The IDAHO magazine October 2001 issue is dedicated to

Les and Ruby Tanner

Treasured friends and our long-time copy editor and calendar editor respectively, Les and Ruby Tanner were married more than sixty years.

Ruby loved farmers' markets, rodeos and Roy Rogers. She toured many an antique store with Kitty Fleischman, publisher of *IDAHO magazine*. She loved eating lunches out and had a kind word for everyone she met. Aptly named, Ruby was a jewel in every sense.

Les, professor emeritus of mathematics at The College of Idaho, is still kicking up his heels on local pickleball courts, fly fishing Idaho's streams, and to the great benefit of all of us, is scouring our magazines each month for typos and errors. Many thanks to this great couple for their many years of dedicated service to *IDAHO magazine*.

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C O N T E N T S

SALUBRIA'S

LOSS IS CAMBRIDGE'S...

WELL IT'S CAMBRIDGE.

By Mary Ann Reuter

In 1899 the once-thriving town of Salubria was dismantled and moved across the Weiser River to become the new town of Cambridge.

The settlement began at a mill on Rush Creek north of its confluence with the Weiser in the 1860s. Officially established in 1885, the village prospered and grew as the century ended.

There were Indian threats (real and imagined), political wrangling, and all the challenges Mother Nature could bestow. In the end it was the railroad that spelled the end for the little town named for its healthy and life-giving climate.

John Cuddy and Ed Tyne built and operated a gristmill for grain and a sawmill for lumber at the Rush Creek site. The 160-acre homestead and millsite were located at the base of the mountain that now bears Cuddy's name in the Seven Devils region.

In her book "The Saga of Salubria" Mickey Aitken mentions that Nez Perce, Paiute and Weiser tribes inhabited or visited the area. She states that Nez Perce leader Chief Joseph was Cuddy's friend and once when Cuddy's wife was sick Joseph came to the house and indicated that he would help any way he could.

When the Nez Perce War broke out to the north in 1877, settlers feared the local Paiute and Weiser Indians might join the fracas. Letters were sent to the territorial governor in Boise seeking ammunition and aid and vague and exaggerated accounts of Indian killings and uprisings in the area were reported. The only real trouble was with the travel to and from the various fortified homesteads where people went for protection. Even Cuddy was caught up in the unease as was written in a letter to the governor by a local citizen.

> ...Mr. Cuddy took his family to Boise. While the apprehension is great, Mr. Cuddy and other farmers did none of their work without a gun across their shoulder.

It would be years before the talk of war faded and life returned to a more normal pace.

In 1879 the county fathers in Boise determined the hinterland of the county, the upper Weiser valley, cost more to govern that it was worth and voted to separate from the northern district.

No town existed in the region but there were two large settlements: lower Weiser, called Weiser Bridge and Salubria, and both wanted the county seat for their own.

Both camps had scheming politicians and as voting day approached Weiser Bridge farmers suddenly needed lots of help, even though the serious harvest time was months away. Farm laborers from neighboring settlements arrived just in time to establish residency thirty days before the election.

A nearby mining district, with fifteen miners, was in the Salubria camp. The day before the election Weiser Bridge sent a delegate, with jug in hand, to speak to the miners. They swallowed the spirits but not the delegate's arguments and they were still firmly behind Salubria with their fifteen deciding votes on voting day.

On Election Day morning, the Weiser Bridge delegate started to the polls accompanying the tipsy miners. According to Aitken's account when they arrived at the polling place it was 10 A.M. and the Weiser Bridge delegate declared it was too late to open the polls that should have opened at 8 A.M. "Votes cast now would be illegal," he told them "and they would not count in the election."

The argument sounded plausible to their drink-fogged minds. The delegate said, "If we can't hold the election, what good are these things," and he dumped the ballots in the Snake River. Weiser Bridge won by eleven votes.

Travel in the winter was sometimes a challenge. One snowy-winter day Cuddy and a farmhand started to Boise with two four-horse teams loaded with dressed hogs and bacon. The snow and mud was so deep it took four days to go nine miles. They took the load as far as

Photo Courtesy of the Idaho State Historical Society #76-140.21

they could each day, then went back to the house to sleep at night.

The 1880s and 1890s saw mining and farming developed at an even pace in the Seven Devils region. Salubria was established in 1885 when Pat Hickey built a store in the area. Soon after, other businesses followed. According to Aitken by 1886 the town had 1,800 residents. There was a general store, a first-class saloon, a blacksmith shop, a feed corral, and an eating house. A hotel was built in 1887.

Today, all that remains of Salubria is a half-buried printing press, placed at what was the crossroads of town near Mart's Saloon. When the building of the *Salubria Citizen* was destroyed by fire in the 1890s, Mart Hannon salvaged the heavy iron casting of the Washington press.

Hannan's daughter, Margaret Hannan Peterson was born in Salubria in 1889. She recalled her father's use of the old press. "Dad put the damaged printing press at the corner of his saloon so that people driving through would stop hitting the corner of his building," she said.

"Dad also stood on it to reach the street lamp which he filled with kerosene every night. The wick had to be trimmed each time before the lighting. The street light burned until the saloon closed, which was between midnight and three in the morning."

Photographs of Mart's Saloon, with its streetlight and printing press, and the two-story Salubria Hotel, with its long veranda built over the porch where guests could sit and enjoy the mountain view, are part of the Salubria exhibit at the Cambridge Museum.

Also included in the exhibit is a photograph of the Methodist Church, with its huge steeple, built just before the railroad came to Cambridge in 1899. "The church was never painted," said Sandra Hansen, director of collections at the museum. "Like many other town buildings, it was torn down and the lumber used in Cambridge."

Although Salubria survived Indian hostilities, and county seat shenanigans, it did not survive the Pacific & Idaho Northern (PIN) Railroad's depot location decision in 1899. The natural route for the track was on the west side of the Weiser River, two miles from Salubria. A local widow who owned a homestead on the east side, just south of the town, wanted more money for a right-of-way than the PIN was willing to pay.

Photo Courtesy of the Idaho State Historical Society #76-140.05

When Mose Hopper offered to give the railroad land on the west side of the river, PIN accepted. Hopper was picked as the new town site director and drove the final spike at Cambridge on 29 December , 1899. He chose the name after the site of railroad president Louis Hall's alma mater, Harvard, according to Wayne Kinney in his Argus Observer article.

According to historian Hansen, 1899 was a tough year for Salubria. Not only did the residents begin to take the town apart, the town's founding father died. "John Cuddy is buried in the Salubria cemetery," she added. "It's ironic that he died the same year the town did."

The Twentieth Century marked the turning point for Salubria. In March, 1900, the *Citizen* announced its plans to move the newspaper to Cambridge. By 1901, the town had dropped in population to 150. Hannan was one of the few who stayed, until he died there in 1914. The saloon was torn down in the 1920s, leaving the half-buried printing press to mark the site of the once prosperous and "salubrious" town.

Mary Ann Reuter is a freelance writer based in Star, Idaho.

Photo by Andy Anderson

TURNING LOOSE

A story by Dale Keys

A sheltered life can be a daring life as well. For all serious daring starts from within.
Eudora Welty

They were mostly Tennessee walking horses, a good size herd of every color, grazing under the hot sun out in the sagebrush forty acres away. A Winchester wouldn't have gotten their attention at that distance, but when the weathered cowboy climbed to the top rail of the corral and shook a bucket of oats, two dozen pairs of ears pricked up like tiny periscopes.

They had learned to home in on the far-off whispering of grain inside a bucket. Scattering about for half a minute, they finally gathered close together and thundered in from the pasture barely ahead of their own dust storm; biting, kicking, squealing.

The cowboy glanced back at the man standing near a corner brace of the holding pens. The man was much younger than the cowboy and wore a baseball cap. A long scar zigzagged like a lightning bolt from the edge of his scalp down to his right eyebrow. His right arm hung at a slight angle to his side. As the herd approached, the cowboy hollered to him. "Alrighty, Kaydub, here they come. Swing'er back and let 'em through."

The man stepped quickly behind the gate as he opened it, watching the horses sail past on the other side. The herd bore down on the middle of the corral where the stoic cowboy stood solid as a snubbing post, holding the oat bucket at arm's length, a half-smoked cigarette dangling from the side of his mouth.

The lead horse was a big sorrel brood mare. She was pushing twenty miles an hour as she closed in on the cowboy, but at the last second she sat back on her haunches, slammed her front feet into the ground and dropped her rump into the dirt. Her hooves popped and clicked as her rear feet skinned the hair off the backs of her fetlocks. If she felt any pain, she didn't show it. Spraying dirt in a thousand directions, she crashed like a Scud right in front of the cowboy, then jumped to her feet. She lowered her big head into the three gallons of dusty oats while the rest of the herd swarmed in a tight circle about the cowboy, occasionally trying for the bucket from over his shoulder.

The cowboy never flinched. The inch-long ash at the end of his cigarette held fast.

"You're crazy," K.W. said from the other side of the gate.

"They won't hurtcha."

"Maybe not on purpose."

"Oh, hell fire, Kaydub," the cowboy said, squinting through the cigarette smoke wafting up into his nostrils, "Look 'em over, see if there's anything ya like."

K.W. weaved his way slowly through the herd, cringing every few seconds as one horse shoved him into another. "It's like Mardi Gras out here," he said from the middle of the herd, looking as though he'd been buried up to his neck in manes.

The cowboy laughed. "I reckon so, except them drunks in New Orleans don't weigh a thousand pounds apiece."

"Yeah. Or have a brain the size of a chicken's head."

Half under his breath, the cowboy said, "This herd's got more brains than them idiots on Bourbon Street."

K.W. made his way through the melee and finally stepped clear of the herd. One horse in particular had caught his eye. "Tell me about the black one with the white socks and the blaze," he yelled through the dust that hung in the air.

The cowboy raised up on the balls of his feet to see across the backs of the horses. The brood mare suddenly pinned her ears back and dove past him, barely missing a bay yearling. The ash on the cigarette finally turned loose and dropped in a tiny avalanche of hot dust and sparks down the front of his pock-marked shirt, landing in the grain bucket.

"One with white on her shoulder? That's a mare. Four-year-old. Didja want a mare? She's outta the crazy paint and ol' Pork Chop." He thumbed over his shoulder towards the stud pens.

Pork Chop, gun-barrel blue stud whose real name on paper was something exotic but forgettable, was pacing in his paddock nearby. He strutted back and forth, curling his upper lip up over the end of his nose, drinking in giant gulps

of air drifting in from the mares. K.W. had seen the cowboy ride the stallion at the state fair years ago, watched him race around the show ring, reins in the left hand and a full mug of beer in his right, never spilling a drop. Today the stallion was acting a fool for the mares, but under saddle he was as smooth and serious as a hearse. The young mare was the spitting image of him.

"You got any geldings outta him? Rather have a gelding," he said.

