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November 2010

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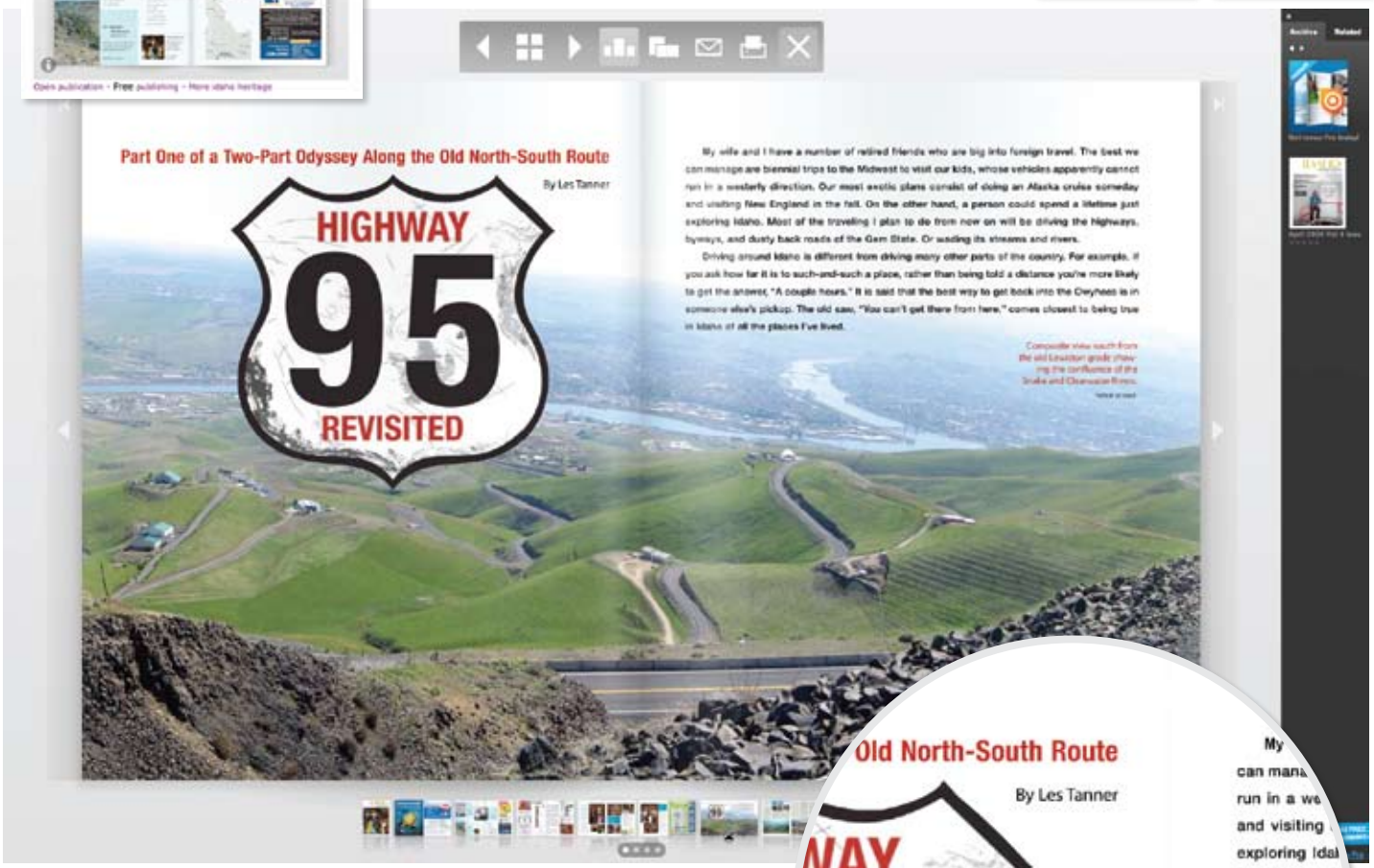

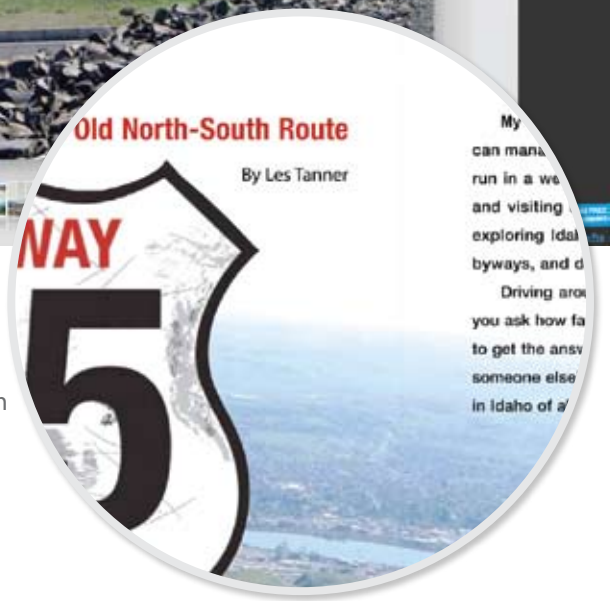

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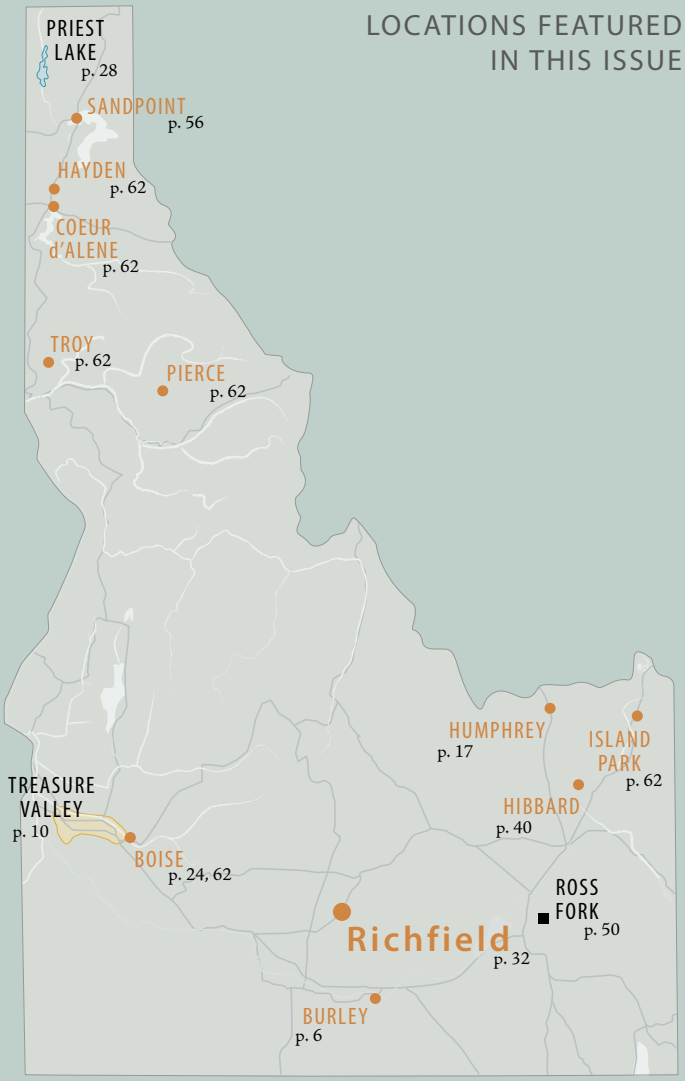

cover photo

This image won second place in the 2010 *IDAHO magazine* Cover Photo Contest.

Photograph by Ross Walker

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Kitty Delorey Fleischman
PUBLISHER & EDITOR
kfleisch@idahomagazine.com
(RIGHT: Lola Fleischman, No e-mail available.)

Ann Hottinger
ART DIRECTOR
ahottinger@idahomagazine.com

Steve Bunk
MANAGING EDITOR
sbunk@idahomagazine.com

Bridget Frank
SALES/CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
bfrank@idahomagazine.com

Dick Lee
ILLUSTRATOR

Les Tanner
COPY EDITOR

Ruby Tanner
CALENDAR EDITOR
rtanner@idahomagazine.com

Sheila Robertson
EDUCATION OUTREACH
srobertson@idahomagazine.com

J. Ernest Monroe
LOGO DESIGN

Susan Harris
AT LARGE & NATIONAL ADVERTISING SALES
sharris@idahomagazine.com

Change of Address:
e-mail: bfrank@idahomagazine.com
mail to: P.O. Box 586, Boise, ID 83701-0586
phone: (208) 336.0653 or (800) 655.0653

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Editorial Submissions:
e-mail: sbunk@idahomagazine.com
mail to: P.O. Box 586, Boise, ID 83701-0586
phone: (208) 336.0653 or (800) 655.0653

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On Memoir

How strange that no matter the age of a memory, each recall of it is like a rebirth. Memory seems capable not only of crossing the barriers of time, but of existing simultaneously in the past and present. Yet a memory can be forgotten, or put aside and not often recalled. To place memories in writing is to provide the closest approximation we have of permanent newness for them.

Even so, we know their unreliability, and we accept that people color them with opinion and interpretation. That's okay, most of us probably agree, so long as the story is true. After all, even the accuracy of history books and their facts have been called into question, and then history is rewritten.

In this magazine, our principal rule for historical writing is that it should somehow be tied to the author, or to someone known to the author. History that relies on secondary sources, rehashing the story of a famous person or event in Idaho, lacks the drama of felt experience. Nor does it contribute to the trove of original narratives by and about the people of this place. Our contributors often combine their own research with recollections, which can roam from yesterday to yesteryear.

Such memoirs are hugely popular nowadays, and a few well-known authors have claimed their fiction as personal history, recognizing that memoir has a better chance than the novel to captivate publishers and readers. Its popularity must have something to do with an appreciation of stories that do not require the fiction reader's suspension of disbelief. Perhaps this explains why people are so unnerved, and even outraged, to discover that a memoir has been fictionalized.

That's a fair concern for readers, and yet objectivity is a myth. Nothing researched or recalled of human experience is ever perfectly accurate. By its nature, memoir allows for the twisting of facts. Mainly, what we hope to get from it is not factuality, but truth.

Steve Bunk
Managing Editor

PHOTO COURTESY OF KIM DILWORTH

Lightning Fast

The Idaho Regatta's Co-founder Is a Jet Boat Winner by Design

By Dianna Troyer

A white competition jet boat, her side ablaze with a multicolored lightning bolt graphic, rockets downstream with the Snake River's current near Burley, rounds a turn, and thunders back upriver along an oval racecourse.

The driver cuts her engine, and she slips tamely toward the dock. "It's such an adrenaline rush," says driver Glen Dilworth as he pulls off his helmet, revealing an ear-to-ear grin. He introduces *Summer Thunder,* his eighteen-foot long, two-thousand-pound jet boat. "I hit eighty to ninety miles an hour on the backstretch."

The sixty-two-year-old racer, who lives in Burley, is fine-tuning *Summer Thunder* a few days before the Idaho Regatta, a popular event he co-founded thirty-five years ago. The annual regatta, held the last weekend in June, attracts some of the nation's fastest boats to the Burley Golf Course Marina for three days of racing. Billed as "the fastest inboard circle boat racing nationwide" and "the Super Bowl of sprint boat racing," the regatta is as much a convivial family reunion among speed freaks and thousands of

ABOVE: Glen Dilworth wins a heat of the Idaho Regatta.

OPPOSITE:Glen, left, a co-founder of the regatta, makes the metal signs that he donates to its winners.

fans as it is a competition.

"Racers and their families love coming here, because it feels like home," says Glen, who organized the regatta in 1975 with Don Moyle. At the time, the two were traveling throughout the West, as Don competed in races and Glen was his mechanic. "We realized we had a better course for a race here in Burley than in many other places," Glen says. "We have a paved parking lot and grass for spectators. Plus, on the backstretch of the race course, racers go downriver with the current, so you get some pretty fast times."

Every year, about sixty racers come from Florida, California, Arizona, Montana, and elsewhere to compete in several classes, depending on the size of the engine, type of hull, and drive system. In the K-boat class, where anything goes, drivers reach speeds up to 130 miles per hour. "I used to race stock cars until I drove a jet boat," says Glen, a stout, easygoing guy, who transforms into a self-described speed freak on race day. "Racing a jet boat is a lot more thrilling, because the course changes with each lap."

After watching the Idaho Regatta from the sidelines for two years, Glen decided to start competing in 1977. He picked the competition jet boat category, in which drivers complete four laps around a one-and-a-quarter-mile course. "Seven racers line up for the start, and in the first corner, the boats are so close, you can almost reach out and touch them, and water is flying off the sides and out the back of each boat," Glen says. "If you didn't get a good start, water is trying to blow your helmet off coming out of the corner. As the race progresses, the boats spread out, so if you're in the back trying to move up, it takes a lot of skill. It's challenging, too, if you're up front, trying to stay there for four laps. The five-mile race is over in six to eight minutes. The grand national endurance event is twenty laps, and lasts about fifteen minutes."

That's the scenario when a race goes smoothly, but most regatta entrants who have raced as long as Glen have a good crash story to tell. Several years ago, he was flung out of his boat like a rock blasted from a slingshot. This happened just shy of the finish line, when he was in first place.

"I hit something in the river, which broke part of the pump and bent the turn rudder. I struggled driving the boat down the back straightaway. Through the last corner of the race, I was leading the pack and didn't want to stop, because I only had a quarter of a mile to go. As I came out of the corner, the boat veered to the left hard. I corrected to the right, which exposed the broken pump that let a stream of water go straight down, blowing the back of the boat out of the water. The bow stuffed, so the boat stopped, but I kept going. The impact of slamming into the water didn't hurt nearly as much as my legs hitting the steering wheel. I have a rubberized cover on my steering wheel, and it burned a line right through my jeans as I slid by."

"I used to race stock cars until I drove a jet boat. Racing a jet boat is a lot more thrilling, because the course changes with each lap."

As if that weren't traumatic enough, he watched his boat sink while rescue personnel plucked him from the river. "It

PHOTO COURTESY OF KIM DILWORTH

PHOTO COURTESY OF KIM DILWORTH

LEFT: Glen going full throttle at the wheel of *Summer Thunder.*

OPPOSITE: Racer Bill Faulkner, Jr. A memorial trophy in the name of his late father and brother is presented each year to the regatta driver with the fastest time.

had scooped up a lot of water, and a roller from the rescue boat went over the side of the boat." Unfazed, he turned his tragedy into triumph. "I hauled the boat back up, dried it out, changed the oil at the shop, then came back to win the next day."

Another time, he separated his shoulder. "I've been hurt, but you learn from your mistakes."

Such accidents may have battered his body, but they've also bruised the psyche of his wife, Kathy. "She told me, 'It's too hard on me to watch you get thrown out. You better figure out how to stay in that boat.'"

Glen responded to this directive by designing new, safer jet boat parts. They not only have kept him in the seat but have helped him to crush competitors with bigger engines. In 1994, he patented the invention, which now sells worldwide. To explain how the invention works, Glen first describes how a jet boat runs. Basically, a water pump on the back of the boat provides propulsion, he says. Water is suctioned into a jet unit, and an engine-driven impeller shoots the water out of a jet nozzle. A driver controls a boat by directing the nozzle.

To satisfy Kathy's desire for increased safety, Glen designed a concave ride plate under the pump that helps stabilize the boat and makes it go straight. "It's basically something for the boat to sit on." To feed his passion for speed, he invented a scoop that loads water to the blades of the impeller, which adds about five miles per hour of quickness. With the help of these parts, he has not only more thrills than spills, but *Summer Thunder* routinely roars past other racers.

Glen also builds jet boats and jet skis through his business. He credits his patented parts and thirty-three years of competition experience with helping him to win multiple races. "You just have to know how to handle a jet boat and make it work to its maximum. If you don't, you can spin out in corners or stuff the nose into the water.

"I get a kick out of beating drivers with bigger engines. We do it all the time. Summer Thunder's is 496 cubic inches, and most boats in the competitive jet class are 515 cubic inches. I run the smaller size, because it was cheaper to build than the bigger engine. Several years ago, I ran a 461-engine against boats with 500-cubic-inch engines. In that boat, I had a six-year win streak. I made the jet pump work more efficiently, so it made the boat run faster."

> "If your boat goes down, you need rescue personnel there quickly, and you don't want to be strapped in by a seatbelt if you end up upside down."

Summer Thunder lacks a windshield and seatbelts. "Some of the faster boats have capsules, seatbelts and on-board air sup-

ply," Glen says, "but if your boat goes down, you need rescue personnel there quickly, and you don't want to be strapped in by a seatbelt if you end up upside-down in the water."

