The IDAHO magazine

April 2004

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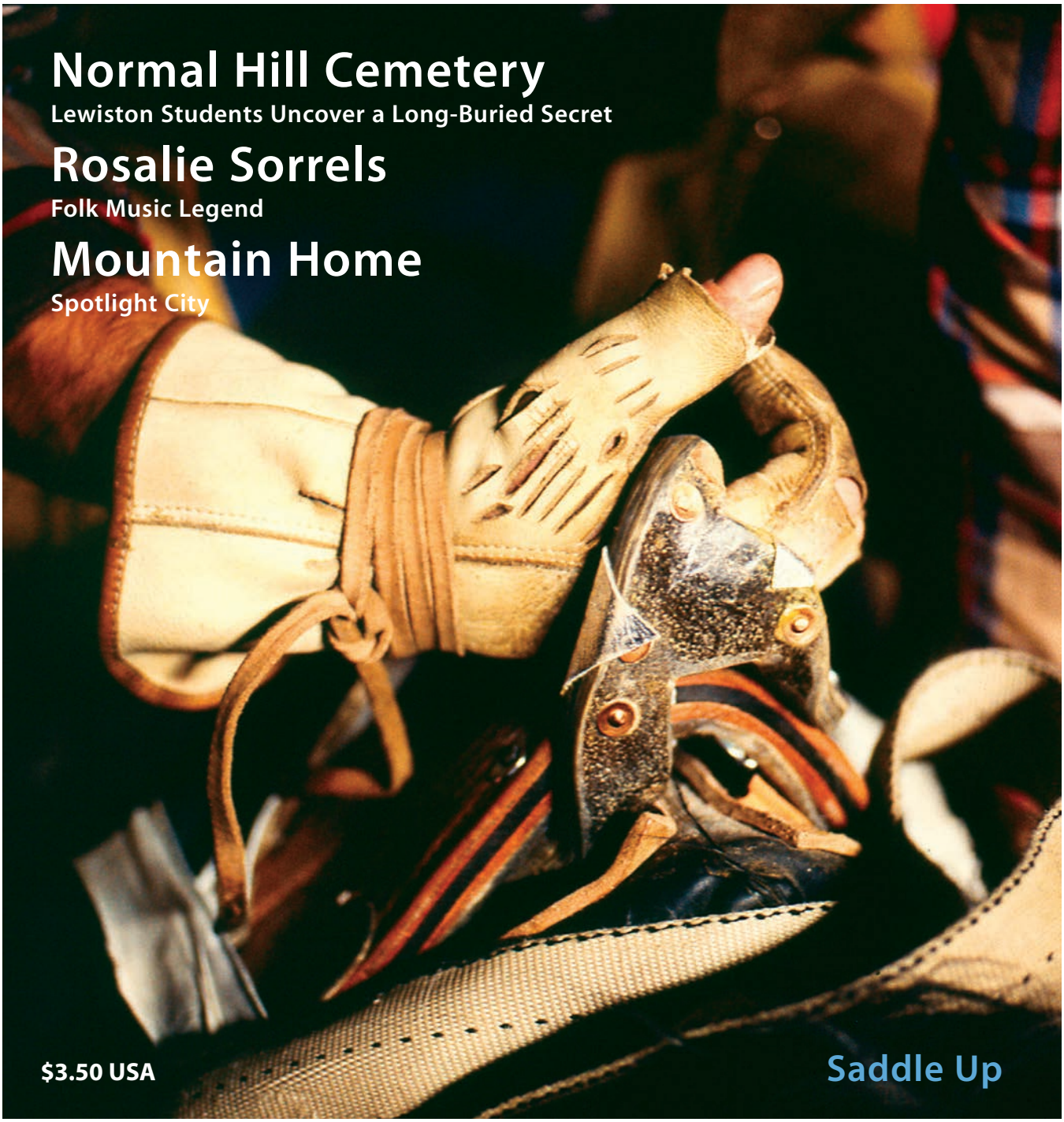
IDAHO magazine

APRIL 2004 VOL. 3, NO. 7



Normal Hill Cemetery
Lewiston Students Uncover a Long-Buried Secret

Rosalie Sorrels
Folk Music Legend

Mountain Home
Spotlight City

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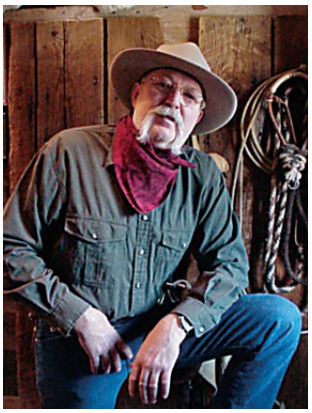
Saddle Up

ABOVE: ***Damascus steel blades in (from L to R) reptilian, banded ladder, twist, and raindrop patterns.***

ABOVE: ***An assortment of leather sheaths***

LEFT: ***Knifemaker Garry Gunderson***



Idaho Artists

Garry Gunderson

Gunderson Custom Knives • Nampa, Idaho

Congratulations to the winners of the *IDAHO magazine*

2004 Fiction Writing Contest

And thank you to everyone who attended the Readings and Awards Ceremony at the Boise Holiday Inn on March 6th. We had a great time and appreciate your support.

And the winners are...

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

1st Place: *The Preacher and the Woodpile*, Marylyn Cork
2nd Place: *The Moebius Strip*, Conda V. Douglas
3rd Place: *Mush*, Dixie Thomas Reale

ADULT DIVISION

1st Place: *Incident at Morgan Creek*, Les Tanner
2nd Place: *The Coyote*, Jack Lintelmann
3rd Place: *Gold Dust*, Steve Koehler

YOUTH DIVISION

1st Place: *The Wildflower*, Ciara Huntington
2nd Place: *Toxic Life*, Kirsten Wang
3rd Place: *Summer of 2003: New Girl in Idaho*, Carla Alo-Cabalquinto

Special Judges Awards

(In alphabetical order)
Jeepers Creepers, Larry Gwartney
White Ribbons, Linda D. Paul
Too Young, Duane L. Petersen
The Day The Family Curse Ended, Leslie Smith

Publisher's Choice Awards

(In alphabetical order)
Super Mule, James Eavenson
We All Get a Little Homesick, Jared Farrens
Must Come Down, Larry Gwartney
Cheese, Adelaide McLeod

PHOTOS, CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: ***New Heritage Theatre actors (L to R) Dene Oneida, Sandra Cavanaugh, and Drew Ebersole; Publisher's Choice Award winner James Eavenson and his wife Deleah listen to another winning story being read; Youth Division winner Ciara Huntington at the podium; Adult Division winner Les Tanner and his wife Ruby.***

Thank you also to everyone who submitted stories. There were many great entries this year. It was tough to choose. Don't be discouraged if you didn't win a prize. There's always next year.

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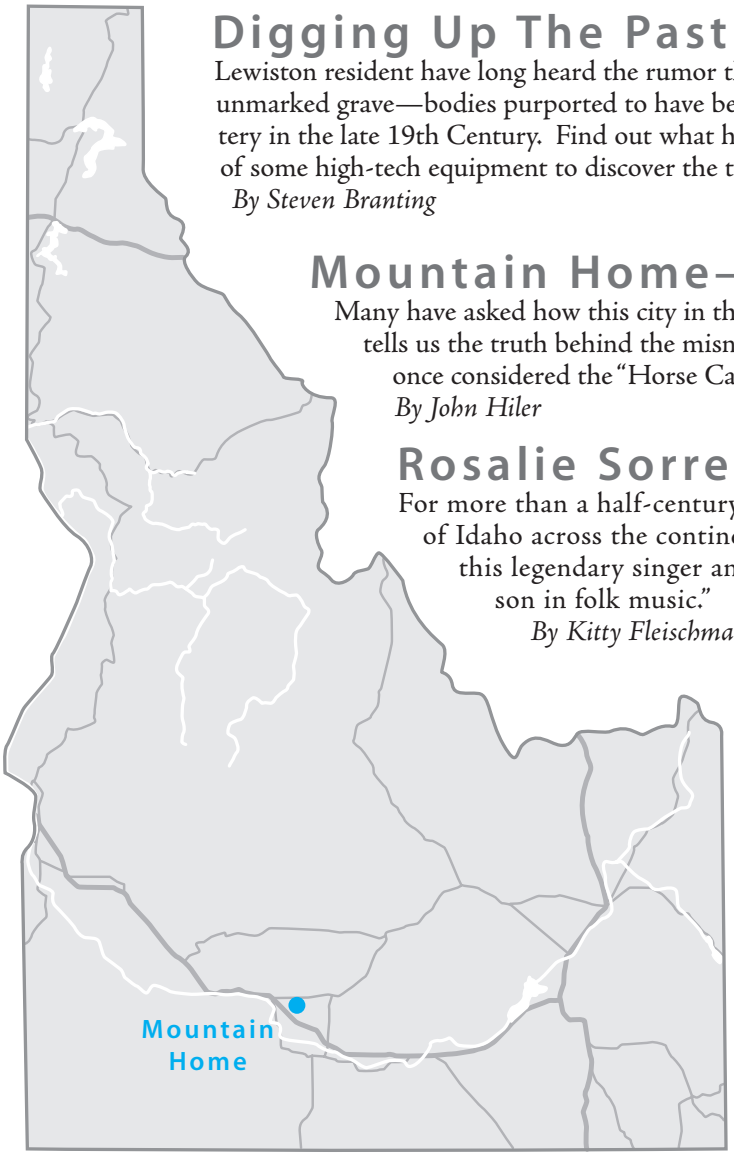
FEATURES

14



Those who didn't make it to the March 6 Fiction Contest Awards and Readings Ceremony at the Holiday Inn in Boise missed a lot. The afternoon was filled with some of the best stories we've heard in a while. Congratulations to all the winners (the full list can be found on page one) and everyone who participated. The competition was extremely tight this year, so if you didn't come home with a prize, don't be discouraged. Everyone was a winner this year.

Special thanks to our sponsors, Wells Fargo and Holiday Inn, and to the New Heritage Theatre, who provided actors to read stories when the authors were unavailable or disinclined. They certainly added a dramatic touch to the proceedings.

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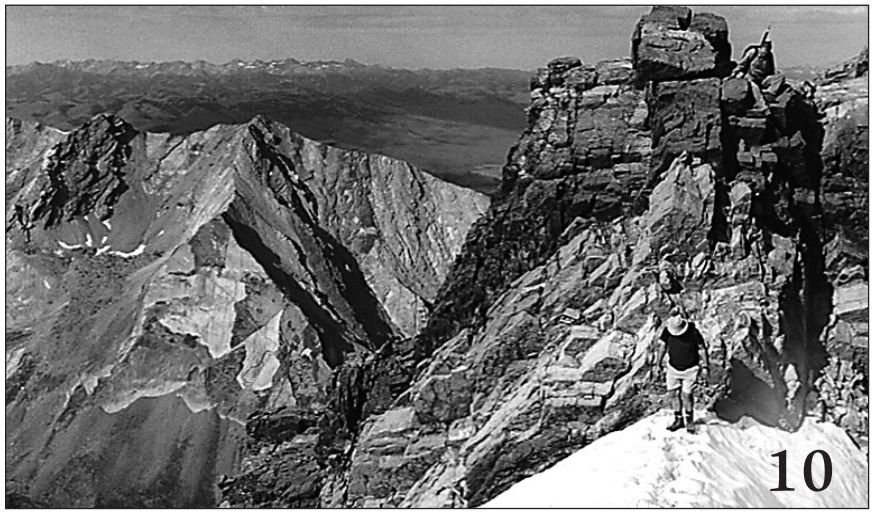
departments



cover photo:
Bronc rider's grip, Holt Arena, Pocatello
Leland Howard

An Idaho Love to the End

By William Studebaker

Nearly seven months have passed since Dad died, and now a white box about 11" x 5" is squeezed between books on the bottom shelf of my bookcase. For Dad, that's borderline ignobility. To be as a book or a bookend, well, if he knew, he'd grind his silica.

You see, he can't turn over in his grave. He's in that box. He's been cremated, and a cremated person, as the mortician explained to me, isn't really ash; rather he's silica.

Mom's been living alone since Dad died. She's taken widowhood in full stride. I suppose there must have been lonely hours, but she scrubbed the house. She washed all the curtains. She cleaned the car. She tidied up the yard, and she kept me and my sister busy reaching for and pounding on what she could not. It's been grand because Penny and I thought she might fall into depression or trip over grief.

For the last several years, Dad didn't like to get more than a short

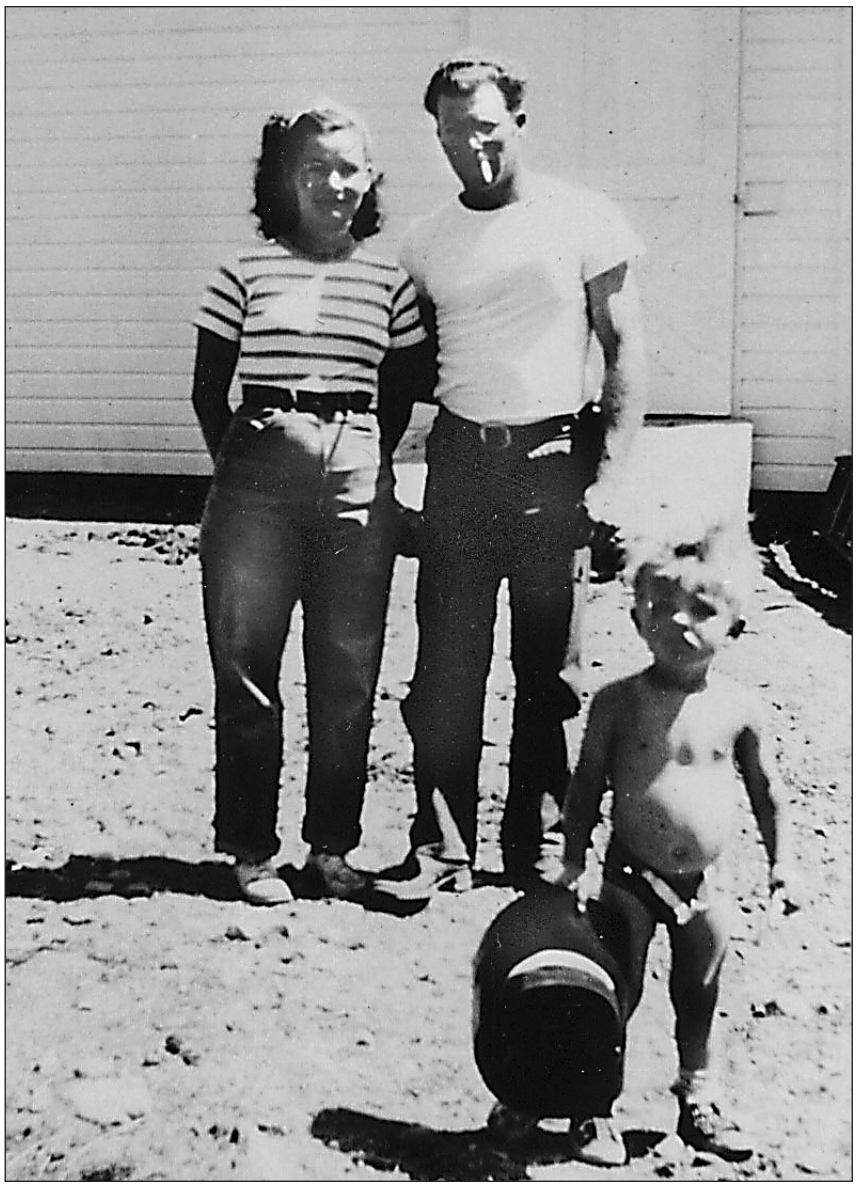


PHOTO COURTESY OF WILLIAM STUDEBAKER

RIGHT: ***The author's parents at their happiest, living in Yellow Jacket, seventy-two miles west of Salmon. The author is in the foreground.***

gallop from home. Now Mom's able to jump in her car, zoom to Payette and visit her brother (who's in a care center) and sister-in-law whenever she wants. Now that's a joy. That's as much fun as playing bingo or pinochle at the senior center.

Senior center! You've got to be kidding me. I never thought my mother would be out socializing, partying it up, going out for lunch, or buying raffle tickets. She's even jumped on the bus and spent a senior citizen's evening in Jackpot, Nevada.

There's an irony there. Mom hasn't always had so much company. During his last two and half years Dad consumed all of Mom's time and energy with his peculiar brand of insane dying. Before that it was Idaho that consumed both their time. You see Idaho fit Dad. Idaho has a lot of space, and Dad needed a lot of space. He spent years in the Middle Fork of the Salmon River country. He ranched on the North Fork of the Salmon and on the Lemhi River. He had a yearning to do his own thing. That's something Idahoans understand. Just drive around. Drive Highway 95 or Highway 93 top to bottom and you'll see what I mean. You'll see places like Dad's place—where he'd fix his own cars, weld his own trailers, train his own horses, split his own wood, or make tire-swings. He even built the houses in which we lived.

He was neat. He kept things in rows and the grass mowed. The garden was always weed-free.

For Mom there wasn't much company. She followed Dad, rode a lot of horses, and weeded a lot of gardens. Mom was swept up in Dad's energy and wanderings, as well as his arms. Theirs was a love of long Idaho country evenings, an Idaho love.

So, there I was the other day at her house putting a threshold strip on the bottom of the west door to help keep the winter wind out when she asked if I had picked up Dad's ashes. I hadn't, but I said I would. No problem. The funeral home was on my way home. I'd agreed months ago to pick Dad up

For Mom there wasn't much company. She followed Dad, rode a lot of horses, and weeded a lot of gardens. Mom was swept up in Dad's energy and wanderings, as well as his arms. Theirs was a love of long Idaho country evenings, an Idaho love.

and to keep him.

Mom doesn't want the ashes in her house. She wants me to keep them until she dies. Then she wants her ashes mixed with Dad's and spread out in the wide-open spaces of Idaho.

On the way to my place, I stopped at the funeral home. The mortician gave me instructions on how to open the box. "It's tricky.

PHOTO COURTESY OF WILLIAM STUDEBAKER

At their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

I had always imagined that I would toss my parents' remains on the wind, and they would blow hither and thither. It would be sad but romantic. Their ashes would flutter, mix, and come to rest like an angel down on the landscape. And then they would mix with the soil and return to every living thing.

There's a double lip," he said. He doesn't want me fumbling around during some ceremony. Then he said, "The ashes are also in a plastic bag, and most important, they aren't really ash at all. They're silica, and they must be strewn more than scattered."

Silica is not like ash.

I had always imagined that I would toss my parents' remains on the wind, and they would blow hither and thither. It would be sad but romantic. Their ashes would flutter, mix, and come to rest like an angel down on the landscape. And then they would mix with the soil and return to every living thing.

When Mom and I discussed where Dad and she hoped that my brother, sister, and I would spread their ashes, Mom said, "Do you remember when your dad and I would go to Roseworth Reservoir to fish?"

"Yes. Jude, the kids, and I went with you a couple times."

"One night we were the only ones out there. The sky was clear. Coyotes were yipping. We'd caught some fish, and as we sat there having a drink, the stars were so close. As far as you could see, there were no house lights or anything. We were just wrapped in that place. It was calm as if everything was twinkling just for us. Well, that's where your dad said he wants his ashes strewn. He just said that."

