails. That meant a lot to me watching her faithfully doing that knowing she had Celiac. I'm forever thankful I got to spend so much time with her. Three of her favorite things are now my favorite things. She taught me to love my Savior, my family, and music.

*Rachel*

DIANNA, REBECCA  
(front)  
ROSALIE, JESSICA,  
RACHEL, TESSY (back)



## ROSALIE LUND MACMILLAN

My Grandmother Marj

Nov 7, 2020 - When I think of my grandmother Marj, the first thing I think of is how classy she was. I never saw her without perfectly coiffed hair, nice clothes, make-up, and painted nails. I even remember the color of the nails. And she wore nice long coats. Always dressed up and classy, even when she was frail and pulling along her oxygen tank. The only exception was the last time I saw her, when she was in the hospital. It was the first time I had ever seen any gray in her hair EVER, and I remember being sort of surprised by that. I could never picture Marj with gray hair.

When I was college age, I had a black leather jacket that I practically lived in, and I cut my hair to the length of a bob, and sometimes curled it under. I remember hearing from relatives whenever I had my hair like that and my leather jacket on that I looked just like Marj. To me, that was a huge compliment!!! She was so classy.

My earliest memory of Marj was when I was really quite little and was sitting on the bed in her room. I'm not sure why, but for some reason I had slept in her room with her that night, and in the morning I was staring at the photo of Barney that she had in the corner of the room (well, not really a CORNER in a round room of a dome, but on the desk). I had never seen a picture of him before, and I remember thinking he looked SO handsome with his hat tilted like that and that big grin. That morning she was filing my fingernails, I believe, and trying to convince me not to bite them any more. She told me she used to bite HER nails, and I couldn't even believe it! I eventually did kick the habit, Marj! It just took a REALLY long time.

Whenever I picture my grandmother Marj, I see her sitting in her dome house, in a chair right on the border between the kitchen and the living room. It was the best vantage point. She could see whoever was coming and going, sit and chat with whoever sat at the kitchen table, and watch whatever shenanigans were happening in the living room. Whether it was a bunch of cousins and aunts and uncles playing "goosh" (or that bopping on the head with a rolled-up newspaper game), or uncles throwing pillows at the feet of little cousins trying to get across the room without tripping up, or whether it was cousins, aunts and/or uncles gathered around the piano to sing, there was Marj, always watching and observing and enjoying from her chair by the kitchen table. Whenever I was playing my violin in the living room (maybe because Myrna convinced me to try to sightread Franck Sonata with her, or because my mom wanted us kids to practice for some musical number somewhere), it was never more than a minute or two before I could count on seeing Marj push her oxygen tank to the chair at the other end of the room to sit and listen. Always the sole, observant audience member. Every. Single. Time.

Maybe that's why I cried at her funeral. There is only one time in my life I have ever cried WHILE playing the violin, and that was while playing with my family "The Lord's Prayer" at Marj's funeral. I think I was just half expecting to see Marj walk in the back of the room, wheeling in her oxygen tank, and settling in the chair, just like she always did when she heard music starting up. I would not be one bit surprised if she really had done just that!!! Only FINALLY without the oxygen tank!!!!

I really look forward to seeing this classy lady with those kind, intense, sparkly blue eyes again. Love you, Marj. Thanks for always being there.

*Rosalie*



TESSY, DIANNA, ROSALIE,  
LXEYE, JEANETTE

### MARJ'S JOURNAL

On her 6th birthday I called and sang "Happy Birthday" to Rosalie. She said, "May I ask who is calling?" (Marj, Aug 26, 1981)





RACHEL, ROSALIE, TESSY, DIANNA (front)  
MELINDA, MARJ

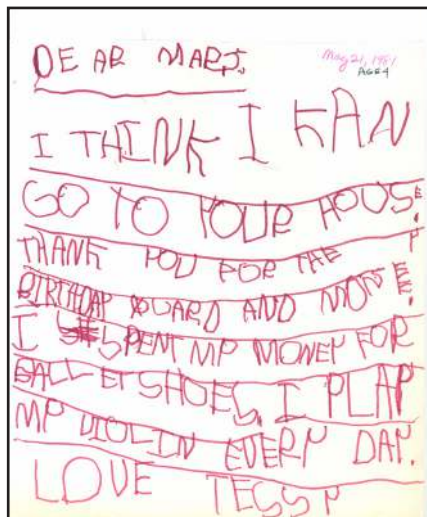


(Jun 23, 1982 - Age 5)

Dear Marj,

I just want to tell you about what is going on up here. School is out and so is ballet. The last day of ballet was a per- forments of Cycle of Ryems and The Little Prince. That day I broke my arm by sliding down a steep slick floor. After the performents I did that but etherwise the day wold be rely fun but sence I broke my arm I get to take a vacashen from violin and I get to only do bow games. How is it going up in Idaho?

Tessy - 1986



(Translation)

Dear Marj,

I think I can go to your house. Thank you for the birthday card and money. I spent my money for ballet shoes. I play my violin every day.

Love Tessa

(May 21, 1981 - age 4)

Dear Tessya,

Am I the only one who calls you Tessya? I hope you don't mind I can't help it. It is such a beautiful name.

You spent your money for ballet shoes. What color are your ballet shoes? Was it great fun to dance in the dance review?

Does Susan come to see you often? Have you been down in the store where she works?

So you play your violin every day! That's great.

M'Jean says she is not practicing. Get her to play for you a few minutes every day. Wouldn't it be bad if M'Jean forgot how to play the piano?

Do you kids know that she is one of the best piano players in the country. Don't let her forget.