"I got a gelding but he's only coming two years old next month. Druther have a gelding too, but that mare's got the old man's gait."

"Saddle her up then."

The cowboy nodded his head. More ash fell. "She ain't been rode since last fall. Packed her a little bit last elk season. She'll settle down though, just needs to be worked." Then, barely loud enough for K.W. to hear, he said, "Bucked my nephew off."

"Bucked who off?"

"Well, she maybe didn't buck nobody off. I didn't see it. It was probably more fell off than got bucked off."

The cowboy stepped back, swatted the horses away from him and walked towards the young mare. As she went for the grain, he dropped a loop of rope over her head. "Good eye, Kaydub. She's a nice horse. Sixteen hands. Just right." He set the oat bucket down, leaving it to be tortured by the

Photo by Andy Anderson

herd, and led the mare back to the barn.

He hitched the mare to a sturdy rail outside the tack room and gave her a quick brushing, moving dirt around but not really getting rid of it. "I think about the thirty years my butt got beat up ridin' cow ponies," he said, easing a heavy Ben Tarrell roping saddle onto her back. "I didn't know there was such a thing as a smooth horse back then, but I think I'd of lived longer if I'd rode these all along. Some say you can't herd cattle on a walkin' horse, well, the hell you can't. Can't rodeo on 'em maybe, but you get to be my age, you 'preciate something with good shocks."

The mare stood quietly waiting to be saddled and bridled. But when the cowboy put his hands on the saddle and made for the stirrup with his left foot, she shifted her weight back. "Quit, damn it." he grumbled. He stepped back, reached for one of the leads tied to the rail, and clipped its snap to the curb chain under the mare's chin. "She's a little light in the front end," he mumbled. "Best keep her on the runway 'til I'm in the cockpit." He ground his cigarette butt into the dirt with his boot heel and swung up onto the saddle. The mare fidgeted but didn't fight.

"She looks pretty quiet to me," K.W. said.

"So does a grenade before you pull the pin out of it."

The cowboy was like most others. He would ride anything that made a living dragging its nose along the ground. K.W. admired him but thought him insane at the same time. He wanted to be as brave as the cowboy, but was glad to have more brains than backbone.

"You don't have to do this unless you just want to," he said, staring off into the distance at the herd fighting over the last of the oats.

"She ain't got much room to move in this paddock," said the cowboy. "Go ahead and cut 'er loose." He jammed his boots into the stirrups and took a deep breath. K.W. reached across the rail and unsnapped the hitch from the bridle.

"Now, QUIT!" the cowboy growled to the mare as she backed away from the post. It didn't look to K.W. like she'd done anything worth yelling about, but the cowboy could feel the storm brewing right between his kneecaps.

The mare made two quick splats with her tail from left to right, knocking the dust off the cowboy's boots, as if maybe she could just swat the weight off her back. Then she began to jump. When she reared, the cowboy stood in the stirrups and leaned hard towards her neck, then hunkered back down into the saddle just as her front feet hit the ground and the back ones came up. He pulled the horse in a tight circle, spinning her around each time she tried to lurch forward. A minute passed, then two. She stopped bucking suddenly and balked, refusing to move in any direction, sides heaving and lather foaming up on her flanks.

"Reckon she's about done," K.W. said.

"Figuring out her next move," said the cowboy.

He pulled the mare's head to the left and jammed hard into her ribs with both boot heels. "Move out," he muttered. The horse made a quick dodge to the left, followed by a fake to the right, stood high on her hind feet, then came down and bucked hard one more time, sailing high with all four feet off the ground, corkscrewing her rump in the air. Finally she began to walk in a tight circle, the lather and slobber dripping off the D-rings of the snaffle. She wasn't happy about things, but she'd accepted them. She settled into a fast, smooth walk, bobbing her head. "Pure Tennessee," the cowboy hollered, "Man, look at her step out."

He rode in a circle for fifteen minutes, then hopped down and handed K.W. the reins. "You stay on for a while, they'll quit that nonsense. Just don't go to sleep, you'll be ok. Take 'er over to the round pen and see whatcha think."

"Hell no."

"No? Whaddaya mean, no?"

"Not ready. Yet."

"When ya gonna be ready? Next week? You rode for twenty years and nothin' ever happened to ya, then ya had one bad day and it's like you never had a good one. Hell fire, go on. She won't hurtcha. That round pen, it's sixteen foot across. There ain't much a horse can do in there." He held the reins out. "It's been three years, Kaydub. You gotta get back on. You don't get back on, you spend the rest of your life wondering."

"I almost didn't have a rest of my life to wonder about."

The cowboy started to speak, then stopped. He shook another cigarette out of a crumpled pack and fished a pack of matches from his shirt pocket. "Well, ride or go home. I'm gonna turn the herd back out, then I gotta head for Twin. I'll be back after dark." He hitched the mare back to the rail and disappeared around the side of the barn.

K. W. listened to the squeak of the corral gate opening and watched the herd amble into view a quarter mile out in the sage. The brood mare was still biting and kicking her way to the top of the pecking order. The cowboy's ancient truck sputtered to life on the other side of the barn, then rattled off down the dirt road. The ranch was quiet, save for the ticking of the tin barn roof expanding in the sun. He could barely hear the trucks out on the highway five miles to the south.

He led the mare around the barn towards the steel panels of the round pen and stood next to it. By now the lather on the her flanks had turned to salt in the hot sun. "Well," he said. He exhaled hard. "Well."

Leading the mare into the round pen, he chained the gate shut behind him and tied the reins together, dropping them over the saddle horn. When he lifted his foot toward the stirrup, the mare swatted him with her tail, then turned and nudged her nose into the toe of his boot. His heart skipped a beat and he stepped away, turning his back to her.

He pulled his baseball cap off and ran his fingers through his hair from front to back. He dragged the back of his sleeve across his brow and walked to the edge of the round pen, slumping down in the dirt, and leaned back against the bars. He meant to close his eyes for only a moment, but as his mind raced into the past he began to drift off. For a moment there was only darkness, then suddenly, lights were flashing; people were milling over him, shouting to each other, their words drowned out by the noise of a helicopter. Then suddenly he was soaring, not in the chopper but somehow looking down on the whole scene from above. The people stopped shouting; the rotor began to slow until finally he could see each of the blades individually as they eased to a stop, thump, thump, thump.

He jumped awake. The mare stood across the pen from him, pawing the ground and scratching her bridle against the railing. He pulled himself up and walked slowly back to her.

He led her back out the gate of the round pen, past the holding paddocks, past the barn and corral and out to the edge of the forty acres. Leading her through the pasture gate, he locked it behind him and walked steadily on with her until he reached the middle of the field. From the far side of the pasture the brood mare took notice and began to circle the herd to bring attention to the visitors.

K.W. turned and looked back toward the barn. The old cowboy had been right. There wasn't much a horse could do back there in the round pen. He turned towards the horse, grasped the saddle horn, and in one smooth motion, swung up into the saddle.

Dale Keys is a writer living in Boise

Photo by Jay W Krajic

FALL GATHERING

By. . . . Rudy Gonzales (c) 1999
Written for Rose Gonzales

The aspens trees have lost their leaves, they're scattered on the ground.
The cattle have been gathered, 'cept for twenty pair that can't be found.
We've ridden along the river trail and over the craggy stone.
Until we find those ornery hides, we never will see home.

I dream of stew a cooking and the wood fire in my shack.
I can smell them biscuits cookin'. I can feel that soft warm fire.
But they're only in my mind right now, it's just a fond desire.

We've hunted all the brushy spots and the leeward side of the hill.
We've rode the deepest canyons and we haven't found them still.
Where can they hide those big red cows with their bellies so round and fat?
All the places that I've looked, . . . is just not where they are at!

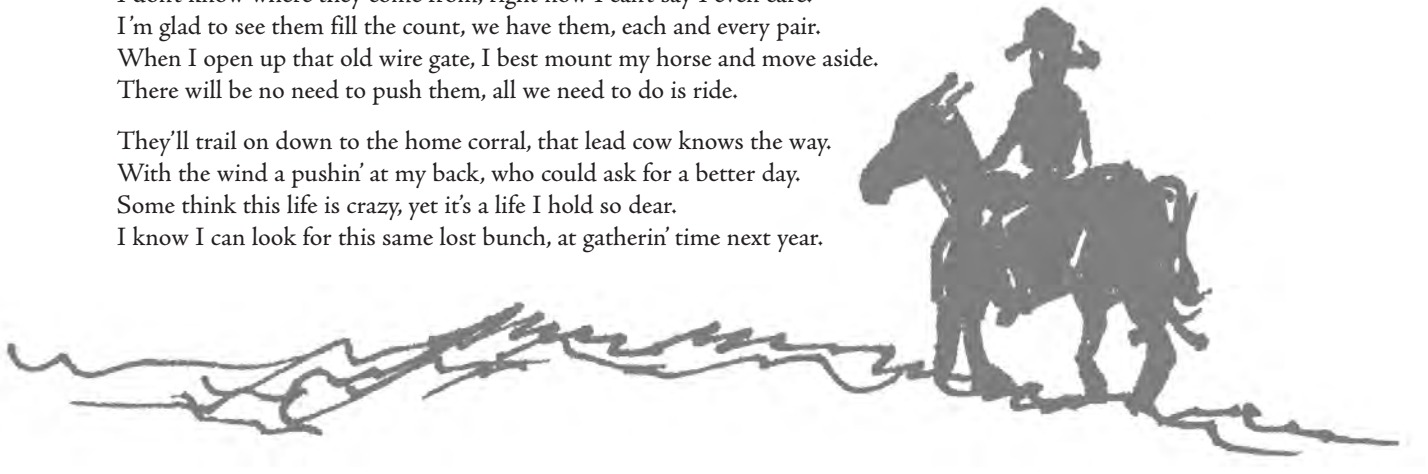
I've got to find them critters, this seems to happen every fall.
I long to fill my view with cows, and hear that old cow bawl.
What's that I see drifting down, from the heavens far above.
It's floating like an angel's wing and it's white like a heaven's dove.

I seen it floating in the sky, drifting down toward the ground.
It flutters like it is alive and it lights without a sound.
Soon others follow the trail it's made, though they've scatter far and wide.
They cover the ground with a blanket of white and the lonely mountainside.

Now I hear the cattle bawling they're trailing down on there own.
They long for the taste of new baled hay, they're ready to go home.
I mount again my pony, I'll soon meet them at the gate.
It's time for us to trail on home, no need for us to wait.

I don't know where they come from, right now I can't say I even care.
I'm glad to see them fill the count, we have them, each and every pair.
When I open up that old wire gate, I best mount my horse and move aside.
There will be no need to push them, all we need to do is ride.

They'll trail on down to the home corral, that lead cow knows the way.
With the wind a pushin' at my back, who could ask for a better day.
Some think this life is crazy, yet it's a life I hold so dear.
I know I can look for this same lost bunch, at gatherin' time next year.



