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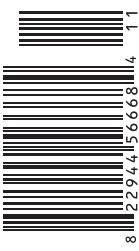
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NOVEMBER 2018 | VOL. 18, NO. 2



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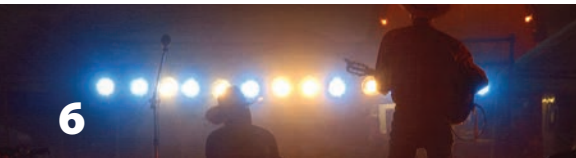
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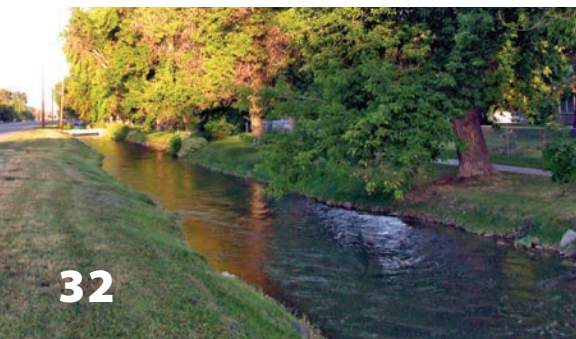


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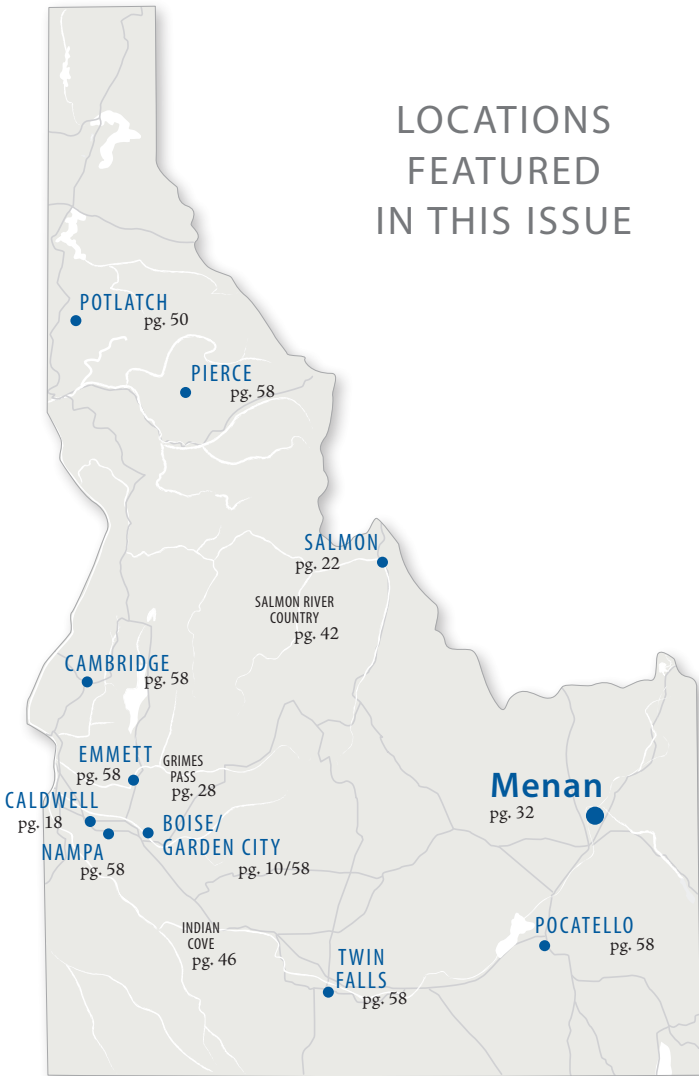
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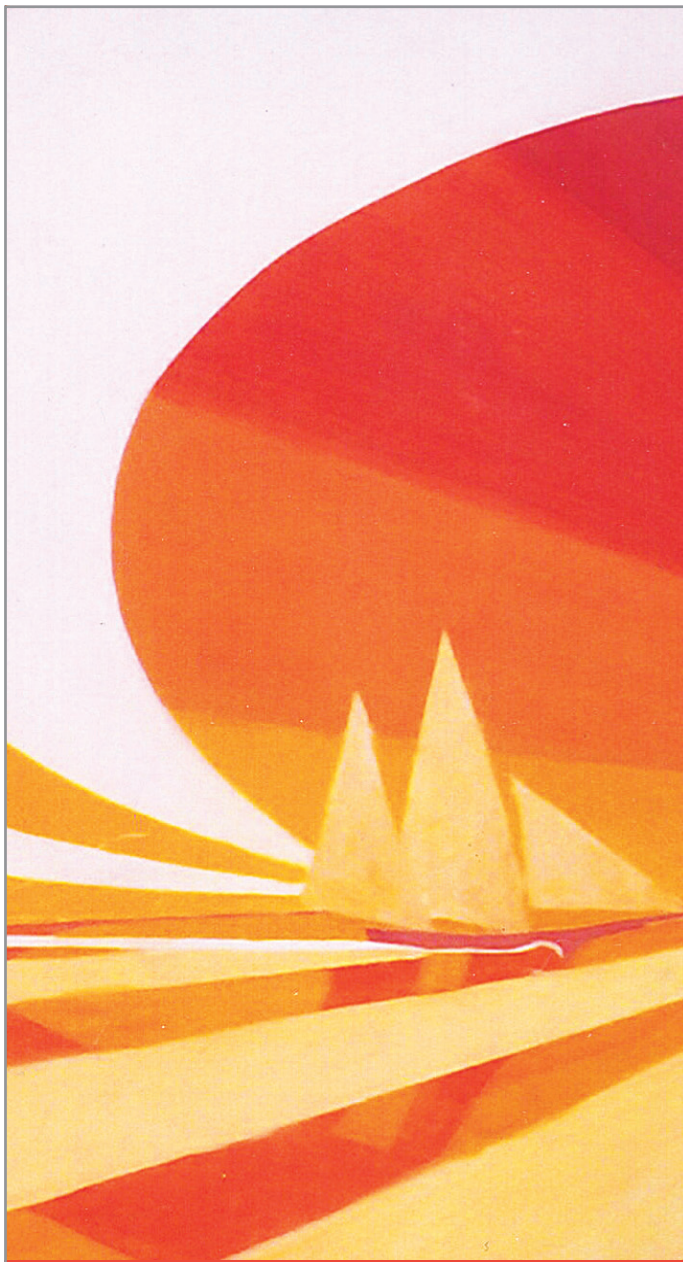
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COVER PHOTO



Avanti Webb shares her birthday tea with Izzy the miniature pony, in Idaho Falls.

Photo by Soncee Webb



TWIN BRIDGES
ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

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Good morning from the best side of the Tetons—the Idaho side!

~ Photo by Linda Lantzy

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Tea Party

2018 Cover Photo
Contest Winner

This month's cover of *IDAHO magazine* showcases the winner of our annual Cover Photo Contest, shown here along with the two runners-up and the Publisher's Choice winner, awarded by publisher Kitty Fleischman. Below, the photographers describe their images. Congratulations to all.



FIRST PLACE

“Tea Party”

by Soncee Webb, Idaho Falls

My mother, Michelle Meyer, owns the miniature pony in this photo, Izzy, and another one named Pixie that are used in a therapy program she runs in partnership with Melissa Child. They go to schools and elsewhere to teach about bullying. One of their phrases is, “Just say whoa to bullying.” The program, which is new, branched off a previous therapeutic riding program that used horses to help people with all kinds of disabilities. I’ve helped in both these programs with the training, handling, caring, and hauling of the ponies, and taking pictures of the events as a volunteer. My mother also lends the ponies to photographers to use as props, often dressed as unicorns, and for costumed birthday parties with themes like super hero, princess, angel, or cowboy. This image shows my daughter, Avanti. We always do a theme for her birthday and this year, when she turned three, she was a princess. The photo was taken in the backyard of our home in Idaho Falls.

SECOND PLACE

“Red, White,
and Blue
Morning Ltoff”

by Tom Alvarez, Boise



I took this photo at Ann Morrison Park in Boise on a Saturday morning in August 2017. It was the day before the Spirit of Boise Balloon Festival ended. I've had a active interest in hot air balloons since Ben Abruzzo, Maxie Anderson, and Larry Newman flew the Double Eagle II across the Atlantic [in 1978]. My wife and I lived in New Mexico briefly and attended the Hot Air Balloon Festival in Albuquerque. When we first moved to Boise in 2013, we were excited to learn of its balloon festival, and last year was the only time we missed attending. I usually make a point of going to one early morning lift-off and then the evening balloon glow event. On the morning this photo was taken, I arrived before sunrise and started roaming around as the sun came up and balloons began to go airborne. I moved quickly across the park from one take-off to another, shooting a lot of images. The red, white, and blue balloon was one of the last to lift off. Certainly, the color scheme got my attention. I circled around on the ground beneath the balloon as it rose, taking a number of sequential images. When I was able to see the man in the gondola, I stayed fixed on him. The balloons themselves always provide great photographic potential, but so much more when you can add a human element to the image. This image is pretty much full-framed with little other adjustments to color and exposure. I also use the photo on my website opening page and business cards.



THIRD PLACE
“Liberty in Bloom”
by Ross Walker, Montpelier

This photo was taken July 2018 on a hillside overlooking Liberty [in Bear Lake County, west of Montpelier] on private property owned by the King family of Montpelier. My wife and I had attended a wedding at the Kings’ cabin on the property just a few days earlier and were given permission to return to photograph the wildflowers, which are mostly arrowleaf balsamroot, but there are also lupines and others. We invited Jim Parker and his wife, Tara, to go with us. Jim and I have gone on lots of photography adventures together and this time I caught him taking a photo of the field.



PUBLISHER'S CHOICE
“Outdoor Stage”
by Ross Walker, Montpelier

There's a lot of great entertainment every year on an outdoor stage at the Bear Lake County Fair in Montpelier, where this photo was taken in August 2017. My wife and I were walking in from the parking lot one night when I saw this scene and liked the backlit performers, Dave Anderson and Thatch Elmer, and the audience. I was afraid lens flare from the lights would ruin the shot, but it worked out OK.





THE SAGA OF **DICK JOHNSON,** SENIOR ATHLETE EXTRAORDINAIRE

BY LAWANA JOHNSON

PHOTOS COURTESY OF
DICK AND LAWANA JOHNSON

P

LEFT: Dick Johnson in action.

“There are moments you remember all your life. There are moments you wait for and dream of all your life. This was one of those moments.”

— From the film *Yentl*.

“Dad, we got this!” eighteen year-old Shelly Johnson urged. “Come on, Dad, let’s go!”

Her forty-six-year-old father struggled to pull his aching body from the hot tub for the championship match. Energy drained from Dick Johnson like the water from his suit. He was in pain, but Shelly excitedly danced around him with her tennis racquet. After a long day of tough matches, she could tell he needed more time to soak, rest, and let his pain pills take effect. But the officials were calling for them to get back on the court.

This was what they had worked on for years. Shelly was in her last year of eligibility for the eight-state Mountain Regionals of the Father-Daughter Tennis Championships, and she was convinced it was the turn of this Boise father-daughter team to win it all in 1986. “There’s no way we’re going to lose,” she said confidently. “With you playing beside me, we’ll beat them!”

Dick tried to conceal his pain from his beloved daughter. A few minutes earlier, a rain shower had dampened the outdoor courts in Utah in the ninety-three-degree heat of July, which was a blessing, because it forced the match indoors. Once the pair got back on court, they took a first close set, 6-4. Fast and furiously, the match raced toward the end of the second set. Shelly readied herself to be aggressive at the net, just as her father had taught her so many times in practice:

“THE GAME IS WON AT THE NET.”

COMP

Because of the pain in Dick's fused lower back, their opponents knew the weak spot was his compromised ability to hit overhead slams. Sure enough, they attacked him with one, two, three, four high, difficult lobs in a row. But Dick slammed them all back with accuracy and power, and when the opposition failed to return his last slam, the match was over.

Shelly squealed with excitement and Dick threw his racquet so high, it hit the ceiling. With a long, sweaty hug, they celebrated their victory, which earned them a big prize in amateur sports: an all-expenses-paid trip for the whole family to Flushing Meadows in New York City to compete in the U.S. Open National Championships.

In Flushing Meadows, Dick and Shelly played their matches in the morning until noon, and then we all had seats for the entire ten days to watch the pro matches. The two of them played on the same courts as the pros, dressed in the same locker rooms, and met many of them. It was the thrill of a lifetime for all of us—especially because Dick and three of our daughters he had taught to play tennis had won the Idaho title seven times, and he had reached the finals of the regionals with all three girls. Each of them became an Idaho State Champion and High School Academic and Sports All-American. One daughter Julie won her first state title as a high school freshman and Sheri became a Collegiate Academic All-American.

Dick's own success in sports didn't come from a country club background. Money was tight for his family back in the 1940s and '50s, and he was seven years old before his parents owned a car. He remembers squirming around in the back seat when they took him on just about the only date they could afford: parking along Main Street in front of the bars in Boise and

looking at people go by, which they called "gutter watching."

He was small for his age (when I married him fifty-four years ago, he weighed only 125 pounds) and as a boy he was always working hard trying to keep up with kids who often were two or three years older than he. But he was fiercely competitive, shooting baskets and throwing baseballs in the dirt alley behind his house until it was too dark to see. He worked hard, mowing lawns with a push mower for a dozen regular customers and winning awards for door-to-door sales of greeting cards and wrapping paper. As a teenager, he was a messenger boy for a bank and then became the state's youngest teller and bookkeeper. This early determination to succeed paid off throughout his life.

"My Grandpa Johnson was a huge influence on me," Dick told me. "We would pitch pennies against the kitchen wall to win a piece of Grandma's sugared cinnamon bread, and Grandpa dug little holes in his back yard to putt golf balls into. He'd never let me win—I had to beat him. I watched and admired him as he worked through his aches and pains from hours of practice to eventually win the state bowling championship in his seventies. And he was competing against people a lot younger than he was, just like I do now."

Dick was a high achiever in academics, sports, and student government. Even though he was popular, his feelings often were hurt from about seventh grade onward when he increasingly was left out of parties and other activities that involved smoking and drinking, in which he refused to participate. He keenly recalls a championship baseball game during which he was team captain and a star player. He scored the winning run and after his throw to home cut off the other team's chance to win, he was surrounded by cheering



FAR ABOVE: Dick in front of the Olympic flame at the Senior Games.

ABOVE: Dick and Lawana at the National Pickleball Championships, 2017.

teammates clapping him on the back. But he wasn't invited to a party later that evening.

Such experiences were why it was particularly joyful for him this summer to exchange embraces with old friends at the sixtieth reunion of the Boise High class of 1958, which had been the largest graduating class in Idaho that year, when the city had just one public high school.