Love, Marj

Twain Harte

July 8, 1990

Dear Marj and Myrna,

Well, we're in California. We like our house a lot besides the fact that it is mostly pea green, orange, and brown. How are you doing? I am really sorry that you're sick, Myrna. I hope you get better soon. Thank you for letting us stay at your house when we came up. We really had a fun time. Hopefully we can come up again.

Love,

Tessy Lund





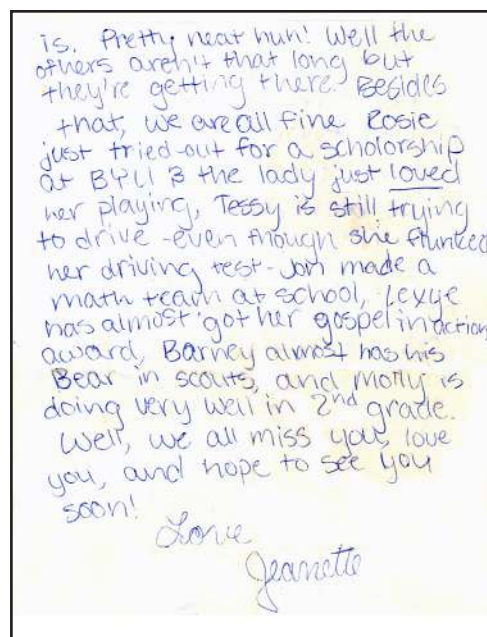
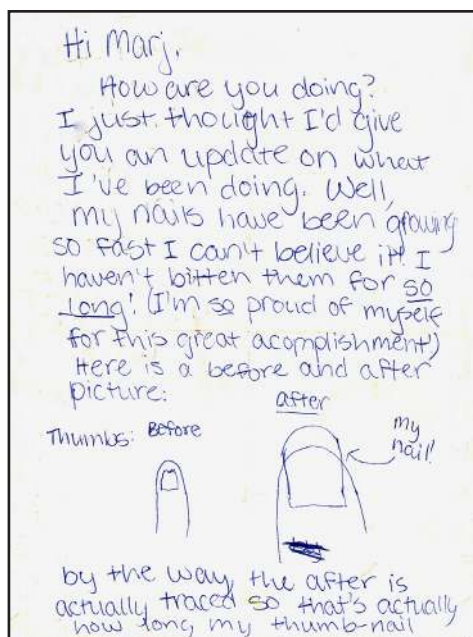
JOSH CRANDALL



### JOSHUA CRANDALL

Feb 17, 2020 - I don't think I knew that Marj's birthday was Valentines Day. I wish I had a memory to recount, but I was pretty young when she passed. I remember that she was nice and I remember her smile. I remember a time when she drove my siblings and me to church. I remember her loading her oxygen system into the car, hitting the garage door button and us rollin' out.

Josh



### LEXYE LUND THIELE

Nov 7, 2020 - When I was very young, perhaps 5 or 6 years old, I sat with Marj at her kitchen table with some paper and a red crayon. I was practicing drawing the number 6, and Marj was very patiently helping me to perfect this important task. :) At least it seemed important at the time, because as I drew it over and over, Marj would evaluate my work, gently make a suggestion to help me improve, and then ask me to do it again. She was very kind and positive, and it was evident to me that I was just as important to her as this little exercise. She was taking the opportunity to show me that she cared about me.

Lexye



ANDREW & JON

#### JON LUND

Dear Marj and Myrna,  
Thank you for the money you sent us. We're having a good time here and I really like Junior High. I'm on another soccer team and we've lost one game and tied the other. I'm playing in the Utah Youth Symphony [cello] and in band (for school). The cornet is fun to play. I am one of the two troop buglers (for scouts). In scouts I have to get three more badges and I'll have my Eagle!

Sincerely,  
*Jon Lund*

Dear Jon,

I wish you had been here last week. Two grown moose and a yearling spent a day and a half with us. They came in the night and I spotted a pile of their droppings in the morning.

*Marj*

#### MARJ'S JOURNAL

Barry and Elinor had gone to I F to the hospital. I went up to Barry's and stayed all night. Morning came, no word from Barry. We were all up. The kids were looking at cartoons and we had a family prayer. Jason asked it. We ate. Barry called home a little later and told us they had a boy and all was well. Later he told us that Elinor's labor had ceased last night. At 8:00 am she was quite blue and discouraged but after a while the labor began again, and she had her baby fairly soon after that. Later in the day Jason mentioned that we had the family prayer about the time her labor began again. And so it was. (July 11, 1981)

#### SEAN CRANDALL

Oct 20, 2020 I remember her oxygen tank and her big old smile. I'm sure she went through some tough times but she bore it with a smile.

*Sean*

#### ANDREW SOUTH

Feb 17, 2020 - I have only a few distinct memories of Marj. But here is one that I truly cherish.

I came over to her house and saw Marj leaning against her kitchen island. I do not remember the reason for the visit, but she looked at me in a quite serious manner and the following (loose) dialogue took place:

MARJ: "Andrew, I would like you to do something for me.

ANDREW: "Okay"

MARJ: "Myrna has baked a spice cake for me, but it is too spicy and I can't eat it. I do not want hurt her feelings. I can't throw it in the garbage can because she might see it. I need you to take it outside and dispose of it for me."

ANDREW: "I can do that, do you have a shovel?"

I don't remember the specific words, but I remember that she made me feel I had her trust and confidence. That trust, coupled with the love I had for Marj instilled by the example of my parents and all our extended family, produced in me some serious resolve!

Marj directed me to the garage, where I rooted around till I found a shovel. Emboldened by the trust she placed in me to accomplish such an important task (the assumed importance in a young man's mind), I hiked out across the butte and found a suitable spot where I could dig a rather deep hole. There I interred the spice cake, never to be found by Myrna and thus preserving her feelings and Marj's relationship and trust!

