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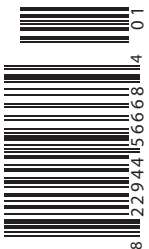
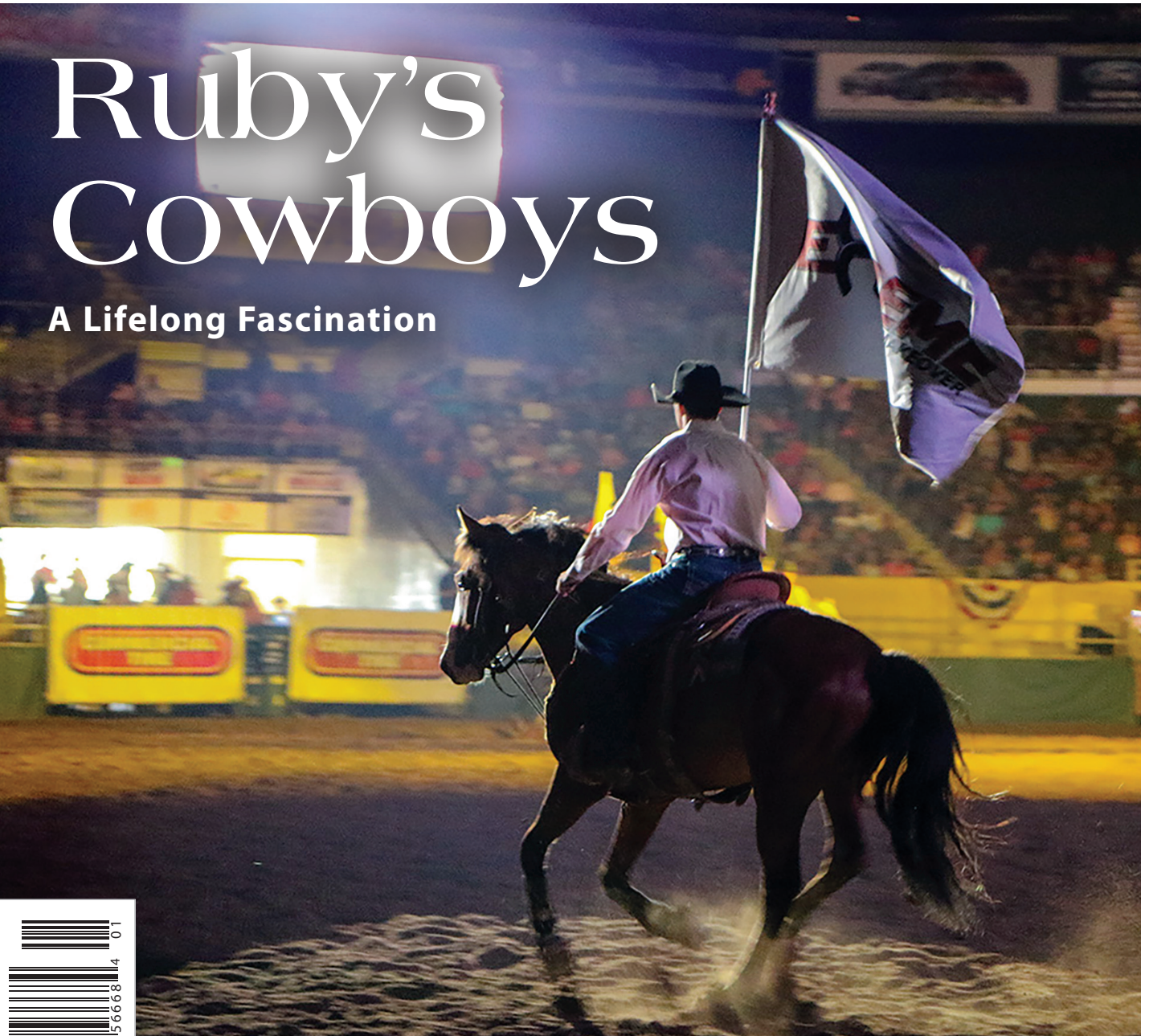
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JANUARY 2020 | VOL. 19, NO. 4

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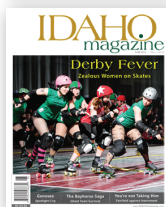
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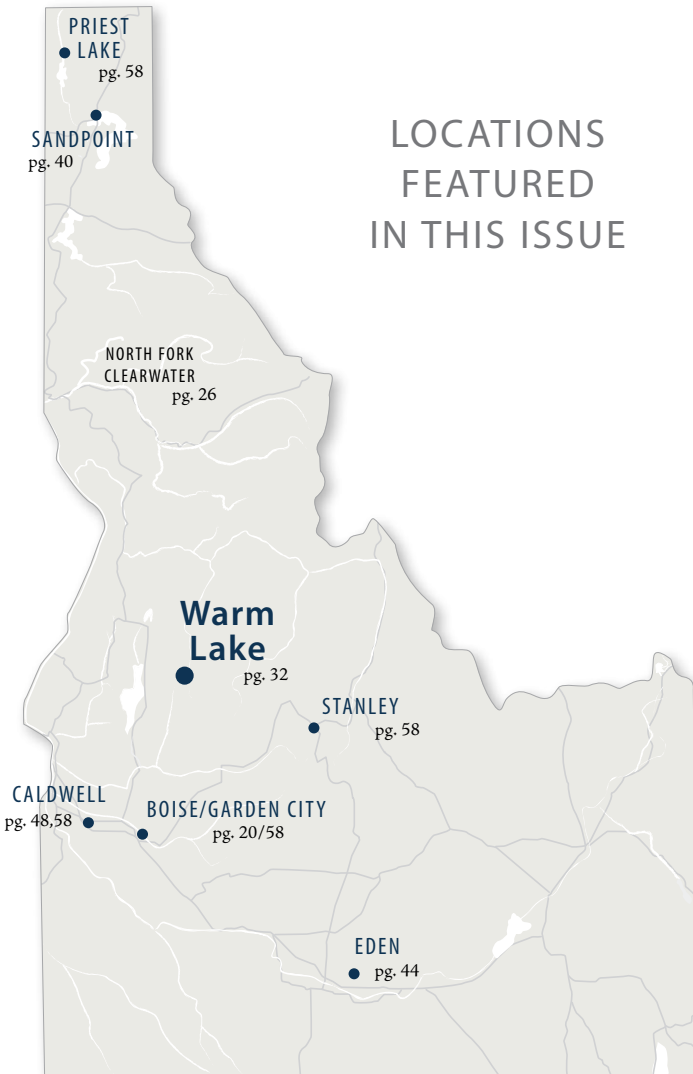
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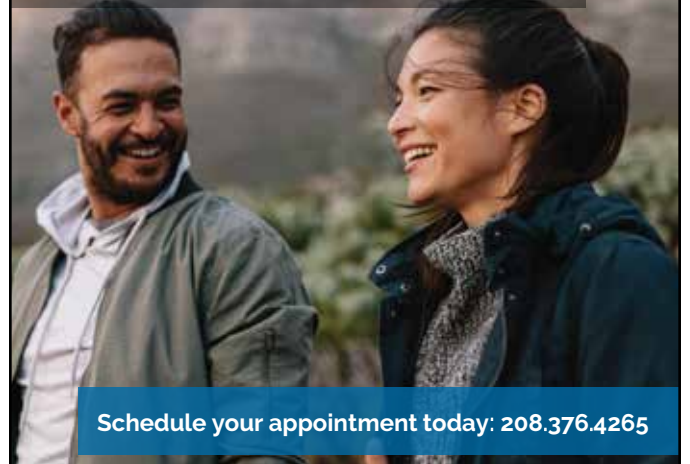
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This is a wolf print. Not one made in the snow that gets enlarged. Bennett Mountain.

~ Photo by Phil Bonn

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Idaho Icons

Where Nature and Humans Get Fancy

BY ALICE H. DUNN

BOB WICK BLM



MATTHEW DILLON



When we clear Malad Summit on our way home from Utah and drop into Marsh Valley, my husband says, “I wonder if The Lady on the Mountain has shown up yet?” Sure enough, after we pass Arimo, we see the lady’s outline beginning to show through the snow on the south face of Bonneville Peak, just beyond the cleft between it and flat-topped Haystack Mountain. If it doesn’t snow again this spring, the tall, thin woman in her pioneer dress will soon wax and wane for several weeks. Two or three small children will walk beside her.

A similar herald of springtime is a big “7” that emerges from the melting snow on Wild Horse Mountain south of our home town in Pocatello, lets gardeners know it’s time to plant. Although we southeast Idahoans prize the icons we concoct with our own hands, we know we can’t top Mother Nature’s creations. The Lady on the Mountain and the “7” are just two examples.

Of course, one of the most famous icons in our part of the state is Craters of the Moon. Beginning fifteen thousand years ago, about four hundred square miles of southern Idaho were bedecked with flood basalt, lava tubes, and cinder fields. When I first visited Craters of the Moon, I was awestruck by the expanse of black lava, and terrified to climb a cinder cone to peer into its depths. Later trips to this national monument, which is about eighteen miles west of Arco, amplified my appreciation of its evidences of eruptions repeated over many thousands of years, its variety of lava types, its tubes and caves, and especially the persistence of life in its hostile environment. We regularly take visiting friends to Craters to impress them with the might of nature displayed within this volcanic icon.

If we don’t have time for that trip, Hell’s Half Acre, straddling I-15 five miles north of Blackfoot, is closer to Pocatello [see “Hell’s Half Acre,” *IDAHO* magazine, August 2017]. There our



visitors can view a spectacular lava tube while hiking through a 150-square-mile lava field. The volcano that created Hell's Half Acre erupted only four thousand years ago. Its lava flow covered less than one-tenth the area of Craters of the Moon, but it moved at thirty miles per hour, changing the course of the Snake River as it pushed the riverbed eastward.

On the way to Hell's Half Acre from Pocatello, three prominent buttes rise in the distance to the west. The one that appears to be in the center, Big Southern Butte, comprises two coalesced lava domes from an eruption three hundred thousand years ago. It stands twenty-five-hundred feet above the Snake River Plain. One of the largest lava domes in the world, it provides an awe-inspiring view from its crest. It can be reached by taking US-26 west from Blackfoot or east from Atomic City to Big Southern Butte Road, which can be followed south to a loop around the butte. Some people hike to the top and

others ride, usually via four-wheel-drive.

North of Big Southern Butte lies the vast campus of Idaho National Laboratories (INL). Nuclear experimentation and testing are still carried out at this vast facility, along with a variety of kinds of research. In 1955, nearby Arco was the first city in the world to be lit with atomic power. When we drive our visitors to Craters of

ABOVE: A lava tube at Craters of the Moon.

LEFT INSET: Evidence of ancient lava flows at Craters.

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CHRISTOPHER EUGENE LEE



ARCHITECT

ABOVE: The Soda Springs Geyser.

ABOVE INSET: Bear Lake and surrounds.

the Moon, we often stop at Experimental Reactor #1 to show them where that power was generated. There's a lot of information about nuclear power and the mission of INL at this site.

Local news reports often warn us that the Yellowstone Caldera extends well into southeastern Idaho and could erupt at any time. Evidence of volcanic activity bubbles up at Heise Hot Springs near Idaho Falls, at Lava Hot Springs southeast of Pocatello, and at Downata Hot Springs south of Downey on the way to Red Rock Pass.

Centuries ago, native residents enjoyed soaking in the natural pools, and mountain men who came upon them quickly put the hot mineral waters to therapeutic use. Pioneer settlers were slower to benefit from these sites, but they now offer swimming pools, camping, and other recreation. At Lava Hot Springs, stonework-lined

hot baths are open all year for curative purposes or pleasure [see "Lava Hot Springs—Spotlight City," *IDAHO magazine*, June 2013]. From their nearby farm, my father and brother often relieved the stiffness of their tired muscles and joints with an evening soak in these pools. Our grown children make side trips to Lava when they visit us in winter to bathe in the comfortably hot mineral water while enjoying the view of the surrounding snow-covered mountains.

Across Fish Creek Pass from Lava, we sometimes picnic in the pretty little downtown park at Soda Springs while waiting to see the geyser erupt (see "Soda Springs—Spotlight City," *IDAHO magazine*, December 2002). It was inadvertently freed from the depths of the earth in 1937 by entrepreneurs digging a well to supply water for a proposed swimming pool. The hot water they released shot a hundred feet into the

air! It was capped and controlled to erupt every hour on the hour. I'm told it still sometimes shoots up a hundred feet, but about thirty feet is the highest I've seen it erupt. We like to arrive shortly before the hour or hang around in the park to watch it spout, the height depending on the accumulated pressure.

At a pretty little park a short distance northeast of Soda Springs, I've dipped up a sip of revered Hooper Springs mineral water. In pioneer times, this water was bottled and shipped to the East to be enjoyed for its natural effervescence and health-giving properties. I can't imagine why. To me it tastes like rusty nails.

Not far southwest of Soda Springs are caves that local spelunkers say are well worth visiting. Niter Ice Cave beyond Grace is a lava tube that runs under farmland and even a road. Pioneers kept food cold with its ice and held dances inside

it. Farther south in Bear Lake Valley, water-carved Minnetonka Cave boasts nine travertine chambers. Nearby Paris Ice Cave is best visited in late summer when it has dried enough to be safe. However, I would have to visit these icons alone. I coaxed my husband into a cave just once. His reaction was, "You'll never get me underground again!"

I got my first full view of Bear Lake's 109 square miles from near the Wyoming border at the top of a bare hill on a back road. The lake lay sparkling like a turquoise blue gem far below me. The water is equally beautiful whenever I view it close-up from the soaring windows of a friend's A-frame summer home. Lying astraddle the Idaho-Utah border, this popular vacation destination offers sandy beaches, sailing, boating, fishing, swimming, and camping.

Bear Lake's surface elevation is 5,924 feet. It



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ABOVE: City of Rocks.

RIGHT INSET: A replica of the original Fort Hall.

was formed a quarter-million years ago by fault subsidence. The lake is at present 208 feet deep and still deepening. Four species of fish are found exclusively in Bear Lake: the Bear River cutthroat trout, Bonneville whitefish, Bear Lake sculpin, and Bonneville cisco. The silvery, tiny but abundant cisco are caught with nets during their annual run (see “Cisco Time,” *IDAHO magazine*, January 2017).

The Bear Lake area was first settled by farmers, and another of its delicacies is its raspberries, which are celebrated during an annual festival. Raspberries are usually available to purchase for two or three weeks from late July into August. Unfortunately, I haven’t yet made the trip there at the right time to sample this southeastern Idaho icon.

Our parents made teaching moments of driving my brothers and me through Red Rock Pass, an remnant of colossal Lake Bonneville (see “What the Floods Wrought,” *IDAHO magazine*,

December 2018). About 14,500 years ago, the lake, which covered much of northwestern Utah and adjoining edges of Idaho and Nevada, broke through its rim approximately twenty miles north of present day Preston. Its deep waters gushed northward, depositing gravel on the floor and silt on the benches of Marsh Valley. At the north end of Marsh Valley, basalt cliffs forced the surging waters westward through the Portneuf River gorge to the Snake, where they rushed on to the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean.

Near the confluence of the Portneuf and Snake Rivers, Oregon Trail pioneers found relief from the trail at Fort Hall. Established about 1834 for fur trading, the fort was demolished in 1864. Its site is locked away on Native American spiritual ground, but to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Idaho Territory, a replica of the fort was completed in 1963, following the original Hudson Bay Company plans. This replica stands on the bluff



MATTHEW DILLON



SNAKE RIVER VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

along Pocatello's South Fifth Avenue. I love taking friends to visit there, along with the historical museum and a miniature pioneer town nearby. These icons provide greater understanding of the lives of early Idaho pioneers.

Not all emigrants following the Oregon Trail were going to Oregon. Those headed for California began breaking away before reaching the Rocky Mountains. Sublette-Greenwood Trail left the Oregon Trail in Wyoming. Sublette Road, an unpaved shortcut between Lava Hot Springs and Arimo that I've driven many times, follows a fifteen-mile stretch of that trail almost exactly.

The California Trail turned off at Fort Hall. Pioneers following this trail saw spires and steeples like a city rising in the distance. When they reached the site, it turned out to be an area of fantastic rock formations. They named it the "City of Rocks." South of Burley and just east of the tiny town of Almo, it is now known as the City of Rocks National Reserve, and has become another southern Idaho icon. It's very popular among rock climbers, sightseers, and campers.