The day before this year's regatta, Glen takes a break from helping set up a ticket booth and introduces Bill Faulkner Jr., whose family has known the triumphs and tragedies of boat racing. "Our family has come to the regatta every year since it started," says Bill, 46, of Provo, Utah. His late father, Bill, and mother, Marlene, started a family racing dynasty. Bill drove competitive jet boats for twelve years, before becoming crew chief for his late brother, Lance.

The regatta's coveted prizes each year are the Faulkner Memorial Trophy, named for Bill's dad and brother, and a mink coat, donated for years by local mink farmers Lee and Marta Moyle, which is awarded to the racer who sets the course record. "My dad won the mink coat two years, my brother won two, and my brother-in-law won two," says Bill, whose entry at the regatta is a pro-stock boat called *Canary Pride*. "After my dad died in 1983 from cancer, we started giving away the Bill Faulkner Memorial Trophy to the racer with the fastest course record."

His brother Lance's name was added to the memorial trophy after a fatal crash in 2001, when he was thirty-two. "Lance was a national champion. He died in Parker, Arizona, when he was testing a boat for someone, and a mechanical part broke," Bill says. "It caused the boat to crash violently."

Bill and Glen agree that the coats, trophies, and rings they have won are incidental. What matters most, they say, is how boat racing satisfies their craving to go as fast as they can. "If you're in this for the money, you're in the wrong sport," Glen says.

Don Moyle, the regatta's co-founder, also has plenty of wins to his credit over the past decades. He and his son, Mark, the regatta committee chairman for the past three years, wander over to visit with Glen. "I love seeing the people here at the regatta," says Mark, who races two jet boats, *Wildfire* and *Slight Advantage*. "It's really a tight-knit group, and everyone has known each other for years. I've been driving for twenty years now, since I was eighteen."

Don looks over the marina parking lot, which is filled with racing boats and clumps of people under tent awnings. "This isn't the only time of year boaters come here," he says. "People will drive from out-of-state just to test their boats here. At a lot of places, you can't get on a river unless you're participating in a sanctioned event. Here, no one hassles you, and there aren't restrictions or permits required to get on the river."

Once racing starts, Glen becomes intensely focused, a self-guided missile with one mission in mind: to cross the finish line first. When the regatta ends, he is relaxed again. At the close of this year's regatta, Glen finished third on Saturday, but his engine dropped a valve Sunday, causing the motor to blow up. He took the setback in stride. "That's why we call it 'racing,' and not 'winning.'"

At next year's regatta Grand Prix 7-liter hydroplanes will race for the first time, reaching speeds of 130 miles per hour. Meanwhile, the racing season continues through November for Glen and Mark. If you're around Parker, Arizona at Thanksgiving, keep an eye out for an Idaho jet boat emblazoned with a lightning bolt. ■

PHOTO BY DIANNA TROYER

1:"Back Street." Ghost sign in a downtown Boise alley advertizing paper and rubber stamps.

2: "Welcome." A boarding house in Boise's Basque Block took in emigrants from Bizkaia province.

3: "To Market." The Meridian Commissary became a market until closing in the 1980s.

4: "Sign of the Times." Close-up of a Boise bar sign advertising eats and drinks.

5: "Enigma." The Mittleider Farmstead Historic District in Meridian.

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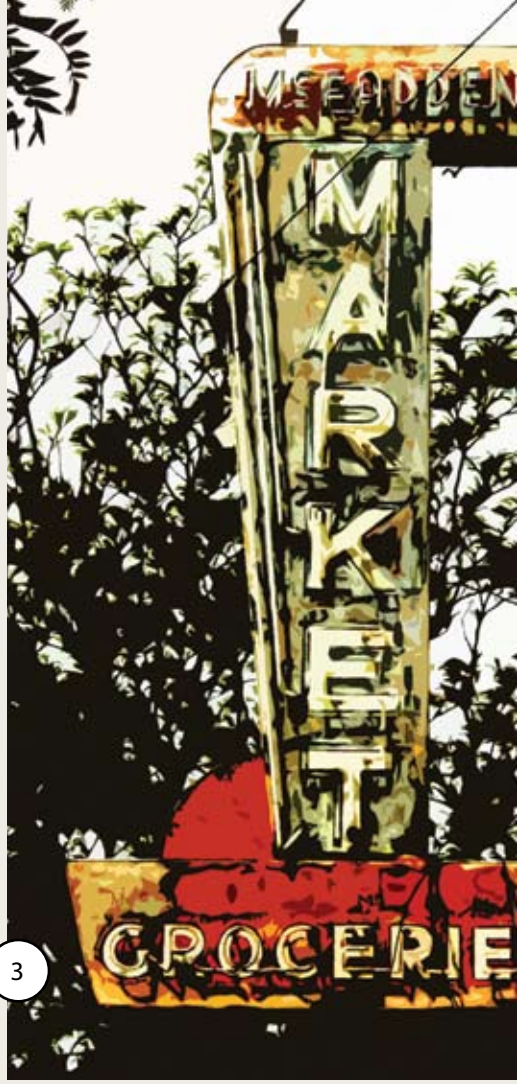

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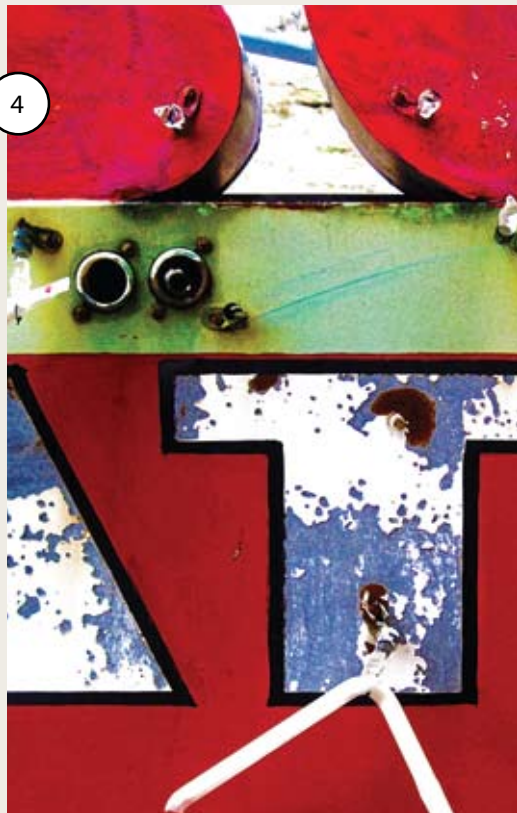

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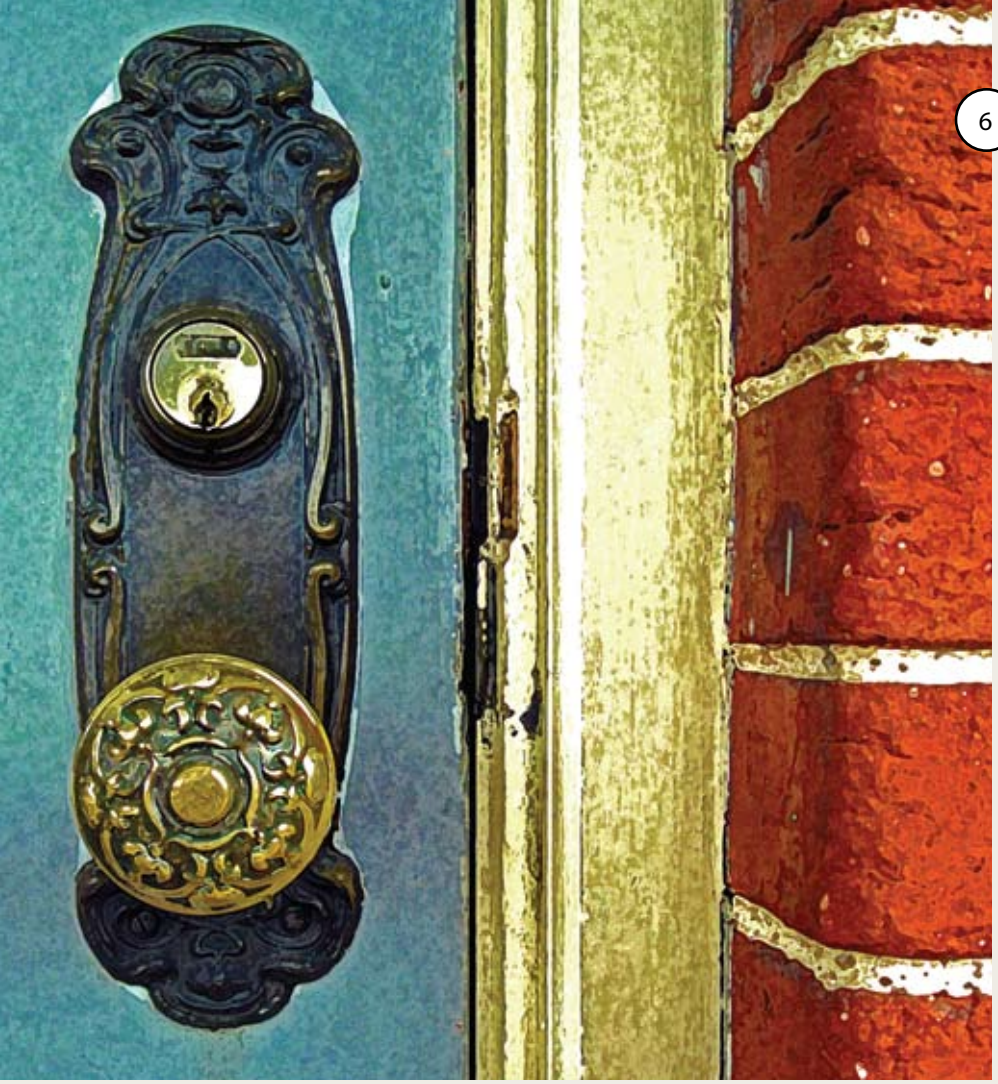
HISTORICITY

An Artist Memorializes Her Place, Image by Image

Story and Photos by Amber Grubb

The air was heavy with heat. Gray clouds hovered, shadowing the sky and dimming the evening's ruddy glow. A sudden wind whipped my hair away from my face and dust into my eyes. A farmhouse badly damaged by fire stood like a skeleton, its disjointed ribs silhouetted against the setting sun.

The dwelling proffered an intact limb, its chimney reaching toward a sky that now promised rain. I stepped out of my car and quietly shut the door. Not a soul was in sight. I stood still for a moment, wishing not to disturb the birds and rodents that now made this derelict home their haunt. At my feet lay broken toys, burned books, and disassembled furniture. Only fragments remained of what must have been, at one time, complete



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6: "Open Door." Boise's Zurcher Building, originally a family home, is now on the National Register of Historic Places and provides office space, including that for *IDAHO magazine*.
7: "Under Lock and Key." Women's Ward at the Old Idaho Penitentiary in Boise, closed in 1968.
8: "Local Motion." Once Nampa's train depot, this building then served as offices for Union Pacific and is now a museum.

lives. I tentatively stepped forward, squinting against the dust being hurled at my face. I might have just stepped onto the set of *Gone With the Wind*.

This was the summer of 2009, and I had arrived at Mittleider Farmstead, a historic site just off Highway 69 in Meridian. The structure lay on a gently sloped hillside buffered by several acres of fields. To the east, beyond the cocoon of farmland, stretched a vast grid of asphalt-roofed, suburban homes. The evening was balmy and overcast—ideal for photographing. I had been asked to provide a body of artwork for a local venue, and was anxious to complete a collection of historic images for the project.

My research had begun in Meridian, a village that once boasted more cows per acre than anywhere else in the United States. Meridian's first creamery was built in 1897, but in recent years the community has transitioned from rural to suburban, and a population that once numbered in the hundreds has mushroomed to more than sixty thousand. Farmland has disappeared at an alarming rate and many of the city's long-standing buildings are now nonexistent or vacant.

When the town's creamery was leveled not long ago, sadness overcame me, and in that I was not alone. Many local residents were disappointed to see the

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landmark go; a local newspaper even described the demolition as "bittersweet." The creamery's trademark monolith, the word "CHALLENGE" painted on its side in bold, black letters, would no longer tower above Meridian's skyline. The demolition of this creamery sparked in me a fervent desire to memorialize the Treasure Valley's architectural monuments that remain. I wanted to bring these locations to the forefront of our minds, so they could not easily be destroyed or forgotten. That's how a project I call "histori{c}ity" was born.

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With the help of local historians, I began researching the Treasure Valley of a century ago. Thanks to these preservationists, I can point out where the many Chinese laundries once stood in the heart of Boise—and what remains of Chinatown. Gone are many of the valley's orchards and farmlands, but I can show you how far west they once stretched. The education I received in Idaho's illustrious past served as a firm foundation for photography. Camera slung about my neck, I visited hundreds of historic buildings and agricultural landmarks, many of which are listed on the National Registry of Historic Places. I walked in the same footsteps as did pioneers, immigrants, and businessmen of long ago. I imagined what it must have been like to sell fruit at the stands that once lined the railroad tracks. I witnessed a cattle stampede on a rural Idaho back road and marveled at the state's long history of farming. Most important, I discovered what makes Idaho so special: its stories.

Many local residents indulged my curiosity, treating me with kindness and respect. They were tickled to show me their century-old dwellings and tell about the good old days. Owners of an antique shop offered a tour of their objet d'art emporium, formerly a private residence. The charming home was built with timber brought by train from Nebraska, and the interior's wood moldings reflected masterful, detailed work.

One old-timer, whose father had been one of Meridian's earliest residents, regaled me with fantastical tales of jackrabbit hunts, and proudly presented collections of town artifacts that would delight a museum curator. The man's reputation for quirkiness was warranted. In his home, I was confronted by a dizzying array of oil paintings from local thrift stores, by light fixtures assembled from mismatched parts of discarded lamps, and by a mélange of other unusual objects.

I visited hundreds of historic buildings and agricultural landmarks, many of which are listed on the National Registry of Historic Places.

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9: "Get It Old School." An old Eagle drug store was popular among trolley passengers.
10: "Concealed." An often-overlooked alley in downtown Meridian.
11: "Red Light, Green Door." In an alley rumored to have been part of downtown Boise's red light district.

10

He proudly led me through his home with a glint in his eye, punctuating his long-winded anecdotes with vigorous gestures. When I departed three hours later, I was brimming with pleasure. Such encounters made me think of Alfred Tennyson's words, "I am a part of all that I have met."

In what I hope is a less direct way, I am part of the many compelling Treasure Valley stories that originated in the Old Idaho Penitentiary. Its characters hardly lived in picture-perfect conditions, but their firsthand accounts are fascinating. While preparing for a recent exhibition of my photography, I heard about the Oral History Project, a collection of interviews on file at the Idaho State Historical Society's archives that documents former prison guards' and inmates' experiences at the Old Pen. Intrigued, I spent several days at the library, headphones on, tuned in to gripping sagas of escape attempts and other adventures.

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One inmate spoke about making cell-brewed "squawky," a fermented beverage concocted from produce and sometimes including mind-altering substances (aftershave, anyone?). A prison guard offered his perspective on "string men"—inmates who used string to deliver contraband to their comrades. While photographing the Old Pen, I recalled one inmate's detailed description of his arduous escape attempt and the punishment that resulted: "Siberia," the prisoners' term for solitary confinement.

> I think many people see history as an encumbrance, rushing to "fix" a dilapidated building by demolishing it rather than making repairs.

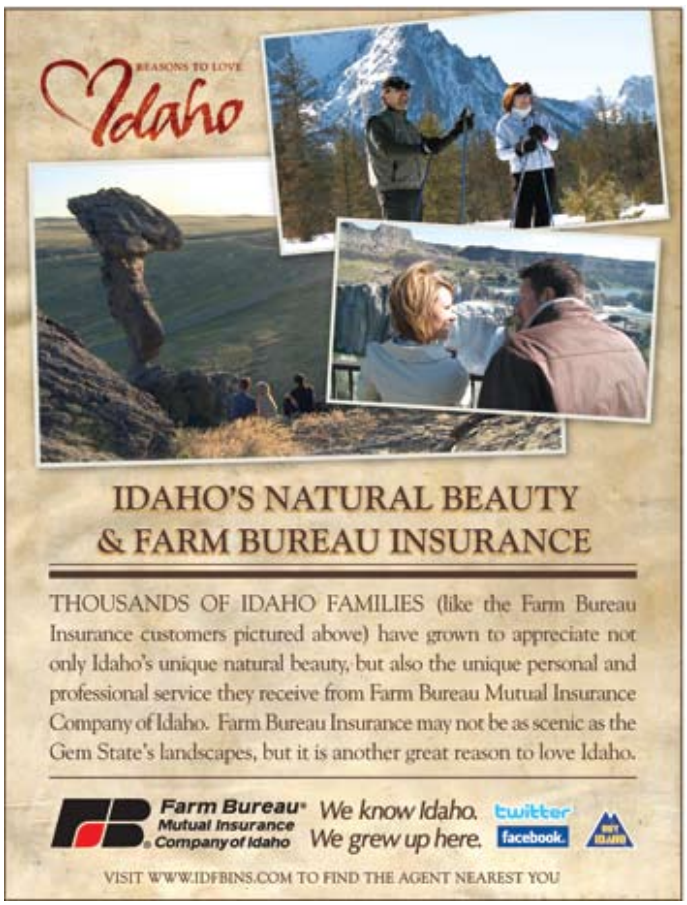
By some accounts, the Old Idaho Penitentiary was almost demolished. Imagine if that had happened. Guards' and inmates' accounts would still be documented, but it would not be possible to walk the perimeter of the Old

Pen and marvel at its massive walls, built of sandstone from the nearby quarry. Imposing guard towers would have been replaced by streetlights and neatly lettered signs. The roses growing alongside these ancient buildings would be gone, and in their place would be manicured hedges and perfectly positioned shrubbery.