My interpretation of that "important" assignment brings a smile each time I think of the story. But the feelings of love and confidence from Marj are as deep and genuine 30 years later. I look forward to getting to know Marj better in the next life.

*Andrew*

#### DEREK SOUTH

August 31, 1992 - Dear Marj and Myrna, I would like to thank you both for letting my family and I come and visit you. It was a lot of fun running 50 laps around your house. I hope that Rod gets to feeling better with his leg. Is he going to school? I am in the seventh grade this year. I have seven classes and several different teachers. I am in band this year and I am playing the trumpet. My dad's gone to California and he got me a trumpet at a pawnshop. He's going to bring it home when he comes. I want him to send it, because he won't be home for at least two weeks. I hope that Marj gets to feeling a little better. Well I'm running out of things to say so bye-bye!!!

*Love, Derek South*



## ROD SOUTH

Feb 17, 2020 - I don't have a lot of memories of Marj, but a few. I would get off the bus after school at the bridge and walk to her house. She would always have a job for me, most of the time it was watering the trees in her yard.

I have a very distinct memory of Marj and Susan standing in her kitchen. She was trying to do the dishes and Susan was trying to get her to stop. (I'm assuming because Susan was offering to do it instead). I recall both of them reaching for a pot and each trying to pull it from the other. The pot settled back to the countertop and both sets of hands grasped the edge of the counter and deep breathing ensued!

I remember one Sunday we were going to pick Marj up for church. It was the same day the time changed for daylight savings. Marj had forgotten about daylight savings and was a little frustrated because she thought we forgot to pick her up. When we got there, she had been reading the Ensign and declared that the Ensign was going to be her church for the day. I do recall she ended up coming with us to church.

I have other memories of her with her oxygen, attending church, sitting in her living room and visiting together and receiving the news of her passing. If I recall correctly, we were gathered at her house and were told in the morning that she had died.

*Rod*



NATHAN, ROD, JOSH, JON, ANDREW, DEREK



RACHEL  
LEXYE  
DIANNA  
TESSY  
ROSALIE  
JESSICA  
JEANETTE  
REBECCA  
(center)

## JOSH SOUTH

Nov 8, 2020 - I

don't remember much about her, but she would have us kids come in to her office at home one at a time to talk. I don't remember about what, but it stuck with me that she took interest in me and it was important to her. I think I was a little scared of her because she had the oxygen set up.

*Josh*







NATE & BARNEY

### NATHAN SOUTH

*Nov 4, 2020* The number one thing I remember about Marj is her firm handshake. As frail as she appeared to be, I remember whenever I shook her hand, she had a firm handshake.

I was really young and don't remember a lot. I don't remember her talking a lot, but when she did say something, she kinda commanded respect. The room was quiet when she talked.

I don't know why but we called her Grandma Marj or Marj but never Grandma.

*Nate*

### MARJ'S JOURNAL

*Sunday, Jun 13, 1986* - Karen sent Nathan back down with the ketsup. I heard him crying in great pain or anguish, or both, out here on the concrete strip and hurried out. Ketsup was everywhere. I had some difficulty trying to find if he had, or had not, been cut. He hadn't. Myrna hurried out also and when she arrived she took his hand and led him indoors. He was still crying as hard as ever. He was saying something I couldn't understand. Myrna washed his dirty little face and hands and brushed off some of the dirt and finally it was possible to know what he was repeating over and over. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Poor little kid.



### BARNEY LUND

*Feb 14, 2020* - When I think about Marj, I feel a tinge of guilt. Why? When I was a little kid, I wasn't totally afraid of Marj, but I wasn't super comfortable with her either, mainly because of how she looked with the oxygen hoses. I never knew her without them. That said, I really loved Marj.

Although Marj's wasn't the exciting house to stay at in Menan, it was certainly a comforting place to be. Marj was seemingly always sitting down at the kitchen table while everyone else whirled about the kitchen and front room. I can't actually picture her walking; that's how permanent the image is in my mind of her sitting there at the north side of that table. She always seemed to be in position to see me breaking the rules—usually involving the staircase.

As I think back about my childhood memories there, I'm realizing how I saw everything from a child's point of view. Climbing up the bottom of the stairs had been outlawed, although it was the most fun thing you could come up with indoors at any house. Kid-me thought it was kind of lame that someone thought that we were going to hurt the stairs somehow. Adult-me understands that it was for our own safety.

I remember the day I gained the most respect for Marj. Susan, I believe, had us try to breathe through a straw for a minute or two, then imagine what it would be like to do that all day every day. I couldn't believe how difficult and awkward it was. I felt a huge amount of sympathy for Marj's plight from then on.

When Marj fell and broke her hip, I remember our family prayed for her recovery. When things got worse in the hospital, my dad gave us kids a little talk. Instead of praying for her recovery, Dad suggested that we pray that the Lord's will would be done. That idea has had much staying power in my life, and it has had a tremendous impact on me ever since.

The year Marj passed away, I turned ten years old, and it dawned on me how little I knew her. I saw pictures of her at her funeral that blew me away. Here in this picture, she was young and pretty. There in that one, she was old...and still pretty. Again, I never knew her without the scary oxygen tubes, and I envied my older brothers and sisters who had. She was happy and vibrant, and I had just never seen past the tubes.

Marj's legacy has grown in my mind as I have grown up and heard more about her and our family's history. She was incredible and courageous! Also, the quality of her descendants has impressed me the more I have gotten to know my aunts, uncles, and cousins. I think I always knew that Marj's full name was Mary Marjorie Knapp South, but it didn't dawn on me until after I was either engaged or even married that here I was, named Barney, marrying the girl of my dreams, Mary. I was super proud that I could be part of Barney and Mary, part two.