Speaking of rocks, hauling huge ones to the main

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RIGHT: The Lady on the Mountain, Bonneville Peak.

RIGHT INSET: Heise Hot Springs, 1910.

entrances of Pocatello schools and painting and repainting them has become an iconic tradition for students. They adorn their rocks with epigrams and commemorations of school events. Sometimes students of a rival school sneak in at night to blazon a rock with taunting colors and messages.

Perhaps the students got this idea from Register Rock, which is covered in names carved or written in charcoal by emigrants traveling the Oregon Trail. This rock, located two miles from the Massacre Rocks State Park Visitor Center, ten miles west of American Falls, is protected by a heavy steel cage under a sturdy roof.

Massacre Rocks got its name from a “skirmish” between Shoshone people and emigrants. To me, the skirmish seemed more like a battle, since ten people died. The legend that frightened me as a child was that the Shoshone struck from a hiding place in a huge rock formation west of today’s park. My fright was mitigated when I-86 was built right through those rocks, greatly reducing their size.

A widespread icon from which southeastern Idaho is not exempt is the huge first initial of a school’s name planted high on a mountain. Usually fashioned from rocks, these giant letters are embedded in the soil and frequently repainted. In Pocatello, such a “P” looks down on Pocatello High School. Across the valley, a controversy raged for five years about the “I” for Idaho State University that had hung on Red Hill until 2015. Students constructed it in 1901. It was removed because erosion of the hill halfway up underneath the “I” had rendered it a danger to nearby buildings as well as to cars and

pedestrians on the street below.

“We’ll eventually get a small concession for our lost ‘I,’” we alumni complained, “like that puny bronze tiger.” We were talking about the Idaho State University mascot, the Bengal tiger, a giant-sized likeness of which the students fashioned from papier mâché and chicken-wire for the 1950 homecoming parade. Shored up with concrete, it welcomed visitors to the gym for more than sixty years. I smiled every time I passed it, but it wasn’t made to last. Its replacement, strong and beautiful, was much too small for that spot. It never was installed there.

As for “I,” we all despaired of it ever being replaced. But after five years, a donation by the Rice family (a former professor and his alumni children) made possible, in time for the 2019 ISU homecoming, a new “I” of the same size and same bright orange-and-black colors as the original. The new “I” was engineered by an alumnus whose plans were checked and





rechecked by an engineering professor and his students, so it should stay safely in place on a strong base designed to withstand erosion.

An “I” that was positioned solidly in the first place still stands as an emblem of the long-gone high school at Inkom. I admire it whenever I pass by on the Interstate. Likewise, there is still an “L” on the mountain south of Lava Hot Springs. Both icons bring to mind a time when there were high schools in almost every Idaho community. The consolidated school in the center of Marsh Valley is too far from a mountainside to properly bear an initial, yet on a low hillside across the highway from the campus, a big “M” reigns, with a “V” dangling off its right leg. Near Craters of the Moon, Arco High School also has positioned its icon across a highway, their “A” embedded firmly in a steep mountainside.

Even though I have my doubts about these painted rocks, I favor encouraging creativity and reflecting on meaningful emblems of our lives. Most of all, I favor preserving the icons created by Mother Nature. ■

“ **I discovered the heart of Idaho** through the human stories in this magazine. Not only is Idaho the lakes and rivers, mountains and forests, towns and cities, it is the people. — Ruth K.

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FROM PLUMMER TO MULLAN

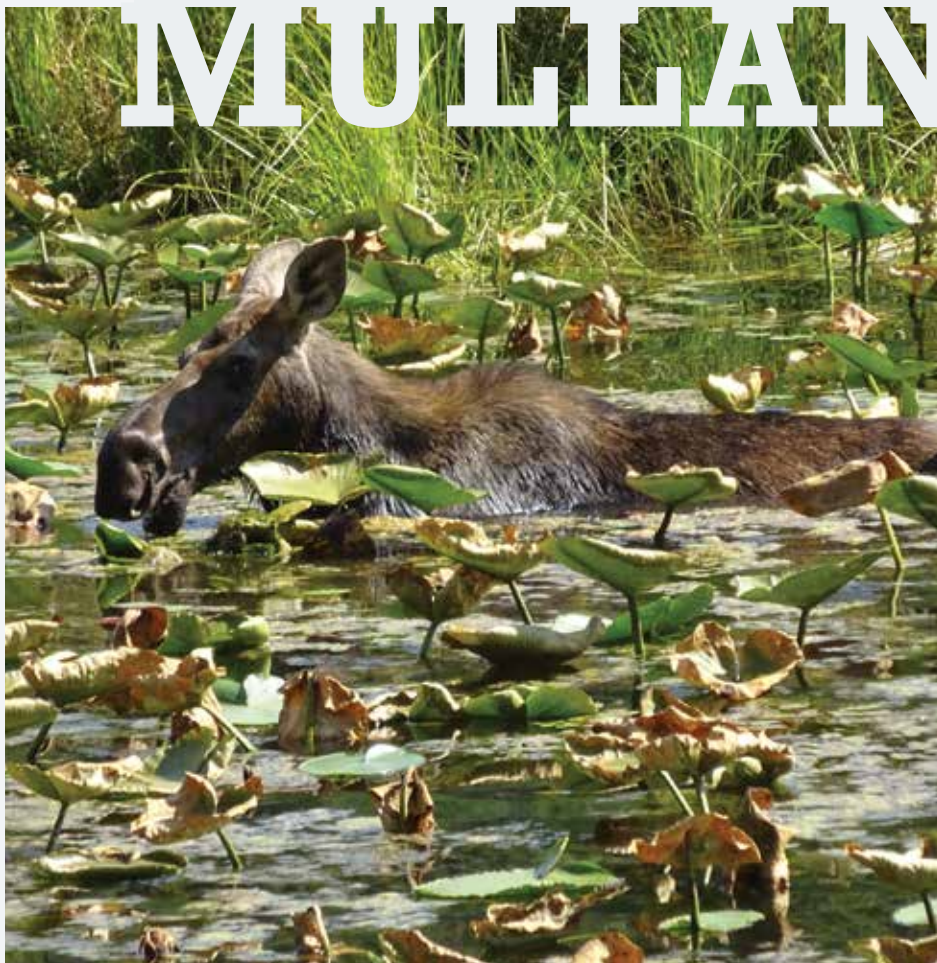


MARY TERRA-BENIS

FAR ABOVE: View of Mullan, 2003.

ABOVE: Skiing the Trail of the
Coeur d'Alenes.

RIGHT: Moose in wetland along
the trail.



MARY TERRA-BENIS

WATER MYSTERIES AND OTHER CURIOSITIES

BY MARY TERRA-BERNS

Coeur d'Alene Lake, which is twenty-five miles long and has a maximum depth of about 220 feet, is inhabited by large and small fish, along with a few “water mysteries.” According to a legend of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe, people who witness a water mystery rising out of the lake die shortly after the experience—but if a small gift is placed where the mystery is witnessed, you may be able to pass without harm.

I came across this legend while investigating the history along the Trail of the Coeur d'Alenes. It's a rail-trail corridor stretching seventy-three miles from Plummer, in the Palouse Prairie just south of Coeur d'Alene Lake, to Mullan in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The water mystery legend was in a 1930 ethnographic report to the Smithsonian Institution by Franz Boas and James Teit. It was one of many intriguing and humorous stories I amassed for a trail guidebook I published with my friend and photographer Judi Cronin. For six months, I buried myself in books, reports, and old newspaper articles that described the world at another time in this part of the Idaho Panhandle.

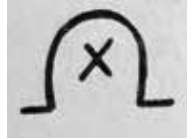
One thing I didn't know prior to my historical journey was how developed the river corridor between Harrison and Rose Lake was in the early 1900s. Several wood mills were located on the river and company towns like Springston, Lane, Dudley, and Rose Lake grew up around them. Populations numbered in the hundreds and the prosperous town of Rose Lake had five hundred residents at one time (see “Rose Lake—Spotlight City,” *IDAHO magazine*, October 2018). Each of these towns had a post office, school, church, grocery and hardware stores, recreation center, and a bar or two. Today there is little to no evidence they even existed,

which I find somewhat amazing.

One of the nuggets of information I came across that caused me to think, “Huh, that's clever,” concerned log-branding. Log drives, the preferred method of transporting logs to the wood mills, involved dumping thousands of logs, destined for different mills, into the river during the high springtime flows. With all of the mills moving logs at the same time, you might wonder, “How the heck did they know whose logs were whose?” I was wondering the same thing. The answer is each mill had a unique brand and every log was marked with a branding hammer four times on both ends (think north, south, east, west). This system allowed the sorters at the mills to see the brand no matter how the log floated in the water.

I've always enjoyed the section of river from Harrison to Rose Lake. In the spring, the wetlands are covered with waterfowl and other aquatic species like muskrat and painted turtles. Moose are a common sight during summer as they cool off in the water and enjoy a banquet of wetland vegetation. This wasn't the case before the early 1900s. Back then, numerous farms and ranches in between the mill towns grazed livestock in verdant pastures and harvested Timothy hay from hundreds of productive acres. Occasionally, high spring runoff would flood the pastures and meadows for a short time. That changed when the Post Falls Dam was built in 1906 and water started backing up behind the dam. The rising water permanently flooded the pastures and meadows, creating wetlands.

Unlike the lower Coeur d'Alene River (downstream of Cataldo) almost all the towns that sprang to life along the upper river are still alive and kicking. The difference? Mining. Placer



ABOVE: Log brands.



COURTESY MUSEUM OF NORTH IDAHO



MARY TERESA BENNIS

ABOVE: Historical image of the town of Springston.

RIGHT: A contemporary mine along the trail.

miners started arriving in northern Idaho in the mid-1880s, following the gold rush to Eagle and Prichard Creeks, tributaries to the North Fork Coeur d'Alene River. Gold brought miners here, but it was silver that kept them. At one time there were more than twenty-six thousand (yes, thousand) mining claims in Shoshone County. Astonishing! Of course, the vast majority closed without making history, but a few of them became major producers. The Silver Valley has produced more silver than any other mining district in the country.

My most vivid memory of the Silver Valley is hillsides barren of a blade of grass or stick of timber. These barren hillsides were caused by toxic fumes that wafted out of the smokestacks of the Bunker Hill smelter. As the smelter processed all that ore, it was also emitted substantial amounts of lead dust and other pollutants into the air. In the stack of documents I reviewed, several sources indicated the “bag house” as a major part of the problem. The bag house was a mystery to me until I found a detailed description of it in an agency report on the pollution.

The primary pollution control device at the Bunker Hill smelter was the bag house. Twelve thousand wool bags that looked like huge windsocks (thirty feet high and eighteen inches in diameter), were suspended in rows and designed

to trap lead dust. Although approximately three thousand bags were destroyed in a fire in 1973, the owner of the smelter the time, Gulf Resources, continued to operate it at full production without replacing the destroyed bags. Unfiltered emissions flowed out of the smelter until August 1974, when the ever-increasing level of lead in the air prompted authorities to investigate. Even though Bunker Hill spent millions of dollars upgrading the smelter, it couldn't compete with newer, more efficient smelters and it closed in December 1981. Ten years later, the mine closed when its investors filed for bankruptcy.

The discovery of the Bunker Hill mine in 1885 is credited to Noah S. Kellogg and his donkey, which supposedly kicked a rock and uncovered a vast vein of galena (silver-lead ore) in Milo Gulch on the south side of the river. Most sources agree it was Kellogg who made the discovery—but I found out there was a lot more to this story. After reviewing several documents and publications, I decided the most interesting, amusing, and largely factual account was by William T. Stoll, in the book *Silver Strike: The True Story of Silver Mining in the Coeur d'Alenes*, published in 1932 by Harold Wave Whicker.

Kellogg, an out-of-work carpenter living in

Murray (see “Murray–Spotlight City,” *IDAHO magazine*, March 2017), secured a grubstake (provisions, cash, and donkey) from Murray residents Origin O. Peck and Dr. John T. Cooper, with the agreement that if he found something, they would get a cut. According to Stoll, Kellogg considered the grubstake a pittance and was unhappy with Peck and Cooper. On his return trip to Murray with samples of his find, he slipped into town during the night and found Dutch Jake (Jacob Goetz), a knowledgeable prospector. Kellogg showed him the samples from Milo Gulch and Dutch Jake immediately recognized the high quality of the ore. They roused Philip O’Rourke and Cornelius “Con” Sullivan and before daybreak Kellogg, O’Rourke, and Sullivan were on their way to Milo Gulch.

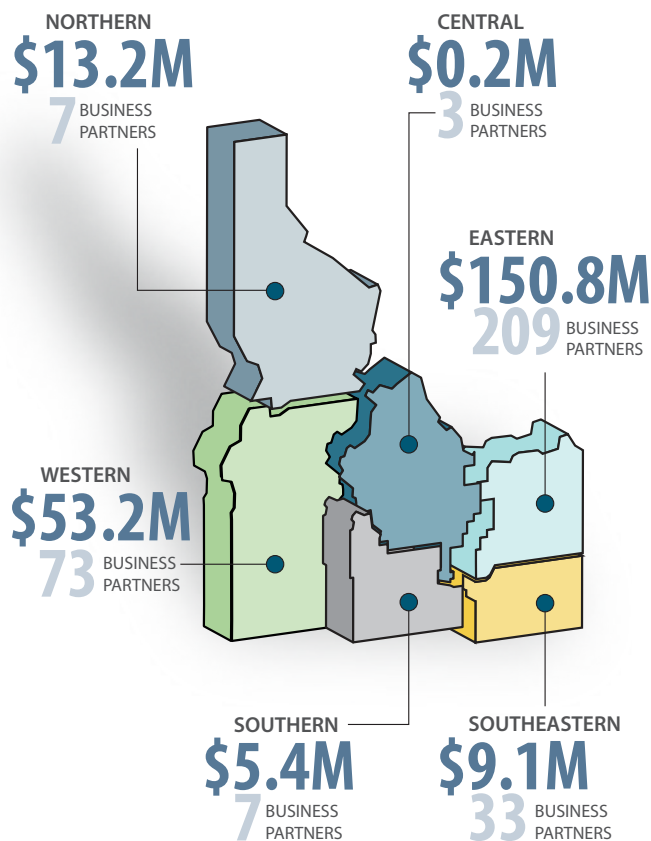
When they arrived, they removed Kellogg’s original notices and staked new locations: Bunker Hill and Sullivan. These new locations were immediately recorded under the names Kellogg, Goetz, O’Rourke, and Sullivan. Word of the discovery eventually reached Cooper and Peck. At the recorder’s office, they didn’t see their names on the location notices, so they immediately went to an attorney in Murray named William W. Woods (who also was the mentor of Stoll, the book’s author), and filed their complaint. Woods and Stoll agreed to represent them for one-fifth of the judgement or settlement.

Stoll traveled with experienced prospector John Flaherty to Milo Gulch, where they hoped to find direct evidence supporting Cooper and Peck. As they walked the claims, Flaherty loosened a bit of rock and kicked up a scrap of paper. The scrap was the original claim notice Kellogg had posted with himself, Cooper, and Peck as the locators. Woods and Stoll brought suit against Kellogg, O’Rourke, Sullivan, and a few others for fraud. Judge Norman Buck presided over the trial and eloquent arguments were presented by both sides. Ultimately, the jury found for Kellogg. However, Judge Buck reasoned that since the donkey had in fact discovered the claim and was part of the grubstake, Cooper and Peck were entitled to an eighth each.

I was amused by the contrast between the discovery of Bunker Hill and of Sunshine Mine. The discovery of the latter, about three and a half miles upriver from Bunker Hill (near Osburn) was a much more subdued affair. Sunshine, which became one of the largest silver-producing mines in the world, was discovered by two brothers from

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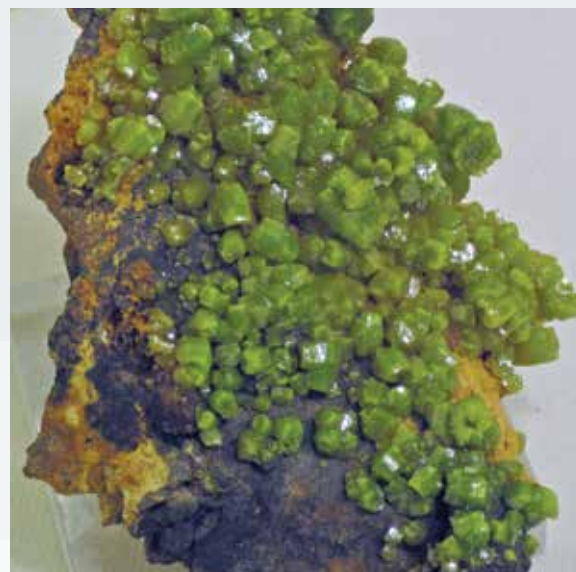
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Idaho National Laboratory



ROBERT ASHWORTH



BUNKER HILL MINE

ABOVE: Downtown Mullan.

