

The IDAHO magazine October 2002 issue is sponsored by:

*Volney Fleischman*



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: MARK DELOREY, KITTY DELOREY FLEISCHMAN, VOLNEY FLEISCHMAN AND GERRY FLEISCHMAN

**Basque sheepherders have made such a name for themselves in Idaho, that people are always surprised to learn that my father-in-law, Volney Fleischman, was once a German shepherd.**

The Fleischmans herded sheep up in the Sawtooths back when the family lived in Gooding, and later Wendell, where Volney and his six siblings graduated from Wendell High School.

Matter of fact, not long after the turn of the 20th Century, Volney's father, Otto, ran a full band of sheep up in Idaho's high pastures during the summers and on lower ground in northern Nevada during the winters. Volney, not often seen as a scofflaw, once spent a night in jail in Fairfield when cattle ranchers had the sheriff arrest him for cutting a fence and crossing "their" lands with the sheep.

In the summer of 2010 we tried to trace the family's path to the corrals where the sheep were herded to send East on the railroad, and up high into the mountains where they had their summer pastures. Volney's stepson, Dean Worbois drove us on the beautiful summer day's adventure, using his little family sedan as if it was an SUV.

We only saw one sheepherders' wagon on the trip, and not a single lamb. Volney was bitterly disappointed. The corrals were gone, even the railroad tracks were gone. The canyons, the river and the mountains were all that remained from those bygone days.

But, Volney's sense of direction, and his vivid memories from Idaho's early days are still sharp as tacks, and he brought them to life for us.

Volney lost most of his hearing as a child, either from measles or from a fall he took

down stairs, and he had to surmount many difficulties to finish high school, let alone having to go back to the farm for eight years before improvements in hearing aids allowed him to finish college. Eventually he graduated from the University of Idaho as a civil and structural engineer.

He's an interesting character, serving both as one of the major inspirations for the idea of IDAHO magazine, and as an ongoing financial supporter when times have been lean. He'll be 100 in the fall of 2012, and we're anticipating that day.

We love him dearly, but he's as stubborn as me. I always tell people he'll live to be 120 . . . if I don't have to shoot him first.

Thank you, Volney! We love you always,

**Gerry & Kitty**





# IDAHO

magazine

OCTOBER 2002

## St. Maries

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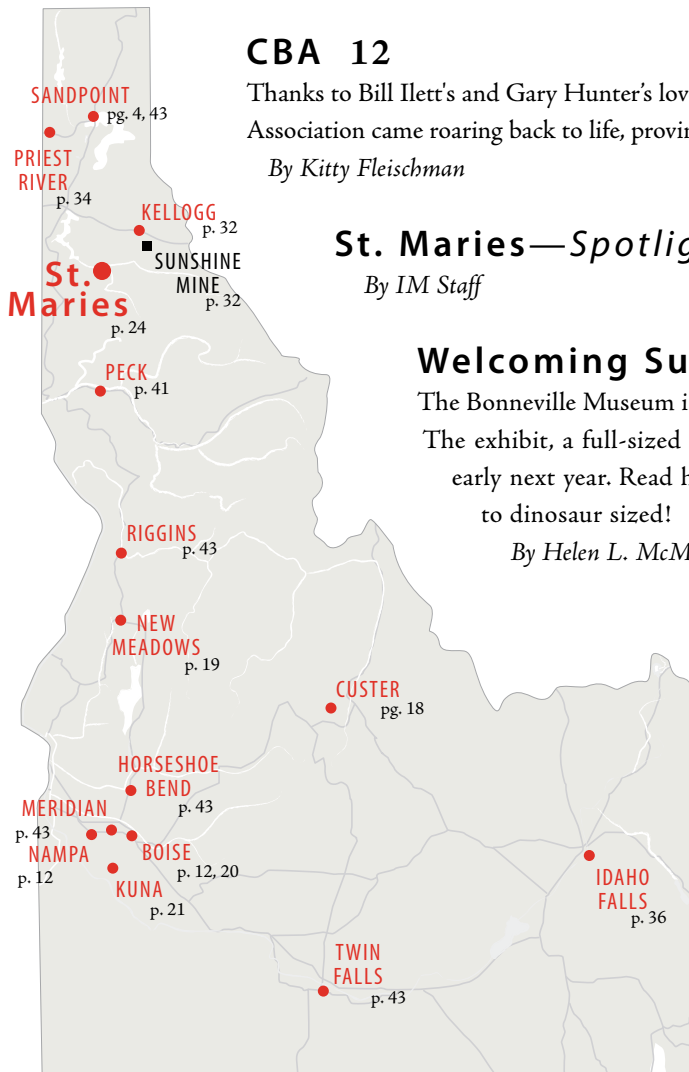
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**The DEADLINE for  
submission is  
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\*All stories must be unpublished





LOCATIONS FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

## CBA 12

Thanks to Bill Ilett's and Gary Hunter's love of the game, the now Idaho-based Continental Basketball Association came roaring back to life, proving you can't keep a good thing down!

*By Kitty Fleischman*

## St. Maries—Spotlight City 24

*By IM Staff*

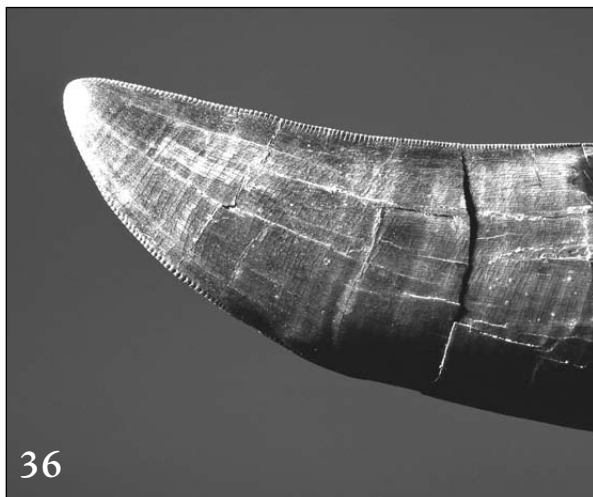
## Welcoming Sue 36

The Bonneville Museum is preparing itself for the biggest exhibit in its history—literally. The exhibit, a full-sized *Tyrannosaurus rex* named Sue is set to arrive at the museum early next year. Read how this “little museum that could” went from small potatoes to dinosaur sized!

*By Helen L. McMullin*

*St. Maries, our spotlight city this month, is a lovely, quiet town situated in a timbered valley and it is home to two major rivers and many lakes. It is only 2.5 hours from the Canadian border and has a population of about 2,800. We recommend a visit to this exceptionally beautiful country up north. This issue also highlights the remarkable murals that are going up in downtown St. Maries.*

*As you well know, life here in Idaho is full of variety. This issue of IDAHO magazine reflects that. We've got arts and sports and plenty of critters, including a particularly large *Tyrannosaurus rex* that just might scare you, even on paper. Turn to page 36 for that one, if you dare!*



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Get to know one of Idaho's most talented young musicians

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What happened on August 10, 1972 that could have changed the course of history?

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The things we do for our families...

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Marylyn Cork shows her animal visitors who's boss

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The story of the pipe tomahawks

#### **Free Range Verse 48**

*The Butte* by Fay Briscoe

#### **Cover Photo:**

A golfer enjoying the green in St. Maries. The city's fine nine-hole golf course is as scenic and challenging as great courses anywhere.

Photo courtesy of the St. Maries Chamber of Commerce

Correction: The name of author J. Patrick Kelly was misspelled in our September issue. In addition, the title of a side bar in his story on Nell Shipman was incorrect and misleading. The correct side bar title should have read: "Other Silent Films Made in the Gem State," not "Other Silent Films Made by Nell Shipman in the Gem State." We regret these errors.

Kitty Delorey Fleischman

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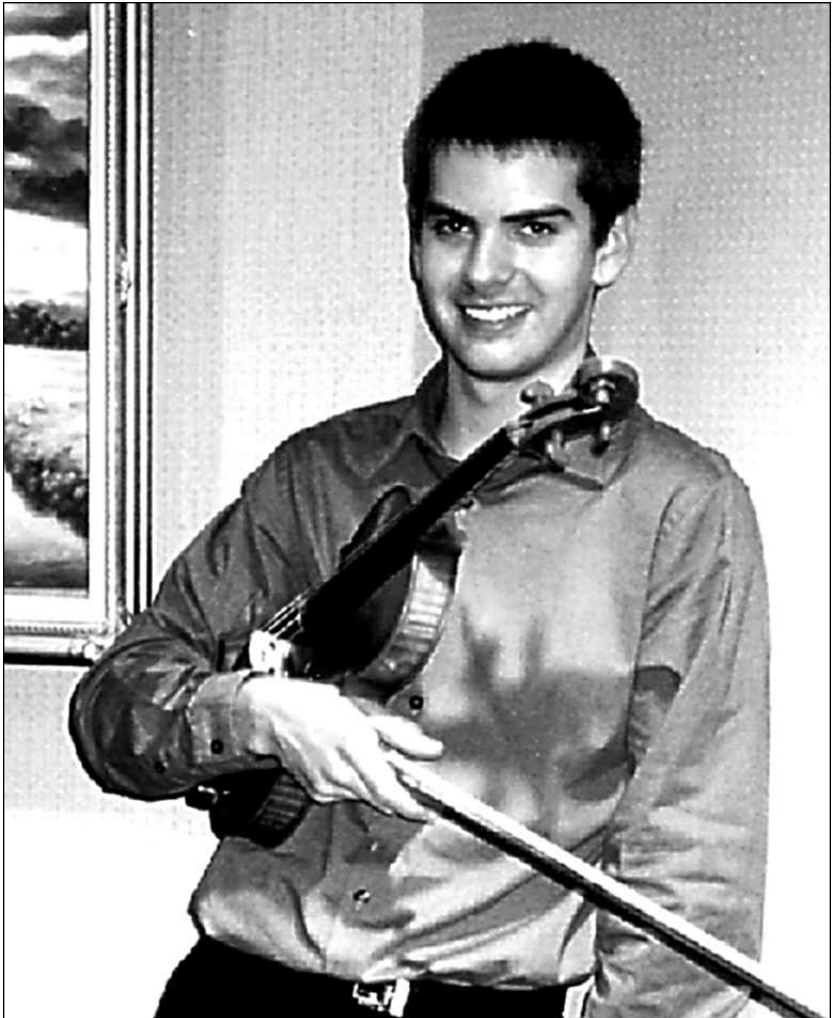
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# A Young Sandpoint Celebrity— Jason Moody

By Billie Jean Plaster

Twice now he's been in the spotlight on Garrison Keillor's show, *A Prairie Home Companion*, airing on National Public Radio (NPR). Another couple of times he's been a guest on NPR's *From the Top*, a program that features talented young classical and jazz musicians from across the country. He's also studied in prestigious music camps from coast to coast: Washington state, California, Michigan, Washington, D.C., and New York. Who is this precocious twenty-year old? He's Jason Moody, a violin virtuoso who has studied his craft since the tender age of five.

A 2000 Sandpoint High School graduate, Moody now attends Seattle Pacific University, where he majors in violin performance. Between classes he studies with the head of the University of Washington's string department, Ron Patterson, an "amazing violinist," according to Moody. "I feel so fortunate to be able to study with him. He's really incredible."



COURTESY OF THE MOODY FAMILY

*Sandpoint's resident star, Jason Moody*





COURTESY OF THE MOODY FAMILY

*Jason Moody playing his violin, the instrument he has played since the age of five.*

Although Moody has an arm's-length list of awards and accomplishments thus far, perhaps the most notable is winning Keillor's contest, Talent from Towns Under 2,000 in April 1999 at the age of seventeen. "Prairie Home Companion was just a whole lot of fun," Moody said. "I was so impressed with the staff, and they were so friendly."

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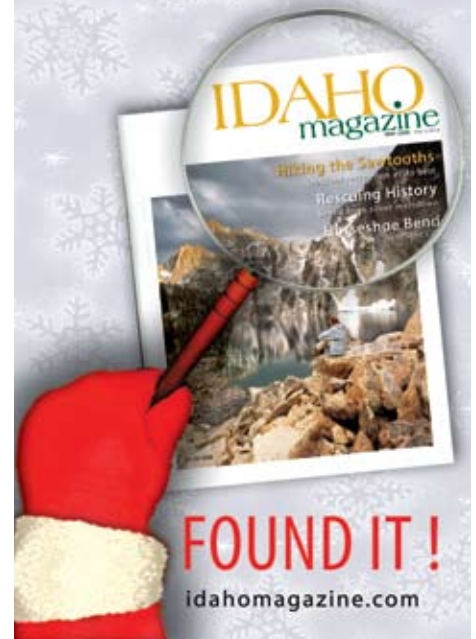
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His official address in the tiny town (population 324) of Dover, just two miles west of Sandpoint, qualified him for the “under 2,000” part of the contest. His remarkable talent took care of the other requirement. A year later he was invited back to Keillor’s show as the returning champion.

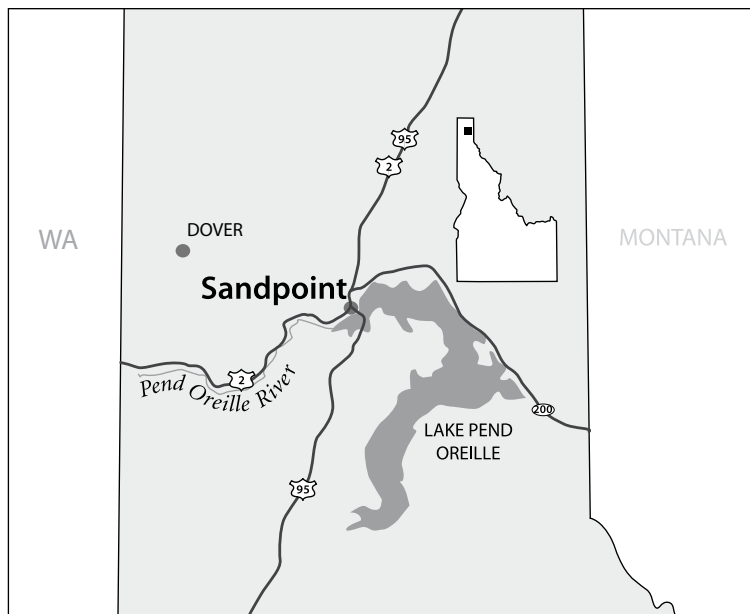
Also in 1999, Moody won first place in both the Idaho State Solo Contest and the Young Artist Competition sponsored by the Spokane Allied Arts Festival. The number of times he has been honored as a soloist is almost too numerous to count. His talent was first nurtured by a local violin instructor, Carolyn Hatch, from 1988 to 1994. Then he came under the tutelage of Kelly Farris, the Spokane Symphony Orchestra concertmaster. Since 2000, he has studied under Patterson.

What’s the future for this well-rounded young man who also enjoys sports and the outdoors? “I’d like to either play in an orchestra or go on to further higher education and teach at a university,” Moody said. “I would love to be a soloist for or be concertmaster of a major orchestra.”

His greatest mentors and supporters are his parents: John Moody, DVM, who has a veterinary practice in Sandpoint, and his mother, Ginny, a piano teacher. “They’ve been really encouraging and were never forceful about my music,” Moody said.

His current mentor, Professor Patterson, is a role model who has been concertmaster for three major U.S. symphony orchestras and one European orchestra. “I hope to do something like he’s done,” Moody said.

*Billie Jean Plaster lives in Sandpoint, Idaho.*



# The Near Miss

By Volney Fleischman, PE

Most of the time Earth feels pretty secure. Natural disasters such as typhoons in India, tornadoes in Georgia, earthquakes in Turkey, and volcanic eruptions like Mount St. Helens are both infrequent enough and isolated enough that most of us don't give much thought to how precarious our little planet is in relation to the universe.

An event that could have been a noteworthy exception to that way of thinking occurred on August 10, 1972. It received some attention in the press, but for the most part, it was considered a fluke. People thought about it for a couple of days and then it was quickly forgotten. Except for a bit of good luck or the grace of God, that event might have forever changed the course of history on our planet!

