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Boise Legacy Constructors is pleased to be among the first to support *IDAHO magazine* by sponsoring this innovative educational opportunity for Idaho's youngsters. Over the past years, *IDAHO magazine* has built a first-rate reputation for presenting fresh glimpses into some of Idaho's historic events by delivering photo-journalistic accounts to its readers in meaningful, personal ways. The premier issue of *IDAHO magazine's* on-line version, designed for classroom use, is yet another gift to Idahoans, meant to inspire young historians and

journalists. This program joins the list of successful youth programs already in place through the efforts of *IDAHO magazine* such as its Young Writers' Program and the work it has published from hundreds of freelance writers and photographers. *Washington Post's* Donald Graham once wrote, "Journalism is the first rough draft of history." We are delighted to be able to partner with the Idaho Writers League (and others) in helping *IDAHO magazine* to unveil this impactful, non-profit project.

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IDAHO

magazine

AUGUST 2009 VOL. 8, NO. 11

Highway 95 Revisited

The Old Route and the New

A Farmwife's Tale

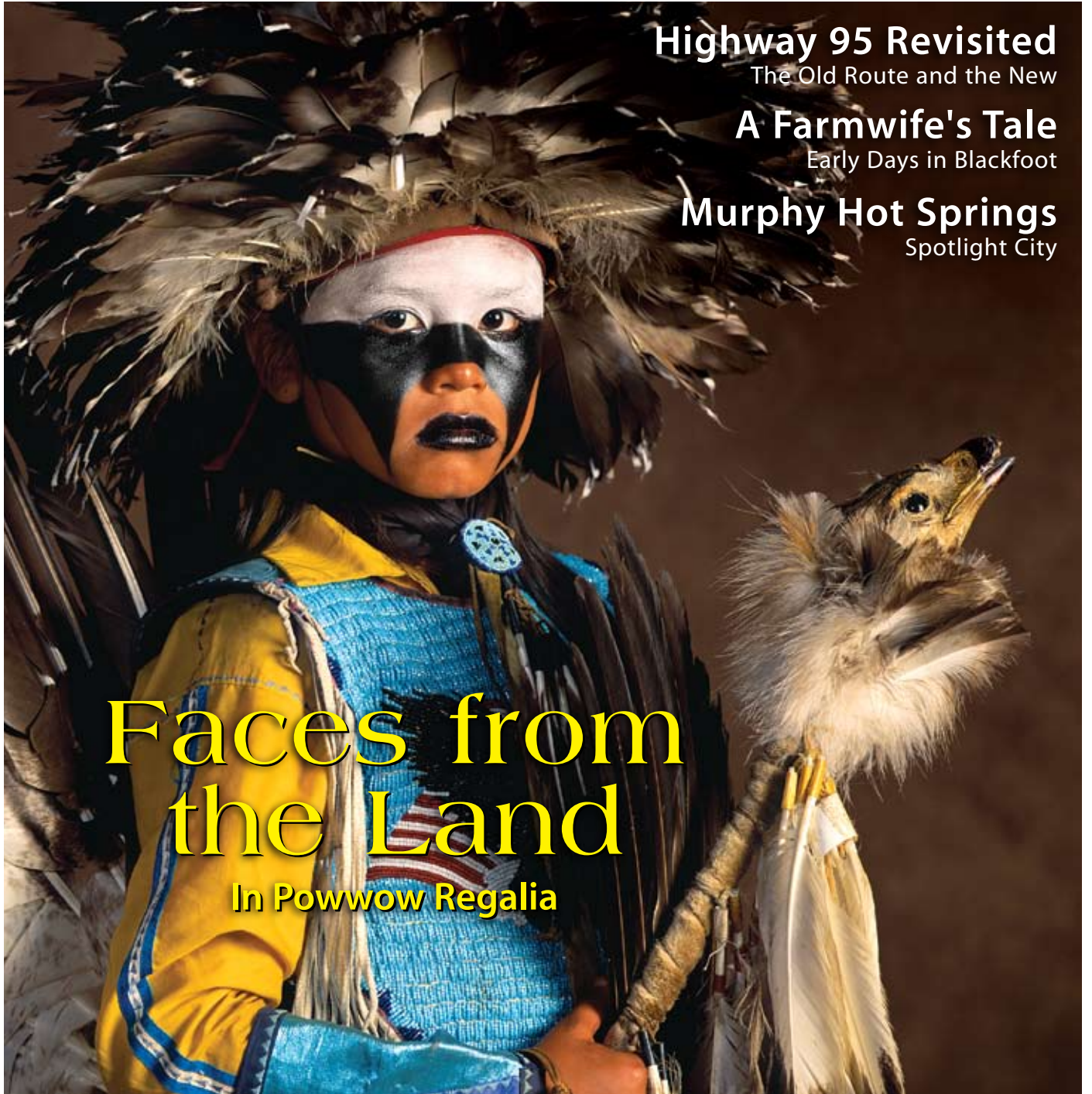
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Nora Stamm chronicled early 20th Century life near Blackfoot. Her memoir attests to the extraordinary effort required to farm, raise children, and survive back then.

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The Good Stuff

In his 1971 book, *Future Shock*, Alvin Toffler coined the term "information overload." He described the individual's finite ability to receive and process information for making rational decisions. Nowadays the phrase is misused by people who, amazingly, carp about the *availability* of information, not the processing of it. We've all heard the complaint that too much volume makes finding desired material more difficult, yet we're not searching out and sifting through this raw data. That's largely done for us, by search engines, which continue to become more sophisticated.

People talk about being overloaded because they become narcotized by the availability of info, when they should be stimulated by it. Apparently, the argument of the ancient Greeks over whether the emotions of an audience are purged or excited by art can now be applied to information. Toffler worried about too much sensory input. Today, the main question is whether we're active or passive in bestowing our attention.

All the pap is making us vulgar, we're constantly told. The challenge is to be discerning, but how do we maintain a diet of aesthetics amid the mind-candy temptations? It could be hard to spend time on something that requires concentration in the face of 750 billion free YouTube videos. On the other hand, the rewards of exercise are well-documented. The logic of all this is inescapable: if you want to be healthier and live more fully, spend your time reading the good stuff. If it helps, think of this magazine as your search engine. And you've just typed in "Idaho."

The Winner Is...

IDAHO magazine correspondent Tom Davenport of Hayden recently won a first place Excellence in Craft Award from the Outdoor Writers Association of America, for "Clean Ride," his feature article and photographic essay on the sport of mounted shooting that appeared in this magazine's November 2008 issue. Congratulations, Tom.

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Faces from the Land

Two Decades of Chronicling Powwow Tradition

Reviewed By Kitty Delorey Fleischman

For more than twenty years, Ben and Linda Marra have traversed North America to document tribal powwows. In the process, with Ben acting as the photographer, and Linda the documentarian, the Marras have captured faces and regalia that preserve precious aspects of native culture.

Because of its tremendous beauty, it would be easy to dismiss *Faces from the Land* as just another gorgeous coffee table volume—until you study the photos, and begin to read the biographies of the dancers and learn how they came to embrace the powwow traditions of their tribal cultures. The bios are brief and spare, but elegantly stated. All of the photos in this book are taken against the same backdrop, stripping away distractions. The focus of the book is entirely on the faces, the native dress and the words. Each dancer has chosen regalia that is appropriate to his or her tribe and dance.

Feelings about tradition, history, beauty and dignity can overwhelm you as you peruse the pages of this gorgeous book.



PHOTO BY BEN MARRA



PHOTO BY WILLIAM WRIGHT

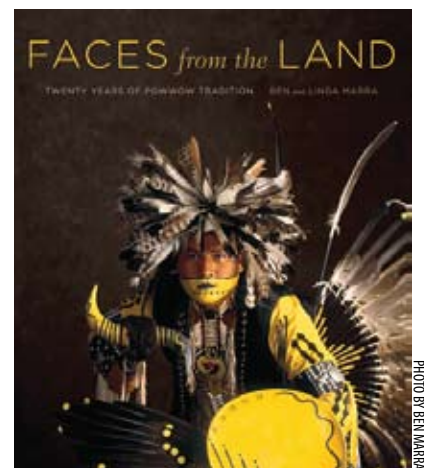


PHOTO BY BEN MARRA



PHOTO BY BEN MARRA

OPPOSITE TOP: Horace Axtell, Nez Perce

OPPOSITE BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT: Linda and Ben Marra; *Faces from the Land* book cover

ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Paris Leighton, Sr., Khul-Khul-Hut-suut, Nez Perce; Summer Baldwin and Willow Abrahamson Jack, Lemhi Shoshone-Bannock

BELOW: Sparrowhawk Walsey, Ka'las (Raccoon), Warm Springs, Wailaki, Yakama, Shoshone-Bannock



PHOTO BY BEN MARRA



PHOTO BY BEN MARRA

Ben Marra is a native Idahoan who graduated from Wallace High School in 1958, and went on to the University of Idaho. He graduated in 1962 with a bachelor's degree in liberal arts. He earned a bachelor's degree in photography from the Brooks Institute of Photography in Santa Barbara, Calif., in 1972, and in 1997 he was awarded an honorary masters in photography from Brooks.

Linda, the book's documentarian, was born in Oklahoma, but grew up around the Midwest. She considers Kansas City her hometown. She went to school in Texas and graduated from college in Missouri, always living in areas that were rich with American Indian history, but knowing little about the tribes. As she said, "The actual history of what happened to the tribal people was never taught in our schools."

With a background in artist development and marketing consulting, Linda said she met Ben in 1980 when he was a Seattle commercial photographer with





PHOTO BY BEN MARRA

LEFT: Teri and Jeffery Scott, Qoh Qoh Tse Mooque To Loo En (Raven Playing in the Soot of Fire) and son Epaleckt; Nez Perce

BELOW LEFT: Laura Stensgar-Mokry, Coeur d'Alene

BELOW RIGHT: Leanne SiJohn, Kwl ts'aw (Red Fringe), Coeur d'Alene, Colville, Nez Perce

a large studio in Pioneer Square shooting corporate advertising and doing architectural assignments. After dating seven years, they married and photographed their first powwow in 1988. "Inspired by the people we met and Ben's photographs," Linda said, "we traveled to countless other powwows to photograph, and the portfolio quickly grew into huge piles of transparencies. Since we worked so well together on the road at powwows, Ben invited me in 1994 to work full-time with him at the studio.

"When I asked him what he'd like me to accomplish, he offered me carte blanche to make something out of the Indian Project. That's how we referred to it, and that's how it began. Shortly thereafter, I landed our first calendar title with Pomegranate Publishing Co. A year later, another calendar title, and then our first book published by Harry N. Abrams, *POWWOW: Images along the Red Road*; it preceded *Faces From the Land*—our twenty-year retrospective of the work."

Ben Marra, whose parents grew up in Wallace, still maintains the family home in Silverton, where he was raised. ■



PHOTO BY BEN MARRA



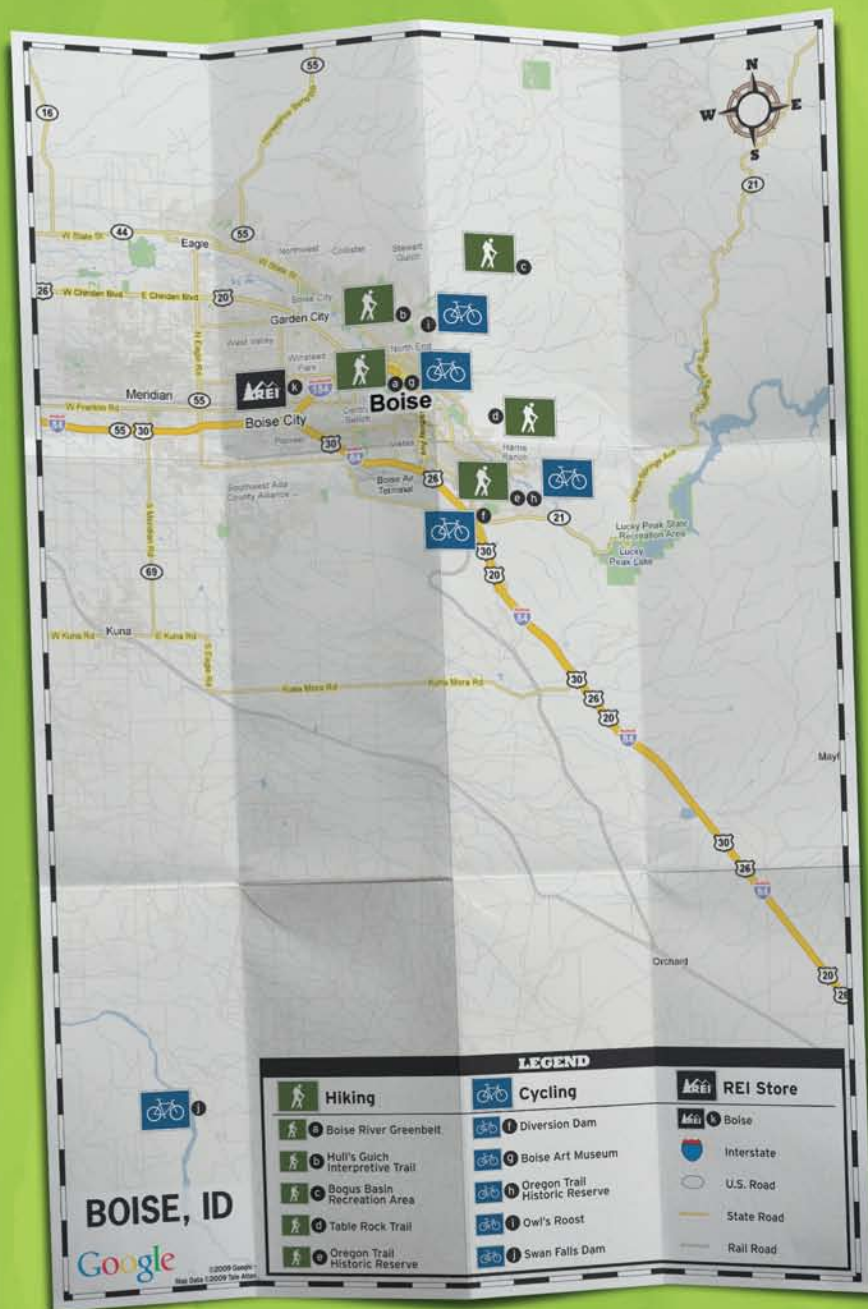
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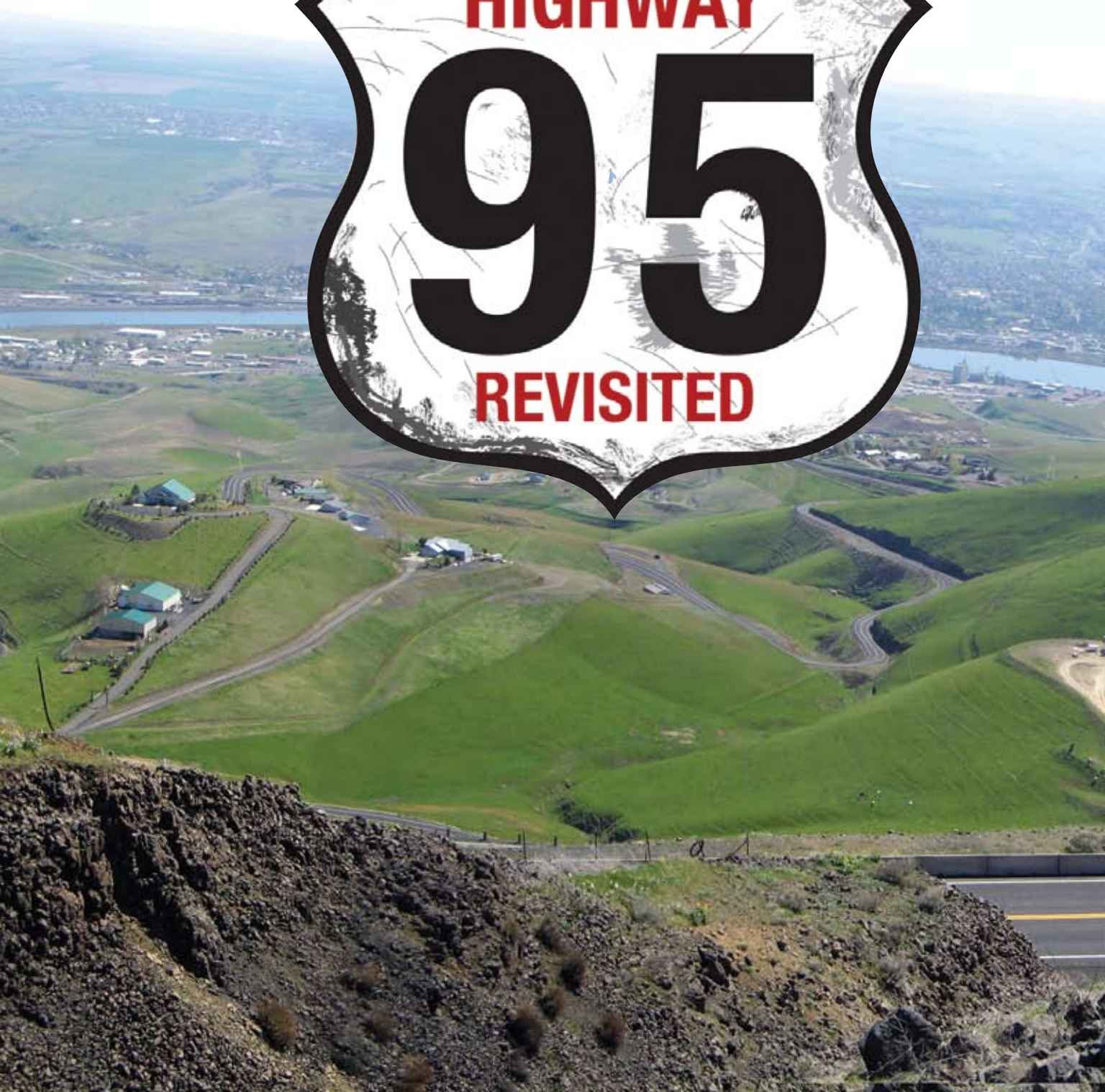


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Part One of a Two-Part Odyssey Along the Old North-South Route

