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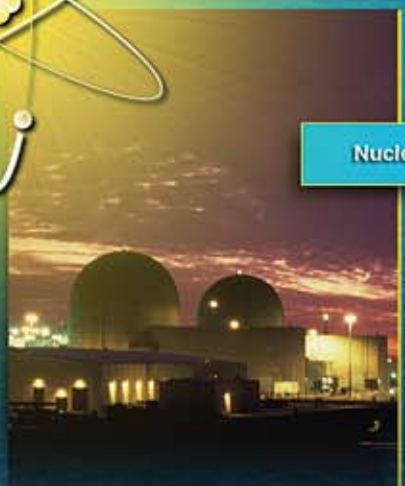

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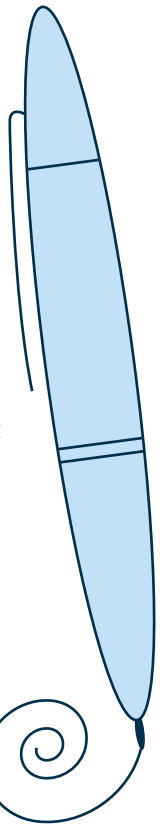

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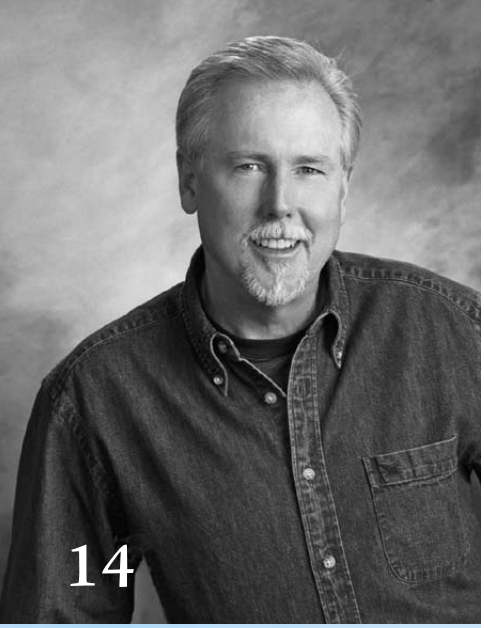


FEATURES

Kevin Kirk 14

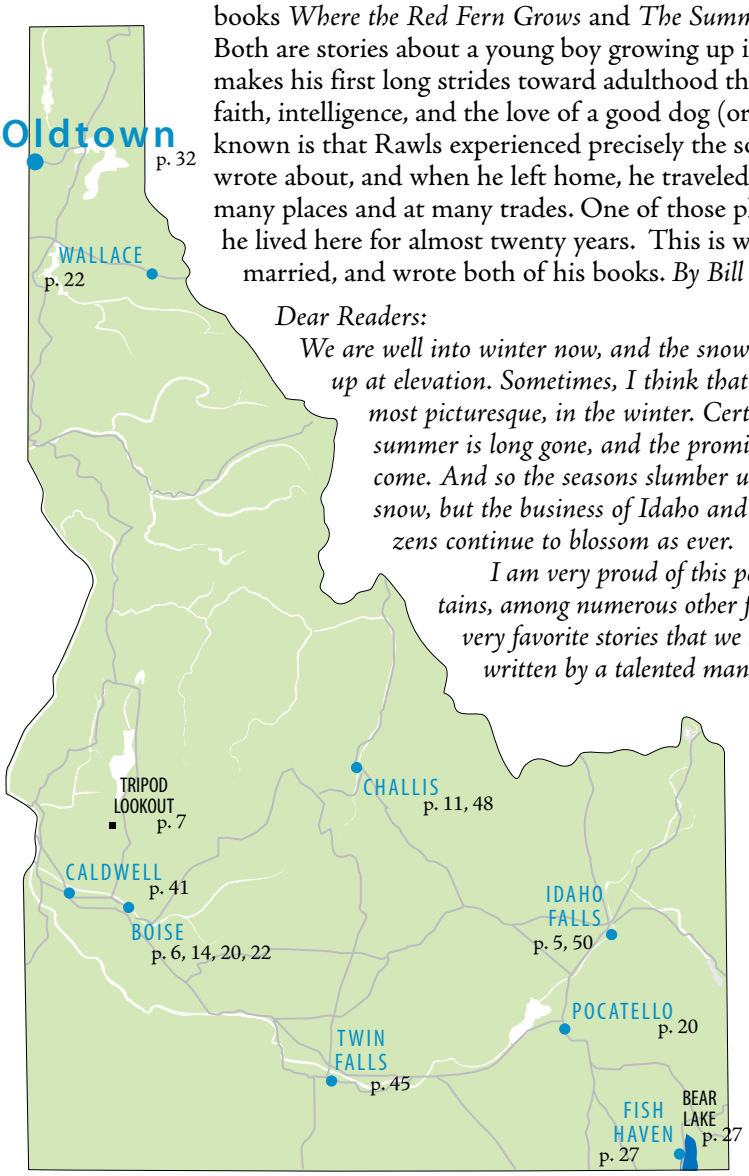
The general perception about performing artists among people in this state is that, if they are any good at all, why are they working here in Idaho? Shouldn't they be back in New York recording, acting, or starving on the streets and paying their dues? Kevin Kirk and his band, *Onomatopoeia*, demonstrate every day, and with every performance, that art can be created anywhere that artists call home. *By Martha Ripple*

Oldtown–*Spotlight City* 32

Once called Newport, this small town gained its name when most of the town picked up and moved to the other side of the Pend Oreille River, taking the name with them. The remaining residents referred to the place as Oldtown, and the name stuck. Now two blocks wide and five blocks long, Oldtown may be small in size, but it makes up for the lack of expanse with an abundance of heart and community spirit. *By Marylyn Cork*

Wilson Rawls 50

Woodrow Wilson Rawls is best remembered as the author of the classic children's books *Where the Red Fern Grows* and *The Summer of the Monkeys*. Both are stories about a young boy growing up in a poor family, who makes his first long strides toward adulthood through hard work, faith, intelligence, and the love of a good dog (or two). What is less known is that Rawls experienced precisely the sort of childhood he wrote about, and when he left home, he traveled widely, working in many places and at many trades. One of those places was Idaho, and he lived here for almost twenty years. This is where he met his wife, married, and wrote both of his books. *By Bill Corbett*



Dear Readers:

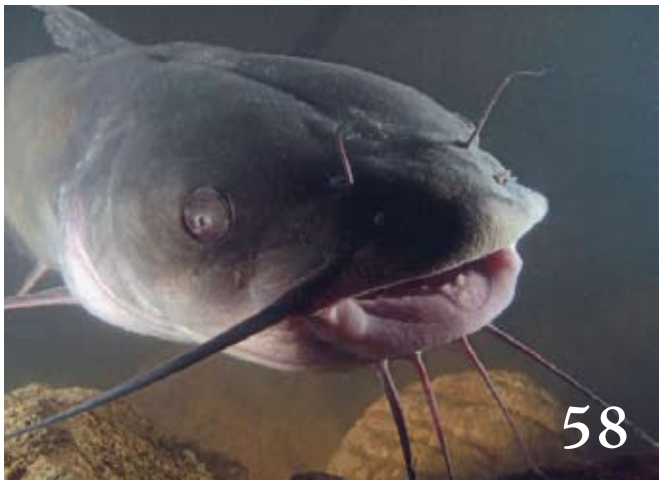
We are well into winter now, and the snow is beginning to pile up at elevation. Sometimes, I think that Idaho is at its best, its most picturesque, in the winter. Certainly, the warmth of summer is long gone, and the promise of spring is still to come. And so the seasons slumber under a blanket of snow, but the business of Idaho and the lives of our citizens continue to blossom as ever.

I am very proud of this particular issue. It contains, among numerous other fine efforts, one of my very favorite stories that we have ever published, written by a talented man taking his first shot at a new (for him) type of writing. See if you can guess which piece I am referencing.

On behalf of the staff here at IDAHO magazine, *I wish you and all of yours, Constant Reader, the very best for the coming year.*

Dene Oneida
Managing Editor

departments



cover photo
Pictured: Kevin Kirk
Photographer: J. Sean Fresk

IDAHO magazine

JANUARY 2007 VOL. 6, NO. 4

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Dear *IDAHO magazine*,

My husband and I have lived a strange Idaho life. I can truly say I have followed him to the ends of the earth. My husband, Fred, has worked for the US Forest Service and the BLM since 1968. His job has taken us on a wild Idaho ride.

When Fred first started with the Forest Service, he worked on a fire suppression crew, where he would spend summers in the Fairfield area at training camp with other young men, training to put out wildland fires. We married in 1970 and immediately were put on a fire lookout on Bald Mountain in Sun Valley. There was no running water and food was brought to us once a week. Our duties were to check the Pioneer or Sawtooth Mountains for smoke or fire. We would report by radio, and report weather conditions daily. There were no TVs, radio, or computers. It was a good place to get to know one another.

Next, we lived on a ski resort in Hailey while Fred suppressed fires from a helicopter. I spent most of my time trying to control our unruly pet raccoon named Rascal and shooting rattlesnakes from off the front porch so I could get to the store in town.

We made a little sidetrack to New Mexico to train Indian crews to fight fire. We had to travel 120 miles on a dirt road into the Gila National Forest with my six-month old baby daughter.

Back to Idaho (home) of course, and to Stanley, where Fred fought fires for the National Recreation Area (NRA). We lived on the NRA compound, in a trailer, with the other employees. The seasons there are truly July, August, and winter. We lived there six years, and two of my four children were born there. No doctor, of course, but we did have a very trustworthy nurse practitioner. We were thankful for her and others who are willing to live in remote areas and care for people there, all for very little money.

PHOTO COURTESY OF JOANN JUDD

***A pastoral perspective**—Blair Lake in the summer.*

Stanley was cold; hard living and losing a child there didn't make it easy for us. Many times we were snowed in. Both highways, to Challis and to Sun Valley, were blocked by avalanches. Once, we were caught in one going from Sun Valley to Stanley over Galena Summit while we were bringing our son home from the hospital. The mail carrier helped us get free and on our way.

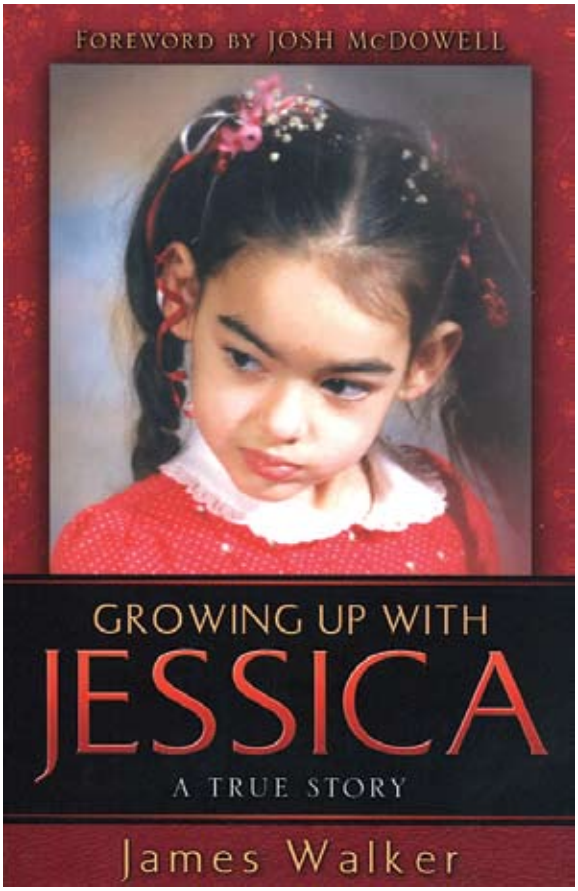
We were raided often by bears coming in for garbage. One of them is hanging on my wall. We decided to build a log home in Stanley west of town because, besides the harshness, nothing can take away from the beauty there. We were unable to enjoy our new home for very long because Fred was transferred to Idaho Falls. Even Idaho Falls was a cultural shock to us, coming from Stanley.

Now Fred is retired and we spend most of our time exploring our beloved Idaho with our four-wheelers and horses. We have a goal to see all of Idaho before we die. It's a big, wonderful, beautiful state, and so it's a lofty goal, but we are going to enjoy trying.

Thank you for writing a magazine without political jabs about conservation or the like. We so enjoy reading it. The stories are wonderful. We are born and raised Idahoans, and there is nowhere else on Earth for us.

Thank you,

Joann Judd, Idaho Falls



Growing Up With Jessica

by James Walker
Xulon Press 2005
P.O. Box 8334
Boise, ID 83707
208 338-5932

or www.xulonpress.com

Reviewed by Kitty Fleischman

Here's a touching story about the changes one child brought to her family and their world.

On August 25, 1975, Jessica Elizabeth Walker was born to Boiseans Jim and Renee Walker. Outside of being a beautiful baby, there was nothing remarkable about her birth. After a few days she left the hospital to go home to join her big sister, Jamie, and big brother David.

The first couple months of Jessica's life were spent happily teaching the family to adjust to the needs of a new baby. That all changed the evening after she received her DPT vaccination, as she began jerking and screaming. The couple had been prepared for her to be fussy after receiving the shots, but the baby seemed to be disconnecting from them and her screams didn't seem normal. Their doctor reassured them that Jessica was fine, but their concerns continued.

From there, Jessica's development turned into a mystery, a heartbreak, and a marathon of doctors' visits, as they tried to research their questions about what was happening to her. Eventually, they felt evidence led to a batch of tainted vaccine.

Through it all, the Walkers—parents and children—pulled together to love and support Jessica. This is their story.

Books are available through the Walkers at the address shown above, through the Xulon Press website, at Red Letter Books & Cafe at One Auto Dr. in Boise, or at Living Water Books at 138 Midland Blvd. in Nampa.

Kitty Fleischman is publisher of IDAHO magazine.

Life on Tripod Lookout in the 1930s

By P.E. (Bill) Cherry

My father, Tom Cherry, started work as a Fire Guard with the U.S. Forest Service in 1928. His primary duties were manning a Forest Service lookout, looking for and locating fires. My memories of life on Tripod Lookout, located on the West Mountain Range, west of Cascade, begin when I was about four and a half years old (1930).

The annual routine started around July 1 with a move from High Valley Ranger Station to Tripod Lookout, a distance of approximately sixteen miles. My dad would trail the necessary number of horses to Tripod Meadows, where he would rendezvous with my mother and me. We had been transported by pickup truck, saving us some eight miles of riding horseback. Since there are no roads to Tripod Lookout, my mother and I transferred to horseback along with about a month's worth of groceries, our clothing, and bedding. This always entailed a very long day and a hard trip, as these were Forest Service miles, which do not account for the winding ups and downs of a mountain trail.

Tired, dirty and hungry, we arrived at our summer home. It consisted of one room approximately 18' x 18', surrounded by large windows which afforded a 360 degree vista of the terrain. These windows were fitted with shutters which could be raised during the summer and lowered and fastened in place when the lookout was not occupied. This structure was built on stilts on a rocky peak at the highest point of the mountain, held in place with heavy steel guy wires, and equipped with lightning rods.

In the center of the room was a cabinet that held the alidade. This was an instrument used to give a bearing to the fire you have spotted. The cabinet took up a good share of the living quarters. The furniture consisted of a homemade table approximately three feet square, three small wooden benches, a small wood cook stove, and a wash stand that held the wash basin and a bucket of water. My parents had a homemade, wooden framed bed (almost like a large shelf) that held a mattress. I slept in a sleeping bag on the floor.

Not as easy as it looks—
Tripod Lookout was supplied by pack horses, and everything necessary for the functioning of the lookout came in on their backs, including the ranger.

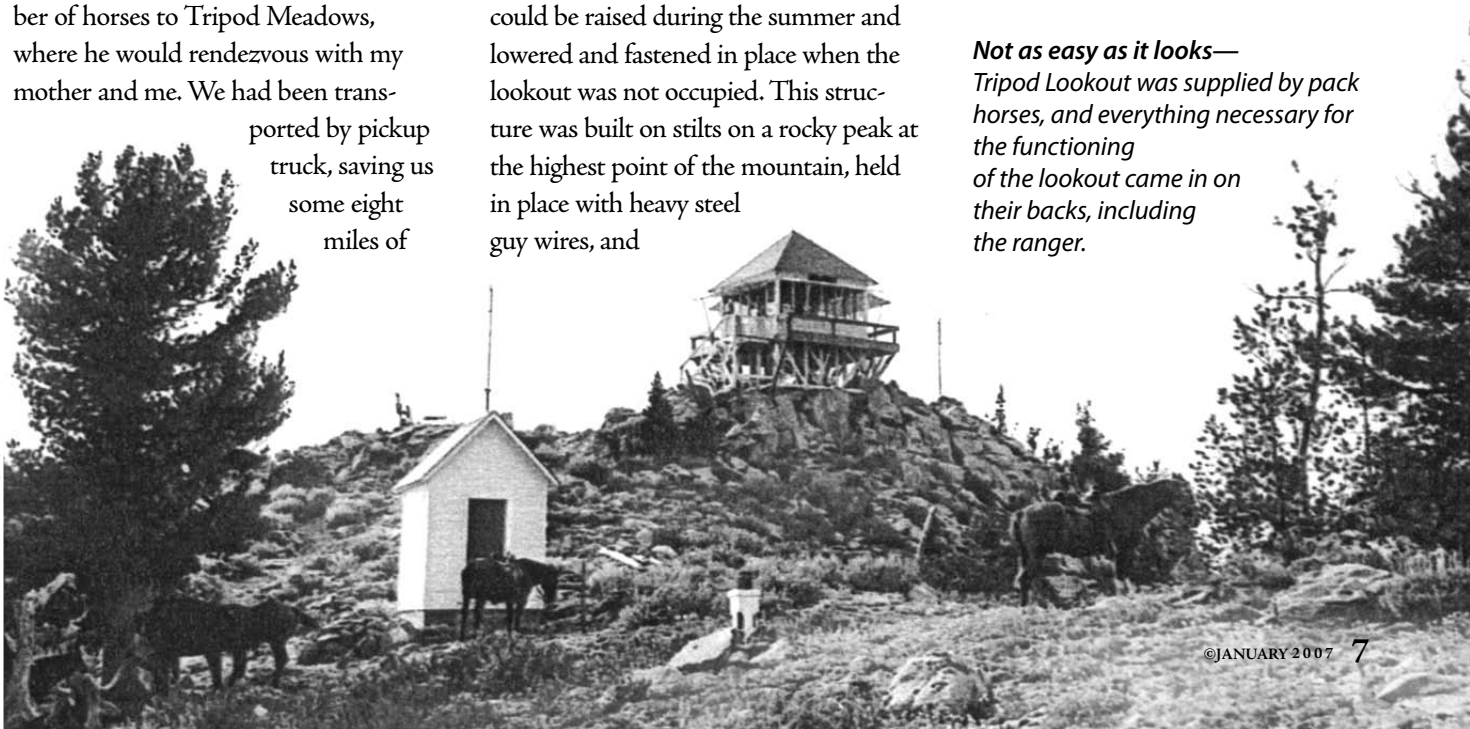


PHOTO COURTESY OF P.E. (BILL) CHERRY

Communications consisted of a single telephone wire, strung between trees and poles, connecting the various stations throughout the district. The telephone was a wooden box containing a hand-cranked generator for ringing and two batteries to carry the voice. There was also a hand-held earpiece and a mouthpiece attached. Since the connection was, essentially, a party line, each station was assigned a distinctive ring. High Valley Ranger Station, for instance, was two long and one short ring. Tripod's was one long and one short ring. The telephone directory was written out on a sheet of paper and looked something like this:

```
High Valley Ranger Station
        ——  ——  -
Tripod Lookout
        ——  -
Third Fork Guard Station
        -  ——  -
```

One could eavesdrop (as generally was the case) on any conversation that happened to be in progress.