I know the spot where they sat. I know what Dad wanted and what Mom has agreed to: for just the two of them to be together beneath the yip of coyotes, the rustle of free wind, the lip-lap of shoreline, and a sky that twinkles above mountains and desert—at home in wide-open spaces.

Now as I stare at Dad fettered among my tightly rowed books, I know he's dreaming of his children spreading his remains with Mom's glassy silica. And I know there's not a chance it won't happen. We children will, on some long Idaho evening, let their love skitter like sand among the sage, and we'll watch it mingle and come to rest upon an Idaho horizon

William Studebaker lives in Twin Falls.

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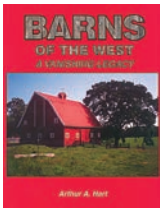

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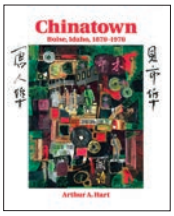

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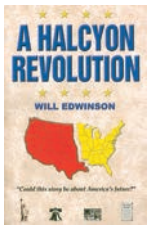
Arthur A. Hart is Director Emeritus of the Idaho State Historical Society. He has received many awards for his work in history and historic preservation. He is a regular contributor to *IDAHO magazine*.



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It Came From the Deep

By Bill Adams

ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN ANNETTE SMITH

When I was in high school, my friend Hank and I used to go the Boise YMCA occasionally to use the pool. Hank was a talented diver and spent his afternoons practicing new dives while I stuck to cannonballs and belly flops. Trouble always seemed to follow Hank. On more than one occasion he cracked his head open with his own knee while doing back flips into the pool, forcing me to take him to the emergency room. One day, however, Hank managed to dive without incident, so after our swim we decided to take a whirlpool.

Hank always bragged that he could hold his breath longer than I could, so we decided to have a breath-holding contest. I went first. After just a minute I had to come up for air. Then it was Hank's turn. He took a huge inhalation then plunged beneath the foamy surface of the water, disappearing completely. I sat at the edge of the pool watching the clock.

Thirty seconds…forty…a minute… The bubbles bubbled, but Hank did not surface. A minute twenty… a minute thirty... still, no Hank.

Then she walked in.

An old woman, probably about seventy-five-years old, wearing a swimming cap with rubber flowers and a one-piece swimsuit that went down to her knees, came into the secluded whirlpool room. She frowned when she saw this young teenager using the pool, but she still climbed into the whirlpool and sank down until just her flowered head was sticking above the surface. She didn't know it, but she was right next to Hank. I looked at the clock: two minutes and twenty seconds. I said nothing.

The time kept clicking by: two minutes and thirty… two-minutes and forty… The old lady glowered at me. She looked like an angry old bird sticking out the water.

Two minutes and fifty seconds…THREE MINUTES! Hank was going to break his personal record. Three minutes and ten seconds…eleven…twelve…

That's when it happened: Hank BURST out of the pool like a hyperventilating monster of the deep, his arms outstretched and his lungs gasping for air. The woman SHRIEKED, then recoiled to the edge of the pool. Hank was just as surprised to see her. His head jerked back, his eyes grew as big as pool balls, and he recoiled to his corner of the pool, still breathing so heavily he couldn't speak.

I couldn't stop laughing. I was laughing as hard as I had ever laughed. I laughed so hard I momentarily relaxed muscles that should not be relaxed in mixed company. In other words, I blew wind. Big time. It echoed off the tile and reverberated around the room. This took the woman to a new level of shock. In the space of thirty seconds she had become a victim of aquatic assault and olfactory oppression. The three of us stood for a moment in stunned silence. Then Hank picked up the laughter where I left off.

The old woman grabbed her towel and left the room in a huff, leaving behind two teenage boys who had never experienced such grand entertainment.

Bill Adams lives in Boise.

Thirty-Six Hours In Idaho

By Brendan Leonard

Most Idaho travel brochures won't tell you that in just two days' time you can see lava that came from thousands of feet beneath the surface of the earth, a legendary writer's last resting place six feet beneath the earth, and stand 12,662 feet above the earth. But that's just what my friend Tim and I set out to do last July.

I had spent most of my summer working at the *Post Register* in Idaho Falls. Although my internship had lasted three months, I didn't feel that I knew any more about Idaho than before I came. (Though I could find Rexburg, INEEL and Blackfoot on a map).

Tim and I had two days to see Idaho, so we left Idaho Falls on a sunny Wednesday, shooting west down Highway 20. First stop, Craters of the Moon National Monument.

We turned off the highway and followed the loop that cuts through the monument. I tried to keep my eyes on the road but ended up staring out the window at the endless lava fields peppered with sagebrush.

The name "Craters of the Moon" was no coincidence. The entire preserve actually looked like the surface of a barren planet. It

An example of the unique terrain found at the Craters of the Moon National Monument.

NPS/BLM PHOTO

was a strange sight in the middle of scenic Idaho, a state I thought was famous for its mountains, valleys, streams, and lakes, not a giant magma wasteland.

Tim and I hopped out of the car at the foot of Big Cinder, the monument's largest volcanic cone. We crunched our way up the massive black mound and I remembered my high school track days, running hundred-meter dashes on cinder tracks.

"You know, if you jump up and down on this stuff, it feels exactly like jumping on snow," Tim said, snapping photos of the landscape.

"Yeah?" I said. I immediately began hopping and stomping like I hadn't done since I was ten years old. It didn't feel like snow, but there was an odd bounce to it, pushing me back up when I landed. Up and down, up and down, bouncing until I felt embarrassed.

We stood at the top of Big Cinder and gazed over the scenery below: brown and black lava fields and cinder spread over the land where the greens and browns of grasslands should have been. I thought I knew what natural beauty was—the rugged upward juts of mountains, ocean waters rolling on the horizon, the dramatic curves and drops of canyons and gorges. Craters of the Moon was just, well, beautifully strange.

I wasn't the only one to think so. In the 1924 presidential proclamation that established it as a national monument, Craters of the Moon was called a "weird and scenic landscape peculiar to itself."

Considering it was midweek, I was surprised to see several other visitors at the monument, driving around the loop and hiking up the cinder cones.

"Most of our visitors are just passing through," Jim Morris, Craters of the Moon superintendent, says. "We're between Yellowstone National Park and the Sawtooth Recreation Area. People pick Yellowstone as a destination vacation spot, and they'll stop here on their way through."

Two hundred thousand visitors stop at Craters of the Moon every year, and Morris estimates sixty percent of them don't pick the monument as their "destination" spot.

Tim and I didn't either. We hopped back in the car and took off down Highway 20 again. Next stop, Ketchum.

I thought I knew what natural beauty was—the rugged upward juts of mountains, ocean waters rolling on the horizon, the dramatic curves and drops of canyons and gorges. Craters of the Moon was just, well, beautifully strange.

Have you ever dived into a swimming pool…and come up to find your swimsuit floating on the surface?

OOPS!

Have you ever locked your keys in your car… while it was still running?

Have you ever worn a brand new outfit onstage…only to find the bright spotlight makes it your brand new "see-through" outfit?

If you answered yes to any of these questions, you may be the next contributor to *IDAHO magazine*'s "One Spud Short" column. Each month we publish one true, humorous story of 800 words or less. Any type of story, embarrassing or otherwise, will be considered, just as long as it's funny.

Mail stories to
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When we arrived in Ketchum's surprisingly cosmopolitan downtown we were instantly surrounded by luxury SUVs and the summer resort crowd who could afford to drive them.

We knew what we had to do. We walked into the Sun Valley/Ketchum Chamber and Visitors Bureau to find out where Ernest Miller Hemingway was buried. Armed with directions to the Ketchum city cemetery and, more importantly, directions to Hemingway's grave (back row, near the middle), we bolted out the door and sped onward.

At the cemetery, we found Hemingway's headstone next to that of his fourth wife, Mary Welsh Hemingway. Hemingway's grave was littered with coins, like a dry wishing well. Tim and I briefly considered collecting the change and using it to pay for our lunch.

"I think if he was still alive, he would have at least bought us a drink," Tim said.

"You know, I don't think it's a good idea," I said.

We took turns standing near the headstone and taking each other's picture, proof that we'd been closer to Hemingway than anyone else we knew. Even if he was dead, I thought, paying my respects might bring me some good luck as a writer.

We saw no one else in the cemetery, but we weren't the only fans who were curious about the grave. Laura Hall, information specialist at the Sun Valley/Ketchum Chamber and Visitors Bureau, says five to seven people come into the visitors bureau every day during the summer to ask about Hemingway.

"The majority of requests for Hemingway are from our male visitors, from college-age all the way up to sixty," Hall says. "This was his very private place. He never wrote much about it—this was his American getaway."

Hemingway wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in suite number 206 at the Sun Valley Resort in 1939. After we visited his burial site, the only item left on our itinerary was our ascent of Borah Peak. I was excited, but infected with a nervous fear of the mountain—I didn't want to know for whom the bell tolled; it was tolling for me.

After we visited [Hemingway's] burial site, the only item left on our itinerary was our ascent of Borah Peak. I was excited, but infected with a nervous fear of the mountain—I didn't want to know for whom the bell tolled; it was tolling for me.

Borah Peak, at 12,662 feet, is the highest point in Idaho and pops into the sky along Highway 93 about thirty-three miles south of Challis. As we drove toward the peak, the late afternoon sun painted the trees and valleys in a warm light and took my mind off the next day's climb until we hit the dirt road leading to the Borah trailhead.

My car rattled over the bumpy road and Borah sat with its head nearly blocking the sun, laughing at us. We set up camp at the trailhead and slept fitfully until just before daylight.

We hiked up the steep trail in the shadow of the mountain, starting at an elevation of 7400 feet. Over the 3 1/2-mile climb, we would gain nearly

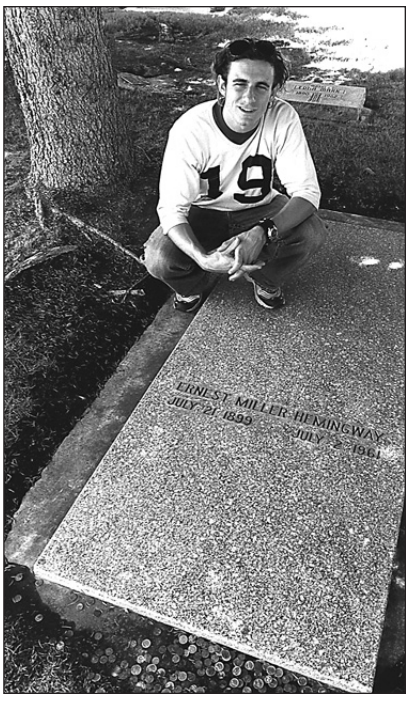
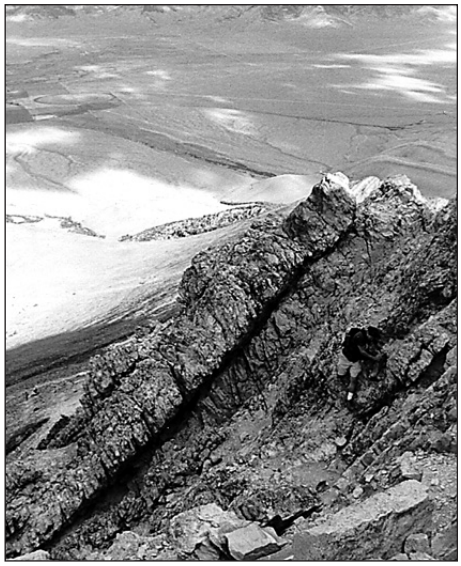
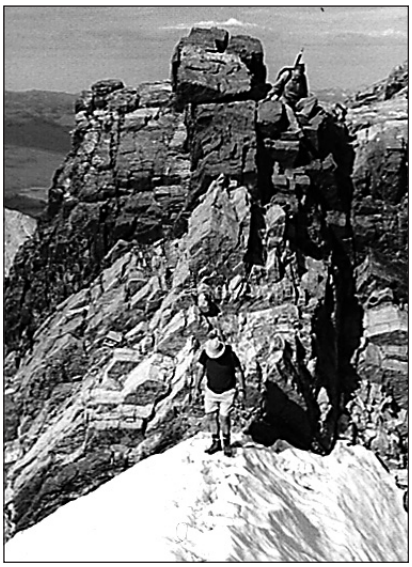
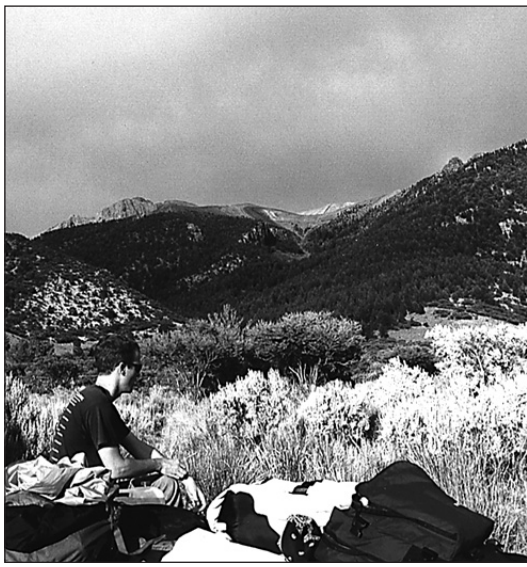


PHOTO COURTESY OF BRENDAN LEONARD

Author Brendan Leonard poses astride Hemingway's grave.







PHOTOS COURTESY OF BRENDAN LEONARD

ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: ***One of the scenic views found on the long journey to Borah's summit; The author's traveling companion, Tim, encounters a snow pack in July; Tim takes time out to gather his strength.***

a mile of elevation. As we pushed on past the treeline, the sun came up over Borah and lit the valley below. Even from where we stood, only halfway up the mountain, the view was spectacular. Deep green circles from irrigation sprinklers hung between ribbons of streams cutting across the valley floor, flat and what seemed like forever away from us.

We stopped for a quick change of clothes after the sun came over the mountain, then pushed on up the ridge. It was a comfortable climb until we met the boulders that mark the beginning of Chicken Out Ridge. From there, we scrambled up and over, trying not to look down on either side, each offering vertical drops one of my co-workers had warned me were "a quick exit off the mountain."

The last bit of Chicken Out Ridge drops onto a snowfield traverse of about sixty feet to the other side. In celebration of my successful negotiation of Chicken Out, I chicken-danced across the snowfield.

No one laughed.

"Don't get cocky," a climber on the other side warned. I was definitely not funny.

The snow crossing behind us, we climbed what felt like straight up a never-ending mess of rocks to the summit. I stood at the top and looked at a 360-degree panorama of peaks: The Lemhi Range, the White Cloud Mountains, the Boulder Mountains, the White Knob Mountains, the Sawtooth Mountains, the Salmon River Mountains, and the Pioneer Mountains, all packaged together in a view that can only be seen by flying or by climbing.

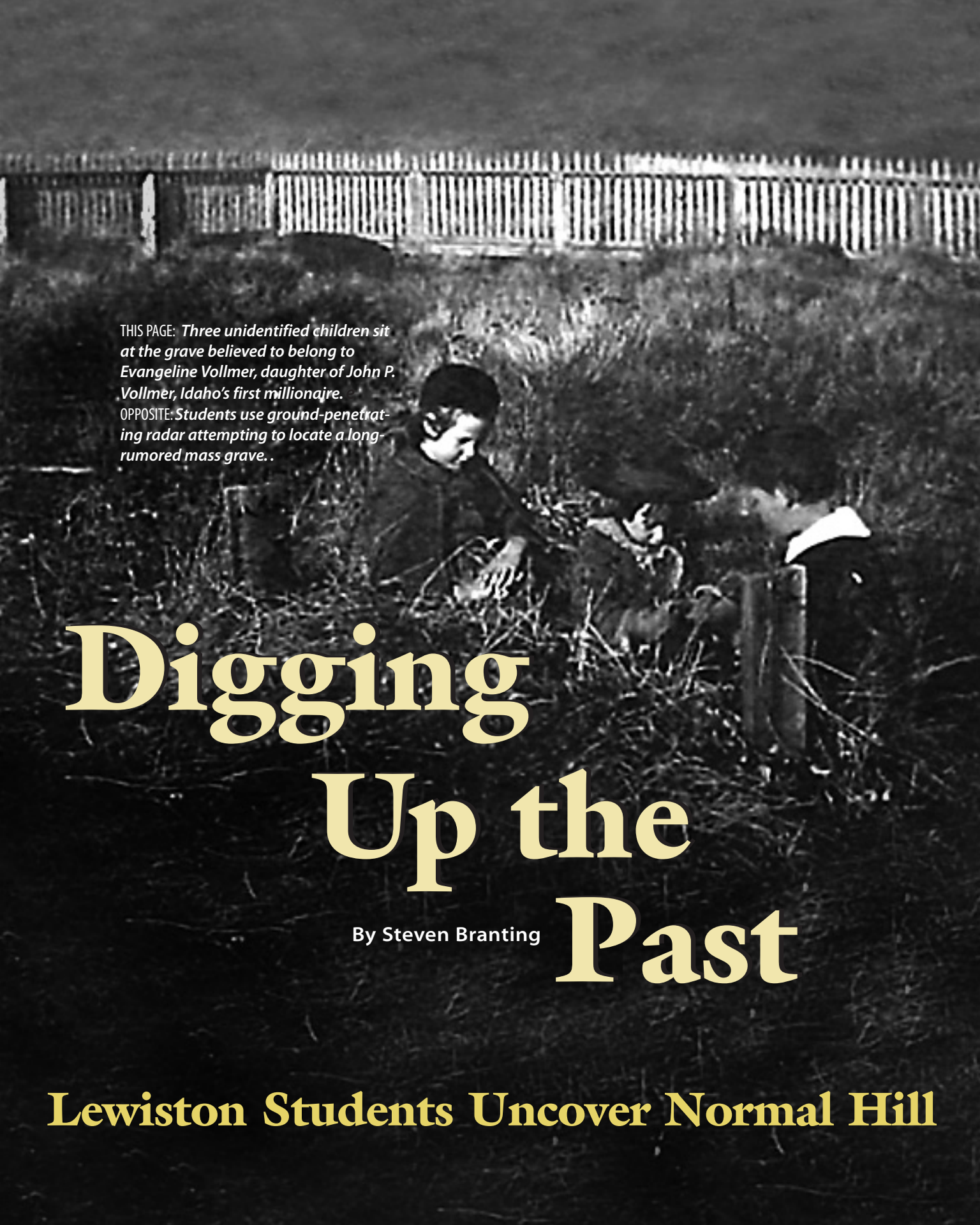
We had reached the summit in a little less than five hours, taking about the same time as the many other climbers we saw that day.

"If you don't mind the people, Borah is a nice climb within the reach of most advanced hikers," Jerry Painter, co-author of *Trails of Eastern Idaho* says. "Summer weekends can be fairly crowded. If you go in the off-season (late September to early July), Borah is a serious mountaineer's challenge. That's when you find out it's a real mountain. In the summer, it's a kitty. In the winter, it's a tiger."

After three hours of running downhill from the summit, we arrived back at the trailhead. We threw our packs in the car and started the drive back to Idaho Falls.