On that day, many people in Idaho and parts of our neighboring states of Montana, Wyoming, and Utah observed the passage of the largest daylight-visible meteor on record. While millions of people read or

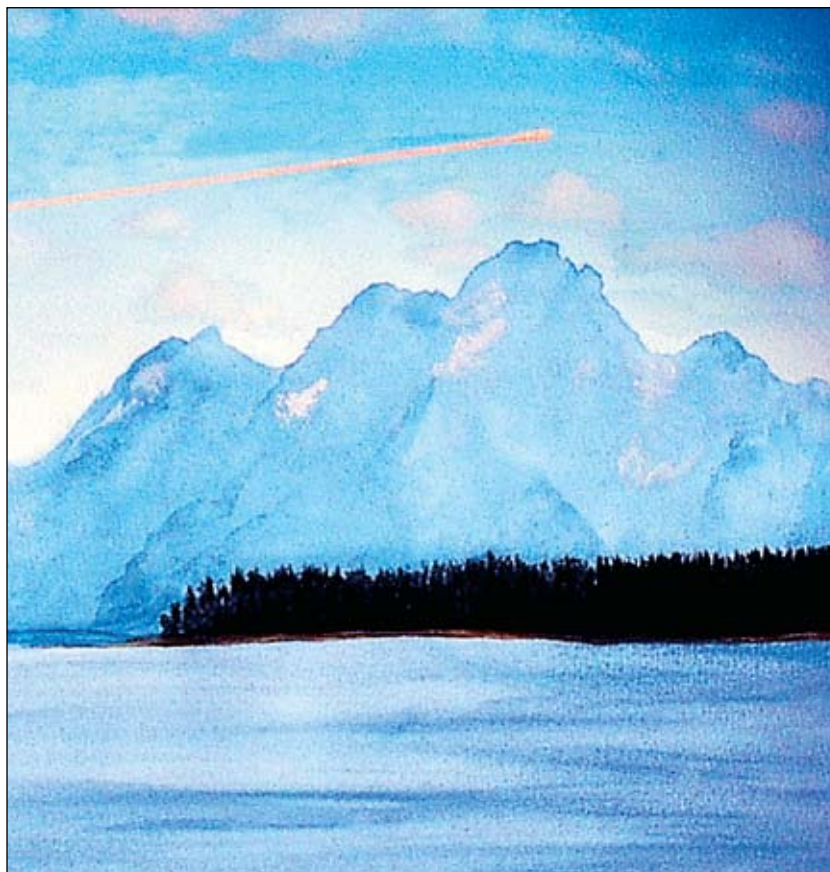


ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN ANNETTE SMITH

*Illustration of a photo from National Geographic of the meteor flying over Wyoming's Mt. Moran. The photo was taken looking southwest from Coulter Bay, on the east side of Jackson Lake. The photo shows Mt. Moran in the background with Jackson Lake in the foreground. (Weaver KF, Blair J. Meteorites—Invaders From Space. National Geographic. Sept, 1986:310.)*



## Estimates of the Distance, Height, and Size of the Meteor

Fortunately, the meteor shows clearly enough in a *National Geographic* photograph (Weaver KF, Blair J. *Meteorites—Invaders From Space*. Sept, 1986:310.) that its size can be quite accurately measured. In the photograph, the meteor's possible minimum diameter is .07 centimeter and the maximum diameter is .10 centimeter. Using the known height of Wyoming's Mt. Moran above Jackson Lake, 5,833 feet (7.1 centimeters in the photo, see Figure 1) as a scale, the diameter of the photo image of the meteor, directly over Mt. Moran, is calculated to be between 57.51 feet and 82.15 feet. Using the same scale, the height of the photo image of the meteor is 9,201 feet above Jackson Lake.

Determining the location of the meteor at the time the picture was taken is not too difficult if it is assumed that the estimated path of the meteor, as based on a *Nature* magazine article (1974:247, 449), is reasonably correct. Figure 2 illustrates this information. In it, the camera's line of sight is southwest from Coulter Bay, on the east side of Jackson Lake looking directly over Mt. Moran. The intersection of this line of sight and a straight line connecting the initial point and perigee point, is where the meteor was when the photograph was taken, 29 miles southwest of Pocatello, almost directly over American Falls and 139 miles from the camera. As diagrammed in Figure 3, the height and size of the actual meteor can be calculated in proportion to that distance, based on the height and size of the photo image, 7.72 miles from the camera.

The height turns out to be 35 miles. This agrees with the 57.85 kilometers (or 35.94 miles) at the perigee from the *Nature* magazine article. The size of the actual meteor can be similarly determined to be a minimum of 1,037 feet, or a maximum of 1,481 feet in diameter.

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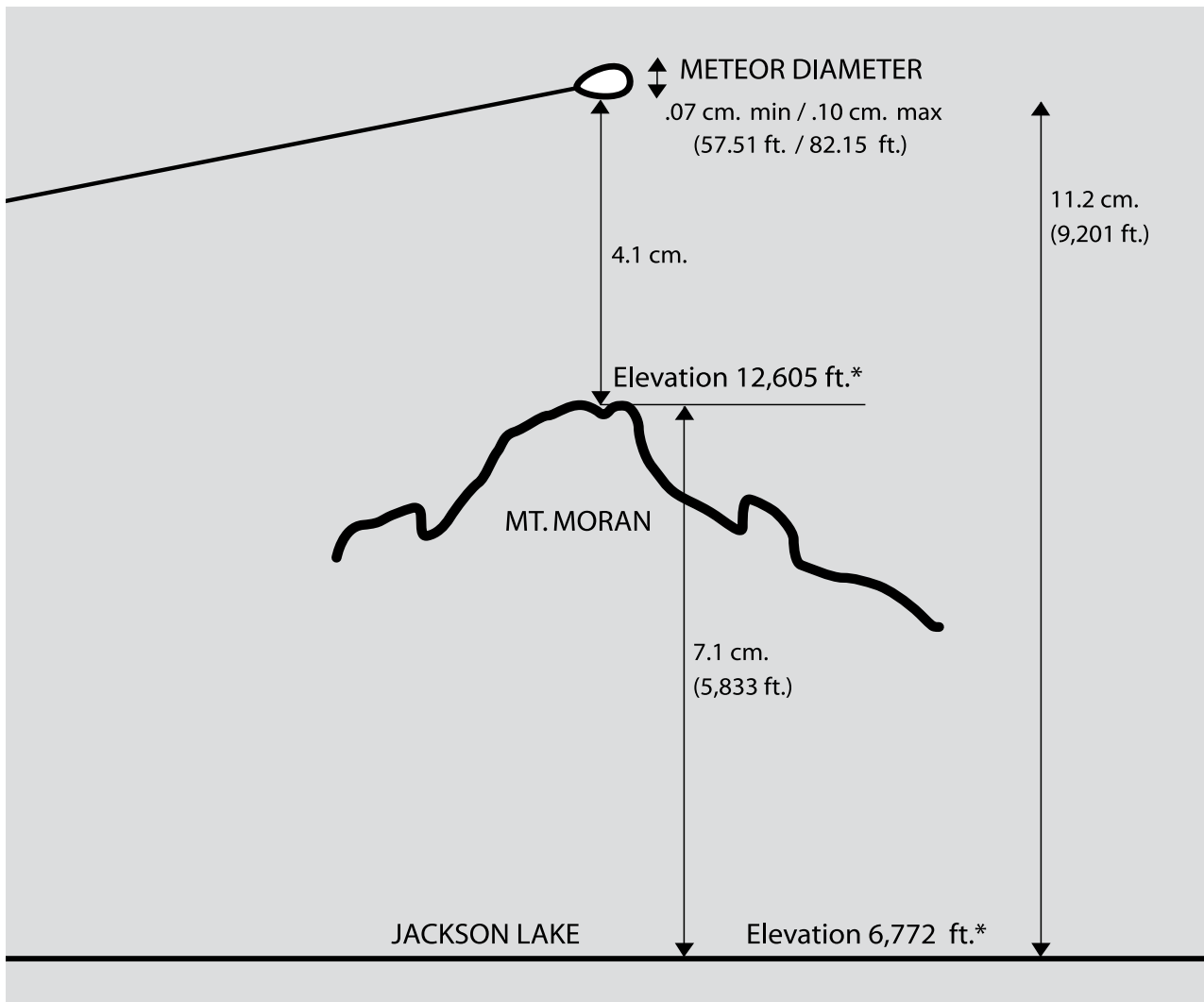


Figure 1

*View of the meteor's path as seen in the National Geographic photo.  
The information represented is from that photo, except as noted. \*From other sources.*

heard about it in the media, few realized that the greatest natural disaster in the history of civilization came careening over our heads that day before skipping off into space. Instead of being a disaster, however, it was a brilliant spectacle, and it was my good fortune to be one of the few who observed the meteor from Boise during its passage through our atmosphere.

In 1972, I was a bridge design engineer working for the Idaho Department of Highways. From the top floor of the agency headquarters, a group of us saw the meteor on that sunny, clear afternoon. It first appeared from the west side of

the city and looked to be a mile or two to the east, passing northward over Boise. Within a few seconds it passed behind a cloud that was beyond Shaffer Butte, so we knew immediately it had to be at least thirty miles away. Later, we heard it had been seen from as far away as Billings, Montana. The next day it was a prominent item in the local news.

The meteor, while memorable, faded into the background until I saw an article published in the September 1986 issue of *National Geographic*. The article included a perfect photograph of the meteor as it sailed above the Teton Mountains and Jackson Lake in Wyoming. That photo-

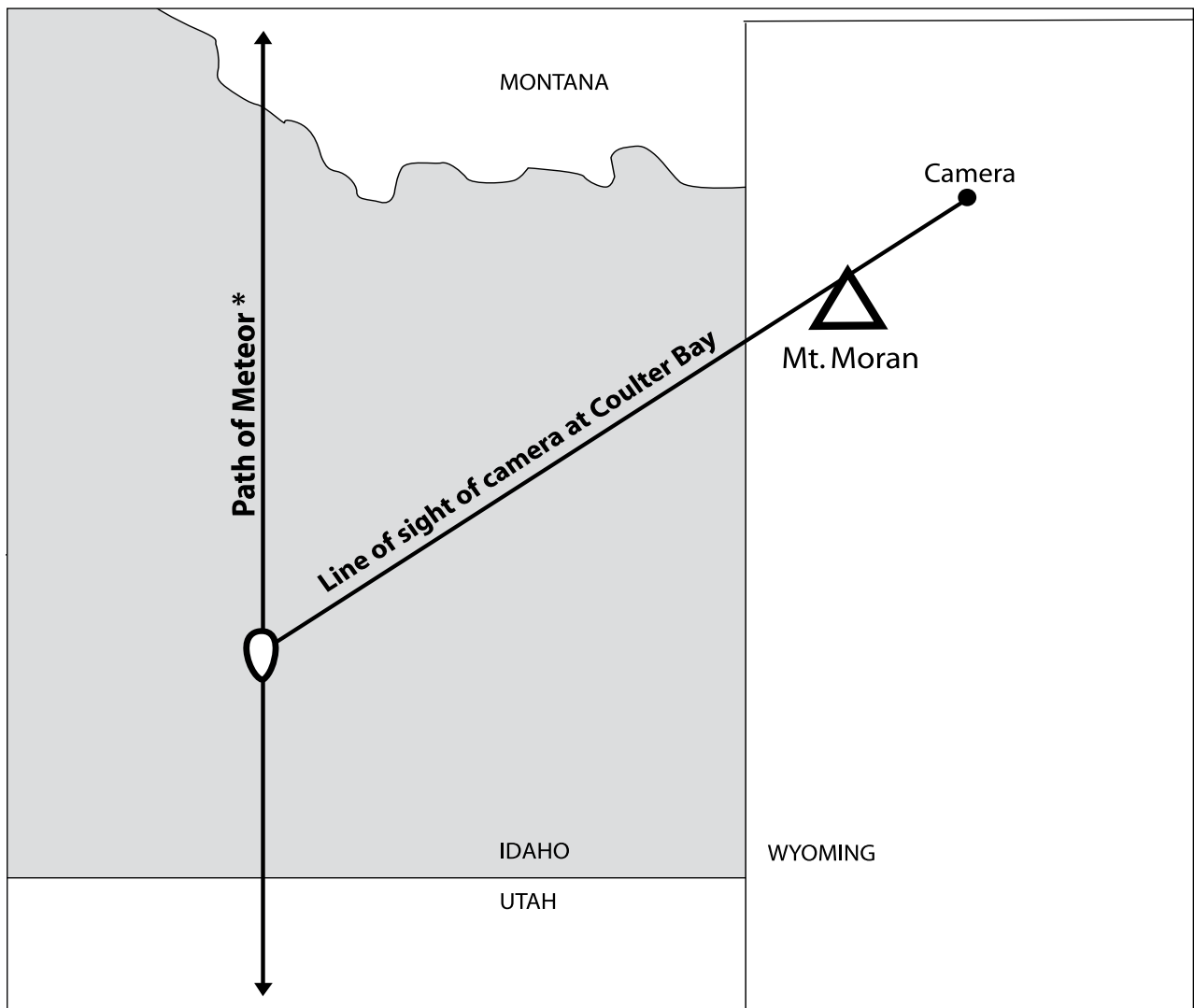


Figure 2

View of the meteor's path over Idaho and the camera's view from Wyoming.

*\*From Nature magazine. 1974:247, 449.*

graph, along with an article which had been published earlier in *Nature* magazine on February 15, 1974 (pgs. 247, 449), provided the final clues that helped to determine the distance, height, and size of the meteor, making it possible to establish its potential energy and its potential for destruction. The illustration that accompanies this story is based on that photograph.

Evidently, the meteor was a ball-shaped mass followed by a conical tail of smoke. The shape of a meteor's tail is due to the collapse of the vacuum that develops behind the ball as it shoots through the air at fifteen kilometers per second

(that's about 33,500 miles per hour), or about fifteen times the speed of a rifle bullet. The body of the meteor was most likely iron and nickel, as was the meteor that made the huge Barringer Meteorite Crater in Arizona. That meteorite was estimated to be about 150 feet in diameter. The crater measured 4,000 feet wide and 700 feet deep. Or, our meteor may have been made from stone, as some meteors are. The minimum weight, assuming a ball of stone of the minimum diameter would be forty-four million tons. An iron and nickel ball of the maximum diameter would be 425 million tons. By comparison, the weight of the Barringer meteorite

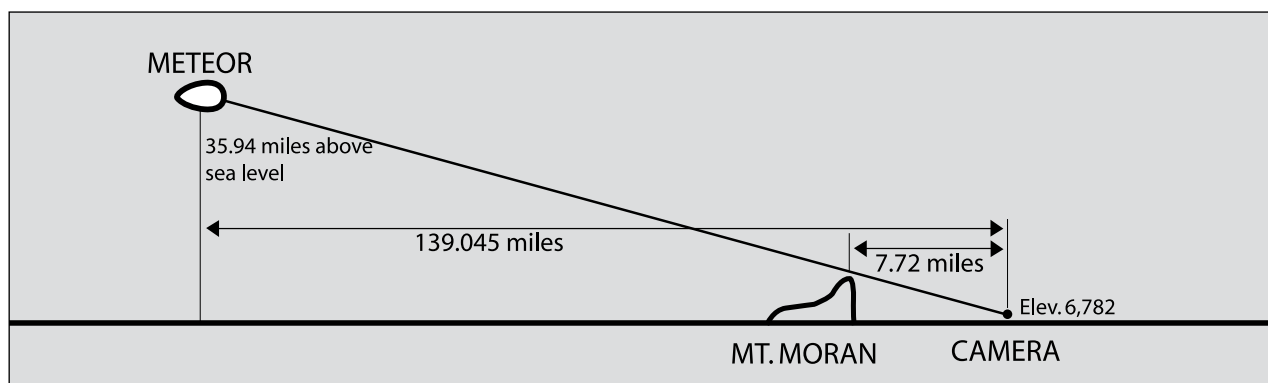


Figure 3

*Side view showing the camera's location and the location of the meteor.*

has been estimated to be a mere 300 thousand tons!

Estimates are that it has been fifty-thousand years since the Barringer meteorite blasted out that crater. That leads us to believe that the chance of another meteor of that size, or larger, striking the Earth again is remote. On the other hand, the odds that a meteor would strike the Earth instead of missing it by less than thirty-six miles (see Figures 2 and 3) are about eighty to one. So, we should consider that August day in 1972 a very lucky one for the millions of people who could have been killed had the meteor struck Earth.

The massive destruction that would be caused by such a collision is terrifying to contemplate. The destructive energy from exploding one pound of TNT (the explosive 2,4,6-trinitrotoluene) is roughly equal to the destructive energy of an ordinary automobile weighing two tons striking a concrete barrier at 200 miles an hour. The world's first atomic bomb, exploded in New Mexico in 1945, was equal to 19,300 tons of TNT. Similar bombs were exploded over Hiroshima, Japan a couple of weeks later, then another over Nagasaki. Pictures of the devastation caused by those bombs have been viewed with horrified awe by millions. The first hydrogen bomb, which exploded at Eniwetok Island in the Pacific Ocean in the 1950s, was equal to fourteen megatons (fourteen million tons) of TNT, 725 times larger than the first atomic bomb.

Frighteningly, a comparison can be made between the Eniwetok hydrogen bomb and the 1972 meteor that flew over Idaho. The destructive energy of any flying object can be calculated from its weight multiplied by the square of its speed of travel. The "minimum" meteor of forty-four million tons would have the destructive potential of more than fif-

teen such hydrogen bombs. The "maximum" 425 million ton meteor would be equal to 151 hydrogen bombs, fourteen hundred times the weight of the meteorite that made Arizona's Barringer crater.