*Barney Lund*



JEANETTE, MOLLY, LEXYE  
AMANDA (about to fall off)

#### MOLLY LUND CASH

Feb 17, 2020 - I don't remember a lot about Marj, but I do remember she was always eating rice. Her oxygen tank made me nervous - I was always afraid I would accidentally step on the tube.

Once when she visited us I was walking to the car with Marj and it was pretty windy. I couldn't have been older than seven, but she told me to hold onto her so she wouldn't blow away! I didn't understand much about her when she was alive, so a lot of my "memories" of Marj are really from stories about her. I do recall taking pictures with her outside her house once with our whole family. I don't know if she said it out loud or if I could just see it in her eyes, but I remember having the sense that she was really proud of all of us.

*Molly*

#### MARJ'S JOURNAL

July 17, 1987 - Amanda comes down once in a while. I watch her eyes because it is so fascinating to see them taking everything in at a glance. She picks up an article and examines it rather thoroughly and then she puts it carefully back in the same position as it was and in the same place.

#### MERCEDES THOMPSON

Oct 7, 2020 - I feel like there have been so many tender mercies for me on my mission. One of these major tender mercies is Marjorie. She reminds me so much of my Great Grandmother Marjorie. I never got to meet her but I would always hear of her spunk and charisma! I keep a photo of her with me at all times because she has been there guiding and directing my life. My friend Marjorie strangely looks sooooo much like my great grandmother and has her spunk and love for the gospel. I know I was supposed to meet her!

*Mercedes*



Photo of Marj  
which Mercedes  
keeps with her

#### AMANDA SOUTH HALL

Nov 5, 2020 - I remember the white moccasins Marj used to wear around like house slippers. I remember her voice. And the metal cups we used to drink out of. They were all different vibrant colors. I remember her house, the upstairs all open and the couch, red or burgundy or something along the curved wall. There was a plastic toy about the size of a cookie sheet. It had handles on top you could turn and it would turn all these gears. I was only 8 when she died, and we had just moved back from Texas. Mostly I remember her voice.

*Amanda*

AMANDA & MOLLY



## Chapter 122

# Legacy

Did you stop to think recently how great our family is. That to be able to communicate with other members of the family. It's not always that way.—MYRNA

P riceless is the legacy handed down from our pioneer forbears: the value of work, the love of music, the power of faith. There is a grand connection between those noble ancestors who helped build temples and tabernacles and descendents who dot the earth with domes. Great-great-great grandchildren of pioneers who felled timber, built log homes, and tilled the soil, now continue to build and create and contribute with new innovations. How grateful we can be for parents who taught us to work.

### SOUTH FAMILY REUNION

What is left of the old sawdust pile which used to tower over many of the trees.

The South family was well known in the area for their musical abilities. The entire family collaborated in presenting three memorable concerts, two in Idaho Falls at the Paramount Theatre on Broadway and one at Ricks College.

Practically every descendent of Barney and Marjorie South participated.

REN SOUTH: Our Father in Heaven has never promised us security without work or has he promised us that the way to salvation is less work and more play. It is my belief that a good working relationship with our Father in Heaven is our only chance for salvation.

DAN SOUTH: All the brothers—Dad (Ren), Charlie, and Barney, they were all workers—they just had a special talent for whatever they done. Grandpa (Samuel) South was a master carpenter, and he just had so many natural traits that way, and I think that's been passed down in our families, because you know, those traits show up in people down the line a long ways. I'm proud of our heritage, and I think all of the kids and grandkids should be proud of what the South heritage means to us, because it's of a strong family unity of people that are honest and want to serve our Heavenly Father.

DAVID: Well, let me talk about Barney. Barney died when I turned 16, so that means I never really got to know him as an adult would know an adult. He taught me a huge amount about living and life, and he made me learn how to do things. I could run a chainsaw at 16; I could fieldstrip one; I knew how to fix a truck tire; I knew how to do just a huge amount of stuff. I've always been fascinated by the things that he did. He was able to build his own little empire, in not many years.

BARRY: All the time that we were growing up, David and I went with Dad almost everywhere he went. M'Jean and Myrna were helpers of their mother more than helpers of their dad. But David and I were with Dad almost continuously throughout the days when he would go in the woods to cut timber and log. He would take us with him. One thing that impressed me about Dad was that he was so great at fixing things, under any circumstance—just anything that'd go wrong, he had enough ingenuity to put it back together and keep it going. Dad was great





to work with. He didn't—there wasn't lots of conversation, but just--- do what he was doing, and he was always there to teach you.

RANDY: It has always been my deep-felt conviction that one of the most important traits you can teach and pass on to your children is working hard with efficiency. It is so important to get something accomplished while working. In addition, it is important to reflect on the accomplishment. You see it is not enough just to work without accomplishment. Putting the time and effort into something that shows no value seems futile.

Barney never had a chance to serve a mission. Under dire circumstances, Sam had moved the family to that remote canyon in Island Park when Barney was 18. He told Marj he regretted having never had the opportunity to go on a mission. He had no chance to go to college or even graduate from high school. "And yet," said David, "Barney became very well self-educated. He had a way of really studying. He studied nuclear physics, for instance." The result of the harsh life they experienced was, in David's words, "a tough-minded self-reliance and rugged individualism," which Barney shared with the others in the family.

From the time his father lost the use of his arm in 1926, Barney carried much of the load of the family on his back. They were barely maintaining a livelihood when the effects of the Great Depression enveloped the country. During depression times he and Marj were married, and he carried her family as well.

The depression was followed by World War II, and Barney was involved in defense projects throughout much of the war, which ended in 1945.

DAVID: And he died nine years later, and he built a pretty darn good-sized construction business, sawmill, and the kind of things most people wouldn't be able to put together.