By Les Tanner

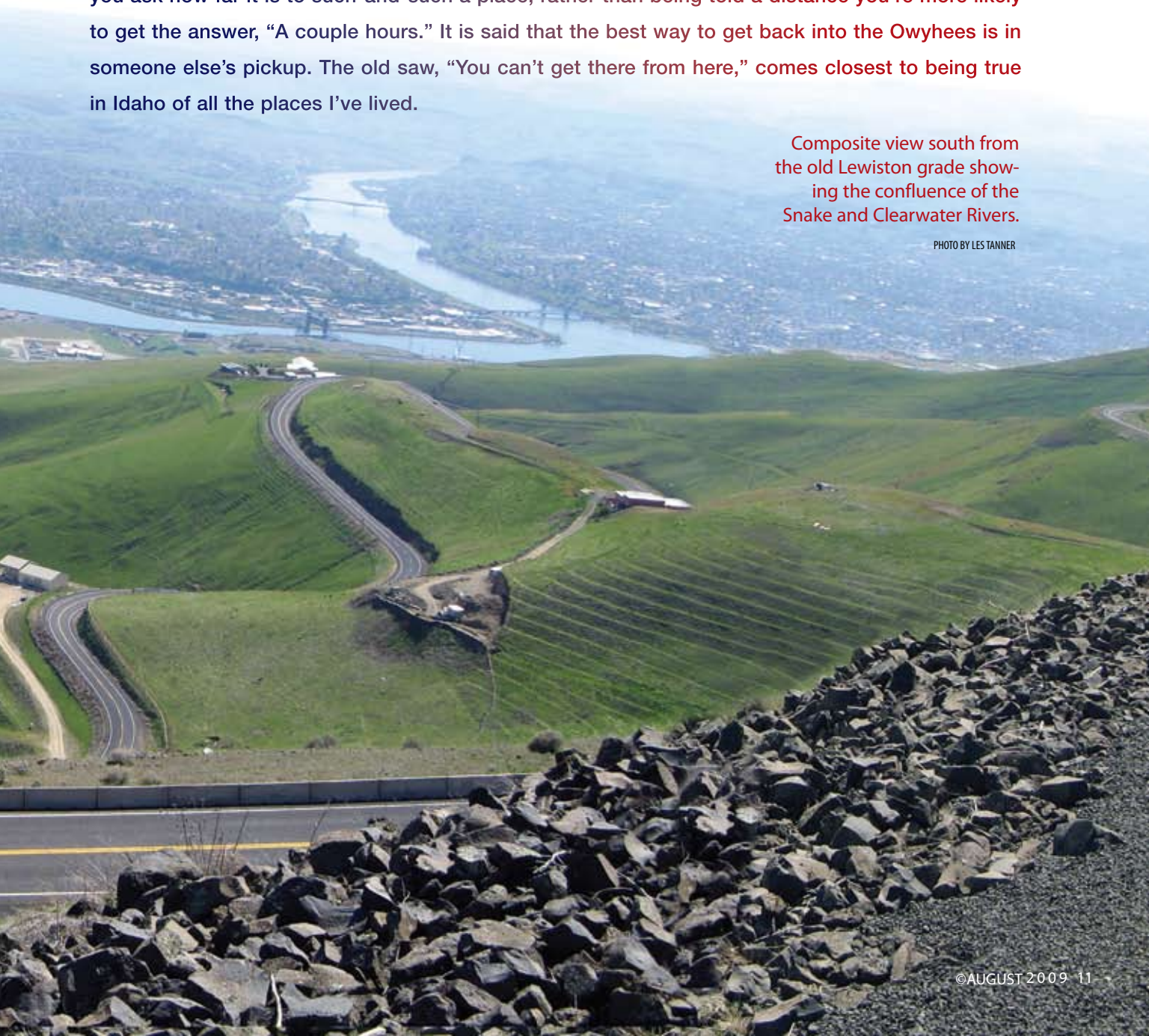


My wife and I have a number of retired friends who are big into foreign travel. The best we can manage are biennial trips to the Midwest to visit our kids, whose vehicles apparently cannot run in a westerly direction. Our most exotic plans consist of doing an Alaska cruise someday and visiting New England in the fall. On the other hand, a person could spend a lifetime just exploring Idaho. Most of the traveling I plan to do from now on will be driving the highways, byways, and dusty back roads of the Gem State. Or wading its streams and rivers.

Driving around Idaho is different from driving many other parts of the country. For example, if you ask how far it is to such-and-such a place, rather than being told a distance you're more likely to get the answer, "A couple hours." It is said that the best way to get back into the Owyhees is in someone else's pickup. The old saw, "You can't get there from here," comes closest to being true in Idaho of all the places I've lived.

Composite view south from
the old Lewiston grade showing
the confluence of the
Snake and Clearwater Rivers.

PHOTO BY LES TANNER



LEFT TO RIGHT: Fruitvale sign; Ferdinand Trestle; Craigmont service station.

BELOW: Old Lewiston grade's Wagon Wheel Garden, named for a garden of irises inside the curve.

In 1984, I spent two weeks teaching summer classes, first in Challis, then in Cottonwood. I didn't look at a map carefully before I left home, and it was only as I was sitting in my Challis motel room one evening that I realized getting to Cottonwood from there was going to take far longer than I thought it would. As the crow flies, it is approximately 150 miles from Challis to Cottonwood. As the teacher drives, it is a tad farther. I could either drive north through Salmon to Lolo, Montana, west to Kooskia, up Harpster Grade to Grangeville and finally to Cottonwood, or drive south to Stanley, west to Lowman and Banks, north through

McCall, New Meadows, Riggins, and, at last, to Cottonwood. The first route was about 330 miles, the second 310 or so.

I took the longer one. I couldn't pass up a chance to fish the Lochsa and the Clearwater. I did eventually make it to Cottonwood, and even had time to change out of my fishing duds before going to the first class session.

My initial experience with the nature

of Idaho travel came in the fall of 1979, on a trip north I took with my friend Boyd Henry. If you've driven up U.S. 95 to Moscow recently, you know there are plenty of twists and turns and hills and little towns along the way to slow you down. In 1979, the highway was two-lane virtually all the way, and besides those towns whose main streets 95 still traverses, we went through Fruitland,



PHOTOS BY LES TANNER



PHOTO COURTESY OF DOUG SCHOEHLER

Ferdinand, and Craigmont, and around Devil's Elbow, and down into and out of Lawyer Creek Canyon.

It is worth noting which obstacles for earlier travelers we didn't encounter. We didn't wind up and down and around the hills west of Midvale. We didn't go through Mesa or Fruitvale or Pinehurst or Pollock or Lucile or Slate Creek or White Bird or Grangeville or Cottonwood or Winchester or Culdesac or Lewiston or Genesee. And we didn't have to go up or down the old grades at White Bird, Winchester, and Lewiston.

In the years since that first trip, I've driven to Moscow and back more times than I care to count. The journey is safer and faster now, thanks to continuing improvements. I've often wondered, though, what the drive would have been like before 1979? In numerous places along the way I could see sections of the

old highway. Some of these still can be driven, so now and then I'd take a detour onto one of them. That wasn't enough for me, though. This past April I took a trip from Caldwell to Moscow and back, driving as much of "old 95" as I could. It turned out to be quite an adventure.

The highway was in good shape, there was little traffic, and only in a couple of places was road-work in progress. I began at Wilder, made short detours through the centers of Fruitland, Payette, and Weiser, and took a few photos. Even with those and a few other delays, I could have made it to Moscow in five hours easily, if I'd wanted to. But I chose not to—and that's what made the trip worthwhile.

Prior to 1926, a south-north road through Idaho from the Oregon border on the southwest to the Canadian border more or less followed the current route of

U.S. 95. In 1926, that portion of the road extending north from its intersection with U.S. 30 (just south of Fruitland) was officially named U.S. Highway 95. From there, 95 and 30 followed the same roadbed for several miles until the latter turned west. Later, the portion of the road south to Oregon was also designated U.S. Highway 95.

Wherever possible, old 95 followed the contours of the land. It circumvented obstacles rather than going over them, and when that wasn't feasible, it snaked its way up and down the numerous hills that lay along the way, or wound alongside the streams and rivers it encountered. And, of course, it passed through the centers of every town—large, small and tiny—in its path.

Just north of Weiser, a business sells surplus vehicles and machinery. Recent changes in the highway now



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LEFT: The "Time-Zone Bridges," north of Riggins, in the mid-1990s.

BELOW: An old building near Mesa.



direct cars and trucks to the right at that spot, up a low hill. Old 95 continued straight on north until it came to a blind, ninety-degree corner, aptly named the Devil's Elbow.

I drove past the surplus business and was soon rounding the infamous corner—slowly. A mile or so beyond, the road ended back at the main highway. That was the first several-mile detour I was to make, during which I passed grassy fields and the little valley down which Monroe Creek flows. Few travelers see those things these days, or even realize they are there.

The next stretch took me up and down and around a bit, then past the road that leads to Mann Creek Reservoir. Actually, not past. It's almost impossible to coax my car past any fishable water, so I let it take me to the lake, where I ate lunch. That accomplished, I drove over a pair of low summits and down to Midvale. Parts of the old road are visible along there, but none is currently traversable by car.

I turned right onto Midvale's short

main street, following the old route that crossed the Weiser River there, headed east a few miles, and then north a few more. The fields and farms I passed had not seen more than local traffic for many years. I was unable to follow all of the old highway there. It used to continue along the east side of a narrow canyon, down which the Weiser River flows, and the highway crossed the river again on an old iron bridge two miles south of Cambridge. That stretch is closed to traffic now, and the bridge was removed a few years ago. Instead, I crossed a new bridge at the south end of the canyon and was soon on the new highway again.

At Cambridge, my car did its best to turn west toward the reservoirs in Hells Canyon, but this time I managed to remain in control. (I wasn't so lucky on the return trip.) Several miles east of Cambridge a low hill rises between Indian Valley and the Middle Fork of the Weiser River. The new highway goes straight up and over the hill. Partway up, however, I turned left on the old highway, winding around and upwards until I

topped out where the community of Mesa once stood. The area was famous for its orchards, but all that remain are a couple of old buildings and a few homes.

In Council, as in Cambridge, the new and old highways both went down Main Street. A few miles north of Council, the new highway veers to the right, heading up another hill; I went straight ahead, following the old route. Now called the Fruitvale-Glendale Road, it goes through what remains of Fruitvale to wind along the North Fork of the Weiser River. Some of it is unpaved, but it's in good shape and frequently traveled, because there are several ranches and a number of vacation homes along the river. According to old maps, I should have encountered a place named Starkey, but I didn't.

Except for the three old grades I had yet to traverse, and a stretch past Genesee, this was the longest portion—ten miles—of old 95 between Wilder and Moscow that I was able to travel. Here, too, there's a lot of pretty country along the way that few folks see these

days. I suspect people who live there aren't particularly saddened by that fact.

For the next fifty miles or so after the Fruitvale-Glendale Road hooks up with the highway again, there are few variations between the old and new routes. A few wiggles have been removed south of Riggins, and Pinehurst and Pollock have been bypassed, but the next changes—the most interesting and major ones—lie ahead. For the first few miles north of New Meadows, the highway follows the Little Salmon River as it meanders through meadowland—then suddenly both the highway and the river drop down into a steep and narrow canyon. Not much could be done there by the highway engineers, old or new.

In the July 1922 issue of *Western Highways Builder*, A.S. McDougall stated that motorists could travel from Boise to Grangeville in about eighteen hours, but “only those who had traveled through the area in earlier times knew the almost

insuperable difficulties which faced the engineers who first began the task of putting an automobile road through the rugged, almost impassable canyons of the Little Salmon River.”

One old-timer from Riggins was quoted, “Yes, sir, the first time I went over that road I led my saddle horse. It looked safer that way.”

“When I was a girl,” Alice Dennerlein of Caldwell once told me, “my father would pack us all in the family car and he'd drive us up to the Little Salmon to camp and fish.” She said the trips had to be several days long, because the road was gravel and it took most of a day just to get there. The fishing was great, because virtually no one else came by, and they always caught their limits. It would have been worth the trip, but they were surely worn out by the time they got home.

At the bottom of the canyon, the highway turns sharply west. There's a

cabin at that corner, and I've often wondered how often its occupants have been “hosts” to unexpected “guests”.

Even though the highway has now left the steepest and narrowest part of the Little Salmon River canyon, that doesn't mean the work is over for the highway people. Just a few years ago, a flash flood took out a lot of the roadbed along the river, causing all kinds of traffic delays and other problems.

Riggins is another town through the center of which Highway 95 (both old and new) went, and I suspect it will always be so. There's no alternative, due to its unique location. I would hate to see it happen, in any case. Too many towns have dried up by being bypassed. Riggins doesn't deserve such a fate. Neither did the others, of course.

Just north of Riggins is the “Time-Zone Bridge.” All of U.S. 95 north of the bridge passes through the Pacific Time Zone; all to the south passes

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PHOTO BY LES TANNER

through the Mountain Time Zone. A few years ago, it became necessary to replace the old bridge. Because 95 is the only highway in Idaho which connects north and south, it wasn't practical just to tear out the old bridge and close off traffic while the new bridge was being built. I wish I'd been there to watch them implement the solution to the problem: they merely scooted the old bridge downstream a few yards, to be used while the new bridge was under construction. I mean, how cool is that?

At many places between Riggins and White Bird, one can see remnants of old 95. At one point where the river makes a big oxbow loop to the northeast, old 95 followed the river around the loop, whereas the current highway crosses the neck of the loop over twin bridges. Old 95 went through Lucile and Slate Creek, but they are now bypassed, as well.

To me, the most interesting of the features of old 95 are the three major grades that travelers had to face: White Bird, Winchester (also called Culdesac), and Lewiston. White Bird crosses a ridge between the Salmon River canyon and

the Camas Prairie, Winchester drops from the Camas Prairie down to Culdesac, and Lewiston drops from the Palouse to the Clearwater valley. The new highway still traverses the same geographic features, and the new grades still cause cars like mine to strain on the way up. They're tough when snow is on the road, too. But the roadways have passing lanes and are relatively straight. Except for trucks, most vehicles don't even have to slow down.

The old grades were another story altogether, and it was my plan to drive all three of them—but only in the downward direction (although my car is not the most powerful in the world, it does have good brakes).

Consequently, I took the new highway up White Bird Hill, saving the old route for my return trip. I'm sure most folks who have driven up the south side of White Bird have seen parts of the old grade off to the east. It is hard not to notice some of the hairpin turns that were part of the highway then.

"Horn blasts . . . jarred me awake to a moonless night on a pitch-black, nar-

White Bird grade crosses a ridge between the Camas Prairie and the Salmon River canyon.

row, two-lane twisting road that climbed steeply up through White Bird canyon. Gary and Charley shrieked from the cab of the truck, 'What the hell is this? Where are the guard rails? Where are you taking us? We're going to die in Idaho!'" (From "Where Are the Trees?" by Nancy Sule Hammond, *IDAHO magazine*, March 2009.)

I suspect that not many drivers are aware that old 95 went into Grangeville along an entirely different route than does the current highway. Instead of following the new highway westward at the summit, I took a road that heads east. This road, part of old 95, continued upward for another mile or two before it reached the old highway's summit (elevation about 5,400 feet), and then it headed downward, through evergreen forests and a few twists and turns, toward Grangeville.

Incidentally, the Grangeville side of the grade doesn't drop nearly as far as

does the White Bird side. The elevation of Grangeville is about 3,400 feet, while the elevation of White Bird is about 1,550 feet.

The ride down old 95 to Grangeville was an easy one. I stopped in town and made a couple of calls—it has cell phone service, which is not a constant on U.S. 95—and then went on to Winchester, where I spent the night in the state park. The only detour on that leg was a short one through Cottonwood.

Earlier, I had made arrangements to meet with Janene Alley in Winchester. After I'd selected my campsite, I went into town, where I met her at the local community center. We spent a couple of hours there, as Janene showed me around the museum and described the town's history. The museum came into being after the lumber mill, Winchester's major employer, closed down in 1965. The townsfolk weren't about ready to let the town close down, too, and a museum was one way of keeping the town and its history alive. Donations of all sorts began to roll in: tools, clothing, household goods, and hundreds of photographs of the town's founders, the lumber mill, and the town in its various stages. There have been three different Winchester town sites over the years, Janene told me.

The museum's contents are displayed and documented as effectively as in many "big city" museums, which speaks very highly of the people there. It's too bad Winchester isn't visited by more folks, so they could see what the town was and is, and who made it.

Above one of the streets in town hangs a large sign in the shape of a rifle, and that prompted me to ask Janene about the origin of the town's name. She said back then, nearly everyone carried a weapon of some sort, and when it came time to decide on a name for the town, someone suggested that everyone look at the rifles leaning against the wall of the room in which the debate was taking place. The majority were Winchester's. I suppose it was just a matter of chance that I wasn't visiting Remington or Sharps.

That night, as I lay in the back of my car thinking about the part of my trip that I'd done so far, it occurred to me that a lot of other little towns in Idaho must have created museums to keep the spirit and memories of their communities alive. Maybe most towns do. It sounded like something worth pursuing further one of these days. But at the moment, I had to get some sleep. Tomorrow I would drive down another of the three grades that made old 95 the adventure it must have been. I wanted to make sure I was wide-awake for the experience.

I didn't want it to be too memorable. ■

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Our Way or the Highway

During the Depression, Grangeville Almost Got a Road It Didn't Want

By Lorie Palmer

The highway that never happened,” Steve Wassmuth calls it.

A teacher at Grangeville Elementary Middle School, Wassmuth also is a history buff with a lifelong interest in Idaho County. He has thoroughly researched the story of a 1930s project to build a highway along the Salmon River from the outskirts of Cottonwood, north of Grangeville,

heading south to White Bird. More than \$1.24 million of federal funds—plus a third of that amount from the state’s coffers—would be needed to blast through the mountains and create the twenty-seven-mile road.

Grangeville businessmen were largely opposed to the plan, although it had a lot of support in Cottonwood, Wassmuth said. Prominent Grangeville businessman Al Wagner, Sr., called the proposal

“a stupendous waste of time and of state and federal funds.”

Grangeville’s merchants created a list of their top ten reasons not to go ahead with the road. Among those reasons were that the route would not be significantly shorter than the existing White Bird Hill route, which is one of the most scenic drives in America, and the new road would be hazardous in winter.

“The business community also



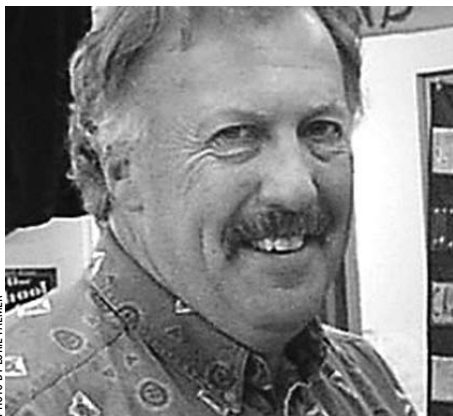
Survey crew and Party Car Decemebr 1936.

OPPOSITE: WPA shovel near Rice Creek Bridge, 1938.

LEFT: WPA survey crew for the proposed road from Cottonwood to White Bird, 1936.

BELOW: Grangeville teacher Steve Wassmuth thoroughly researched the road project.

"The WPA was not always highly thought of. It was sometimes referred to as 'We Poke Along.'"



stated it would be a folly to anticipate any increase in traffic on Idaho's North-South highway," Wassmuth said. "The Cottonwood Commercial Club members retaliated with, 'Is it possible for anyone else to have a bit of highway work outside the county seat?'" The *Idaho County Free Press* in Grangeville opposed the project and the *Cottonwood Chronicle* supported it.

The road was under the auspices of the Works Progress Administration (WPA), later known as the Works Projects Administration, which was founded in 1935 by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to help provide jobs and boost the economy of the United States during the Great Depression. At the same time Roosevelt started the WPA's counterpart, the Civilian Conservation Corps.

"The WPA was not always highly thought of," Wassmuth noted. "It was sometimes referred to as 'We Poke Along,' or 'We Putter Along.' The book *To Kill a Mockingbird* makes a reference to the WPA: 'Bob Ewell was the only person Scout had ever heard of who was fired from the WPA for laziness.'"



No. 48. WPA 3/8 CY The Shovel used as crane
when building Ruble Wall Station 365400.
August 1937.

LEFT: More than seventy years ago,
this was modern equipment.