Sadly, such a fate befell an institution that generated some of the most important stories of my own childhood. I attended one of the oldest schools in the state, Franklin Elementary School. I discovered my dreams there. These dreams—along with those of countless other children—were painted in bright, bold colors and taped to the windows for passersby to see. I learned to play house, developed a love for reading, and won my first coloring contest at that school. Many mornings, I climbed the steps to my classroom, wondering if the children who preceded me had similar experiences. These stories are accompanied by few images, because I began my project too late to photograph the academic fortress before it was razed.

Still other Boise stories that cry out for recognition lie buried beneath downtown Boise's sidewalks and parks. Many of Main Street's turn-of-the-century buildings crumbled in the 1970s to make way for parking lots and, eventually, a shopping mall during the grueling process of "urban renewal." For years, I heard about this endeavor and cringed when I thought of the beautiful structures that had adorned the city's core. Fortunately, some of these buildings (the Egyptian Theater, among others) survived, but not before their kin faced the wrecking ball.

This out-with-the-old philosophy is not new. One historian explained that Boise had redefined itself once before, when wooden structures were rebuilt using such fire-resistant materials as brick and sandstone. I understand the need for safety, but I worry that today, misguided restoration efforts often take precedence over historic preservation. I think many people see history as an encumbrance, rushing to "fix" a dilapidated building by demolishing it rather than making repairs or upgrades. Several times, I have returned to a site and found it either leveled or "beautified"—repainted to match surrounding buildings, or with its distinctive façade carelessly concealed.



In one of the many books on the Treasure Valley's history, I read about the proposed teardown of an Eighth Street warehouse. One Boisean asserted, "We can't keep living in the past." Perhaps, but we can preserve and pay tribute to it. As the cliché goes: "You can't know where you are going until you know where you have been." It has been said that an artist's purpose is to deepen the mystery, but I seek to unveil it, one story at a time. As an artist, I'm a protester, holding up picket signs of imagery. Images often say what words cannot—particularly when a building's original occupants are gone and there is little recorded information about a structure. As Frank Thomason wrote in his book, *Images of America: Boise*, "A building is much more than its material and design. It is an expression of life of bygone eras."

For me, Idaho's old signs and decrepit buildings are not eyesores; they are the pages that comprise the storybook of our state.

I couldn't agree more. For me, Idaho's old signs and decrepit buildings are not eyesores; they are the pages that comprise the storybook of our state. Some structures (such as the now privately owned mill in East Boise) speak in hushed tones, telling of past prosperity and success. Others are prominent fixtures throughout the valley that narrowly escaped demolition (the Idanha Hotel and Nampa's Train Depot are prime examples). A city's legacy doesn't always speak for itself, though. Sometimes the artist must uncover these truths. I aim to unearth the unread pages that lie beneath the surface of our modern world, the stories that so many haven't heard or have merely forgotten. These faint whisperings of ancestors are part of Idaho's autobiography.

For me, what began as a commission quickly evolved into a curiosity that could only be satiated by wandering through alleys and tromping over the countryside with a camera around my neck. Not long ago, when I was photographing agricultural buildings adjacent to a state highway, the driver of a pickup slowed and stared, possibly wondering what could be so interesting about a grain silo. But if I can share its beauty, then maybe I have succeeded as an artist.

I began my explorations as a disheartened citizen itching to document a few threatened historic landmarks, and I didn't anticipate the privilege of meeting many champions of Idaho preservation. Probably most of our iconic sites would not be around if it weren't for such people. It has also been rewarding to feel the community's support for my work. I love it when people recognize landmarks in my photos and their eyes light up as they exclaim, "That's the old such-and-such building!" At times like these, I remember why I drive from town to town and trudge through muddy fields to find a century-old barn: to tell Idaho's stories. It's been a little surprising to see how many other people want to memorialize the past, too. In a way, I guess everyone does. After all, yesterday's triumphs are what make today special. ■

PHOTO BY ROSS WALKER

ABOVE: An Idaho cattle drive.

The Lonely Grave

On a Cattle Drive, Two Young Cowboys Make A Find That Will Haunt Them for Years

By Darrell E. Walker

The Lonely Grave was on a small hill just around the bend. My brother, Mont, and I had to pass by it to get to the beaver ponds. After we had gotten the cattle settled in at the Humphrey ranch, we headed out for fishing at the ponds, where Pleasant Valley ends at the base of a mountain range.

This was in the early 1950s, and we had just finished our first paid cattle drive as cowboys for our brother-in-law, Irvin Gallup. We helped him and a couple of seasoned hands to herd about two hundred head from Menan through the desert to Dubois, along Camas Creek to Spencer, and then six miles farther

PHOTO COURTESY OF DARRELL E. WALKER

ABOVE: Walker family members stroll past the old Humphrey ranch to which Mont and Darrell once drove cattle.

OPPOSITE:A few head wander about the old Humphrey ranch.

north to Humphrey, just south of the Idaho/Montana state line and the Monida Pass through the Rocky Mountains. It was a journey of eighty miles and five days, one way. I was fourteen and Mont was sixteen.

We were so anxious to get back to Pleasant Valley that we were willing to climb into the saddles again, ride five miles to the valley, and then west a bit to the ponds. We followed an old wagon road that meandered toward a ranch way up the valley. After half a mile or so, we decided to cut over a hill to save some travel time. On top of this hill, we unexpectedly came upon the grave. It was mounded to about two feet high and six feet long, with a row of rocks around the mound on the north end of the grave. A rock headstone was half-buried in the ground as a marker. The etchings on it were long lost to the weather, except for a few remaining scratches. Surprisingly, the grave and surrounding area appeared to be somewhat maintained by human hands, and not too long ago. This spooked us a bit. We treated the site with reverence, and moved on to the ponds for an evening of fishing.

Standing on the beaver dams, I got to fantasizing about the grave. Several years earlier, my mother told me about a train robbery in the early 1900s.

Standing on the beaver dams, I got to fantasizing about the grave. Several years earlier, my mother had told me about a train robbery in the early 1900s just across the state line, a few miles north of Humphrey and south of Dillon, Montana. As she remembered it, an infamous train robber pulled off the biggest theft of his career. He got away with paper money and gold, but a sheriff's posse was after him. Reported to have traveled south from Montana using the north/south canyons, he would have taken the exact route of our cattle drive in reverse before he high-tailed it east to Wyoming's mountains around Jackson Hole. Various posses never did apprehend him. If that story is true, it seemed to me that he would have had to unload the gold fairly soon after entering these canyons, because it

would have been way too heavy for his horse to carry it the hundred miles to Jackson Hole.

I decided he would have had to stash it in the vicinity of our fishing hole, maybe right where that mound of dirt was on top of the seldom-traveled hill. Yes, I imagined, he camouflaged it to look like a grave and did a good job of it. Why not? He could come back after the heat was off and dig it up. It was so obviously a grave, nobody would touch it. Hadn't it spooked us enough to leave it alone? The story goes that the robber became a hermit, and was never known to come out of the hills again. This made me certain that the treasure was buried under the fake grave, and the robber had decided not to come back after it, or maybe had died before he could return.

My wild-running imagination was interrupted by a sudden rainstorm of lightning and thunder. It was a real gusher, so we headed for high ground to avoid the chance of getting our horses bogged in mud, or lost, or run off by the noise. We put on our rain gear and rode uphill into a large growth of pine, getting through the storm in good dry shape. Not so good was the realization that we had five miles to go in almost total darkness to get to the Humphrey ranch. Even so, I shared my thoughts with Mont and we bounced ideas back and forth, which made the entire two-hour trip seem like a few minutes. We agreed that we were on to something, and that we should keep it between us, until we opened up that grave.

I always imagined that Mont and I would go back to the lonely grave some day and claim the gold. I figured we would dig around the perimeter of the grave until we knew for sure what was inside it. If we entered the grave from the side, and the digging proved that a body was there, we could quickly replace the dirt. If there was gold instead of a body, we would have solved the mystery of the robbery and would be rich. I knew for sure we would go back sometime, but it was a few years before that finally happened.

Maybe we were a little too young to face that grave right away, or maybe the adventure of the cattle drive had worn us out. The first order from our boss when we had begun the drive was to plan for days that were way too hot and nights that were way too cold. He said we would ride through all kinds of terrain, deserts to high mountains, and all kinds of weather, sunny to rain and snow. We were allowed to bring only what we could wear, carry on the back of the saddle, or stuff into the saddlebags. That didn't leave much room for the bedroll, boots, and cowboy hats.

On the first day of the drive, we got up before daylight to do chores around the home place and, after a very large breakfast of ham, eggs, potatoes, toast, milk and coffee, we were ready to head 'em up and move 'em out. At the Big Butte Snake River Bridge, Irvin showed us how to let Molly, the lead cow, lead the herd. Molly had already been on about a dozen of these drives and had a good memory of the route. Irvin crossed the bridge first,

PHOTO COURTESY OF DARRELL E. WALKER

PHOTO COURTESY OF DARRELL E. WALKER

ABOVE: Mont and Darrell pose at a sign marking the "Lonely Grave."

ordered us to follow him, and Molly came next. Without the slightest hesitation, the spooky herd followed her.

The first day, we rode twenty miles to reach an abandoned ranch house, where we bedded down. On the way there, Irvin assigned us the tasks of prodding Molly along and riding back to the chuckwagon truck every so often, to drive it forward to the herd. We would pick up weak and tired calves that could not keep up with the herd and put them in the back of the truck. This was a hard and dirty part of the job, and throughout the drive, our clothes smelled worse than the calves did. We complained to Irvin that we had signed on as cowboys, not calf nurses, but he just smiled and said this was what junior cowboys did. He reminded us that it all paid the same, $3.50 per day, and told us to quit complaining. We understood the warning and thanked him for our jobs, but agreed in secret that cattle driving was not the romantic stuff we had heard.

We complained to Irvin that we had signed on as cowboys, not calf nurses, but he just smiled and said this was what junior cowboys did.

That first afternoon, just when our morale was low and slipping, our sister Alice, who was Irvin's wife, arrived in her little farm truck with a huge bucket of chili for lunch and fried chicken for supper. This lifted our spirits a mile high, and we concluded that being paid cowboys wasn't so bad after all. We plowed onward, arriving at the abandoned ranch house about sundown. A wind-powered water well and pump provided plenty of water for the cattle, the horses, and us. The cattle would catch up on their rations of grass or hay at the end of the drive, but the horses got hay, grain and water from the chuckwagon, as they had to stay in good shape for the entire drive.

After a cold fried chicken dinner, all hands bedded down inside the ranch house, only to find bats flying around the place. Not knowing what kind of disease they might carry, we tried to hit them with boards as they flew about, but their radar system was better than our plank system. After the bats left for their night out we dozed off, but it seemed like seconds later that it was time to get up and get moving.

The next day we drove the herd across the Idaho desert to a ranch outside Dubois that belonged to Irvin's partner. Camas Creek ran through the property, close to the house. The water seemed warm and soft, just right for a refreshing swim and wash-down, using the good old natural "Indian soap" found around the rocks, weeds, and on the bank. Alice arrived again and cooked a tremendous amount of steak and beans. Dessert was chocolate cake with thick, rich cream. We soon fell into solid sleep,

but it again ended abruptly as the boss called for us to get moving an hour before daylight. We grabbed some grub, fed the horses, and a minute after daybreak we were on our way north.

Spencer was a well-known cattle town at the time that always had big dances and entertainment for herd-driving cowboys. But we arrived too tired to even try to enter into the festivities. The next day, we headed for Humphrey and the end of the drive. To get there, we traveled through a narrow canyon running north and south. We were out of Spencer a few miles, the canyon to the east and the highway to the west, when I glanced over to see that a big purple car pulling a purple horse trailer had pulled off the road. Irvin went over and they had a conversation. The driver, who got out of the car, looked like a real cowboy, with his big hat. He went around the back of the horse trailer, saddled the horse, and rode along with Irvin and the herd for several miles. He then turned around and went back to his car and trailer, loaded his horse, and drove off to the south. We found out later that he was a movie star, Rex Allen Sr., with his favorite horse, Koko. Irvin said that they had just been in Montana to a rodeo and were headed to Idaho Falls to participate in another rodeo. Irvin said that Rex Allen had appeared in several movies that featured cattle drives but he had never actually been on one, so he had wanted to ride with us for a while to get the actual experience.

This north-south canyon merged into an east-west canyon, which was Pleasant Valley. Mont and I had fished the stream and ponds there several

PHOTO COURTESY OF DARRELL E. WALKER

ABOVE: The Forest Service's improvements to the grave have deteriorated in recent years.

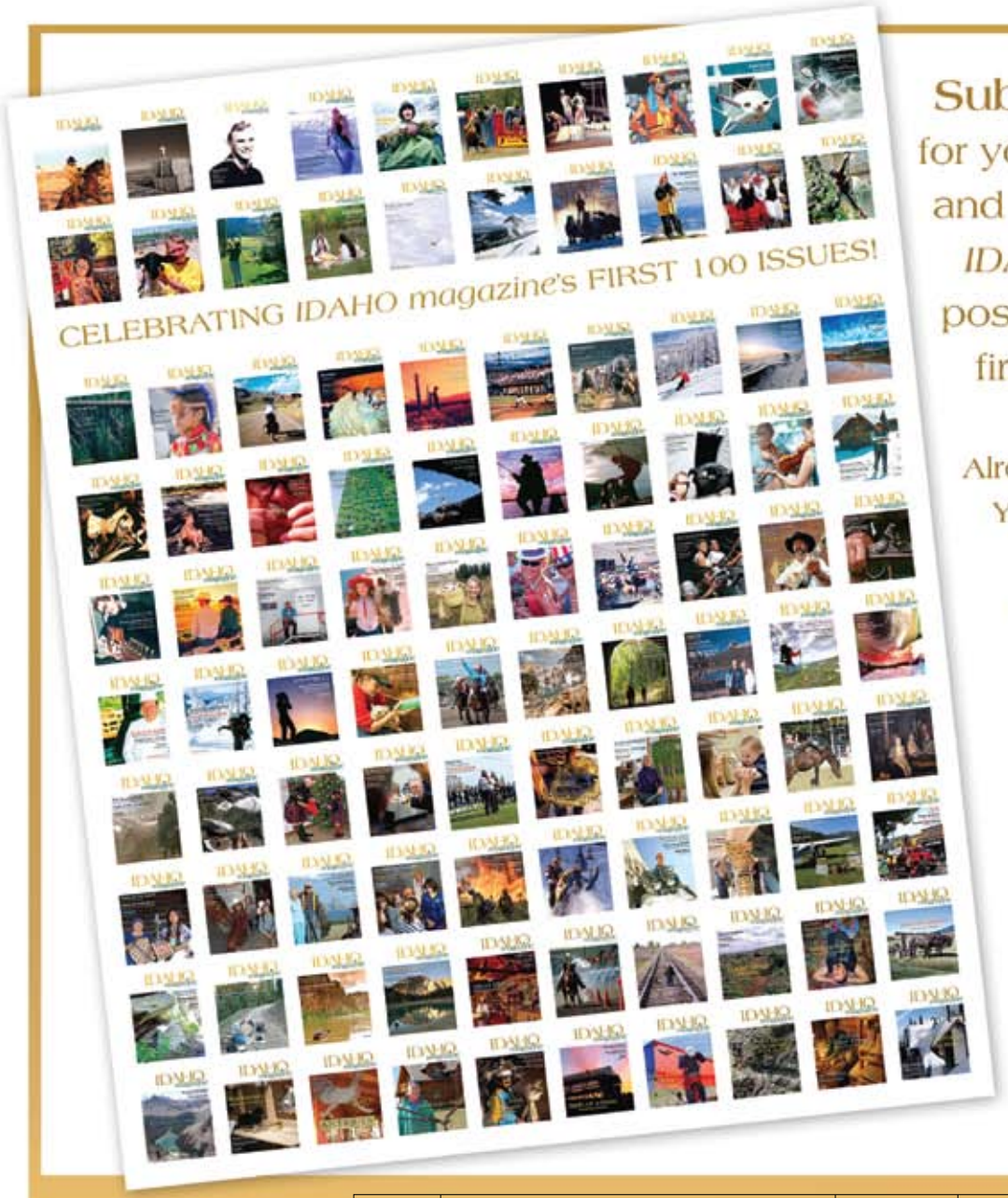
times before the drive, but we never before had come upon the grave. I guess we had to live the drive to find the grave.