Now for Marj—Marj was a very gentle woman. After Barney died, Marj tackled just about any task that she felt she could handle. She did a major part of the lumber selling and even helped move the wood. That was a tough time; everybody had to pitch in to get the work done.

BARRY: Marj was--as I get older and look back at what she did—I appreciate her capabilities more and more all the time. When you consider that she was quite a young person when Dad died—she was younger than 40 years old—very attractive lady. And her main concern after he died, was to do the very best job that she could do at raising six kids. Dad had always hired other people to work for us. But Marj knew that all of a sudden the main breadwinner was gone, and she had to really be careful with money.

I think Marj was strong enough in the gospel, that she just simply drew a line in the sand and said, we're not going to cross that line. And that line was, we go to church, we have family prayer, we pay our tithing, we do everything the Lord has told us to do. As I say, she dedicated herself to raising the family the way they should be raised, and she did a fantastic job of it.

## *Music*

From great-great grandfathers who carved their own violins, and great-great grandmothers who were sought-after vocal soloists, has come a rich musical heritage cherished and carried forward in many forms in the family today.

Barney and Marj cultivated those musical traditions, providing opportunities for the art of music to flower in their family, and all have been blessed by the gift of



music. Dedicated and talented instrumentalists and singers, immersed in the demanding, sophisticated world of great music, continue to perform, teach, inspire, and serve, touching hearts and lives of countless others.

*Legacy of Faith*  
**I**n 1820, when Joseph Smith went into what has come to be known as the Sacred Grove to pray to seek the truth, there were South and Knapp ancestors in England, being prepared to receive the truths revealed to the young prophet. Through trials and tribulations, our faithful forbears accepted the gospel and were bought by the hand of the Lord to Zion. What a blessing for all of us today!

Years ago, both Barney's and Marj's fathers represented the Savior as they served fulltime missions. Many family members since have served, some multiple times, and some currently are serving missions. The faith and testimonies of this family burn brightly.

**SAMUEL SOUTH:** June 1896, I was called by divine authority to go on a mission to the Southern States of America. I rejoiced exceedingly in being called to such a great and glorious calling — that of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ and being endowed by the power on High to baptize new converts for the remission of their sins and give or confer upon them the Holy Ghost. It is the most glorious blessing that can be given to man. Jesus Christ said: "This is my work and my glory to bring to pass the Eternal Life and Immortality of man."

**JUSTIN KNAPP:** It took me some time to overcome fear and dread of meeting people, but through constant tracting and holding meetings, I learned the joy of missionary work. Most of our meetings were held on the street. We slept in a box car one night, and once in a barn. While attending a cottage meeting I was asked to talk on Revelation. I talked 45 minutes and enjoyed the Spirit of the Lord. At the close of the meeting, this Mr. Stewart came and shook hands with me and said he had heard the thing he had been seeking and he was convinced and converted and wanted to be baptized. I was grateful for this experience for I had always prayed that I might do some good and teach others what we enjoyed.

In 1924, Justin Knapp, in a letter to his wife, Mabel, reaffirmed his dedication to live gospel principles, "enjoying the blessings of the gospel and our family if we but keep the commandments of the Lord. May we ever pray for these blessings and live for them."

Weak and feeble in voice, but strong in spirit, Marj's mother, Mabel, spoke to her posterity on tape three months before she passed away.

**MABEL:** *Mar 17, 1969* - And so now, to all of you way out there, through the years, I tell you, that I know the gospel is true, and I hope that you'll all learn and be faithful and true to the teachings of the gospel that you may be counted among the treasured ones of our Father in Heaven and do the things that are pleasing in



**FAMILY SINGALONG**  
 "I thought it was normal for families to sing choir music in four part harmony." (Dave South)

**JOSEPH SMITH**  
 Painting by cousin Sharleen Hess Kelsey





His sight all of your lives and teach your children that we may be forever family in the kingdom of our Father in Heaven. For now I say goodbye. (During the last paragraph, especially, Mabel paused frequently and sometimes was gasping for breath.)

#### FROM THE FIELD:

SUSAN: *Feb 6, 1975* - You had better be taking or making some opportunities to do missionary work. It's a lifelong responsibility, and you elected to take it on, along with all of the rest of us before any of us hit this planet!! Besides, it's a kick!! We're teaching some fired up people here now, and it's so fine, because we'll be eternal friends and acquaintances (more essentially, brothers and sisters) - jes' like ye old familia, eh?!

#### DAILY WITNESS

M'JEAN: *Nov 13, 2020* - When I first arrived in Austria, I was counting the days when I could go home, and since it was a 27-month mission, that was a lot of days. It was very hard. After about 3 months, I became comfortable with the language and customs, but it was often still hard. We spent most of our time tract-ing, door to door, in all weather. At times it was downright miserable. I remember many times remarking to companions, who agreed, that we would not do this for money, no matter how much it paid! It was only because of the testimony and love of the gospel and the desire to share it that would motivate us to knock on doors, often slammed in our faces, day after day.

Yet, what stands out to me is that every single day, whether it was a large or small thing, something would witness to me that God lives, loves us, sent His Son to atone for our sins, and that the gospel had been restored through the prophet Joseph Smith. Sometimes a verse of scripture, sometimes the joy of hearing someone's first attempt to pray, sometimes simply a tiny particle of God's creation. By the end of every day, no matter what kind of day it was, something would bear that witness.

And so it still is for me, my testimony founded on a million jillion things, most of them forgotten, a testimony still nourished with constant feeding. And the testimony "food" gets better and better all the time.

#### LEAVING FOR ITALIAN MISSION

MYRNA: *My 19, 2011* - On Monday, Vaughn and I leave for Italy for a mission. I went on a mission to Italy in 1969, so it's been, I think about over 40 years. We're going to be in Sicily, on the island. Now that they're building a temple in Rome, I expect to see a lot of missionary work success in Sicily. And we're so excited.