RIGHT: Pyromorphite, a source of lead, from an area mine.

Maine who weren't even looking for gold or silver. Dennis and True Blake made their way to the Coeur d'Alene Valley (now the Silver Valley) in 1880 after spending some time in Chicago and in Washington Territory. They were looking for productive ground to homestead and found the perfect spot at the confluence of Big Creek and the South Fork Coeur d'Alene River.

In the late summer of 1884, while exploring Big Creek Canyon, the brothers found high-grade silver ore in a rock outcropping a short distance from their farm. They staked the Yankee Lode claim in September and, while all of the hubbub was going on downriver at Bunker Hill, they quietly started working the claim. Over the next twenty years, they transformed from low-key farmers into wealthy silver merchants. Poor health and the death of True in 1910 motivated Dennis and True's widow, Hattie, to lease the property to several individuals starting in 1912.

This part of the story answered a question I had about why the trailhead in the area is called Shont. From 1912 through 1915, Sidney L. Shonts and his mining partner, Oscar Nordquist, leased part of the Yankee Lode claim. (I never did figure out why the "s" was dropped from the trailhead's name.) Shonts, a mining engineer, arrived in the area sometime around 1904. He became well known throughout the Coeur

d'Alene Mining District and was connected with several mines as owner or manager. Sometime after 1919, Shonts moved to San Jose, California but he traveled back to Idaho regularly for business. According to the November 29, 1938, issue of the *Madera Tribune* in California, he died in the crash of a United Airlines plane en route from Seattle to San Francisco.

From 1916-1920, Dan Price leased silver claims from Dennis Blake and his sister-in-law Hattie. Price was president and controlling partner of the Big Creek Leasing Company. He invested a substantial amount of money in attempts to reach ore reserves at the lower levels of the mine, but his efforts proved to be unsuccessful. He brought in Eugene Tousley, a businessman from Spokane, who then brought in businessmen from Yakima, Washington. In 1918, this group formed the Sunshine Mining Company. Three years later, the Blakes sold their stake to the Yakima interests.

After several years, at the depth of 1,700 feet, a twenty-three-foot-wide silver ore vein was discovered. In 1943, the famous and productive Chester vein was discovered at the 2,700-foot level. The ore body was so productive that high-grade ore continued to be found at the 5,600-foot level, earning the Sunshine Mine a title it held for decades as the

biggest silver producer in the world.

Sadly, the Sunshine Mine also is known for one of the worst mining disasters in American history. Of 178 miners who entered the mine on the morning of May 2, 1972, only eighty-five were safely evacuated before the hoist operator was overcome by carbon monoxide and smoke that infiltrated the mine from a fire. Two men found a safe pocket of air near the No.12 borehole and were rescued from the mine seven-and-a-half days later. A memorial to the ninety-one miners who lost their lives that day is about a tenth of a mile north of the Shont Trailhead on Big Creek Road.

The story I found most intriguing was the establishment of the town of Mullan (see “Mullan—Spotlight,” *IDAHO magazine*, November 2017). In the early 1860s, the Mullan Military Road from Fort Walla Walla in Washington Territory to Fort Benton on the Missouri River in Montana Territory was constructed. It was used as a military road just once before being declared surplus a few years after it was completed. It became known simply as the Mullan Road, and was used by prospectors, hunters, cattle drivers, and other immigrants who flooded into northern Idaho. One 1866 report estimated that twenty thousand people used the Mullan Road that year.

In the mid-1860s, one of the prospectors who crossed over the mountain pass (now called Lookout Pass) from Montana Territory was a black man whose name is unrecorded. He didn’t travel too far from the pass before he built a cabin in a large meadow right off Mullan Road. The meadow became a well-known landmark on maps and as a reference location in newspaper articles.

He apparently had located a source of gold near his cabin that he quietly worked on his own. An article in the August 13, 1884 issue of *The River Press* in Fort Benton, Montana, reported that the man showed up in Missoula with a bag of gold dust in the fall of 1866 and “spent royally.” He stayed the winter in Missoula and left in the spring with three horses. In the fall, he came back to Missoula with even more gold dust and stayed

for another winter. Once again, he left in the spring, this time accompanied by a male member of the Flathead Tribe. Sometime during the summer, an emigrant party traveling on the Mullan Road to Oregon saw the two at the black man’s cabin as they passed through the area. About a week or so later, another emigrant party found the man dead from a gunshot. The emigrants buried him and placed a cross. Later in the fall, the Flathead member was seen with the man’s horses.

By this time, hard rock miners were moving into the area. On either side of the meadow, mining claims were staked. In May 1884, J. G. Hunter and Frank Moore discovered a silver-lead lode deposit on the east side of the meadow, which became the Gold Hunter Mine. A few weeks later, on the west side, Johnny Marr and his partners located the Morning Claim and George S. Good located the Evening Claim, which merged with the Morning.

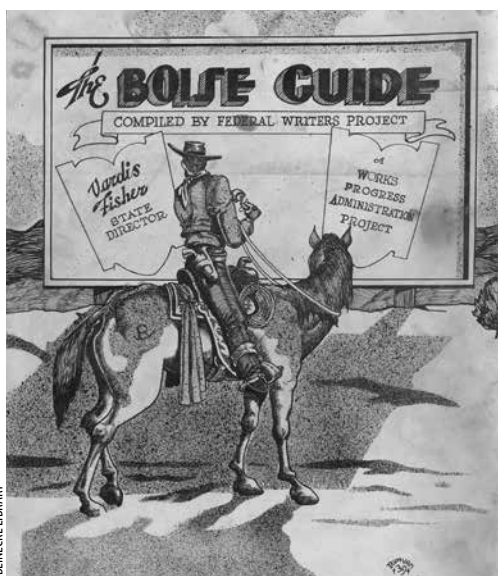
Johnny Marr, who had mining experience from the Black Hills in the Dakotas, appreciated the importance of the area and recommended forming a mining district. When all the area prospectors met, they agreed with Marr, and the Hunter Mining District was formed. The group also agreed to determine the location for a town and to lay it out. The meadow where the black man had lived was the agreed-upon location and the group reconvened there to see if Doc McGreevy, who was living in the cabin built by the black man, had any objections. He didn’t, and the location was claimed as the townsite of Margood, after Johnny Marr and George Good. Not long afterwards, it was changed to Mullan to honor the explorer and soldier Captain John Mullan.

The end of the trail for my research was Mullan. Nowadays, when I cycle along the Trail of the Coeur d’Alenes or visit one of the Coeur d’Alene River towns, I take in the sights through different eyes. And when I’m on Lake Coeur d’Alene, I definitely keep a wary eye out for water mysteries. ■

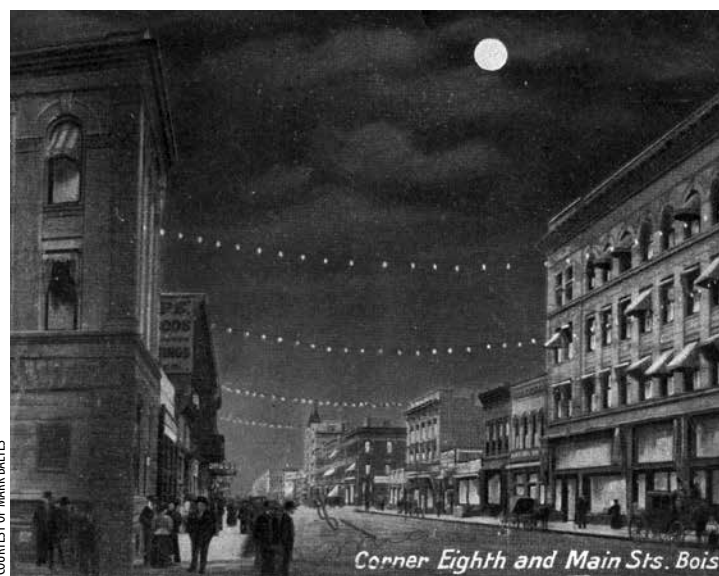
An unpublished manuscript titled the Boise Guide, written under the aegis of the Federal Writers' Project (FWP) by renowned Idaho author Vardis Fisher, sat in a box in Washington, D.C. for almost eighty years until its discovery in August 2018 by Boise State University archivist Alessandro Mereaglia. In 1935, Fisher was named director of the Idaho Writers' Project as part of the FWP, which in turn was part of the federal Works Progress Administration. In 1935-36, Fisher wrote a guidebook titled Idaho: A Guide in Word and Picture. It was published, followed by Idaho Encyclopedia and Idaho Lore, all under the FWP. But when it came to the Boise Guide, Fisher couldn't find a sponsor, which was required by FWP rules. In November 1939, he resigned as the Idaho project's director without having secured a sponsor for the Boise Guide. That was the end of it, until Alex ventured to Washington D.C. and resurrected the manuscript. It will be published this month for the first time by Rediscovered Publishing of Boise. Following are Alex's account of the discovery and excerpts from Vardis Fisher's text, published with permission.

VARDIS FISHER ON BOISE

FRANK ADEN, JR.



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COURTESY OF MARK BAILES

BY ALESSANDRO MEREGAGLIA

HIS MANUSCRIPT BROUGHT TO LIGHT



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FAR ABOVE: Northward view down Boise's Capitol Boulevard, 1936.

ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Cover by William Runyan intended for the original book; night-view postcard of downtown; Vardis Fisher at his desk, 1939.

DISCOVERING THE FORGOTTEN FISHER MANUSCRIPT

If it weren't for a few clues that hinted at its existence, the manuscript may have stayed hidden in a box for eighty more years. Requiring an archival expedition, the path that led to the manuscript's discovery started with my research into Caxton Printers of Caldwell, founded in 1907. As an archivist at Boise State University, I was intrigued by Caxton's history as a publisher in the West who competed successfully against Eastern publishers. Through my research, I looked into Caxton's long involvement with Fisher and the FWP books about Idaho, all of which Caxton published.

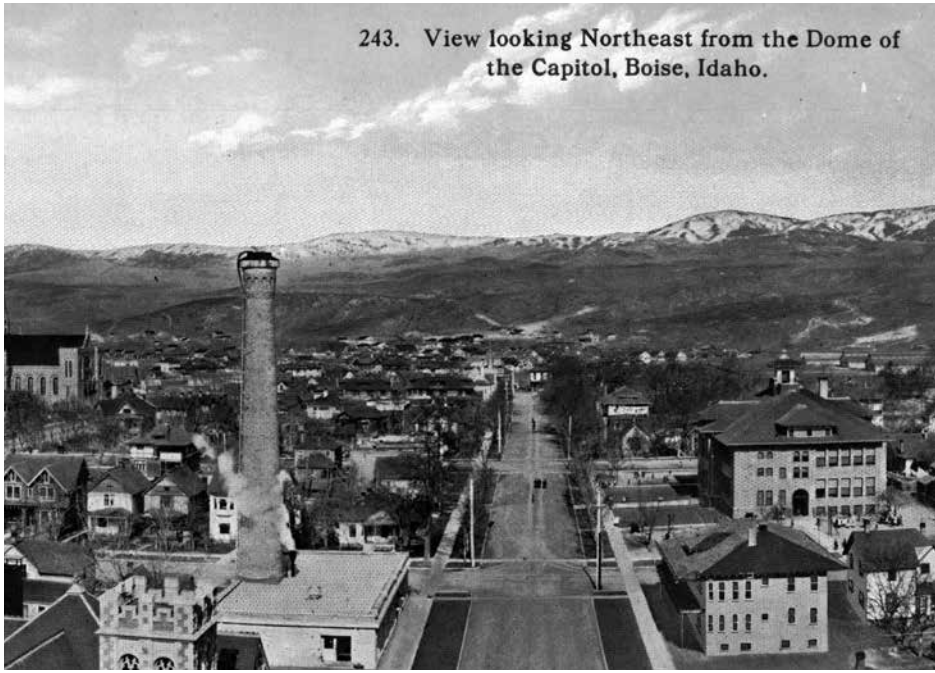
Reading about the history of the *Idaho Guide* in Jerre Mangione's *The Dream and the Deal*, I first learned about unpublished manuscripts produced by the FWP. There, on page 370, was a footnote with a revealing quotation from Vardis Fisher: "At the time of my resignation, I had three more books in manuscript, two large and one small . . . I have no idea where these manuscripts are—buried somewhere, I assume, under the monstrous bureaucracy in Washington."

It was from that small footnote that I managed eventually to track down the *Boise Guide*. Intrigued by these



COURTESY OF MARK BAUTES

ABOVE: Aerial view of the Capitol and Hotel Boise.



COURTESY OF MARK BAUTES

243. View looking Northeast from the Dome of the Capitol, Boise, Idaho.

ABOVE RIGHT: The city and foothills.

unpublished manuscripts and hoping they had been saved, I looked into Mangione's papers, which are located at the University of Rochester, to get more information. I requested copies of Mangione's and Fisher's correspondence as well as the tapes of their interview. In the interview I heard Fisher say he had written a guide to Boise. Knowing that there had at one point been a manuscript propelled me further. I learned that the Library of Congress possessed a huge collection of WPA records, but I knew that the National Archives and Records Administration had WPA records as well. I found the inventory for the WPA records housed at the Library of Congress. There, tucked between folders for Florida and Indiana, was the only digital record of the *Boise Guide* manuscript.

In August 2018, I traveled to Washington, D.C. to consult the collection. To my great delight, Box A562 did indeed contain the manuscript for Fisher's *Boise Guide*. In fact, it contained two copies: one was a carbon copy Fisher must have kept in his office in Idaho, and the other was the copy with editorial comments from the national office (that wasn't returned until 1940 and then was obviously sent back to D.C. after the Idaho project closed). The edit

from the federal office slashed straight through Fisher's voice. In many ways, it's fortuitous that the *Guide* was never published. Had the edits been adopted (as they most surely would have if a sponsor had ever been secured, since Fisher was no longer attached to the Idaho Writers' project and could register no objection), they would have rendered the *Guide* useful but unimaginative.

In 1942, essayist and historian Bernard DeVoto wrote about the importance of "the enormous mass of data" the FWP gathered. He worried these unpublished manuscripts would be destroyed as "waste paper" but noted that if the documents were "organized, indexed, and made available to . . . historians they can be immensely valuable." The success of not only finding Fisher's manuscript but bringing it out in print illustrates DeVoto's claim about the importance of the WPA records. The history of the *Boise Guide* is drawn from correspondence found in the National Archives in Washington, D.C., which holds most of the correspondence for the Federal Writers' Project not held by the Library of Congress. The original cover for this *Guide*, drawn by William Runyan, was discovered in Fisher's papers held by Yale University's Beinecke Library.

* * * * *

The *Boise Guide* reflects Fisher's usual tone and style: direct, at times witty, and almost always acerbic. He is no simple booster or economic promoter; he will only deign to comment on places and things of genuine note. As Fisher makes clear in the *Introduction to Idaho Digest for Travelers* (one of his other unpublished FWP manuscripts), "In the following list only those points of interest are given which it is felt are worthy of attention. If such items as the universities and other institutions or public buildings such as the State Capitol are omitted, it is because they are unimpressive in comparison with corresponding features in many other states."

EXCEPTS FROM THE *BOISE GUIDE*:

PHYSICAL ASPECT


As cities go, Boise is physically attractive, but it is the trees and not the buildings that make it so. Like cities everywhere, it suffers from want of congruity and planning structures, and so presents the appearance of having grown up in a burst of individualism, with no regard in any building for those around it. There is also, of course, the problem of changing tastes, from which all cities suffer so much in ugliness. The Idanha Hotel some thirty years ago was the edifice at which Boise pointed with greatest pride, but nobody finds it beautiful today. It has been supplanted in public esteem by the Hotel Boise; but perhaps in another thirty years this structure, which by common consent, would doubtless be placed next to the Capitol itself in pleasing architectural design, at least among the larger buildings, will be regarded as having the kind of old-fashioned stupidity that is today seen in the first automobiles.

