

The IDAHO magazine

September 2009

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magazine

SEPTEMBER 2009 VOL. 8, NO. 12

Highway 95, Part II

A Road Less Traveled

The Legend Lives

A Childhood Transformed

Hope

Spotlight City

Birth of a Barn

Using Old Ways and Means

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cover photo

Robert Crosland builds his barn in Mink Creek using salvaged materials.

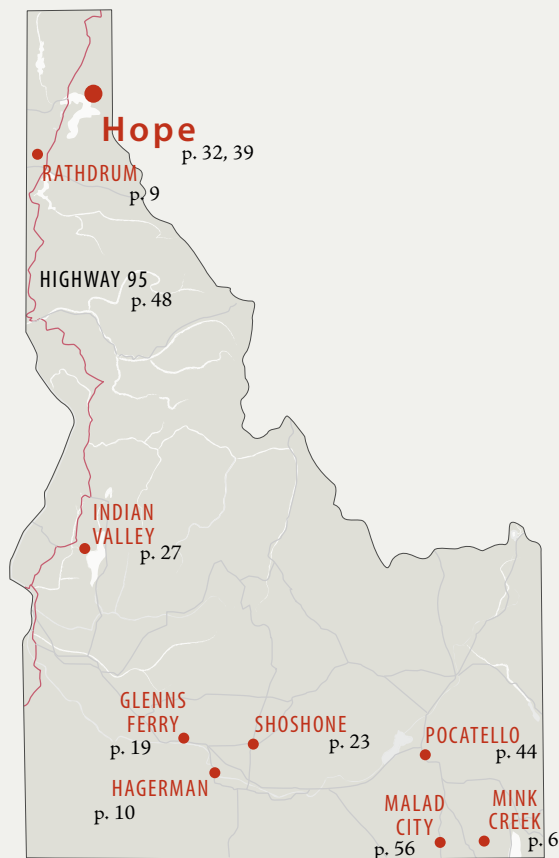
Photographer:
Angela I. Nielson



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In which our wayfarer descends the three grades of Winchester, Lewiston, and White Bird the old way, the less traveled way.

By Les Tanner



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IDAHO magazine

SEPTEMBER 2010 | VOL. 8, NO. 12



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IDAHO magazine considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction, nonfiction, and letters for publication.

Editorial Submissions: e-mail: sbunk@idahomagazine.com
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On the Road

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed your August issue, and was especially interested in Les Tanner's "Highway 95" article, because I have been thinking for a couple years about driving the present 95 from the top of Lewiston Hill to Whitebird on the "new" road, and then coming back the "old" way, going up and down the three twisting grades and through the little towns. My plan is to time each way and mark my mileage. When I do it, I will let you know. Keep up the good work.

Dick Riggs, President
Nez Perce County Historical Society
Lewiston

On Cultural Preservation

Dear Editor,

Have you ever heard of Darius Kinsey or L.A. Huffman? Probably not. They were important photographers in their time but not known as well as other photographers of their era such as Edward Curtis. I am a huge fan of Curtis' art and vision, but his work seems a bit tainted with the knowledge that he provided clothing and props for most, if not all, of his Native American portraits. Huffman and Kinsey documented the era, as it was, with few if any preconceptions.

I fear that Ben Marra and his wife Linda, will fall into the category of Huffman and Kinsey: not forgotten, but not even close to being fully appreciated either. Your review of his latest book (IDAHO magazine, August, 2009) is much appreciated. I fear that cultural melding, some say the strongest component of this country's being, will exterminate much of the richest part of American history, as well as world history in general. Through the efforts of Marra, some of the Native American culture is preserved, and preserved extraordinarily well. I remember speaking with him about his troubles and trials with respect to his Native American work and wish I could take every suspicious person, every detractor of his effort and intent, and wring their collective necks. In my estimation, Marra's work is some of the most important of modern day photography. Thank you for such a wonderful piece.

Tom Davenport
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LEFT: Robert and Phee Crosland do a variation of Grant Wood's 1930 painting, "American Gothic."

OPPOSITE LEFT: Rear view of the barn under construction.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: The footings were set in plastic barrels to repel moisture.

Birth of a Barn

Old-fashioned Methods and \$329 Do the Trick

Story and Photos by Angela I. Nielson

Pointing to different boards on his Mink Creek barn, Robert Crosland can name the origin of each piece. Scrapped poles came from a power plant substation in Nephi, Utah.

Plywood used for sub-flooring came from an old building in Salt Lake City. Most other materials were found locally, such as two-by-fours salvaged from a neighbor named Lana Baird whose home burned

down, and tin from an old cow shed on Frew Hill.

Crosland built his sixty by sixty-four-foot barn using salvaged materials and a ladder. Without the aid of a tractor, front loader, or cherry picker, he and his sons framed, built, and installed the trusses the old-fashioned way: by



using a ladder to reach a temporary sub-floor, where he cut materials, and climbed among the rafters. He collected materials for three years, and in the summer of 2005 began work on it by pouring cement footings in plastic barrels to protect the poles from moisture. The barn took two years to complete. It's valued at \$44,000, but Crosland's total outlay—for nails, screws, and bags of cement—was \$329.

Crosland held the design of it in his head, although he admits to patterning the main frame after Opal McKay's barn on Bear Creek Road. "It is one of the better-built barns using dado," he said. "Wooden pegs with no sagging." Crosland's gambrel-style barn, built on a dirt hill, has leans-tos on each side and a tin roof. He harbors

deep respect for, and amazement at, the old farmers' craftsmanship with limited tools. The barn is the fourth building on his property that he built from scrap wood. If he gets in a pinch or has a question, he returns to old barns to observe their construction.

Born in Moroni, Utah, Crosland attended Snow College and studied construction. To finance college, he helped build homes. When he and Phee were first married, he managed a cabinet shop. High interest rates in the 1970s and slow construction prompted him to find other work. His love of animals motivated him to study science. He's now a junior high school life science teacher.

He and wife Phee long shared a dream and a goal to build a barn on



their twenty-acre property. They thought it would be nice to have shelter for their menagerie of animals. Eventually, Crosland wants to build an insulated room for their two Australian emus, so their eggs won't freeze every winter.

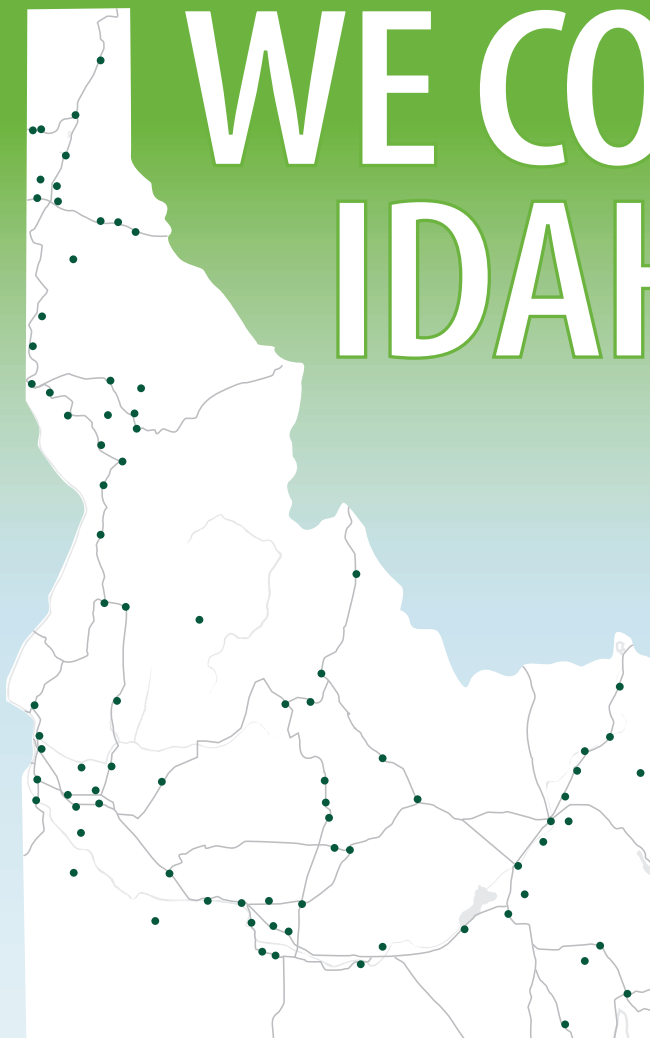
"It has been a really nice family project," Phee said. "The kids helped mix concrete, clean boards, build trusses, and pound out the nails from the used lumber. The kids filled the holes in the used tin with silicone."

Crosland, known for his independent and self-sufficient style of living, says Mink Creek is a great place to raise children. He and Phee have twelve. If you're around town sometime, drive down Birch Creek Road and keep an eye out for his barn. ■

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Announcing the Winners of the *IDAHO magazine* 2009 Recipe Contest!



BEST OVERALL:

German Potato Salad, *Linda Helms*

Best Entrée:

Grilled Kobe Ribeye
w/Mtn. Huckleberry BBQ Sauce and
Rustic Japanese Sweet Potatoes
Cindy Haroian

Best Dessert:

Vanilla Bean & Honey Cheesecake
w/Cherry Brandy Sauce and
Brandy Mascapone Whipped Cream
Angela Tandy

Best General Recipe:

(breads, soups, dips, etc.)
Shrimp Party Dip
Carrie Cornils



Thank you for entering our recipe contest! Look for these winning recipes and other 2009 Recipe Contest entries to be published in future issues of *IDAHO magazine*. Thanks also to Rod Jessick, executive chef of the Coeur d'Alene Resort, and our other judges, who said the recipes were outstanding and it wasn't easy to choose among them to select the winners. And last, thanks for the cooking prizes and goodies provided by Emily Sullivan, an independent consultant for the Pampered Chef.

If you didn't win this year, keep entering! Next year may be your turn.

commemoration



FLY AWAY

At the height of bluegrass season, Karleen Meyer of Rathdrum released more than two dozen white doves in memory of her late husband, Idaho legislator and Rathdrum Prairie grass farmer Wayne Meyer, who died February 10, 2009, of colon cancer. In the Idaho State Legislature from 1995 through 2004, Meyer chaired the House Ways and Means Committee and served on the Business, Education, and Joint Finance-Appropriations Committees. He was a widely known and active member of the local community, serving on the Chamber of Commerce and refereeing high school basketball games for twenty-two years.

—Text and photo by Tom Davenport


In 1951, Don Gill of Gooding made a drawing of the time his friend Joe Parrott roped a bear.



THE LEGEND LIVES

A Childhood of Visits to Idaho Changed a Texas Girl Forever

By Elora Ramirez



My great-grandmother, Blanche Bray, was an Idaho cowgirl. She fell in love young and married the man of her dreams: Joe Parrott, who carried the tenacity of the bull and the grizzly's knowledge of the land. My great-grandfather Joe was a handsome man, with skin the color of his saddle. On rare occasions, you caught a glimpse of skin that usually was hidden beneath his buttoned-down oxfords or jeans, and the difference was night and day. During their short time together, these two people were on a perpetual honeymoon, riding horses, herding cattle, living the dream. But Blanche died at age twenty-one, from sclerosis of the liver that had begun after a horse bucked her off when she was fifteen.

My great-grandpa Joe had three marriages in his lifetime. He outlived two of his wives. He never got over the death of Blanche.

Her daughter Elora, my grandmother, carried on the tradition of running cattle and keeping up with the boys in Idaho. She still hangs a picture on her wall of her as rodeo queen. She fought fires on horseback, helped cows give birth, and taught me the trait of quiet strength. I learned to ride from my grandmother. Because of her, I know that riding English-style is for sissies and only the real cowgirls know how to ride bareback. Her husband, Tearl Wayne Harmon, had been a notorious ladies' man in South Carolina, widely known as "the boy who broke my heart." After they were married, my grandfather always said that meeting my grandma was a wake-up call: he didn't want to be on the list of her dad, Joe Parrott, a cowboy with a great many guns and ranch hands.

ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF ELORA RAMIREZ

I'D GO HOME WONDERING WHY TEXAS WAS SO FLAT



PHOTO COURTESY OF ELORA RAMIREZ

The author (right) and cousin Matt feeding a mule with Joe Parrott at Hole-in-the-Wall, north of Fairfield, 1985.

Most summers of my youth, I visited the mountains and deserts of Idaho with my mom and sisters from our home in Texas, traveling in a hot van with nothing but the New Mexico winds to serve as air conditioning. My great-grandfather had a home in Hagerman, and he lived and worked throughout the southern part of the state. We always knew when we were getting close to our destination, because the snow-tipped mountains of Utah caused the wind to drop to a subtle coolness. That's when I would get excited.

My time in Idaho was always sweet. Every morning, I would be startled awake by my great-grandfather hollering out the window, "Daylight in the swamp!" This was our cue to get up and get moving. "Daylight" was typically an exaggeration; the sun would not yet

have peeked over the horizon, but when you have seven miles to ride and cows to herd, you want to get started early. My grandmother would get us dressed while we were still rubbing the sleep out of our eyes, half-comatose. I would soon wake up, though, because nothing made me feel more downright important than spending a day with my grandma and her father, listening to the world around me.

