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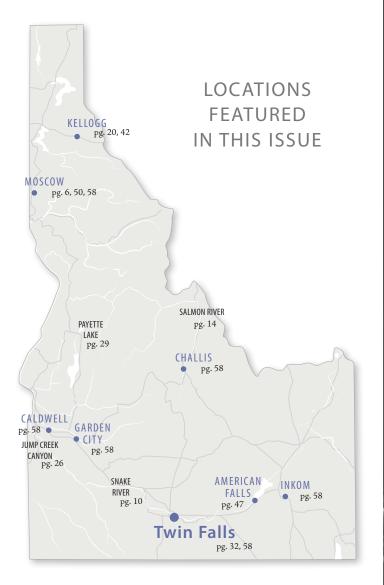
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Northern Idaho near the border with Washington. Photo by Miranda R. Carter

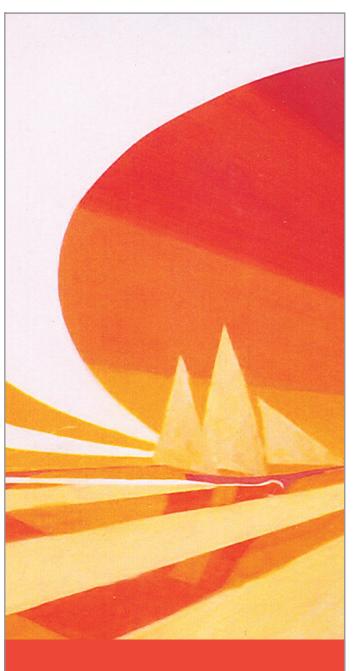
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Camas Prairie will soon be in bloom again. 🛡

~Photo by Debbie London Cline

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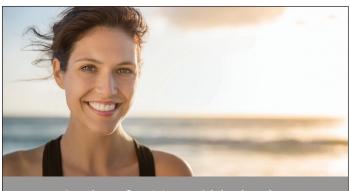
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FAR ABOVE: Photo of the author's grandfather on her wall at home.

ABOVE: Postcard of a barn in the Palouse.

The Long Road Back

In the Fold of Midnight Stars

BY MIRANDA R. CARTER

y grandfather gave us the northern Idaho wilderness. He gave it to us in all its forms: vast populations of pines fleshing out rich, rolling hillsides; ribbons of reflective rivers and crystal runoff cutting through muddy banks; yellowed ponds and patchwork fields torn by four-wheelers and motorcycles; sunlight and snow and the sharp shoulder blades of lookout mountains.

"God's country," he called it. When I moved to Colorado, and later to Montana, he referred to my location as "out of the country." He never could understand why anyone would want to be anywhere else.

Growing up, we internalize our hometowns as the hub of our existences, no matter how rural or inconsequential they might seem in comparison to densely populated places with actual airports and internationally known names. Even after we initially depart, it is tempting to refer to our hometowns as reference points in relationship to other parts of the world. We do not merely live in Colorado or Montana. We live x-number of hours from home. We do not merely live in Colorado or Montana, we are from somewhere else, and that never goes away no matter how comfortable we are with shedding layers of the places that raised us.

I am one of those people. My grandparents had five children, the first of whom passed away at birth and became a secretive scrawl in my grandmother's Bible. The rest grew and combined with others to create their own offshoots of family and culture, much of which identified strongly with casual Idahoan traditionalism. In most ways, I ended up in a different space, absorbing my mother's folk music, parting my hair down the middle, voting blue in our simulated sixthgrade election. And I craved departure. My body yearned for new sights and fresh spaces.

Weekend road trips and new addresses in separate states became the tenor of my adulthood. I am always hoping to find new parts of myself or to recover old ones in the fold of midnight stars and quiet roads. And indeed, aspects of my internal mold curl and fall or otherwise rebuild at the feet of bruised layers of sediment and cacti, speckled seas, European cobblestones, and second-story drywall. I lust over the energetic bustle of cities and find solace in the swell of new bodies of water. Still, at my core is a northern light: an inclination toward the Idaho wilderness, planted there by my grandfather, who also possessed the expensive habit of burning his energy on uneven trails to feel most alive.

When I last asked my grandpa if there was any place he would like to travel to before he died, he was reclining in his brown chair with his feet up, tube socks slightly bunched at the toes, blinking harshly behind his silver-rimmed glasses. He told me maybe Korea—it would be interesting to revisit the places he had helped to occupy during the war. Other than that, just his favorite casino in Nevada.

He was stubborn like that, confined to the regularity of various comforts and predictabilities, and I can't say it was because he had tasted or considered a breadth of alternatives and decided on his original preferences. He loved that brown chair, his tube socks and flannels, that particular casino in Nevada. He left the DVDs my mother gave him in their plastic wrap in favor of looping John Wayne films and Gonzaga basketball. Despite retirement, he could not help himself from coming into the mechanic's shop my father and uncle bought from him the year I was born, and he certainly didn't surrender the police scanner he kept for wrecker calls. He left it planted on the table by his recliner, right next to his peanuts so he could watch TV on low volume, listen to the goings-on of Moscow, and watch cars pass through the large window framing the highway. From his perch, he could recognize vehicles and identify who they belonged to. He always knew if I was coming home.

When I was a child, nights at Grandma's and Grandpa's were replicas of each other: white

spaghetti dinners with peppered corn and rolls smothered in homemade strawberry jam, one of two VHSs, burnt popcorn, and faded storybooks. Camping promised hot chocolate in porcelain mugs around a peanut shell-ringed campfire ignited by the marriage of matches and gasoline. The sameness of it all provided a steady rod of refuge amidst the versatile reality I successfully created for myself, a palatable constant that I did not aim to replicate in my own life but could honor, and rest in, when I longed for something to return to.

Yet things change, even the most stubbornly retentive of things. Grandpa's body began to deteriorate around the same time that Grandma's memory decided to do the same. The fourwheeler, the tin coffee pot, and the camp trailer became a perpetually hibernating heap. Severed from the backdrop of cool evenings by the old dredge where my sister and I used to hunt for crawdad claws, cut off from the golden glow of pine boughs and old card tables splitting in the sun, my grandfather no longer could access traces of divinity that spoke to him in a language he best understood. The mountains still sang, but he could not hear them, could not delight in their shape nor take sips of the sky. He didn't verbally mourn it, just like he didn't verbally mourn just about anything—but I knew there







FAR ABOVE: A northern Idaho sunrise.

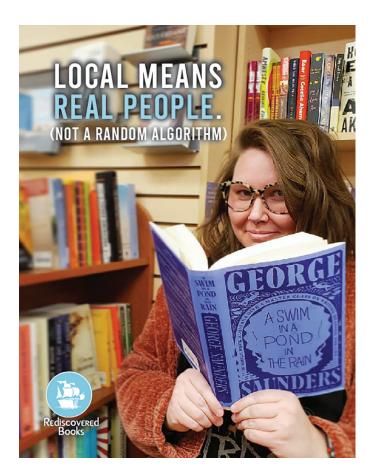
ABOVE: Scene on the Palouse.

must be some part of his spirit that had begun to wither.

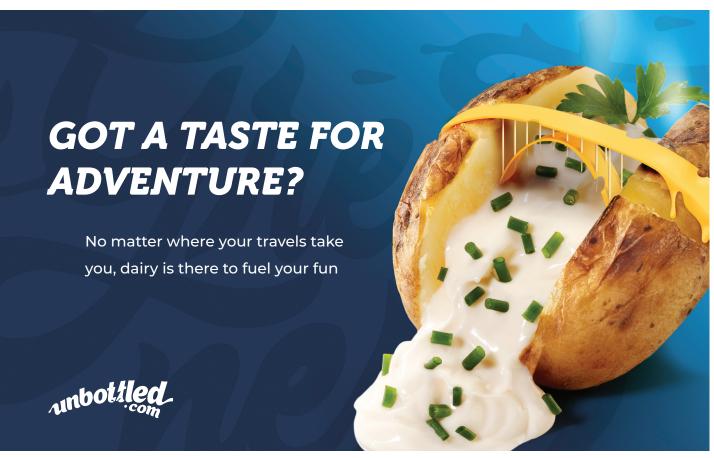
I happened to drive home the day before my grandfather passed, the nose of my vehicle cutting through a blanketed night and threads of fog. Montana handed me over to Idaho and the fresh, rich scent of soil and pine seeped into the cab. The leaves on the sidewalk the next morning outside the hospital were browning and crumpled, the trees like slick oil against a drained October sky.

The first thing my grandfather asked for when he learned he was dying was a beer, and at the discretion of the nurses, we provided. I felt badly that the only jeans I had packed that weekend were ripped, and sure enough, he held my ringed hand with his paling one and asked if I had the money to buy a full pair. We laughed through tears and observed the life taking place right next to the dying that was happening, a transition he had not discussed with fear. The last time we had spoken of it was the day he mentioned Korea. He talked about death as if it had been kind to himas if it had chosen to preserve him in ways he was not entitled to. He perceived death not as a looming enemy, but as a straightforward practicality of the universe.

Unsure whether he possessed faith or lacked it, I wondered often where his confidence in the gentleness of death came from. Perhaps it had something to do with that sense of returning, of giving his body back to the land he loved. No longer being in it, but becoming it.









The Most Beautiful Thing

In the Most Beautiful Place

BY BRODY BARRUS

very bend of the South Fork of the Snake River as it slithers and cuts through eastern Idaho bleeds beauty. Tall luscious cottonwoods tower over the river, providing a home to hundreds of bald eagles. If I'm lucky, I may catch a glimpse of a mature bald eagle diving toward the water like a kamikaze pilot, only to pull up at the last second, grasping onto an unsuspecting trout with its razor-sharp talons. Below the cover of the cottonwoods, whitetail

deer and shiras or Yellowstone moose thrive. On occasion, I see them along the banks getting a drink of water or going for an afternoon swim. Throughout the canyon section, the willowy banks abruptly transition to sky-high cliffs. When I gaze upon those cliffs, I sometimes begin to feel almost hypnotized by the thousands of swallows that flutter about like a cloud of mosquitoes. The South Fork is so rich with beauty, it is truly difficult to take it all in at once.

ABOVE: The author displays a male brown trout in spawning season.

Below the surface of the river, prowling the depths in search of hatching flies, worms, or perhaps a school of minnows, is what I consider to be the purest form of beauty to be found: trout. The South Fork is home to several different species of trout: brown, cutthroat, rainbow, and the occasional lake trout. After hundreds of trips down the river catching thousands of fish, I have become particularly obsessed with brown trout. They are as tough as a mule, meaner than a two-headed snake, sly as a fox, yet also are one of the most beautiful works of art Earth has to offer.

Without fail, each time I catch the first glimpse of a brown trout darting through the water, thrashing, throwing its head, and violently fighting to stay in the river, I feel a wave of adrenaline and excitement. Being able to trick a brown trout into gorging on whatever bait I might present is only part of the challenge. Getting the fish into the net can prove just as difficult. Mature brown trout are powerful and will try anything to get away, such as lying in the heavy current, which can cause your line to snap, or jumping out of the water and spitting the hook, or swimming into a logjam in search of shelter. After successfully netting a brown, the thrill that kicked in during the fight immediately turns to respect and amazement as I admire the natural beauty radiating from the trout.

Its colors vary depending on the time of year and the gender of the fish. During spring and summer, both male and female browns turn a buttery gold riddled with black and bright red spots. As summer transitions to fall and spawning season approaches, a male brown trout's appearance rapidly







changes: the buttery gold of summer turn to a much darker, richer gold, occasionally almost an orange-like color. The top of the fish's nose flattens out, and, most noticeably, the kype or hooked jaw develops as a weapon to fight off other males. In the midst of the spawn, male browns are vicious-looking, their mouths resembling that of an alligator.

I've traveled throughout most of the United States and to several foreign countries but I have yet to experience anything as rich with beauty as the South Fork. Some people may think of beauty as a fine piece of art, tucked away in an art gallery.

Some may find it in their spouse or significant other. The dictionary defines beauty as "the quality or aggregate of qualities in a person or thing that gives pleasure to the senses or pleasurably exalts the mind or spirit." That definition is helpful, but it doesn't give the concrete answer of what beauty is to me. I find it to be most prominently displayed on the South Fork of the Snake River, which crawls with wildlife. The landscape throughout is eyepopping—and, of course, somewhere below the surface, the beautiful brown trout hides, waiting to ambush its prey.

ABOVE: Snake River South Fork.



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IDAHO magazine recently received the following story from Judy B. Frederick of Boise. In an email, Judy told us the story's author "was my birth father whom I never met." She added, "I have recently been welcomed into the Brown family and have been impressed by the writings and history given to me by family members." Lewis Orson Brown was the youngest of eleven children in a family who lived in the Salmon area. His Uncle Shane was a prolific writer of stories and poetry, and Lewis was well-known as a storyteller. Judy's cousin, Gayla Kaiser of Salmon, sent her this story, which Lewis wrote in 2009.

TIMES WERE TOUGH IN THE 1920S AND 1930S WITH THE CRASH IN 1929 THAT STARTED THE GREAT DEPRESSION. **PEOPLE HAD TO ADAPT OVERNIGHT OR DISAPPEAR, JUST AS THEIR SAVINGS HAD DONE.**

As banks failed, people's way of life came under threat, going right down to their very survival. At the age of twenty-two, my uncle Shane Brown was in the process of buying a fine ranch on the Lemhi River. His hopes were high until the place suddenly was bought out from under him by a colorful ex-sheriff from Alaska named John Snook, who was also warden of the state prison in Boise. With ready cash, John offered the seller a deal he couldn't refuse.

Frustrated and angry, Shane intended to shoot his rival on sight at the first opportunity. John knew Shane to be a serious threat, so he took the proper precaution to turn to the law, and he managed to stay alive until Shane's anger had cooled. By then, Shane had made more stable plans to resolve this crisis in his life. He had married, and the couple had a baby on the way.

He located a fertile forty-acre parcel of undeveloped land across the Salmon River from Kriley Gulch [between contemporary North Fork and Carmen], formerly the old Thurman place. If he could manage to put in a working irrigation system, he could maybe support six head of milk cows, forty sheep, and a team of horses broke to ride.