We took some neighbors to "Music and the Spoken Word" two weeks ago and then went over to the visitors' center. The tour guide started talking about the restoration of the gospel. And the Australians weren't too impressed and didn't really want to hear that message.

It's made me think an awful lot since about what a blessing it is to have been raised in the church and to have all the blessings of the gospel. It would just take too long to explain to them what they are missing. If you COULD explain it—if they COULD see it—if they COULD understand it, then they would say, "Oh, okay, I can see that this is worth—this is that pearl of great price that's worth searching for."

And so I feel very blessed that I didn't have to search for it. In a way, I guess we all search. We search to make the gospel more important in our lives. But we do have a great blessing in having this way of life that was sort of given to us, for those of us who were born in the church.

So, someday—I don't know who will ever listen to this message, but I want you to know that the gospel is the greatest blessing that you will ever have in your life. And you ought to live it as well as you can. And that will bring happiness in this life and blessings we're promised that we can't even imagine in the next life.

So, I'm excited to be taking off on this mission. Hope we can do some real

good there. And I surely enjoy my family here. I'm going to miss my family. It's nice now that we have email and other ways to keep in touch.

Thanks for being who you are and doing what you do. And I'm signing out.

RANDY: 2020 - My testimony [is] that God lives, that Jesus Christ is the Savior of all the world, and that we owe everything to Them, even our very lives, experiences, and so forth. The Savior Jesus Christ gave us the ultimate gift, the "atone-ment." And what follows as the night to day is that "to the degree" that we give our will to the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, we are blessed.

DAVID: Feb 25, 2010 - As I get older, I get more teary. I have a hard time. There's no doubt at all that God lives and that He runs things. All of our families intertwine—back and forth, fight, struggle, whatever, but those that'll stay true to their faith, stay true to the gospel principles, have an infinitely easier plan. I mean, they can have huge physical problems, huge mortgages and all kinds of problems, but if they'll stay true to their faith, this earth is going to be a cream puff compared to those that don't. It's really sad that so many people sell their birthright for the mess of pottage.

BARRY: Jun 25, 2010 - I'm grateful for the gospel. It's a wonderful plan. It's a program where, if we can do what we're told to do in the gospel, we will become the type of people that will be able to return to our Heavenly Father with our families and live together and continue to progress. And that's the way it ought to be.

MARJ: Apr 29, 1963 - I still teach Thology, and Guides, and I never miss Sunday School or Sacrament meeting. I have a stronger testimony of the divinity of the church than I have ever had, and a love of the gospel I've never had before.

Sep 9, 1963 - Knowledge of and a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel is not enough. We also need a love for the gospel. That love is the motivating force.

Marj's written Testimony read at her funeral: "Dear Friends, I KNOW this gospel is true; I KNOW Joseph Smith translated the account of it from the gold plates which was the will of God by the gift and power of God, for my sake and for your sake also, that each of us may know the plan of salvation. I KNOW that by obedience to the principles of the gospel that you and I, and all those who obey and love the Lord, will be candidates to inherit a place in His celestial kingdom for those He loves. The Apostle John said, 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.' (John7:17) The Lord bless you in your endeavors in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Perhaps family members never heard Barney bear a formal testimony, but in his handwriting, in his little blue notebook, he wrote the following:

BARNEY: Spirituality is that liveline [sic] of spirit that intensifies appreciation of the beautiful, deepens loyalty to truth and kindles love for the good; it puts the heart in harmony with moral forces of the world; promotes delight in the realization of high ideals; and quickens in the heart the joyous glory of being in actual partnership with God in the purification and ennoblement of mankind.

#### OUR FAMILY LEGACY - IN TWO STATEMENTS BY SUSAN:

SUSAN: Nov 11, 1973 - We've got a pretty cool family, don'tcha think?

SUSAN: Apr 8, 1974 - We're blessed with one another.

## Chapter 123

# Epilogue

We should not play too much with fire or we may get bit and burnt.—BARNEY

Just kidding. No lofty or grand epilogue. Just some parting shots.  
For a little “taste” of the Targhee Forest, here’s a bit of fun:

Barry, Elinor, Susan, M’Jean, and Myrna were driving around up in Island Park in the area of the old sawmill--a favorite pastime--and had a tape recorder running:

### *Moose Chasing*

BARRY: When Ellie and I were young, newly married, I bought a new--I think it was ’56 or ’57 Chevrolet pickup—really a classy, classy black pickup. It was one of those that had a 3-speed transmission on the steering column. And we were out here one day kinda on a --might have been on a Sunday—we were just kinda looking around, enjoying the day. And we spotted a bull moose out here, and we thought, ah, let’s have a little fun with that moose.

SUSAN: Who’s we?

BARRY: Ellie and I.

SUSAN: Yeah, that’s what I thought.

BARRY: So we started herding that moose, and when he saw what we were doing, he made a beeline for the trees. I can’t remember which way he was going, but you can see how flat it is out here and dry..

SUSAN: And you landed in a hole.

BARRY: Huh?

SUSAN: And you landed in a hole.

BARRY: No.

ELINOR: We chased the moose.

BARRY: We kept cutting that moose off, and he kept running. He’d run, we’d cut him off, he’d turn direction and run more. And we ran him for quite a while until his tongue was hanging out. His ol’ tongue was hanging out of his mouth six, eight inches. And finally he stopped. There’s the antelope up there. He stopped, and he was just panting there, and we pulled up reasonably close to him. We was trying to get him to move again, and he refused to move.

SUSAN: Mashed him.



