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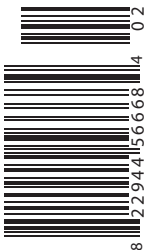
# IDAHO

## magazine

FEBRUARY 2019 | VOL. 18, NO. 5

# Making Memories

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Deb Rose (front)  
and Cozeth Scott  
climbing Cache  
Peak in the Albion  
Mountains.

Photo by  
Alice Schenk



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Kitty Delorey Fleischman  
PUBLISHER & EDITOR  
[kfleisch@idahomagazine.com](mailto:kfleisch@idahomagazine.com)



(RIGHT: Miles Fleischman, no email available.)



Ann Hottinger  
ART DIRECTOR  
[ahottinger@idahomagazine.com](mailto:ahottinger@idahomagazine.com)



Steve Bunk  
MANAGING EDITOR  
[sbunk@idahomagazine.com](mailto:sbunk@idahomagazine.com)



Stacey Kemper  
CIRCULATION  
COORDINATOR  
[skemper@idahomagazine.com](mailto:skemper@idahomagazine.com)



Les Tanner  
COPY and  
CALENDAR EDITOR  
[calendar@idahomagazine.com](mailto:calendar@idahomagazine.com)



Steve Carr  
COLUMNIST



Gerry Fleischman  
SALES ASSOCIATE  
[gfleisch@idahomagazine.com](mailto:gfleisch@idahomagazine.com)



Dick Lee  
ILLUSTRATOR



Marylyn Cork  
COLUMNIST

J. Ernest Monroe  
LOGO DESIGN

**Change of Address:** email: [skemper@idahomagazine.com](mailto:skemper@idahomagazine.com)

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The Grand Champion among the ice carvings in the festival this weekend at Driggs.

~ Photo by Anna Kirkpatrick

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# Making Memories

## In the Albion Mountains

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ALICE SCHENK

**O**n a bluebird day in mid-November 2018, we stepped from the pickup, donned our hiking boots, hats, and backpacks, adjusted our trekking poles, and headed down the road toward the highest mountain in Idaho south of the Snake River. Rising 10,339 feet near the City of Rocks, Cache Peak is the only peak taller than ten thousand feet in the Albion Mountains.

When Boisean Deb Rose invited me to make this climb with her and Cozeth Scott of Idaho Falls, I said no at first. Not only would I be teaching that morning but, looking at the weather report, it would be cold on the mountaintop. Very cold.

My daughter Megan laughed when I told her about my last-minute decision to go.

"I can do a last-minute let's go to lunch," she said. "But climb a mountain?"

Well, no need to squander an opportunity for joy. Besides, I really wanted to be on top of one more mountain before the year was out. But the snows had come early to the Lost River Range, deftly eliminating its peaks as options. No one is ever remembered for what they planned to do, and now it seemed I was standing on the threshold of a new adventure, so I said yes and got a substitute instructor for my class.

This would be my second assault of



Cache Peak. On May 28, 2011, I had climbed it with our fearless "Sherpa," Wallace Keck, park superintendent of the City of Rocks National Reserve. Also with us was Linda Ziulkowski of Rupert, and Joyce Storey and Dean Shanklin, both of Idaho Falls. That climb began at six thousand feet, and the top fifteen hundred feet were covered in deep snow. We summited in a full-blown blizzard. Wallace had brought little American flags that we waved on the peak. During our trek down through mahogany trees, we slid off part of the mountain on a plastic bag.

Today, Cozeth drives us in her high-clearance diesel 4WD. We pass through Oakley and turn toward Logger Springs, where the gravel and dirt Forest Service roads we ascend are slightly frozen, which is great, since we're able to drive closer to the main trailhead.



LEFT: Cache Peak summit.

BELOW: Trail sign.



Rumor has it that Cache Peak got its name from early trappers who used it as a reference point to orient themselves to where they left caches of pelts as they trapped and hunted in the area. It's a twenty-five-hundred-foot elevation gain to the top and Mount Independence is close by, the second highest point in the range at 9,950 feet.

The morning on the mountain is brisk, the temperature about eighteen degrees. But it will

warm up during the day, as will we. Cozeth hikes in short sleeves for a while. We approach a wooden fence where a sign reading, "Independence Lakes" marks the trail. I have hiked into these lakes numerous times, but never via this route, and I'm excited.

It turns out to be a great trail, with incredible scenery all around. At the base of the tree line, the landscape starts to change dramatically. We're soon putting micro-spikes



ABOVE: Wind-sculpted snow.

INSET RIGHT: Local wildlife.

onto our hiking boots, and the immediate difference this makes in our ability to move confidently up the mountain is amazing. I'm enchanted by the trees' thick layers of snow that hide the green from view, as if truckloads of frosting had been dumped from heaven. It's a wonderland, and my name is Alice! Yet we walk carefully past and around the snow-laden trees, because if a chunk fell off at just the right moment and we were underneath, it would not be pretty.

Even so, visions like this are the ones that become forever etched on the hard drive of my memory.

Cozeth is on point, leading the charge for a while, breaking trail. Deb follows, checking her GPS device occasionally, using its trail app to navigate the route taken by Boisean Dan Robbins when he last climbed it. I'm in great company. Hands down, I can follow easier than I can lead.

What is it that calls the heart to wander?



## CACHE PEAK



I know that being here refreshes my spirit, and that my heart is vibrating with enthusiasm, like a pinged tuning fork. But the afternoon will soon be upon us, and we want to make it to the summit and down before the sky darkens. Deb and Cozeth had discussed a turn-around time of 2 p.m. If we weren't on the summit by then, we would try another day. We realize the game is on, but the odds are in our favor.

We reach the summit a little after 1 p.m. As

always, I have spent considerable time woo-hooing my way up the mountain. In my loudest and most enthusiastic outdoor voice, I keep saying, "Yay!", which is normal vocabulary for me on such adventures. I'm so grateful for these moments, which can never be replaced.

Up in the mountains, there isn't much noise. No traffic, just stillness, and the melodies of nature playing in the background, the occasional gust of wind through the trees or the songs of birds in the branches.



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## CACHE PEAK

I reflect that “we” is such a lovely word. We have so many priceless memories and so few days to create them in. We went on a hike. We laughed. We visited a lot. We took pictures. We froze. It’s a word that shouts “togetherness.” Life is often better when it’s we. Solitude has its place, and contemplating life is always good, but I love doing life as we.

“In everyone’s life, at some time, our inner fire goes out,” Albert Schweitzer wrote. “It is then burst into flame by an encounter with another human being. We should all be thankful for those people who rekindle the inner spirit.”

Near the summit, a surge of anticipation floods over me. From the top, the scenery is spectacular and the air several degrees colder from the wind chill. But I think the shiver that washes over me is mostly joy. The way the wind has blown across the peak has caused the snow to stand straight out on the summit post, creating feathers at the end like a giant wing. I’m astonished by the power of the wind and all it has done here. One small weed I’d seen on the climb up had about two inches of snow sticking straight out from it. The earth below is brown, calm, and warm. The landscape above is white-rugged, chaotic, and cold. I snap pictures

BELOW: View from the top.

INSET RIGHT: Alice atop the peak.





but there's not much time for sightseeing now. The frigid breeze insists we head down quickly. We drop out of the wind, and then stop under the sun for lunch.

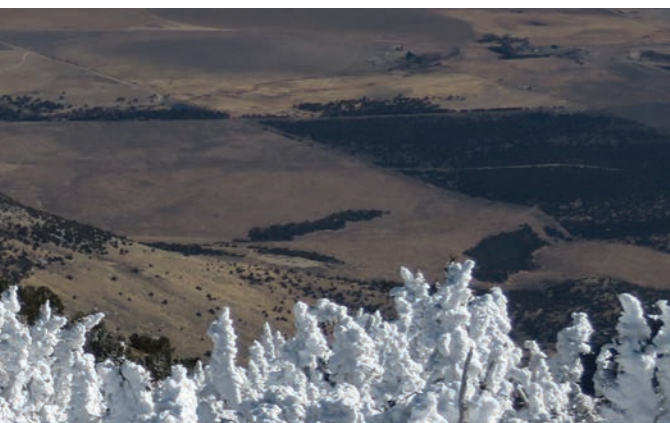
We're almost down when I spot a buck standing in the trees.

"Run," I tell him. "People are looking for you."

Our fun and ambitious hike today covered 8.8 miles and took us five-and-a-half hours. Ambitions differ for each of us, but I think taking the road less traveled and wandering down it for a long while yields pictures that will hang in the corner of one's mind forever. I've discovered it's not just

reaching a goal that matters—it's also the adventures and friends I make along the way.

But now it's time to stretch my feet out on the footstool, lace my fingers together behind my head, lean back, and relax a moment. Whenever the next adventure calls, I'll pick up the phone. ■



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RIGHT: Semi-pro soccer action in Boise.



COURTESY BOISE CUTTHROATS FC





# SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL

## A SOCCER FAN GETS HIS WISH

BY NATHAN DAVIS

For millions of people, soccer isn't just a sport, it's a way of life that sometimes can border on near-religious devotion. Throughout most of my life, I've loved soccer with just such a fervor. But growing up in Idaho Falls, I didn't have a congregation to worship with. I didn't even have friends who watched soccer or could name any major players or teams.

I first fell in love with the game around twenty years ago, after watching matches during the World Cup. Back then, it was hard to follow soccer outside of the World Cup. Major League Soccer (MLS) didn't exist until I was nine years old, and even then, there wasn't a team within driving distance until my senior year of high school, and that was still a three-and-a-half hour drive away in Salt Lake City.

There's a phrase among fans in England: "Support your local." It means fans should support their local team no matter the level they play at or the quality of the soccer. Whether your team is the biggest club in the competition or a small amateur squad made up of members of the town, if you love the sport, you should make an effort to support your local club. I grew up longing for a local team to support, and when MLS started to gain popularity in the U.S., I held out hope that a team would pop up near me. Real Salt Lake was founded in Utah in 2005, but as I said, I didn't feel a true connection with that team. I couldn't go to games regularly and the contests weren't easy to catch on TV in Idaho.



RIGHT: Jesus Lopez gets a kick off.



COURTESY BOISE CUTTHROATS FC

Over the years, I spent hours searching online for “pro soccer in Idaho” or “pro soccer expansion.” I sent emails to leagues and owners of larger clubs, pitching why Idaho would be a great location for a small team. But eventually I got discouraged and stopped searching. And then a few months ago, I came across something online about the United Premier Soccer League (UPSL), a semi-professional league that features three teams in Idaho. Excitedly, I began looking into the league and was shocked to find out there was a team in Idaho Falls, as well as teams in Boise and Twin Falls (an out-of-state developer has expressed interest in buying a piece of Boise land to build a stadium for a major league soccer team, but that’s still in the planning stage).

I discovered that over the previous three years, a dedicated group of people had been working to spread their love of the game and bring semi-

professional soccer to Idaho. I dove head-first into finding out as much as I could about the teams and league.

The UPSL features eighteen conferences around the country and more than 130 teams. The three Idaho teams are in the Mountain Conference, which includes teams from Utah. Teams play their regular-season games against other clubs in their conference and at the end of each regular season, the top squads take part in the conference playoffs. The conference champion then moves on to a regional playoff, and the winner of the regional title competes in the UPSL nationals.

Hector Palacios started Idaho’s first UPSL team in 2016, the Boise Cutthroats FC. Shortly after the Cutthroats were founded, Jairo Archila started up Magic Valley FC in Twin Falls. In 2017, Palacios’s cousin, Ramon Palacios, founded Idaho

Lobos FC in Idaho Falls with Hector's help.

Recently, I had the chance to speak with players, managers, and staff of the three Idaho teams, all of which were started by former players who have a passion for soccer and wanted to give others a chance to play at a high level. Ramon, who coaches the Idaho Lobos, told me one of the best things for him about running the club is seeing the players succeed.

"I love soccer," he said. "The first thing I knew when I was little was a soccer ball. When I first got here [from Mexico], soccer wasn't even really a sport. It took two years of living in Idaho to even find a team. Now I manage a club in the UPSL. It's great to give the sport more exposure in Idaho."