We cannot do more than make an educated guess as to the magnitude of the destruction that would have been caused by the meteor that flew over Idaho, or where it might have struck—except it most likely would have struck in the Western Hemisphere, somewhere in or just south of the United States.

If the meteor had struck land, some of the effects might have been:

1. a crater five to fifteen miles wide and a mile or two in depth;
2. complete devastation over an area fifty to 150 miles wide: from flying rock fragments varying in size from dust to hundreds of tons each; from the heat of the meteor, its collision with the Earth; and from the shock wave blasting the air and earthquakes shaking the ground;
3. complete darkness, and air choked with dust and soot covering a large portion of the Earth's surface, eventually affecting the whole surface of the Earth for days, weeks, or months.

If the meteor had landed in the sea, a tidal wave larger than any in the history of the world would likely have been set in motion. In the thousands of miles that the wave could have reached within the first day or two after it struck, it would progressively have destroyed everything at or near sea level.

*Volney Fleischman lives in Boise.*

# CBA

**Let's Get Ready to Rumble!**

CBA Games Thrill Idaho Audiences

**By Kitty Fleischman**

The call rings out at an ear-piercing level and the crowd cheers wildly. It is not the call for a teenage gang to do battle, it's the start of one of the best basketball games you'll ever see played in the Gem State.

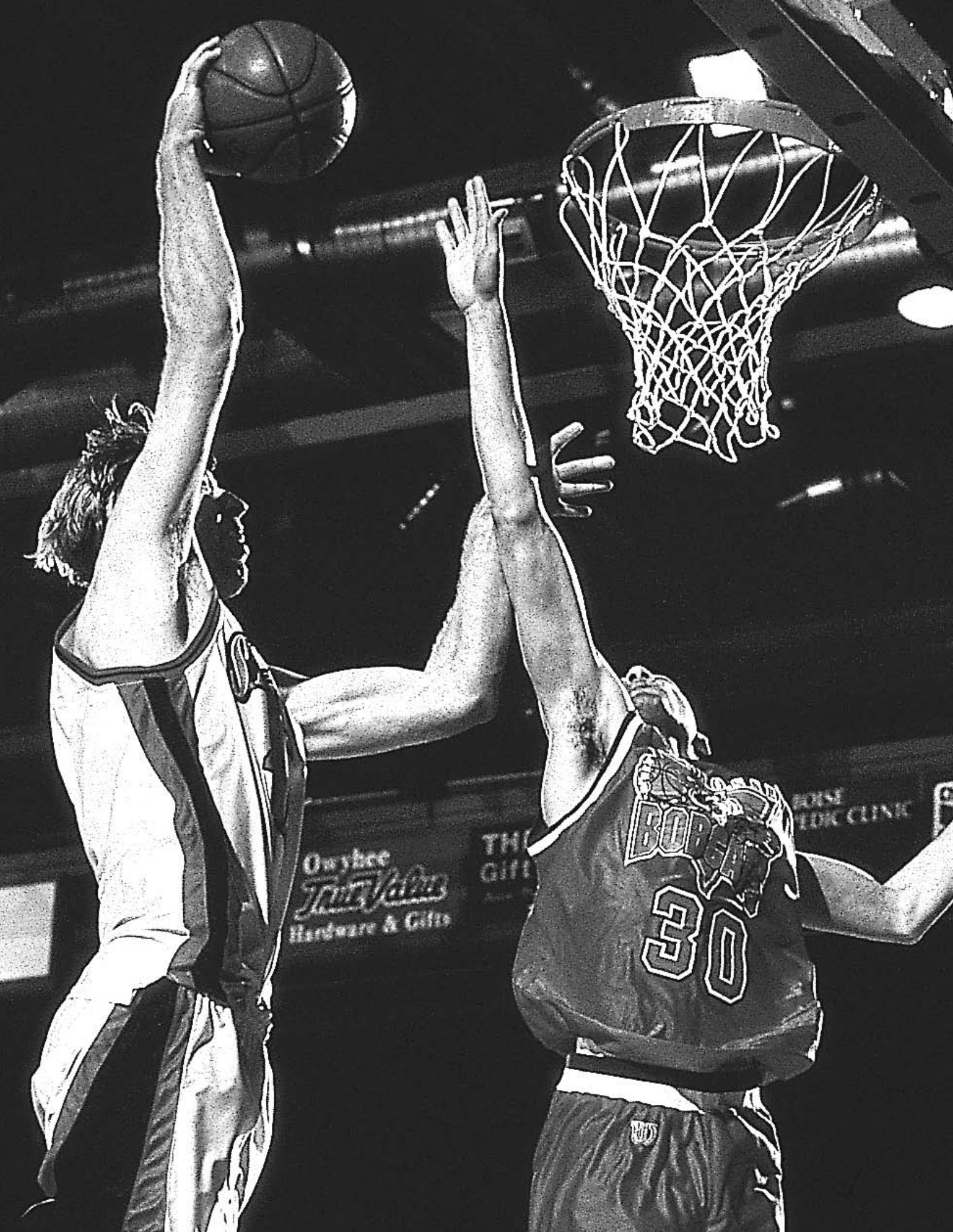
The Idaho Stampede and its fellow Continental Basketball Association teams play great basketball. Beyond the game itself, the scripted evenings feature all kinds of shows in a single night. It is intended to have something for everyone in the family, and it is all for a fraction of the cost of tickets for NBA games.

Watching any kind of tightly knit teamwork is inspirational. Good basketball is a thing of beauty. With basketball, you have the added attraction of watching tall, muscular men leaping and hanging in the air, seemingly defying gravity—sort of like huge, hairy (and unbelievably fast) ballerinas in floppy shorts.

The whole game is quite a thrill for someone as vertically challenged as me. Alright, I'll admit to being partial. Very partial. My husband and I eagerly awaited the birth of the Stampede, and we have been huge fans since its inaugural season. It is our favorite "date" event. In addition, basketball was the preferred sport of both of my children and I spent five long winters in northern Alaska, where the only year-around sport was basket-

**OPPOSITE:** *Nate Huffman makes a shot for the Idaho Stampede. Huffman is currently a center for the Toronto Raptors.*





ball. When I moved from Nome to Anchorage, the CBA's Northern Knights had just begun to enliven courts in that far-off city.

Unfortunately, the team that thrilled fans in southern Idaho for three years disappeared abruptly on a cold wintry night in 2001 when Isiah Thomas folded his tent and the CBA declared bankruptcy. We mourned the loss. Happily, the once and future Idaho Stampede steps back out onto the court this fall. No matter what the scoreboard shows at the end of the game, it will be a triumph.

Since the team's inception, the Idaho owners who first brought the team to life have been on quite an emotional roller coaster ride. After the team was formed, it quickly became a huge success and the "model team" for the league. Later, however, the local owners were forced to sell the team to Thomas. Ultimately they had to stand by and watch helplessly as it went under. Finally, to the relief of the team's many fans, the local owners have breathed life into the Stampede once again, and they also led the efforts to revive the league.

The Stampede's owners do take the team and the league's demise to heart. "This was our little baby," Bill Ilett, managing investor of the team says of the Stampede, "we brought it into being, nurtured it, then had it snatched away from us." Alternately describing it as "an affair of the heart," and "our little baby," Bill's feelings obviously run deep. The team doesn't fall into the category of being "just another investment."

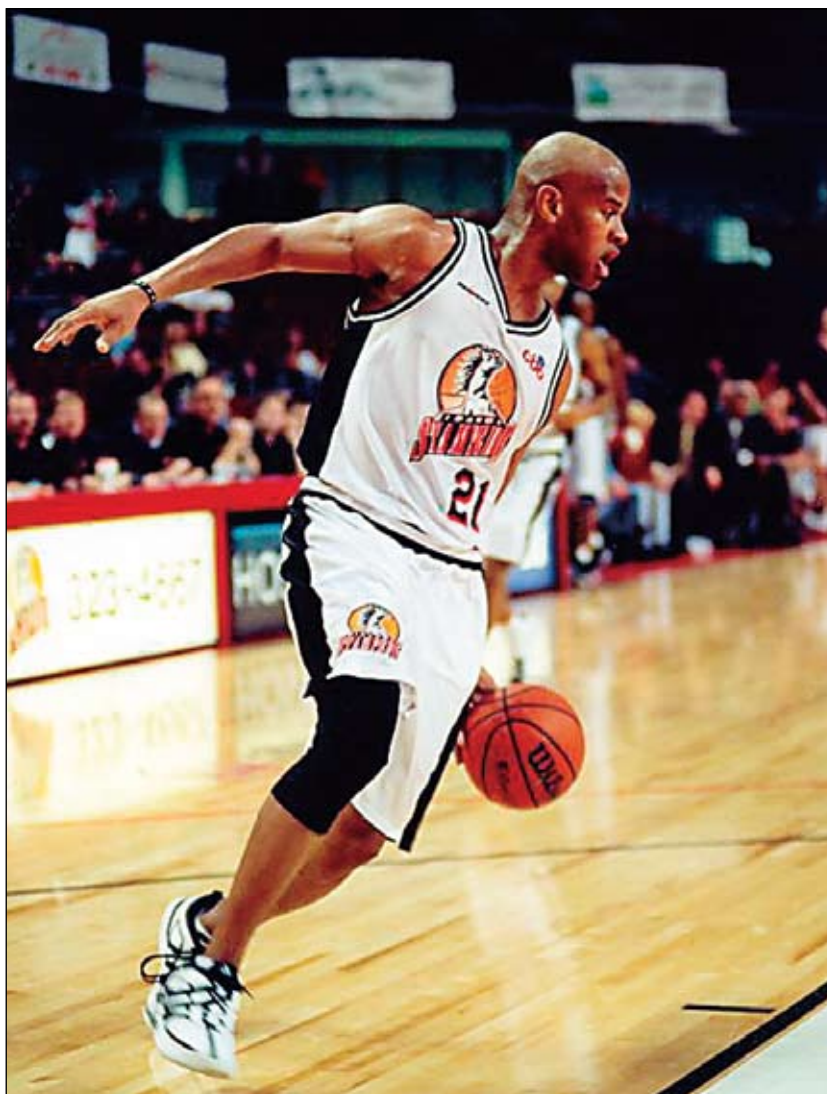
The Stampede could have been

Bill's story of the road not taken. "I wanted to do something for the Treasure Valley. It could have been a statue or a fountain, or a new way to dispose of hospital debris. But I love basketball."

As a child growing up in Boise, it was the Pioneer Baseball League that first caught Bill's fancy. During his free time he would stand by the fence with

his baseball glove hanging from his belt, watching for particular players he admired. Later he discovered basketball, and that became his sport.

Idaho is fortunate to have some extraordinarily good college teams, Bill said, but it is easy to count on one hand the state's players who made it from college level into the NBA. He developed a core of investors who felt an equal



**ABOVE:** Randy Livingston, a former member of Idaho Stampede, played for the Seattle Supersonics last season.

need to “feed our basketball habit beyond the college level.”

The Stampede offers all of that and more. A festive atmosphere pervades the arena, and there are enough side shows to entertain the entire family, even members with scant interest in the game itself. Time-outs bring some kind of chance to win prizes. Contestants may be racing across the floor to run a shopping cart under a flurry of coupons dropped from a remote-controlled blimp, attempting a free-throw from the awkward comfort of a recliner, or racing across the floor in swim fins to be the first to complete a free throw. Or, everybody may be screaming for attention as t-shirts are launched from a giant slingshot into the stands. The Stampede’s mute mascot, Rumble, is the epitome of the coyote trickster who always has to get in on the action. At any given game, Rumble may be trying to snatch a purse from an unwary spectator, playing peek-a-boo with the little kids, performing gymnastic feats off the hoop, and helping (or hindering) contestants in the games. But with all the fun, the bottom line is still basketball.

Bill begins to tick off the names of players from the Stampede’s brief initial history who now are playing in the NBA: Ira Newble, Rusty LaRue, Randy Livingston, Damon Jones, Rafer Alston, Nate Huffman. They’re all names that sound familiar in the Treasure Valley. Mostly, this is not because they went to college locally, but because they were recruited from top teams all over the country, and they graced local courts before taking the giant step to the elite circle of NBA basketball.

Many of the CBA players are within a hair’s breadth of their dreams. They may lack the emotional maturity to survive at the top, or they may have skills that still need to be honed to a sharper edge. Bill said CBA players are young, eager for admiration and willing to make themselves very accessible to fans. No monster egos in the CBA. These players thrive on signing autographs and having young fans look up to them. Mostly, Bill said, they’re eager to go the extra mile to get all the way to the top.

The same holds true for the players who face the Stampede on its home turf. And the Idaho fans can prove to be a daunting crowd. Bill said the team has been fortunate to have two especially good facilities in which to play. Many teams, he said, have little more than cramped, aging gymnasiums. The caliber of Nampa’s Idaho Center has given pause

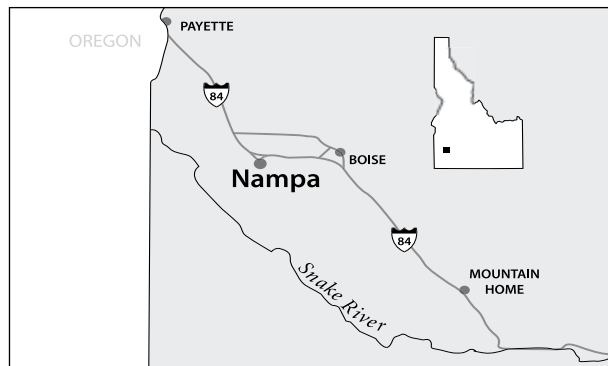
to many visiting teams.

Bill emphasizes the fact that the current owners were not the ones who caused the team to falter, and they’re not legally responsible to make restitution to ticket holders for losses incurred by the bankruptcy. But, they are eager to win back the loyalty of the Idaho fans and so a number of tempting offers were made. The result: sixty-eight percent of the former season ticket holders already had signed back on as of mid-July.

If there are many familiar faces in the stands, there also will be a familiar face on the court. Rory White is back as the Stampede head coach. And the team is owned by names familiar to many in southern Idaho. In addition to Bill Ilett, team owners are: Jim Tomlinson, Kipp Bedard, Gary Michael, Alan Bermensolo, Greg Luce, Skip Smyser, and Steve Stout, who all own full shares, and a ninth share of the team is owned by a group of four dubbed “Idaho Hoop Dreams.”

There will be bumps in the road as the team comes back, Bill said, but the staff is willing to battle it out “foxhole” to win back the fans who were hurt when the team and the league went down. Bill is very certain the struggle has all been worth it. He’s in it for the long haul, planning to win over the ten-year olds who will one day bring their own kids to the games. In the short term, he said, the youngsters enjoy a fun night out with Mom and Dad, and the family has an inexpensive way to watch and admire some of tomorrow’s top basketball stars. In the long term, the future of basketball in Idaho may well be in the hands of those young fans.

*Idaho Stampede plays at Nampa’s Idaho Center. Call (208) 388-4667 (HOOP) for information and tickets.*



# The Rebirth of a League

## The CBA's Long Journey to Idaho

**O**n a blustery day in 2001, faxes were received in Boise and at the offices of Continental Basketball Association (CBA) franchises around the nation. The league was bankrupt, which ended its fifty year history. The CBA, the oldest professional basketball league in the world, was gone.

Or so it seemed.

Founded in Philadelphia in 1946 as the Eastern Basketball League, shortly before its "big brother," the National Basketball Association, it was later called the Eastern Basketball Association. In 1978, it was reorganized and renamed the CBA. Under whatever name it appeared, the teams were well known for one thing in particular—quality basketball offered at prices low enough that the whole family could afford to come to the games.

Teams were locally owned. They spanned the nation and stretched all the way to Puerto Rico. Over the years, the league boasted about teams with colorful names: the Wilkes-Barre Barons, Pottsville Pros, Maine Lumberjacks, Anchorage Northern Knights, Hawaii Volcanoes, Saratoga Stingers, Lancaster Red Roses and the Fargo-Moorhead Beez.

In 1997, the CBA came to Idaho when the Idaho Stampede hit the floor of the Idaho Center in Nampa, not as a rodeo, but as a basketball team. Sports fans from throughout southern Idaho were treated to a level of basketball akin to what they'd seen only on television or during visits to major cities that hosted NBA teams. Only, with the games in Nampa, the games were at prices Idahoans could afford to pay.

The Stampede had nine local owners, who later had to sell their interests when Isiah Thomas purchased the entire league in 2000. Bill Ilett, managing investor for the team, said the group had tried to buy the team back from Thomas in the summer of 2000, but that he turned down their high six-figure offer. Later, when the league was bankrupt, Thomas gave the former team owners twenty-four hours to buy their teams back for one dollar each.