I'd go home to Texas with a tan, missing the addictive scent of crisp mountain air in the morning, and wondering why my state was so flat. When I'd wake up, I would half-expect to see my grandmother in the kitchen mixing up sourdough hotcakes that would stick to my ribs for the day. This expectation began to be a problem. By the age of ten, I had forced my own family into a

routine. Wednesday nights were sourdough hotcake night. As soon as I bit into the fluffy goodness, my mind would be transported back to frigid mornings and the scent of my great-grandpa Joe's coffee. To this day, I crave the tartness of sourdough mixed with sweet syrup for breakfast, and have a hard time settling for cereal.

I always had tales to spin about Idaho that made my dad wonder exactly what I did during my time there; he missed the most dramatic trips because his employers never considered time in Idaho a reason for leave. My mom always smiled. She knew well what I did, because she had grown up in the same way, spending her summers riding bareback alongside Grandpa Joe.

In Idaho, my great-grandpa seemed to me a living legend. People said he had roped and branded a grizzly that pestered him and a couple other ranch hands when he was young. The last time I visited him, my sisters and I were accosted in our tent by a bear, who I swear to this day was that same branded grizzly, out for revenge. The fact that I never saw the bear is irrelevant. The snorts and pawing of our tent in the wee hours of the morning were quite enough for my sisters and me. Joe looked at us with a twinkle in his eye and said, "It was just a squirrel." My grandma was the only one who believed us.

When I was younger, living in San Antonio, one of my favorite things to do was feign a headache in class so I could



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SPLITTING THE NAMES THREE WAYS SHE MADE ONE: ELORA



PHOTO COURTESY OF ELORA RAMIREZ

The author (rear) in 2003 at Walker Camp, between Hill City and Bliss, with siblings (front to back) Ehren, Blanche, and Christina Jacobson.

go visit my grandma in the library. It was small; a class of twelve struggled to squeeze inside the room. Whenever I walked in there, I could smell the pages of hundreds of books just waiting for me to read them. I loved sitting in my grandmother's cushioned chair and snooping through all of the recent purchases that were stacked in piles on her wooden desk: kids' books, nonfiction, the newest Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew titles, and sundry other books that made my fingers sticky with curiosity.

My favorite janitor, Herb, would come in during his break and talk to grandma. Herb, a lanky man of about fifty who carried with him the perpetual smell of stale smoke, always had something insightful to say. I knew this even at a young age. His hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and his face was always

stubbled. I loved him. He treated me as if I were an integral part of the conversation. It didn't matter what he would be talking about with my grandma; Herb would always look at me when they were finished and say, "Ain't that right, girl?" Then he'd smile, pat me on the shoulder, and walk out for his daily smoke.

As far as I can remember, no teacher ever questioned my need for acetaminophen every day. Perhaps they knew I had ulterior motives for my regular "headaches," and that my grandmother would eventually send me back to class. Regardless, I spent many hours in that library. But I share more than a love for reading with my grandmother. I share a name. When my grandmother was born, her mother, Blanche, decided that instead of using a family name for the infant, she would create one.

Perhaps this is because Blanche's name was chosen through the name of a local post office. She chose three names in an effort to increase creativity: Elizabeth, Florence, and Ada, two names coming from her mother and one from her mother-in-law. Splitting these names three ways she made one: Elora. I love sharing a name with my grandmother. Around family, I am called "Elora Nicole" or, as my great-grandfather used to say after a day's work driving cattle, "Thatta girl, E.N., you take after your grandma." I take pride in my name, for it bears a history that increases my desire to live up to the women whose heritage I share.

My great-grandpa Joe passed away about four years ago. My husband and I

were living in Belton, Texas. Two years ago, we went home to New Braunfels, Texas, for Christmas and my grandmother pulled me aside to give me a book she had created honoring Joe's legacy. Every child, niece, nephew, grandchild, and great-grandchild wrote a story about my sweet cowboy. "Don't ever forget where you come from, E.N.," my grandma said, with tears in her eyes.

I went home that night, pulled out the book, and gazed at the picture of my great-grandpa Joe mounting his horse, Snowflake. I turned the page and smiled at the black-and-white portrait of great-grandma Blanche, and the numerous pictures of Joe riding with his grandchildren. I cried as I read the poem, "Goodbye,

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EVEN IN DEATH, HE WANTED TO LOOK AFTER US



PHOTO COURTESY OF ELORA RAMIREZ

Joe Parrott at Hunter Mountain northwest of Fairfield, 1970.

Old Man,” by Baxter Black, which was recited at his funeral. I laughed at the numerous stories of my family; many of them testaments to Joe’s tenacity even in death.

His brother-in-law, Donald Bray, wrote a story about the night of July 4, 2005, the day Joe died. That evening, both Don and his wife heard a car horn blare through the quiet at their mountain ranch. They checked their neighbors, their own car, and even drove a few miles up and down the surrounding hills, but they found no perpetrator of the blaring horn. As dusk gave way to the pitch of night,

the dogs began barking and within seconds, the car horn sounded again.

Don’s wife said, “That is Joe wanting to talk to you. Go out to the car and talk.”

Don didn’t have the guts to go outside alone and hear what spectral Joe wanted to say. He thought perhaps my great-grandpa was bugging him for the hell of it—which wouldn’t be too far from his ordinary behavior—telling Don his sourdough hotcakes weren’t as good as his or that he was getting old and lazy, staying in bed until six or seven in the morning. Don decided to just let it be. The horn sounded again, for a full two minutes. After that, Don’s wife finally gave my great-grandfather some attention. “Joe,” she yelled out the door, “go back to where you are supposed to be. We will look after the living.”

As I read this story, I couldn’t help but smile at the tenacity of my great-grandfather. Even in death, he wanted to look after us. Even in death, he wanted to make sure his crew was all right. The tears began to fall as I realized the heritage of strength Joe had instilled in his family.

This heritage has allowed me to truly experience nature. I grew up riding the Sawtooth Mountains, riding bareback, getting dirty, and hanging out with the cowboys. I’ve checked the salt. I’ve mended fences. I’ve bathed in hot springs and spent nights under the stars. Riding with my grandma and her father, my flesh was scarred by tree branch after sage brush after tree branch. Riding, I got stuck between a mama cow and her calf and almost got bucked off when the cow spooked my horse. Riding, I found my love of the


mountains. I would give anything to go back in time, wearing my grandma's boots that were two sizes too big, walking in step with her and my great-grandpa to get the job done.

I haven't returned to Idaho in several years, mostly because it just isn't the same without Joe hobbling out of his shop, pungent with the smells of leather and hay, to greet us. But my grandmother, still full of amazing strength and dignity from years of living close to the land, reminds me of who I am and where I came from. I called her recently to share with her this essay you are now reading, and to ask some questions about great-grandma Blanche. With tears in her voice, she told me to keep writing, that God had given me a gift. Coming from my grandma, that was nothing new. Throughout my life, she has been there, reading every story, listening to every imaginative tale, encouraging me to pursue my love of words. I never knew where this love came from. Neither of my parents is much interested in writing. I know my grandmother dabbled in writing, but I remember reading only one poem of hers, about her mother, which she had written as a little girl. She said my obsession with writing goes back to Blanche – a cowgirl who had a deep love of words.

I'm not sure why it surprised me so much that the pull of the pen stems from the woman to whom I owe much of my pride. My great-grandmother created the name I cherish. She encouraged my great-grandpa Joe to live his dream of riding horses and living intimately with the land. She inspired my grandmother to carry the tradition of strong femininity and fierce loyalty to her own family. Although Blanche's life was terribly short, her impact on my family will continue to resonate through future generations. My husband and I have already decided to carry the family name to our future daughter—and with that tradition will go the stories of my childhood.

I will never be able to relive the beauty of my great-grandpa Joe's laugh, but I can write about it. I can share this gift that great-grandma Blanche has given me. In the process, our stories and our family's heritage will never be forgotten. ■

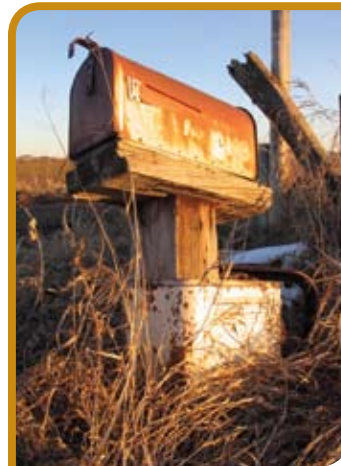
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Lloyd and Julie Jeffrey of King Hill participate with their team and wagon in the final Snake River crossing reenactment.

History on Show

Glenns Ferry Rings in Its Centennial with Will and Funds to Redo Downtown

By Vicki Smith

A twenty-four-year tradition at Glenns Ferry finally came to an end on August 9. Why it ended, and what will happen now, reveal much about the town. The event, at Three Island State Park, reenacted the fording of the Snake River by pioneers on the Oregon Trail.

The organizers decided to make no more crossings largely because not enough people could be found to brave the dangers of the river. Although the Snake's flow was lowered each year for the crossing day with the cooperation of Idaho Power, the river remains as treacherous as it was 150 years ago. What's more, a heavy influx of moss now wraps around the legs of animals and the wheels and axles of wagons. Few horse team owners are willing any longer to

risk their animals, and not many people have the knowledge and expertise anymore to accomplish the feat. In response to this problem, the organizers have decided to create an educational celebration in the future, which will draw on numerous local resources to highlight the area's pioneer history.

That solution is typical of Glenns Ferry, which has become unusually adept at weaving its past into the fabric of its present, with an eye to creating a



future. Much credit in this effort goes to a small group of dedicated citizens known as the Revitalization Committee. Operating under the umbrella of the chamber of commerce, the group has obtained grants and provided other leadership to position Glenns Ferry—which celebrates its centennial September 25 and 26—for its next hundred years. The committee's strategy is to showcase the area's history in combination with preserving many of the area's old structures. Joined in this effort by local businesses, homeowners, and the city government, Glenns Ferry is busily transforming the face of its downtown.

Many of the old buildings in the downtown core have been in continuous use since they were built, while others around town have been recycled, some torn down, some restored, and others beautified with historical murals.

For example, Gorby Opera House, built in 1914, has been under continuous renovation for years by its current owners. Many residents remember going to see "picture shows" there during the forties, fifties, and sixties. In 1994, its doors reopened for live stage productions, as the Historic Opera Theatre.

The town's Union Pacific Railroad Clinic building is now the city library. The old school, built in 1909, has been turned into a museum. The Lady of Limerick Catholic Church, built in 1892, and the First Methodist Church, built in 1895, have been in continuous use and have received loving care all those years. The old LDS Church has become the modern Glenns Ferry Health Clinic. Two real estate offices and the chamber of commerce building have added visual interest to First Street by using log siding. The old Shrum Motor Company building was



LEFT: Built for vaudeville, the Gorby Opera House later showed films, and then was closed for three decades. It reopened in 1994.

ABOVE: Volunteers prepare one of twenty teak benches downtown.

purchased and turned into not only a unique local business but a showplace: an international academy of equine dentistry that attracts students worldwide (see *IDAHO magazine*, January 2005, or at www.idahomagazine.com). An addition being made to Glenns Ferry City Hall, with a new stucco exterior, will house a recently established ambulance service for Elmore County. The old Commercial Hotel, used as a boarding house the past few years, is now being renovated by its new owners, who have offset its original, beautiful white brick with new windows and trim. A former lumberyard, which then became a shoe shop, is now a factory for fudge and other Idaho delicacies.

Those who live in Glenns Ferry, including this correspondent, know how lucky they are. Not too many other small towns with a population of just over sixteen hundred can boast of hav-

ing the Snake River at their back door and the Bennett Mountains in their front yard, a hot springs industry, state and city parks, the Oregon Trail Education and History Center, a golf course, a winery, a swimming pool, plenty of sports fields, a rodeo arena, a cross-country motorcycle race track, county fair grounds, three recreational vehicle camping grounds, an opera theatre, an airport, a railroad, a major highway, and, of course, people who are having fun making their little city a more exciting place to live.

By the time Glenns Ferry was incorporated on October 18, 1909, it already was a well-established community of eight hundred on the north bank of the Snake River, with the Oregon Short Line Railroad cutting through it. As early as 1890, the spot

was sufficiently well-known to be printed on maps. The community had potential to thrive. The railroad provided jobs and commerce, a school was built, churches were organized, and the King Hill Irrigation District canal project promised to guarantee constant, easy access to water for farmers and gardeners. (*IDAHO magazine* spotlighted the town's history and growth in its January 2002 issue.)

The early potential of Glenns Ferry was realized over the years, even to such recent additions as a state-of-the-art water system that began operating in 2005, a newly dedicated recreation area for boating, water skiing, and fishing, and a new picnic pavilion in the city park built by volunteers while the city government refurbished the historic gazebo in the park's center and upgrad-

ed playground equipment. A picture-perfect baseball field took ten years of volunteer labor and donated funds to create on the grounds of the Glenns Ferry High School. The high school received a new roof financed through a million-dollar bond passed by the community. Twenty teak wagon wheel benches purchased by sponsors have been placed around town.