All three teams have adopted home turfs: the Idaho Lobos play at Thunder Stadium at Bonneville High School in Idaho Falls, the Cutthroats play at a recreational field on the campus of Boise State University, and Magic Valley FC play their home games at Lighthouse Christian School in Twin Falls.

I was interested in what sort of fan support the teams get.

Tyson Fox, a winger and forward for the Boise Cutthroats, said throughout the season fans have come out to back the team, but the best moment was during a U.S. Open Cup match against rival San Juan FC, from Draper, Utah.

"They're one of our rivals in the conference and it was a real nail-biter," Fox said. "We were up with seconds to go and then they tied it. In overtime, they beat us. But the stadium was packed. There were a couple hundred people there and fans were buying posters and shirts. It was a really good time for the Boise community."

The UPSL has both summer and winter seasons, but teams have the option of sitting out the winter, and the Cutthroats currently are the only Idaho team playing during the coldest months. Fox, who just finished up his first season with the club, said he's looking forward to the start of the spring season.

"When I first joined, the coaches told me the winter season is a bit like preseason," he said. "The spring season is more competitive and attracts a higher level of player."

Obviously, players put in a lot of effort on the field, but

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RIGHT: Steve Garcia aims downfield.



what amazed me was how much effort goes into running a club off the field. Jairo's wife Crystal handles much of the organizational duties of Magic Valley FC.

"I have four kids and it's very challenging to manage both parts of my life at the same time but I love it," she said. "There are times where you're trying to balance taking care of the kids and you're on conference calls, trying to schedule things. My kids love it too. They come out to cheer and support my husband."

The challenge of balancing life and soccer was a common theme among everyone I talked to. In Idaho Falls, Ramon mentioned he had received help setting up the club from his cousin, and said his family life has changed since he started coaching the Lobos.

"I'm lucky, because my kids and my wife all love soccer," he told me. "But it has changed the way we do things. Instead of celebrating a birthday on the weekend or something, we'll celebrate after the soccer game. But they're great about it, and they love it too."

Despite such challenges of working behind the scenes for a team, everyone I spoke to stressed that having the chance to participate at a high level in a sport they love makes it all worthwhile. As you can imagine, I'm now anxiously awaiting the start of the spring UPSL season. I'm in my early thirties, yet while awaiting the Lobos' first home game of 2019, I feel like a little kid. After years of yearning for a local team to support, I'll finally be in the stands and have the chance to support my local club. ■

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# THE COURT-MARTIALED PRIEST



LEFT: Toussaint  
Mesplie.

IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# Toussaint Mesplie, Idaho Pioneer

BY JOHN J. O'HAGAN

In 1862, gold was discovered in the Boise Basin. Thousands of miners—many of them Irish Catholic—left the pretty much depleted California goldfields and settled in Idaho. Bishop Blanchett of Oregon dispatched Father Toussaint Mesplie and Father André Poulin to the Idaho Territory to minister to these men.

Mesplie was a Catholic priest and United States Army chaplain whose claim to fame, or perhaps more accurately, claim to infamy, is that he was the only priest in the history of Idaho ever to be court-martialed and drummed from the corps. As a student of Idaho history, I am fascinated with little-known stories of obscure persons who never made the conventional history books but who had a large impact on our state history. Toussaint Mesplie was one such person. I discovered that a conscientious search of the more well-known Idaho histories turned up scant references to his name. Nevertheless, his tumultuous path from heroic pioneer to dishonored soldier is illustrative of the rapidly changing history of Idaho in its territorial days.

Father Mesplie's story leaped out at me as I was writing a history of the Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist in Boise. An invaluable resource in that effort was *History of the Diocese of Boise—1863-1953* (Caxton Printers Ltd, 1953), by Cyprian Bradley and Edward Kelly. While the more conventional histories may have skipped over Mesplie, their book devoted a chapter to him, which was enough to start me on a sleuthing expedition through sources as varied as the *Congressional Record*, the *National Archives* and the *Pacific Northwest Quarterly*. None of these resources had any extensive treatment of him, but a fragment here and a fragment there allowed me to construct a pretty good picture of his time in the Northwest.

Toussaint Mesplie was born in Aude, France in 1824. In the mid- and late-nineteenth century, there were not many American-born priests. Catholics were a decided and much-derided minority in the United States. Priests were "imported" from Europe, where several countries had seminaries designated as "American

Colleges." Young men in these institutions were trained to serve in North America, which at that time was largely an untamed wilderness. Mesplie began his seminary studies at the College of Narbonne, France. In 1847, at the request of the archbishop of Oregon City (now the Archdiocese of Portland), he traveled to the Pacific Northwest to finish his studies. In August of 1847, he arrived at the mouth of the Willamette River, where he continued his studies and was ordained on May 25, 1850. For almost twenty years, Mesplie served at various missions in Oregon and Washington, where his primary flocks were Native American, whose faithfulness impressed him greatly. He eventually settled in the Boise Basin—which at the time had between ten and fifteen thousand people—and built a church in Idaho City. St. Joseph's, dedicated in 1863, is today the state's oldest still-functioning Catholic church. (Cataldo Mission in northern Idaho was the state's first such church, built in 1845, and is the oldest building in Idaho, but it is now a state park.) In 1855, when



almost all of Idaho City was destroyed by a fire, the church survived, thanks to the efforts of a huge group of miners who manned a bucket brigade on the roof to keep the building wet. Idaho City's hospital burned down and Father Mesplie, a very large man, carried patient after patient from that building to the safety of the church.

Mesplie also built Catholic churches in Centerville, Pioneer, Granite Creek, Silver City, and Boise. In 1872, when he was sent to Washington, D.C., to press Catholic claims for administration of Fort Hall and of twenty-four other Northwest missions that had been assigned to other denominations, he officially was appointed a chaplain to the Army. It was a role in which he had served unofficially and unpaid for twenty-three years, but now he would be paid fifteen hundred dollars per year. Archbishop Blanchett was not impressed.

In Bradley and Kelly's book, I found evidence of the archbishop's feelings in a quote from one of his letters to Mesplie, written on September 3, 1872: "You are too easygoing to be competent for that office . . . the government is tired of your praiseworthy importunities relative to the Indian missions. Don't be so simple as to let yourself be caught in that trap . . . they shut your mouth by a vain title to

get the souls of our Indians."

Blanchett, who thought the army was commissioning Mesplie as a chaplain to silence his objections to unjust treatment of the Indians, turned out to be a better judge of the ways of the Army than Mesplie was.

Mesplie returned to Idaho and for the next several years served as a chaplain in a variety of locations. The Nez Perce War broke out in the summer of 1877 and at the Battle of White Bird Canyon, the Idaho Militia suffered the United States Army's worse defeat since Little Big Horn. With Custer's defeat still stinging in their minds, panicked Idaho settlers received the grim news that thirty-four U.S. soldiers had been killed. There were no Nez Perce fatalities and, to add insult to the Army's injury, a large supply of its arms and ammunition had been captured by the tribe. The tactics used by the Nez Perce in that campaign are still taught at the United States Military Academy at West Point as a classic example of a well-executed "fighting retreat." In an 1877 editorial, the *New York Times* asserted: "On our part, the war was in its origin and motive nothing short of a gigantic blunder and a crime."

As these events unfolded, Father Mesplie was on leave, heading to Europe to visit the

family he had not seen for thirty years. Contacted by the Army, he was asked to abandon his European vacation and he immediately went to the Umatilla Indian Reservation in Oregon. His orders were simple: dissuade the Umatilla from joining their brothers in Idaho, who were now fleeing through Montana towards the Canadian border. If the Umatilla had joined the battle, the army pursuing Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce people would find itself in that most unhappy of all military positions: hostiles to the front and hostiles to the rear.

Mesplie was successful. "I arrived here at this (Cayuse) station yesterday a little after noon," he told the *Idaho Statesman* on July 28, 1877. "Early this morning I visited the Umatilla Agency, where I met the principal chiefs and several of their people. They assured me that they were friends of the white people, and that they were determined to remain such. I encouraged them to persevere in their good sentiments and resolutions as the history of the past proves that wars are always great disasters."

The Umatilla never did join their brothers fleeing to Canada, and the Nez Perce surrendered to the United States Army at the base of the Bear Paw Mountains in



ABOVE: Father Mesplie was responsible for the construction of St. John's in 1876, at the corner of 9th and Bannock Streets in Boise. It burned in 1906.

RIGHT: A monument was erected over Mesplie's grave more than sixty years after his death.



Montana, just forty miles short of their goal of sanctuary in Canada.

This short-lived insurrection led to one of the most famous surrender speeches of all time, from Chief Joseph:

*I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohoolhoolzootie is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say, "Yes" or "No." He who led the young men, Ollokot, is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No*

*one knows where they are -- perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs! I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.*

General Sherman, the army's highest-ranking officer, was generous in his praise of the Nez Perce:

*One of the most extraordinary Indian Wars of which there is any record. The Indians throughout displayed a courage and skill that elicited universal praise. They abstained*

*from scalping, let captive women go free, did not commit indiscriminate murder of peaceful families, which is usual, and fought with almost scientific skill, using advance and rear guards, skirmish lines and field fortifications.*

Yet he was ungenerous in the terms allowed them in surrender. Despite promises made by both General Howard and General Miles that the Nez Perce would be allowed to return to their homelands in Idaho, Sherman overruled his subordinates and ordered the captives to be sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Ultimately, in 1885, Joseph did



return to the Northwest, but never to Idaho. He died in Colville, Washington, in 1904.

Throughout this time, Father Mesplie continued as a very effective intermediary for both sides. In the *Army and Navy Journal* of April 1878, I discovered an interesting article on his contributions to the peace process after the Nez Perce War. "There is no one who has had an influence with the Northern Indians equal to that of Father Mesplie," the article declared.

"Mesplie does not hesitate to say that he considers that the Indians, and particularly Joseph's tribe, have been very badly treated by the Government, and the people who have taken possession of the country so long occupied by Nez Percés [sic]."

In his dealings with the Indians, Mesplie was the beneficiary of a legacy that had unwittingly been founded by Father Pierre de Smet, another Frenchman and the first priest ever to visit Idaho. In large measure, the early "black robes" enjoyed success with the natives of the Northwest because they were not English speakers. After a half-century of duplicitous dealings with English speakers, tribal people were wary of any promises made by those who spoke that tongue.

Throughout Mesplie's

conversations, whether with the Army in English or the tribes in French, those he was dealing with noted two personal characteristics of Mesplie. First, he was an unrelenting and outspoken critic of the government's treatment of the Indians. I found a clear indication of this point in the April 6, 1878 edition of the *Idaho Statesman*: "Father Mesplie does not hesitate to say that the Indians, and particularly Joseph's tribe—have been very badly treated by the government and the people who have taken possession of the country long occupied by the Nez Perce."

The second characteristic of Mesplie is that he was a very poor record-keeper. Perhaps most vocal on this point was Major John Green. In the *Proceedings of a General Court Martial* published on September 14, 1883, Green testified that Mesplie had "no business capacity at all and don't [sic] know anything about it."

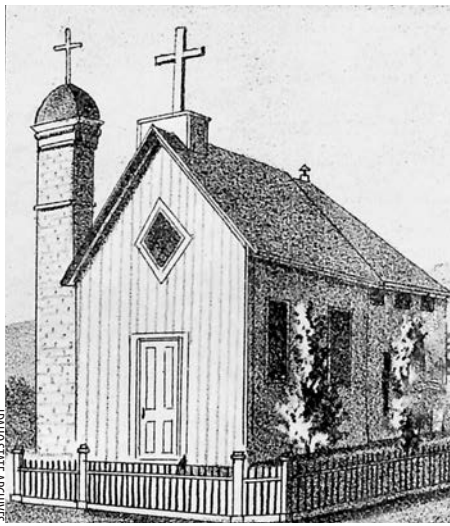
Combined, these two idiosyncrasies of Mesplie—his criticism of government treatment of Indians and his lack of business acumen—would prove to be his undoing.