Off and on over the next few years, Mont and I talked about the grave and the gold, until we finally decided we had to play on the hunch or drop it. We loaded Mont's 1946 four-door car with digging tools, an ice chest, a quart container of frozen chili, some fried chicken, and fishing gear. Our plan was that if nothing exciting happened at the gravesite, we could still reminisce about the cattle drive and go fishing. When we arrived, we immediately saw that someone had been there ahead of us, and recently. The site was groomed into a nice and tidy condition, as if it were in a regular cemetery. We were stunned.

We put all the tools except the shovels on the ground at the north side of the grave, and waited for each other to take the first shovelful of dirt.

We returned to the car to get the digging tools and came back to the site. We put all the tools except the shovels on the ground at the north side of the grave, and waited for each other to take the first shovelful of dirt. We leaned on the implements, talked seriously, and realized we could not bring ourselves to upset the grave in any way. Our imaginations took off, but in a different direction from our thoughts of gold years earlier. What if we began digging and a body jumped out at us, or what if the person who kept this place tidy came back and caught us? Was it legal to dig into an old grave, and what if we found gold and then got blamed for the robbery, or what if we caught a disease that had been pent up all these years? We walked back to the car.

That was more than fifty years ago, but I still think sometimes about the lonely grave. I now live in Boise and Mont lives in Glendora, California. In the summer of 2010, we revisited the site with our wives, two sisters and brother-in-law. We went to the old Humphrey ranch and then drove to the Lonely Grave. Mont, who earlier had done some Internet research, had discovered that a soldier named Samuel Glass received a bullet in the bladder in a 19th Century battle with Nez Perce near Kilgore. Afterwards, the wounded began a journey on the back trail to Virginia City, but Glass died en route, in Pleasant Valley. On Aug. 23,1877, he was buried in the grave we had found. The U.S. Quartermaster Department has provided a marker for his grave, which overlooks Pleasant Valley west of Interstate 15. Employees of the U.S. Forest Service maintain the fenced-in site, where wild flowers grow. We paid our respects, took a few pictures, and thereby laid our long-held curiosity to rest. ■



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Lost Art Found

An Idaho Bobbin Lacemaker Helps to Revive an Old Craft

By Pat McCoy Rohleder

Absorbed in a complicated bobbin lacemaking stitch, I heard two women trying to describe to a third lady what I was doing. Looking up, I realized the lady in the middle was blind.

We were at Museum Comes to Life, an all-day event at Idaho's State Historical Museum in Boise's Julia Davis Park, held annually on the fourth Saturday of September. I participate each year along with numerous other craftsmen in costume, who demonstrate clock and watch repairs, quilting, spinning, you name it. That year, I was behind a railing inside one of the museum's displays. I stood up, put my pillow on the railing, and turned it around to guide the blind woman's hands over my handiwork, explaining it as I went. Her two guides beamed, and the pleasure of the third woman at being invited to touch so she could "see" was palpable.

Actually, her fingering my pillow to experience my work wasn't as foreign to the craft as some might assume. Back in the bad old days, people had the mistaken belief that sunlight damaged the thread. Lace was often made in cellars, by candlelight. Many lacemakers were blind by age thirty.

Bobbin lacemaking is a weaving technique that dates from the Elizabethan era and

ABOVE: The author demonstrates bobbin lacemaking. The straight pins hold the pattern in place.

RIGHT: Two edgings provide examples of the many possible designs.

once was a common cottage industry in Europe. It is not well-known in the United States. Very few early settlers in this country practiced it, unless an elderly parent unable to do much else happened to emigrate with the family. Lace was not practical in a frontier society where people were busy clearing land, fighting battles, and just plain surviving. By the time we got past that phase of our history, the Industrial Revolution had hit. As with so many crafts, it disappeared almost overnight. Cottage industries died right along with individual craftsmen, replaced by factories and assembly lines.

Nowadays, like many crafts, particularly those involving needles or thread, bobbin lacemaking is enjoying a revival. Each year at the historical museum, someone inevitably remarks, "Boy, that's a lost art." Not so. I know of at least a dozen ladies in the Boise area who do it, and the International Old Lacers, Inc., is an active organization in the United States.

Bobbin lace is made on a pillow, by crisscrossing strings, following a pattern to strategic points where straight pins are inserted to hold the work in place as it progresses. The pins give the project the appearance of the prickly back of a hedgehog, which is the symbol of bobbin lacemakers. The piano top in my Boise home holds six hedgehogs, four of them stuffed toys, one a tiny ceramic figure, and the sixth a small, orange creature that I think was meant as a Christmas ornament.

PHOTO BY PAT McCOY ROHLEDER

PHOTO COURTESY OF PAT McCOY ROHLEDER

I first saw bobbin lace while living in Texas. A friend there had spent three years in England, where she took lacemaking classes. My own lessons were far less formal and shorter, but when I returned to Idaho I found a book or two and was able to finish teaching myself.

At the museum, I often hear mothers tell children I'm doing something people used to do in their spare time. I correct them. Lacemaking was a way to make a living. In some English orphanages, I explain, young girls were taught to make lace in order to give them a means of supporting themselves when they went out on their own, at age fourteen. In the cottage industry era, children weren't mollycoddled. In many lacemaking regions, they began learning at about age five, often taught by an elderly widow woman in the village. They would study the alphabet, perhaps basic addition and subtraction, and how to make lace. Children also were apprenticed at age five or six to learn lacemaking, and, to make sure they sat still, instructors would tie them into their chairs all day long. That story always gets a groan from children, whose parents either laugh and jokingly suggest it's a good idea or shake their heads in dismay.

One year, a lady from Parma came to the museum expressly to seek me out. Her mother, originally from Belgium, had lacemaking tools, including a book of patterns. The mother had recently died, and her daughter brought me the book so I could copy it, hoping that I would be able to use the patterns. I was honored, but the instructions were in French, not a language I ever studied. Even so, I have been able to make the laces. A friend helped me read just enough to know how many

pairs of bobbins to wind, and I can read the patterns.

My costume, meant to portray an Elizabethan servant girl, always gets plenty of comments. Mostly, people ask why my dress has no lace on it. I always reply in servant's vernacular that I'm not allowed to put lace on my clothes, and then I explain why: most European nations of that era had sumptuary laws dictating what clothing each social class was allowed to own. Some of those laws were so detailed they even dictated how many yards of fabric could be used in making the item. Those wealthy enough to afford more could have it, but they were taxed on the excess. At one time, sumptuary laws in Venice actually dictated that all clothing must be trimmed with a certain amount of lace, the quantity and width varying with the wearer's social class. Officials there wanted to be certain all lacemakers had employment.

Anyone who does crossword puzzles knows that the answer to the clue "make lace" is almost always "tat" or "tatting." To be technically correct, tatting isn't lace at all. Tatting is tatting, an entirely different craft. The same is true of crochet and knitted laces, no matter how fine the work. Purists recognize only two forms of true lace. One is needlepoint, made with an ordinary sewing needle and single thread. Patterns were painstakingly worked onto a net background. Bobbin lace, the kind I make, is far simpler, though people watching me work seldom believe me when I say that. It's basically weaving, but at angles rather than the straight lines of threads woven for cloth.

Lace bobbins are not the little wheels on sewing machines with which most people are familiar. They're short sticks, notched for holding the thread near the top. They vary in style, sometimes according to the type of lace being made, or the custom of various lace-producing regions. Unlike knitting, crochet, or tatting, lacemakers don't have to count stitches. They read the pattern as they go along. As a hobby, I recommend lacemaking, not only because it's relaxing, but because it's fun to watch for reactions like those I see at the historical museum or during other demonstrations I give in Idaho each year. ■

PHOTO BY PAT McCOY ROHLEDER

PHOTO BY PAT McCOY ROHLEDER

OPPOSITE: The author in Elizabethan servant girl costume at Museum Comes to Life in Boise.

FAR ABOVE: Lace has long been machine-made, but handmade craft is undergoing a revival.

ABOVE: The end product of much of the author's bobbin lacework is a bridal handkerchief.

PHOTO BY CLARA NATOLI

Dare I Say Bear?

Fear Is Invisible, But It Has Claws

By Gabrielle Saurette

At Beaver Creek Campground on Priest Lake, my friend Mary and I tucked ourselves into my parents' camper van, which was parked on asphalt just a gate away from the main road to town. As usual, we wouldn't be among the unfortunate campers watching Smoky attempt to pry the hinges off those "bear-proof" lockers and praying that he wouldn't smell the scent of steak lingering in their sweatshirts.

All the camp's rules, which were posted on trees and bulletin boards, seemed to revolve around large mammals with four paws.

"Please do NOT feed the BEARS."

"Place all trash in designated cans or risk $500 fine."

"Keep all food in locked vehicles."

"No dogs off leash."

"Pay in advance."

The last one always seemed particularly menacing. Why did they want the cash up front? Was there a history of campers driving off as thieves, or was it something different, something darker?

The other teenagers always called Mary and me wimps for sleeping in four-wheeled comfort. We didn't often admit, even to each other, our fear of claws slicing through nylon tent walls. We tried to ignore the truth that without this power-locked, aluminum-walled, pinstriped sleeping capsule, neither of us would have left our bear-proof bedrooms in Post Falls.

A week of swimming and sunbathing and hiking and nail-painting had left me less resistant than usual to yawns. Before sinking into oblivion, I traced patterns on the foggy windows. "It must be cold out. Look." I made a handprint on the tinted glass, but Mary's breathing already had taken on a hypnotic rhythm.

Later, our lungs had to suck every breath through the exhaust

leak my dad had never completely patched. The banana-and-bologna-scented air forced condensation droplets to streak the glass. I must have pried open the two panes nearest me, because I awoke suddenly with a frozen nose. Morning still hovered somewhere on the other side of the mountains.

"Gabbie? You awake?"

"Yeah. Why?"

Once we realized that something other than the wind in the trees had awoken us at the same moment, our confusion morphed into fear.

"Did you lock the doors?" Mary asked.

She fumbled for her glasses. I reached over the driver's seat and clicked the power-lock.

"I think I felt something," she said. "I don't think the wind in the trees woke us up." She drew in her breath, which hissed past her teeth. "Listen."

I hissed as well, holding my breath. My thoughts telescoped to one of the warning signs, "Keep all food locked in vehicles," and to its forgotten second half, "and away from sleeping areas."

A scuffing, bumping, scratching sound from the passenger wheel well dried out my mouth more quickly than a dentist's suction wand. Those brown-padlocked boxes with menacing scratches around the hinges seemed to grin from their lakeside perches not far up the trail. This van was an oversized food locker, and the logos on our sweatshirts were entree labels.

"Shut the windows," Mary stuttered.

I smacked each lever down, sealing out the cedar breeze, and swallowed enough to rasp a whisper. "Do

PHOTO BY ROBERT SHIFLET

PHOTO COURTESY OF GABRIELLE SAURETTE

OPPOSITE: Pretty at a distance and when not hungry.

LEFT: A photo from the author's Priest Lake family album.

ABOVE: Praise for the "power-locked sleeping capsule."

you have the flashlight?"

Mary flicked it on, her blond bob ashy in the brightness.

I crawled into the passenger seat and attempted to shine the geriatric halogen out into the gloom, but tinted windows work in both directions. They say fear lies in the unknown; face it and you can conquer it. I felt if I could just see the—dare I say bear?—everything would be better. The old "strike the match when you hear the creaking floor boards" principle seemed reasonable. Or is it when you hear the growl? Sherlock Holmes, anyway.

They say fear lies in the unknown; face it and you can conquer it. I felt if I could just see the—dare I say bear?—everything would be better.

Mary was still huddling near her pillow with her knees to her chest when the second thud came. She abandoned her whisper. "Oh, my gosh, it's a bear!"

I maneuvered to the driver's seat and began turning the interior lights on and off. "Kristoff and Matt are sleeping on the ground right by the fire pit," I said. As I considered the prospect of a hungry, disoriented carnivore tripping over my brother and his friend, I tried not to whimper. "What should we do?"

I looked at the van keys dangling from the ignition. I had just gotten my license, and had even driven this boat of a vehicle on occasion. We could head to town! No, the gate was locked. We could at least start the engine and scare the bear. I turned the key to the click just before the engine engages, but then I stopped. What if our visitor was a raccoon, or something even smaller? What if it was only a porcupine, a somnambulant squirrel, or a mouse, like the brown one that sneaked under the outhouse door one year and stared at me in the lantern light before deciding to wait outside? What if we had just imagined the bumps and noises, and then we woke up the other campers and got laughed at over coffee the next morning, and the next year? I turned the key off and climbed into the back.

"Maybe if we pray, it will go away and won't hurt the boys," I told Mary, adopting a survival mechanism I had used since getting lost in a supermarket at age four.

We prayed, breathed up all our oxygen again, and when the goose bumps on our knees smoothed out, we slid down into our sleeping bags and listened. Silence. Mary heaved a sigh and took off her glasses. As I adjusted my pillow, my methodical fluffing was interrupted by a munching noise, this time from inside the vehicle. Mary frantically unzipped her bag.

"That's it, I'm getting out of here!"

She tossed my shoes to me and we tumbled into the pre-dawn gloom. My adrenaline high abated a little when I saw that Kristoff still lived and slept in the open air.

"Kristoff, I know you're going to want to kill us, but Mary and I have been up for the last hour-and-a-half, and there's something hiding and going munch-munch in the back of the car. If you help us look, I promise I'll never ask you anything like this again."

He got up and, to our eternal shame, verified that a squirrel had been drilling holes into our three-pound peanut supply.

By the time Mary and I relocked the doors, the sunrise had begun to overtake our escapade.

"Sleep, at last."

I smiled with relief through a dreamless sleep, smiled until my eyes were wrenched open by the sound of fry-pan clanging, calling me to witness a print on the dusty back window that was larger than mine . . . and had claws. ■

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Richfield

PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Greened by Irrigation But Long in Decline, This Town Still Commands Strong Loyalties

By Kelly Kast

I always get a nudge of nostalgia when I pass through tiny Richfield, where a portion of my early childhood was spent. My memories are a bit fragmented, as I was barely five when my family moved from Richfield to Shoshone, but I do remember summer days spent wading in the ditch in front of the house of my babysitter, Mrs. Davis, and eating my fill of vanilla ice cream topped with strawberry jam at the Pheasant Café, where my mother worked. Actually, the Richfield of my childhood is not much different than it is today: small, full of friendly, hard-working people and, of course, charming. Unfortunately, my most vivid memory of Richfield is that of a catastrophic personal tragedy—well, at least from the perspective of a five-year-old.

LEFT: Lemmon Hardware in Richfield, built in 1911.

PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ABOVE: Postcard view of Main Street when Richfield was new.

OPPOSITE: Lyle Piper in 1946 at age ten, in front of the grocery store his family has owned and operated for three generations.

Mrs. Davis had the good sense to allow me to spend my considerable energy turning the irrigation ditch in front of her home into my personal kingdom. I built fortresses, created mud pie masterpieces, and even did a fair job of replicating the City of Venice, complete with canals. Despite artful engineering, I had an accident or two during the construction process, the most memorable of which was sticking the steak knife I "borrowed" from Mrs. Davis through the bottom of my foot. Twelve stitches and a tetanus shot later, I learned I would spend the remainder of the summer, my last in Richfield, in Mrs. Davis' house with a stack of coloring books and a pack of crayons.

The Pheasant Café and Mrs. Davis are both gone now, and I have long since healed from my childhood-altering injury. Even so, on returning to Richfield to interview old friends for this article, I drove by Mrs. Davis' home. The ditch is still there and I was very, very tempted to hop out of my car and see if the mud in the bottom was still the best building material around. When Richfield was in its infancy, its mud was widely considered to be the best brick-making material anyone had ever seen, but I restrained my impulse to step back in time. The owners of the house were not at home, and I wasn't certain of their welcome if they did return and find a mud-spattered, middle-aged woman sitting in their ditch giggling. It seemed there was a good chance I would rue the day I was born.