The nearest water supply was a spring located approximately one-third of a mile below the lookout. Dad transported the water in a five-gallon canvas waterbag that he strapped on his back. One could readily see that water conservation was of utmost importance. There would be two or three handwashings before changing the water. The family was pretty much limited to one bath per week in a galvanized washtub, approximately thirty-six inches in diameter and eighteen inches deep. This amounted to quite a feat for my dad, who was a muscular six-foot man.

When my mother did the laundry, it was an all-day chore. Dad would walk about a mile to where the horses were pastured. There was a really small log cabin and a spring located there. Dad would start a fire in the wood stove to heat the water, then saddle a horse and ride up to the lookout. Since the lookout had to be manned at all times, my mom would take the dirty clothes and ride the horse down to the little cabin. She then would spend the entire day washing all of our clothes, towels and bedding on the washboard and wringing out the water by hand. She would hang them out to dry on wires strung between the trees. When the clothes were dry, Mom would ride up to the lookout with clean laundry and then Dad would return the horse to the pasture and walk the steep mile back uphill. Some days I would stay with Dad to be his helper; others, I would go with Mom and be hers.

From daybreak to dark, my parents would scan the surrounding areas, looking for smoke. They would report fires to the ranger station, and when the fire could be seen from more than one lookout, the ranger could get a cross bearing, which gave him the exact location of the fire.

About once a month, Mom would make out a grocery list and phone it over to the High Valley ranger, who would, in turn, purchase the food at Ola or Cascade. He would then make arrangements to meet my dad at Tripod Meadows, and I would always tag along. We would then transport the groceries to the lookout by horseback. It was always a treat to get fresh fruit and vegetables. Since we had no electricity, there was no refrigeration and everything else

PHOTO COURTESY OF P.E.(BILL) CHERRY

we ate was either canned or dried.

We supplemented our food supply with blue grouse, a native bird, which was plentiful in the area. I have very fond memories of the taste of blue grouse cooked in a Dutch oven (which is a heavy, cast-iron pot complete with lid). True Dutch oven cooking involved digging a hole and burning some sticks of wood to create a glowing bed of coals. Then we would put the Dutch oven in on top of the coals and cover everything with dirt. After a length of time, we would open the pit and devour the gourmet meal.

PHOTO COURTESY OF P.E. (BILL) CHERRY

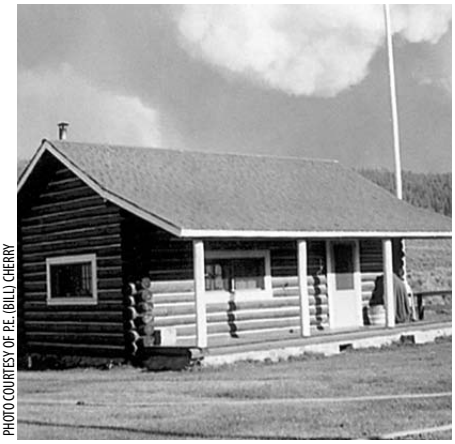


PHOTO COURTESY OF P.E. (BILL) CHERRY

There were several times when a fire was spotted relatively close to the lookout and Dad would ride out to suppress it. Back in those days, there were no smokejumpers, helicopters, or planes with fire retardant. You fought forest fires by getting to them on foot or horseback and suppressing them with a shovel, pulaski, and a crosscut saw. Anytime Dad was gone, it meant that Mom and I would man the lookout. We were by ourselves, then, during many horrible wind and lightning storms. Sometimes the lightning was so close that the lightning rods would glow a bright red.

Since I was a kid who didn't need playmates (a good thing), I always felt that this place was the greatest place on earth. My dog, Pooch, and I spent a lot of time exploring this wonderful mountain. We knew all the rock formations and caves and, with my vivid imagination, I easily turned them into castles. I truly felt that this was my own mountain.

About the first of September, after the worst of the fire season was over, Mom and I would pack up our sparse belongings and make the trek back to Tripod Meadows by horseback. Then we would transfer to a car and proceed to Ola, where I attended first through eighth grades in a one-room schoolhouse. Dad would remain at the lookout by himself until the fall rains came, bringing an end to fire season. He would then close the shutters and secure the lookout for the long winter ahead.

In 1936, a baby sister, Bonnie, joined the family at the lookout. I never realized how difficult this had to be for my mother. She carried my sister in her arms while riding horseback, all the way to the lookout. There were no disposable diapers in those days, and, as I mentioned, no refrigeration and very little water. The year after Bonnie began to walk, my mother refused to return to the mountain because of the danger to my sister. My dad agreed, and declined to continue being stationed at Tripod Lookout.

My dad was then transferred to the High Valley Ranger Station, where he was eventually promoted to alternate ranger. He retired after thirty-two years of service, and at the retirement party, he was presented with a picture of one of the two lakes below Tripod Lookout. It was named "Cherry Lake" in his honor.

OPPOSITE: **Growing on the mountain**—*the author and younger sister, Bonnie, on the steps of Tripod Lookout.*

FAR LEFT: **Home sweet home**—*Dad and Mom posing on our summer home.*

LEFT: **Little house on the high prairie**—*Cabin at High Valley Ranger Station where the Cherrys lived after life at Tripod.*

Tripod Lookout is one of the few lookouts still being manned. The structure we lived in was burned and replaced by a new building. The person manning the lookout is taken in and removed by helicopter, and because of solar power and propane gas, he has refrigeration. The water, however, is still obtained from the spring below the lookout.

P. E. (Bill) Cherry now lives in Morrison, CO.

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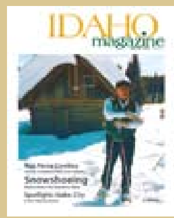

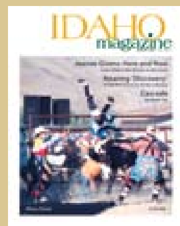

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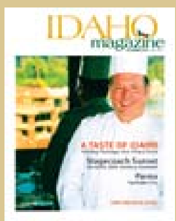

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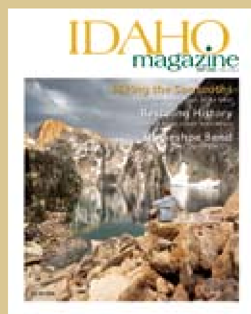

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Cowboys and sheep herders in the 1920s

They were tough men with marshmallows for hearts

By Roberta H. Green

PHOTO COURTESY OF ROBERTA GREEN

Being raised on a large cattle and sheep ranch in Challis gave me first-hand knowledge of the cowboys and sheepherders who lived and worked there. Besides my three sisters and a brother, these men were my extended family. They ate at our table, and some of them lived in our house if the bunkhouse was crowded. They were tough men with marshmallows for hearts. No sick calf or horse was ever too small or too old for them to give up sleep to nurse it back to health. And on rare occasions when a man was mistreating his mount, those "real" cowboys would give him a sample of how the horse must have felt.

I was just a little girl in the early twenties. Those men treated me like I was their little sister, or maybe their own daughter, real or imagined. One of them carved a wooden kiddy car for me, right down to the wheels. Others would take me with them to get hay at the upper ranches, making sure I was well wrapped and warm. On the way home, they would dig a hole in the top of the load so I could be warm and could survey my world as

***Wary and watchful**—Man, horse, and dog, all waiting for the herd to do something out of the ordinary.*

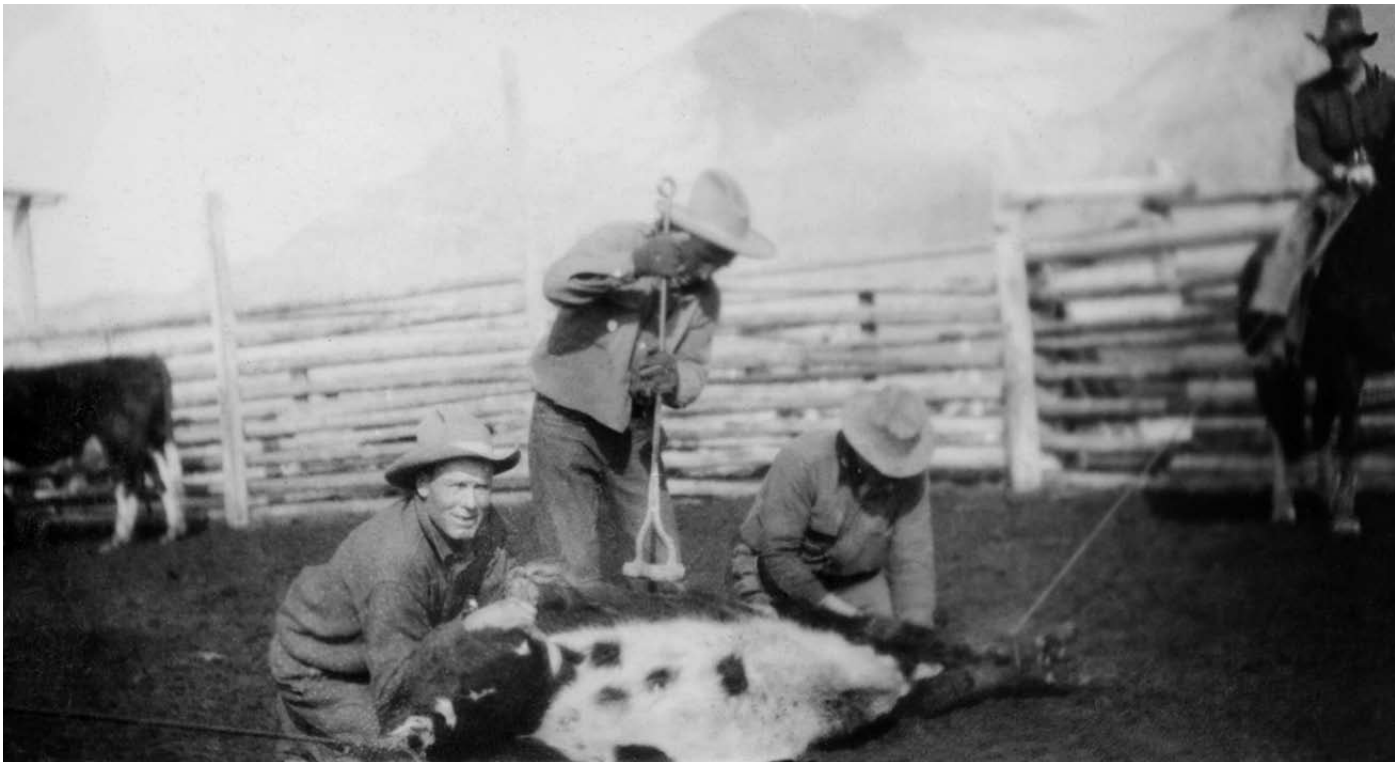


PHOTO COURTESY OF ROBERTA GREEN

Branding time—*A young steer held for the branding iron by an unidentified team of cowboys.*

we rode along. Sometimes they would give me piggyback rides on their shoulders or saddle my horse for me.

Most of these wonderful men were life's misfits. They had run away from the law, had left families, were too bashful to form relationships with women, had drinking problems, had little education, or had left businesses and careers for reasons known only to themselves. We didn't ask questions.

One of the cowboys, at sixteen, had helped bring a herd of three thousand cattle from Texas to the railroad in Kansas. After cowboyin' for a few years, he settled down on a ranch and had a wife and eight children. But that life wasn't for him; he left it all. He told me once, "I will never cross the Rockies again."

He was like a father to me, and I would follow him day in and day out listening to his cowboy stories. I suppose I somehow took the place of his children, for he missed them painfully and was a very sad man. He paced the floor when he wasn't working, and he seldom slept, going about his work long before breakfast at six.

Most of these wonderful men were life's misfits. They had run away from the law, had left families…We didn't ask questions.

He had lived on our ranch more than twenty years when he hit his shin while raking hay. He thought nothing of it until it started to throb. It developed into blood poisoning.

His death left a hole we couldn't fill. He was family.

One sheepherder was one of the smallest men I had ever seen. Though he was small in stature, he gained big praise from all who knew him. My dad said he was the best herder he ever employed. "Shorty" would take the sheep to the rough, mountainous summer range, and would bring home nearly all of them, fat lambs by their sides. Bears and coyotes were his enemies, and he protected his sheep.

The morning after bringing the sheep home, Shorty would order clothes for the coming year (and always

the best): underclothes, shirts, pants, coats, gloves, caps, and hats. Then he would draw the rest of his paycheck and go to town. He was one of those men who once a year would drink until his paycheck was gone and he had to be brought home.

He worked at the ranch for many years until one year, he drew his check and said he guessed he'd go home. No one knew where "home" was, and he never said. When the next spring came, there was no Shorty getting off the stage.

We did get to know the life story of one of our cowboys, though. Christened Charles Elmer Bishop, when he went to work on a ranch in Montana, he was nicknamed "Slim"—he was six feet six inches tall and razor thin.

He told us he was raised in Iowa and lived at home until he was twelve, when he got weary of his dad whipping him every day. He lived with his uncle until he was eighteen. Slim said he thought it was time for a farm boy to learn something besides crops, so he took off for the open world of Montana. There, by trial and error and many bumps, he became a cowboy.

One day, a friend drifted by and said, "Slim, I'm ready to see new country. How about you?"

When they came to central Idaho's Round Valley, the first likely looking ranch was the Philps ranch. They drove to the house, and Dad hired him on the spot. Little did Dad know that not only was Slim a cowboy, but his Iowa roots gave him knowledge of crops and harvesting. He also had a way with machinery. Slim mended the binder so many times that it had more Ford parts than original International Harvester parts.

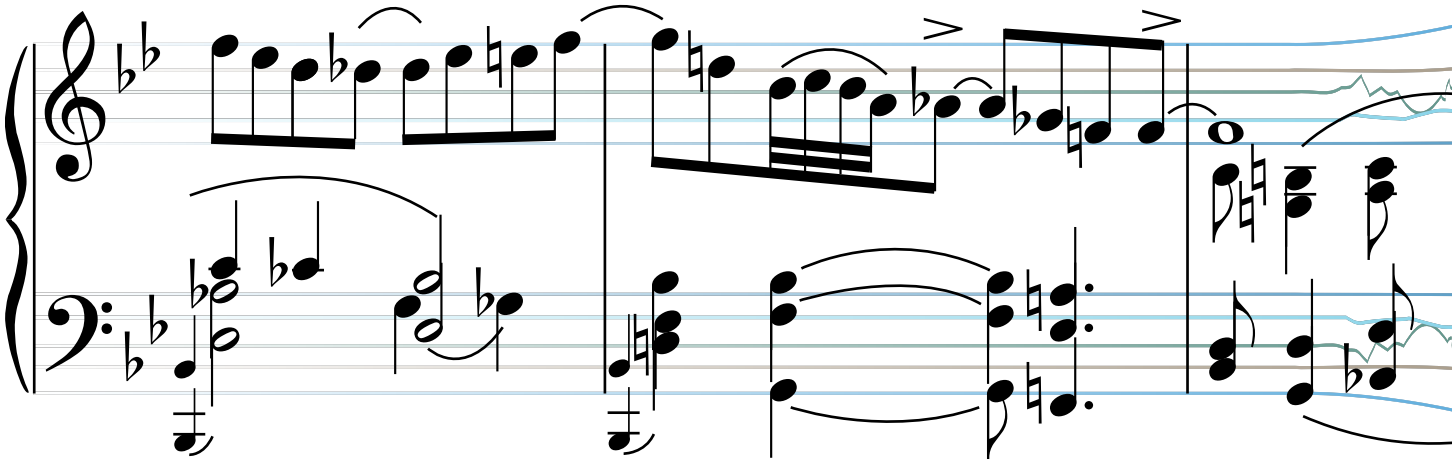
Slim was thirty-eight. Tired of roaming, he was ready to settle down. He courted my sister, pretty Laura Philps, the boss's daughter. He admired her ability to do just about any job on the ranch, from working cows to irrigating. She was Dad's right-hand man.

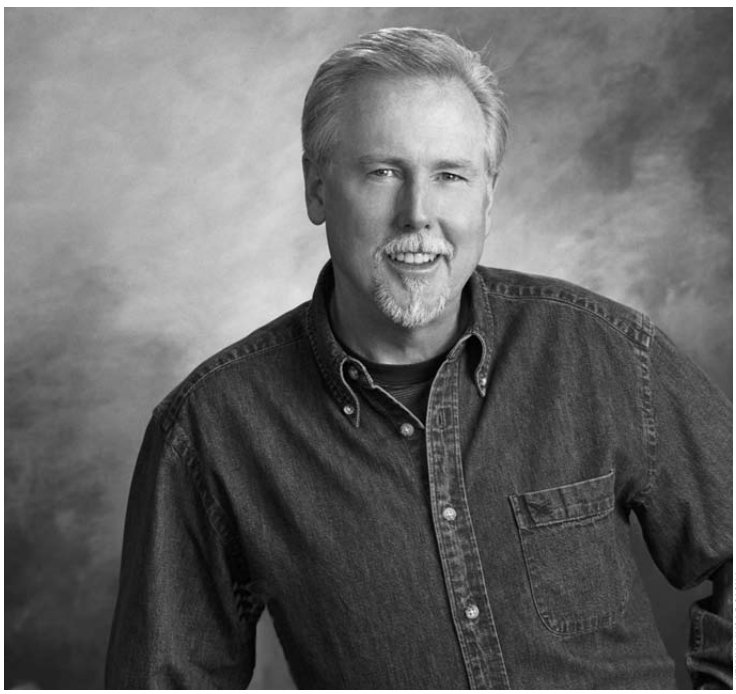
Laura and Slim discovered they had a mutual liking for family, hunting, fishing, and ranching. Their courtship was brief, and Slim became family.

We send our deepest condolences to the family of Roberta Green, of Challis. She passed away December 5, 2006 at St. Alphonsus Hospital in Boise just prior to the release of this issue.