In October 1882, he once more began plans for a trip to his homeland. It had been

more than thirty-five years since he had been to France. He submitted requests for his Army pay in advance, including the fall quarter of 1882, which normally would have been paid in December 1882. His leave expired January 1, 1883 but unfortunately, he did not return to the United States until July 1883.

What actually happened during this six months is murky at best. Because Mesplie's first language was French, he had former Governor George Woods of Oregon write a letter to Robert Lincoln, the Secretary of War, which was dated July 7, 1883.

*I beg leave . . . to represent that on the 25th day of July 1882, Reverend Father Toussaint Mesplie, a Chaplain in the United States Army, Department of Columbia, stationed at Fort Boise, Idaho Territory, was upon application, granted a leave of absence for one month. That on the 23rd day of August following, his leave of absence was extended for another month. And at the end of that time his leave of absence was extended for a further period of three months with leave to go abroad. That Chaplain Mesplie did so go abroad and only returned to the United States a few days ago. Thus, it will be*



ABOVE: Mesplie built Idaho's first Catholic church, St. Patrick's, in Boise in 1870, but it burned down two weeks later.

RIGHT: St. Joseph's in Idaho City was built by the pioneer priest in 1863, burned and was replaced in 1867, and still stands.



*seen that he has been absent from his Post, without leave for about four months, which I am informed places him in an awkward relation to the United States Army.*

Indeed. In his letter, Woods wrote that Mesplie claimed he had been unofficially notified that a third request for a five-month further extension had been granted. "Unofficially" was not going to cut it in the Army's eyes. The priest was charged not only with being absent without leave but with submitting fraudulent vouchers for pay.

He was directed to proceed to the presidio in San Francisco

for a court martial. In the *National Archives*, I found that on January 15, 1884, he was formally dismissed from the Army with forfeiture of all pay and allowances. He had served the United States Army for thirty-five years, of which twenty-three had been as a volunteer, without pay of any kind. None of that was considered by the court martial, which saw only a \$375 warrant issued improperly and a three-month unauthorized absence.

In his *Idaho of Yesterday* (Caxton Printers, Ltd, 9141), Thomas Donaldson tells us that both Generals William T. Sherman and Phillip Sheridan

offered to write letters on Mesplie's behalf. Disheartened, he declined. Since the only punishment imposed on him was discharge from the service and loss of all pay and benefits, he was under no further obligation to the Army. He had a brother in California, and went to live with him. He died on November 20, 1895. This Idaho pioneer, who had played a significant part of Northwest history, lay in an unremarkable plot in Grass Valley, California, until 1950, when Bishop Edward Kelly of Idaho paid to have a monument erected over his grave. ■





JEAN JENKINS

## A Long Hiatus And a Lot of Idaho Talk

STORY AND PHOTOS BY MAX JENKINS

When we left Idaho in June 1967, the sign at the outskirts of Boise read: “Population, 36,800 something.” Meridian’s population was about twenty-two hundred and mostly farmland. The population of the state was approximately seven hundred thousand. Worst of all, this state I loved did not provide the business opportunities that were available back East.

I graduated from Idaho State College (now, Idaho State University) in pharmacy and my wife, Jean, graduated from ISC in home economics. After one year as a pharmacist in Reno and two years in the U.S. Army, I entered law school at the University of Idaho, financing it as a pharmacist. When I graduated in 1967, we received more than a dozen worthy job offers from drugstore chains . . . all east of the Mississippi River, and not one competitive offer from Idaho.

ABOVE: Overlooking Hells Canyon, the author admires the Seven Devils from Hat Point.

We accepted a position headquartered in Chicago and moved to a western suburb with our two kids. Immediately, we learned that our neighbors and friends not only didn't know anything about Idaho, they couldn't locate it on a map.

"Oh, you're from corn country," people often said.

"No," I would answer, "we're not from Iowa, we're from Idaho in the Northwest."

The first time this conversation occurred, I told Jean and she said, "Yeah, that's happening to me, too."

"Ooh, there's a lot of work to be done!" I said to myself.

I bought an almanac—a book with a lot of statistics—to gather more information about Idaho. I called my dad to get some of his stories about the state.

Meanwhile, my job was busy and I did extensive traveling, meeting many new people, few of whom knew anything about Idaho. Whenever these new acquaintances asked where I was from, I was happy to talk about the state, and sometimes I'd even initiate the conversation. I developed a routine.

I'd always start with, "My dad would say that northern Idaho is the prettiest part of the contiguous U.S., with its glacial lakes, mountains covered by evergreens, rivers, gorges, and prairies."

That usually got their attention.

Then I would ask a question: "Did you know that Idaho is three times larger than the state of Texas?" I'd pause for just a second, and then: "If you iron out all the mountains and gorges and valleys in Idaho. That's the measure of land surface or land mass."

Usually, the answer I'd get would be something like, "Wow, Idaho must have a lot of mountains and gorges."

I would agree with this.

It was surprising how engaged people would become, especially because they were learning about a state that in many instances they couldn't even locate on a map.

Continuing my routine, I would ask, "Do you know which state has the deepest gorge in North America?"

"Arizona," people often would say. "That's where the Grand Canyon is."

With a smile, I would reply, "No, the

BELOW LEFT: An old wooden fire lookout tower, 350 feet high, on Hat Point.

BELOW: View from the start of Blue Canyon in Clark County.







Grand Canyon is the third-deepest gorge in North America. The deepest is Hells Canyon, which is found in my home county, Idaho County, in the state of Idaho.”

Next, I would ask, “Do you know where the second-deepest gorge is in North America?”

By now, most people would be on to me. “It must be in Idaho,” they’d say.

With a big smile, I’d answer, “Yes, it’s the Lower Salmon River Gorge, also located in my home county.”

I was amazed at how often this routine worked. In more relaxed atmospheres, such as on airplanes or at cocktail parties, people would ask many questions about Idaho. I discovered that even the pharmacy deans were not familiar with the state, and I was pleased to inform them. This turned out to be an excellent way to develop business relationships.

The routine worked well on vacations, too. “Cool it,” my wife would tell me.

But the questions continued. What could I do?

ABOVE: The author and granddaughter whitewater rafting on the Salmon River near Riggins.



I told so many stories about my home county, describing its beauty and relating anecdotes about my colorful dad, that I came to be called, “That Idaho guy.”

This went on for more than three decades. During the last few years of the last century, we began to think about leaving our home of nearly twenty years, in Rochester, New York, and retiring to our beloved Idaho. It was just a matter of where. We chose Lewiston, because it was in beautiful northern Idaho and had a “banana belt” climate.

Jean and I knew that Idaho had changed while we were away. Its population had grown to 1.3 million, according to the 2000 U.S. census. But even more astounding to me was the census bureau’s announcement in December 2017 that Idaho had become the fastest-growing state in the country. The official 2018 population estimate was 1,753,860.

The state’s long-term plan had led to a series of dams on Idaho rivers that created low-cost electricity and millions of gallons of irrigation water, which launched the state’s

potato industry. Southern Idaho had become an agricultural mecca and had developed a major food-processing industry. The Coeur d’Alene area’s Kootenai County in the Idaho panhandle also has grown significantly, particularly in tourism. Kootenai County’s population of more than 157,000 ranks it third among Idaho counties.

The Treasure Valley, our home nowadays, is a magnet for industry, creating thousands of jobs. Open land is available, especially in Meridian. The growth is stunning and will continue. Personally, I think the Treasure Valley has been blessed with outstanding leadership in developing the area’s infrastructure. The 2017 U.S. Census population estimate for Boise is 226,000 and Meridian is 100,000. The population estimate for the Boise metropolitan area is 709,000.

If Jean and I had graduated in 2018, we could have stayed in Idaho and raised our family here. But I’m glad the state now has exciting career opportunities for its young people. ■

BELOW LEFT: A 2015 rafting trip in Blue Canyon, part of the Lower Salmon River Gorge.

BELOW: The Snake River in Hells Canyon.





# Remembering Elma

## A Citizen of Soldier

BY DIANA HOOLEY



COURTESY DIANA HOOLEY



JESS JOHNSON

I'm glad there was enough snow in December for Soldier Mountain Ski Area to open. Brundage in McCall, Bogus Basin in Boise, and the Sun Valley Resort are all great if you're an avid skier and like lots of runs to choose from. But my husband and I prefer the smaller, friendlier resorts like Soldier, or Pomerelle in the Albion Mountains west of Malta.

Every time I think of Soldier Mountain, I think of Elma Goodman. I met her several years ago in a weight loss group I'd joined in Glenns Ferry. Elma was fifty years older than I and she once told me that losing weight was not for sissies, but neither was getting old.

She and her husband Wesley lived in Glenns Ferry, but she'd grown up just north of Fairfield in the town of Soldier.

"I know, dear, nobody knows where Soldier is," she said to me. "Even people who ski on the mountain miss my little town. But it's on the way. You'll turn right in front of the old bank to get to the resort. I remember when I was little girl riding my horse down Main Street in Soldier. We even had an Opera House. Now Soldier's almost a ghost town."

Ironically, and maybe predictably, once a month after our weight loss meetings we all went out to eat lunch at a cafe in Glenns Ferry. Usually we starved ourselves before



weighing in, so it was really not surprising the group wanted to go to lunch at least one day a month. Elma loved the cafe's Friday specials, which almost always included creamy clam chowder.

"I bet you didn't know I was the school superintendent in Mountain Home?" she asked me, leaning over her soup special.

"What? Really?"

"Yes. Oh, way back before you were born. I was a teacher for a while, but I never liked kids much. I sure was good at bossing people around, though. So naturally the school board thought I'd make a good superintendent—and I did!" She smiled wide,

her teeth stained with age.

One time Elma had to miss several of our group meetings because she had knee replacement surgery. She wanted a new knee because there were days she could hardly walk even with her cane. When she finally showed up at our weight loss meeting, her knee wrapped in padding and ace bandages, she insisted the weight recorder take five pounds off her weigh-in total. After all, she was carrying at least a pound of bandaging, and the surgery had cleaned out all that weighty arthritis and cartilage—that had to count for something.

Virginia, the weight recorder, came out of

OPPOSITE: Elma Goodman with an education award.

ABOVE: The Camas Prairie and Soldier Mountain.





JESS JOHNSON

ABOVE: Soldier Mountain in winter.

the room where the scales were located, wringing her hands. "This just isn't right. Elma wants me to subtract pounds from her weigh-in. I'm going to have to call the head office about this."

On that day Elma won the weight battle, but she'd eventually lose the war. However, by then, she'd either forgotten the incident or didn't care. Life was to be lived, and after her knee surgery Elma was on to other adventures.

She asked the Boy Scouts if they'd be interested in building bluebird boxes up in

the mountains. She felt we needed to protect our Idaho bluebird population by providing them places to nest. I doubt if Elma knew what a great idea she had. The Elma Goodman Bluebird Trail in Elmore County has become a huge draw for birders, hikers, and nature lovers.

Elma died in 1998, almost ninety years old. Whenever we drive toward Soldier Mountain ski resort this winter, I'll look for bluebird boxes lining the field fences, empty now in the cold and snow, and I'll remember Elma, her intelligence and her spunky spirit. ■

# CALL FOR ENTRIES!

## The IDAHO magazine Cover Photo Contest

DEADLINE:

**JULY  
31**



Entries must have at least one person in them, though the person need not be the primary subject.

**Each entry must be taken in Idaho. Entries must be printed at least 4"x 6" on photo-quality paper.** Printed images taken by digital camera must be a minimum of 8"x 10" and 300dpi resolution to be considered for publication on the IDAHO magazine cover. Please do not send originals. If you would like your print returned, include an appropriate-sized, self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage.

### CATEGORIES & ENTRY FEES:

Adult (18+up): \$10. first entry, \$5. each additional entry

Youth (under 18): \$5.

\* Receive one FREE entry when you order a new subscription!

### PRIZES:

Adult (18+up): \$50 (Plus \$100 payment if published. We do not guarantee publication.)

Youth (under 18): \$25 (Plus \$100 payment if published. We do not guarantee publication.)