When Dick was in ninth grade, he developed a special love for tennis, which was introduced to the Boise School District by Barbara Krase Chandler, a former national champion who had just moved to town. She offered three-hour tennis lessons for one dollar per lesson on the old clay courts at Julia Davis Park. Dick had found his greatest sports love. That year, he won his first of three straight Idaho State High School Championships. At sixteen, he could beat every man in the state and most in the Intermountain Region, even though he couldn't beat Barbara until later.

"We had to hide behind the trees to watch his matches," his father told me, "because we made him so nervous."

While Dick was still a teenager, he and Barbara partnered up to win many adult Idaho Mixed Doubles Championships, followed by more later in his own adult years. (He's also won numerous other state titles in every decade to the present day.) Barbara, who became known as Idaho's "First Lady of Tennis," was awarded a prestigious national award at the 1959 U.S. Open for her outstanding service to the sport. Dick idolized her, not just for her skill but also for her sportsmanship, graciousness, service, and love of the sport, win or lose. She provided an excellent example that he carried into his own life.

One startling example of Dick's dedication and discipline is that he can tell you where every hour of his waking life has been spent for the past forty years. It's all been color-coded on calendars and categorized into the twelve most important activities for our family—which are evaluated and re-prioritized every month. One time, when I was a young mother feeling overwhelmed by toddlers and diapers, complaining about "no time for just the two of us," Dick was surprised. He quickly showed me on his chart that we were regularly having our weekly "date nights." I argued that we were mostly just going to movies, which was a stress relief for him but not very enjoyable for me, so he quickly reprioritized. He took time away from his hunting

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FAR ABOVE: On a humanitarian visit to Africa to help fight measles.

ABOVE: Driving the vintage sports car in Idaho City.

and tennis and transferred those hours to me. To a busy young mother and wife, it was a wonderful expression of love.

We utilized those same time management principles to get our kids away from the TV and video games and into good books, the scriptures, and other more important activities.

“Oh, no!” our four daughters complained. “We can only watch four hours of television a week? That’s not fair!”

But Dick showed our kids they were losing around a month’s precious time each year in front of the tube, and he promised them a trip to Hawaii if they limited their TV. We’re thrilled now that they’re doing some of the same things with our grandkids. Time that might have been wasted was converted into our children’s successes in academics, leadership, music, drama, sports, and other worthwhile activities. All four daughters were high school and college honor graduates, married successful men, including two doctors, a corporate executive, and a captain in the Boise Fire Department. They’re raising our fifteen bright and successful grandchildren, and so far have blessed our old age with four great-grandchildren.

“Life takes you in many directions and along the way there a few storms,” Dick likes to say, “but the joy comes with the sweet fruit at the end.”

One of the storms that hit us along the way was economic trouble in the 1990s, when corporate downsizing swept America and caught up our family. After almost twenty-five years and two general management positions at a large international corporation, Dick lost his job, along with many other people. He was fifty years old and still had major family obligations. Even though he was offered lucrative jobs elsewhere, we didn’t want to jerk our kids out of their schools and our

beloved hometown and state. After nine months, he accepted a big financial hit by going to work for the Idaho Department of Commerce. But we had always lived frugally (no new cars or big house on the hill) and had socked away a million bucks. Even so, it was a big blow to Dick’s ego, prestige, and confidence. Yet it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. His new career not only brought humility but included helping startup companies in the state and recruiting other companies to come to Idaho, which created badly needed new jobs.

Long active in community programs of many types, some of Dick’s sporting efforts have included: president of the Boise Racquet & Swim Club and vice president of the Idaho Youth Tennis Foundation; co-creator and director of the Idaho Tater Tot Tennis Tourney (the largest junior tourney in Idaho); founding member of the new Super Senior International Pickleball Association, which created forty tournaments this year around the world and could double that number next year; and on the first committee of the new \$600,000 Hobble Creek Pickleball Project, which will generate increased participation in Idaho for the sport and is expected to attract major tournaments.

I’ll admit Dick embarrasses me sometimes by publicly thanking me for being “a kind, loving spirit and the best thing that ever happened to me,” but his example of courage and determination during tough times helped me to develop unknown strengths. For example, when he lost his job, I began teaching school again, but soon I came to him and said, “I’ve quit teaching because, after thirty years as a stay-at-home mom, I want to get into the adult world.”

I wasn’t exactly sure what I wanted to do, but to Dick’s credit he supported my decision and I took a clerk job at an office supplies store. Finding new strengths and

PRIZE

confidence I never knew I had, three years later I was managing four art galleries with thirty employees in three states. Although I leaned pretty heavily on his business savvy and advice, I think that's pretty good for a fifty-year-old with no business degree or experience.

You might say Dick's determination has pioneer roots. In the 1860s, his great-grandparents, John and Esther Cornish, drove the second wagon to enter the southeastern corner of Idaho. They helped to settle Franklin, Idaho's first town, and raised a large family. Dick's great-aunt, Hannah Cook Cornish, was the first schoolteacher in Idaho and her desk can be seen in the Franklin museum. When John died, several years after Esther, her headstone was removed and a new one was made for them both. Esther's old stone was buried on the family property and was rediscovered a century later, when the field was being plowed. Tears came to Dick's eyes when it was given to him, and now the stone adorns his "pioneer row" of artifacts in our back yard, along with a double-rimmed wagon wheel from Idaho City's gold mining days, century-old skis from Bogus Basin, and many farming, ranching, forestry, and mining artifacts we've collected over the years. A special piece is the antique phone from a lodge (no longer standing) near Idaho City, which was the home of Richard Esterbrook, who brought in Chinese workers to begin dredging for gold in the area. Some of our artifacts are museum-quality and eventually will be donated to museums in Idaho.

We still travel the backroads of this state with the Idaho British Car Club in our forty-five-year-old TR-6 convertible roadster, collecting artifacts. Dick has traveled to seventy countries on five continents, but emphasizes that America is a truly blessed land with responsibilities to lead the world.

On the court, Dick's movements were greatly curtailed a few years ago, when back fusion surgery forced him to almost completely quit competitive tennis. The wear and tear of competitive sports over the years, combined with

his new inactivity, took a terrific toll on his body. His weight rose to almost two hundred pounds, he was way out of shape, and then was diagnosed with severe Type 2 diabetes. It was a shocker to us, but he undertook a difficult health program that required following a strict diet, tracking everything he ate each day, and testing his blood sugar level three times daily. He lost fifty pounds in six months and still rigidly follows the program on the grounds that, "Once a diabetic, always a diabetic."

At about the same time this was happening, we wondered, "What's this new sport with the funny name: pickleball?" That's when we took one of our first lessons from Carson Spencer on the tennis courts along Highway 55 in Donnelly. Nowadays, pickleball is the fastest-growing sport in North America and is played on five continents [see "Pickleballed," *IDAHO magazine*, February 2017]. This year, pickleball registration in the Huntsman World Senior Games filled up in the first ten minutes.

Pickleball—a combination of tennis, badminton, and table tennis—is televised on CBS Sports and has its own Pickleball Channel. Played on a smaller court than tennis and with underhand serves, the game allowed Dick to better manage his back pain, even though some people call the game "tennis on steroids," because it's more explosive and faster at the net than tennis. For Dick, it provided the chance to compete in national and world tournaments with former Grand Slam and Olympics champions from the tennis, squash, and racquetball worlds.



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OVERCOME

Five years after he took up the sport, Dick has now won about two hundred pickleball medals, mostly gold, in ninety sanctioned tournaments, including all seven national and world senior pickleball championship tourneys, which places him among the world's most-medaled players. Last year, he was the world's top-ranked competitor in his age group and he's again among the leaders this year at age seventy-eight. He also regularly defeats players decades younger than he is.

In the 2017 National Pickleball Championships, Dick forfeited an early match because of pain in his leg, but he fought back through the loser's bracket to again face the same player against whom he had forfeited, this time in the gold medal match. Then a sharp stab of pain crumpled him to the ground. It was all too familiar: he had re-injured his Achilles tendon.

"No pain, no gain," he thought, and tried to keep playing. "Get off your duff. Dig deep. Never, ever, give up!"

He kept repeating to himself the words he'd used many times in the past to encourage his daughters during tough tennis matches. Now, in severe pain, he struggled to push himself to the finish line, but the referee saw that Dick was hardly able to move to the ball and finally forced him to forfeit the match. Off he went to the emergency room for a cast and crutches and what would be months of physical therapy. It was nothing new. Through the years, he had overcome the same Achilles problem, a broken leg, the back fusion, two hernia operations, and knee, elbow, and wrist surgeries. In his sunset years, he also deals with high blood pressure, sleep apnea, diabetes, feet neuropathy, arthritis, and the usual aches and pains of age. Even so, five months later he overcame it all again, achieving a straight-sets victory over the same opponent to whom he had forfeited, to win gold at the 2018 US Open in Florida—the biggest and toughest pickleball tournament in the world.

Last August, Marc Riker, the CEO of the

National Senior Olympic Games, came to Boise and presented Dick with the prestigious National Personal Best Award at the kickoff event in Julia Davis Park for the Idaho Senior Games. Each year the award is presented to just ten athletes out of a hundred thousand in twenty sports who compete across America to qualify for the National Senior Games, which will be held in New Mexico next year. Dick won gold at the last National Games, the largest multi-sports event in the world for athletes fifty years and older. He was the first Idahoan in the thirty-one-year history of the Games to be presented with the National Personal Best Award, which is not only about extraordinary success in sports but about character. It speaks to overcoming life challenges, staying healthy and motivated, and inspiring others by example.

In a commendation, the Idaho Senior Games noted that Dick is its most decorated athlete. "Yet, what is most striking is his deep sense of humility and gratitude."

Now a poster child for the motivating philosophy of the Senior Games, he tells everybody, "Pickleball and the Idaho Senior Games helped save my life."

Certainly, participating in the National Senior Games has been a highlight of our retirement years.

"It's a thrill seeing the Olympic flame lit, carrying Idaho's flag, marching in with ten thousand other athletes, and socializing in the Athletes' Village," Dick told me. "It's a fantastic spectacle of joy and peace and brotherhood. It doesn't matter if you win or lose. If I'm dragging and have to play on one leg, I'm still gonna go!"

"I love the challenge of the sport and am trying to get better but at seventy-eight, I know, realistically, I'm getting to be an old duffer and am headed to do more teaching of the game." He has given free clinics in both Idaho and Arizona and is glad that more and more people are asking for help. Even so, he admits, "I still wouldn't mind kicking the bucket just after hitting a great passing shot on the court against some sixty-year-old youngster." ■

ADVERSITY

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Headstones

STORY AND PHOTOS BY LES TANNER

The early afternoon sun shining through bare limbs casts thin shadows on the browning lawn. Sparrows flit back and forth between the sheltering branches of an evergreen and the ground below. The sky is cloudless, the air is calm but chilly. There beneath the locust trees a lone figure stands, unmoving, silhouetted against the amber stubble fields beyond.



He'd been fishing for the past week, and he'd no more than walked in the kitchen door and announced, "I'm home!" when the question came.

"Guess what I did yesterday, dear?" she asked.

"I don't have a clue," he responded.

He *never* had a clue, even after all these years.

He couldn't count the times that they'd had a conversation that went like this:

"Well, what do you think about that?" she would ask.

"What do I think about *what*?"

"About what I was just saying."

"But you weren't saying *anything*. You were just sitting there staring out the window."

Actually, he wasn't positive that she *hadn't* been speaking. He'd been accused more than once of not paying attention.

"Maybe I was just daydreaming about it. Anyway, what do you think?"

"How am I supposed to know what you were *daydreaming* about?"

"You're just *supposed* to know, that's all," she would say, with a hint of exasperation. "I thought you could read my mind."

As if . . .

And he remembered when he'd called home some years ago, during another of his trips.

"I've got good news and bad news," she said.

That's all I need, he thought. "Okay, tell me the bad news first."

"Your Uncle Steve called yesterday. Mildred took a fall and may have broken her hip. She's in the hospital, but they're pretty sure she'll be all right."

That was certainly bad news, but there was little he could do about it at the moment. His stepmother lived in a nursing home near Denver, and the medical care there was excellent.

"So what's the other news?"

"You'll never guess what happened the other day," she said, excitement in her voice. "I found a set of silverware exactly like mine!"

That was the way she was. Bad news forgotten in an instant, ready to go on to more



pleasant things. She was the most honest person he had ever known, and as far as he knew, she had never attempted to hide her feelings about anything. She laughed out loud at slapstick movies, wept at sad endings to books she was reading, giggled when she had a chance to ride a merry-go-round, was the first to offer solace and aid to a friend in distress.

He was just the opposite, as far as emotions went. Now and then, he'd laugh at a funny line in a television program or *Reader's Digest*. He'd even allowed himself to get weepy more than once at something he was reading—but only when he was by himself. Usually, though, he just held everything in. He'd become an expert at avoiding situations in which he might let his feelings show.

So now she was asking, "Guess what I did, dear?"

Her voice was strained. No pleasant tidings this time.

He went back out into the garage and looked at her car. No damage that he could see. The workbench wasn't crumpled, either, as it had been

one other time when she'd had him guess at recent activities.

He went back in.

"I give up."

"I ordered Mother's and Daddy's headstone," she said, tears filling her eyes.

Her father had died in 1972 and her mother in 1992. Their graves had been minimally marked, and it had been on her mind for all that time to see that a proper stone was made and placed there. But it had proved too painful for her, and she had put it off a hundred times in the past eleven years. Now the task had been accomplished.

"That's great," he said, and disappeared back into the garage.

How he disliked himself for retreating like this. He knew he should have put his arms around his brave and wonderful wife. He should have told her how proud he was of her. But there was something in his makeup that prevented him from doing so. Instead, he got busy putting his fishing gear away. It kept him from thinking about it.

ABOVE: The late Ruby Tanner visiting her parents' graves in Aberdeen.



It was not in her to let him get away with such behavior, though. She followed him into the garage, and after a minute or two of idle chatter, she said, “I’m really proud of myself for doing that, you know.” The tears came again.

This time he did the right thing. This time he held her tight. This time he told her he was proud of her, too. And he was.

Another fishing trip, another “I’m home!”, another question.

“What are you doing next weekend?”

He thought about it for a moment. “Nothing that I know of. Why?”

“Phil called,” she said. “They’ve finished the headstone. It’s even been placed already. Phil took it down and installed it himself. He said he took pictures, but I need to see it. Can we drive down there on Saturday?”

“Sounds good to me.”

The warm spell had been broken by a cold front that moved through on Friday, and there’d been a threat of rain and snow, but it had passed, and the four-hour drive was an easy one. As usual on trips, they didn’t speak much. There wasn’t anything new to see, either—they’d traveled this

piece of Interstate dozens of times before—so she snoozed while he kept awake by listening to the latest books-on-tape mystery.