Speaking of born, it sounds a little odd, perhaps, to say a town is born, but in the matter of the many towns along the Oregon Short Line in 1906, that's an apt descriptor for Richfield.

Without water the town couldn't, and wouldn't, have come to exist. It was born out of necessity, and for a period of time was home to more than a thousand people. It was originally named Arvada by the railroad, but that didn't last long. Its second name was Alberta, for Alberta Strunk, the first child born in the smattering of houses built along the tracks. When the Idaho Irrigation Company, builders of the Magic Dam and the canal system that would bring water to the town, decided to make Alberta the seat of the company headquarters and the place where many of its workers would live, it was renamed Richfield, which didn't sound frigid or winter-like.

In 1907, the Idaho Irrigation Company began a campaign to promote land sales in the fertile fields of its company seat, which was still named Alberta. On June 14, the *Shoshone Journal* reported, "Alberta, Lincoln County, is to be the scene of a notable land opening on June 24, when the first of forty thousand acres of Idaho Irrigation Company's great reclamation project is open for settlement." The article described other land opening successes, and claimed that demand for irrigable land was far outstripping supply. Those who might have some reticence about purchasing land in the Alberta area would soon regret their decision, the article declared. "If the Alberta opening is not the most successful of all, there is nothing in argument—there are physical advantages that will make the Alberta section particularly desirable. Except for proximity to market, there is almost no choice in the land, soil, elevation, drainage, slopes, [as they] are so uniform as to make the last chance in the drawing almost as good as the first."

Construction of the Magic Dam had begun in 1906, and the dam and planned sale of farmland were called the Big Wood River Project. The Idaho Irrigation Company spared no expense to advertise and promote land sales and business opportunities. Local residents were just as enthusiastic about

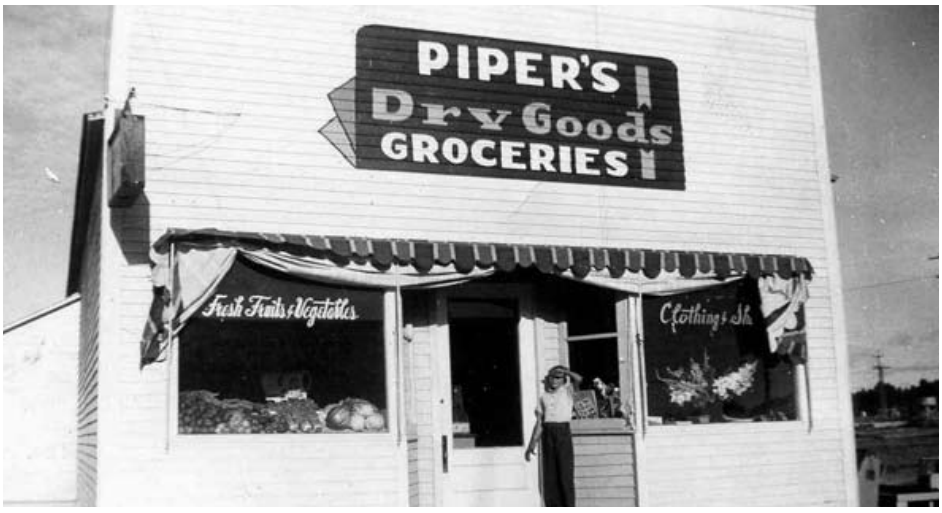

PHOTO COURTESY OF LYLE PIPER

promoting their town. In 1910, the Richfield Commercial Club was organized, with fifty active members. The club published a booklet that described Richfield's many attributes, and sent it to friends and relatives. In a book by Betty M. Bever published in 2000, *Idaho and the Magic Circle,* she describes how Richfield held a local contest to come up with a catchy slogan for its promotional material. The winner of the contest was V.V. Bower, the wife of a local real estate mogul. Her slogan "Rising, Enterprising Richfield," was used in all newspaper ads and brochures. "Mrs. Bower won $10 for her contribution, and glowed happily in the limelight for some time thereafter," Bever wrote.

The booklets and pamphlets boasted of the town's amenities, including its tennis club and two tennis courts, public park, eighty-foot-wide graded streets, $25,000 waterworks system, $7,000 school, and local newspaper, the *Richfield Recorder*. Promoters also mentioned that phone lines extended twenty-four miles into the country, connecting Richfield to the dam site and to the town of Dietrich.

PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

"The Richfield booklet was complete with attractive pictures, one of which was the fabulous Richfield Hotel that opened on May 15, 1909," Bever wrote. "Those who spent long hours on the train and finally arrived in Richfield were amazed and delighted to find such a beautiful edifice." The hotel, which cost $35,000 to build, included steam heat, an independent gas plant, a private ice house, rooms with bath en suite, a barber shop, a billiard room, and food service.

The lottery for land was open to citizens of the United States over age twenty-one, married women excluded. Before the drawing was held, the irrigation company had $1.4 million in its possession for lands in and around Richfield, including the town of Dietrich and parts of Shoshone. The first name drawn for farmland openings had twenty-four hours to select a 160-acre site. A total of 40,000 acres made up the original Richfield tract. The price was fixed at fifty cents per acre paid to the state, and fifty dollars per acre for water, paid to the Idaho Irrigation Company. Residence had to be established within six months after notice was given of water delivery, and final proof had to be made within three years.

For the most part, the Idaho Irrigation Company spoke the truth. The land in and around Richfield, was, and is, ideal for agricultural and other business pursuits. Sadly, a phrase in

PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OPPOSITE: An undated downtown street scene.

ABOVE: The Richfield Hotel was built in 1908.

the company literature, "Except for the proximity to market . . . " has proven to be a prophetic assurance that Richfield will never again be the "town of many thousands" for which its promoters had hoped.

"Richfield has been on the decline for many, many years. It is pretty much just a bedroom community now," said Lyle Piper, a lifelong resident and the owner of a grocery store that has served the town for three generations. "We used to have three bars, a dry goods store, two restaurants, two general stores, a hardware store, a service station, and a vehicle repair station. They're all gone now. A few years ago, we even lost our little bank."

Lyle says the decline of the town is sad, but at least the citizens now have the advantage of knowing everyone and watching out for each other. Lyle and his wife, Betty, know the history of Richfield, and are proud to share it. Betty keeps three-ringed binders of memorabilia, news clippings, and photographs that chronicle the history of the town, as well as the history of the Piper family. Lyle's father, Joe Piper, founded the store and Lyle and Betty's son, Mike, now runs it.

From Betty's massive stacks of information, she gave me a chronological history of Richfield written several years ago by a friend. Betty, the de facto town historian, says Richfield's history is the story of many small Idaho towns: they started out with great promise, but fizzled. Indeed, some of the early towns along the railroad have disappeared.

"Richfield is a great place to live," Betty said, "but it's very difficult to make a living here." Richfield's heyday ended in about 1960, she said. "I came to Richfield in 1945, and back then, there was still a lot of opportunity for businesses in the area. The railroad was still here and people were doing their business here. Over the years, the town has just kept on declining. When a business closes, another one

PHOTO BY KELLY KAST

LEFT: Few small businesses remain in contemporary Richfield, many of whose original brick structures now carry For Sale signs.

OPPOSITE: Donald "Cotton" Riley has lived eighty-two of his eighty-nine years in Richfield.

doesn't take its place."

Cotton Riley, who has lived eighty-two of his eighty-nine years in Richfield, says the town's decline has been tough to watch, but agrees with the Pipers that there is little anyone can do about it. "I think Richfield really started to decline when people could buy automobiles on credit. Until then, folks had to make do with what they could grow themselves, and what they could buy locally. Once a person could buy a car on credit, they were off to Twin Falls for their shopping."

Cotton and his wife, Nina, also a lifelong Richfield resident, live in the first home built in Richfield. "The home wasn't at this location when it was built," Nina clarified. "It was moved here after the original home on this site burned."

Cotton is known to many in the Magic Valley and Wood River Valley for his participation in chariot racing, and for driving mule and oxen teams in local parades. When the initial Glenns Ferry reenactment crossing was held, Cotton was the first to drive a team across. He has been on several wagon train reenactments, and says his favorite was the 1989 Centennial Wagon Train in Montana. "It really showed me how tough the pioneers who settled the West, including Richfield, really had it. That trip was five hundred miles, all of it by wagon train. I went the first 225 miles by myself, then Nina and her sister joined me with a wagon and we went 225 miles more."

Cotton said participating in these reenactments put into perspective for him what a daunting task it must have been for Idaho's pioneers to engineer the dams, the canal systems, the roadways, and, of course, the townsites that exist today. He has driven a team in the Wagon Days Parade in Ketchum each year since the parade started. "I hate to see Richfield on the decline, but it's been a good town to me," he said. "I have a lot of great memories here and it's still a wonderful place to live."

Some of his favorite childhood pastimes are still available in Richfield, he added, such as swimming and fishing, but he does miss going to the theater. "It cost a dime to go to the theater when I was a kid. Anytime I could scare up a dime, I went."

For more than a century, whether in boom or decline, Richfield has held a special place in the hearts of past residents, lifelong residents, and those who have discovered it in more recent times. Today, Richfield is home to about 450 people, is still dependent on its agricultural roots, and still

receives most of its irrigation water from the Magic Dam.

A current description of the town posted on the state government's official website, Access Idaho, states: "Richfield residents, both past and present, have been and continue to be fiercely loyal to the little town. Many who have moved out of the area return annually to visit old friends and reminisce, and can be overheard saying that the best years of their lives were spent in Richfield. Once dubbed the Biggest Little Town in Idaho, Richfield remains big in the hearts of all who have passed through. What it lacks in size and wealth is more than made up for in heart and history." ■

PHOTO BY KELLY KAST

The Day the Dam Broke

By Michelle B. Coates

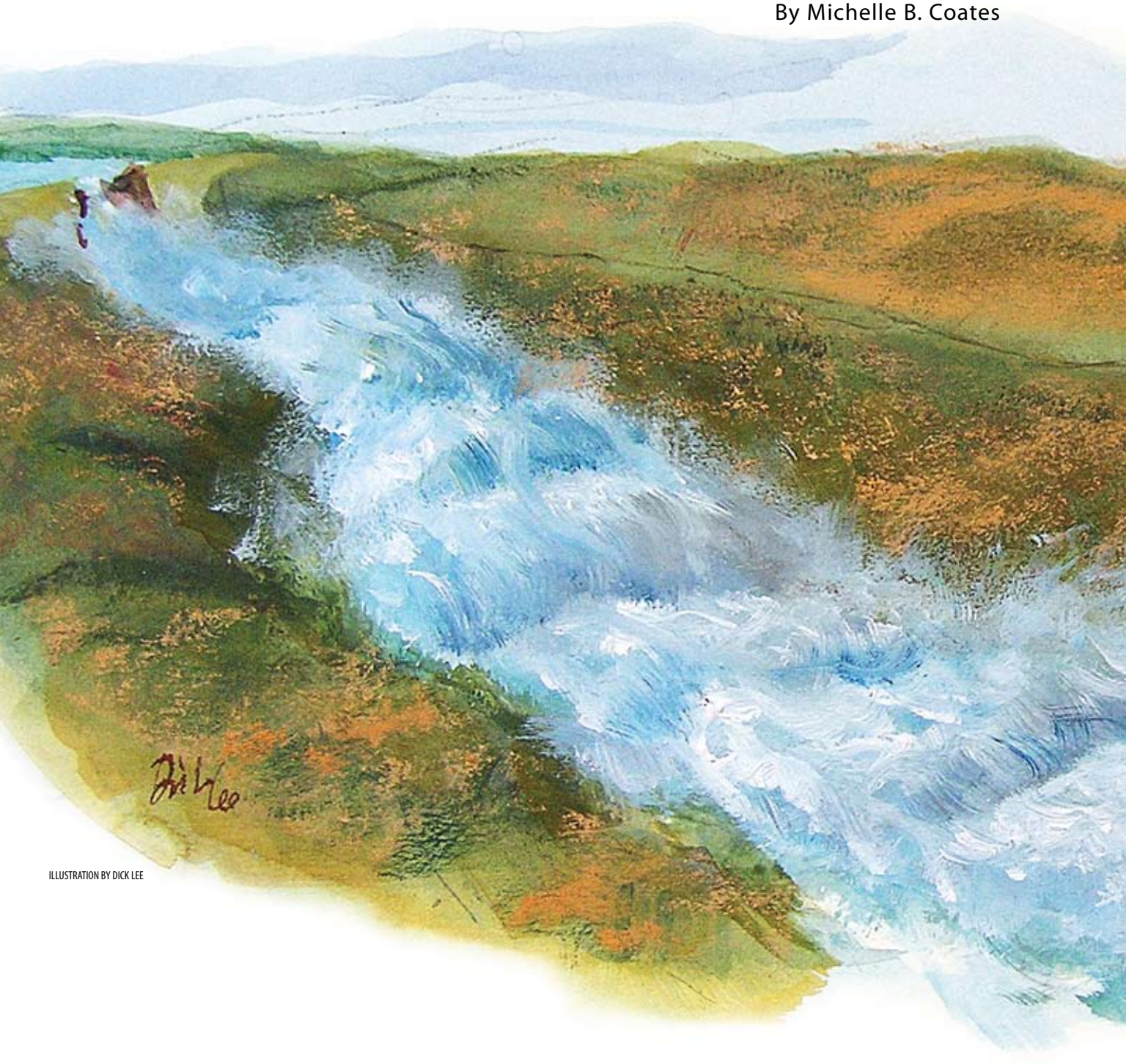

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

An Idahoan Recounts Her Ordeal When the Teton Dam Collapsed

The old discussion of rebuilding the Teton Dam has come up again lately. I've seen some articles in the newspaper, and heard a few stories on the local news, but I generally don't pay much attention to these stories.

I've never even visited the Teton Dam Museum in Rexburg. The dam is not something I care to remember that often. I can't help but wonder if the people in favor of rebuilding it are new to the area.

I was twelve years old the summer the Teton Dam broke in June of 1976. I lived with my family on a ranch only a few hundred yards from the Snake River, in Hibbard, thirteen miles northwest of Rexburg. We raised registered Black Angus Cattle and registered Quarter Horses, and my dad owned and operated a building supply business in town. The day of the flood, my parents, Brent and Karen Bell, and my oldest brother, Shayne, were driving a new work truck back from Nebraska. My second brother, Bryant, was coming home from Boise, where he had

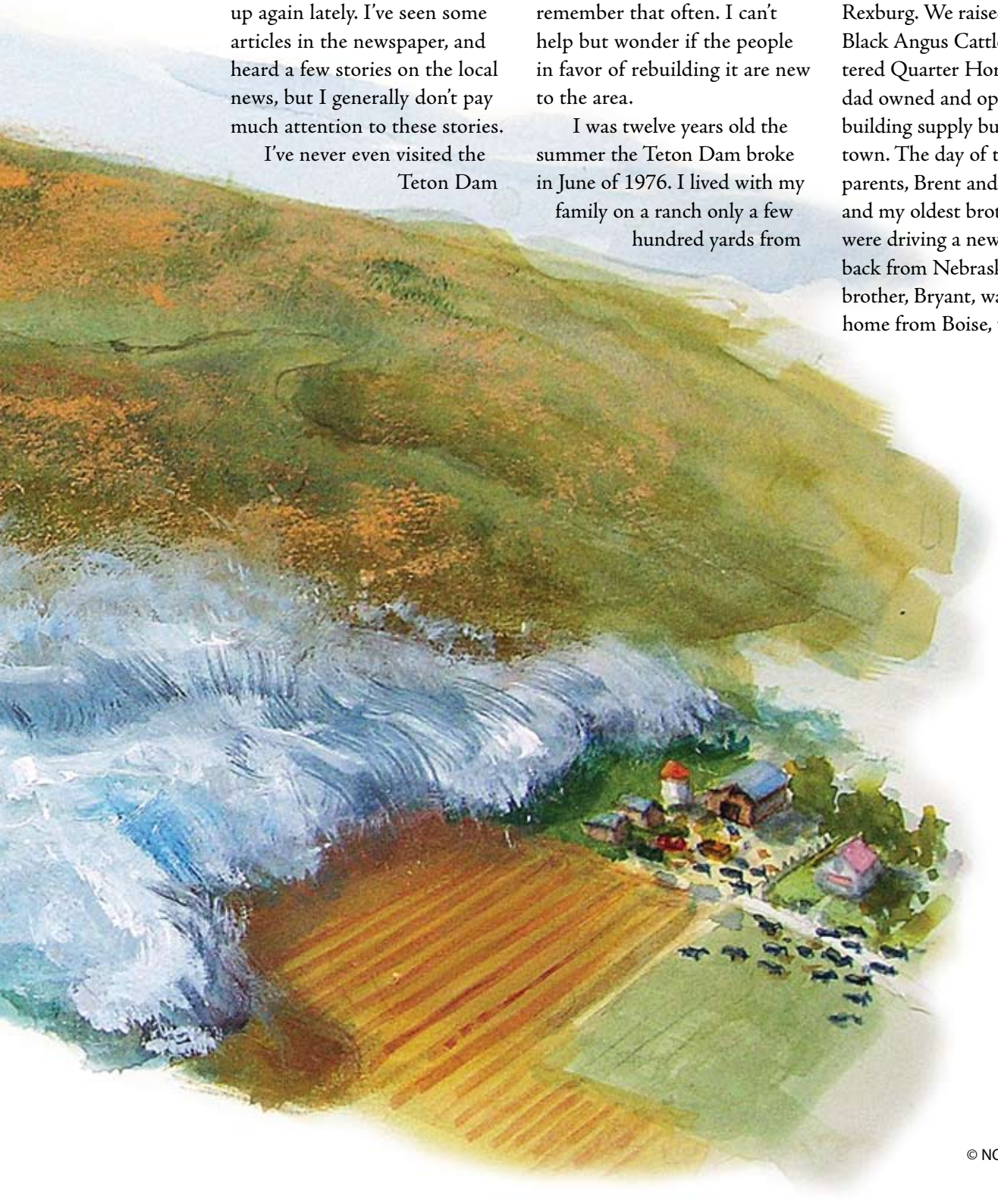

PHOTO COURTESY OF KAREN BELL

been working as a page with the Idaho Legislature. Brett, my brother just older than I, was with his scout troop that morning. My younger sister, Sharla, and I had finished helping Grandma Jensen dust her house and fix lunch. It was a beautiful Saturday morning, and we were looking forward to helping Grandpa Jensen paint the new wood fence he had built around their house in Hibbard, but we sat down to eat lunch first.