We finished our journey in less than thirty-six hours, and we had worked in as much as we could as fast as we could. We saw the Craters of the Moon, stood next to the grave of a literary star, and got as close to the sun as we could get in Idaho. If the Gem State bordered the ocean, we probably would have taken a dip in that too. But instead we settled for a couple of well-deserved showers.

Brendan Leonard now lives in Missoula, Montana.



THIS PAGE: ***Three unidentified children sit at the grave believed to belong to Evangeline Vollmer, daughter of John P. Vollmer, Idaho's first millionaire.***
OPPOSITE: ***Students use ground-penetrating radar attempting to locate a long-rumored mass grave. .***

Digging Up the Past

By Steven Branting

Lewiston Students Uncover Normal Hill

Cemetery's Long-Buried Secret

Graveyards are traditionally permanent, inviolate resting places deserving of community care. For various reasons, however, some cemeteries have needed to be exhumed and transferred to new land. In 1888, Lewiston found itself in just such a predicament as the town began to stress its original boundaries along the Snake and Clearwater Rivers, the spring floods of which repeatedly destroyed property and hindered business growth.

Lewiston's cemetery was the stereotypical "Boot Hill," a plateau above the town where interments had been performed since the early 1860s. Regrettably, the eight-acre site was increasingly perceived as an impediment to civic "progress," its proximity to the future neighborhood of the town's wealthiest families considered undesirable. The cemetery's disturbing lack of upkeep and state of disrepair aggravated the situation. Cows roamed freely among the graves, trampling wooden and stone markers. The stately, whitewashed fencing installed at great expense in 1879 was now drab, decayed, and falling down. The cemetery had become an eyesore, not what one would expect of an emerging shipping center and the site of the Pacific Northwest's first telephone service.

After several proposals were debated and discarded by the city fathers, a new forty-acre site was selected in an area deemed to be distant enough from the town's center to pose few problems for city developers. In December 1888, the city council officially banned any further burials in the old cemetery, and in the spring exhumations began. The platting records were woefully inadequate. Indeed, no map of the original cemetery has ever surfaced. By May 1893, the city council was obligated to "devise ways and take necessary steps" for removing the remaining graves and quickly passed an exhumation ordinance, contracting with Dudley Gilman "for the removal of the dead from the old city cemetery." His costs were to be passed on to the surviving family members. Since he was related

PHOTO CREDITS—OPPOSITE PAGE: COURTESY NEZ PERCE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY; TOP RIGHT: SHANN BRANTING

to a popular former mayor, no one openly questioned Gilman when it came time to pay his bill—$752.30 for no more than a few days' work. Later that year, he was authorized to plow and harrow the grounds, taking the more than seventeen hundred feet of cemetery fencing as payment.

However, apparently the city council was not satisfied that every body had been removed. A brief notation in the city council minutes of the May 6, 1895, proclaimed: "It appearing to the satisfaction of the Council that certain persons were buried upon lands owned by the City…the Marshal was ordered to notify the interested persons to remove such bodies at once to the new Cemetery of the City." The "interested persons" were none other than long-time residents and influential Jewish businessmen Abraham Binnard and Robert Grostein, who had been resisting the exhumation ordinance for nearly two years. But more about that later.

That same year surveyors divided the old cemetery property into four lots for potential sale, but plans for a new hospital, church, and Masonic Temple came to nothing. By 1900 a major portion of the grounds had been dedicated for use as Lewiston's first municipal park. In 1905 a new Carnegie Library opened, and the Idaho Supreme Court Library was erected. Trees were planted throughout the park. In 1911 a local women's group spearheaded the construction of a large fountain—complete with a statue of Sacajawea—in time for a speech by President Howard Taft from the park's band shell, the only time a sitting president has visited Lewiston. The site of the old cemetery had been transformed, its legacy obscured by the circuitous paths of community development.

Adding to the usual graveyard mystique, a persistent story circulated that a mass grave had been dug in the new cemetery (now known as Normal Hill Cemetery) when the unidentified remains from the old burial lots had been gathered and transferred to the out-of-the-way unmarked site. A current lot map shows most of an entire row with the penciled annotation "NR," which has long been assumed to mean "no room" or "no record." It would take a group of dedicated students and some space age technology to unmask a truth more interesting than anyone imagined.

As a consultant for gifted programs, and a cartographer for the Lewis-Clark Rediscovery Project, I decided this forgotten cemetery would be a perfect puzzle for my class of seventh-grade students at Jenifer Junior High School. Using geographic information systems (GIS) with the popular software ArcView, we set out to uncover the truth behind the mass-grave rumor.

In late October 2001, I posed two unique and local GIS questions about the cemetery relocation that needed more reliable answers: First, in what sequence were the old cemetery graves exhumed? Second, in what pattern were the remains reinterred? Bolstered by two months of comprehensive instruction, the students undertook Phase 1 of their project, setting about to create a database of every grave in the Normal Hill Cemetery dated before 1889. After alerting city officials about the project, I divided the students among the stones to search through more than eighteen thousand gravesites. "This proved to be an interesting task with so many headstones to search through," says class member Nate Ebel. Each identified grave was catalogued and marked as a waypoint with exact latitude and longitude coordinates using the global positioning system (GPS). Eventually, the information from 128 gravesites was stored for the years 1867-1888.

PHOTO CREDITS—TOP LEFT: STEVEN BRANTING; OPPOSITE PAGE: COURTESY DIGITAL GLOBE

With initial fieldwork completed, Phase 2 afforded the students the opportunity to use their newly mastered software skills. The team uploaded GPS data into ArcView as a file that could be sorted like a common spreadsheet and displayed with distinct symbols for separate sets of dates. When projected over a satellite image of the cemetery, the data solved the second question and provided information that led to a reasonable answer for the first. The students saw that the most ordered pattern of reburials occurred with graves dating from the latest period: 1885 to1888. This finding convinced the research team that the graves in the original cemetery had been exhumed from the newest to the oldest graves.

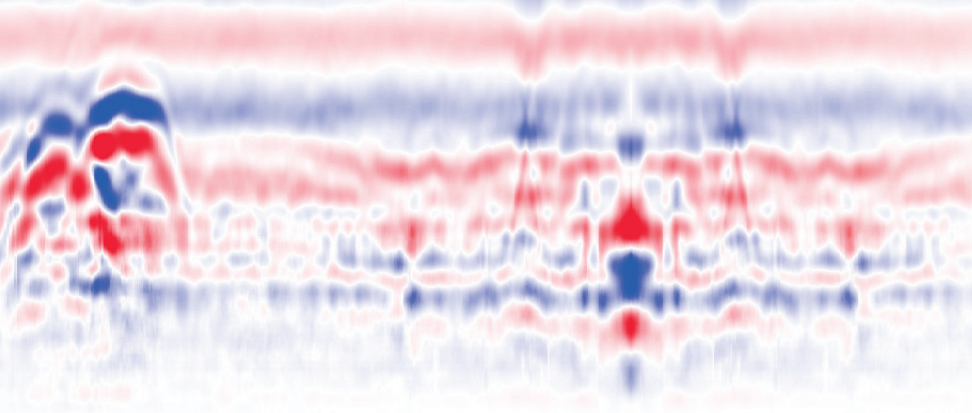
The gravediggers seem to have started with the remains most easily accessed. The computer images also supported the hypothesis that the later the burial, the more likely the site had a stone marker or could be found from undertaker records. Lewiston did not have a local monument company until 1903. The nearest suppliers were in Spokane and Walla Walla, both a hundred miles away by stagecoach. Wooden markers didn't weather very well. Many graves just could not be found, and apparently no one went prospecting for them.

Later the students discovered that a separate Masonic section had existed. Burial there seemed to have ensured an early exhumation. The original accounts ledger for Normal Hill Cemetery later revealed the important role played by family wealth and influence in the exhumation process.

Even at this early point, the impact of the students' project was far-reaching. In the spring of 2002, the team earned the Community Atlas Award for international excellence from ESRI, the world leader in GIS software, and the National Geographic Society. Team members have since spoken at several international, national and regional conferences, and have presented to members of Congress in Washington, DC.

However, the team's discoveries did nothing to unravel the mystery of the legendary mass grave. GPS units were useless as tools to explain that conundrum. Phase 3 would need to embrace a more advanced approach called remote sensing. I received the support of the Natural Resources Conservation Service (NCRS), a division of the United States

THIS PAGE: ***A satellite image of the Normal Hill Cemetery is overlayed with symbols indicating the different dates of death.***
OPPOSITE: ***Students gather information from one of the many Normal Hill headstones.***



THIS PAGE: ***Two graves are revealed in this color profile produced by the ground-penetrating radar.***
OPPOSITE (L TO R): ***Famed Oregon Pioneer Robert Newell, who was buried in Lewiston's original cemetery and later moved; The death notice for Evangeline Vollmer; a photo of Evangeline, not long before her death.***

Department of Agriculture, and in July 2003, James Doolittle of the NCRS joined students Nate Ebel and Chris Wagner and myself in surveying the entire area where the mass grave was rumored to exist. Using ground-penetrating radar, we beamed low frequency signals through the soil to a depth of about two meters (the proverbial "six feet under") hoping to reveal anomalies or disturbances in the strata. Several hundred scans were produced and digitally stitched to create three-dimensional color profiles. Everyone was keenly anticipating a set of positive readings.

"After learning how to read the scans, we were surprised to find nothing," Ebel remembers. The resulting images were conclusive: No vestiges of a mass grave could be found. "This project proved to be a riddle with many interesting twists," Wagner adds. The old story was merely a tall tale. "NR" was in truth "no remains."

Will Rogers once observed, "It's not what we don't know that gives us trouble. It's what we know that ain't so." Just when the team thought they had the answers, a bumper crop of questions came in. After all the work, Normal Hill Cemetery was not the focus of the historical problem, just the symptom. Originally planned as the terminal stage of the project, Phase 3 raised new issues no one on the team had foreseen. If the mass grave did not exist, what had been done with the unidentifiable remains? Embarking in a new direction, the team had to ask itself: How many people had been buried in the old cemetery? Who were they? When did they die? Was there any pattern to the identities of the missing graves? Technology wouldn't be much help with this part of the search. These were questions needing a more traditional historical technique: research.

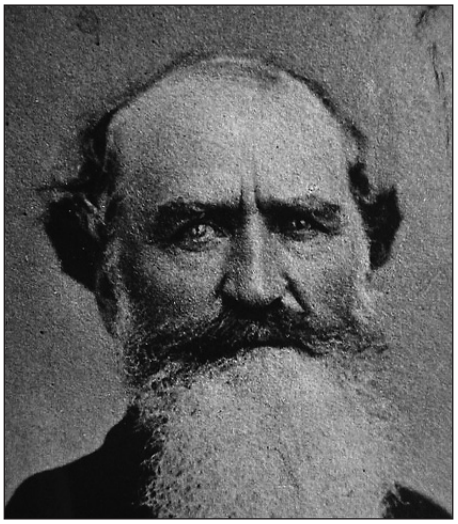
Efforts were initiated to locate records and photographs of the site and those who had been buried there. To date that search has yielded two panoramic views and three portraits. In a rare cyanotype, three children sit near a gravesite believed to belong to Evangeline Vollmer, daughter of John P. Vollmer, Idaho's first millionaire.

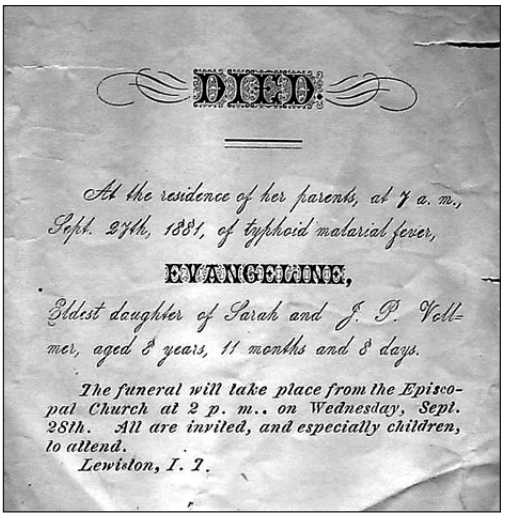
A thorough review of obituaries, coroners' inquests, probated wills, and church records eventually supplied the names of more than 230 people who had been buried at the old cemetery site as early as 1862. The burial records of the local Episcopal congregation revealed that there had been three sections to the old cemetery: City, Jewish and Masonic.

At least two independent sources recounted how "they moved more headstones than graves." A few older gravesites in the new cemetery had been scanned in the first radar survey, and some lacked evidence of a reburial. Why would these bodies have not been exhumed and reburied? The answer may simply be that since few bodies were embalmed in Lewiston before 1890, the city officials reasoned that little would be found when the old graves were opened. Better a cenotaph, they may have thought, than a lot of effort to find just a few bones or possibly nothing at all. How many headstones and human remains were separated from 1889 to 1895 is an open question, but a conservative estimate places the number as high as fifty percent of those buried prior to 1875. What had once seemed mere rumor and idle speculation was now distinctly probable: *The city park in Lewiston must contain a large number of unmarked graves.*

Why did the Binnards and Grosteins resist an exhumation order and force Lewiston to initiate legal action against them? The reason was basic: their deeply-held faith. Jewish custom allows for exhumations, but only in special circumstances. No rabbi was easily available in the 1890s. The headstones of Birka, Jacob, and James Binnard, as well as two Grosteins (Moses and Earley), can be found in Normal Hill Cemetery, all

OPPOSITE PAGE PHOTO CREDITS—TOP LEFT: COURTESY NEZ PERCE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY; TOP CENTER, TOP RIGHT: COURTESY JOHN P. VOLLMER FAMILY ARCHIVES





DIED.

At the residence of her parents, at 7 a. m., Sept. 27th, 1881, of typhoid malarial fever,

EVANGELINE,

Eldest daughter of Sarah and J. P. Vollmer, aged 8 years, 11 months and 8 days.

The funeral will take place from the Episcopal Church at 2 p. m., on Wednesday, Sept. 28th. All are invited, and especially children, to attend.

Lewiston, I. T.

dating from before 1889. More problematic, however, is whether their remains actually lie under those stones. Are their bodies still where their families originally buried them and wanted them to stay?

This leads us the next proposed phase of the project. In Phase 5, the old cemetery will require a complete ground-penetrating radar survey, aided by the installation of a temporary GPS base station receiver. Handheld units can then triangulate their readings and fix the positions of unmarked gravesites to within a few inches as they are found by radar. The urgency of this survey became apparent in December 2003, when six decaying trees from the first planting were felled in the park. Two of the trees were located well within the perimeter of the "city cemetery" section, where the vast majority of unmarked sites are apt to be found. Today old stumps are mechanically mulched to eighteen inches below the surface and to a diameter of five to six feet. I closely examined the debris at both sites for fear that an unmarked grave could well have been disturbed. While no evidence of human remains was found, the event establishes the cemetery's endangered status, especially since several other trees are reaching the limits of their expected lifespan and so many gravesites are as yet undiscovered.

The radar survey has now been scheduled for fall of this year, and it may well locate the sites of the original exhumations. Correlating the data for the remaining and former burial shafts will provide the details needed to map the distribution of graves, as well as the spacing and arrangement of rows. As a final step, radar will scan the oldest Binnard and Grostein gravesites in Normal Hill Cemetery.

The team will be left with a unique problem. The reclaiming of human remains will be necessary, but city officials are unlikely to approve the excavation of their premiere city park. And what would be done with more than a hundred sets of remains if they can be found? Wishing to achieve some degree of historical closure to the project while remaining sensitive to the community, in Phase 6 the team will submit a position paper based on legal precedent, petitioning that at least one gravesite be excavated and studied in forensic detail to learn whatever possible about the person buried there. The recovered remains would then be buried at Normal Hill Cemetery under a marker inscribed "Unknown from Pioneer Park," symbolically honoring the other individuals still interred at the old burial grounds. As a final gesture, a monument of local stone would be placed at the exhumation site to commemorate the remaining graves in Pioneer Park, bearing the message "Dedicated to the Pioneers of Lewiston Buried Here Unknown but Not Forgotten by Its Children."

Asking the right question opens the doors to authentic student learning both inside and outside the classroom. Every community has its intriguing historical questions that can be analyzed by inquisitive students who can be empowered with appropriate technologies to unravel local mysteries and enhance the community's understanding of itself. Who knows, the truth may be more interesting than any fiction.

Steven Branting lives in Lewiston.

Steam Days

By Linda J. Henderson

Oh yes!" he says wistfully, "They have a distinctive sound, and they talk to you. That steam would go into the cylinders and dissipate out through the stack, and that was a sound that you never forget."

That is how Harlan "Toad" Turner describes running a steam engine when he was a young man working on the legendary Camas Prairie Railroad. Now eighty-four, he still has the frame of a big, strong man. As he reminisces, he waves his brawny hands in the air as though he were still moving the Johnson bar and adjusting the dampers.

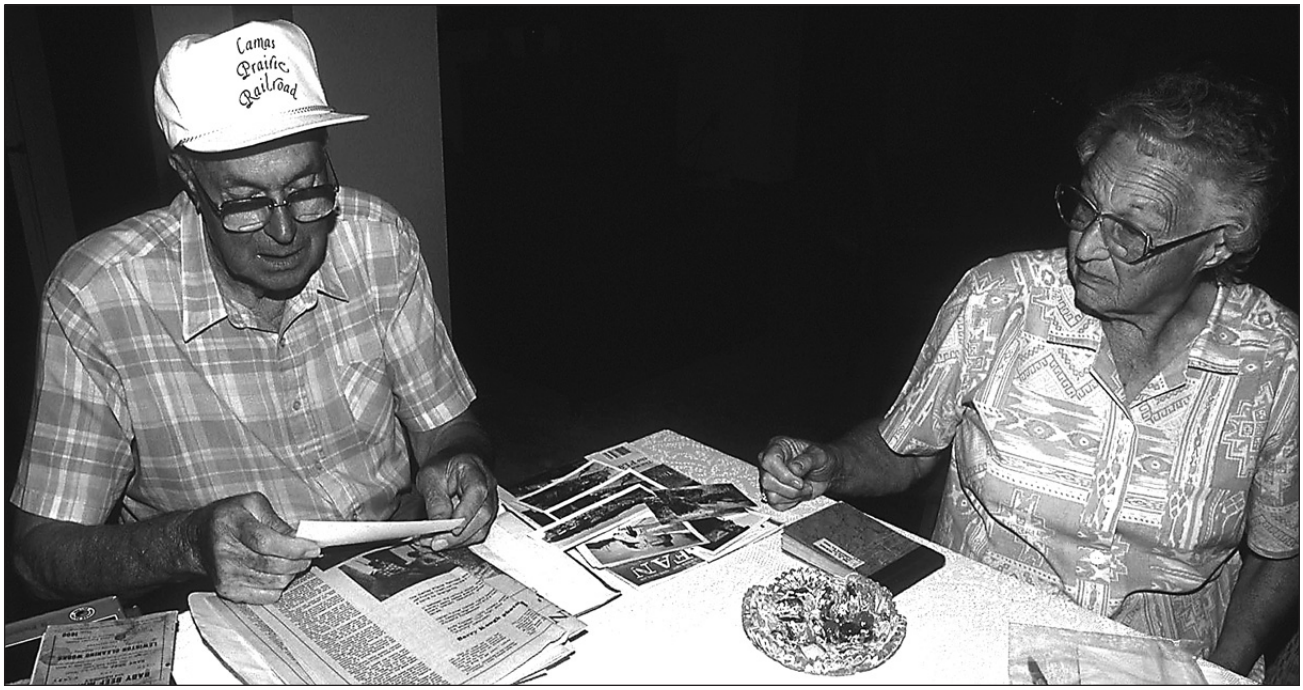
Harlan earned his nickname as a youngster. After hopping through a barbed-wire fence with a bunch of his friends, one of them said, "Why, you jumped through that just like an old toad." The name stuck, he says, and his wife Neva says she has to use the nickname in the phone book or his friends can't find him.

