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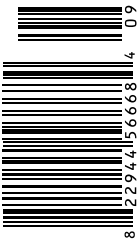
# IDAHO

## magazine

SEPTEMBER 2018 | VOL. 17, NO. 12

## Give Me Risk

Challenging the Lost River Range



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**A Foe of the Status Quo**  
Ed Duren, Ranching Legend

**Acequia**  
Spotlight City

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# CONTENTS



6



14



23



29



32



44



48

## 5 • COMMENTS

Sunset on the Main Salmon River; 2018 Cover Photo Contest Winners

## 6 • Give Me Risk

An adventurer who has climbed all of Idaho's nine peaks above twelve thousand feet tries to duplicate her feat, this time with different results.

By Alice Schenk

## 14 • ADA COUNTY

Bridge to Nowhere, by Dean Worbois

## 20 • REXBURG

A Hard Thing, by Brianna Knighton

## 23 • FRUITLAND

The Shadow, by Patrick McCarthy

## 26 • BOISE

Skippy Meets Dracula, by Jolene Starr

## 29 • LEWISTON

She Named Idaho, by the Editors

## 32 • Acequia — SPOTLIGHT CITY

Forsaking the South Pacific, a schoolteacher and her family fall in love with this little town near Minidoka Dam.

By Julee Posyluzny

## 44 • CALDWELL

The Residents, by Joseph Zahnle

## 46 • IDAHO AT LARGE

Satan's Imp, by Marylyn Cork

## 48 • A Foe of the Status Quo

The late Ed Duren of Soda Springs, an inductee in Idaho halls of fame for agriculture and as a horseman, is remembered by an old friend.

By Bill Corbett

## 56 • RECIPES

Indian Creek Bourbon Chicken;  
Sharon's Summer Sopapilla Cheesecake

## 58 • CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Idaho Spud Days, Shelley

## 64 • CONTRIBUTORS

IDAHO magazine: A Buy  
Idaho Product and Member

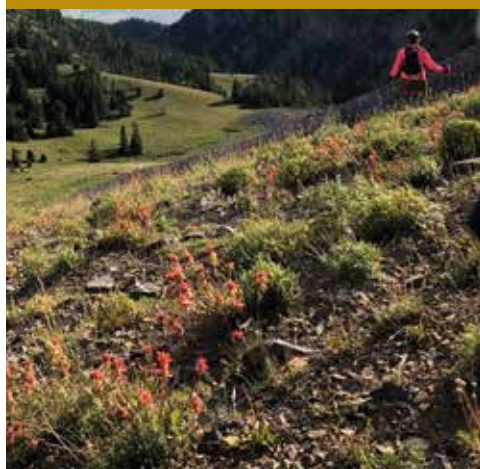




## LOCATIONS FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE



## COVER PHOTO



Alice Schenk  
strolls through a  
flower field  
heading down  
Mount Church.

Photo by  
Andy Lehr

## TRAINING IS THE TREATMENT



THE STATE NEEDS  
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## TWIN BRIDGES ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

Lyrical illustration by:

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# IDAHO magazine

SEPTEMBER 2018 | VOL. 17, NO. 12



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The sun sliding along the Main Salmon near Riggins, kissing “good night” to the hills along the way.

~ Photo by Debbie Kane Napierskie

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2018 COVER PHOTO CONTEST

# | And the Winners Are

The results are in for *IDAHO magazine's* 2018 Cover Photo Contest. First place winner Soncee Webb of Idaho Falls will receive a cash prize and publication of her photo, “Tea Party,” on the cover of an upcoming issue of *IDAHO magazine*. Runner-up this year was Tom Alvarez of Boise for “Red, White and Blue Morning.” Third place went to Ross Walker of Montpelier for “Liberty in Bloom,” and Ross also took the Publisher’s Choice Award for “Outdoor Stage.”

Keep an eye out for publication of these winners soon in the print and digital versions of *IDAHO magazine*, and our thanks to everyone who entered.