Kevin Kirk

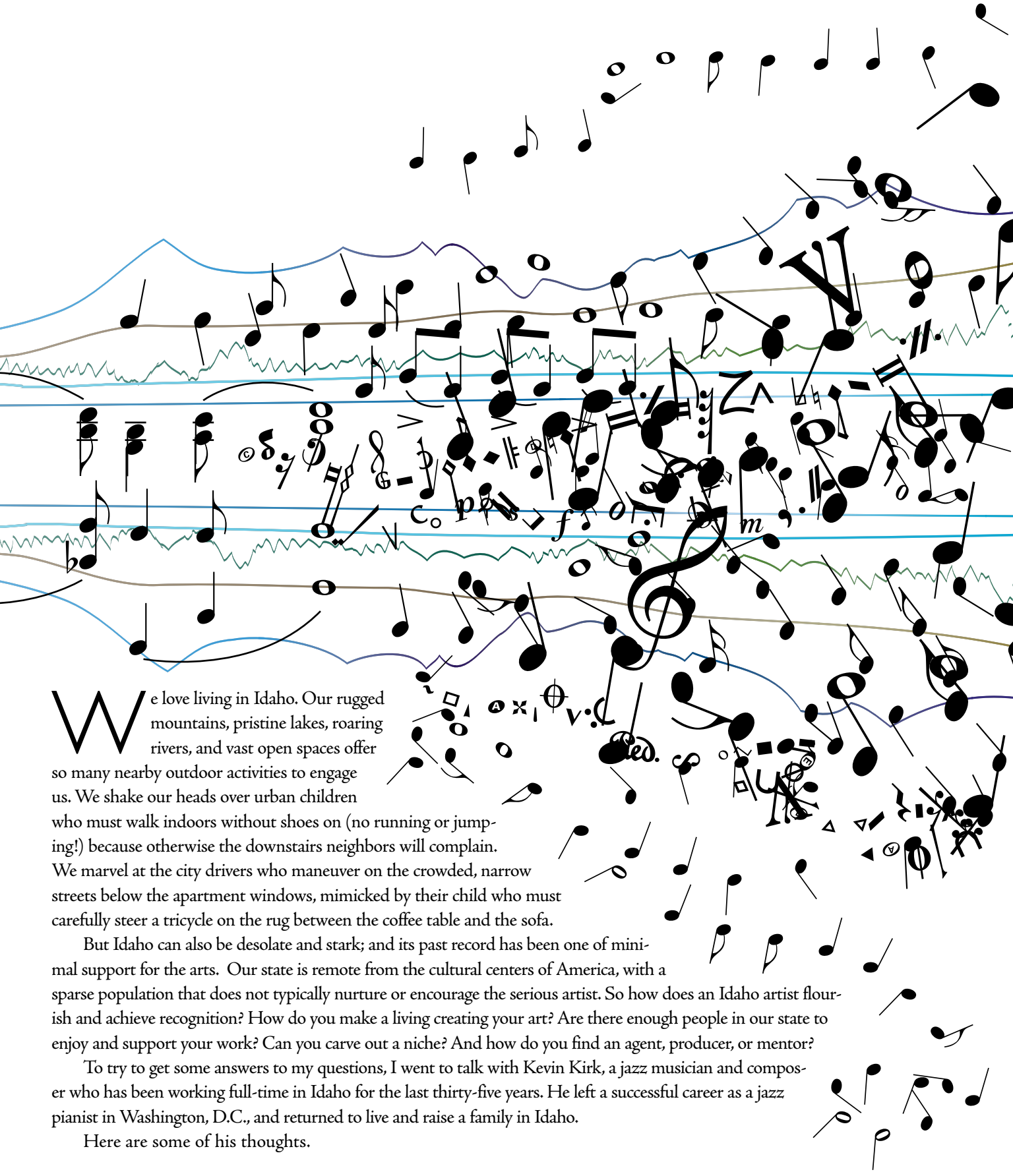
By Martha Ripple





Kevin Kirk

PHOTO BY JAY PARKER



We love living in Idaho. Our rugged mountains, pristine lakes, roaring rivers, and vast open spaces offer so many nearby outdoor activities to engage us. We shake our heads over urban children who must walk indoors without shoes on (no running or jumping!) because otherwise the downstairs neighbors will complain. We marvel at the city drivers who maneuver on the crowded, narrow streets below the apartment windows, mimicked by their child who must carefully steer a tricycle on the rug between the coffee table and the sofa.

But Idaho can also be desolate and stark; and its past record has been one of minimal support for the arts. Our state is remote from the cultural centers of America, with a sparse population that does not typically nurture or encourage the serious artist. So how does an Idaho artist flourish and achieve recognition? How do you make a living creating your art? Are there enough people in our state to enjoy and support your work? Can you carve out a niche? And how do you find an agent, producer, or mentor?

To try to get some answers to my questions, I went to talk with Kevin Kirk, a jazz musician and composer who has been working full-time in Idaho for the last thirty-five years. He left a successful career as a jazz pianist in Washington, D.C., and returned to live and raise a family in Idaho.

Here are some of his thoughts.

PHOTO BY J. SEAN FRESK

On artist recognition:

Personally, I am more interested in having my work recognized than in being recognized for my work. America's obsession with celebrities is something that I find both silly and a distraction from the true meaning and value of art. I'm interested in contributing something to the dialogue or definition of music. The highest compliment given to me as a composer comes when, as a result of my efforts, someone has a greater appreciation of music. This doesn't mean that the respect from my peers and the adulation of an appreciative audience doesn't make me feel great. I'm not okay with existing in oblivion and I don't want to be a starving musician. If my music has something to say, I would like it to go as far into the world as possible.

Gene Harris was a great jazz artist, internationally recognized, and he chose to live in Idaho. He was always more of an ambassador of jazz than of Gene. That was one notable part of his greatness.

On early lessons:

My mother was principal flutist for the Denver Symphony before moving to Idaho in 1952 and was also an accomplished classical pianist. She could play anything off the page, taught piano most of her life, and fostered many fine Idaho pianists by securing scholarships for deserving young people. I took lessons from her as a small child and, as a result of her wisdom, from other piano teachers as well. Around the third grade, when I began studying the major composers, I would ask her to perform the piece so that I could hear it. I would then play for her and she would turn the pages of the music for me, offering encouragement. One day she stopped me in the middle of a complex piece and looked at me with her penetrating Dutch eyes. I had never seen this expression on her face before. She slowly closed the music and said, "Never try to deceive me. Let me know when you are ready to learn how to read this music."

Before I was overcome with embarrassment and shame, she began laughing for what seemed like five minutes. She said that she had turned the pages arbitrarily, never at the right time and I had just sailed along. My mother realized that I had listened to the piece once and had been able to play it back perfectly by ear.

She put her arm around me and confided that she couldn't play "Mary Had A Little Lamb" or "Tea For Two" without reading the sheet music. My mother was genuinely in awe of my ability to play by ear.

Once the cat was out of the bag, I asked permission to play songs that I had heard on the radio. She started laughing again and said, "By all means, be my guest." I played each of her favorite songs then and there.

I knew that I could hear something and go to the piano and quite effortlessly play it. I didn't need to read music and practice to learn a piece. But I also remember feeling embarrassed about this "talent"; it felt too easy, almost like cheating. I was afraid that somehow my method was less demanding, and therefore less authentic. I now think that I am probably predisposed to identifying and reassembling patterns in multifarious, almost chaotic, assemblages. I experience life, speeding by in real time, and identify patterns or motifs. By not inhibiting this process, I absorb a

PHOTO BY J. SEAN FRESK

OPPOSITE: ***Point and counterpoint***—*Greg Perkins & Tom Tompkins combine melodically.*

ABOVE: ***Hitting the high notes***—*Phil Garonzik plays with sinuous grace on the flute.*

revealed theme and repeat it on my instrument.

Even with such a natural "gift," a musician has only a brief honeymoon period before realizing that notation and exact written replication is a necessary skill for composing. After performing professionally for twenty-five years, I went to Boise State University to begin the formal study of music theory. I needed to prove to myself that I was a jazz musician by choice and not by default.

On living in Idaho:

In some circles, one might have an inferiority complex about being an Idahoan unless one highly values coming from a geographically unique and beautiful place and views it as a source of great inspiration. I use Idaho's geology and landscape to tell a musical story. I attempt to have notes flow in a non-repetitive pattern, complex and yet comforting, much like the rhythm of an Idaho river. Mountain peaks conjure up orchestral sounds, strings and horns with full orchestration. This exquisite country we call Idaho deserves a musical depiction worthy of her majestic splendor. Our landscape's complex diversity deserves to be reflected in something grander than the mold of commercial music. The feeling that fills me while hiking in the Sawtooths is panoramic and heavy. It cannot always be translated into a conventional "four chord" (verse, verse, chorus, verse) formulaic mold.

I envision the universe as intricately connected and the

PHOTO BY J. SEAN FRESK

people living in this system as part of the beautifully elaborate and complexly intertwined elements. Like Idaho's desert communities of highly specialized life forms, we are one fragile, integral piece of the environment. By understanding complex patterns and expressing them symbolically, I try to communicate an observed "truth" in each composition. Hopefully widely diverse groups perceive their universality, whether the piece is about our modern life, a portrait of a friend or the passing of the cloud across the face of the moon.

On Kirk's original compositions:

Leonard Bernstein defined classical music as music that is composed to be performed exactly as written. I strive to have my compositions embrace the improvisational elements of jazz without compromising the rigorous exactness of classical music. I design zones within a composition that serve as "open spaces" in which the musician can be in the moment while retaining a collaborative and intelligible conversation, in real-time, with the other musicians. The combination of rigorous exactness and improvisation is like a conversation in the sense that each of us must pay close attention and listen to what others are communicating. It is incumbent upon the "speaker" to reply artfully, within the context, for the conversation to legitimately continue.

Many of my songs for *Onomatopoeia* are made up of layers of polyphonic melodies: two or more musical voices speaking in harmony, utilizing contrapuntal technique so as to weave a tapestry of sound. They are like fluid striations of a rock formation with linear and vertical elements both at play. My challenge is to allow the song to live and breathe in the fullness of its complexity, and still keep it from sounding noticeably complicated.

On the process of composing:

At the best of times, I have had entire songs come through me, seamlessly, from beginning to end; I played them and recorded them without making a single change. It is pure, thrilling and frightening because it seems to come from somewhere outside of me, a gift that is beautiful and surprising. Sometimes composing is a gift that I manage to not "mess with" but have the work ethic to bring to fruition. Embracing the obscurity of a composition's source can actually be my ally in protecting the final version from sounding contrived.

But there are plenty of other times when I have had to fight for and suffer over every single note.

On making a living:

I think that artists in Idaho are like the native plants in a high country desert. Sure, we need to be rugged, but it's a fragile, delicate existence; we need nourishment to survive in a harsh environment. It is very difficult, unpredictable, and to be honest, frustrating, to attempt to make a living creating music. I fight disillusionment regularly, but I love music and I happen to be naturally

PHOTO BY J. SEAN FRESK

OPPOSITE: ***Holding down the fort***—*Jon Hyneman on drums, keeping a solid rhythm.*

ABOVE: ***Not too cool to have a good time***—*Mike Seifrit plays bass behind those shades.*

stubborn. This combination will either inspire and save me or condemn me to a life of misery—my view of the outcome changes - sometimes hourly! I am still trying to discover if it is possible to earn enough money to worry more over my compositions than my income.

If I want my music to go into the world and have a life of its own, I have to be responsible for the entire process. I dream of finding that agent who is as passionate as I am about creating music. For now, if I want to have a concert, for example, I need to hire the musicians and rehearse with them. But I also need to find and pay for a venue, produce and print a program, do the necessary publicity, and literally sell the tickets. I have to maintain an up-to-date web site in order to market and sell my CDs, which I have produced in my studio with the help of other musicians. I am a composer, musician, recording engineer, producer, sales person, publicist, distributor, illustrator, you name it! I feel pulled in a thousand different directions; it is a distraction and a necessity. I remember when I was attending classes during the day and performing jazz until the wee hours. I found myself confiding to the judiciously nurturing Willa Sullivan of Boise State University's Music Department that, "It feels like I walk all night just to catch up with the wagon train, then stumble into camp just in time to hear the wagon master yell 'Roll 'em up! Move 'em out!'" Pioneers have never had it easy but they have almost always found the freedom to blaze new trails, meet some extraordinary people along the way, and to discover someplace new, special and exciting.

Members of Onomatopoeia:

Kevin Kirk
piano, keyboards, chromatic harmonica, bass parts, guitar parts

Tom Tompkins
violin, viola, cello, guitar, mandolin, vocals

Mike Seifrit
bass, guitar, vocals

Jon Hyneman
percussion, drums

Greg Perkins
soprano & tenor saxophones

Phil Garonzik
flute, tenor & alto saxophones

Patrick Kurdy
drums, bodhron

Kevin Kirk's music has included:

Proceeding On Through Beautiful Country, thirteen one-hour episodes on the history of Idaho: theme song and complete soundtrack, over 150 original compositions; Incredible Idaho's theme song and complete soundtrack for KTVB television series; Outdoor Idaho's theme song and complete soundtrack for IPTV television series, and much more.

Martha Ripple lives in Boise.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

When the Flying Circus Came to Idaho

By Arthur Hart

Our historical snapshot recalls an event that thrilled tens of thousands of Idahoans in April 1919. The Great War of 1914-1918 had ended in November, and Americans were aviation-conscious as never before in our history. Having read about the exploits of our flying aces, they were eager to see them and their planes.

By the end of the war, fighter pilots had achieved almost legendary fame as "knights of the air," who fought their aerial duels high above the brutal war in the trenches below. What had started in 1914 as a glamorous war that pitted the pride of nations and egos of their rulers, with banners waving and trumpets blaring, had settled into a long war of attrition in which millions were killed by heavy artillery and poison gas. There was no glamour in a war fought between colorless camouflaged masses bogged down in a no-man's-land of shell craters and rusting barbed wire.

Only in the air did individuals with identities and reputations of their own battle one another, dueling in brightly painted machines capable of executing breath-taking maneuvers like loops, dives, and Immelman turns. Each nation in the war had its superstars, and every schoolboy then, and for years thereafter, knew their names and how many victories they had chalked up. Baron Manfred von Richthofen, "the Red Knight of Germany," Rene Fonck of France, and Eddie Rickenbacker of the United States, were all national heroes by war's end, although the Red Baron had been shot down in battle after eighty victories.

Idahoans got to see some of our famous pilots and the planes they flew during the Liberty Loan Drive of 1919, aimed at getting patriotic Americans to buy bonds to help pay for the war, just as they would again in World War II. The 103rd Aero Squadron set out from San Diego on April 9, 1919, in a train of fourteen railway cars carry-

ing eighteen disassembled fighter planes. In each town or city where the train stopped, crews of mechanics unloaded the planes, bolted them together, and their pilots took off for a display of aerial acrobatics and simulated dogfights. The commander of the squadron, Maj. Carl Spaatz, was one of those who flew in Boise and Pocatello. He was a decorated combat flier from the war who would rise to the top of his profession in World War II, first as chief of staff to Gen. "Hap" Arnold, then U.S. Air Commander in Europe, and finally as commander of all American strategic bombing forces in Europe. He was also the chief United States representative at the surrender of Berlin in 1945.

Fighter planes that flew at the Polo Grounds in Boise on April 19, 1919 (where Boise Little Theater is today), included captured German Fokker D-7s, British SE-5s, French SPADs, and American JN-5 Jennies. Our historical snapshot shows Lt. H.W. Puryear and three of his mechanics in front of the Fokker D-7 he flew that day. Puryear had achieved a certain fame in his squadron when he was shot down over Germany, captured, and then made his escape. The mechanics had put his plane together only minutes before the photograph was taken, and after an hour and a half of flying it was taken apart and put back into its railway car for the trip to the next town. Four thousand people turned out in Pocatello on April 18th, and the Boise crowd on the 19th was estimated at five thousand.

Among those who took a plane ride that day were Governor D.W. Davis, Mrs. C.C. Anderson, wife of southwest Idaho's department store king, and Ed Peasley, leading transfer and storage operator and a long-time director of the Idaho State Historical Society. Those who bought the most Victory Loan bonds got to ride first. The 103rd Aero Squadron visited dozens of western cities and towns in April 1919, from Butte, Montana to Seattle, Washington, to San Antonio, Texas. It was disbanded on May 12, 1919, and its members discharged from the service to seek jobs in civilian life. The tour of the 103rd was an adventure that neither they, nor the thousands who saw them perform, ever forgot.

Arthur Hart is director emeritus of the Idaho State Historical Society.

Edith Miller Klein

Number seventeen among the first fifty women in Idaho law

By Debora K. Kristensen

Edith Miller Klein was born on August 4, 1915 in Wallace, Idaho. Her father, Fred Miller, was a German immigrant who came to Chicago as a meat cutter and eventually found his way to Moscow, Idaho. Klein's mother, Edith (Gallup) Miller, grew up in Orofino with an aunt because her mother had died and later moved to Moscow to help her father run a boarding house. While working at this boarding house, Klein's mother met Fred Miller, a man twenty years her senior, and they married (much to the consternation of her mother's family). Klein's parents had a house in Moscow and also had a meat shop and house in Kellogg, so the young Klein and her brother split their time between these two areas. Klein's

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE IDAHO STATE BAR

RIGHT: ***Edith Miller Klein-*** *Lawyer, legislator, and active member of the community. Aside from five years she worked in Washington, D.C. during the 1950s, Klein played a significant part in the State of Idaho for nearly fifty years.*

mother never worked outside the home, but was an accomplished pianist and the family was very involved in the neighborhood orchestra.

Both of Klein's parents were strong advocates of a university education. Although they didn't have an advanced education themselves, Klein's parents encouraged her to get a college degree. As such, Klein enrolled in nearby University of Idaho. While there, Klein stayed very busy: she lived at home, but took twenty credits a semester, worked four part-time jobs, was a "Hell Diver" with the swimming team and also played on the soccer and basketball teams. She graduated college in just three years with a degree in business administration in 1935 at the age of nineteen. Klein believed business administration was a good background for a future career in law, but, at the time, she was very shy and afraid to attend law school because there were few or no women in those classes. Instead, Klein went to Washington State University where she was offered a teaching fellowship. Klein taught business and worked on her master's degree at WSU.

After her teaching fellowship ended, Klein returned to Moscow and worked as a secretary at Psychiana, a mail-order religion owned by Dr. Robinson. She also taught one year of high school in Grangeville. Klein then moved to Pocatello and worked for the State Employment Service. While in Pocatello, Klein first became politically active. Klein then moved to Weiser to teach in a vocational school.

Klein … was a "Hell Diver" with the swimming team and also played on the soccer and basketball teams. She graduated college in just three years with a degree in business administration in 1935 at the age of nineteen.

By this time, World War II had started. In 1943, Klein decided to sell her car and move to Washington, D.C. where she went to work for the Labor Department and later, as a personnel specialist in the War Department. While in D.C., Klein began attending law school at George Washington University at night and worked during the day. Law school was difficult for Klein because her job took a great deal of time and travel,

but school officials were very cooperative. While other Washington law schools, such as Georgetown, did not admit women, GWU attracted them in large numbers. In fact, Klein recalls that women numbered somewhere between a quarter and a third of her law school class. Klein graduated with her law degree in 1946, then passed the bar exam in D.C.

After law school, Klein returned to Idaho. When she arrived in Boise, it was a sleepy town of about thirty thousand where housing and automobiles for sale were practically non-existent at the end of the war. Luckily, some friends had an extra bedroom and another friend sold her a vintage Plymouth. Klein took and passed the Idaho Bar and was admitted as the seventeenth woman to practice law in Idaho on January 7, 1947.

Almost immediately, Klein was asked to serve as a judge in the Municipal Court in Boise, a position she held during 1947-1948.

Klein reported that she never felt that she was treated poorly in court because she was a woman, but she did experience discrimination outside of the courtroom. In 1947, some law firms would not hire women. For example, Klein applied for, but did not receive, a position with Langroise, Clark, Sullivan & Smylie when she moved to Boise. Undeterred, Klein approached Eugene H. Anderson and Darwin W. Thomas for a job and was hired. The arrangement, however, was that she would receive the same salary as the office secretary, do her own stenographic work for all cases, and would receive an additional "finder's fee" of one-third of the fee for cases she brought to the office. That arrangement, recalled Klein, gave her a "foot in the door." Klein soon developed a solid practice of her own, which included being appointed a part-time Boise city judge (a first in Boise). There were other women attorneys in the state at the time—including Mary Smith Oldham and Mary Schmitt—but none practiced in Boise. Thus, she had no role model for court apparel. At that time, most women would not go out on the streets in Boise without wearing hats and gloves. So Klein decided the best thing to do would be to wear suits as the men did (with skirts instead of pants), but not to wear short-sleeve dresses, hats or gloves. Others followed her lead.

Sandy stood up in the House balcony and was recognized by the Speaker of the House, at which time he asked Edith to stand as well. Sandy proposed from the balcony of the House chamber, and Edith accepted. In 1949, they were married.

Given her interest in politics, Klein decided to run for office and, in 1948, first ran for the Idaho Legislature. At the time, Idaho had had a few women legislators (Helen Miller and Marguerite Campbell), but a female legislator from Boise was a novelty. During her first term in office in 1949-50, Klein met Louise Shadduck, the first administrative assistant to the governor. Louise introduced Klein to Sandor ("Sandy") S. Klein, a journalist with United Press International. Sandy was often around the statehouse during the session, seated in the press area in the balcony above the House chambers, while Edith was on the House floor. During one such session, Boise attorney Carl Burke recalls, Sandy stood up in the House balcony and was recognized by the Speaker of the House, at which time he asked Edith to stand as well. Sandy proposed from the balcony of the House chamber, and Edith accepted. In 1949, they were married.