Dedication

Twenty-two years ago in Nome, Alaska, I fell madly in love with an itinerant, red-headed gold miner who turned out to be an Idahoan. At the time, Sen. Frank Church, and Idaho potatoes were the sum of my knowledge about the state.

My gold miner had to be in Idaho. I didn't have to be in Alaska. After hundreds of exchanged letters, and a year's phone bills that cost more than Alaskan rent, I moved here and we were married. Since that time, we've traveled a long way down the road together. Happily, I still am wild about him.

Over the years, I've learned about my husband Gerry Fleischman's wonderful family. From Bonners Ferry to Boise, from Payette to Driggs, his family has homesteaded and herded, farmed, mined, logged, taught school, built businesses and bridges, and reared families. They were born here and are buried here.

Gerry's grandfather, Otto Fleischman, first came to Idaho to ranch cattle and herd wild horses in Hells Canyon before the turn of the last century. He lost his shirt doing it.

He wandered over to Oregon to mine and farm, but later brought the family back to farms near Gooding and Wendell.

As a young man, Gerry's father, Volney, and his brothers tended the family's flock of sheep near Fairfield in the Sawtooth National Forest.

Gerry's mother's family settled near Payette in the early 1870s, on a little rise that stays above the flood waters when the Snake River goes on a rampage. She was born in 1917 in a little soddie that is now used as a potato cellar on our farm in Wendell, where her parents had their homestead. It was the time of the legendary flu epidemic.

She nearly died from flu as an infant, and the rheumatic fever she suffered as a side-effect left her with a permanently weakened heart. I never met "Little Betty," as she was known for her four foot, ten inch stature and tiny frame, but I've always thanked her for ignoring the advice of the doctor who told her she wasn't strong enough to have children.

After losing a first-born daughter, she went on to have two sons. The elder son is my husband.

Little Betty died young. She was in her fifties, with one son in college and the other in high school, when her gentle heart succumbed during a bout of flu. When people talk about her, inevitably they will start with "Betty was the sweetest person I ever met…" and the description proceeds from there. Her sons are living testimony to her kind nature.

Volney is now nearly eighty-nine years old and lives in Boise. He actively manages the farm at Wendell. He takes an avid interest in life in general, Idaho's future in particular. When he reads the obituaries, he often says he thinks if he can avoid those "natural causes," he still has many good years left. A retired civil engineer from the Idaho Transportation Department, at the age of eighty-six he took a course on global positioning systems, and learned his way around a computer. He hand-planted fouteen acres of hybrid poplars on the farm when he was eighty-seven. It's a crop with a ten-year return.

Two years ago, we took a train ride with Volney and his brother Hollis. They laughed and shared memories we'd never heard before, and we realized there are many family histories and memories that need to be preserved before they're forgotten. Too many of us have boxes of old photos buried in our attics, but no one can remember the people in them. I recently heard a quote that, "every time an old person dies, it's like a library has burned down."

This will not be a magazine about the familiar names and the well-known faces that customarily grace our history books, but rather we'll show the backbone of our state: the people who built it and those who are making it grow today. Taking a cue from Volney, a graduate of the University of Idaho nearly sixty years ago, and his continuing interest in the future, the idea for this magazine evolved beyond history. In this publication, we'll celebrate our past, show off the present and look ahead at what the future may bring.

This magazine will be about the rich tapestry that makes up the fabric of our state: the immigrants whose wagon wheels carved grooves into rock as they came spilling over the Oregon Trail, the Native American who resisted change, content with the life and traditions left by their ancestors.

We're looking for stories about cowboys who helped to tame horses and herd cattle, and the Chinese workers who were brought here to work the mines, many against their wills. There are Basques who came to tend sheep, Hispanics

Photo by Andy Anderson

who migrated to work the land, Mormons fleeing religious persecution, and those who sought to escape the aftermath of the Civil War. In recent memory, there were the Japanese families, forcibly moved to internment camps during World War II, who stayed to add their own contributions to our culture. Most recently we've welcomed refugees from Tibet, Bosnia and Afghanistan, arriving on wings of steel, but seeking the same things as those who arrived earlier on foot, by rail, or on wagons.

We'll include stories about people who work and play here: people who fish and hunt, those who ply on the whitewater rapids and those who bicycle through the hills and along the highways. We'll look at our history, arts, literature, geology, geography, recreation and much more.

To survive, a publication must and will evolve. With your help, we can make certain this one evolves into something all of us can share with pride.

In the future, we'll look forward to hearing about your Idaho.

Kathy Delorey Gleischman

MOUNT BORAH

By Dave Fotsch
Photos by Jay W Krajic

People are fascinated by the extremes of places–the deepest gorge, the tallest tree. In Idaho the tallest mountain peak is Mount Borah, towering above the Gem State at 12,662 feet. It's not tall by comparison to other peaks in the Rocky Mountains, but to those bent on bagging the highest point in the state, this is it.

Borah is a classic basin and range mountain. As part of the Lost River Range, it rises on a block of sedimentary rock about as old as rock gets in Idaho. Its peak is composed of dolomite, a type of limestone laid down in shallow seas perhaps as much as five-hundred million years ago. Over time, the rock created at the sea bottom became the ceiling of Idaho's mountain peaks.

The fascination with Borah has more to do with its height than with any particular challenge in achieving its summit. The standard route up is little more than a steep hike with a scramble over the legendary "Chicken Out Ridge" about a thousand feet short of the top. This knife-edge ridge is severely exposed leaving white knuckled hikers peering into a precipitous drop of perhaps a thousand feet. But once over the ridge, the remaining hike, while steep, is not particularly challenging.

On a clear day the view from the summit is breathtaking, revealing the broad Lost River Valley and the state's second highest mountain, nearby Leatherman Peak. After signing the logbook and taking the obligatory mountain top victory photos, peak baggers head down the way by which they came. Most do anyway.

As a way of celebrating my fortieth birthday I almost made it my last by recklessly trying to glissade down what

appeared to be a nice crunchy snowfield beneath Chicken Out Ridge. Within seconds of starting the glissade, which is kind of like skiing without skis, the snow beneath my boots became ice and my speed increased tenfold. I hurtled down the slope toward the rugged talus piles below.

Without an ice axe, or any other kind of tool to slow my descent, I spun and grasped frantically for something, anything. Finally I managed to work my way to the side of the ice field and slammed full force into the rocks. Miraculously I survived with only a severe bruise to my hip, cuts, scrapes and hyperventilation. It was enough to give me new respect for the mountain and for what appeared to be an easy route down.

That little misadventure aside, Borah by its very existence is a testament to the forces that created it. Basin and range mountains form as the restless earth heaves huge blocks of rock upward (the range) at the same time adjacent blocks slide down (the basin). The process, in dramatic fits and starts, takes thousands, if not millions of years to push a block of rock to the height of Mount Borah. Anyone with any doubt about the process was convinced on a crisp October morning in 1983.

On 28 October an earthquake measuring 7.3 on the Richter scale struck along the Lost River Fault. As it had dozens of times before, Mount Borah rose and the valley sank. The ensuing shock waves rattled loose masonry from buildings in Challis, killing two children on their way to school. Had a quake of that magnitude hit a more heavily populated area the devastation would have been a far greater.

Eyewitnesses report watching as an earthquake scarp – a massive crack in the earth – ripped open along the base of the Lost River Range, ultimately extending some 22 miles. The average displacement is about six feet with the scar still visible today.

The earthquake scarp is remarkable, but so too was the effect on area groundwater. For several days following the earthquake fountains of ground water gushed from the valley floor. New springs were created as old ones went dry. A silver mine near Clayton flooded. And for a while, even the Old Faithful geyser in Yellowstone National Park became somewhat less faithful, a result of profound changes in groundwater flow throughout the region.

The earthquake, named for Borah Peak, gave Idaho's tallest mountain yet another claim to fame. There had not been an earthquake that powerful in the interior United States since 1959. It wasn't until 1992 that the Landers, California earthquake toppled Borah's record with a magnitude of 7.6.

For those considering a jaunt to the top of Borah Peak it might be wise to schedule the adventure for late July or August. By that time most of the snow should be melted from the highest reaches of the mountain. But beware of the tempting persistent snowfields; they aren't all that they appear to be on the surface.

Dave Fotsch lives in Boise

Lapwai\lép-wey\ city NW Idaho, population: 970, elevation: 970, incorporated: 1911

Location: On Highway 95 in Nez Perce County, approximately eleven miles east of Lewiston on Lapwai Creek, a tributary of the Clearwater River named Cottonwood Creek in 1805 by Lewis & Clark. In 1836, the Reverend Henry Spaulding established the first mission in Idaho and built a mill on the creek.

Fort Lapwai was built in 1862 to prevent turmoil when gold was discovered near Pierce, Idaho. Today it is the cultural and administration center for the Nez Perce Reservation.

It was here that General Oliver 0. Howard met with the leaders of Nez Perce non-treaty bands on May 3, 1877, as they made one last attempt to remain on their land.

The generally accepted meaning of the word Lapwai is "the place of the butterflies." A Nez Perce word, lapwai stems from the large number of butterflies that would gather near the mill and pond. According to Lalia Boone's book, Idaho Place Names, A Geographical Dictionary, a Nez Perce named Yellow Wolf recounts this story as to the origin of Lapwai:

In 1926 Many Wounds said to me: "I will show you the true meaning of Lapwai." Leading the way to a partially dried-up quagmire lying between the Spalding Mission site and the mouth of Lapwai Creek, he pointed to the myriad of butterflies settled on the black mud, and demonstrating with his hands the slow fanning of their wings explained: "the winging is léep lep." The Indians knew this spot by that name. The whites changed it to Lapwai and so called the entire creek.

There are two other explanations for the origin of the word. One is the combination of the Nez Perce words léep lep, (pronounced thleep thlep) meaning butterfly, and wai, meaning stream. The Nez Perce sometimes called the area Butterfly Valley.

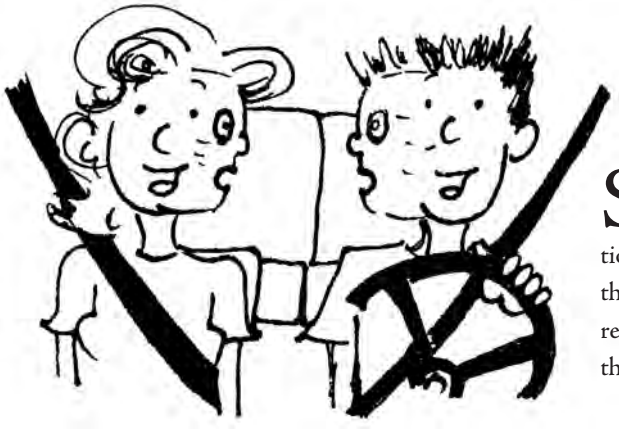
Lewis & Clark said that the name was a combination of the Nez Perce word, lepit, meaning two and wéetes, meaning country—two countries. According to Boone's research, the creek actually was a boundary that separated the territory of the Upper Nez Perce from the Lower Nez Perce,

Nez Perce phonetic pronunciation guide

a sounds like father, rather
e sounds like pan, tan, can
i sounds like pin, tin, kin
o sounds like go, no
u sounds like put, soot

Pronunciation assistance provided by Vera Sonneck,
Nez Perce Tribe Cultural Resource Director.
For more information contact the City of Lapwai
(208) 843-2212. J.E.