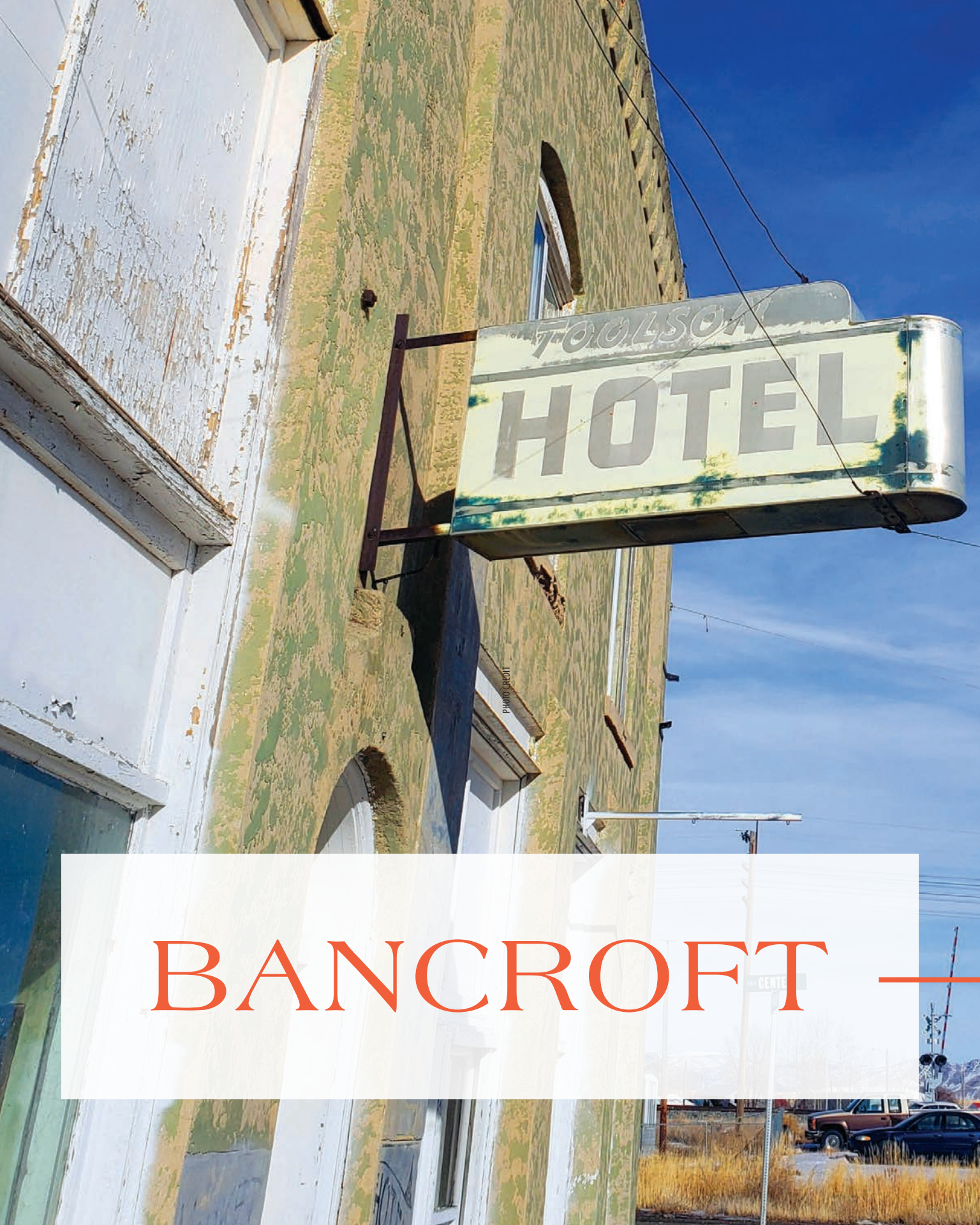


PHOTO CREDIT

BANCROFT —



**STORY AND PHOTOS**  
**BY CORRY HATCH**

It seems like yesterday. Hell, it *was* yesterday. I crawled my way up the riverbank, through the grass, and onto the bridge abutment. My eyes turned south to the sound of the train. With its diesel engines revved up, it pressed up the grade toward Bancroft, like trains do fifty times a day. This was an exact copy of an event that had happened many times in my life. It may as well have been 1985. The river, the road, the railroad track, and trains all run at the same pace they have since my youth.

LEFT: An old Bancroft hotel later held a drug store beloved by the author.



**WHERE TRAINS  
PROVIDE THE  
SOUNDTRACK  
OF LIFE**





In my first memory of the area, the early summer sun drove through my window in a pillar. It cut the chilly air with its warmth. I snuggled down in the covers of a wool blanket and homemade quilt. Three miles away, a train made the corner north of Whisky Mike's, headed east for Bancroft. I could hear its engines whine and its horn blow warning of the Kelly Toponce Crossing. The sound was so clear I fantasized I could tell how many cars were being pulled just by the noisy struggle of the engines. I lived out on the Kelly Toponce Road west of Bancroft and southwest of Chesterfield. It was home to me, perhaps the last home I've known. It is country living at its finest, and Bancroft was, and is, its center.

Take old Highway 30 north from Lava Hot Springs, following the Portneuf River and the railroad track around the mountains, and you'll run right into Bancroft. The town was settled around 1882 with the arrival of the railroad, which brought with it a need for timber and labor. A fella from Chesterfield named Parley Willey was contracted to supply the lumber for the rail ties and he built a sawmill at Squaw Creek. This venture brought work to the area, and with it, people. Industry tied to the necessities of the railroad and the residents sprang up, and a bustling settlement was quickly established. This settlement became the town of Bancroft, named after W.H. Bancroft, president of the Oregon Short Line Railroad



Company in 1892.

An old train stop on the railroad: that's how Bancroft was born. The trains don't stop anymore, but they do blast through many times a day and night. The sound of the train is the soundtrack of life in Bancroft. Most residents don't notice it, but it is relentless and noticed by the visitor.

Bancroft is just a town. A city by incorporation, but a town. Businesses have come and gone, some lasting longer than others. Young people here are always told of the boom times, when there were car dealerships, a service station, grocery, hardware store, lumber yard, and drug store among many businesses serving the area. But by the time Highway 30 was rerouted five miles south of Bancroft, these businesses had

dried up—casualties of waning population and a culture that grew more mobile.

I really only dealt with a few businesses. Mick's Market reopened in the old grocery store on Main Street while I was in junior high school in the early 1990s. It was a basic grocery store and gas station. The owner later opened a grill. Menu items like the Big Mick burger were lunch staples for teenagers, fisherman, and wandering meal-seekers. It was good food. A good place to spend time with friends and visit with the old-timers around town.

The other business I frequented was Toolson's, the old drug store located in a former hotel building on the corner of Main and Highway 30. Ol' Toolie was a good man. He sold

ABOVE: A building from the days when the trains stopped in Bancroft.





ABOVE: Old mural on a wall in Bancroft.

OPPOSITE: The town's K-12 school has a picturesque setting for its sports field.

a few household items, milk, eggs, and Idaho Fish and Game licenses. Tips were taped to the mirror behind the soda counter, sometimes with notes and well wishes on them. It was a rite of passage to pass hunter's education, go into Toolson's, and buy your license. I bought my ammo there and a few fishing supplies, too. A good many townspeople did the same.

Always aware of the friendly atmosphere and feeling welcomed, I sat and had a milkshake at the counter when I was smaller than the stool. I'd be there with my dad and grandpa. Every gun I ever owned up to 2006 was purchased from Toolie. My first gun was a twenty-gauge shotgun we bought near my fourteenth birthday. Toolie had it hanging on the wall for \$175. With the feel of that steel in my hands, I was in heaven. There wasn't a thing I couldn't accomplish in life now

that I had that gun. I wore that thing out.

I have fond memories of shooting the breeze with Toolie and Max Rigby there. Frequently, I bought a soft drink, sat at the table, and killed time with those two old guys. From 1992–2006, I found myself stopping in just to see what Toolie was up to. I'd fumble through his catalogs of guns and talk about hunting and fishing. I found these old guys had a lot to offer a young guy who was willing to listen. We spent money and time there, but I also found friendship and mentors whom I really miss nowadays. I can see Toolie sitting on his chair on the sidewalk taking in the warming morning sun. He did that often. A part of me died when Toolie left us. A part of an entire town was buried with him.

Soon that building on the corner of town will be demolished. It really is one of only a few



landmarks in town. Like most of Bancroft, it'll be reduced to a vacant lot, a hollow reminder of what our town was, and another memory for those of us who spent time there. If you travel through Bancroft in the near future, stop and take a picture.

As I said, it would be a falsehood to call Bancroft a hub today. To call it a city would be the same. Population around 350, it is just a place, our place. It's where we live, go to church and school. North Gem High School, the center of the community, is where I went to school. It's where my grandparents went to school. It's where my kids go to school. North Gem is currently where my wife and I work—she as the high school English teacher and I as the bus dog, or transportation supervisor of the district's buses. Home of the Cowboys, North Gem is a small

K-12 school. There is pride here, and there should be. Multiple athletic and scholastic championship banners hang in the gym. Highly educated and successful alumni are spread across the country. Right past the front doors of the school, a stack of trophies and awards assure there is no fooling anyone about what happened “back in my day.” We can see the names on the trophies. The stories are told there, with the banners and awards.

On Friday afternoons in the fall, Bancroft offers one of the most picturesque places anywhere to watch a high school football game. With its mountain backdrop and little development, our stadium is the wide-open West. The flag waves off to the west, just beyond the end zone. When the sun sets over a high school football game here, with Ol' Glory flying in the





ABOVE: The gym, an entertainment center for the town, has been the site of many sports triumphs over the years.

OPPOSITE: The football team gathers for a game.

fall breeze, you know this is every bit America. Cars park around the field and locals walk the sidelines cheering on our team.

There are no lights around the field, so games are played in the afternoon. Friday at 4:00 p.m. is game time. Locals come out to socialize and kids play football on the grass fields around the school. You will find all kinds—cowboys, farmers, blue collar workers, teachers, evangelical leaders, and just good old folks—all out cheering, visiting and reminiscing about their time on that same field. My grandpa played on that field. I spent time there. My uncles, brothers, and kids all spent their afternoons there. They say football is about family, which is true in Bancroft. It is a family

event for everyone.

Like football bringing a community together, holidays seem to do the same thing.

Pioneer Day really is Bancroft's day, and nearly every July 24 of my life has been spent in Bancroft. The town sponsors a parade, program, kids games, and a rodeo. There is strong public support. Many families have reunions at this time, as well as high school alumni who get together. One of the longest-running annual amateur rodeos is held in town that day. There is always a crowd for the rodeo, which is held in the daytime, allowing cowboys to compete here early and still make a night rodeo someplace else. Horse trailers, competitors, and entertainment



HAILEY HATCH

seekers are all there. It's the biggest drawing card of the year.

I do participate in the town celebration, but Pioneer Day is also my fishing day. I always find myself on the Portneuf River chasing trout while others watch the rodeo. The Portneuf is close to town and the easiest spot to get to for resident anglers. In 1996, 1997, 1998, 2002, and 2018, my biggest trout counts of the year came on this day. Rainbow and cutthroat trout are my quarry. The success found on this date is reason enough for me to keep my tradition. While my friends swelter in the afternoon sun or my family is at a barbeque, I stand in the cool waters of the Portneuf chasing trout and watching summer

caddis flies getting sipped up by hungry rising fish. Heaven.

Come wintertime, Bancroft is a literal wonderland. This town gets the snow, sometimes lots of snow. Cold temperatures and fog bring on heavy frosts that flock the trees and make a pretty wintertime view. The streets are plowed into a long berm in the center of the street, which then is removed by loader and dump truck. It's a pastime of some people to plow their trucks or cars through the berm. Occasionally, I'll get a head of steam in a vehicle and try to plow through that berm. I'm sure the city workers cuss every one of us who try that driving feat but it is always fun. Making a mess of plowed snow,





ABOVE: The post office downtown.

OPPOSITE: The Cowboy is the school's mascot.

spinning doughnuts at the school, or driving down an unplowed, snow-covered, gravel road all are part of small-town winter fun.