OPPOSITE: Some Grangeville side-
walks still bear WPA insignia.

Despite disagreement over the project, WPA workers made camps and moved into their areas in Cottonwood and nearby Graves Creek to begin bridge-work, leveling, grading, and the construction of rock retaining walls that still stand today. "They did a good job on those rock walls," said Pete Johnson. He and his wife, Hilda, who live across the Salmon River downstream from the mouth of Rock Creek, know much of the area's history.

Although the WPA project

originally had the support of many other chambers of commerce throughout the state, lobbying from the Grangeville business district soon convinced those entities to

take a neutral stance. Everett Thompson, who grew up in White Bird, said children were let out from school in 1937 to watch the removal of Cape Horn, five miles downriver from White Bird, which required five thousand boxes

of dynamite.

"Everett told me it was something he had never seen—the sky filled with rocks like that—and has

The removal of Cape Horn, five miles from White Bird, required five thousand boxes of dynamite.

not seen again to this day," said Wassmuth, who talked to Thompson during his research. "It was quite an engineering feat for the mid-1930s. And just to show you how the sides to the issue were so different, the *Cottonwood Chronicle* reported 'not a single rock fell into the river' to disturb it. The blast just went straight up and came straight down, while the *Idaho County Free Press* reported 'thousands of rocks and debris fell in the river,' and the blast literally stopped the flow for a short time." Wassmuth laughed. "So, it was hard to tell from the newspaper eyewitnesses' accounts how it really was."

When the road work began, Idaho was governed by C. Ben Ross, who belonged to President Roosevelt's

PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Democratic Party. In 1939, Republican C.A. Bottolfson was elected. "With a party change and World War II looming, funds for the project were eliminated and the road was never completed," Wassmuth said. "You can see from both sides where the work ended." Johnson added, "It's about five or six miles between the meeting points."

Statistics show that the WPA employed a maximum of 3.3 million in November 1938. Worker pay was based on three factors: the region of the country, the degree of urbanization, and the individual's skill. It varied from a low of \$19 per month to a high of \$94 a month. The goal was to pay the local prevailing wage, but to limit a person to thirty hours or less per week of work.

Expenditures on WPA projects through June, 1941, totaled approximately \$11.4 billion, more than \$4 billion of which was spent on highway, road, and street projects.

Some sidewalks and foundation work in Grangeville still bear the emblem of the WPA, which was disbanded by Congress in 1943. ■

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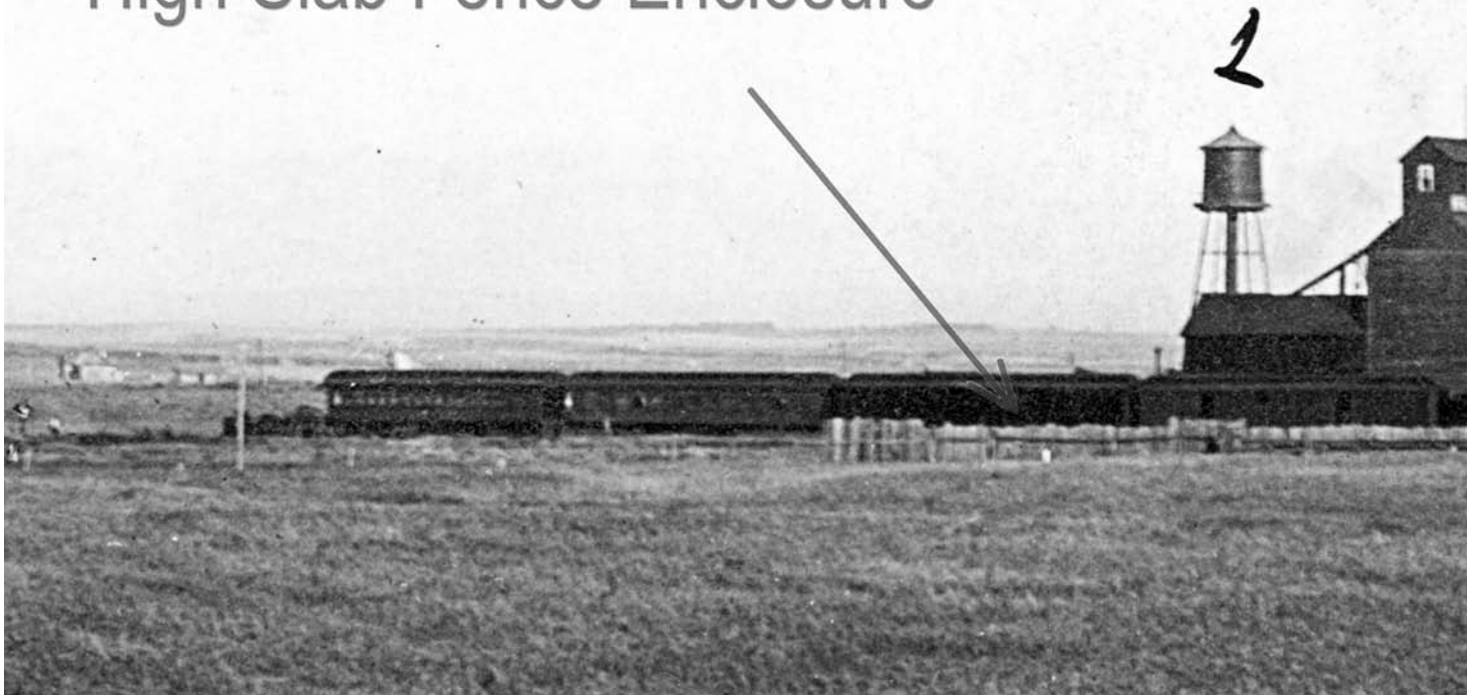


PHOTO COURTESY OF NEAL WICKHAM

Madam Lake's Pleasure Emporium

When Boom Times Hit Ashton, Its Brothel Complex Lay Waiting

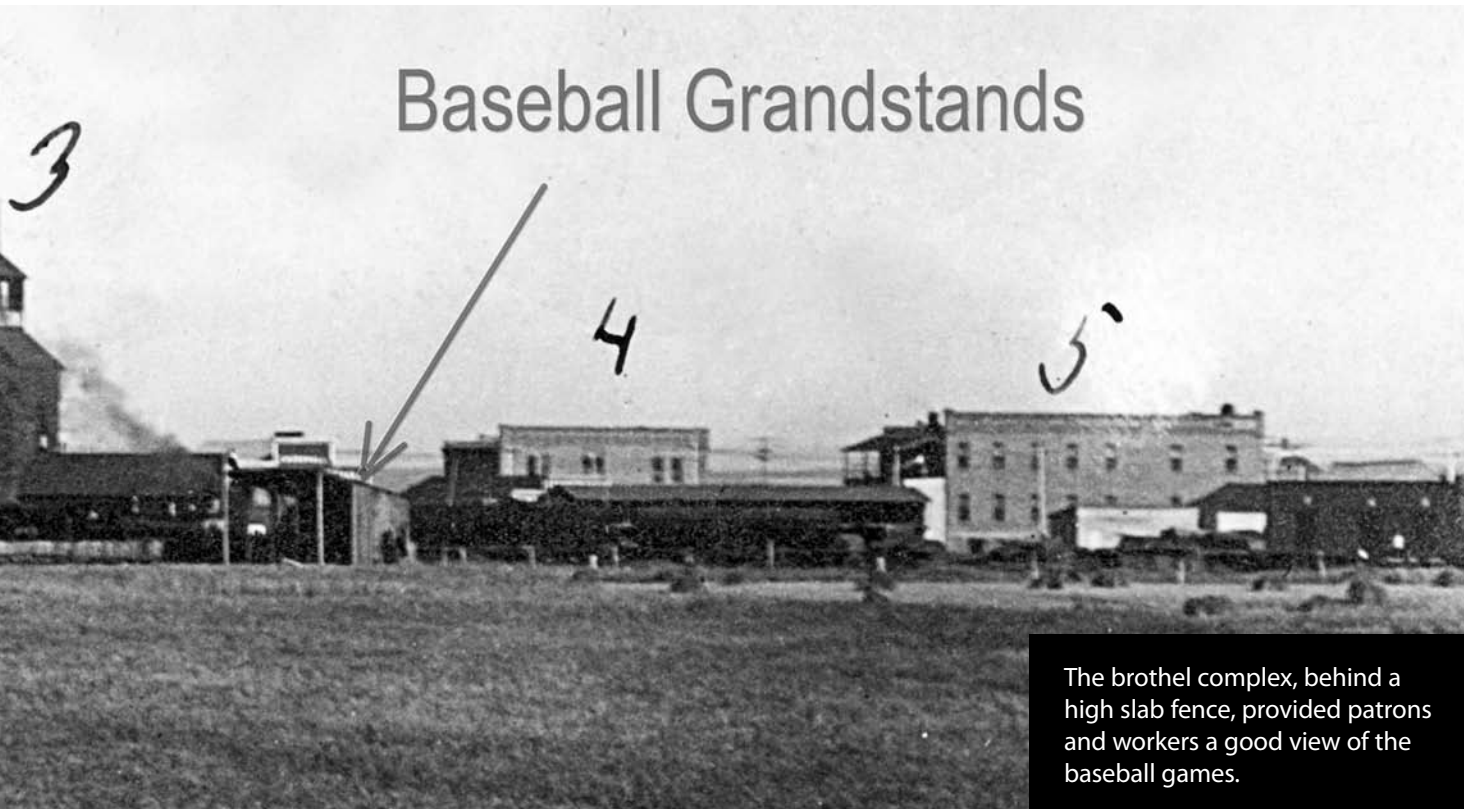
By Neal Wickham

Ashton is my home town, but until recently I wasn't aware that it once supported a large brothel complex. I'm not talking about a small saloon, or a shady hotel with those special rooms on the top floor, or some dark house on a back street with a dim red light in the window.

Most towns in the West had such saloons and brothels, but Ashton once had an entire, enclosed complex that included a separate bar, dance hall, restaurant, and several private cabins where the "ladies of joy" attended to personal business.

Novelist, playwright, and screenwriter Elliot Paul (1891-1958) describes this phenomenon in his 1954 memoir *Desperate Scenery*, which recounts his adventures during the construction of Jackson Lake Dam

after its predecessor failed in 1910. The new dam project created a construction boom in Ashton, but Madam Lake's Pleasure Emporium was already operating there. The boom merely gave it an impetus to become even bigger. "The Lake," as it was called, was probably one of the first businesses in town serving railroad construction workers, who were extending rail service beyond Ashton to West Yellowstone. Ashton's authorities decreed that the Lake should



The brothel complex, behind a high slab fence, provided patrons and workers a good view of the baseball games.

occupy a site on the other side of the tracks. It was entirely enclosed by a high fence made of slab, which was a waste product from the sawmill's first cut off a log. Madam Lake's slab fence was very large and high, with four red lanterns. Paul wrote that to reach the Lake people went "across the tracks, along the edge of the baseball field, and through the gate."

In 1910, the largely Mormon farming community of Ashton, founded only four years earlier with the coming of the railroad, was easily the nearest railhead to the Jackson

The Ashton boom was compared to a gold rush. The population soared from 600 to 1,500.

Lake Dam site. The failure of the first dam, which was a simple log-crib affair, meant that no water from the Snake River could be stored for irrigation. Consequently, the federal government's colossal Minidoka Project near Twin Falls, with its complex of canals, head gates, and ditches, could no longer convert vast areas of desert into farmland, although the Reclamation Service (now Bureau of Reclamation) had already spent millions of tax dollars attempting to achieve that miracle. The Reclamation Service flung

more big bucks at the crisis, scrambling to build a first-rate, earthen and concrete dam at the remote site.

The Reclamation Service hurriedly opened offices and built warehouses in Ashton. It also constructed a wagon freight road and telephone line over an old outlaw trail into the north end of Jackson Hole to the dam site and camp town of Moran, Wyoming. Hundreds of men and tons of materials and equipment were hauled by wagon over the north end of the Teton Range on the Ashton-Moran road, locally known as Reclamation Road, to rebuild the failed dam. The Reclamation Service spared no expense in procuring materials, letting contracts, and hiring labor.

The boom at Ashton was com-

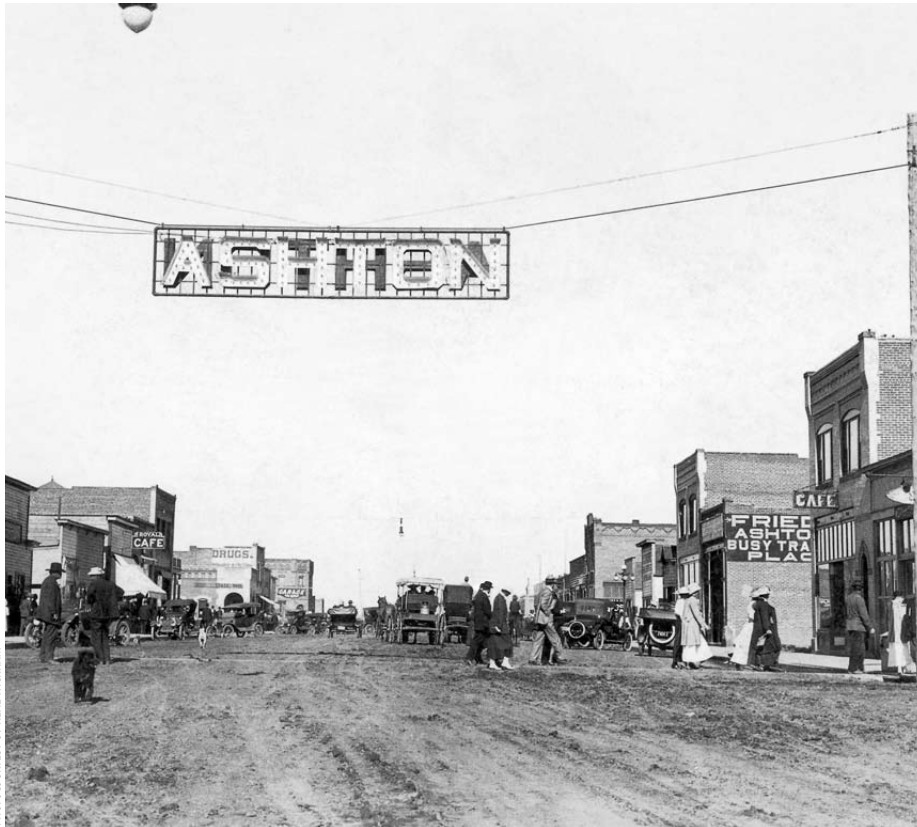


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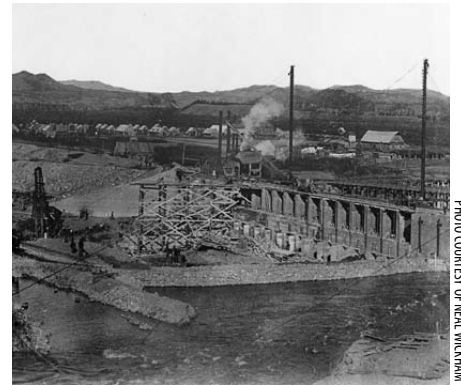


PHOTO COURTESY OF NEAL WICKHAM

LEFT: In 1915, downtown Ashton boasted an electric sign, curbs, guttering, sidewalks, and many more masonry buildings than it had had a few years previously.

ABOVE: The Jackson Lake Dam project at the camp town of Moran, Wyoming, caused the boom in Ashton.

pared to a gold rush. The population soared from 600 to 1,500. Paul wrote, "An astonishing number of Ashton folks and farmers or ranchers in that region were simultaneously able to afford phonographs, magic lanterns, and pianos. Pianos came in via Pocatello by the carload." He reported that people were dressed in "new and often startling outfits of clothes, including hats and boots or shoes. They had two-bit pieces in their pockets—in boom times one seldom used coins any smaller. The girls had dolls, doll's furniture, houses, dishes, and doll jewelry. The male kids had baseballs, bats, gloves, store slingshots, air rifles, their first dental care, and

horses to call their own, as well as lambs and calves."

The Teton Valley Branch Railroad from Ashton to Driggs and Victor was constructed during this boom time, as was the Ashton Dam on Henry's Fork west of town. As soon as the new Jackson Dam was completed in 1916, the

Reclamation Service decided to raise it by another seventeen feet, which extended the construction boom until nearly the end of the

For a time, Ashton must have been the most well-lit, most electrically modern town in the tri-state area.

decade. Once the initial shortages of materials and labor subsided, Main Street Ashton itself was the

scene of construction. New buildings sprang up, while many existing wood-framed buildings were replaced by masonry structures. Concrete sidewalks replaced wooden ones, and electric

streetlights were suspended on cables over Main Street. A large electric "Ashton" sign was hung above Main near the train depot, and a large

pedestal-mounted electric clock was placed near the center of town. For a time, Ashton must have been the most electrically modern town in the tri-state area of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming.

Just after the start of the 1910 boom, Madam Lake's Emporium burned to the ground. It was rebuilt and enlarged to accommodate the hundreds of single, well-paid men who now had business in Ashton. On Elliot Paul's first trip to Ashton in 1910, six new sporting girls also rode the train from Pocatello. He wrote that he was impressed by the Mormons, who sported beards and long hair modeled after Brigham Young, but who "looked the other way" in allowing the six hookers to stay in the Ashton Hotel until accommodations could be provisioned at Madam Lake's.

Like the brothel complex, the baseball field also was on the other side of the tracks, almost exactly where it is today. Baseball games were big events in Ashton at the time, and large enclosed grandstands stood behind home plate. The Lake was just beyond center field, which enabled the madam and her girls to watch all the big games. Paul wrote, "The local fans who did not play would gather in the grandstands or along the baselines, and the madam and her girls would watch, discreetly, from deep centerfield, so that when one of us connected at the plate or made a brilliant play in the field, we could feel two waves of approbation: one from the sheep the fielders faced, and the other from the goats who faced the batter, the catcher, and the plate umpire."

They say life is a series of losses. You lose your care-free childhood. You lose support from your parents. You lose your youthful vigor and endurance, and you lose your innocence. Nowadays I wonder about my admiration of all those old gentlemen, the pillars of the Ashton community, the sage old men I looked up to and idealized in my boyhood. They all knew about the Lake. They all saw it everyday. Some probably visited it. Elliot Paul estimated that about half of them visited regularly.

Am I now to lose admiration for my boyhood idols? Or was this just the way of the old West? ■



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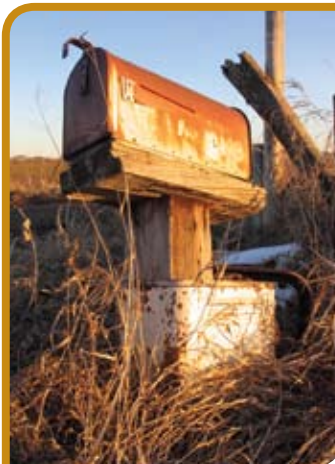
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PHOTO BY KAREN VANSKIKE BOUW

Fire in the Hole

An Underground Mine Tour Revives Memories of the Real Thing

By Lowell Vanskike

When our youngest daughter Karen and her husband Jon Bouw graduated from college near our home in Pennsylvania, Jon accepted a position at Northwest Nazarene College (now a universi-

ty) in Nampa. My wife Thelma and I were elated, even though they were moving far away; Idaho is our home state. We'd have an excuse to go West more often. We decided to accompany them on their move and resettlement.