In 1953, the Kleins moved to Washington, D.C. Sandy worked for Senator Dworshak, and Edith earned her L.L.M. in tax from George Washington University in 1954. Thereafter,

Klein worked for the Federal Communications Commission licensing television stations and was admitted to the United States Supreme Court Bar in 1954. Two years later the Kleins moved to New York where, after being admitted to the New York Bar in 1955, Edith worked for the United States Housing Administration.

In 1957, Klein returned to Idaho and joined the firm of Langroise, Clark, Sullivan & Smylie in Boise (now Holland & Hart) and Sandy became the managing and executive editor of *The Idaho Statesman*. Klein once again pursued politics, but, after being defeated three times, was hired as an attorney for the House of Representatives to draft legislation. Klein said that this job was very difficult, requiring long hours using primitive equipment. Nonetheless, she found the work fascinating.

In 1964, Klein successfully ran for the Idaho House of Representatives and served there until 1968 when she was elected to the state Senate. In 1968, Klein also became a partner in her law firm. Klein served in the Idaho Senate until 1982 for a total of twenty years in the Idaho State Legislature, including fourteen years in the Idaho Senate where she was often the only woman. During each of these twenty years, she held committee chairmanships, particularly on the Judiciary Committee in both the House and Senate. Klein was responsible for authoring and sponsoring landmark legislation resulting in major improvements in laws relating to children's and women's rights, including equal pay, minimum wage, community property laws, divorce, domestic violence, education laws and passage of the Uniform Probate Code in 1971. Sixth District Court Judge Randy Smith, the former chair of the Idaho Republican Party, described Klein as a formidable legislator and tough competitor. She was not afraid of a fight; she knew how to organize for a battle and get her legislation passed or other legislation stopped. However, she was foremost a lady, earning the respect of all who knew her.

In 1965, Governor Robert E. Smylie created the

Governor's Commission on the Status of Women by executive order, which was patterned after the Federal Commission on the Status of Women first formed by President John F. Kennedy in 1961. Smylie appointed Klein as its inaugural chair, a position she held through 1971. Klein recalled that the 1960s were a time of change as women found an increasing role in society and, with that, greater rights. The commission worked on legislation to improve the rights of women and their families. In 1970, the commission was renamed and created as a statutory commission under state government. Klein considered her work on the commission to be "cutting edge."

Klein served actively on a number of cultural and

Klein was responsible for authoring and sponsoring landmark legislation resulting in major improvements in laws relating to children's and women's rights, including equal pay, minimum wage, community property laws, divorce, domestic violence, education laws …

philanthropic boards in Boise, including service as the first chair of the Idaho Governor's Commission of Women's Programs and president and member of the boards of Boise Philharmonic Association, Opera Idaho and Boise Music Week. She was honored by the Boise Altrusa Club in 1966 and in 1970, as the Greater Boise Chamber of Commerce "Woman of the Year." In September 1998, she was inducted into the Idaho Hall of Fame. Klein was honored with a fifty-year service award during the 1998 Idaho State Bar annual meeting.

Klein died on December 31, 1998 in Boise at the age of 83.

Debora K. Kristensen lives in Boise.

Fishing with Heber Stock

By Kathy Davidson

PHOTO COURTESY OF KATHY DAVIDSON

High in the mountains of southeast Idaho is Bear Lake, a great place for water sports of all kinds for three or four months of the year. The rest of the year is for the fishermen.

Historically, the Shoshone Indians fished here every summer for centuries. Then the early white settlers fished the lake and, later, a group started a fishing company harvesting fish from the lake with nets and selling them far and wide. Bear Lake even has its own indigeneous species, called the Bonneville Cisco. Fishing as a hobby is held highly in the area.

I first met Heber Stock in Fish Haven, a small town on the shores of Bear Lake. Stock, a long time resident and notable fishermen in the valley, was the sort who spent many long hours on the lake with one or more

***Heber Stock and big fish**—The veteran angler proudly displaying the catch of the day.*

fishing buddies, either in a boat or on the ice. He was featured on Doug Miller Outdoors, a news program, and was interviewed about the Cisco run.

He was eighty years old when I met him, and even though he was bent from age and arthritis, he was still six feet tall and a lean 190 lbs. He had lived in Fish Haven all his life. He built a house there for his bride, and helped build many of the other houses in the small town. Stock also had a small metal boat with an outboard motor that he took out on the lake to spend the day fishing. It did not matter to him particularly if he brought home big fish, little fish, or no fish at all. He loved fishing, and I loved to visit with him and listen to his fish stories. Pointedly, there was a sign hanging on his living room wall that read "Old Fishermen never die, they just smell that way."

"Old Fishermen never die, they just smell that way."

For him, an average day on Bear Lake might have been spent at a place called the Rock Pile, a spot where rocks covered the bottom, and not sandy mud. The rocks there are porous and make a great habitat, which meant that the fish often bit there. Stock liked to fish without a pole, holding the line in a calloused trough over his finger, saying that he could feel the fish better that way.

About the fish. The biggest fish in the lake are mackinaw, which can weigh between twelve and eighteen pounds. The Bonneville Cisco, on the other hand, are little fish about six inches long. They are greasy and

PHOTO COURTESY OF KATHY DAVIDSON

***A study in nonchalance**—When you can catch fish like a pro, you don't need to brag about it.*

a cook has to know what he is doing to make them taste good. Otherwise, they are only good for bait.

The Cisco spawn in January and can be caught in nets as the schools swim by. What this means in practice is that people around Bear Lake tend to fish a great deal in the winter.

One sunny winter day, Stock took Don Erickson ice fishing. Erickson was six years younger than Stock and used to be big and strong. But the years hadn't been so kind to him. He was bent and had a gut on him. His lungs were so bad that he had to have extra oxygen all the time. This didn't stop him from joining Stock for a day of fishing.

Stock drove his snowmobile with a trailer behind for his friend and their gear. They fished all day and did pretty well. Come time to go home, Erickson climbed in the trailer with his oxygen tank. They tucked their gear aound him and set out for home. All was well until suddenly, in front of them, was a crack in the ice. It had spread ten feet and was open water. Stock didn't see it in time to stop, so he did the only thing he knew: he gunned it. They skimmed across the water without getting too wet.

Erickson only laughed, "It gave our hearts a reason to beat."

When asked about almost losing his buddy in the water, Stock just said, "He had his oxygen on, he wasn't going to drown."

Stock sometimes went fishing with the Fish and Game wardens. He told of one time when they were out. They had

lines in the water and the fish were really biting that day. One after another the fish came in. Stock caught a big one. He could feel the weight on his line. He called for help and soon the fish was netted and in the boat. Stock watched as the wardens quickly weighed and marked the fish. Then, before his eyes, the fish was thrown back. He just sat with his mouth open while the wardens went back to fishing. They sat fishing again and Stock caught a fifteen incher. As soon as it was in the boat, it was back out again with a tag. Stock was getting a little upset at this, but didn't say anything. Then the third fish came in. And before he could say anything, it was out again. The wardens laughed and went back to their fishing. The fourth time Stock dragged a fish in, he didn't say a word until it was almost in the boat. Then he turned to the wardens. "Don't you even think about it," he warned, "This one is mine. I'm taking it home."

… the wardens quickly weighed and marked the fish. Then, before his eyes, the fish was thrown back. He just sat with his mouth open while the wardens went back to fishing.

And glaring at the wardens, he did just that.

Stock and Erickson took another friend, Evan, fishing. Evan was the baby of the three, only about sixty-five. He had a bad heart and couldn't do too much. They went "long line" fishing on the shore. This is done by going out in their boat and dropping their jigs with a bobber on the line and then coming back to sit on the shore and wait for a bite.

It was a long day with no bites. Mostly, the three old men watched the scuba divers down on the beach go in and out of the water. Finally, they decided to call it a day. "Let's go," said Erickson, "It's suppertime."

The others agreed and they started to load the boat before they brought in the lines. When the boat was nearly loaded, Evan noticed that Stock's line was jerking. Stock ran to his line and started reeling the fish in. The fight began. In and out went the line. For about fifteen minutes, they fought, the fish and Stock. All of a sudden, the line caught. It wouldn't come in and it didn't go out. Stock tugged, nothing. He was at a loss as to what to do.

Evan suggested that they ask one of the scuba divers to come and get the line unsnagged. They all agreed that it would be a good idea, and soon they had a willing diver down there. The other lines had been brought to shore so the diver could easily follow the snagged line. He was gone for a while, then came back without the fish or the line.

"What's going on," Stock asked.

"Someone has sunk a car down there," the diver explained. "Your fish is caught in it."

Stock thought for a minute, then handed the diver a gaff hook. "Try and hook the fish with this, then cut the line."

The diver agreed and swam back into the water. He was gone for what seemed like an extra long time. Soon, Don saw the bubbles of the diver returning. The diver freed the line, but had no fish. He just shook his head and handed the gaff hook back to Stock. "I got the line cut," explained the diver," but every time I reached in to hook the fish, he rolled up the window!"

Stock died at age eighty-seven, but his stories are still those of legend. I fondly recall the times I visited and wish I could go back. Maybe the sign in his house should have read, "Old fishermen never die, they just find a better spot."

Kathy Davidson lives in St. Charles.

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Oldtown

By Marylyn Cork

Oldtown is an anomaly among Idaho cities. Sandwiched between the Pend Oreille River and the Idaho-Washington border, the city proper is just two blocks wide and five blocks long. But that's not what makes Oldtown so different from other Idaho municipalities. Several factors come into play, but perhaps the most singular one is that an upstart, contiguous city across the state line usurped the Idaho city's original name!

Oldtown landing—Where the town meets the river it sits beside. The Pend Oreille River is as much a part of Oldtown as is its twin, Newport, on the other shore.

PHOTO BY MARYLYN CORK

A Little City With a Lot of Heart

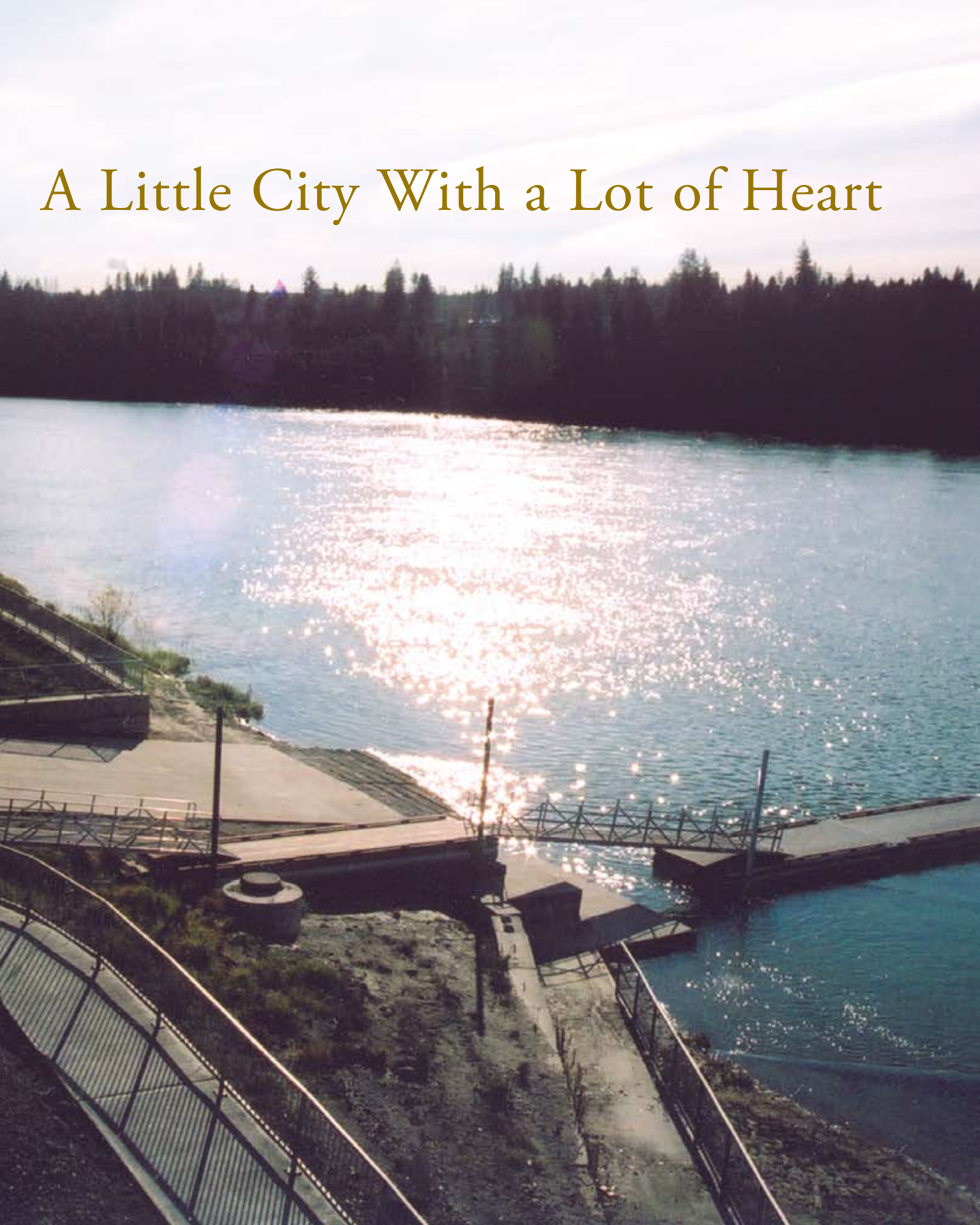


PHOTO COURTESY OF PRIEST RIVER MUSEUM

A young Irishman named Mike Kelly is generally considered to be the founder of the town. In 1882, Kelly erected a store on the west bank of the Pend Oreille River in Idaho in what is now Bonner County, and just south of the present Interstate Bridge. At the time, a ferry connected the two banks.

Since steamboats in those early days were plying the river from Box Canyon in Washington to Albeni Falls, just upstream in Idaho from Kelly's settlement, it was assumed the boats would establish a port at Kelly's store. For lack of a better suggestion, the new settlement thus became Newport. Kelly's store contained the first post office, with the mail arriving by team and buckboard from Rathdrum, at that time the county seat of Kootenai County. (Coeur d' Alene has the designation now.)

Oldtown has been located in Bonner County since it was split off from Kootenai County in 1907, while Newport is the county seat of Pend Oreille County, Washington.

The Great Northern Railroad constructed its main line through northern Idaho in 1894. GN located a depot in a boxcar on property owned by William Vane on the Idaho side of the line. Vane was a prominent citizen –later it developed that he was also quite a scoundrel—who owned most of the land on the Idaho side. When the box-

PHOTO COURTESY OF PRIEST RIVER MUSEUM

car burned down, the railroad attempted to replace its depot with a new one in Idaho. Vane saw a chance to capitalize, and demanded such an exorbitant price for his property that the railroad refused to pay it. Relations grew heated; in fact, former Oldtown mayor Brian Orr, the town's local historian, characterizes the situation that resulted as a "feud." The fracas led to the indirect involvement of the Fidelity Lumber Company. Fidelity had established a large sawmill on the west bank of the river, where Tri-Pro Cedar Products is in business today, and maintained a tramway from the docks at the river to the rail yard. One dark night a dynamite blast destroyed the tram, Orr says. At that point, the railroad quit the fray in disgust and decided to move its depot to the Washington side of the line. "I guess every town has to have a resident bad man—Vane was ours," is the way Orr puts it.

PHOTO COURTESY OF PRIEST RIVER MUSEUM

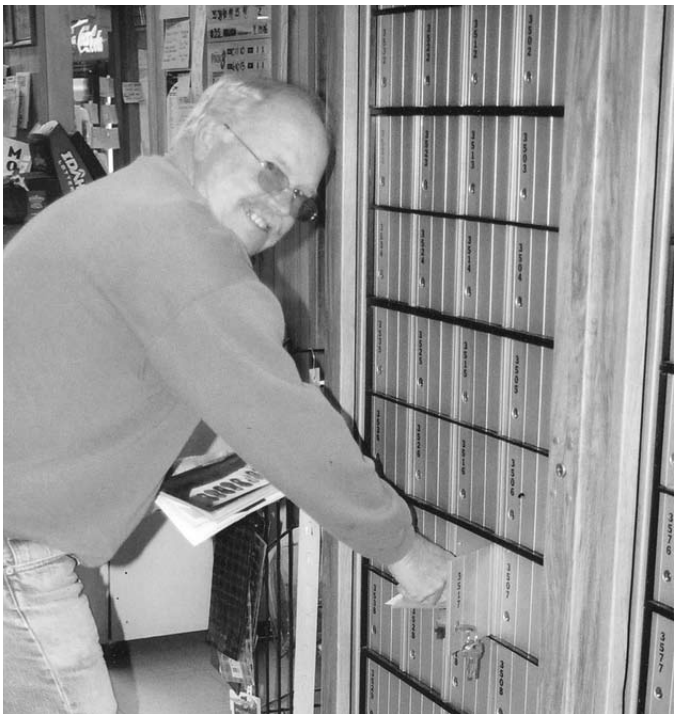


PHOTO BY MARYLYN CORK

ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: ***Steamboat traffic***—*One of ways that goods traversed the Pend Oreille River. Early post office—Site of the Oldtown post office at the turn of the century. Mail call—Modern post office boxes can be found inside of Family Foods.*

OPPOSITE: ***On the Newport Ferry***—*The man leaning against the rail is thought to be William Vane; the other men are unidentified, as is the date of the picture.*

A man named Charles Talmadge was visionary enough to foresee that the town would follow the railroad, and bought forty acres in Washington that he platted as Talmadge's First Addition to Newport. In 1896, apparently at Talmadge's urging, Mike and Tom Kelly relocated their store on the Washington side of the border. The post office followed in 1901. The new town ended by taking the Newport name. Oldtown continued to be known as Newport, Idaho, for many years, but people began referring to it as the "old town." In 1947 it was chartered as the Village of Oldtown and it became a city in 1967, with Willard Peterson as its first elected mayor.

One dark night a dynamite blast destroyed the tram, Orr says. At that point, the railroad quit the fray in disgust … "I guess every town has to have a resident bad man—Vane was ours…"

Present-day Newport, Washington, and Oldtown, buttressed by Idaho Hill, an unincorporated residential community also on the Idaho side of the line, are in all obvious respects one town. But Oldtown is the senior of the three.

While Newport is still the delivery post office for Oldtown's mail, the city now has its own contract post office in its one and only supermarket, which changed its name this year from Food Fresh to Family Foods. Residents can rent post office boxes at the store, mail letters and buy stamps. For the last twenty years or so, Oldtown has had its own Zip Code, too, achieved only after protracted negotiations with the postal department. Until that time, Idaho residents used the Newport Zip Code, and many still maintain a Newport, Washington, address.

As mayor, Orr tried to get Idaho Hill annexed into Oldtown in the late nineties because, he says, "the same nine people were serving in fifteen elected positions" on the boards of the water and sewer district that serves both entities and Newport. (There is also a fire protection agreement with Newport.) The

annexation measure failed at the polls because too many people couldn't see any advantage in it.

Oldtown, Idaho Hill, and part of Newport get their drinking water by way of an interlocal agreement with the West Bonner Water & Sewer District, a separate taxing district. The water, about as pure and good tasting as water can be, comes from an amazing springs located on Old Priest River Road, a couple of miles distant from town. The reservoir is located on Blackthorn Road, a half-mile or so from the springs.