# GIVE ME RISK





# AND THE MOUNTAINS OBLIGE

BY ALICE SCHENK

**W**e pull into the trailhead at dusk, planning to set up camp for a 5 a.m. start on a climb up

Donaldson Peak (the eighth-highest in Idaho at 12,023 feet) and Mount Church (third-highest at 12,200 feet) in the Lost River Range. This will be the last two summits my friend Todd Slusser must complete to have conquered all nine peaks above twelve thousand in the state. I'm thrilled to have been invited, because I want to re-climb them all, having achieved the feat from 2010 to 2015 [see "Step by Step," *IDAHO magazine*, November 2017]. I'm well on my way to that goal—until we take a wrong turn.

One other vehicle is parked at the trailhead when we arrive. As Todd goes over to visit I say, "Wouldn't it be great if we knew them?"

He and the others in our group laugh.

"Ask if her name is Rachel," I say.

Todd laughs again and shakes his head to signal he's not even going to ask.

After a minute, I head over to the vehicle.

"Hi, are you Rachel?"

"Yes," she says.

Todd looked so surprised!

OK, I knew she had planned to climb this weekend. I'd told her earlier I had friends who were climbing also, although at the time I didn't think I'd go. I knew I'd need a lot of help on Mount Church's ridgelines—because even though I've climbed a fair bit, scary ridgelines still are not in my skill set—and I didn't want to be a bother. But Todd said come along, so I did. The trailhead has very little level ground, but we find spots and I set up my one-person tent. I've already climbed Lost River Peak and Mount Idaho with Todd. Also in our group are Elisabeth and Andy Lehr, Brian Lindemood, and Kyle Kamachi of Canada, an intern in the office of Todd and Elisabeth, who are doctors. We all live in Rupert.

Andy and Elisabeth set their tent up next to mine and the rest of the guys throw a tarp down, roll out

LEFT: View of Mount Church in the Lost River Range.

ALICE SCHENK



sleeping pads and bags and sleep under the starry night sky. That evening we build a campfire and sit around sharing our lives—talking about things that matter, laughing and joking, building community. I’ve heard it said that people bond during crises, and usually some type of crisis arises on a climbing trip. Right now we have no idea that in less than twenty-four hours, we will be doing some major bonding.

Rachel and her friend Tali leave the trailhead at about 4:30 a.m., and we follow at 5:15. Headlamps light our way as we climb steadily through the darkness, up the North Fork of Jones Creek. The cairns that mark our way in some sections are a bit difficult to locate as we crisscross the creek to gain elevation. One stretch high above the creek bed has a very narrow trail we follow. Soon, we’re soaking up the first light of morning. The weather forecast for the day indicates stunning weather.

Andy, Elisabeth, and I had climbed Mount Borah the previous weekend, so I have a strong measure of confidence that I can summit these two peaks today, which are connected by a ridgeline in a saddle at the top. I have great endurance, but unfortunately for my mountain-climbing efforts, heights throw me. On that second Borah ascent, I had hoped to be more brave and competent than the first time, but such was not the case. Without the assistance of Elisabeth and Andy and two total strangers whom I called my guardian angels, I’d have never made it up the dangerous section called Chicken Out



TODD SLUSSER



ALICE SCHINK

ABOVE: Atop a mostly dry waterfall, the author awaits her companions.

LEFT: The route up the rocks.



Ridge. I had countless cuts and bruises from hugging the rock on Chicken Out, and went through many emotions in a short window of time.

Now as we follow the dry creek bed upward, we reach a meadow full of stunning wildflowers. I stash a water bottle in the creek for a cool drink on the way back down. Soon we are scaling a mostly dry waterfall, scrambling up it on hands and feet like so many versions of Spiderman. We crest the next ridge and as we spot the fall's pond, we ponder the route, examining photos of two options. Seeing Rachel and Tali as they cross a ridge on the way to Mount Church, we

set off before firmly establishing the route in our minds.

This is a mistake, and we soon find ourselves on a rock formation that turns into a Class Five climb, putting me way over my skill set. I'm moving laterally on rock walls where most climbers would use ropes. There's no way down, the only way up is to go across, and I am taxed beyond my limits. I know my back and arm muscles cannot continue this effort much longer. Swimming, rowing and lifting during this past week, along with the Mount Borah climb, have contributed to deep fatigue in them. Yet I have no choice but to move



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IDAHO FIRE INFO



forward, even though I'm terrified.