One Spud Short of a Load

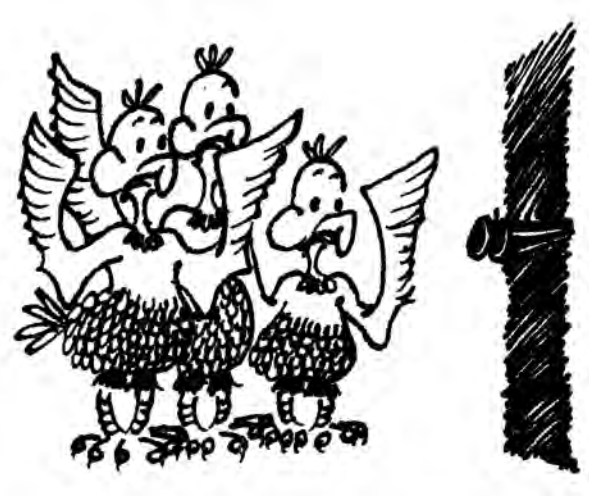


Stanley City Officer Phil Enright recently was dispatched to check out the story of two nine-year old girls who were left at a gas station. The girls said their parents had driven away, inadvertently leaving them behind. The parents were back a short time later. They suddenly realized the back of the car seemed just a little too quiet, and returned to the filling station to claim their children.

A citizen assistance call came in to the Kamiah marshal's log recently from someone who had gotten herself seriously tangled up in a telephone cord. Help was dispatched from the office and they successfully extricated her from the wily cord. Released from its grasp, she was sagely advised that phone cords are not toys.

Good thing it was a telephone cord…if it had been a clothesline, it would have been much harder to call for help.

My great-aunt, Lorraine Frey, in Pocatello was at church function one day, and she was talking with a little boy, said Jennifer Riley of Horseshoe Bend. At one point, Aunt Lorainne asked the young man how old he was. "Six," he answered proudly. After thinking about it a moment, he did what he thought was the polite thing and returned the question, asking how old she was. Aunt Lorraine promptly told him she was eighty-nine. Taking a few moments to ponder her answer, the youngster finally looked up at her and asked incredulously, "starting from one?"



Barbara Dorsey from Buy Idaho tells a great story about her grandparents Seymour & Virginia Hansen, who lived outside of Horseshoe Bend in the Jerusalem District on Hill Creek until they sold the ranch in the early 60s.

The often-told story, Barbara said, was about a time when her grandfather was having trouble with "something" bothering his chickens. Uncertain whether it was a fox, coyote or skunks, he was determined to keep an ear peeled so he could catch the varmint causing all the ruckus. One night , hearing a fuss in the henhouse, he sprang from his bed, grabbing his shotgun and flashlight on the way out. Cautiously, he made his way out to find the source of the noise.

When he arrived at the henhouse, he cocked the shotgun, eased the door open and was peering into the darkness when his dog, who had followed him from the house, stuck a cold, wet nose up under the edge of-fixed the back of his nightshirt and sniffed.

Barbara said her grandpa had to go wake her grandmother, and they spent the rest of the night plucking and cleaning chickens. "The ones who didn't die from the shotgun blast, died of shock," she added.

A kind-hearted Twin Falls couple recently became the reluctant owners of a dingo cross-breed. Someone, apparently one spud short of a load, tied the dog to their back door and left it there, with no water, on a very hot day.

In a letter to the Times-News, Karen Brown said she and David didn't know who left a dingo-mix dog on their porch or why, but "at least (they) took the time to make an elaborately braided harness made of bailing twine as opposed to just a rope around her neck, which could have ended tragically."

The story does have a happy ending, however. Despite the cat and rabbits already living in the household, roommates which dingoes normally won't tolerate, Roxanne—as the dingo since has been named—has a sweet disposition. She also has a good home, a warm bed and plenty of love.

THE GRAYING OF A

By Dave Goins

In downtown Shoshone, two doors from the Manhattan Café, the barbershop is a salient anachronism.

It marks the times when railroad men and sheepherders would stop in for shaves, haircuts, and hot baths.

And that dimmimg age in local lore, when as many as four barbershops did a brisk trade in town, grows fainter: like a fading, distant train whistle.

Now Shoshone (pop. 1,398)—the Lincoln County seat, twenty-six miles north of Twin Falls—is down to that single barbershop. It has the prototypical red, white, and blue barber pole, but no telephone.

At the Manhattan, the woman who answers the telephone quickly shatters the main myth about small towns—that everybody always knows everybody else. She says: "All we know is that when that (barber) pole is twirling, he's open for business."

That's 9A.M. to 5P.M., Thursday through Saturday, ma'am. Usually.

At times it may be found that the barbershop's sole owner and operator, Arlen Dilworth, has quietly slipped away for a northern fishing destination. The "Gone Fishin'" and "Open July" signs in his window were simultaneously clear and cryptic indicators of that when I visited Shoshone in June 1999. Twenty-six months and four telephone calls later, Arlen Dilworth tells me about it.

"Yeah, I'd gone to Alaska," Arlen says from his home in Carey, thirty-eight miles north of Shoshone. "Went halibut fishing. And I have friends up there. And it's a good trip."

Dilworth, seventy, is a retired schoolteacher with the time for such junkets. And a slackening demand for barber services in Idaho ironically helps to pave his way.

Statistics indicate that 751 barbers in 1995 met the annual state license requirement. Latest figures show the number has dwindled to 543 because many men have followed the modern trend of going to hair stylists. The declining demand for traditional barber services, in turn, continues to shape the Shoshone barbershop's schedule.

Dilworth, who has barbered "on the side" for forty-three years, arrived in Shoshone in 1995, to assume the three-day-per-week business operation from a then-retiring Dorcel Fullmer. "(Fullmer) was nearly eighty and he figured it was time to quit," says Dilworth. Fullmer, formerly a Jerome barber, had begun operating the Shoshone shop more than a decade earlier—after Burton Dilly died. Fullmer died two years after Dilworth took the reigns in Shoshone.

"After this generation of barbers is gone, I don't know what's going to happen as far as barbering, because I think it's going to be a lost art just because there's no barbers being trained now days," says Dilworth, who also operates a barbershop out of his garage in Carey on Wednesday evenings.

"There are very few, but it's so rare." Call it the graying of the barber profession as Dilworth's customer base also continues to gray. "Every year I lose some of them to the marble orchard because they're just getting too old," Dilworth says.

"I don't think being open more than three days a week would be very practical," Dilworth says. "I had it figured before I got here."

PROFESSION

His suggestion for continuing the Shoshone barbershop tradition has sometimes been met with contempt.

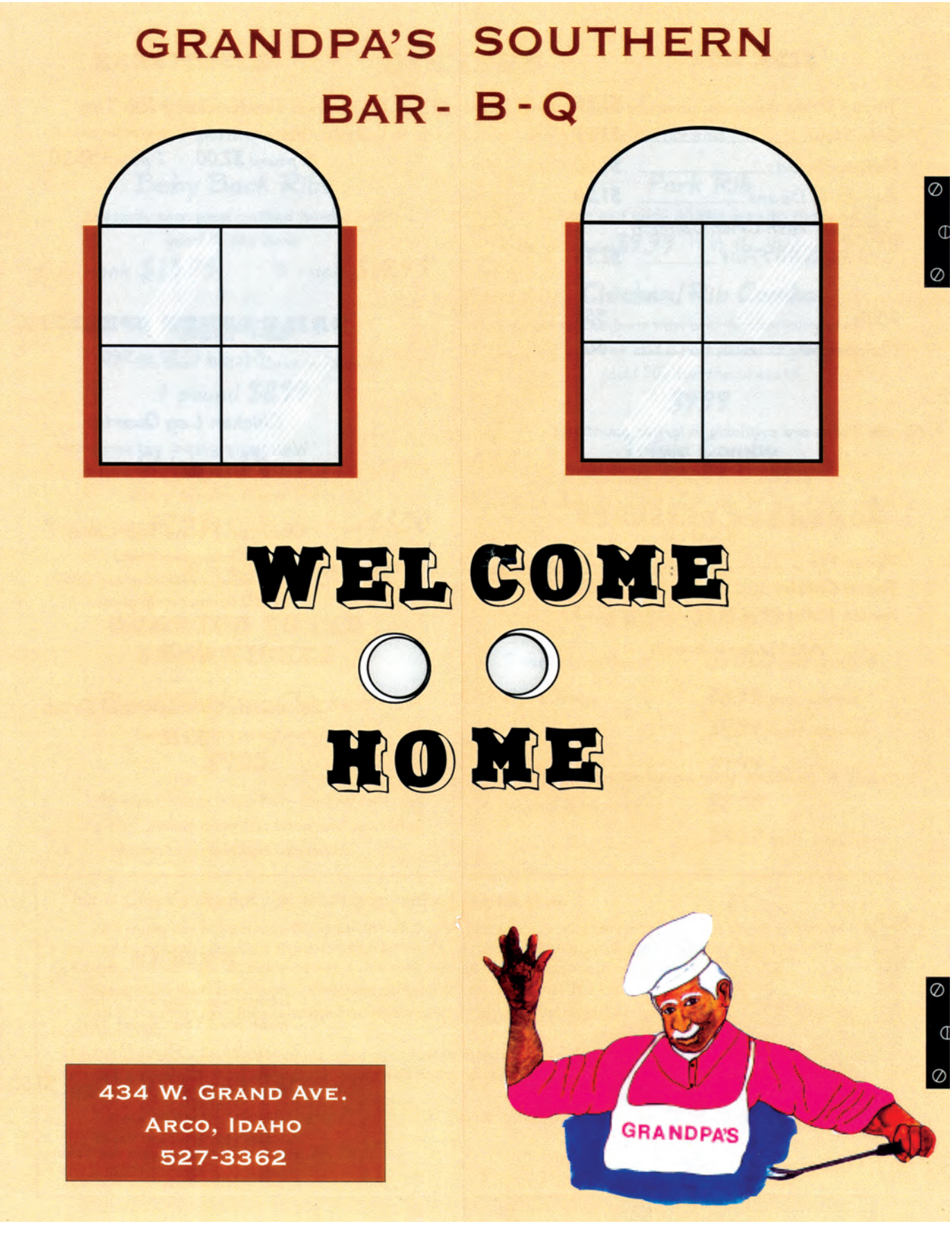
"Somebody's got to take it over sometime, but I don't know just when," he says. "The thing that surprised me is I talked to people who don't have much of an income and I suggest to them they go to barbers' college and they look at me like I just swore at them."