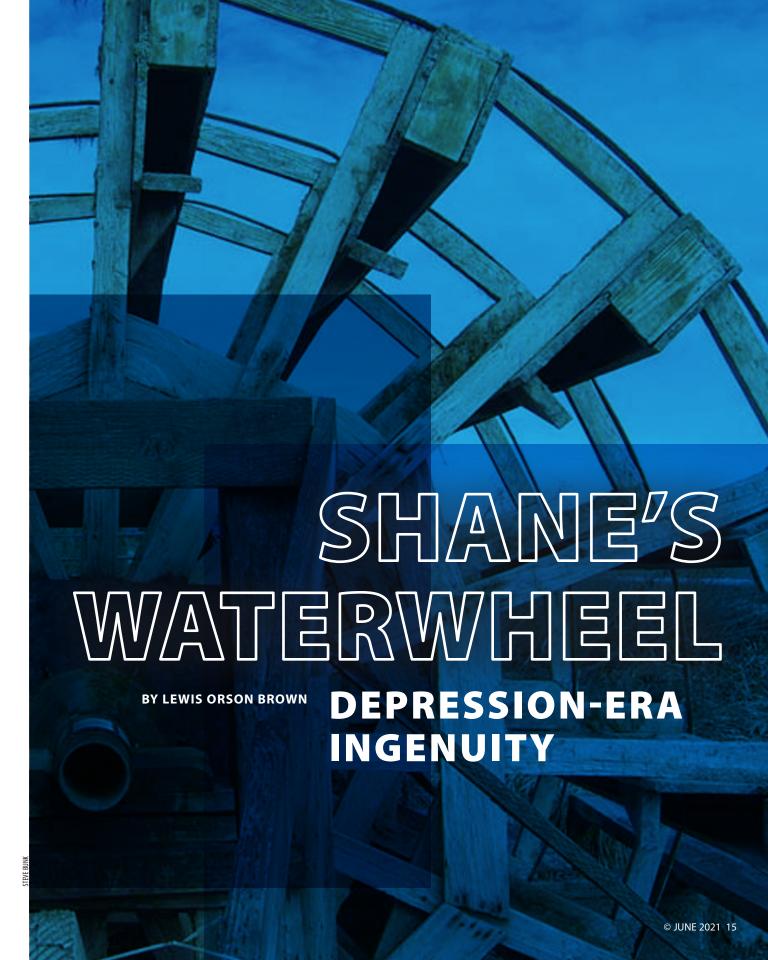
One drawback was that the land was located on the far side of the great Salmon River, and

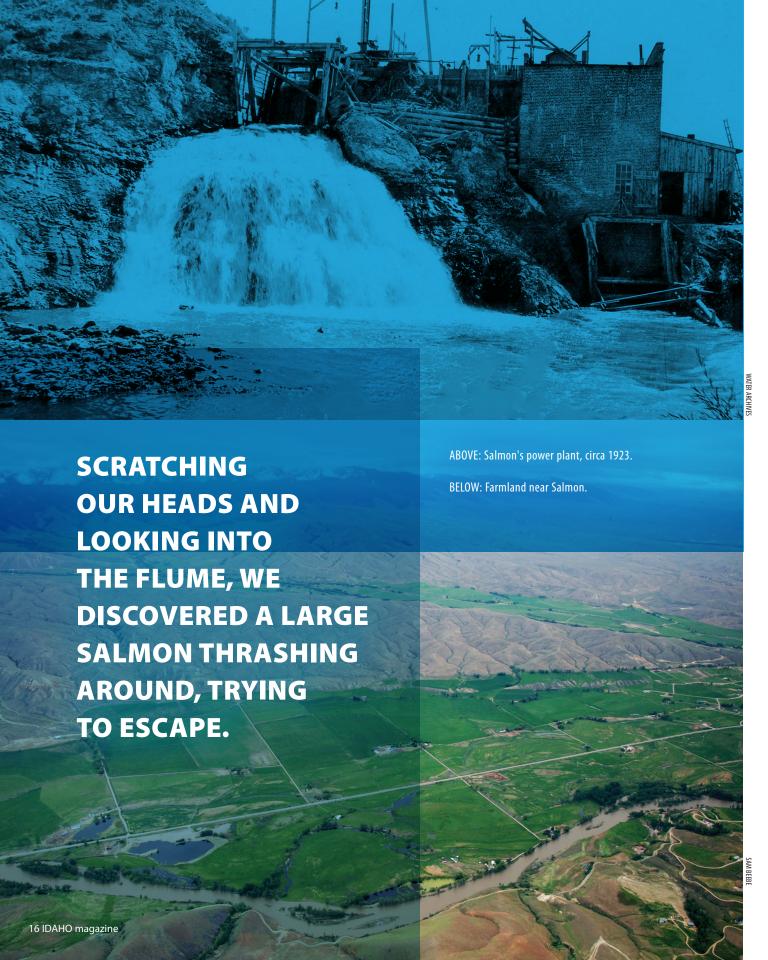
there was no bridge. But with his horses, he easily solved that problem. A ten-foot wooden boat served as a ferry to cross the river. The boat was pulled by one of the combination work-and-riding horses, by means of a rope tied from the saddle horn to the boat.

On the other side of the river, an old house full of packrats and with a leaky roof became the young family's abode. Buckets and pans strategically placed in the attic contended with the leaky roof. The rats moved into the attic with the wood ticks, which left the downstairs livable. Shane spent the first winter on the place building a waterwheel twenty feet high out of lodgepole pine. Twelve-foot planks served as paddles, and on the far end of each paddle were buckets of roughly six-to-eight gallons in capacity. With the team of horses and a Fresno scraper, he scratched out a channel in the river to set the waterwheel at the upper end of the property.

A log wing swung out into the mainstream, helping to divert enough water to power the wheel. Shane built the wing so it could be raised or lowered, thus keeping it away from ice jams in the winter. The waterwheel was built around an eight-inch lodgepole axle with ten-inch spikes, side by side, as a bearing surface on each hub and on each end of the axle. The wheel was lubricated

RIGHT: An old Idaho waterwheel.





with hard-oil axle grease. As it turned in the current, dipping the buckets full, they were emptied into a horizontal wooden flume on the ground side of the wheel. It supplied about a ten-inch flow that was carried to the head of an irrigation ditch. For seven years, it faithfully performed each summer without a breakdown.

One day, the ditch was empty at the irrigation site. Upon investigation, we found the wheel was still faithfully turning, but the flume was leaking like a sieve at the seams and shuddering, as if about to come completely apart. Scratching our heads and looking into the flume, we discovered a large salmon thrashing around, trying to escape. He had been dipped out of the river and poured into the flume. Amazed and tickled at such a stroke of luck, we repaired the damage, and had fresh salmon steaks for dinner.

The next project was to clear the six-foot-high sagebrush off the land. A neighbor across the river had a section of steel rail that Shane borrowed. He rigged it to be pulled by the team of horses, and this did a fine job of leveling and dragging the sage out by the roots. Stockpiled for winter wood, the sagebrush made a nice-smelling fuel for the heater and cookstove.

The soil on the place was mostly black and sandy. It was ideal for produce and for forage crops. There was ample range in the foothills for the sheep and milk cows. A good crop of wild onions was a favorite part of the cows' diet. The onions flavored their milk, so there was no need to add onions for bread and milk.

Five acres of the land was put into a truck garden, to add to the weekly cream check for income. An old hand-

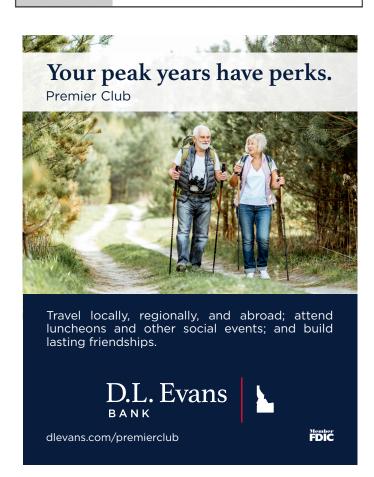
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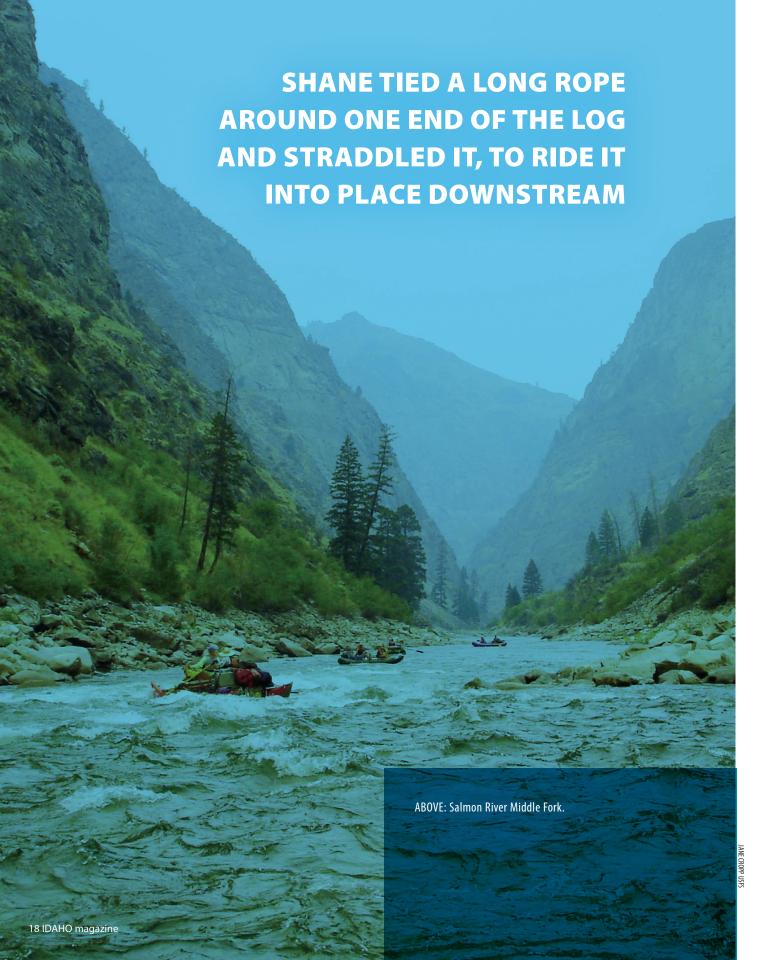
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dug twenty-foot well supplied potable water, and served as a cooler for butter and milk. It was also a good place to cool the delicious watermelons that were hand-watered and grown on the upper sides of the ditches.

The cream can and produce made the crossing in the wooden boat as needed, in order to get them to the market in town. Once across the river, Shane used a 1927 Overland Touring Car to drive into Salmon. He peddled the produce door-to-door, and these cash transactions added a substantial twenty-seven dollars in revenue from the family's weekly trips to town in the summer.

One day in August, the river dropped until the flow was insufficient to turn the waterwheel. Shane knew of a big yellow pine upriver that was close enough to drop and float downstream to divert more water to the wheel channel. With a six-foot crosscut saw and a brand new redhandled axe, we set out to cut down the tree. We managed the task quite well, in spite of me being a mere ten years old, and given the job of steadying one end of the saw while Shane did the work. We toppled and trimmed a twenty-foot section of the tree and rolled it into the river.

Shane tied a long rope around one end of the log and straddled it, to ride it into place downstream. I was instructed to go back downstream and be ready to catch one end of the rope, to pull and steer the log into the anchoring spot as he floated by. But first, a deep, sucking whirlpool on the route downriver needed to be safely navigated. Caught in the powerful swirl, the log switched ends, which disrupted Shane's expert navigation skills and put him a little farther out in the river.

I caught the end of the rope, but it had no knot and it slipped right through my hands. Downstream went Shane, the log, the new axe and all, headed for a fierce, foaming rapid. My mouth open, I waved goodbye to Shane and the

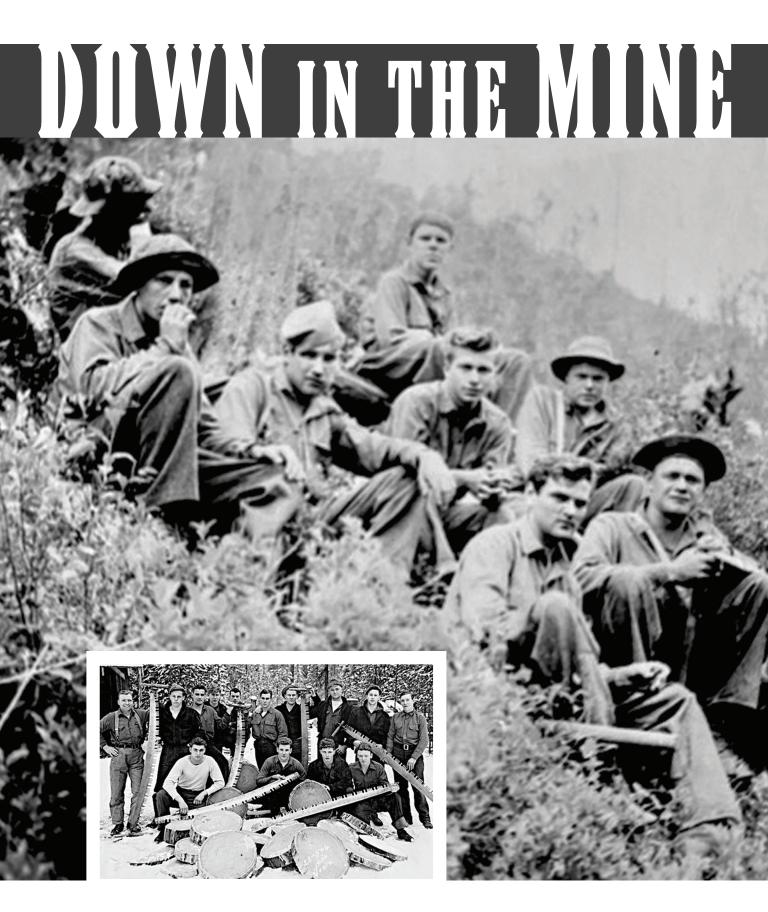
valuable axe, thinking I might not see either one again. Surmising his hazardous predicament, Shane bailed off the log into armpit-high fast water, and struggled to shore just before he reached the head of the roaring rapids. With tears in his eyes, he watched the red-handled axe and the log disappear from sight down the River of No Return.

The next day, we returned upriver to retrieve another section of the large pine tree, and managed to anchor it into place, in spite of the dangerous whirlpool. The current resumed the turning of the wheel, and we were back in business.

By this time, Shane's beautiful red-headed wife Mildred was in the process of presenting him with a brand new baby girl. The river depth had increased in the warm weather enough to prevent a safe crossing on horseback, which prevented him from getting her to Dr. Stratton for delivery of the baby. This was solved by bringing Dr. Stratton from town. But when the doctor saw the river, he refused to go, saying it was too dangerous to take the chance of crossing. He promised to shout instructions for Shane to carry out the delivery by himself. This was preposterous to Shane, and the doctor quickly found himself thrown bodily onto the saddle. He crossed the raging high water riding double behind Shane. Instrument case and all were dutifully delivered, and the birth proceeded well-blessed.

Soon after that, two wet strangers appeared from an upriver sawyer log accident. Their boat had become lodged on the log wing that we had put in the river. Shane and I helped them bail their boat dry, and then gave them a hand in gathering and reorganizing their scrambled supplies, so they could continue on their way.

They turned out to be Elmer Keith and Zane Grey—two renowned authors of the day on a trip through Riggins seventy-five miles downriver.



DISASTER AND SURVIVAL



BY LORIE PALMER RUSSELL

PHOTOS COURTESY OF LORIE PALMER RUSSELL

One day when my Grandpa Roy Cooper was a little boy walking to school with his sister May, they encountered a large tree that had been left across the road by the previous night's windstorm. It was either move the tree or go back home. When he dragged that tree to the side of the road, May started calling him "Samson" from the Bible story because he was so strong. This stuck. After he grew up, his fellow miners agreed he was an exceptionally strong man and also called him "Samson" or "Sam."

When he had a son, it was natural for the newborn to become "Sammy." That was my Uncle Sam. When my dad was eighteen years old, he had the privilege of carrying his baby brother, Roy William Cooper, Jr., or "Sammy," out of the hospital in Wallace.