Boise today is a monument to changing architectural styles that run the gamut from the pioneer cabin to all kinds of hybrids. Side by side are the hideous ornateness of the gingerbread era and the stripped simplicity of a mode that is a long way from gothic gargoyles. Upon any of several streets can be found enough incongruous architectural ineptness to abash any lover of the beautiful—if it were not for the trees, and it is the trees after all which give to Boise its somewhat legendary distinction of being one of the loveliest cities in the nation. Without them, the city would not inappropriately invite

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the metaphor of a peacock divested of its feathers.

Boise can take pride in its trees. With eighty-five-thousand of them, it has more than any other city in the country without an arboretum; and it owes a debt to Lafayette Cartee, a Frenchman with an arboricultural fever, who came to the spot in 1863 and decided that a town in so barren a desert ought to hide its drouth under foliage. The settlement he came to was a huddle of false-fronted shacks, hitching posts and dusty streets. Winds kalsomined everything with the topsoil from the arid sagebrush terrain westward. When Cartee was done, he had planted every kind of tree then grown in the Northwest, as well as species from the Orient, Europe and the eastern states. His enthusiasm lived in others who went on with the planting; and in consequence, Boise today has many long leafy avenues with ceilings arched over and dappled shadows upon the concrete.

When looked down upon from the northern hills, the city is seen as a solidly wooded residential district in the center of which is the business section, looking like a pile of children's blocks. The whole area is crowded into an elliptical bowl, and great mountains stretch to the very doorstep in a sheltering amphitheater which protects on all sides from violent wind and storm. Standing out is the Hotel Boise,

impressive in its monolithic simplicity, and the Capitol, which has the customary lack of originality found in all buildings patterned after the parent in Washington, D. C. To the west is a valley of farms and orchards; and to the south is the barren tableland which water has not yet reclaimed.

NATURAL SETTING

Boise is situated in southwestern Idaho about thirty-five miles east of the Idaho-Oregon line, and about ninety-five miles north of Nevada. It stands at an elevation of 2,739 feet at the eastern end of Boise Valley. The Boise River, constantly shifting its course, has formed numerous islands, the largest of which is Eagle Island downstream from the city. While there are numerous creeks feeding the river in its upper stretch, the only important tributary within the valley is Indian Creek. Small tributaries running through the city are Cottonwood Creek and Sand Creek; and occasionally, when augmented by heavy rains or rapidly melting snow, these overwhelm their banks and flood streets and basements. Since the construction of Arrowrock Reservoir, the river rarely floods.

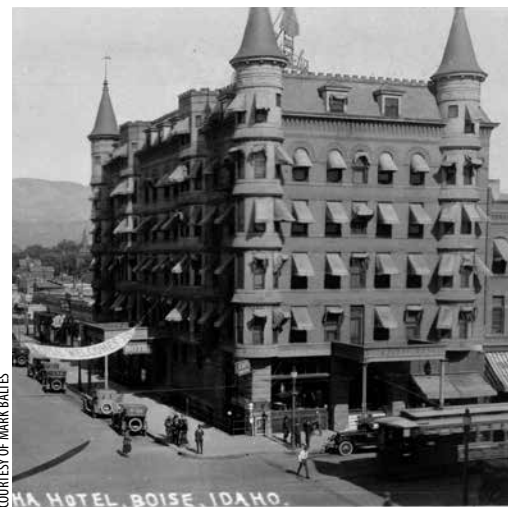
Black lava, embossed with green lichen, covers the slopes up the canyon east of the city,

BELOW: Eighth and Idaho Streets at night.

BELOW RIGHT: The Idanha Hotel.



COURTESY OF MARK BAUTES



COURTESY OF MARK BAUTES

and indicates intermittent flows during the volcanic periods. In early days, veins of quartz found here were rich in gold, and some gold is still found in the river bed. A small plateau of lava east of the city, known as Table Rock, is an old landmark. East and north of Table Rock are the high, and in their lower reaches denuded, mountains of the Boise Ridge. Shafer Butte rises to an elevation of 7,591 feet.

The river bottom soil near the city is sandy with washed quartz cobblestones in abundance just under the surface. This type of soil lends itself to truck gardening; and even formerly, when only Indians roamed the valley, supported a luxuriant growth of indigenous poplar and cottonwood and willow. Geologists declare that the whole basin may once have been a great lake, a remnant of an inland sea that covered a large area in which Great Salt Lake today is the most notable survivor. Legends suggest that Indians used to paddle canoes forty feet or more above the present valley floor. The benchland or mesa south and southwest of the city is underlain by the same lakebed sand, but the surface is heavy gumbo soil. Low barren foothills are in the north.

Before magic irrigation, Boise Valley was a semiarid desert. The coyote and jackrabbit have vanished with the sagebrush in the farmed areas; but the gopher, to the dismay of farmers, remains and burrows tunnels that often play havoc with ditches and canals. Nut trees in the city have attracted many friendly squirrels; and in the foliage along the streets are chiefly robins, mountain bluebirds, and western canaries. In the open, commonest birds are the meadowlark, kildeer, and the ubiquitous English sparrow. Teal and mallard ducks are natural. Trout swim in the river side by side with sucker and carp. The Mormon cricket (*Anabrus simplex*) does not seem to have prospered until farmers began to raise things that it found more to its taste; and today, after mild winters, hordes of the insect introduce themselves to the valley in locust plagues.

In the hills and desert roundabout are many varieties of wild flowers. Along ditch banks are sourdock, sweet clover, burdock, Spanish needles and sometimes the poisonous hemlock. Common in the desert are the ragweed, tumbleweed, and the Russian thistles, the last of which, an almost ineradicable pest, came with agriculture. ■



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Anoka Revisited

Stories Behind the Images

PHOTOS COURTESY OF CLEARWATER HISTORICAL MUSEUM

The cover story of the magazine's October 2019 issue was about a trove of historical photos discovered in rural Oregon that revived interest in the Idaho setting of the images: an early-twentieth-century community called Anoka on the Clearwater River's North Fork. Long returned to Nature and almost forgotten, these properties were homesteaded by several prominent people, such as William B. Kinne, who became Idaho's lieutenant governor. Kinne's grandson, Mike McCarthy of Orofino, still has almost all of the images shown on these pages in his family photo album. In this return visit to Anoka, area residents offer a few stories behind the pictures. —The Editors



Mike McCarthy's grandmother Isabelle M. "Belle" Kinne, with her son Harold and daughter (Mike's mother) Helen.

"At the homestead, Harold taught Helen to shoot with a shotgun, and she proudly recalled shooting a grouse off a log," Mike remembers. "Six years of residence were required to homestead, so the family lived in Anoka from 1904-1910. When they left, they packed out belongings by horseback and floated heavy items on a raft down the North Fork to Ahsahka. For some reason, my mother's parents said she couldn't take the cat with them. On the day they departed, Belle packed a picnic basket and the family floated downriver. When they stopped on the bank for lunch, they opened the hamper and out jumped the cat."

The homestead of Mike McCarthy's grandparents, viewed from the back.

The barn is in the middle ground and the Anoka schoolhouse with its steeple is in the background. "In the mid-1970s, we took my mother up to visit near the homestead, which she really enjoyed," Mike recounted. "She said, 'It was a wonderful place to grow up, but I wouldn't want to move back.' In 1910, the family moved into a clapboard home in Orofino, built by the Clearwater Timber Company. It had running water and showers. If anyone called her a 'North Forker,' she was offended. In Anoka, people lived in log cabins because they had to. When my wife Lynn and I moved back to Orofino twenty-seven years ago, we bought a really nice log house built in 1949, but my mother would never have abided that house. Log cabins have made a comeback since then, but



when ours was built in 1949, they were uncommon. My mother, who died in 1982, would roll over in her grave if she knew we bought that place, where we still live." Mike's mother graduated magna cum laude from Orofino High School in 1917, went to Whitman College in Walla Walla for two years, transferred to the University of Wisconsin for her bachelor's degree, and then earned her Masters degree in English from Columbia University.



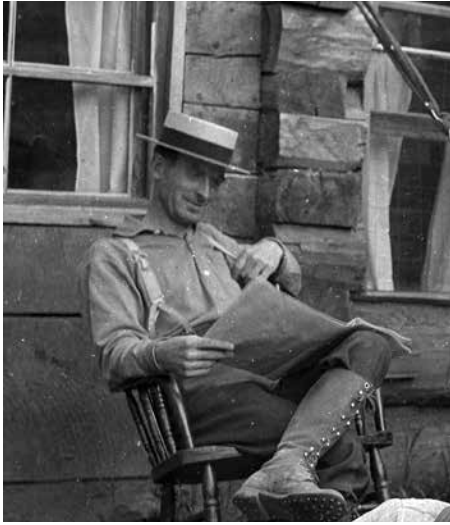
Harold Kinne, Mike's uncle, is shown with his homemade skis at the Anoka School.

Harold later went to Orofino High School. He graduated in 1914 and went on to the University of Wisconsin. When World War I began, he enlisted, and became a second lieutenant in the infantry. On July 19, 1918, he was killed in the second battle of the Marne while trying to take out a German machine gun placement.



Bedford J. Kinne, nicknamed “Beddy,” puts on his 1898 Spanish-American War uniform to the amusement of his wife Ina and others at their Anoka homestead. Beddy, the brother of onetime Idaho Lt. Gov. William B. Kinne, was wounded in the 1898 Battle of Cuamo, Puerto Rico.

Its claim to fame came from American war correspondent and novelist Richard Harding Davis, who contended he entered Cuamo while it was being shelled by American artillery, only to find that the Spanish troops had fled. A bridge had been destroyed, which delayed the arrival of the American soldiers, so the Cuamo citizenry surrendered to Davis. He declared himself mayor and military governor until the American forces showed up twenty minutes later.



William B. Kinne, Mike's grandfather, was not only an Anoka homesteader but was a prominent landowner, lumberman, the founder of the Bank of Orofino, a probate judge in Orofino, a state congressman, and was elected Idaho's lieutenant governor in 1929.

That June, he was driving home from Lewiston when four armed men stepped into the road and hijacked his vehicle. They put Kinne on the floor of the backseat and raced away, but a tire blew, and they crashed. Two men stopped to help, and the bandits commandeered their car. They resisted, were pistol-whipped, and one of them was shot twice in the legs. The three victims were put in the second car, robbed, and tied to a tree in the woods near Greer. Kinne overheard the four kidnappers discussing a plan to rob a bank in Pierce. They left, and one of Kinne's companions freed the three of them with a penknife the kidnappers had overlooked. By that evening, a manhunt was under way involving thousands of searchers. All four kidnappers and a fifth accomplice were captured within two days and received heavy sentences. "Over the years, my mother rarely mentioned the kidnapping," Mike says. "That December was when he died, so maybe it overshadowed the kidnapping. She said he didn't feel well that night after dinner in Orofino and went up to bed. By the time he went to the hospital, it was too late. His appendix had burst."

Orofino resident Audrey Steiner's father was the mail carrier in this photo.

Audrey told local history buff Richard "Tia" Pomponio that until seeing this image, her memory was dim of what her father looked like, because the family was too poor to own a camera. The family has had a meticulous model constructed of their Anoka homestead's cabin, which is on display at the Clearwater Historical Museum, where Tia is on the board of directors.





Sharon Harris, president of the Juliaetta-Kendrick Heritage Foundation, provided research showing that the man with the horse was Canadian-born Daniel Bain MackIntosh, known to all as “Captain,” because he had been master of a barque.

He moved in 1898 to Kendrick, where he was justice of the peace for several terms beginning in 1902. One of Captain MackIntosh’s sons became a colorful figure in his own right. Daniel Thomas Alexander MackIntosh was a newspaperman who owned and operated the *Kendrick Gazette*, established the *Juliaetta Enterprise* in 1903, and was president of the Idaho Press Association in 1904-05. He served in the Idaho Legislature from 1909-10. By then, he had moved the family from Kendrick to Moscow, where he was found guilty of embezzlement from the Elks Club. The family moved to Montana, where Daniel turned to drinking. His wife divorced him and remarried, taking their two sons with her. Daniel returned to newspaper work and died in Seattle in 1941. ■

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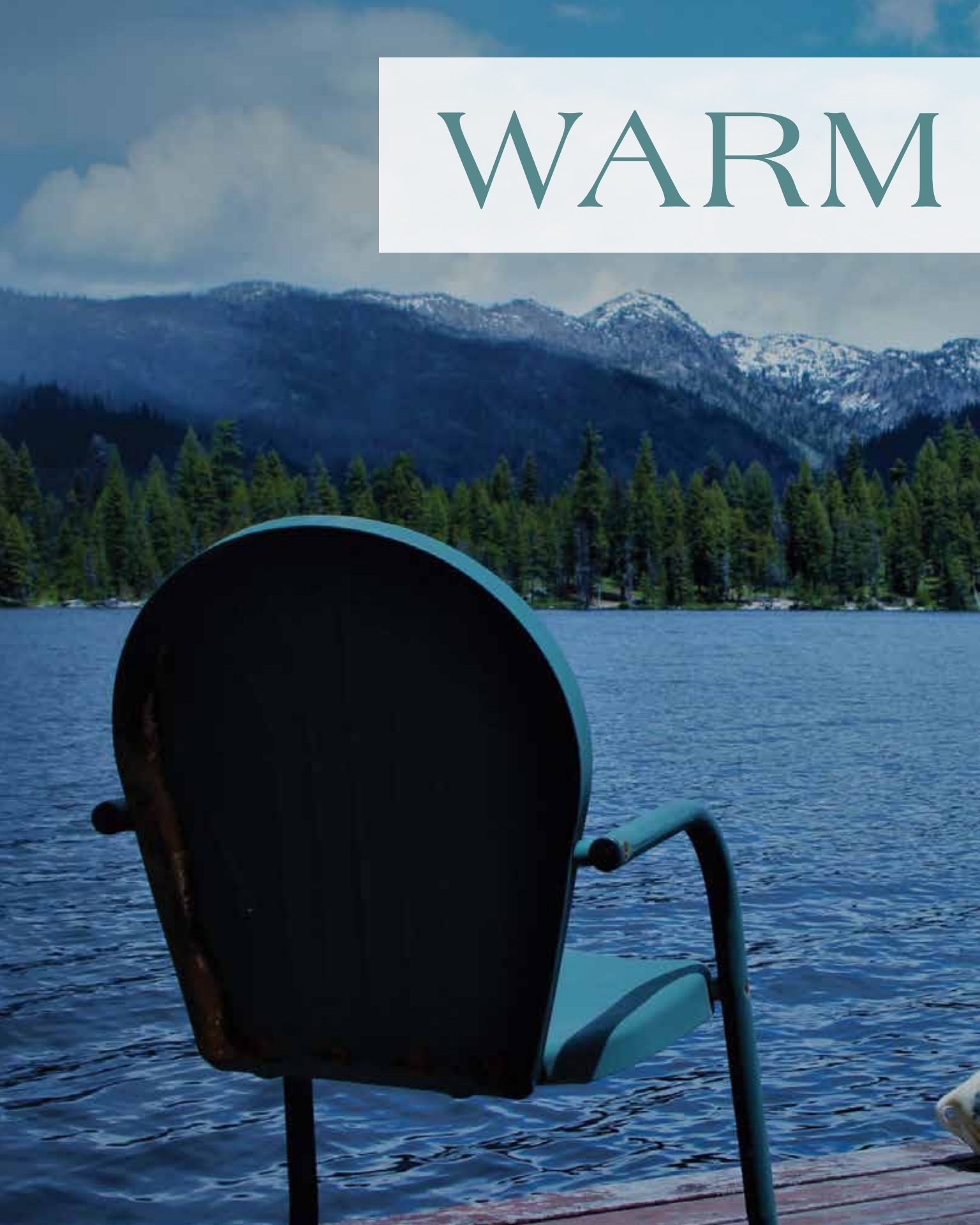
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MONTHLY SINCE 2001

WARM



LAKE



A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH TIME

BY JULIE CONRAD

Scent, more than any other sensory stimulus, can transport many of us to another place and time. If you have spent any time in the mountains of Idaho, you know what I mean. The scent of moss and of dusty, spicy pine mixed with sweet berries often evokes the sentiment, “Don’t you wish you could bottle that?” Whenever I stumble upon that heavenly scent, it takes me straight back to childhood days camping along the riverbank with my family at Warm Lake in the 1960s.