Arlen Dilworth describes cousin Orvis Dilworth, an eighty-two-year old Burley resident, as "one of the oldest barbers in the state." Orvis Dilworth agrees that he maintains the oldest of four remaining barbershops in Burley. "I don't like that bed punishment," says the elder Dilworth, who estimates Burley (current pop. 9,316) had seven barbershops when he moved there in 1960. "I don't like staying in bed or a rocking chair."

He began cutting hair as a U.S. Marine during World War II, in 1942. Haircuts, now as much as $10 at Dilworth's shop, were twenty-five cents then, he recalls.

Is Idaho's barber profession now departing from a western sunset train station, starting a slow journey toward oblivion? That may be, but Orvis Dilworth looks at fate without flinching. Mr. Dilworth broaches the subject of his own mortality by saying he expects to extend a 59-year career indefinitely.

"I plan on staying until they pat me in the face with a shovel," he says with a laugh. "I have too much fun. I get all those stories and my good friends come in and talk to me, keep me busy, telling stories to me; keep me happy."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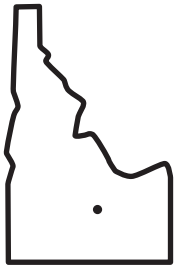


By Pat McCoy

The Gem State—what a perfect name for my adopted home. With a crisp, new Pennsylvania teaching certificate in hand, I arrived in Idaho Falls more than thirty years ago, fell in love with the West, and never looked back.

Having my summers free for all these years has given me ample time to play tour guide for friends and relatives. I still get excited about all the spectacular places that I have found in Idaho.

Going to Island Park for the afternoon to photograph moose, driving to the South Fork of the Snake for a day trip, or viewing the eerie landscape at Craters of the Moon National Monument are all prerequisites for first time visitors to the eastern part of the state. However, to fully understand the Idaho lifestyle, one must stop along the way to mingle with the "natives."

One way to do that is to pause in those little towns such as Arco, Swan Valley, Victor, Archer, Driggs, Sugar City, Rigby, Roberts, and Ririe along the various routes.

I often find myself and my guests visiting with the other gas pumpers, grocery shoppers, or café customers. Unlike the gas stations and grocery stores that are by necessity similar, the small town eating places are often intriguing and unique, as are the menus and owners.

Anyone planning a trip to Craters of the Moon, or just taking the long way home, should consider a stop in Arco (pop. 1,116) at Grandpa's Southern Barbecue. Arco is the first city in the free world to be electrified with atomic energy (dubbed Atomic City). A check of the menu (the vegetables include turnip greens) will assure you, and your first taste of the barbecue, whether you choose chicken, pork, or beef, will convince you that this is the real thing.

Photo by T Mort

Lunch specials start under five dollars (chicken-leg quarter) and top out just as reasonably for a sandwich, coleslaw and a drink. Dinners hover under twenty dollars for baby back ribs or a chicken/rib combo. All dinners are served with B-B-Q beans and a choice of turnip greens, potato, salad or slaw, and a roll or cornbread.

You'll want to save room for the homemade pecan or sweet potato pie.

So, how did the "real thing" get to Arco? Reading the bottom of the menu reveals some clues, but talking with owner Lloyd Westbrook, who always circulates and visits with his customers, will fill in more of the details. Westbrook is genuinely interested in getting to know the people who enter his eatery, and customers quickly relax in the homey atmosphere.

While my husband and I enjoyed excellent barbecue sandwiches at a table in the shade of a wonderful old elm tree in the front yard, I picked up the following bits of information from Westbrook as we talked about how Grandpa's came to be.

After years of driving a tour bus in the San Francisco area, Westbrook came to Idaho Falls to help his sister who was struggling to keep her catering business afloat. Westbrook, and his wife Loretta, moved to Arco when he got a job driving a bus for the Idaho Nuclear Engineering Laboratory.

On his daily drives through the desert he was amazed to see so many out-of-state license plates and he began to study the potential for a tourist-driven business in the area.

Years ago in Kentucky, Lloyd would watch as his Grandpa collected special woods and spices to prepare his barbecues for family and friends, but he had never really pictured it as a commercial possibility before Arco.

After he settled in Idaho he was convinced that Arco was a great location for a tourist-based restaurant. With all the people traveling to and from such tourist destinations as Craters of the Moon, Yellowstone and Grand Teton national parks, Westbrook was convinced that the little house on Grand Street was the best possible place for his barbecue spot.

As Westbrook and his wife worked in their spare time, the living room window became a door onto a deck. The deck became a shady patio with tables, and booths inside further expanded the possible number of patrons.

The front porch was remodeled to handle the counter traffic and take-out or catering orders. Two bedrooms became temporary supply rooms with the dream of a future expansion into the dining area.

A slowdown at the INEEL in 1995 suddenly made the part-time

work a full time enterprise. That's good news for road weary and hungry travelers.

So whether you're a hunter, angler, occasional tourist, business executive, or retiree, a trip through the Atomic City would be less energized if you didn't stop at Grandpa's for some original, authentic, down home, delicious barbecue on Grand Street. Sit on the porch, enjoy the view, and don't forget to sign the guest book before you leave.

Pat McCoy is a freelance writer from Idaho Falls

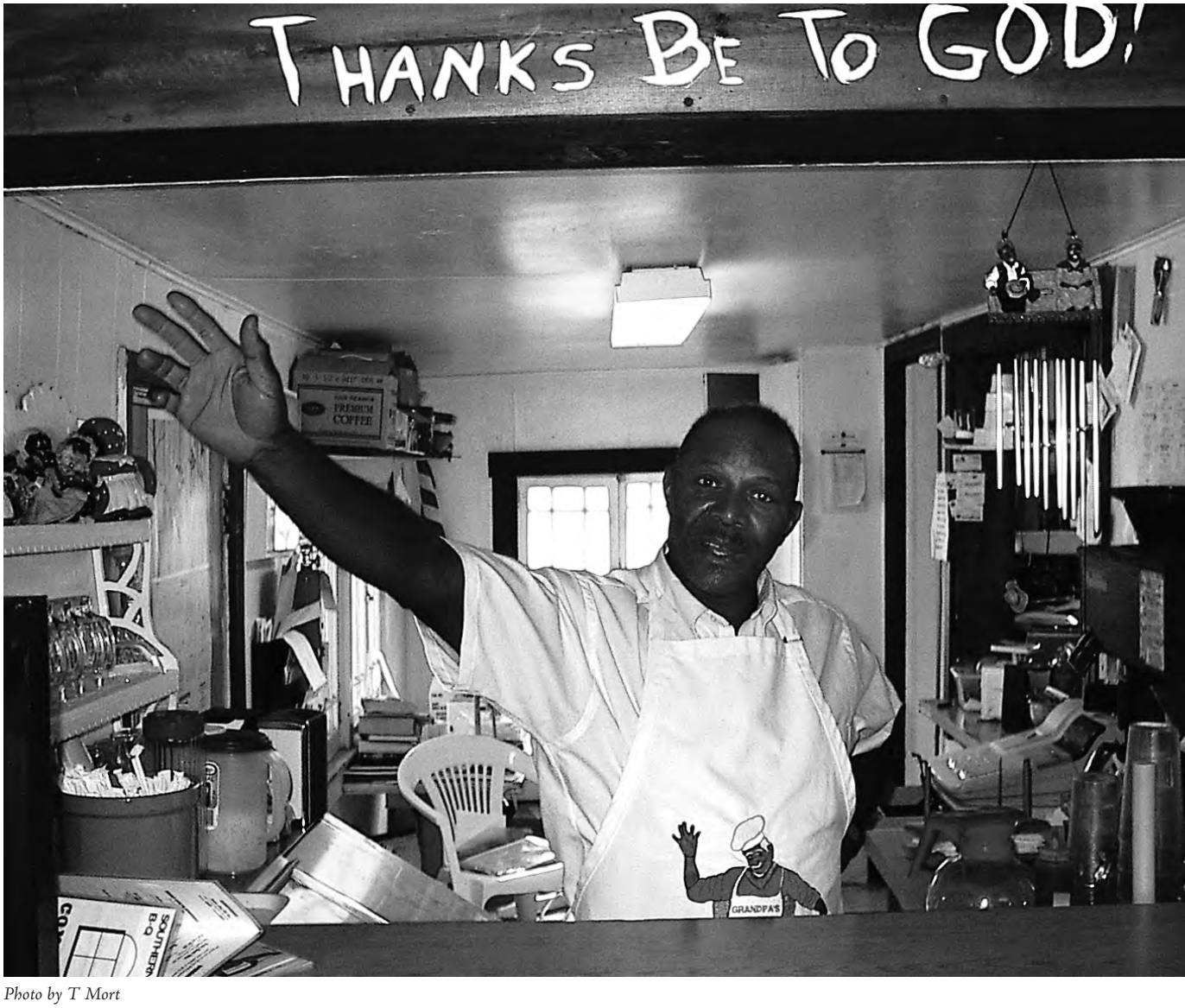


Photo by T Mort

Photo from Millie Gilbert Collection

THE LEGEND

By Millie Gilbert

Edna Earl Carver McCoy's weak ankles were a family legend. Somehow they were just too small to support the rest of her, even when she was young and still fairly slender. She wobbled when she walked, long before she became overweight. And she fell frequently.

So weak were those ankles that Grandma had to learn to fall, for her own self-preservation. She would relax and go limp, plopping down like a rag doll. This ploy kept her from being seriously hurt—miraculously—for she took some pretty dangerous tumbles.

To hear family talk you'd think Eugene McCoy, her husband, spent a good share of their fifty years of marriage helping Edna up. Certainly he had to help her out of some mighty awkward situations.

Sometimes she had as much trouble staying in her seat as she did on her feet! There was that late fall Sunday in 1905 when Edna and Gene were coming home from church in the buggy. The air was nippy, and Grandma would have been all bundled up, for she was always cold-blooded. And, at the time, she was noticeably "in the family way," as it was delicately expressed in that day and age. Wayne Alexander, their fourth child, would be born in January.

The horse pulling the buggy came to a stream with no bridge across it. Ed knew the buggy would sway roughly while bouncing on the rocks in the streambed. He cautioned Edna to "hang on now!" and guided the horse forward. Edna didn't hang on. She squealed, threw both hands in the air, and fell—right in the middle of the creek.