We turned on the television to watch a cartoon while we ate. After a moment, we heard the awful beeping noise the Emergency Broadcast System uses, but there was no prior warning. That seemed odd to us, and then the message came that the dam had collapsed and everyone needed to get to higher ground. We sat frozen for a moment, wondering if it could possibly be true. Then Grandma went into action. She packed food from her refrigerator to take with us, and we helped her put some of her clothes into the car. Grandpa seemed scattered, not knowing what to do, so he did what Grandma told him. She drove my sister and me the few miles to our house, and Grandpa followed us there in his pick-up. The first thing Grandma had Grandpa do was pull the file drawers out of the built-in cabinets in my dad's office and put them on top of the bookcases. Little did we know this later would help my dad prove how many cattle we lost that day.

The few minutes we were at our house, I tried to think about what mattered. I took a new oil painting my parents had just bought and had not even had time to hang yet, and I laid it on top of the bed in their upstairs bedroom. Bryant's bedroom was in the basement, and he had just bought a new stereo, so I went downstairs, got that, and also put it on top of my par-

ABOVE: Mangers torn from the field by the flood were wrapped around the family's old grainery and barn.

OPPOSITE: Brent Bell with cattle from a herd reestablished after the flood, pasturing at Island Park.

ents' bed. Those were the only two dry things we later found in the house, other than my dad's important papers, because the bed floated. I don't remember taking anything of my own with me, but my sister and I did save most of Shayne's clothes, which he had ready for an upcoming mission to Brazil. Our dog, Lucky, went into the back of Grandpa's truck, and we left for higher ground.

As we drove over the bridge and into Plano, I remember looking back at our house—at the barns and corrals, the cows, and the horses—and wondering what would happen to them. When we crossed the second bridge and drove to the top of Fisher's Hill, we were told to keep going. Everyone was supposed to go to the Egin Sand Hills, but Grandma asked Grandpa to go back to their house and get the quilts she had made for each one of her grandchildren, and also to try to find Brett, who should have been back by then. After Grandpa left, this strong woman, who knew exactly what to do, started crying. I had no idea what to think. The whole experience seemed surreal, just as it does now, thinking back on it thirty-four years later.

It was hot at the sand hills, and a lot of people were sitting around, listening to radios for any news of what was happening. We had been there nearly two hours when Grandpa drove up with Brett in the truck. He had rescued the quilts and had found Brett at Fisher's Hill, which was a huge relief for all of us. Brett told us later that when his scout leader left him at our house, he said he would come back for him, but he never did. While Brett was there, he ran to the corrals and opened all the gates, so the cows and horses would at least have a fighting chance. He could see what he described as a wall of water coming, and he was running back to the house when Bishop Parker saw him and picked him up. The bishop had made one last sweep through our ward to make sure everyone was out when he found Brett. As they drove towards Fisher's Hill, the water followed them all the way.

As the water roared past us, we looked upstream and could see cows in the torrent, fighting to keep their heads above the water.

At the sand hills, we waited a while longer, and then my grandparents decided to drive us back to Fisher's Hill to see what was happening. I still find what I saw there hard to imagine. The bridge at the base of the hill looked like it had washed out. The railings of the bridge remained, but the bridge itself seemed to be gone. I later found out that the bridge was actually there, but the pavement and dirt on both ends of it had washed away. As the water roared past us, we looked upstream and could see cows in the torrent, fighting to keep their heads above the water, only to be sucked under the railing of the bridge. We never saw them come up.

A crowd had gathered on the hill. One man told me our house was completely underwater. He gave me his binoculars, and I walked farther out across the hill, through the sagebrush, trying to get a glimpse of our house through the trees and across the river bottoms. As I tried to focus the binoculars, I

PHOTO COURTESY OF KAREN BELL

PHOTO COURTESY OF KAREN BELL

LEFT: After the flood, a new fence built around the home of the author's grandparents was gone, and the house had to be torn down.

OPPOSITE: Michelle on Starr Dust the spring before the flood, in a field behind the family home.

imagined I could see the brown roof, but I wasn't certain. All I knew was that my world had completely changed. Somewhere out there was Starr Dust, my two-year-old sorrel Quarter Horse, who had been my birthday gift from my parents when I turned ten, and Smokey, the gray Welsh Pony on whom I had learned to ride. I remember feeling frantic and sick.

Aunt Helen Berger, who lived in Plano, took us to her home that night. We sat around the kitchen table in the dark with flashlights and candles, and listened on her battery-powered radio to news reports of the widespread flooding. There were reports of missing people, and Brett was on the list. His scout leader had assumed he had drowned, and had reported him missing.

When my parents heard the news on the radio, they drove all night to get back to Rexburg. Early the next morning, they pulled into Ricks College, another high-ground gathering place. Dad found a man who had flown in with a helicopter, and who needed a

truck to try to find his family. In exchange for use of our truck, he flew my dad across Rexburg and Hibbard to Plano, where the rest of us once again had gathered at the top of Fisher's Hill. The water still flooded past us, but it was mainly in the river channel now. As the helicopter landed in an open field nearby, we realized that Dad was in it, and Brett, Sharla, and I climbed through a barbed-wire fence to get to him. I remember he looked shaken, but also hugely relieved that he would be able to tell my mom her children and her parents were alive.

As we stood on the hill after my dad had left in the helicopter to meet my mother in Rexburg, I decided that since I could see some of the road on the other side of what was left of the bridge, I was going to go find Starr Dust. I convinced an older girl I knew to go with me, and we had scooted halfway across the metal railing when my grandma saw us, our feet dangling only inches from the raging water. I don't think I have ever seen her look so angry, and we scooted backwards off the railing. Looking back, I don't know what I was thinking. I realize now that if either of us had slipped, we would not have lived.

Later that night, again at my Aunt Helen's house, her son, Nolan, came in and told me he had found my horse. He and a friend had made it across the railing on the bridge, and worked their way towards my house. Nolan told me they found her across the river, buried in mud up to her neck, but alive. They had spent hours digging Starr Dust out, and had been able to get her back to where the barn and corrals had been only a day earlier. Smokey didn't make it, and we lost more than a hundred cows. Our other horses had been taken before the flood to an arena on the Menan Butte for some training, where they were safe. When the roads finally became passable a few weeks later, we took Starr Dust to the arena, so we wouldn't have to keep her tied to the only section of corral fence that remained standing. Our two-story hay barn and stables had ended up wedged under the bridge, and one of our cats was found there days later, alive and still clinging to the wood. Brett and two of our neighbors formed a human chain over the side of the bridge to pry Tiger loose.

Our two-story hay barn and stables had ended up wedged under the bridge, and one of our cats was found there days later, still alive.

My family was able to get an apartment near the college for a few months, and every day we would drive to the Hibbard church, where we would have to leave our car, and then walk two-and-a-half miles to get to our house. A huge sinkhole had appeared in the road halfway between the church and our house, and we would walk ankle-deep or sometimes knee-deep in water, going through the fields to get around the hole. Once at our house, we spent day after day shoveling mud and cattails out of it.

We found someone's calf in our garage. The windows weren't broken, and the doors were shut, but there it was, dead in all that mud, its tiny head trapped over the back tire of our car.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MICHELLE R. COATES

LEFT: Starr Dust stands where one of the corrals and the two-story hay barn and stables used to be.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MICHELLE B. COATES

Inside the house, we cut the ruined carpet into strips and threw it out the windows. Furniture, toys, and books all had to be thrown out. In town, we also shoveled mud out of our office space. For months afterward, my brothers and I spent hours washing mud from pieces of metal siding, trying to salvage what we could.

One thing I will never forget was the smell of rotting food from the refrigerator, from the meat in the freezer, and from the storeroom in our basement. The worst, though, was the stench that permeated our house from the dead and decaying animals lying in the river bottoms around us. I have a vivid memory of standing on the back step of our house, watching as a helicopter slowly rose above the trees, a bloated and stiff-legged cow dangling below it from a rope. We could see smoke in the direction the helicopter was flying. We assumed the animals were being burned in piles, but we didn't go to see that. There were so many dead animals, the burden of burying them must have become too much.

It took months for the smell to go away. I remember one day in particular, about a month after the flood. As I went outside the house, I saw a line of cows walking in single file across the Snake River Bridge. Everyone in the house came outside, and we stood and watched as those thirteen cows crossed the bridge, turned down the lane, and walked back to where their barn had once stood. They were all that was left of our herd. We have no idea how they survived, or how they all found each other, but they knew, somehow, the way home.

One thing I will never forget was the smell of rotting food from the refrigerator, from the meat in the freezer, and from the storeroom.

I learned some valuable lessons from the flood, one of which was that replaceable things don't matter. People, animals, feelings—they're a different story. My mother was so sad that she lost the only pictures she had of a daughter, older than I, who had died the day after she was born. She gladly would have traded the oil painting for those photographs. In fact, we have very few pictures from before the flood, and those few are mud-splattered and streaked. One of those is of me on Starr Dust, taken sometime that spring. Four days after the flood, I was finally able to see her. We had walked from the church to our house, and I immediately ran to where the stables had been, to see with my own eyes that Starr Dust really was alive. That summer and fall, I spent hours riding her at the arena in Menan with Reen Wheeler, the horse trainer there. It was a relief to go there and escape the stress at home for a while.

Dad brought all the horses home before winter, once a barn and some of the corrals were rebuilt, but I never imagined that only a few months later, Starr Dust's grave would be dug inside one of those corrals. She died in April the year after the flood, one day after her third birthday. I count her as one of the statistics from the flood. The trauma that she suffered must have taken a toll on her. Surviving burial up to her neck for more than twenty-four hours is unimaginable to me, as is the fact that Nolan was able to find her. Heartbroken that cold April morning, I cut a lock from her mane with my pocketknife as she lay on the ground.

Over the years, as I've watched television news reports of other floods, I often wondered what made my flood different from theirs. Finally, I came to the conclusion that blame is the answer. In a flash flood, or when rivers flood in the spring from heavy snowfall, as tragic as that can be, there is no blame. Thirty-four years ago, people didn't have to die, and animals didn't have to drown. Businesses, homes, and belongings didn't have to be destroyed. Those who think the dam should be rebuilt, and that our state should keep spending money on studies, probably never had to face angry flood victims.

In other stories written about the flood, much has been made of the wonderful experience it was, with images of the Red Cross and busloads of people coming to help. That may be true, but the experience wasn't wonderful, and help

LEFT: All possessions had to be thrown out of the author's family home and hauled away.

PHOTO COURTESY OF KAREN BELL

wasn't the whole story. There were those who gloated that my family had lost nearly everything. Others were irritated that our house stood, while not even a two-by-four remained of theirs. When farmers started to put their farms back together, fence lines somehow changed from where they had been before the flood.

Yet for all of the bad, there was some good. I remember two women from Plano who walked to our house one day, put all our wet and muddy bedding into garbage bags, and left with it. A couple of weeks later the women came back, our sheets and blankets clean and neatly folded.

When I think back to that June day and its aftermath, it's hard to sort it all out. The human death toll changed from eleven to fourteen. The number of drowned cows rose from more than ten thousand to eighteen thousand, but what about horses, dogs, and cats? What about the psychological toll on the people?

I don't fully comprehend all the water issues surrounding the persistent desire to put the dam back. Even so, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation's 1977 report by Harold G. Arthur states that studies conducted in 1932 and in 1947 concluded the canyon sites being considered for the dam were inadvisable. After all, this is an area of porous, volcanic rock. In 1957, engineers and politicians decided on a new site, despite studies that found potential problems of water leakage from the reservoir, according to Arthur's report. During the dam's construction, between February 1972 and June 1976, open fissures were found in the canyon walls. Attempts were made to fill them with concrete, but we know how the story ended. I can't imagine anyone asking us to go through that again. ■

There were those who gloated that my family had lost nearly everything. Others were irritated that our house stood.

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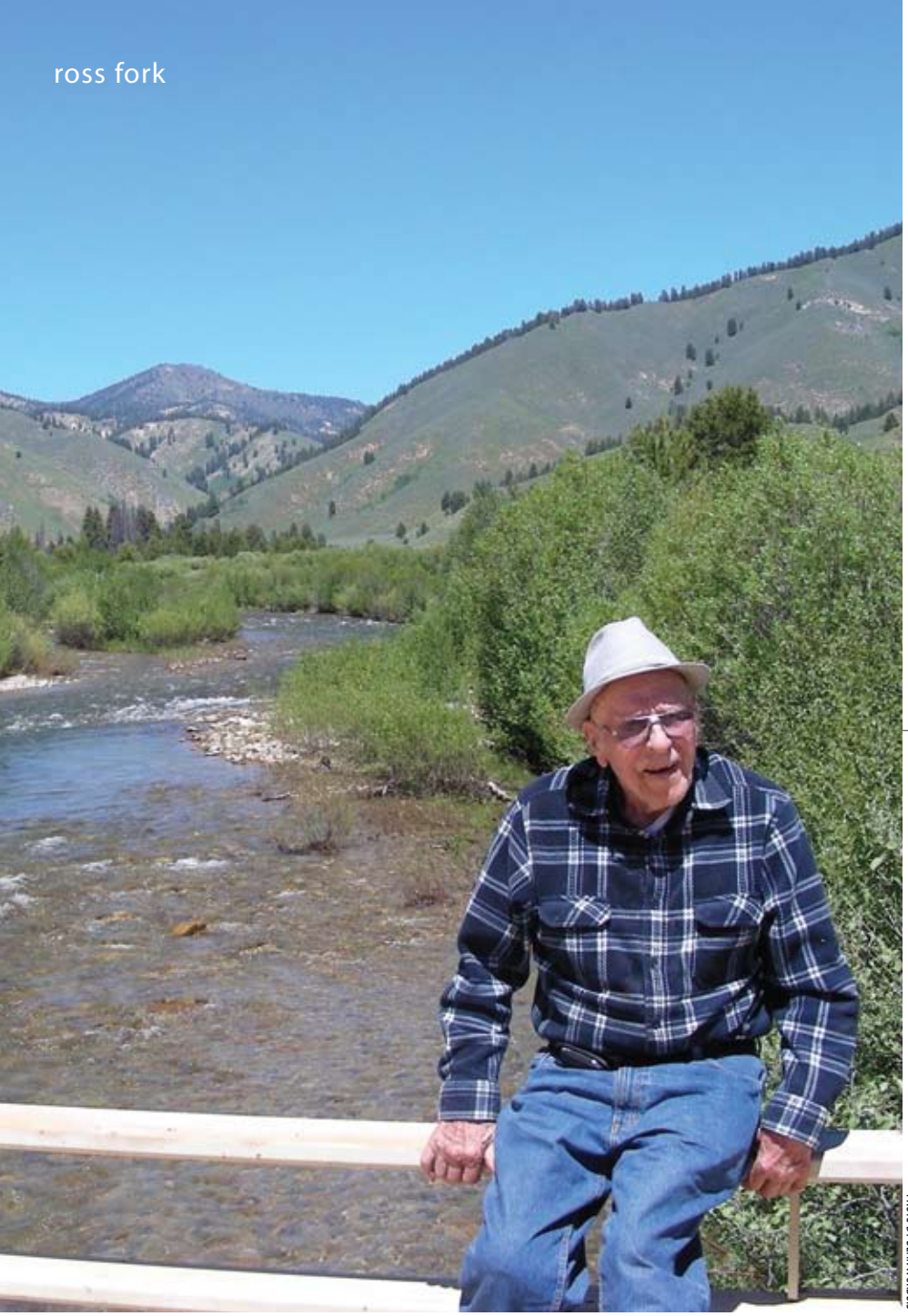


PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

The Kid and the Gun

A Sheepherder in the 1930s Encounters Backcountry Trouble

By Dean Worbois

He was a kid, really. Kind of high-strung and full of himself, like most seventeen year-olds. Even so, the kid seemed eager to work, and Otto needed the help. Whether you were a kid or not, being a sheepherder's hired hand was a tough job.