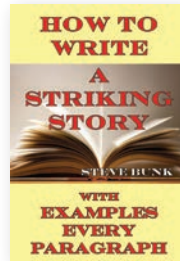
The City of Bancroft celebrates the holiday season with the lighting of The Square, which is a block on Main Street closed off for a get-together. The city provides a meal, fires, and entertainment. It is always well attended. The Christmas lights are turned on and Santa visits. Kids get a chance to run around with friends while adults socialize. I find myself doing a lot of watching. Watching friends interact. Watching families shuffle in and out of the food line, only to have kids run off

without eating. Watching the awkward small talk of acquaintances. Just seeing the people of our small town get together, without division, is gratifying. Generally smiling, I'll stand near a fire and talk with friends. I think there are few places with this sort of family atmosphere, and the gatherings at The Square are a welcome chance to get out after hours with the whole town.

One of the most noticeable, endearing, and unmistakable characteristics of wintertime Bancroft is the smell of wood smoke. Many homes are heated with wood stoves. That warm, hearth-like smell is your first clue that the



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seasons are changing. It reminds you, by its intensity, that it is cold out.

Bancroft isn't a lot of things. It is, however, home to many. It's even home to many who aren't here now, yet heed the call of home. It's a place where families reunite, and where high school friends come back to visit. Every home that comes up for sale is sold rather quickly. There seems to be no shortage of people who want to move in. Kids still play in the streets here, ride bikes, and walk to school. There is a feel of neighborhood and home that can exist only in a small town. Is it a modern day Mayberry? Maybe not, but it's close, as the sound of the rolling train reminds you. ■





NAN PALMERO

# Ripples in Time

## A Bridge and a Murder at Race Creek

Photos posted on *IDAHO* magazine's Facebook page often spark praise and reminiscence among our avid followers, but an image that appeared last fall did more than that: it unearthed the history and lore surrounding one of the state's most iconic bridges, which included a startling Old West murder story. The photo, taken by Joseph Zahnle, a contributor to both the magazine and our Facebook page, was accompanied by this caption: "The Time Zone Bridge, on Highway 95 north of Riggins on the Salmon River, is where you change time zones between Pacific and Mountain."

Reader Thad Jiles joked, "I like to fish on the south side of the bridge. About dark, I run over to the north side of the bridge and get in another hour of fishing before it gets dark."

"Skipped over the time line many times," Dannette Reker Genasci commented. When our page moderator, *IDAHO* magazine publisher Kitty Fleischman, asked Dannette if she got jet lag, the reply was, "Yup, I felt a bit of time warp on the bridge."

"And a great way to ring in the New Year twice," put in Sharon Knoll. "Been there, done that."

Heidi Yonker contributed a practical note. "You should know there is a gray area of time zone," she wrote. "Mountain Time basically extends more than fifteen miles north of the bridge. By the time you reach Slate Creek, Pacific Time is used."

"Remember the old bridge with all the dents in that cross girder that was a little low for some commercial vehicles?" asked Jon Thorpe.

Kitty had read about that, but hadn't seen any photos of the old bridge. Reader Ken Stafford said he'd have a look.

Another reader, Dan Wash, pointed out that many folks don't realize "Time Zone" is a nickname. The official name is Goff Bridge. This sparked Jim to post a link to an article written by Megan Sausser for *The Transporter*, an Idaho Department of Transportation publication, which described the Goff Bridge as the only tied-arch bridge in the state until the Shoup Bridge over the Salmon River south of Salmon was built in 2017.

Megan wrote that more important than the Goff Bridge's design was the challenge of putting it in place. The original structure, built in 1935, served two thousand vehicles daily. Its replacement had to be tall enough to stay above high water, strong enough to withstand snow slides, and wide enough for two trucks crossing at once. The problem was that no alternate route existed to cross the

OPPOSITE: The Goff Bridge near Riggins is affectionately known as the Time Zone Bridge.





river, which meant the original 1.24-million-pound steel bridge had to be moved sixty-five feet west to serve as a detour during construction of its replacement. Scheduled to take seventy-two hours, the move was completed in just thirty-six hours, during which traffic on US-95 was closed through Riggins.

When it was done, project engineer Dave Kuisti was quoted by a Spokane newspaper as saying he felt “pretty confident” the repositioned structure wouldn’t collapse into the river.

Robert Gordon, the lead inspector, expressed relief that the move was finished. “If anything went wrong, the state was basically cut in two and would require a five-hundred-mile detour to get from southern Idaho to northern Idaho.”

“There was even an even earlier bridge,” Jon Thorpe added to the thread.

Kitty provided a link to an article in *The Yellow Pine Times* compiled by Dianne Dickinson, who had consulted numerous sources. It said before the wagon road from White Bird to Meadows (now New Meadows) was completed in 1903, entrepreneur J.J. Goff offered ferry service across the Salmon River at Race Creek and built a one-mile trail from Race Creek to Gouge-Eye Flat. The area at the mouth of Race Creek became known as “Goff,” and he bought the property, which included a stone house and race or water ditch, used for irrigation and nearby placer mining. In 1894, John Levander purchased it, set up a post office and stage stop, and built a hotel and store he named after Goff. Levander’s sons operated the nearby ferry.

Dianne reported that the first automobile bridge spanning the Salmon River at Goff was built from 1911-12 for the then-huge sum of fifteen thousand dollars. With the bridge’s construction, the first road for vehicles traveling between northern and southern Idaho was completed. Its replacement was built in 1934 and lasted until the current bridge was erected in 1999.

Dianne found and reprinted a description that first appeared in the *Grangeville Standard* in 1904, which called Goff “one of the most picturesque places along the



JOSEPH ZAHNLE

Salmon River,” and attributed its beauty to the enterprise of Levander. “It is a real treat to the eye of the stranger who is making his first trip up the Salmon River,” the reporter wrote. “He is told that it is a short distance to Goff. He looks up the river and sees nothing but barren hills for miles. He is usually joked and no explanation given. He is just reconciling himself to a long wait and commenting in his own mind upon the estimate of defiance made by his fellow travelers, when he suddenly comes to the little cove in the hillside which he would have never guessed was there.”

Dianne discovered that Levander was born in Sweden, came to the U.S. as a teenager, and worked as a freighter in Boise before he began raising stock. She found a report in the *Meadows Eagle* of March 5, 1914 that said:

*News of the death of John O. Levander reached town yesterday and brought with it sorrow to the many friends of the old pioneer. He passed away Wednesday, February 24, 1914 at his home near Goff, attended by his son and daughter, who have been his faithful attendants during the weeks of his last illness. We understand his funeral will take place tomorrow on the arrival of his children living in Washington County and in Oregon.*

*Mr. Levander has been a prominent figure in the life of this part of Idaho for nearly fifty years. He was a broadminded man of generous impulses and never forgot the hospitable ways of the pioneer. The stranger, though in rags, never failed to find food and shelter and help at his home. He endured the hardships of the pioneer bravely and enjoyed quietly and without ostentation the prosperity that came to him as a reward of his industry. He filled the honor of many posts of duty and as husband, father, brother, friend and public official proved himself every inch a man. Who can do more?*

Dianne’s digging uncovered another story about Goff as the setting of a spectacularly vengeful murder in October 1904. The victim was an apparently peaceable Pollock resident named Tennyson Wright, who was shot over a land dispute. The land office had granted Tennyson a claim to a valuable piece of property, but a stockman named A.E. (Fred) White argued that Wright had taken the land from him by force. Fred struck Tennyson on the head and about the face with his

OPPOSITE: The old Goff Bridge in 1999.

ABOVE: This shot of the bridge sparked the online conversation that unearthed the information in this story.



six-shooter, knocking him down, and then chased him about thirty yards before turning back to look for the barrel of his revolver, which had broken over Tennyson's head. Later, when Tennyson and his wife went to the store in Pollock, they heard that Fred and friends were drinking at a nearby saloon. One of the men entered the store and bought a box of cartridges, which frightened Tennyson into riding sixty miles in ten hours to Grangeville, where he filed a complaint for Fred's arrest.

On February 24, 1905, the *Idaho Daily Statesman* reported that Tennyson Wright had been shot dead at Goff by Fred White, who then committed suicide. Two days later, another story in the *Statesman* gave a thorough account of the double tragedy, saying the two were on their way to Grangeville, where Fred was to be tried for the earlier assault on Tennyson.

*Wright was shot down in cold blood without the slightest warning. The shooting occurred at Levander's place in Goff and two of the Levander boys were eyewitnesses. Wright was in the act of leaving the house in order to avoid a possible clash with White when the latter suddenly drew an automatic revolver and shot Wright twice, killing him instantly.*

*The story of the tragedy from its inception to its climax reads like that of a Kentucky mountain feud, excepting that Wright at all times was a law-abiding citizen and did his utmost to keep out of trouble. He was shot at time and again, his horses, cattle, hogs and dogs were killed, his hay burned, his fences demolished, his crops destroyed, and he was even arrested on a trumped up charge of insanity.*

*The trouble arose over the possession of a tract of land in the Squaw Creek District. Wright being the oldest settler, had first claim to the land. When the survey was made it was found that White's house and a portion of his improvements were located on the tract claimed by Wright. White contested Wright's claim and was beaten in the courts.*

*Last autumn when Wright's title to the land was cleared by the courts, he notified White that the latter must move his improvements from the land within thirty days. White became enraged and beat Wright over the head with a revolver and threatened to kill him. White was arrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill and bound over to the district court. The two men were on their way to Grangeville to attend the trial when the tragedy occurred.*

*Subsequent and prior to the last assault Wright's life was in constant jeopardy. White and his friends were determined to run Wright out of the country and they resorted to despicable and criminal means to accomplish their purpose.*

*His cattle were shot down, one by one, until he only had one head left. The same thing happened to his horses. Even his dog did not escape the bullets of his belligerent neighbor, and his hogs were killed or stolen. On several occasions White and his friends tore down Wright's fences and turned their stock into his fields, daring him to interfere. Shots were fired into Wright's house time and again and when he attempted to save his hay from destruction by fire, bullets whizzed by his ears.*

*Through the instrumentality of White and his friends, Wright was arrested on a*



CHASER, FLICKR

charge of insanity. Mrs. Wright was away from home at the time and it is supposed that the White faction intended to burn down Wright's house and barns when the latter was under arrest. The timely arrival of Mrs. Wright on the night of her husband's arrest, it is believed, prevented the execution of the plan. The charge of insanity was disproven with ridiculous ease and Wright returned to again become a target for his neighbor's bullets.

Wright arrived at Levander's on the afternoon of February 22, intending to remain there over night. He was on his way to Grangeville to appear in court. A short time after his arrival White rode up to the house, tied his horse and went into the room where Wright and the two Levander boys were sitting.

What transpired afterwards is told by stage driver Freeman and a Mr. Thompson, who was a passenger on the Meadows stage.

When White came in, Wright said: "I'm afraid of you, White, and I don't want to go out with you."

"That will be all right, Tenny," responded one of the Levanders. "We will not put you in the same room and if you don't want to you need not sleep in the same house."

Wright immediately started to leave the room and as he did so White whipped out a revolver and shot him twice. One shot took effect in the neck and the other in the short ribs. Wright dropped to the floor dead.

Immediately after firing the last shot, White dashed out to his horse, mounted, and started back towards his home. The Levander boys started after him on horseback. As they neared Squaw Creek, about three miles south of Goff, they overtook White. As they did so they heard a shot and supposing that White had fired at them they turned back for help. Returning with a posse, they found White's body about sixty feet from the road, with a bullet through the brain. It is supposed that White feared he was about to be captured and committed suicide. ■

—The Editors

ABOVE: Another view of the bridge nowadays.



# White Parachute

## A Thing Full of Potential

BY KARLENE BAYOK EDWARDS

“Joe, if that parachute is from the dump, the kids can’t touch it until I’ve washed it,” Mother said. Dad stood at the edge of our yard in McCall, his arms overflowing with dingy white fabric. I could tell from his grin he’d brought Ron and me something special, though I had no idea what until Mother identified it. She took the parachute and headed for the laundry room.