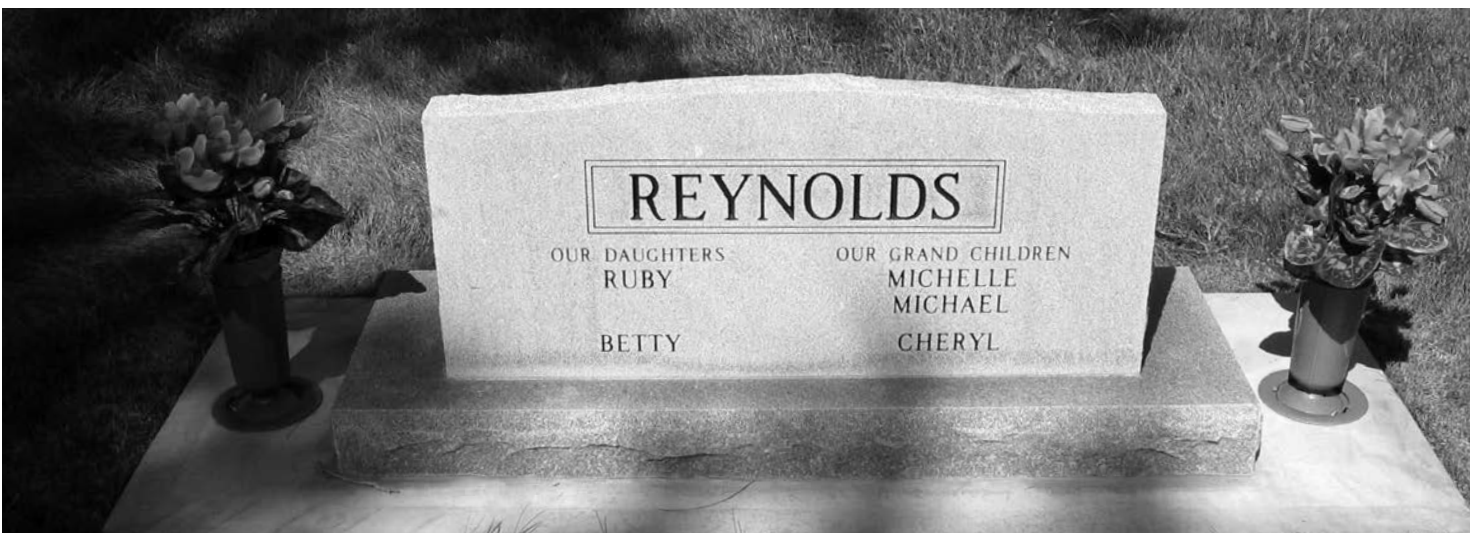
They’d stopped for gas and lunch to break the monotony, and it was a little after two when they crossed the river. He could feel the tension begin to build in her, not just because of the bridge—she’d had a thing about bridges for as long as she could remember—but also because they were just twelve miles from their destination. This was a familiar stretch of country highway. They’d traveled it countless times during their nearly fifty years together—and she, with her family, long before. It took them mostly north between dry and barren fields that just weeks before had been rich with potatoes and sugar beets and corn and barley.

When the kids were little, they were always eager to see who could spot the water tower first. He slowed to take the two curves into town, then asked, “Where do we turn?”

“Just past the gas station,” she replied.

Minutes later, he turned off the gravel road into the small cemetery.

“It’s over there in the southeast corner,” she said, pointing.



He parked as close as he could, but the new granite marker was still fifty yards away.

“I want to wander around a little bit first,” she said as she got out. “I won’t be long.”

She slipped into her winter coat, grabbed her camera, and began surveying nearby headstones. He stayed in the car. Wandering through cemeteries was far down his list of things he liked to do. He recalled following his grandfather through a graveyard once, listening to him comment endlessly on how young so many folks had been when they died. His grandfather may have been interested in such statistics, but he certainly wasn’t. He settled down to wait, knowing that her, “I won’t be long,” wasn’t something he could set his clock by. Maybe his calendar, but not his clock.

She walked carefully, head tilted down as if to avoid other people’s eyes. She’d always walked that way. He’d noticed it the first time he’d seen her from the window of his dorm room so long ago. Now, though, she was looking for names she recognized. She stopped now and then to read a headstone, to remember folks and to reminisce about pleasant, distant times. He admired this

quality of hers, to be more interested in people than in things.

At last, her tour of memories completed, she made her way to the new headstone at the far edge of the cemetery. He became uneasy. He knew he should be there with her, for he knew how hard the moment would be for her. But he stayed where he was, pretending to have some important business with the contents of the glove box.

She would ask him later why he hadn’t joined her, and he would come up with some lame excuse, and would apologize. For that was his way. And she would take his hand, and forgive him, and tell him that she loved him, and thank him for bringing her down to the cemetery. For that was her way.

Sobs from the solitary figure break the silence. Bent shoulders move with involuntary shivers. Minutes pass, and then the figure straightens. She wipes her eyes and glasses, takes out a small camera, and snaps a shot or two of the new granite stone resting before her. Sighing deeply, she puts the camera in the pocket of her coat, turns, and walks slowly back to the car. ■

OPPOSITE: Headstone of the author’s parents-in-law.

ABOVE: Reverse side of the headstone.

Life Ha

The Other Warrior

STORY AND PHOTOS BY MELINDA STILES

When I moved to Idaho twenty years ago, I found paradise up a creek in a rental trailer with a jaw-dropping view of the Continental Divide. As if paradise weren't enough, I also won the landlord lottery. The Olsons were good neighbors, trusted friends, and advisors on all things Idaho. Memories of them are etched with positivity, smiles and adventure. It just always felt good to be around them. Still does. Heather, their daughter, is a big reason why this is so.

Heather was fourteen when I met her. I was immediately struck by how one so young had such comfort in her own skin, looked adults in the eye when she spoke, and never failed to ask what she could do to help me get settled, or with anything else. I would learn that she always wanted to help others and was never too busy to do so. I knew her approximately five minutes when I understood that her services extended to animals as well.

Through the years, I met a menagerie of animals she saved: a sparrow with a broken leg that had fallen from her nest, a coyote pup, a raccoon, a fox, a rock chuck, a goose and duck that she peeled from eggs, and lots of goats. When skunks took up residence beneath my trailer, re-homing them was the only solution

in Heather's mind.

Seemingly seamlessly, she bypassed the "it's all about me" phase so many kids journey through on their path to adulthood. Recently I asked how she thought this had occurred.

"I think it's my personality. I never had that mindset. I've always loved to help people. In sports we were always supposed to make the freshmen do everything and in college I never did that. I can wash my own clothes. We're kind of raising kids to be egocentric, don't you think? It never hurts to put a smile on your face and ask people what they need help with. People remember if you're nice to them. In sports people would say, 'You were always nice to us or you asked if we needed help.' They remember that."

Having taught English to high school students for thirty years, I know this perspective to be rare and, oh, so refreshing.

As I got to know her better that first summer, I observed a work ethic I've rarely seen in adults. She had an unswerving determination to achieve the goals she set for herself. It always appeared that Heather found sheer joy in whatever she undertook. Her beautiful smile was a dead giveaway.

pppens



RIGHT: An assemblage of what counts, on a wall in the Pekus home.



I love th



Memories of my residency up the creek are replete with Heather riding her horse. Her summer job was as a ranch hand to her father on their three-hundred-acre cattle ranch, which was further expanded by several hundred leased acres. A few times I was lucky enough to ride the range with them. I'm sure they thought it was a good way for the newbie to get acclimated to Idaho. It was. I was a tentative rider at first. Heather would check in with me occasionally to make sure I was OK and then would take off at a gallop. She traversed hills so steep I got vertigo just looking down. Her absolute passion for this place was palpable with every hoofbeat and with her ever-present smile.

If she wasn't on her horse, she was running

up the road, her long blond hair whipping wildly in the wind, her basset hound, Sebastian, in not very close pursuit.

Heather trained hard every day. She was an athlete. Basketball, volleyball, and track were her sports for four years of high school. She was captain of all three teams. In her freshman year, she made varsity basketball and volleyball. For four years she went to the state track meet in the four-hundred-meter race and made first team all-conference in basketball. In 2001, she received the basketball sportsmanship award, voted for by the basketball officials of Region Six schools throughout eastern Idaho.

Heather was also a scholar. When she had an English paper to write, she walked over to my

his place.



trailer to have me proofread it. She wanted it to be perfect. I never had much to edit. The writing was well thought out and well-researched. Heather was the student every teacher wanted in her classroom. Her humble goal was to be excellent in everything she attempted. She graduated from Salmon High School with a 4.0.

One evening Heather and I found ourselves in a field behind her house, looking up at the Continental Divide, awash in alpine glow—a view demanding awe.

“I love this place. I’m going to come back here after college,” she said with conviction.

I thought of what I knew of my future when I was a high school sophomore and came up a bit empty. Not long ago, I asked Heather how she

had been so sure.

“Salmon is beautiful. It’s really peaceful. I love the people. I love the ranch. I lived on a horse’s back. I loved to run. I love the peace and so I just always knew I wanted to come back.”

After graduating from high school, she spent her freshman year at Albertson College of Idaho and played basketball. Financially it made more sense for her to transfer to the University of Great Falls, where she played basketball for three more years. When she met her husband-to-be, Lance, their date night was at the gym—every night. Heather received her bachelor of science degree in psychology with a minor in addiction counseling. She completed one year of her master’s degree at Great Falls and then she and Lance transferred to

FAR LEFT: Evidence of Heather’s years as a high school standout.

MIDDLE: A view of the country she returned to after college.

ABOVE: Pekus family portrait.



My kids
keep me
going.



LEFT: Heather gets students registered.

ABOVE: Salmon's a great place to be a kid.

ABOVE INSET: The school shows Heather some love.

Washington State University. Heather worked at a pharmacy until she established residency and taught a general education class in research at WSU. These jobs paid for her to complete her master's degree in marriage and family counseling at WSU.

Fresh with college degrees in hand, Heather and Lance returned to Salmon, knowing that finding jobs would be challenging in the small community. Nothing would stop Heather from returning to the ranch and her roots. When you're on the right path, the very universe opens doors, and so it was for this couple. Lance got hired by the Forest Service and Heather got hired by the state as a therapist in mental health counseling for vocational rehabilitation. Count me among the many who were thrilled to have her back and who welcomed Lance.

A year later, Salmon High School was in need of a counselor. Heather applied, of course was hired, and then had to get busy obtaining her second masters. Working as a full-time high school counselor while getting her master's wasn't daunting to her. It only sounds that way to the rest of us.

Another story was unfolding for Heather while she pursued her higher education. When she was twenty-one, she and Lance were participating in Play Days, horse races open to the community on the Forth of July at the county fairgrounds. She swung herself up on her horse.

"Both my feet went numb, and then it slowly moved all the way up to my chest. I thought that was super weird. In basketball that year, my left arm went numb and I just figured it was a pinched nerve. That's when they did an MRI and found I had lesions on my brain and they said, 'You have multiple sclerosis.'"

Finding one's way back to health after such a diagnosis is a full-time job and there is never a panacea. Heather's journey has included neurologists, MS drugs, dietary changes, infusions,

and naturopathy. As she speaks of her circuitous journey, what remains constant is her being true to herself and listening to her body telling her what's working.

Recently, she said she's feeling, "Super good internally. Physically, I'm not there yet." People have suggested she use a wheelchair. "I want to keep walking. I think if I don't use it, I'll lose it. That's why I struggle to walk with my walker."

She has experienced periods of remission as well as periods of dire setbacks. During one relapse, Heather had to reduce her work hours. While she was away from her desk, she kept up with her work on her computer and phone. "I want to keep working. It keeps my body and mind going. I love my job."

Lance has been at her side since her diagnosis, and the rest of her family, co-workers, and professionals have worked tirelessly to help her—karma in action. It's a reminder of all that's best in the human spirit to see her smile and her positive attitude despite what she has experienced.

"It is what it is. Right now it is a part of our life and we're getting by with what life gave us. Yeah, it's not ideal, not what I want, but it's where I'm at right now, so you just take it as it is."

At age thirty-five, Heather is mom to five-year-old Gracie and three-year-old Grayson, wife to Lance Pekus, also known as the Cowboy Ninja Warrior [see "Cowboy Ninja," *IDAHO magazine*, July 2017], counselor at Salmon High School, and advocate for her health. A full life for anyone. Sitting with Heather in the house she and Lance built on the ranch, I had to ask how she does it all.

"My kids keep me going. I love life. I always have. Life happens, right?"

I remember fourteen-year-old Heather and see in her today the same determination and grit I saw then. Every day she fights the battle of her life. She does so with grace and bravery. There is definitely more than one warrior in the Pekus household. ■

The Death of George Grimes

Who Killed Him, and Why?

BY JESSE AYERS

The weather was cold in the valley and snow remained on the mountains in early March last year as Bud Jones and I headed for the summit of Grimes Pass. Bud, a longtime Idaho resident, lives along a tributary of Grimes Creek and is a valuable source of local legends. He knew the location of a pioneer cemetery atop Grimes Pass, off a small road south of State Highway 17 between Garden Valley and Lowman. The legendary pioneer George Grimes was buried in the cemetery, and Bud had agreed to show me the way there.

My interest in visiting the site sprang from a fascination with stories I had heard from Idaho City residents about the state's gold rush era. In an effort to learn more about the history of that time, I made a trip to the Idaho State Archives, where I uncovered numerous newspaper articles about George Grimes's Idaho expedition from Washington Territory and his death just

days after discovering gold. I was particularly interested to read unsubstantiated reports—a conspiracy theory that still persists—contradicting the official explanation of his death from a Shoshoni-Bannock attack.

On the trip, I was worried about the depth of the snow but Bud assured me that my 4WD vehicle should be all right. I drove while Bud directed me along unpaved roads through Pioneerville, a town of three thousand people during its heyday in 1863. The hotel, several livery stables, and saloons have long since disappeared and only one general store remains on the main street of the unincorporated community, which relies on portable restrooms for its downtown facilities. As we kept going, I lost track of precisely where we were and had to rely on Bud to navigate us through the backroads to Grimes Pass.

Piles of rock lined the sides of the road—a reminder of the destructive impact Idaho's gold rush had on the environment

150 years earlier. The 1872 Mining Law, which still governs minerals on federal lands, contains no environmental provisions, although nowadays mineral exploration and development are subject to Idaho and federal environmental regulations. Several private organizations are attempting to restore creeks damaged during the gold rush, but progress is slow.