Last year, the revitalization committee commissioned artist Susan Helton to paint a panoramic, historical mural depicting Glenns Ferry's history on the old Simplot Tank, next to the railroad tracks. Helton also painted a small mural of a horse and buggy on the historic Bostic's Livery Barn, which had been freshly painted by volunteers. Another mural painted several years ago on the wall of a downtown historic

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PHOTO BY LES MERRITT



PHOTO BY JILL LABR



PHOTO BY LES MERRITT

LEFT TOP: Susan Helton painted a panoramic history of the town on a disused silo.

ABOVE: Pioneers enter the Snake River in Fred Choate's mural.

LEFT: Painting by Susan Helton.

building, which shows pioneers crossing the Snake River, was recently restored by Idaho artist Fred Choate. Donations from citizens, businesses, and the chamber of commerce helped to fund these mural projects.

The first grant received by the revitalization committee was \$15,000 from Idaho USDA Rural Development for planning and survey work. A recent grant for \$405,000 secured from the Idaho Department of Commerce (IDC) ensured funding for more renovation. Old sidewalks have been torn out and are being replaced, with much help from volunteers. When that work is finished, thirty decorative and functional streetlamps and a four-sided town square clock paid for by donors will be installed in the next phase of the IDC grant, which also includes placing brick pavers on four downtown blocks, and tree plantings along First Street.

Through the Gem Community

Committee, a \$95,000 Idaho Department of State Parks grant was awarded for the construction of a two-mile walking and bike path that will connect the Three Island State Park with the Carmela Vineyard Golf Course and Winery and eventually with the core downtown business area. Construction of this path is in the beginning stages. The beautiful state park, which changed the image of the area, continues to be a favorite recreation and camping spot for many. Within it, the Oregon Trail Education and History Center was completed and dedicated on July 14, 2000. It would not have become a reality without the perseverance of many in the community and the generosity of the state government.

The revitalization committee also has a vision for the future, which includes a railroad park and visitor center with an old steam engine static display, and more trees and flowers.

There's something magical about

the number one hundred. Whenever anyone or anything reaches that milestone, a celebration is just about mandatory. The twentieth mayor of Glenns Ferry, Joanne Coon-Lanham, extends an invitation: "Our little town is all spruced up and ready for her birthday party celebration on September 25 and 26. Please come and help us celebrate."

On Friday, the town's Centennial Celebration events will include a homecoming parade, a football game, and a street dance in the evening. On Saturday, the high school will host the Centennial Commemorative Program at 2:00 PM. An All-Classes School Reunion Dinner and Dance will be held at the Fairgrounds at 6:00 PM. The School Museum, the Opera Theatre, the Old Shrum Motor Company Building, and the Oregon Trail Education and History Center will be among establishments open for tours during the day. ■



PHOTO BY MICHAEL VOGT

ABOVE: A man on a dinosaur greets Shoshone Ice Cave visitors.

RIGHT: Guide Katie Hobdey leads a tour of the main cave.



PHOTO BY MICHAEL VOGT

Cave of Mystery

How Shoshone's Ice Caves Lost and Regained Their Chill

By Rob Lundgren

The entrance to the Shoshone Indian Ice Caves was easy to spot. Donning my sweatshirt in the summer heat, I approached a man sitting on the neck of a green dinosaur near a three-story high statue of Chief

Washakie, the Shoshone Indian chief known for his friendliness towards the white man. The overtones are undeniably kitschy, but on a forty-minute tour, I found out why the ice caves receive more than thirteen thousand visitors annually.

Seventeen miles north of the old railroad town of Shoshone, the ice caves provide not only a way to beat the heat during Idaho's long, hot summer days, but also lessons in the state's geology and history.

"It's the only ice cave in our area," tour guide Katie Hobdey said as she led two dozen of us down a hundred stone steps penetrating



PHOTO BY MICHAEL VOGT

deep into the main cave's freezing and sub-freezing temperature zones. "It's kind of neat having a volcano in our area, and yet a lot of locals don't even know about it." Hobdey, who lives in nearby Gooding and will be a college freshman this fall, admitted that she had never visited the Indian Ice Caves until she became a guide.

The main cave was known as "The Cave of Mystery" to ancient Indians. Edahow, an Indian princess, was thought to have been buried in the ice within the cave. The Shoshone believed that someday the ice would melt and Edahow would

return, bringing light and fertility to the tribe once again. The main cave, approximately one thousand feet long, is really part of a 4.5 mile-long lava tube, and is not likely to melt any time soon. That's because just the right amount of moisture and air flow transform the cave's interior into a permanent freezer, in which the temperature only fluctuates between twenty-eight and thirty-three degrees Fahrenheit.

This freezer effect helps to make the cave unique. "It's the lowest-elevation ice cave in the world that holds ice year-round," says manager Fred Cheslik, whose uncle, Russell

Robinson, almost singlehandedly restored the cave in the 1950s and 1960s, after it was damaged and lost its freezing capability. "We're high elevation here (4,500 feet)," he continued, "and we have a unique air flow in the mouth of the cave."

The lava tube was created when the Black Butte volcano erupted more than sixteen thousand years ago. The Shoshone Indians also worshipped the volcano, which they regarded as a fire god. There are two types of lava flows: "aa" is rough, jagged, and spiny, while "pahoehoe" is more billowy and ropy. Pahoehoe caves are usually

OPPOSITE: Headed for the caves?
You're on the right track.

RIGHT: Results of the cave's
"freezer effect."



PHOTO BY MICHAEL VOGT

found in Hawaii, yet this is the type of lava that covers two-thirds of the Black Butte flow.

The ice cave first became known to white men in 1884 when Alfa Kinsey, a local boy out looking for his goats, accidentally stumbled upon it. By 1900, the cave was supplying ice to the town of Shoshone and its nearly two dozen saloons, which boasted of having the only iced beer in the West. In the early 1920s, the cave was thought to have been used as part of a cattle-rustling operation. Cattle were shot, dressed out, and then lowered into the mouth of the cave to cool off. The rustlers were eventually caught

The main cave,
approximately
one thousand
feet long, is really
part of a 4.5 mile-
long lava tube.

and hanged.

Another story has it that more than \$300,000 in gold, silver, and currency are hidden within the caves, including a gold bar that weighs two hundred pounds. Such loot has never been found, nor has the \$40,000 taken by a single bandit in a

bank heist in Hailey in the early 1900s, which some say was stashed in the cave. Around 1900, the entrance slowly began to fill with ice, until it was almost impassable by 1930. A group of men from Shoshone blasted a rock overhang to allow easier entrance, not realizing they had tampered with the delicate air flow that caused the cave to accu-

mulate ice year-round. The ice began melting, and continued to melt throughout the decade. When another hole was blasted in the rear of the cave, virtually all the remaining ice disappeared within five years.

The ice was long gone when Russell Robinson, the uncle of the current cave manager, entered the scene in 1954. Discharged from the military, Robinson returned home and was taken to the caves by his father. The road there was littered with trash, and the caves were filled with broken bottles and rusted beer cans. Obtaining a lease from the federal government, Robinson set to work. After a good deal of effort, he finally succeeded in sealing off most of the main cave in a way that re-established an air flow promoting the accumulation of ice. In 1962, the Shoshone Indian Ice Caves re-opened



PHOTO BY MICHAEL MOET

Visitors travel about one hundred feet underground in the main cave.

and have been going strong ever since.

The main cave is approximately one hundred feet below ground, with fifty to sixty feet of lava rock overhead. "We've got about twenty thousand tons of ice in there, and I've got to continually keep it below the walkways," manager Cheslik said.

The tour is not strenuous, but don't forget to bring a jacket and a pair of sturdy shoes. Although most of the excursion is in the cave itself, Hobdey

He finally sealed off most of the cave in a way that promoted the accumulation of ice.

also identified other lava tubes, wildlife, and plants in the area. As we went through the cave, we were treated to some eerie sights, including prehistoric animal bones and small groups of stalagmites.

Visits continue daily through September 30. More people are coming this year than in the past, and Cheslik's theory about that situation draws on decades of family business history. "When you go on a vacation in a recession, you're going

to cut out certain things," he said. "Instead of staying in a fancy motel, you may camp out. But you're not going to cut out everything, because then it wouldn't be a vacation."

He added with a smile, "I recently had a tourist visit here from Africa, and it was the first time he'd ever been in a place that's below freezing. I think he was glad to get out of there." Perhaps one of the most poetic reasons to visit the ice caves comes from Russell Robinson, who penned these lines of verse: "I realized this at age three, for I hated the inside/And longed for the desert where the wind blows so free." ■



One of the author's grandchildren, Kinzie Nielsen, helps with kidding.

Rent-a-Goat

Weeds and Wildfire, Watch Out: the Indiscriminate Grazer Approaches

By Lisa Shine

Ever since I was a little girl growing up in the suburbs of Los Angeles, I wanted to live and work with animals. When I moved to Indian Valley seventeen years ago, I was determined to have it all. Horses and dogs—which I brought

with me—and cows were at the top of my list. The horses and dogs have come and gone throughout the years, but the cows, well, they just went.

With the decline of the cattle market and the physical labor involved for a single woman, it was not profitable. The problem with cattle is that your sources

of income are limited. You have them, you feed them, and then you sell them. What next?

These days, the birds singing and a breeze gently blowing through the locust blossoms continue to give me great joy that I live in Idaho. Looking over a sea of green topped with white and brown gives me a wonderful and peaceful feeling. The white and brown is a herd of African Boer Goats, plus



LEFT: The author's goats weed the pasture of Nina Hawkins in Cambridge.

OPPOSITE: A nanny tends to her new kids.

one Saanan nanny, which my sister and I raise. We decided to start our goat herd three years ago.

No more hustle bustle of an eight-to-five, or worrying about what to wear to work. The goats don't care whether my jeans match my cowboy hat, or if my shirt has a stain on the sleeve. Our goats have given us the ability to experience making soap, lotion, cheese, and yogurt. Ice cream, too. These products give us a better appreciation of how things used to be done. We also have learned how to deliver triplets when they're all tangled up, and set broken legs. We have a better understanding of certain laws of nature. The grandchildren get involved

in the kidding process, toweling off the babies when necessary, making sure the babies suck, and naming the ones they help to deliver.

This year we have decided to aid the "green" movement by making our goats available for grazing properties

This year we decided to aid the "green" movement by making our goats available for grazing.

infested with noxious weeds or in need of fire control buffers. Scientific evidence supports the usefulness of goats in both these activities. Goats can lessen the need for chemical sprays by ridding areas of weed infestations. They also can help to eliminate build-up of potential fuel for fires, especially around houses in areas prone to devastation by wildfire, such as the Boise foothills.

The use of goats for controlled grazing has been in effect since the early 1980s, and is working well. In Grangeville, for example, Ray Holes uses his herds of about 2,500 head to graze weeds in areas such as the Weiser River Corridor in Washington County, and around Hells Canyon. Goats, which I think are wonderful animals, are great at this particular job. A goat's digestive system, beginning with its saliva, is designed to sterilize most seeds as they pass through the system, making the seeds less likely to reproduce the next year. Of course, this also reduces the ability of weeds to move from one area to another. Goats can eat just about any vegetation, even weeds and brush that are poisonous or harmful to other livestock. They also love dry leaves, and will chase several feet after such a delicacy.

Goats are browsers, which means



PHOTO BY LISA SHINE

unless they are left unattended for a very long time, they will not stay in one spot, eating plants down to their roots. They bypass grass in favor of the more appetizing weeds and brush, enabling grasses to replace weeds, and to flourish for grazing by other animals. According to an article published by the North Dakota State University Agricultural Department, goats thrive on leafy spurge—a noxious weed in Idaho—which has a crude protein content greater than twenty-seven percent in early season.

Have you ever noticed where thistles and other weeds grow? Look next time, and think about what used to be there. Noxious weeds are adaptable, appearing where the soil has been depleted of nutrients that could support more desirable vegetation. Grazing goats also leave a byproduct that is tromped into the ground to fertilize and rejuvenate soil, which chemical sprays certainly can't do.

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PHOTO BY LISA SHINE

The author's goats grazing their home turf in Indian Valley.

An online article published recently by the University of Idaho Extension explains that controlled grazing of pastures by goats can increase the quality of forage for that area and reduce costs to ranchers. The strategy is to let the goats graze only long enough to leave at least four inches of the plant, because enough foliage exposure will then remain for photosynthesis to promote return growth without using all the root's reserves. The article says this type of grazing can increase the diversity of the pasture plant community and lengthen the grazing season. Putting goats into the pasture early would eliminate brush and open it up to help increase grass growth.

Controlled grazing by goats can increase the quality of forage and reduce costs to ranchers.

The other ecological advantage of grazing by goats is the reduction of ground fuel build-up. The destruction wreaked by wildfire includes the soil in its path. Fire depletes moisture and nutrients, and causes erosion. When goats graze a big area, such as the Weiser River Corridor, they are herded by ranch hands and dogs to keep them within prescribed boundaries. If the area is small, such as a yard, a little pasture, or a roadway, the goats usually are restricted by solar electric mesh fencing.