LEFT: A private dock on Warm Lake.



JULIE CONRAD

ABOVE: Contemporary view of the lake.

RIGHT: The author at her family's "secret spot" on the river, 1969.

RIGHT BELOW: Diane Conrad in a reflective moment by the river.



COURTESY OF JULIE CONRAD



COURTESY OF JULIE CONRAD

For many, the very mention of the name, "Warm Lake" conjures up hot summer days, swimming holes, and fresh-caught trout. For me, it is that and so much more. It's a place chock-full of wonderful family memories and adventures camping in the Sixties: a time when life seemed . . . well, simple.

Not long after I was born, my parents first began to pack the station wagon full of gear and dried goods and make the three-hour drive from Caldwell to Warm Lake along with me, my brother, and our German shepherd Tandy Lynn. Somewhere along the final twenty-six-mile stretch of unpaved washboard dirt road, my brother and I would wearily whine in unison, "Are we there yet?" as the dog chimed in with her excited yodeling, which signaled to Dad that it was time for a potty stop for all.

My earliest recollection of Warm Lake was my first camping trip there in the summer of 1964. Not that I really remember all that much, given I was one year old, but photos Dad took of our adventures have a way of making those long-ago memories flood into my consciousness. One such image shows me in my Mom's arms in a white frilly dress and white

socks and shoes. A dear friend who looked at this photo remarked somewhat jokingly, "Are you sure you were camping and not at a christening?" To this day, I have to wonder why my mom thought all white was good camping attire. But I remember her saying that the moment she set me down after that picture was taken, fistfuls of dirt were flying between my brother and me. I'm pretty certain it's the last time Mom took me camping in a dress.

Each summer, Dad would reserve the same campsite, number six, right on the bank of the South Fork of the Salmon River west of the lake. Warm Lake Creek drains from the lake into the river. Even now, when I revisit the area several times each year, I'm pulled to that place, now known as the South Fork Salmon River Campground, and to that same campsite.

Dad would pitch the old green Army tent with its center pole and arrange our Army-green, flannel-lined sleeping bags inside . . . all four of them. Mom, Dad, my brother, and I would be cozy as sardines, but we loved it. Add a full-

grown German shepherd and, well, you had a slumber party.

Dad would tie the milk, eggs, bacon, melons, beer, and soda pop to a tree and let all of it float in the river in a lazy little eddy. It was a great makeshift refrigerator.

Most days, we would hike from our campsite to our "secret spot" along the river, where Tandy Lynn would play in the shallow rock outcroppings as we laughed and squealed in delight at her antics. The river rocks, well-worn and sculpted from centuries of waters gone by, made for perfect chairs to dangle our feet from on those hot dusty days. We were always excited to find huckleberries along the trail for huckleberry pancakes in the morning, and when we were back at the campsite, Dad would fry up fresh-caught trout on the campfire.

Some of my fondest recollections are of the old Warm Lake Pool, often referred to as the Warm Lake Plunge. The pool opened in the late 1930s but, much to my chagrin, it was shut down and filled with dirt in the early Seventies. For us, it

BELOW: The lake circa 1950.



RIGHT: The towed trailer, backed into a tight spot by Jim Conrad.

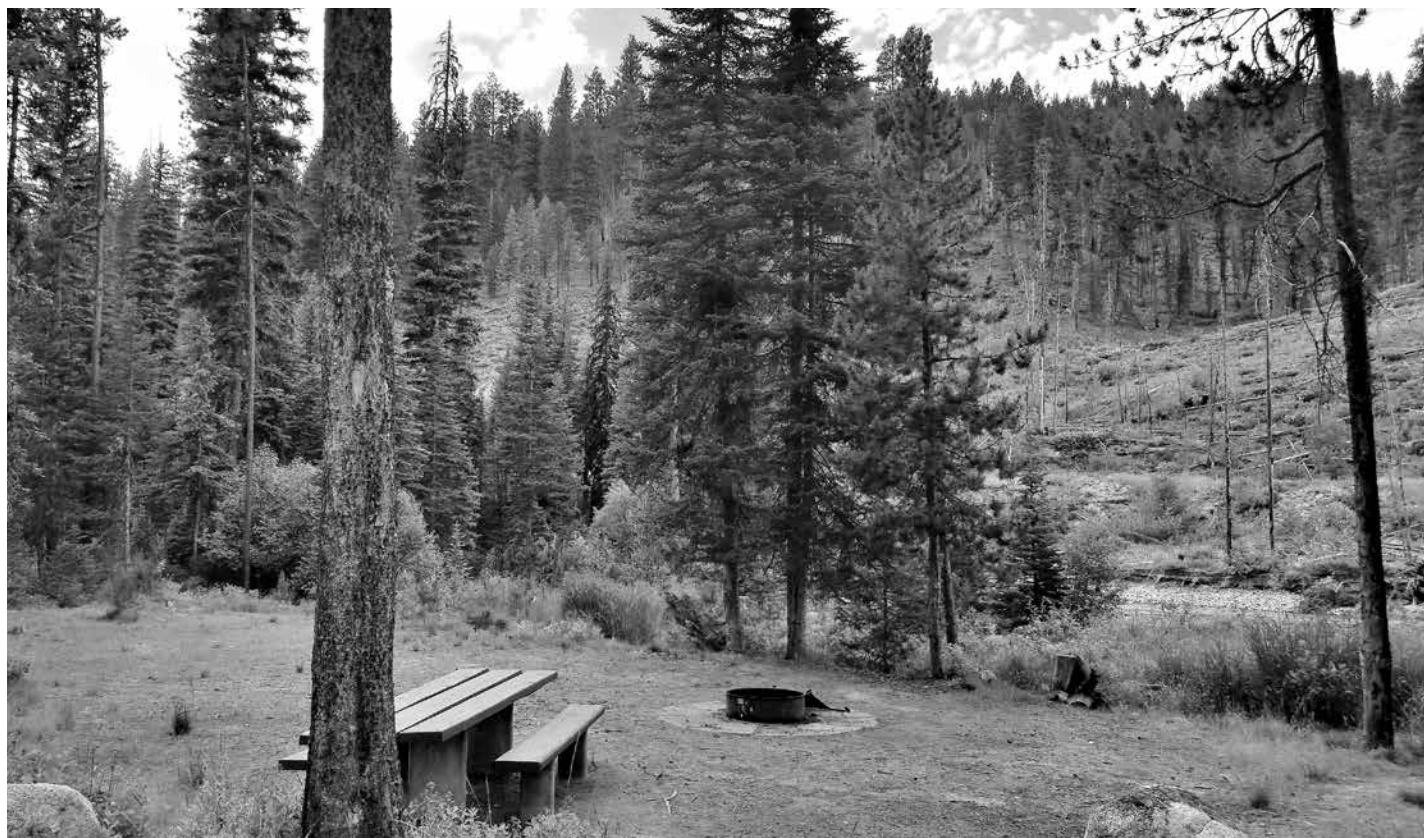
RIGHT BELOW: The family swims at the Warm Lake Plunge, 1965.

BELOW: The site where Julie camped as a child with her family, as it looks today.



was too far to walk from campsite six, so we would all pile in the station wagon and drive what seemed to us the perpetually long, are-we-there-yet, dusty road to the oversized pool filled with aquamarine natural hotspring waters. The general store there was always open and had every kind of pop, ice cream, popsicle, and candy known to mankind. Dad would give us his spare change for candy bars and ice cream sandwiches. After a long swim, we would shower off in the rustic wooden shower stalls, and make our way back to camp for dinner and stories around the campfire.

One evening, a torrential summer downpour forced us to retire to our cozy (OK, cramped) tent early. My brother and I begged Dad to bring Tandy Lynn in from the rain. "She's perfectly fine and dry under the picnic table," Dad grumbled, which only made us wail louder, "But Daaad, she's cold, and alone, and it's dark out!" After ten minutes of this, he gave in and brought her into the tent. She was so ecstatic that she knocked the center pole clean out, and the tent came crashing down on all of us. Mom, my brother and I all erupted in laughter. I'm not sure, but that may have been why it was the



last time we tent-camped.

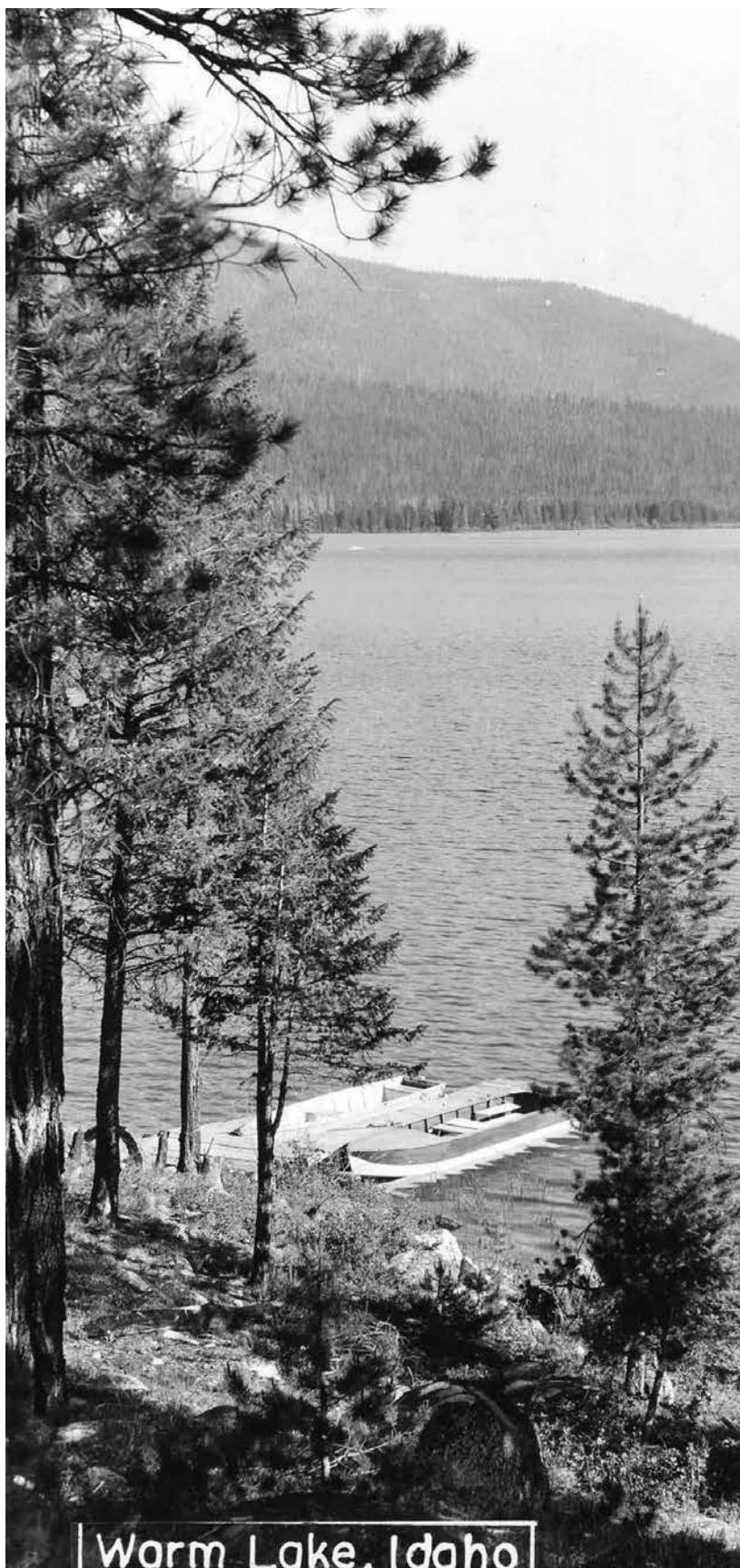
My least favorite recollection of Warm Lake is the time I ventured out with Mom just before dusk one evening to find enough huckleberries for breakfast the next morning. I was four or five. Upon spotting a loaded huckleberry bush, I scrambled over a large fallen tree. On the other side, my little cowboy boot found a yellow jacket nest in the ground. Instantly, I was covered head to toe with stinging wasps.

Thankfully, Mom was steps away. She grabbed me with one hand to keep me from sliding down the steep slope into the river, while she batted at the wasps with the other. Those dang things were everywhere: in my shirt, down my jeans, and in my hair and boots. We weren't far from camp, so Dad heard my distress calls and came running. Back at camp, Mom plastered me with the tried-and-true mixture of baking soda and water until I resembled the Pillsbury Dough Boy and plopped me into a webbed camp chair next to the fire. To this day, I thank God (as I'm sure my parents did then) that I wasn't allergic to wasp stings. The nearest medical care in those days would have been more than an hour away in Cascade.

During our final years of camping at Warm Lake, Dad rented a camp trailer that we towed behind the family vehicle. Boy, did we think we were living in the lap of luxury. I was old enough to giggle at the string of expletives coming from Dad's mouth whenever he tried to maneuver the trailer into our favorite campsite. The tree cover around campsite number six has been thinned out considerably since those early days but even now there are marks on nearby trees that I am certain were made by the bumpers of our 1960s Mercury station wagon.

It's an easy drive to Warm Lake now that the section from Highway 55 to the lake has been paved, and it's well-maintained in the winter, too. People enjoy fishing, swimming, boating, hiking, ice fishing, snowmobiling, and snowshoeing in the area, among other activities

Nowadays, summer houses can be found near





ABOVE: One of the lake's lodges today.

RIGHT: Lodge food.

RIGHT BELOW: A dock at the lake.



the lake in groups of fifteen or twenty, but no water system was ever established to allow their owners to stay all winter. Around November, they shut off their lake-fed water supply, and only a few summer dwellers might visit their cabins and houses for brief periods during the cold months. Apparently, just five people stay at the lake year-round. Since 2005, they've operated a lodge that's open throughout the year. A water-truck fills up their storage tanks before the winter comes and they use the water carefully until spring.

When our family was camping, we would venture to the lodge to buy sundries, beer and pop. The campground is still there, as are the rental cabins perched on the shores of the lake. The lodge still offers one of the best burgers in Idaho, and the rustic full bar makes you feel like you stepped back into the early 1900s. I love listening to the stories of the old-timers while sipping a cold beer.

Just northwest of Warm Lake are ruins of a ghost town called Knox. It was named after a late-19th-Century prospector in the area, John Wesley Knox. According to a history of Knox published by the *Yellow Pine News*, the first structures were built around 1898

by Charles C. Randall, who operated a hotel, store, and stable before he left in 1912. The community became a way-station for miners heading into the goldfields deep in the mountains around Roosevelt. At its height, Knox had a population of about two hundred, a post office, and telephone service. In 1925, the first home built on the shores of Warm Lake used logs from a cabin at Knox.

Improvements in road travel, decreased mining, and growth of tourism in the area led to the decline of Knox. In 1939, a lodge was opened there but by 1960, the community's population was only ten, compared to eight at Warm Lake. The Forest Service acquired the land in 1978 and the few ruins there now are being reclaimed by Nature.

Warm Lake's original lodge, a little way down the main road from the one closest to where we camped, has been newly renovated, and it opened for business this past year. Established in 1911, it features a restaurant, bar, rental cabins, and a

handful of campsites.

Those summer days of my earliest memories are filled with simple pleasures. A smoky campfire built from fallen tree limbs and small sticks gathered near our campground. Dad's line-caught trout for dinner frying in a pan. "Dirt-wars" with my brother in the powdery dirt. Falling to sleep to the scent of fragrant tall pine and the soft rustle of the river just steps away.

Those memories stick with me like it was yesterday, despite fifty years gone by. I still can smell the scent of Dad's old Army tent and our dusty, flannel-lined sleeping bags. That's why each summer, and a few times in between, I make the pilgrimage back there.

Things haven't changed all that much. A few more summer homes line the shores of the lake than in years past, and more folks can access the area's campgrounds year-round, thanks to the good winter plowing. One thing's for certain: there still are memories being made along the river and on the shores of Warm Lake. ■

BELOW: Upscale summer fun.



JULIE CONRAD

The Chef Wows

Haute Cuisine at the General Store

BY DESIRÉ AGUIRRE

PHOTOS BY CHRISTINE HOLBERT

I admit it. I got lucky. A friend had two extra tickets to attend the monthly five-course (ten-star) meal at the general store in Sandpoint, and she wanted to know if my mom and I wanted to go. We said yes, and drove across town on a dark and rainy night to the north side of town, my old stomping grounds.