Dad was fifteen when his mother, Loretta, married Roy William Cooper in Kansas. She had a grown daughter and two teenage sons: my Aunt Donna, who was then nineteen, my Uncle Russell, seventeen, and my dad. They all made the trip from Kansas to Idaho in the back of Grandpa Cooper's pickup. Although the marriage took my dad from his beloved Kansas to Kellogg, he found it difficult to be angry at a man with such a strong work ethic and so much positive energy. Indeed, Grandpa Cooper was the happiest person I ever met: positive, smiling, just an ever-present joy. Plus, he made my grandmother happy.

When I first learned that Grandpa Cooper wasn't my dad's biological father, my little girl mind was confused. My dad—and many others—called him Pop. To my brothers and me he was Grandpa, sometimes Pops or Pappy, but he was always ours. He walked with us, played games with us, sang with us and picked blackberries, apples, and huckleberries with us. He sneezed abnormally loudly (unless he was in church), called Grandma Cooper "Mama," and got so excited while watching wrestling that he broke a chair once. As I mentioned, he was a big strong man.

LEFT:The CCC crew

ABOVE: Roy "Samson" Cooper in the military.

INSET LEFT: The CCC crew with crosscut

WITH THAT WOODEN LEG POPS WAS STRONGER AND FASTER AND BRAVER



ABOVE: Roy with baby grandson David Lee Palmer, 1959.

RIGHT: With a friend at the mine.

Ever since I knew him, Grandpa Cooper walked with a limp. He had a wooden leg that he would take off at night. Occasionally, during his visits to us in western Washington or when we went to Kellogg, he'd make a trip down the hall for a drink of water or whatnot and would crawl on one knee. I liked to stop and hug him then, because we were closer to the same height. With that leg on, he was stronger and faster and braver than almost anyone I knew.

Sometimes when we grow up in a situation or with a person, we don't question it. That's how it was with Grandpa. I heard bits and pieces about him all my life, but it never really seemed that important. Grandpa, who was born in 1911 in Lucas, Kansas, died in Dalton Gardens in 2003 at the age of ninety-two. My niece and my daughters all had the chance to know him, sing with him, pick berries with him, and love him.

As time has a way of doing, it passed quickly and now I'm suddenly an empty-nester and have started wondering more about Grandpa's life. My dad and his siblings are all gone now, but Uncle Sam and his wife Betty live in Post Falls. Recently, I spoke with Uncle Sam and connected more of the pieces of Grandpa's life and how he lost his leg.

Here's what Uncle Sam said:

"Dad first came to Idaho from Kansas with his brother Ray, sister Florence, and her husband, Millard Hallstead, along with a passel of children. They purchased the Stump Ranch on the north bench of Bonners Ferry, not far from the Canadian border. Dad and Uncle Ray both worked at the Continental Mine.

"To make ends meet as a young man, Dad joined the Civilian Conservation Corps (3Cs). He worked up Coeur d'Alene River, Mt. Spokane, and other places in northern Idaho, making thirty dollars a month, twenty-five dollars of which had to be sent home. 3Cs helped the economy and prepared many men to go into the Army, which Dad did. He went to mechanized cavalry school in 1945, but with the end of the war he was sent over to Japan in the Occupation Army. His records say he paved parking lots and made baseball diamonds. He exited the Army at Ft. Lewis, Washington. He moved to Kellogg and started working at the Sunshine Mine, three miles up Big Creek Gulch, in 1948. It was in 1951 when he and Mom got married. They had been pen pals.

THAN ALMOST ANYONE I KNEW.

"In 1949 (we believe—it could have been 1950), when Pops was working at the Sunshine Mine, he was at the bottom of a raise sending up caps to the miners on the other end. Caps are twelve-by-twelve posts from eight to twelve feet long. They can be really heavy. If they are soaking wet, they are especially heavy. Raises could vary in height from twenty-five to two hundred feet. Some raises take three caps, some four. Caps are sent in a skip bucket, or tied to a cable. It depended on how the men up above wanted to handle them as to how they were sent up on the cable. They had to have a chain with a steel ball to get the cable back down the raise.

"Evidently, the miners up above had trouble with the cap and dropped it down the timber slide. Pops didn't have time to get out of the way. It hit him on the foot, crushing his ankle.

"The doctor wanted to save as much of Pop's leg as possible, so he amputated his foot. He had to go back later to cut more off so he could be fitted with a wooden leg. The doctor's name was Bonebreak—I think he is the same doctor who brought me into the world."

The accident did not stop Grandpa Cooper from working. As soon as he was able, he went back to work at Sunshine, where he had put in twenty-seven years total by the time he took early retirement in 1975 to take care of Grandma, who had severe diabetes. He worked in a warehouse on the 10-Shaft Station at an elevation of 3,700 feet (called "37-10-Shaft Station"). One of his jobs was to go down early to get things ready for the fellows who would come down the following day. He worked straight day shifts at that time, while most of the others worked split-shifts of two weeks in the daytime followed by two weeks at night. As he was there for the crossover, he knew just about every employee. Following his accident, he kept the coffee going at the mine and also spent time putting ax heads on handles and sharpening axes.

Grandpa's love of being helpful and useful kept him away from one of the greatest mine tragedies in history: the Sunshine Mine Disaster of May 2, 1972.

That day, two electricians smelled smoke in the mine. This was not an uncommon occurrence, but this time it turned out tragically different. Soon all the mine's exits were blocked by smoke and carbon monoxide. The hoist



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POPS KNEW EVERYONE WHO DIED IN THE SUNSHINE MINE FIRE.

operator was able to rescue eighty-one men by bringing them to the surface before he himself succumbed to the toxic gases. By the time rescuers had arrived, ninety-one men had died from inhalation of smoke and of carbon monoxide poisoning. Recovery of bodies took several days. Miraculously, a week after the accident, two men were brought out alive. To this day, it is not clear what started the fire. Investigators believe it may have been spontaneous combustion of refuse near scrap timber. Interstate 90 now is home to a thirteen-foot-tall statue and a plaque that lists the name of each fallen miner.

Grandpa and Grandma lived on South Division Street at the north end of Wardner in Kellogg, just a couple blocks from a church where for many years Grandpa served as the janitor, walking to and from the church several times a week. In the winter of 1971, he went to the church on a Wednesday to build a fire for that night's prayer meeting. When he was leaving, he slipped on a slick spot on the back porch of the church, fell, and broke his hip.

"He was in the hospital for quite a while and was still off work when the mine disaster occurred," Sam recalled. "He always seemed to be looking toward the East.

"Dad knew everyone who died in the fire," he added.

At that time, Uncle Sam was a senior in high school, and he remembers getting out of school with friends to fill sandbags for use as bulkheads at the mine.

"The Sunshine disaster accidently discovered what was called the Chester Vein. It was extremely large and rich. 10-Shaft was sunk on that vein. It went from 3,100 to 5,800 feet.



That vein was the reason the Sunshine was the biggest silver mine in North America. The 10-Shaft was all underground. It was also one mile away from the Jewel Shaft, which went from 3,700 feet to the surface. It was important to have all supplies close to

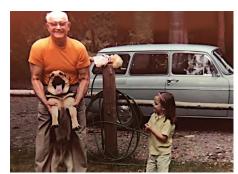
where they were needed. That's the reason for the warehouse at 37-10-Shaft Station. There was a boss's office there also, called the Blue Room, where Pops would get the supplies and coffee ready for the guys coming in."

After Uncle Sam graduated from Kellogg High School that year, he entered the Marine Corps, where he served until 1975. He then went directly to Sunshine Mine, where he worked until 2000. He had many jobs throughout the mine, including in the shafts, running trains, and picking up after train wrecks. His last job before retirement took him back to his roots on the sand-fill crew.

When Grandpa Cooper went back to work after his hip healed, he obviously experienced sorrow—along with the entire community—because of the loss of so many friends and colleagues. It was an event that affected and still affects the area.

"Pops loved working at Sunshine," Uncle Sam told me. "He only retired early so he wouldn't have to put Mom in a nursing home."

He spent his life taking care of others and had a few lucky breaks along the way— although I'm sure he would have called them blessings, not fortune. ■





TOP LEFT: Roy and Loretta Cooper at their Wardner home, circa 1980.

TOP ABOVE: The author as a child with her grandpa and the family dog.

ABOVE: Contemporary Cooper family members.





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A Trophy And a Tale to Tell

BY DAVID F. METCALE

he line of hikers stopped suddenly and our voices went up in alarm. Was everyone okay? This was a pleasant southwestern Idaho summer morning in 1973 and we teenagers were on a hike to Jump Creek Canyon. My brother Loren and I, two cousins, Dan and Steven, and two of our pastor's sons, Mark and Wayne, had packed a lunch and had headed to the canyon in the Owyhee Mountains, a popular place for locals to visit and hike, and only about a half-hour drive from where we lived.

Our homes were in the middle of irrigated farmland near the Snake River on its way through southern Idaho from its Wyoming origin near the Teton Range. It flowed past us

through Hells Canyon into western Washington and finally dumped into the Columbia River en route to the Pacific Ocean. We lived in the Homedale area, part of what is affectionately known as Treasure Valley, which certainly is full of treasure, although not gold, silver, or oil. Its treasure is the water, the soil, and the people of pioneer spirit who settled in the area, removing sagebrush and rocks, digging canals, watching out for rattlesnakes, battling mosquitoes in the summer, and bringing forth fruit from the ground with their hard work and devotion to the land and to their families. Its treasure is also in the memories of those who were blessed to live there, including me.

In this valley, farmhouses were scattered amid

fields of potatoes, sugar beets, onions, field corn, and alfalfa, as well as pastures for horses, cattle, sheep, and goats. Along some of the hills in the area there were orchards and vineyards, which were beautiful in the spring as the trees and vines blossomed, in the summer as the fruit ripened under green leaves, and in the fall as the smell of the ripened fruit—grapes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, and more—filled the air.

After a cold winter, we all looked forward to spring. In March and April, the sound of meadowlarks singing on the fence posts, the smell of last year's leftover weeds burning as farmers prepped their fields and ditches for the new crops, the sight of new life as the trees, flowers, and crops in the fields began to bud, and the feeling of the warm spring sunshine pushing away the cold winter winds, left an impression I will never forget.

Each year when summer arrives in this valley the weather becomes very warm but because it's in a desert, the nights are generally cool and the mornings pleasant. In the early summer when we made our trek to Jump Creek Canyon, we came upon the waterfall at the canyon's entrance that drops into a small pond, out of which Jump Creek flows on its way to joining the Snake River. There was a nice hiking trail above the waterfall but to get to it you had to climb up Devil's Ladder, a short but steep hike finished off with a climb over and through a jagged wall of rock. Some climbers would need a helping hand to make it to the top.

We made the climb to the top and continued our hike alongside the creek, which was clear and contained an abundance of small fish. Beside the trail were a few scattered trees, rocks, sagebrush, and various green plants that we tried to avoid, because many of them were poison ivy. I had been to Jump Creek Canyon a few times and once had later noticed a small reddish spot on my arm, which I figured was no big deal. But soon it was all over my arms. So on this morning I was careful to avoid any plants with leaves in telltale groups of



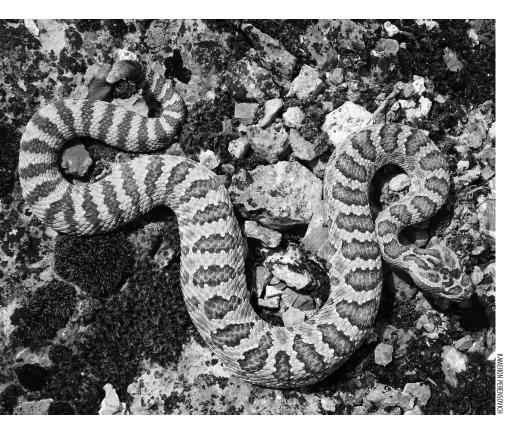
three. As we walked along, lizards slithered in between rocks, grasshoppers jumped here and there, as if on pogo sticks, and we kept an eye out for rattlesnakes, which we knew were in the area.

After hiking a few miles, we stopped to eat our lunch of sandwiches, potato chips, fruit, and cookies made by my brother, whose cooking skills were wonderful. As we ate, we watched the many small fish in the creek. One of us had brought a pistol along, I can't remember who— but it definitely wasn't the pastor's sons, because when I asked them later, they said, "No, we would not have been allowed to carry a pistol." Someone got the bright idea to shoot at the fish. We all took turns trying but none of us hit any, which was a good thing.

After lunch, we hiked for several more miles, enjoying the day and each other's company. Our plan was to return home in time for dinner and other activities, and it was getting hot and we were becoming tired, so we started back. We hiked single file along the narrow trail with me at the end. And then the line stopped. At first I didn't know what was going on, but then I heard the word "snake" from several boys.

OPPOSITE: Jump Creek Falls.

ABOVE: Poison ivy on Jump Creek Trail.





Right in the middle of the trail, a large rattlesnake was coiled and ready to strike. One of my cousins was at the front of the line, but fortunately, rather than striking at him, the snake slithered down the trail ahead of us. Our relief was short-lived. The snake recoiled farther along the trail between two rocks and brush. There was no way to get around it. I got my first glimpse and it was big! The snake's rattles shook violently, a loud sound you can't forget.

An excited discussion began about how to get the snake to move away and let us pass safely. Should we throw rocks at it? Grab a long stick and poke at it? Then someone remembered the pistol, and my brother was elected to fire a shot. We held our breath as he pointed the pistol and fired. The rattling stopped instantly. At first we weren't sure if the snake was hit or if the sound of the gun had

merely caused it to stop rattling. Loren shot again and we tossed rocks at it, just to be sure.

When we approached, we discovered that one of the shots, probably the first, had hit the snake in the neck. What a marksman my brother was! But he quelled that notion by admitting he had just aimed at the mass of snake and fired. One of my cousins hung the snake from a stick and carried this trophy from our Jump Creek adventure the rest of the way down the trail. I don't remember exactly how many rattles the snake had or how long it was, but it definitely was a big one compared to others we had seen. When we arrived home, our parents said it was dangerous to carry a dead rattlesnake on a stick too close to your body. There's still venom behind those fangs, and if they accidentally latched on to you, it could get released. That was useful advice for the future—but for now, we were just pleased to have a good story to tell.

LEFT: An Idaho rattler.

RIGHT: Jump Creek Canyon Trail.

Fraser and Fraser

In Search of Both

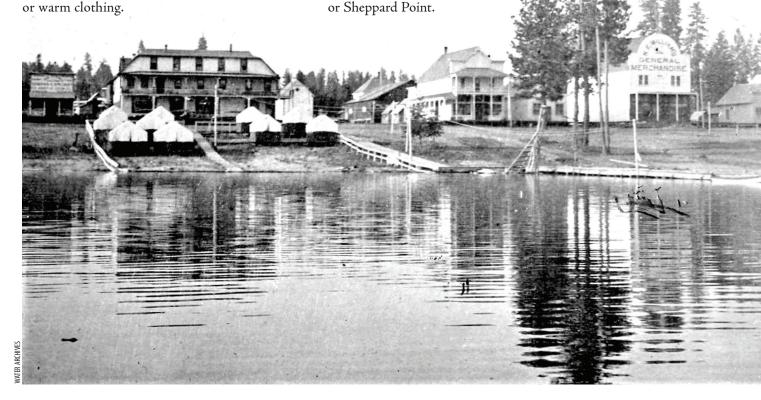
BY KIT HERNDON

t was circa 1962 and we were blessed with another beautiful day at Wagon Wheel Bay on Payette Lake. My sister Anne, who was then about nine years old, and I ventured off in our kayak to visit our older brother Fraser. I'm not even sure we asked permission, nor were we aware of the distance and time that would be involved in this four-mile round trip. Anne and I were competitive swimmers at the YMCA, the water was our playground, and we were always eager for adventures. Still, anyone who knows me should know better than to follow my lead!