It isn't hard to picture Grandma sitting in the middle of the shallow icy-cold streambed, sopping wet, flowered hat askew and long heavy skirt tangled immodestly high about her legs and swollen stomach. She must have looked pretty silly. Gene doubled over with laughter. He had a hard time stopping long enough to climb down out of the buggy and

help her up. That left Edna very indignant. She didn't have much of a sense of humor. And at that point her seat must have smarted.

Then there were those stairs in the house in Long Valley. Grandpa built the house to his proportions after he moved his family west in 1909. He was only five feet, nine inches tall, but that wasn't a bad height for his generation, and certainly he towered over Edna, who had to stretch hard to make five feet tall. Grandpa didn't want to waste too much space for the stairwell, so he designed the stairs high and steep.

That made them a major challenge for Edna. Traveling up those stairs several times each day in the course of doing her household chores Edna came down them the fast way several times—sometime on her seat, sometimes head first, sometimes on her back, and sometimes on her nose.

Even the handrail Grandpa installed didn't help much. Grandma was momentarily stunned a time or two. Her children would hear her moan and open the stairwell door to find Edna flat on her back, legs akimbo up the steps, shakily rubbing her head with one hand, completely unable to get up out of her awkward position.

Squeezing a much more slender frame through the cracked doorway into the narrow space, one of her sons or daughters would patiently help Grandma up. She'd be assisted to a chair, where she would sit for a moment, then go about her business.

Photo from Millie Gilbert Collection

Once or twice she fell in such a position that she wedged the stairwell door completely shut. Then Dale, the oldest son, or his brother Wayne, would have to go outside, climb the roof of the sun porch, and crawl into a upstairs window to come down the stairs from the top and help her up.

Long Valley is high in the mountains, and winter snows get quite deep up there. Farmers and ranchers of Grandma and Granddad's day owned big, horse-drawn sleighs, which enabled them to get to many community square dances and potluck dinners held during the cold months. It was enroute home from such a doings that Edna took her most hilarious tumble.

By this time she was quite stout. Gene had bought her a coat and a matching pillbox hat, made of some kind of striped fur, which she wore during the winter. Once she had it on she seemed nearly as wide as she was tall. Dressed in this coat, with a quilt over her legs and a hot brick or two at her feet, she kept fairly warm.

Bundled up in this manner she was beside Gene headed for home about 3 o'clock one winter's morning when the snowdrifts were well-piled across the road—a dirt and gravel wagon trail in the summer months. All five children were in the back of the sleigh, curled into drowsy balls on top of fresh straw, covered with quilts and supplied with their own hot bricks. The sleigh began to bounce over the snow, which had crusted deeply from melting slightly in the sunny day and freezing at night.

Well once again Gene told Edna to hold on, and she didn't. She went off headfirst into a snowdrift. There she was, black sateen bloomers shimmering in the moonlight, the striped fur coat making her look a little bit like an oversized skunk.

Gene hauled the horses to a stop and climbed down from the sleigh, tossing aside the quilts that protected his own legs from the crisp night air. Boots crunching in the snow, he made his way back to Edna, helped her to her feet and stomped out a trail for her through the drifts back to the sleigh. He helped her up, got her covered—and spent the rest of the way home grumping about "anybody dumb enough to fall out of a sleigh at this hour of the night."

Edna probably didn't pay much attention. She had a fatalistic attitude about her weak ankles. When you have weak ankles, the only solution is to learn how to fall.

Photo from Millie Gilbert Collection

SPOTLIGHT CITY

TWIN FALLS

It's been nearly ninety-five years since the Commercial Club of Twin Falls, produced a booklet extolling the agricultural and tourist possibilities of the Magic Valley.

Comparing itself to Chicago, and its "rapid-fire" development, Twin Falls began an aggressive campaign of recruiting families to the high desert of the Snake River Plains.

With various scenic, cultural and agricultural attractions to draw people west, the city fathers looked to create a land of golden opportunities for its citizens. Though the region would never quite matched the Windy City's size or scope, its agricultural production surpassed the "Rain Belt" farms of the South.

A quote from the Commercial Club of Twin Falls recruiting booklet, simply titled *Twin Falls Idaho*, explains the hidden beauty of the area:

> *It is difficult to convey to the reader who has not actually seen this section of the country any conception f its wonderful possibilities. Especially is this true of the tourist or homeseeker who passes through Idaho and judges it through the glimpse froma car window.. Not only is the Twin Falls Country one of great interest on account of its opportunities in irrigation, but from a scenic standpoint it is a wonderful land….*

> *…Within a few miles of the City of Twin Falls are to be found scenes of the most peculiar and fascinating interest. There are the Twin Falls of the Snake River, the wonderful Shoshone Falls, the Thousand Springs, the famous Blue Lakes, and miles upon miles of scenic grandeur in the great Canyon of the Snake River. Yet one could look across this country for fifty miles and, so far as the eye is concerned, a practically unbroken prairie would present itself to view, as these scenic wonders enumerated are not suggested by the contours of the country.*

POINTS OF INTEREST DOWN BY THE RIVER

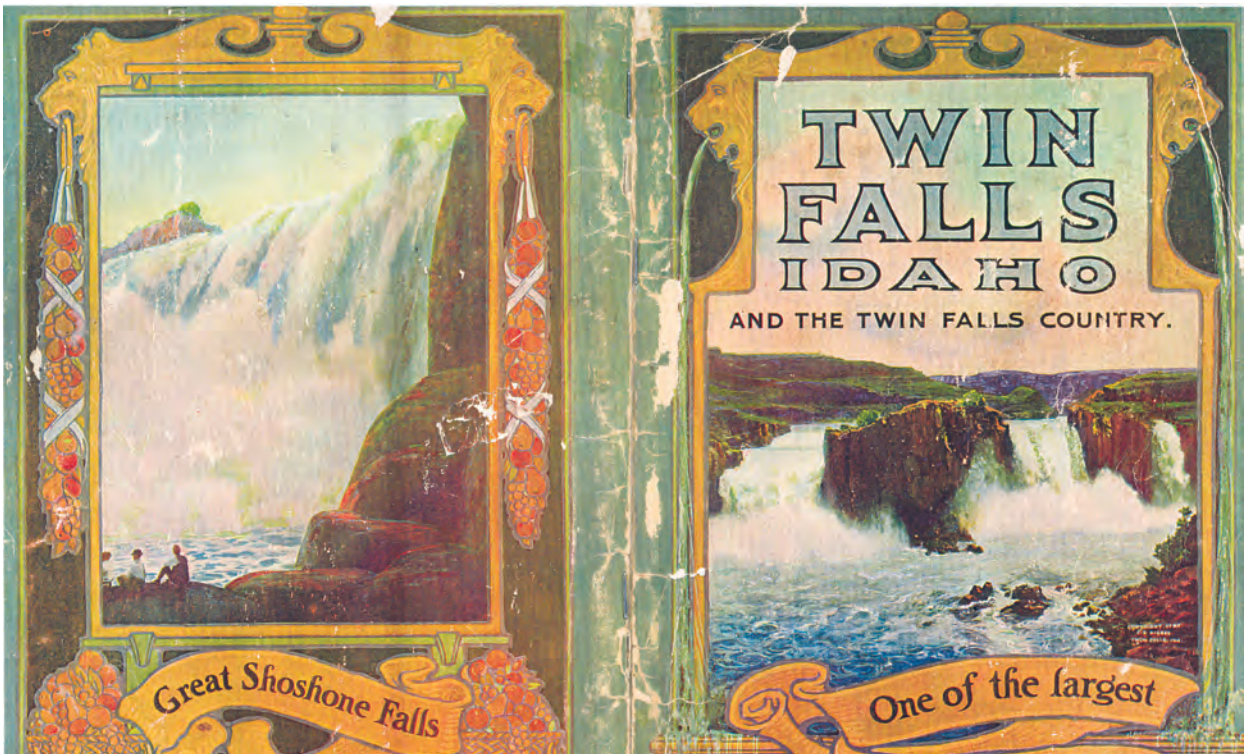
Buzz Langdon Visitor Center Located on the south rim of the Snake River Canyon at the Perrine Bridge Overlook, the center was built as a joint venture of the Twin Falls Rotary Club and the Twin Falls Area Chamber of Commerce. It opened in 1989. Named for former chamber executive-director, Lambert (Buzz) Langston, the center is staffed by seniors from the Retired Senior Volunteer Program (RSVP) and is open from mid-March through mid-October. There is a gift shop with books of local and regional interest as well as visitor information, such as maps and brochures.

Shoshone Falls During a good water year it's one of the most magnificent sights in southern Idaho. The falls plunge 212 feet, which is farther than Niagara Falls.

Dierkes Lake There is a public swimming area, sandy beach, and picnic shelters at this popular, local playground. Lifeguards are on duty in the summer and motor-less watercraft are allowed. Named for German immigrant John Dierke who moved to Idaho in 1906 and homesteaded the 160-acres riverside tract, only to have it flooded by the local irrigation system. It's said that after the water flooded Dierke's orchard they picked apples from boats for two years.

I. B. Perrine Bridge Construction began in 1974 and was completed in 1976 on this massive structure that rises 486 feet above the river and covers a span of fifteen hundred feet. More than nine million pounds of steel went into its construction. Some say it's the most dramatic entrance to any community in America. The original Perrine Bridge sits just west of the new and improved version. Both were named after pioneer I. B. Perrine who established the first farm in the canyon.

Pillar Falls in the Snake River Canyon With an unearthly demeanor that rivals the Craters of



the Moon, Pillar Falls offers visitors eerie rock towers that rise from the bed of the Snake River. Less than a mile upstream from the Perrine Bridge, these stone towers stand in the river like giants with grassy vegetation covering their tops. With the low water they are fairly accessible.

Twin Falls – The Waterfall From whence we have the name. Just two miles east of Shoshone Falls, it boasts a beautiful park and presents an inspiring vista down the steep basalt canyon. One of the falls is used by Idaho Power Company for power generation.

The Snake River Canyon This testament to hydrology was carved by one of the world's greatest floods. More than fourteen thousand years ago, near the end of the last ice age, melting glaciers caused ancient Lake Bonneville to overflow south of Pocatello at Red Rock Pass. The ensuing torrent cut a huge opening in the side of the lake and, in a geologic blink of an eye, twenty-five million cubic feet of water, per second, poured out of the lake and headed for the Snake. The flood charged west and increased the nearby canyon to seven times its original size. The canyon we see today is the result of that flood. The flood ran on for six weeks.

PACESETTING TWIN FALLS INDUSTRIES

The dairy industry is the driving force behind Twin Falls' beautification effort according to Twin Falls Chamber of Commerce Executive Vice President J. Kent Just. He said the dairy industry, which is spread throughout the entire valley, has more than 350,000 dairy cattle and two-thirds of the dairy cattle in the state are found here. Milk, and its byproducts, has passed the potato as the number one agricultural moneymaker in the state.