According to Orr, the three entities originally drew their water from private wells and the Pend Oreille River. In 1905, a group of private investors, pushed by a chiropractor named Sullivan, formed the Newport Water Company. One hundred men were put to work hand-digging the main line from the springs to town, and accomplished the massive project in about two weeks. Actually, "they hand-dug about half of it," Orr explained, "and augured the rest of it. They would sink a trench every few feet to the depth they wanted, then augur the ground to connect the trenches."

The West Bonner County Water District was formed in March of 1953 after an election held in Oldtown, and a five-member governing board was named. The first board was composed of William Moeser, Belford Nelson, Lloyd Stratton, William Heiser, and Willard Peterson, Jr. Ten years later, the West Bonner Sewer District No. 1 also was organized to provide a sewage collection system, after the Housing and Home finance agencies of the Accelerated Public Works Program approved the allocation of $30,125, to be supplemented by $59,075 from the district. Earl Pearce was chair of the sewer district.

Oldtown's City Hall, a modest frame building with no architectural frills whatsoever, was built in 1971 in cooperation with West Bonner Water & Sewer. Before that, the Oldtown village council conducted its business meetings in local taverns.

Oldtown was long infamous for its gambling, bars, and prostitution. This doesn't in the least embarrass Orr, who has been known to joke that some day he's going to open a house of ill repute and call it "The Orr House." The ex-mayor, known for his ready wit, points out that "your history is your history. You can't change it; why not have fun with it?"

Orr believes that all of the twelve bars in his town used to have "something going on upstairs." This was probably most true during World War II when Oldtown was placed off limits to the sailors at nearby Farragut Naval Training Base—"but that didn't stop them from coming." Orr claims he used to talk by short-wave radio to ex-sailors on the East Coast who always responded, when he told them where he was located, "Oh, yeah, we know exactly where Oldtown is."

The last time the word "prostitution" has been mentioned in connection with life in Oldtown in more recent times was in 1978, when a "massage parlor" operation was busted by law enforcement. According to Orr, most of the men who patronized it were from out of the area, and he used to watch them come and go from a business he worked for across the street. Along

PHOTO BY MARYLYN CORK

Down home lawmaking— *Oldtown City Hall may be no frills construction, but it is a step up from the taverns where town business used to be discussed.*

with "the oldest profession," gambling was also wide open in the town in the 1940s. When it became illegal in the early fifties, the city's budget plummeted from $35,000 to $3,100. "That was the difference gambling made in the budget; it dropped almost ninety percent," Orr said. "Sin" has always been profitable in Oldtown, and it still does well insofar as alcohol sales are concerned. On April 7, 1947, Oldtown became the only city in the United States that did not levy a general revenue tax, being supported solely by liquor, beer and slot machine fees until the state outlawed slots in 1954. It now has only four bars, and is consequently a tamer place. In the old days, brawls and even shoot-outs in the taverns were not uncommon. Sheila Gormley, the city clerk, gives much of the credit for the more docile atmosphere today to the Bonner County Sheriff's Office, which contracts with the city for law enforcement.

"We don't have a lot of problems here—usually it's bar related, but if I need a deputy here in the middle of the night, I get him right away," Gormley noted.

In 1994, the Idaho Liquor Dispensary selected Food Fresh (Family Foods) as the first state liquor dispensary in Oldtown. The city's budget immediately jumped, from around $2,800 to considerably more. "It was the biggest financial boon we ever had," Orr said of the liquor sales. "Last year's budget was close to $50,000."

Interestingly enough, Oldtown doesn't have a single church. They're all located across the state line in Newport. The city doesn't have a school, either. Grade school students attend Idaho Hill Elementary, and, since the seventies, high school students have been bused to Priest River's Lamanna High School, about seven miles distant. Before that, they went to high school in Newport.

So… how goes Oldtown today? In recent years, thanks to good leadership, it's been establishing itself as a forward-looking, prideful, and progressive little city. Lonnie Orr, Brian's brother, has been the mayor since 1998. "We've been serving for almost twenty years," Brian notes of the two of them. "We've got a dynasty going."

Besides the mayor, the city is governed by four elected council persons. City Hall staff includes Gormley and one part-time office employee; and the Public Works Department also employs one full and one part-time worker. Oldtown streets were paved with a State Block Grant in 1992 during Brian Orr's tenure as mayor, with some assistance from Newport on one street that the two municipalities share.

The city licenses an average of thirty-five businesses a year, according to Gormley, while Orr estimates there are about fifty residences. Thirty-four homes are "stick built," he said; the rest are mobile homes. Four hundred fifty residents were counted in a combined survey of Oldtown and Idaho Hill when he was mayor (1990-1998) "but there might be fewer now," he said. Gormley puts the number in Oldtown alone at possibly fewer than two hundred, but admits she doesn't know for sure.

Oldtown's City Hall, a modest frame building with no architectural frills whatsoever, was built in 1971 in cooperation with West Bonner Water & Sewer. Before that, the Oldtown village council conducted its business meetings in local taverns.

City Hall is located on Washington Street. The city's other main thoroughfare is U.S. Highway 2, which runs east and west bisecting the business district. Highway 41 connects with U.S. 2 and follows the state line south.

Recent accomplishments by the council include the enactment of the city's first zoning ordinance in 2005, after completion of a comprehensive plan—another first. In addition, Gormley noted, the city has just upgraded its fleet so that, except for a street grader, all city vehicles are 1996 models or later.

Now that the city has recently completed a new shop building, constructed "out of pocket" behind City Hall, the council is making plans to expand the city offices into the old shop part of the building. This will allow for separate council chambers and additional meeting space, which is completely inadequate at present. In addition, the back of the building will be "pushed out" to make additional storage space.

An ongoing project that both Gormley and Orr quip might just "go on forever" is the completion of a visitor's center and public park on the Idaho side of the river, in conjunction with a very active Rotary Club shared by Newport, Oldtown, and Priest River. The Rotary built

boat docks in conjunction with the city in the early nineties, a project initiated with a Forest Service recreation grant that also benefited cities down river in Washington. The grant came about because the Pend Oreille County, Washington, Economic Development Council had launched an initiative to secure public access on the Pend Oreille River, and used the value of the land Oldtown had purchased for its park to get the grant. The city pays some of the maintenance costs of the park, and the Rotary has an agreement with the city to develop it.

"The Rotary has put in a lot of volunteer hours over there," Gormley says of the organization, while adding that the Newport Kiwanis Club built the picnic shelter.

In addition, when the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers decided to build a new visitor's center at Albeni Falls Dam, the Corps donated the original visitor's center, built in 1952, to fulfill the same role at the Oldtown Park. "The condition was we (the Rotary club) had to move it," Orr said. Several small grants secured by John Linch, the Rotary's grant writer par excellence, are facilitating that project's completion. The interior of the building will soon be completely finished, Gormley said, and the restrooms, septic and sprinkler systems are in. A well also had to be drilled.

Now, a $264,000 grant from the Idaho Transportation Department is paying for a bike trail that will extend from the bridge about one-quarter mile to a weigh station near Albeni Falls Building Supply …

Now, a $264,000 grant from the Idaho Transportation Department is paying for a bike trail that will extend from the bridge about one-quarter mile to a weigh station near Albeni Falls Building Supply and an access road from the end of the bridge to the boat launch. According to Orr, this turned out to be a much more expensive project than originally envisioned because of engineering and safety requirements of the ITD along the highway, and concerns for artifacts that might exist, wetlands, etc.

In conjunction with the bike path, a flag monument is to be constructed at the base of steps that will lead from the highway at the bridge down to the park. The American flag will fly from a platform in the center of the monument, which will be about twenty feet high. A Canadian flag will occupy another, lower platform, an Idaho flag another, a Washington flag yet another, and a Rotary flag will fly from the fourth of the square platforms that will circle the center platform.

The contract for the monument will be let in January, and a lot of the work will be done next summer. "Originally, we were going to do this all with volunteers," Orr explained, "but the ITD said we had to contract it out." Because of that, in order to do the project for the approximately $320,000 of the grant, the Rotary had to shorten the bike path. "Same money, not so much done," Orr, a Rotary member and volunteer, added.

From all of the above, it can be seen that the Oldtown of today is a big little city with a tremendous heart, up to almost any challenge, thanks to a multitude of community-minded friends and supporters in not just one, but two states!

Marylyn Cork lives in Priest River.

PHOTO BY MARYLYN CORK

LEFT: ***Life on the river***—*Oldtown boat docks and ramp at Rotary Park near the Oldtown bridge.*

OPPOSITE: ***Small town necessities***—*Oldtown Hardware sits next to Family Foods on Oldtown's main drag.*

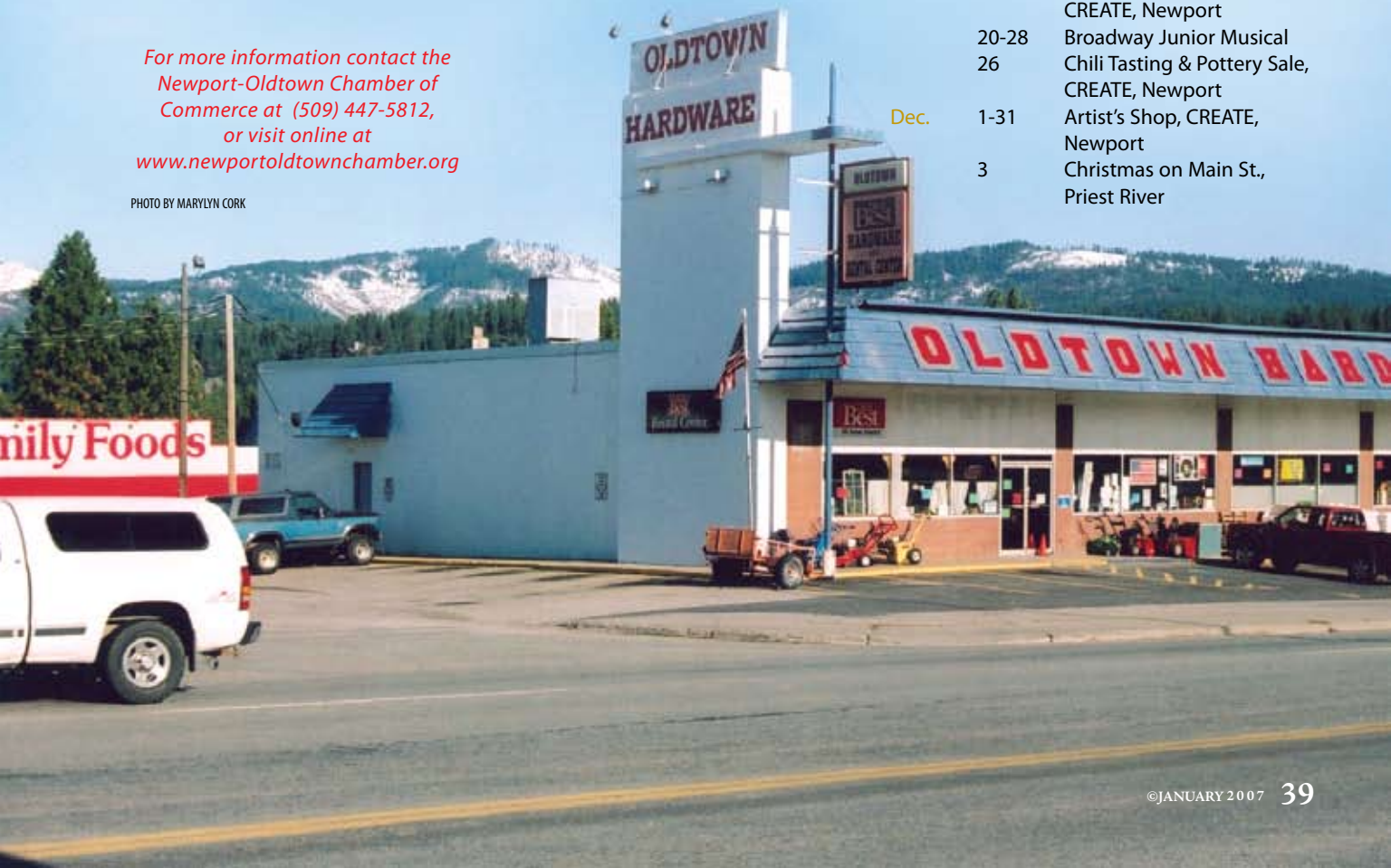
ldtown 2007

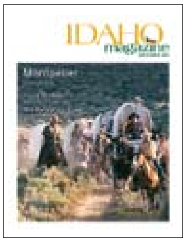
Newport/Oldtown Area Calendar of Events

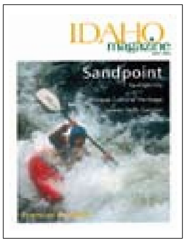
Jan.	4-31	Little Afternoon Music, CREATE, Newport
Feb.	3-4	Howard's Follies, CREATE, Newport
Mar.	1-31	Quilt Show, CREATE, Newport
Apr.	1-30	Strut Your Stuff Student Art, CREATE, Newport
	5-5/7	Regional Yard Sale, Priest River to Newport
	5-5/7	Rhubarb Festival & Bird House Auction, CREATE, Newport
May	15	Campgrounds Open, Albeni Cove, Riley Creek & Mudhole
Jun.	1-30	Artists of Pend Oreille, CREATE, Newport
	2	Summer Kick-Start, Newport
	9-10	Free Fishing Weekend, WA
	15-17	Newport Rodeo, Newport
Jul.	1-31	River Exhibit, CREATE, Newport
	4	Fireworks Show, Kalispell Tribal Grounds, Usk
	4	4th of July Parade, Metaline
	21-22	Poker Paddle, Usk to Ione
	27-29	Priest River Timber Days, Priest River
	28-29	Down River Days, Ione
Aug.	1-31	Kids Program, CREATE, Newport
	3-6	Salish Fair/Powwow, Kalispell Tribal Grounds, Usk
	10-11	Relay For Life, Newport H.S. track
	16-19	Pend Oreille County Fair, Fairgrounds, Cusick
Sep.	1-30	Fiber Arts Display, CREATE, Newport
	2	Great N.W. Bike Tour, Newport City Park
	13-15	Heritage Days, Pend Oreille County Historical Society Museum
	29	Fall-a-Palooza Talent Show
Oct.	1-31	Mud Slingers Exhibit, CREATE, Newport
	20-28	Broadway Junior Musical
	26	Chili Tasting & Pottery Sale, CREATE, Newport
Dec.	1-31	Artist's Shop, CREATE, Newport
	3	Christmas on Main St., Priest River

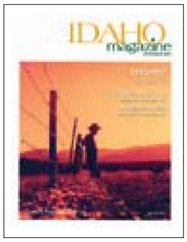
For more information contact the Newport-Oldtown Chamber of Commerce at (509) 447-5812, or visit online at www.newportoldtownchamber.org

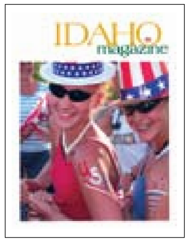
PHOTO BY MARYLYN CORK

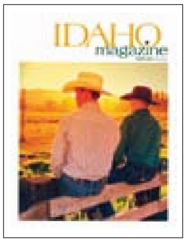


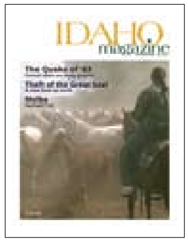












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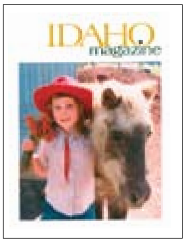

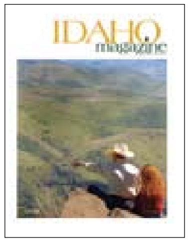

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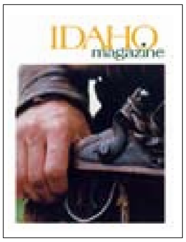

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JULY 31

Remembering the Jason Event

By E. Coston Frederick

You want me to remember the Jason event? That was a long time ago. It's hard to remember, because part of it was like in a dream, and maybe most of it was. I never really knew, even then, what was happening. Not till later, anyway.

Things was different then. Even death. It was family business, death was. We didn't have no such thing as funeral people. We did it all ourselves.

Well, lessee now. I must've been about five, maybe six years old. Somewhere close to that. I'd already gone up to bed in the loft with the others. There was Burdell, my brother. He's long since dead. And Tom. He worked and boarded with us. We all slept up in the loft. Just some straw ticks and some blankets. Ticks, I said. Like a long pillow case with straw in it.

Anyway, I was sleeping pretty heavy. Course I don't remember sleeping, but I do remember being lifted up and carried down the ladder. It must have been Papa. I remember how he felt and how he smelled. Smelled, I said. We smelled then, because we didn't have showers and that stuff you spray on. No, it wasn't a bad smell. You people think any body smell is bad. Well, there was some folks who smelled really bad back then, but most just smelled natural, from work. Papa smelled like hard work, and dirt, and hay. And tobacco. Papa smoked a pipe.

Sometime I woke up and saw stars hanging up there in the black sky just like they was hung on strings from a big, black blanket.

His arms was strong, too, and hard. But I didn't feel hardness when he picked me up and carried me. I just felt safe.

But then I remember feeling that we was outside. That woke me up some, because it must have been late autumn and there was a definite chill. I remember Burdell was there, and he put blankets down in the wagon and Papa put me down back there and covered me up. The wagon bed was just boards and they was pretty hard. The blankets did help some. So I must've gone back to sleep. Sometime I woke up and saw stars hanging up there in the black sky just like they was hung on strings from a big, black blanket. I thought maybe I could reach them, but then I thought better of it.

Next thing I saw was – well, come to think of it, I really didn't see it. First, I heard it. Something bouncing on the boards beside me. I reached out, because I knew I could touch this, and it was a pie. I pulled it under my nose and knew it was raisin pie. It wasn't one of my big favorites, but it was favorite enough that I wouldn't turn a

piece down. It reminded me of mincemeat pie, made with venison, but raisin pie didn't have meat in it. I didn't realize it then, of course, but most times I tasted raisin pie was at funerals. Later on, I learned it was called "funeral pie" because it kept. It stood a long trip in the back of a wagon. There wasn't refrigeration then, except maybe a spring house. So folks took raisin pie to the family that lost someone.

Even then I knew he was a beautiful boy. Most of us had bowl cuts, where a parent put a bowl on our heads and cut any hair that showed. But not Jason.

I guess I must've gone back to sleep then, because the only thing I can remember after the pie was being picked up again in Papa's arms and carried into a house. I could smell the inside of the house – kerosene lamps and oilcloth – same as ours. Same as everyone's I knew. I must've opened my eyes sometime, because I saw Jason's folks.

Jason was as close to being a best friend as a boy could have in my day. He was my cousin. We only saw each other most Sundays at church, but we got in some playing while our folks was talking to each other. Mostly, we ran around the churchyard pretending we was horses. That boy could neigh like a real horse. When I whinnied, people turned to see what I was crying about.

Even then I knew he was a beautiful

boy. Most of us had bowl cuts, where a parent put a bowl on our heads and cut any hair that showed. But not Jason. Huh-uh! He had curls. Black curls all over his head and down over his ears. And he had a laugh like a... like a... now he wasn't no sissy, you understand, but when he laughed it sounded like a bird singing. And when he laughed, his teeth shined like white pebbles in a stream – all clean and sparkling. Oh, he was a beautiful boy, all right. And here I was in his home.

I must've asked where Jason was, because my mother held her finger up to her lips to shush me up. She whispered to me that Jason fell out of the hay mow and got hurt. And now he was sleeping.