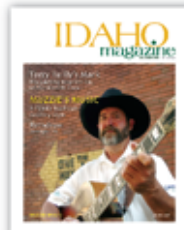
I love our goats, and I think that keeping them in Indian Valley gives me a special opportunity to enjoy them. In some respects, this place is a

step back in time, and yet it has an openness of thinking and acceptance that I haven't found anywhere else. The community comes together for its neighbors in times of need, and people get together once a month for a bingo pot luck at the community library. Indian Valley has a fire department, a library, a post office, a store, a café, a grange hall, and, most of all, good people. I am in the best relationship of my life here, with a very understanding man, who is not quite sure about goats, but is willing to learn.

I think it takes imagination and open thinking to care for Idaho's resources. How long will our relatively clean rivers and forests stay that way? Of course, goats are no cure-all, but owning them has helped my sister and me to start thinking about alternative ways to handle the growing problems of noxious weeds and wildfire. ■

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Even at First Sight, This Beauty Gives Cause for Her Name

By Jennifer Lamont Leo

Picture this. It's the perfect day for a drive. You hop in your car and head north and east from Sandpoint about sixteen miles, following Highway 200 as it hugs the curves of the Lake Pend Oreille shoreline. Pretty soon one side of the highway starts to bank up sharply, while the other side opens out to the lake in one of the most breathtaking vistas you've ever seen. Pulling to the side of the road to get a better view and perhaps snap a photo or two, you murmur, "No wonder it's called Hope." Just gazing on the beauty of the place lifts your spirits.

*Hope, on the north-
east shore of Lake
Pend Oreille.*

PHOTO BY JENNIFER LAMONT LEO



PHOTO COURTESY BONNER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM, SANDPOINT

As fitting as the name may seem, Hope was not named for the rush of good feelings its beauty inspires, but for a man named Dr. Hope, a respected veterinarian who cared for teams of horses (and the occasional human, too) back when the railroad tracks were nothing more than a heap of timber, steel, and spikes. Nonetheless, there's no denying that the natural beauty of Hope makes its name particularly appropriate. Perched on the northeast shore of Lake

Pend Oreille in Bonner County, Hope is built in narrow tiers up a steep hillside that borders the lake, with the highway and railroad running along its base. The Cabinet Mountains rise to the east, the Monarchs to the south, and the cold waters of glacially-carved Lake Pend Oreille stretch out to the west.

Originally covered by dense forests of pine, cedar, larch and fir, the area is still thickly wooded. Deer, moose, grouse, pheasants,

and a few bears roam freely, much as they did back when the only humans to observe them were the Indians. Kootenai and Kalispel tribes have called this area home for centuries. In the transcript of an oral history taken in the 1970s, longtime resident Barbara Littlemore recalled, "In the fall, Indians by the thousands came from far and near for a reunion. The 'great gathering place' was Indian Meadows, a large, flat spread of land near Clark Fork, a

few miles east of Hope. The meadows were flooded later when the . . . dam was built." Littlemore said the Indians "placed their venison and elk in pits with Indian turnips and other edible roots covered with twigs and earth with the fire on top. Plentiful dewberries and huckleberries from the hill-sides added to the menu."

When Englishman David Thompson arrived in the area via Canada in 1809, he traded animal skins and other products with the Indians at Kullyspell House, the trading post established by Thompson, his partner, Finan McDonald, and their hardy crew near present-day Hope. Thompson was an explorer, sur-

veyor, cartographer, and fur trader who explored and set up trading opportunities throughout the Northwest as an employee of the North West Company. Although the Kullyspell House venture was short-lived—Thompson soon

moved on to establish other posts, and McDonald too left shortly thereafter—Kullyspell House holds the distinction of being the first trading post in Idaho. A roadside memo-

rial erected in 1928 next to the highway commemorates this achievement. Kullyspell House was later destroyed by fire. Rock formations discovered in the 1920s might be the remains of the post, but that is still a matter of

debate among archeologists.

The bicentennial of Thompson's and McDonald's arrival at Lake Pend Oreille has been marked by several events this year, including the recent David Thompson Bicentennial Conference. Co-sponsored by the David Thompson Bicentennial Committee and the Kalispel Tribe, it featured educators' workshops, lectures, classes in traditional skills such as basket weaving and moccasin making, and a Kalispel encampment at the Diamond T Ranch at nearby Clark Fork. A replica of Thompson's cedar-plank canoe, handcrafted by Gold Mountain resident Bill Brusstar using methods and tools described by Thompson in his journals, is currently on display at the Bonner County Historical Museum.

Hope's first real building boom was sparked by the construction of the Northern Pacific

When David Thompson arrived in 1809, he traded animal skins with the Indians at Kullyspell House.

OPPOSITE: Members of the Kalispel tribe in a store in Hope, early 1900s.

RIGHT: David Thompson Kullyspell House monument unveiling, 1928.



PHOTO COURTESY BONNER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM, SANDPOINT



Railroad in the early 1880s, which brought thousands of workers to the area and opened up new opportunities in the lumber and tourism industries. At first Hope was just a quiet spot along the tracks for trains running between Minnesota and Portland, Oregon. But in 1890 the Northern Pacific moved its Rocky Mountain division point from Heron, Montana, to Hope for easier access to water. More than a depot, the division point was a central location where train cars were serviced and stored, train crews were recruited and dispatched, and operations were managed. Almost overnight Hope emerged as a bustling town with a roundhouse, offices, shops, stores,

and homes for workers and managers. Although Hope had been surveyed by the railroad in the late 1880s, it was officially incorporated as a town in 1891 and platted by the government in 1896.

The population of the city of Hope was pegged at seventy-nine during the 2000 census, but the larger area locals call Hope encompasses neighboring East Hope and the surrounding countryside as well. East Hope was incorporated in 1913. From the beginning Hope and East Hope were hand-in-glove, the primary difference being that Hope's economy grew from the railroad, while East Hope's was primarily centered around a sawmill. Early East Hope property

owner Wellington Sharai sold land to the school district for the old Hope School (built in 1919), and also "sold" land (for one dollar) on which to build the Methodist Episcopal Church of East Hope. Today the towns appear to blend seamlessly. Over the years some residents have claimed long-standing competition between them, but others insist that no such competition exists.

Some old-time residents remembered that the Ringling Brothers circus train, en route to Spokane, would stop at Hope to water the animals. "It would come in at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and all the townspeople eagerly awaited its coming,"



Barbara Littlemore recalled in the oral history. “Standing on the first bench above the tracks, everybody watched the animal keepers lead the elephants to the water a few feet away, where the big animals enjoyed a bath, spraying the cold water over themselves. Imagine seeing rhinoceros and bears—chained, of course—in Lake Pend Oreille!”

While railroad and pack train were common forms of transportation before the automobile, Hope was also a busy port for steamboats, which were an important means of transporting mail, passengers, and lumber in the days before decent roads were built around the lake. The *Henry*

Villard steamboat was a familiar sight in Hope’s harbor. Owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad, it was used for towing lumber and supplies used in the construction of the railroad. Other well-known steamboats were the *Blue Bell* and the *Antelope*, which raced each

other on the lake until the *Antelope* struck a rock and sank.

To attract passengers, the railroad built a three-story luxury summer hotel, Highland House, in 1886, and promoted it to well-

heeled Easterners as a comfortable way to experience the West. An 1889 article in the *Spokane Falls Review* promoted Hope as “the Switzerland of America” and the Highland House, “from the piazza

Everybody watched the animal keepers lead the elephants to the water a few feet away, where they had a bath.



OPPOSITE LEFT: Hotel Hope, a restored version of Hotel Jeannot.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: Hotel Jeannot, 1916.

RIGHT: Hope school, now vacant.



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ABOVE: Children of Chinese workers Louis and May Den.

OPPOSITE: David Thompson Bicenntennial Conference attendees in traditional garb.

of which a magnificent view is obtained of Lake Pend d'Oreille [sic], and forest clad mountains rising almost perpendicular from the pebbly beach and distant peaks joining the blue horizon line." One famous visitor to stay at Highland House was the Civil War General William T. Sherman. However, the hotel did not flourish as expected, and was closed after a few years. The building later housed a school and a movie theater, and then was torn down in 1944.

Another hotel was opened by Joseph M. Jeannot in 1898. Built by Jeannot's brother Louis and called the Hotel Jeannot, it replaced an earlier structure that had burned to the ground, and was said to have hosted its share of luminaries, including Theodore Roosevelt, Gary Cooper, and Bing Crosby. Over the years a variety of other businesses occupied the building, including a butcher shop, a series of restaurants, and, reportedly, what some called a "club" and others called an "opium den." Carefully restored in

the 1990s and now called the Hotel Hope, the building still stands as a local landmark, although it is not currently in service as a hotel.

In the 1890s, Chinese laborers were brought in by the railroad, as many as three hundred at a time. Segregated from white townspeople by barriers of language, custom, and racial prejudice, the Chinese lived mostly in an area often referred to as

**In the 1890s,
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"China House." For the most part, the men intended to work for several years, amass some money, and return to China. Since most didn't

intend to settle permanently, old-timers recall very few Chinese women and children. In addition to working for the railroad, Chinese residents grew and sold vegetables and ran laundries. A man named Twin Woo, who managed the Chinese workers for the railroad, also owned a store, the Twin Woo Company. There are remnants of a Chinese cemetery in Hope, although some workers arranged for their bones to be returned to China in the event of their deaths.

Encouraged by silver and gold

discoveries at Chloride at the lower end of Lake Pend Oreille, some early Hope residents were eager prospectors. "Men were always out seeking for a fortune in gold or silver," wrote Laurie Anderson in an unpublished history of the town, "but it never amounted to much."

Several fires in the 1890s and early 1900s caused substantial portions of the town to be rebuilt. In the early days buildings were generally flimsy, hastily erected, and prone to burning. Water, too, was a hazard. In 1894 a violent storm

swept the lake, and many of the commercial buildings and homes were destroyed in the flood. An article in the *Hope Examiner* reported that "the water was two feet higher than ever known, it being almost up to the ties on the tracks in the Hope railroad yards."

Today Hope remains a popular tourist destination, especially for outdoor activities such as hunting, camping, fishing, and boating. One key attraction of the area is Sam Owen Campground, a scenic campground with some eighty campsites,

profile

The Man Who Gazed at Stars

Little-Known Now, David Thompson Explored and Mapped Northern Idaho

By Loy Ann Bell



PHOTO BY JENNIFER LAMONT LEO

Many people contributed to the early exploration and development of this continent, but none left a more significant mark on it than a man named David Thompson. The Hudson's Bay/North West Company trapper, whose accomplishments included the establishment of Idaho's first trading post, explored wherever he traded.

Over his career he mapped more than 3.9 million square kilometers of North America, leaving reliable, detailed maps for Lewis and Clark and others who followed. He has been called the greatest land geographer who ever lived.

During his explorations, David Thompson traveled over fifty-five thousand miles. His 1814 map, revised from all his surveys, measured six-and-a-half feet wide by ten feet long and accurately showed the location of all North West Company trading posts. Encompassing 2,340,000 square miles from Lake Superior and Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Columbia River, it was so accurate that one hundred years later it was used as a basis for maps issued by the Canadian government and the railways.



LEFT: One of Hope's picturesque lakefront businesses.

BELOW & OPPOSITE: Traditional basket-weaving was taught at the David Thompson encampment.

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The first trading posts west of the Continental Divide in Idaho, Washington, and Montana were built by Thompson and his men. He was the first to trade with the northwestern Indian tribes of the United States and Lower Canada. He also recorded the first information on Northern Plains Indian warfare, guns, and horses, and did it without trading whiskey to the Indians, a feat in itself. Because he stared at the heavens through his instruments every night, the Indians called him "the man who gazed at stars".

Born in Westminster, England on April 30, 1770, David was only two years old when his Welsh father died. At seven, he was enrolled by his mother in the historic Grey Coat charity school near Westminster Abbey where he received a good

education in geography, algebra, navigation, and learning the tides. In 1784 the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) requested four apprentices to go to America and fourteen-year-old David Thompson was one of those chosen. In May he said goodbye to his family, sailed on a ship from London, and in September he arrived in Canada, at Churchill Factory on the corner of Hudson Bay.

In December 1788, eighteen year-old David fell down a bank and broke his leg, a life-endangering accident that left him with a permanent limp. In October 1789, he was living in a place called Cumberland House, which was visited by Philip Turnor, who had been the HBC's official surveyor for more than ten years. Turnor was planning a surveying expedition to the Athabasca country, near today's Jasper, Alberta. He formed a study group of four men and invited the invalid Thompson to join in the lessons. The opportunity changed David's life forever. He later wrote with pride and pleasure, "During the winter I became Turnor's only assistant and thus learned practical astronomy under an excellent master of the science."