It was the summer of 1997, perfect timing for a cross-country trip. Our three kids were finished with college, so we could afford to splurge on a vacation. Our other two children, Beth Desch and Elliott Vanskike, would meet us in Wallace, my wife's hometown, for a family reunion. Even our grandchildren, five-year-old Stephen and eleven-year-old Julie Desch, would benefit in terms

of future school projects, because we would visit historic sites along the way. My plan, which I didn't mention to the family in advance, was to treat them to

an underground mine tour in the once-fabulous Coeur d'Alene silver mining district of north Idaho, now known as the Silver Valley, where I had worked in hard-rock mining as a young man. So, we loaded

our cars, trailers, and a rented truck with the Bouw's worldly possessions and set off for the experience of the year.

In places it would be possible to fall thousands of feet down a shaft, well into the bowels of the earth.

After settling the graduates in their apartment in Nampa, we drove highways 55, 95, and I-90 over once-familiar winding mountain roads, through lush-

green pine forests, over rushing mountain streams teeming with rainbow trout, around sky-blue mountain lakes, and through unimaginably golden fields of ripening grain, to our ultimate destination, the former

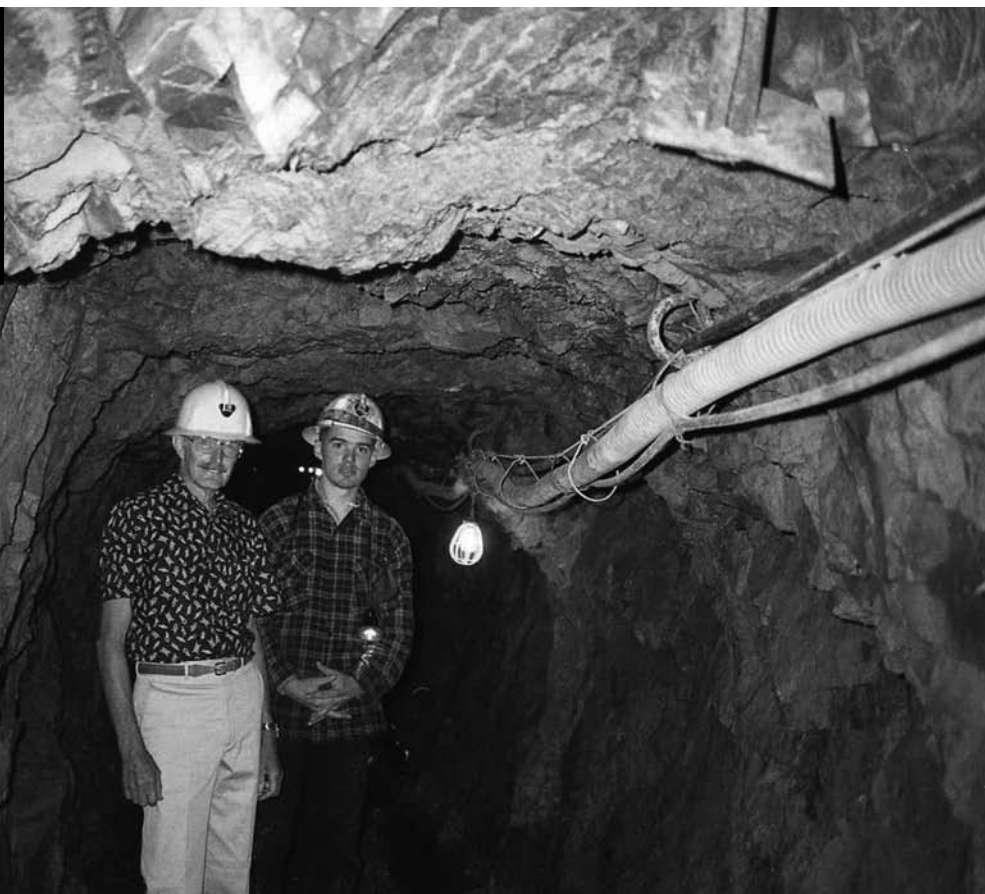
silver capital of the world. After a few days of relaxing with family and reconnecting with old friends, I scheduled a

tour of the Sierra Silver Mine up Nine-Mile Creek near Wallace. The mine, never a big producer, had been converted to a tourist attraction to help the local economy now that mining was in decline. We met in downtown Wallace and took the mine's jitney for the fifteen-minute ride to the site.

At the little mine, our group was issued bright yellow hard hats and told how to conduct ourselves underground. Some of us had brought flashlights to poke around the darker recesses of the mine. Our tour leader, a crusty, twenty-something ex-miner whom we pegged "Boomer," had an engaging smile and face full of quarter-inch whiskers.

OPPOSITE: A jitney takes the author and family between town and the mine.

RIGHT: Lowell and tour guide "Boomer" in the Sierra Silver Mine near Wallace.



silver mining

Puffing on a roll-your-own cigarette, he cautioned us not to fool around while underground. We also were warned—facetiously, of course—to be very careful: in places it would be possible to fall thousands of feet down a shaft, well into the bowels of the earth, never to be recovered. This spooked the family, none of whom had even set foot in a root cellar. I assured them it was quite safe. The deeper, dangerous parts of the mine were inaccessible to tourists.

We trekked through pools of muddy water for about a quarter-mile along a narrow, winding, un-timbered tunnel called a “drift,” which had a nar-

row-gauge set of rails for ore cars. Mud-splattered light bulbs that were suspended overhead every fifty yards or so didn’t provide much illumination. Enthralled by the newness of the experience, everyone shined their flashlights throughout the dimly lit mine, not wanting to miss a thing. In vain, my grandson Stephen looked in every nook and cranny for gold.

The show began when Boomer flipped a switch to turn off the lights, and asked us to stand perfectly still. With absolutely no light or sound except for the random dripping of water splashing into a puddle at our feet, we

experienced the full effect of being deep in a mine. The ghostly quiet made us feel as if we could sense each other’s heartbeat. Boomer turned the lights back on and led us along the drift to the first mining demonstration.

Here we witnessed a slushing operation, in which a scoop bucket filled with a half-ton of ore was dragged by steel cables attached to an air-powered, double-drum winching machine called a slusher. The ore would later be hauled from the mine. Mentioning that I had done this many times as a miner, I volunteered to operate the machine. Grandson Stephen piped up, “Go for it,

good reads

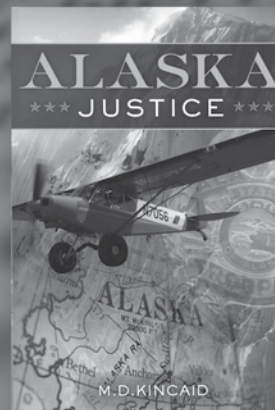
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The author operates a slusher under the attentive eye of Boomer.

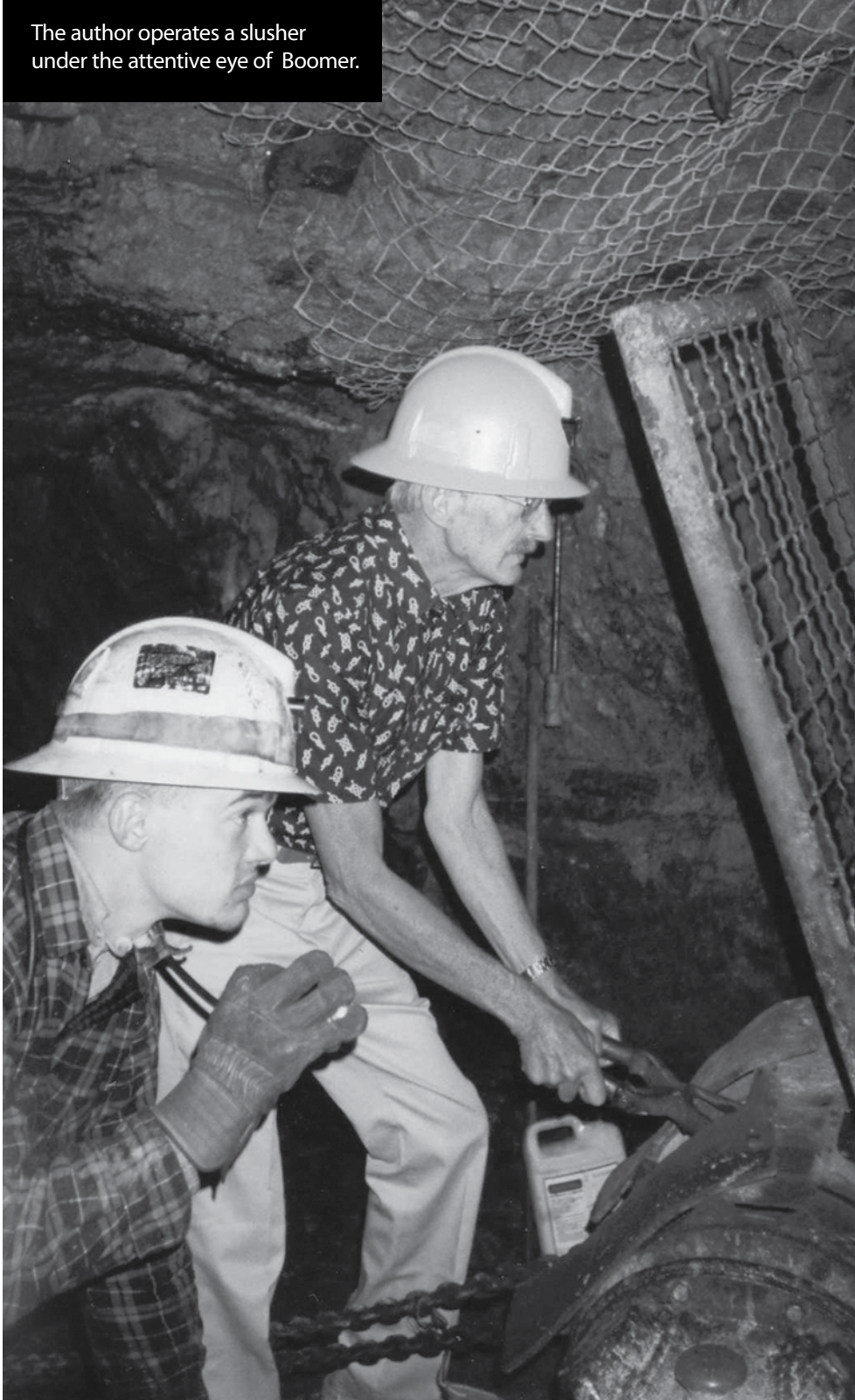


PHOTO BY KAREN VAN VANSKE BOUW

Grandpa." Boomer replied, "OK. It's all yours, miner." I put on quite a show for the family paparazzi.

The real excitement began when we came to the end of the drift. Boomer started drilling a hole in the rock with an ear-shattering, water-spewing, belching monster of a pneumatic drilling machine called a jackleg. Boy, did that bring back old memories. During five years of underground mining, I sometimes had operated similar machines. For the others, the noise was excruciating—virtually intolerable. We covered our ears and backed away. Prolonged exposure to high noise levels damages hearing, and we didn't have ear protectors. Boomer only drilled part of one hole: just enough to let us experience what a miner's work is like.

In the real world, after all holes were drilled it would be time to load and blast the round. I knew exactly how that would have gone in the old days.

* * *

My mind wandered back some fifty years to my first day working underground. My partner, "Muddy" Marshall, and I were working in the Star mine in Burke. After drilling out a round of twenty-seven holes, we were ready to blast. Our shift boss brought us two cases of dynamite and primers with twelve-foot-long fuses attached. We punched holes into twenty-seven sticks of dynamite using a 60d (six-inch)

spike nail, and laced each with a fuse and primer. We then rammed them into the back of the five-foot-deep holes using a long, wooden “powder pole.” We filled each hole completely with unprimed sticks of powder. Using our hook-blade powder knives, we cut the fuses to various lengths in order to time the blasting sequence. This creates the necessary progression of explosions, which makes a space in the rock for subsequent holes to break toward. We cut half-inch long slits into the end of each fuse for ease in igniting them. It was time to “blow the round.”

To light the fuses, we used a “spitter,” something like a Fourth-of-July sparkler but heavier and waterproof. We lit two spitters using the carbide lamps on our helmets. Muddy started lighting the fuses as I held a back-up spitter in case his failed. It went like clockwork. When we were finished, we hollered as loudly as we could, “Fire in the hole!” and ran for safety partway out of the drift. To trip and fall now could be disastrous, which is one reason why miners always work in pairs.

We had about two minutes before the blasts went off. We covered our ears and waited for the explosions, which we needed to count to make sure all charges went off. If some misfired, we would have to be very careful when mucking out the blasted rock, for fear of finding

The rock danced and shook violently all around us. Concussion nearly knocked us over.

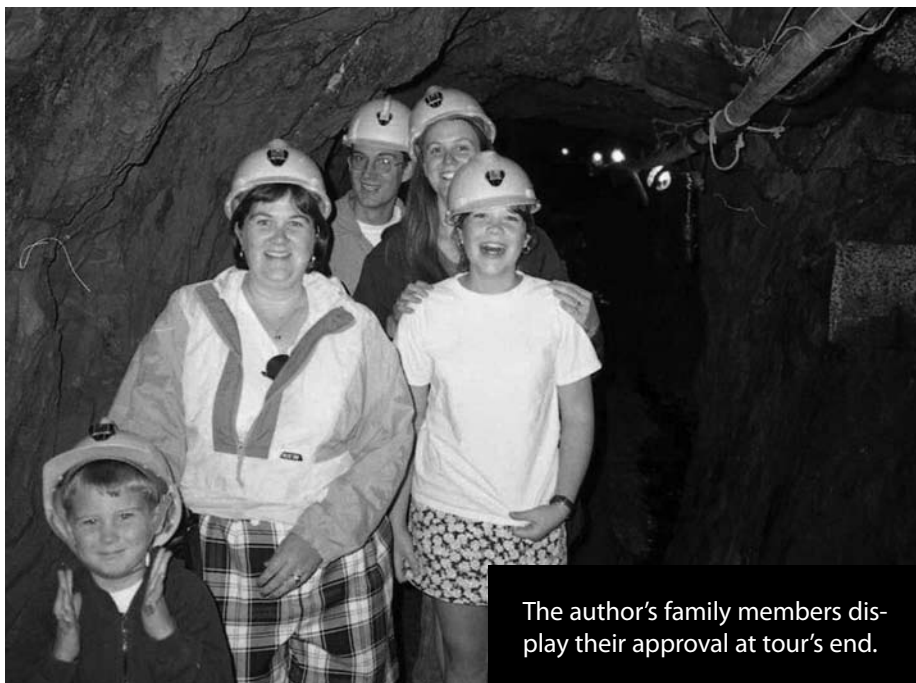


PHOTO BY THEMA VANSKIKE

The author's family members display their approval at tour's end.

unexploded powder in the muck pile. An accidental explosion could cost a miner his life.

As we talked, the shots began exploding. Booms reverberated through the tunnel. Our ears ached with each shot. The rock danced and shook violently all around us. Concussion nearly

knocked us over. Finely pulverized rock ricocheted off the walls and landed near us. Rock dust and sickening nitroglycerine fumes roiled throughout the drift, engulfing us and coating our clothing with a thin layer of dust saturated with chemical fumes. The so-called “powder headache” from breathing nitroglycerine fumes would plague us before we reached topside.

We had counted all twenty-seven shots, which confirmed a complete firing. Pleased that the blasting had gone

well, we dusted off our clothing and walked to the shaft, where we took five, had a smoke, and waited for our ride up to fresh air. I remembered being exhausted but thrilled at the end of my first shift as a hard-rock miner, and happy that it was over.

* * *

When the family's tour was over, our ears still rang from the drilling noise as we walked out of the dank tunnel into fresh, pine-scented mountain air. Bright noonday sunshine pierced our dilated eyes. The tour had been quite the performance for our group of touristy miners.

We hopped on the jitney for the return ride to town and lunch at a popular local café. Over jubilant chatter, Stephen raised his glass of root beer in a toast, shouting, “Way to go, Grandpa!”

That alone made the surprise tour worthwhile. ■

MONTH

SPOTLIGHT CITY

<input type="checkbox"/> OCT 2001	TWIN FALLS
<input type="checkbox"/> NOV 2001	KAMIAH/KOOSKIA
<input type="checkbox"/> DEC 2001	POCAHELLO
<input type="checkbox"/> JAN 2002	GLENN'S FERRY
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<input type="checkbox"/> DEC 2004	WEISER
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<input type="checkbox"/> FEB 2005	ASHTON
<input type="checkbox"/> MAR 2005	EMMETT
<input type="checkbox"/> APR 2005	SHELLEY
<input type="checkbox"/> MAY 2005	RUPERT
<input type="checkbox"/> JUN 2005	STANLEY*
<input type="checkbox"/> JUL 2005	PRESTON
<input type="checkbox"/> AUG 2005	CASCADE
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<input type="checkbox"/> MAR 2008	BRUNEAU
<input type="checkbox"/> APR 2008	WHITE BIRD
<input type="checkbox"/> MAY 2008	EAGLE
<input type="checkbox"/> JUN 2008	ATHOL
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MURPHY HOT SPRINGS

This Desert Oasis Gateway
To Gold Has Captivated
Visitors for a Century





Story by Philip A. Homan

Surely, few places in the American West have seen controversy to match that of Murphy Hot Springs. People haven't even been able to settle on a name for it—Summer Camp, the Wilkins Hot Springs, Rimrock, the Hot Hole, Murphy Hot Springs, or Desert Hot Springs. It sits at the end of a grade that I dare drive down only because there's little chance I'll meet another vehicle. Nevertheless, after a ride of some seventy miles on a dirt road from Bruneau across the Inside Desert or, better, fifty miles on blacktop from Rogerson through Three Creek (pronounced "crick" in Owyhee County), Murphy Hot Springs is an oasis. The green grass, roaring river, fragrant cottonwoods, cool air, and sweet water have refreshed stockmen, miners, and visitors, each in their own turn, for more than a hundred years.

*View of the East Fork
of the Jarbidge River*

PHOTO BY PHILIP A. HOMAN

At the bottom of a canyon on the East Fork of the Jarbidge River, in the southeast corner of Owyhee County, Murphy Hot Springs is only two miles north of the Idaho-Nevada border. The community is in the Owyhee Canyonlands but just missed inclusion in the new Owyhee Initiative's Bruneau-Jarbidge Rivers Wilderness a few miles north. Driving into the canyon, who would know that these one hundred sixty acres at the end of the grade make up one of the most important pieces of real estate in the West? The residents are proud of the community's association with the West's last gold rush at nearby Jarbidge, Nevada, which celebrates its centennial this month. Butch Cassidy, Death Valley Scotty, and Kittie Wilkins, the Horse Queen of Idaho, all were involved with this place. The story of Murphy Hot Springs begins and ends with horses and hot water.

Murphy Hot Springs was first claimed in writing in 1885 by the family of Kittie Wilkins. Since the 1860s, John R. Wilkins, Kittie's father, had been building the Wilkins herd of ten thousand horses, the largest owned by one family in the West. After the burning of the Wilkins House hotel in Tuscarora, Nevada, on New Year's Day of 1879, J.R. and his family joined his son John E. Wilkins in the Bruneau Valley of Owyhee County early in the 1880s. Bruneau Valley settlers who had escaped Chief Buffalo Horn and his warriors during the Bannock War of 1878 to wait it out in Tuscarora had told the Wilkinses about the great livestock country in what the settlers called the "Valley of Tall Grass."