Greeted with lights, we turned into the parking space, parked, and dashed inside. Two long tables, decorated in autumn colors and set for royalty, had places for forty guests. Mom and I took our seat in the front corner, our marked spot, and waited for our friend.

BELOW: Smoked salmon on avocado with micro-greens, golden beets, and radish on toasted sourdough bread.





Memories bounced around in my head. Arlene Jacobson used to own the place, and her two sons, Alex and Neal, went to Northside Elementary with my kids. According to rumor, Alex had gone off to a prestigious chef school in San Francisco and eventually made his way back to his home. He purchased the store from his mom, and he and his wife and he have been running it ever since. They plan on raising their children here.

The makeshift restaurant filled rapidly. Some of the guests had been trying to get into one of these monthly meals for quite some time—they sell out really fast. Introductions were made, connections materialized. The lady across from me was a teacher at Northside Elementary, and the gentleman next to me, an avid skier who had worked on ski patrol, knew one of my best

friend's husband, another hotshot skier. One of our tablemates asked my mom if she would be in the Follies again this year. The Follies, a traditional Sandpoint fundraiser organized by the Angels over Sandpoint, occurs at the beginning of each March. My mom, Rhoda Sanford, always steals the show. Mom laughed. I guffawed, staking my claim to fame: "I'm always her opening act."

Working in a tight space, the crew at the store did a marvelous job delivering our food. They have it down. And with each new course, the master of ceremonies, our chef, Alex, gave a short spiel on what we were eating. Alex has a passion for food, and it shows in his smile, his laugh, and his belly. He delights in sharing his expertise, wowing his guests with tasty tidbits that were almost as good as the food.

LEFT: Red wine-braised lamb shank with blue hubbard squash.

RIGHT TOP: The author's mother, Rhoda Sanford.

RIGHT BOTTOM: A beef tartare of chopped prime tenderloin on a baguette with horseradish.



ABOVE: Riesling-braised bacon ragu, roasted carrots, fettuccine, Manchego cheese, and gremolata topped with carrot crisps

RIGHT: Boudin blanc sauerkraut with spaetzle and homemade mustard.

FAR RIGHT: The author toasts the chef.

FAR RIGHT BELOW: Chocolate in a marionberry tart.



Riesling-braised bacon ragu, roasted carrots, fettuccine, Manchego cheese, gremolata topped with carrot crisps — my lips curved up in joy, my tongue rejoiced.

The food was incredible. I had limited myself to a salad at lunch, knowing I needed to have room for this dinner. I told myself to eat at a slow pace, savor every bite, and reminded myself I didn't have to clean every plate. But at the beginning, when each bite exploded in my mouth with a unique mix of flavors that tantalized and teased, I had no choice but to practically lick my plate clean.

The first course, smoked salmon and avocado with micro-greens, golden beets, and radish on toasted sourdough bread, looked and tasted sublime. Alex had lightly smoked the salmon himself, and the bread came from the new bakery in town—Alex tries to get all his supplies locally.

By the time the second course arrived—a beef tartare of chopped prime tenderloin with horseradish crème fresh, oregano, egg yolk, and Dijon mustard on a baguette—the tables vibrated with lively conversation, as well as the sights, scents, and divine tastes. Alex almost had to shout to get our attention.

“When I saw this beautifully marbled cut of meat,” he said, “I knew it was destined for this dish.”

Our third course—boudin blanc sauerkraut with spaetzle and house-made whole grain mustard—knocked my socks off. Alex informed us that this dish was all about the fat, and that the sausage, a rare mix of ingredients that burst with flavor, was richly decadent. After one bite I had to agree. Best of all, the sauerkraut and the mustard lit up my tongue, firing up my nostrils with a flare. Alas, by this time, my stomach, on overload, could not handle the last bite. I could not clean my plate, and I noticed that some of the ladies at the table were giving their husbands some of their food.

When we got to the fourth course—Riesling-

braised bacon ragu, roasted carrots, fettuccine, Manchego cheese, gremolata topped with carrot crisps—I was ready for the intermezzo of green tea and mint with a lemon shot. But the dish smelled so good, and looked so heavenly, that I forced myself to devour it. My lips curved up in joy, my tongue rejoiced, my belly balked.

The tea arrived, and Alex announced a short break. I got up to wander around outside and get a breath of fresh air. Secretly, I hoped that walking would force some of that food down to the bottom of my feet so I would have more room for the final course: red wine-braised lamb shanks with blue hubbard squash.

Alas, the walk did not push the first four dishes down far enough. I could not finish my lamb shank. I lamented that it had not been the first dish, that I had not heeded my own advice and eaten the first four dishes slower, that I had literally cleaned the first two plates, that I had eaten a salad for lunch. Alex informed us that braising takes time, and he had been preparing this dish for several days. The tender lamb flaked off with my fork, and the squash, which he had purchased from a local farm, soaked up the liquid, providing me with flavors meant for the gods.

Of course, we also had dessert. Alex informed us it was chocolate, duh, in a marionberry tart, which reminded him of his grandmother. And yes, I practically licked my plate.

“People ask me how I come up with my menus,” Alex said toward the end. “Really, it’s just food that I want to eat. I mean, we had two pasta dishes, which is just ridiculous. I hope you all enjoyed.”

We clapped, we whistled, we raised our glasses to the chef. ■

Shopkeepers' Daughter

The Store as Polestar

BY NANCY MAX

PHOTOS COURTESY OF NANCY MAX

In late 1945, when my dad accepted a job checking groceries in the Eden store, our family moved there from Twin Falls. We lived in a small apartment above the store, where all four of us—my parents Oleen and Mildred Haight, my younger sister Carol and I—shared one bedroom with a curtain serving as a door. Our two double beds were so close to each other that a card table barely fit between them. I remember we had a wringer washing machine in the living room/kitchen.

The store was owned by Bob and Irma Hinckley, who lived in a one-bedroom house adjacent to the store. Not too long after Dad started working there, Bob asked if he would be interested in buying the business. He said Irma hated living in Eden and wanted to return to Twin Falls. Money was tight after World War II and we certainly didn't have enough saved for the purchase. So Dad contacted his brother-in-law, Fred Young, whose wife was my mother's older sister Helen. The Youngs lived in Nampa, where Uncle Fred worked for his father in his photography business. Grandpa Young owned several businesses in Nampa and was a fairly wealthy man. Fred agreed to put up the majority of the money to buy the store, becoming a partner and co-owner with my dad.



ABOVE: The author's father, Oleen Haight, at the Eden store, circa late 1940s, with the living quarters above.

BELOW: Oleen and Mildred Haight.



The Hinckleys stayed on for a few months during the transition of ownership. The Youngs and their son Freddy moved into a larger apartment above the store. After everything was settled, the Hinckleys moved to Twin Falls, the Youngs moved into the house, and my family moved into the bigger apartment. My sister and I loved that apartment, because we got a bedroom to ourselves. Our parents slept on the pullout bed in the living room. There was a large awning outside our bedroom window that covered the gas pumps below: a perfect place for Santa to land his sleigh.

My parents' first goal after the purchase was to remodel and update the store. For help with that, my dad turned to his younger brother, Lloyd Haight, who lived in Boise, where he was the senior legal counsel and advisor to the potato magnate, J.R. Simplot. The company had decided to remodel its offices, and Uncle Lloyd made sure we got the wooden floors and light fixtures from the old offices for the grocery store's remodeling. My dad had worked for a furniture store, so he knew how to lay flooring and do upholstery, while my uncle had construction experience.

They combined these talents to do the entire remodeling themselves. In addition to laying new floors and installing light fixtures, they added new windows. They gutted a lube and oil station on the store's south side and in its place built a long, curved lunch counter. They installed a commercial grill and coolers for beer, soft drinks, and ice cream.

Dad taught himself how to be a butcher. He cut sides of beef and pork, and he ground hamburger and sausage. In the coffee shop, Mom made cheeseburgers using loaves of cheddar that Dad sliced. Every pheasant season, when the area was overrun by hunters, mostly from California, they frequented our store for the cheeseburgers and homemade pie. Except for the pie, Mom did all the cooking. Her French fries were homemade, she had a daily special of either chili, pot roast, Swiss steak, or chicken fried steak, and she made milkshakes. The pies were baked daily in exchange for rent by an elderly lady who lived in the smaller apartment. My favorite was rhubarb, which grew wild out back, by a cinderblock structure that Dad and Fred built for storage.

My sister, my cousin, and I loved to

BELOW: An Eden farmer with a sleigh delivered groceries to rural families during the extremely heavy winter of 1948-49.





RIGHT: Sleigh-riders in front of the store.

rollerskate in that building. When we were teenagers, Carol and I sunbathed on its roof with our girlfriends, but let me tell you: it got HOT. One time, Carol and a friend got into big trouble when they made mudballs, lined them up on the roof to bake in the sun, and then threw them at passing cars on the highway.

Eventually, Uncle Fred remodeled the adjacent house, adding a second bedroom and bathroom. When I was about nine, the Youngs moved back to Nampa, after which we moved into the adjacent house and Mom and Dad ran the store themselves. Fred came to Eden at the end of each month to doublecheck my mom's daily bookkeeping. My parents hired various local people to help run the store, which benefited everyone. My sister and I were taught how to bag groceries and occasionally helped during rush hours. We also learned to make hamburgers, cheeseburgers, and milkshakes, although we didn't actually work behind the counter. Our extracurricular activities at school didn't allow us much time, as we were both cheerleaders and members of the drill team.

It was a fully stocked grocery store, open for

thirteen hours on six days per week. On Sunday, we were open for five hours, so the farmers could get their weekly groceries when they came into town for church. Business was good but, obviously, the hours were long. More than once, when Dad took off his shoes at night, his feet were bloody from standing all day.

During harvest season, much of our business came from laborers who arrived to work in the fields. We got to know them as they returned year after year. Each spring, Dad always notified his customers to reserve their orders when a truckload of Elberta peaches was about to be delivered from Utah, or when watermelons were on the way.

As the center of activity in Eden, our little store was never dull. During the winter of 1948-49, which was notoriously harsh for many Idahoans, people around Eden were snowed in and unable to get to town for groceries. Ever resourceful, Dad found a farmer with a sleigh and horses who was able to help get food and supplies to those in need. One Christmas, my uncle rigged up a stereo system outside the upstairs window overlooking the street. He installed a large speaker and played Christmas music for everyone to hear. It was awesome to listen as the snow fell and brave souls skated in the street or "hooky-bobbed," hanging onto the bumpers of moving cars. On my sixteenth birthday, I celebrated in that store with my friends, introducing them to their first tacos, which I learned how to make during a visit to Los Angeles.

One day, I think it was in the late-1950s or early-'60s, Dad was behind the butcher counter when a lady entered the store to buy groceries and her estranged husband came running in with a shotgun. He shot at her but missed. Dad grabbed the nearest thing he could find, which was a broom, and started hitting the guy over the

head with it. The idiot finally turned the gun on himself.

Another time, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a guy who worked in the store was kidnapped on the way home from school. I remember seeing our house and store surrounded by flashing police cars. The sheriff wanted to talk with my dad and the girl's father, but they taken off together with shotguns, looking for her. Then there was the night my girlfriend and I nearly burned the store down. We had been stood up by our boyfriends. It wasn't the first time they had gone to a neighboring town to see those "wild" girls. We decided to see what was so great about smoking and drinking. We were in the store alone after closing and decided to try one of every kind of beer in the cooler. Then we got a pack of cigarettes. To avoid being seen from the street, we went into the restroom. I sat on the john and she sat on a wastebasket. When we lit up, my friend stood and threw her match in the wastebasket, which started a fire. Talk about panic. We opened the window and, working hard, put out the fire and aired the place out. I never did tell my parents about that.

It was sad news when Dad learned that the interstate highway would bypass Eden. He saw

the writing on the wall: our tourist trade would be impacted, and the new road would make it easier for locals to get to supermarkets in nearby towns. Time to sell.

In 1960, the store was sold and my parents moved to Burley. It was hard on my sister, as she had to complete her last year of high school in a different and much larger school. My parents went to work for Wayne May, who owned the Farmers Corner grocery store just south of the city. When Wayne unexpectedly passed away, my dad stepped in and managed the store until they retired, about seventeen years later. They then moved to Nampa to live closer to the Youngs.

I have such fond memories of my life in Eden. I now live out of state but whenever I return, I make time to visit our old store. The current owner, Summer Howard, has made much-needed improvements. The coffee shop is gone, and it's more like a convenience store now than a fully stocked grocery store, but there are still four functional apartments above it, which have been remodeled. Sadly, the adjacent house burned down several years ago. The cinderblock storage building behind the store still stands, but appears to be abandoned. ■

BELOW LEFT: Nancy in front of the store in 2018 with her son David Shaw and grandson Ben.

BELOW RIGHT: Nancy (left) with the store's current owner, Summer Howard.



Ruby's Cowboys

A Lifelong Fascination

BY LES TANNER

I never did know when or why my wife became interested in cowboys, but then I don't recall ever asking her, either. The only horses she'd ever been around were two old plow horses her family had on the small Kansas farm where she'd grown up. Maybe she had known some real cowboys in Kansas. Maybe she'd met some after the family moved here to Idaho in the mid-1940s. Most likely, however, it came from watching movies or listening to the radio.

My first inkling of Ruby's fascination with cowboys in general, and Roy Rogers in particular, came soon after we were married. She learned that Roy Rogers and Dale Evans were to be the star attractions at the state fair, and she didn't let a day go by without reminding me about it, especially about Roy's appearance there.

Being somewhat "fiscally conservative"—my term, not hers—I balked at first. I was still a college student, and money was tight. But if nothing else, Ruby could be persistent, and I finally caved.

I know whatever seats we had at the fair were so far away from Roy and Dale they were hard to see—somewhere in my hoard of old photos, there's a shot of two very distant folks on horseback—but that didn't make any difference. She'd seen her hero and it was good enough for her, at least for the time being.

As the years went by, we saw Roy Rogers

films and listened to Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers whenever the chance arose. It was easy to find gifts for Ruby on special occasions: a recording of "Happy Trails," a photo of Roy and Trigger, once even a poster autographed by Roy.

I was invited to attend a convention in Los Angeles one summer, and our route going and returning to Idaho on US 395 would take us within a few miles of the Roy Rogers Museum in Victorville, California. As soon as she learned this, Ruby brought up the idea of stopping by for "just a few minutes." But besides being fiscally conservative, I'd always been one for whom sticking to schedules was important. So we passed by the turnoff to Victorville not once but twice. Her disappointment was obvious, but being who she was from the very first day we met, she didn't say a cross word to me about it, then or later.

That didn't keep her from watching more movies, or looking for Roy Rogers memorabilia in her many visits to antique malls and garage sales, or dropping what she was doing to turn up the radio or dash to watch the TV should Roy's distinctive voice be heard.

In October of 1992, the opportunity came for me to make up for that missed chance to stop in Victorville, but it came at a truly hard time in Ruby's life. Her mother, Vivian, who was living with Ruby's sister Betty in Southern California, passed away, and we drove down from Caldwell to

visit Betty. As before, we passed by the turnoff to Victorville on the way down, but we had other things on our minds at the time.

However, the day before we were to head back home, I had an idea. I got out the phone book and made a call. The result of that call turned out to be one of the best things I ever did for my Ruby.

It had been a tough few days for her, so she wasn't in the best of moods when it came time to leave. It didn't help any when I insisted we leave a lot earlier that morning than we'd originally planned. Ruby was unusually but understandably silent as we began the long drive back home, but a minute or two after we had passed the exit to U.S. 395, she said, "Les, you missed the turnoff back there."

"I did?" I replied. "Maybe I'd better pull in here so I can turn around."

And then she saw the sign announcing, "Welcome to the Roy Rogers Museum."

It was like the darkest night had turned into the brightest day. By the time we pulled to a stop in the parking lot, I thought she was going to burst with excitement.

I had timed it just right, too. We got there just as the doors opened, and along with a couple of dozen other folks of our own vintage, we made our way into the museum. Ruby was like a little girl as she wandered around looking at all the things Roy had touched and driven and used—and ridden, because a taxidermied Trigger was one of the exhibits. Now and then I wandered back into the lobby area, not because I was anxious to leave but because of something I'd learned from my phone call to the museum the previous day.

On my latest trip to the lobby, I nearly collided with an elderly gentleman wearing a white cowboy hat, which caused me to hurry back to the exhibit area.