The last two hundred yards of our drive covered a frozen stretch of road on a steep uphill grade. The recently cleared snow created four-foot banks on either side of my vehicle. Bud and I took a few minutes to enjoy the view overlooking Garden Valley before embarking on a freezing hike to the summit. At the top, we found George Grimes's six-foot granite monument, placed in 1926 by the Sons of Idaho to mark his final resting place.

My research had revealed that George Grimes was born in New York in 1831. He migrated to the Washington Territory, settling in Walla Walla. Accounts of a valley that

contained gold nuggets so plentiful they could be scooped up by the handful prompted him in August 1862 to lead an expedition in search of the precious metal. Anyone attempting such a journey into Idaho's unforgiving wilderness at that time faced fast-flowing rivers, the prospect of hostile Indians, and dangerous animals. All necessary supplies, including water, had to be carried in by pack animal over unexplored, mountainous terrain.

Grimes's expedition met a group headed by Moses Splawn that was returning from the Owyhee Mountains, where they had sought gold with little success. Together, the two groups journeyed farther into Idaho searching for the legendary valley of gold. Despite the rough Idaho landscape and physical hardships, the combined party discovered the yellow metal in the Boise Basin. On August 15—a few days after their find—the men were attacked by Shoshoni-Bannocks whose food sources had been depleted by wagon trains and emigrant livestock. George Grimes was killed and his corpse was buried in a mining pit. Moses Splawn left the area with the other survivors.

The conspiracy theory rumor inspired me

to write a short, alternative account that imagined a quite different scenario. My interpretation went like this:

“Staying low in the shadows, George Grimes worked his way around the large rocks along the creek, dodging gunfire, trying to keep his knapsack of precious cargo from his partner. The two had traveled into Idaho's rugged wilderness in search of gold and had become wealthy. Now, George Grimes could not shake Moses Splawn's pursuit. A gunshot echoed through the valley. The bullet hit its mark. George's treasure became the property of his former partner, and he lay dying face-down in the creek that would forever bear his name.”

Bud and I walked among the grave sites to read the headstones, which ranged from the late 1800s to the early 2000s. The cold weather limited our time on the pass to approximately a half-hour before it became necessary to hike down the steep grade to the warmth of the vehicle for the drive to Idaho City.

Although George Grimes's expedition ended tragically, the resulting gold rush in the Boise Basin was the catalyst for Idaho becoming a territory in 1863 and obtaining statehood on July

BELOW LEFT:
Monument to George
Grimes at Grimes Pass.

BELOW: View beyond
Grimes Creek and
Idaho City.



JESSE AYERS



GARDNERBEC

GRIMES PASS



JESSE ANBERS



JESSE ANBERS

ABOVE: The author (center) with friends Frank Nicholson (left) and Larry Griffin.

ABOVE RIGHT: The plaque on the Grimes marker.

3, 1890. Miners established towns such as Placerville, Centerville, Pioneerville, and Idaho City. Those lawless boomtowns became destinations for gamblers and speculators. According to Boise County's website, Idaho City had 250 businesses and a population of six thousand by 1863. Arguments over claims became frequent and in an effort to control crime, vigilante groups were formed. In Idaho City's Pioneer Cemetery, of the first two hundred graves, only twenty-eight were for people who died of natural causes.

Last May, I made a second trip to Grimes Pass, this time with two friends, Frank Nicholson and Larry Griffin. The forecast for the pass was cloudy with seven percent chance of showers. Knowing the weather on the summit could change within an hour, I packed a couple of warm jackets.

We approached from

Highway 55 through Horseshoe Bend and Banks rather than on the backroad Bud and I had taken on our earlier trip, because I wasn't sure I remembered his route. Our navigation software placed Grimes Pass in the middle of the Payette River until Frank fixed the problem by entering "Grimes Pass Creek" into his GPS device.

Once we reached Pioneerville, we traveled the same rough, dusty, but well-maintained road Bud and I had driven. Small signs fastened to posts at major intersections were helpful, but we overlooked a few of them, which required us to rely frequently on GPS.

Trailers and heavy equipment parked among the piles of crushed rock alongside the road provided evidence of active claims. The area is still wilderness, and travelers can encounter dangerous animals—on our first visit to the area, Bud and I saw a

cougar track at the base of the graveyard.

After crossing a small wooden bridge, I turned left onto the final ascent to Grimes Pass and this time there was no snow drift. The temperature atop the pass was pleasant, requiring only a light jacket. Anxious to see George Grimes's monument again, I followed Frank and Larry up the final fifteen-foot grade to the wooden rail fence. Frank and I browsed in the small graveyard, discussing how the people died, and the possibility that Grimes was the victim of his fellow miner's greed.

Prior to descending the steep incline to my 4WD we stood at the base of the monument and saluted George Grimes with a sip of orange juice. Back at the vehicle, we unpacked our lunch before driving the winding road down the mountain to the highway and the comforts of our Boise homes. ■

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POSTED

A POCKET OF PEACE

BY LINDA RADFORD

PHOTOS BY MIKE MILLER

The semi-rural community of Menan (population about eight hundred), lies in a peaceful area surrounded on three sides by vibrant, growing communities. Twenty miles south is the largest metropolitan area on Idaho's Snake River, made up of the adjoining towns of Idaho Falls and Ammon (combined population 76,550). Rexburg, with its Brigham Young University–Idaho enrollment of more than eighteen thousand and town population of twenty-nine thousand, is about eleven miles to the northeast. The closest town of significant size is Rigby, the Jefferson County seat, about seven miles to the southeast. As these towns and their suburbs and industries have grown, Menan has slowly transitioned from a farming-centered village to a bedroom community for all three places. But not completely.

LEFT: Aerial view of Menan south from Main Street.

INSET: Sign at the edge of town.





ABOVE: The town hall, built from Menan Butte lava rock in the 1930s, is still used for community activities and rented out for private events.

OPPOSITE: A dinner inside the town hall, thought to be 1940s.

I grew up in the 1950s and '60s in Annis, the neighboring community to the east, considered a part of the Menan area. I experienced firsthand the farming community days before moving away after graduating from high school. I came back to visit often and then moved back permanently in 1991 to live with my aging mother. During those years, I got glimpses of the changes that have gradually taken place in this part of Idaho's Snake River Valley.

Agriculture as a way to make a living still yields a strong influence on Menan and the surrounding area. For the most part, those who have grown up and stayed here or who have moved here have made it a high priority to avoid the population density that surrounds Menan, to keep it a peaceful, pleasant, and safe place to live. For example, zoning laws and individual decisions not to let go of property for large housing developments are presently helping area

residents meet this goal.

Menan is a thriving, progressive community. Vitality has been infused into it by newcomers and by people who have returned to their roots. Here and there, new houses are built, and older homes that become vacant are usually sold quickly. In the last year, a new farm supply store with a fast food section and gas pumps was built, a welcome addition. A new fire station was added recently and a building that dates back to the 1920s was turned into an upscale restaurant, drawing diners from near and far. Plans are in the works to build a new public library to serve Menan and two nearby communities. There is a K-5 elementary school serving children in Menan and in three other neighboring areas, and a large city park offers a place for all ages to relax and play. Through community effort some years ago, a walking path was made along the length of the town's mile-long Main Street, running parallel to a wide irrigation

canal that also extends the length of the street. The path is popular in all seasons for all ages of walkers, joggers, dog walkers, and bike riders. Even people who don't live in Menan drive to one end of the path, park their cars and enjoy the walk. All of these amenities make life better for those of us living close to Menan.

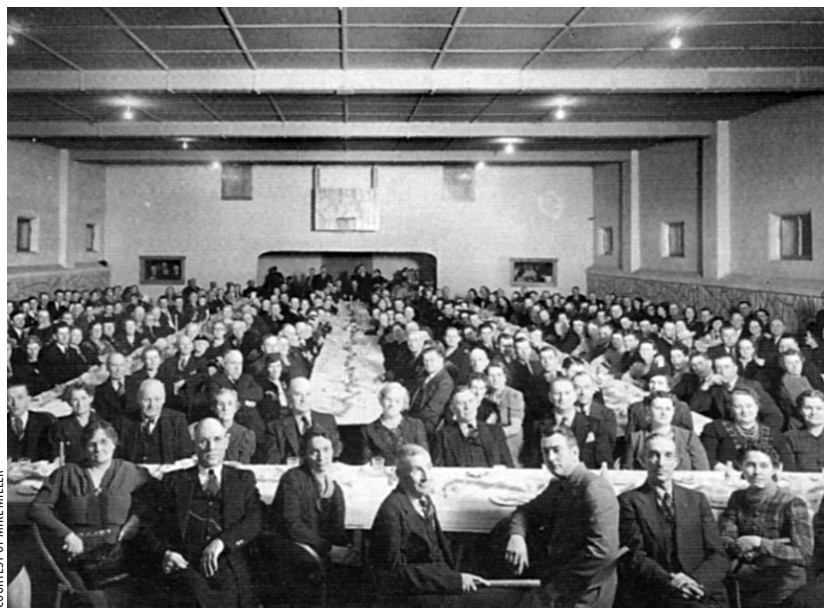
The town's beginnings can be traced to May 10, 1869, when the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point in northern Utah, creating the transcontinental railroad. Immediately, branches of the railroad began to be built. The Utah and Northern Railroad was started at Brigham City, Utah, in August, 1871, but work was slow because of difficulties with financing. In 1879, on its way into Montana, the railroad reached what is now Roberts, west of what was to become Menan.

One of the workers, John R. Poole of Ogden, Utah, took time to cross the Snake River and go a short distance farther east, where he saw tall grass and thick foliage: signs of rich soil. The Snake River and a number of natural sloughs gave the area plenty of water and he saw that plentiful wild game and wild berries would provide food, and that numerous stands of cottonwood trees could furnish wood for buildings. It appeared to have great potential for settlers. Poole went back to Ogden and met with people who might be interested in moving to new land. Since 1847, Utah Territory had been the destination for immigrating members of the L.D.S. Church, but the territory was filling up, and some people wanted to go where there was more space, an ambition encouraged by leaders of the church.

In 1879, Poole brought his family from Ogden to this new area. They were surprised to find another family, the Fishers, who had also come from Utah and were living several miles east, in what is now the farming community of Annis, originally called Cedar Buttes. A bit of rivalry still exists among the descendants of the Pooles and the Fishers as to who really were the first settlers of the area.

Many other families soon arrived from northern Utah during the 1880s, when land became available for homesteading. My paternal great-great-grandparents, Benjamin Franklin (Frank) Hall and Mary Serepta Lake, came from Ogden to Annis in 1886, having decided they needed a larger place to support the family of eight children. Frank sold his nine acres in Ogden for one thousand dollars to purchase homestead rights for 177 acres in what would become Annis. They had one wagon, a team of horses, and several cows. Frank's oldest son Hugh, my great-grandfather, was fifteen. In an interview recorded by his grandson, Foster Hall, Hugh said, "It took fourteen days to make the trip of two hundred miles to Annis. My brother Cumer and I walked and drove the cows. We cooked our meals on a campfire."

Another of my great-great grandfathers, Peter Barbour Clark, whose daughter Margaret married Hugh Hall, brought his family to the area in 1881. His grandson Earl Hall, my maternal grandfather, wrote in his autobiography that Peter ran freight by wagon or coach along the old stage route from Ogden to Dillon, Montana from 1865 to 1880. My grandfather thought



COURTESY OF MIKE MILLER



ABOVE: Ruins of a settlement near one of the buttes, shown in background.

OPPOSITE: Menan Buttes north of town. The north butte (left) is owned by the BLM, which maintains a three-mile hiking trail, and the south butte is privately owned, dotted with homes.

Peter would have become familiar with the Upper Snake River Valley on these freight trips. Peter and his wife Artemissia Clawson Clark homesteaded 160 acres, some which is still owned by his descendants. My house occupies one-third acre of the former Clark property.

The area's settlers encountered sagebrush standing gray and tall as far as the eye could see, and dense thickets of willow and cottonwood trees lining the riverbanks. Bluegrass grew abundantly, caused by the overflow of the Snake River in the spring. These settlers brought with them a pioneering spirit, which not only helped them to see the potential of this new place but to summon the strength of will to tame it.

Their first task was to build houses and clear the land, using only man- and horsepower. They knew it would be worth the work, because the height of the sagebrush was a sign of the soil's

fertility. They cut off the bushes at their bases with an axe, and then grubbed out the roots. The plants were piled and burned, the settlers plowing furrows around their property so the fire would not spread.

They had to harness the Snake River's water to create irrigation canals before they could begin to grow crops on a large scale, and in 1879 some of Menan's settlers built the Long Island Canal, the first irrigation canal in the Upper Snake River Valley. Using hand tools and horse-drawn machinery, they cleared land, cut the channel, hauled gravel and lumber, and constructed head gates. The still-existing canal comes out of the Snake River east of Rigby, winding eleven miles through farmland, and then flowing into a tributary of the Snake River just west of Menan, bringing water to eleven thousand acres along the way. Some water rights on the canal are among the

Snake River's oldest, dating from 1880.

The first name of this new settlement was not Menan, but Poole's Island, in honor of John R. Poole. It was called an island because the land was surrounded by the Snake River and its branches. No matter what direction any of the settlers wanted to go, they had to cross water eventually, which created challenges. Ferries were built and shallow spots in the river were discovered, but it still could be dangerous to cross the river anywhere. Until bridges were built years later, travel on and off "the island" was limited.

The abundance of water was a blessing in some ways but also a curse, in that plentiful water meant lots of mosquitoes. Every summer, the settlers and their animals were tortured by these insects. At dark, smudges made of wood chips topped with green chips to create smoke were lit outside and burned all night. Occasionally, people took their chances crossing the river with their animals and families to go to a non-infested place for a time. They battled this problem through the years, although nowadays a mosquito abatement program is in place.

Early residents didn't realize the mosquitoes spread contagious diseases. Indeed, the causes of many illnesses were not known and people relied on home remedies, because there were no doctors. People often died from infections that arose from injuries. In Menan's first year, a cemetery was established to the east, in what is now Annis. A large area not suited for farmland, it's called Little Butte Cemetery and still serves Menan, Annis, Lorenzo, and Labelle, the four settlements that sprang from Poole's Island. It's widely recognized as among the most beautiful and well-kept cemeteries in southeastern Idaho. My ancestors that I've mentioned are all buried there.

One challenge the settlers of the Menan area did not initially encounter was Indians hostile to their arrival, although Poole's Island had been a summer hunting ground for the Shoshone,

Bannock, and sometimes Blackfoot tribes. In 1868, Fort Hall Reservation was set aside for the Shoshone and Bannock tribes about sixty miles south, near present day Pocatello.

At Poole's Island, the settlers worked hard and wasted no time establishing homes, farms, and community. Garth Hall, a grandson of my ancestor, Frank Hall, wrote in his life story: "Most had little chance for much education, yet all were skilled in building homes, canals, roads, fences, land leveling, horsemanship, raising animals, cooking, sewing, and so on. Just look at surveying equipment. How did they know where to put the canals and ditches and property lines? But they did it."