Kittie and her brother John's own



PHOTO BY PHILIP A. HODMAN

discovery of the hot springs happened one summer in the early 1880s, according to an Idaho State Historical Society document. The two spent several days riding along the edge of the Bruneau and Jarbidge canyons searching for stray horses. They came to the place in the canyon where the East Fork joins the Jarbidge River. Above was a large, high, triangular plateau sandwiched between the rimrock of the canyon walls, and cut off by the ten-thousand-foot-high Jarbidge Mountains. A few miles farther south, they saw steam rising from hot water that poured from the canyon wall and fell onto a flat on the west side of the river before flow-

ing into it. Kittie rode to the rimrock, aimed her spyglass at the plateau across the canyon, and saw their strays grazing there. A few miles still farther, they found a trail that doubled back, and they picked their way down it to the hot springs at the bottom.

The Wilkins family added the hot springs to a network of ranches across Owyhee County that gave them control of water courses and many more miles of western rangeland than the few hundred acres they actually owned. To fence their horses in, they had the low rock wall built that still stretches across the grade into Murphy Hot Springs between the

upper and lower rimrock on the east side of the canyon, which has become the place's trademark. Tradition has it that the mares could jump the fence but the colts couldn't, and the mares wouldn't leave their foals behind. The wall was built by one of their buckaroos, Walter Scott, who later rode for twelve years in Buffalo Bill Cody's

Wild West Show

as the troupe's "Number One Trick Rider," as he boasted, after which he became famous as Death Valley Scotty.

What soon became known as the Wilkins Hot

Springs served as headquarters for the family's new range on the Wilkins Island, as the plateau between the canyons came to be called.

When J.R. Wilkins filed on the Wilkins Hot Springs on June 20,

1885, to claim "one hundred and twenty acres of land for agricultural and grazing purposes," there was already a house on the place. I have the original document, unsigned—he seems never to have had it recorded—in which Wilkins traces the boundaries of his claim in relation to a "Summertime house" on the

"Robinson's Fork of the Bruneau River."

Since the Robersons of the Bruneau Valley were the first to explore the East Fork, it was first known as the "Roberson Fork."

The house on it

was called "Summer Camp."

From the start, local ranchers envied the Wilkins family's success and challenged their claim to the Wilkins Hot Springs. In spite of the jealousy of their neighbors, the

Wilkinses' possession of the property remained secure until gold was discovered one hundred years ago this month in the Jarbidge Canyon that forms the western boundary of the Wilkins Island. The Wilkins family had found evidence of placer mining on the East Fork in the 1880s, and in the late 1890s some of Kittie's buckaroos found a gold nugget the size of a walnut caught in a horse's hoof during a roundup on Wilkins Island. They later came upon an abandoned mine, picked up some ore, and tied a red bandana to the limb of a mahogany tree nearby, but they couldn't find the mine when they returned.

Ore was found again on the East Fork just after the turn of the 20th Century. A prospector named Ross had found float gold on the ground, which are particles so small and light they can float on water. Ross had spent a summer tracing the float gold up the East Fork to its source, and had marked the spot he had stopped

In the late 1890s, buckaroos found a gold nugget the size of a walnut caught in a horse's hoof.

OPPOSITE: East Fork of the Jarbidge River.

RIGHT: J.R. Wilkins.

FAR RIGHT: Illustration of Heddy Martin, a fictional character based on Kittie Wilkins.

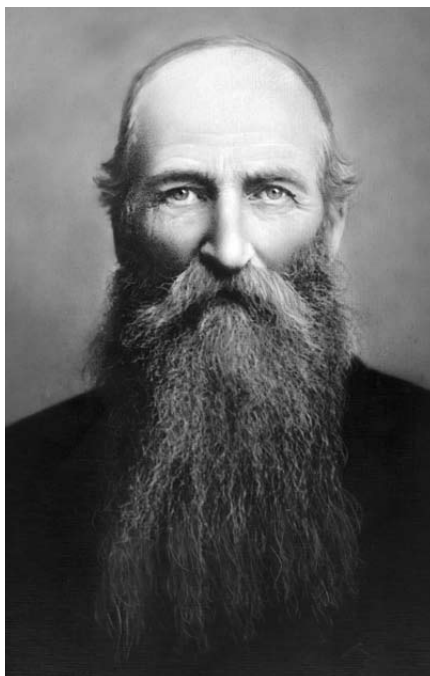


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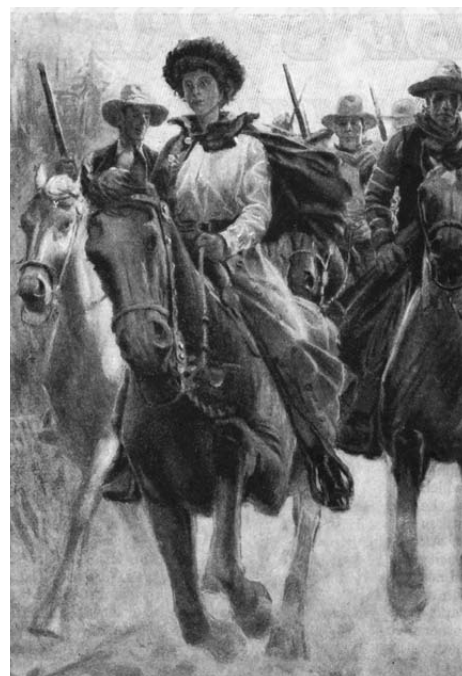


PHOTO BY PHILIP A. HOWAN

FIRST BLOOD ON JARBIDGE TRAIL

C. C. Logan, Sheep Herder,
Jumps Claim and Is Shot
by John Wilkins.

(Special Dispatch.)
TWIN FALLS, Jan. 22.—The first
tragedy as a result of the Jar-
bidge gold discovery occurred
today when the news was received by
Sheriff Dyer of this county that John
Wilkins had shot and instantly killed
C. C. Logan, a sheep herder, at the
"Kitty Wilkins" ranch at Bureau.
Logan had attempted to "jump" the
Wilkins ranch, claiming that the prop-

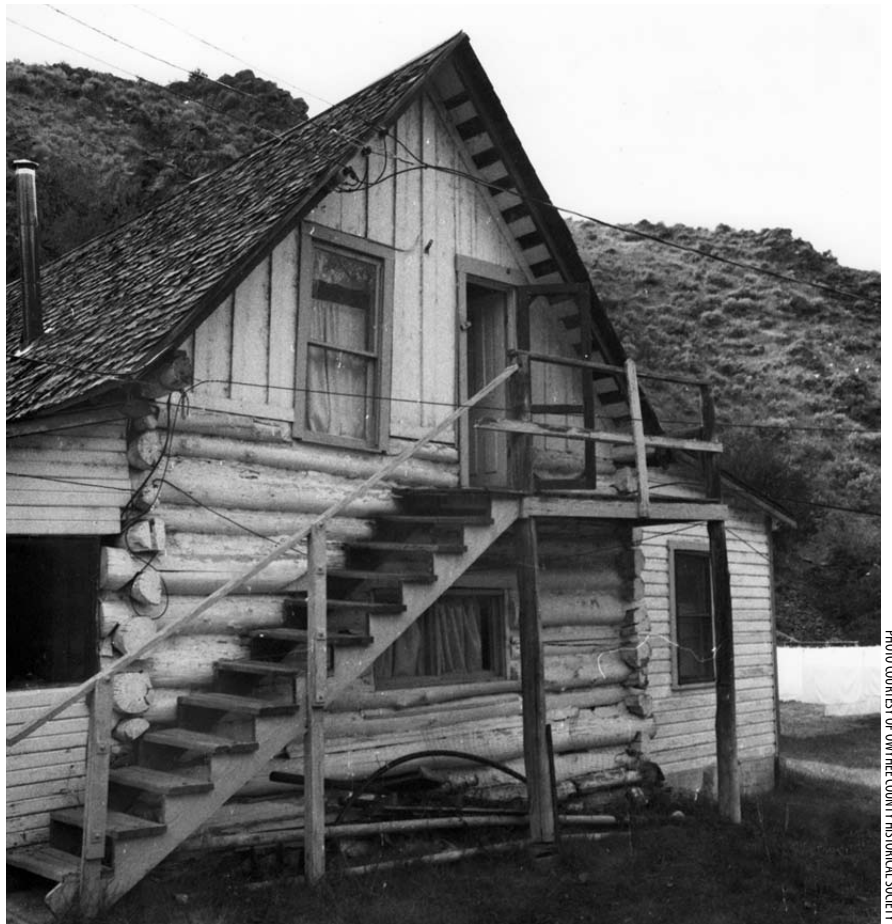


PHOTO COURTESY OF Owyhee County Historical Society

searching with his pick and shovel when snow began to fall. On his way out of the Jarbidge Mountains, he ran into John Isham, a herder for Three Creek sheepman John Pence, whom he told about the gold, landmarks, and pick and shovel. The next spring, when Isham returned to the mountains with his sheep, he looked for the landmarks, found the pick and shovel, and saw a human skeleton guarding the spot. Isham spent that summer looking for the source of the gold, and just before the snow began to fall once again, he found it. He took some ore and the skull to his boss, and the two of them made plans that winter, although Isham would never say exactly where the mine was located.

The next spring, Isham took

Pence up the East Fork into the Jarbidge Mountains, but before they reached the mine, the thirty-year-old Isham collapsed with a stroke from the excitement, paralyzed and unable to speak. Pence brought him to a doctor in Mountain Home but lied about the accident. Isham died on May 11, 1904, and was buried at his home in Middleton, his secret with him. Pence kept the skull from the skeleton that had guarded the gold on a desk in his house on Flat Creek, but he never found the mine. For many years after Isham's death, prospectors claimed to have found the Lost Sheepherder Mine somewhere near Murphy Hot Springs after discovering the sheepherder's name carved on a nearby tree. Others are still looking for it.

Gold also figured in the September 1900 robbery by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid of the Three Creek Store. They also stole four white Arabian horses from a neighboring ranch, including John Wilkins's saddle horse, which they used during their getaway from a September 19 robbery of the First National Bank in Winnemucca—the Wild Bunch's last hurrah. The horses outran the posses that chased them across Nevada and into Idaho. Although the Wild Bunch had planned to ride back into the Jarbidge Canyon and escape into Idaho through the Wilkins Hot Springs, where they had cached food, they outsmarted the posses by riding to the south of the Jarbidge Mountains into the East Fork

country and down Three Creek, where they buried their loot.

On August 19, 1909, David Bourne discovered gold in the Jarbidge Canyon, which started the last gold rush in the West. Until the present road was opened in 1918, the only way to Jarbidge was across the East Fork at the hot springs, up the grade on the west side of the canyon, and over the Wilkins

Island by horseback or on foot. Freight could be taken by wagon as far as the Wilkins Hot Springs, but it then had to be put on pack saddles and taken by pack string over Wilkins

Island and down into the Jarbidge Canyon. Lewis A. Conway, my great-grandfather, used to lead one of those strings.

Virtually overnight, the Jarbidge

gold rush turned the Wilkins Hot Springs into a mining camp and the Wilkins Island into the highway to Jarbidge. In 1911, the *Saturday Evening Post* published a short story by novelist Maude Radford Warren that was based on Murphy Hot Springs during the gold rush. According to the story, there were “men camped everywhere—on the clearing, across the stream, and by the

side of the road. Some had wagons, and some had tents, and between wagons and tents the horses were picketed. Everywhere men walked and sat, smoked and talked, and looked up

toward a trail along which the pack mules were slowly moving to Jarbidge.”

Kittie Wilkins saw the handwriting on the wall, so she decided to

build a hotel at the Wilkins Hot Springs to accommodate the Jarbidge traffic. On January 11, 1910, she and her mother signed a contract leasing five acres of the property to developers based in Twin Falls for the construction of a first-class hotel, with private bathrooms and all the modern conveniences. Kittie also offered to build a pool at the hot springs, to make it into a resort, and she promised to supply saddle and pack horses from her herd to take prospectors into Jarbidge.

On that very day, however, the Wilkins family found seventy-year-old sheepherder Charles C. Logan squatting on the property and claiming possession of it. With Henry Price, who had established a daily stage line from Buhl, Logan had opened a new hotel and restaurant a half-mile above the hot springs. A representative of the Twin Falls developers building Kittie’s hotel who had gone to the property to make arrangements found Logan already there. The representative returned to Twin Falls and advised

Gold figured in the September 1900 robbery by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid of Three Creek Store.

OPPOSITE LEFT: *Idaho Statesman* article, Jan. 23, 1910.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: Wilkins Cabin at Murphy Hot Springs, 1984.

RIGHT: John E. Wilkins, Kittie’s brother, circa 1890s.

FAR RIGHT: Stage station at Murphy Hot Springs in 1984.

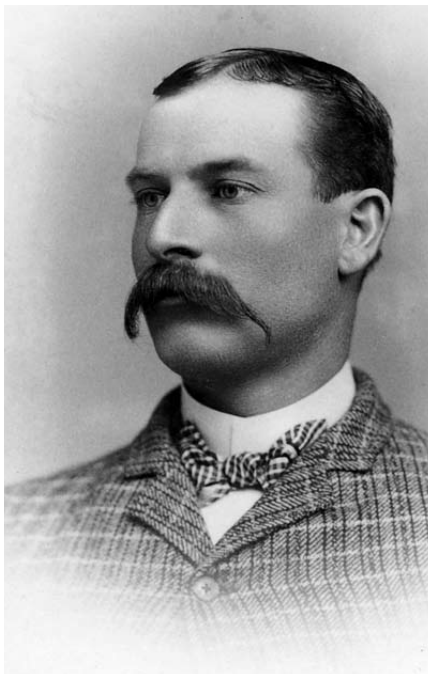


PHOTO COURTESY OF MOUNTAIN HOME HISTORICAL MUSEUM



PHOTO COURTESY OF OWHEE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RIGHT: Murphy Hot Springs swimming pool, 1939. Woman seated second from left is author's grandmother, May Jewett.

the developers not to proceed further until the Wilkinses and Logan settled their differences.

At first, the Wilkins family tried to run Logan off. A front-page article entitled "First Blood on Jarbidge Trail" in the *Idaho Statesman* of Sunday, January 23, written by a Twin Falls correspondent, reported that John E. Wilkins had shot and killed Logan that Saturday. The *Statesman* retracted the story on Monday, after Kittie had read it and telephoned the newspaper from her home in Glenns Ferry. John had left the Bruneau Valley only on Saturday morning, she said, and couldn't possibly make it to the Wilkins Hot Springs over winter roads until Monday. The *Glenns Ferry Gazette* accused Twin Falls people of concocting the story. Buhl, Glenns Ferry, Mountain Home, and Twin Falls all were competing for the Jarbidge traffic. The Glenns Ferry paper suggested that Twin Falls wanted only to publicize the importance of the Wilkins Hot Springs to the Jarbidge gold rush, to prove that the Rogerson-Three Creek route to the Hot Springs was the shortest one, and to promote itself as the natural supply center for the new Jarbidge mines.

Laura Wilkins sued Logan on February 5 in the Owyhee County Probate Court for recovery of the property, damages, and court costs. She had followed Idaho State Code by

reiterating the family's claim to the property in 1905, after the death of J.R. in California the previous year. Nevertheless, on Friday, May 13, District Court Judge Edward L. Bryan ruled in favor of the defendant. Logan's homesteading under federal law trumped the Wilkinses' posting of only a possessory notice under state law, he said. This decision concerning some of the best land in Owyhee County had consequences for many land claims throughout the West, even though

A front-page article in the *Idaho Statesman* reported that John E. Wilkins had shot and killed Logan.

Logan never followed it up by filing a claim and the Wilkins family lingered on the land. The Wilkinses were kept busy the rest of 1910, however, trying

to keep Logan's partner off the place. On the afternoon of August 12, Bertha Price, Henry's wife, drove a load of logs to the Wilkins cabin to build closer to the hot springs and the grade up over the Wilkins Island to Jarbidge. According to Bertha Price's deposition in a case



PHOTO COURTESY OF LILA BLOSSOM

Continued on page 40

The Hot Springs' Namesake Turned It Into a Popular Haunt

Manford Murphey—or Pat, as he was known— was the middle sibling of one brother and five sisters. Born in Elgin, Oregon, in 1903, he was raised in Missouri, to which the Murpheys soon returned so that Pat's father could take over the home place before Pat's grandfather died. When Pat was seventeen, his uncle, who had come West in 1905 to take up land on the newly opened Twin Falls tract at Sucker Flat, northeast of Filer, promised the boy one hundred dollars a month to work for him. Pat came out to Idaho in 1920. The promise was broken, however, and Pat took advantage of a fight between a sheepherder and a camp tender at Roseworth, near Rogerson, to get a job tending camp for his uncle and three others. The men were taking their band of a thousand sheep to rangeland they had just leased on the Diamond A Desert, northwest of Jarbidge, between the canyons of the Bruneau and Jarbidge Rivers. Although Pat knew nothing about tending sheep camp, the herder soon taught the green kid to cook, and even to mix bread and biscuit dough right in the flour sack, just like the old-timers did.

When they got to the Diamond A, the herder sent young Murphey into Jarbidge to see where their range was located. As a boy in Missouri, Pat had heard of Jarbidge. The 1916 stagecoach robbery on the Crippen Grade off the Wilkins Island into Jarbidge—the last stagecoach robbery in the West—had been reported in his local newspaper. The parents of the stagecoach driver killed in the robbery lived near the Murpheys in Missouri. When Pat arrived in Jarbidge and went into a bar to find the people who could help him, he saw men playing poker with gold. It was love at first sight.

Pat tended sheep camp that summer of 1922, worked a number of different jobs, and then returned to Jarbidge in 1924 to take a job at the United Eastern mine; and after it shut down, with the Elkoro. He worked as a mucker for three-and-a-half dollars a day, a miner for five a day, and then a machine man for five-and-a-half to eight a day, which was more than the hundred dollars a month his uncle had promised him. He was the last man on the Guggenheim's payroll when the corporation finally closed down the Elkoro in 1932.

When Pat was working in Jarbidge, a doctor came into town looking for some hot springs to put in a pool. Pat got acquainted with him in one of the local bars. The doctor asked Pat if he knew John McRae, and told Pat to offer McRae \$5,000 to buy the Hot Hole for him. McRae was unwilling to sell to the doctor, however, and Pat kept McRae's refusal in the back of his mind. In 1935, Pat read in the

Owyhee Nugget that John McRae had died and that fellow sheepman Andrew Rogerson and his wife Millicent, executors of McRae's estate, had put the Hot Hole up for sale. Having managed to save a little money from his wages, Murphey offered the \$1,500 at which the property was appraised, and his bid was accepted.

By the time he moved in, the Hot Hole had reverted to a jungle, but after he cut the trees, grubbed the brush, and pulled the weeds, he discovered he had quite a bit of land. The only improvement on it was the Wilkinses' two-room cabin with a dirt floor. The hot springs were just a hole in the ground, from which hot water could be dipped from the corner of one room. At first Pat intended only to fix the cabin up for a home, but a proposition from the bosses of the Civilian Conservation Corps camp on Flat Creek changed his plans. If he'd build a pool, they told him, they'd let the boys come down and swim.