On February 1, 1790, David recorded his first navigational measurement—a lunar distance measurement for the longitude of Cumberland House. During this time, he lost the sight of his right eye, probably from observing the sun without proper eye protection. Thompson's apprenticeship ended in 1791. Usually, HBC presented apprentices with a suit of clothes when they completed their training but Thompson asked the company to provide him with surveying instruments instead, and to charge any excess against his future pay. Armed with his new instruments, he



a beach, and a boat launch. The park was named for Sam Owen, a Missouri native who, as a young man in the 1880s, landed in Hope via stage-coach and a Northern Pacific work train. In 1895 Owen and his wife, Nina, acquired a homestead on a peninsula just south of Hope, reportedly for a

Signs are that Hope is a burgeoning center for the arts. Several studios and galleries showcase works by locals.

five-dollar gold piece. They built their home on the property and logged and farmed it. In 1940 the Owens deeded thirty-five acres of their property to the U.S. National Forest Service for a park that now bears his name, and for the David Thompson Game Preserve. Signs are that Hope is a bur-

geoning center for the arts. Several studios and galleries showcase works by local artists such as Barbara Janusz, whose watercolor landscapes are inspired by the area's beauty. The picturesque lakeshore is dotted with marinas and restaurants, including the Ice House, the Floating Restaurant, the Hope Market Café, and Beyond Hope Resort, among others. The Hope Memorial Community Center, a nonprofit organization founded in 1984, is the heartbeat of the community.

profile

PHOTO BY JENNIFER LAMONT LEO



spent the next several years exploring and trading in Canada. Surveying and mapping became his passions.

The winter of 1796-97 marked a momentous decision for the trapper/explorer. The Hudson's Bay Company placed a

strong emphasis on trade and discouraged him from spending so much time on surveying and mapping, but David believed the surveying was important. He joined the rival North West Company (NWC) in 1797. About two years later, he married Charlotte Small, the daughter of a prominent NWC partner and his Indian wife. Theirs would be a deep, lasting love. She accompanied him on his travels, and bore him five of their thirteen children in the wilderness. Thompson wrote, "My lovely wife is of the blood of these (Cree) people, speaking their language, and well educated in the English language, which gives me great advantage."

In the spring of 1808, David followed the Kootenay River into Montana and Idaho, near Bonner's Ferry. The next year he returned, then continued south on horseback to Lake Pend Oreille, where his party started building Kullyspell House on September 10. He spent the remainder of the fall and early winter exploring the vicinity, and ended the year by establish-

ing Saleesh House on the Clark Fork River near today's Thompson Falls, Montana. In 1811, he completed one of his most significant accomplishments: ascertaining the entire course of the Columbia River from its source at Columbia Lake to its mouth at the Pacific.

Sadly, no likenesses of Thompson are available, and the only description of him was given by a contemporary, J. J. Bigsby, who met him at a North West Company dinner in 1820. "He was plainly dressed, quiet and observant. His figure was short and compact, and his black hair was worn long all around and cut square, as if by one stroke of the shears, just above the eyebrows. His complexion was of a gardener's ruddy brown, while the expression of deeply furrowed features was friendly and intelligent, but his cut-short nose gave him an odd look. His speech betrayed the Welchman."

On August 24, 1812, Thompson retired to Montreal, surveying the north shore of Lake Superior on his way east. He had spent twenty-eight years in the Northwest, twenty-two of them as a trained surveyor. At forty-two years of age, his great exploration was done. He arrived in Montreal a fairly well-to-do man. He'd been reasonably well-rewarded by the North West Company and looked forward to a comfortable retirement.

However, his later years were beset by economic misfortune. He financed two of his children in business ventures that bankrupted him. The North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company merged in 1821, but the HBC never forgave Thompson for leaving in 1797. His survey data, including work he had done for the North West Company, were sent to map-



The center hosts a daycare center and a number of concerts and events throughout the year.

President Obama has said, "There has never been anything false about hope."

Obviously he wasn't talking about the small town on Lake Pend Oreille, but the same sentiment applies. Hope is the real thing. If you find yourself in north Idaho, it's well worth a visit. ■

profile



maker Aaron Arrowsmith of London, which didn't credit the explorer. Because of Thompson's protests, the British foreign secretary finally paid him the paltry sum of one hundred fifty pounds to compensate him for the information. Maps and a completed atlas he had sent to the Foreign Office in 1843 were never returned or paid for. He eked out a living doing various surveying jobs while he continued to petition the government for recognition of his work.

In 1846, when he was seventy-six, the vision in his sighted eye became so poor he could no longer work at surveying or mapping. He applied for a pension with the British government, but was denied.

Eventually, he had to sell all of his possessions, including his instruments, to support

his family. He began writing his narrative, filling seventy-seven notebooks with his adventures. Washington Irving, the American author, tried to buy his forty-volume journal, but understandably, Thompson refused to sign an agreement that would not allow him full credit for the materials he'd gathered during his explorations.

In 1857, with little credit for his accomplishments, David Thompson died blind, penniless, and in virtual obscurity. Charlotte, his faithful wife and companion, died three months later. They were buried side-by-side in Montreal's Mount Royal Cemetery. ■





PHOTO BY JENNIFER LAMONT LEO

MAY THROUGH SEPTEMBER

Every Friday during the warm months, a lively farmers' market is held at the Hope Memorial Community Center.

NOVEMBER TO DECEMBER

A Christmas giving program conducted through Hope Memorial Community Center has become a tradition. Donations of money or gifts for children and adults (new or "gently used," no clothing) are accepted from the beginning of November. Contact the community center's manager, Carolyn Speelman, at 264-5481, email mcc@imaxmail.net, or send checks to PO Box 405, Hope, ID.

AUGUST 2010

The twenty-seventh annual Bodacious Barbecue will be held at the Hope Memorial Community Center next year, around the third week of the month.

OPPOSITE TOP: Hope volleyballers raising funds.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Scenes from the David Thompson encampment.

ABOVE: The duo Folk Remedy performing at the Hope Farmers' Market.



She's a Beauty

In Pocatello, a Union Pacific Building Lures Train-Lovers to Model Heaven

Story and Photos by Dianna Troyer

In the summer of 1878, Idaho's first locomotives chugged through Pocatello, their whistles shrieking and wood smoke puffing from stacks. The Utah and Northern Railway's narrow-gauge track came

north from the transcontinental railroad in Utah, and it finally reached the gold mines of Montana in 1880. The Oregon Short Line, heading west across Idaho from Pocatello Junction, was granted a right-of-way in 1882

through the Fort Hall Reservation. Both railways were subsidiaries of Union Pacific, at one time Pocatello's largest employer.

This history is celebrated in the Union Pacific Railroad Building B-59 in downtown Pocatello, just a



OPPOSITE: John Dingman keeps an eye on his train.

LEFT: Idaho's only model railroad society in a working railroad building.

ABOVE: The tiny N gauge model.

block from the tracks. From inside the building, the clang, rumble, and screeching brakes of Union Pacific's real trains can still be heard. The Herculean locomotives shudder as they slowly gain momentum to pull their long, heavy payloads.

Building B-59, now home to the Pocatello Model Railroad and Historical Society, does dual duty.

The front 1,500 square feet of the building are devoted to a museum, with train memorabilia and black-and-white photos of steam locomotives and early railroad buildings in Pocatello. Along the walls, long glass display cases feature models of Union Pacific's train engines and cars painted in the com-

pany's distinct yellow and red. But the main attraction is the model trains in a 3,000 square-foot layout room that draws visitors like moths to a porch light on a summer night.

As visitors stand in the lobby and decide what to look at first, smiles of anticipation slip across their faces, like the half-moon shape of railroad tracks sliding across southern Idaho, which have given many towns along the way, including

A rare derailment or crash, which can be particularly absorbing, is usually fixed quickly.

Pocatello, their reason for existing. Building B-59 is the sort of place where you always discover something you missed previously, no matter how many times you've visited. My family has visited often at the urging of our

nine-year-old, Jenna.

The little trains whirl and hum along tracks winding over bridges, through tunnels, and past panoramic paintings. A rare derailment or crash, which can be particularly absorbing, is usually fixed quickly. The society pays tribute to Pocatello's past with replicas of historic railroad buildings along the layout, while in the present it captivates kids of all ages and occupations with its many train models.

"We have it all," says society president Larry Gilbreath, grinning as he welcomes visitors and tells them about the various scales: N gauge, the smallest and similar in size to matchbox cars, G or garden gauge, the largest, and the gauges in between, HO, O, and S.

The hospitable society members not only have shared their models with the public since organizing twenty-three years ago, but are always glad

to give tours for class field trips or scouting projects and to share their expertise. "We'll help anyone who wants to learn about model trains, or has a problem with their train at home, or might want some advice on building a track layout," Larry says.

Society member Wayne Roderick's enthusiasm is contagious when he says trains are toys for big boys and girls, entrancing kids of all ages. "I played trains with my son when he was young, and now I'm seventy-three, and we're still playing with trains," says Wayne, who has more time to play train since retiring as an electrical engineer for the Federal Aviation Administration at the Pocatello Regional Airport.

For society members and visitors such as my husband, Eric, the model trains trigger childhood memories, when they maneuvered their models and designed track layouts, and hours slipped away like minutes. Eric, like other society members, still has his childhood model train set, painstakingly packaged in storage, ready to pass on to our daughter.

"I'm sixty-one, so my train set is fifty years old," Larry says.

"Mine is fifty-three years old and is an HO train," pipes up sixty-three-year-old Ron Ferrel, society secretary.

John Dingman, fifty-eight, the society's vice president and treasurer, tops the other two. "My brother and I shared a Lionel train set that was made in 1955," he says. "It still runs well."

Interest in the society's model trains peaks during the Christmas holidays. Open houses are held each Saturday from after Thanksgiving to the Saturday



before Christmas. Attendance ranges from 100 to 140 at each holiday open house. In the lobby, "The Polar Express" is shown on TV. Admission is free, although donations are accepted.

Many cities in Idaho have active model railroad societies, but Pocatello's is the only one located in a railroad building still in active use. Union Pacific employees gather in a room in the building for training sessions. "It was once Union Pacific's crew dispatch center," Larry says. "A past member worked for the railroad and negotiated an agreement for us to be here. We have a great relationship with the railroad. We've been here since 1999."

Just like the life-sized trains outside,

the model trains inside the large layout room will eventually be guided along the tracks by a centralized traffic control system. "It's still under construction, because we need a little more funding and manpower to build about sixty wayside signals," says Wayne, nicknamed the Resident Chief Engineer for his

electrical engineering experience.

"The task of remote switch control and the computer display that emulates the old Union Switch and Signal CTC equipment that

"My brother and I shared a train set that was made in 1955," John Dingman says. "It still runs well."

was at Pocatello in years past is up and running," Wayne says. "For many years, Pocatello was the control point for all railroad traffic for hundreds of miles in all directions.



OPPOSITE: Trains whiz around the three thousand square-foot layout room.

RIGHT: Society president Larry Gilbreath shows a Union Pacific Railroad model.

Today, all of that activity is centered at the UPRR Harriman Dispatch Center in Omaha."

Replicas of Pocatello's early rail yard have been built to tweak the imagination and transport people back to an earlier era. "We finished the roundhouse and coal tipple," Wayne says. "The ice house and wheel shop are under construction. The tie plant and the Ramsey Transfer, where trains were moved from the narrow gauge to the standard gauge tracks, are in the planning stages."

One of the most popular train models is John's California Zephyr passenger train, its sleek silver passenger coaches highlighted with green trim. "I can always tell where she is on the tracks by finding the throng of

kids," he says. "They like to follow her around the track. She's a beauty," he says, adjusting the speed by turning a knob on a handheld wireless radio control. "It's the exact train that was running in 1949," says John, who researched the train's history.

Before moving to Pocatello and working for Union Pacific, John was a lever man for the Illinois Central in Chicago for twelve years. "Back then, you had to pull levers to switch trains to different tracks," he explains. He and other members swap train stories, laugh and banter with an easy camaraderie that comes from decades-old friendships. The society has about eighteen members, including four founding members—Larry, Wayne, Ron and John Griggs—who are still active. Before

organizing formally in 1986, the society members met through Wayne in the early 1970s.