Now retired, Toad loves to talk about his "railroadin' days." He started out in 1944 as a young man shoveling cinders out of the pits at the roundhouse in Lewiston. From there he moved up to clerk in the station at Spokane. A fellow had to wait for an opening in those days, as the ones with seniority got their pick first. Finally there was an opening for a switcher, then for a fireman, and Toad moved up. But he wanted to run those engines.

"I worked my way up," he says proudly. "When we were firemen,

The old 1618 engine doing its part as a "helper." Two engines were frequently required to pull loads up steep terrain.

COURTESY OF HARLAN L. TURNER



BUD HENDERSON

Toad and his wife, Neva, go through old pictures of Toad's "railroadin' days."

Now eighty-four, [Harlan "Toad" Turner] still has the frame of a big, strong man. As he reminisced, he waved his brawny hands in the air as though he were still moving the Johnson bar, and adjusting the dampers.

they would let us run the engine in certain spots. But to become an engineer, we had to serve as an apprentice while we studied air and diesel, and all that went along with the promotion, until a vacancy was created."

Northern Pacific gave the young hopefuls a book to study hydraulics, air, and diesel. The men studied from their book on their own time to prepare for the test. His wife Neva loves to talk about the years that Toad and his friends were studying to become engineers. "At night I used the book to quiz them to see if they knew the answers." Neva says. "By the time Toad got his certificate, I felt like I knew as much as he did. I couldn't have run the engine, but I sure could have passed the written test."

"They ran Mikados in those days," Toad says, "but because it was during WWII the company renamed them 'McCarthers.'

"Oh, I loved how fast the steam engines would go." he grins. "When you'd get up on the prairie on a straightaway, they could really roll. You had what they call a Johnson bar on the inside, and a throttle—you worked them together—and the farther down you had your Johnson bar, the more powerful it was.

"I used to love to take the Spokane to Paradise, Montana, run, because I could get up a full head of steam and let 'er rip. I can still hear them going up the track."

But running the Clearwater route on tracks that wind along the river, things were different. This route was primarily used for logging operations. At night they would use a steam engine to bring in empty log cars, and in the morning they would bring the loaded cars out of the forest to the Potlatch Forest Industries lumber mill in Lewiston.

"Why, I remember when they was loggin' in the Headquarters area, and Orofino was a booming logging

town. On the Headquarters run, they were all steam engines, and they were all oil burners. The reason for that is they didn't want to set any fires in the forests.

"Those mountains are just about skinned out now, but when I first went to work there everything was all cross-cut hand saws used by big Swedes. Big men, boy, they was big! They didn't have any motor tools then, and those big men would pack their big old crosscut saws over their shoulders like a monkey wrench. And there were places they could store them while they were in town.

"Mrs Helgerson built a big old hotel at the end of town, and I think it's still the Helgerson hotel, and those loggers would pay her a lot of money for a place to flop down. They'd come into town with their big old hats on, and they'd get a jug and away they'd go to "those houses." Those guys would get drunk and they'd be going all night. Orofino used to be a wild town.

"Now we railroad men stayed at Jenson's place. That was the mortuary. And I slept in the slab room. Oh, it was a beautiful time!"

But the legendary Grangeville route of the Camas Prairie Railroad was the most famous, "the railroad built on stilts," they called it. The line followed the crooked Lapwai Canyon to the base of Winchester Grade, then up to the prairie. To ascend the rugged mountainside, the train climbed a constant three-percent grade, through seven tunnels totaling 3,003 feet, and over seventeen wooden trestles, varying in length from 50 to 685 feet.

The most amazing of the trestles used then was the "Halfmoon Bridge," a dramatic structure containing nearly one million feet of lumber. It was 685 feet long, 141 feet high, and was built on a fourteen-degree reverse-curve.

The "Horseshoe Tunnel" was so long and curved that you couldn't see daylight from the middle. A steam engine, belching smoke, cinders, and steam filled the air quickly with ashes and smoke, making it difficult for the men to breathe. The crew solved the problem by taking off a glove and breathing into it until they pulled out into fresh air again.

"Steam engines was awful dirty!" says Toad. "I'd wear bib overalls, and a jumper, and a shirt with a bandana around my neck to keep the cinders from coming down and workin' on ya.' Poor Neva used to scrub my overalls on a rub board until her hands were sore, 'cause a washing machine wouldn't do the job."

One section of the Grangeville route was an engineer's greatest challenge. Not just anybody could run it. Climbing the twelve-mile incline frequently required two engines working together to get a loaded train to the top. Slipping wheels were the

"Now we railroad men stayed at Jenson's place. That was the mortuary. And I slept in the slab room. Oh, it was a beautiful time!"

COURTESY OF HARLAN L. TURNER

Toad, looking very comfortable in the cab of his engine, backing into the railyard.

biggest problem on the grade, which would bring the upward progress to a halt. "Then the engineer would lock the air brakes," Toad says, "and rest the load back against the brakes, taking advantage of the springs in the couplers. Then, by adjusting the steam, and pulling down on the Johnson bar, you could engage the drive wheels and lurch forward right when the pressure was released from the couplers."

By pulling another lever, Toad released sand on the tracks to improve traction. The combination of these efforts would get the train moving slowly upward again toward the prairie at the top of the three thousand foot climb. Once the line got to the top of the grade, it was straight going again on a wide expanse of rolling prairie to Grangeville, crossing no less than forty-five additional trestles.

On the way down, the challenge was to keep the train going slowly enough to keep the brakes from getting too hot and to avert a runaway. "Even at fifteen miles an hour," Toad said, "you could feel that old Half Moon bridge sway out about five to eight feet. And with the shaking the engine would give it, you could look down and see the timbers just a poppin' out as you went across. But the trestles never fell, and the boys would just go back and repair them."

In those days there was passenger service, too, from Lewiston to Grangeville and back. At first they had their own passenger trains, then the railroad tried mixed trains with both passengers and freight. That didn't work very well, so finally, in an attempt to cut costs on passenger service, the Camas Prairie Railroad started using B-12 and B-14 gas/electric cars. Toad ran those, too. He was always recruited to make the run when the snow was particularly bad up on the prairie.

"My boss would tell me to go out there and bring that car down safe, and, by golly, I'd do it. Sometimes I'd have to bust through the snow banks to get through. So I would put a string on the throttle and jump

over the motor towards the back so that if the front caved in I wouldn't be trapped up there. I came back once with the shutters all bent, and lights on the side were off, but I made her through."

Folks called these hybrid trains "bugs," and in addition to passengers, they were used to carry mail, groceries, and small parcels. Eventually passenger service became unprofitable and that service was stopped. Toad ran the last bug car to Grangeville and back to Lewiston in the early 1950s. The boys threw a little party for him at the yard. They knew a lot of change was in the wind.

The legendary Camas Prairie Railroad has had a long succession of owners. It was built at the turn of the century by Northern Pacific and Union Pacific, and later was owned by Union Pacific and Burlington Northern Santa Fe. It was finally sold to Camas Railnet in 1998.

Toad has seen a lot of changes since he began working for the railroad in the 1940s. All of the steam engines have long since been replaced with diesels, and loads of logs have been replaced by hoppers full of wheat and other grains. Now even that is changing. More and more farmers are using trucks with huge trailers instead of trains to get their grain to the elevators.

Diminishing business and the cost of repairs finally caught up with Camas Railnet, and they petitioned the transportation board to abandon the aging tracks and trestles. Nearly one hundred years-old, the trestles were in a shambles, and the rails needed major repairs.

"I don't see how they could continue using that track," Toad says in his living room. "The costs of rebuilding those trestles in these days would just be too much."

Toad is right. Camas Railnet has abandoned the tracks that he knew so well. One by one, tracks into the timber forests, and most recently, the treacherous climb up Lapwai canyon, are being disassembled.

Oh, but you can't take away those memories from Toad. Sit with him for a while and listen to his stories, and pretty soon you can feel the cinders a'crawlin' down your neck, smell the firebox and hot oil, and hear that once-familiar sound of steam being released from huge cylinders, as he lives those days again.

Linda J. Henderson lives in Lewiston.

Toad ran the last bug car to Grangeville and back to Lewiston in the early 1950s. The boys threw a little party for him at the yard. They knew a lot of change was in the wind.

COURTESY OF HARLAN L. TURNER

Toad on the back of "bug" car 1765 at the end of the last passenger run from Grangeville to Lewiston.

Take the Pend Orielle Plunge

By Dianna Doisi-Winget

ALL STAR PHOTO

August 10th, 2003, dawned clear and beautiful, promising to be yet another of the many memorable days of that summer when the mercury inched into the nineties or beyond. From my supreme vantage point atop Sandpoint's picturesque Long Bridge, I could feel the restless excitement of the swimmers on the beach below as we all awaited the beginning of the ninth annual Long Bridge Swim. Soon came the deep bellow of the air horn and over three hundred eager bodies surged into the chilly, but pristine, waters of Lake Pend Oreille. Not just another race, the event has become the Northwest's premier open water swimming event, attracting participants from all over the western United States.

What makes this 1.7 mile swim so special? Several things. First and foremost is the attraction of Sandpoint itself. Long famous for its lakes, mountains and rivers, this little town of seven thousand also has established itself in the fields of music, art, and culture. But what really makes the Long Bridge Swim unique is the Long Bridge itself—actually two bridges side by side, one for traffic and one a pedestrian/bike path—which offers unsurpassed spectator viewing. After all, how many open water swimming events are there where you can stroll along with the swimmers every step of the way? And what a stroll it is.

Bridges have been a part of Sandpoint's history for over 120 years, since the Northern Pacific Railroad built the first railroad bridge in 1882, connecting the

A pack of swimmers make their way in the early stages of the competition.

area to the East and establishing Sandpoint as a bustling mining and timber town. And while mining and timber no longer claim as big a piece of the economic pie, there are still plenty of bridges. In fact, no matter from which direction you approach Sandpoint, you have to cross a bridge.

Anyone who enters Sandpoint from the south on Highway 95 will cross Lake Pend Oreille on the Long Bridge. The view alone has convinced many individuals to make this beautiful North Idaho

ALL STAR PHOTO

RIGHT: ***The unique element of this event is that spectators use the bridge to follow along with the competitors.***

community their home. And no wonder, with the lake's clean waters beneath you and the jagged Cabinet Mountains rising against the sky to the east, it's a view not quickly forgotten. To the north and west, rising sharply behind the town, is the Selkirk Mountain range with backcountry wilderness stretching some sixty miles to the Canadian border.

Newcomers are often enthralled by this view. In fact, the effect it had on one newcomer, Eric Ridgeway, is at least partly responsible for the founding of the Long Bridge Swim.

New to Sandpoint in 1991, the warm, enthusiastic Ridgeway dreamed of swimming across Lake Pend Oreille every time he crossed the bridge into town. Always a swimmer, and captain of the swim team in his junior and senior years of college, he just couldn't get the idea out of his mind. So in the summer of 1994, with his wife and a friend kayaking alongside, his dream became reality. A local radio personality known affectionately as "Bashful Dan," caught wind of what he was doing and encouraged everyone who happened to be driving across the Long Bridge to "honk at the crazy guy swimming across the lake." Soon after, Ridgeway relates, "I had ten or fifteen people come up and ask if I'd let them know when I was going to do it again. I decided, since there was so much interest, why not just make it an event."

Twenty were expected, but an astonishing seventy-eight participants showed up for the first official Long Bridge Swim in 1995. Every year the event's popularity continues to grow, with a record 336 swimmers participating in 2003.

"I receive a lot of recognition for the event," Ridgeway says. "But it's grown so much bigger than me. It's an event put on by the community. The real recognition belongs to the hundred-plus volunteers who make it happen."

Another thing that makes the Long Bridge Swim so popular is that it's good, clean family fun and open to swimmers of all ages and abilities. There are people like two-time event winner, John Weston, who qualified for the Olympic trials during his college days and finished last year's Long Bridge Swim in 33:52, and people like little Moriah Langley, who finished the whole course in just over an hour and a half. Not bad for only nine years old.

Swimmers who want to participate are encouraged to practice long distance swimming first, but any who doubt their ability to stay the whole course don't need to worry. Safety is given top consideration, and boats are always nearby, so a tired swimmer can hold on to a kayak for a bit to catch his breath, or climb aboard a boat at any point if needed.

Swimmers are invited to stick around after the event and enjoy food, music, prizes, and drawings. Everyone who participates gets an official Long Bridge Swim T-shirt, but as Ridgeway notes, "The real prize is the fun and satisfaction that comes from taking part in the healthy and somewhat crazy activity of swimming all the way across Lake Pend Oreille."

This year's Long Bridge Swim will be held on August 21st. For more information visit the event's web site at www.sandpoint.org/longbridgeswim/.

...what really makes the Long Bridge Swim unique is the Long Bridge itself—actually two bridges side by side, one for traffic and one a pedestrian/bike path—which offers unsurpassed spectator viewing. After all, how many open water swimming events are there where you can stroll along with the swimmers every step of the way? And what a stroll it is.

Diana Doisi-Winget lives in Sagle.

The "23"

By Will Edwinson

The sun was hot that day, sending the temperatures into the nineties, and Buddy was enjoying the refreshing tepid water in the river swimming hole known as the "23." No one knew exactly why this pool was called the 23 except, rumor had it, years ago someone had tied a stone to the end of a rope and dropped it into the pool. When the stone reached the bottom, the rope was marked, hauled up and measured. It was twenty- three feet to the mark. That's when the legend of the 23 supposedly began.

The 23 was the favored swimming hole of several pools along the Bear River in what was known as Black Canyon. Black Canyon got its name from the black rocks created by ancient lava flows, which formed fiord-like rock walls on each side of the river.

What made this part of Black Canyon unique was the canyon bottom. Standing at the rim of the canyon wall a hundred feet above the river, one could view a piece of God's artwork at its best. The canyon bottom was formed by molten lava that had flowed, and later hardened, to form a flat surface similar to that of a giant patio. This patio-like canyon floor was approximately a mile and half long and five to six hundred feet wide. Scattered along this giant patio were several large holes that made up the various pools of water where Buddy and his friends enjoyed swimming. They varied in size from twenty-five to forty feet across.

There was a larger pool just down river from the 23 called the "60," and though the boys swam there also, the 23 was still favored because it was somewhat smaller, which enabled the sun to heat the water to a warmer temperature. Because the water flowed so slowly through this section of Black Canyon, it was nearly stagnant. Not so stagnant that it became foul, but stagnant enough that the sun was able to heat some of the pools to a near tepid state.

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Buddy was standing waist deep in the pool on a rock ledge about three feet below the surface of the water. It was about thirty feet across the pool and Buddy wondered if he could make it to the other side. He had mastered the dog paddle pretty well, but he had only dared venture a few feet from the safe haven of the edge of the pool. Although he felt he was ready, he had never mustered the courage to attempt a crossing. Today, he thought, is the day I should try it.

Buddy pushed off and swam a few strokes, then lost his courage, and turned back. One of Buddy's older cousins, Dex, watched Buddy and decided he was going to make Buddy swim across the pool. Buddy didn't like Dex very much; he had a mean streak in him that he vented toward Buddy whenever he had the opportunity. Being younger and smaller, Buddy was vulnerable to his taunts.

Dex moved around and began whispering to some of the other boys. Buddy noticed this and a sinking fear gripped him. He knew his cousin was up to no good, and he, Buddy, was to be the victim. It wasn't long coming. Buddy looked up and saw Dex and four bigger boys walking toward him.

When they approached, Buddy asked, "What's up guys?"

"I've been watching you, Buddy," Dex remarked, "and I've decided the only way you're going to get up enough courage to swim across the pool is for us to help you. A fiendish grin crossed his face. "So that's what we're going to do."

Buddy's fear heightened. "What are you going to do?" he screamed. Just then, two of the

bigger boys reached down and grabbed Buddy under his armpits and lifted him out of the pool. Buddy struggled and screamed. "Leave me alone," he shouted.

The commotion drew the attention of Mont and some of the other boys who had been sunning on the rock ledge.

"What's going on over there?" Mont yelled.

"Nothing that concerns you, Mont," Dex answered.

"They're gonna throw me in the pool," Buddy yelled.

"Who mentioned that?" Dex asked. "Did anybody say anything about throwing you into the pool?"

"You didn't have to," Buddy screamed. I know you, and I know that look on your face. You are gonna to throw me in."

By this time the other boys decided to come to Buddy's defense. Dex and his crowd were outnumbered. They soon realized this, and picked Buddy up and hurled him into the middle of the pool before he or his defenders could stop them.

Buddy landed in the middle of the pool with a splash. Down, down, he sank. His eyes were closed, and everything around him was black. I must be ten feet under, he thought. He panicked for a moment then regained his composure. He opened his eyes and saw daylight above him. He kicked himself to the surface where, much to his surprise, he remained calm and his paddling skills took over. With a combination of dog paddle and the overhand breaststrokes he had been practicing for weeks, he made it to the opposite side of the pool without any difficulty.

Mont walked up and wrestled Dex to the ground. Mont was older and much larger, so he was able to do this quite easily. "That was a dirty rotten trick, Dex, and I'm going to fix you good for that." He twisted his younger cousin's arm behind his back until Dex screamed in pain. "Don't you realize Buddy could have drowned? What if you had thrown him too far and he had struck his head on a rock?" Mont was livid. There was nothing he would not do to protect Buddy.

"Let me up you big brute," Dex screamed. "You're breaking my arm!"

"If I ever catch you picking on Buddy again, I will break your arm, and maybe even your head," Mont told him.

Mark and the other boys sided with Mont. What you did was kinda stupid," they said. "He wasn't that sure of himself, and he could have gotten into trouble, you know."

One of the boys who threw Buddy into the pool spoke in their defense. "We wouldn't have let anything happen to him. If we had seen that he was in trouble, we could've fished him out in time."

"How do you know that?" Mark asked him. Things happen so fast sometimes that we don't have time to do anything. It was a stupid thing to do."

Mark turned to Mont who by now was sitting on Dex, still twisting his arm. "Let him up, Mont, I think you've made your point. I don't think Dex will be bothering Buddy again for a while."

Mont relaxed his hold on his cousin. When Dex got up Mont looked him straight in the eye. "Just remember what I told you," he said. "You bother Buddy again, and I'll fix you good."

Dex was rubbing his arm trying to regain the circulation. He observed Mont with a new respect. He hadn't realized until now, how strong his devotion to Buddy was. From this day for-

Buddy landed in the middle of the pool with a splash. Down, down, he sank. His eyes were closed, and everything around him was black. *I must be ten feet under*, he thought.

ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN ANNETTE SMITH

ward, Buddy would see less of Dex's taunts toward him.

In spite of the harrowing experience, Buddy was quite excited. He discovered he could swim the width of the pool after all. As a matter of fact, he spent the rest of the afternoon swimming back and forth from one side to the other.

When he arrived home late that afternoon, his mother asked how his day had been.

"I had a great day," he told her. I finally was able to swim all the way across the 23 today." He decided that if he wanted to continue having his mother's permission to swim at the 23, prudence would dictate that he not fill her in on all the details.

Will Edwinson lives in Pocatello.

Mountain

From its mountainous beginnings to its current role as home to supersonic Air Force jets, Mountain Home has always been on the cutting edge.

Visitors to Mountain Home often look around and ask where the mountains are that give the town its name. Even many residents don't know that their town was once called Rattlesnake Station and was located near Bennett Mountain, quite a distance from its current site. Such is the nature of this hard-working town that has always been able to transform itself into what it needed to be. In Mountain Home's short history, it has been a railroad outpost, the "Horse Capital of the West," and the home of some of the Air Force's most high-tech flying machines.

What makes Mountain Home so industrious?

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE MOUNTAIN HOME AIR FORCE BASE

CENTER SPREAD: ***An EF-111 flies high above the Idaho desert.***

Home

By John Hiler

Mountain Home History

By John Hiler

After the discovery of gold in the early 1860s, the end of the Civil War in 1865, and the coming of the Transcontinental Railroad in 1869, the little station on Rattlesnake Creek became quite famous. It was here that the famous Overland Stages came up the trail from the East carrying passengers bound for the fabulous gold strikes on the South Boise River.

Rattlesnake Station was founded in August 1864 when Ben Holladay put through his Overland Stage Line between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Walla Walla, Washington. Commodore William Jackson, an early employee of Holladay, acquired the property in 1872.

In 1875 an *Owyhee Avalanche* correspondent wrote, "I leave this morning by buckboard train for Rocky Bar. I have changed the name of this station, where I have been sojourning since noon yesterday, from 'Rattlesnake Station' to 'Bedbug Station.' There are no rattlesnakes here but an abundance of the other animals."

On Feb. 13, 1877, *The Idaho Statesman* reported, "The station formerly kept at this point was called Rattle Snake and was and is yet the property of Mr. William Jackson. Jackson had a difference of opinion with the owners of the stage line, which resulted in the removal of the stage station to a point higher up the creek to the left of the old road. A post office has been established here with the name of "The Mountain Home," but as yet there is no service, as no one is willing to serve the county in the capacity of post-master."

In the summer of 1883 an enterprising drummer by the name of Tutwiler set up a walled tent and some whiskey barrels on sawhorses alongside the survey stakes for the new railroad being built. When the grading and track laying crews, known for having a horrible and almost unquenchable thirst, saw Tutwiler they said, "Hooray for Tut!" and named the camp Tutville in his honor. The first train steamed into Tutville in early July 1883.

Jule Hager, the new postmaster and stage agent at "The Mountain Home," decided that since the trains brought the mail, the post office should be there to meet it. Without government authorization, he packed up the post office into a fifty-pound soapbox and brought it down the hill to the railroad. With it he brought the new name for the town, Mountain Home.

A local irrigation district completed the Mountain Home reservoir in 1892. Plans were made, ditches were dug, and land was sold—all on the strength of irrigation water flowing and making the desert bloom. As usual, there was too little water and too much land. In 1905 John H. Garrett came to town and, with foresight and extraordinary imagination, he promoted plans for the irrigation of fifty thousand acres around the town and across the desert. Although his plan was

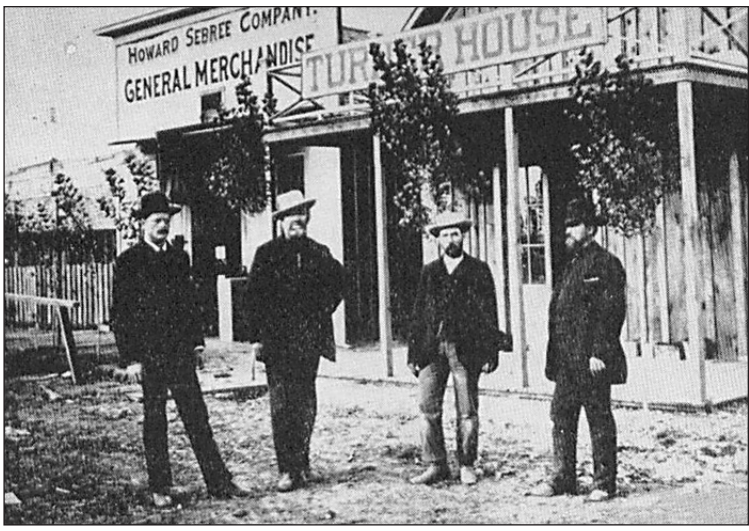
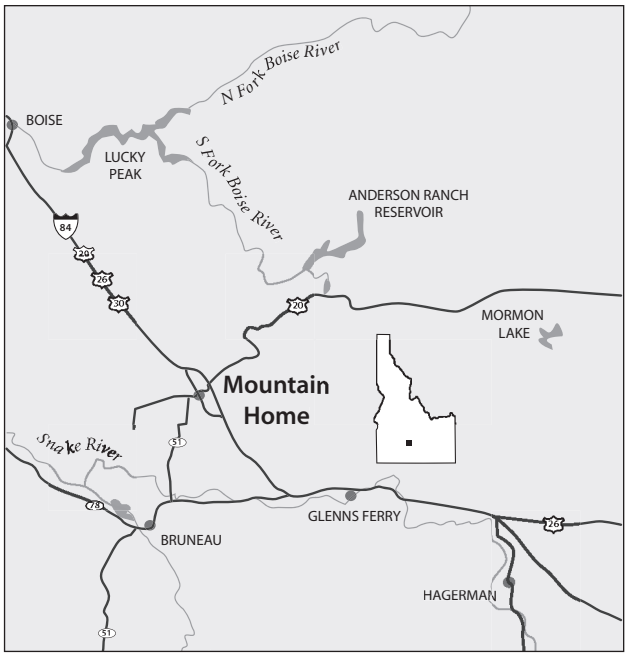


PHOTO COURTESY OF JOHN HILER



PHOTOCOURTESY OF THE IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ABOVE LEFT: ***(L to R) Road engineer Jimmie Justice; the enterprising drummer Tutwiler, namesake of Tutville; Turner House owner W.J. Turner; and a Mr. Tregaskes stand in front of Turner House, Mountain Home's first hotel, in 1886. Another view of Turner House can be seen in the Historical Snapshot on page 45.***
ABOVE RIGHT: ***Downtown Mountain Home as it looked in 1887.***
BELOW: ***Famed horse rancher Kitty Wilkins, the "Idaho Horse Queen."***

much maligned, some of it deservedly so, he certainly had great insight in causing Long Tom and Camas reservoirs to be built. It is this inter-tributary transfer of water from Camas Creek that continues to be the lifeblood of local agriculture and the ground water recharge that enables Mountain Home to survive.

In 1896 Mountain Home was incorporated as a village, with A.B. Clark, W.J. Turner, R.F. Whitney, and G.F. Mahoney as the initial village board. They elected Clark as mayor and appointed W.D. Reynolds clerk and Jarry Hubbell marshal.

In the summer of 1901, the turmoil of national politics and financial panic took hold of local politics, and some members of the village board were called "boodlers," a then-new term connoting bribery and collusion. An audit of the village books was demanded. The former state auditor examined the books for the previous three years, at a huge cost of $85. A clerical error of $2.20 was found and corrected. So ended the first great village scandal.

Mountain Home soon became known as the "Horse Capital of the West." Miss Kitty Wilkins, labeled "The Idaho Horse Queen," was a familiar figure about town in the 1890s and later. She and her family raised their horses at a ranch below Bruneau and at Kitty's Hot Hole, both on the Roberson Fork of the Bruneau River. Kitty was born in 1858 in Oregon and came with her family to Owyhee County in 1884, where they began to acquire land and enlarge their livestock herds. In 1891 it was reported by the *Sioux Falls Journal* that she owned more than eight hundred horses.

There were huge herds of horses on the Bruneau desert in those days, almost all carefully tended by their owners. Expensive stallions were imported from

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE MILDRETTA ADAMS COLLECTION

Kentucky and Pennsylvania to improve the herds, which were thoroughly culled to remove poor stock.

Buyers came from all over America to buy horses. In 1914 the Great War broke out in Europe, and with it came a huge demand for warhorses. By 1916 most of the horse stock in England and Europe had been used up, killed in battle. The demand for horses soared. Buyers came from England and France to buy American horses at Mountain Home and ship them across the Atlantic.

Red Miller, a young cowboy at the time, and his dad made many trips to Mountain Home from their Soda Springs ranch to buy horses from the Wilkins family and others. Red gives a first hand account of these trips: "Dad and I would come up on the train to look over Kitty's horses. We'd usually stay over three or four days, maybe go down to Bruneau or back up the Bruneau River and out on the desert to look at the stock. When Dad found what he wanted he'd buy a bunch of the good ones and ship them back to Soda. Then we would begin to work them down for riding. After we had them pretty well broke a captain from the cavalry would come over from the fort to look them over. Dad knew what the army wanted in the way of horses and always sold the whole bunch."

The railroad allowed Mountain Home to retain its place as a shipping and distribution center for the mining, lumbering, and livestock businesses. Although the agricultural recession in the years after World War I were extremely difficult, and the Great Depression in 1929 hit local business very hard, the community survived, though the town lost much of its population.

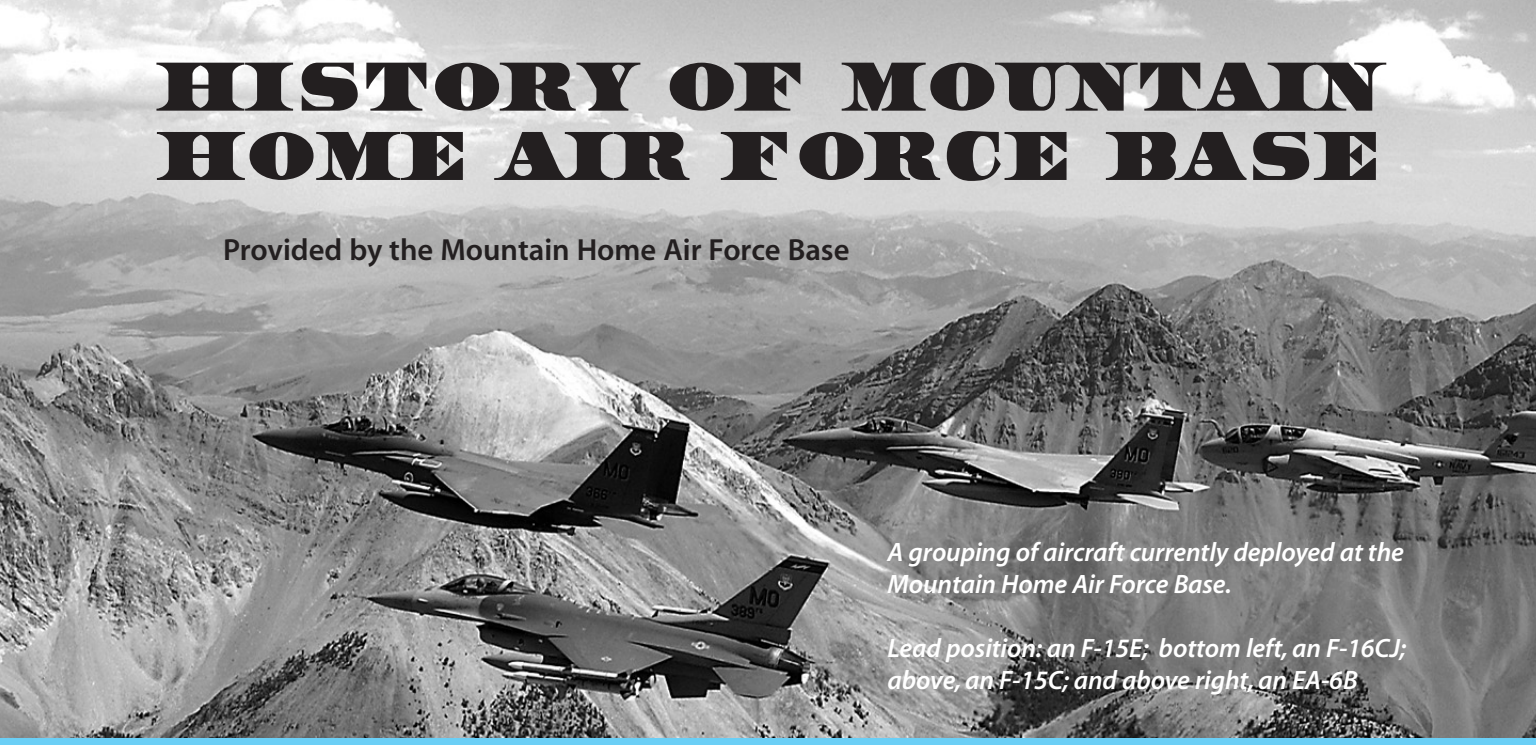
World War II brought with it the creation of the Mountain Home Air Force Base, which would change the profile of the city forever. From then on, the fate of the city and the Air Force base would be linked.

The origins of this photo have been lost to history, but it appears to be a christening ceremony for a new Air Force jet in Mountain Home.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE MOUNTAIN HOME AIR FORCE BASE

HISTORY OF MOUNTAIN HOME AIR FORCE BASE

Provided by the Mountain Home Air Force Base



A grouping of aircraft currently deployed at the Mountain Home Air Force Base.

Lead position: an F-15E; bottom left, an F-16CJ; above, an F-15C; and above right, an EA-6B

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE MOUNTAIN HOME AIR FORCE BASE

During the buildup of forces in the early stages of World War II, the US Army needed bases to train aircrews for combat. This led to the evaluation of a site in Idaho for a bomber-training base. At a cost of about two dollars an acre, construction of Mountain Home Army Air Field began in November 1942, and was completed nine months later. Throughout the war, the base served as a training center for B-24 Liberator crews. At the close of the war, the Army Air Force placed the base on inactive status.

The base remained inactive until December 1948 when the newly independent United States Air Force assigned the 5th Reconnaissance Group and then the 5th Strategic Reconnaissance Wing and their RB-17s to the newly renamed Mountain Home Air Force Base. Throughout the 1950s and 1960s the base received various missions through numerous closures and re-openings.

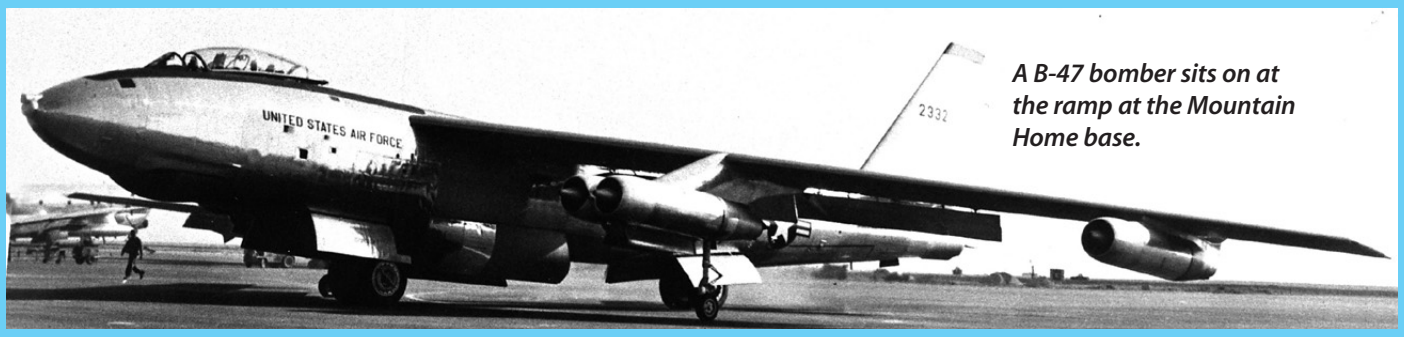
Beginning in the early 1950s the base received a unique mission known today as special operations. Utilizing the personnel of the 580th, 581st, and 582nd Air Resupply and Communications (ARC) Wings, pilots flew C-119, B-29, and SA-16 aircraft training for psychological warfare, conventional warfare, and special operations. The last of these units departed for overseas duty in 1953.

With the transfer of the ARC units, the base transferred to the Strategic Air Command. The 9th Bombardment Wing relocated to Mountain Home in May 1953 and began flying B-29 bombers and KB-29H refueling aircraft. Shortly thereafter, the 9th Bombardment Wing began converting to the new B-47 Stratojet bomber and the KC-97 tanker, maintaining an alert force ready for war at a moment's notice.

In 1959 construction of three Titan missile sites began in the local area. The 569th Strategic Missile Squadron controlled these sites and was assigned to the newly re-designated 9th Strategic Aerospace Wing in August 1962.

A few years later, the Strategic Air Command mission at Mountain Home began to wind down, and in November 1964 the Air Force announced that the missile sites would be closed. In late 1965 the Air Force also began phasing out the B-47s and announced plans to bring the 67th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing to Mountain Home.

In January 1966, with the closure of the missile sites and the arrival of the 67th, control of the based passed to Tactical Air Command. The 67th flew RF-4C aircraft and conducted photographic, visual,



A B-47 bomber sits on at the ramp at the Mountain Home base.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE MOUNTAIN HOME AIR FORCE BASE

radar, and thermal reconnaissance operations. Two years later the 67th also conducted tactical fighter operations with the addition of a squadron of F-4D Phantoms. This fighter mission lasted until late 1970 when the F-4Ds were reassigned.

The 347th Tactical Fighter Wing, equipped with F-111F Aardvarks, replaced the 67th as host unit of the base in May 1971. The 347th had a short stay, conducting F-111F training until October 1972, when the 366th Tactical Fighter Wing moved from Vietnam to Mountain Home. Upon its arrival the 366th absorbed all the personnel and equipment of the 347th.

Operations continued unchanged for several years. The wing tested its readiness in August 1976 when a border incident in Korea prompted the United States to augment its military contingent in the region as a show of force. The 366th deployed a squadron of twenty F-111s, reaching South Korea only thirty-one hours after receiving launch notification. Tensions eased shortly afterward and the detachment returned home.

In March 1980 the Air Force announced plans to base EF-111A Raven electronic combat aircraft at Mountain Home. The Raven variant was specifically designed to blind enemy radars with powerful electronic signals. The 366th gradually sent part of its F-111A fleet for modification and conversion to the EF-111A configuration.

Operations throughout the early 1980s remained stable with the 366th Tactical Fighter Wing training F-111A and EF-111A aircrews while maintaining combat readiness in both aircraft. The aging F-111A fleet was retired in the early '90s.

As the F-111As were being retired, the wing's Ravens saw extensive service. They deployed to Panama for Operation Just Cause in 1989 and to Saudi Arabia for Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm in 1990 and 1991.