Later, I find out Andy and Kyle were struggling as much as I was. Andy had rock-climbing experience, but it was at the City of Rocks with ropes, which meant he was out of his comfort zone, too. "It felt like I was doing a lead climb, expecting to clip into the first bolt," he said, "but the bolt never came, and I just had to keep going higher." Eventually, we reach the ridgeline that leads to the summit. Brian is ahead of me and I spot Todd waiting for us, but I'm confused. This isn't the right direction to be heading for the summit. Where the heck are we? Once we reach Donaldson Peak, I get my bearings and realize we didn't climb to the saddle, we got way off-route, climbing to the right of the peak. At least we're all safe on top, although it took almost eight hours to get here. In 2013, my total time to summit both these peaks was a little more than thirteen hours.

I do the math in my head, and then tell the group I will not climb Mount Church with them. I'll wait in the saddle. This is a first: I have NEVER backed out on a mountain. I always have finished what I started, but wisdom tells me this is not my day to continue. My arms are shot, my emotions are shot, I have no reserves left to climb that ridgeline. I know what it will require, and I do not have it this day. I will wait. Andy and Kyle choose to stay, too. Todd, Brian, and Elisabeth continue to the summit. In an hour, we see them on top of Church. They made great time going up.

We three have tucked ourselves into the rock wind blind in the saddle



Alice Schink



Alice Schink

ABOVE: Todd Slusser at the top of the rocky climb.

LEFT: Pond where the group planned its route to the crest, mistakenly heading right of the heart-shaped patch of snow instead of left.





between the peaks and settle in for the wait. It's cold. The wind is kicking up with gusts that must be 25-35 m.p.h. It's so windy that when I walk up the ridge a bit to check the progress of our friends, I get blown around. This makes me massively concerned for our friends but finally, we see them starting the down-climb. Todd later tells me there's a fine balance between leaning into a headwind and leaning at all on a ridgeline. I totally get that. There's a fine balance for me to even walk on a ridgeline.

After they reach us, we briefly greet and head down the same chute that Rachel and Tali climbed up. We proceed one at a time, because we're sending huge rocks flying and ricocheting down the mountain. It's so steep and treacherous that the safest way down is to scoot on our rear ends, which causes the pants that two of the

others are wearing to become air conditioned.

Spotting cairns, we veer to the left. Brian steps onto a snow area, saying he thinks this is the route. I get there next and think, "No way, not me. Not today." I'm just about in tears as I think about putting myself in unpredictable terrain with my arms shot. Right at my feet is a well-worn trail down the mountain, which is the way we ought to have come up to the saddle.



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Brian didn't see this trail when he took the snow path around the rocks. I tell Todd this is the way I want to go down. He tells me to go, and the others eventually follow that path as well.

I see Brian on the other ridge and think, "Oh, my gosh, I'd have been terrified yet again if I had followed him." I watch him move across the rock, and then sit and slide down the shale. When I meet him at the pond, he is exhausted. I've run out of water and he's almost out. After the others arrive, we proceed down the mountain, hoping to reach the pickup before dark.

The bottle of water I left in the creek is wonderful and I share it with Brian. We have two miles to go. I'll be OK, but he won't be. He has expended too much energy today and is probably dehydrated, his electrolytes out of whack. He leads the way down, walking slower than normal for him, and falls a couple of times. I file this away but also consider that the terrain contributes to falling. Elisabeth passes him, and when I go by, I ask if he's OK. He says yes, I tell him I'm praying for him, and Elisabeth and I head down the mountain, headlamps on. We never see the headlamps of the others behind us but about ten minutes after we reach the vehicle, Andy and Kyle arrive. They ask Elisabeth to go back up the mountain. Brian needs water and help getting down.

Kyle and I remain to load the pickup. I climb in to get out of the wind. Kyle sits in a chair with a



ANDY LEHR



ALICE SCHINK

ABOVE: Steep hike out of the riverbed of the North Fork of Jones Creek.

LEFT: On the summit of Donaldson Peak (from left): Brian Lindemood, Todd Slusser, Elisabeth and Andy Lehr, and Kyle Kamachi.