Off we paddled, fearlessly and with probably no preparation in terms of food, life jackets, or warm clothing.

Our brother Fraser was a counselor at the YMCA Camp Ponderosa at Tamarack Bay, the site today of condominiums. Fraser supposedly was camping out at what we lake locals called Fraser Island, not far from the YMCA camp. It was a small island just south of Cougar Island and not far from Camp Ponderosa in Tamarack Bay. I suppose the name "Fraser" originated from our greatgrandfather, Alfred Atherton Fraser, who built one of the first cabins on the lake, at the end of Wagon Wheel Bay Road. We called this location Fraser Point

BELOW: Payette Lake, circa 1920.



We were on our way back home, through whitecaps as I recall. With the passage of time, our mom must have become frantic.







The name Sheppard Point came from the adjacent Bradley Sheppard cabin, which was possibly the first cabin at the lake, built in 1912. In the 1930s, Alfred's son-in-law, Mowbray Davidson, our grandfather, bought the Sheppard cabin. Some of these landmark names may have changed over the years but my recollections nowadays of our little "Fraser Island" are aided by a family photo.

My sister and I paddled the kayak and drifted swiftly with the breeze past the J.R. Simplot cabin and what we called the "Volcano," most likely because of the lava rocks. We easily found the island, as we had often picked huckleberries at nearby "Huckleberry Point" at the end of the peninsula, and we beached our kayak on the shore. We looked around and saw no Fraser, nor any campers, but we did find our family's ten-horsepower aluminum motorboat.

The wind had picked up and at this point I might have thought our mom would be wondering where we were. As the older sister at age ten and therefore supposedly the wiser one, I decided we should get back home. We managed to

put the kayak in the boat and shoved offshore into even choppier waters. We weren't strong enough to pull on the power cord but it was our good fortune to encounter a fisherman who started the boat for us. We were on our way back home, through whitecaps, as I recall.

With the passage of time, our mom must have become frantic and she had no boat for search and rescue. She called a neighbor, Mr. Fletcher, and joined him on his big wooden boat, the *Sarah A*, his jewel.

We met them about halfway, just past Simplot's Point, near Sylvan Beach. My boating skills were not the best and to my shame, I bumped into the *Sarah A*—multiple times, as Anne recalls. These guardian angels rescued us and Mr. Fletcher was very kind, but I bet he was not happy about the dings in his boat.

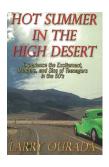
I think McCall provided us with many guardian angels to make it home safely. I must have been frightened and relieved but I remember only how happy I was to see Mom on that boat. To this day, no one recalls where Fraser was. It's a pity I can no longer thank my mom and Mr. Fletcher for saving us that beautiful afternoon.

LEFT: The author and her sister Anne as teenagers.

MIDDLE: The island in the lake that Kit's family called Fraser Island.

RIGHT: The family cabin at Sheppard Point, built in 1912.

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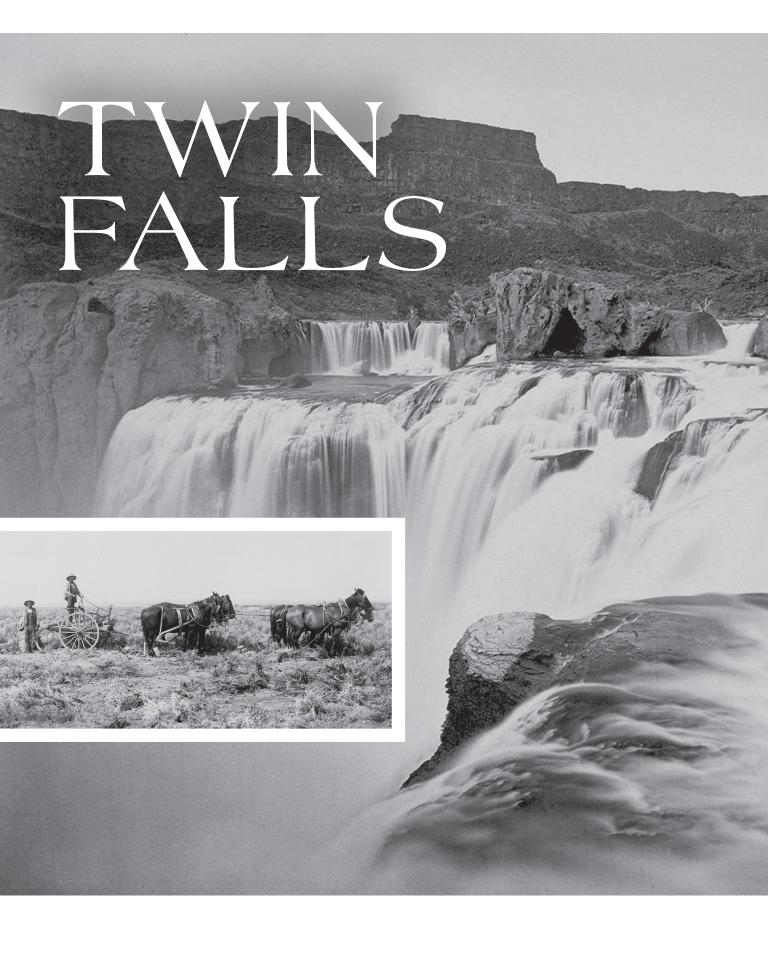
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BEAUTY SUDDEN AS A WATERFALL

BY EM ENGLISH

The country we were traversing is all that can be imagined of desolation. A region of appalling sterility and loneliness. The wild sage whose ash-colored leaves do not even mock the semblance of verdure, covers arid plains through which the few streams find their way. Amid this vast monotony, the cataract has thus escaped intrusion and almost discovery.

We followed the bluff, riding sometimes through sand, sometimes over naked black basalt, towards the fall. Its vicinity was unheralded even by the sound which lost itself in the depth of the chasm, and as we rose the edge of the gulf facing it, and the view broke suddenly upon us, a shout burst involuntarily from the party. It needed no second glance to tell us that, after Niagara, none upon the continent equaled it. The Snake River, a majestic stream both in width and volume, enclosed within the walls of columnar basalt, here sweeps round an enormous pile of rock jutting from its southern bank, and falls by several cascades into a broad smooth basin. Broken just enough to add grace to the majesty of its descent, it thundered down a precipice of one hundred and eighty feet perpendicular.

As representing the sovereignty of Uncle Sam, for the first time present at this point of dominion, [we] baptized the cataract by the name of Shoshone Falls. A superb rainbow spanned the base of the cataract, and an eagle which had its nest on a detached column of rock, was wheeling through the spray that rose from the abyss.

—"Description of the Great Shoshone Falls on the Snake River," by George Gibbs, *The Evening Post* (New York), March 1858.



Early on the Sunday before Labor Day 2014, our family loaded up the largest self-drive moving van the company would let me have, attached one of our cars to the back, and made a lumbering trip from Reno to Twin Falls. My spouse followed in our big SUV with four of the five children (Archer, Addie, Cameron, and Hayden) aboard and another trailer attached (Mitchell rode with me in the van). It was no small task to move a family of seven. When we finally started to see the green fields and homes at the south end of the valley, we were tired and more than a little stressed. It was an unassuming entry to our new home.

We moved into a rental house by the College of Southern Idaho and hoped we could

comfortably settle into suburban Twin Falls. Our first visitors were children of various ages who hoped to find a playmate or two. Within a few minutes, our children extracted their bikes from the truck and rode off to explore with their new friends. We were happy to spread out and have room for everyone. We had moved to Twin seeking a better place to raise our children, and the college had offered the opportunity to return to Idaho (earlier we had lived in Pocatello while I finished my Master's degree at Idaho State University). No sooner had we arrived than I swear, I felt my blood pressure go back to normal.

About a week later, we left our messy new home to explore. We drove in a loop through Kimberly and the eastern side of Twin and as we headed home, we entered town from Interstate 84 for the first time. We turned off the main exit and went across the seemingly barren plain, away from the main road and towards town. We crossed the Perrine Bridge, saw the Snake River Canyon below, and I gasped and had to concentrate to keep our vehicle moving straight forward. It felt as if the canyon had come out of nowhere. Similarly, I think the beauty, grandeur, and opportunity of Twin may seem unassuming, but when you approach it in the right way or from the right direction, it can take your breath away.

The history of Twin Falls is rich and varied with influences, including native tribes, Europeans, and Hispanic culture. For centuries, the Shoshone-Bannock and the Shoshone-Piute tribes migrated seasonally to the area, summering near what is now Fairfield and making their way to the Twin Falls area for the winter. Dramatic shifts in the region began as pioneers arrived. In March 1864, Ben Holladay, later known as the Stagecoach King, was contracted for \$156,000 to deliver mail over the 675 miles from Salt Lake City to Walla Walla, Washington. What is now Twin Falls was roughly in the middle of this new route. Tom Adams was sent to establish stations along the expansive, arid plains. He selected two

stage stops, which became the region's first permanent pioneer buildings and populations: the Rock Creek "home station" and the Desert "swing station." Rock Creek Station, just southeast of contemporary Twin Falls, became an important stop on the Oregon Trail for more two decades. Desert Station was thirteen miles west of it.

"What made Twin Falls become Twin Falls?" I asked Justin Vipperman, a history professor at the College of Southern Idaho,

"The City of Twin Falls basically grew up between these stage stops," he confirmed. "Without them, it is highly unlikely Twin Falls would exist as it does now." He said these new connections with the rest of the country helped to establish the city as an economic and cultural hub.

With the development and completion of the transcontinental railroad, traffic increased. In 1865, federal Speaker of the House Schuyler Colfax led an expedition across the country to seek out natural attractions like Yosemite that might increase tourism use of the railroad. One of the expedition members, a well-known correspondent named Albert B. Richardson, wrote of their encounter with Shoshone Falls on that trip:

Peering over the edge five hundred feet beneath us we saw the river, after its terrific leap, peaceful as OPPOSITE: The Perrine Bridge over the Snake River.

BELOW: A traction engine and train for hauling heavy materials from Twin Falls to the Salmon River Dam.





a mirror. Half a mile above, in full view was the cataract. It is unequaled in the world, save by Niagara, of which it vividly reminded us. It is not all height like Yosemite, nor all breadth and power like the Great Falls of the Missouri, not all strength and volume like Niagara, but combines the three elements.

The fame of the falls grew alongside the population and community needs. In tandem, the desire to protect the falls and the need to utilize the Snake River to provide irrigation grew, as the community needed water and food in everincreasing amounts.

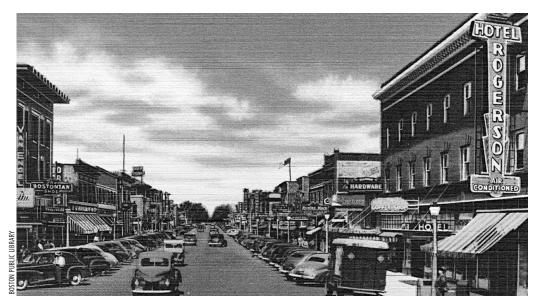
I asked Justin about the significance of Shoshone Falls and the changes wrought to Twin Falls after Milner's Dam was built. He breathed deeply, leaned in, and responded, "To some degree, Shoshone Falls is the embodiment of the American West, of the frontier. It was wild and untamed, massive and seemingly beyond scope—until it was tamed and became something else."

In his 2003 book, In the Middle and on the Edge: The Twin Falls Region of Idaho, Jim Gentry writes, "The gates were closed at Milner Dam on March 1, 1905. Company officials lowered their gates with winches and an unfamiliar stillness descended as the river stopped rushing down the canyon. Without this dam-provided irrigation water, Twin Falls had no agricultural future; with it, agricultural

and urban expansion would increase."

As the water spread, so did the region's agricultural success and wealth. Fertile valleys and rich farmland are the legacy of the decision to irrigate, as is the familiar moniker, the Magic Valley. The waters from Milner's Dam led to a future that is economically driven by farming, ranching and the advanced manufacturing industries that now surround our agricultural base. The food processing and manufacturing sector provides a large majority of employment opportunities in the Magic Valley. Through processing and manufacturing everything from yogurt, trout, and potato products, to sugar, cheese, and beef, south-central Idaho is arguably the most diverse food basket in America.

Yet the College of Southern Idaho (CSI), where I work, also plays a significant role in the life of Twin Falls and the diverse population of the region. Indeed, for many who come here, the rich agricultural roots partnered with educational opportunities have led to improved lives. Providing a hub for educational, economic, and social activities, the college is well-known for its programs, entrepreneurial approach, creative partnerships, workforce training, as well as its significant role in the economic development of south-central Idaho. The main campus spreads across over three hundred acres in Twin Falls, and





serves eight counties— a nearly twelve-thousand-square-mile area that is roughly the size of Maryland. With a total student headcount of more than 7,200 students, the college is deeply woven into life in Twin Falls. Recently, it was recognized as a Hispanic Serving Institution by the U.S. Department of Education, demonstrating its continuing effort to meeting the needs of all of its students.

Along with the agricultural growth in the Magic Valley came an ever-increasing demand for workers. Migrant seasonal workers stepped forward to meet for hands on farms, ranches, and dairies. Many found opportunities they had been seeking and stayed. Over time, a Hispanic population and culture developed and thrived. In the southern part of town, the El Milagro Housing Project arose. Originally built in 1939 to house workers from the nearby Japanese internment center, it later was adapted to provide migrant farmworkers a place to live. Many of the buildings still stand as a testament to those early pioneers, and are still in use.

In addition to its flourishing Hispanic population and culture, Twin Falls is also home to the CSI Refugee Center. This comprehensive refugee service program includes initial resettlement services for newly arriving refugees. Since its inception in 1980, the program has

resettled more than twenty-five-hundred refugees from a variety of different continents, even while providing local businesses with a steady source of entry-level workers. The program also has brought more than three million dollars of federal money and benefits back to the Magic Valley, which has been used to purchase goods and services from local merchants. Many former refugees now hold prominent positions in the community.

As vital as water as been to the economic life of Twin Falls, its value as a source of pleasure cannot be overlooked. When our family first explored the area, it seemed to us that waterfalls appeared around every corner. We soon realized that if there were canyon cliffs, a closer look almost always would lead to a falls. Twin Falls deserved its nickname, the City of Waterfalls.

At 212 feet, Shoshone Falls are actually higher than Niagara Falls, but what we like best is that in addition to the scenic overlook, there are playgrounds, hiking trails, picnic areas, a boat ramp, and a swimming area. We've picnicked on the shaded grass where the vantage point for viewing the falls is perfect. Our favorite time there is spring, when the water flow is typically highest.