Murphey built the pool in 1937 with cement he hauled from the cement plant in Inkom, just on the other side of Pocatello. Putting in a few private baths, he dug up a stone mortar and pestle and several projectile points, evidence of Indian habitation at the Hot Hole centuries before the Wilkinses. Although the CCC camp soon closed, the hot springs grew in popularity, and guests started wanting to stay overnight. Pat built eight cabins and opened a dance hall—all still standing today—and began serving meals. The watering hole became known as Murphy Hot Springs. Pat Murphey got tired of his friends' misspelling his name, so he started spelling it as they did, which caused no end of trouble for his family just after his death.

Lizzie Tanner, the long-time postmaster of Three Creek and owner of the Three Creek Store, used to say that Murphey was the perfect bartender. He liked people, had the gift of gab, and could visit with his guests for hours. His eyes glittered their brightest, though, when he talked about gold. There was more color on the East Fork than in the Jarbidge River, Pat always said. In 1961, he sold about thirteen acres north and south of the resort to people from California who had fallen in love with Murphy Hot Springs. Charles and Mae Janacek and their partners formed the Murphy Hot Springs Land Corporation and subdivided the property. They required buyers to agree to covenants forbidding use of the lots for commercial purposes, storing junk, or keeping livestock, among other restrictions. The Janaceks ran the resort for seventeen years before their retirement. — P.A.H.



LEFT: Pat Murphey's guest cabins today.

OPPOSITE ABOVE: Pat and Irene Murphey.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Nowadays, visitors are not allowed at the Murphey cabins.

heard on September 15, Laura Wilkins grabbed the reins, beat the horses over the head, and told Price not to drive the team any farther. Sam Wilkins, Kittie's younger brother, went into the cabin, got his Winchester, and aimed the rifle at Price, telling her that if she wasn't off the property within two minutes he'd kill her. According to the Wilkinses' deposition, Price had fired her pistol at Laura Wilkins several times that morning when she was washing clothes in the hot springs and hanging them on the line. The bullets narrowly missed her, hitting the hill behind the Wilkins cabin. The judge discharged both Sam Wilkins and Bertha Price, saying there was "no sufficient cause" to believe the defendants guilty.

The Wilkins Hot Springs was

the strongest link in the Wilkins family's chain of ranches across Owyhee County, and as their hold on the place grew weaker, their wealth and influence began to decline. That was also when the name of the property began to change. At first, publicity in the Twin Falls County and Elmore County newspapers, picked up by papers across the country, advised prospectors that before packing into Jarbidge they could travel easily to the Kittie Wilkins Ranch, the Wilkins Hot Springs, or just the

Price had fired her pistol at Laura Wilkins several times that morning when she was washing clothes.

Hot Springs. Soon, however, the papers said that the road ran only to the Rimrock, and the Wilkins Hot

Springs was therefore known as Rimrock for the rest of the gold rush.

Rimrock wasn't surveyed until 1918. Six years later, a man named Floyd A. Rose received a federal patent on it. Rose's place, on the east side of the East

Fork below the hot springs, was called the Hot Hole for the first time in print on the survey map. Even today, locals call the property the Hot Hole, or Kittie's Hot Hole, which carries no off-color connota-



tions to them but can confuse outsiders. A 1985 Oregon State University thesis even claimed that the Hot Hole served as “a house of ill repute.”

A year after Rose received his patent, he sold the Hot Hole for \$1,200 to a fellow from Jarbidge, who re-sold it within a month for one dollar to sheepman John McRae. In 1935, it was sold once again to Pat Murphey (see sidebar), who restored and ran the Hot Hole as a resort for many years. ■

Author's Note:

Thanks to Kelly Murphey of Castleford, who shared with me details about his Uncle Pat. Thanks also to the people of Murphy Hot Springs, who shared their stories, particularly to Frank Florence, whose generosity in opening his cabin allowed me to research and write this article there.

In a Happy Community Today, The Resort is a Sad Case

Today, Murphy Hot Springs is an unincorporated community of A-frames, log cabins, and mobile homes. Residents own their own wells and septic tanks, paying only power bills and property taxes. They must rely on the Owyhee County Sheriff in Murphy, in the northwest corner of the county, and also on a post office about fifty miles in the opposite direction, for mail delivery three days a week.

Although the Murphy Hot Springs subdivisions contain about two hundred residential lots, they were intended for the typical trailer of the 1960s, which means most contemporary property owners must build on two or more of them. Most of the approximately one hundred property owners visit their houses only on the weekends. Some open them during the summers, but only about six live in Murphy Hot Springs year-round. Twin Falls businessman Frank Florence uses his cabin every weekend during hunting season. His Father's Day barbeques, featuring Rocky Mountain oysters, are famous in the area, twice attracting Idaho Governor Butch Otter as a guest.

Murphy Hot Springs is still the gateway to Jarbidge, and both communities have been threatened during recent range fires that burned out of control, such as the Murphy Complex Fire in 2007. The residents of the Idaho community, too, have borne the brunt of environmentalists' complaints about their septic tanks and use of the hot water from the springs. Lately, residents were at odds with an owner of the resort who called it Desert Hot Springs and tried to get the name changed, although it didn't stick. He was charged with twelve counts of misdemeanor animal cruelty for not feeding his five mares and their seven colts, and the residents of the Murphy Hot Springs subdivisions had to tie ropes across their driveways to keep the horses off their lawns.

The owner started bottling the water from the hot springs, which encouraged the residents to resurrect the Murphy Hot Springs Property Owners Association. The group protested his application for a permit to use the water before the Idaho Department of Water Resources, and the Idaho State Attorney General got a court order to prohibit him from bottling and selling the water until he substantiated claims for the water's health benefits, purity, and certification on the bottle labels and in advertising.

Today, the community at Murphy Hot Springs is thriving, while the resort is a shambles. The welcome signs in the subdivisions are a sharp contrast to the warnings to “Keep Out” that are posted on the doors of Pat Murphey's old cabins. The Wilkins cabin has burned, and the stage station from the Jarbidge gold rush days has been pulled down, a tragic loss. Residents look forward to the day when the resort will be running once again. All it needs is someone with the will and the means to do it, as well as the wisdom to take advantage of the community's rich history to attract visitors. The residents still believe that Murphy Hot Springs can return to the glory of its former days, when Pat Murphey told tall tales and served cold beer, and when Kittie Wilkins, the Horse Queen of Idaho, stood in the doorway of her cabin looking at her horses in the corrals across the East Fork. — P.A.H.

The Threshing Machine

Seventy-five Feet of Distance Would Do

By Bill Corbett

One fall day while on a quest to observe the season color, I was traveling a mountainous backcountry road in southeast Idaho between Inkom and Pocatello. I topped a ridge and my senses were treated to a panorama of color. It was a once-in-a-lifetime scene, the sort that raises goose bumps.

I thought to myself, *New England is not unique in its fall luminosity.* In the distance, a phosphorescent brilliance of reds and oranges, yellows and greens covered Mother Nature's hillside canvas as

only her paintbrush can display them. Panning the scene, I noticed a couple of old threshing machines rusting away in their grave on the side of a hill. The sight of these workhorses of yesteryear transported me to the days of my youth.

Dad owned a machine like those parked on the hill. He did custom threshing for different farmers around the valley near Grace, and once in a while he would venture north of Soda Springs as well. I used to go with him when I wasn't in school. I remember that a very long belt was used to drive the machine. Dad would park his tractor about seventy-five feet away from the thresher and connect the

two with the belt.

I always wondered why such distance and such a long belt were necessary. When I was older, I figured it out. Those threshing machines required a great amount of power, which in turn meant a lot of friction was needed on the driving belt. The driven pulley on the thresher also needed to turn in the opposite direction of the driving pulley on the tractor, so a twist in the belt was necessary to accomplish this reversal. It was impossible to get a twist in a short belt and pull it tight enough to provide the necessary friction to run the machine without throwing the belt. The weight from the sag in the longer



ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

belt put enough down-pressure on both the driving and driven pulleys to prevent slippage.

The threshing crew was mainly neighbors for whom Dad did the custom threshing, but in every crew, there is a right-hand man. Henry Bjorkman filled this niche for Dad. I heard him say on more than one

occasion that Henry was the best man with a threshing machine he had ever known. He put Henry in charge of keeping the machine running smoothly, which meant

lubricating it, keeping the belts and chains tightened, and making general repairs. I suspect he also applied a little belt dressing to the long belt from time to time, to help increase the friction.

Dad said Henry knew that machine like he knew the back of his own hand, even down to how it sounded. To a trained ear, every machine has its own sound, and if the slightest variance in the sound of our thresher developed, Henry would say, "Bill, I think you better shut 'er down, something doesn't sound quite right. We'd better have a look." And he was usually right.

In those days of my youth, horses were still used in the fields to some extent. The grain shocks were loaded on flat-rack wagons, or sometimes on

slips pulled by a team of horses. The teams pulled their loads up to the thresher, where a crew of men wielding pitchforks would feed the shocks into the hungry machine. I especially remember one of Dad's teams. These two horses were mismatched in color, but pulled very well together. One was gray, the other black. Steel, the

gray, didn't like anyone around his backside. Whoever violated this rule quite often felt the brunt of one of Steel's hind hooves. Dad constantly cautioned me about not getting behind Steel, and I would always

reply, "Okay, Daddy, I'll remember," which I did—with one exception.

Steel and his partner were standing next to the machine while their wagon was being unloaded, and I wandered a little too close to the area forbidden by Steel. The next thing I remember was Dad gently shaking me and patting me on the cheek, saying, "Wake up, Billy. Are you all right?" Steel had caught me on the neck and the side of my head, knocking me cold as an ice cube. I don't know how long I was out.

I suspect whoever gets kicked in the head is condemned to wonder forever after about prolonged effects. In light of that, I would be smart not to mention how I recently poisoned myself with tainted fish. ■

The grain shocks were loaded on flat-rack wagons, or sometimes on slips pulled by a team of horses.



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The Death of Innocence

Idaho Screenwriters Discover The Joy and Tyranny of the Script

By Sherry A. E. Cann

FADE IN:

INT. HOME OFFICE — EVENING

SHERRY, a middle-aged, slender woman with a hint of gray in her shoulder-length hair, sits diligently typing at her computer. The rain outside pounds on the window. A sleek black cat curls up in an old, overstuffed chair in the corner. Movie posters spanning fifty years of cinema cover the walls of the small home office.

A floorboard in the hallway behind her creaks. The cat quickly rises, her back arches, and her head retracts as she senses impending danger. LIGHTNING strikes outside the window.

A martial arts master, RULON, moves with stealth and agility through the hall. Quietly, he reaches the door. A glint of steel flashes from the knife in his hand. The cat hisses. Sherry turns.

RULON

Dinner's ready. There's a steak and potato waiting with your name on it.

Sherry lets out a large sigh.

SHERRY

Okay, I'm almost done with this scene. Just another minute.

RULON

It won't stay warm long.

SHERRY

I know, but I have to get this done tonight.



PHOTO BY RILON DAY

The author, standing, with other Idaho Screenwriters Association members.

I'm Sherry, I live in Idaho, and I write screenplays. When I was growing up here, writing movies wasn't something I ever thought of, even though I am a huge movie fan. I wrote poems and short stories. Then, in 1998, I suddenly dove into the pool of Hollywood screenwriting. The following year, I made my first trip to Los Angeles to attend a "Selling to Hollywood" screenwriting conference. Four days of eye-opening, nail-biting, stomach-churning terror! Since then, I try to go back at least once every year or two, to learn what I can and

Some people think screenplay writing is eclipsing the pursuit of the Great American Novel. It isn't any easier.

keep up on an industry that changes almost daily.

Because writing is a solitary sport, it seemed to me that having a support group would be a great advantage. In 1999, I organized a screenwriting group in Twin Falls. It struggled over the years with a small membership but managed to survive. Three years ago, when I returned to my hometown of Boise, I started a group now known as the Idaho Screenwriters Association. Its membership of more than sixty continues to rise, and attendance at the monthly

meetings has grown so much that we've had to move to a larger venue. The writers who come to the meetings aren't Aaron Sorkin (*A Few Good Men*) or Shane Black (*The Last Boy Scout*) or Nick Schenk (*Gran Torino*). Our members don't have any Academy Awards sitting on their mantels at home, and they probably never have walked down a red carpet with paparazzi following their every move. But they do have the passion and the desire to write memorable and visual stories for the screen.

Some people think screenplay writing is eclipsing the pursuit of the Great American Novel. At any rate, it certainly isn't any easier. The makers of a television show or movie demand a script that is writ-

ten in a particular format, as shown at the beginning of this article. It's obviously very different from the format of a novel, but the elements of story, characters, three-act structure, and plot are all the same.

The screenplay must be polished, and I don't mean shiny. It has to be absolutely the best it can be to stand out from the thousands upon thousands of

scripts read every week by studio readers, agents, and producers.

I've been working on a screenplay called "The Death of Innocence." When I wrote the first draft of it many years ago, I registered it with the Writers Guild of America in L.A., and got it copyrighted. Protection is everything in this business! A few friends read it, my mother loved it, and my sister thought I was a genius, although I think she might be a little partial. I listened to their suggestions and rewrote it.

Once I got it to the point where I felt I needed major input before I could go any further, I called together my friends from the screenwriters group, and we had a "table reading." We met on a Saturday at Tory Wolfe's studio in Middleton, and

each person was given a copy of the script to read for the character they were assigned. Lance Thompson used his best New York Italian cop voice and attitude to read the male lead, Joey. Angie Heffner read the role of

Tazia, the leading lady.

In the story, Tazia is a writer for the *Boise Statesman*. (All names are changed to protect the innocent.) She covers the police

beat. Joey is a New York cop who just moved to Boise, and is pretty much a fish out of water. A rash of terrible crimes starts happening, and Joey and Tazia run into each other at the scene of the crime. As Sherlock Holmes would say, "The game is afoot."

For about two hours, our group read through the script, becoming the people on the pages. After the reading was over, there were a few seconds of clapping, and then the serious business of brainstorming began. "Lose the bridge scene," Tory exclaimed. "It's good, but too expensive to film. Keep the budget down."

Conda Douglas' eyes lit up as she got an idea. "You could film it on the railroad tracks. Have them spending the day at the fair, then after they leave the fairgrounds,

the antagonist strands them on the railroad crossing."

Pam Thompson told me to take out all of the small gestures, ("She coughs," "He smiles," "She sighs"). It's better to leave that up to the director, she said. Plus without all those little gestures, the script would read more smoothly and easily. Pam would know, because she used to be a reader for a network television studio. Ideas like butterflies that had just escaped their cocoons swirled around the room. Bruce Demaree commented that he loved his character, and if we were to shoot this locally, he would like to audition for that part.

With a full notebook in hand, I left the table reading and parked myself in front of my computer for yet another rewrite: take out this scene, put in that scene, change the dialogue in act three. Coming up with the best screenplay truly is a collaborative project. Two heads, or even a dozen, are definitely better than one. When I had a final copy of the screenplay in hand—all 115 pages—I researched the best contest in which to enter it. I found one that provides feedback, which is always a valuable tool. So, off to the post office I went. And now I'm waiting. Nothing happens quickly in Hollywood.

FADE OUT:

PHOTO BY DAVE CLARK



Horses on the move below Boise's foothills.

Reflections on a Horse

An Unbroken Mare Sparks Musings on Horsemen Past

By Tony Jones

It is late summer in the Idaho desert and the sagebrush is pale-green and dusty. The heat has baked much of the clearness out of the air and a few miles to the west, the Owyhee Mountains have been reduced to a hazy blue outline. A hat and sunglasses are not enough; I squint in an effort to ease the pain of the sun's glare.

A horse comes toward me, head and tail high, ears alert, dust splashing from her hooves, as if she were walk-

ing in a shallow stream. Her name is Mollie. She is an eight-year-old, unbroken, dapple grey, Arabian mare. To the initiated, there is quite a bit of information in the previous sentence. More on that in a minute.

As I lean on the corral fence watching the horse, my mind wanders to another subject, as it often does. I am reflecting on the arc of human evolution and how current humans stack up, compared to our ancestors. It is probably safe to say that most people, most generations, think of themselves as being at least as good and generally better than the many generations who preceded them. And there is some justification

to this perception. From time to time, someone hits more home runs, runs a marathon faster, or does something, anything, better than anyone ever has. And statisticians routinely remind us that we are, as a species, getting taller and living longer than our predecessors. So we must be getting better, right?

One of the first times I pondered this question was as a twenty-something mountain climber in the Tetons. A rich body of literature describes the early explorers of the American West, and that is particularly true of the explorers of the major mountain ranges. The first people to climb the various peaks, at least the first white peo-



PHOTO BY DAVE CLARK



PHOTO BY TONY JONES

LEFT: Light-faced and dark-faced siblings.

ABOVE: Mollie, the author's Arabian mare.

ple, often became famous as a result. The firsthand accounts of such mountaineers as William Owen or Paul Petzoldt climbing the Grand Teton still make good reading.

After you read those accounts, it is a simple matter to follow their routes up various peaks. By that, I mean it is easy to figure out the routes these climbers took on individual mountains, I do not mean it is physically or mentally easy to follow their steps. Many times, even with the advent of better clothing, ropes, tools and boots, and other advantages, it is very difficult to cover the same amount of ground in a day as did the pioneers. And if the pioneers remarked on their fears associated with negotiating a steep cliff, I can assure you that the cliff is still steep and intimidating.

I ultimately climbed many of the West's major peaks. I even added a new route or two along the way. But the question remains: are we humans really getting any better? Or have bet-

ter maps, lighter stoves, closer trailheads, the virtual certainty of rescue in the event of disaster, and the lessons of our predecessors, simply lowered the difficulty and risk factors to the point that relatively fit and persistent humans can stumble up the peaks of their choice?

These thoughts, and a buzzing fly, bring me back to Mollie. As I said, Mollie is an unbroken, eight-year-old Arabian mare. She is a little on the small side as horses go. Draft horses can easily weigh 1,500 pounds or more. Quarter horses and Thoroughbreds come in at about 1,000. Arabs, including Mollie, dripping wet, typically weigh around 850 to 900 pounds.

Arabs may be on the small side, but they tend to make up for it in other ways. It is common among people who have several breeds of horses in their stables to remark that if one of the animals figures out how to open the gate and set the rest of the

herd free, you can bet on it being an Arabian. This breed can be very creative in other ways as well, such as an ability to develop an ever-increasing repertoire of methods to avoid hill workouts, or sneak an extra cup of grain, or unseat a rider.

There is also the matter of heat. Horses, like chili peppers, have a temperature rating. Draft horses need to be very calm and controllable. Most of the heat has been bred out of them, and they are known as cold-bloods. Higher on the heat chart are a variety of intermediate breeds known as warm-bloods. They generally are more spirited than the cold-bloods, while still being level-headed and manageable. At the top of the heat chart—the Naga Jolokia peppers of the horse world—are the hot-bloods. In moments of confusion (and, to a horse, many things are confusing) hot-bloods tend to run first, run hard, and ask questions later. Only two hot-blood breeds are universally recognized: the Thoroughbred and,

you guessed it, the Arabian.

It also is important to note in the context of this discussion that Arabian horses of today are virtually identical in size, shape, and temperament to Arabian horses several millennia ago. Replace the metal corral I am leaning on with one of wood, my jeans with the robes of a Bedouin, the baked southern Idaho desert with the baked sands of the Sahara, turn the clock back ten or twenty centuries, and Mollie would be a perfect fit.