Bill grabbed at the opportunity to buy the team back. He and former CBA Deputy-Commissioner Gary Hunter went to Michigan and also retrieved the Stampede's assets

from the bankruptcy court in Grand Rapids. Bill had to purchase both the intellectual property such as the names, and the physical property owned by the league. All of it was sold back to the team for the same amount he'd had to pay for it originally.

Saving the team wasn't enough, however. Bill wanted to save the entire league, and there were still all kinds of outstanding assets to round up: everything from photos to jerseys. The league's trophy was for sale on e-Bay, but Bill rescued that and brought it home.

Then came the day in August 2001 when he and Gary called a meeting to see if the league could be resurrected. Gary was acting chair for the meeting and eleven former owners confirmed for the meeting. Fifteen lunches were ordered. Twenty-six people showed up for the meeting! "Everybody had a story. Everybody had an emotion. Everybody had a plan. Speeches were made and everyone argued until about 11:30," Bill said. Then Gary told the gathering, "I only ordered fifteen lunches. I want to see a twenty-five thousand dollar deposit on the table from anyone who is 'in.' The others have to leave."

There really is no such thing as a free lunch.

"It divided the participants from the spectators," Bill noted.

"Two-hundred fifty-thousand dollars was on the table, but even then, there were several schools of thought. Some wanted to sit out a year. Some, who had kept their teams playing the prior year, wanted to keep going."

Gary signed on as the commissioner of the newly-revived CBA, providing the leadership to get it past the pains of its rebirth and the vision to expand its scope into the future. Eight teams played the 2001-2002 season: Flint, Michigan; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Gary, Indiana; Rockford, Illinois; Bismarck, North Dakota; and two teams that will not play during the 2002-2003 season, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; and Fargo, North Dakota. Teams coming back on board this year include Idaho and Yakima, Washington.

Over the years, the CBA headquarters had moved from place to place at the whim of the commissioner: Philadelphia, St. Louis, Phoenix. Now, the league has come to rest in Idaho. At least for the time being, although Gary and Bill exchange glances that say it should be here for a long time to come.

"Bill is highly respected among the league owners,"



Gary said. "The Stampede was named a 'model franchise' in its first year. New and expansion teams call on him to teach them how to become successful." He also serves as the league's controller.

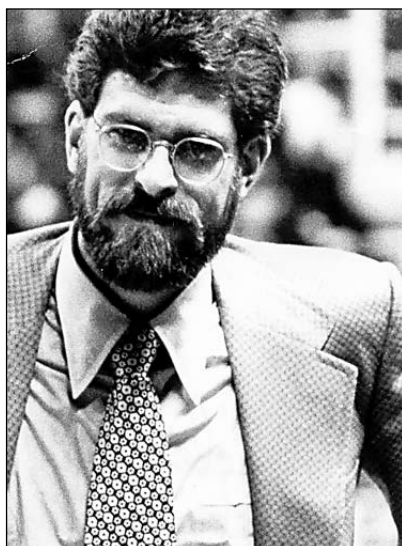
So the CBA is now living in Idaho. Why is it important? Often regarded as "second" to the National Basketball Association (the NBA) in quality, many say the level of play is better, more "hungry" and more eager. Players are young, playing to capacity and they are hopeful of making it into the elite circle of millionaires that comprise the NBA. The CBA allows time for players to mature physically and emotionally, while it provides professional experience to players, coaches, and referees. Because the teams are once again locally owned, there is a great deal of civic pride in their achievements and lots of local support.

As it does for players, the CBA serves as a successful

Ehlo, Mario Elie, Vincent Askew, Duane Ferrell, and Michael Williams. In its short history, the Stampede has seen players like Damon Jones, Rafer Alston, Randy Livingston, Ira Newble, Rusty LaRue, and Nate Huffman ultimately join the NBA. Local fans get to see the future of the NBA on hometown courts.

Bill says he believes the CBA players are the best. "NBA players are overpaid and underworked. CBA players are the guys right at the end of the bench for the NBA. They're the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th guys. They're the guys who are 'on the bubble' who desperately want to get to the NBA. They come out every night in middle America, riding in the back of the planes, not up in first class. They go to arenas that are never as nice as the Idaho Center and they play their hearts out to meet their dreams."

Despite the league's recent woes, Gary said last year's



**ABOVE LEFT:** *Phil Jackson coached the CBA's Albany Patroons for five years before coaching in the NBA.*

**ABOVE RIGHT:** *George Karl, former coach of the Seattle Supersonics and currently with the Milwaukee Bucks, joined the CBA's Montana Golden Nuggets in 1980 and served as head coach for three years.*

training league for coaches and referees. It has launched the careers of basketball coaching luminaries such as Chicago Bulls coach Phil Jackson and George Karl of the Seattle Supersonics. CBA players who have gone on to permanently play for the NBA include: John Starks, Anthony Mason, Bobby Phillips, Elliot Perry, Tony Campbell, Craig

NBA scouts commented they'd seen "no drop-off in the quality of play." And, he said, despite the struggle to reassert itself, the league ended its first year of revival in the black.

So after the short break in its fifty year history, the CBA is alive and flourishing once again, planted this time in the fertile ground of Idaho.

# Custer Ice House & New Meadows Depot

IM Staff & Susan McCarty

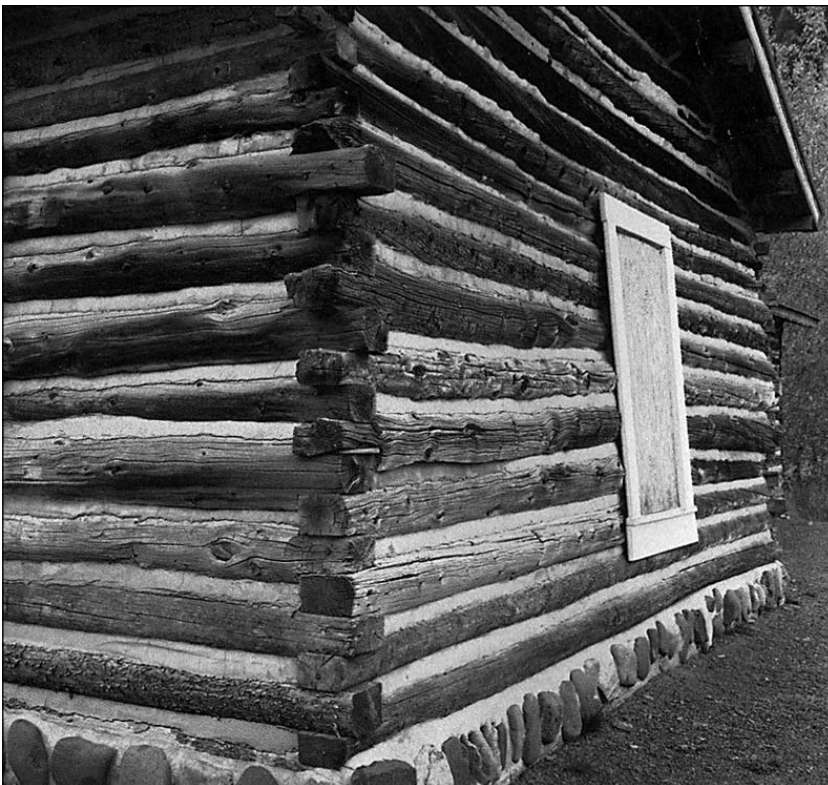
## Custer Ice House

Gold and silver rushes into the rugged interior of Idaho Territory

helped establish the town of Custer, a ghost town and important site in Land of the Yankee Fork State Park. The town was established in 1879. In 1880, a thirty-stamp mill, the largest in the

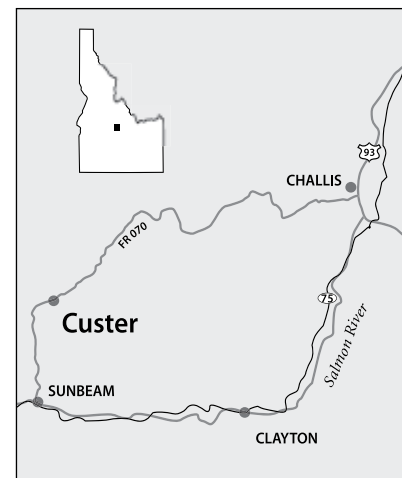
district, was built at the upper edge of town. The ice house is located behind the Custer Saloon and is the only remaining ice house on the town site. Today, Custer, along with the Bonanza town site and the Yankee Fork Gold Dredge, provides visitors with a colorful glimpse of the mining camp's past. The town is on a loop tour that highlights seventeen historic sites.

Custer is in the Land of the Yankee Fork State Park, approximately six miles off Highway 75 at Sunbeam between Stanley and Challis.



COURTESY OF IDAHO HERITAGE TRUST

*Custer Ice House*





COURTESY OF IDAHO HERITAGE TRUST

### *New Meadows Depot*

## **New Meadows Depot**

The year 1911 marked a change for the green Meadows Valley. With the dream of linking southern Idaho with the northern part of the state, the Pacific and Idaho Northern (PIN) Railroad chugged into the valley. The owners bought a piece of land two miles west of Meadows where they built the depot pictured above, a bank, a fifty-two room hotel, and a luxurious home for the president of the PIN. This signaled an end to Meadows as the principal town in the valley because most of the businesses moved to New Meadows to be near the railroad.

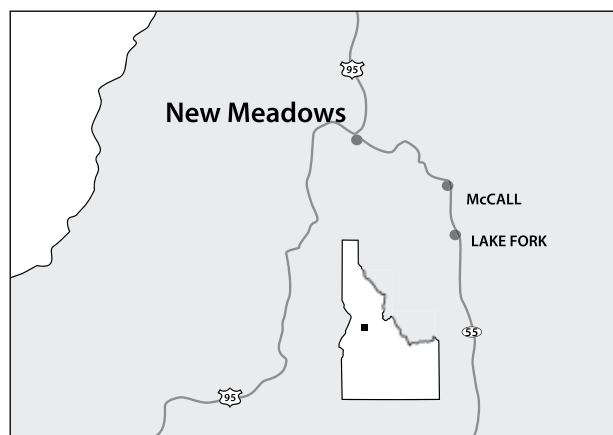
The railroad would transport livestock, passengers, and forest products for the next sixty-eight years. This brought prosperity to the west-central Idaho town.

In 1978, the current owner, Union Pacific, abandoned the line. The Adams County Historical Society was formed to accept the old depot. After nearly twenty-five years, the depot is slated to be renovated. The exterior envelope of the building will be secured first. Then an ambitious program will turn the interior into a museum and special-events center. The members of the society are extremely excited to see their dream of a viable, contributing economic presence in this beautiful old place become a reality.

When you pass by on Hwy. 95, stop by. You will be captured by the charm this historic structure possesses.

*Susan McCarty is a member of the The Adams County Historical Society.*

*These historic Idaho treasures are protected, in whole or in part, by funding from the Idaho Heritage Trust (IHT). The IHT was created in 1989 by members of the Idaho Centennial Foundation "to preserve historic, cultural, and archeological resources."*



# Size Doesn't Matter

By Annie Harper

My family and I spent many of my childhood summer weekends basking on the man-made beach of Sandy Point Beach and sidestroking our way out to the floating docks through the cool, fish-filled waters. On one of our return trips to Boise, my mother got it in her head that my father should stop our maroon VW Bus (with fashionable curtains of course) on the side of the road and let her film him tubing down one of the Boise River's falls.

That seemed innocent enough, seeing as my father was a competent and experienced river rat and we had taken many trips rafting the lazy stretch

from Barber Park to Ann Morrison.

Mom, a raven-haired, black-eyed pixie, had a penchant for making fools of men, and Dad was hers. So, after much pleading and many pretty smiles, Dad pulled the van over, grabbed a tube, and stepped out onto the gravel shoulder of Highway 21 ready to face the beastly falls. We lost sight of him as he hiked upstream through tangled brush and down the bank to the icy water.

Then we waited, and waited. As time went on and Dad didn't pass by, my little brother and I felt knots of fear begin to twist in our stom-

achs. It had been too long! Something had to have happened.

Just as I felt the heat of tears rising we saw him, a bobbing body, arms and legs struggling to stay afloat. Beneath him was one of our child-sized tubes, no bigger than a large dinner plate, totally concealed underwater! We all stood stone still. Even Mom looked worried but the 8mm camera in her hands kept on clicking.

Dad approached the falls, paddling into a good position and crashed through the white foam; only his kicking ankles appeared above the surface. We knew he would survive as he flipped over on his stomach, body-surfing the current, arms stroking to pull himself to our bank, his tube somewhere beneath him. The next time we saw him he was hiking back up the road to our van, leaves stuck to his dripping body and an eyebrow raised in triumph . . . or something.