Almost as high as Shoshone Falls is Perrine Coulee Falls, which flows year-round and has a two-hundred-foot drop. We usually view this waterfall from above along the Canyon Rim Trail OPPOSITE: After just two years of irrigation, the land didn't look great.

ABOVE LEFT: Main Avenue in the war years.

ABOVE: Sculpture at the College of Southern Idaho.

but when we're feeling adventurous, we can get behind the falls themselves. Actually, the trail leading behind the falls, just off Canyon Springs Road, is suitable for all skill levels.

Of course, Twin Falls took its name from two waterfalls in the Snake River Canyon just east of town. "But why is only one waterfall visible?" I asked myself. The answer was that when Twin Falls Dam was built on the Snake River in 1935 for hydroelectricity and irrigation, it diverted water away from the second waterfall. To me, this is a prime example of the difficult decisions that have been made in the past between progress and preservation. Regardless, the remaining waterfall is a beautiful landmark in spring and early summer, when thousands upon thousands of gallons of water plummet 125 feet to the river.

One of our family's favorite hikes is to Pillar Falls, a series of cascading falls accentuated by towering rhyolite pillars. The falls are about 1.5 miles upstream from Shoshone Falls. Having grown up in the foothills of the Wasatch Mountains, I initially found it strange that we had to descend a canyon for adventure rather than climb up it. But hiking the mile-long trail in summer, when water levels decrease, you are able to wander through rock formations and large pools.

We step onto chunky gravel and when we turn left, the trail immediately begins to drop through the first switchbacks. As the curve progresses, I hear the rustle of water over rocks and the trail, which gives me limited footing and forces me to move sideways down the path. I zigzag every few paces until the trail curves into a set of rusted steel steps that descend to a small cinderblock building, which must have been put there for a reason but now looks like its only use is as a destination for fitness buffs marching up and down the stairs. The trail bends right again and my eyes snap toward the sight of the I.B. Perrine Bridge, a juxtaposition of stone and steel that demands a wide-angle photo.

The path veers once again to the right, enters the brush, and plunges through the top of the canopy to a shaded, sandy alcove that shows erosion on its banks and on the watermarked trunks of trees. The water levels are low, and exposed swirls in the striated rock allow us to skirt the small pools of calm glass. Leaning to my left and bracing on the wall, I curl out from under the canopy to come level with the river. Massive





amounts of swirling water hiss and push around large smooth globs of rock that almost touch each other but allow the water to flow between them. We jump from chunk and chunk towards the namesake pillars in the middle of this massive canyon of the Snake River. Both my hands can almost touch opposing columns of stone. Shoshone Falls is ahead of me, the Perrine Bridge at my back: a stunning intersection of raw nature and civilization.

It is impossible to not gape at the splendor of the Snake River Canyon, and there are plenty of places from which to appreciate its grandeur. Perched on the rim of the Snake River Canyon, the Twin Falls Visitor Center is not only the perfect place to begin a visit here but also to admire the scenery. Another great vantage point is while walking across the 486-foot-high Perrine Bridge across the river. From a platform in the middle of the truss arch four-lane bridge that connects Jerome and Twin Falls County, BASE jumpers leap to land on the hiking path below. When we feel like getting a ground-based look at the bridge and Perrine Coulee Falls, we head to Centennial Waterfront Park, which is the the area's primary access point for river and canyon

recreation. From here, we can padde under the Perrine Bridge or to the base of Shoshone Falls, a thrilling experience.

For me, hiking and biking provide some of the very best views of sites in and around the Snake River Canyon. I have never regretted a crisp early morning run or ride along the more than twenty miles of dirt trails at Augur Falls Heritage Park. It offers access to mountain bikers, hikers, birdwatchers, runners, and walkers alongside the river. One of the longest and most scenic paved trail systems is the nine-mile Canyon Rim Trail. People bike, run, walk, roller blade, long-board ride, and enjoy views all along the way. The trail shows off waterfalls, the Perrine Bridge, Pillar Falls, Shoshone Falls, and Evel Knievel's jump site. On many Sunday afternoons, you will find me, my little dog Pepper and my family strolling along the Canyon Rim Trail.

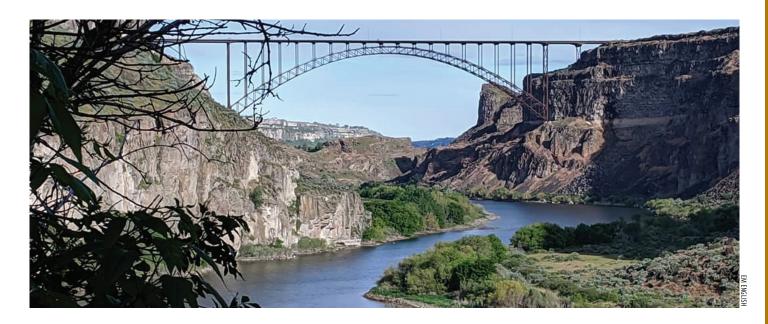
We spent one wonderful Memorial Day morning along the 2.2-mile Mogensen Trail, watching BASE jumpers take turns leaping off the Perrine Bridge while we sat in the grass below. The trail extends from the top of Centennial Park to under the bridge. When we hike along the the quiet path that follows the Snake River upstream,

OPPOSITE LEFT: Hiking into Pillar Falls.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: Between pillars.

BELOW: A stroll in the canyon.





ABOVE: Another view of the iconic canyon and bridge.

the Twin Falls Visitor Center is visible above us. The trail, which has stairs at its start, features a few small waterfalls and lots of wildlife. Another hike we like is the 2.8-mile Dierke's Lake Trail, which loops around its namesake lake on a mixture of surfaces: asphalt, dirt trail, uneven rocks, and stairs. People come here for the trail's multiple opportunities for rock climbing, bouldering, and cliff jumping, as well as the sheltered spot it provides for swimming and picnicking next to the parking lot. In the evening, especially after a warm summer day, we might turn to Rock Creek Trail, a shady, urban retreat. It has two sections, one of which is 1.4 miles and the other a mile longer, for when we have more time and energy.

When I pass under the newly installed Twin Falls Archway and enter into Historic Downtown Twin Falls, it's fitting that one of the first things I see is the city park, because it serves as an important social and cultural center. Featuring a large band shell and stage, the park provides a gathering space for major civic events. Whenever I'm there with my family on a Thursday evening in the summer, we'll spread out on the bleachers or the grass to enjoy a live concert from the Twin Falls Municipal Band. Our son Mitchell plays trombone in the ensemble, which has performed for 115 concert

seasons, making it the longest-running such band west of the Mississippi.

In recent years, the town's Main Street has been revitalized, made walkable, and populated with restaurants, shops, and pubs. We'll sometimes enjoy a sunny lunch or a cool evening dinner in sidewalk cafes, or we may step into one the breweries for live music. One of my favorite places is in the center of Main Street: the Historic Orpheum Theater, where musicians and thespians showcase their talents throughout the year.

The recently restored 2nd South Market provides another central gathering point for food and drink. Located in the Historic Warehouse District, the market is housed in a ninety-four-year-old former machining, blacksmith, boilermaker, welding and hardware building. It offers plenty of dining options, outdoor spaces, and summer performances.

Twin Falls now has a population of roughly fifty thousand. After almost seven years here, I've learned well how much the city has to offer. All I need to do is take the time, step off the beaten path a ways, relax, and then—to recall the words of George Gibbs—even if I'm not surprised by an involuntary shout that bursts forth, there certainly may be an "Ahh" of pleasure at the beauty of it all.

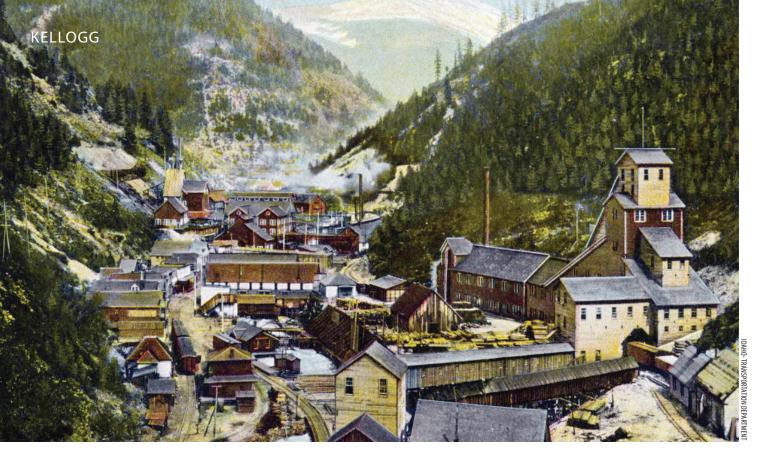


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Shacks and Smelter Smoke

Growing Up in Kellogg, Part Four

BY JOHN VIVIAN

Part Four in a series of excerpts from the author's reminiscences of his youth, which he assembled for friends and former classmates.

ehind our house on Railroad
Avenue and across the alley was
what we called Vets Housing. From
what I was told way back when, the
one-story frame structures had been slapped
together at military bases as emergency housing
during World War II. After the war, the Bunker
Hill Mine acquired some of them as government
surplus property. My guess is they came from
Fairchild Air Base or Deer Park Air Field north
of Spokane or maybe the Farragut Naval Station
up at Lake Pend Oreille. They were trucked to

Kellogg and plunked down on timber-frame foundations along the Lead Creek, from Hill Street almost to Division Street. There must have been twenty or twenty-five of them, each a low-rent multi-family rental, all in a khaki color that matched the continual dust from the unpaved roads that wound among them. No lawns, no yards, no fences. Dogs ran loose.

My family moved from across the river to a sturdy house on Railroad Avenue in 1947, when I was two, so I never knew a time when the Vets Housing wasn't there. To me they were part of the landscape. My only general impression as a kid was that people moved in and out a lot. Although the Vets Housing was just across the back fence, I didn't have many playmates there. It may have

ABOVE: Postcard of the Silver Valley's narrow Burke Canyon.

OPPOSITE: Smelter workers at Bunker HIII Mine.

been because the renters were so transient. An exception was my classmate Alan Lovell and his big brother Virgil, who were there most of my years in Sunnyside Elementary School through high school.

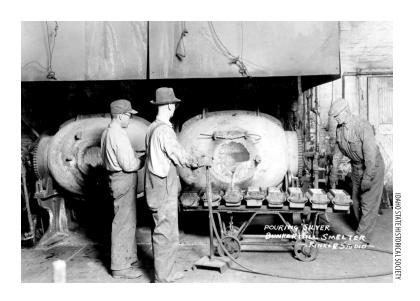
The Vets Housing turned out to be anything but temporary. Not until Washington Water Power built an office and yard on Hill Street, probably around 1959, were any of the buildings razed. By then, they had become increasingly shacky. Even so, most continued to be occupied. If memory serves me correctly, they were managed by Bunker as the owner and, I believe, occupancy was reserved for miners with families.

I didn't realize how bad the Vets Housing was until junior high, when Wendell Brainard, the editor of the Evening News, and I fell into conversation about some new pre-fab houses. If memory serves me right, an affable and enterprising local real estate guy, Johnny Mattmiller, was putting the pre-fabs together up in Osburn. These were nice and affordable houses. Today we would call them modulars. Anyway, my mom had visited them with my little sister Jane and me during an open house, and I was commenting on them to Wendell. What he said hit me, voila, as a truth I had never recognized: "We've always needed decent housing here." He referred to a "housing shortage." It was true. I just hadn't recognized it. The boom times over the years had brought hundreds of people to the district, and they had no decent places to live.

Bunker took several steps to accommodate the influx. The Vets Housing was the worst of the company's attempts at mass housing. Later, Bunker built more solid one-story rental duplexes on West Cameron and Brown streets. They were a dramatic improvement over the Vets Housing but cramped. There was some space for lawns and kids and pets, but not much. Later, Bunker built a whole new section of town—attractive single-family houses with decent yards, Cape Cod-like

two-stories and ranches. These went mostly to white-collar employees and long-term tradesmen. The Olds lived there and the Hatrocks and Rauenhorsts and Joys and Shreves and Brackens. They filled quickly, and I believe Bunker made it easy for the families to buy them. They're still there, well kept and reflecting pride of ownership. For years, though, the Vets Housing continued simultaneously at full occupancy and with constant turnover.

Bad, bad housing was all over. Next door to us was what Mom called the Barn. The place was owned by the feed-store owner across the tracks, Dan Collins. For sure it once was a barn. The ground floor was, well, a ground floor. Yes, dirt. Planks covered the dirt in places, the planks bending with age as you walked across them, dust rising from your shoes. Upstairs was a second apartment, which sagged even more. The steep stairs squeaked and leaned with every step. Heat was by space heaters. Dan Collins, an old, old man when I knew him, also owned shacks on Station Avenue next to his feed store. He was a tightwad, a slumlord in the worst sense, but, to be gentle on him, Dan Collins offered desperately needed housing and he never wanted for renters. The



demand was there, and the rent was within the means of newcomers drawn to the district by mining jobs.

I must admit a particular dislike for Dan Collins. His sour crotchetiness was part of it. He was never nice to us kids. But why I really disliked the old codger was because of the night that the Barn caught fire. My family had been away for the day, boating at Pend Oreille. We didn't know what had happened, that the Barn had had a fire, until we returned home after dark or maybe not until the next morning. Soon we heard that Dan Collins had told the fire chief, Bill Linhart, that he was sure my mother had set the fire. My mother was infuriated. The fact, however, is that Mom was vulnerable. Once she had told Dan that somebody should burn down the Barn, which she correctly considered a blight, but I can't believe Mom was being anything more than hyperbolic. Certainly she was no arsonist who would jeopardize the lives of the two families with kids who lived in the Barn. In any event, the Barn was a towering monstrosity which, if the firefighters hadn't been so quick, would have become an inferno and damaged our house across the alley. The Mom-as-arsonist theory didn't make sense, and I don't think it had any credence with Mr. Linhart. The place was a firetrap, a disaster waiting to happen.

Houses with plank and dirt floors were not uncommon in Kellogg in the 1950s and into the 1960s. Up Railroad Avenue, squeezed between the Tip Top Bar and the Miners Club, was a narrow wooden sidewalk backed onto facing rows of tiny apartments. Tarpaper tacked onto the original siding peeled to expose the unpainted, warping wood walls. Door frames were askew. Windows, too.

Our friend Mary Chiara, who had a nice big house three doors up from us on Railroad Avenue, had some shacks on a strip alongside her place. They had been built by her immigrant



father. She called them the Cabins—each a single room with a narrow bed. A toilet was a walk just beyond the end cabin. To her credit, Mary closed the cabins in the late-1950s, except one for an old bachelor pensioner, Steve Biotti, who, burdened with infirmities of age, had no place else to go. If memory serves correctly, Steve paid fourteen dollars a month, which probably was all he could afford, but at least he had the dignity of his own place, even though I know it bothered his kinfolk, including his nephew Chuck, who looked in on him from time to time. When Steve died, Mary at his bedside at the hospital, she shut down the last of the Cabins.