When the sheep were on the move, camp had to be broken down and packed on horses, only to be unpacked and set back up every evening. Once you were on the high rangeland, things were a little easier, what with camp remaining in one place for several days or weeks at a time. Still, there was always cooking and cleaning and fixing to do, not to mention running out to check on the thousand ewes and

ABOVE: Volney Fleischman in south-central Idaho, where he helped his family herd sheep in the 1930s.

OPPOSITE TOP: Part of Otto Fleischman's flock, 1930. The family ran a full band of sheep, which is one thousand head.

OPPOSITE BELOW: The track to Ross Fork.

twelve hundred new lambs.

Otto Fleischman's son, Volney, had been helping from 1930 to 1933. A strapping twenty-two in 1934, Volney had proven himself a good hand. He had often taken lambs to market by himself, riding in the stock cars to Omaha or Chicago, getting the best price, and returning with the proceeds. Otto would have been glad to have Volney tend camp in the summer of 1934, but the family had purchased a second flock, and Volney had to watch over them. The Fleischmans were friends with a family over in Gooding who had a teenaged son eager to get out of the house and tend sheep. That's how Otto found himself with a high-strung kid packing and unpacking camp.

Sheep travel five miles a day when they're herded. They don't have time to stop and graze, but the pace is leisurely enough that they can grab tufts of grass as they pass. Otto's sheep left the Fleischman farm four miles west of Wendell in the spring, heading north past Gooding and over the hills leading to the broad, lush Camas Prairie. From there, they were herded to Macon, fourteen miles east of Fairfield, where Willow Creek met the railroad. Macon consisted of a corral and a chute from which sheep were loaded onto boxcars. There wasn't even a rail siding, just the boxcars waiting on the tracks. In the corral, the winter lambs were separated and loaded for shipment to market. The rest of the sheep began a fifty-mile trek into Idaho's rugged Sawtooth country.

PHOTO COURTESY OF VOLNEY FLEISCHMAN

PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

ABOVE: Gerry Fleischman helps to trace his sheepherding grandfather's footsteps.

OPPOSITE TOP: The Fleischman camp at Elk Creek, 1934.

OPPOSITE BELOW: A makeshift bridge over Johnson Creek in the 1930s.

By the time the sheep were headed up Willow Creek from Macon, Otto had settled into working with his new hired hand. He was easy to be around and eager to work, but Otto wasn't comfortable with the kid's six-shooter. It was his pride and joy. He wouldn't do anything without it strapped to his hip. Whenever there was a spare moment the kid had it out, fascinated by its feel. Otto tried getting him to put it away, but the kid wouldn't hear of it. Otto let it be.

From Macon, the sheep walked five miles a day up Willow Creek, over an easy summit, and down Little Smoky Creek. The sheep crossed the hills between Little Smoky Creek and Big Smoky Creek, reaching the road from Fairfield just as a handy bridge crossed Big Smoky, a sizable mountain stream. It was fairly easy herding the band of sheep along the road on the north side of Big Smoky as it flowed to the South Fork of the Boise River, where the Forest Service had built another bridge for crossing this substantial and swift water.

On the west side of the South Fork, the sheep turned north, following the river. After several miles, the road from Fairfield reappeared on the other side of the valley. The herders enjoyed walking along it to Emma Creek, but then the road petered out and the sheep were back on a trail. At Emma Creek, Otto left the kid to tend the pack horses and bring up the rear while he rode ahead. He knew the older sheep

would recognize their whereabouts and start running to be in the high country they considered home. He didn't blame them for their anticipation, but he had to slow them down.

At Emma Creek the trail left the river, which flows through a narrow canyon. The trail skirted the canyon, some hundred feet above the river, before returning to river-level and continuing the five miles from the end of the road to the Fleischmans' twenty-four-square-mile grazing allotment. The South Fork of the Boise River begins where Ross Fork and Johnson Creek meet. Otto's allotment was the steep country west of Johnson Creek and on both sides of Ross Fork. On a map, it lies over the mountains just east of Atlanta and to the southwest of Alturas Lake. Otto and the kid drove the flock a mile up Ross Fork, where the valley opened up and the sheep were able to rest and graze. The men were glad to establish a more permanent, comfortable camp they could call home.

Even at six thousand feet, a late-June day in central Idaho can get hot. Both sheepherders and sheep made sure they were in the shade by early afternoon. It was the quietest time of day: too warm for domestic animals to move, and most wild animals, too. Soon enough, August would be here, the time to herd the flock back to Macon, separate out the spring lambs for market, and then return over the ten-day trail to Ross Fork. There would be no rest on that ride, and right now it felt good, the quiet and heat and rest. Otto was cooking lunch over the fire. Behind him the kid was lying on his cot, amusing himself.

It's surprising how loud a gunshot can be when it is the only sound on a hot day. When it's only a few feet behind your back. When it comes from nowhere, unexpected.

Otto spun around to see the kid playing with his gun, his face in shock.

Otto's anger turned to concern. The sheep were forgotten.

It was a clean wound, the blood seeping into the kid's clothes, high in his rib cage. It must have missed his heart, because he was in pain and afraid. Otto reached beneath him and found no exit wound.

Otto was a man of the West. He knew wounds, and he knew what was possible or not possible. There

PHOTO COURTESY OF VOLNEY FLEISCHMAN

PHOTO COURTESY OF VOLNEY FLEISCHMAN

PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

was no way he could get the full-grown boy out of the mountains, but he remembered seeing two prospectors panning for gold on the South Fork. He quickly secured the fire and did what he could to make the kid comfortable before heading down the six-mile trail to the road—six miles through a few cool groves of birch but mostly along exposed hillsides, where the midday sun baked the ground bare of all but the hardiest tufts of grass and sage. When he reached the road, he walked the extra mile to where the prospectors were still panning for flecks of promise in the river. The men cranked up their rickety excuse for a truck and drove the mile to Emma Creek.

It was getting dark as the three men began walking five miles over the hill that avoided the canyon and up to the beginning of the South Fork. Night had settled in as they walked the mile up Ross Fork to the sheepherders' camp.

The kid was quiet but breathing. They kicked up the campfire for light, and split a log into two long

ABOVE: Volney and his daughter-in-law, Kitty Delorey Fleischman, hike an old sheepherding trail.

OPPOSITE TOP: Emma Creek in the backcountry of south-central Idaho.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Livestock on the trail.

poles. They crossed one end of the poles and tied a short stick between the other ends, forming a V-shaped frame. They secured a canvas between the poles and eased the boy onto their stretcher, his head toward the wide end, so two men could carry his heavy torso, his feet toward where the poles crossed, so one one man could carry his legs. The fire was extinguished. The trail was not wide enough for the two men near the kid's head. It was dark. Six miles to go. A life to save.

Near the end of their trek, where the trail rose a hundred feet above the river, they passed a small spring. The kid heard the water running and said he'd like a drink. The men lowered the stretcher, wondering how to get water from the spring to the wounded teenager. Otto remembered the kid smoked, and that he carried his tobacco in a tin in his pocket. Reaching to use the tin for a cup, he found that the bullet had passed through the container on its journey to flesh. Perhaps it would save his life. Even with a hole through it, the can served to quench the wounded camp hand's thirst.

It was sunrise the next day when the men finished carrying the crude stretcher over six miles of rough, one-track trail, all in the dark. Another thirty-five miles of rough road in a stiff clunker of a truck faced them before they got the kid to Fairfield, and a doctor. Even so, the worst of the journey was over. There was no reason for Otto to ride along, and the sheep were without their protector. At fifty-seven years old, he began his fourth walk in eighteen hours into the Idaho backcountry.

Although Otto was from a family of Idaho dirt farmers, their Wendell home had a phone on the wall. His wife, Ella, was afraid for her husband at first when a stranger's voice told her he was calling from Fairfield. Then she realized the man was giving her a message to deliver when Otto returned in the fall. A message for her friend in Gooding. The truck had groaned some twenty miles toward Fairfield, reaching the seven thousand-foot Couch Summit, when the son of another Idaho mother succumbed to playing with guns. ■

PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

I Love to Fly

Eight Decades Later, Nanny's Back in a Biplane

Story and Photos by Desiré Aguirre

Nanny, ninety-four, weighs maybe a hundred pounds and has wrinkly, rice paper cheeks. When she was twelve in 1928, one of the first biplanes ever made landed in a field near her home.

The pilot was selling rides for a penny a pound. "None of the adults would get in that plane," Nanny said. "They said people were not born to fly. If they were supposed to fly, God would have given them wings. I really wanted to go, so my uncle Buster dug deep in his pockets. My sister wouldn't come, so it was just me."

More than eight decades later, Nanny still talks about that first flight. When my mother, Rhoda Sanford, heard there was a biplane in Sandpoint, she set up a flight for Nanny. Luckily for me, Mom is afraid of heights. She asked if I would go up with Nanny.

At Sandpoint Airport, Glenn Smith sat at a park bench in front of his dashing blue-and-orange aircraft. "This is a 1940 PT17 Boeing biplane, one of the largest they made," he said. "It

The pilot was selling rides for a penny a pound. "None of the adults would get in that plane," Nanny said. "They said people were not born to fly."

was designed as a primary trainer during the war. They made about ten thousand of them and there are still about fifteen hundred left. This was a crop-duster for twenty years."

He had flown the plane from Palm Springs in May, and planned on flying back before the first snowfall. "It was a long ride," he said. "It took a week to get here, because it started to rain. Next year I'll wait until July."

We couldn't have asked for nicer weather. Blue skies and a temperature in the eighties. He outfitted us with earplugs, old-style leather flying caps and goggles. My mom and I wheeled Nanny up to the biplane. Nanny can't get around very well, and getting her into the plane was a bit tricky. We put her on the wing, and then Glenn and his assistant lifted her into the seat. Nanny has a bad knee, and when they folded it to get her seated, she squealed in pain.

Feeling youthful and spry, I stepped on the wing and squeezed into the seat next to her. "How are you doing, Nanny?" I asked.

"I'm going to fly," she said.

When Glenn started the engine, I understood why he equipped us with earplugs. We headed down the runway. I wrapped my right arm around Nanny's shoulder. The biplane accelerated and we lifted off the ground. Nanny wore a serious look. I let out a "woo-hoo" that the wind tore from my lips. We rose above my mom, and I waved to her. I pulled my left hand back into the plane, because I thought it might be ripped off.

Realizing that the plane was seventy years old, history felt heavy on my shoulders for an instant. I marveled at the wings, picturing daredevils walking out and doing tricks for crowds. We headed east toward Priest Lake, following the Pend Oreille River. The water, sparkling like bubbles in soda pop, was surrounded by thick forests and lush hay fields. I spotted my friend Jerry's farm in Gypsy Bay, and took several photos of his house and barn.

Everything looks different from an airplane. I reflected that I took beautiful Sandpoint for granted, driving the dusty road to my home every evening, forgetting the geography, the dips and bows, the glorious mountains and the evergreen trees. I grinned ear to ear, holding Nanny's hand. I imagined her as a twelve-year-old, with a long black ponytail and crystal blue eyes, flying in a biplane over a field in Oregon, while

PHOTO COURTESY OF DESIRE AGUIRRE

OPPOSITE: The author's grandmother awaits her first biplane flight in more than eighty years.

FAR ABOVE: Feeling spry, Desiré awaits takeoff.

ABOVE: Nanny gets help with the goggles.

ABOVE: View of Sandpoint from the biplane.

people on the ground mumbled about the impossibility of it all, and how man was not meant for the sky.

We turned and headed over Long Bridge, looping toward Hope. I noticed the houses along the shore, mighty mansions of the rich and almost famous. I pictured a clean beach with Indians fishing and camping. Once again, history weighed heavily. I admired the old farmhouses, their grass fields sprinkled with cows and horses. We passed over a department store and the site of the old mill that had been torn down, and finally, circled back to the airport to make our descent.

I noticed the houses along the shore, mighty mansions of the rich and almost famous. I pictured a clean beach with Indians fishing and camping.

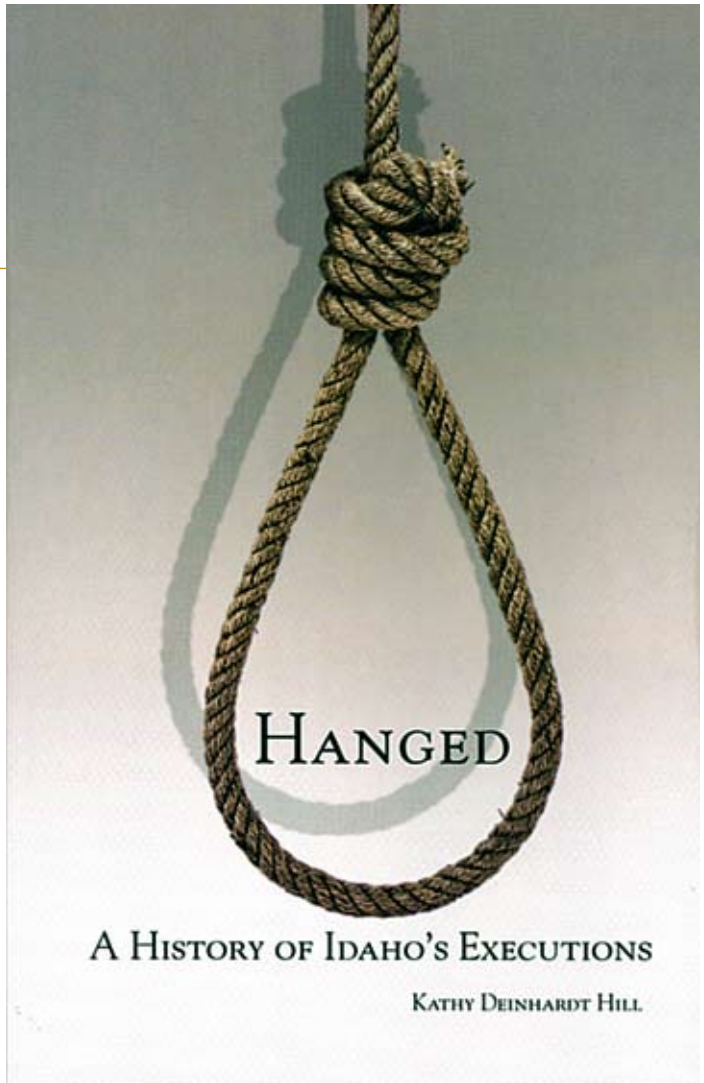
The half-hour ride felt twice that long. The plane landed smoothly, and Glenn taxied us back to my mom. Two young men came out to help unload Nanny. I peeled myself from my seat, stepped on the wing, and leaped to the ground. The men hoisted Nanny out, carefully placing her on the wing. Tiki-Too, my Nanny's one-eyed Chihuahua, barked joyfully and tugged on his leash, tangling himself in Nanny's wheelchair. Nanny's feet hit the ground, and I held her thin hand while Mom readied the wheelchair. Nanny stood, looking up at the plane.

"Wasn't that awesome, Nanny?" I said. "Would you like to go again?"

"Yes," she said, smiling. "I love to fly." ■

No Romance

By Katherine Lovan



Hanged: A History of Idaho's Executions
by Kathy Deinhardt Hill

For me, the ultimate fantasy is to move through time, watching historical events unfold before my eyes. *Hanged* is the next best thing, a collection of stories chronicling the lives and crimes of Idaho's death-row inmates.

Well-written and researched, the stories had me on the edge of my seat. Each one is compelling, even when the accused is not a sympathetic character.

One story begins, "*Henry McDonald had a problem—he was unable to tell the truth. He told so many lies that when it came time for him to set the record straight, he could not remember what it was.*" I laughed out loud.