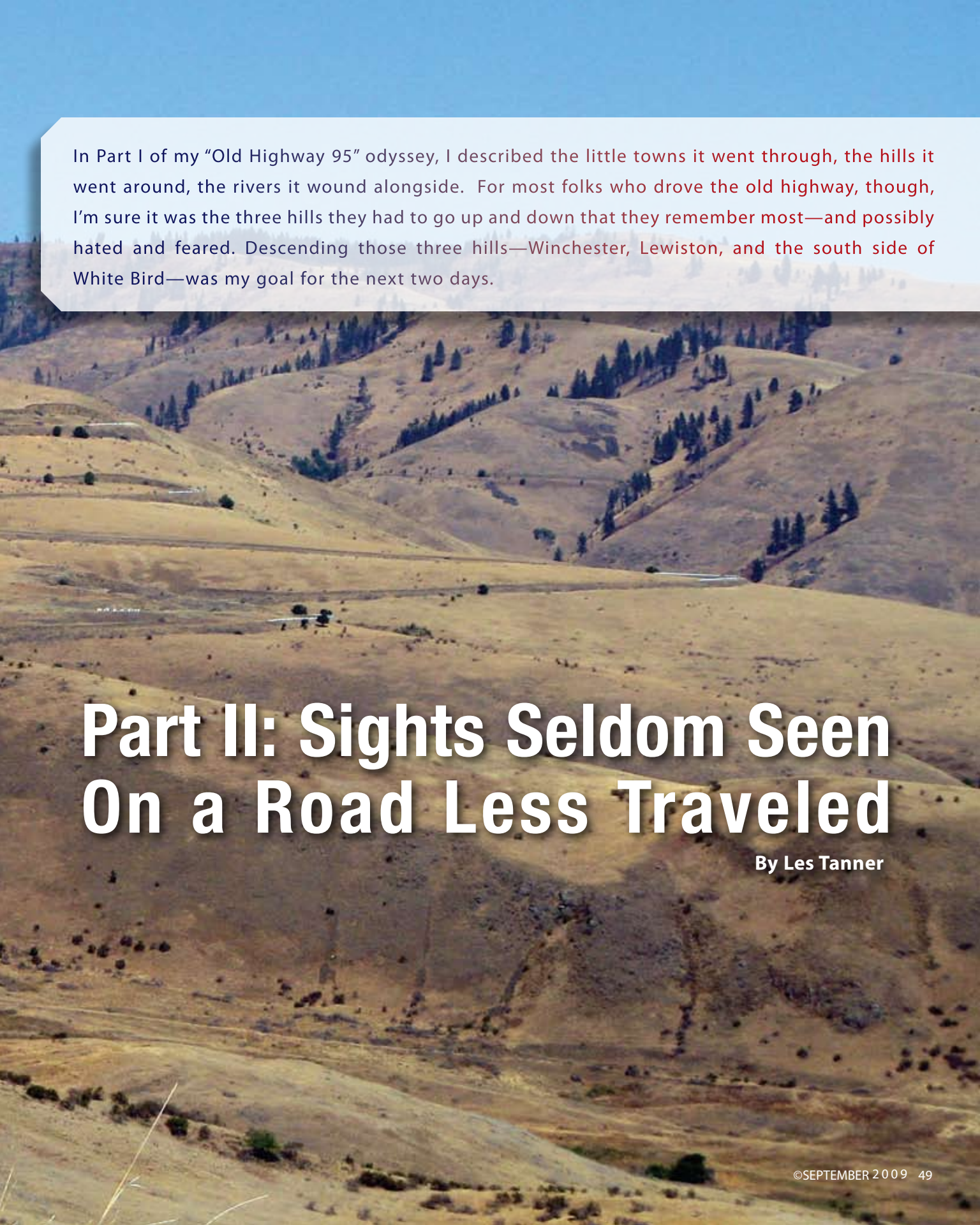
"I built the HOA Teton Shortline in the basement of our newly constructed house," Wayne says. "It's a mythical freelance railroad that goes right through parts of Yellowstone and Teton national parks. The newspaper ran a story about it, and I was inundated with people who wanted to see it. I met other model railroaders, and out of that came this group. It's still set up in my house, and even has a website, www.tslrr.com."

Wayne says he notices an increasing interest in model trains from Baby Boomers who are retiring. "The kids are gone, there's a spare bedroom, and now they have the time and money for the hobby." ■

View of the old White Bird
grade, east of the new grade.

PHOTO BY LES TANNER





In Part I of my “Old Highway 95” odyssey, I described the little towns it went through, the hills it went around, the rivers it wound alongside. For most folks who drove the old highway, though, I’m sure it was the three hills they had to go up and down that they remember most—and possibly hated and feared. Descending those three hills—Winchester, Lewiston, and the south side of White Bird—was my goal for the next two days.

Part II: Sights Seldom Seen On a Road Less Traveled

By Les Tanner

I had spent the first night of my trip in Winchester State Park. The next morning, I got up early to make sure I could make it to that day's destination: Moscow, the home of my friends Tom and Arlene Miller. I wanted to be there in plenty of time for . . . well, in time for dinner, if you must know. As I was eating breakfast, I noticed what appeared to be fish rising in the lake a hundred feet or so down the hill from where I'd camped. The water looked too murky for that to be true, but I suddenly found myself down by the lake's edge, fly rod in hand, and within minutes I had hooked, landed, and released some small bass, two bluegills, and a trout.

My next order of business was to drive down the old Winchester Grade.

Folks traveling U.S. 95 between Lewiston and Grangeville probably notice the community of Culdesac about a hundred yards to the east of the highway, at MP 291. They may also see the sign a few miles farther south announcing that Winchester is a couple of miles west of the highway. Between the two lies a fairly long but not terribly steep grade, with passing lanes and no curves to speak of. It follows Lapwai Creek from Culdesac (elevation 1,640) to the relative flatness at the top (elevation 4,000). I don't even know if it has an official name, but I suppose "New Winchester Grade" would be appropriate.

Most likely very few travelers are aware that anyone traveling between Culdesac and Winchester before 1960 would negotiate the original Winchester Grade, primarily because none of it is visible from

the new highway. It, too, traversed the same nearly half-mile vertical distance, but it was definitely not the easy climb that the current grade is. It wasn't as short, either: seventeen miles, as compared to seven-plus. The old Winchester grade didn't have all the twists and turns in it as did the Lewiston and White Bird grades, but someone who drove the old highway suggested this may have been a disadvantage to truckers headed downhill. On the other two grades, they were forced to drive slowly to negotiate numerous hair-pin turns. On Winchester, they could relax a bit—and suddenly find themselves in serious trouble.

IDAHO: A Guide in Word and Picture (Caxton, 1937) describes what one sees from the top of the grade: "*The Culdesac [Winchester] Hill is one of the most impressive pictures in the State. Like the Lewiston [and] White Bird Hills, it offers a remarkable panorama, [which] cannot be fully appreciated until the summit is reached and vision turns back and downward. Down this mountain, farms are picturesquely landscaped for miles, lying steeply on either side of the highway from elbow to elbow. This is doubtless the best area in the State to show how completely cultivation has possessed many of the most difficult slopes . . .*"

To get to the grade, I drove north through Winchester, past the sign pointing to the new U.S. 95, and continued on several miles, past farms and grain fields, until at last the road turned to the west. Soon I found myself at the edge of a hill

looking down and across at exactly what that early writer had described. Except for a few tight turns near the top, the drive down the grade was not too bad, and it was scenic, as well. I encountered no other traffic until I was near the bottom. As with my other side trips, I was seeing country that few see these days. In a sense, I was sorry I hadn't ascended the grade rather than descending it, though. It would have given me a better feeling of what travelers of old had to deal with.

The grade ends at Culdesac, where I got back onto the new highway and drove to Lewiston. I stopped there to eat lunch and call home. I called the Millers, too, making sure they'd set an extra place at the table. As I did at White Bird, I drove up the new Lewiston Grade, saving the old grade for my trip home.

In my search for information about "old 95," one of my correspondents was Richard Weingroff, an employee of the U.S. Department of Transportation in Washington, D.C. A goldmine of information about the U.S. highway systems, he was exceptionally generous in sharing it. In one of the informative email attachments he sent was a statement to the effect that the Idaho portion of old U.S. 95 was contained entirely within the state's boundaries. I had heard or read that for a short way north of the Lewiston hill, the highway jogged over into Washington for a couple of miles before returning to Idaho. Another surprise was that the U.S. Government owns the roads and high-

RIGHT: Genesee streetscape.

BELOW: Looking west from the top of Winchester grade.

ways that pass through federal lands, such as military reservations and national parks, but all other U.S. highways are owned and maintained by the states through which they pass.

North of Lewiston hill, U.S. 95 is now four lanes for several miles, but it returns to two lanes near Genesee, a mile or so east of the highway. I was ahead of schedule—I could have spent more time fishing!—so I drove into town. I was somewhat surprised to see a street sign at the east end of Main Street informing me I'd found "Old Hiway [sic] 95." I didn't want to chance missing dinner at the Millers

by spending the next few hours wandering around that part of the Palouse, so I drove back into town, where the folks at city hall assured me that "Old Hiway 95" did eventually return to the main highway several miles to the northwest. I went

back to follow the old route—and was glad I did. Again I was rewarded by a drive through country that virtually no one sees any more. There were some beautiful farmsteads along the way, and at one point, surrounded by trees, was a



PHOTO BY LEST TANNER



PHOTO BY LEST TANNER



PHOTO COURTESY OF LEWISTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LEFT: Doug Schoeffler of Lewiston with a newer water trough.

ABOVE: The old concrete water trough on the Spiral Highway is gone.

lovely white country church.

I not only made it to the Millers in time for dinner, but even was able to spend a few minutes in an antique store looking for something for my wife. Bearers of gifts are more likely than are non-bearers to be allowed to go fishing the next time they ask.

I was now halfway through my trip, my next objective being to descend the old Lewiston grade, which was where I headed the following morning. According to a signboard at the top of the hill, the old grade replaced the original wagon trail in 1917. It is ten miles long and descends 2,000 feet to the west edge of Lewiston, the lowest point in Idaho at some 780 feet above sea level. The old grade was the only way up the hill until the new grade was completed in 1977. That's sixty years of cars and trucks grinding up, or inching down, what is referred to on many maps as the Spiral Highway.

The sign encourages folks who are not in a hurry to drive down the well-maintained roadway, so they can experience a model of early highway engineering. I wasn't, so I did. Two or three miles below the summit, I came upon flowers affixed to a cross above a small wooded glen. This appeared to be more than just a wide spot in the road, so I stopped to investigate. An informational sign told me that the area, Water Trough Glen, was originally known as Cottonwood Corner. The glen had been a well-known stopping place for cars and trucks that wound up and up—and up—along the Spiral Highway. A small brook flows along the bottom of the glen, and someone once had constructed a concrete trough beside the road, into which water from the brook was piped. As men waited for engines to cool down enough to re-fill boiled-over radiators, they would stand around complaining about the hill while kids

played in the brook or climbed trees and picnics were set out, perhaps even on red-and-white checkered tablecloths.

The concrete trough is no longer there, but somebody had put much effort into making the spot a welcome place to stop and rest. Flowers were planted here and there, and a white picnic table had been placed along the brook. The sign contained the address of a web site, which I decided to pursue when I got home. [See "Water Trough Glen" sidebar.]

I made it safe and sound to the bottom of the grade, learning as I went why the Spiral Highway is so aptly named. I should have traversed this hill in the other direction, too, to find out what it was really like to drive U.S. 95 in the good old days.

I filled up the gas tank in Lewiston, and headed for the last big part of my sojourn: A drive down the old White Bird grade.

I'm sure that most people who have traveled U.S. 95 have seen portions of the old grade that climbs from the town of White Bird to the top of the hill. Maps of the old highway show lots of twists and turns. One stretch in particular had eight hairpin corners in a row. I've been told that some of these switchbacks were so sharp that truckers would occasionally have to stop part way around, back up a ways, and then go forward again. Imagine the frustration of truckers who had to negotiate the grade, whether or not they had to do the forward-back-forward maneuvers, and the drivers behind them.

Gordon Barrett of Caldwell, whose father was at one time an Idaho State Senator, and later the Idaho State Treasurer, was born in Lewiston, and traveled old 95 many times with his parents. He describes the car they had as a "bug," meaning it hadn't much room, so he had to ride crunched up in the back. The car didn't have much power, either, and often there was only one way to make it up one of the grades: his mother would get out, put a rock behind a rear wheel to keep the car from rolling backward, and then would walk alongside the car as it struggled to a point where the grade was shallow enough for her to ride again.

When I was planning my trip, I had mentioned its purpose to Anna Holden of White Bird. Anna has been a very helpful White Bird contact when my wife and I have been looking for information for IDAHO magazine's monthly Calendar of Events, and I thought she might have some inside scoop about the White Bird grade. She was standing in line at the Grangeville post office when the subject came up, and someone who was also waiting in line suggested that Anna get me in touch with Virginia Adkison of Grangeville, who grew up on a ranch adjacent to the old White Bird grade.

I had made contact with Virginia on the first leg of my journey, and arranged to meet her at her home on my way back south. In preparation for my visit, Virginia dug through her things and came up with dozens of photographs relating to the town of White Bird, the old grade, the construction of the new grade, and related topics. She also had some great stories to tell, some of them related to the

Water Trough Glen, A Place to Be

On the Spiral Highway at the spot called Water Trough Glen, I read an informational sign that not only contained photos—including one of the concrete water trough and another showing an aerial view of Cottonwood Corner—but also the name and web address of the property's owner. When I got home to Caldwell, I looked up the website and found an e-mail address. Over the next couple of days, I exchanged e-mails with two gentlemen from Lewiston: Larry Tannahill, the owner of the property, and Doug Schoeffler, a friend who helps him care for the site.

Here's some of what I learned from them:

— The cottonwood trees which were the source of the original name have long since fallen, and locust trees have taken over. Over the years, other trees have been planted, too: apple, cedar, maple, cottonwood, and cherry. Some have survived, but most haven't. Last fall the eldest tree at the time was lost.

— When Mr. Tannahill first acquired the property, it was full of litter and piles of refuse left by careless visitors. He and many friends, especially Doug Schoeffler, spent countless hours cleaning up the place.

— In their clean-up, they found several spots where visitors had left mementos and markers in remembrance of favorite pets that had been buried there. They decided they'd allow that practice to continue, and now the nickname Pet Cemetery has become attached to it as well.