BARRY: So I thought, well I wonder what he'll do if I just keep pressing him. So I pulled right directly toward him more and more, and I got up probably about as far as from here to that chute right there.

M'JEAN: With Elinor screaming the whole time.

ELINOR: Yes.

BARRY: (laughs) Probably so. That ol' moose was just glaring at us—and looking at us. His feet were spread apart. His horns were---(laughs)—swinging his head. I was just hollering at him, revving the motor and honking. Finally he dropped his horns, and here he came.

ELINOR: He charged us.

BARRY: He charged. And the reverse on that 3-speed pickup was really a fast reverse. I had it in reverse, and I let the clutch out, and I backed up, and he kept coming. And we were backing up, and he was chasing us, now. We were backing up, and he was coming at us. And finally, I could outrun him in reverse. But he chased us for probably two or three hundred feet.

ELINOR: He was mad. I remember it totally. He was mad.

BARRY: So after he gave up, we started hazing him again—hazing him around the—

ELINOR: The we is he.

SUSAN: That's what I thought—used loosely.

M'JEAN: (tape static).. by Elinor, of course. (Everyone laughs)

BARRY: The next time or two I think I did that same thing, and then he came close enough to the front that I thought, that's kinda risky. So the next time he stopped, I pulled off ninety degrees to him. So when he charged again, I could take off forward and turn away from him, and I could outrun him pretty easily. And then one time I did that, and my coordination was off a little bit. And he came right up—I could have reached out and grabbed his horn, right here.

SUSAN: But we didn't.

BARRY: He could have hit the pickup if he had chosen to, but he chose not to. He lifted his head and avoided hitting the pickup. And he actually—either he bumped me or I bumped him—I got a little dent in the fender of the pickup.

But he was still an upset moose, but he was tired. And then he got to where he would haze a little. We were backing off quite a bit. And we came from right over here, just on this side of—this was a corral then. And I told Ellie, get out there and open the gate, and we'll corral him.

(HYSTERICAL LAUGHING)

ELINOR: I didn't.

SUSAN: I knew she wouldn't

BARRY: You open the gate and stand there and make a lot of noise

SUSAN: Here, moosie, moosie

BARRY: and when he comes by, he'll go in the corral, and I'll chase him around. She wouldn't do it.

ELINOR: Can you imagine?

M'JEAN: Yeah, I can. You didn't offer to do that while she chased him.

BARRY: She wasn't that good of driver.

ALL the girls: Oooohh—laughing

(TAPE BREAK)

BARRY & ELINOR SOUTH

With this pair there is  
never a dull moment!



## *A Birthday Poem*

February 20, 2015 - Happy Birthday! - Happy Anniversary!

To my big brother, David  
Always big to me, Though yourself just a tyke,  
Giving a push in the swing, A hitch on your tryke,  
Holding my hand, trekking to the Big Tree, Or out to the mill,  
To the train, to the stockyards, which were farther still.

I watched you and Barry deliver wood to the back door,  
Up the tree ladder and over the roof, so not to drop bark on the floor.  
“Midget” you called me, of course, in fun,  
Nobody else did, you’re the only one.

My “date” at the daddy daughter dinner, You escorted me there,  
Along with Myrna and Barry, We had brothers who care.  
You looked out for our family, With plenty of advice,  
And passed it along, always quite nice.

Musical guy, choir officer too,  
Sang solos and duos and quartets not a few,  
Some came to the house;  
Myrna and I felt honored to accompany you.  
In Finian’s Rainbow I thought you were fine  
As Og the Leprechaun, giving every gal a line.  
You broke your arm cranking an old truck  
To haul our new kerosene refrigerator; That was really bad luck.

When church officers came to our humble abode  
And called you to serve in the new Sunday School,  
Without hesitation you said you would,  
Superintendency; We thought you were cool.  
Myrna and I played the piano and led the songs  
In the little old schoolhouse; Folks came in throngs.

You married your sweetheart, you lived upstairs  
In the dear old apartment house, making repairs.  
Then you lived in the “bug house” with its dust and mice,  
Judy we got to know and to love, she was so nice.  
She learned the ways of the woods, washing outdoors,  
A sawmiller’s wife has many rough chores,  
Wood from the woodpile, Water from the well,  
She took to it fine; she was just swell.

Real estate, Lawndale, South Hiway and more  
Myrna and I helped, painting shelves at that store,  
Feeling woozy from paint fumes, driving home in the car  
Wondering if that’s how alcoholics have minds all ajar,  
That car had no reverse and one sticky choke  
Getting it to run was really no joke.

Your children came along, and then off to the farm,

Learning to plow and to irrigate with shovel and canvas dam  
We all lived in the small white house for a time,  
The night the six siblings hayed by moonlight is a favorite memory of mine.  
The horses were great, but a challenge, I suppose,  
I remember the day you punched one in the nose.  
You had a favorite—a Tennessee Walker name “Star,”  
It gave you a smooth ride, the best riding horse by far.  
We had some little calves, Remember “Cochichuate?”  
I was fond of him somehow.  
It was hard feeding calves milk with a bucket,  
So we got one ornery cow.

Bernie got married, and at his reception,  
The country folks had a dance to show appreciation  
Judy was tied up in “Annie Get Your Gun,”  
My brother David danced with me that evening just for fun.  
Said he, “I guess I can dance with my sister  
While my wife is kissing another Mister.”

Chicago came looking for a talented guy,  
We all wished you well and said our Goodbye.  
When it came Christmas the whole family visited and was merry,  
It was fun, but the ride in the car was snowy and scary.