Well, I wouldn't've thought to wake him up. We'll play tomorrow. Then I felt Papa putting me down into a bed. This was better than the wagon bed. I was back on a straw tick and under covers again. I saw Jason lying there in bed beside me. I

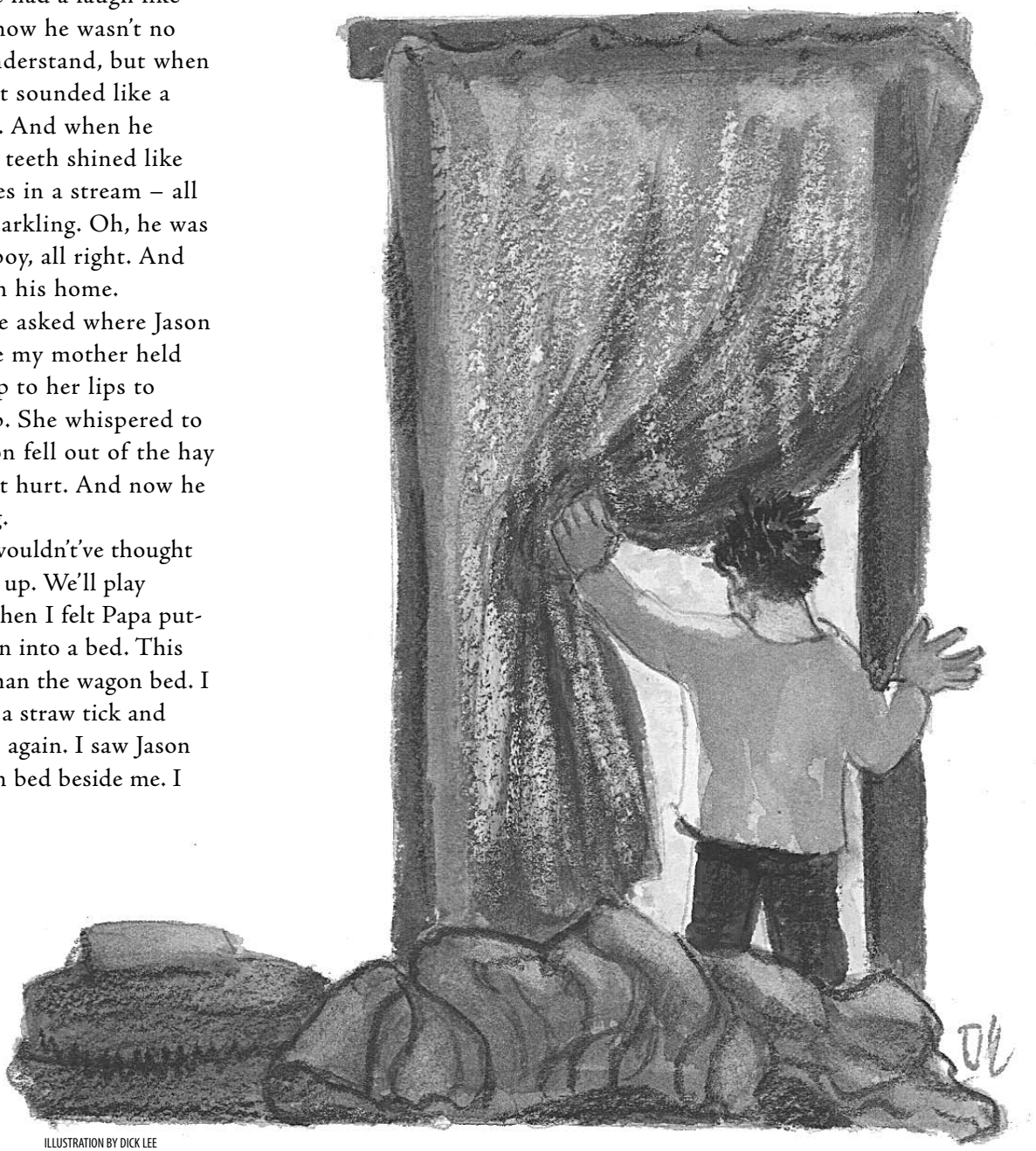

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

remember the happy feeling I had, but you have to remember I was drifting in and out of sleep and dreaming. I think I opened my eyes one time – well, I don't really know, but it seemed to me that my parents and Jason's parents was still standing there by the bed.

I put my arm under Jason's neck and hugged him. Seemed like the right thing to do. After all, we was cousins and best friends. I thought he smiled a little, but I don't remember that he moved. So I just slept and dreamed and woke up and dreamed, all one after the other. I felt good being there with Jason.

He looked asleep, but I couldn't fathom being in Heaven, because he was right there where I could see him.

Next thing I knew, I smelled bacon cooking. I could hear it sizzling, too. I rolled over to see Jason, but he wasn't there. Then I got up and walked through the hanging blanket to where everyone lived. I must've asked where Jason was, because my mother came over and hugged me real hard and said Jason was gone to Heaven. Course I didn't understand that, and they didn't do a very good job of explaining. Mother told me Jason left us while I had my arm around him.

I couldn't understand why he didn't say goodbye or something. I said something about seeing him at church, and that got Mother to crying. Aunt Mary, too.

What? Gruesome? What's gruesome about it? I was so asleep I didn't know anything, anyway. Oh, you mean putting me in bed with someone that was dying? Well, I ask, where else could they have put me? Left me out in the wagon, maybe?

They was all crying, even my brother, Burdell, who didn't even cry when the horse kicked him in the ribs. I looked around outside for Jason, thinking he could tell me what was happening. Also, I was ready to play horses with him, but my mother took me back into the house and showed me that Jason was in a wooden box. She tried again to explain that he was asleep and in Heaven. He looked asleep, but I couldn't fathom being in Heaven, because he was right there where I could see him. I watched the box while we ate breakfast.

Papa, Burdell, and Uncle Amos all rode off to Bug Town to tell the preacher and other people what happened to Jason. That night I slept in Jason's bed again, and this time Burdell and Papa slept there, too. The next day, people came in their wagons, most of them bringing food. Yep, you guessed it – raisin pies. Then they put Jason's box down in the ground behind his house. The preacher did a lot of praying. And people cried. Me? No, I didn't cry. Not then. I didn't really understand what was going on. But I cried later. And I still do.

Huh? Primitive? Well, I guess that's better'n gruesome. But you're missing something important here. Remember I said dying was a family thing? Well, how much more family can you get? Jason died with his family all around him. And he died in the arms of his best friend.

I should be so lucky.

E. Coston Frederick lives in Boise.

This story is based on an event that occurred in the life of Reah Barker, the author's mother-in-law, when she was approximately seven years of age. Her "Jason" was a young girl dying of a heart condition, whose bed had been placed in the kitchen to keep her warm. It was the middle of winter when the girl died, and Mrs. Barker recalled that the men used picks to cut through the frozen ground so they could lay her to rest.

Reah Barker passed away on November 19, 2006. Our condolences go out to her family.

Mother Goose wins the smoker

By William Studebaker

Before the fight started, we'd set up camp and gone to bed.

The evening atmosphere promised a clear sky and a moon. However, we didn't expect to see the moon in the narrow, deep gorge of the Main Salmon River in central Idaho. A navy-blue sky and a few stars would be enough wonder to watch.

Out in the small cove, a pair of Canada geese settled in, crickets struck up their raspy chords, ripples on the river set the overall rhythm. It was idyllic.

Since the evening was so fair, some chose to sleep in the open. A couple, including me, set up tents. One hung a hammock.

We were scattered atop a sandbar, under Doug firs. Behind us was an undercover of syringa (nearly in bloom), fern, and huckleberry bushes.

The unruffled night didn't last. Rain came around 2:00 a.m. There was a scramble for tarps

***A pugilist at rest**—While geese appear as gentle and quiescent as the next bird,they are quite territorial and tenacious.*

PHOTO BY WILLIAM STUDEBAKER

and rain flies, something waterproof to throw over already damp sleeping bags. We in our tents rolled over and slumbered on.

The rain came in sprinkles and flurries. It was nearly dawn before it stopped, and it was nearly dawn when the fight started.

The goose stood tall, six-foot wing spread, hard beak beating. It charged like a feathered Godzilla.

Now, what I'm about to write was reported to me by the hammock dweller. He saw it all. A groundie claims to have seen one of the contestants, too. I'm not a witness, except later that morning, I saw footprints–a fowl mixture.

In that slice of light when things are gray and ephemeral, a turkey came boldly out of the woods. Without caution, it walked among those sleeping on the ground. It pecked around my tent and my neighbor's. It walked silently, pressing deep tracks in the moist sand. However, its pecking and picking and posturing of feathers woke Chad, and he watched from his hammock.

Unlike domestic turkeys with their fat, round, plump breasts, and wobbly walk, this turkey was lean, sleek, and steady on its feet.

As if it were unaware of the hammock, it scratched and grubbed beneath it, then sauntered out into a patch of bare ground between the tents and the groundies who were snoring and slumbering under puddles trapped on their tarps and rain flies.

A whir, a wisp of wind caused Chad to turn and look out over the river. He saw a miniature stealth bomber. Its dome-comb cockpit, its wings angled slightly back, and its flat fuselage were clearly visible as it came rocketing toward him.

It banked and hit the turkey full force. That's when the flapping and jumping and pecking began. It was a blitzkrieg.

With the fury of 10,000 geese, a Canada goose whacked, smacked, and hacked at the tur-

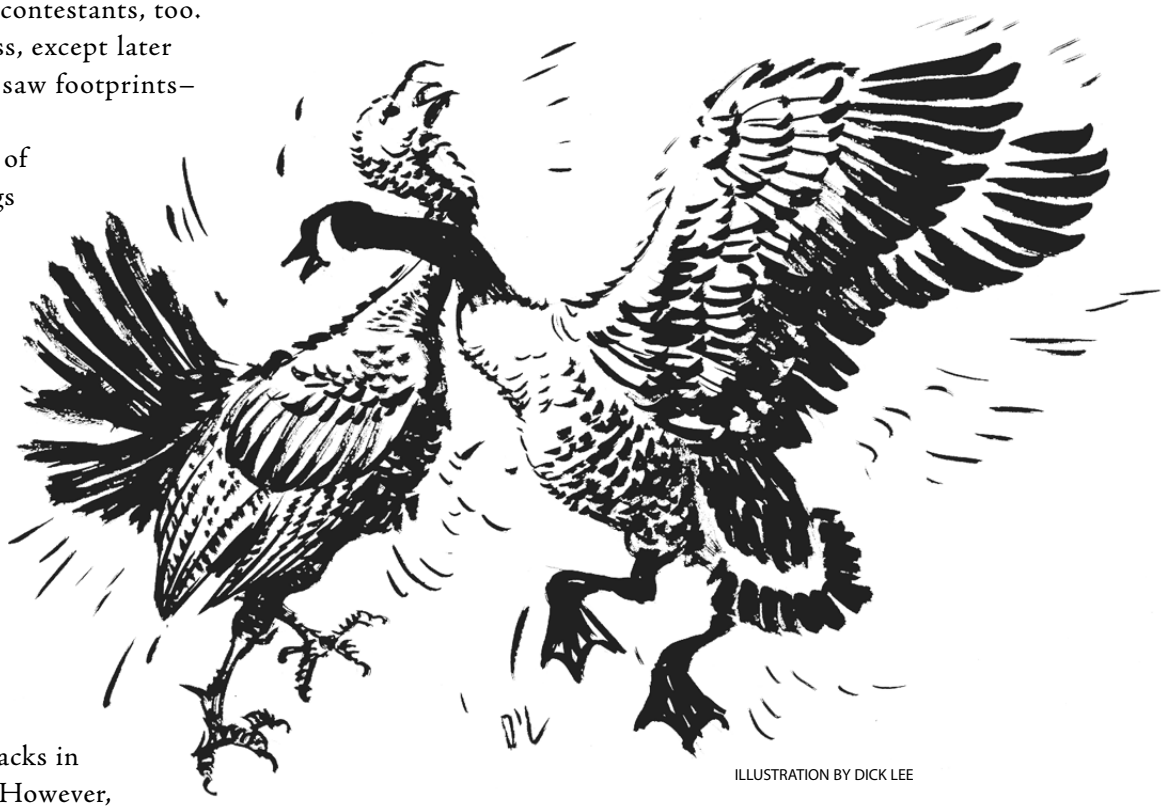

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

key. The turkey went low for an undercut and came up with a left foot for a round-house hook.

The fight lasted a minute or so. The turkey, with its wavy neck and size thirteen feet, was no match for the goose. The goose stood tall, six-foot wing spread, hard beak beating. It charged like a feathered Godzilla. The turkey retreated into the underbrush.

The goose having held ground, stretched its neck, flapped its wings triumphantly, and rose into the air disappearing in the smoky morning light.

I admit I heard something. But I was dry and snug and groggy. I stayed in bed, waiting for sunshine.

When I got up, Chad was full of the fight.

During breakfast, he said the mixture of turkey and goose was a twist, a swirl like smoke from a three-alarm fire. It was a consumption of turkey terror and goose gallantry.

Jerry, one of the groundies, verified the turkey, but not the goose. So I went to the supposed ring where the fight took place, and sure enough, there were turkey tracks. But the splayed tracks of a goose were not clearly visible. There were, however, flat and twisted splotches, marks a goose could make in a pugilistic flurry.

I asked Chad if the goose had goggles and a scarf around its neck. He scoffed at me.

What could I say? The turkey was gone, and so was the goose–and so were the geese from the cove.

I sat, finishing my breakfast, and wandered back through the *Classic Collection of Mother Goose Rhymes & Stories*. What is it that a goose has against a turkey?

William Studebaker lives in Twin Falls.

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write

Sharin' a meal

By Betty Bishop Corrigan

As I lay snuggled in my warm bed, listening to the howling Chinook wind and rain splattering on the roof, I was glad Mom had decided to home-teach so I didn't have to get up early to ride the six miles to school. I could stay in bed until it was time for breakfast.

Dad's voice brought me out of my daydreaming. "Come on, Betts, get your breakfast. I need you to help me." I didn't know what was wrong, but I knew I'd best hurry.

After breakfast, Mom sent me to the barn where Dad was harnessing the team. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"When the cows went to the creek for water, Old Minnie slipped on the ice and can't get up," he said. "We're going to haul her off the ice and get her under the shed and out of the weather."

For the past three days, a warm Chinook wind had been melting the snow. Then it began to rain. As each evening approached, temperatures dropped below zero, and everywhere became a giant ice-skating rink. Dad and the team were able to walk on the ice because the horses were shod with non-slip corks in their shoes.

Old Minnie was one of our milk cows. She weighed almost one thousand pounds and was heavy with calf, due any day. We sure didn't want anything to happen to her or her calf. When we pulled up next to her, it looked like every hair on her body had a droplet of sweat on the end from her working so hard to regain a

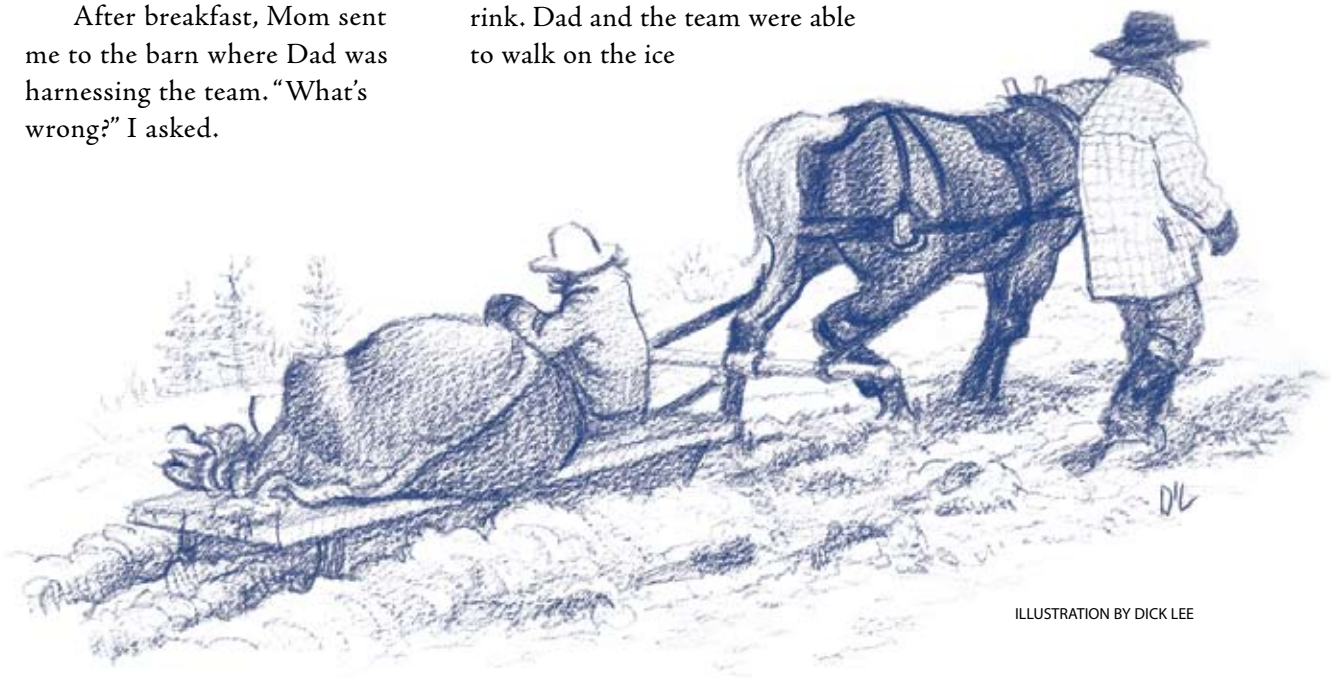

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

standing position. Each time she tried, her feet would slip out from under her, and down she would go again.

With freezing rain dripping down our necks, it was a miserable chore to get her on the sled. We lifted, tugged, pulled, pushed, and even used a few choice words. Finally, inch-by-inch, we managed. At last, we had her on the sled, and we secured her feet with ropes so she couldn't get up. I rode on the front of the sled with her head on my lap so it wouldn't drag off the side. She was much easier to unload than load—we just rolled her off the sled.

With freezing rain dripping down our necks, it was a miserable chore to get her on the sled. We lifted, tugged, pulled, pushed, and even used a few choice words.

As she was healing up, it was my job to feed, water, and change her bedding each day until she could get up. Dad helped me turn her each day so one side wouldn't get paralyzed. On the fifth day, when I went to take care of her, there was a wobbly-legged little red calf trying to get on his feet. He would try to get up and just topple onto his nose. I dragged him around so his mom could lick him while I ran to the barn to get a gunnysack to rub him dry (sometimes Mother Nature needs a helping hand). Had Old Minnie been able to get up, she would have licked him dry herself, then nudge him around to nurse.

When I told Mom about the new arrival, she found a bottle used for feeding bum lambs and a nipple so I could milk Minnie and feed her calf. That little guy was hungry and didn't need much encouragement to eat.

Then I milked some more milk into the bottle to feed Petunia. Petunia was my little black pet pig. By the time Minnie had her calf, Petunia weighed about forty pounds and followed me everywhere I went.

Petunia had been born the runt of the litter. There weren't enough faucets for her; she was too little to fight the bigger piglets for a "stall." When baby pigs are born, they select a teat that is their own, and nobody shares, so Petunia got left out. She was about eight inches long and very weak when I first got her, so I fed her with an eyedropper until she could nurse on a nipple. She was my constant outdoor companion to help me do my chores.

After a few days of feeding the calf this way, I decided it was silly. Why should I milk the cow to feed her calf when he could nurse his mother and feed himself much easier? I laid him on his side and dragged him close to his mother's udder, then squirted some warm milk into his mouth. He immediately got the idea and nursed his fill. The next time, however, he couldn't figure out how to get the teat (it is their nature to be standing to nurse). I had to lay the calf down and hold him there until he found the faucet. That worked so well for the calf, why not Petunia? I squirted some milk into her mouth. She, too, was a quick learner.