— Larry Tannahill said he and his friends "have placed several donated picnic tables there over the years; some survive, some become kindling." He maintains a small home-care nursery to raise flowers and shrubs and trees until they are big enough to live at the glen.

— Water Trough Glen has seen many hundreds of visitors, the majority of whom have been respectful of the property and of the efforts of his friends and other visitors to maintain it. There have been weddings, and reunions, big and small picnics, chili feeds, bonfires, and family days there. But for many people, Water Trough Glen is just a place to sit, and rest, and contemplate in silence. It is, in Tannahill's words, a place "to be."

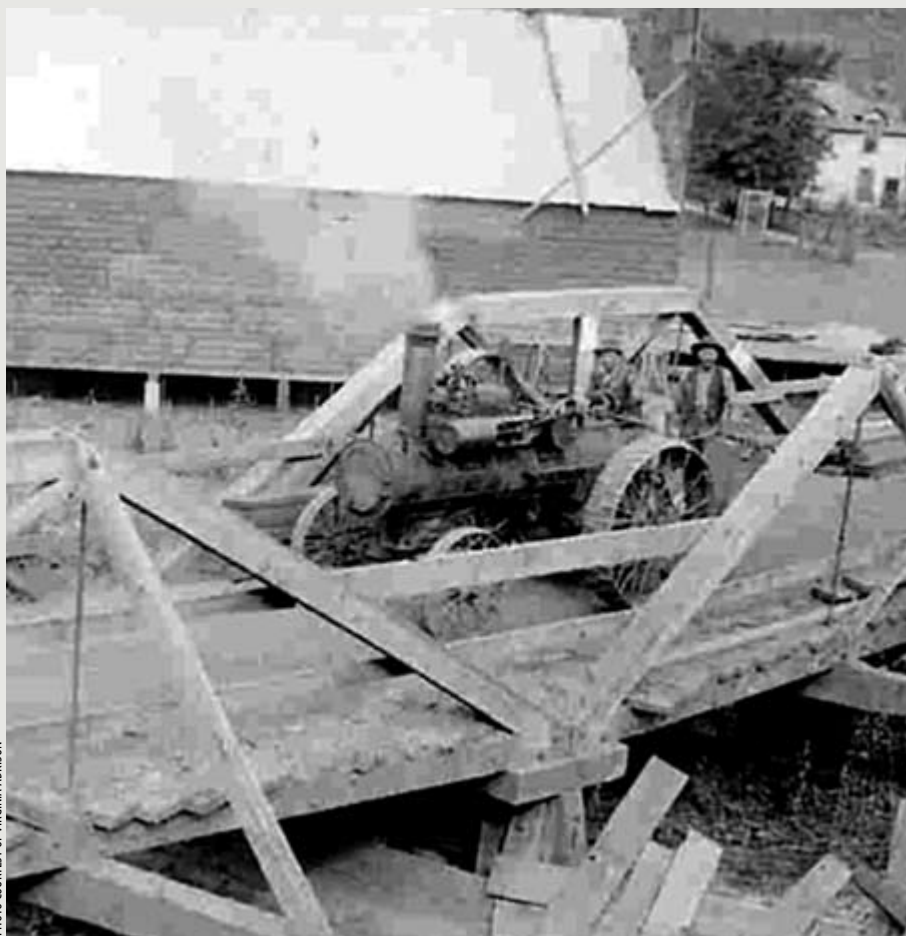


PHOTO COURTESY OF VIRGINIA ADKISON

LEFT: "Old Highway 95" bridge over White Bird Creek

ABOVE: Traffic on Main Street, White Bird.

photographs and some that were memories of things she had experienced or knew about.

She said perhaps a bigger problem than trucks in the summertime was tourists, especially those from parts of the country that lacked mountains and curvy roads. They would invariably drive as slowly as possible, and as far away from the edges of the road as they could, blocking traffic, since the road was only a lane-and-a-half wide in many places. Often, they would stop altogether, afraid to go any farther, whereupon someone would take pity on them and drive their car and its occupants the rest of the way up or down the hill.

She related a couple of memo-

orable accidents, too. In one, a truck full of candy had missed a curve and toppled over, spilling its contents; in another, it was a fruit truck. She said her brothers had a field day each time, filling their pockets with loot. She didn't say whether she had participated in these treasure hunts.

One of her photographs showed the "old bridge" over the Salmon River, just south of the town of White Bird. (That bridge wasn't part of the old highway, however. Old 95 crossed the Salmon River just once, at what is called the Time Zone Bridge, just north of Riggins.) Besides carrying vehicular traffic across the Salmon to the farms and ranches on the

south side of the river, the bridge also was used by pedestrians and animals. A story goes that as a herd of cattle was being driven across the bridge, it began vibrating and finally collapsed into the river, with the cows, I assume.

Among other photographs Virginia had gathered was one of a camp located on her grandfather's property where a group of convicts—part of the crew working on the highway through White Bird—were housed. Another shows townspeople out for an afternoon stroll near the site where a bridge over White Bird Creek was being built. Others show roadwork being done much farther south, where highway construction was being

done along the Little Salmon River.

Virginia told me another story, unrelated to the highway construction, which involved her efforts to record conversations with her mother. She had spent a week with her mother, tape-recording their talks about old times and family history. She didn't discover until later that the machine had not picked up her mother's words. Next time, Virginia used a better recorder, but it was too sensitive, and the noise of a clothes dryer running nearby drowned out everything else on the tape.

That's not the end of the story. Virginia's mother loved music. One day, Virginia and her daughter secretly taped her mother playing the organ and singing, which she almost certainly would not

have done if she knew she was being recorded. This time, the recording was perfect—and was played not long afterwards, at her mother's funeral.

The rest of my trip followed the new highway—except for a detour to see if the fish were biting in Brownlee Reservoir (they were)—and I made it home without incident, tired but quite pleased with all I'd done and seen and learned. It was a lot of fun driving as much of the old route as I could. I met some good folks, learned much about the parts of Idaho through which 95 runs, and saw some country that I'm sure many of this magazine's readers have never seen.

If and when you can, drive through downtown Payette and

Weiser and Grangeville and Cottonwood. Travel the Devil's Elbow and the Fruitvale-Glendale roads. Take a peek at what used to be Mesa. Visit White Bird and Winchester. Take the "shortcuts" that were part of old 95 out of Midvale and Genesee. And last but certainly not least, navigate all the old grades.

Make sure you take some pictures, too—and spend a few minutes at Water Trough Glen, while you're at it. When you're done, you may feel as I do: it's nice to have "new 95" available if we have to get from here to there in a hurry. But it's also nice to slow down and smell the roses once in a while. And it gives us a better idea of what life in Idaho was like back in the good old days. ■

How many times this year did your clients think of you? Fondly?



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LEFT: Homemade eats were served at the Malad Valley Welsh Festival.

OPPOSITE: Knitting on sale.

OPPOSITE INSET: The flag of Wales.

No Welsh Spoken Here

Have Malad Valley Descendants of Wales Killed Their Ancestral Tongue?

Story and Photos by Pat McCoy Rohleder

It was a small wooden paddle on a string. Any child caught speaking Welsh at school had to wear it, no doubt hoping and praying to catch some other schoolmate making the same mistake. That way, the unwieldy necklace could be passed on to the next offender. Whoever wore it at the end of the day got a spanking from the teacher.

Maybe that's why I heard virtually no Welsh spoken last June in the small town of Malad City, even though the area claims the largest per capita concentration of people of Welsh ancestry outside Wales. I was there for the Malad Valley Welsh Festival, which revives an annual cultural arts event known as the Eisteddfod (eye-STETH-vud, with a hard "th" on that double "d"), held in Wales for centuries. In the Malad Valley, the celebration was held from the first arrival of Welsh settlers in the mid-1800s until just before World War I, and then was

started up again in 2005.

About the only signs of the Welsh language around town were a few banners bearing the word "Croeso," in bright red letters. Pronounced "CROY-so," it means welcome. I was disappointed. The Welsh are very proud of their language, and fought hard to keep it alive. When the English started punishing children for speaking it at school, the ancient Celtic (with a hard "C" if you're Welsh, a soft "C" if you're Scots, and don't call it Gaelic, which is Irish) became the rallying point for their



nationalism. I heard it spoken in Wales when I traveled there in 1973, but I've heard estimates that fewer than half the Welsh in Wales still

speak Celtic, and most of that half speak English, too.

In Malad City, I attended a couple of talks on the history of Wales itself, and of the settlement of the valley. I ended up pronouncing a few Welsh words for the speakers—as almost the only one in the room who could do it—but I added a disclaimer. I know only a half-dozen sentences and phrases in Welsh. My family history has it that my great-great grandfather put his foot down upon arriving in what was then the Utah and Idaho territories. “We are in America now, and we will be Americans,” John J. Jones supposedly said. “We will speak English.”

While my family didn't settle around Malad City, the

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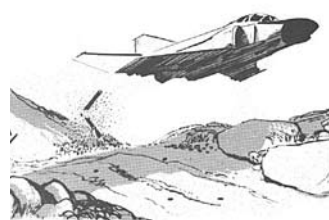


ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN



LEFT: Barry Howard of Pleasantview shows a hackamore he handmade.

ABOVE: Patchwork quilts at the festival.

same attitude toward speaking English apparently motivated the early Welsh settlers in that area. They continued the paddle-and-necklace custom of trying to stamp it out that they had known in their homeland before emigrating to the New World.

It's certainly not hard to believe that Malad City residents are of Welsh ancestry. Friendly and welcoming, they gave their names as Jones, Williams, Evans, or other obviously Welsh surnames. While not all Welsh names end in "s," it can be safely said that all English names ending in "s" are originally Welsh. But it was a disappointment to find that

few of them spoke the language, even though it is very difficult to learn. There were also few signs of Welsh culture in the craft fair in the park. Plenty of artisans were there selling the sorts of homemade items one often sees at small town fairs, but where were the weavers? The Welsh were famous for their complex weaving. There was some knitting, though, another craft the Welsh were famous for.

Perhaps if I had been able to stay for the music festival that evening, I might have found what I was looking for. The Welsh are justifiably famous for music. Friends who grew up there

have told me young men are expected to be able to write and recite poetry, box, and sing. The Welsh are said to have invented four-part harmony around 400 A.D., a good four centuries before the rest of the world discovered it. Welsh pioneers founded and formed the basis of the famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Despite all this, I still think small town festivals celebrating cultural heritage are fun. If you're interested, keep an eye on www.welshfestival.com for news of next year's Eisteddfod. This was my first visit, but I hope it won't be the last. ■

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Deadline: **4/30**

Mustard Pizza

By Kenzie Dains & Jessie Harrelson

INGREDIENTS CRUST:

- 1 cup warm water
- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1 tsp. [White Satin](#)® sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbsp. vegetable oil
- 2 1/2 cups flour

PREPARATION

- > Add yeast to warm water. Let stand 5 minutes. Stir in sugar, salt and oil. Add 2 cups flour and beat until smooth. Turn out onto a lightly floured board. Knead in additional flour until smooth.
- > Place in a greased bowl. Cover. Let rise in a warm place, free of draft, until doubled in bulk, 30-45 minutes.

INGREDIENTS PIZZA TOPPING:

- 1 cup liquid mustard
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 cup mozzarella cheese
- 1 cup sauerkraut
- 4 oz. pepperoni

PREPARATION

- > Preheat oven to 425° F. Lightly oil a baking pan and dust with corn meal.
- > Punch dough down and press out with hands on a baking sheet. (A little shortening on your finger tips will help.)
- > Mix mustard and mayonnaise together and spread on dough. Top with sauerkraut and pepperoni. Sprinkle with mozzarella cheese. Bake 10-15 minutes or until the crust is brown and cheese is bubbly. Cut and serve immediately.

Kenzie Dains and Jessie Harrelson attend Central Academy in Meridian.



Vanilla Caramel Brownies

By Austin Pickett & Matt Olsen

INGREDIENTS

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 cups **White Satin**® Sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup **Meadowgold**® butter
- 4 eggs
- 2 tsp. pure vanilla extract
- 16 caramel squares
- caramel syrup for topping

PREPARATION

- > Preheat oven to 350° F.
- > Grease 13" x 9" pan. Mix dry ingredients in a bowl then stir in wet ingredients.
- > Mix until consistency of thick batter. Place batter in greased pan. Place caramel squares on top of batter.
- > Bake in oven for 40 to 60 minutes or until top is golden brown. Top with caramel syrup and serve hot.

*Austin Pickett and Matt Olsen attend
Central Academy in Meridian.*

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10th LAST BLAST on the GRASS

Hagerman, September 19

This popular car show and swap meet is held in the Hagerman City Park, and is free to spectators. Over 150 cool cars and jaunty jalopies (I hope the owners will forgive me for those names) are expected to be on display and in action. Vehicle registration is at 8:00 AM, with the Show & Swap running from 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM.

From 1:00 to 3:00, vehicles will take part in a fun run, and at 4:30 there will be a "burn-out" session, followed by a cruise.

A "Parking Lot Dance" is scheduled to begin at 8:00 PM.