Mollie's as-yet unbroken condition is what allows me to identify and compare myself in some small way with other humans throughout history, which I never before have done. People have been breaking horses and training them for tens of thousands of years. At some point in a horse's training, someone has to merge his or her

personal destiny with the destiny of the horse, by getting on its back. As I face this prospect, my thoughts necessarily parallel the thoughts of other horse trainers in other times, from the Cossacks on the

Russian steppes to the Bedouin in the Middle East to the indigenous peoples of the American West. The reason for the parallel is this: millions of other people and horses have faced this same moment in their lives, but none of those horses is Mollie, and none of those people is me.

The game remains unchanged.

After getting on Mollie's back, there is a chance I will have made substantial progress toward the development of a good, usable horse that can carry me across the prairie like the wind carries clouds across the sky. There is also the chance that a rodeo will spontaneously erupt, the outcome of which could be my short flight from the horse's back to the ground, followed by an agonized, slow-motion rush to the fence with a broken wrist, leg, or worse.

My girlfriend Susan, who entered the corral a moment ago, is walking toward Mollie. She has a halter in her outstretched left hand. The end of the lead rope has come loose from her grip and leaves a line in the dirt as she walks. Once I am on Mollie's back, Susan will hold the lead rope and help to calm Mollie if things get out of hand. At least that is the idea, and it,

too, is part of the ritual. Whenever humans do something reasonably bold, or monumentally stupid, it is important to have a friend close by to verify the success, or call for a hearse.

I must confess I am not a particularly good rider. In a sense, this also is part of the theme. The first person to ever get on a horse had no riding skills at all. As I swing my leg over the top rail of the fence to head into the corral, my throat is as dry as the blowing dust. I have examined the situation from all angles. To the extent possible, I have

done everything that can be done to prepare myself, and Mollie, for this moment. So, I will do this thing. The time is now and there is no backing out. I will get on the horse.

By the time my feet touch the ground inside the corral, I know that I have answered the question I have been pondering for much of my life. I know from the tip of my nose to the tip of my toes that we humans have not come an inch in a thousand years.

It would be comforting to think that the same factors that have made humans bigger, faster, and stronger over the millennia have also made us more able to understand what other animals think and what motivates them. If we knew that, we could take some of the uncertainty, some of the danger, out of everything from horse training to international relations. However, if I am any indication of the state of human progress, we are no more in tune with our environment or with the other animals of our planet than we were when our forefathers first crawled down from the trees. If anything, we have regressed.

That I have the confidence and courage to walk steadily out to confront this moment of truth between Mollie and me doesn't mean much. I have a history of willingness to take calculated risks. In that respect I have, at most, matched my predecessors, not exceeded them. I am humbled by the thought that I have no better idea of how this will turn out than did the ancients. The future is still a very risky business.

Whoa, Mollie. Easy there, easy. I've got an apple for you. Easy there. ■

**As I swing my leg
over the top rail of
the fence to head
into the corral, my
throat is as dry as
the blowing dust.**

A FARMWIFE'S TALE

By Geraldine Mathias

Blackfoot Resident Nora Stamm Chronicled Life in Early Idaho

Some years ago, when I was working on a Blackfoot Catholic Church history, I became fascinated with a journal written by a former resident named Nora Stamm (1897-1987). That document was printed and distributed to family members and a few friends, and I later was given a copy of it. Nora didn't finish grade school. Grammatical and spelling errors abound in her writing, yet she knew instinctively how to tell a story. She began writing her memoir in 1977, at age eighty. It was revised with additional stories in 1987, after which her eyesight failed, and she could write no more. What follows here is a summation of her life in Idaho, interspersed with largely unedited quotes from her forty-eight-page memoir.

Her maiden name was Elnora Tuck, but her siblings and friends called her Nora.

She was born in Oklahoma in 1897, but traveled by train to Idaho Falls in 1917 to join her married sister, Abbie Schoen. At age twenty, she went to work in a bakery managed by her brother-in-law, Savie Schoen. Two weeks later, she was joined by her fiancé, Frank Stamm, who had stayed in Oklahoma to enlist in the military for WWI, but was classified 4F by the Navy because of fallen arches. Writing of this event with her characteristic simplicity, Nora incidentally reveals that

passenger trains traveled around the countryside then, even from the Osgood area into Idaho Falls.

"He (Frank) said "Uncle Sam don't want me, but I know someone who does." He wrote me a letter saying, "If I knew I could get work, I would come on the next train." I wrote him he could . . .

We was out on a farm by Bassett, North of Idaho Fall, where my brother-in law and his brother, Joe, farmed that year. They had a lot of potatoes and was still picking potatoes the first of Nov. We met Frank at the train Nov. 1st. We helped pick spuds the day before we was married."



Nora Stamm in 1917.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MAX STAMM





LEFT: The Stamm family, 1940.



ABOVE: The Weise farm, which Nora and Frank rented for eight years.

That spring, the young couple moved out to Bassett to farm on half-shares with Savie's brother, who was a bachelor. They planted two hundred acres of wheat and some potatoes. In June, they were informed that Frank had been re-classified 1A by the military. The army called him up, and they left the farm and the crop, which was coming along nicely, to return to Oklahoma. Frank was sent to Camp Bowie in Texas. Following basic training, he was assigned to a pumping station, doing limited service because of his feet, which Nora writes, "never bothered him." Nora rejoined him and they lived in base housing.

"Those days in the camp was happy ones. He was home every night, and had it real easy, reading a story book every day. He was a lover of reading storys, especially Westerns. Frightening it was at the time because the flu killed so meny in the camp. We would have flu cases right next door to us but we never got it. When we got out of camp, we came back to Idaho."

The next year, they went into the gravel business with other family members. The previous winter, three families among the relations lived in one large home east of Idaho Falls. This was bittersweet for Nora, who had had no children.

"While living in the big house east of Idaho Falls, we each had an Apt. We were then merried 2 ½ years and no family, which we both wanted real bad. Frances had her new baby, a girl named Elsie. That made it even worse. I wanted a baby so bad. One morning in the paper, the head lines read, 'a Blue-eyed baby boy was found on a woman's door Step.' She wanted to give it away. I wanted so bad to go and get him [in Pocatello], but Frank didn't agree. 'If we can't have our owne we don't want someone elses.' After he went to work un-be-known to him I walked to Idaho Falls which was about a mile. I saw a Dr., had an exam, and made a date for surgery. When Frank heard about it he just layed in the bed, with his arms over

his eyes and would't talk or anything. I was dancing and singing and trying to cheer him up, but it wasn't easy. I had magory [major] surgury set up for the 6th of Jan 1920. The next 9th of Jan 1921 we had our first baby, a sweet little doll, Mildred.¹ That spring we rented John's farm in Blackfoot, a 40 acre, and put it all in spuds."

On the farm, Nora stunned her husband by shooting a hawk out of the sky. Still fighting, it fell at their feet. Nora had grown up shooting rabbits and quail in Oklahoma. She loved hunting and sometimes bagged two pheasants at once with a shotgun.

The couple soon moved to larger, eighty-acre farm that included a "lovely home." Three boys were born to the couple. In the mid-1920s, childbirth usually occurred at home, although a doctor was summoned in most cases. When the couple's second child, Bob,

¹ Whatever the diagnosis, the surgery worked. The Stamms had six more children including twins, one of whom died in infancy.

was born, the closest telephone was two miles away—too far to walk in the middle of the night, and the family had no car. Nora relates the event with a calm that must have accompanied her labor's very short duration.

"When I knew our baby was on the way, Frank got the buggy & team and had to go about 2 miles to call the Dr. and get a old lady to be with us. When he got back with this lady, which was about an hour, our boy was born. Florence (Nora's younger sister) was alone with me. The old lady told Frank to try to get the Dr. again. (He couldn't the first time.) If not to get another lady from Moreland who was a trained nurse. So he went back & and still couldn't get the Dr. It was 12 miles for the [the doctor] to come. So he got this nurse and she was the only help we had.

Frank said he sure was shocked when Florence run to the door and said "Come in and see your big boy".

Raising children occupied much of Nora's time from those years until the brood was grown and gone. This was no easy task in the days before indoor plumbing and disposable diapers, but Nora recalls the years with fondness. Sending the eldest child to school for the first time is often traumatic, and it was doubly so for her, since six-year-old Mildred would be attending a Catholic boarding school in Blackfoot, twelve miles from the family farm. Mildred adjusted sooner than her mother did.

Eventually, Stamm children attended the school for twenty-three years. Most of that time Nora baked to help pay the board bill: twenty-five

to thirty dozen cookies, twelve loaves of bread, and two cakes each week.

Like many young marrieds of the time, the Stamms had only second-hand furniture, which they hung onto for years. Nora proudly recalls her oldest child, Mildred, forcing her father's hand to get new furniture.

"Up untill Mildred was about ready for Hi School, we had no living room set. She, Mildred, wanted one so bad. At Christmas time she got the Montgomery Ward Catlogue and showed her daddy which one she wanted. Frank just looked at her and laughed. I thought it was all a joke. But Mildred went to work & made out an order for it, got her dad's check book and he made out the check and she sealed it and sent it. The set came the day before Christmas."

INNOVATION N

on the side.

Small potatoes used to be the bane of growers. But at Simplot, we're turning these little guys into something huge: Simplot Roasted Baby Bakers. Carefully harvested at a 1" to 2" diameter size, we then oven-roast them in a light coating of oil and seasonings. Now restaurants are falling in love with their full-size flavor and baby-size appeal. So what was once a waste is now a winner. The J.R. Simplot Company, a global leader in food and agribusiness. See what else we've unearthed at Simplot.com.


Bringing Earth's Resources to Life

Another incident illustrates the tough decisions that had to be made concerning finances.

"Then all the older children wanted a lawn around the house. The place we bought was a beautiful place with quite a nice house, but it was up on a dry hill, with no way to water it unless we pumped up the water from the ditch that ran in the yard below it. That cost money, to put in the pump. So we was debating, one either putting in the pump that spring or getting an new manure spreader which Frank needed so bad. So Frank and I decided on the spreader – another year. The 3 oldest children was going to St. Margaret's boarding school. And we went to get them one Friday and when they seen the spreader, they knew we wouldn't have the pump for another year. They started crying with dissatisfaction."

Nora's journal provides insight into how rural residents entertained themselves during respites from heavy farm work. There were neighborhood gatherings, many of them in the Stamm's home.

"We had very good friends all around us, and had some great parties. Our house was most perfect with 2 big rooms, with sliding doors between them. We could open [them] and make quite a dance hall, all hardwood floors, a big kitchen, 2 bed rooms down stairs and 3 up stairs. [...] There would be about 15 to 20 couple. The men would all go in on a gal. of moonshine. (We had our moonshiner right with us. A real nice fellow, single, from Texas.) The women would all bring lunches like cake, cookies, & sanvages [sandwiches]. We

would make coffee and about midnight we would have a lunch. These parties was weekley, expicilly in the winter. We had our own music. A fellow by the name of Tom Hall played a violin. Another played a gatar [guitar]. Some time we would be where there was a piano, and we really had a good time."

Occasionally, weather played a deciding role in where the parties were held.

"These parties went on for years. Sometimes in the winter we would have to go in bob sleighs. There was a lot of snow. One time a bunch of us tried to make it to a neighbor two miles away and couldn't. The men had to get out and help the team turn us around. We went back to our house. We was gone 2 hours going 1 mile, but we didn't care. We had the moonshine, food and enough to have a party..."

In the mid-1920s, before rotary snow plows and mechanized equipment, simply getting to church on Sunday could be difficult during winter.

"Our neighbors 'Kluesners' had a bob sleigh with a covered wagon box on it. It had a stove in it. Harry Kluesner would start a fire in it, hitch up the team, with his family of his wife and 2 children, a little older than ours. They would come and pick us up. We all piled in and would go to Blackfoot 12 miles to Church. I would fix a big kettle of noodles and chicken we would keep hot on the stove, so we could all have a hot dinner before we got home. We did that sevrel times that winter, 1924 and 25. Seems like we got a lot more snow those days and a times the tempeture would get down to 50 below. Wow! We

didn't have electric blankets then either. So meny different [things]."

Nora recalls a snowstorm in 1948.

"The snow was so deep out at the farm we was snowed in for days and had no electricity. We had to go to the neighbors because we had nothing but a electric stove, & not even water. Cows had to eat snow for drink. The snow was so deep we walked right over our yard fence & front gate."

Nowhere in her memoir is Nora Stamm more poignant and plaintive than in relating how she learned of the death of her oldest son, Bob. There had been tragedy before, with the death of baby Irene of the flu in 1931, but nothing like this. All the Stamm boys were drafted or enlisted for military service during WWII. Max was deferred because of his poor eyesight. Bob had married a local girl, Martha Carter, but decided to join the marines and was sent to the Pacific Theater. He fought in two battles, the first in Tarawa. He was killed June 29, 1944 on Saipan. There had been no word from him or anyone until September 4. As she tells the story, sad as it is, Nora's sense of narrative is ever-present: we are living our lives, doing ordinary things, when tragedy suddenly intrudes.

"I was out picking strawberry when they drove up to tell us our son was killed in action. Joann was only about 7 years old. When she heard it she cried out, 'I want my Bob!' For weeks I could hear the sadist words I ever heard pounding in my ear. 'Killed in Action'. Day and night, everywhere, I couldn't get away from those words.



LEFT: Nora with a catch, 1971.

ABOVE: Nora late in life. She died in 1987.

Frank took it alful hard also. Yet we knew that was in God's plans, and someday we would understand why."

Blackfoot's Catholic church, built in 1949, has a window near the altar dedicated to the memory of Frank and Nora's son, Robert J. Stamm. The local council of the Knights of Columbus is also named for him.

In 1949, the Stamms left their "home place." By then, they had acquired three farms totaling 160 acres, including forty acres near Firth. This forty they sold to build a comfortable house in Blackfoot, as Frank's health would no longer allow farming. They lived in the house for twenty years. Their home on Meridian Street was moved several years ago to make room for a drugstore.

After Frank died in 1969, Elnora Stamm made a somewhat surprising decision. She had become very good friends with Father John Koelsch, who was then pastor of the local parish. He was being transferred to

Moscow, and at a farewell dinner hosted by Nora, he asked her to accompany him as his housekeeper, because he admired her cooking so very much. After some deliberation, she agreed, thinking it would only be for a few years. She remained with him for the next fourteen years.

Although the Stamms had always been avid fishermen and hunters and enjoyed visiting Yellowstone Park, during this time of semi-retirement Nora was able to indulge her passion for outdoor activities. Father Koelsch took her camping. They went fishing and enjoyed drives along scenic routes even while in the process of moving to Moscow.

She recalls, *"I never thought I'd be so happy and contented after Frank left me [died], as I was those 14 years."*

The last section of Nora's memoir looks back with great fondness upon dozens of the family's fishing expeditions around southeastern Idaho. On their earliest trip, Nora and Frank were rank amateurs at trout fishing, which was very differ-

ent from the fishing they had known in Oklahoma. In those days there was no limit and the "expert" who took them out their first time caught more than two hundred trout in Birch Creek, while they initially hooked very few. Before they left, however, *"Billy instructed us how to keep out of sight and so on,"* and they ended up with a nice catch. A lifelong fascination had begun with finding, catching, and eating trout from the area's streams and lakes. Besides Birch Creek, Nora's journal details frequent excursions to Mackay Reservoir, the Little Lost River, the Big Lost, Wood River, the Salmon River, and Island Park.

After her years as Fr. John Koelsch's housekeeper in Moscow and in Rupert, Nora retired to her own apartment in Rupert. Later, she lived with her son Max and his wife. In 1987, Nora celebrated her ninetieth birthday. She died a short time later, but thanks to her memoir, generations can share the Idaho life she loved. ■



Growing Again

Refugees Recover in Idaho's Gardens

Story and Photos by Pat McCoy Rohleder

Your home country is beset by civil war, riots, gangs. Forced to run for your life, you become a refugee. You enter a camp, where you must depend on charity for clothes, food, and shelter. If you're lucky, you might get permission to enter the United States or another stable country, where you can try to build a new life.

Such a story can be heard over and over again at Global Gardens, a refugee community agriculture project in Boise created and sponsored by the Idaho Office for Refugees. Take the case of Jania Furaha. She was energetically helping to weed a field just off Allumbaugh Street in downtown Boise this spring. At first glance, she looked a little odd. It wasn't the native dress she wore, typical of how women dress in her native Democratic Republic of the Congo. It was the odd-shaped bundle on her back, tied

in front, that seemed a little puzzling. The mystery disappeared when a tiny foot protruded from that bundle. Furaha was working with her seven-month-old son Justin tied to her back—and he was sound asleep.

Justin is the youngest of Furaha's three children. She herself was a child just eleven years ago, when she fled her homeland, Tanzania. Furaha and her husband, Cristophe, brought their family to the United States eighteen months ago. "The garden lets me raise vegetables to eat and to



OPPOSITE: Jania Furaha with her son, Justin.

LEFT Lazaro Mbandusha.

ABOVE: An agronomy textbook from Burundi.

sell," she said through a translator, her eyes averted shyly. "We'll be able to give something to the community at large. Eventually, we'll sell the extra produce in farmers' markets."

Another worker at the garden was Lazaro Mbandusha, who was driven out of his homeland of Burundi by civil war in 1972. His parents were killed when he was a child, so he had no opportunity for education. He spent time in refugee camps in the Congo, then had to flee again to

Tanzania. He came to the United States two years ago. Lazaro attended English language classes offered by the Idaho Office for Refugees, but had to quit when he found a job as a dish washer in a local restaurant. Now only his wife goes to the classes.

He approached with a polite bow, placing his hands palms together, a gesture of respect that couldn't be missed. "The garden offers us many benefits," Mbandusha said through the translator. "We get fresh vegeta-

bles, and extra produce to sell."

Claver Manirambona was also in the garden. He left his native Burundi in 1972, spending time in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Rwanda, and Tanzania before coming to the United States two years ago. An agronomist who advises the gardeners, he laughingly showed an agronomy textbook he brought from Burundi, written in French. It's outdated, and doesn't apply at all to growing conditions in



LEFT: Translator Buta Mzuri manages the Allumbaugh Street Community Garden.

ABOVE: Refugees at work in Boise.

Idaho. "I help the gardeners read the labels on seed packets to know when to plant, and others to help me know how to advise them on fertilizing and watering," he said.

The interpreter for each refugee was Buta Mzuri. The majority of the emigrants speak French and Swahili, he said. Those who learned English in their homelands mostly studied British English.

Mzuri has his own refugee story. He came originally from the Democratic Republic of the Congo. In 1986, he ended up in a refugee camp in Kenya. Civil unrest forced him to flee to Zaire. "The regime started arresting people and torturing university students," he said.

From Zaire, he finally made his way to the United States.

He recently earned a master's degree in social work administration and management from Northwest Nazarene University. He is pursuing a doctorate now, and manages the Allumbaugh garden site. "We started this garden two years ago," he said. "We had a bunch of emigrants from all over Africa. Our young people especially were ending up in jail cells, mainly because of cultural shock. We want to be an asset to the community, not troublemakers.

"The community garden program is designed to help empower these people to become independent, and help them adapt to life in

the United States while providing for their families," Mzuri said. "They grow potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, cauliflower, amaranth, beets, carrots, onions, both sweet and field corn, egg plants and many other vegetables here."