Along the Snake River, two-thirds of all the trout farmed in the nation are produced at private and commercial fish hatcheries. This economic base has lured other industries into Twin Falls, the largest city from Boise to Pocatello.

One of the most visible results of this effort is the renovated warehouse district with its restaurants, brew pub and retail outlets.

Lamb Weston

Potato products are the most profitable food item on foodservice menus today. And no other product is so universally loved, so broadly versatile and available in so many styles, cuts and flavor profiles. That's why Lamb Westonoffers the broadest and most innovative line of quality

french fries and prepared food products in the industry. The Twin Falls facility is the largest french fry plant in the world.

Hamilton Manufacturing.

Hamilton Manufacturing converts old newspapers and phone books into building insulation and mulch used to hydroseed for revegetation and ground cover. In September, 1999 HM signed a contract to provide China with mulch grass seed.

Farm House Collection .

The Farmhouse Collection, Inc. is a unique ensemble of hand-crafted and hand-finished furniture. The orgins of The Farmhouse Collection are rooted in the 18th and 19th century countrysides of America, Europe and Scandinavia. It's top end furniture sold directly to designers - no retail sales

Glanbia Foods

Glanbia is an international food company based primarily in Ireland, UK and USA which serves world-wide markets for dairy and meat products.

Charmac Trailer

Charmac Aluminum Trailers are constructed of extruded aluminum with the strongest alloys known. Using top quality, brand name components for axles, tires, wheels, couplers and jacks, insures that replacement parts and warranty will not be a problem down the road.

Thursdays

Only open on Thursdays, this company sells all the returned merchandise from Costco stores from across the country.

THE COLLEGE OF SOUTHERN IDAHO

The College of Southern Idaho sits on 320 north-side acres in Twin Falls. It is one of the fastest growing community colleges in the state having doubled its enrollment in the past eight years. It's also the community center for the Magic Valley. The campus is visited by up to forty thousand people monthly for classes, concerts, workshops, seminars, and athletic events.

Nationally-recognized programs in fish technology and nursing are two reasons for its vitality. Its auto technology curriculum is designed by General Motors and leads to an associate degree in automotive service. The program involves lectures and laboratory work on GM products at CSI. It also requires students to work at General Motors dealerships.

The first academic classes at CSI were held in 1965 at Twin Falls High School, while vocational classes were held at the Kimberly Road facility.

Dr. James L. Taylor was the first president of the College of Southern Idaho. And served until his death in 1982. Gerald R. Meyerhoeffer, former vice president, became president in 1983. He has been with the college since 1966 in a various capacities including vocational counselor, director of administration and records, and assistant to the president.

The student body is eighty-five percent Magic Valley residents. It is a comprehensive community college, providing educational, social, and cultural opportunities for diverse population of south-central Idaho.

Herrett Center for the Arts & Sciences

The Herrett Center is a non-profit support service of CSI. Its purpose is primarily educational, offering programs to elementary and secondary school students, CSI students, and the adult community of south-central Idaho. The center collects, preserves, interprets, and exhibits artifacts and natural history specimens with an emphasis on the prehistoric American continent. The center offers exhibitions and other programs concerning contemporary art and art issues, and participates with other college departments in fulfilling the role and mission of the College of Southern Idaho.

Faulkner Planetarium

In November 1995 the Faulkner Planetarium opened as the largest planetarium theater in Idaho, and one of the best equipped in the northwestern United States. The theater seats 144 under a fifty-foot dome and features a Digistar II digital graphics projection system. It is located in the Herrett Center on CSI's main campus. The state-of-the-art projection equipment presents the audience the sights and sounds of a truly memorable theater experience.

Sports

At CSI, winning is expected. Because of the rich history of its sports programs, championships are a tradition. The Golden Eagles have brought home national championship hardware in all but one of its sports. Together, the men's and women's teams have won 14 national titles and have arguably the most successful overall athletic program in the National Junior College Athletic Association and the National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association.

Top Ten Reasons to Attend CSI

#10 Afforable excellence
#9 Learning-centered environment
#8 State-of-the-art facilities
#7 English as a second language program
#6 Safe and beautiful campus
#5 A variety of technical and academic programs
#4 Support of international students
#3 Recreational opportunities
#2 On-campus housing
And the #1 reason to attend CSI
It's just fun to be there.

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MORRIS HILL'S FAMOUS PEOPLE

Story by Jane Freund
Photos by Elliott Martin

Morris Hill Cemetery sits above the city of Boise on it's southern edge in a region known as "The Bench." Many famous people rest there, as well as a mystery or two.

Legend or fact: The casket of one of Idaho's most famous residents contained just her prostheses. Diane Angoni had to solve this mystery when she set out to determine what famous Idahoans were buried at the Morris Hill Cemetery.

The prostheses in question belonged to Peg Leg Annie Morrow, an Idaho business pioneer who held mining claims and owned "houses of entertainment" in Rocky Bar and

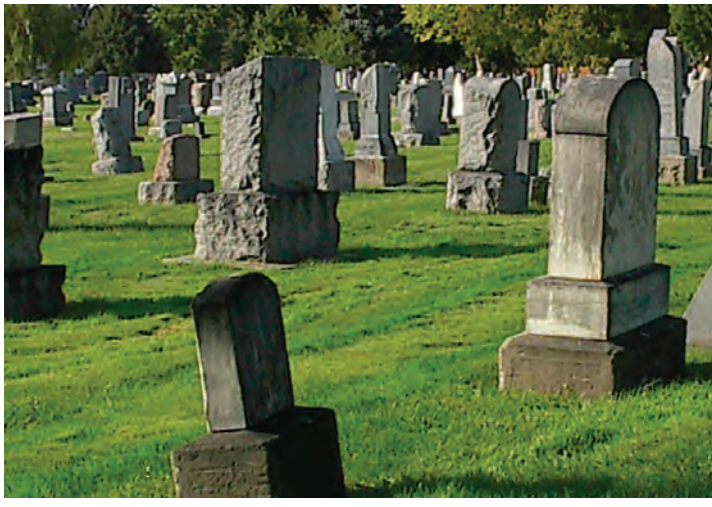
Atlanta. Morrow gained her nickname when she lost a foot to frostbite after being caught in a snowstorm. When Morrow was buried at Morris Hill on 14 September 1934 she was buried sans the prostheses, which had been burned years before in her backyard.

Peg Leg Annie Morrow is just one of the well-known Idahoans buried at Morris Hill. Established in 1882 it is the burial site for more than twenty-nine hundred. When she was a senior department specialist for Boise Parks and Recreation, Angoni took on the monumental task of transferring the burial information from index cards to a computer database. In the process, she developed a walking tour detailing the burial location of some of Morris Hill's more celebrated citizens.

The cemetery includes many Idahoans who were prominent government officials. Frank Church served Idaho in the United States Senate from 1954 to 1980, including a stint as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. In 1976, he ran for the Democratic presidential nomination but lost to Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia. Senator Church died of cancer on 7 April 1984.

Another presidential candidate from Idaho was also one of the state's longest-serving United States Senators. William Borah served in the Senate from 1907 until his death on 25 January 1940. Known as "The Lion of Idaho," Senator Borah's distinguished career also included an unsuccessful candidacy for the 1936 Republican presidential nomination.

Moses Alexander, the nation's first Jewish governor, also is buried at Morris Hill. He served as Idaho's governor from 1915-1919 and is credited with starting the state highway system, workers' compensation and the State Insurance Commission. Governor Alexander died on 4 January 1932. Another Idaho governor came to the Gem State to seek his fortune in the gold rush and became a politician. James Henry Hawley served as governor from 1909-1913 during which time his administration established the State Board of Education and highway districts. Governor Hawley was buried on 7 August 1929.



A man who served many different roles for Idaho was Bert Miller. He was Idaho's attorney general from 1932-36, an Idaho Supreme Court justice from 1944 to his election to the U.S. Senate in 1948. Senator Miller served less than a year in the Senate, dying in office on 8 October 1949.

Although not elected to office, James Angleton served in an important capacity for the United States government. During his tenure as the number-two man at the Central Intelligence Agency, Angleton was a master spy for the United States, helping to catch dozens of international spies. He was inurned on 29 June 1987.

Some prominent Idaho business leaders also were laid to rest at Morris Hill. Joe Albertson turned a single grocery store on State Street in Boise into the Albertson's supermarket chain. He died on 20 January 1993.

Morris Hans Knudsen and Harry W. Morrison were buried at Morris Hill on 22 November 1942 and 22 July 1971, respectively. In 1912, using six hundred dollars of capital, a dozen wheelbarrows, and a few horses and scrapers, these two men started the construction giant, Morrison-Knudsen.

Morris Hill Cemetery is also home to two prominent bankers. John Lynn Driscoll, who was president of First Security Bank, helped his institution survive the Great

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Depression panic. He ordered one million dollars in extra currency from the Federal Reserve Bank and stayed open late to allow customers to access their funds. Driscoll was buried on 12 March 1977.

The founder of Idaho First National Bank, C.W. Moore, owned the first house in the country to be heated by geothermal means. His daughter, Laura Moore Cunningham, donated a five-acre arboretum behind her Warm Springs Avenue home to the City of Boise. Moore and Moore Cunningham were buried on 22 September 1916 and 19 August 1963, respectively.

Another famous Morris Hill resident is Charles Ostner, who was known as "Idaho's Pioneer Artist". His best-known work is a gilded equestrian statue of George Washington on the second floor of the Idaho Statehouse. To create a likeness of President Washington, Ostner used a U.S. postage stamp. Ostner was buried at Morris Hill on 9 December 1913.

Two Idahoans who won the Medal of Honor also are memorialized at Morris Hill. Colonel John Green received the highest award for military valor on 18 November 1897 for his actions at the Lava Beds, California during the Indian Wars in 1873. He was buried 25 August 1909.

The body of the other Medal of Honor winner was never recovered, but Corporal Dan Schoonover is remembered for his brave actions from 8-10 July 1953 during the Korean War. On 24 September 1973, his family erected a plaque in his memory in the Field of Honor section of the Morris Hill Cemetery.

Morris Hill is also home to some of Idaho's most infamous citizens. Harry Orchard was convicted of the dynamite slaying of former Idaho Governor Frank Steunenberg and served nearly 50 years in prison. Orchard died from a stroke and was buried 19 April 1954.

Another convicted murder who was laid to rest at Morris Hill is John Jurko. This Twin Falls man shot and killed his mine claim partner, E. B. W. Vandermark, in a dispute over the honor of Jurko's wife. Jurko's attorneys tried to get his sentence commuted to life, arguing that Jurko was mentally unstable after being kicked in the head by a mule. The attempt failed. Jurko was later hung and was buried 9 July 1926.

Whether famous or infamous, many prominent Idahoans are among the nearly thirty thousand buried at the Morris Hill Cemetery. Interested guests are welcome to stroll the grounds and visit the graves of some of Idaho's most celebrated citizens. For more information, contact the cemetery at (208) 384-4391.