One morning, I called to Petunia when I went to do chores. She was nowhere in sight. When I looked in the shed, Old Minnie was standing, and the calf was nursing. And there was Petunia, on the far side of the cow, attached to a teat. Her legs were way too short to allow her to reach the udder standing on all fours, so she had reared up on her back legs, her front legs flailing to keep her balance. She reminded me of a sewing-machine needle bobbing around.

Old Minnie didn't seem to mind her guest, but the day arrived when she no longer wanted her baby sharing meals with a pig. She gave Petunia a good hard kick that sent her toppling end-over-end. Lucky for Petunia I was there because I grabbed her up. I could see she wasn't welcome anymore at that table, so I went back to the original plan.

Betty Bishop Corrigan lives in Challis.

Woodrow Wilson Rawls— *His quest to become a "real" writer was forty years in the making, but, in the end, he was successful beyond his wildest dreams.*

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY / FERN PHOTO BY DAVID ELLIS

W. Wilson Rawls

By Bill Corbett

What is it that lights that indelible spark in a person to become a writer?

I recently had the opportunity to listen to a tape recording of a speech given by Woodrow Wilson Rawls before a group of teachers some years back. On that tape, he pretty much tells his life story, and as I listened, I was taken back to my own youth growing up in the small town of Grace during the 1940s. I never experienced anywhere near the hardships that young Woody did, but his narration brought back memories of fishing for carp in the Last Chance Company canal with my cousin, Mont, when he hooked a carp that was so big it nearly broke his dad's good fishing pole in half. Swimming in the "23" swimming hole on the Bear River in Black Canyon one mile west of my hometown; gathering beer bottles from the barrow pits along the highway between Grace and Soda Springs; going to the farm with Dad and riding the "big tractor"; and hunting squirrels with my little golden Cocker Spaniel, Blondie. Actually, she was more of a hindrance than she was help.

Listening to his tape and hearing him tell his story in his own words, instilled a sort of kinship and admiration. What I heard was a down-to-earth, unassuming gentleman who, like myself, was raised in rural America. We both came to serious writing quite late in life; he in his forties, I in my mid-fifties. His unassuming manner, his resonant voice and Okie drawl—not unlike that of Will Rogers—his wit, his genuineness, soon draws one inexorably into his world as he describes it. I'd like to take you with me into that world.

Woodrow Wilson Rawls, was born on a small farm in the heart of Oklahoma's Cherokee nation, on September 24, 1913. This farm was given to his mother because of her Cherokee heritage. He was the only boy among five girls at that time. Since there were no other boys around for him to play with, he spent a great deal of time with his blue tick hound, Rowdy, (his only companion) prowling river bottoms and surrounding hills. As I listened to him tell his story, I sensed that there was a bit of a real life Huck Finn in this man—dirt poor, going barefoot during the summer; that sort of thing. There were no schools in the area, so what little education he obtained in his early youth came from his mother, who home-schooled him and his five sisters.

Woody (that's what everybody called him), by his own admission, was not particularly interested in reading as a young boy. He would rather be out hunting or fishing or doing other boy stuff. Also, to his way of thinking, those books his mother was reading to him and his sisters were girl books. The Three Little Pigs, Little Red Riding Hood, The Little Red Hen, etc. It wasn't until his grandmother ordered a certain book from a mail order house that he became interested in reading. Woody's family was too poor to afford books; consequently, any books available for the children's reading lessons, his grandmother provided. Woody's grandparents owned the only store in the area where they lived, which enabled them to afford the books.

The Call of the Wild, by Jack London, was the book that grabbed Woody's attention during his reading lessons. His mother brought the book home from the combination store/ post office early one afternoon and promised to start reading it that night. Woody began his usual lament about it probably being another one of those 'girl books.' His mother said to him, "No, I think you're going to like this one".

She commenced reading, and read for the usual two hours until bedtime. Woody had been held spellbound; he was hooked. He literally cried when she stopped reading. He begged her to keep on. He said that book changed his life, because it inspired him to want to become a writer just like Jack London and write his own *The Call of the Wild* someday—which he later did when he finally penned *Where The Red Fern Grows*. Several days later, when his mother finished reading the book to the children, and after she had had them each read it back to her, she gave it to Woody. He carried that book with him wherever he and Rowdy went. He read from it everyday. "It didn't really matter what part of it I read at any particular time," he said. He just liked reading it. He would pick parts from the middle, or toward the end. Sometimes he would even read it backwards.

Young Woody's first writings were done with his fingers in the dust of country roads and river sands. Rowdy was his first audience for these stories. "I know I probably drove that poor hound to distraction making him listen to my stories," was his comment. Woody wasn't able to afford paper and pencils, so the dust in the road and the sandy riverbanks served as his tablets. The fire to write was so intense in his soul by now that he knew he just had to become a writer. He went to his papa one day and spoke to him. "Papa?" he asked, "Do you think I can ever be a writer and write a book?"

His papa told him that he didn't know. He himself sure didn't know anything about how to write a book. "But I'll tell you one thing, Son. If you really want to be a writer, I think you're going to have to get an education."

Woody then told his father that if it was the last thing he ever did, he was going to write a book, and it was going to be about a boy and his dog, and it would be for kids his age. His father then told him that whatever a boy wants to do, if he wants to do it bad enough, he can do it. And once he reaches out for it, he should never give up on it or let go of the dream. Woody said he carried with him the desire to become a writer "the rest of his whole life."

I mentioned earlier, that I thought Wilson Rawls in some ways was reminiscent of a twentieth century Huck Finn. However, unlike Huck, Woody was now interested in school and learning to read and write. When he was nine years old, Woody had his first introduction to a real schoolhouse. The school was on the other side of the river from where they lived, which created a small but not unsolvable problem. There was no bridge. His mother would pack their lunch in a watertight bucket and send the children off to school.

She also sent a rope with them, which his older sister, Gladys, used to tie them all together—one behind the other. They then proceeded to ford the river. Woody was always on the tail end of the rope. He asked his sister about this one day. "Gladys," he said, "why am I always the last one on the rope?"

He said she laughed and replied. "I've thought about that quite a bit, Woody. The only answer I can think of is, if I ever had to lose one, I wanted it to be you." I think she may have been teasing him a bit because he was the only boy in the bunch.

There seems to be some discrepancy about Mr. Rawls' educational background. The tape wasn't very clear about that. Some accounts of his life have him obtaining only an eighth grade education, others have him attending high school. My conclusion is that because of the unavailability of schools during his early youth and his having to leave "school-house" learning in 1929 at the age of sixteen, what little formal education he was able to obtain, in all likelihood, didn't extend much beyond eighth grade.

As I continued my audio journey through Woody's life, I also picked up a smattering of similarity to the life of Louis L'Amour. Both writers were vagabonds of sorts. By that I mean they traveled to and from different jobs and wrote about their adventures as they lived them. Both traveled worldwide.

Woody told an interesting story as to how his world travels came about. He had been traveling the U.S. one year working odd jobs and ended up in some town in north Texas during the dead of winter. He had ridden into town in a railroad boxcar and wasn't dressed well for the winter conditions. He also hadn't eaten for several days. He knew he had to get some hot food to keep up his strength. He jumped down out of the boxcar and headed for town looking for a Salvation Army food kitchen.

On his way, he came to a hotel. As he approached, he noticed a bus boy rolling a cart full of suitcases out of the hotel and then loaded them into a big black automobile. He was followed to the car by a well-dressed man. Woody said this irritated him a mite, because he thought to himself, here is a man obviously wealthy enough to hire another man to carry his suitcases around for him, and I'm starving to death. After a couple minutes of pondering his plight, he mustered enough courage to go up to the man and tug on his coat sleeve. The man turned to face him. Woody said, "Excuse me sir, would you feed a hungry boy?" He was only about eighteen at the time.

The man gave him a searching look and smiled. He then said to Woody that he himself hadn't had breakfast yet, either. If Woody would wait a couple of minutes, they would go into the restaurant and have breakfast together. When they were inside and had ordered, this man asked Woody how it was that he was in such a sorry state of affairs. Woody told him he was out of work and was traveling the country looking for a job. His benefactor said he was too young to be traipsing all over the country alone. "It's a dangerous world out there," he told him. "You need to go home, son." Woody said his father couldn't afford to feed his mother and five sisters, let alone him. He was a grown boy now, and had to find a job.

The man took an envelope from his pocket, cut it open, wrote something on the inside, folded it up and gave it to Woody. He told him to take it to the address he had written on the envelope and give it to the girl at the desk. They

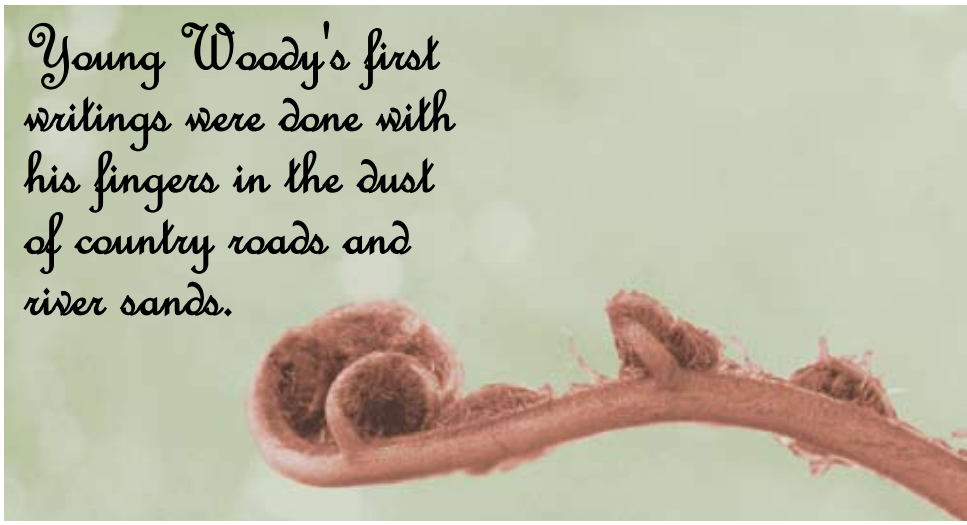

PHOTO BY AILEEN ARKLAY

would find him a job. He did as the gentleman asked. It took about three weeks for the job to come through—during which time his benefactor staked him to a room and eating money—but he did eventually end up working in the oil fields in Mexico. So began his world travels. He worked for some of the biggest construction companies in the world, Morrison-Knudsen included.

It was during his vagabond days, in 1935, that Mr. Rawls' parents ended up living in New Mexico. They were on their way to California when their car broke down outside Albuquerque. He said it was actually a blessing in disguise, because, due to the Atomic Energy activities developing in that area, his father was able to obtain work and they eventually became quite prosperous.

Woody returned each year to New Mexico during the fall to work and hunt with his father, bringing with him the manuscripts he had written. He had purchased a special steel trunk that he stored in his father's workshop, and he would lock his writing away inside of it.

It was while working in New Mexico for the Atomic Energy Commission that Woody asked for a transfer to Idaho. He had heard about the "wonderful" hunting and fishing the Gem State had to offer. It wasn't long, however, before Woody tired of the one hundred mile a day commute from Idaho Falls to the site and back, and he rented a cabin in Mud Lake. This was better suited to his preferred reclusive life-style because it afforded him the time to write, and get in a little hunting and fishing as well.

His carpentry skills stood him well in Mud Lake, and he began doing work on the side. Friends and neighbors soon persuaded him to leave his position at the site and concentrate on building barns, granaries, and homes in and around

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Sophie Rawls— *(Above and Right, with Woody) She encouraged Rawls to rewrite* Where the Red Fern Grows *after he destroyed it and several other manuscripts prior to their marriage.*

this tiny community. It was while doing work for one of these rancher friends that he met his future wife, Sophie Styczinski, a budget analyst for the Atomic Energy Commission.

As I continued listening to Woody tell his story, I sensed he was a dichotomy. He had a burning desire to be a published author; yet, as a writer, felt inadequate due to his lack of a full, formal education. He was self-conscious about his lack of spelling, punctuation, and writing skills. So much so, that he would never let anyone read his work, nor had he the confidence to submit it to publishers. This was a constant source of frustration. Because of this, he felt he had wasted a good part of his life. Just before he and Sophie were married, convinced that he could never be a "real" writer, he burned the five manuscripts and the many short stories he had spent a lifetime compiling. It wasn't until after he and Sophie were married that the writing spark re-ignited, and he "'fessed up" to this indiscretion.

Mrs. Rawls encouraged him to re-create *Where The Red Fern Grows*. She then set herself to the task of editing until, together, they were satisfied that it was ready for submission to a publisher. *The Saturday Evening Post* purchased the rights to the story and serialized it in a three part series under the name "Hounds of Youth."

As it turns out, there is more to the story of how *The Saturday Evening Post* came to publish the book. It was sent to the *Post* originally and was rejected. Sophie, not discouraged, said she was going to send it to *The Ladies Home Journal*. Woody asked her why, and she said because the *Journal* had women editors, and women would be more sympathetic toward a book about a small boy and his dogs.

After nearly three months, they received a nice letter from the editor of *Journal* stating that she really liked the story but felt it was better suited for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Woody wrote her a letter thanking her, and mentioned that the *Post* had already rejected the book. Because she liked the story so much, the editor walked it back over to the *Post*, and this time, instead of it stopping at the desks of first readers, the manuscript ended up on the desk of the editor. At that time, both magazines were under the same ownership—Curtis Publishing. Later, Doubleday and Company, Inc., purchased the rights and printed it in book form under the name *Where The Red Fern Grows*. The book dedication reads: "To my wonderful wife without whose help this book would never have been written."

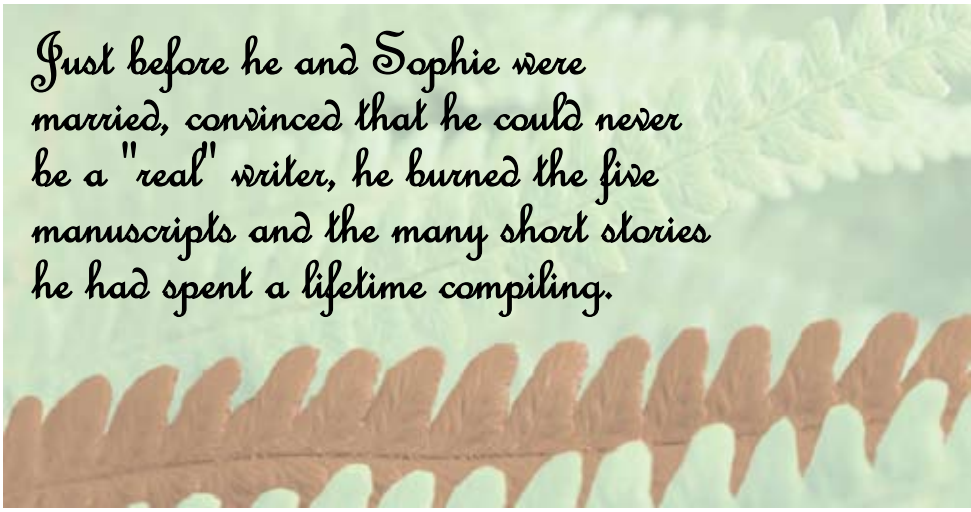

PHOTO BY MATTHEW BRIDGES

As it is with most local non-celebrity authors, the book sold reasonably well in Idaho and Utah, but didn't seem to fare well in other parts of the country. According to Woody, after about six years of lackluster sales, *Red Fern* was slated to be taken out of print because it was not paying its way. An agent in Salt Lake City who had enormous faith in the book convinced Doubleday to give him another three months to improve sales. After gaining this reprieve, he arranged for Woody to speak before The Intermountain Conference of Literature held in Salt Lake City where there were 5,000 teachers and education related people in attendance. Woody said he gave the sales talk of his life at that conference, igniting interest in the book. And once schoolteachers had discovered it, *Where The*

Red Fern Grows began to catch on.

It is said that word-of-mouth is still the best form of advertising. That was certainly true for *Red Fern*. Once teachers took note and Doubleday began promoting it as children's fiction rather than adult, it spread through schools across the country to make it one of America's fastest selling children's books, and became a classic for required reading in the nation's classrooms.

With the success of this book within the education circles, Doubleday set up a series of speaking tours for Mr. Rawls where he went to schools and spoke to students. It was at these appearances that his lack of formal education was again evidenced, but this time in a constructive sense. The main thing he wanted to stress to the students was how important it is to learn to spell, punctuate, and, most of all, how important it is for them to stay in school. He also counseled them to do a lot of outside reading to get a feel for other writers' styles. "Don't try to copy them," he said. "But you can learn a lot from reading other authors. Then you can develop your own style." He always carried the original unedited manuscript of the second writing of *Red Fern* to show the students. I suppose he did this to emphasize how bad his mechanical skills for writing really were. He said the students always looked at the manuscript in disbelief.

Since being published in 1961, *Red Fern* has out-sold itself every year. Over a million copies are in print, and it is one of the five most read middle grade novels ever published in America. A book worth reading. Mr. Rawls has definitely left his mark in Idaho. He later published a second book, *The Summer of the Monkeys*, which has not enjoyed quite the success of its predecessor.

Idaho Falls has paid tribute to this remarkable man and his work by erecting a statue of Billy, Old Dan and Little Ann, on the front lawn of the Idaho Falls Library. If you're ever in Idaho

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ABOVE: ***A boy and his dogs—*** *This sculpture of Billy, Old Dan, and Little Ann sits in front of the Idaho Falls Public Library, where there is an extensive collection based on the life and work of Wilson Rawls.*

RIGHT: ***A "real" writer, at long last—*** *Rawls with* The Saturday Evening Post, *which contained his story "Hounds of Youth."*

Falls, drive by and take a look at this "must-see" tribute.

He was once asked if he had any regrets about his life. He answered, "Not really."

He intimated that it had been a rough bumpy road at times, but he actually accomplished what he set out to do. He was a writer. He said if he did have a regret, it would be that his papa didn't live long enough for him to walk up with those two books and say: "Here they are, Papa. It sure took a long time."

I will end this article with the same anecdote that Woody uses to sum up his life. He said the Boy upstairs always seems to have a way to get to the heart of things. There was a little isolated school (I don't recall now where he said it was, but it had only a few students) that was continuously writing and asking why didn't he come and visit their school like he had so many others. Of course, his reasoning was that with the expense of traveling, it was necessary to get as many schools as possible in one area to maximize his efforts. Still this little school persisted. Finally, after he had returned home from a grueling tour, Sophie told him he had another basket of letters from this same little school with the same request. He finally succumbed and told her to call them in the morning and arrange an appearance.

When he and Sophie arrived at the school, the children all came out to greet him. He went in, gave his presentation for the next two hours, and while he was signing books, he noticed a commotion in the back of the room. There was a small boy trying to make his way to the front. After much effort, and harrying from his peers, he finally made it to the desk where Woody was sitting. Woody looked at him and noticed from the clothes he was wearing that he was obviously from a poor family.

"Mr. Rawls," he said, "I've read your book thirteen times, and after hearing you speak here today, I'm going to read it again." Then he reached out and grabbed hold of Woody's coat at the elbow and held on for a long minute.

It was later as they were leaving that Woody said to Sophie. "You know, Sophie, I think I've learned today what it's all about. It's not the money or the fame. It occurred to me when that little boy touched my sleeve. He fought his way to the front of the room just so he could touch the man who wrote the book he so loves."

Wilson Rawls never had any children of his own unless you count his readers; then you could say he had a million children. During the twenty years after *Red Fern* became a success, the letters and his visits to these schools went a long way toward making up for the many years of being unpublished and unknown.