In early 1991 the Air Force announced that the 366th would become the Air Force's premier "air intervention" composite wing. The initial building blocks for this new force were laid later in the year when the base received its first F-16C Fighting Falcons and F-15E Strike Eagles. In 1992 the wing transferred its EF-111A Ravens to Cannon AFB, New Mexico, and replaced them with F-15C Eagles. Later in the year KC-135R Stratotankers arrived at Mountain Home to give the wing an air refueling capability.

Also in 1992 the wing took possession of its first bombers with the activation of a geographically separated unit at Castle AFB, California. When the Air Force retired the B-52G in 1994, the unit moved to Ellsworth AFB, South Dakota, and switched to the B-1B Lancer. Two years later the B-1s began a gradual transfer to Mountain Home, with the squadron officially moving in 1997.

Following the terror attacks on September 11, 2001, this force played a critical role in America's response. The 366th deployed more aircraft and people and dropped more bombs than any other unit in the Air Force during the first 150 days of Operation Enduring Freedom. The wing contributed three flying squadrons, which flew more than 1,000 missions and dropped over 7.7 million pounds of munitions over Afghanistan.

The era of the composite wing came to an end in late 2002 as the Air Force consolidated its tankers and bombers. The KC-135 squadron inactivated and the B-1B squadron moved back to Ellsworth AFB. The remaining mix of F-15C, F-15E, and F-16C aircraft make the 366th one of the most diverse and capable fighter wings in the United States Air Force.

Recent History

In the early 1960s the capability for high-lift pumping of water from the Snake River and deep wells drilled into a large water strata opened thousands of new acres of land to farming. Near Mountain Home, water was brought onto some of the highest quality land. With the opening of these lands, agriculture again became a big force in the local economy. Thousands of acres of land began to produce Idaho spuds in rotation with sugar beets, grain, hay, and beans. New farms grew up to the south and west of Mountain Home and the production of potatoes from these new lands was amazing. Their high quality and size brought a premium price on the market, and another farming boom began as the town again became an agriculture center. The business community responded to the twin economic engines of defense spending and agriculture.

More recently, consolidations in farming and livestock production, combined with higher power costs and foreign competition, have again consolidated the farming community, creating large farms for their economies of scale, with the dairy industry becoming an important factor in the local economy.

PHOTO COURTESY OF JOHN HILER

The Red Barn, former home of the Pinkston Livery stables, was built in 1908.

PHOTOCOURTESY OF EL WYHEE HI-LITES

A scene from the annual Basque picnic and parade. Mountain Home has a large and active Basque population.

Mountain Home Today

Currently, the local business community—and especially the downtown area—is in transition. Big box stores have driven out many of the long-established family-owned businesses that are the foundation of any small community's traditional effectiveness. The loss of higher incomes that are associated with successful small businesses has been felt throughout the area.

Mountain Home has, since the beginning of the 20th century, had a mix of cultures. First the Basques came to become involved in the sheep industry. The town was a major arrival point for Basque families coming from Spain while the Basque boarding House was a clearing center for those families. The community has retained much Basque culture. The Air Force has also brought many other cultures to the community, and the town has arguably the most diverse population in Idaho. With the runoff election in December 2003, Mountain Home elected the first popularly elected black mayor in the history of Idaho and looks forward to a progressive 21st century.

The town near the mountains is still the mountain home for those who come and stay, the name that came down the hill in a fifty-pound soapbox. The name stayed and prospered with the help of a lot of good folks. But like any pleasant place it must be nurtured and cared for. Then it can become the mountain home of many future generations.

John Hiler lives in Mountain Home.

ABOVE: ***1950s Christmas, a rendering of a bygone era in Mountain Home.***
BELOW: ***Welcome Home. Downtown Mountain Home in the mid-1950s. Both of these prints were created by former Disney illustrator Marcus Mashburn.***

Visiting Mountain Home

The Elmore County Hispanic Organization holds its annual Mexican Independence Day celebration in September.

The first weekend in September Mountain Home hosts the largest parade in Idaho during Air Force Appreciation Day. This event is filled with food, entertainment, prizes, and plenty of old-fashioned fun.

Mountain Home is proud of its Visitors' Center located at exit 95 on Interstate 84. The center offers an extensive collection of brochures and unique locally-made Idaho gifts.

Ed Walters lives in Mountain Home.

Local Sites/Calendar of Events

By Ed Walters
El-Wyhee Hi-Lites

Mountain Home contains several historic buildings unique to its heritage, many of which now house commercial businesses such as Lane's Appliance (Montgomery and Blunk Building, built around 1920), Top Hat Restaurant (possibly a boarding house, built around 1905), Elmore County Court House, built in 1916, Towne Square (Bengoechea Block Building, built in 1910), Hacker Middle School 5th grade class rooms (Old Mountain Home High School, built in 1926), and the Red Barn (Pinkston Livery Stables, built in 1908).

Visitors may want to tour the Historical Museum located on South 3rd East, adjacent to City Hall. It is housed in the Carnegie Library that was built in 1908 and listed on the National Register of Historic Places. It preserves a great deal of local history featuring genealogy materials, pioneer relics, Chinese memorabilia from the gold rush days, and Native American artifacts. Each month the museum sponsors a "First Thursday Luncheon" which honors long time residents as guest speakers.

The Mountain Home Arts Council provides a variety of cultural and artistic activities, ending with their annual Garden Tour in June.

The annual Basque picnic, held on the first weekend in August, is hosted by Euskal Lagunak.

PRINT COURTESY OF MARCUS MASHBURN

For more information contact the Mountain Home Recreation Department @ (208) 587-2112, or visit online @ www.ci.mountain-home.id.us

Father

By Ginger Beall

I never speak to my father. Stern, gruff, and ancient at the age of sixty-three, he terrifies me. He growls that we are no good, gives us orders, and swaggers around half-lit on homemade wine, telling of the rough work he does at the sawmill each day. I want him to like me, but I am just a skinny little girl. I can't chop wood or milk the goats, like my big sisters. Our pigs and the dark scare me to death. I only do one thing really well, and that is spell.

In my second grade class at Weippe Elementary School no one spells better than me. That's why I'm going to Orofino for the district-wide spelling bee. Because I placed first in all the contests held at our local school, my teacher told me I had earned the privilege and responsibility of representing Weippe in the district competition. I'm nervous, but I tell myself I can outspell everyone in the big town of Orofino. Neither of my parents has ever attended any of my spelling bees, but Daddy agrees to drive me to this event. He decides that Mama will come with us. Such special attention makes me feel giddy.

Mama braids my hair up tight in long

The author's father, Francis.

PHOTO COURTESY OF GINGER BEALL

French braids, telling me she's so proud of me. I put on my best dress, a red calico with short puffy sleeves and two layers of gathered ruffles for the skirt. Mama dresses up too, in her Sunday clothes and shoes. Instead of his usual work shirt and jeans, Daddy puts on his navy blue pinstripe suit that only gets worn when there's a potluck at church and he goes with us to get something to eat. He warms up the old green truck and I climb in to sit between my parents for the winding descent on the Greer hill from Weippe to Orofino.

Mama's quiet most of the ride, but her quiet doesn't bother me at all. I still feel warm inside knowing she's proud of me. Daddy's not saying anything, just keeps steering the truck back and forth on the hairpin turns. Looking out the window at the green spring hillside, Mama all of the sudden says, "Oh look, Francis!"

Daddy jerks his head around and I see his blue eyes bulging out. "What?" his voice booms. "What is it?"

"Flowers, Pa. Just look at them pretty flowers," Mama replies.

"For God's sake woman!" he roars. "Are you tryin' to get us killed? Don't you never holler out at me like that again unless it's somethin' I gotta know to keep us on this road." The rest of the ride is silent.

The halls of the huge school building in Orofino overflow with people—kids and parents all looking for the right rooms. Mama asks someone for directions to help us find my group of spellers. I hang onto her hand as we work our way through the crowd. Once inside our room, I reluctantly release my tight grip and sit down with the other contestants. Looking around me, I see so many kids to outspell.

A smiling gray-haired lady announces, "Let's begin." We all stand in one long line at the front of the room—facing a sea of mothers and fathers. The lady carefully pronounces each word, all easy ones at first, but several kids spell their words wrong. Eliminated, they sit down with their parents. The words get harder and harder, but I am very good at phonics and easily figure out how to spell most words by sound even though some of them are unfamiliar to me. One by one, the spellers join their parents until only four of us remain at the front of the room.

It's my turn now. "Uh – riginal," states the gray-haired lady. I stare at her, my mind scrambling to fit itself around this word I've never heard before.

"Uh – riginal," she repeats. According to the rules, spellers must state the word, spell the word, and restate the word. She waits for me to respond.

"Uh—riginal," I say…"a – r – i – g – i – n – a – l…uh—riginal."

"That's incorrect," she says. Oh no, one wrong, I grimace. But, all is not lost because I have two chances to misspell before being eliminated. I look to Mama for reassurance. She smiles at me, and Daddy grins too. Right then and there I decide that for the rest of my words I will look straight at my parents while I spell. Then I won't be so nervous.

Two others are eliminated before my turn comes up again. Only two of us remain, and one will leave the winner. The gray-haired lady looks at me, smiling, as she says, "Farther." Such an easy word, I think to myself.

"Farther," I state. Looking straight at my parents I begin to say the letters…"f – a – t – h – e – r…farther."

"That's incorrect," she says. Her voice settles into my disbelieving ears.

"For God's sake woman!" he roars. "Are you tryin' to get us killed? Don't you never holler out at me like that agin unless it's somethin' I gotta know to keep us on this road."

No, I didn't spell it wrong. I spelled it right! Didn't I? I hurry down the aisle and bury my red face in Mama's arms. "It's all right, Ginny. You did good."

My father reaches for my hand, takes it in his and squeezes. "You did real good. Let's go celebrate!" His smile is the biggest I've ever seen. With Mama holding one hand and Daddy the other, the loser of the spelling bee leaves the building and walks down the sidewalk toward town.

"Mama, what did I get wrong?" I ask.

"You spelled 'father' instead of 'farther.' You forgot the 'r,'" she tells me, smiling.

"That's right," my father beams, "Ya looked right at me and spelled out 'father' just like as though it was the word they'd give ya. I never seen anything like it. Ya done me up proud."

He leads us into a store and tells me to find something I like. I choose a blue and green hula-hoop and he buys it for me! As I relish this miracle of being gifted even though I lost the contest, Daddy asks, "Does anybody want ice cream?"

Mama and I look at each other in surprise and we both answer, "Yes."

He takes us to the drug store where the stools are so high Daddy has to lift me off the floor to place me atop it. The young man behind the polished counter asks me what kind of ice cream I want. I choose strawberry. The shame and humiliation of losing melts with each creamy lick. A little ray of sunshine fills me and I nestle contentedly between my father and mother, riding in the old green truck all the way back home to Weippe.

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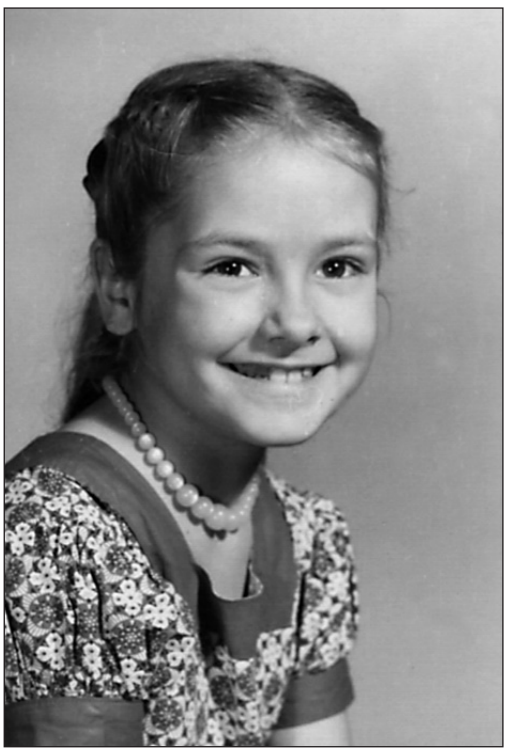


PHOTO COURTESY OF GINGER BEALL

The author, circa 1959.

The next day my world became ordinary again, with all the weight of being lost in a crowd of nine siblings while Daddy drank and Mama cried. But for that one day I felt the joy of my father's pride. I reveled in a moment of being special. I cherished the hula-hoop, twirling endlessly until the plastic cracked and broke. The memory of the ice cream lingers still. As I ponder the choices at the local Baskin Robbins forty years later, I often choose strawberry.

Ginger Beall lives in Boise.

PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Wagons such as this one carried freight from Kelton, Utah, to Mountain Home via the Kelton Road.

A Town To Be Proud Of

By Arthur Hart

Mountain Home was in its infancy when this photograph was taken about 1885. The freight wagon in the foreground, hitched to an eight-mule team, looks a lot like one of the covered wagons that carried pioneers over the Oregon Trail.

Wagons like these passed north of present Mountain Home on the great Overland Road bringing pioneers into the Pacific Northwest. After the Union Pacific railroad was finished in May 1869, freight from Kelton, Utah, was hauled along the old route, known thereafter as the Kelton Road. It connected the Union Pacific with mining towns in Boise Basin like Idaho City, Placerville, and Boise City—capital of Idaho Territory. Rattlesnake Station on that road, where Rattlesnake Creek comes out of the mountains, was renamed Mountain Home, no doubt because it was a prettier name, but also because it was near Bennett Mountain.

When the Oregon Short Line railroad was built across Idaho in 1883, the town was relocated to a site beside the tracks. Freight wagons, like the one shown in our historic snapshot, continued to haul supplies from the railroad to the mountain mining camps of Atlanta and Rocky Bar, then the county seat, and to other points to the south, like Bruneau and Oreana in Owyhee County.

Mountain Home's permanence was assured by its location as a shipping and transfer point for towns both north and south. Cattle and sheep were loaded at Mountain Home for eastern markets, and stagecoach lines carried passengers and mail on regular runs from the railroad to those places.

If any one person deserves the name "father of Mountain Home" it is William J. Turner who bought the first five lots from the railroad's townsite company and erected the first building. Turner House, the town's first hotel, shows prominently in our picture, next to the general store of Howard Sebree, another pioneer who seized the opportunities presented by new towns along the railroad, especially at transportation hubs like young Mountain Home and Caldwell. All of the western railroads were given large land grants by the government as an incentive to build. They platted the towns and sold the lots to pioneers like Turner.

William J. Turner would greatly enlarge the little hotel shown here, and later build another hotel that was the biggest building in town. Since he got there first, two years before the railroad had reached that point, and had the foresight to invest in real estate in what became the town's commercial center, Turner became a wealthy and prominent citizen. In 1896 he was appointed postmaster by President William McKinley, like himself a Republican and a native of Ohio.

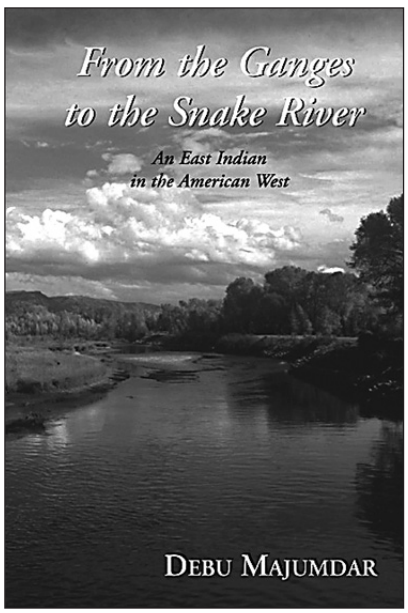
We have often wondered what tune the banjo player atop the covered wagon might have been playing when our historic photo was taken. Was it "Oh, Susannah" or "Dixie?" Looking at this evocative picture, we fancy we can hear those tunes ringing in our inner ear. Since the people in the photo are unidentified, I also wonder if the gent at the far bottom left in a business suit might be Mr. Turner himself. The way he is grasping his lapels suggests a proprietary air, as if to say "This is my town, and I'm proud of it."

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

Idaho Trout

By Debu Majumdar

An excerpt from Debu Majumdar's book From the Ganges to the Snake River: An East Indian in the American West



COVER PHOTO COURTESY OF CAXTON PRESS

The summer came and I bought a fishing rod, a Mitchell reel, lead sinkers, forty-pound nylon line, and a few shiny metal lures. I was ready, but my two sons were more ready than I. They used a hobby horse stick and practiced fishing in the small living room of our apartment. They jumped up and down and told us, "We'll catch big fish." I loved watching their excited, happy faces. "This is what Idaho is all about," I thought. They would grow up loving what nature offered here.

I bought a detailed map of the area and looked for streams and lakes where we could go for fishing, but everything was far away—one would have to drive miles to go there. I consulted my colleagues at the office. They all poured over the maps, traded fish stories, but no one told me where to go.

When I asked directly, "Well, suggest to me a place I can try out this weekend," they talked among themselves. "Hmm, he can try the Buffalo River, that's good." Someone said, "Perhaps Silver Creek. What do you think?" Another said, "That's good but the current is fast now, try out Indian Creek." And they all dispersed.

I looked at the map. The Buffalo River was fifty miles away. "Do I have to drive that far to go fishing?" Silver Creek was nearby, but I found the name in several areas. Was it a common name for several streams? How do I get to Silver Creek for fishing? Was there a public place where people go for fishing? I bought a fishing license, but did I need permission from the landowner to fish from his property?

Willis, my coworker, told me "Go to Birch Creek or the Camas Creek in the Mud Lake area. It is very easy. Drive north, and when you see a stream, park the car and fish."

So, the next Saturday, I took my family out for fishing and drove north along Route 15. "We'll have fish curry for dinner tonight."

In ten minutes we left Idaho Falls behind and passed by green fields, acres after acres, and mountains showed up in the distance. We gazed at the mountains, white snow still on their peaks, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful country!" After about half an hour of driving through side roads, we saw a stream. Willow, birch and aspen trees grew along the banks, and its water looked silvery—rippling through pasture land. It was very pretty to watch the stream. "Is this the creek I'm supposed to fish?" I wondered. "But how do I get there? Through the farms?" Fences bordered the lands and occasionally one or two

horses roamed in the fields.

I couldn't see any path to the stream, and no place to park. Finally, in desperation, I parked the car on the shoulder of the narrow road. We walked along the road with my fishing gear but found no path to the stream. We found an open field and walked across it. There was no other way to reach the water. The few cows grazing nearby looked at us once and went back to grazing: "Strange humans. Don't know what they are doing."

I hooked a small lure to my rod, the one the store owner told me would be good for catching trout. The stream was clear, I could see its bottom very clearly, but the flow was fast. "Are there trout in this stream?" I cast my line and waited. My older son went to the water and called for the fish. He ran back and forth between the stream and his mother, telling her how it was proceeding. My other son went straight into the water and wanted to catch a fish with his hands.

While my two sons talked, ran around, and cheered me on, I tried over and over again to cast my line at different parts of the stream, but got nowhere, no bite. "How long do I wait with the line?" I asked myself.

Time passed by. Catherine sat quietly and read a book, but she could not concentrate because our two sons were running back and forth and telling her what they were finding in the stream. "Daddy, when are you going to catch a fish?" my older son asked several times.

I questioned if one could fish with young children around. But how could I go fishing without taking them along?