One of the community's first public buildings was a school set up by Susie Poole, daughter of John R. Poole. A log cabin with a teacher's desk and wooden benches around the wall, it had twenty-two students. In 1882, the building burned down and school was discontinued for a year, but then a new and larger building went up that was used for both school and church meetings, as well as other activities.

It didn't take long for the population to increase. In 1883, a surveyor named Andrew Smith Anderson arrived with several church leaders seeking settlement spots in the Upper



Snake River Valley for their congregation. The first town site surveyed was for what would become Menan, a name that local tradition ascribes to a tribal word indicating a fertile place surrounded by waters. But the surveying group later chose the spot where Rexburg now stands as the central town in the area.

The town site was a little more than a mile square and lots were large, some as much as two-and-a-half acres, enabling families to be self-sufficient with space for a house, a big garden, fruit trees, chickens, a cow, perhaps some pigs, plus the necessary outbuildings. Menan is still laid out that way today, giving homeowners plenty of room.

There were plentiful trees nearby for housebuilding but an even better source of materials was provided by Menan Buttes (see "Tuff Cones," *IDAHO magazine*, February 2015). Two miles north of town, these two dormant volcanoes were a rich source of black lava rock. Two brothers operated a quarry on the south butte for many years. Rock was available for sale, but had to be hauled away by horse and wagon. If the buyer was going south toward Menan, the Snake River had to be crossed, at first without a

bridge. The work was done, however, because many homes, public buildings, farm buildings, and foundations for wooden buildings were made from this rock. Many of these structures have since been torn down, but some still dot the area as far away as Rigby and Rexburg. The black rock is no longer available from the quarry and the last known public building made from it was an addition to a church in Annis in the 1940s, but it remains an architectural feature of the region.

As Menan grew, one of the most-needed food items was flour. For the first two years after Poole settled here, he had to harvest grain in northern Utah, grind it into flour there, and bring it to Poole's Island. Once settlers had cleared land enough to grow their own grain, they took it to be ground in Oxford northeast of Malad City, a trip that took seven to ten days. In 1894, a Mr. Anderson built a flour mill in Menan. It burned down in 1901 but was rebuilt the next year, this time with black rock from the buttes, and operated with water from the canal that still runs along Main Street, which was built with that use in mind. During the winter, steam was used to run the mill, its boiler fueled by hundreds of cords of wood that had been collected during the summer.

For decades, people from throughout the region brought their grain to be ground at Menan's flour mill, which sometimes operated around the clock. In the 1920s, the mill began to slow down, and eventually it went out of business as flour became more readily available. Cars came into use, roads were built, the railroad came to Menan, and goods were hauled in. After the mill became vacant, it was used as a place for honeybee hives, as a seed pea sorting plant, and then as a starch plant. It burned down in the 1940s, and not much of it remains.

Lack of mobility in Menan's early days fostered the need for all kinds of local businesses. Through the years there were several general stores, sometimes three at a



COURTESY JEROME COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



time. The longest-surviving one was the J. L. Hayes store, built in 1885 by a Mr. C. A. Smith. He sold it to the Hayes family in 1922 and they ran it until the late 1960s. Other businesses that have come and gone included a brick factory, bank, milling company, farm loans company, pool hall and barber shop, millinery store, surveyor, coal yard, starch plant, doctor, small hotel, railroad depot with shipping and passenger service, cold storage lockers with meat butchering services, lunch counter, creamery, confectionary shop, and mechanic shop. During Prohibition (1920-'33) when the sale of alcoholic beverages was illegal, Menan alcohol was even sold in the back room of the pool hall and barber shop. This was confirmed by a Menan resident two years before her death at age 102, who said, "That was where my husband bought his booze."

Farming outside the town was busy and productive from the beginning. Wheat and hay were important crops, the rich volcanic soil and the climate were perfect for growing potatoes,

cattle were pastured, and the sugar beet industry was introduced to the Snake River Valley in the early 1900s. Refineries were built, enabling sugar production from local beets, which in turn made them a major crop for decades, into the 1970s. The railroad's arrival in early 1900s contributed greatly to the financial prosperity of Menan's farmers.

In 1913, the Idaho State Legislature passed a bill to create Jefferson, Madison, and Teton Counties out of Fremont County. Three towns were proposed for the seat of Jefferson County: Menan, Roberts, and Rigby. Menan was a vibrant community at the time and was large enough to be considered but Rigby won out and grew even more because of its new status. Even so, Menan continued to thrive and create its own identity.

One institution that helped Menan form that identity was its high school, built south of town in the early 1920s. It was called Midway High School, because it was in between the four communities it served: Menan, Lewisville, Annis

ABOVE: The Long Island Irrigation Canal and walking path along Main Street in Menan.

OPPOSITE: This flour mill built in 1896 burned down in 1901 and was replaced by a building that operated into the 1920s.



ABOVE: One of the few remaining homes in town built of black lava rock, this refurbished building was constructed in 1898 as a hotel, then used as a doctor's office, and is now a private residence.

OPPOSITE: Fall view of the town's tree-lined walking path.

and Grant. Competitive with other high schools in the area, it gained a reputation for producing fine graduates, but sadly and mysteriously burned down one cold January night in 1949, never to be replaced. Ever since then, the students have gone to high school in Rigby.

My cousin, Ken Radford, who grew up in Menan during the 1950s, had this to say about his youth: "How do you describe small-town America to those who never lived in a world with large cars with tail fins and a single TV station that only broadcast programs after 6:00 P.M.? The time of our growing up doesn't matter but the events that happened to us were critical to us. I look back on haircuts and rose oil at the local barber shop/bar and grill, coal bins and coal furnaces, playing Monopoly and checkers, 1940s coupes and old six cylinder Chevys, TV shows with friends because we had the only TV around, the newspaper that brought us comic strips and

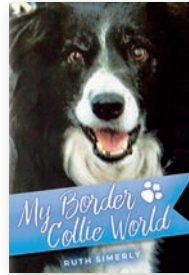
the schedule for entertaining programs and music on KID and KIFI radio, The Lone Ranger or Elvis or many others of the time. Best of all these memories are our idyllic lives and the many old-timers who made life in Menan the ideal I remember."

Change has come to Menan and its surrounding area, which is inevitable. But today's residents keep working hard to maintain the values that have made the area a safe and enjoyable place to live. As travel has improved, there's better access to the amenities of larger towns nearby, and I think most residents are satisfied to have it "out there" rather than here. Idaho Falls, with its shopping venues, medical care, new community college, and many activities, is just twenty miles to the south. Pocatello is just an hour's drive to the south. World-famous Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks and Jackson, Wyoming, are only a couple of

IDAHO magazine BOOKSHELF

hours' easy drive away. Idaho's capital, Boise, is roughly four hours west by car on a major freeway and Salt Lake City is four hours south on another major freeway. We're central to some of the best fishing areas in America, plus hunting and camping places that are second to none. We can easily travel to all these places to enjoy what is there and then come back home to our little pocket of peace.

When the 2017 total eclipse of the sun occurred, Menan found itself in a narrow belt where that phenomenon could best be viewed. The area was "discovered" because of that event, and there was some trepidation on the part of many of us about all the people who would (and did) descend upon the area. My choice was to stay at my own house, avoid the inevitable traffic and enjoy the eclipse from my own driveway. Eclipse day turned out to be party time for locals and visitors alike, a chance to meet people from all over America and the world, and have them share what is here for a couple of days. Many visitors commented on the peacefulness of our area, recognizing that it was what made their visit so enjoyable. As soon as the eclipse ended at midday, the exodus began, and we watched the traffic jams. Then life returned to normal and we once again had our little pocket of peace. ■

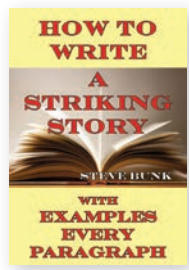


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The Big Brass

At a Backcountry School

BY KATHERINE WONN HARRIS

Following is an excerpt from Topping Out, the late author's account of teaching children in 1916 in the remote Salmon River country west of White Bird, which she did for seven years. Originally appearing in 1971, a second edition was published this year by the author's niece, Marilyn Allen. Its illustrations are by Chief Joseph's granddaughter, Bonnie D. Joseph. Some names of places and people have been changed. The "tragedy of the blackboard" in this story refers to a goat eating the school's canvas blackboard.



COURTESY OF MARILYN ALLEN

Travelers along the Rim Trail averaged two or three a day, usually lone horsemen and occasional pack outfits, the long mule trains of the forestry service being the most frequently seen. Passing by our door, brief amenities were usually exchanged. The olive-green garb and stiff-brimmed felts distinguished the men of the Forest Service, whose role in the early days of their department's jurisdiction was far from a happy one. Preaching the doctrine of conservation to a people reared to exploit resources resulted in open hostility and, often, vindictive behavior by those whose cooperation with a planned economy was sought.

The native rancher, accustomed to unrestricted use of public grazing, accepted with ill grace the allotting of privileges on the national forest reserve. The written applications, together with oral questions put by the resident ranger, were fiercely resented, for these people were reticent about their personal affairs, their possessions, and their past activities and future plans. Those who asked such questions were

unpopular, but the ranger had no choice.

Methods of overgrazing had already destroyed wide areas of the nutritious bunch grass, which was replaced with stands of ragged cheat, worthless as forage. Allowing more cattle or sheep in a given area than the grass could support with any hope of survival was sternly dealt with by the forestry men. It was obvious that the stockmen's estimate of how many head an area would support was much higher than the rangers' figure. That argument continues to this day [1970s].

Regular salting at accustomed spots was advocated as a means of keeping stock within their given range. The salvage of springs through simple protective measures, the killing of game only in season—all were rules difficult to enforce, for care of the native forage and wildlife came hard to a people accustomed to employing savage measures against a savage land.

The rangers frequently found it easier to deal with the big cattlemen or sheepmen. To them, use of the high summer range was vital. They were, therefore, more amenable to pressures and could

ABOVE: Katherine Wonn Harris when she was in her seventies.

be forced to comply with regulations through threat that grazing permits would not be renewed. The scores of small-fry stockmen and homesteaders whose negligible herds could “get by” multiplied the rangers’ problems many times over. Acting on the privilege of taking two hundred dollars’ worth of timber from the reserve for buildings or improvements, they frequently cut the trees and left them where they fell, thus scarring their ranger’s district and bringing down upon him the wrath of his supervisor for allowing fire hazards to exist.

The killing of deer out of season was also a practice that led to endless altercations, as was the manufacture of various vitriolic messes of moonshine, which came mainly from the homesteaders and found eager purchasers throughout the canyon country. Although the rangers stoutly denied their interest or jurisdiction in the concoction of these unlawful brews, they were nonetheless blamed for having informed the law when a raid was made. This occurrence was so infrequent that it set the whole country agog, for few revenue men possessed the temerity to invade the canyon country, and those who did nearly always found themselves “jobbed” [betrayed]. News of their coming was relayed ahead in sufficient time for the embryo distiller to conceal evidence of his activity.

Some of the men reared in the country found places in the forest service as rangers and packers, and they were tolerated for their understanding of ways and conditions. But the “schooled” ranger or supervisor trained by precept for his job had a rough time of it. He was simply unacceptable, for the natives particularly resented those whom they figured had “learned it in books” and were constantly alerted to catch them in the promotion of impractical ideas.

Such a man was Anthony Stettin, who scaled to greater heights in authority than any department representative who had ever invaded the canyon districts. His spot visitations throughout the West that summer were designed to obtain firsthand

knowledge for the edification of the department, and he was out to glean his knowledge the hard way. Unheralded he came, clothed in the regal authority of the federal government, correctly uniformed, and sitting his saddle with the stiff misery of the uninitiated. The first time he passed our camp with Jack Downey, the resident ranger, he accorded us little more than a brief nod accompanied by an incredulous stare at our scarecrow camp and ragged equipment. Ranger Downey paused, as was his habit, for an agreeable word, but his companion rode straight ahead with no backward glance.

“A government big-bug,” Downey confided. There was awe in his voice and pride in his bearing.

I watched with pleasurable interest as Downey rode in the company of so great a person. Not so the children. Their hostile stares followed the pair as they disappeared around the turn.

“A high mucky-muck, I betcha,” commented Young Jim. “Gar, did you see the polish on his boots?” exclaimed Clem. “Tony-Toes,” shouted Bib. “That’s what he is. Old Tony-Toes!”

“Those smart-aleck forestry men,” observed Maryadee with venom. “Always snooping around. And two years back, one of them took our teacher and never brought her back, that’s what!”

“Maryadee,” I said severely, “no one forced her to go. She went willingly. And we’ll talk no more of it.”

I had heard the teacher-napping tale with embellishments from Mrs. Mac during my first weekend in the MacDeen’s camp; the story was intended certainly to impress me with the horrible example set by a predecessor.

“He was a reckless young rake who packed that summer for the forest service,” Mrs. Mac had said. “Somehow him and this teacher managed to see a good bit of each other right from the start. She’d been here hardly a month mind you, when he came along one morning packing back to Homestead. Had an extra saddle horse. Took her and her things, and off they rode. Never saw hide

nor hair of either one again, for you can be sure that caper finished him with the forest service. And that teacher! Left those poor children alone at the camp. A fine thing.”

Knowing the ability of the “poor children” to shift for themselves, I was only passively horrified by the tale. “Must have been quite a blow to Mr. MacDeen.” I envisioned with pleasure his discomfiture at the escape of one of his catches.

“Mac was fit to be tied,” she stated. “Swore he’d do something about it, but he never did. Couldn’t get another teacher that summer either.”

“Serves him right,” I said recklessly. “Getting teachers in here under false pretenses!”

Mrs. Mac fixed me with a stern eye. “No teacher has to stay here if she doesn’t want to, but we do think we might be told of her intentions.”

“Well, I’m staying,” I said. “To the bitter end.”

Returning alone the next week from the forestry office at Joseph, the “Big Brass” rode past the school camp shortly before supper. He stopped, smiled, and raised his stiff felt.

His face was lined with fatigue; the close-cropped mustache looked a little ragged, and he could have done with a haircut. The formerly polished boots were sadly scuffed, and dust lay heavy upon them.

“I didn’t realize when I passed last week with Downey that this was a school. It has none of the ordinary signs. Most unusual. I want to commend you on carrying out such an assignment. I shall mention it in my department reports.”

“Yes,” I said, striving to match his impeccable diction, “the school is on forest reserve land, I believe.”

“A most worthy use,” he stated pedantically.

“Mr. Downey is not with you?” I felt an insatiable curiosity as to why this greenest of all greenhorns had been left unguarded on this of all hazardous trails.