My younger brother and I looked at each other. Although we were only six and nine in 1962, we were smart enough to know that our yard held nothing tall enough for us to leap off with a parachute. We didn’t know how to play with it any other way, but Dad seemed so pleased with his surprise, we knew we’d figure it out.

Although Dad had never jumped with a parachute, he did know something about them. Three years earlier, in 1959, he and his construction crew built the three-and-a-half story parachute loft for the McCall Smokejumper Training Program that had begun in 1943, the third such program established in the United States for these highly-trained men and women who parachute into rugged and remote terrain to battle forest fires.

A huge medallion depicting honorary smokejumper Smokey Bear decorated the top of the parachute loft located on Forest Service land northwest of the school. Every day from our school bus, we could see Smokey bravely jumping into a fire with his parachute billowing above him.

Dad described how the loft helped smokejumpers parachute safely. He told us a pulley system raised the parachutes to the loft’s multi-story ceiling, making it possible to untangle harnesses, shake out leaves or bugs, and dry the chutes after each jump. The loft building also housed the long tables and heavy-duty sewing machines required to inspect, mend, and repack the parachutes so they opened correctly.

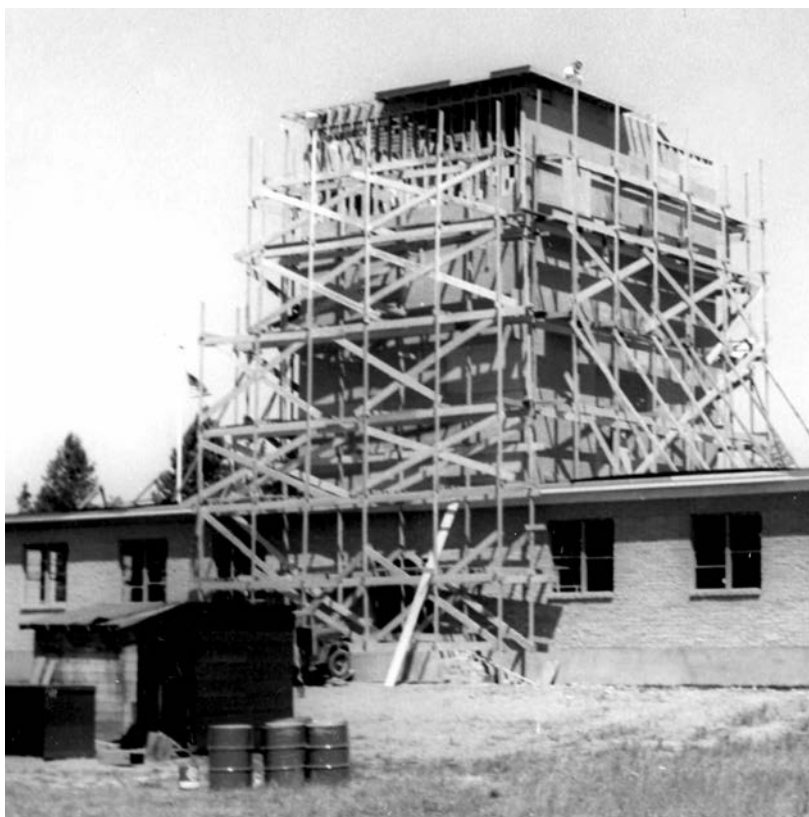
It took forever for Mom to return the parachute, because she washed it three times before hanging it on the clothesline to dry in the sun. We watched as small breezes lifted the shining parachute’s skirt, inviting us to play. That’s when we saw its potential.

The first thing Ron and I did was to grab the edges of the parachute and puff it up. The white silk ballooned above our heads, and





COURTESY MCCALL SMOKEJUMPER BASE



COURTESY US FOREST SERVICE

we ran under it and waited for it to slowly descend over us. Sometimes we puffed it up and then jumped on top of the air-filled canopy. Sometimes we did both at the same time.

Neighborhood children appeared out of nowhere to play. The material was so slippery and strong we could pull each other across the lawn. One afternoon, even my teenaged sister and her friends, who generally avoided us little kids, joined in. They took us next door to Zachary's back yard with its lush, grass-covered hillside. No matter how many piled on—seated, lying, or face-first—the parachute rushed us downhill like a flying carpet.

OPPOSITE: Smokejumpers have used the round FS-14 parachute for more than twenty years.

ABOVE: McCall's Parachute Loft under construction, 1959.





COURTESY U.S. FOREST SERVICE

ABOVE: The McCall Smokejumper Base in 1966.

OPPOSITE: In 2016, Forest Service smokejumpers began a measured transition to the Ram-Air Parachute.

That parachute could become anything we wanted. A hammock tied between two trees. A backpack for carrying picnic lunches. A translucent tent for sleeping outdoors. We could see the moon through its silken walls and tell scary stories while we stayed safe inside its shelter.

When winter forced us indoors, we used the parachute to slide across our hardwood floors. We turned out the lights and looked through it with a flashlight. We camped out beneath it in the living room. When my girlfriends visited, we draped it into swirling gypsy costumes and bridal gowns with ten-foot-long trains.

I've often wondered what happened to that parachute. It never seemed to get damaged or worn, though knowing Mother, I'm sure she washed it periodically. She must have tucked it away in a cupboard when we finally outgrew it, but I don't know for sure.

Sometimes I imagine Dad pulling it from the cupboard and grinning. It would be just like him to deliver it to another family with children who were exactly the right age to discover all the ways to play with a parachute.

## POSTSCRIPT

I learned the parachute loft Dad built was dismantled in 2013 and replaced by the new Forest Service Supervisor's Office. Although the news release in which I found this information states the loft building was constructed in 1958, Richa Wilson's online history entitled *The First McCall Smokejumper Base* provides what I believe to be the correct date of 1959. I've been told a replica of the original Smokey Bear parachute medallion now hangs from the jump-training tower at the new smokejumper base, which opened north of the McCall Airport in 1988. I hope it's true. ■

Anyone interested in training as a smokejumper can consult the Forest Service website at [www.fs.fed.us/science-technology/fire/smokejumpers/mccall](http://www.fs.fed.us/science-technology/fire/smokejumpers/mccall). The McCall Smokejumper website at [mccallsmokejumpers.org](http://mccallsmokejumpers.org) includes videos of smokejumpers in training and advice from recent graduates.



COURTESY MCCALL SMOKEJUMPER BASE





# Monster

## A Dark and Stormy Encounter

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ROSS WALKER

I've been hearing about the Bear Lake Monster for decades, as long as I've lived in Montpelier. People supposedly have spotted the mysterious creature in the lake since at least 1868, when an article about it was published in the *Deseret News*. The author, Joseph C. Rich, eventually admitted it was a "wonderful first-class lie," but that hasn't stopped monster sightings nearly up to the present day.

Some people were so convinced there was a monster that Brigham Young sent a rope to the nearby town of Paris to try to catch it, and one local resident tied a long cable with a baited hook to a tree. But the monster wasn't biting that day.

Despite Rich's admission that he made up the whole story, the imaginary monster supposedly killed some horses in 1907, and people reported seeing it in 1937, 1946, and 2002.



darker, so I was taking long exposures to get that elusive streak of lightning.

As the storm got closer, the wind came up and soon it was difficult to keep the camera steady, even on a tripod. Just then I saw something moving in the water, coming right at me. Whatever it was, it leapt out of the water every few feet as it bounded across the surface, coming closer and closer! It can't be the monster, I thought, but what else could it be? I took a couple of photos as it hit the beach nearly at my feet.

It was a gigantic, black, inflatable turtle that apparently had blown all the way across Bear Lake from the western shore, eight miles away. And what about my pictures of the leaping, attacking monster? All blurry from the long exposures. But aren't monster photos supposed to be blurry?

Another storm blew in later that night and when I looked for the giant turtle the next morning, it was gone. I'll bet it turned up in Wyoming. ■

OPPOSITE: Three merged images give a strong depiction of the storm on Bear Lake that evening.

BELOW: The "monster," blurred by a long exposure.

Primed by all this talk about a fictitious monster, I was camping with my wife at Bear Lake State Park last July when a thunderstorm rolled in over the mountains across the lake. It was getting dark as I set up my camera and tripod to photograph the storm clouds and maybe get a lightning photo. The clouds were spectacular, with curving sheets of rain against the last light areas of sky. It got darker and





# The Pit As a Pendulum

## An Idaho Colloquialism

BY STEVE CARR

If you've lived in Idaho more than a few years, chances are you've heard a discussion about what those ditches that run along the side of our county roads are called. I grew up in southeastern Idaho and lived on one of those county roads. I walked home from school in one of those ditches, gathering treasures flung from passing cars. In those days, at least, the engineered furrow along each side was two to three feet lower than the crown of the roadway. A second-grader could walk among the knapweed, quack grass, and musk thistle and stay largely invisible for the entire half-mile trek home.

Now before you wonder what kind of mother I had, allowing her seven-year-old to walk home alone, you need to remember those were different times. And besides, I wasn't alone. My little brother was usually with me. Mom did remind us to stay off the road. I obeyed my mother and wisely stayed at least a half-eaten rotten apple's throw away from the cars.

I guess it would have taken me the better part of an hour to walk home. Of course I was hardly in a hurry. I figure I've spent five hundred hours, give or take, learning all there is to know about those trench-like roadside features. You might say I became a bit of a

self-taught expert. The other day, in the shop where I go to get both a haircut and an education on the intricacies of international treaties and the entomology of tree frogs, I listened while three barbershop barnacles argued over the correct term for that place where I spent much of my youth.

"It's burro pit," declared a guy about my age. "Everyone knows that's where they made the burros walk so as stay out of the way of the horses and new Model T's."

"Hah!" harrumphed the next, "It's borrow pit. They started calling it that when the daggum rich folk borrowed—and never returned, mind you—the dirt aside the road for their purdy yards."

"The correct term," demurred a guy with Benjamin Franklin spectacles, "is barrow pit, B-A-R-R-O-W. It derives from an English term meaning a ditch dug along a roadway to furnish fill and provide drainage."

What was interesting was how each guy's pronunciation was but a slight variation from the other—hardly noticeable in a casual conversation.

I thought about correcting them, for you see they all were wrong. I'd know, of course, given my credentials. I told you how much time I spent in those ditches but I didn't mention how I first associated the term with

its definition.

You see, about halfway home from school was the local grocer's house. His high school daughter was on split sessions while they built a new school. Anyway, on sunny days, the grocer's daughter, who was out of school by noon, liked to do her homework while stretched out on a blanket in her yard. Some days, we'd pretend to be soldiers and, while hunkered down among the milkweed, we'd spy on the enemy encampment and lob crabapple bombs her way. She never saw us, but she sure jumped up to look around when one of our mortar shells landed nearby. We couldn't help but notice that she preferred to wear only her bathing suit bottom while she studied. I guess it helped her concentrate—not dealing with all those uncomfortable clothes.

Anyway, I've known the term for those roadside ditches ever since second grade. I remember clearly talking to Mom about it. Nearly everyday after school she'd ask how our day went and if we had remembered to stay away from the road.

"Yes Mom, we did just what you told us. We walked home in the bare-all pit."

*Find Steve barely reading, shirtless, on the beach, or at [scarr@prodigy.net](mailto:scarr@prodigy.net)* ■

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## Highway 55 Chicken Chili

### INGREDIENTS

- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1 15-oz. can black beans                             | 1 Tbsp. chili powder                 |
| 1 15.25-oz. can sweet corn, undrained                | 1 tsp. onion powder                  |
| 1 10-oz. can Rotel™ tomatoes, medium heat, undrained | 1 tsp. minced garlic                 |
| 1 package ranch dressing mix                         | 1 8-oz package full-fat cream cheese |
| 1 tsp. cumin (optional)                              | 2 chicken breasts                    |

### PREPARATION

- > Drain, then rinse beans. Put chicken breasts in crock pot, and pour undrained can of sweet corn over chicken, along with can of Rotel™ and undrained black beans, all over the chicken.
- > Finish by sprinkling seasonings, minced garlic, and ranch mix into crock pot, and then stir all together. After stirring, place cream cheese block on top, and cover with lid.
- > Cook on low for 6-8 hours, as you anticipate deliciousness in a bowl!
- > Once cooking time is completed, remove chicken, shred, and add back into the chili.
- > Chili can be garnished with lime, cilantro, sour cream, hot sauce, crumbled bacon, etc.