"There's something out front that I want you to see," I said, as casually as I could.



DON GRAHAM



LITERATI

FAR ABOVE: Horse on a film set.

ABOVE: Footwear at the Caldwell Night Rodeo.



LITERATI

RIGHT: Cowboy, Caldwell Night Rodeo.



ABOVE: Posters of Roy Rogers films.

"What?" Ruby asked, reluctant to be drawn away from her browsing and gawking and picture-taking.

"Trust me. I think you'll like it."

And did she ever. For there, chatting amiably with a group of other visitors, was Roy Rogers himself. Camera in hand, Ruby got as close as she could without actually shoving folks out of the way.

"How about getting a picture with you?" someone asked.

"Sure thing," said the King of the Cowboys with a smile, and a line quickly formed—at the very end of which fidgeted Ruby. She'd handed me the camera, and as the line grew shorter, she began to fidget even more.

I'd taken a couple of photos when the inevitable happened.

"I'm out of film," I whispered to her.

"In my purse!" she replied, not so quietly.

"I don't know how to load it," I said.

"Let me do it!"

Ruby rushed over, grabbed the film, jammed it in the camera, and hurried back to the ever-shrinking line.

"It doesn't work," I said.

She rushed over again and opened the camera.

"I put it in backwards!" She fiddled with it for several seconds, then said, "There, that's right." Thrusting the camera back into my hands, she returned to find herself the only person left in the line.

"How are you this morning, young lady?" asked Roy.

"Fine," replied my wife, a huge grin on her face.

With that, Roy put his arm around Ruby's shoulders and they both turned to look at me. This time the camera worked. This time everything went just as it should.

In all the years afterward, whenever Ruby looked at that photo, as she did a thousand times if she did it once, she didn't see a middle-aged

lady and an ordinary-looking elderly gentleman. She saw a young girl and her handsome cowboy hero.

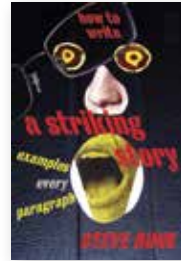
There should have been a second photo, too, a picture that exists to this day, but only in my memory. The flash on the camera hadn't recharged in time to capture my shy and beautiful bride reach up and kiss Roy Rogers on the cheek.

Ruby was big on rodeos, too, which was a surprise. If anyone was timid about anything that smacked of speed or the slightest danger, it was she. We got her on a roller coaster once, down in Georgia, and it about scared her to death—and it was the kiddies' version of the ride, not the main event. The merry-go-round was the only carnival ride she would even consider, and if it hadn't been so hot during the county fair one August, she would have taken another whirl on it—at age eighty-three.

But when it came to rodeos, it was another ball game altogether. She loved to watch the calf ropers and barrel racers and steer wrestlers and bronc riders. She especially liked watching the bull riders, those daring young cowboys who risk life and limb to earn the few measly dollars they get for competing in arguably the toughest, most dangerous professional sport of them all. It was certainly more exciting than watching her husband do his best to remain upright on his bicycle.

The first rodeo I watched with her might have been her first, too. We'd made an overnight stop in Valentine, Nebraska on our way from North Dakota to visit my folks in Colorado. The monthly hometown rodeo was scheduled for that evening, so we went down with our kids and watched. I thought it was interesting. Ruby had a blast.

It was our move to Caldwell that put us in real rodeo country, especially with the Caldwell Night Rodeo and the Snake River Stampede, two first-class rodeos, happening just a few miles apart every summer. We ventured over to the Stampede once, but it didn't hold a candle to the CNR. Although it's basically a local affair, the CNR draws the top rodeo competitors from across the U.S. and Canada. The vocal competition between the "Rowdies," who make up the crowd in the west side of the arena, and the "Civies," who fill the seats on the east side, is an event in itself. The names assigned to these two groups of fans tells you all you need to know about them.



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ABOVE: Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, 1989.

One year, we managed to get seats right near the arena's fence, and it was an eye-opening experience for me. I've ridden a horse a few times—even had one of my own for a couple of weeks when I was in high school—but I was not prepared for the size and power of the animals that thundered past where we were sitting. And these were just the horses and riders that raced around the arena prior to the competitions. It's difficult for me to imagine what it must be like to ride a bucking bronco, let alone get on the back of a bull like Tornado or Little Yellow Jacket or Bushwhacker.

So whenever August approached, the month of the annual CNR, I was hit by subtle—and not-so-subtle—suggestions that maybe we should consider spending a summer evening over at the Canyon County Fairgrounds. Occasionally I would agree, but I hated the hassle of parking and sitting in the sun—the Rowdies always had the shady side—and other parts of the evening's entertainment. Only when our local bank began

holding pre-rodeo BBQs for its customers, accompanied by two free passes to the Wednesday versions of the CNR, did attendance become a given. Even then, there were conditions, mainly that I didn't have to go if a replacement could be found—and a replacement turned out to be readily available: Kitty Fleischman, owner and publisher of *IDAHO magazine*, and her husband Gerry. Besides being one of Ruby's closest friends, Kitty liked rodeos almost as much as Ruby did, and Gerry was a more malleable husband than I. So it became a habit, although rather short-lived, for Ruby and me to pick up the tickets at the BBQ, drive back home, pick up the Fleischmans, who had driven over from Boise, and chauffeur them to the fairgrounds. I would then go home, have a leisurely evening working on the computer, and wait for the phone call to come get them.

Kitty said she always had a wonderful time, watching both the rodeo and Ruby, who would whoop and holler and cheer and groan at the action.

"She was like a teenager urging her cowboys to do their best—as if they were performing just for her," Kitty said.

Of course, I'd witnessed the same reactions the times that I'd gone with Ruby. I did so again one August when Kitty and Gerry couldn't make it the night of the bank's BBQ. Apparently, my attendance with Ruby that night was not adequate for either her or Kitty, because two nights later I found myself once again in the role of chauffeur while Ruby and Kitty and Gerry were my passengers, and soon they became the "Civies" for the evening.

That was Ruby's last rodeo, but no one knew it then. I'm so glad she was able to watch her cowboys one last time.

There was one more cowboy who figured large in Ruby's life. His name is Lance Pekus. Lance is not only a cowboy, but an Idaho cowboy.

Ruby had become hooked on the TV reality show, *American Ninja Warrior*, and Lance was one of the top performers [see "Cowboy Ninja," *IDAHO magazine*, July 2017]. His Salmon background made him all the more Ruby's hero. No matter where I was in the house, I could tell from the shouts and moans coming from the dining room that it was Lance's turn to give the obstacles a try—and whether he had succeeded or failed. Lance's efforts to become a winner made him even more of a hero in her eyes when it was revealed that his wife, Heather, was suffering from multiple sclerosis [see "Life Happens," *IDAHO magazine*, November 2018].

And Lance made it to the finals held in Las Vegas in September 2017. However, the prize he fought so hard to win eluded him, and he fell during his turn to run the course.

Ruby would have been glued to the TV to cheer Lance on that night—and to shed real tears for him when he stumbled—had she not been engaged in a contest of her own. On September 13, two days after the sixty-second

anniversary of the day Ruby and I first set eyes upon each other, she suffered a major stroke. Nine days later, on the evening of September 22, I lost the love of my life.

I would like to believe that somewhere there's a beautiful woman, not so young in body but a kid in spirit, seated in the bleachers above a rodeo arena. There below, her cowboy heroes are performing. Most of them she had never known, but there is one whom folks her age would instantly recognize. When the occasions demand, she's quick to yell out, "Great ride!" or "Good try—but you'll stick it next time."

She has a big bag of popcorn in her lap and holds a cone of cotton candy. She sits among her many friends, both new and old, the weather is just right, and her seat is comfortable; no wheelchairs needed here. Now and then she glances up, as if expecting special someone who has come to occupy the empty space she has saved beside her. And from somewhere far away come the old, familiar strains of "Happy Trails." ■

BELOW: Roy with Ruby Tanner.



LEST TANNER

Memories of the Hunt

A Mix of Emotions

BY MARYLYN CORK

Autumn is my favorite season. Nothing blesses my soul quite like crisp fall mornings, the tang of wood smoke in the air, golden days and blazing colors. It also brings the hunters out.

But I have mixed emotions about hunting season. Sometimes it seems that everyone in northern Idaho hunts except me. I gave it up when my children were very young. Somebody had to stay at home with the kids.

Hunting season was often a nuisance in various ways. For one thing, the weather is not always dry. I am picky about my house and I did not enjoy cleaning up the messes my hunters usually managed to track inside. Also, hunting can take a lot of time away from the family.

I worried, too, that I might wound and not cleanly kill my target, and I could not bear the thought of causing an animal to suffer.

Hunting seasons often brings good times, however, and even comical moments.

I think of one of them as “The Episode of the Purple Pants.”

A few years back, when my husband was still living, my eldest granddaughter decided to stay with her grandparents and attend the local high school. Her parents are

probably the most skillful hunters I know, so Khaliela was an old hand at bringing down a deer.

One morning, as she was getting ready for school, I spotted a fine fat whitetail grazing in the field below the house. Khaliela hesitated not a moment, even though she had not yet slipped into her jeans. Grabbing her rifle, and attired in nothing but a shirt and purple cotton panties, she moved the slider aside and stepped onto the top deck. The deer never knew what hit him. He was dead meat.

As it happened, a neighboring duo of father and son rounded the top of the hill on the county road past the house at just that moment. They got a fine view of the purple underpants, which I’ll wager they did not soon forget.

Another episode, years earlier, wasn’t so amusing. My husband came home from work one afternoon and decided to go hunting on the ridge behind the house. He was slow to return, and I was becoming a bit concerned about that as I stepped into the blackness of a chilly night on my way to the woodshed with a flashlight in my hands.

I heard Jess hallooing for help from the old road that wends its way through our property, and found him crawling on his belly,

dragging a broken leg. Just as he’d felled a deer, he said, stones had twisted under his feet and sent him rocketing down a steep hillside.

Hoping to use his rifle as a crutch, he’d hung onto it, but it proved to be more hindrance than help. He thought he’d crawled a half mile or so.

After I got him home, my parents drove twenty miles from their house and hauled him to the hospital for medical attention. But he worried about the dead deer so much that my dad went looking for it the next day. When he couldn’t find it or a blood trail, Dad was convinced Jess had missed the thing cleanly, but my husband wasn’t convinced. The next spring, he found the remains, just where he had seen his quarry drop. Coyotes and ravens had dined well in the meantime.

In later years, my hubby took up pronghorn antelope hunting in the country around Leadore, a long way from home. I usually accompanied him, both because he wanted me to and because I enjoyed the trip. On October 5, 1994, we were together when he bagged a beautiful big pronghorn. As he was dragging it back to his truck, he died of a heart attack. I miss him still.

Since then, for me, autumn has been even more a season of mixed emotions. ■

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Aunt Dorothy's Enchilada Sauce

INGREDIENTS

3 c. tomato paste
 1 c. melted butter
 3 quarts water
 4 Tbsp. paprika
 2 Tbsp. salt
 2 tsp. cumin
 2 tsp. garlic powder

PREPARATION

> Combine all ingredients, and simmer in saucepan on medium to low heat for 30 minutes.

NOTE: Mark Bollacker's wife's "Aunt Dorothy" made this recipe for many years, as the supervising cook for a junior high school cafeteria. She found it to be "as good, or better" than enchilada sauce purchased at a store, and more economical.

These recipes come from Mark Bollacker, a widower and retired worker from the funeral services profession, who moved into the house next door in my Nampa "village" this year. It wasn't long before terrific dinner smells were wafting over the fences to his neighbors, making it evident that, hey, this person could seriously cook.

"I enjoy cooking," Mark told me. "That can be blamed on my mother, who was a great cook. Since she had no daughters, she taught my brother and I to cook, iron clothes, and other household duties. I appreciate this more now, not because I'm retired, but because I've been a widower for three years.

"For more than forty years, I was an embalmer and funeral director. There are more men and women coming into the profession each day, but when I first started, there were very few in my profession that cooked or liked to cook."

I moved away from my neighborhood in the fall, and I miss people like Mark Bollacker, Jenny and Raul Enriquez, Rey and Pierce, Matt and September—but their friendship (and recipes!) will stay with me. —Amy Story Larson.

Chile Relleno Casserole

INGREDIENTS

1 can (27 oz.) whole green chili peppers
3 c. shredded sharp cheddar cheese
3 c. shredded mozzarella cheese
6 eggs
3 c. milk
3/4 c. all-purpose flour
1/4 tsp. salt
2 cans (7 oz. each) green chili salsa or one jar (16 oz.) green chili verde

PREPARATION

- > > Split chili peppers lengthwise, remove seeds and pith.
- > In a greased 9" x 13" baking dish, line bottom with half of your peppers.
- > Dice remaining peppers, set aside.
- > Sprinkle cheddar and 1 1/2 c. of the Mozzarella cheese over chilies.
- > Beat eggs, flour, milk, and salt in a bowl until smooth. Stir remaining peppers into mixture, and pour over ingredients already in baking dish.
- > Bake at 325 degrees for 50 minutes, or until inserted fork comes out clean.
- > Mix salsa with remaining mozzarella. Sprinkle over casserole, place in oven for another 10 minutes, or until cheese is melted. Let stand 5 minutes before serving.



Amy Story Larson is a food and adventure writer, artist, and art instructor. She makes her way through the state looking for good recipes and new friends, often found simultaneously.



FOOTHILLS LEARNING CENTER



JOHN MATYCHUK

Jan/Feb

NATURE STEWARDS CLUB, Boise

This after-school club, sponsored by the Foothills Learning Center, provides youth ages 11-16 the opportunity to learn more about their ecosystem, serve their community, and develop their leadership skills. The club meets from 4-6 PM in two different sessions. Session 1: January 8, 22 and February 5, 19 at the Morley Nelson Community Center (7701 W Northview St); and Session 2: January 15, 29 and February 12, 26 at the Whitney Community Center (1609 S Owyhee St). Students will be transported to a hiking trail or other project location that will be communicated to parents. Drop off and pick up will happen at Community Centers. The cost to participate in the four meetings of either of the two sessions is \$12. To register, call (208) 608.7680.

Information: ambrooks@cityofboise.org

11-26

SNOWSHOE SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT, Priest Lake

This unusual but fun event for the whole family is presented by the Priest Lake community. Teams of 11 players each compete in softball---on a snow-covered golf course near Priest Lake. It's softball, but with a couple of minor changes and a major one, the last being that all players must wear snowshoes. It's a double elimination tournament, with the first two rounds taking place on the weekends of 11-12 and 18-19, and the finals on the weekend of 25-26. Come out and watch the hilarious action. Play takes place between 9 AM and 2 PM. Food and beverages will be available, and there will be warming fires, too. And admission is free.

Information: info@priestlake.org; or (208) 443-3191

11-12

THE GREAT TRAIN SHOW, Garden City

This is the nation's only coast-to-coast model train show, and is designed for the general public, modelers, hobbyists, families, and the just plain curious. It features hundreds of tables of trains and accessories for sale, activities for kids, and more. Free workshops and demonstrations, a Riding Train for the kids, and huge operating train layouts. Many make real train sounds and some even simulate live steam. Free door prize giveaways, too. Any child who comes to the show is admitted FREE! We want every child to have the opportunity to experience the wonderful world of model trains! Adult admission, \$10 Saturday, \$9 Sunday. Hours are 10 AM-4 PM, both days, at the Expo Idaho Fairgrounds.

Information: trainshow.com/boise



LES TANNER



BOISE CURLING CLUB



JASON MEREDITH

24-25

"THE FLOWER OF SUNNYMOUNT CREST", Caldwell

Scandinavia's folk tradition comes to life in an enchanting tale of the deep woods where trolls, fairies, and witches keep their secrets. One small girl sets out on a journey to reach her only hope of happiness, an elusive flower on top of Sunnymount Crest. All parts in this original musical, which is directed by Drama Kids International, are cast with local children, and all children who audition will receive a role. Auditions take place Jan 16 (4:30 PM for Grades 1-3 and 5:30 PM for Grades 4-12) at Jewett Auditorium. \$20 participation fee (scholarships are available) Performances 7 PM Friday, Jan 24, and 1 PM Saturday, Jan 25. Ticket prices: Adult, \$6 to \$12; Child, \$4 to \$10.