“Downey has other duties than escorting me about. There is much—much to be done here,” said the Big Brass. I suspected that Downey had

received considerable instruction straight from the book, and I felt sorry for him. The man’s lot was already hard enough.

The children gathered beside me in a tight knot. Silently they observed the Big Brass with bright, suspicious eyes.

“You’re not intending to make Homestead tonight surely,” I said, noting the fatigue of man and horse.

“Only to our temporary camp a little past Pan Creek.”

“That’s still nearly two hours from here,” I remarked.

“So strange, measuring distance by hours. But after this trip, it is quite understandable.” He shifted slightly in the saddle, but only his eyes mirrored the pain of movement.

“Would you have supper with us?” I inquired impulsively. “It is nearly ready for the table.”

“I would with pleasure.”

There was no hesitancy in the acceptance. Painfully he removed himself from the saddle.

Hostile silence and no movement from the group at my side.

“Jim,” I said sharply, disconcerted at their ghoulish behavior, “will you care for the horse?”

Reluctantly Young Jim slouched forward, loosed the cinch, and led the animal up to the water trough.

It was a strange meal, the Big Brass and I carrying the total load of conversation. I tried by every effort known to me to induce these children to show some friendliness, but all ate silently, eyes on plates.

“Such well-mannered young people,” the Big Brass finally remarked. “And this young lady,” indicating Essie who sat at his right, “reminds me of my own little daughter in Washington. Not at all like me, understand, but a beautiful blond like her mother.”

At this, Essie wriggled, and her taut braids vibrated. It was probably the first compliment ever accorded the plain child. Suddenly she

RIGHT: The backcountry schoolhouse.



BONNIE D. JOSEPH

flashed our guest one of her rare smiles, and something certainly akin to loveliness transformed her face. That broke the ice, and the tension around the table lessened.

After supper, we all trooped to the schoolhouse for an inspection requested by the Big Brass. In the fading daylight, the room's scant equipment, its pitiful bareness, was sharply accented. The tragedy of the blackboard was related by Essie, who stuck to the big man's side like a small, nondescript burr.

"Incredible," said the Brass.

To me, he remarked in a low tone, "I have never seen a schoolroom—any room—with so little. How do you manage?"

"We do all right," I said. "We get the job done." He eyed me thoughtfully. "I'm sure you do, but still ..."

As Young Jim cinched his saddle, I covertly suggested that he and Clem get their horses and escort the Big Brass along his way. "At least through that mean Pan Creek Canyon," I whispered. "No

telling what may happen to him alone, and it's getting dark."

"No big loss if something did happen." Young Jim's tone was cold. "Besides, his horse will get him there."

"Offer to anyway," I insisted sharply.

But the Big Brass would have none of it. He was quite capable of taking care of himself, he said, and so he rode off, stiff and uncompromising in his saddle.

Ten days later, a forest service packer stopped and unloaded at the school a wondrous cargo.

"Orders from the boss to handle with care," he said, "and an installation job for me."

Dismantled and packed in four sections was a blackboard that would have added glamour to the walls of any city schoolroom. There were also white and colored chalk and a dozen entrancing books of history, travel, and adventure.

"We'd ought to write him a letter," said Young Jim. ■

Go with the Flow

A Dowseful Strategy

BY DIANA HOOLEY

PHOTOS BY DALE HOOLEY

My experiment began with a neighborly chat, the kind you have halfway out of your car, leaning on the top of the car door, arms crossed. I'd seen Bob messing around in his yard and thought I'd stop by and ask if he knew exactly where the geothermal springs ran through Indian Cove, our farming valley near the Bruneau Sand Dunes. Bob was an old-timer, so he might have an idea.

"Well, I reckon it runs down through the old Pancoast place, but there's only one way to make sure."

"Find a map?" I offered. "Talk to a geologist?"

"Witch for water."

I smiled at Bob. I knew the term water witching but hadn't heard anyone use it in a long time. I wondered if he was serious.

"You think I'm kidding, don't you?" he chuckled. "You go home and think about it."

I did more than think about it. I did a little research, too. Water witching or dowsing as a way to locate underground water has a long history. Though there's little science behind the practice, people have dowsed for water at least as far back as the early 1500s, when the Christian reformer, Martin Luther, tried his hand. It's not a practice for the hard-headed realist, though. To be a good water witch, you need to be able to suspend disbelief and go

with the water flow, so to speak.

I used to know an old farmer named John who said his father taught him how to water witch. I guess some families pass down heirlooms or wealth, but living in the Idaho desert there's probably no greater asset you could bequeath your children than the ability to find water. Water is magic here so it takes magic, or something like it, to find it. The farmer used a soft willow stick to do his witching. He said it needed to be green and flexible with a couple of small branches shooting off the trunk that you could turn into handles.

"You can't cheat. You have to let the water control the wood," John said, and then he gingerly walked along a track of sagebrush to demonstrate. "See how the wood wants to point down? I'm doing all I can to keep this stick level. There's water here."

I was thinking about that old farmer's demonstration when I went to see Bob again. I was curious about whether I could find the geothermal hot springs by water witching but it really was less about that than about having fun learning a country form of witchcraft. Bob, who has a bad back, hobbled out of his machine shop, wearing coveralls and a ratty cap on his head that read "Legacy Farms." He carried a couple of thin rods in one hand.

"What I normally use for witching is welding rods," he explained.



LEFT: Diana tries her hand at water witching.



I was mystified. I could see the connection between wood and water, both elements of the natural world, if we're going to get technical about it, but welding irons? Wasn't this against some supernatural rule of water-finding? He said for practice, we were going to locate the water line to his house under his driveway. Then he showed me how to carefully wrap each of my hands around the metal handles he'd bent from the two rods so their length could swing free.

"Allow it to have a mind of its own."

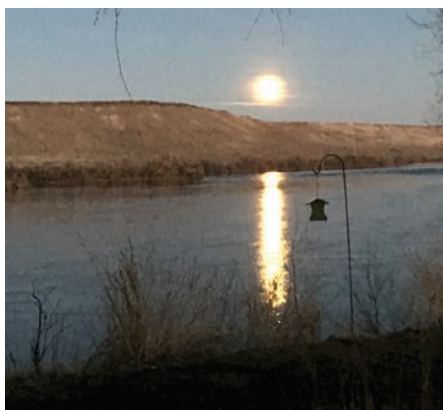
I tried my best to walk slowly over the bumpy gravel drive, taking a thy-will-not-my-will kind of approach. But the rods jiggled some like fish caught on a line—or maybe the water spirits were teasing me? Then suddenly, as if directed by some

unseen fairy hand, the welding rods slid across each other and down, definitely marking a spot of water. It was so spooky I gasped.

"I can hardly believe this!"

"You thought I was funning with you, didn't you?" Bob looked at me archly under his farm cap. "What a fellow really ought to do to test this is go somewhere where there's an underground stream."

I went home immediately and opened my computer again, eager to take a deeper look at this dowsing phenomenon. Apparently, there have been some successful water witching experiments, but nothing consistent or statistically significant. One thought is that the dowser emits an electromagnetic field sensitive to elements in the environment. Another is that water witching is



some kind of “auto suggestion.” Dowsers already have a good idea where water might be located before they begin witching for it.

Now I have to come clean. Bob did tell me before I dowsed approximately where the water line ran under his driveway. In my defense, I made an honest effort to not allow this to influence how I held the welding rods. But I was pretty new to this business, which was part of the reason I decided against trying to water-witch the location of the geothermal springs. When winter came, I could find the springs easily enough by following the steam vent trail. So, though I may not be ready to hang out my “Water Witch, LLC” shingle, I do believe I have special powers . . . at least of the suggestible kind. ■

ABOVE LEFT: Snake River near the author's home.

TOP MIDDLE: Farmland and the sand dunes.

BOTTOM MIDDLE: Low sun over the river.

ABOVE RIGHT: Indian Cove.

Who Swiped the Dishrags?

And Who Left the Vegetables?

BY KHALIELA WRIGHT

People seldom think of a raid as a good thing. Then there's me, a person for whom raiding conjures up fond memories and is considered a pleasant surprise. I was surprised again the other night. After a long day at work, which included an evening meeting, I arrived home and entered the kitchen to find several bags heaped on the counter. They were not my bags. As a fastidious housekeeper, I assure you my kitchen counters are clean and bare when I leave for work in the morning. Curious about the contents, I peeked inside each bag. They were filled with fresh produce: green beans, carrots, corn, potatoes, and tomatoes. There was even a bag of summer squash and small zucchini—evidence that zucchini bandits had struck again, but this time they were kind enough to leave me something other than zucchini.

City slickers might think a zucchini bandit is one who steals zucchini. We rural folk know better. A zucchini bandit surreptitiously foists unwanted zucchini onto unsuspecting victims. In rural communities, zucchini of varying shapes and sizes appear unbidden in kitchens, on doorsteps, and occasionally in the seats of cars that have been left unlocked and unattended. Zucchini, sunburns, and wasps: the nuisances of summer.

The incident put me in mind of other times I had been reverse burglarized, such as when my eldest son, Judah, moved to Wisconsin and filled my garage with his castoff furniture in the middle of the night [see the author's "Reverse Burglars," *IDAHO magazine*, August 2016]. I blissfully slept through what must have been a horrible racket. In

the morning, still bleary-eyed, I opened the garage door to go feed the rabbits and walked straight into a couch.

That time, at least I knew who the responsible party was. Not so this time, or many other times in the past.

Sam, my youngest child, just moved into his own apartment and will be attending college this fall. As a teenage boy strapped for cash, thoughts of food are foremost in his mind. Seeing a picture of my newly acquired produce, he asked, "How do I get these reverse burglars to stop by my place?"

Although he doesn't realize it, Sam is of the perfect age to begin the process that could lead to becoming a victim of zucchini banditry.

Two decades ago, like him, I was a college student. Not a starving college student—no, I've always prided myself on being well-fed, and anyone who gets within a hundred yards of me will be fed well, too. Still, I was a student living in a sketchy neighborhood, occupying less than ideal housing. In the fall of 1999, I lived in a trailer park in Moscow. In addition to my studies and working multiple jobs, I was married, pregnant, had an infant son, and an infantile husband. Between work, school, child-rearing, and house cleaning, I also cooked and kept a well-stocked kitchen.

Having grown up in rural Idaho, I had yet to develop a habit of locking my door, and to this day it is a thing I sometimes forget. In 1999, burglary was the furthest thing from my mind, but it was prominent in the mind of my spouse, who often grouched about my negligence. When something finally did go missing, Isaac puffed up



LEFT: Dishrag embroidered by one of Khaliela's grandmothers.

his chest and issued his, "I told you so!"

The thing that had disappeared was a dishrag.

I have grandmothers who knit, crochet, and embroider, so I have a never-ending supply of dishrags. I had little time and less interest in considering the actions of a dishrag thief. What the washer and dryer did with socks: now there was a mystery worth solving. But in the matter of the disappearance of the dishrag, I was wholly unconcerned.

Over the coming weeks and months, more items disappeared from the kitchen, always

accompanied by the absence of a dishrag. In my mind, the items that disappeared were of little consequence. A jar of peanut butter here, a half-loaf of bread there, the occasional packet of ramen or box of mac 'n cheese. And always, another dishrag.

When my supply of dishrags ran low I began to feel anxious but soothed my fears by asking Grandma to send me more dishrags for Christmas. My refusal to feel violated infuriated Isaac, who took the whole situation as an affront to him. Locking or not locking the door became a contest of wills.

We returned from church one Sunday to find that the dishrag bandit had struck again. Isaac became belligerent, pacing the living room as he bellowed about thievery and sinning and women too stupid to lock the front door. I bounced the baby on my knee while he ranted, raved, and lectured. When he eventually ran out of things to say, I took it as my cue.

“Anyone who’d steal peanut butter from me obviously needs it more than I do,” I said. “And so long as the thievery is limited to food and dishrags, I see no need to lock the door.”

Neither the pastor nor Isaac agreed. After the Sunday evening service, they droned on about not inviting temptation and wives needing to submit to their husbands. I gave the pastor my most innocent, doe-eyed expression. “Well, if I leave the bread and peanut butter on the porch, it’ll attract strays.”

In the end, I left my husband and the church. Not long after the divorce, the dishrag thief or thieves ceased their dastardly deeds. Then, as a single mother working my way through college in full possession of dishrags, something magical happened. I got reversed burglarized.

One snowy night a year or two later, I arrived home to find four bags of groceries on my porch. It was high-end food-stuff from a local organic market. A plastic bag next to the groceries contained vibrant, store-bought dishrags, in red, blue, and green. There was also a card, which read, “I ate your food when I was down on my luck. Now I want to repay you. Thanks.”

It wasn’t signed.

In the years that followed, reverse burglary became a theme in my life. I often came home to find food in the house. Instead of dishrag bandits, I now had kitchen fairies, and they even did the dishes! The kitchen fairies quickly branched out and around the holidays packages of small presents would appear unbidden.

The summer I bought my house, I was visited

by burglars of another kind. I had to be out of the trailer by August 15. The kids and I moved into a squalid two-room apartment that was rented by the week, because we’d been assured it would only take a couple weeks to close on the house. The real estate agent was so sure the deal would go through that he allowed me to store all our belongings in the garage of our new home.

What was supposed to take a couple weeks ended up taking two months. The weather changed and grew cooler. The boys and I didn’t have winter clothes. We had only taken the barest of essentials with us, because we expected the arrangement to last less than two weeks.

That fall, someone left new winter coats for us at our apartment.

In October, we finally moved into the new house. My parents had come down to help me pack up the trailer and store everything in the garage, but for unpacking and settling in, I was on my own. When I arrived at the house, unlocked the door for the first time, and stepped inside, I was given a surprise. My furniture was no longer in the garage. Someone had moved all of it into the house. Sure, I still had the mountain of boxes to contend with, but all the heavy lifting had been done for me.

Fewer reverse burglaries occurred once I was living in Potlatch, though there were several memorable events. When I arrived home one day, I was certain someone had been in the house but unlike my previous experiences, this time it looked like they’d been up to mischief.

I called the sheriff’s office to report the incident. “I think I need to report a break-in, but maybe not. It’s just that someone has definitely been here.”

Sensing the apprehension and confusion in my voice, the dispatcher asked, “Has anything been stolen?”

“I’m not sure. It’s hard to tell. Someone has rearranged all the furniture in my living room.”

LEFT: A colorful crop.



ROBERT COUSE-BAKER

“Does it look better now?”

The dispatcher obviously had a sense of humor.

“Not really,” I replied. “It’s sticking out at odd angles.”

“Sounds like high schoolers pulling a senior prank,” the dispatcher said. “But call us back and let us know if anything is missing.”