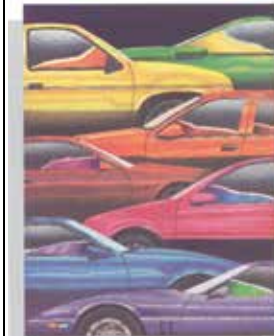
lantern at his feet, watching the mountain for headlamps. I let the stillness settle over me. I charge my phone and text my husband Wayne at home. I had sent him a text and a photo from the pond at 10:30 a.m. but another one I sent from Donaldson Peak at 1:13 p.m. never went through, and now it's around midnight. Wayne had called the sheriff's office and friends who live in Mackay, asking them to drive to the trailhead to see if our pickup was still there. His backpack was loaded and he was ready to drive to the mountain. Todd had texted his wife Corinne, who is on the east coast, but it never went through. He also had texted his mom, and it did go through, so the two women were calling each other in hopes of getting updates.

I text Elisabeth on the mountain. It had taken them twelve minutes to reach Todd and Brian, and now they're heading down. They'll let us know if we need to phone the sheriff. So far, so good. They're on that narrow stretch high above the creek bed, Brian sandwiched between Andy and Todd for safety. I've died a thousand deaths today and prayed much. Sitting in the pickup once again, we see four headlights in the distance. We are so very thankful.

Almost twenty-four hours after the start of our climb, we pull into my driveway and unload my stuff. It's 3 a.m. I'm hungry and dirty. A bowl of cereal, a quick shower, and I'm out solid.

"Give me risk and running room, for I'd rather die alive than live half-dead." I'm not sure to whom that quote should be attributed, but I love it. Adventures unfold that way. You can't pre-plan every detail, and the unknown is always waiting to disarm and derail you—but those are the very moments that test your mettle and make you stronger than you believed you could be. And you will never be the same again.

I think our lives ought to be organized around our dreams. Even though it makes me sad if I cause stress and concern to those I love, in walking that fine line between adventure and safety, I'm a better me for being true to my dreams. ■



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DEAN WORBOIS

# Bridge to Nowhere

## And a Tunnel of Light

BY DEAN WORBOIS

For the most part, my dad was a rule-respecting guy. But what was he supposed to do when there was a major construction site to check out and no signs saying not to? And on a Sunday, when no one was around? We checked it out. That's why I have photos of me sitting on the support beams of a million-dollar bridge. It was 1953. I was eight.

The US Army Corps of Engineers was building Lucky Peak Dam, a flood control structure on the Boise River twelve miles east of Boise. The dam's reservoir would inundate the road to Idaho City, so a new road was being constructed above the future waterline. This new route required a high steel bridge across Mores Creek Canyon.

Very little of the road under construction

ABOVE: Mores Creek Bridge.



M.G. WOBOS

could be seen from the old road, which ran up the Boise River and then Mores Creek. The first noticeable sign of the new road was a tall concrete foundation rising up to support the bridge. When we kids asked about this unlikely spire, Dad's response was, "They're building a million dollar bridge to nowhere." A million dollars was a lot of money at a time when gasoline was twenty cents per gallon and when the pavement on Highway 21 ended at Idaho City. A narrow dirt road extended to Lowman and joined the road to Grandjean. At the time, there were no plans to continue the road to Stanley.

Instead of following the river, the new Highway 21 would go to Highland Valley Summit, directly north of the dam site. Hilltop Cafe soon perched atop the pass. The new road then dropped to the Mores Creek Canyon Bridge through the fairly narrow Highland Valley between hills of dry sagebrush. A lush green strip of a few farms followed a small stream between the hills.

Access to Highland Valley from the original Highway 21 was by way of two scratched-out ruts that took off from the Idaho City Road just before it turned up Mores Creek. The ruts went

LEFT: South support tower of Mores Creek Bridge, 1952, with the author's sister Vicky and mother Victoria in the foreground.

BELOW LEFT: Dean at age eight on the bridge's girders.

BELOW RIGHT: The girders being installed, 1953.



M.G. WOBOS



M.G. WOBOS





M.G. MORRIS

up a narrow, persistent grade that had been cut into a steep slope of lava rocks. They emerged at the foot of Highland Valley, where the Forest Service now runs a nursery for tree and brush saplings that are used to replant harvested and burned public lands in southern Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and western Wyoming. I remember riding up that narrow grade, but I was much more impressed riding on the downward slope side of the road, as I stared pretty much vertically into the Boise River. There was not a thought of a guardrail.