The surrounding was uniquely beautiful—my family was there and no one else under the wide blue sky. The few trees along the stream provided shade for us, and the fields around were lush green. Distant mountains stood still in the sky. What a contrast to New York. Then I wondered, "Have we trespassed on someone's property?"

[The children] jumped up and down and told us, "We'll catch big fish." I loved watching their excited, happy faces. "This is what Idaho is all about."

When I was totally frustrated, and the children disappointed, two teenagers came along walking in the stream with fishing rods in their hands. They had several small trout in a basket. They threw the lines in the same spot I was fishing and little trout appeared magically and bit their hooks. Suddenly I could see many trout in the water. They were small and shiny. The two boys caught several and ran along the river. They were having such fun. All this happened in a few minutes and they were gone, and we were back to the same place.

"How come they caught fish and I don't get a bite?" I asked myself.

We returned home empty handed.

July came and I hadn't caught a fish. I had stopped talking about fish-

PHOTO COURTESY OF DEBU MAJUMDAR

The Majumdar family during the period in which the fishing story took place.

ing in the office. Out of the blue one day my boss, George Miller, asked me, "Are you ready for an experience?"

I didn't know what was in his mind, and looked up. He winked and said, "I'll take you out fishing, if you want to."

I was elated because he was a great fisherman. Stories about him abounded in the office.

He closed the door, stared at me for a few seconds, and said, "You have to promise that you won't tell anyone about my fishing place. It's a secret. I'll kill you if you tell anyone."

I had stopped being surprised when it was about fishing. I said, "Sure. I won't tell anybody. Besides, I am still new, I wouldn't know where we go anyway. You are safe."

One afternoon we went fishing straight from work. He came prepared; he had everything in his truck: his clothes, the cool beer, worms, snacks, everything. Before we started, he reminded me that I must not tell anyone where we were going.

We went to Bone Road, and continued driving for what seemed like hours to me. We went by many hills; soon I was totally lost. We passed by an isolated, dilapidated outhouse. Finally he pulled the truck on top of a hill and parked. He pointed down below and stated, "That's Willow Creek." I saw with horror that if he hadn't put on the brakes just when he did, it could have been a disaster—a steep downhill below, no road, only boulders scattered all over.

He looked around, and said, "We will have good fishing. First I have to take a leak."

We went down the hill and came to a creek with bushes on both sides. The sun could set in an hour.

"This is the time the fish will have their last bite," he told me in a low voice. His mood was changing, and I thought he was transforming to a fisherman. He got down in the middle of the stream and waded through the water. I followed him: "I must get in to catch fish. So be it."

He opened a can and said, "Worms are the best for brook trout." I put a worm through my hook; I was disgusted, as its soft body wiggled and protested.

"Don't take that long to hook a worm," George whispered to me. "Just do it."

I threw my line and it went straight to the other side and caught a bush. "Oh, sh—" he shouted. I struggled to free the line. Finally he untangled the line and went ahead of me.

It was late, and the shadows in the canyon made it darker. I cast a line. I proceeded in the direction of George. The river took a bend, and I could neither see nor hear him. Fishing in such a stream down in the canyon was new to me—especially being alone. Sunshine lit up a small portion of the eastern canyon wall, and the stream made a gentle, soothing sound as it flowed on its rocky bed.

I looked back and the darkness had a dense, almost solid quality to it. Suddenly a thought came to me:

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE CAXTON PRESS

The elusive trout.

what if a bear or a wild animal came over? George had moved ahead of me. A chill ran down my spine. It was the spirit of adventure I didn't have. "I'm really a city boy," I thought. People came out alone in these wild places purposely. Strange! What would happen if there was car trouble, and it wouldn't start? What if bad guys surprised us? Could bears be around in this area? I had heard of many horrible incidents that happened to people in the wilderness.

I cast a line and told myself, "I'm here and nothing I can do about it now."

Soon, however, those thoughts vanished and I immersed myself in the quiet beauty of the stream and wondered how many New Yorkers had a chance to experience this? I remembered this time of the day is called "Godhuli Lagna" in India—the time when cows come home from fields and raise a cloud of dust in their path. This is an auspicious moment between day and night, a quiet time, a time to meditate.

A village in India came to my vision: I could hear the chime of bells hanging from necks of returning cows, mothers calling their young ones to come home, and birds noisily settling in large trees. Soon lights were lit in houses, and crickets started their droning concert. If it were rainy season, frogs would join in. Otherwise, quietness fell on the village.

My line suddenly became stiff, and I pulled. A fluttering sound in the stream. I shouted, "George, George, I think I caught something."

...thoughts vanished and I immersed myself in the quiet beauty of the stream and wondered, how many New Yorkers had a chance to experience this?

George was just at the bend, and came over. It was a small trout, only five inches, a black and silvery thing, which tried to free itself from my palm. I looked at the beautiful brook trout. Is this why people fish—to feel a live fish in your hand, experience the last few moments of nature's creation?

"Do you want to keep it?" George's question pulled me back from my stray thoughts.

"Sure. It would be fun to take home something."

We put the fish in a small bag. He went ahead again.

Soon I caught another, a small trout. And then another. I didn't call George anymore.

It was not a good day for George, however. I yelled at him, "George, how are you doing?"

"I got a few, but they are very small. I released them."

It was getting dark; we decided to quit and climbed up the mountain. "At least you got one. Isn't that great?" "Yes. It's my first trout."

I wondered if fishing was pure luck. I didn't know what I did, but I caught five.

Fishing seemed so difficult. Why couldn't someone teach me how to fish easily? I figured out what I would have to do to catch trout for my fish curry. I would have to buy a heavy-duty four-wheel-drive car that could run on mountain terrains for the unexplored streams, or I should buy a boat and fish from lakes. Most important, however, was the time—time away from home, from my family. Why couldn't I just buy fish as I could in New York?

Debu Majumdar lives in Idaho Falls.

Rosalie Sorrels

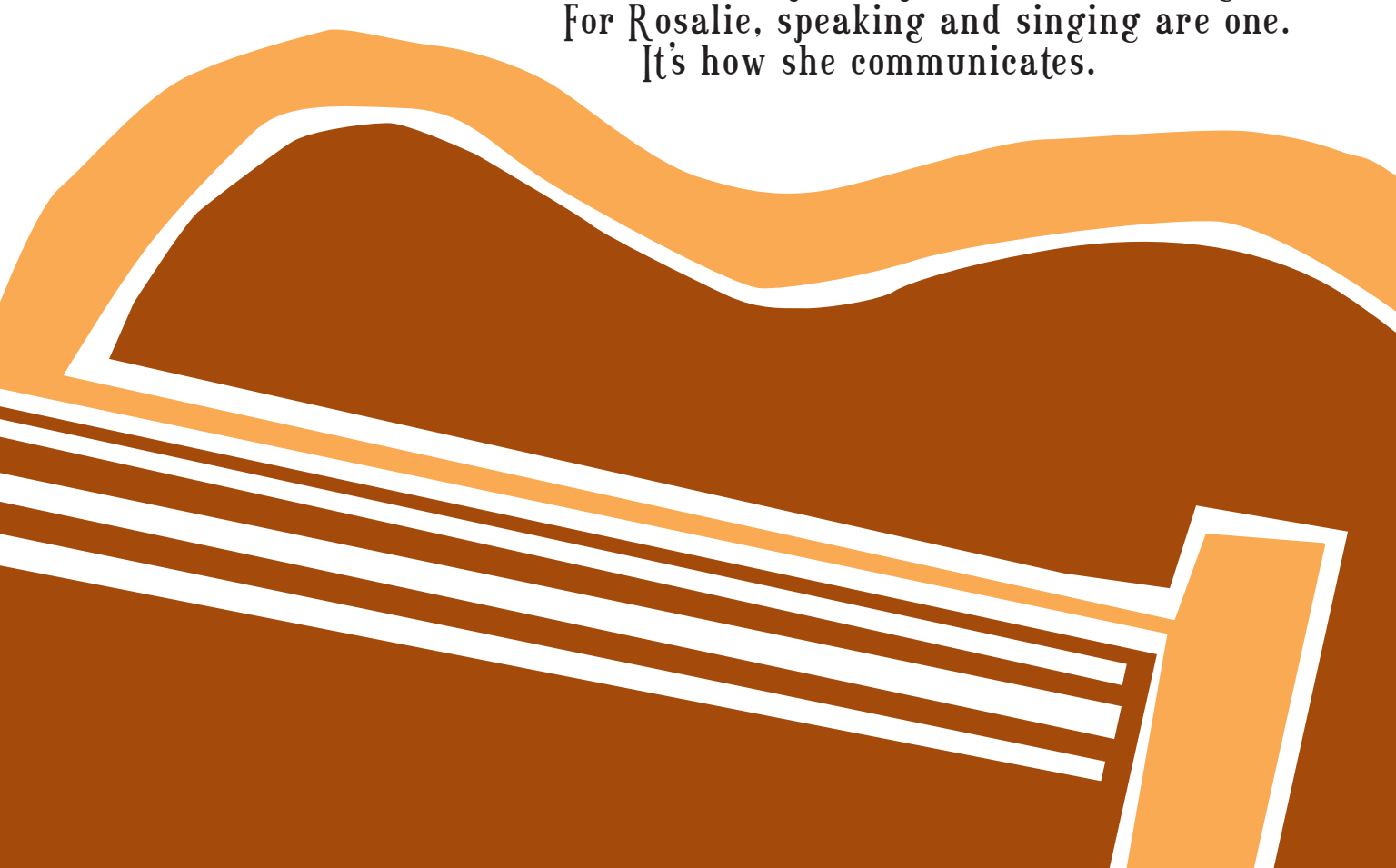
PHOTOS COUTESY OF ROSALIE SORRELS

ABOVE: ***Rosalie at a recent performance. Rosalie's career spans more than a half century.***

By Kitty Fleischman

Mellifluous

The word could have been coined especially to describe Rosalie Sorrels' voice. Whether singing, or storytelling, the word fits. Mellifluous. For days I've sought other, simpler words, but the search for vocabulary always dissolves to images. For Rosalie, speaking and singing are one. It's how she communicates.



In her voice is the sound of Grimes Creek dancing over rocks and nudging flecks of gold along the course of its laughing waters. Then sometimes you'll hear the gravel that lines the creek bed. You hear the trilling songs of birds that sail bright skies in her mountain sanctuary, and the shusshing sway of pine branches fluffed by breezes that sing to the cabin her father built by hand early in the last century. Sometimes you'll catch a momentary glimpse of the sharp edges of rocks lining the canyon walls.

She came by it naturally as part of a well-read family of people who also loved to sing. As she talks, she switches from conversation to poetry to song in a smooth flow. In 1999 Idaho's songbird also was chosen for a Circle of Excellence award from the National Storytelling Network.

For more than a half-century, Rosalie Sorrels has taken the sounds and stories of Idaho across the continent and beyond the seas. Jim Page, a folksinger from Whidby Island, Washington, once described Rosalie as "the most real person in folk music that I've ever met." Now past her seventieth birthday, her outlook on life is both broader and narrower than it was when she was a younger woman. She has traveled extensively and has seen the world, yet the greatest treasures of her life are her family and her little handmade Grimes Creek cabin.

Her mother named the cabin Guerencia, which means "the place that holds your heart." It's a snug cabin with posters of her heroes on the ceiling so she can look up at them when she is in bed. The cabin's walls are lined with books stacked layers deep on shelves, all of them read and all remembered.

As a youngster, Rosalie's father gave her a dollar for each "chunk" of poetry she learned. She earned three dollars for learning Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." When other youngsters were learning nursery rhymes, Rosalie learned to quote Shakespeare.

Rosalie Ann Stringfellow Sorrels' parents met while they were going to school in Pocatello at what then was called "the southern branch of the University of Idaho." She shows photos of the handsome young couple, whose looks compare favorably with a young Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. They were very much in love, Rosalie says, and over time grew to be the

OPPOSITE TOP: ***Rosalie's parents, Walter and Nancy Kelly Stringfellow.***
OPPOSITE MIDLE: ***Rosalie's maternal grandfather, James Madison Kelly.***
OPPOSITE BOTTOM: ***Her handmade cabin on Grimes Creek.***

kind of couple who finished each other's sentences until her father died on her parents' fortieth wedding anniversary.

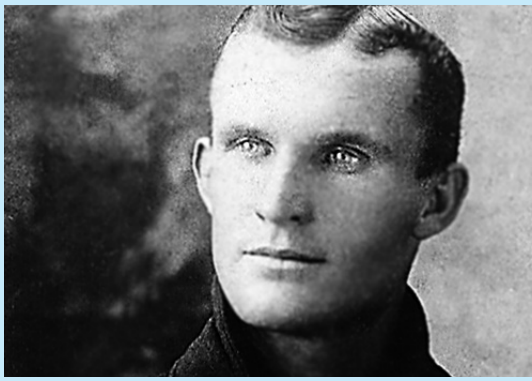
She was born at Boise's St. Luke's Hospital on June 24, 1933, ten years before her brother, Jim Stringfellow made his appearance. As a young child, Rosalie dressed in black because she liked it. She made up a group of imaginary friends, and she had some unusual pets—a snapping turtle, a small bat her father caught for her, and a horned toad.

Her family members were storytellers. Her father had a beautiful light, tenor voice, and he sang as he worked. Her mother managed The Book Shop in Boise for nearly two decades, teaching the people of Boise what to read. The family never had any money, she says, but "we were always making something out of nothing." She grew up among books and songs, ideas and poetry. Now as she speaks, the names and thoughts of poets, writers, artists and musicians weave themselves lightly through her conversations.

Rosalie's father was Walter Pendleton Stringfellow, the son of Rev. Robert Stringfellow, an Episcopalian preacher who came to Idaho when the state was in its infancy. While Rev. Stringfellow came with the idea of saving souls, Rosalie's namesake and grandmother, Rosalie Cope Stringfellow, captured enduring photographic images of her handsome husband and stunning photos of wild, exquisite landscapes. For some time, she worked as a photographer for *The Idaho Statesman*.

Rosalie's mother was Nancy Ann Kelly, whose own mother, Arabel Beaire Kelly, grew up in Twin Falls, as a devout Methodist. Nancy's father was James Madison Kelly, "an Irishman and an atheist." Rosalie remembers him as a handsome, slightly wicked man with a wild Irish tongue and a devilish sense of humor. "He even cursed at his horses in Shakespearean language."

On her album "Report from Grimes Creek," Rosalie retells a story her mother used to share about a day when Arabel was entertaining her gardening club. The ladies were discussing "ways to make dahlias grow as big as their



OPPOSITE: ***Rosalie's hand-bound journal filled with photos, thoughts, and snippets of poetry, to which she often refers during performances.***

granddaughters' heads." One of the ladies was a dear, old Scot with a lilting voice and a very large growth on her chin. It sprouted seven corkscrew curly hairs, Rosalie says, each a slightly different color. "No one would ever have mentioned it but my grandfather. He was wicked, and he couldn't resist it." One summer afternoon he came in from the fields, hot sweaty and covered with manure, looking for a cool glass of lemonade. He stood in the doorway of the parlor and regarded the ladies, and according to Rosalie, "In his best Macbethian voice, he said, 'who are these so withered and so wild, who look not of this earth, and yet are on it? They must be women, but their beards forbid it to be such.'

"My mother said my grandmother cried for hours over the incident, finally sobbing, 'Oh God…if only I could have told them that he was drunk. But everybody knows Jim never touches a drop.'"

Rosalie says it may have been her deep love for her handsome, roguish grandfather that has made it so hard to find the right man in her own life. He was her ideal, and she's never found anyone quite like him.

Five generations of Rosalie's family have lived and worked in Idaho, but as a young woman, she wanted to be off to see the world. At nineteen she left Idaho. Rosalie married Jim Sorrels and they lived in Utah. She became the mother of five. Her husband beat her and her children so, after fourteen years of marriage, she took her children and left. She took to the road and followed her true love, music. She began singing in clubs, and became known as an entertainer. She sang for her supper, and told stories to her audiences.

The world stage has provided an interesting life for the little girl who grew up "Way out in Idaho." She has met and entertained most of the members of the Beat Generation. They've stayed at her homes. She's cooked for them, and she's sung with them. Along the way, Rosalie's friends have included Studs Terkel, Pete Seeger, Hunter S. Thompson, and…well, perhaps it would be easier to list those from that generation that she did not know. Beyond her own generation, she's been a mentor to those in the generations that have followed.

Although she says she's never earned more than twenty thousand dollars a year in her life, Rosalie has performed in every major musical festival on the North American continent (and beyond) in the past half century. She sang at Newport in 1966 and at Woodstock in 1969. On the Isle of Wight in 1972 she sang early in the day to a crowd estimated at eighty thousand and she received a standing ovation. "I was scheduled to sing early in the day because back then almost nobody there knew who I was. Later in the day there were two hundred fifty thousand people there. By that time there were riots going on in the crowd and Kris Kristofferson got booed off the stage."

She loves to entertain at her cabin, and she cooked for a crowd of more than two hundred that came for her seventieth birthday party. She enjoys cooking, she says with a look that begs the question: doesn't everyone?

Stories flow as Rosalie fingers the well-worn pages of a handmade leather volume plumped with photos of friends and

family, dried flowers, airline ticket stubs, and mementos. Its pages are filled with hand-written lines of poetry and thoughts. They've been saved over the years, and are shared on stage as she spins her web of stories and songs.

While she sings many songs that have been written by other performers, most of her songs are her own. Even when she sings music written by others, you have a feeling that it has been chosen because it speaks to her heart. Everything Rosalie sings sounds like it came straight from her heart. Many of her songs, many of her albums talk about her heart.

In the song, "Borderline Heart," from the album by the same name, Rosalie sings:

I left a piece or two of me
down in the great southwest
Somewhere down along
the borderline.
I went down to see if I could see
the one I love the best,
I lost my heart and almost lost
my mind.

And now you've got my heart
and you're so far away.
You're gonna use it for that
game...the one you like to play.
My mind will be all right...
I'll pick it up again someday
Keep the heart...the damn
thing's broken anyway.

Ah...keep the heart the heart,
my love, the damn thing's
broken anyway.
I'll peel my mind up off that
borderline someday.

ABOVE: ***Rosalie during the Woodstock era.***
OPPISITE: ***Rosalie in front of the quilt presented to her by the Boise Peace Quilters group. The quilt is now part of the Rosalie Sorrel Archives at the University of California at Santa Cruz.***

Rosalie's songs are often deeply personal. One of her early songs, "Traveling Lady," tells of her divorce and heading out on the road. When she sings the blues, you can tell she's done some "hard livin'" herself. She says the road is a tough place for a woman on her own. Also from the Borderline Heart album, the song "Hitchhiker in the Rain" tells the story of the 1976 suicide of David, her elder son. David, she said, often told her it would damage his hitchhiking karma if she didn't pick people up when she saw them hitching rides. Even after his death, Rosalie continued to pick up hitchhikers despite warnings about the dangers. She told friends she always picked up the ones carrying guitars until someone pointed out that Charles Manson had a guitar. She then stopped picking up hitchhikers.