*Annie Harper lives in Boise.*

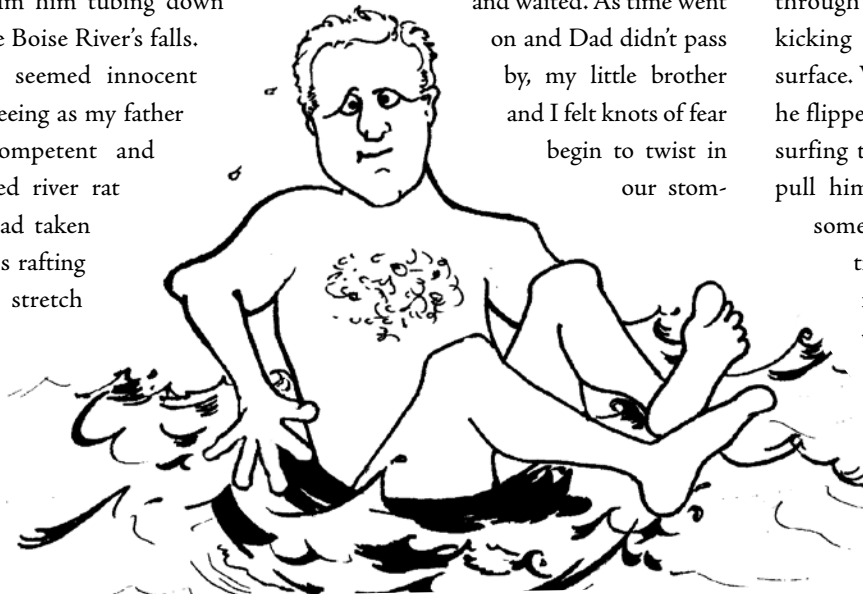


ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN ANNETTE SMITH

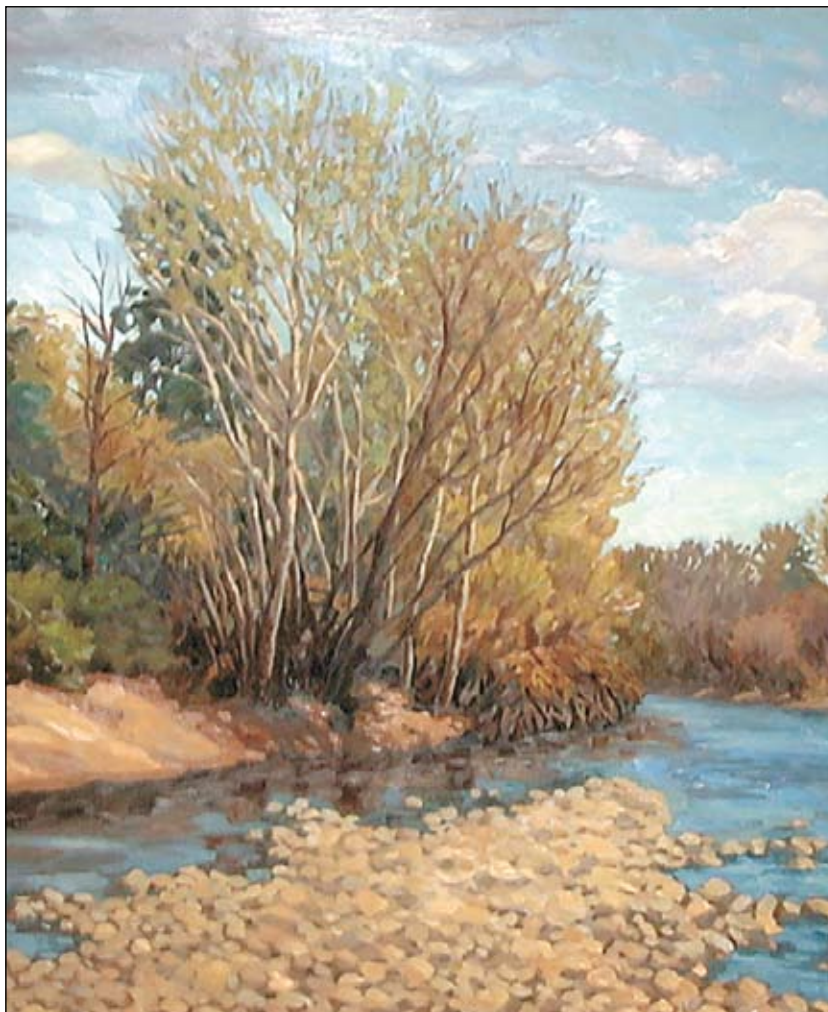


# The Artist's Vision

By Kevin McCain

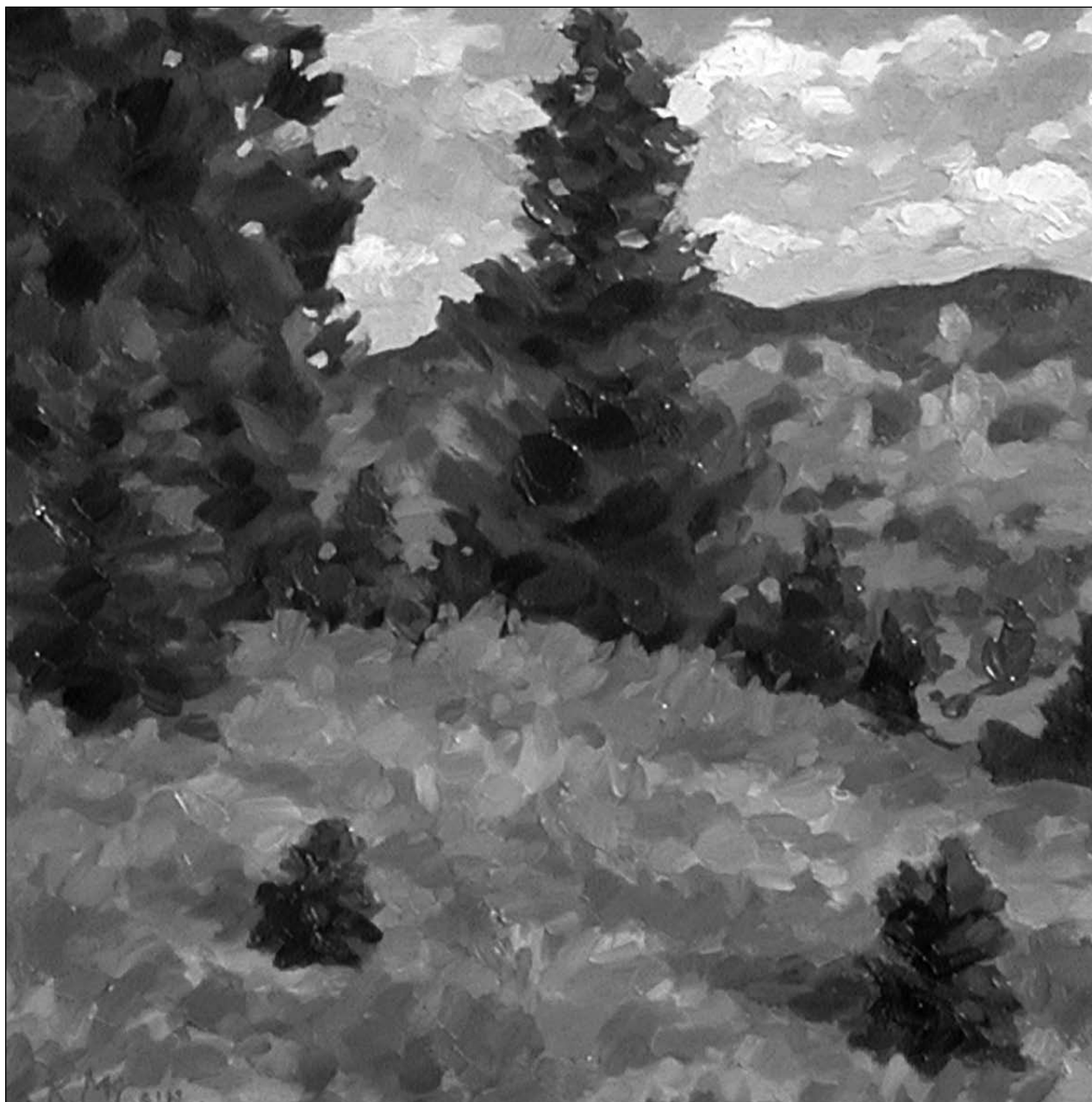
Wow! That looks so realistic." Many people say that about my fine art paintings when they see them from a distance. Then, upon closer inspection they will comment, "The paint is really messy." I enjoy such comments because it means I got the painting right. Upon first inspection colors and values combine to create the illusion of reality and a sense of place. As one moves closer, the paint becomes the main focus, an almost abstract landscape of dabs of color and thick slashes of paint. Like the impressionists, I am looking to capture a fleeting moment in time—that certain something that grabs you when you look out into the world.

"Catch the value and color relationships and you've got it made." That is what I tell the students I teach. If you can capture those two things, whether you are painting in a controlled or messy way you will capture the essence of the scene you are painting. It's all about learning how to "see." Learning to see as an artist is a long



COURTESY OF KEVIN MCCAIN

*The Boise River is the subject of McCain's Spring Slowly Awakens.*



COURTESY OF KEVIN MCCAIN

*McCain's Idaho Springtime depicts the wilderness above Stanley.*

process. It was almost eighteen years ago in a high school art class when the art bug first bit me. From that point on, art took over my life and I found myself drawing and painting close to thirty hours a week. My time was well spent and I earned a scholarship to Utah State University. There, all my

time was consumed in the pursuit of learning to hone and fine-tune my skills. As I grew more skilled I began to search out my own way of seeing the world around me. I began to develop my own artistic vision—a way of interpreting the things I observed and painting them in a way that was truly

my own. I began to see.

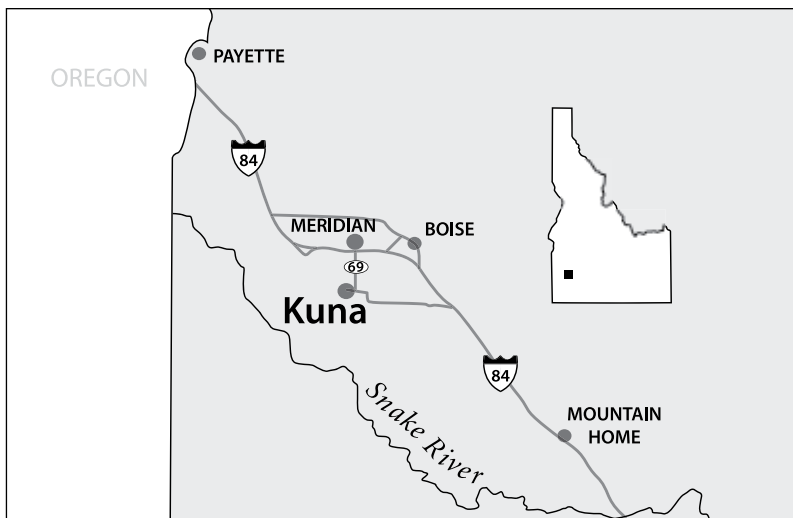
Since college, I have been painting professionally as a commercial illustrator and fine-art painter. My commercial paintings have found their way into magazines and other local and international publications. My favorite project is a children's book titled *Daddy Promises*, which highlights that very special connection a father has with his children.

In the commercial world I am required to consider the vision of another person, the art director. Often I must work in a tight or very controlled realistic painting style and, though I can paint very realistically, I prefer not to. I think a painting should look like it was painted. I prefer not to hide the texture or use undefined or well-blended brush strokes. I think one should let the paint stand up and shout, "Here I am!"

That is why I love painting for galleries. In that setting, I can let the muse take me where she wants me to go. Degas, Manet, and many of the Russian impressionists are my inspiration. Just as music by Mozart takes one's heart and soul to a new level, the Impressionists' work moves me deeply. The paintings seem alive; the people and landscapes they paint whisper their stories. Value, color, drama, and thick juicy strokes of paint combine to create paintings of true beauty. It is that type of beauty I look for when I paint.

I don't paint the exotic. I am not a postcard painter. You won't find me painting pictures of Italy or Paris. I have to paint what I know: the world I know and the people in my life. I paint the Western landscapes that have surrounded me all my life. I was born in Arizona, went to school in Utah, and now live with my family in Idaho. I find the landscape of the American West to be more beautiful and more varied than any place on earth. These places fill my paintings and warm my soul. I seek to inspire others by the beauty found in the west, in its land and in its people.

*Kevin McCain lives in Kuna.*



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COURTESY OF THE ST. MARIES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE





# St. Maries *Spotlight city*

**N**either booms nor busts have much of an effect on the closely-knit community of St. Maries. High up in the mountains on the St. Joe River, this velvety green patch on the quilt of Idaho features a fascinating past, and predicts a stable future.

Paddle-wheel steamboats once plied the river. Energetic tugboats still do. Some of Idaho's first structures were rough log dwellings built by Catholic missionaries who preached throughout the area. Today's Main Street is being splashed by a rainbow of brilliant hues as new murals take shape on buildings throughout downtown.

With the river as its lifeline, St. Maries offers its residents and tourists a pleasant retreat where they can enjoy the quiet splendor of mountains, lakes and rivers.



# Take a Side Trip to St. Maries

IM Staff

It's nineteen miles from Highway 95 to St. Maries. If you have been riding the bumper of the car ahead of you, bemoaning the fact there's no north-to-south Interstate running through Idaho, or if you're rushing through life without taking time to stop and smell the pine trees, maybe it's best if you just stay on the highway. Or maybe, you in particular should make a point of giving yourself a respite from the grueling bustle and noise of life in the fast lane and take a moment to visit St. Maries.

Each of the nineteen miles slips quietly past. Cool morning air fills the car with fresh scents. The myriad of bird and insect songs replace the blare of the radio. The road winds gently over rolling hills and through sun-filtered canyons of tall, slender pines. Several deer step softly in and out of shadows cast by the trees lining the road. One glances over her shoulder to watch me pass. Chipmunks scurry across the pavement frenetically tending to chipmunk business. The late summer sun hurls early rays of heat through still-cool air. Warmth begins to banish the morning mists hovering above Chatcolet Lake and the St. Joe River. Silvery-green, cool and silent, the water mirrors the mountains, woods, deep blue sky, and shreds of fog.

Welcome to paradise!

The famous missionary and explorer, Fr. Pierre DeSmet named this waterway the St. Joseph River in 1842 during a visit with the Coeur d'Alene Indians. Later, for convenience, the name was shortened to St. Joe. A Catholic mission was established on the river at what is now known as Mission Point, but the river's penchant for flooding discouraged the missionaries who resettled on the Coeur d'Alene River near the site of Cataldo.

Prospectors began exploring the region in the late 1870s and early 1880s when the discovery of gold in the upper headwaters of the St. Joe River and some of its tributaries brought the usual rush of miners and explorers to the area. By the end of the 1880s, settlers had begun to realize the area's true wealth was its timber. Claims were staked, and the first sawmill began operating in 1889. Tugboats and



COURTESY OF THE ST. MARIES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

*A Paul Bunyan statue in front of Heyburn Elementary.*

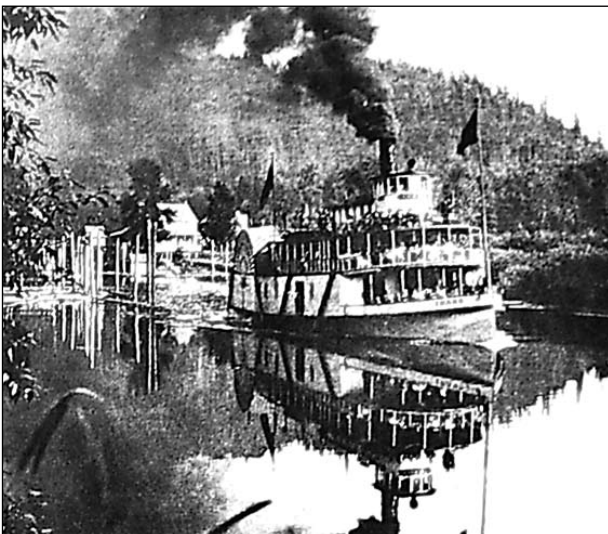
paddle-wheelers plied the waters of the St. Joe. At an elevation of 2,128 feet, it is the highest navigable river in the world, with more than 120 miles of free-flowing water, now used primarily for recreational purposes, although tugs still haul large rafts of logs to the mills at Coeur d'Alene.

The town of St. Maries (pronounced Saint Marys), sprang up along the edge of the river, a thriving timber town high in the mountains. The year 1910 brought two changes to the area. The railroad arrived, and that summer a huge fire swept through much of the St. Joe country, burning nearly 700,000 acres. A long drought had provided plenty of fire



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE ST. MARIES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

ABOVE: *St. Maries' waterfront in the early 1900s. The main route in and out of town was by boat until 1920.*  
 BELOW LEFT: *A paddle-wheel steamboat on the St. Joe river, the highest navigable river in the world.*



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE ST. MARIES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

fuel, but it was believed to be caused by humans. A number of small fires began in the railroad's clearings as railroad engines provided the sparks to touch them off.

The fire covered an area the size of the state of New York by the time it reached the St. Joe River. There weren't nearly enough hands available to help quell the blaze, and few had experience fighting fires of such magnitude. Eventually prisoners were released from jails to help out. Nearly ninety men lost their lives fighting the Great Fire.



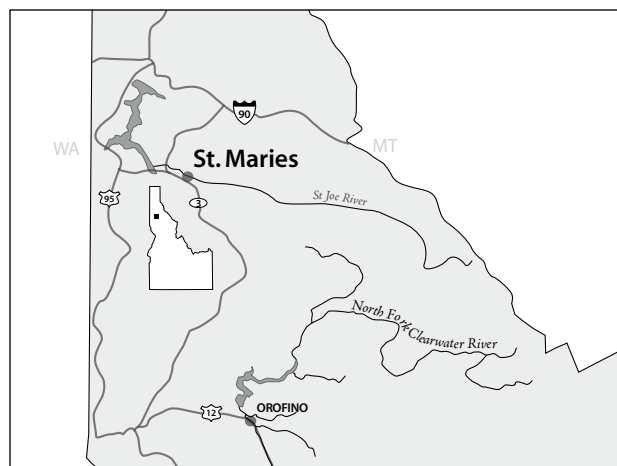
COURTESY OF THE ST. MARIES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

*ABOVE: Ladies watched from above as ice was harvested from the river below, during what was probably a first spring outing.*

Most are buried in what is known as the Fire Fighters' Circle in Woodlawn Cemetery.

St. Maries is the county seat of Benewah County, which was named for a Nez Perce man named Benwah, who was well-known for having survived a 60-foot fall from a cliff one night. When the formal papers were drawn up to establish the county that was comprised of the southernmost townships from Kootenai County, the extra "e" was added.

With its abundant rivers and lakes, St. Maries has become a center for the area's recreational activities. Heyburn State Park is nearby, as is the St. Joe Ranger District and the St. Joe section of the Idaho Panhandle National Forest. The St. Joe Ranger District includes recreational areas such as historic Marble Creek Area, Hobo Cedar Grove Botanical Area, St. Joe Baldy, the scenic hiking destination of Crystal



Lake and Emerald Creek.

One of the unique features of St. Maries is that, despite a location that is relatively removed from the beaten track, it has never come near to being either a boom town or a ghost town. Hard times have forged a strong, closely-knit community that stands ready to tackle whatever comes its way.





COURTESY OF THE ST. MARIES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

## St. Maries 2002–2003 Points of Interest & Recreation

### St. Joe River

St. Maries, located on the St. Joe River, offers some of the finest outdoor recreation opportunities available. The St. Joe River Valley has a well-deserved reputation as one of the finest elk hunting areas in the United States. For that reason, hunters from throughout the nation travel to St. Maries every year to take advantage of this area's large and growing elk herd.

### Lake Coeur d'Alene

Besides being one of the nation's premier elk-hunting areas, the St. Maries area offers much more. The St. Maries, St. Joe, Coeur d'Alene and Spokane rivers combine with Lake Coeur d'Alene (pronounced Core-da-lane) to provide one of the finest boating opportunities available anywhere. The fact that this vast water system is set in some of the country's most beautiful scenery makes this system unparalleled. Idaho's largest state park, Heyburn, on the southern end of Lake Coeur d'Alene, is only six miles from the city limits. Heyburn includes three lakes interconnected by the St. Joe River, the highest navigable river in the world.

### Hey, you campers, hikers, and gem-hunters!

Recognizing the abundance of this area's resources, the Forest Service has invested in improving its recreation sites and campgrounds in the St. Joe River area. The National Forest offers several hundred miles of hiking trails. Historic Marble Creek highlights early 1900s logging camps, steam donkeys, and railroad trestles. Rock-hounds can dig for the Star Garnet, found only in Idaho and India.