Once we were on the plateau of Highland Valley, we went exploring. The bed of the new road was leveled gravel by then, ready to be paved. It was being built to modern 1950s highway standards, for high speeds and with three lanes on

both sides of the summit, since both grades were steep and needed a center passing lane. I was greatly impressed by the sweeping curves of the wide, unpaved roadbed, which seemed immense compared to the highways I knew, all engineered before 1940.

The bridge already had girders that reached out beyond the rim of the canyon and past the foundation we had seen rising into the sky from Mores Creek.

Dad had a new camera, from which I now have digitalized more than fifteen hundred Kodachrome slides. The camera had a separate light meter, so I found myself waiting while Dad took readings and set stops for the perfect photograph. Now I'm sure glad he did. But he wasn't finished. A huge bulldozer sat in a wide

ABOVE: Lucky Peak Dam, 1952.

OPPOSITE: Boise River at Mores Creek, 1953.





spot just before the new bridge, where two historical signs now tell the stories of Mores Creek and Arrowrock Dam. He boosted my mother up for a snapshot—and I’ve gotten some mileage out of that picture with a tale of Mom being busy that day, carving out the road to Idaho City: “But she got the job done.”

On the way back to Boise, Dad also took photos of the construction of Lucky Peak Dam. We then stopped at a construction staging area in Barber Flats, between Lucky Peak Dam and Boise, where materials for the bridge were being stored. I can truly say I have sat on the steel girders of the Mores Creek High Bridge—but not when they were in the air!

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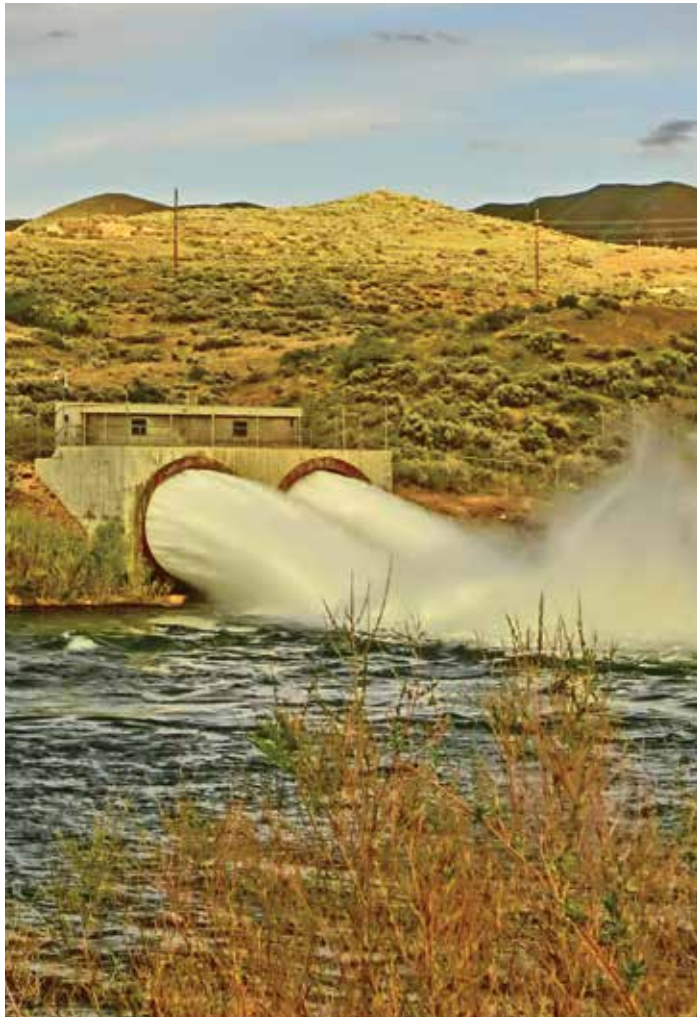


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# MOVING?