Like most history lovers, I have been guilty of romanticizing the past. Hill paints a picture of early Idaho that is neither rosy nor bleak. The people feel modern. *Hanged* shows us that historic events and people are more like us than not. In uncovering this connection, she gives us the opportunity to examine lives, decisions, and values of the past, and either embrace them or reject them. Whatever judgment we render, the lessons we learn from their experiences are relevant to the decisions we make as a society in addressing issues of criminality and justice.

On a lighter note, these well-told stories recreate early Idaho with an authenticity that is rare. For that reason alone, the book is worth reading.

Hanged is available in Boise at Rediscovered Books, the Old Idaho Penitentary, the Idaho State Historical Society Museum, or through Barnes and Noble. ■

Editor's Note: *This is the first in a series of reviews of new books by Idaho authors.*

SPICY BEEF N' SHRIMP

By Jeff Ransom and Doug Combs

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. beef sirloin, thinly sliced against the grain into 1/2" strips
1 lb. shrimp, medium sized
3-4 Tbsp. peanut oil
2 stalks broccoli, split
2 cloves of garlic, crushed
1 small onion, thinly sliced
2 green peppers
2 red peppers
1 pkg. Chow Mein noodles

MARINADE INGREDIENTS

1 tsp. kosher salt
1 tsp. ground pepper
2 Tbsp. oyster sauce
3 Tbsp. toasted sesame oil
pinch of sugar
5-7 dried red chilies
1 Tbsp. cornstarch

PREPARATION

> Put the beef and shrimp in a Ziploc© bag. Add marinade ingredients to the bag along with the meat.

> Cook the noodles until just firm, following directions from the package.

> Heat the peanut oil in a large skillet or wok over high heat.

> Cook the broccoli, peppers and onion to halfway done.

> Remove the veggies and return the skillet to high heat.

> Add the meat to the skillet and cook until done.

> Add the veggies and noodles and cook everything together until ready to serve.

Jeff Ransom and Doug Combs attend Central Academy.

VEGETABLE SALAD WITH SWEET MUSTARD DRESSING

By Cathy Koon

VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS

1 can kidney beans, drained
1 pkg. frozen mixed vegetables, cooked according to pkg. directions, drained and cooled
3-4 celery stalks, diced
1/2 red pepper, diced
1/2 red onion, diced

PREPARATION

> After preparing each vegetable according to instructions above, combine all vegetables together in a salad bowl.

DRESSING INGREDIENTS

3/4 cup sugar
1 Tbsp. flour
1 Tbsp. mustard

PREPARATION

> Mix well and add 1/2 cup white distilled vinegar. Cook mixture until it thickens slightly. Cool and add to vegetables. Refrigerate.

Note: Best made a day ahead

Cathy Koon lives in St. Anthony.

Veterans Day Observance and Night Fire

November 6, Boise

The sixth occurrence of this annual event will be held at the Idaho Military History Museum at Gowen Field. The gates open at 4:00 PM (allowing folks to attend the Veterans Parade downtown earlier in the day), with the program beginning at 4:30. Firing demonstrations will involve arms from Civil War muskets and pistols, to WWII small arms, to some of the latest weapons used by the National Guard, including a .50 caliber machine gun. After dark, demonstrations of cannon firing will be held, using two Civil War twelve-pound "Napoleons," a WWI 75mm gun and two WWII 75mm "pack" howitzers. Needless to say, all the ammunition used will be blanks! Admission is $3.00. Bring your family and friends for an "explosively" good time. Might be a good idea to bring blankets, folding chairs, and ear protection, too.

Information: galvarez@bhs.idaho.gov

PHOTO BY STEPHEN BONDE, IDAHO MILITARY HISTORY MUSEUM

Election Day, November 2, Statewide

This is an "off-year" election, but it is still no less important than any other election. Besides that, this year's election appears to be more interesting than many have been. In any case, it is essential that everyone exercise his or her right to vote. Perhaps you've noticed that general elections occur in November, which is the month in which we also honor our veterans, those men and women who have given so much of themselves to ensure, among many other things, our right to vote. The fact that Veterans Day falls in the same month as Election Day is coincidental, by the way. Ask a search engine the question, "Why is election day the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November?" The answer may surprise you, as may the fact that the November date for elections was established in 1845, long before Veterans Day–originally Armistice Day–was established following the end of WWI on November 11, 1918.

Art Show, November 3 through December 24, Troy

This is the second annual edition of a juried show featuring artwork and crafts by local artists who have submitted their work for judging. This may be any form of art or fine craft, including paintings, ceramics, quilts, jewelry, glass, and other media. These works will be in finished condition and available for sale for the 2010 Holiday season. An opening reception for the show will be held from 5:00 PM to 7:30 PM on Friday, November 12, at the Greymalkin Gallery in Troy. Refreshments will be available. The show will be closed for a few of the days between November 3 and December 24. Contact the number below to make sure when those closures will occur.

Information: www.greymalkingallery.com; or (208)835.4019

Veterans Day Parade and Veterans Day Ceremony, November 6 and 11, Hayden

Beginning at 10:00 AM on Saturday, November 6, the 4th annual Veterans Parade will take place, with a Grand Marshal, local organizations, military groups, and many others taking part. Then on Thursday, November 11, Veterans Day festivities will begin with the Submarine Veterans setting a wreath into Hayden Lake at 9:00 AM. At 10:00, the event will move to Veterans Memorial Plaza, which includes over 140 bricks commemorating military heroes, for a ceremony including a rifle salute, a guest speaker, the Tolling of the Bell, and Taps. The public is invited to attend the ceremony, which will be followed by refreshments.

Information: (208)209.2027

Holiday Bazaar, November 20, Pierce

This is the 31st year for this annual event, which features a wide variety of gifts and baked goods, offered by crafters, artisans, local businesses and community groups. There's even a $1 gift table where the kids can shop for their families. A favorite feature is the annual Turkey Giveaway drawings (one winner from each of the 13 merchants who have donated the birds this year). The bazaar is open from 9:00 AM to 3:00 PM. Also, a soup-and-salad luncheon, provided by volunteers, will be available from 11:00 to 2:00, with all proceeds going to help subsidize youth activities at the Pierce Community Center.

Information: (208)464.2443

Christmas Festival, November 20, Island Park

This head-start on the Christmas season is sponsored by the Island Park Historical Society, and will run from 9:00 AM to 8:00 PM at Pond's Lodge in Island Park. As usual, there will be lots of food and fun available, as well as crafts and other holiday items for sale. One biggie this year: a 60-foot high Christmas tree! Of course, Santa will make it a point to visit, too, making a special trip down from "up north" just for the occasion. Bring the family and start the holiday season off right in Island Park, Idaho!

Information: (208)558.0267; or (208)351.1468

Festival of Trees, November 26-29, Coeur d'Alene

For over 20 years, the Kootenai Health Foundation has hosted this festival on Thanksgiving weekend, with proceeds helping fund needed medical services at Kootenai Health. Businesses and individuals come together to decorate and donate lavish Christmas trees and displays, to be enjoyed by attendees and ultimately sold. Two events, Friday d'Lights (5:00-8:00 PM on the 26th, with tree viewing, prize raffles and live entertainment) and Family Day (11:00 AM-4:00 PM on the 28th, with tree viewing, performances by local youth, and a Children's Workshop which offers crafts and face painting), cost $2 admission at the door. Numerous other events, which require the purchase of advance tickets, can be found listed at the Web site below.

Information: www.TheFestivalOfTrees.com ; or (208)666.TREE (8733)

NOVEMBER 2010 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

3-4	Victorian Christmas Craft Faire, Cascade
3-5	Boise Christmas Show, Boise
4	Asicac:Christmas Craft Fair, Lewiston
4	Portland Cello Project, Twin Falls
4-7	Idaho Dance Theatre's Fall Show, Boise
4-13	"The Nerds"-play, Oakley
5-6	Potpourri & Craft Chocolate Affaire, Nampa
5-6	WomensWorks Holiday Art Fair, Moscow
5-7	Harvest Time Festival, Twin Falls
6	Veterans Day Night Fire, Boise
6	P.E.O. Holiday Bazaar, Boise
6	Holiday Bazaar, Pocatello
6	Senior Center Holiday Bazaar, Garden Valley
6	Craft Bazaar & Bake Sale, St. Maries
6	Veteran's Day Parade, Hayden
6	Winter Swap, Coeur d'Alene
6	Zeitgeist Half Marathon, Boise
6	CVRA Cowboy Music & Dinner, Kamiah
6	Run for Freedom 5k, Kuna
6	Turkey Shoot-Legion, Craigmont
6	Christmas in the Pines Craft Show, Craigmont
6,20	Book Discussions, Jerome
6-7	Antique Toy & Collectibles Show, Sandpoint
6-7	Tour Historic Homes, Wallace
6-7	Silver Valley Art & Craft Fair, Osburn
6-7	Antique, Toy & Collectibles Show, Ponderay
6-7	Holiday Bazaar, Eagle
6-7	Holiday Fair, Idaho Falls
6-7	Holiday Arts & Crafts Boutique, Lewiston
6-13	Clearwater Snake Steelhead Derby, Lewiston
7-15	Beaux Arts for Christmas Sale, Boise
8-9	Winter Craft Fair, Post Falls
9-10	Crafts in the Country, Twin Falls
10-12/18	Mini Bazaar Holiday Show, Idaho Falls
12	Harvest Dinner, Hope
12	Holiday Art Show Opening Reception, Troy
12-14	Northwest Fest, Coeur d'Alene
13	Valley Community Craft Fair, Hazelton
13	Back on Track 5k-The Road to Hope, Caldwell
13	Gingerbread Holiday Village, Boise
13	Clearwater Valley Hospital Festival & Tree Lighting, Orofino
13	NCN Northwest Championships-5k, Eagle
13	Kids in the Kitchen-YMCA, Boise
13	Die Cast & Collectible Show, Coeur d'Alene
13-14	Art & Craft Sale, Cambridge
13-14	Gun Show, Boise
13-14	Gun Show, Coeur d'Alene
14	Eleventh Idaho Guard Festival, Boise
17	Trans-Siberian Orchestra Concert, Boise
19	Boise Philharmonic Classical Series, Nampa
19-20	Holiday Festival of Fair Trade, Sandpoint
19-20	Holiday Bazaar, Challis
19-21	Canyon County Christmas Show, Nampa
19-21	Christmas Memories, Coeur d'Alene
19-1/1	Holidays in Sandpoint
20	Songwriter's Circle Concert Benefit, Sandpoint
20	Unique Boutique Craft Show, Idaho Falls
20	Christmas Bazaar, Mackay
20	Methodist Church Bazaar, Middleton
20	Turkey Trot Relay-4 x 2 Relay, Boise
20	Christmas Festival, Island Park
20	Holly Eve, Sandpoint
20-21	Lewis/Clark Christmas Gun Show, Lewiston
20-21	Holiday House Boutique, Meridian
20-23	Holiday Food & Gift Festival, Twin Falls
21	Holiday Arts & Crafts Bazaar, Pierce
25	Thanksgiving Day 5k, Paul
25-12/26	Christmas in the City, Boise
25-1/7	Winter Gardens Aglow, Boise
26	Christmas in the Nighttime Sky, Rexburg
26	Idaho Food Bank-Empty Bowls Event, Boise
26	Ring in the Holidays & Night Parade, Pocatello
26	Christmas CIty USA, Rupert
26	Lighting Ceremony & Parade, Coeur d'Alene
26-27	In The "Nick" of Time, Pocatello
26-27	"Tis The Season" Arts & Craft Show, Priest Lake
26-28	K & K Thanksgiving Fishing Derby, Sandpoint
26-28	Caring & Sharing Christmas Festival, Rupert
26-28	Antique Vintage & Collectibles Show, Boise
26-28	Autumn's Loft, Priest Lake
26-29	Festival of Trees, Coeur d'Alene
26-30	Canyon County Festival of Trees, Nampa
26-1/2	CDA Resort Holiday Light Show, Coeur d'Alene
27	Craft Fair, Paris
27	Christmas in the Nighttime Sky, Pocatello
27	Downtown Tree Lighting Ceremony, Boise
27	Holiday Parade, Boise
27	Holiday Craft Fair, Montpelier
28	Tis' the Season & Tree Lighting Festival, Kellogg
29	Parade of Lights & Santa, Soda Springs
29-12/3	Festival of Trees, Kamiah
30	Christmas in the City, Boise

DECEMBER 2010 SNEAK PEEK

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 **two months** prior to the month of the event. Example: deadline for a March event would be January 1.

WRITE TO: IDAHO magazine Calendar of Events
P.O. Box 586, Boise, ID 83701
Fax: (208) 336.3098

e-mail: rtanner@idahomagazine.com

1	Tree Lighting & Caroling, Ketchum
1	Holiday Cookie Drive, Mountain Home
1	Giving Trees, Mountain Home
1	Lighting Celebration, Pinehurst
1-4	Christmas Tree Fantasy, Blackfoot
1-5	Festival Of Trees, Pocatello
1-1/31	Weekend Ski Package, McCall
2	Festival of Trees, Sandpoint
2	Dale Belnap & Friends, Lava Hot Springs
3	SaddleStrings Cowboy Band, Montpelier
3	Basque Museum Holiday Bazaar, Boise
3	Night Before Christmas Bed Race, Kamiah
3	Town Tree Lighting Celebration, Challis
3	Wild Game Banquet/Auction, Priest Lake
3	Full Moon Gallery Exhibit, Twin Falls
3	Victorian Christmas Craft Faire, Cascade
4	Yuletide Celebration, Wallace
4	Santa's Workshop for Kids, Nampa
4	Holiday Kick-Off, Sandpoint
4	Kiddie Jingle Parade, Kooskia
4	Lights Parade & Tree Lighting. Hayden
4-5	Festival of the Trees, Arco
4-5	Gun Show, Pocatello
4-5	Yuletide Celebration, Wallace
5	Idaho Cutting Horse Assn. Show, Kuna
5	Holidiay Craft Fair, St. Maries
5	Asicsc Christmas Craft Fair, Lewiston
6	Christmas on Main Street, Priest River
6	Concert at the Winery, Caldwell
9	Christmas Variety Show, Coeur d'Alene
10	Miniatures at Large Art, Sandpoint
10-11	Holiday Art Soiree, Sandpoint

Desiré Aguirre
lives in Sandpoint. She has been published in various magazines. Her favorite sport is riding her Pinto mare, Splash, into the hills with her faithful dog, Cholo. She has a teenaged daughter who is her sunshine and joy.

Michelle B. Coates
returned to Idaho after thirteen years in Phoenix. She is a part-time graduate student at Idaho State University, having earned a bachelor's degree in English and a minor in women's studies in 2006. In Rexburg, she helps run a landscape supply company with her husband, Blair, and their sons, Chase and Phillip.

Amber Grubb
wanted to be a firefighter as a child. Today, she is an adventurer of a different kind: a fifth-generation Idahoan infatuated with skiing, mountain bike riding, and photography. When not exploring the outdoors, she writes for local and national publications, peruses local antiques, and creates art in her studio.

Kelly Kast
is a native Idahoan. She and her husband, Dalen, are ranch owners in the Bliss area. She enjoys hunting, camping, fishing, and most of all writing about the unique and amazing history of Idaho.

Katherine Lovan
is an international teacher and education consultant, working primarily in the Middle East. A fifth-generation Idahoan, she returns every summer to see friends and family, and to enjoy the outdoors.

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

Gabrielle Saurette
caught the writing bug in third grade and it moved with her from Canada to Idaho in 2000. A senior at University of Idaho, she is about to switch from student to teacher status, and plans to make authors and avid readers of her high school students.

Dianna Troyer
discovered her love of writing in fourth-grade, when she worked on her school newspaper. Since then, she has worked at newspapers in Ohio, Wyoming and Idaho. In 1999 after her daughter was born, she quit working at the *Idaho State Journal* as regional editor and began freelancing. In her spare time, she rides her horse, skis and plays gin rummy with her husband and daughter.

Darrell E. Walker
is an Idaho native who grew up in the eastern part of the state and has lived in Boise since 1960. He retired from banking after twenty years, and then owned and operated a small business for another two decades. He and his wife, Carole, just celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. His hobbies include traveling, ATV riding, fishing, and wandering Idaho.

Dean Worbois
spent ten years hitchhiking around the country before earning a degree from Boise State University. He taught stained glass at BSU, wrote several books and pamphlets on historical subjects, and has contributed to *IDAHO magazine* over the years. He also produces *The Beer Drinker's Guide To The Great Wahoo*, a weekly half-hour television show on Boise's public access channel, TVCTV, available on the web at greatwahoo.com.

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