Not only was nothing missing, extra deck furniture had been left behind. I notified the sheriff’s office, but no one had called complaining of missing deck furniture, so I got

to keep the chairs.

Once I came home to find my small barbeque had been replaced with a larger one.

Another time I came home to find two bags of apples and a new clothesline.

Generally, if someone is going to reverse burglarize me, it’s food they leave behind. I think this is because, years ago, food was taken from me.

So if my son wishes to become the victim of a zucchini bandit, he need only to leave room for charity. Maybe then the kitchen fairies will visit him, too. ■

To Rachel's House We Go

For a Day of Giving Thanks

BY MARYLYN CORK

Over the river and through the woods . . . The opening line of that old Thanksgiving poem pops into my head every time I think of the holiday coming up. It's a bright spot in what is usually a pretty bleak month. My birth family and I might not have made our trips with a horse and sleigh, as in the poem, but I can remember automobile rides over snow-clogged roads, and frigid temperatures. In those early days, the destination was my grandmother's house, just as in the poem.

Thanks to global warming, I guess, we don't have to battle snow often these days in November. It seems to come in December now, and my sister Rachel hosts Thanksgiving dinner. She loves to cook and entertain. Every family attending brings a food dish of some kind, but it's never actually needed. All by herself, Rachel sets a table that groans. Her late husband used to act as her chief flunky, but now she undertakes all that work on her own, even though she's wiped out the next day.

You see, she invites more people than the average hostess—up to seventy came once, setting the record. In recent years as the family has grown and expanded quite a lot, not so many come, but I doubt that Rachel has ever hosted fewer than twenty-five or thirty hungry souls, who run the

gamut in age. We are a family that values children. It seems that almost annually someone produces a new baby to add to our numbers.

Nor is it just relatives who gather. We've welcomed friends and neighbors, college roommates, foreign exchange students, utter strangers. Guests have come from Washington, Montana, even California on occasion. This year my sister from Tennessee is expected.

For many years friends from Seattle made the trek over the mountains. Once, they couldn't go home the next day because of massive snow storms that closed the Cascade passes. Another time their car froze up about halfway home and they had to have it thawed out at a garage in central Washington.

Rachel sends out written invitations, which include a Thanksgiving poem, and goes all out to make the day festive. She's house-proud and decorates her home appropriately for all holidays. My sons will be devastated if she ever gets too old to continue all that work for Thanksgiving. The company is good, the food is hearty and delicious, with both turkey and ham, and her pies are luscious.

Before or after the meal, some of the men go deer hunting in the neighborhood or watch football, the youngsters entertain themselves indoors and out, and everybody talks,

talks, talks, catching up on all the family news. The women, of course, are busy assisting the hostess and keeping an eye on the kiddies.

Rachel says she volunteered to be our Thanksgiving hostess after Grandma grew too old and infirm, about a year before she died in 1983. Rachel took on the job to relieve our mother of having to be responsible for both Christmas and Thanksgiving celebrations.

Mom is now gone, too, and we no longer gather in any particular home for Christmas, usually hosting just our immediate families and friends.

We have always been people strongly rooted to the land, even though no one tries to make a living strictly from it anymore, except for those who work in the woods or sawmills of northern Idaho. Our values are still primarily agrarian: family, work ethic, character, moral fiber.

We are ordinary people with no more virtue or failings than humankind in general, but with very much to be thankful for, even in the hard times that invariably come to all. Thanksgiving Day is a time for celebrating all that unites us as a family, and to renew our appreciation for all the blessings we sometimes fail to remember.

May your day be equally blessed. ■

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S.AVE O.OUR S.STORIES

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Portneuf Bacon-Stuffing Poppers

INGREDIENTS

9-18 strips of bacon (depending on how hungry you are)

3 cups prepared stuffing (either package or homemade)

Minced garlic, to taste, added to stuffing

PREPARATION

- > Preheat oven to 375° degrees.
- > Line baking tray with aluminum foil. Spray with non-stick cooking spray.
- > Cut slices of bacon in half.
- > Form stuffing into balls, approximately golf ball size.
- > Place stuffing ball onto center of bacon piece. Wrap bacon around ball bringing both sides together and securing with a toothpick.
- > Bake approximately 20-25 minutes. Remove tray when bacon is fully cooked.
- > Place bites onto paper toweling prior to serving.

NOTE: Depending on the size of your stuffing balls you may have more or less than 18 pieces and require more or less strips of bacon.

Create a cranberry sauce for dipping (next page).

*adapted from whoneedsacape.com



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.



Cranberry Spicy Sauce

INGREDIENTS

1 small habanero pepper or 1 cayenne pepper seeded and finely minced

12 ounces fresh cranberries rinsed

1 cup sugar

1 cup water

1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar

pinch of salt, cinnamon to taste (optional)

PREPARATION

- > Combine all ingredients in a medium saucepan.
- > Bring to a boil and cook over medium heat for about 10 minutes. When the cranberries start to pop, the sauce is done.
- > Cool completely and then place in an airtight container in the refrigerator. The sauce will firm up to a spreadable consistency as it chills in the refrigerator.
- > Enjoy!

NOTE: If you prefer a smooth sauce with your Thanksgiving feast, simply place a mesh strainer over a large bowl and press the warm cooked sauce through it. Use the back of a wooden spoon or a large spatula to do this. Scrape the underside of the strainer as you do this, there will be a lot of sauce there too.

*adapted from barefeetinthekitchen.com



MIKI BENDICKSON



KIDS DISCOVERY EXPO



JENNIFER BILLUPS

9-10

ART & CRAFT SHOW AND SALE, Cambridge

Cambridge may be a little town on Hiway 95 that everyone goes through on their way north or south, but they always have something going on. An example is this annual event. It is a fine art and crafts Christmas sale, sponsored by the Hells Canyon Art Guild, and always takes place on the second weekend of November. There will be exhibits and vendors, as well as a food booth. The location is the Washington County Fairgrounds, and the admission is free. Hours are 11 AM to 6 PM on Friday, and 9 AM to 4 PM on Saturday. So don't just drive on through town. Stop in and see if there isn't something there for you, too.

Information:
cityofcambridge@ctcweb.net

10

KIDS' DISCOVERY EXPO, Garden City

Moms, dads and grandparents ... don't miss this exciting event where children explore, create and discover. Fascinate the kiddos with action packed entertainment and heart pumping excitement plus a visit from Santa. Activities for ages 0-12. Free activities include petting zoo, jump house, tsunami wave ride, rock climbing wall, craft stations, reptiles exhibit, craft stations and more. Paid activities include face painting, tie dye booth, spin art and bubble soccer. 85+ exhibits to view and shop too! Appearances by Chase & Marshall of Paw Patrol 9am-2pm!

General admission \$3, kids 12 & under free. Free for Veterans, Active Military and their families. Hours and location: 9 AM to 3 PM at Expo Idaho.

Information:
10times.com/kids-discovery-expo

17

COMMUNITY HOLIDAY BAZAAR, Pierce

Our 39th Annual Holiday Bazaar will be held as always on the Saturday before Thanksgiving. The doors will be open to the public between the hours of 9 AM and 2 PM. Free admittance! We will be holding hourly Door Prize Drawings from 10 AM-2 PM. Vendors and guests in attendance have the chance to win Vendor and Merchant donated door prizes throughout the day. Finally, a Soup and Salad Bar Luncheon is provided by local volunteers and will be available from 11 AM-1 PM It will include:

\$7 – Soup and Salad, \$6 – Salad Bar Only, \$2 – Soup or Chili Only. Hot dogs and Chili dogs will also be available.

Information: jenn83546@yahoo.com



OLDTOWN POCATELLO



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23-24

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL, Pocatello

Welcome in the Christmas Season with the community traditions of Old Town Pocatello, beginning the day after Thanksgiving. Santa will be visiting with children at Station Square from 3pm to 6pm. The Night Lights Parade will begin making its way through Old Town Pocatello at 6:30 PM. There will be hundreds of floats, with very beautiful lights, and will contain candy and fun items for the children. Saturday will feature free photos with Santa, free trolley rides, and art projects for children. Old Town Pocatello, 100 S Main St., Pocatello

Information:
spalagi@oldtownpocatello.com;
or (208) 232-7545

23-26

CANYON COUNTY FESTIVAL OF TREES, Nampa

This family-centered holiday event for the community is its 25th year. Enjoy an event full of holiday traditions, including custom-designed Christmas trees beautifully displayed, a selection of silent auction items, unique centerpieces, wreaths, and decorations. Handcrafted and unique holiday gifts will also be available for sale during our designated Holiday Bazaar times. As always, our stage is packed with local entertainment during the festival that includes dancing, singing, acting and more. Location: Ford Idaho Center. Admission: \$5 Adult; \$3 Seniors (62+); \$3 Children (up to 12 years old); \$15 Family (up to 6 members).

Information:
canyoncountyfestivaloftrees.com

27

"A DAIRY HOME COMPANION", Twin Falls

It's all in a name! "A Dairy Home Companion" will follow the format of the perennial PBS favorite "A Prairie Home Companion", with some changes to fit southern Idaho. The show is for all ages, and will include music, comedy, monologues and more! Join comedy veterans Steve Kaminski and Katie Neff "Neffinski", along with some of your favorite local musicians, comedians and other performing artists as they present a satirical, and perhaps idyllic, look at life in the Magic Valley. The show takes place from 7:30-9:30 PM at the CSI Fine Arts Auditorium. Admission: \$10 for adults and \$5 students.

Information:
cbarigar@csi.edu;cbarigar@csi.edu;
or (208) 732.6288

NOVEMBER 2018

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 1 | First Thursday, 5 PM, Downtown Boise | 2-3 | Friends of the Library Christmas Book Sale: Noon to 3 PM, Public Library, Nampa |
| 1 | Four County Art Guild meeting, Noon, Public Library, Weiser | 2-4 | Ski & Snowboard Swap: Admission: Friday – \$5; Saturday – \$3; Sunday – free with canned food donation (for the Boise Rescue Mission) \$3 without a donation. No charge for children 11 and younger. Friday, 3 pm-10 pm; Saturday, 10 am – 8 pm; Sunday, 10 am- 3 pm. South and Center Expo Buildings, Expo Idaho, Garden City |
| 1 | Evening Book Club: 6-7:30 PM at the Well Read Moose, 2048 N. Main, Coeur d'Alene | 3 | "Christmas In the Pines": Arts & Craft Show and Soup Kitchen, Winchester |
| 1 | Drop-In Computer Clinic: For all ages. Free computer or technology help. 10:30 AM-Noon. Public Library, Caldwell | 3 | Pokemon Club: For ages 7-18. Learn the trading-card game and test your skill against others. A few decks will be available to borrow. 2-3:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell |
| 1 | "The Guns Grow Silent: World War I Ends 100 Years Ago": Lecture series for engaged citizens 55+. Linden Bateman, historian and former Idaho state legislator. 3-4 PM, Museum of Idaho, Idaho Falls | 3 | Veterans Appreciation at Kleiner Park: FREE ADMISSION & Open to the Public with Food, a Great Variety of Vendors on site, Live Music, Raffles door prizes. 9 AM-3 PM, Senior Center, Kleiner Park, Meridian |
| 1 | Clase Gratis de Ciudadania/Free Citizenship Class: 5:30-7 PM, Libreria Publica/Public Library, Nampa | 3 | 29th Annual Craft Fair, Harpster |
| 1-2 | Youth Art: Bring your imagination and sense of adventure while we create fun projects. Please dress for a mess! Ages 6-10; Member \$12, Non-Member \$15. 11am-12pm, Rec Center, Nampa | 3 | Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8 AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. Eric Yensen, "Why Rodents Matter: Ecological Roles of Shrub-Steppe Rodents". Location: the O.J. Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell |
| 1-4 | Wild Adventure Corn Maze, Blackfoot | 3 | Marvelous Meridian Playdate: For babies and toddlers (birth to three years) and their parents and caregivers. Fun games and activities that delight young children and encourage early literacy. 10 AM-1 PM, Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian |
| 1-24 | Community Bingo: SATURDAYS. For everyone ages 18+, not just seniors. Win cash and help us fund our nutrition program for seniors confined to their homes. 6:00 PM, Senior Citizen's Center, Idaho Falls | 5-26 | Storytime: MONDAYS, Stories for ages 0-2. 10:30 and 11 AM. Public Library, Caldwell |
| 1-29 | Skate Night: THURSDAYS. 6-7 PM, High School Commons area, Cambridge | 6 | Cooking Class: Learn new recipes and cooking techniques at Gritman's free monthly cooking classes! Focusing on nutrition and fun, these classes have free samples, and reservations are not required. 3-6 PM, Gritman Medical Office Building, Moscow |
| 2 | Idaho State-Civic Symphony Concert: This concert features the winners of the recent Young Artist Competition, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. 7:30-10 PM, Stephens Performing Arts Center, ISU Campus, Pocatello | 6 | Project LINUS: A local group that makes blankets and quilts for children in crisis in the Pocatello area. 1-4 PM, First Presbyterian Church, Pocatello |
| 2 | Día de los Muertos Celebration: Come and learn all about this exciting part of Hispanic Heritage. Enjoy Pan de Muerto (bread of the dead) and conchas. 4-6 PM, Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian | 6 | Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10 AM-Noon, Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Free coffee and breakfast treats. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa |
| 2-3 | Craft & Chocolate Affaire: Buying from this event will support local crafters and artisans! Come to relax, please your chocolate cravings and shop till you drop. Bring your kids to meet Santa Claus. FREE to the public. 11 AM - 2 PM, Civic Center, Nampa | | |
| 2-3 | Veterans Appreciation Bazaar & Raffle: Raffles take place both days with 100% of proceeds going to Boise Veteran's Commission. Free hot chocolate & coffee. A great variety of vendors and food trucks. 3-8pm Friday, 9-4pm Saturday. Elks Lodge, 6608 W. Fairview Ave, Boise | | |
| 2-3 | Corn Maze and Pumpkin Festival: 10 AM-11 PM, The Farmstead, 1020 S. Rackham Way, Meridian | | |

FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

Family-oriented and “affordable” Idaho events get a free line in our calendar, and each month we choose several to highlight. Here’s how to submit:

DEADLINE:

The fifteenth of each month.

LEAD TIME:

Two issues.

NEXT DEADLINE:

November 15 for the January 2019 issue.