Katie Painter is the Refugee Agriculture Coordinator for the Idaho Office for Refugees, which is part of the Office for Refugee Resettlement under the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services. Global Gardens is one of ten farm incubator and training programs funded by that office across the nation. The Allumbaugh Garden is one of five properties, all in the Treasure Valley, farmed under the Global Gardens program.

"The gardens have a number of purposes," Painter said. "One is to improve the general health of the refugees by giving them access to a healthier, culturally appropriate diet. They can generally find foods they're used to, but not always. For instance, they prefer field corn to sweet corn, because they grind it up for the meal. They also like green bananas, rather than fully ripe ones."

Not everything refugees want to eat can be grown in Idaho. There's a major difference between the subtropical African climate they're accustomed to, and Idaho's high desert conditions. It never freezes in their homelands, so they have to learn what and when to plant, Painter said. They must learn that bananas and cassavas will not grow in Idaho.

"A lot of these people have agricultural backgrounds, so they already have a good sense of working with the soil. However, in Africa most farmers plant everything together, rather than in rows or beds for each crop. We have to train them to work with rows, which makes harvesting much easier," she said. "They also have to learn where to walk to avoid soil compaction."

Besides the hands-on work in community gardens, Painter held a ten-week farming class last winter, which produced good results. She also draws on the cooperative extension service for help.

She noted that, by definition, refugees have had to flee their homeland because of war or persecution. They have no chance to prepare, as an immigrant would, and often arrive with little more than the clothes on their back. They are in the United States legally, she emphasized. "The central office in Washington, D.C., divides them up among cities that have refugee programs, so social services are available. If the refugees have relatives already located in a certain area, they can request to go there, but they don't really get to choose where they go," she said.

Boise is among the top ten locations in the United States for the number of refugees per capita. About one thousand individuals come here each year. "They come with a wide variety of backgrounds. Some are educated, others not at all," she said. "Our goal is to help them become independent, and to develop leaders among their own people." ■

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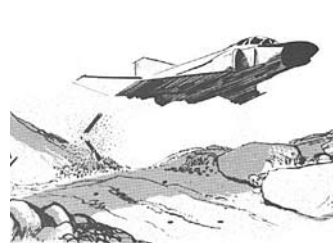


ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN

Ratatouille

By Jayden MacArthur & Kyle Sullivan

INGREDIENTS

2 Tbsp olive oil
1 yam, diced and boiled just until tender
1 Fort Boise Produce© onion, thinly sliced
2 cloves garlic, chopped or pressed
1 eggplant, peeled and diced
3/4 cup green bell peppers, diced
1 cup zucchini, diced
2 tomatoes, chopped
1/2 tsp dried Purple Sage Farms© basil
1/4 tsp black ground pepper
2 Tbsp capers, drained
1 pinch paprika
1 bay leaf
1 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp salt

PREPARATION

- > Prep all ingredients, including the yam. Boil yam for five minutes then check for tenderness.
- > Heat the oil in a large nonstick skillet. Add the onion, garlic, paprika, and bay leaf. Stir-fry over medium-high heat, about two minutes.
- > Add the eggplant and stir-fry about 2 minutes. Add the zucchini, green pepper and tomatoes. Stir-fry 3 minutes more.
- > Add the basil, cinnamon, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 30 minutes over low heat.
- > Uncover, stir gently, and simmer 10 minutes more. Add the drained capers and the yam. Serve hot or chilled on rice or pasta, or as a side dish.

Jayden MacArthur and Kyle Sullivan attend Central Academy in Meridian.



Zucchini Casserole

By Diana Sherman

INGREDIENTS

- 6 Overton® zucchini, sliced
- 3 Tbsp Dairygold® butter
- 3 Tbsp flour
- 3 large tomatoes, cut in 1" cubes
- 1 Fort Boise Produce® onion
- 1 Tbsp White Satin® brown sugar
- 1 tsp salt
- 5 slices bacon, chopped and cooked
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup parmesan cheese, grated

PREPARATION

- > Place slices of zucchini in a greased casserole dish.
- > Melt butter and add flour to make a roux.
- > Add chopped tomatoes, onion, salt and brown sugar.
- > Pour over squash slices and top with bread crumbs mixed with parmesan and bacon.
- > Bake at 350° for 1 hour.

Diana Sherman lives in Boise.

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BUG DAY

Boise, August 22

Bug Day is a fantastic family event, co-hosted by The College of Idaho and the Idaho Botanical Garden. It gives kids of any age (no upper limit!) a chance to learn about the exciting world of bugs in an adventurous environment. Activities include "Ask An Entomologist" (bring in a bug for identification by an expert), Bug Bingo, Insect Olympics, and a chance to catch live bugs. You'll even be able to purchase EDIBLE insects, too, should you be in the mood for something different. There will also be activity booths sponsored by area agencies and entomology-related businesses. And—everyone who participates in Bug Day will receive a "Certificate of Bugology." Admission: Children under 4, free; ages 4-12, \$4.00; and others, \$6.00 (\$4.00 for members of the Idaho Botanical Garden).

Information: www.idahobotanicalgarden.org; or info@idahobotanicalgarden.org



PHOTO COURTESY IDAHO BOTANICAL GARDEN

Black Daisy Arts & Crafts Fair August 1-2, Mackay

There is no admission fee to this unique and entertaining craft show, which is sponsored by the Lost River Valley Marketing Co-op. It began as an opportunity for local artisans and crafters to share their work with the public, but now artisans and crafters from all over the Northwest are invited to display their wide variety of products for visitors to see. The Black Daisy Fair runs from 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM on Saturday, and from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM on Sunday. The Custer County Fair will be continuing through Saturday as well, so that gives visitors a chance to attend both events that day. As a possible added attraction, there are often glider planes which take advantage of the winds around Mackay at that time of year.

Info: www.mackayidaho.com; or tammy.stringham@lred.org

Raspberry Festival August 2, Cottonwood

This annual fundraiser, which benefits the Historical Museum at St. Gertrude Monastery, is in its 17th year. More than 2500 people from around the country attend every year. Attendees enjoy fresh Raspberry Shortcake and BBQ beef sandwiches, live music, a Kids Carnival, hand-crafting demonstrations, new and used book sales, an Arts & Crafts Fair and a Show-'n-Shine car and motorcycle show, plus tours of the museum and the chapel. Raspberry jam, vinegar, mustard, and other products are available for purchase. Activities take place on the monastery lawn and in the Prairie High School gymnasium.

Info: museum@stgertrudes.org

Three Island Crossing Reenactment August 7-8, Glenns Ferry

This event celebrates emigrants who traveled the Oregon Trail, forded the Snake River, often at risk of life and property. Due to many factors, however, THIS WILL BE THE LAST ACTUAL RIVER CROSSING BY WAGONS AND TEAMS. At 7:00PM on Friday, there will be an Equestrian Parade from the fairgrounds to the state park, where there will be live entertainment and craft and food vendors. A Pioneer Breakfast will be held Saturday morning 7:00 to 10:30 AM. Wagons begin coming down the hill at 10:30, with the river crossing at 11:00 AM. There will be live entertainment 12:00-3:00 PM, and craft and food vendors all day at the State Park. Friday activities are free; Saturday activities are free to children under 12, \$5.00 for everyone else.

Info: www.glennsferry.org/three_island_crossing_org.htm; or (208)366.7345



PHOTO COURTESY OF ELK CITY COFC

ELK CITY, IDAHO - JULY 4, 1917

Elk City Days August 14-15, Elk City

Elk City Days first started as a Fourth of July celebration, complete with a horse race down the middle of Main Street. The horse race is no longer part of the fun, but there's plenty to see and do, in this out-of-the-way Idaho

mountain town. The Friday activities begin with the Children's Costume Parade at 5:00, followed by a Talent Show, a Hairy Leg contest, and a Tug-of-War over the river. A Deep Roots Music Festival plays all day on Saturday (Old-time Fiddlers, Bluegrass, Country, etc.). Other all-day Saturday activities include yard sales, a quilt show, wall climbing, covered wagon rides and hay rides. At other times on Saturday, there will be an archery contest, a ping-pong ball drop, a dunking booth, and elk-turkey-cow bugling contest, family games, a parade, logging events, and a "sawdust dig/children's money scramble." Last but certainly not least there will be a Youth Street Dance, from 8:00 till 9:30 PM. (Sounds like a couple of full days; I'm worn out just listing all those things!)

Info: www.elkcity@camasnet.com; or elkcitynews@yahoo.com

Artists' Studio Tour August 14-16 and 21-23, Sandpoint

This annual free self-guided tour takes visitors into the working studios of painters, sculptors, jewelers, potters, photographers, glass artists and more.

Info: www.arttourdrive.org; or jhavy@hotmail.com

Blues Cruise Charity Ride August 15, Coeur d'Alene

This great event, which features Idaho's own Olympian, Kristen Armstrong, is presented by Blue Cross of Idaho and benefits the Centennial Trail Foundation. Activities include scenic bike rides of 15 and 30 miles, as well as a "metric century" or 62 miles. In addition to the fun rides, there will be a health fair, a kid's bike rodeo, and a picnic.

Info: www.northidahocentennialtrail.org; or info@cdachamber.com

AUG

1 Foothills XC 12K Trail Race, Boise
1 Mountain Triathlon, McCall
1 Kuna Days 5K, Kuna
1 5K & 10K Run/Walk, Sandpoint
1 Soul Food Extravaganza, Boise
1 Long Bridge Swim, Sandpoint
1 Quilt Show, Sandpoint
1 Huckleberry Festival, Priest Lake
1 John Colter Half Marathon, Driggs
1 Hayden View Triath., Coeur d'Alene
1-2 1860 Days Celebration, Pierce
1-2 Art on the Green, Coeur d'Alene
1-2 Endurocross Racing, Sandpoint
1-2 ImPRA Rodeo, Island Park
1-2 Blk Daisy Arts/Crafts Fair, Mackay
1-8 Jerome County Fair, Jerome
1-8 Lincoln County Fair, Shoshone
1-8 Minidoka Co. Fair/Rodeo, Heyburn
1-12 Rock the Canyon, Twin Falls
2 Raspberry Festival, Cottonwood
2 Huckleberry Festival, Sandpoint
2 First Thursday, Boise
2 Stars on the Water Conc., Marsing
2-3 Music in the Mtns., Garden Valley
3-8 Power County Fair, American Falls
3-13 Festival at Sandpoint, Sandpoint
4-8 Valley Co. Fair/Rodeo, Cascade
4-9/9 Tuesdays-Artist's Market, Ketchum
4-9 South Bannock Co. Fair, Downey
5-26 Summer Conc.Wednesdays, Boise
5-8 Payette Co. Fair, New Plymouth
5-8 Blaine County Fair, Picabo
5-8 Owyhee Co. Fair/Rodeo, Homedale
6 First Thursday, Boise
6 Friendship Days, Deary
6 Ice Cream Zoofari, Boise
6-8 Sho/Ban Indian Festival, Fort Hall
6-8 Roaring Youth Jam, Idaho Falls
6-8 Jerome County Fair/Rodeo, Jerome
6-16 Outdoor Concert Series, Sandpoint
7-8 Art Show , Glens Ferry
7-8 3 Islands Crossing, Glens Ferry
7-8 Caribou County Fair/Rodeo, Grace
7-8 ImPRA Rodeo, New Plymouth
7-8 Craft Faire, Cascade
7-8 Fandemonium, Nampa
7-8 Motocross, Coeur d'Alene
7-8 Kuna Days, Kuna
7-9 High Desert Jr. Rodeo, Filer

7-9 Arts & Crafts Festival, Sun Valley
7-9 Harmonica Festival, Yellow Pine
7-9 N. Idaho Art Driving Tour, Sandpoint
7-17 Festival at Sandpoint, Sandpoint
8 Blue Cruise for Wellness, Boise
8 Triathlon/Duathlon, Coeur d'Alene
8 Ev. Step Counts Run/Walk, Burley
8 Nampa Festival of the Arts, Nampa
8 4-H Dog Show, Sandpoint
8-9 Arts/Crafts Fair, Sandpoint
8-9 ImPRA Rodeo, American Falls
8-9 Bomber Days, Nampa
8-9 Arts & Crafts Fair, Sandpoint
8-9 Pinehurst Days, Pinehurst
8-10 Am. Falls Days, American Falls
9 Triathlon/Duathlon, Coeur d'Alene
9 Soul Cats Concert, Marsing
10-15 Bear Lk.Co. Fair/Rodeo, Montpelier
10-15 Cassia County Fair/Rodeo, Burley
14-15 Bonner Co. Fair/Rodeo, Sandpoint
14-15 Fab Five Barrel Racing, Pocatello
14-15 ImPRA Rodeo, Montpelier
14-15 Elk City Days, Elk City
14-16 Fair/Horse Show, Coeur d'Alene
15 Concert-Symphony Pops, Meridian
15 Rush Triathlon 2009, Rexburg
15 The Shop to the Top Run, Ketchum
15 Run for the REC Run/Walk, Jerome
15 Wetland Wonders, Garden City
15 Charity Ride, Coeur d'Alene
15-16 Hunter/Jumper Horse Show, Hailey
15-16 Oneida County Fair/Rodeo, Malad
15-16 Wild Weippe Rodeo, Weippe
15-16 Fine Art/ Crafts Fair, McCall
16 Latin Fire Concert, Marsing
18-19 Boat Show, Coeur d'Alene
18-22 Caldwell Night Rodeo, Caldwell
20-22 Gooding Pro Rodeo, Gooding
21-23 Photography Workshop, Murphy

21-30 Western Idaho Fair, Boise
22 Rodeo/Horse Show, Hailey
22 Xterra Triathlon, McCall
22 Botanical Garden Bug Day, Boise
22 Mesa Falls Marathon, Ashton
22-23 Reining Horse Show, Pocatello
22-23 Sawtooth Salmon Festival, Stanley
22-23 Wooden Boat Fest., Coeur d'Alene
23-25 RC Car Races, Coeur d'Alene
24-27 Plein Air Painters, Stanley
28-29 Salmon Stampede/Rodeo, Salmon
28-29 Fab Five Barrel Racing, Pocatello
28-30 N.Idaho Fair/Rodeo, Coeur d'Alene
28-30 Bluegrass Festival, Pocatello
28-30 Hunter/Jumper Show, Nampa
29 Bulls Only Rodeo, Lava Hot Springs
29 Pocatello Marathon, Pocatello
30 B3 Side Jazz Concert, Marsing

SEP

1-8 ICHA Futurity/Aged Event, Nampa
1-10/31 Fall for Boise, Boise
2-7 Twin Falls Co. Fair/Rodeo, Filer
4 Air Force 5-Miler, Mountain Home
4 Baldy Hill Climb, Ketchum
4-6 BBQ Days, Kamiah
4-7 Antiques Show, Ketchum
5 Spud-Run, Rupert
5 Hidden Springs Kids Race, Boise
5 Mountain Madness, Moscow
5 Cure Cystic Fibr. Walk, Twin Falls
5-6 Classic Car Show, Coeur d'Alene
5-6 Fall Festival, Sandpoint
5-6 Air Force Apprec. Day, Mt. Home
5-7 Wagon Days Celebration, Ketchum
5-7 Mead. Valley Days, New Meadows
5-12 Eastern Idaho State Fair, Blackfoot
6 McCall Lake Runs, McCall
9-13 Lewiston Roundup, Lewiston

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DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: The first of the month preceding the month of the event. Example: deadline for a March event would be February 1.

WRITE TO: IDAHO magazine Calendar of Events
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e-mail: rtanner@idahomagazine.com

august contributors



Sherry A.E. Cann

is a native Idahoan and mother of three. Employed in public relations, she has degrees in photography and journalism and in adult education. Sherry founded the Idaho Screenwriters Association, wrote three short films that were produced, directed a short film, and has four feature screenplays in development. She invites anyone interested in screenwriting or the Treasure Valley film community to visit <http://idahomediapro.org>



Bill Corbett

raised barley and wheat before becoming a writer. He writes fiction under the name Will Edwinston, and authored a national award-winning book, *Buddy...His Trials and Treasures*, originally serialized in *IDAHO magazine*. Corbett is a two-time Associated Press award winner for his column in the *Idaho State Journal*. Check out his website at willedwinson.com



Kitty Delorey Fleischman

is a former teacher whose journalism career started at the *Nome Nugget* in the 1970s, then went south. She worked in Anchorage for the *Great Lander*, UPI in Boise, then co-founded and published the *Idaho Business Review* from 1984 until selling to its current owners in 1999. In 2001, she started *IDAHO magazine*. Her conversations with Velma Morrison led her to write Velma's memoirs, *The Bluebird Will Sing Tomorrow*.



Philip A. Homan

is Associate Professor and Catalog Librarian at Idaho State University's Oboler Library in Pocatello. He earned the MLS from St. John's University in New York City before returning in 2002 to Idaho, where he was born and raised. He is a 2008 Idaho Humanities Council Research Fellow.



Tony Jones

is an Idaho native, a graduate of the Meridian school system, Idaho State University, and the University of Washington. He is the founder of Boise based Rocky Mountain Econometrics. For diversion, Mr. Jones is an active mountaineer, cyclist, and horseman. He makes no claims about being a writer.



Geraldine Mathias

is an Oklahoma transplant who put down roots in Idaho forty-three years ago. A retired English teacher, she spends time baking artisan breads, fishing, and walking for exercise. She recently completed a children's story and is finishing the first draft of a novel about migrant people in Bingham County.



Lori Palmer

is the community editor for Idaho's oldest weekly newspaper, the *Idaho County Free Press* in Grangeville. She and her husband

have three daughters, two Pomeranian dogs, and a tabby cat.



Pat McCoy Rohleder

is a native Idahoan who wrote for newspapers in Idaho, Utah, Texas, and Oregon during her forty-year career. She self-published a book, *Shelby County Sampler*, a history of Shelby County, Texas. Now retired, she's freelancing and pursuing the needle arts, including making bobbin lace.



Les Tanner

retired from teaching in 1996. He and Ruby have been married for more than fifty years, and have two children and three grandchildren. Les fishes, writes, gardens, and plays racquetball (to avoid doing chores around the house). His normal attire is less formal than that shown in the photo.



Lowell Vanskike

gained five years of underground

mining experience in Burke during the late Forties and early Fifties, interrupted by a stint with the US Army during the Korean War. He holds degrees in electrical engineering from the University of Idaho and Stevens Institute of Technology in New Jersey. A retired engineer, he lives in Pennsylvania.



Neal Wickham

was born and raised in Ashton. He attended the University of Idaho and in 1992 earned a degree in civil construction engineering from the University of New Mexico. He subsequently worked on large building projects throughout the West and currently works for a construction corporation in Los Angeles.

Where have you been?

IDAHO magazine encourages local writers to consider the challenge of writing our Spotlight stories.

Each month, IM features a different Idaho city or town, detailing its history from its founding up to the present day. Our past stories have been done by individuals or groups. Why not get your family and friends together and give us the history of YOUR town? Tell us your stories!

*SPOTLIGHTS on our schedule:

Aberdeen	Lucile
Albion	McCammon
Dubois	Oakley
Hope	Richfield
Kuna	Rock Creek

FOR DETAILS CONTACT:

Steve Bunk, Managing Editor
sbunk@idahomagazine.com

• If your town isn't on the list and you're interested in telling us about its history, let us know.



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