Bad housing was everywhere—a product of the first generation of immigrant miners who put up shacks out back for a little rental income. Then came the Depression, which delayed construction of decent housing. Then World War II. The war effort so consumed everybody that there was neither time nor energy for home construction. By then, the tackiness had become part of the landscape and was largely accepted.

Improvements began slowly in the late 1960s. Families started looking to Pinehurst, beyond the range of the smelter and zinc plant fumes that were not good for living things. People were cautious about criticizing Bunker for the smoke, which was accepted as a necessary evil for our livelihoods, but we were afraid of the stuff. One day, Addie Winkle, mother of my buddy Alan, explained their pending move to Pinehurst. She

ABOVE: Montgomery Gulch.

OPPOSITE: Coeur d'Alene River's South Fork, the "Lead Creek," near the Bunker Hill Mine's smelter. said families needed to consider their kids' wellbeing and move out of the smoke. The Winkles were not alone in a new row of houses along the Pinehurst Golf Course.

The Vivians stayed in Kellogg, happy on Railroad Avenue and its convenience to town despite the smelter smoke. But more and more I was envious of classmates who lived up the beautiful gulches beyond the environmental damage caused by the smoke. My debate partner, Dennis Comer, was up Montgomery Gulch, where a pure mountain stream flowed through his yard. Vicki English lived up French Gulch out at Kingston. The Cataldo kids even had dairy farms and lush meadows. I don't mean to idealize the rural life. There were deplorable places up Pine Creek and elsewhere, some with wells alive with hepatitis virus that led to symptomatic jaundice. But by and large, it seemed to me, the outlying kids had a prettier existence—and physically healthier.

With Kellogg's depopulation as the mines closed and jobs evaporated, the housing situation vastly improved. With vacancies everywhere, families who had been stuck in the worst places moved elsewhere. Today the Vets Housing is gone. So are Dan Collins and the Barn.

The Lead Creek

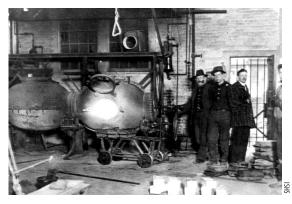
George was a wonderful spaniel, a cocker. Happy, slobbery, loving. We took good care of George, which meant keeping him in our fenced yard so he wouldn't wander over to the Lead Creek. And die. The Lead Creek once had been the pristine South Fork of the Coeur d'Alene River that flowed gently through the cedar swamp that comprised Sunnyside. That had been much, much earlier—before silver lodes had been discovered and the mines began dumping their arsenic-laden mill tailings into the river. I had seen pictures of the old river, black-and-whites shot with slow shutters in the 1890s.

By the time puppy George came into our lives in 1953, the river had been rerouted from Sunnyside to the middle of the valley. The cedars had died, poisoned at the roots. The trout were long gone. The riverbed, dozed deep, carried the water fast. No picturesque slough any more, the South Fork was a turgid, ugly brown that slowed for nothing in carrying the waste, including upriver sewage, off to somewhere. Nobody talked much about the insidious effects all the way out to Cataldo, Medimont, Harrison, and Coeur d'Alene Lake. At Enaville, at the confluence of the tainted South Fork and pure, clear North Fork, it was like a syrupy muck being poured into crystal-clear liquid, the two resisting each other. For a mile, maybe more, the river ran clean on the north bank and polluted, turbid, and filthy on the south bank. At Coeur d'Alene Lake, thirty-five miles downstream, we now know the lake bed is toxic. Don't fish for bottom-eaters at Harrison. My guess is the catfish are long gone. Lead poisoning does that. Now I wonder if the poison was even diluted enough not to have ill effects where the water emptied into the Spokane River and then the Columbia forty-five miles farther on.



But back then, our concern was George. He was a lively guy. Typical cocker, he loved to roam. Anytime we discovered he had





escaped the backyard, we raced half a block to the Lead Creek and almost always caught up with him before he jumped in and lapped the turgid poison.

It is testimony to the strength of the people of the mining district and their sense of humor that they poked fun at themselves once a year with something called the Lead Creek Derby. No, this was not a fishing contest. As I remember, the Wallace Jaycees sponsored the charity fund-raiser event. A large and sturdy inflated ball was dropped into the river up around the Morning Mill in Mullan. For a fee, people could register a guess at how long the ball would take to traverse the gorge to Wallace. People lined U.S. 10 the whole distance to watch the ball's progress. The winner won-what, I don't remember. I'm sure it was more than a mention over KWAL or in the North Idaho Press in Wallace or the Kellogg Evening News. Jaycee members would prod the ball along if it got hooked up, but the drop of five hundred feet over seven miles kept the ball bumping over the rocks pretty much on its own.

The Lead Creek Derby was dark humor, a kind of comic relief from the reality that our livelihoods were dependent on the unpleasant and deadly realities of things like smelter smoke and a leaden creek. There were skeletons of small animals, mostly dogs and cats, sometimes a deer, along the whole South Fork. We could see them from the Division Street and Hill Street bridges in Kellogg and from the dikes on both sides through town. High water in the spring washed the skeletons away, but a couple weeks later the flow would slow to its normal rate and be back to

its fecal beige. Thank goodness there was no odor. The locals said the dogs and cats were attracted to the water not just by thirst but by sweetness. Needless to say, we never sampled.

The deadliest contributor may have been the Bunker Hill zinc plant that generated the worst smoke in the valley, even more acidic and foul than Bunker's nearby giant smelter. Whichever the source of the fumes on a particularly day, we lumped them together as "smelter smoke." The fumes were thickest in the morning, evidently due to air currents and entrapping inversions. The taste stayed on your tongue—an acrid metallic, intuitively unhealthy flavor that persisted all morning until the inversion lifted or a breeze came along or which, on a still day, never left the palate, all the while abrading the nasal tissues.

The zinc plant also polluted the creek down Silver King Gulch. I remember our classmate Janet Nelson losing a kitten that drank from the creek. For most of Janet's growing-up after that, there were no pets in the household. Seeing a pet die of poisoning from the Lead Creek was a horrible thing for a child. Or anybody else, for that matter. Finally, the Nelsons moved over the ridge to Deadwood Gulch—in the shadow of the smelter but not in the more deadly Silver King drainage that later drew researchers to test the deleterious effects on children. The research was disputed, which muddied the reality that both the air and river were unfit for life—the hills treeless and scorched by acidic smoke for decades, and the river, well, the local label "the Lead Creek" said it all. ■

ABOVE LEFT: Batterypowered motor pulls ore cars at Bunker HIII.

ABOVE: Smelting at the mine.







TOP: Pocatello, 1954.

MIDDLE: The author's Grandma Morris with other family members.

BOTTOM: American Falls orchard, circa 1915.

Grandma Morris

Pioneer Tough

BY MAX JENKINS

n April 1916, after enduring several years of drought in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, Grandma and Granddad moved with their four children to Idaho. Grandma's brothers and sisters had already purchased train tickets to Idaho, and my grandparents sold their small ranch and boarded a train to American Falls.

When they arrived, Granddad bought a one-room house near the Snake River. He negotiated to purchase a homestead, which required him to live on the land, so Grandma stayed in the house in town, enabling the children to go to school. I have no idea how she and four kids could live in a one-room house. My Aunt Jo, Mom's sister, interviewed Grandma Morris just before her death and wrote an essay about her life. Aunt Jo's written description of the living conditions was simply, "It was crowded."

About a year after their arrival, Johnny Morris, my granddad, was killed in a wagon accident near the homestead. The child who would grow up to become my mother, Orpha Mae Morris Jenkins, was then two years old.

Times were tough for Grandma and her children. She was left with only thirty-five dollars and, in those days, there were no safety nets for widows with children, just the help of friends and neighbors, who were also poor.

But Willie B. Wallace Morris was a tough pioneer woman, who lived to the age of ninety-four. Her family had bounced between Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. One of the moves became necessary when her grandad got into an argument with his boss and shot him in the chin. Her father had anger issues, and all his kids left home at the first opportunity. Grandma met a veteran of the Spanish-American War, Johnny Morris. After a summer and fall courtship, they got married and moved to Broken Arrow to get away from Grandma's dad.

In Idaho after her husband's death, Grandma was desperate. She was introduced to a thirty-five-year-old

bachelor, Martin Christensen, and married him. It was a marriage of survival and economics.

With Martin's money, the family rented an irrigated farm eighteen miles out of town. That didn't work out, but they rented another farm southwest of Craters of the Moon, where they lived through the 1920s and the Depression years. I went to a picnic at the old ranch once. It was not prime land—rocky with no water for miles and less than five inches of rainfall per year.

The southern Idaho winters in the 1920s and 1930s were unusually cold and snowy. Aunt Jo wrote about the challenge of getting to school in those days:

I remember one winter, it snowed and blizzarded for three weeks. When it did quit, Archie [my mother's oldest brother] rode a horse to school and broke a trail, so we were all able to go. Sometimes we went by sled with a team of horses, but after Archie got out of the eighth grade, we had to ride horseback. Many mornings we were freezing when we got to school, and it would take us hours to thaw out.

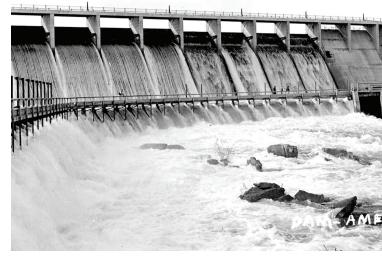
I asked Mother one time, "How did you have enough nerve to send us little kids to school when it was so cold?" She said, 'Well, I didn't get an education, and I was bound and determined you kids would." I said, "Even if it killed us?" She said, "It was rough, but you lived through it."

Aunt Jo also affirmed in her essay that Martin was mean to Grandma and her children. "My stepdad wasn't a very good farmer," she wrote. "He was lazy, and he always had someone around to do his work and Mother to cook for and wait on him. He was very abusive. He would cuss her out and tell her that she didn't earn the salt she put in the bread. They divorced after a number of years."

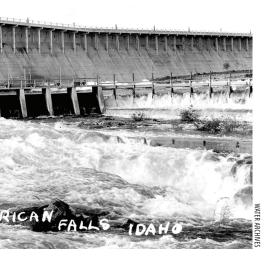
In her understated way, Aunt Jo summed it up succinctly: "It was not a loving atmosphere."

My mother didn't want to talk with me about her earlier years, but I know she had a lot of friends in high school. Once, when I heard Mom and Aunt Jo speak about high school friends and boyfriends, it was an occasion for plenty of laughter. Also, I heard many stories from Mom's younger brother Layton, which led me to guess she was popular in high school.









ABOVE: Grain silos at American Falls, circa 1915.

LEFT: American Falls Dam, circa 1930. After graduation, Mom worked to get enough money to go to beautician school in Pocatello. Grandma achieved her number one goal of all her kids finishing high school.

Through the years, Mom stayed close to her family in and around American Falls and Pocatello. She and Aunt Jo were very close, along with Layton and his wife, Pauline, who lived just a few miles from Aunt Jo and her husband, Enoch, at Portneuf Landing, seven miles south of Pocatello. Grandma lived in American Falls until her death.

Aunt Jo reported that my mom was delighted to find a young miner in Clayton, who became my father. We lived in Grangeville, but Dad's annual calendar always included a trip to southern Idaho, so Mom could see her family. Dad lovingly characterized his mother-in-law as a "tough old bird." Before I started working, I spent three enjoyable summers with Aunt Jo and my cousin, Morris. He was my best man at our wedding.

When I was in college at Idaho State, my wife Jean and I stopped to see Grandma in American Falls. We found her in the backyard halfway up a tree, picking apples.

She was under five feet tall. Her two oldest boys visited her one day and heard someone sawing wood in the kitchen. They went in and found her punching out part of the back wall to create more room. Her plan was that her small refrigerator would sit on a cement platform attached to the foundation wall. The refrigerator door would open into her kitchen, and the rest of the fridge would sit on the cement platform. The design worked. Her two boys sealed the outside wall to prevent the cold winds from entering the house, and repainted the back walls.

Before Grandma became bedridden, she enjoyed an honor one year that I thought was very much deserved. She was named Pioneer Grand Marshall of the Power County Fourth of July Parade.





ABOVE: A worrisome sight in the yard.

LEFT: Skunks like cat food.

Hepzibah and I

Only Fools Rush In

BY RON MCFARLAND

ne could suppose that living pretty much in the middle of Moscow, on the corner of busy Ninth and Barnes, Georgia and I might not provide suitable habitat for the likes of the chic Mam'selle Hepzibah—glamorous denizen of Okefenokee Swamp, born into the world of *Pogo* comics in 1949—but one would be wrong. Our landscaping may be the culprit as much as the location of our modest single-story abode at the bottom of a small hill of the sort that requires cyclists to downshift to second or even first as they ascend. Somewhere in the bank of ivy and clump of ground juniper that deter erosion dwells Miz Hepzibah, or so I surmise.

I am a longtime fan of Walt Kelly's Miz Mam'selle Hepzibah. Mind you, I have nothing against Pepé Le Pew of *Looney Tunes* fame, but I must confess that as a male I feel some natural amorous inclination toward Miz Hepzibah, who is said to have been modeled on Walt's second wife, whose name was not Hepzibah. Miz H. appears to be infatuated with Pogo who, for the uninitiated, is a possum and who seems oblivious of her flirty ways.

Oft of a summer's night I've awakened to an aroma I took at first to be that of strong coffee, only to realize it was in fact the peculiar perfume of Mademoiselle H. Not to be confused with Chanel No. 5. In my drowse, each time I must balance the potency of the scent against our desire for a cool breeze. If Hepzibah happens to be just passing through, her impact on the atmosphere will prove only momentary, and I can leave the windows open, but if I misjudge and she has been startled to the point of releasing her defense in

the form of all-out chemical warfare, our bedroom could be rendered temporarily uninhabitable.

Over the years I believe we have reached a tacit rapprochement, although an analogy to the use of noxious gases on the Western Front during the Great War does come to mind. Several years ago, harassed by aggressive stray cats that preyed upon our beloved quail and songbirds, I bought a small animal trap and baited it with inexpensive canned cat food. It worked, and I escorted the feral feline to the animal shelter, where I was advised to take it elsewhere, i.e., "anywhere else but here." They were overwhelmed with abandoned strays, or so I was told by my university students. I released the cat to the wheatfields outside town, where I hope it thrived in the vicinity of the voles.

About the third time I set that trap, however, the black-and-white furry creature therein was not Sylvester the Cat but none other than Miz Mam'selle Hepzibah. How to deal with this dilemma? How, indeed.

"In this modern day world of today"—as one of my composition students began his essay decades ago—one consults the oracle, which is to say, the internet. There I discovered a video depicting the very same trap I had purchased. I was advised to hold an old bedsheet or similar fabric in front of me and approach the trap slowly and cautiously while humming a soothing melody. Then I was to drape the sheet over the trap and gently lift the door and prop it open with a brick or similar object. Then I must carefully but swiftly step away while Mlle. Hepzibah made her exit. Need I say I was determined to give her ample room for her departure?



ABOVE: Walt Kelly's alluring Miz Mam'selle Hepzibah of *Pogo* comics fame.