Information: caldwellfinearts.org

24-26

OUTDOOR BONSPIEL, Stanley

The eighth annual Sawtooth Outdoor Bonspiel (a curling tournament) will be hosted by the Boise Curling Club. This is a 16-team, three-day open bonspiel with a three game guarantee, held on the outdoor ice rink in Stanley. It will begin at 5pm on Friday and end at noon on Sunday. Games will take place Friday evening, Saturday morning, Saturday evening, and Sunday morning. Specific times for the games will be published once they are set. Along with curling outdoors with spectacular views of the Sawtooth Mountains, the bonspiel includes a banquet, a rink-side heated tent, and fire barrels to keep curlers warm. Spectators are welcome to come and watch the tournament for free. There will also be a free "Learn to Curl" class on Saturday at noon for those who want to learn more about curling and to play a short game.

Information: sobidaho.com

31-2/1

IDAHO SCRAPBOOK SHOW, Garden City

Come and join the Idaho Scrapbook show for this, the second annual Scrapbook and Paper Crafting event! This show is for those folks who are into scrapbooking—or who want to be. Take classes and learn new techniques. Shop for the latest paper crafting supplies from national popular companies. Come and play with family and friends as you crop the night away. And win prizes, too. There will be lots of drawings and giveaways. Admission is \$7.00 (cash only). The show takes place at Expo Idaho, with hours 10 AM-6 PM on Friday and 10 AM-5 PM on Saturday.

Information: idahoscrapbookshow.com

JANUARY 2020

DEAR READERS: In spite of our efforts to ascertain that events listed in our calendar are described accurately, cancellations or changes due to weather, illness of performers, and other such things, although rare, are bound to occur. Double checking with the event coordinators about locations, dates and times is always a good idea. Details about many of the following events can be found at idahocalendar.com

NORTHERN IDAHO

- 1 Holiday Light Show: Coeur d'Alene Resort, Coeur d'Alene
- 2 How to Explain Something in Writing: Learn how to write an explanation for something through this free weekly class. RSVP to 208-883-1045. 6:30 PM - 8:00 PM, Latah Recovery Center, Moscow
- 4 Free Idaho Park N' Ski Day: 10:00 AM, Indian Creek unit of Priest Lake State Park, Priest Lake
- 4 Winter Spirit: The community lights up with interactive displays and dancing trees at Locomotive Park. A large gas fireplace warms visitors while children are fascinated by the dancing lights. Lewiston
- 11-26 51st Annual Snowshoe Softball Tournament: SATURDAYS & SUNDAYS. Priest Lake
- 17-19 Banff Mountain Film Festival: Breathtaking adventure films, raises money for local and international good deeds. Panida Theatre, Sandpoint
- 18 Crab Feed: This annual event will be held at the Greencreek Community Hall. The social hour is at 5:30 pm and dinner at 6:30 pm, followed by music and dancing around 8:30 or 9:00 pm. Greencreek
- 18-20 MLK Weekend at Schweitzer: Special activities, including Saturday's Northern Lights fireworks show and the torchlight parade. Schweitzer Mountain Resort, Sandpoint
- 24 Baked Potato Bar Dinner: Traditional Delicious Idaho Baked Potato, with the works! Cheese Sauce, Bacon, Broccoli, Sauteed mushrooms, chives & more -The only bar in town that comes with a side salad & dessert! \$6.00 per Adult, \$4.00 for children under age 8. 4:30 PM - 6:00 PM, Lake City Center Banquet Room, Coeur d'Alene

- 25 George Hill Memorial Snowshoe Volleyball Tournament: 12:00pm, Hills Resort, Priest Lake
- 25 Winter Trails Day. Enjoy free access to snowshoe and Nordic ski trails at Schweitzer Mountain Resort, Sandpoint
- 25-26 Vintage Snowmobile Races: HWY 57 USFS Airstrip, Priest Lake

SOUTHWESTERN IDAHO

- 1-4 Winter Garden Aglow: Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise
- 2 Four County Art Guild: 12:00 noon to 1:00 PM, Public Library, Weiser
- 2 Home School Day: 10:00-11:30 AM, Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 2 First Thursday: 5:00 PM, downtown Boise
- 2-30 Children's Story Time: THURSDAYS. Perfect for children ages 3 to 5. 10:30 - 11:30 AM, Public Library, McCall
- 3 Potato Bowl Football: Albertsons Stadium, Boise
- 3-4 Wrestling: Rollie Lane Invitational, and Boys-Girls Varsity Wrestling, Ford Idaho Center, Nampa
- 4 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch), TBD. O.J. Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 4 Saturday Family Movie: "The Missing Link": An English explorer encounters a Sasquatch and must escort him to his Yeti cousins in the Himalayas. Rated PG. Free popcorn. 1:30pm - 3:30pm, Public Library, Nampa
- 7 Adulting 101: Workshops for ages 15+, focusing on the skills and resources necessary for successful adulthood. Check the Web site www.caldwellpubliclibrary.org for this session's topic. 6:30PM, Public Library, Caldwell

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| <p>7 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa’s Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa</p> <p>8 Movie, “Ulysses & Mona”: 7:00 pm - 9:00 pm, Alpine Playhouse , McCall</p> <p>8-29 Nature Stewards Club: WEDNESDAYS. Ages 11-16. Join this after-school club to hike, learn more about your ecosystem, serve your community and develop your leadership skills. Information: 208-608-7680. Boise</p> <p>9,23 Conversation Club: Want to learn English or Spanish? Practice in a safe environment through conversation and activities. All ages. 7:00-8:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>10-11 Fly Fishing Expo 2020: Western Idaho’s Premier Fly Fishing Event, Expo Idaho, Garden City</p> <p>11 Foothills Family Day: Learn about the chemistry behind snow and how most of our water in Idaho comes from snow! Indoor and outdoor activities. Free. 10:00 AM - 1:00 PM, Foothills Learning Center, 3188 Sunset Peak Rd, Boise</p> <p>11 Make It--Embroidery Sampler: Ages 13+. Learn the basics of embroidery. 2:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>11-12 Eagle Winter Flea Market: Expo Idaho, Garden City</p> <p>11-12 The Great Train Show: This is the nation’s only coast-to-coast model train show, designed for the general public, modelers, hobbyists, families, and the just plain curious. Expo Idaho, Garden City</p> <p>15, 29 Conversation Club: Want to learn English</p> | <p>or Spanish? Practice in a safe environment through conversation and activities. All ages. 11:00 AM-Noon. Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>16 Auditions for “The Flower of Sunnyside Crest”: (See event listing for January 24-25). Jewett Auditorium, C of I campus, Caldwell</p> <p>16 Tour of Boise’s Military Reserve: Sponsored by The Foothills Learning Center and Idaho Conservation League. Free; for all ages. 5:30-6:30. Information: 208-608-7680. Boise</p> <p>16 Computer Basics: Learn the basics of computers and tablets. Come with questions. For all ages. 2:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>17 Boise Philharmonic Concert: Admission: \$23.20, but students at NNU, C of I, CWI, and TVCC, and all Canyon County High School students, get FREE admission w/student ID. 7:30 PM - 9:30 PM, Brandt Center, NNU Campus, Nampa</p> <p>18 Dodgeball Tournament: Come have a ball with us! First Annual Coed Dodgeball Tournament to benefit the Middleton Softball League. \$50 per team, up to 10 players on the roster. There will be concessions available. FREE admission to cheer on the competitors! GMPRD Community Center, Middleton</p> <p>18 Watershed Weekend: Topic, “Our Prehistoric Watershed”. View fossils and meet local paleontologists and geologists while participating in hands-on activities to learn about Idaho’s past - including erupting volcanoes and casting a fossil dinosaur claw! Free family fun. 10 AM – 1 PM. A water renewal facility tour will be held at 11:30 a.m. (weather-dependent), ages 4 and up, closed – toed shoes required, no strollers please. Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Rd., Boise</p> |
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- 18 WISCL Scholastic Chess Tournaments: 8:30 AM, Lowell Scott Middle School, Boise
- 21 Home School Day: 10:30 AM, World Center for Birds of Prey, Boise
- 24-25 Children's Theatre, "The Flower of Sunnymount Crest": Scandinavia's folk tradition comes to life in an enchanting tale of the deep woods where trolls, fairies, and witches keep their secrets. One small girl sets out on a journey to reach her only hope of happiness, an elusive flower on top of Sunnymount Crest. Local children shine in this original musical, directed by Drama Kids International. Friday, 7:00 pm, Saturday, 1:00 pm. \$6, \$8, \$12 Adult \$4, \$5, \$10 Child. Jewett Auditorium, College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 24-2/2 Winter Carnival: McCall
- 25 Community Breakfast: Enjoy a delicious breakfast for only \$5.00. Enjoy your meal, meet new and friendly people. Your meal donation will help us give a donation to one of the local charities. Children are welcome at our breakfast, of course. 9:00-11:00 AM, The Eagles Lodge, Nampa
- 28-29 Western Idaho Ag Expo: 9:00-5:00 PM, Caldwell Event Center (O'Connor Fieldhouse), Caldwell
- 29 Trio Voronezh: A concert of the exciting sounds and compelling arrangements of classics—all played on Russian folk instruments (such as a balalaika, a dombra, and a bayan). 7:00 PM, Jewett Auditorium, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 30 Buy Idaho Capitol Show: Showcasing everything Idaho. Over 100 booths will be on display, exhibiting and sampling products and services produced in our state. Free. 8am - 3pm, Idaho State Capitol Building, Boise
- 30 Teacher Night: For teachers in the Caldwell and Vallivue schools. Learn what the local library can offer your classes and schools. Tours, door prizes, and a chance to visit the library's Mobile Makerspace. Kids welcome, too. Light refreshments. 6:00-7:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 31 Luminary Walk: Free to participate. Walk a luminary-lined, 1-mile loop trail. Yak Tracks suggested, snow shoes/ poles available for deposit. Well-behaved, leashed pets welcome. 7:00-9:00 PM, Golf Course, McCall

- 31-2/1 Scrapbook Show: Come shop the latest paper crafting products from local vendors, attend classes and spend some time on paper crafting/scrapbooking. Admission: \$7. Hours: Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-5pm; Expo Idaho, Garden City

SOUTHERN IDAHO

- 2,16 Bingo Night: 6:30PM-8:30PM, Lincoln County Community Center, Shoshone
- 18 Comedy Night: Bring the whole family for a night of laughs and fun! Lucas Bohn will headline this year's comedy show! 7:30 PM, Wilson Theatre, Rupert
- 31 Concert: West Coast violinist Kimberlee Dodds Dray and Slovakian pianist Peter Fancovic. 7:30 PM - 9:00 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 12 Ski Free Day: The Blaine County Recreation District offers Nordic and snowshoe trails free to the community, on all BCRD winter trails throughout the valley. Ketchum/Sun Valley
- 13 Christmas Tree Bonfire: Yankee Fork Interpretive Center, Challis
- 14 Cat Cozy Club: Knit adorable and comfy cat cozies for our adoptable cats! 11:00-1:00 PM, Mountain Humane, Hailey
- 18-19 13th Annual Pond Hockey Classic: Christina Potters Ice Rink, Ketchum
- 24-26 6th Annual Sawtooth Outdoor Bonspiel: Stanley
- 25-31 Nordic Festival: Sun Valley
- 28 Humane Book Club: 4:00 - 5:00 PM, Mountain Humane, Hailey

EASTERN IDAHO

- 1-31 Darwin & Dinosaurs: Featured exhibit at the Museum of Idaho, Idaho Falls
- 4-25 Community Bingo: SATURDAYS. For everyone ages 18+, not just seniors. Help fund our nutrition program for seniors confined to their homes. Senior Citizens Center, Idaho Falls
- 5 Ski for Free Day: Season kick-off event at the East Fork Mink Creek Nordic Center! Use our rental equipment at no charge, or bring your own. Pocatello

- 7 Weaving, Spinning, and Fiber Arts Guild: Open Studio Night. 7:00-9:00 PM, 482 Constitution Way, Suite B-11, Idaho Falls
- 16 An Evening of Chamber Music: 7:00 PM 9:00 PM, The Downtown Event Center, Idaho Falls
- 21-23 Eastern Idaho Agricultural Show: Holt Arena, ISU Campus, Pocatello

- 25 Nature Art and Crafts: Ages 6-12. Do you love animals and nature? Are you creative? Join us as we create nature themed crafts and one of a kind art projects each month. \$10/person, \$8.50/ZIZS Member. 10am-11am at the Zoo Education Building, 3101 Ave of the Chiefs, Pocatello
- 30-31 ISU Dance Concert "Configurations": 7:30 pm - 9:30 pm, Stephens Performing Arts Center, Pocatello

FEBRUARY 2020

SNEAK PEEK

NORTHERN IDAHO

- 1 Moscow Winter Market: Arts and crafts, locally grown or produced items, food and much more. Free admission. Hours: 10am-2pm. 1912 Center, Moscow
- 1 Women With Bait Fishing Tournament: This is an annual Women's steelhead fishing tournament that runs through March 16. Riggins
- 1-2 U.S. Pacific Coast Championship Sled Dog Races: 8:00 AM - 5:00 PM, Priest Lake.

SOUTHWEST IDAHO

- 1 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch), TBD. O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 1-2 Winter Carnival: McCall
- 4 Adulting 101: Workshops for ages 15+, focusing on the skills and resources necessary for successful adulthood. Check the Web site www.caldwellpubliclibrary.org for this session's topic. 6:30PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 4 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at

no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa

- 5 Hiking Club: Winter Tree identification. Ages 18+. 1:00 - 3:00 PM, Foothills Learning Center 3188 Sunset Peak Rd, Boise
- 7 - 9 Boise Golf & Travel Show: Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 7 - 9 Canyon County Home and Garden Show: Ford Idaho Center, Nampa
- 8 Make It-Drawing 101: For ages 13+. Learn a new craft. 2:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 8 Daddy Daughter Date Night: 7:30 PM, Nampa Recreation Center, Nampa
- 8 Cabin Fever Reliever: Free family event sponsored by Kids' First Cast. 10:00 am to 5:00 pm at the O'Connor Fieldhouse, Caldwell

CENTRAL IDAHO

- 2 Stanley-Sawtooth Winter Fest, Challis
- 3 4th Mexican Mardi Gras, Challis

EASTERN IDAHO

- 7-9 Fire & Ice Winterfest, Lava Hot Springs



Desiré Aguirre

lives in Sagle with an assortment of furry animals. Her favorite sport is riding her horse into the hills above her house. She is the editor of the Bereaved Parents of the USA's Coeur d'Alene newsletter, and writes a health tips column for the Sandpoint Senior Center. Desiré plays in the old-time string band, Ruff Shodd, and has a blog, "The Worst Day Club," for bereaved parents at bereavedparents.blogspot.com



Julie Conrad

is an Idaho native who spent much of her childhood and early adulthood in McCall, which is now her year-round home. She owns a marketing and public relations company. In her spare time, you'll find Julie hiking, biking, skiing, golfing, paddle-boarding, and capturing the beauty of McCall from behind a camera lens.



Alice H. Dunn

and her husband, Wendell, live in Pocatello and manage her family's Marsh Valley ranch. A graduate of Idaho State University, Alice was an extension agent, teacher, and pharmacy assistant. After her six children were grown, she acquired a Master's degree in English from Humboldt State University and has been writing ever since.



Alessandro Meregaglia

is an archivist and assistant professor at Boise State University's Albertsons Library. He holds two Master's degrees from Indiana University, one in history and the other in library science. He lives in Boise with his wife, Katie.



Nancy Max

was born in Twin Falls. She attended BYU, married, and became a mother to three children. Nancy worked for thirty-seven years as an executive assistant for various companies, including Capitol Records, Boise Cascade Corporation, and Sanden International. Now widowed and living in the Dallas area, she is a grandmother to three children and great-grandmother to another three.



Les Tanner

is shown here with his late wife, Ruby, to whom he was married for more than sixty years, and who also was on the staff of *IDAHO magazine*. When Les, a retired teacher, isn't proofreading, working on the magazine's calendar, fishing, writing, playing pickleball, or pulling weeds, he's out looking for Jimmy the cat.



Mary Terra-Berns

is a freelance writer and biologist with a Masters degree in fish and wildlife sciences. She has worked with rare species such as wolverines, Canada lynx, red-cockaded woodpeckers, and many not-so-rare species. An Idaho native, Mary enjoys hiking, fly-fishing, running, skiing, snow shoeing, and traveling. Her *Trail of the Coeur d'Alenes* guidebook can be purchased at xpertguide2.com.

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