Jane Freund is a Boise based writer and Idaho trivia buff.

Wayne Walker 1957

VAN

By Bob Evancho

"[Jerry Kramer was the best guard during the whole era, not only on the Packers, but he was the best right guard in the business at the time. He defined his position for over 10 years.]"
— Packer great Paul Hornung, quoted in the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, January 1997

"Nobody played the game so smartly, so strongly, so steadily and reliably as [Wayne] Walker. He was an All-Pro when it meant something."
— George Puscas, *Detroit Free Press*, May 2001

Jerry Kramer 1957

DALS

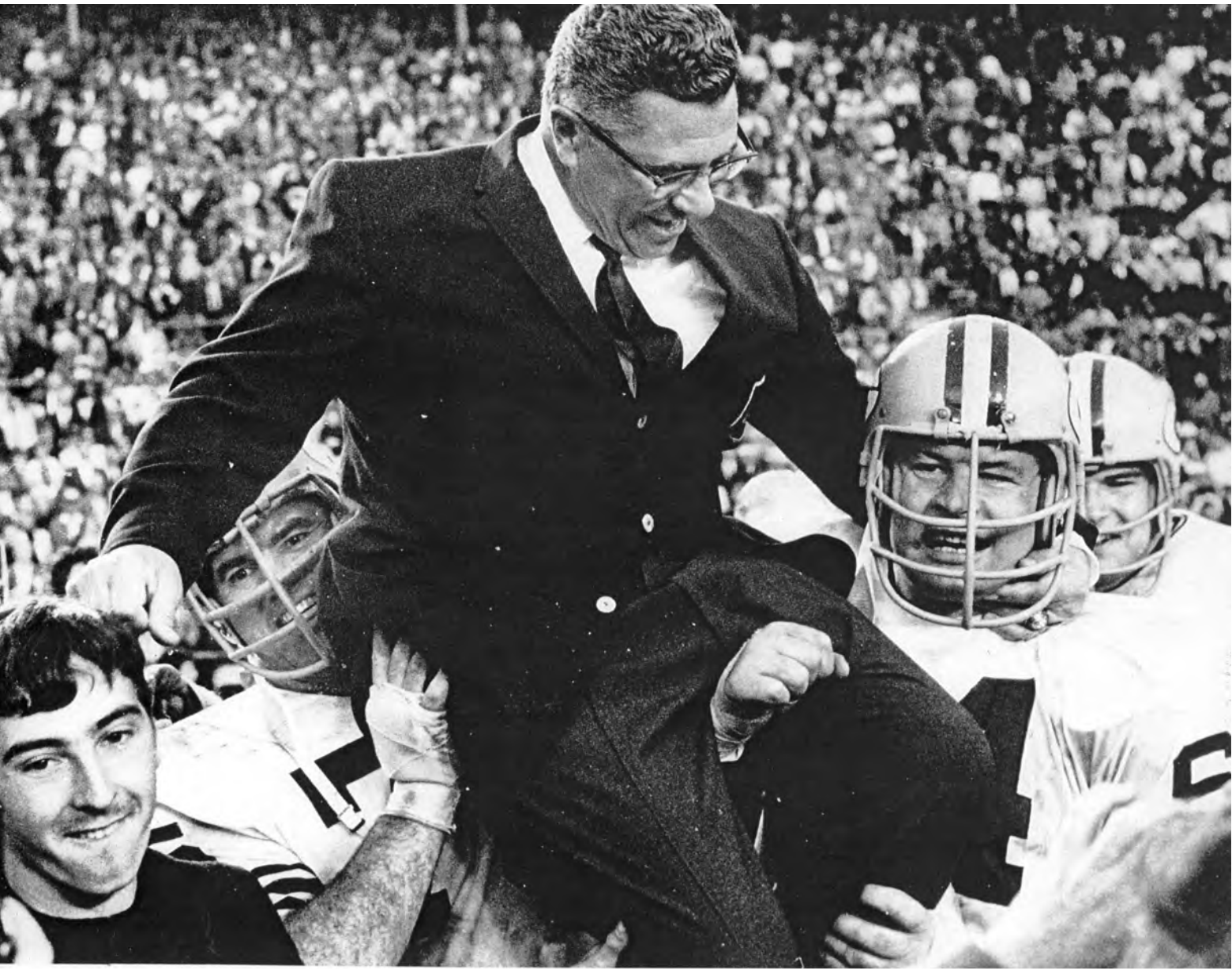
WALKER AND KRAMER

They both look like they could still raise all kinds of hell.

After a combined forty-plus years of high school, college and professional football, Jerry Kramer and Wayne Walker did not escape unscathed from the game's inherent violence. Yet they remain pictures of strength and vitality with physiques and mannerisms that belie their ages.

Despite knee-replacement surgery eighteen months ago Walker, sixty-four, still moves his angular 6-foot-2 frame with the ease of a natural athlete. Kramer, sixty-five, remains an imposing and impressive figure — powerfully built with a deep voice and chiseled features.

A few battle scars and some aching joints are the price they now pay. But in general, the years have been good to this pair of grandfathers, arguably the two most celebrated NFL performers out of the University of Idaho. And as they prepare for a round of golf at Boise's Hillcrest Country Club where



Kramer takes Coach Lombardi for his "last ride" after Super Bowl II in January 1968

Walker servess president, the two men—close friends, rollicking teammates and fierce rivals at different junctures of their forty-seven year relationship—engage in some good-natured banter. The scene makes it that much easier to recall the days when they starred together for the Vandals in the mid-1950s, or when they locked horns during the NFL's glory years—Walker, the quintessential outside linebacker with the Detroit Lions; Kramer, the illustrious right guard (if indeed an offensive lineman could ever earn such distinction) with the mighty Green Bay Packers.

And these two favorite sons of the Gem State were more than just "good." Selected by their respective teams in the fourth round of the NFL's college draft following the 1957 season, Walker and Kramer carved out individual pro careers that place them among the game's elite. Kramer, who wrote the best seller *Instant Replay* in 1968, was voted the top guard in the first fifty years of pro football in 1969, earned All-Pro recognition five times, and was a key member

of one of pro sports' greatest dynasties. Walker was a player of uncommon physical endurance. Selected as an All-Pro five times, he missed only three games because of injury while playing more seasons (fifteen) and in more games (200) than any player in Lion's history. Earlier this year he was inducted into the Michigan Sports Hall of Fame.

Kramer and Walker. Walker and Kramer. They are inextricably linked to one another because of their Idaho roots, the close friendship they forged as college teammates, the individual brilliance of their careers in the pros, and the fact that they have both come full circle to reside in the state in which they grew up.

"You can't go home again," Thomas Wolfe wrote. That is unless you happen to be Wayne Walker (born and raised in Boise) or Jerry Kramer (reared in Sandpoint) and "home" happens to be Idaho.

"I certainly wasn't of a mind that I would move back to Idaho after Green Bay," says Kramer as he sits in the living room of his home in west Boise. "I didn't know where I was going to go and didn't have a clue at the time."

After Kramer retired from the Packers in 1968 he and his family had brief stays in Louisiana and Oklahoma with his business ventures. "Then I came out here to check out an investment and looked at Idaho again with older eyes, more experienced eyes," he says.

Seems he forgot about the "sensational weather, the wonderful people, the ducks and pheasants and the fishing." In the early 1970s Kramer moved his family to Idaho and bought a six-hundred-acre ranch near Parma, where they lived for twenty-five years. His kids are all grown now. Jordan, the youngest of his six children from two marriages, is twenty-one and a junior linebacker on the UI football team. Matt, twenty-five, also played for the Vandals. Three years ago Kramer sold the ranch and moved to Boise. Interestingly, his "current flame" is his ex-wife Wink (the mother of Jordan, Matt and daughter Alicia, twenty-eight) whom he calls "the once and future Mrs. Kramer."

For Walker, the return to Idaho took a bit longer and was more gradual because of his sportscasting career, which started as an off-season job in Detroit while he was still playing for the Lions. Two years after he retired from football in 1972, he was hired by television station KPIX in San Francisco and became the CBS affiliate's sports director. What followed was a distinguished twenty-four-year career in the Bay Area that included stints as a color analyst for NFL games televised by CBS and as the color commentator for 49er radio broadcasts.

In the early 1980s Walker and his wife, Sylvia, began to split their time between Boise and San Francisco. "In the back of our minds, we knew this was where we wanted to retire," says Walker as he relaxes in the backyard of his

Through fifteen years with the Lions, Walker missed only three games because of injury and played in more games than any Lion in team history (200).

Walker catches Cardinal speedster John Gillaim from behind after a 60-yard chase, saving a touchdown, game, and season for the playoff bound Lions in 1970.

southeast Boise home, which he and Sylvia purchased in the late '80s even though they didn't permanently move to Boise until 1994 when Walker retired from his TV job. After he left San Francisco, Walker continued his radio gig with the 49ers until two years ago. The timing, he says, couldn't have been better.

"I got tired of getting on an airplane every week. And I was there through the 49ers' last good year. I got out just in time," he says with a laugh.

Now the fifth-generation Idahoan is back in his home state, back in the city where he grew up. No, Walker isn't fooling himself. Boise isn't the idyllic place it once was. But it still beats almost anywhere else. "It was the best town in the world to be a kid in, and it's still a good town," he says. "When you grow up in a place, you're naturally anxious to get out and see what else is out there. Well, I saw it, and I realized that what is 'out there' isn't as good as here. We had a great time living in San Francisco. We lived in the city for twenty years. If you have to live in a city, maybe it's the best one to live in. But this is better."

ALONG WITH A muscle-bound baseball phenom from Payette named Harmon Killebrew, Walker and Kramer were among Idaho's most coveted high school athletes from the Class of '54. Walker earned all-state honors in football and baseball—"my best sports," he says — and started on the Boise High basketball team. At Sandpoint High Kramer was an all-state football player, a starter on the Bulldog basketball team and a record-setting shot-putter in track.

Kramer and Walker first saw each other their senior year when they both played in the state high school basketball tournament in Pocatello. "I remember thinking what a great physical specimen he was and how big he was," Walker says. Although both Boise and Sandpoint earned berths in the sixteen-team tournament that year, the two teams didn't meet, and it wasn't until later that spring at the state high school track meet in Boise that Walker and Kramer were formally introduced.

Both youngsters were being recruited by Idaho, as well other schools, to play football, and a couple of Vandal coaches got them together at the track meet. "We talked about going to Idaho, but I still wasn't sure at the time," Kramer recalls. "I was also being romanced by the University of Washington. But I ended up choosing Idaho, and Wayne and I ended up being good friends."

Kramers opens a hole for Bart Starr from the 1-yard line with 13 seconds left in the "Ice Bowl" - NFC Championship Game on 31 December 1967.

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