NOTE: Cold Idaho winters call for warm, hearty dinners that don't take forever to make. This month seems appropriate for usage of the crock pot, because nothing says love like a meal that's yummy that you didn't have to slave much over. Our family has loved visiting McCall during January and February, staying at a favorite lodge where we load up the crock pot. We plug the device into the kitchenette area, enjoying good food later in the day after perhaps touring the McCall Winter Carnival, reveling in a little tubing on a fast-sledding hill, and having a nice long soak at a local hot springs.

\*adapted from [yummyhealthyeasy.com](http://yummyhealthyeasy.com)



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



# Lake Fork Fudgie Crockpot Brownies

## INGREDIENTS

20-oz. pkg. brownie mix prepared  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
1 tsp. almond extract  
½ tsp. cinnamon (optional)  
1 c. chocolate syrup  
1 c. hot water

Optional Toppings: vanilla ice cream, thawed frozen whipped topping, maraschino cherries, sprinkles, crushed walnuts, or slivered almonds.

## PREPARATION

- > Spray crock pot with cooking spray.
- > Mix batter with ingredients except chocolate syrup and water, and pour in crock pot, spreading evenly.
- > In a bowl, combine chocolate syrup and water and pour over batter.
- > Cover and cook on high for 2 1/2 - 3 hours, until the edges are just set.
- > Remove lid and let stand for 30 minutes until middle part has finished cooking.
- > Serve with your favorite topping.

NOTE: Approximately an hour and 45 minutes from Boise is Valley County's unincorporated community of Lake Fork, 5.5 miles south of McCall. Small and perhaps easily missed, the location's charming coffee and gift shop and a few other items of interest provide the answer to, "Are we there yet?" Lake Fork means yes, we are almost there.

\*adapted from [recipesthatcrock.com](http://recipesthatcrock.com)





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AMERICAN DOG DERBY

## 2-3

### DOG SLED RACES, Priest Lake

These Pacific Northwest Championship Races are sponsored by the Inland Empire Sled Dog Association, Elkins Resort, Hill's Resort, and other businesses from surrounding areas. Races will include purse events (8-dog and 6-dog, 20 miles; minimum purse, \$1500); sprints (anywhere from 8-dog to 3-dog races over distances from 9 miles to 4.7 miles); and other types of racing, such as 2-dog skijoring, Teddy Bear (mushers 7-14 years of age, 1-2 dogs), and PeeWee (mushers 4-8, 1 dog.) Race entries close on January 30. This is a fun event for the whole family and a great way to spend the day. Check the link below for schedules and for information for spectators. The race site is located at the north end of the air strip opposite the Priest Lake Ranger Station.

Information: [iesda.org/homepage\\_files/PriestLake2019Brochure.pdf](http://iesda.org/homepage_files/PriestLake2019Brochure.pdf)

## 8-9

### FAMILY FUN FAIR, Idaho Falls

Among other things, this two day event features larger-than-life games where attendees become the game pieces and can win prizes. There is non-stop entertainment, some of which will involve critters from the Idaho Falls Aquarium and the Idaho Falls Zoo. It's fun the entire family can enjoy. The Fair takes place at Pinecrest Event Center, 560 E. Anderson, Idaho Falls. Admission is \$5 per person, with children 3 and under admitted free. A "crafters" area will also be available on Saturday in the North Reception Hall of the Event Center. No admission is charged for entrance to that. Hours for the Fair are 12:00 Noon to 8:00 PM on Friday, and 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM on Saturday. Come join in the fun! .

Information: (208) 227-8088; or [info@pinecresteventcenter.net](mailto:info@pinecresteventcenter.net)

## 14

### AMERICAN DOG DERBY, Ashton

Ever since the first race in 1917, sled dogs and their owners have descended on this small community in February to participate in the annual Ashton Dog Derby. Spectators and participants alike enjoy dog sled races, celebrity races, junior dog sled races, weight pulls and various other activities. The miscellaneous activities, as well as the start and the finish of the dog sled races, take place downtown on Main Street! This is pure winter fun for everyone, regardless of their age!

Information: [americandogderby.com](http://americandogderby.com)



SCHWEITZER MOUNTAIN RESORT



DARRELL RUDMAN



KIDS FIRST CAST

# 15-24

## WINTER CARNIVAL, Sandpoint

Lots of things will be going on during these ten winter days, with one special event being the Weird and Wonderful Winter Parade of Lights with its legions of zany floats, marching groups, and snow-shovel brigades! Parade starts at 5:30 p.m. at the Sandpoint City Parking Lot and ends back there as long as it takes, where there will be an awards Ceremony. Other carnival activities take place at Schweitzer, where the resort hosts the Coca-Cola "Let it Glow" Night Parade and Fireworks show on the mountain. Kids get a chance to ski down the main run with glow sticks and then the sky lights up with a fantastic fireworks display! That event is family friendly and free to watch from Schweitzer's village.

Information: [sandpointwintercarnival.com/events](http://sandpointwintercarnival.com/events)

# 16

## THE SCIENCE OF SNOW SPORTS, Boise

Have you ever wondered how snow sport athletes glide, slide, and move with such grace? Did you ever consider how a curling stone moves across the ice? Come find out at the Science of Snow Sports day! This is a FREE event, and no pre-registration is required. Participate in fun, active events, observe the science behind sliding on snow or ice and enjoy learning about winter recreation opportunities in Boise. There will be activities and winter crafts for all ages. A water renewal facility tour will be held at 11:30 a.m. weather permitting, closed-toe shoes required, no strollers please. 10:00-1:00 PM, Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise.

Information: [bw@cityofboise.org](mailto:bw@cityofboise.org)

# 16

## CABIN FEVER RELIEVER, Nampa

Winter blues gotcha down? How about joining Kids First Cast for the GREATEST event in Nampa? Cabin Fever Reliever offers FREE education about healthy outdoor activities for kids and families. This terrific event is always "Family Friendly", all inside, warm and comfy, and filled with exciting and healthy activities, (fishing, casting, archery, water safety, hunter safety, just to name a few). Lots of vendors, shopping, products, new vehicles, and services for everyone to enjoy. Let the professional and friendly volunteers introduce your kids to a healthy day of fun. It takes place from 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM, at Nampa's Karcher Mall.

Information: (208) 890-9558;  
[larry@kidsfirstcast.org](mailto:larry@kidsfirstcast.org);  
[or dyann@kidsfirstcast.org](mailto:or dyann@kidsfirstcast.org)



# FEBRUARY 2019

**DEAR READERS:** In spite of our efforts to ascertain that events listed in our calendar are described accurately, cancellations or changes due to weather, illness of performers, and other such things, although rare, are bound to occur. Double checking with the event coordinators about locations, dates and times is always a good idea. Details about many of the following events can be found at [idahocalendar.com](http://idahocalendar.com)

## NORTHERN IDAHO

- 1-7/7 Jae Yong Kim: "Donut Ever Forget Me": Exhibit, Boise Art Museum, Boise
- 1-3/16 Women With Bait Fishing Tournament: An annual steelhead fishing tournament, Riggins
- 1-3 McCall Winter Carnival: One of Idaho's premier winter events. Snow sculpturing and many other activities. Great fun for the whole family. McCall
- 1-3 Palouse Invitational Gymnastics Meet: University of Idaho Memorial Gym. Admission; \$10. Moscow
- 2 Winter Market: 10:00 AM- 2:00 PM, Moscow
- 6-27 Happier Hour Story Time: WEDNESDAYS, Free. 4:00-5:00 PM, The Well-Read Moose, Coeur d'Alene
- 7 Evening Book Club: 6:00-7:30 PM at the Well-Read Moose, 2048 N. Main, Coeur d'Alene
- 9 Vintage Snowmobile Races: 12 noon. Hwy 57 Forest Service Air Strip, Priest Lake
- 22 Baked Potato Bar Dinner: Fundraiser. 4:30 PM - 6:00 PM, Lake City Center, Coeur d'Alene

## SOUTHERN IDAHO

- 1 Idaho Steelheads Hat Trick Reading Program: Ages 5-13 are welcome!. 3 GOALS, 3 PRIZES! All day, Public Library, Nampa
- 1-2 "Hot as Summer, Cold as Winter": Caldwell Fine Arts Children's Theatre presentation. Feb. 1, 7:00 pm; Feb. 2, 1:00 pm; Jewett Auditorium, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 1-2 Idaho Scrapbook Show: Shop for the latest paper crafting products, take classes, and spend time paper crafting/scrapbooking with family and friends. Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 1,8,15 DJ Skate Night: 6:00 PM - 10:00 PM, ice rink, Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell
- 2 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Speaker: William H. Clark, OJSMNH, "50 years of Baja California, Mexico, Entomology"; Location:

the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell

- 2 Pokemon Club: For ages 7-18. Learn the trading-card game and test your skill against others. A few decks will be available to borrow. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 2 Biscuits & Gravy Breakfast: 8:00am - 10:30am; \$6.00. Senior Center, Weiser
- 4-25 BINGO: MONDAYS. 7:00 PM, Senior Center, Weiser
- 4-25 "Meet Me Monday": MONDAYS. A family-friendly free weekly fitness walk/run event. 5:15-6:45 PM, Flying M Coffee, 524 E. Arthur, Caldwell
- 4-25 Storytime: MONDAYS, Stories for ages 0-2. !0:30 and 11:00 AM. Public Library, Caldwell
- 5 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 5-26 Pajama Storytime: TUESDAYS, All ages, but geared to preschool. Stories, rhymes, songs, 7:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 5-27 Storytime: TUESDAYS and WEDNESDAYS, For ages 2-5. !0:30, 11:00 AM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 6 Boise Birding Series: "What is the overall state of birds across North America?" Free program for experienced and novice birders alike. 9:00-10:00 AM, Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 6 "The Club": A group function for teens with disabilities. Join us for music, crafts, games, movies, and more! 2:00pm - 3:00pm, Public Library, Nampa
- 6-27 Just for Tweens: WEDNESDAYS. Crafts, games, board games, and fun activities for ages 9-12. 4:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 7 Four County Art Guild meeting, 12:00 Noon, Public Library, Weiser
- 7 Social-Icing: 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM, Indian Creek Plaza ice rink, Caldwell

## FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

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

**DEADLINE:**

The fifteenth of each month.

**LEAD TIME:**

Two issues.

**NEXT DEADLINE:**

February 15 for the April 2019 issue.