SEND DETAILS TO: calendar@idahomagazine.com

- 6-27 Taco Tuesdays: 5-7 PM, Elks Lodge, Weiser
- 6-28 Storytime: TUESDAYS and WEDNESDAYS, stories for ages 2-5. 10:30 AM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 6-29 Piano and Guitar Lessons for Kids: TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS at 6 PM. Sponsored by The Salvation Army. Registration is only \$20 for an 8-week course. Small group setting. Instruments provided. Contact: Megann Clarkson 208-467-6586, ext 10. 403 12th Ave South, Nampa
- 7 Boise Birding Series: Free program for experienced and novice birders alike, providing information and tips on birds in the Boise area and beyond! Bird books and binoculars are available to borrow. 9-10 AM. Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 7 Open Studio: “Figure Drawing”. Brush up on your figure drawing skills in a relaxed environment. All skills welcome. \$10 fee. 6:30-8:30 PM, Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Ketchum
- 7 Sunset Lecture, “Birding Ghana”: This small African country doesn’t have the large mammals that more well-known countries have, but it does have hundreds of bird species. Ornithologist Terry Rich will cover not only the birds but the fascinating landscapes and people of Ghana. Free. 7-10 PM, Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 7-28 After School Fun: WEDNESDAYS. Crafts, games, board games, and fun activities for ages 5-11. 4 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 7-28 Happier Hour Story Time: WEDNESDAYS, Free. 4-5 PM, The Well-Read Moose, Coeur d’Alene
- 7-28 Storytime: WEDNESDAYS. 3-4-year-olds, “Curious Cubs”. 10 AM, Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian
- 8 Thursday Afternoon Read: Discussions of the book of the month, Ages 18+. 2-3 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 8 Genealogy Workshop: This free class will allow you to research your family tree with Donna Voyles, the director of the Family History Center in Hailey. 3-4 PM, The Community Library, Ketchum
- 8 Kids Cook with Books: Reading books together is fun and exposes kids to culture and language. Ages 4-8 years. Read stories and create a themed recipe inspired from the text. Each cooking activity develops skills such as pre-math, pre-science, health, nutrition, safety, and following directions. This month’s book: A Turkey for Thanksgiving, by Eve Bunting. Fee: \$10/per child. 6-7:30 PM, Roberts Recreation Center, Caldwell
- 9 Veteran’s Day Memorial Ceremony: Patriotic music, laying of wreaths, local veterans honored, 21 gun salute and taps. Noon, Madison High School Gymnasium, Rexburg
- 9 “Duo Tesoro”: Pianists Dr. Mark Hansen and Dr. Svetlana Maddox, 7:30 p.m., CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 9 Bar J Wranglers, Performing Arts Center, Blackfoot
- 10 Daughters of the Nile Fashion Show, 11 AM, El Korah Shrine, Boise
- 10 “Muggle Magic”: The magical world of Harry Potter combined with the real magic of science. Upon entry to the museum, wizards will be sorted and introduced to wand-making using Idaho native trees, meet toads and snakes, and learn about Muggle science that is truly magical! 11 AM to 3 PM, Idaho Museum of Natural History, Pocatello
- 10 Kids Discovery Expo: Moms, dads and grandparents, come on out to this event where children Explore, Create and Discover. Learning through hands-on exhibits is what the Kids Discovery Expo is all about. Activities for ages 0-13 include petting zoo, jump house, sports activities, face painting, bubble soccer and more. Admission \$3. Kids 12 & Under Free. Cash Only. Sat 9 AM-3 PM, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 10 “Fantastic Beasts” Party: Grab your wands and come celebrate the release of the new Fantastic Beasts movie! 6:30-8 PM, Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian

- 10-11 Treasure Valley Flea Market: Sat 9am-5pm, Sun 10 AM-4 PM. Admission:\$2; seniors \$1, children 12 and under are free. South Expo Bldg., Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 11 Veterans Day at Rec Center: All veterans and military members are invited to the Nampa Rec Center. Whether its shooting hoops, working out, swimming in the pool or relaxing in the sauna, join us for a FREE day of recreation. Thank you for your service! 11 AM-6 PM. Nampa
- 11,18 Wood River Orchestra Fall Concert: Free admission. 4-5:30 PM, Community Campus Performing Arts Theater, Hailey.
- 11 Veterans Day at Lava Hot Springs: These World Famous Hot Pools offer all Veterans FREE ENTRY All Day. We want to Thank You for your service. Lava Hot Springs
- 13 Make It! Craft Club: Get crafty and make something cool to take home. Materials provided. Ages 16+. 7-8 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 13 Indianhead Fyfishers Meeting: 7 PM, Idaho Pizza Co., Weiser
- 13 Reading Tails: Come read to an adorable four-legged friend. 3:30-4:30 PM, Public Library, Nampa
- 14 Home School Day: Introduction to Raptors emphasizing Wildlife Conservation. Morning session 10:30-Noon, Interpretive Center open house 12-1 PM. Afternoon session 1:30-3 PM, Interpretive Center open house 3-4 PM. Cost \$3 per person. Members and children under 4 admitted free. Group size is limited. Pre-registration required at 208-362-8260. The World Center for Birds of Prey, Boise
- 14, 28 Adulting 101: Workshops for ages 14+. Skills and resources necessary for successful adulthood. 6:30-7:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 15 Home School Day: "America Recycles Day". Free for children 3-12. Explore why recycling is important, play the recycle relay, and create a sculpture from recycled materials. 10-11:30 am, Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise
- 15 Music Adventures with Paige Moore: 6 PM, Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian
- 15 Holiday Crafts: Staff-led holiday craft projects for all ages. 6:30-7:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 16 Crafter's Club: Work on your favorite project-knit, crochet, embroider, with other crafters. Ages 18+. 2-3:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 16 "Art of Building a Community", Karcher Mall, Nampa
- 16 Magic Valley Symphony Concert: 7:30-9 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 16-17 Idaho Snowmobile Show: Friday: 3pm to 8pm, Saturday: 10 AM to 6 PM. \$8.00 - General Admission, Children under 12 Free. Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 17 Free Community Workout: This 1-hour class is open to anyone of any fitness level. We just want to help Nampa be as healthy as possible. 9 AM, Corner of Front Street and 11th Ave, Nampa
- 17 Dessert Swap: Bring a sample of your favorite dessert and ten copies of your recipe to swap with other dessert lovers. All ages are welcome to participate and sample the goodies. 2-3:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 17 WISCL Scholastic K-12 Chess Tournament: 8:30 AM-1 PM, Lowell Scott Middle School, Boise
- 17-19 Young Nations Youth Pow Wow, Lapwai
- 17-25 K&K Thanksgiving Fishing Derby: Lake Pend Oreille Idaho Club's annual fall fishing contest, Sandpoint
- 19-21 Thanksgiving Break Drop-in Program: Crafts and activities with a Thanksgiving theme, 10 AM-Noon, water renewal facility tour at 11 AM (weather permitting) Tour limited to 40 people, closed-toe shoes required, no strollers. FREE admission! Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise
- 22 Turkey Trot: Community 5K Fun Run and Walk. A family- and kid-friendly event. Enjoy trotting on Thanksgiving Day in downtown Hailey, along the Big Wood River and through the Wood River Land Trust's beautiful Draper Wood River Preserve. The Turkey Trot starts at 10 AM at Sturtevant's in Hailey
- 22 Laps Before Naps: Come and get your LAPS in before your after-turkey NAPS. Bring 4 items of canned or non-perishable food and receive free entry. Food will be donated to the Idaho Food Bank. Whether it is laps in the pool or laps around the track, come be active with us and kick off the Holiday season! 5am-Noon, Rec Center, Nampa
- 22 Turkey Trot: This fun run/walk benefits the Boise Rescue Mission, Make-A-Wish Boise, The Boise Special Olympics and so much more. Live Music, fun post-run celebration that gets you ready for the Thanksgiving feast ahead. \$25 - \$35 for adults, \$14 for kids 10 and up, under 10 run for free, 9 AM-Noon, City Hall, Boise
- 23 Tree Lighting and Santa's Arrival: Tree lighting ceremony at Jeff Jones Town Square and visit from Santa opens the holiday season, Sandpoint
- 23 Mini-Cassia Turkey Trot: This is a wonderful event celebrating children and families and promoting good health and fellowship. 8-10 AM, West Minico Junior High, Paul
- 23 Tree Lighting: Bring the family down to see the lighting of the tree, The Grove, Boise

- 23-24 Christmas Festival: Welcome the Christmas Season with the community traditions of Old Town Pocatello. Santa visits at Station Square from 3-6 PM. Night Lights Parade at 6:30 PM. Saturday: free photos with Santa, free trolley rides, and art projects for children. Pocatello
- 23-24 Clearwater Christmas Affair, Kamiah
- 24 Family Movie: Watch a family-friendly movie on the big screen—and enjoy free popcorn, too. Ages 4+. 2-4 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 24 Idaho Festival of lights: Bed Races on State Street, Variety Show, Kids Movie, Live Entertainment, Santa, Fireworks & Lighted Parade, Preston
- 27 “A Dairy Home Companion”: This show follows the format of the perennial favorite “A Prairie Home Companion” with some changes to fit southern Idaho. CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 27 Crochet 101: Ages 10+. Learn crochet basics, with a fun, easy project. 6:30-7:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 27 Community 38th Annual Holiday Bazaar, Pierce
- 27-28 “It’s a Wonderful Life”, A Live Radio Play: Based on the classic holiday movie with a clever twist thrown in: the story is staged as a live radio broadcast. Best Western Plus/Coeur d’Alene Inn, Coeur d’Alene
- 29 Encore Theatre Carolers: The Dickensian-themed group will be performing a variety of holiday carols. Snacks will be served. Fun for all ages. 6:30-7:15 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 30 Chamber Christmas Light Parade, Kamiah
- 30 Adult eARTHworks: Idaho Mosaics: Learn about the gemstones of Idaho – why they are different colors, how they form and other interesting facts about the Gem State’s unique geology. Pre-Register at parks.cityofboise.org/register-for-classes/; Activity # 125006-02. 6-9 PM, Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise
- 30-12/1 Yuletide Lighting Festival: Lighting of the streets and historic buildings, gingerbread contest, Wallace
- 30-12/2 Boise Christmas Show, Expo Idaho, Garden City

DECEMBER 2018

SNEAK PEEK

- 1 Community Tree Lighting, Craigmont
- 1 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8 AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Ross Winston, IDF&G, “The Value of Collections in the Conservation of Rare Species”. Location: the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 1 Kooskia Rebekah “Kiddie Jingle Parade & Tree Lighting”, Kooskia
- 1,8 City Santa: Tell your Christmas wishes and get your picture take with Old St. Nick! Donations benefitting Women’s & Children’s Alliance. 10 AM-2 PM, D.L.Evans Bank, Boise
- 2 Community Christmas Tree Lighting, Lapwai
- 2 Nez Perce Nat’l Historical Park Bead Bazaar, Lapwai
- 4 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10 AM-Noon at Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Free coffee and breakfast treats. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 4 Cooking Class: Learn new recipes and cooking techniques. Free. 3-6 PM, Gritman Medical Office Building, Moscow
- 4-5 “It’s a Wonderful Life”, A Live Radio Play: Staged as a live radio broadcast. Best Western Plus/Coeur d’Alene Inn, Coeur d’Alene
- 5 Storytime: 3-4-year-olds, :Curious Cubs”. 10 AM, Library at Cherry Lane, Meridian
- 5 Happier Hour Story Time: WEDNESDAYS, Free. 4-5 PM, The Well-Read Moose, Coeur d’Alene
- 5 Boise Birding Series: Free program for experienced and novice birders alike, providing information and tips on birds in the Boise area and beyond! Bird books and binoculars are available to borrow. 9-10 AM. Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 6 First Thursday, 5 PM, Downtown Boise
- 6 Evening Book Club: 6-7:30 PM at the Well Read Moose, 2048 N. Main, Coeur d’Alene
- 6 City Santa: Come tell Santa your Christmas wishes and get your picture take with Old St. Nick! Donations benef Women’s & Children’s Alliance. 6-8 PM, D.L.Evans Bank, Boise
- 7 Youth Symphony Christmas Concert, Weiser
- 7-8 “Joy To The World”: Christmas Concert, ISU, Pocatello
- 8 Santa’s Workshop: Come spend two hours at the Nampa Rec Center Santa Workshop making holiday crafts, playing games and decorating cookies. Santa will even be making an appearance! Ages 3-12. Member \$5, Non Member \$6. Advanced registration is recommended. 12 Noon to 2 PM, Rec Center, Nampa
- 8 “Christmas Tree Lighting at the Gateway”, Winchester
- 9 Wood River Orchestra Fall Concert: Free admission. 4-5:30 PM, Community Campus Performing Arts Theater, Hailey



Jesse L. Ayers is a retired architectural project coordinator, former merchant seaman, and photographer. He received an associate of arts degree from Valencia Community College, and recently returned to Boise State University part-time to pursue a multidisciplinary bachelor degree with a minor in English and writing. Jesse, who lives in Boise, is presently working on a collection of short stories.



Katherine Wonn Harris wrote *Topping Out*, the book from which a chapter in this issue was excerpted. Katherine, a schoolteacher, women's counselor, and newspaper writer, died in 1979. The book, about teaching the children of pioneers in Salmon River country, was published in 1971 and was republished by her niece, Marilyn Allen, in 2018.



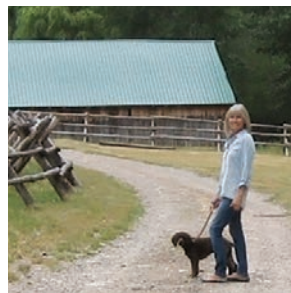
Diana Hooley spent several years as a professor at Idaho State University before returning to journalism and freelance writing. She has written recently for the *Idaho Statesman* and the Twin Falls *Times-News* as a guest commentator on environmental and agricultural issues. Visit her at dianahooley.net



Lawana Johnson has been married to Dick Johnson for fifty-four years and is a mostly stay-at-home mom who also taught school and managed four art galleries in three states along the way. Lawana loves traveling the world, pickleball tournaments, and visiting family and friends. Her interests include family history, genealogy, art, sailing, snorkeling, gardening, photography, creative writing, and computer technology.



Linda Radford is a native of Annis who graduated from Rigby High School and Ricks College in Rexburg. She holds a bachelor's degree from Weber State University and a master's from Utah State University and worked for sixteen years as a teachers' aide at Menan's elementary school. Presently retired in Annis, Linda is helping to raise funds for a new library in Menan as a board trustee.



Melinda Stiles taught high school English in Wisconsin and Michigan, but after a trip to Idaho, she knew she'd have to retire here. She did, and now can't imagine a better place to live, write, read, walk, hike, ride horses, and share with visitors.



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.



Khalia Wright holds degrees from the University of Idaho and Washington State University. She lives in Potlatch, where she is employed with the U.S. Census Bureau and teaches courses in economics at Spokane Falls Community College. When not traversing the state for work, Khalia likes to do so for fun. khalialawright.com

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Celebrate November

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efforts and contributions. We invite you to celebrate in our rich history, continued respect for our culture and dedication towards a better tomorrow for all. Join us for special events throughout November.



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