Information: info@hagermanchamber.com; or call (208)837.6613



PHOTO COURTESY OF HAGERMAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



PHOTO COURTESY OF KAMIAH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

BBQ Days

September 4-7, Kamiah

In 1936, a group of community-minded citizens decided to offer a free barbecue dinner as a way of saying "Thank You!" to area residents for their patronage. The Kamiah Chamber

of Commerce has carried on the tradition for more than 70 years now, organizing and sponsoring nearly every aspect of the Labor Day weekend affair. Today, thousands of residents, former residents, and visitors take part in BBQ Days every year. Events and activities this year include Kamiah High School JV and Varsity football games, and a downtown Teen Dance & Karaoke (on Friday), Arts and Crafts shows, a Quilt Show, a horseshoe tournament, the Grand Main Street Parade and a Kiddie Parade (11:00 AM on Saturday), and the FREE barbecue dinner from 5:00-7:00 PM Saturday afternoon. Also, on Saturday night there will be a Street Dance, and on Sunday at 5:00 PM, the C of C will play a softball game against the Selway Barflys.

Information: www.kamiahchamber.com; or (208)935.2290



PHOTO COURTESY OF "SCOTTY" SCOTT

Blues in the Park

September 12, Hagerman

The headliner for the 7th annual "Blues in the Park" will be Eddie Shaw and the Wolfgang. Eddie was the 2006 and 2007 winner of the "Instrumentalist Horn" Blues Music Award. Also returning

by popular request is Lori B! The event, which will also feature great food and beverages, will be held in the beautiful outdoor venue of Billingsley Creek State Park, north of Hagerman, from 2:30 to 8:30 PM. Admission is \$10, with children under 12 free.

Information: www.hagermanidea.org; or (208)837.4522

Salmon Marathon

September 12, Salmon

This year's race is being sponsored by the Salmon Valley Chamber of Commerce, the City of Salmon, the community, and local non-profit groups. The race is a fast, scenic, point-to-point run which begins at Tendoy and ends at Island Park in Salmon. (For the history buffs who don't already know, Tendoy is the birthplace of Sacajawea, the Agaidika-Shoshone woman who, with her infant child, accompanied Lewis and Clark on their "Journey of Discovery".) The course of the race follows the Old Lemhi Road as it winds along the Lemhi River west into Salmon. There it crosses the Salmon River at the end of Main Street and to the finish line in Island Park.

Information: www.salmonmarathon.com; or (208)756.2100

Lumberjack Days

September 17-20, Orofino

Everyone is invited to help celebrate the history and heritage of lumberjacks and the timber industry at the 62nd anniversary of Lumberjack Days. Loggers come from all over the world to engage in competitions that include birling, axe throwing, tree climbing, and power and hand-saw sawing at an event that first took place on September 28, 1947. A partial schedule of events includes the Kiddie Parade (12:00 noon Friday); Main Parade (10:00 AM Saturday); Auction (12:30 Saturday); Skidding & Truck Driving (4 PM Saturday); Horse Pull (6:30 PM Saturday); and Log Show and Contests (10 AM Sunday). There will also be a carnival there from Thursday through Sunday.

Information: www.orofinolumberjackdays.org; or (208)476.3412

Idaho State Draft Horse Show

September 24-27, Sandpoint

"Feel the earth shake as the teams and wagons rumble by the bleachers. Visit the barns and get up close and personal with these gentle giants." Sounds neat, doesn't it? The program for the event, which is to be held at the Bonner County Fairgrounds, is varied: watch the pulling competitions where burly horses pull sleds loaded with piles of cinder blocks, and see the women, all dressed to the nines in old-timey equestrienne gear, drive lightweight carts. You can also enjoy driving classes, farm classes, junior and senior drives, and the final event: the magnificent eight-horse class.

Information: www.idahodrafthorseshow.com; or (208)687.1831

SEP

TBA	Fall Heritage Festival, Rathdrum
1	Grays Lake Rodeo, Wayan
1-8	ICHA Futurity/Aged Event, Nampa
1-10/31	Fall for Boise, Boise
2-7	Twin Falls Co. Fair/Rodeo, Filer
4	Air Force 5-Miler, Mountain Home
4-6	BBQ Days, Kamiah
4-6	Main Street Antique Show, Hailey
4-6	Art & Antique Show, Ketchum
4-6	Heritage Days, Spirit Lake
5	Climbing Wksp/City of Rocks, Almo
5	Walk to Cure Cyst.Fibr., Twin Falls
5	Spud-Run, Rupert
5	Hidden Springs Kids Race, Boise
5	Hidden Spr. Sch. Daze Run, Boise
5-6	Coaster Classic Car Show, Athol
5-6	Wooden Boat Show, Priest Lake
5-6	Air Force Apprec. Day, Mt. Home
5-6	Perrine Bridge Festival, Twin Falls
5-7	Wagon Days Celebration, Ketchum
5-7	Meadow Valley Days, New Meadows
5-7	Paul Bunyan Days, St. Maries
5-12	Eastern Idaho State Fair, Blackfoot
6	Dry Rot Breakfast, Priest Lake
6	Wooden Boat Parade, Priest Lake
6	Music From Stanley, Stanley
6	McCall Lake Runs, McCall
7	Free Concert in Park, Coeur d'Alene
9-13	Lewiston Roundup, Lewiston
10-11	Art Show & Silent Auction, Riggins
11	Opera in the Plaza, Coeur d'Alene
11	Jazz in the Park, Boise
11-12	Harvest Party, Sandpoint
11-12	Thunder Over Nampa, Air Mus., Nampa
11-13	Art in the Park, Boise
12	Blues in the Park, Hagerman
12	Endurance Festival, Pocatello
12	Charity Ride, Lava Hot Springs
12	Indian Creek Run/Walk, Caldwell
12	Run with Animals, Boise
12	Family Fun Day, Fruitland
12	Air Force Apprec. Day, Mt. Home
12	Art by the Pond, Rathdrum
12	Kootenai River Ride, Bonners Ferry
12	Rim to Rim Walk/Run, Twin Falls
12	Car Show/Blackberry Fest., Juliaetta
12-13	Pygmy Goat Show, Boise
12-13	Sagebrush Arts Fest., Pocatello
12-13	Cycle Challenge, Coeur d'Alene
12-10/31	Scarecrow Stroll, Bot.Gard, Boise

13	AW4D Rodeo Fall Finale, Filer
13	Show & Shine Car Show, Harrison
13-19	Boat Show, Coeur d'Alene
17-20	Latah County Fair, Moscow
17-20	Lumberjack Days, Orofino
17-20	Big Nasty Hill Climb, New Plymouth
18-19	ISU Roundup Rodeo, Pocatello
18-19	Car Show & Swap Meet, Hagerman
18-20	Got h'ART Festival, Hayden Lake
18-20	Idaho Charity Fair, Boise
18-20	Mtn.Mamas Quilt Festival, Stanley
18-20	Hyde Park Street Fair, Boise
19	Health & Wellness Fair, Sandpoint
19	Hidden Springs Duathlon, Boise
19	Idaho Spud Day, Shelley
19	Fall Trail Ride/City of Rocks, Almo
19	Cowboy Poetry Gathering, Shelley
19	Mackay BBQ, Mackay
21-10/12	Fall Foliage Island Tour, Sandpoint
24-26	Women's Fitness Celeb., Boise
24-27	Idaho International Film Fest, Boise
24-27	Latah County Fair, Moscow
24-27	Draft Horse/Mule Show, Sandpoint
24-27	Nez Perce County Fair, Lewiston
25-26	Lion's Rodeo, Meridian
25-28	International Film Festival, Boise
26	Oktoberfest Street Party, Pocatello
26	Bob Firman Cross Country, Boise
26	Celtic & Highland Games, Boise
26	See Spot Walk, Boise
26	Harvest Classic Run, Nampa
26	Baldy Hill Climb, Ketchum
26	Oktoberfest, Post Falls
26	Crop Walk, Heyburn
26-27	Endurance Festival, Pocatello
26-27	Thous. Springs Fest., Hagerman
26-27	Lions Rodeo, Meridian
27	Race for the Cure, Coeur d'Alene
29	Minit. Bull Riding Finals, Pocatello

OCT

TBA	Snowmobile Swap/Spag. Dinner, Priest Lake
TBA	Run/Walk w/Big Dogs, Pocatello
1	Craters of the Moon Events, Arco
1	Community Concert, Burley
1	Light the Night for Leukemia, Boise
2-3	Fall Into the Holidays, Pocatello
2-3	Harvest Street Fair, Emmett
2-4	Challenge Bike Ride, Ketchum
3	'Hello Dolly' Doll Show, Caldwell
3	Fall Harvest Fest., Mountain Home
3	Art from the Heart, Coeur d'Alene
3	Beginners Triathlon, Nampa
3	Harvest Run/Walk, Challis
3	Oktoberfest in the Park, Harrison
3	Oktoberfest, Bonners Ferry
3	Mud Bog, Weiser
3-4	Bonner County Bazaar, Sandpoint
3-4	Sum./Fall Barrel Racing, Gooding
3-4	Got Milk Finale Rodeo, Gooding
3-31	IMAG Juried Art Show, Garden City
4	City of Trees Marathon, Boise
4	Walk for Breast Cancer, Boise
4	Oktoberfest, Priest River
4-5	Festa Italiana, Coeur d'Alene
9	Gallery Walk, Sun Valley
9	Barrel/AW4D Barrel Race, Emmett
9	Pat McManus Show, Sandpoint
9-11	Canyon County Fall Show, Nampa
9-11	Fall Harvest Fest., Mountain Home
9-11	Trail. of the Sheep, Hailey/Ketchum
10	Opera in the Plaza, Coeur d'Alene
10	Celtic Harp Concert, Sandpoint
10-11	ISHSA Judges Clinic, Nampa
10-11	Crafts in the Country, Twin Falls
10-11	Plein Air Art Event, Sandpoint
10	Oktoberfest, Sandpoint
10	Celtic Harp Concert, Sandpoint

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

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

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

e-mail: rtanner@idahomagazine.com

september contributors



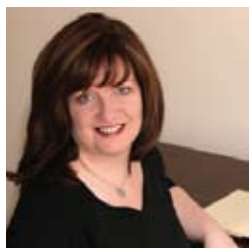
Loy Ann Bell

lives in Jerome. Her articles have been published in eight horse magazines in the US and one in England. She's currently completing a mystery, *The Horse She Rode Out On*, and compiling a short story anthology, *Stories with a Western Flavor*. She's also working on a nonfiction book, *Personalities and Events of Idaho*.



Tom Davenport

is an award-winning photographer and writer in Hayden. Photography as a second career allows him to share things he loves with those who might not get to see them first-hand. The need for conservation, the value of tradition, and an understanding of history are priorities in his work.



Jennifer Lamont Leo

grew up in Illinois and has lived in Cocolalla since 2006 with her husband, Thomas. A freelance writer and history buff, she

writes primarily about regional history, culture, and business. She is co-author of *Hanover Harvesters: A Pictorial History* and has been published in several magazines.



Rob Lundgren

likes to explore interesting places within the Gem State and the West. An Idaho resident since 1974, he teaches part-time at Homedale High School and lives in Meridian with his wife and two cats.



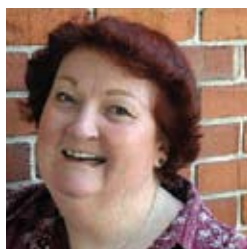
Angela I. Nielson

is a freelance writer and photographer who writes a humor column for the *Preston Citizen*. She prints photo note cards to sell at craft fairs. Born and raised on a poultry farm in Caldwell, she currently resides in Preston. An avid journalist, she also enjoys biking, reading, and works as a professional barber.



Elora Ramirez

resides in Austin, Texas, with her husband and dog. She believes in the magical power of story, and lives for her husband's outstanding cooking. A teacher of high school English for five years, she has yet to find a classroom full of teenagers who haven't gone hog-wild over her adventurous stories from Idaho summers.



Pat McCoy Rohleder

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



Lisa Shine

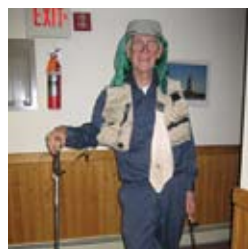
is a Licensed Master Social Worker who went back to school in 1998, at the age of

forty-six, to get a college education. She has been a waitress, a firefighter, has installed fire sprinklers, and worked for horse trainers. She moved to Indian Valley from California in 1992 with all her belongings in a horse trailer. Her work has been published in various magazines and newspapers. Lisa has two grown children and six grandchildren.



Vicki Smith

is a fifth-generation Idahoan with degrees in education from the University of Idaho and the College of Idaho. Her husband Dale made the Air Force his career, so with their two children they lived in seven states and two foreign countries, but always considered Idaho their home. Now retired, they live on the family ranch in King Hill.



Les Tanner

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



Dianna Troyer

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

Where have you been?

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

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

*SPOTLIGHTS on our schedule:

Aberdeen	McCammon
Albion	Oakley
Dubois	Richfield
Kuna	Rock Creek
Lucile	Spirit Lake

FOR DETAILS CONTACT:

Steve Bunk, Managing Editor
sbunk@idahomagazine.com

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

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