**SEND DETAILS TO:** [calendar@idahomagazine.com](mailto:calendar@idahomagazine.com)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>7 Mid-Winter Author Series: All ages. Writing Workshop with author Rick Just. 7:00-8:00 PM, public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>7-28 AARP Tax-Aide Tax Preparation Service: THURSDAYS. Free tax preparation service to the Caldwell community. 10:00 AM - 2:00 PM, Train Depot, Caldwell</p> <p>7-28 Teen Thursdays: Ages 13-18. Creating, building and tinkering. 4:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>8 Daddy Daughter Dance: Presented by the City of Eagle. 6:00 PM, City Hall, Eagle</p> <p>9 Sing Along with Don Ritchey: 12:30 PM, Meridian Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian</p> <p>9 Family Movie: 2:00 PM. (ages 4+); free popcorn. Community Room, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>9 Foothills Family Day--Idaho Explorer Day: Create a naturalist journal, learn to identify plants, orienteering scavenger hunt. Free. 10:00-1:00 PM, Jim Hall Foothills Learning Center, Boise</p> <p>9 Community Dance: \$5 per person, finger-food potluck. Music by Just for Kicks. 6:00 - 9:00 pm at the Weiser Senior and Community Center, Weiser</p> <p>9 Daddy Daughter Date Night: 7:30 PM, Nampa Recreation Center, Nampa</p> <p>12 Indianhead Fly Fishers, 7:00 PM, Idaho Pizza, Weiser</p> <p>12 Story Trail Adventure, “Big Tracks Little Tracks”: You and your preschooler (ages 3-1/2 to 6) will walk the quarter mile trail with us and read the story pages posted on our platforms together. Then, get creative with our story-related craft! Children should dress for the weather and be accompanied by an adult. \$3.00. 10:00-11:00AM, Jim Hall Foothills Learning Center, Boise</p> | <p>12 Reading Tails: Come read to a cute four-legged friend. 3:30pm - 4:30pm, Public Library, Nampa</p> <p>13 International Guitar Night: This is North America’s premier mobile guitar festival, bringing together the world’s foremost acoustic guitarists. 7:30 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls</p> <p>13 Home School Day: Intro to Raptors. Sessions 10:30-12:00, and 1:30-3:00. Interpretive Center open house 12-1:00 and 3:00-4:00. Cost \$3 per person. Members and children under 4 admitted free. Pre-registration required: 208-362-8260. The World Center for Birds of Prey, Boise</p> <p>15 Crafter’s Club: Knit, crochet, embroider, you name it—with other crafters. Ages 18+. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>15-24 Sandpoint Winter Carnival: Parades, Fireworks, Skiing and more, Sandpoint</p> <p>16 WISCL Scholastic K-12 Chess Tournament: 8:30 AM, Lowell Scott Middle School, Boise</p> <p>16 Chinese New Year Celebration: You’re going to love ringing in the Year of the Pig. 1:00-3:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>16 The Science of Snow Sports: Participate in fun, active events, observe the science behind sliding on snow or ice and enjoy learning about winter recreation opportunities in Boise. There will be activities and winter crafts for all ages. 10:00-1:00 PM, Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise</p> <p>21 Mid-Winter Author Series: All ages. Writing Workshop with author Amanda Bonilla. 7:00-8:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>22 Magic Valley Symphony February Concert: 7:30 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls</p> |
|--|--|



- 23 Local Author Panel: Discuss the writing process with three Idaho authors: Rick Just, Renee Settle, and Margo Kelly. 1:00-2:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 23 Idaho's Geothermal Gold: Learn about Boise's geothermal heating from the City's Geothermal Program Coordinator and then head out to soak in the Roystone Hot Springs. \$15/person. Entrance and transportation included. Pre-Registration is required: [parks.cityofboise.org/register-for-classes](http://parks.cityofboise.org/register-for-classes). 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m., Boise WaterShed, Boise
- 24 Nature Explorers Preschool Program: Preschoolers (3-5) use their natural curiosity to investigate nature. Free. 10:30 AM. Visitors' Center, Deer Flat NWR, Nampa
- 25 Home School Day: Explore Engineering: Design and build with pipes, learn about engineering careers and more! A FREE program for home-school children ages 3 – 13. Pre-register at least one week in advance (208) 608-7300. Boise WaterShed, Boise
- 28 Babby Farms: Come see an interesting animal from Babby Farms! All ages welcome! 4:00pm - 5:00pm, Public Library, Nampa

## CENTRAL IDAHO

- 2-30 Storytime: WEDNESDAY and FRIDAYS. Books and crafts designated for children ages of 2- 4 will be available. All ages are welcome. 10:30 AM - 12:30 PM, Public Library, Hailey
- 3 4th Mexican Mardi Gras, Challis
- 15-17 Stanley-Sawtooth Winterfest: Keep 'cabin fever' at bay, come out and play! Activities and fun for all ages. Stanley
- 16 Winter Tracking Workshop: Ann Christensen introduces participants to local winter animals, their life-histories and winter adaptations. Participants then have a snowshoe tracking adventure through fields and woods north of town. Bring snowshoes, warm clothes, water, and your curiosity. Suggested donation of \$10/ERC members and \$20/non-members. Space is limited, so register today at 208.726.4333 or [alisa@ercsv.org](mailto:alisa@ercsv.org). 11:00 AM - 2:00 ERC office, Ketchum

## EASTERN IDAHO

- 1-3 Lava Hot Springs Fire & Ice Winterfest: Bring the family and celebrate winter with the Portneuf

- River Polar Bear Float, Running of the Bulls, Kids Water, and lots more, Lava Hot Springs
- 2 Swing Junction's Big Dance: 8:00-11:00 PM, American Legion Hall, Idaho Falls
- 2 Free Admission: Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
- 2-23 Snowshoe Walks: SATURDAYS. A short introduction to the winter environment followed by a trek through the park on snowshoes. Snowshoes are available for use, and there is no charge for these events (donations accepted). Reservations are required (208-527-1335 or [crmo\\_information@nps.gov](mailto:crmo_information@nps.gov)) Participants must be 10 years of age for this moderately strenuous walk. Group size is limited to 30, so sign up your group early. 9:00-12:00 Noon, Craters of the Moon, Arco
- 5 Free Senior Day: Free for 65+, Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
- 5 The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho. Free admission. 11:00 AM, Idaho Falls
- 5 Swing Junction's Big Band Dance: A community swing dance. No partner is required and beginners are welcome. 8-9 p.m. swing dance lesson, 9-11 p.m. dance. Veterans Memorial Building, Idaho Falls
- 7,21 Acoustic Musician's Open Mic Night: All ages evening to promote and showcase their musical talents. 7:00 PM, Kool Beanz Café, Idaho Falls
- 8-9 Family Fun Fair: Enjoy non-stop fun and entertainment at the fair. Pinecrest Event Center, Idaho Falls
- 9 ISU Civic Symphony Valentine Concert: 7:30 PM, L.E. And Thelma E. Stephens Performing Arts Center, Pocatello
- 14 Little Learners: Growing STEM Strong: Learn a new topic each month through crafts, games, songs, and snacks in this class for parents and toddlers ages 2-4. Free with pre-registration online. 10:00 AM, Museum of Idaho, Idaho Falls
- 14 Valentine's Day at the Rink: 11:00 AM -2:00 PM, Tautphaus Park, Idaho Falls
- 14-16 Simplot Games: Over 2,100 athletes from 19 different states, Canada and Australia will compete. Olympic legends like Dick Fosbury, Andre Phillips, Willie Banks and Stacy Dragila will

be there. Everyone is welcome at the Games. Holt Arena, ISU Campus, Pocatello

- 16 "Wild, Wild West" 30th Annual Snowball Dance: Lots of fun with live music, door prizes, raffle items, and goodies for the whole family. \$10 adult, \$25 family, \$5 student. All proceeds go toward the purchase of an in-house MRI suite at Bear Lake Memorial

Hospital. 7:00 pm – 11:00 pm, Bear Lake Middle School, Montpelier

- 17 Meet a Scientist / Discovery Day: At 1:00, bring the kids to meet a scientist and learn STEM topics, then at 2:00, kids ages 6-12 who pre-register online can enjoy Discovery Day activities on the same topic. The Museum of Idaho, Idaho Falls

## MARCH 2019

## SNEAK PEEK

### SOUTHERN IDAHO

- 2 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Speaker: Nathan E. Carpenter, "Tertiary Tectonics and Damage Patterns in the Northwest". Locations: Workday in the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History; Seminar in Room 116. Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 2 3rd Annual Jammie Day! All ages. Come in your jammies and enjoy treats, stories and activities! 10:30am - 12:00pm, Public Library, Nampa
- 2 Pokemon Club: For ages 7-18. Learn the trading-card game. Test your skill against others. A few decks will be available to borrow. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 5 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 6 Boise Birding Series: "Spring Migration." Free program for experienced and novice birders alike. 9:00-10:00 AM, Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 6 Just for Tweens: Crafts, board games, activities for ages 9-12. 4:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 8-10 Roadster Show: Hot rods, cool customs, trick trucks, impressive street machines, fine restoreds, and motorcycles. Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 9 Family Movie: 2:00 PM. Ages 4+; free popcorn. Community Room, Public Library, Caldwell
- 9 Spring Sports Madness for Moms & Sons: Rec Center, Nampa
- 9 Sing Along with Don Ritchey: 12:30 PM, Meridian Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian

- 9 Pioneer Party: For all ages. Celebrate the early pioneers in an activity-packed program of crafts, music and creating. Light refreshments. 11:00-1:00 PM, Public library, Caldwell
- 9 Foothills Family Day-Birds of Prey Day: Falcons, Hawks, Owls, and Eagles! Come learn about Idaho's birds of prey, discover your wingspan equivalent, and dress up like an owl. Guided birding hikes will start every hour with local experts. There will also be crafts and owl pellet dissections. Free. 10:00-1:00 PM, Jim Hall Foothills Learning Center, Boise

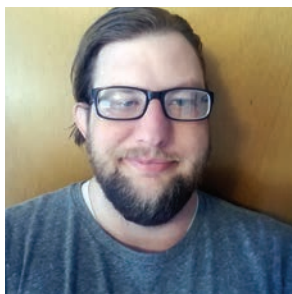
### CENTRAL IDAHO

- 2 Birds in Our Backyard: Join Poo Wright-Pulliam for an introductory presentation and birding walk about local winter birds. Meet in the Sun Room at the Hailey Public Library for the presentation. There is a suggested donation of \$10/ERC member and \$20/non-member. Pre-registration is required, (208) 726-4333 or alisa@ercsv.org .10:30 AM - 1:30 PM, Hailey

### EASTERN IDAHO

- 2 Free Admission: Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
- 2 Swing Junction's Big Dance: 8:00-11:00 PM, American Legion Hall, Idaho Falls
- 5 Free Senior Day: Free for 65+, Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
- 7 Acoustic Musician's Open Mic Night: An all ages evening to promote and showcase their musical talents. 7:00 PM, Kool Bean's Café, Idaho Falls
- 9 Family Concert: Peter and the Wolf: \$25 Family Ticket admits 2 adults plus children from the household. 2:00 PM, Colonial Theatre, Idaho Falls





**Nathan Davis** is an award-winning writer who has worked professionally for more than a decade. An Idaho native who grew up in Idaho Falls, Nathan studied communications and journalism at Weber State University, where he worked on the campus newspaper as sports editor and editor-in-chief.



**Karlene Bayok Edwards** grew up in McCall, graduating from McCall Donnelly High School. At the age of eight, realizing there would never be enough books, she began volunteering at the McCall Library, hence her thirty-four-year career as a school librarian. She met her husband in Arizona, where she earned degrees in English literature and library science and where the two ultimately settled. Now retired, she feels compelled to write from the vivid memories of her Idaho childhood and from the Idaho backcountry stories told by her parents, Joe and Marcella Bayok.



**Corry Hatch** is a farmer, rancher, trapper, and thinker, who is a historian by education, a fly fisherman by passion, and a fur dealer by trade. He lives in Bancroft, where he dreams of large trout, prime fur, and a good book.

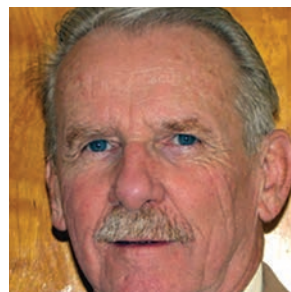


**Deana Hooley** spent several years as a professor at Idaho State University before returning to journalism and freelance writing. She has written recently for the *Idaho Statesman* and the *Twin Falls Times-News* as a guest commentator on environmental and agricultural issues. Visit her at [dianahooley.net](http://dianahooley.net)



**Max Jenkins** holds degrees in pharmacy and law and is retired from a career in business that included vice president of marketing for a

nationwide wholesaler and CEO and president of a Nasdaq-listed company in New York. He also was a non-paid executive director for the Rochester, NY, Habitat for Humanity Affiliate for six years.



**John O'Hagan** and his wife Letitia live in Boise. He has published several works of history.



**Alice Schenk** is an adventurer who lives in Rupert. A lover of hiking, shed hunting, swimming, biking, and running, she has finished five Ironman contents, numerous marathons, and has climbed all nine peaks above twelve thousand feet in Idaho. Alice holds a Master's degree in health and teaches at the College of Southern Idaho in Burley.



**Ross Walker** was raised on an apple farm in Connecticut, worked as a systems analyst designing credit card processing systems in San Francisco, and retired to Montpelier in 1999. With his wife, Linda, he started the Sharp Shooters Camera Club and enjoys photographing out-of-the-way places throughout the West, including 208 ghost towns, so far.

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