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DEAN WORRIS

Thirty-one years later, in 1984, a project was launched to add a powerhouse to Lucky Peak Dam, which had been built with only one tunnel through the mountain to discharge water from the reservoir. The powerhouse would use that tunnel for its turbines, so a second tunnel was drilled for an outlet separate from the powerhouse. As the second tunnel developed, it became visible from the highway across the river. I really wanted to look down into that tunnel, and this need threatened to overcome my sense of proper behavior.

By then, Mom had remarried after the death of my father in 1977. One Sunday when she, her husband Bill Hansen, and I were out scouting in my little hatchback, I convinced them to see how much of that tunnel we could get a better view of. We drove across Lucky Peak Dam and down a dirt road. We came to a road that crossed over the construction area, but rather than taking that turn, we continued on until reaching a lower road that led to the

LEFT: Lucky Peak discharge nowadays.

BELOW LEFT: The ruts of the original Highway 21 can be seen near the waterline.

BELOW RIGHT: The fill of Lucky Peak Dam today.

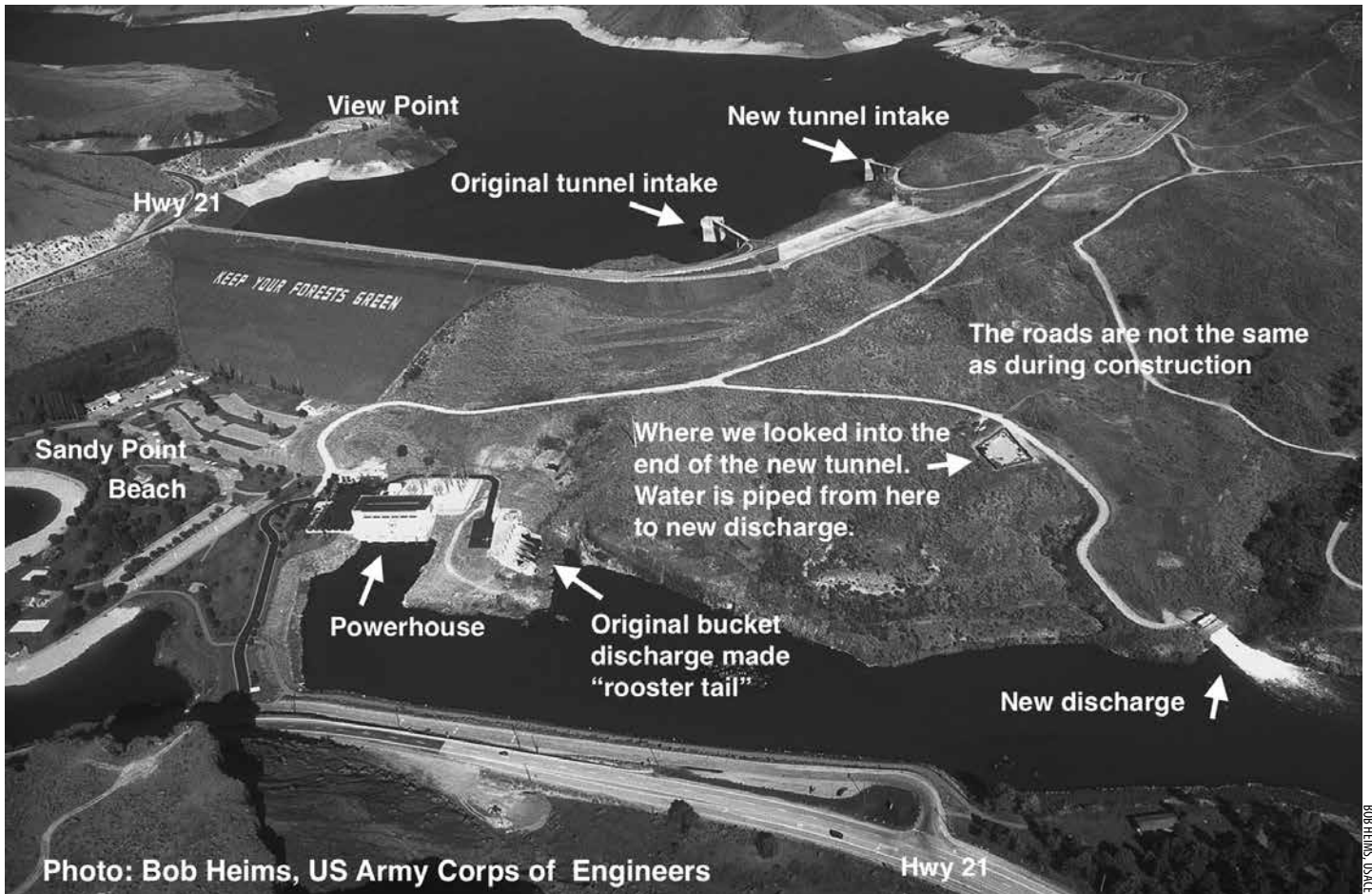


DEAN WORRIS



DEAN WORRIS





tunnel. Here we found a "No Trespassing" sign.

I paused and my mom could see the wheels turning. It was Sunday and no construction was going on. We wouldn't be in the way. But Mom's voice of the good angel came over my right shoulder from the back seat, and I agreed to heed her concern about trespassing. Back up the road we went.