Memories flow like the songs as Rosalie talks. She has a new CD scheduled for its street release on April 6. It was recorded at a sold-out performance at the Sanders Theatre on the Harvard campus last year. Entitled My Last Go Round, Rosalie says it is her favorite album from among the twenty-four she has made. Recorded live, she says a young engineer has gone through and enhanced the music so it sounds exactly the way she heard it as she stood on the stage the night it was recorded. And more importantly, she says, she performed the concert with many of her old friends.

The last go round, she says, is an old rodeo term used to describe the final (and best) performances, after the crowd has gone home. She's celebrating it as her "farewell to the road" album.

Rosalie is a virtual encyclopedia of musicology. She collects songs of all kinds. In addition to all of her songs, she also has written three books, including a lovely softbound edition of songs and stories entitled, "Way Out in Idaho," which was compiled by her and edited with her friend, Jean Terra. It was published by the Idaho Commission on the Arts in 1991 for the state's centennial celebration, and includes folksongs, poems, legends, and recipes representing the rich cultural tapestry of the state.

A recent visit to Rosalie's cabin finds her sorting through fragments of her life, boxing things up and sending them off to the University of California at Santa Cruz. The university is in the process of establishing the Rosalie Sorrels Archive, a permanent collection highlighting her life. Why a California school and not one of Idaho's schools? Although she was presented with an honorary doctorate by the University of Idaho a few years ago, apparently nobody in Idaho has asked for her memorabilia.

"People in Idaho think of me as a nice old lady who collects Mormon songs. People in California know who I am. They consider me a voice of the 'Beat Generation.'" On Valentine's Day in 2003, she gave a free concert on the UCSC campus, and at that time she presented the school with the beautiful quilt she was given by the Boise Peace Quilt Project.

A few years ago, after taking part in a class action suit against Green Linnet, which had owned the rights to her music, Rosalie regained control over her songs and started her own recording label, "Way Out West in

Idaho." Her first CD produced under her own label was entitled "Learned by Livin' Sung by Heart." The title says it all.

Rosalie has outlived a brain aneurysm in 1988 and she beat breast cancer in 1998.

Speaking of her life, Rosalie quotes, "I won't know what I'm weaving until I've got it made." Nonetheless, she has everything she wants in life: "I have my handmade cabin, children who like me, and the respect of other performers."

With seventy years of living and nearly fifty years of performing under her belt, Rosalie's voice is still as fluid and flexible as it was on her earliest recordings. It is still a mother's lullaby, mellow and smooth as honey when the song calls for it. It still twangs like barbed wire when tested. It still has a rock hard edge when the blues demand it.

She's ready for the last go round.

Kitty Fleischman is publisher of IDAHO magazine.

service directory

VISIT SOME OF OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS IN SALMON, IDAHO

IDAHO LINKS

THESE WEBSITES ARE SOME OF IDAHO *magazine's* FAVORITE LINKS TO IDAHO GOODS AND SERVICES!

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www.SyringaNetworks.net
www.visitid.org
www.ypcityid.com

THEY ARE OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS AND YOURS. PLEASE VISIT THEM FOR YOUR NEEDS!

April 17-25

Emmett Spring Horse Races
Gem County Fairgrounds

Three days of horse racing over the last two weekends of April, featuring quarter horses, Thoroughbreds, paints and Appaloosas. The first horse racing of the season in the entire state of Idaho. The Emmett Spring Horse Races have a long history going back to 1964. Admission: $2. Contact: Gem County Fair Board, Box 443, Emmett, ID 83617, 208 365-6828 208 365-0932
Email: gemcofair@bigskytel.com

April 16-17 St. Anthony Cowboy Poetry Gathering - St. Anthony

Features local and nationally ranked poets, cowboy variety show, and old trail songs. CD's and tapes available. Admission: day shows are free, evening shows are $8. Contact: St. Anthony Chamber of Commerce, 420 N. Bridge St., Suite C, St. Anthony, ID 83445-1433, 208-624-4870 Email: sachamber@fretel.com

April 24 - October 30 Idaho Farmer's Markets Bonners Ferry to Pocatello

This year there are more than 20 farmer's markets located throughout Idaho. Offerings vary at the different locations, but many market vendors feature organic produce, gourmet foods, and arts and country crafts. Consumers meet face-to-face with growers and learn more about the process that brings these foods to their table. Admissiont: Free. Contact: Agriculture, Idaho Department of, Box 790, Boise, ID 83701, 208-332-8500 www.agri.state.id.us

April 24 Gooding County Memorial Hospital Annual Health Fair - Gooding

A "healthy" event offering medical information from various southeastern businesses, discounted screenings for chemistry panel, and PSA and HgbAlc (for diabetics). Hours are from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 Noon. Admission: free. Contact: Gooding County Memorial Hospital Foundation, Box 418, Gooding, ID 83330-1858, 208-934-4433 ext. 160
Email: wigginsl@slrmc.org

April 30 - May 2 Cinco de Mayo - Caldwell

Cinco de Mayo parade, mariachi bands, dance, theatre, charro riders, tejano music, food, information booths, astro jump, train rides, cake walk, dunking booth, petting zoo, and pony rides at Caldwell Memorial Park. On Sunday, the celebration continues at Albertson College of Idaho with a car and bike show, food booths, dancers, and music. Admission: Free. Contact: Caldwell Chamber of Commerce, Box 819, Caldwell, ID 83605-3731, 208-459-7493
Email: chamber@caldwellidaho.org

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

Write: *IDAHO magazine* Calendar of Events
4301 W. Franklin Road
Boise, ID 83705
Fax: (208) 336.3098
email: ksmith@idahomagazine.net

April 1-3 Gene Harris Jazz Festival - Boise
April 2 Harlem Globetrotters - Pocatello
April 2 Natl. Wild Turkey Fed.14th Annual Banquet - Boise
April 2-25 Dogwood Festival - Lewis-Clark Valley - Lewiston
April 2-4 Mogul Madness Snowmobile Climb - Inkom
April 3 Sounds Like Fun! Symphony - Boise
April 3-4 Rock and Stamp Show - Emmett
April 3 A Look into Vietnam at the Warhawk Museum- Nampa
April 3 NASA Space Place Club - Nampa
April 4 Juliaetta Spring Craft Fair - Juliaette
April 4 Harlem Globetrotters - Boise
April 5 Dirt Days - Riggins
April 11-18 Beaux Arts Societe Wine Festival - Boise
April 12-13 Annual Pow Wow at BSU - Boise
April 13-14 Patchwork of the Palouse Quilt Show - Moscow
April 16-18 Salmon River Jet Boat Races - Riggins
April 16-17 Cowboy Poetry Gathering - St. Anthony
April 16-18 Fly Tying and Fly Fishing Expo - Idaho Falls
April 17-May 15 Eagle Rock Art Guild Show - Idaho Falls
April 17-September 18 NASCAR Wkly Racing - Twin Falls
April 17-25 Emmett Spring Horse Race Meet - Emmett
April 17-18 Budweiser Race The Face Snowmobile Climb - Lookout Pass
April 16-18 Salmon River Jet Boat Races
April 24-October 30 Idaho Farmer's Markets Bonners Ferry to Pocatello
April 24 Gooding County Memorial Hospital Annual Health Fair - Gooding
April 24 Orienteering: City of Trees Orienteering Club - Boise
April 25-27 Art Under the Elms - Lewiston
April 26-28 County Fair & Rodeo - Asotin
April 27-28 Veterans Service Information Fair - Idaho Falls
April 30- May 2 Cinco de Mayo - Caldwell
May 1 City Wide Yard Sale - Kooskia
May 1 Chamber of Commerce Area wideYard Sale - Kamiah
May 1-2 Moscow Renaissance Fair - Moscow
May 1-2 Riggins Rodeo - Riggins
May 3 City Wide Yard Sale - Craigmont

April 12-13
Annual Pow Wow at Boise State University - Boise

Traditional Native American dancing and drumming will resonate throughout the BSU Student Union Jordan Ballroom at the annual Spring Pow Wow presented by the Boise State Inter-tribal Native Council. The event is free and open to the general public; donations will be accepted. Grand entry times are 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. on Saturday and 1 p.m. on Sunday. Festivities will continue until midnight Saturday and 7 p.m. Sunday. Performers from the Intermountain Area will compete in Jingle Dance, Fancy Shawl, Traditional, Grass Dance, and Fancy Dance. As a new addition to the Pow Wow this year, BSU student organizations Hui-O-Aloha, Island Rhythms, and the Vietnamese Student Association will perform, adding a multicultural spin to the traditional event. The Pow Wow will also feature craft vendors in the Student Union Hatch Ballroom both days and a raffle for Native American craft items. Contact: Boise State University Intertribal Native Council, 1910 University Dr, Boise, ID 83725, 208 426-4317

Statewide Sales Locations: Albertsons, Fred Meyer, Paul's Market, Smith's Food & Drug

AMERICAN FALLS
•Ken's Food Market
AMMON
•Albertsons
ARCO
•Arco Foodtown
ASHTON
•City Drug
ATHOL
•Crossroads Express, Inc
BELLEVUE
•Atkinsons
•Glenn's Grocery
BLACKFOOT
•Kesler's Market
•Ridleys
BLANCHARD
•E Z Stop
BOISE
•Airport Giftshop
•Albertsons
•Bairds Cleaners
•Barnes & Noble Booksellers
•Boise Book & Game Company
•Boise Co-op
•Borders Books & Music
•Eagle City Market
•Crane Creek Market
•Hastings
•Historical Museum Gift Shop
•M & W Market
•Made In Idaho
•Military History Museum
•Moon's Kitchen Cafe
•St. Alphonsus Gift Shop
•Vista Book Gallery
•WinCo
BONNERS FERRY
•Boundary Trading Co.
•Corner Drug
•Visitor's Center
•Zip Trip
BUHL
•Ridleys
BURLEY
•Albertsons
•Smiths
CALDWELL
•Albertsons
•Jackson Foods
•Paul's Market
•Pennywise Drug
CAMBRIDGE
•City Market
CASCADE
•D-9
CASTLEFORD
•Duane's Market
•Junction QuickStop
CATALDO
•Junction QuickStop
CHALLIS
•Lamb's Food Town
•Pocket Full of Posies
•Village Square
CHUBBUCK
•Idaho Unlimited
COEUR D'ALENE
•Albertsons
•Appleway Jifi Stop
•Best Western Inn
•Borders Books
•FM CDA
•Gittels Grocery
•Goodies Texaco
•Hastings
•Jiff-ee Mart
•Mosgrove Gallery
•The Proverbial cup
•Resort Logo Shop
•Rite Aid
•Sherman IGA
•ShopKo
•Super One
•Tidyman's
COTTONWOOD
•Cottonwood Cash & Carry
CRAIGMONT
•Berry's Grocery
DEARY
•Whitepine Foods
DRIGGS
•Broulims
EAGLE
•Albertsons
•Eagle City Market
•Jackson Foods
EMMETT
•Albertsons
FORT HALL
•Shoshone-Bannock Tribal Museum
GARDEN CITY
•Best Western
GOODING
•Cooks Food Town
•Ridleys
GRANGEVILLE
•Asker's Harvest Foods
•Grangeville Cash & Carry
•Printshop Office Supply
•Zip Trip
HAILEY
•Albertsons
•Atkinson's Store
HAYDEN
•7-Eleven
•Rite Aid
HAYDEN LAKE
•Albertsons
•7-Eleven
•Rite Aid
•Super One
IDAHO FALLS
•Dad's 113 Travel Center
•Fred Meyer
•Jackson Foods
•Saving Center
•WinCo
ISLAND PARK
•The Grand
•Last Chance General Store
JEROME
•Best Western
• Chamber of Commerce
•Jerome Historical Museum
•Ridleys
•Tiger-stop
KAMIAH
•Cloninger's Harvest Foods
KETCHUM
•Atkinsons Store
•Chateau Drug
•Jackson Foods
•Williams Market
KELLOGG
•Steins IGA
•Yoke's Pac 'N Save
KENDRICK
•Phil's Food City
KIMBERLY
•Ridleys
KUNA
•Paul's Market
LAPWAI
•Valley Foods
LEWISTON
•A & B Foodstores
•Albertsons
•Centerpiece Gift Shop
•Hastings
•Kafe America (Airport)
•Larry's Foods and Deli
•Rite Aid
•Rosauers
•ShopKo
•Tidyman's
•Tobacco Stop
MACKAY
•Gift Horse
MARSING
•Service Station Antiques
•Visitor's Center
McCALL
•Idaho Angler
•It's All Idaho
•McCall Drug
•Ridleys
MERIDIAN
•Albertsons
•Fred Meyer
•Jackson Foods
•Kmart
•WinCo
MIDDLETON
•Ridleys
MONTPELIER
•Broulims
•Clover Creek Gift Shop @ Ore./Cal. Trail Museum
•Peterson's Jubilee
MOSCOW
•Book People
•Hastings
•Rite Aid
•Rosauers
•Tidyman's
MOUNTAIN HOME
•Albertsons
•Footnotes
NAMPA
•Among My Souveniers
•B Dalton Bookseller
•Greenhurst Nursery
•Jackson Foods
•Swiss Village Cheese Factory
NAPLES
•Naples General Store
NORTH FORK
•North Fork Store
OLD TOWN
•Food Fresh
OROFINO
•Awesome Augies
•Barneys Sooper
•Glenwood IGA
•Hayes Foods
OSBURN
•Steins IGA
PAYETTE
•Albertsons
•Jackson Foods
PIERCE
•R&R Foods
PINEHURST
•Barneys
PLUMMER

WinCo, ShopKo, K Mart, Jacksons Texaco, Center,Target, and Broulims!

•Benewah Market
POCATELLO
•Albertsons
•College Market
•Fred Meyer
•Portneuf Medical Center
•Ridleys
•Super Save Drug
POST FALLS
•7-Eleven
•Spencers IGA
•Super One
•Tidyman's
POTLATCH
•Floyds Excell Foods
PRIEST RIVER
•Mitchells Harvest Foods
•Tamrak
RATHDRUM
•Rathdrum Drug
•Steins IGA
•Super One
REXBURG
•Albertsons
•Broulims
RIGBY
•Broulims
RIGGINS
•Cloninger's Food City
RUPERT
•Alaska's Best
•Ridleys
ST. ANTHONY
•Broulims
ST. MARIES
•Archie's IGA
•Harvest Foods
SALMON
•Salmon Rexall
SANDPOINT
•Harold's IGA
•Sandpoint Super Drug
•Yoke's Foods
SHOSHONE
•Lincoln County Journal
SMELTERVILLE
•Wayside Market
SODA SPRINGS
•Eastman Drug
•Lew and Dan's THR/R
SPIRIT LAKE
•Millers Food City
STANLEY
•Redfish Lake Lodge
TWIN FALLS
•Albertsons
•Barnes and Noble
•Hastings
•Made in Idaho
•Oasis Stop-n-Go
WALLACE
•Tabor's
•Wallace Excell Grocery
WEISER
•Ridleys
WHITEBIRD
•Hoots Cafe & Hotel

OUT OF STATE LOCATIONS

JOSEPH, OR
•Jerry's Main St. Market
SALT LAKE CITY, UT
•Gorman's Jubilee
ASOTIN, WA
•Asotin Market
CLARKSTON, WA
•Albertsons
•Clarkston Heights Food
•Highland Grocery
•Wasem's Drug
•Zip Trip
COLFAX, WA
•Rosauers
DAVENPORT, WA
•Davenport Food City
MEAD, WA
•Yoke's Pac 'N Save
OAKESDALE, WA
•Crossetts Food Market
PALOUSE, WA
•Thurman's Palouse Market
PULLMAN, WA
•Dissmores
•Rite Aid
•Shopko
SPANGLE, WA
•Spangle Foods
SPOKANE, WA
•Albertsons
•Aunties Bookstore
•Flower Design at the Davenport
•FM N. Division
•FM Thor
•Ramada Inn
•Rosauers
•Super One Foods
•Tidyman's
•Yoke's Pac 'N Save
TEKOA, WA
•Tekoa Empire Foods
VERADALE, WA
•FM Sullivan
•Yoke's Pac 'N Save
JACKSON, WY
•Point Store

Grandma

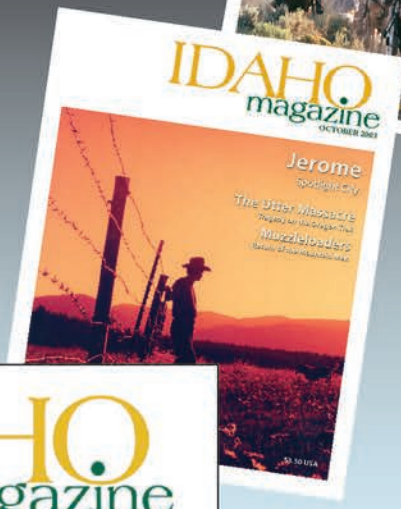
As hours passed,
As days passed,
As weeks passed,
I sat by your side.
Sometimes with my head bowed down.
I felt no movement from your body.
As I took your hand in mine,
I gave you warmth.
When you shut your eyes,
I will open my eyes.
And face the stern day.
When your dreams fade,
I will dream your dreams for you, Grandma.
When you no longer can lift your fingers,
I will stretch my fingers across the arid soil,
And build a new path.
When you can no longer walk,
I will finish walking in our sacred path, Grandma.
When there is no movement from your lips,
I will share your laughter in my dreams, Grandma.
When there is no movement in your heart,
My heart will surge toward the north,
Toward the east,
Toward the south,
Toward the west.
Never beating alone,
Grandma,
Never alone.

Rosphine Coby

ILLUSTRATION BY ANN HOTTINGER

Rosphine Coby lives in Fort Hall

3rd Annual IDAHO magazine COVER PHOTO CONTEST!



IDAHO magazine

YOUR ABSOLUTELY MARVELOUS, TRULY AMAZING, TOTALLY OUTSTANDING WORK OF PHOTOGRAPHY HERE!

There are three divisions: YOUTH, ADULT, and PROFESSIONAL. Youths are through age eighteen, adults are over eighteen, professionals are those making 60% or more of their income from photography. Winners will be selected by a panel of judges selected by the IDAHO magazine editorial staff.

CASH PRIZES!

Professional $100
Adult $100
Youth $100

In order to be eligible, each entry must have at least one person in it, though the person need not be the primary subject. Each entry must be taken in Idaho and submitted by the photographer. Both color and black/white, indoor or outdoor photos are welcome, although preference will be given to color images. Historical photographs may be submitted by the person or agency owning the photo. Computer altered images will not be considered.

Instructions:

Mail entries to Photo Contest, IDAHO magazine, 4301 Franklin Rd., Boise, ID 83705.
Entries must be postmarked by JULY 31, 2004.
Please DO NOT send originals. Send a color or black/white print (minimum 6"x9"). If you would like the print returned, you must include an appropriate-sized, self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage.

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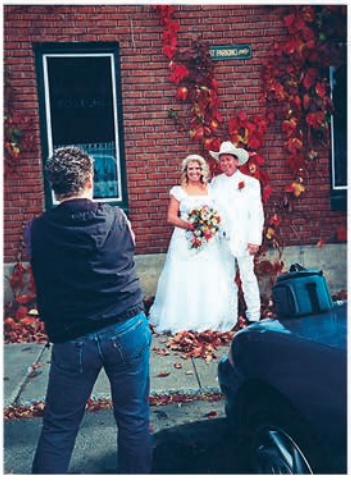

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