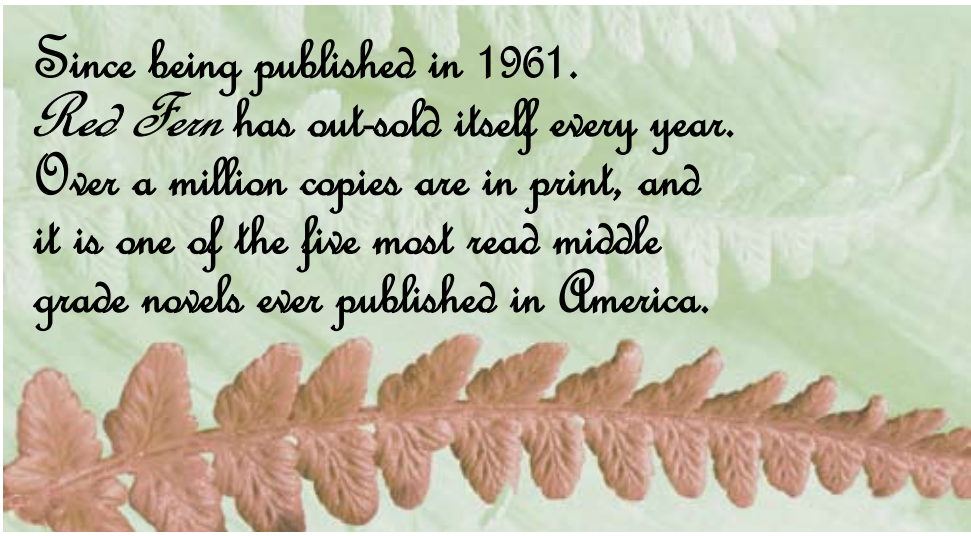

PHOTO BY MATTHEW BRIDGES

The Rawls left Idaho in 1975 and moved to Cornell, Wisconsin. Woodrow Wilson Rawls was reunited with his boyhood blue tick hound, Rowdy, on December 16, 1984 at the age of seventy-one. I'll lay odds that Rowdy is once again being subjected to Woody's stories, and they're probably getting in a little coon hunting as well.

Even though I never had the honor of meeting the man, if someone were to ask me to describe Woodrow (Woody) Wilson Rawls in fifteen words or less after listening to his tape, my response would be: "Genuine, honest, spiritual, witty, unassuming, gentle, and strong."

Bill Corbett lives in Pocatello.

Idaho catfish paradise

By Mary Syrett

Sometimes the best way to stay unnoticed is to go along quietly, minding your own business - right in front of everybody. This is the tactic used by some of Idaho's biggest, tastiest fish that hug the bottom and stay under the radar. If more Idaho anglers knew what delicious creatures lurk in the dark depths of the state's rivers, streams, ponds, and lakes, there might well be a run on fishing tackle at sporting goods stores.

The creature in question is the catfish. Despite an ability to grow to huge sizes and a willingness to clamp down on many different kinds of bait under most conditions, cats are accorded their due by too few anglers. Sure, catching a two-pound smallmouth bass or rainbow trout is unde-

BELOW: ***A foraging catfish***— *Abundant in Idaho rivers, they provide a thrill to catch and yield a considerable number of meals.*

INSET: ***Red worm***— *Along with nightcrawlers, they are particularly effective in catching catfish.*

PHOTO BY MARY SYRETT

PHOTO BY MARY SYRETT

niably fun — but catching a twenty-pound catfish is even more fun, in the opinion of some anglers, including myself. And in Idaho — given the excellent catfishing habitat the state has to offer — catching a twenty-pounder (and up) cat isn't all that difficult. Furthermore, a tasty bonus comes with this angling action: for every monster catfish that swims in the state's waters, many smaller cats, each one just right as the main ingredient for a fish fry, are waiting to take your offering. No matter how you cut it: big fish or small, sport or supper, north, south, or wherever, an Idaho catfish angler cannot go wrong.

Catfish (order Siluriformes) are a diverse group. Named for their prominently displayed "barbels," which are slender, whiskerlike sensory organs located on the head, they swim in freshwater environments of most kinds, with species found on every continent except Antarctica. Catfish have no scales, but do possess a strong, hollow ray in their dorsal and pectoral fins through which a stinging protein can be delivered when the fish is irritated (which happens, you can be sure, whenever they're caught).

The diet of catfish is varied, consisting of insects, larvae, small fish, dead fish, frogs, freshwater mollusks, and even seeds carried in water. Although trolling minnow-imitation lures does occasionally succeed in catching catfish, 99.4% of them are taken on dead or live bait of one kind or another. Chicken livers, shrimp, nightcrawlers, red worms, hot dogs, fish belly strips, and stink baits are all used on catfish, which bait most anglers send straight to the bottom. However, if the bottom is super-weedy, a float can be used to suspend your offering.

If you are boat fishing, try and anchor above a known catfish hotspot (for their precise locations, ask around local bait shops). Catfish congregate around underwater mounds. Cast and retrieve slowly. Your rod tip will bend as you drag your sinker up the side of a mound. When the rod tip straightens, you are, more than likely, on the ridge of a mound. Prepare for a strike as you slowly work your bait down the side. Keep in mind: catfish are slow eaters, so be patient before setting your hook.

Catching Catfish from Shore. One doesn't need a boat to enjoy great catfishing. Catfish anglers fish

from boats significantly less often than do northern pike, bass, and walleye enthusiasts. In some areas of Idaho, seventy percent or more of whiskerfish fans pursue their quarry from shore. If you're among that majority, the following tips may help increase your catch.

Select bank fishing sites near prime catfish holding areas — perhaps a shore clearing near a river's outside bend, a spot beside a pond levee, or a gravel bar adjacent to a deep hole in a small stream. Ideal sites have flat, brush-free banks that make for easy, snag-free casting.

When bank fishing on a river, you can fish different locations simply by letting your bait drift in the current beneath a bobber. This activity allows bait to move naturally downstream, flowing through rapids and settling enticingly in or very close to catfish holes.

Keep the line tight at all times. If your line is slack, it will bow downstream ahead of the bait. This untidy situation leaves you in a poor position for setting the hook when a catfish strikes.

No matter where you bank fish in Idaho, don't drop your guard when landing a big cat. A long-handled net is best for landing large fish; still, there are times when beaching a fish may be necessary (such as when the specimen you have snagged is too big to fit into a net). If you anticipate this possibility, use heavy line, keep your drag set, and pull the fish up on land as far as possible before attempting to remove the hook.

Kinds of Catfish and Where to Fish for Them. Hundreds of locations in Idaho offer excellent catfishing opportunities. From streams and rivers to lakes, ponds, and large reservoirs, anglers have many choices.

Four species of catfish roam throughout Idaho's lower elevation rivers, streams, lakes, and reservoirs. Some flatheads and blues have been caught in the twenty-five-pound range. Channels and bullheads are favorites among the worm-dunking crowd.

Channel catfish were introduced to Idaho in the late 1800s and have found their way into most of the state's major river and lake systems. The species quickly adapted to most bodies of water in Idaho. The average channel cat is about two to four pounds, and can get as big as twenty to thirty pounds in the larger river and lake systems. Channel catfish are found in northern, southwestern, and eastern Idaho.

Flathead catfish were not introduced to the western United States until the 1950s, and then only into a few major river systems and reservoirs. There they have remained, with only marginal expansion. The largest flathead catfish in Idaho was caught in Brownlee Reservoir (located twenty miles northwest of Cambridge, Idaho) in 1994 and weighed fifty-eight pounds, eight ounces. Flatheads are found in southwestern and eastern Idaho.

Blue catfish are the biggest members of the catfish family, but are found in only a few Idaho rivers and lakes. Their enormous size and sparse populations make blues a rare catch, but they are occasionally caught in Brownlee Reservoir and elsewhere in southwestern Idaho.

PHOTO BY MARY SYRETT

Not much to look at— *A large catfish provides the foundation for a mouth-watering Idaho fish fry.*

Bullheads, also known as mud catfish, are found in many of Idaho's ponds and small lakes. They are highly adaptive to poor water conditions and thrive in areas with high water sediment. Bullheads are found throughout northern and eastern Idaho. Most streams and impoundments in Idaho, fast flowing or slow, big or small, have more than their share of hungry cats that are perfect for a fish fry.

Pan-fried Catfish

INGREDIENTS

2 pounds catfish fillets
1/3 cup flour
1 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup cornmeal
cooking oil for frying
lemon wedges.

PREPARATION

> Rinse the fish under cold water and pat dry with paper towels. Mix the flour with salt and pepper, and then spread the mixture on wax paper. Put the eggs in a shallow bowl and the cornmeal on another piece of wax paper. Dust each fillet in the seasoned flour and shake off excess. Dip a fish fillet into the egg and let excess run off. Then dip fillet in the cornmeal and warm a platter in an oven set at 250 degrees.

> In a large skillet, heat 1/4 inch of cooking oil. Place your hand over the oil; when you feel heat rising; put the fish in and brown on each side. Don't crowd the skillet; do only a few fillets at a time. Place on a paper towel to drain; then transfer to the platter and continue frying fillets. Serve with lemon wedges.

California Catfish Salad

INGREDIENTS

1 pound of catfish fillets, fried and cut into bite-size portions
2 medium-size tomatoes, coarsely chopped
1 avocado, cubed
1/3 cup chopped green onions
1/4 cup pitted and sliced green olives
1/4 cup Lawrys® Classic White Wine Vinaigrette with Chardonnay
7 cups torn lettuce

PREPARATION

> In a bowl, combine fish, tomatoes, onions and olives. Add Vinaigrette with Chardonnay and toss. Chill one hour. Remove from refrigerator and serve, tossed with lettuce.

Memphis Baked Catfish

INGREDIENTS

1/3 cup slivered almonds
2 pounds catfish fillets
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon barbecue sauce
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1/4 teaspoon salt; dash of pepper

PREPARATION

> Place almonds in a shallow pan and toast at 300° for 20 minutes. Remove almonds and set oven temperature at 325. Score fish with cuts approximately 1 1/4 inches apart. Combine lemon juice, sauces and seasonings, then rub mixture into the fish. Place fillets in a lightly greased shallow pan and sprinkle with toasted almonds. Bake for 1 1/2 hours and serve.

Idaho Catfish Chowder

INGREDIENTS

1/4 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 pound catfish fillets, cut in bite-size pieces
2 cups diced potatoes
1 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon black pepper
2 cups whole milk
1 can of cream-style corn

PREPARATION

> Sauté onion in butter until soft. Add fish, potatoes, water, salt, and black pepper. Cover and let simmer for 15 minutes, or until potatoes are tender. Add milk and corn; heat thoroughly but do not boil. Serve piping hot.

Idaho has enough fast action angling for whiskerfish to suit the sporting demands of most fishermen. Catfish may not have the cachet of bass, trout or walleye, but as table fare they're unrivaled. Tastewise, it doesn't matter whether you're going after huge blues, channels, flatheads, or bullheads: Idaho waters are filled with big and not so big catfish. As the photos indicate, they may not be all that great to look at, but try and tell your full stomach that after eating a mess of what many people consider to be the best tasting fish around.

Mary Syrett lives in Cary, NC.

dec 1 - jan 9/2007 idaho calendar of events

jan

tba	Bear Lake Cisco Disco, fishing, Bear Lake
tba	That Dam Festival, Mackay
tba	Christmas Tree Bonfire, Challis
1	Polar Bear Plunge, Sanders Beach, Coeur d'Alene
1	Bandanna's New Years Day Run, Boise
1-18	100 years of Engineering at UIdaho
1-31	Eagle Watching Daily, Coeur d'Alene
1-5/31	Free Computer & Internet Classes, Library, Boise
2-31	Paper Doll Bonanza, Idaho Falls
6	Magic Valley Gospel Opry, Twin Falls
6	Snowmake Classic, Sun Valley
6	Cider Making, Museum, Winchester
8	Camas Prairie Shoot, Gun Club, St. Maries
9	January Jazz Jam, Twin Falls
10-31	Wildlife Snowshoe Walks, Weds., Sun Valley
11-14	Sandpoint Winter Carnival, Sandpoint
11-25	Free Snowshowing with a Ranger, Thursdays, Sun Valley
12-13	The Great Kaplan, Rexburg
12-13	Winter Food Fest, Museum, Winchester
12-14	Biloxi Blues, Lake City Playhouse, Coeur d'Alene
12-14	Renaissance Music Concert, Ketchum
13	Free Learn to Ski Clinic at Galena, Sun Valley
13	Concert of Renaissance Music, Idaho Falls
13	Idaho Nordic Tamarack Loppet, Donnelly
14, 17	Great Rift Writer's Open Mic Event, Idaho Falls
15	The Song Bird Drama Club classes for Teens, Coeur d'Alene
17	The Capitol Buy Idaho Show, Boise
18	ARTALK , The American Ten, Idaho Falls
18-19	The Chieftains, Irish Band, Idaho Falls
19	John Jorgensen Quintet, Sandpoint
19	Children's Choir Concert, Idaho Falls
19	The Langroise Trio, Boise
19-20	Realtime, Barbershop Music,Rexburg
20	Rimshot Reggae Concert, Sandpoint
20	Doug Kershaw, fiddler, Blackfoot
20	Leon's Fat Ass Recover from the Holidays 50K Fun Run, Boise
20	Lava Lions Trap Shoot, Lava Hot Springs
20	Winter Carnival, Fishing Derby, Cross Country Ski Race, Soda Springs
20	Community Feast, Winchester
20-21	3rd Winter Carnival & Snowmobile Poker Fun Run, Priest Lake
20-21	Snowshoe Softball Tournament, Priest Lake
20-21	Kids Fun Races, Pebble Creek, Lava Hot Springs
22	The Second City, comedy, Twin Falls
24-25	Cantabile, The London Quartet, Rexburg
24-25	BizTech Expo, Boise
24-25	The London Quartet, Rexburg
25	Perla Batalla, Popular Folk Music, Nampa
25	Billy Goat Loppet, Sun Valley
25-27	Banff Mountain Film Festival, Sandpoint
26-27,29	Cinderella, Burley
26-28	NWCSC Ski Race, McCall
26-2/4	Winter Carnival, McCall
27	Idaho Winter Games, Pomerelle, Burley
27	Pomerelle Tykes to Teens Challenge, Burley
27	Cd'A Symphony Orchestra Family Concert, Coeur d'Alene
27	VH1 Classic presents Howard Jones Acoustic Duo, Idaho Falls
27	Monsters Piano Concert, That's Entertainment, Idaho Falls
27	Symphony Family Concert, Coeur d'Alene
27	Albertson College Slalom, Brundage, McCall
27	K9 Challenge, Bear Lake
27	Ski the Rails, cross-country, Ketchum to Hailey
27	Howard Jones Acoustic Duo, Idaho Falls
27	Monster Piano Concert, Idaho Falls
27-28	Snowshoe Softball Tournament, 2nd round, Priest Lake
29-30	Harvesting Clean Energy Conference, Boise
28	Women's Only Snowshoe/Cross Country Ski Clinic, Coeur d'Alene
30	Avalanche Awareness Program, Hailey

feb

2	Snowball Dance, Montpelier
2	Chamber II, pianist Christine Allen, Idaho Falls
2	Cantabile, The London Quartet, Sandpoint
2-3	6th Snowmobile Hill Climb, Montpelier
3	Boulder Mountain Tour, Cross Country Ski Races, Sun Valley
3	Big Air/Freestyle Competition, Burley
3	Family Day, Eagle Rock Art Museum, Idaho Falls
3, 10	Sites' Violin Student Recitals, Idaho Falls
3	BYU-Idaho's Extravadance, Idaho Falls
3	Cherry Rhodes, Organist, Rexburg
3-4	U.S. Pacific Coast Dog Sled Races, Priest Lake
4	Young Artists Concert, Lewiston
6	Alexandre Moutouzkins, Burley
6-10	Crazy for You, Snow Drama Theatre, Rexburg
7	3 Redneck Tenors, Idaho Falls
8	Brown Bag Lunch & Look, Eagle Rock Museum, Idaho Falls
8	Wind Ensemble Sousa Concert, Rexburg
9	Banff Mt. Film Festival World Tour, Idaho Falls
9-10	Cleo Parker Robinson Dance, Rexburg
9-11	Jeff Galloway Running School, Boise
9-11	Anne of Green Gables, Coeur d'Alene
10	Red Dress Concert, Idaho Falls
10	Cornell Gunter's Coasters, Blackfoot
10	Snowshoe Volleyball Tournament, Priest Lake
10	Men are Pigs, Heart Breakers Fun Run, Boise
10	The Little Mermaid, Sandpoint
10-11	Kids Fun Races, Pebble Creek, Lava Hot Springs
10-11	Snowshoe Softball Tourney, Finals, Priest Lake

Do you have a special event in your town? Send us the vital information, and we'll make sure friends and neighbors across the street and across the state know about it. All functions must be free to the public or darn cheap. Events charging admission fees are welcome to purchase ad space.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: The first of the month, one month prior to date of publication. Example: Deadline for the Oct. 2006 issue is Sept. 1.

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january contributors

P.E.(Bill) Cherry
is a native Idahoan. He graduated from the University of Idaho in Forestry, and in the summers was a smokejumper. He founded Colorado Forest Industries in Denver, CO. Bill retired from the USAF as a Lt. Col. Married for sixty years, he has three children.

Bill Corbett
raised barley and wheat before becoming a writer. His current project is promoting and marketing his award-winning book, *Buddy. . . His Trials and Treasures*, selections from which have been entertaining *IDAHO magazine* readers for years.

Marylyn Cork
is a fifty-year resident of Priest River and a sixty-two-year resident of Bonner County. She has been writing since she was nine years old and retired in 2001 as editor of the *Priest River Times*. She enjoys reading, gardening, hiking, camping, and traveling.

Betty Bishop Corrigan
is a lifelong resident of Idaho, who has written extensively about her experiences living and working in the state. She has been married for almost sixty years to her husband, John, and they have five children. This is her first article for *IDAHO magazine*.

Kathy Davidson
has lived in southeastern Idaho for 20 years. She and her husband have raised three kids there. Recently she started working as a librarian at the local elementry school. This is her first published work, but won't be her last.

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

E. Coston Frederick,
a Professor of Education (specializing in Reading Education), retired from BSU in 1992. Since then, he has been concentrating on writing fiction, primarily novels. He and his wife, Judy, have eight children between them. He has lived in Boise since 1971.

Roberta Green
was a writer, a historian, a painter, a cowboy poet, a ranch wife, and mother. In her eighty-seven years, she raised strong kids, made a difference in her community, loved her life and lived it with grace. She is survived by her children, her grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and countless friends.

Arthur Hart
is director emeritus of the Idaho State Historical Society. He is a native of Tacoma, Washington, and a graduate of the University of Washington. He and his wife, Dee, came to Idaho in 1948 to teach at the College of Idaho.

Debora Kristensen
is a partner in the Boise law firm Givens, PursleyLLP, where she deals primarily with media law. She wrote the book *The First 50 Women in Idaho Law*, published by the Idaho State Bar, from which the profile on Edith Miller Klein was extracted.

Dick Lee
illustrates *IDAHO magazine*. "I am still, and will probably always be, looking for my 'voice' and trying to master the various media. My medium of preference. . . is drawing."

Martha Ripple
moved to Boise with her husband 29 years ago. They both recently retired and now enjoy traveling, cooking and gardening together. She also enjoys attending plays presented by the Idaho Shakespeare Festival and the Boise Contemporary Theater. And, of course, she and her husband love to listen to Kevin Kirk's music.

William Studebaker
hangs around watching folks, kayaking, camping, and hunting upland birds. He is a partner in Idaho Whitewater Safety and Rescue, LLC. He was awarded the 2005 Outstanding Achievement in the Humanities Award for his contribution to Idaho literature.

Mary Syrett
is a retired professor, a freelance writer, and an avid angler. She has been widely published in fishing and outdoors magazines nationwide. This is her third story for *IDAHO magazine*.

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