When we got to the turnoff that crossed over the construction site I stopped and pointed out there were no signs on this road, which no doubt would allow us to approach the tunnel from the other side. Bill agreed there were no signs and the protests from the back seat were halfhearted at best. Off we went. Once we were on the road that

led to the tunnel from this side we already were inside the construction zone and there were no signs at all.

I barely hesitated long enough to point this out before the hatchback was rolling forward again. I stopped for a good look down that new tunnel, illuminated by a string of lights disappearing into the hillside. Bill was glad we were there, and I could tell Mom was also happy to be checking it out. She was always curious and adventurous.

From the back seat came the good angel's voice: "This reminds me of someone else I knew."

She didn't have to say more. This Idaho nut has fallen right next to the tree. ■

ABOVE: The dam today with features labeled.

# A Hard Thing

## Prognosis: Incurable

BY BRIANNA KNIGHTON



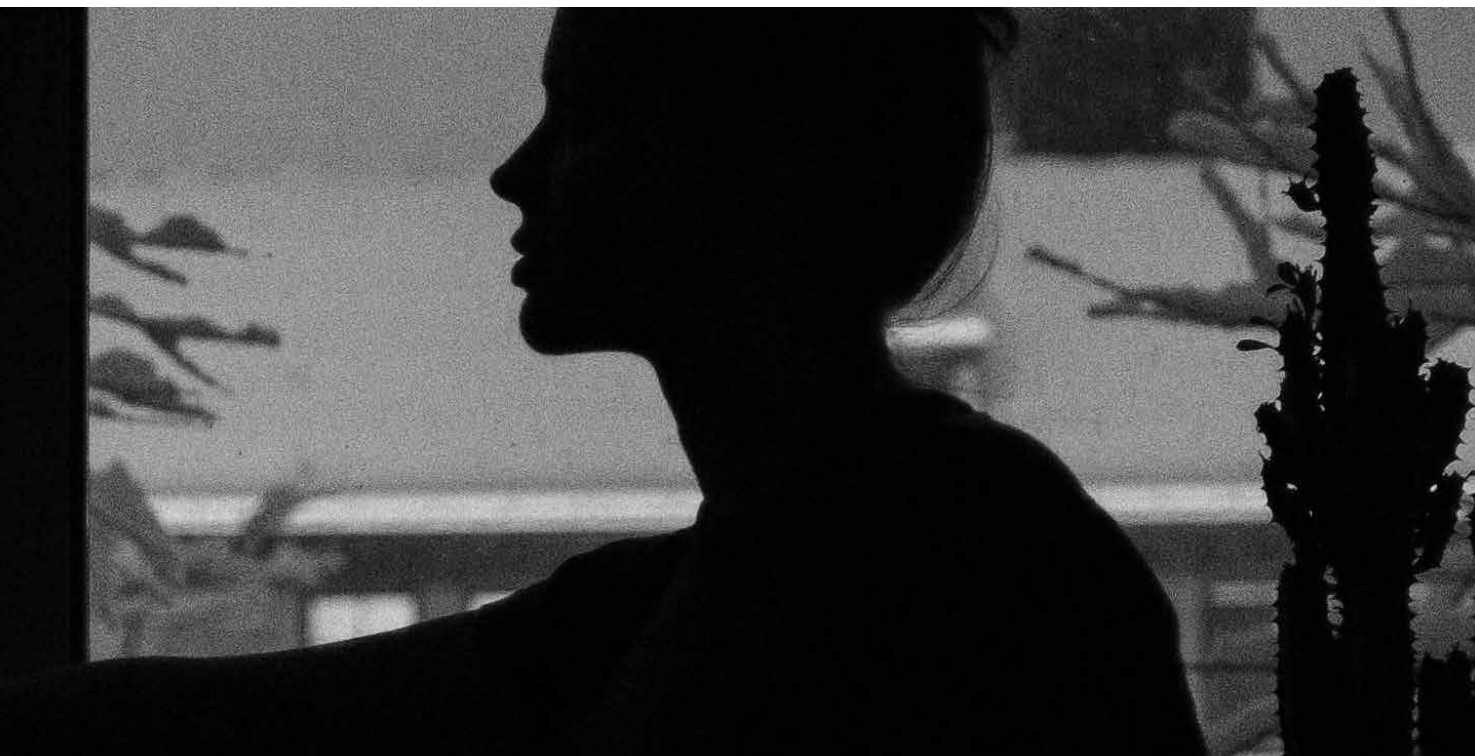
When I was eighteen, I went to the dermatologist because of acne in the chin area, but I actually had something much more uncomfortable to discuss. Two years earlier, I had started to develop facial hair, which wasn't thin, short, and blond. It was thick, dark, and fast-growing. At first I plucked it, but then got to the point of shaving every day. I was involved in choir and acting, and in both of those classes, we went on trips. On choir tour, I locked myself in the bathroom and turned on the water so the other girls in my room couldn't hear my electric razor. I was ashamed and afraid of what they might think or say, even though they were my friends.