My first concern after finding an appropriate sheet was to select an appropriate tune. Many melodies came flooding to mind, starting with the song Elvis Presley made popular in *Blue Hawaii* in 1961 that begins, "Wise men say only fools rush in," but that happens to be one of Georgia's favorites when she sits at the piano to remind me, as she likes to put it, "what you got yourself into." I also considered Gounod's bold and manly lyrics to the "Soldier's Chorus" from the opera *Faust* but decided against it because it is far too spirited. Finally, I decided to croon as best I could the old spiritual, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

It worked! Miz Hepzibah trundled out of the trap without looking over either of her furry shoulders and waddled away, none too hastily.

Now, most sensible folks would never resort to the small animal trap again, but as it happens, time not only heals all wounds, it also prompts a variety of amnesia, which is triggered by the consolatory notion that this, too, will pass. Besides, when did I ever claim to be sensible? So, two or three years after this episode, pestered again by the onslaught of feral cats threatening "our" quail—Mom and Dad Quail having recently turned out a brood of eight adorable chicks we had watched scurry about our patio—I again

baited the trap. This time, however, I set it up in a different section of the yard, far from the ground juniper that helps sustain the hillside and that probably serves as Hepzibah's home.

Same result. To the surprise of none and sundry. Once again, I had recourse to the video on the internet, and this time, fortunately, I was advised to be cautious when approaching the trap with my trusty skunk sheet as regards her tail. If she started to lift it, back off! And this time Mlle. H did indeed begin to lift her bushy tail in preparation to discharge her "anal scent glands," as the internet describes her defensive weapon. According to the web, "Skunks are crepuscular and solitary animals when not breeding." The poet within me responds agreeably to that word "crepuscular." Twilight. It sounds so lyrical, as in T.S. Eliot's "violet hour." Lovely.

In the event, I was compelled to approach and retrace my steps several times, humming or singing or chanting "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" over and again, quite soothingly, I thought. At last Miz H relented, albeit reluctantly, and I was able to release her. The skunk sheet this time was richly scented. Although I assured myself I would have no further use of that sheet, I decided to leave it out in the weather to see how long it would take to tone down. For the record, this required many months—more than a year—at the end of which span I consigned the skunk sheet to the garbage. Since then I have not set the trap. When feral cats descend on our avian friends, I now greet them with my trusty slingshot. Although I have never come close to hitting one, I take solace in the fact that I am at least doing something. For the religious among you, let me affirm I am not putting the fear of God into those cats.

A noteworthy fact I picked up online about Miz Mam'selle Hepzibah and her kin is that like the raccoons that sometimes frequent our yard, skunks occasionally feed on slugs. One evening a year or two back, after I had given up on my

trapping madness, I noticed Mademoiselle H. nosing about in some bushes twenty or so feet away, and it struck me she might be doing just what I was doing that evening. Those who saw my essay "Stalking the Wily Slug" in this magazine (September 2020), will know I am wont to prowl about my yard nocturnally when the weather permits with flashlight in one hand and deadly saltshaker in the other. That evening, I decided to leave Miz Hepzibah to her affairs. If one is determined to enter the wild world at night, one must make accommodations, and of course one must hope for mutual respect from the creaturely realm.

Last March 17, yes, Saint Paddy's Day to be precise, I decided to get a jump on the slug season by heading out on safari shortly after dark. The results were satisfactory: thirteen littles, three bigs, and one jumbo. I was rounding the corner onto the back deck through the front yard and down Slug Alley when I heard the patter of four little feet that I assumed must be a feral cat. I hissed menacingly and turned my flashlight on: you guessed it, none other than Miz Hepzibah. She hurried past, heading west, as I ambled eastward. Fortunately, while I detected a reek, she did not stop to unleash a full dose from her notorious anal sweat glands. Sure, 'twas the luck o' the Irish that night. But only up to a point: my best pair of jeans suffered severely at below-knee level. How to deal with this dilemma? How, indeed.

According to the oracular internet, one may opt for either baking soda or ammonia, so after a day-long airing, I opted for a half-cup of baking soda and a good long soak. I draped the reeking britches along with my not-so-smelly sweatshirt on the iron reeds we had placed among the river rocks along the patio, and left them out for two more days, after which the odor had ebbed but not fully vanished. My sweatshirt emerged odorfree after only a single day basking in the rare sun of mid-March. The website advised that the

odoriferous garments be washed separately in hot water and not thrown into the dryer. Georgia wisely decided to run the jeans through another round of baking soda before committing them to the washer.

After I hung my skunk pants out to dry for a couple of days, I decided they were ready to be worn. A full week after the incident, I put them on and tried to pretend the smell had magically disappeared. It had not. I wore them all day, but there was no deceiving myself and no chance of deceiving Georgia. Today, my damaged jeans perhaps permanently compromised—are hanging outside again on the iron reeds. At times Georgia looks out the kitchen window and is startled, thinking for an instant some guy has wandered onto our patio. As my inner Scot-Irish knows all too well, these skunk pants were not cheap. What should I do next? I cannot in good conscience donate them, can I? Perhaps, to commemorate that particular crepuscular or nocturnal hour, to St. Vincent de Paul? But he wasn't Irish, eh? Georgia tells me administering ammonia to fabrics after having used baking soda is not a good idea. If I leave my skunk pants hanging outside for as long as I left that skunk sheet, they will not be fit to wear. And then it will snow.



Dad's Advice

Remember Who You Are

BY STEVE CARR

hinking about Father's Day, the third Sunday in June, reminds me that both my parents came from families with long histories of spotty churchgoing traditions. Although Dad preferred to ski or golf on his rare weekends off, he was tacitly supportive of Mom taking us to Sunday school. We didn't pray together as a family, except to offer gratitude once a year over Thanksgiving turkey. Family dinner conversations focused on the world around us, especially the wonders of Nature and biology. Religion was personal and not discussed.

In Sunday school, I was taught to abstain from alcohol and tobacco. In our home, it was understood that such things were unhealthy for growing boys. The church teachings, at least my gleanings, seemed less about avoiding sin and more about the importance of honoring a commitment of abstinence. You can see why my physician father was only too happy for his boys to receive the church's endorsement of a good health policy. Typical, I suspect, of the times, our relationship with our father was rather formal. We knew he loved us, we just never heard him say it. Dad's only refrain to his teenage sons as we'd head out the door on a Saturday night was, "Remember who you are." Like the Thanksgiving prayer, I guess, he believed that should be enough.

My first job, after getting my driver's license at fifteen, was to deliver fruit and vegetables for Norton Fruit Company. It didn't occur to me then, nor for many years thereafter, that Dad's close friendship with Earl Norton may have played some small role in me landing the coveted position. Occasionally, my route called for a delivery to one of the many local bars.

One early afternoon, I pushed a hand truck with boxes of lemons and limes through the alley delivery door of a narrow, sixty-watt-lit, downtown bar, the walls impregnated for years by cigarette smoke. Even my virgin nose understood there was a whole lot of story there. As I guided the fruit down the narrow hallway, I passed a high-walled back booth. The memory is vivid these decades later, and now as I re-see it, it plays like a scene from a Bogart movie. Sitting in the booth, his back to the front of the bar where only someone coming in from the delivery alley could possibly see him, cigarette burning between practiced fingers in one hand, cocktail clutched in the other, trench coat and fedora hanging on the bench post, was my church leader. Our eyes met, separated by a curl of smoke. Regardless of upbringing, an unsullied fifteen-year-old sees mostly in black and white. I delivered my lemons and hurried out the front door before the bartender could turn me around.

The mix of emotions I felt was new and complex, not unusual I guess for my age. I didn't understand how complicated life would become. What felt to me like pure hypocrisy then was most certainly a mixed salad. My appearance in the bar that day likely added one more item to the good youth leader's load. What some part of me did understand, back then, was that there was no chance I would have seen my father in that booth that afternoon. Dad, like all of us, was less than perfect, but had he been in the bar, for any reason, he would've been in the front, by the window.

Find Steve looking for a seat, aspirationally by the window, or at scarr@prodigy.net

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RECIPES

Pickle Cookies

INGREDIENTS

Ritz™ crackers Dill or bread and butter pickle slices Colby jack or cheddar cheese

PREPARATION

- > Place crackers on baking sheet, top with pickle slices, then small slices of cheese, cut to size.
- > Broil in oven for three minutes, or until cheese is bubbling and golden light brown.
- > Can also be grilled in an air fryer for eight minutes.

NOTE: My mother believed in pickles and cheese snacks. We five sisters grew up on them. This is a new twist on one of our favorite hunger fighters, and the name alone sparks curiosity. I'm going to try them out for the grandkids (Trevor, age three, and Dejah, age two) who've loved pickles since their infancy, and see what they think.



Amy Story Larson is a food and adventure writer, artist, and art instructor. She makes her way through the state looking for good recipes and new friends, often found simultaneously.

Oreos™ Fudge

INGREDIENTS

About 27 Oreos™

Ziploc™ baggie
1 bag white chocolate chips
1 can sweetened condensed milk

Parchment paper

PREPARATION

- > Place cookies in baggie, seal, then crush them.
- > In a medium cooking pot, pour white chocolate chips and condensed milk. Cool over medium heat until melted and combined. Add Oreo™ pieces and stir.
- > Line parchment paper into a square baking pan, then fill with mixture. Place half or quarter of cookies pieces on top for decor.
- > Place pan in refrigerator for a few hours to set, and then cut into squares.

NOTE: They (anyone you are trying to feed, impress, or bribe) will go bonkers over this treat!

JUNE 2021







DULCEY LIMA

5

EXPERIENCE IDAHO EXPO, Garden City

Idaho native or a newcomer, come help celebrate what makes this state so special! Check out Idaho businesses while listening to live music by The Last Call 10 AM - 1 PM and The Soulmates from 2 - 5PM. Sip cold beverages crafted by Mad Swede. Sample sweet and savory treats, learn about local services, buy handcrafted gifts and apparel. To make sure all guests can safely and comfortably enjoy this free community event, CDC guidelines and safety standards will be followed. Hand sanitizing stations, masks are strongly encouraged, and exhibitors will be spaced further apart to allow for proper social distancing and wider aisles. The cost: FREE! Hours: 10 AM - 5 PM. Location: Expo Idaho buildings.

Information: experienceidahoexpo.com

12

CALDWELL FAMILY FUN DAY, Caldwell

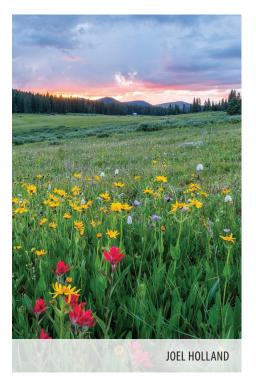
This is a great way for the whole family to have fun in the sun. And it happens on Idaho Fish & Games' annual Free Fishing Day. Besides the opportunity for old and young, experienced and beginner, to do some fishing, there will be loads of activities, several contests, balloon critters, free lunch, fishing derby, family color walk, and raffle prizes too! We will spread out all over Whittenberger Park and around Rotary Pond Park so we'll be in the outdoors. There will also be other COVID precautions in place so that everyone can have the best day possible. 9:AM -Noon, Whittenberger Park, Caldwell.

Information: cityofcaldwell.org/ Home/Components/Calendar/ Event/5519/19?curm=6&cury= 26

THE SPANK MARTINY MEMORIAL BRONCS & BULLS, Challis

Every year local and regional riders gather at the North Custer Rodeo Ground to celebrate the life of Spank Martiny, a renowned bull rider and hometown favorite. To the delight of the crowd, riders entertain as they show off their talented skills in Saddle Bronc, Stock Saddle Bronc, and Bull Riding. In celebration of this 10th Annual event, champs from the past 9 years have been invited to come back and ride. Concessions provided by the local Search and Rescue. Admission: \$10; ages 7 and under free. 7 - 11 PM, North Custer Rodeo Grounds in Challis.

Information: (208) 833-4325; or jentre.spencer@custertel.com







JEFFREY HAMILTON

26

WILDFLOWER CONCERT,

Wild flowers are at their peak this time of year at the Pebble Creek ski area, giving rise to this annual outdoor event. Bring your lawn chairs and blankets and nestle them in the wild flowers on the slopes which not too long ago were covered with snow. The hillside provides a perfect view of both the bands and the sunset. Ride the lift and take a wild flower hike before the concert! The event takes place from 2 PM - 9 PM, and is located at the Pebble Creek Ski Area, 3340 E Green Canyon Road near Inkom.

Information: pebblecreekskiarea.com/events; or (208) 775-4452

26

PALOUSE WRITERS FESTIVAL "BOOKS & BREWS", Moscow

Join us to celebrate the close of the 2021 Palouse Writers Festival and the winners of our annual writing contest. During Books & Brews, which is hosted by the Palouse Writers Guild, workshop presenters and other participating authors will be on hand to meet with the public and autograph their books in a festive book fair atmosphere. This event is FREE, family friendly, and open to the public. Hours: 5 - 8 PM. Location: The 1912 Center in Moscow.

Information: palousewritersguild.org/2021/04/2021-book-brews

26

LIVE BUTTERFLY RELEASE MEMORIAL EVENT, Twin Falls

During this unique and inspiring event butterflies will be released in memory of loved ones and others who are no longer with us. There will be a short service, during which the names of those whose being memorialized will be read aloud. The event is free of charge to attend, but we are asking for a \$20.00 donation for each butterfly and person being remembered, prior to the event. Visit hospicevisions.org to make your donation and reserve your butterflies, or contact Nora Wells at (208) 735-0121 for a donation form. The event will take place at the Orton Botanical Gardens, 867 Filer Ave W., Twin Falls, beginning at 11 AM.

Information: hospicevisions.org; or 208-735-0121

DEAR READERS: Cancellations or changes in these events may still occur because of concerns about COVID-19, as well as for other unforeseen reasons. Double-checking with event coordinators about the following locations, dates, and times is highly recommended.

STATEWIDE

12 Idaho Free Fishing Day: This all-day event celebrates fishing in Idaho—and no fishing license is required. And if you've never been fishing, this is a great day to learn. Fish and Game personnel and volunteers will set up several free events at local fishing waters throughout the state to help first-timers discover the joys of fishing. There are a limited number of loaner rods and reels available to practice with but if you have your own equipment, you are encouraged to bring it. All other fishing rules and regulations including creel limits, opening dates, and tackle restrictions remain in effect. Always check the seasons and rules for the water where you plan to go fishing.

NORTHERN IDAHO

- The Well~Read Evening Book Club: 6 7:30 PM at The Well Read Moose. New members are always welcome. Coeur d'Alene
- 5 Long Camp 5th Annual "Classics on the Clearwater", Kamiah
- 5-26 Long Camp Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS. Kamiah/Kooskia
- 5-26 Moscow Farmers Market: SATURDAYS.

 This event celebrates local farmers, artisans, and musicians by providing them with an opportunity to interact directly with the community and its visitors. This is a nicotine-free event. No vaping, tobacco chewing, or traditional smoking is permitted. 8 AM 1 PM.