On a trip back to Zion came your family none too soon,  
Returning through Island Park, you watched first men on the moon.  
It was at Barry’s trailer house on the TV.  
You had to be leaving, and you invited me.  
“How long to get ready?” was my query.  
“Not much—fifteen minutes—you need to hurry.”  
So to Chicago you took me along,  
With your sweet family, singing a song,  
It was fearfully hot that July 21st day,  
When we came to road construction that halted our way,  
The flag girl was out there baking in the heat  
You bought an ice cream bar and brought it back, a welcome treat.

In that posh Wilmette neighborhood one humble house stood,  
The home of David and Judy and their tiny brood.  
I searched and hunted and landed some work  
At the German Consulate General, speaking German was a real perk.  
During lunch every day I walked down to the lake.  
It was a good job for me, a blessing, a lucky break.  
We commuted to work together, you and I, on the train,  
With David Kennedy’s son-in-law driving us to the station and back again,  
In David Kennedy’s Mercedes we rode all in style,  
I was sorry you guys had to wait for me once in a while.

Then Myrna came visiting, and we went to Nauvoo,  
Not much to see there then; we went on to the zoo.  
Where I got too close to a camel, you see,  
He walked right over and spit upon me.  
Myrna had put in her papers and was awaiting her call,  
When the phone rang and Marj said “Italy,” we cheered one and all.  
I had planned on graduate school, but the plan looked fateful,



That's when you saved my assistantship; I'll always be grateful.  
A BYU letter said no to my teaching, because of false conclusions reaching.  
I constructed a letter, defensive at best;  
You said, "I'll write it and put THEM to the test."  
I had a degree from a college, but about psychology had little knowledge.  
You poured it on heavy, you poured it on thick,  
I was restored to my job, Your letter did the trick.

Y'all came back to good ole Idaho  
Built a new business, revolving around the potato.  
A new house on Sand Creek was built in a wink,  
Everyone pitched in, carpeting, painting, installing the sink.  
Since that time there has been much family history,  
How the years have slipped by is largely a mystery

Many life lessons you have taught me, too,  
"The only security is in many things knowing how to do"  
"I cannot afford things that are free,  
"They are always way too expensive for me."  
Too many things to number, some I forgot,  
What a great brother is and what he is not,  
This much I can tell, right from the start,  
My wonderful brother has a great big heart.

I Love You,  
M'Jean

## *Quips & Quotes from David*

There is no such thing as job security. Your only security is in knowing how to do a lot of things.

I can't afford free stuff; it costs me too much.

They figure if a little will do a little good, then a lot will do a lot of good.

I don't want to hear about how you're going to make us a lot of money tomorrow. I want to know how you are going to make the cash register ring today.

Rules were made for when brains run out.

What are you complaining about-things might be worse.....Things could possibly turn out all right. The old world turns in mysterious paths.....Well good luck and chin up. Who knows, the sun might shine tomorrow. (May 5, 1966)

Left in the hands of the Lord, the actions of the dishonest eventually catch up with them. (Think Round, page 185)

You can't spend your life trying to protect yourself from idiots and thieves. You do, however, have to use judgment and trust in the Lord. (Think Round, page 185)

### **EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO MISSIONARIES SUSAN & RANDY**

You have a great heritage. (approx. 1st week in March, 1974.

We also have a year's supply all set up for all—although I hope we won't have to eat it. The variety leaves something to be desired. (March 17, 1974.

We are kept very busy paying for the toys we are buying. (March 24, 1974.)  
Spring has thrown her hat in the door. (Apr 6, 1964)

Time is swiftly flying and it seems that we only get done a fraction of what we wish to do. Therefore, our most valuable time is often that time we use planning for the rest of our time. (Apr 5, 1974.)

There are many powers on this earth that are bad. Hang in with what you find in the scriptures. In them is exaltation. (Apr 21, 1974.)



I can tell you there is a large proportion of people who rush headlong into the pits of the devil. They don't seem to need much tempting. (Jun 9, 1974.)

### *"Cruisin' Down the River"*

MICHAEL, REBECCA,  
DAVID, JESSICA,  
MELINDA  
(Snake River in front of  
Marj's domes)

Astrology is a very interesting pseudo-science. Exact math and scientific measurement are involved. But remember, as long and complex as you can make an equation, or set of equations, the answer is always wrong if a single zero is used in the multiplication or division. This is the problem with all pseudo-sciences. They have a zero in their equations—a false premise—a touch of mystery—the devil. (June 16, 1974.)

The cost of souls is paid in part by the labor of you missionaries as the price for hard work. (July 7, 1974.)

The world we live on turns in strange orbits. You'll never know how effective you are. I know you both are numbered among the finest, best, and most effective. I have great faith in you. (July 7, 1974.)

Life is good—tough, demanding—but wonderful. (July 28, 1974)

It was a pleasant day, but the clouds cried now and then. (Aug 11, 1974)

Keep the faith. Work like the devil is after you. Enjoy life. (Aug 11, 1974)

Hang with it, people. This life is a short exam period. (Sep 8, 1974)

Remember how long it took to build the Salt Lake temple. You are building your own temple, and part of it is "hanging in there." (Oct 13, 1974)

Barry is speaking tonight in the clean-up slot. His subject is missionary work. He spoke about changing times. The wheat and tares are being separated. Barry has very great love for others. He is a very good brother to you people. I cannot tell you here what he has said but be assured—he is a very good brother. (Oct 13, 1974)

The days slip by so rapidly that some of them seem left out. Sometimes I wonder if we don't take time too lightly. (Jan 9, 1975 approx)

Who knows what is ahead? Often I wonder. We lead such a frail existence. A bad storm, a dry year, too much rain—what would it be like?

Life is not a bowl of cherries, but it is good for us all. It is better than most of us would admit to ourselves.

I hope that we can all remember who we are. We can help each other and our fellow men. Each day we have the opportunities and now and then we try. It seems that we must go farther out of our way