### Grown-Up Fun

Adult recreation leagues, including a softball complex owned by the adult softball association, complement other recreation activities. The city's challenging, panoramic nine-hole golf course is on a par with any fine golf course anywhere. The city's parks and tennis courts complement the local bowling alley to provide residents with complete recreational facilities.

*For more information contact the St. Maries Chamber of Commerce @ (208) 245-3563 or [www.stmarieschamber.org](http://www.stmarieschamber.org)*

# St. Maries' Murals

## *Art, Education, and Preservation in One*

By Bonnie Olson

Recent efforts to capture the town's history and spruce up downtown buildings began recently as the first of several murals depicting scenes from the history of St. Maries took shape on buildings along Main Street. George Currier, director of Timber Plus, a local economic development agency, and Mayor Robert Allen secured grant money to bring the project to life.

A mural is being painted on the west wall of the Land & Title Company at 9th and Main. Dick and Cheri Shisler, the owners the building, eagerly check the progress several times a day. The mural depicts the first transcontinental train to pass through St. Maries, and the depot that was built in 1908. The mural features the Kootenai Inn, which was built in 1911 on a knoll two blocks from the waterfront, and was recently torn down.

The depot, built a year before the rails were placed, created a great deal of controversy in its day: Townspeople were promised a two-story structure of native stone and they expected it to be a



COURTESY OF RALPH BARTHOLOTT

*This completed mural depicts the first transcontinental train to pass through St. Maries.*

grand and imposing station. It wasn't.

The artist of this mural is Kooskia native Robert Thomas. With brush in hand, he leans from his ladder on the sloped sidewalk, to answer questions. The 8 x 38 foot mural, including an evergreen tree extended beyond the picture, is based on a 1909 photo.

Thomas's resumé includes work as a graphic designer, and experience as a professional illustrator with Battelle Northwest Labs for twenty-

five years. He has taught workshops and has ten years of experience painting murals in several western states. He has completed thirty murals to date. The tallest was forty-five feet high. "I had to use a cherry picker to finish that one," he said.

His wife, Caroline Thomas, helps fill in the big spaces to save time, but she doesn't profess to be an artist. "I'm just a helper once in a while to save time," she said.



COURTESY OF RALPH BARTHOLDT

*Mural artist and Kooskia native Robert Thomas in the midst of his work*

Verizon Corporation was the first private company to present St. Maries with a five-thousand-dollar grant. "This grant has been an important catalyst for our efforts at revitalization and our efforts toward providing points of interest for tourists and locals alike," George Currier said. Mayor Robert Allen adds, "When this all comes together we will attract more tourists and the murals will be a great source of civic pride."

All murals depict the town's history and wildlife. The next mural Thomas paints will be the Mission at Mission Point, which the Jesuit priests built in the 1840s. It was the site of their first Rocky Mountain mission. Another mural will portray the building of corduroy roads that were four hundred feet long (logs were placed side-by-side to move equipment) over a wet section of the St. Joe river bottom on the Mullan Trail where it came through St. Maries.

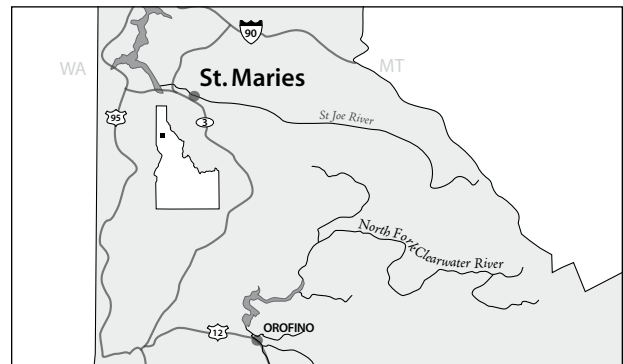
In addition, Ed "Moses" Allen, an accomplished local artist, will paint several murals, starting with the senior citizens' building at 6th and Main. His murals will feature the wildlife that calls the mountain valley home. People passing heading east will see the mighty eagle and stately blue heron depicted in their natural habitat.

Ed has been sketching and painting since he was a teenager. "Dad paid for an American Art Institution correspon-

dence course for me, and Charles Schultz was one of the teachers that graded my work," he said. Edgar is known locally for his saw blade paintings. "This will be my first mural," he said.

"Murals are only the first step in renovation," Mayor Allen added. "Wells Fargo Bank will donate \$1,050 over a two-year period. This money will provide for trash receptacles and benches along our streets." A grant from the Forest Service will provide two kiosks for the downtown area. One will be located downtown near the Hughes House, a restored log house which serves as a museum, and the other will stand at the west end of Main Street. These kiosks will feature all sorts of information on the city and sites to visit in the surrounding area.

*Bonnie Olson lives in St. Maries.*





# The Sunshine Mine Fire

## A Story of Two Men and a Lot of Luck

By Katherine Sather

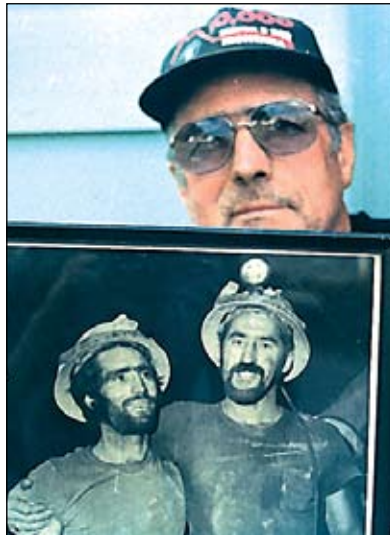
This year, on the morning of May 2, a group of Panhandle residents gathered at a spot near Big Creek Canyon to remember one of the area's most devastating tragedies. They came to remember their friends, family, and co-workers who perished in the Sunshine Mine Fire. This year marked the thirtieth anniversary of one of the worst hard-rock mining disasters of the century: Ninety-one miners were killed by carbon monoxide poisoning.

In the crowd at the memorial site was St. Maries resident Tom Wilkinson, a man who survived. He and his partner Ron Flory caught a spark of luck from the fire. They found fresh air at a ventilation shaft 4,800 feet below the ground, just yards from where seven of their co-workers lay dead.

For the past thirty years, Wilkinson has returned to the mine on May 2 for the annual memorial service. He comes to honor the miners who were killed in the fire, and to

remember his own experience.

Wilkinson was one of 173 men who went to work at 7 a.m. May 2, 1972, at the Sunshine Mine. The outfit, which had its beginnings in the 1800s, was one of the largest silver producers in the area. Wilkinson was



COURTESY OF RALPH BARTHOLDT

*St. Maries resident Tom Wilkinson holds a 30-year-old photo of himself and mining partner Ron Flory. The picture was taken after they were rescued from the Sunshine Mine in Kellogg, which caught fire in 1972.*

twenty-nine years old. He had worked there a year.

Shortly after noon that day, a miner came down to the 4,800 feet level, where Wilkinson and his partner worked, to warn of a fire. Wilkinson and his co-workers gathered at a station to wait for a hoist, unaware that the hoist man had fled from the dense smoke. They were unconcerned about the warning. "Nobody was really worried," Wilkinson said. "We worked in a hard rock mine. What was going to burn? Rock?"

They became fearful, however, as smoke began to cloud the station. The miners put on respirators, but removed them when they began to burn their mouths. The move would later prove fatal for some. "We weren't trained in them," Wilkinson said. "We didn't know that when they got hot, that's when they were working."

In an effort to redirect the smoke, Wilkinson and his co-workers decided to open the air doors. Wilkinson passed out as he strained to open the passageway. His partner and a co-worker put his body on a motor con-



veyance and drove him farther down the tunnel, away from the station. "They knew there was good air there," he said.

He woke up with his partner at his side, waiting for the other miner to return with the rest of the crew. When he didn't come back, Wilkinson's partner walked to the station to investigate. He found the entire crew laying dead on the tracks. They had died of carbon monoxide poisoning. "We tried to revive one man," said Wilkinson. "But it was too late. They were all gone."

That night he and his partner found a bore hole that was drilled just two days earlier. It provided the fresh air that sustained them for eight days as they waited to be rescued in the mine. To keep track of any changes in the direction of the draft that could bring smoke their way, they hung a piece of cloth from an overhead pipe. And then, they waited. "We mainly talked, and tried to figure out what was going on," Wilkinson said. "We didn't know how bad it was."

Above ground was chaos, according to Pinehurst resident Larry Hawkins. He worked in the geology department at the mine. Hawkins was one of the first people to surface after word circulated about the fire, but he returned underground to help rescuers.

His efforts were hindered by the noxious carbon monoxide fumes. His respirator hose was ripped and he became lightheaded. As men fell to the ground beside him, he returned to the surface. Crowds of people asked him what the situation was underground. "I just said it wasn't good," he remembered. "I just told everyone that it wasn't at all good."

Evacuation of 108 men to the surface had been successful. However, nearly one hundred more remained trapped in the lowest levels of the mine. Most were already dead. Wilkinson and his partner were the only living. They used wrenches to tap into a water line for hydration and rested on plywood boards. Days passed, and they talked to pass the time.

"Each time one of us would get upset, the other one would be there to talk him out of it," Wilkinson said.

Each day they tried to venture into the hoist station, but they were forced back by smoke. On the fifth night they finally stepped over their co-workers' bodies to ring the bell that would signal the hoist man. Flory tried using a nearby phone. Both efforts were unsuccessful.

They rounded up a tuna sandwich, a can of pudding, and cigarettes from their buddies' lunch pails before returning to their camp. It was there that they were found three days later when rescuers came down the ventilation shaft. "Ron said he saw a flash of light on the wall, and I thought man, he's really losing it," Wilkinson said. "But they'd found us." A bit later Wilkinson walked out of the mine into the lights of dozens of news photographers, and was reunited with his wife, Francis, and two daughters.

At the hospital, the men received a six-pack of beer, courtesy of Governor Cecil Andrus. Then the interviews began. "I was talking on the phone, doing radio interviews with stations in four or five countries. Like England and Australia," Wilkinson said.

Back at the mine, friends and family of miners that hadn't been recovered kept vigil. Wilkinson and Flory's rescue brought them hope, Hawkins said. "People knew there were more experienced miners down there, so they figured that there would be other survivors too," he said. But, their hopes went unfulfilled. Aside from Wilkinson and his partner, none of the men below the 4,200 feet level of the mine survived. Ninety-one miners were killed by carbon monoxide poisoning.

The cause of the fire would later be determined as spontaneous combustion of refuse. The Sunshine Mining Company was in compliance with all federal and state safety requirements at the time, but those requirements proved to be inadequate. After the tragedy at Sunshine Mine, improvements were made to mining safety standards across the nation.

Even though he experienced the dangers of mining firsthand, Mr. Wilkinson returned to the Sunshine Mine when it reopened that year. TV cameras accompanied him on his first day back. "I think I had to prove something to myself," he said.

When the miners went on strike in 1973, he began work for the Forest Service in St. Maries, where he lives and works today. His partner, Flory, lives in Smelterville.

The Sunshine Mine has long been closed. However, people return to the memorial each year. Wilkinson is often interviewed by TV cameras at the event. "I just say a few words," Wilkinson said.

*Katherine Sather lives in Missoula, Montana.*

# Critter Country

## *The Animal Neighbors We Love to Hate (but Secretly Love)*

By Marylyn Cork

The dog was pitching a fit in the yard, her little black nose pointed skyward into the branches of the Ponderosa pine tree at the corner of the fence. I went to investigate. High overhead, peering back at us, was an over-sized raccoon.

Now, I like wildlife, but as an avid gardener I've experienced firsthand what a rogue coon can do to a plot of ripening corn. I made short work of him with my trusty .410.

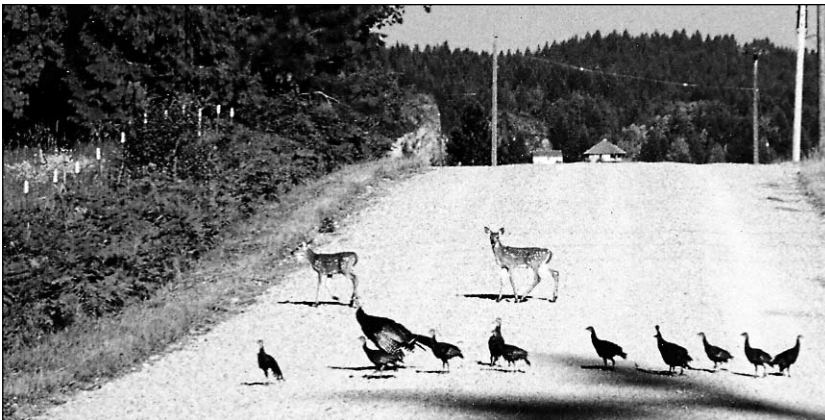
Last year my nemesis wore feathers. Stepping into the chicken house one afternoon to care for seventy-five half-grown fryers, I was thunderstruck to catch a raven in the act of dropping them one by one, to the number of eight, with a jab to the neck from a well-honed beak. She had entered through a small door from an outside pen. The pen now has a wire top.

Wild turkeys, though, try my patience most. The birds were planted here by a Fish and Game Department that I don't think expected them to

thrive to the extent that they have. If they'd stay in pasture or woodlot, we could co-exist. Instead, they roam close to the house in flocks numbering into the dozens making a total nuisance of themselves. I've stepped over turkey poop to gain entrance to my front door, and stared back at turkeys inspecting me through a slider twelve feet off the ground on a three-tier deck.

The whole house shook the day a big old turkey flew into the snowball bush near the living room window in an attempt to rob a bird feeder. The shrub gave way under the weight, flinging the bird unceremoniously into the side of the house. I exited the door just in time to see the miscreant streaking down the hillside faster than the speed of sound.

That wasn't the worst of it. Until I complained so much that Fish and Game was finally motivated to live-trap thirty-four of the pests out of my front yard last winter just to shut me up, long lines of turkeys routinely walked the top rail of my chain link yard fence to gain access to a bird feeder. Earlier, I had been issued a depredation permit



COURTESY OF MARYLYN CORK

*A heavy traffic moment*



COURTESY OF MARYLYN CORK

*Author Marylyn Cork and the “rogue coon,”  
and a wild turkey on the move*

with instructions to plug the “alpha female” in the head, which would end the depredations, according to the warden. Ha! It’s not so easy to nail an alpha female—she’s a wily old bird. I did manage to drill a couple of the malefactors, but never the alpha, before tiring of the requirement to draw my victims, then summon the game warden to haul the carcasses off to the food bank. Last year, when the birds started coming back, I removed the feeders.

For the most part, though, in the almost forty-seven years I’ve lived on a small farm at the base of Gold Cup Mountain between Priest River and Laclede, I’ve enjoyed my close encounters with wildlife. My travels in other states have convinced me that Idaho’s abundance of critters is foremost among our state’s attractions. I don’t have to go to Yellowstone or the Canadian Rockies to see deer, bear, moose, and elk. I live with them. Whitetail deer graze my fields and raise their young in the creek bottom.

Last winter, for the first time, they moved into the yard, cropping vinca and candytuft to the ground and pruning my lone rhododendron.

Once uncommon here, a small band of elk wintered in

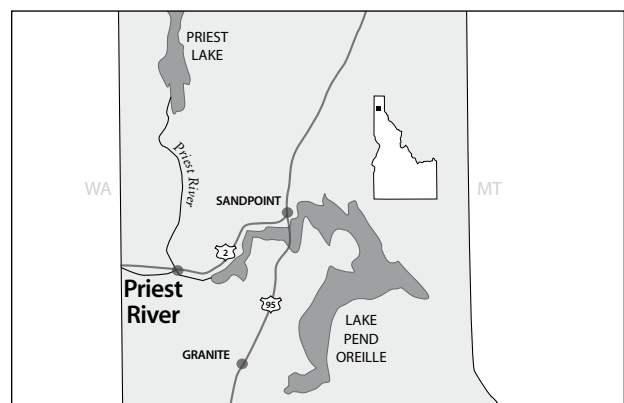
the neighborhood, too, while a larger herd hung out in fields bordering U.S. 2 around the ridge. Moose, so rare when I was growing up as to be hardly ever spotted, are now frequently seen, even in town. One decided to visit Priest River Elementary School last winter. Deputies were called to stand by when classes dismissed for the day to make sure the children were allowed to leave the grounds unmolested.

This country never has had a dearth of black bears. My late husband Jess never liked them much—I always suspected he was afraid of them, although he’d have walked on tacks before admitting it. Several times one summer my youngest daughter and I spotted a large bear in the woods close to our house. Jess insisted we were exaggerating its size—until the evening he unexpectedly came face to face with Mr. Bruin while thrashing through a thick patch of brush in the pasture. Then you should have heard how big that bear was!