 Live Music, 9 AM 12:30 PM. Main Street and Friendship Square, Moscow
- 9 The Well~Read Morning Book Club: 10 - 11:30 AM at The Well Read Moose. Coeur d'Alene
- 17 16th Annual Moscow Artwalk: ArtWalk gives local artists a chance to exhibit

- their work, and all ages are encouraged to explore this free citywide event! Maps of the walking tour will be available throughout downtown. Join local businesses in celebrating the visual, literary, performing and culinary arts of our community. 4 8 PM, downtown Moscow
- 18 Sandpoint ArtWalk: Opening receptions
 5:30 8 PM on June 18. Local artists will be
 exhibiting their work at local galleries and
 retail locations throughout downtown. All
 ages are welcome to enjoy this free event.
 ArtWalk displays will continue through
 September 6. Sandpoint
- 19-20 Father's Day Weekend at Silverwood. Silverwood Theme Park, Athol
- 19-20 White Bird Days & Rodeo, White Bird
- 19-20 CVRA Annual Rodeo "Biggest Little Rodeo in Idaho": Kamiah
- 25 Baked Potato Bar Dinner Fundraiser, Coeur d'Alene
- 26 Craigmont June Picnic, Craigmont
- Palouse Writers Festival, "Books & Brews":5 8 PM, The 1912 Center, Moscow
- TBD KOA "ISBA Bluegrass Super Jam", Kamiah

SOUTHWESTERN IDAHO

- 1-30 Summer Reading Program: "Tales & Tails". Participate in fun, animal-oriented activities, log your reading and earn prizes. All ages. Contact calwellpubliclibrary.org. Public Library, Caldwell
- 1-29 Farm to Fork Farmers' Market: TUESDAYS. Held in conjunction with the "Tuesdays on the Creek" Concert Series. 5 - 8 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell

FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

Family-oriented and affordable Idaho events get a free line in our calendar, and each month we choose several to highlight. Here's how to submit:

DEADLINE: The fifteenth of each month.

LEAD TIME: Two issues.

NEXT DEADLINE: June 15 for the August 2021 issue.

SEND DETAILS TO: calendar@idahomagazine.com

1-29 Tuesdays on the Creek: TUESDAYS. Live music---folk, rock, funk and more. 6 - 9 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell

- 1-30 MK Nature Center's StreamWalk Program:
 Wildlife educators instruct students about
 Idaho wildlife and the importance of
 habitat, coupled with a guided walk along
 the Nature Center path that follows our
 man-made stream. Cost: \$2.00 per student,
 \$2.00 per parent. Teachers free. Contact
 sara.focht@idfg.idaho.gov for current
 details. Boise
- 3,17 ONLINE Trivia Night: For Singles, Couples or Pairs (that is, 1-2 people) With your spouse, friend, parent, partner or person of choice, join us for a laid back fun night of trivia via Zoom!: 7 8:30 PM. Public Library, Nampa
- 5 St. Jude's Trail Ride: Open to the Public. Hosted by Cowboy Campground at Legacy Park, Idaho City
- WYS Pops Concert #2: 7:30 PM, Snake River Heritage Center, 2295 Paddock Ave., Weiser
- 5-6 Outpost Days: All kinds of Western fun happens at this annual event.
 Pancake breakfast both days. Lost arts demonstrations, plus Blacksmiths, Fur traders, Horny toad races, classic car show, Ft. Boise Garrison encampment and Silent and Live auctions. The museum will be fully open with free admission into the Murphy School House, AG Annex Building, Marsing Depot and Stamp Mill. Owyhee County Museum, Murphy
- 5-26 Schick-Ostolasa Farmstead Tour: SATURDAYS.
 The farmstead is the longest continuously inhabited home in Idaho, with seven historic farm buildings: the Farmhouse,

- a Detached Red Cookhouse and Spring House (called the Red House), Root Cellar, Woodshed, Saddle Shed, Granary, and a Horse Barn. 12:30 - 4:30 PM, 5006 W. Farm Court, Boise
- 7 BLOOM: This is a Reading Series featuring fiction writers, poets, playwrights, creative nonfiction writers, and podcasters who appear live on stage in IBG's Meditation Garden. Bring your picnic blanket, folding chair, food and drink of choice, and an ear for some amazing writers and creatives. IBG members \$5, non-members, \$10.5:30 7:30 PM. Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise
- 7-30 Traveling Playground: Enjoy free, organized activities such as soccer, football, basketball, jump rope activities, volleyball, tag games & much more. The Traveling Playground will be at various Nampa Park locations. Check this schedule nampaparksandrecreation.org/277/
 Traveling-Playground, and then COME PLAY. Nampa
- 10 Thursday Afternoon Read: Virtual event at 2 PM. Ages 18+. Public Library, Caldwell
- 12 Caldwell Family Fun Day: Have fun in the sun on Free Fishing Day! Loads of activities, several contests, balloon critters, and raffle prizes too! Besides being outdoors, we will have other COVID precautions in place so that everyone can have the best day! 9 AM Noon, Whittenberger Park, Caldwell
- 20-26 National Oldtime Fiddler's Contest and Festival: Weiser High School, 690 W Indianhead Rd, Weiser

25-26 Gold Dust Rodeo: Idaho City

SOUTHERN IDAHO

- 4-5 Lincoln County Historical Society Fundraiser Yard Sale: All Items are sold by donation and funds raised help with the operations and projects for the Lincoln County Historical Society and Museum. 8 AM - 5 PM, Shoshone
- 4-25 Crossroads Farmers Market: FRIDAYS. 3 7 PM, Shoshone
- 12 Outlaw Day: Parade Theme is "Remember When..." Richfield
- 24 Boat Show & Shine: Idaho Regatta racers encouraged & invited to show off their boats 6 8:30 PM, The Square, Rupert
- 25 Idaho Regatta Boat Parade: 9:30 11:00 AM, Burley
- 26-27 Idaho Regatta Races: 9:50 AM: National Anthem, 10:05 AM 6 PM, Qualifying heats

Heat races, Swim Breaks. Flatbottom Grand Prix Shootout Saturday and heat finals.

Heat finals. Awards Ceremony/Banquet Sunday after the conclusion of racing.

Contact: idahoregatta@icloud.com Location, Race site, Burley

9th Annual Live Butterfly Release Memorial Event: 11 AM, Orton Botanical Gardens, Twin Falls

CENTRAL IDAHO

- 5 Challis Classy Chassis' annual Show N' Shine car show: 10 AM - 4 PM, at the intersection of U.S. Highway 93 and Main Street, Challis
- 18-19 Idaho's Wildest Rodeo: 75th Annual Rodeo. Rodeo, Live Music, Parade, Vendors. Mackay Rodeo Grounds, Mackay
- 26 Broncs & Bulls: The Spank Martiny Memorial Broncs & Bulls event celebrates the life of Spank Martiny, a renowned bull rider and hometown favorite. 7 - 11 PM, North Custer Rodeo Grounds, Challis

EASTERN IDAHO

- 1-30 Butterfly Haven: Idaho's largest butterfly house. Enjoy a visit among Idaho and other American butterflies supported by their host and nectar plants. Listen to the murmur of the waterfall and the song of the canaries. Hours: 11 AM to 4 PM, Monday through Sunday. thebutterflyhaven.com, 1462 W 200 S, Pingree
- 5 Free Day at the Zoo. All day. Zoo Idaho, Pocatello
- 5 Gate City Brewfest.1 6 PM, Old Town Pocatello
- 19 Pizza's Run Car Show: This is the 23rd annual Pizza's Run show. Tons of raffle prizes, live DJ, great food, and activities for the kids. Free for participants and spectators. Over 50 awards will be given out. Come join us for one of the funnest car shows in Idaho. Registration: 8 11 AM. Show: 11 AM 4 PM. City Park, Soda Springs
- 19 Summer 2021 Used Book/Flash Sale:10 2 PM, Marshall Public Library, Pocatello
- 20 Father's Day at the Zoo: All day. Zoo Idaho, Pocatello
- 26 Downtown Days Art Fest: 9 AM 4 PM, Old Town Pocatello
- Pebble Creek's annual Music & Wildflower Festival: 2 - 9 PM, Pebble Creek Ski Area, Inkom

JULY 2021 SNEAK PEEK

NORTHERN IDAHO

- 1 The Well~Read Evening Book Club: 6 7:30 PM at The Well Read Moose, Coeur d'Alene
- 1,8 Kooskia Farmers Market, Kooskia
- 1-4 Border Days: Rodeos on July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd at 6 PM, and Parades on July 2nd, 3rd & 4th, at 2 PM. Grangeville
- 3,10 Long Camp Saturday Farmer's Market, Kamiah/Kooskia
- 3,10 Moscow Farmer's Market, Moscow
- 3-4 Winchester Days, Winchester
- Fourth of July Celebration. Parades in the morning, festivities at City Beach in the afternoon, and a fireworks display over Lake Pend Oreille at dusk. Sandpoint

SOUTHWESTERN IDAHO

- 4 Independence Day Celebration: A gigantic community celebration of the Fourth. Parade in the morning. Cool off at Indian Creek Plaza. Run through splash pads, take a dip in the dunk tank, and listen to Oldies music live. At 9:30 PM at Brothers Park, Fireworks! Caldwell
- 4 Independence Day Celebration: Reading of the Declaration of Independence and other festivities. Brogan/Naylor Park, Idaho City
- 5 BLOOM: Fiction writers, poets, playwrights, creative nonfiction writers, and podcasters live on stage in the Meditation Garden. Bring your picnic blanket, folding chair, food and drink of choice. Members \$5; Nonmembers \$10. 5:30 7:30 PM, Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise
- 6 Farm to Fork Farmers' Market: 5 8 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell
- 6 Tuesdays on the Creek: Live music---folk, rock, funk and more. 6 9 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell
- Schick-Ostolasa Farmstead Tour: 12:30 4:30 PM, 5006 W. Farm Court, Boise

SOUTHERN IDAHO

2 Crossroads Farmers Market: 3 - 7 PM, Shoshone

CENTRAL IDAHO

- 2-4 "Days of the Old West" Rodeo: The action starts with slack at 9 AM on Friday, with the first performance at 7:30 PM. Second performance Saturday at 7:30 PM and the final performance Sunday at 7:30 PM. Each night, pre-rodeo entertainment starts at 6:30 PM with Queen Contestants, Freestyle Reining Competition, Mutton Bust'in (Friday and Saturday) and Home Town Bull Riding on Sunday. Werthheimer Park, Hailey
- 4 Fourth of July Celebration: This small town does not skimp on celebrations. Explore fishing, camping, boating, swimming, and all the outdoor fun your heart desires throughout the day. In the evening, sit down, relax, and enjoy the fireworks show. Stanley

EASTERN IDAHO

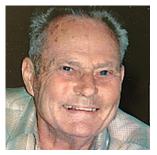
- 1-30 Snake River Boat Rides: Narrated boat tours on the Snake River in downtown Idaho Falls Tuesdays through Saturdays. Two separate runs: Upper Falls and Lower Falls run. snakeriverferry.tours. Idaho Falls
- Fire Department "Foam in the Park":3 5 PM. City Park, Soda Springs
- 3 The Melaleuca Freedom Celebration: This event lights up the sky with the largest independence day fireworks show west of the Mississippi River. 10:03 PM 10:34 PM, Snake River Landing, Idaho Falls
- Teton Dam Marathon: 5k, 10k, Half Marathon and Marathon offer views of beautiful scenery, quaint towns and farmland. 5 AM. Rexburg
- 10 Acton Children's Business Fair: Young local entrepreneurs open their businesses to the community for a one-day marketplace. childrensbusinessfair.org/idahofalls-acton, 10 AM to 2 PM, Idaho Falls

JUNE CONTRIBUTORS



Brody Barrus

is a lifelong Idahoan and avid outdoorsman. He separated from the United States Army in March 2020 and is currently a freshman at Idaho State University. He spends most of his downtime on the many streams, rivers, and lakes Idaho has to offer, in pursuit of trophy trout.



Lewis Orson Brown

(1924-2010), was born, raised, and died in Salmon, and was proud to have lived outside of Lemhi County no more than fifteen years throughout his life. He served in the U.S. Navy, owned a body and fender repair shop, and worked for the Idaho Department of Highways before retiring in 2000. In 2003, he was named Honorary Old Timer at the annual Gibbonsville Old Timers' Dinner.



Miranda R. Carter is a former journalist and forever writer. Her fiction piece "My

Mother's Sky" won Reedsy's weekly prompt competition in June 2020. Her articles have appeared in the *Colorado Springs Independent, Pikes Peak Bulletin*, the *Lewiston Tribune*, and University of Idaho journals *Argonaut* and *Blot Magazine*. She teaches college writing and communication, and hails from the "Heart of the Arts," Moscow.



Emily ("Em") English

is a technical writer and educator at the College of Southern Idaho. She is married and a proud co-parent of five children and a min-pin named Pepper. Currently, she is obsessed with collecting sand from Idaho's beautiful places to go along with a collection from national and state parks.



Kit Herndon

is a fifth-generation Idahoan who has experienced many adventures in McCall. Music and sports have been her special interests and her academic achievements include a micro-MBA from Boise State and a degree from University of Montana. She loves working with children, had various recreational jobs, and later worked for Peasley Transfer. Kit is now blessed with the time to enjoy her six grandchildren.



Max Jenkins

holds degrees in pharmacy and law and is retired from a career in business that included vice president of marketing for a nationwide wholesaler and CEO and president of a Nasdaq-listed company in New York. He also was a non-paid executive director for the Rochester, NY, Habitat for Humanity Affiliate for six years.



Ron McFarland

has taught literature and creative writing at the University of Idaho since 1970. Pecan Grove Press published his fourth full-length book of poems, Subtle Thieves, in 2012. Recent critical books include Appropriating Hemingway (2015) and Edward J. Steptoe and the Indian Wars (2016).



David E. Metcalf

was born and raised near Homedale and has raised a family with wife Darla in southwestern Idaho. The youngest of nine children, David enjoys writing stories about life in Idaho, childhood memories, and other inspirational topics. You can find him at davidsdocs.com and on Facebook.



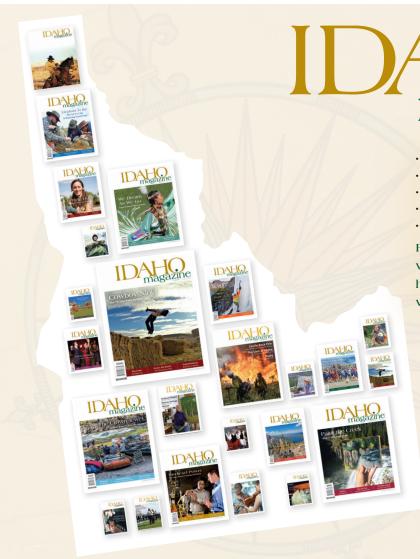
Lorie Palmer Russell

grew up in Custer, Washington but Idaho was always a big part of her life as her mother graduated from Sandpoint High School in 1953 and her dad from Kellogg High in 1954. Lorie obtained a BA in English literature from Northwest Nazarene University in Nampa. For twenty-five years she has worked as community editor for the *Idaho County Free Press* in Grangeville. She and her husband have three grown daughters, two grandchildren, and one spoiled chiweenie named Crockett.



John Vivian

began his journalism career with the Kellogg Evening News in 1963 and continued with United Press International and the Associated Press. He recently retired as a journalism professor. He wrote the most widely adopted college textbook in the field, The Media of Mass Communication, now in its twelfth edition. He lives in Minnesota but his heart is in the Idaho Panhandle, and he visits every year.



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