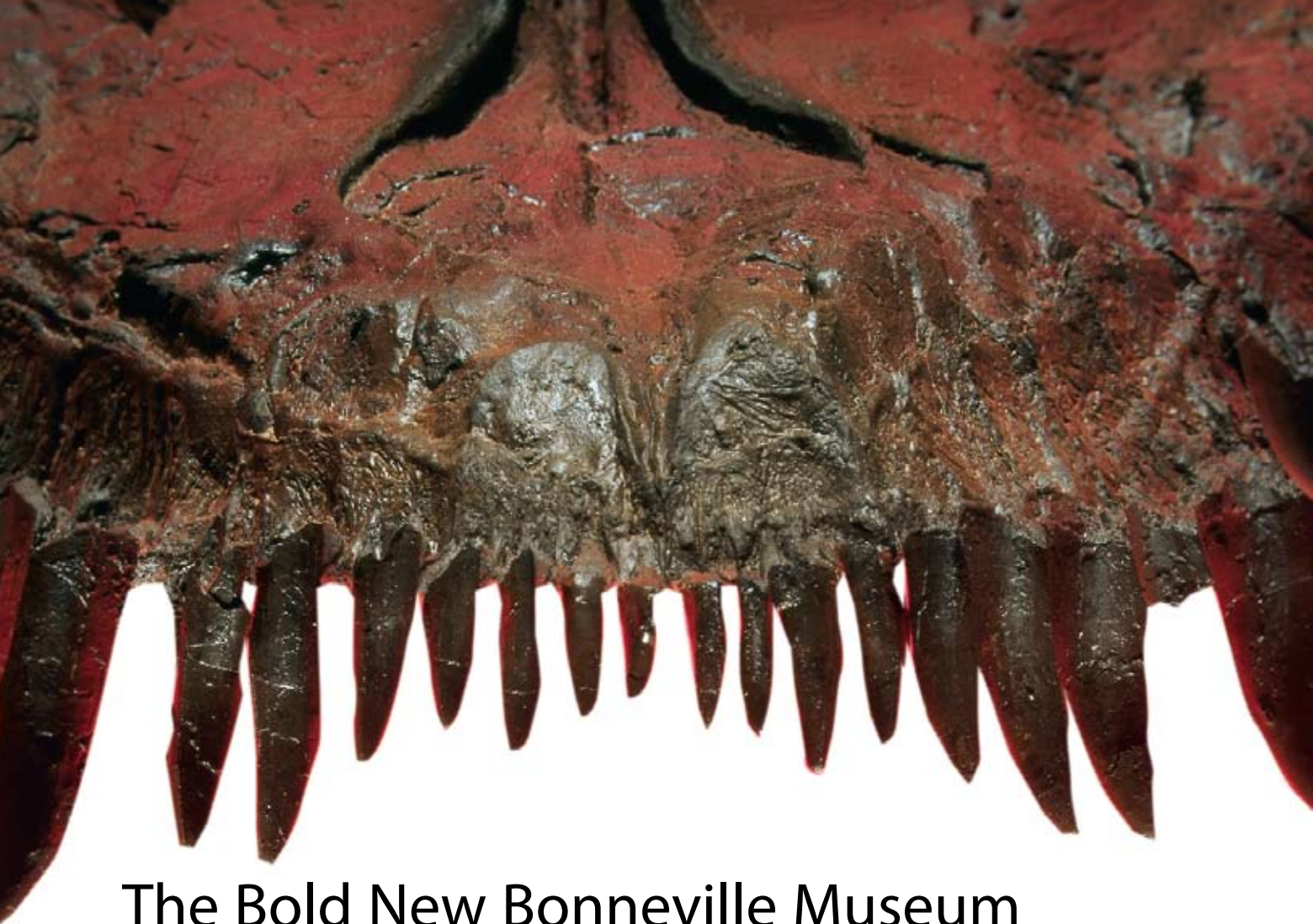
A monster bear digging for grubs in a meadow on the place above us once nearly occasioned a case of multiple heart attacks as well. The property’s new owners were visiting from Los Angeles and had left a teenage daughter at the house while they walked down the hill to visit. We were all shooting the breeze at our barn when the girl spotted the bear and ripped loose with a series of blood-curdling shrieks that raised the hair straight up from our heads. Her galvanized parents shot up the hill convinced she’d been attacked by an Idaho wild man, the bear shot out of the pasture, and the rest of us twitched for a week.

I could go on and on about panhandle wildlife, but you get the picture. While sometimes a nuisance, critters are still a big part of the reason I live where I do.

*Marylyn Cork lives at the base of Gold Cup Mountain near Priest River.*







The Bold New Bonneville Museum

# How Idaho History Lovers Ended

By Helen L. McMullin



COURTESY OF THE FIELD MUSEUM OF CHICAGO



**OPPOSITE:** *How'd ya like to get caught in these jaws?*  
**RIGHT:** *The Bonneville Museum in Idaho Falls.*



COURTESY OF THE BONNEVILLE MUSEUM

## Up at the Feet of a Great Beast

**I**t began as a modest project to comply with the Americans With Disabilities Act. But, then it grew! When the new Bonneville Museum in Idaho Falls opens February 18, 2003, it will be as big and bold as its Premiere exhibit, "A Tyrannosaurus rex named Sue."

The museum's evolution from a few historical exhibits in the Bonneville County Courthouse in the 1970s to a first class facility in 2002, is a testimony to the vision of the Bonneville County Historical Society, a small volunteer organization, coupled with city, county, and community support. It will be the largest museum in Idaho.

By the 1970s, the city of Idaho Falls had outgrown its library, an Andrew Carnegie-endowed building completed in 1916, enlarged by the Public Works Administration in 1938, and added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1983. In 1985, the vacant building was deteriorating and the city of Idaho Falls was exploring options, including sale or demolition of the property, when the historical society asked to lease it for a museum. The city council studied all the proposals it received, turned down more lucrative offers, and agreed to the lease the building to the historical society for the sum of \$1.00 per year.

Slowly over the years, a museum took shape, with thousands of hours of donated time and materials, fund-raisers, and community support. As residents watched the museum materialize and grow, they began bringing in items: doll and stamp collections, a 1920s-era fire engine, photographs, books, periodicals, and other family treasures and artifacts. All of these items help tell the story of the area's rich natural and cultural



COURTESY OF THE FIELD MUSEUM OF CHICAGO

heritage. The collection grew to encompass more than ten thousand items, all of which had to be cleaned, prepared for exhibit and/or storage, and catalogued for reference. Most items in the museum collection have been donated outright, although the museum does have a few special items on long-term loan from families or individuals.

Volunteers also established and maintain a reference and research library to make historic photographs, documents and other reference materials available to researchers, students, teachers, and others. In addition, volunteers started educational programs and field trips highlighting the various aspects of southeastern Idaho history, opened the museum to formal tours for thousands of school children and other interested groups, and began providing speakers for schools, businesses, and civic groups. Behind the scenes, society members continued remodeling and refurbishing the building; upgrading plumbing and wiring; installing alarm systems, new windows, and a new roof; and expanding exhibits and building new ones. A great deal of the work was done by volunteers with donated supplies and equipment. When professional expertise was needed, grants were obtained or fund-raisers held to bring in the needed money, and many local contractors and businesses helped by offering services and material at reduced rates or donating them outright.

As the museum grew, special displays were offered, such as several Abraham Lincoln exhibits, *Remembering WWII: 50th Anniversary*, *Civil War Era Guns and Coins*, *Idaho's Geology*, and clothing exhibits including *The Way We Wore*.

Then, on December 26, 1998, the roof fell in—literally in some places. A volunteer responding to a museum security alarm found the intruder, water, running down the stairs and seeping under the front doors. Sometime over the Christmas holiday while the museum was closed, bitterly cold temperatures had frozen water pipes in the fire sprinkler system in the ceiling, which then burst. Unbeknownst to anyone, thousands of gallons of water had spilled down into the museum, cascading over and into exhibits, archives, and storage areas until the movement of the falling water set off the security alarm. The entire physical facility, as well as exhibits and collections, were badly damaged. It was a catastrophe of monumental proportions, especially for a non-profit organization with a volunteer staff. The volunteers, however, took one look at the damage and then rolled up their sleeves and pant legs and went to work, pledging to have the museum open again as soon as possible, bigger and better than ever. Books, documents, and photographs had to be separated and dried, one by one. Exhibits had to be dismantled, their contents removed, everything cleaned and dried, and then reconstructed. The building itself had to be dried out and repaired. The community rallied around the project. Businesses

donated funds and museum volunteers donated time, elbow grease, and money, along with much-needed moral support. Six months later, the museum was open to the public again, with two new exhibits added to those that had existed before the flood.

On October 27, 2000, the historical society celebrated its 25th anniversary by paying tribute to the twenty-five original founders of the group who had the foresight to realize how much local history might be lost without an organization to preserve it. The society had grown from the original twenty-five founders to two-hundred members, with an operating budget of \$38,459. As Museum Director Lois Nickum was quoted then, "We've been able to accomplish a lot on nothing."

Looking ahead as well, the society established a building fund, in part to help fund a long-planned expansion that would allow disabled visitors access to the museum. Although the building was not subject to the Americans With Disabilities Act because of its age, the society felt it was important to make the museum accessible to all members of the public. With this eventual expansion in mind, the society obtained a matching grant from the CHC Foundation, a local charitable group, enabling them to purchase the old chamber of commerce building next door.

During this period, Idaho Falls native Greg Carr was attracted to the museum on a trip home to visit family and friends. Carr made his fortune as co-founder of Boston Technology, a voicemail company, and as chairman of the investor group that purchased

Prodigy, the first consumer online Internet service provider, in 1996. He then established the charitable Carr Foundation as a way to provide funds to communities and organizations that met the organization's philanthropic goals. Grants from the foundation funded the Carr Center for Human Rights at the Harvard Kennedy School of Government and a theater in Boston that will provide a venue for unknown writers and directors. Carr also continues to focus on human rights education and reform in Idaho. In that spirit, Carr purchased the former Aryan Nations headquarters compound in northern Idaho and plans to turn it into a museum and a human rights education center.

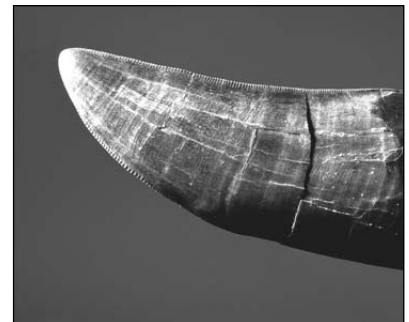
Intrigued by the museum and impressed by volunteer resourcefulness and community support, Carr began discussing museum expansion and funding with the museum board and society members. The Carr Foundation purchased the old Masonic Lodge and a former restaurant building next to it with the intention it be used to expand the Bonneville Museum.

As discussions about expansion progressed and the society continued looking at possible growth, it became obvious that the staff, as well, needed to evolve from an entirely volunteer organization into something new. In 2000, the society's board of directors recommended the society hire a full-time paid executive director and David Pennock was selected to fill the position. A native of Idaho Falls, David received B.S. and M.S. degrees from Brigham Young University, a Ph.D. from the University of Kansas, and did

teaching and research at the University of Arkansas and Fort Hayes State University in Kansas before moving back to Idaho Falls the previous year to work for the Carr Foundation.

Then, on December 7, 2000, came a surprise announcement to historical society members at a special meeting. Steve Carr, president of the Carr Foundation interests in Idaho and Greg Carr's brother, announced a \$3 million gift to the society for expansion of the museum. Instead of years of fund-raising for a modest expansion, this funding would provide the impetus for a giant leap into the future!

While the generous gift solved one problem, it created another, a misconception in the community that the funds would pay for everything—that the society and museum would be financially secure forever. This was not true. The grant paid for the initial construction of the new expansion.



COURTESY OF THE FIELD MUSEUM OF CHICAGO

*T. rex tooth, size XXXL*

Continued funding will be needed to develop and construct exhibits, create and maintain educational programs, purchase equipment, and provide operating costs, including building maintenance, upkeep on the entire complex,



and funding for staff members.

Three other salaried staff members have joined David Pennock: Mandy Gunderson and Morgan Rawson are administrative assistants; and Nick Gailey is program director. The museum director, Lois Nickum, is a volunteer, as are members of the board of trustees, and the society will continue to depend on a core of loyal volunteers for most museum operations. More funding will certainly be needed as the museum expands from one 12,000 square foot building to three integrated buildings with a total of 30,700 square feet.

Where is the museum going from here? The *A. T. rex Named Sue* exhibit is an example of exciting future plans. The dinosaur, named after Sue Hendrickson, the woman who discovered her, is the most complete *Tyrannosaurus rex* specimen ever found. Only four known *T. rex* specimens are more than 60% complete, while Sue is over 90% complete. Acquired by the Field Museum of Chicago in 1997, the original fossil is on display there. The Field Museum's acquisition of Sue was made possible by McDonald's Corporation, Walt Disney World Resort, the California State University system, and private individuals. In addition to the acquisition of Sue, the funding also provided for preparation and research on the fossil, mounting of the original fossil at the Field Museum, creation of one mounted cast for display at Disney World in Orlando and two additional mounted casts to serve as the focus for traveling exhibits. McDonald's Corporation continues to work with the Field Museum on a national tour of the two casts, accompanied by videos, graphics, reading rails, and nine hands-on learning pods that teach visitors about Sue's fifty-eight regenerating teeth, her five-foot-long skull, the mystery of her wounds, how and where she was found, and missing bones, among other things.

Sue will be at the Bonneville Museum from February 18–May 26, 2003. To complement the Sue exhibit, three newly donated skulls of *Ceratosaurus*, *Diplodocus* and *Stegosaurus* will be on display, along with skeletons of a crocodile from the Cretaceous or Jurassic period and a *Tancologreus*, a *Gargoyleosaurus* skull and neck, and exhibits of Eastern Idaho natural history from the Pleistocene era to the present.

Following *A. T. rex Named Sue*, the signature permanent exhibit of a full-size, fleshed-out Columbian Mammoth will join existing exhibits at the museum, including:

•*A Walk Through Eagle Rock*: This exhibit features historic Idaho Falls in the 1890s. The 2,200 square foot display, built entirely by volunteers, features replicas of ten early businesses, each furnished with period artifacts.

•*The Fred Keefer Room*: Fred Keefer was a colorful, eccentric Idaho Falls pioneer, and he left many of his belongings to the museum. His decidedly eclectic living room has been reproduced, down to western garb and a startling collection of stuffed creatures including a skunk and monkey.

•*INEEL*: The Idaho National Engineering and Environmental Laboratory (INEEL), established in 1949 as the National Reactor Testing Station, is located in the desert west of Idaho Falls. Its 890 square miles once housed fifty-two nuclear reactors, and related research and development facilities. Exhibits include a brief history of the site, an opportunity for a hands-on try at manipulating a robotic arm similar to those used to handle radioactive materials, and checking Geiger counter readings to determine the radioactivity level of everyday objects.

•*The World Around Us*: In late 2003, a 1,750 square foot children's Discovery Room, where kids can explore hands-on activities related to the early inhabitants and natural history of Bonneville County, is scheduled to open in the new wing.

In 2004, the Museum plans exhibits and educational activities commemorating the 200th anniversary of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Beyond that, the staff will continue to plan programs for the interactive children's experience center, a variety of exhibits for the traveling exhibit hall, and displays that will highlight not only the history of southeastern Idaho but also the world around us.

*Helen L. McMullin lives in Idaho Falls.*



# Camp Peck and the Pipe Tomahawks

By Nancy C. Butler

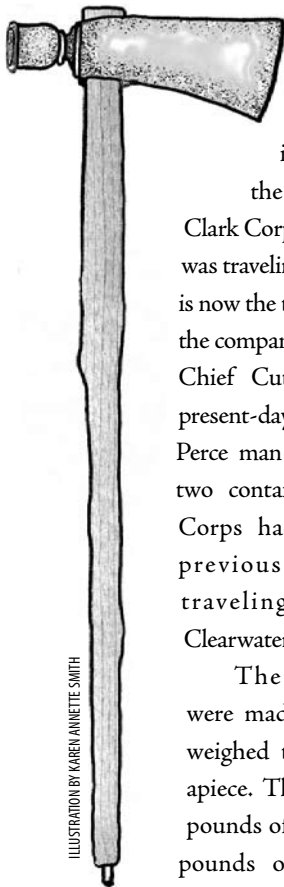


ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN ANNETTE SMITH

On their return trip from the Pacific Ocean in May of 1806, the Lewis and Clark Corps of Discovery was traveling toward what is now the town of Peck in the company of Nez Perce Chief Cut Nose. Near present-day Lenore, a Nez Perce man brought them two containers that the Corps had cached the previous year when traveling down the Clearwater River.

The containers were made of lead and weighed twelve pounds apiece. They held eight pounds of lead and four pounds of gunpowder. The lead would be melted down and made into bullets. The man told them his dog

had dug up the two flasks. The corps members rewarded the dog's efforts with fire-making tools for his master.

That night, the party camped near the mouth of Little Canyon Creek upstream from the present city of Peck. It was probably on Big Canyon Creek that Lewis first described the northern shoveler duck. The duck is similar to the mallard, but with a wide, black bill, according to Lewis and Clark historian Norm Steadman.

Most of the members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition carried pipe tomahawks. They were used for smoking and probably as small camp axes. One of these pipe tomahawks was left at their camp near Peck. These tools had been used east of the Mississippi River for at least seventy-five years prior to the expedition. They were manufactured in both England and France and were widely distributed by the time of the American Revolution. Lewis and Clark introduced pipe tomahawks to the Indians of the upper Missouri. Lewis purchased twelve pipe tomahawks for the expedition at Harpers Ferry for eighteen dollars.

Sgt. Charles Floyd, the only member who died on the expedition, carried a personal pipe tomahawk. Steadman said that, after Floyd's death, Clark carried that tomahawk with the intention of returning it to Floyd's friends back east. It was stolen at Canoe Camp on the Clearwater River where Corps members were preparing to launch their canoes in October 1805.

On the return trip in 1806, while they were camped at Kamiah, the Indians told Lewis and Clark about an Indian that had two of their pipe tomahawks. On June 2, Lewis wrote,

"This morning Drewyer accompanied by Hohastillip set out in search of two tomahawks of ours which we have understood were in the presiding possession of certain Indians residing at a distance in the plains on the South side of Kooskoske; the one is a tomahawk that Capt. left at our camp on Musquetoe cr (Big Canyon Creek) and the other was stolen from us while we lay at the

forks of this and the Chopunnish rivers (North Fork of the Clearwater) last fall."

Steadman said it appears that Clark was copying Lewis' journal on June 1, as he wrote that it was Lewis that left the tomahawk on Musquetor Creek. Lewis continued his account June 2 with,

"Drewyer arrived this evening with Neeshneparkkeekook (Cut Nose) and Hohastillip who had accompanied him to the lodges of the persons who had the tomahawks. He obtained both tomahawks principally by the influence of the former of these Chiefs. The one which was stolen we prized most as it was private property of the late Sergt. Floyd and Capt. C was desirous of returning it to his friends. The man who had this tomahawk had purchased it, and was himself at the moment of their arrival just expiring. His relations were unwilling to give up the tomahawk as they intended to bury it with the deceased owner, but were at length induced to do so for the consideration of a haderchief, two strands of beads, which (Capt. C sent by) Drewyer gave them and two horses given by the chiefs to be killed agreeably to their custom at the grave of the deceased."

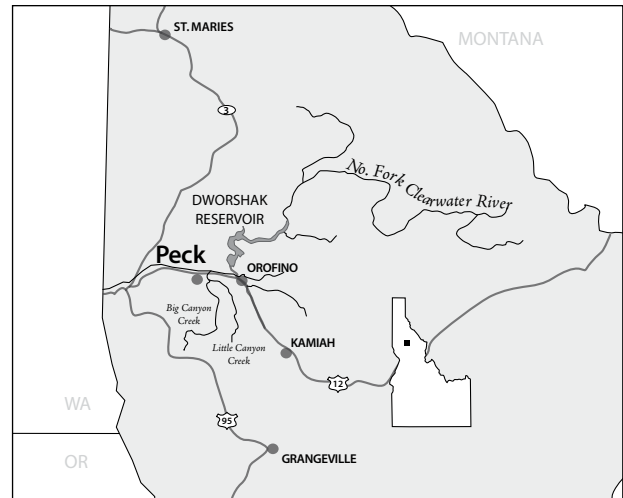
Thanks to the two chiefs, the expedition left the Clearwater with the two pipe tomahawks. However, we will

never know if Sgt. Floyd's pipe tomahawk made it to his friends in the east.

*Information taken from the Journals of Lewis & Clark Expedition, Gary E. Moulton, Editor, University of Nebraska Press.*

Article courtesy of Clearwater Web Solutions, Orofino—[www.clearwaterwebsolutions.com](http://www.clearwaterwebsolutions.com). Come share the adventure of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial through our Lewis Clark NW site at: [www.lewisclarknw.com](http://www.lewisclarknw.com). For further information contact us at: [lcnw@clearwaterwebsolutions.com](mailto:lcnw@clearwaterwebsolutions.com).

Nancy Butler lives in Orofino.



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# Idaho News

## Local Happenings

### Horseshoe Bend

Oct. 12-13 Fall Festival in the Park

Join us for the 2nd annual Fall Festival in Horseshoe Bend, held in the park. Includes arts and crafts, a community breakfast, and fun activities for the kids. Contact:

Horseshoe Bend Chamber of Commerce  
17 Twilegar Lane  
Horseshoe Bend, ID 83629  
(208) 792-2363

Website: [www.idahodesigns.com/horseshoebend](http://www.idahodesigns.com/horseshoebend)

E-mail: [Lynn@blackmareranch.com](mailto:Lynn@blackmareranch.com)

### Meridian

Oct. 11-13 Scarecrow Festival

A Meridian original where scarecrow displays are set up around town. Other events include an arts & crafts festival, a hay maze, and more harvest-oriented events. Admission is FREE. Contact:

Meridian Chamber of Commerce,  
Box 7, Meridian, ID 83680-0007  
(208) 888-2817; (208) 888-2682

Website: [www.meridianchamber.org](http://www.meridianchamber.org)  
E-mail: [info@meridianchamber.org](mailto:info@meridianchamber.org)

Do you have a special event in your town in the coming months? Drop us a note with 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.

Write: IDAHO magazine  
Calendar of Events  
4301 W. Franklin Road  
Boise, ID 83705  
Fax: (208) 336.3098  
E-mail: [ahottinger@idahomagazine.net](mailto:ahottinger@idahomagazine.net)



### October 18-20 South "Western" Idaho Cowboy Poetry Gathering and Heritage Days

Join us in Emmett as poets and musicians from all around the northwest participate in the traditional style of the "Cowboy Poetry Gathering". It is a delightful sharing of talents and thoughts honoring seniors and the western heritage of the area. Contact the Gem County Chamber of Commerce, 127 E. Main St., Emmett, ID 83617, (208) 365-3485 or (208) 365-3220.

### Riggins

Oct. 26-27 Old Time Fiddlers Jamboree & Salmon River Art Guild Fall Show

The last weekend in October, Riggins plays host to the Idaho Old Time Fiddlers Association for a fall get-together. Fiddle contests, jam sessions, dancing, and entertainment for the whole family are on the agenda. The Salmon River Art Guild holds its annual fall show on this same weekend, spotlighting the best works of local and regional artists. Contact:  
Salmon River Chamber of Commerce  
PO Box 289, Riggins ID 83549  
(208) 628-3778

or visit [www.rigginsidaho.com](http://www.rigginsidaho.com).

### Sandpoint

Oct. 13 K & K Fall Fishing Derby  
Offers fun and fame and a chance to catch a trophy Kamloops on Lake Pend Oreille. Sponsored by the Lake Pend Oreille Idaho Club, (208) 263-4159

### Twin Falls

Oct 4-5 Oktoberfest  
October wouldn't be the same without this two-day extravaganza. Contact:  
Business Improvement District  
P.O. Box 2772, Twin Falls, ID 83303  
(208) 733-3434 or (208) 732-8960  
E-mail: [timj@ltlink.com](mailto:timj@ltlink.com)

# Calendar of Events



## **Boise - Chamber (208) 472-5200**

- October 12 Run with the Animals  
17-20 Sesame Street Live  
26 Boo at the Zoo  
Nov. 2-10 Beaux Arts Societe Holiday Sale  
3 City of Trees Marathon  
23 Annual Holiday Parade  
27-12/1 Annual Festival Of Trees  
29 City Christmas Tree Lighting

## **Caldwell - Chamber (208) 459-7493**

- October 5 A Taste of the Harvest Festival  
Nov. 2 Charity Cruise, Cruisin Classics

## **Coeur d'Alene- Chamber (208) 667-9338**

- Nov. 11-13 Fall Craft Show  
29-1/2-3 Eagle Watching  
29-1/5 Coeur d'Alene Resort Holiday Light Show

- Dec. 1-31 Fantasy in Lights  
7 Kootenai Medical Center Holiday Bazaar

## **Donnelly - Chamber (208) 325-8859**

- Dec. 31 Snowmobilers Fun Run

## **Eagle - Chamber (208) 682-3453**

- Nov. 29 County Christmas

## **Emmett - Chamber (208) 365-3485**

- October 4-5 Emmett Harvest Festival  
18-20 Cowboy Poetry Gathering and Heritage Days

## **Hailey - Chamber (208) 788-2700**

- October 11-13 Trailing of the Sheep

## **Horseshoe Bend - Chamber (208) 792-BEND**

- October 12-13 Fall Festival in the Park

- October-April Saturday Evening Pinochle Parties

## **Idaho Falls - Chamber (208) 523-1010**

- Nov. 9-10 Holiday Fair

## **Kamiah - Chamber (208) 935-2290**

- Nov. 29 Annual Christmas Lighting Festival

## **Kellogg - Chamber (208) 784-0821**

- Dec. 7-8 The Victorian Christmas Celebration  
14-15 Dickens Christmas Festival

## **Ketchum - Chamber (208) 726-3423**

- October 5-6 IGA Golf Tournament  
11-13 Trailing of the Sheep Festival  
16-20 13th Annual Swing N Dixie Jazz Jamboree

## **Kuna - Chamber (208) 922-9254**

- October 5-6 Harvest Festival

## **Lewiston - Chamber (208) 743-3531**

- October 19-20 Hells Canyon Rock & Gem Show

- Nov 1 Stocking Festival & Auction  
3 Ely Winter Rodeo Series  
17-1/5 Winter Spirit Festival of Lights  
23-24 Christmas Bonanza  
23-30 Great Snake Lake Steelhead Roundup  
27-30 Festival of Trees

- Dec. 4 Victorian Tea  
7 Christmas Lighted Parade  
7-8 English Dart Tournament

## **McCall - Chamber (208) 634-7631**

- Nov. 29-12/1 McCall Christmas Arts & Crafts Fair

## **Meridian - Chamber (208) 888-2817**

# Calendar of Events

## October 11-13 Trailing of the Sheep Festival

The 2001 recipient of the Idaho Governor's Award for Outstanding Cultural Heritage Tourism. Events include a variety of cultural activities relating to the history of sheep ranching in Idaho, and the Basque and Scottish heritage of the region. The event concludes with a chance to trail with herders and their sheep through downtown Ketchum. Admission: Varies. Contact: Sun Valley/Ketchum Chamber of Commerce, Box 2420, Sun Valley, ID 83353, (208) 726-3423 or (208) 726-4533



October 11-13 Scarecrow Festival  
 12 Scarecrow Fun Run  
 24 Community Chili Luncheon  
 Nov. 16 Rake up Meridian, Kiwanis International  
**Moscow - Chamber (208) 882-8893**  
 October 22 Fall Craft Show  
**Murray - Chamber (208) 682-3901**  
 October 19 Annual Pig Feed  
**Nampa - Chamber (208) 466-4641**  
 October 25-27 Canyon County Fall home Show  
 Nov. 1-2 Soroptimist Holiday Potpourri  
 5 Harvest Classic Fun Run  
 22-24 Canyon County Christmas Gift Show  
 29-12/1 Canyon County Festival of Trees  
**New Meadows - Chamber (208) 347-2647**  
 Nov. 5 Election Day Noodle Lunch, Dinner & Holiday Bazaar  
**Pierce - Chamber (208) 464-2171**  
 Nov. 16 Holiday Bazaar  
**Pocatello - Chamber (208) 233-1525**  
 October 4 ISU Rodeo  
 17 "Fall into Success" Business Trade Show  
 Nov. 23 Christmas in the Nighttime Sky  
 Fireworks  
**Post Falls - Chamber (208) 773-5016**  
 October 3 OctoberFest  
**Preston - Chamber (208) 852-2703**  
 Nov. 29-12/31 Preston Festival of Lights  
**Priest River - Chamber (208) 448-2721**

Nov. 18 Priest River Yacht Club Christmas Bazaar  
 24-25 Hiss Resort Arts & Crafts Fair

## Rigby - Chamber (208) 745-8701

October 6 Annual snowmobile swap meet

## Riggins - Chamber (208) 628-3778

October 26-27 Old Time Fiddlers Jamboree  
 26-27 Salmon River Art Guild Fall Show

Nov. 1-2 Christmas Bazaar & Food Faire

## Rupert - Chamber (208) 679-4793

Nov. 29 Christmas City USA

## Sandpoint - Chamber (209) 263-2161

October 4-5 All Bonner County Bazaar

11-13 Bizarre Bazaar

13 K&K Fall Fishing Derby

## Silver Valley - Chamber (208) 753-7151

Nov. 16-17 Silver Valley Arts & Crafts Fall Fair

## Soda Springs - Chamber (208) 547-4964

Nov. 3 Craft Bazaar

29 Christmas Park Lighting Ceremony

## St. Maries - Chamber (208) 245-3563

Dec. 8 "Christmas in St. Maries"

## Twin Falls - Chamber (208) 733-3974

October 4-5 Oktoberfest

## Wallace - Chamber (208) 753-7151

Dec. 7 Yuletide Lighting Festival



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## The Butte

*You say that "The Butte" is just a heap of rock  
Where mangy coyotes their victims stalk  
Watched over by a vulture of a hungry hawk?  
Well! That ain't no way for a cowboy to talk.*

*You say it's barren, blown dry by the wind  
Without even a willow any color to lend  
Nor any real beauty that one can defend.  
Now I'll tell you, feller, with that I'll contend!*

*For I think you've never seen it in the spring  
When with the sound of the lark does it ring,  
Or watched the clouds hover o'er it like wings  
And seen grass and leaves and blossoms and things.*

*Or you've never rode over its glades and glens  
And looked back and seen the sun settin' when  
The heavens turned a sky-blue pink and then,  
Marveled that God made this beauty for men.*

*And, you've never slept on its slopes so close to the stars  
Nor wandered its canyons 'way from the cities so far,  
Or felt the strength of its rocks which no human can mar  
For only with God's might are they on par.*

*No, its real beauty just hasn't become apparent to you  
But you'll see it one day, I guarantee it's true,  
When with your wanderin' days you're thru,  
You'll head home and that "Old Butte" pops into view.*

Fay Briscoe, 1998

Fay H. Briscoe is a board member of the Cowboy Poets of Idaho, chairman of the Southwestern Idaho Cowboy Poetry Gathering, and manager of the Idaho City Cowboy Poetry Gathering. She lives in Emmett.

ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN ANNETTE SMITH





# Savory Fare

sponsored by City Market

## Ingredients

1 cup chopped onion  
 2 large garlic cloves, minced  
 1 1/2 tablespoons canola oil  
 1 cup dry USA lentils, rinsed  
 1 cup diced potato  
 1/2 cup shredded carrots  
 1 green bell pepper, seeded and chopped  
 1 tablespoon chili powder, or to taste  
 2 1/2 cups water  
 2 teaspoons beef bouillon granules or 2 beef bouillon cubes  
 1 14 1/2-ounce can tomatoes  
 1 8-ounce can tomato sauce  
 1 15-ounce can USA chickpeas, drained and rinsed, or about 2 cups boiled (soak overnight, boil 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Start off using 2 1/2 cups water for each cup of dried product.)  
 1/4 teaspoon crushed red pepper, or to taste  
 Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste

## Directions

•In a large, heavy saucepan, cook onion and garlic in oil for 3 to 4 minutes. Add lentils, and stir to coat them with oil.

•Add potatoes, carrots, bell pepper, chili powder, water, and bouillon. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer about 25 minutes, or until lentils are tender.

•Add tomatoes, breaking them up as you do. Add tomato sauce, chickpeas, and red pepper.

•Simmer for another 15 minutes. Season to taste with red pepper, salt, and black pepper.

|               |      |           |         |
|---------------|------|-----------|---------|
| Calories      | 219  | Iron      | 4 mg    |
| Protein       | 10 g | Sodium    | 595 mg  |
| Carbohydrates | 38 g | Folate    | 162 mcg |
| Fiber         | 9 g  | Calcium   | 61 mg   |
| Total Fat     | 4 g  | Magnesium | 56 mg   |
| Saturated Fat | 0 g  |           |         |

# Northwest Chili

Serves 6 to 8

Northwest chickpeas and lentils star in this delicious and hearty chili. It's perfect for "chili" fall evenings at home!

Scoop up a recipe card and a sample of this chili every Saturday in October from 12pm to 5pm at City Market.



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