I also was gaining weight and felt that people were staring at me, which made me constantly self-conscious in public. The dermatologist said I might have a medical condition called polycystic ovary syndrome (PCOS).

"There's no way that's my problem," I thought. "I'm healthy and there is no way I have this."

Even so, I went home and started researching PCOS, which I learned is a hormone imbalance and an incurable illness that affects almost one in ten women. Many women have symptoms their entire lives without being diagnosed. The list of symptoms included mine: facial hair, weight gain,





IVAN MCCLELLAND

and acne along the chin. The disease lowers estrogen levels in the body, which makes testosterone levels more dominant. The more I read, the more I realized I might have this condition, yet it was a hard truth to get my brain around.

A month after visiting the dermatologist, I went to see my OB/GYN and we talked about PCOS. The discussion confirmed my suspicions and frightened me, especially because my whole life was changing, and there was no cure.

The next step was diagnosis, which I took after graduating from high school. There are three methods of diagnosis: pelvic exam, blood test, or ultrasound. My doctor said a blood test was the most reliable option, so blood was drawn from my hand and sent to the lab. When the test came back positive, I was relieved to know what was wrong but also scared for what was to come. Actually, I was filled with so many conflicting emotions that I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

After this first emotional reaction, I became very depressed for a couple of weeks. My mom tried to cheer me up, but I felt like I was fighting the battle alone. I not only hated being different than other girls but felt as if I had been given a life sentence, or even was suffering a slow and painful death. In a way, of course, the disease is a life sentence—but it doesn't need



SAM NASHIM

to be a death sentence. Eventually, I came to realize it was fortunate that I became aware of this medical issue and was diagnosed, because the process helped to change my life for the better.

One day not long after my diagnosis, I was on social media and saw a post about famous women who have PCOS. I was very surprised and encouraged to see this admission by these brave women, who included the actress Daisy Ridley and the personal trainer and television personality Jillian Michaels. Until then, I had felt as if I was the only person with this condition, and to see celebrities dealing with it made me realize I wasn't alone in the fight. I recognized that even though I had an incurable illness, others in the world are going through the same thing or worse. I now tell people that I have a medical issue, because I want others to know about it. A good thing is there are ways to help reverse some of the effects of PCOS. One way is to take birth control pills, which can help raise estrogen levels in the body, thereby reducing the dominance of testosterone. This also reduces facial hair. Since my diagnosis on October 26, 2017, and my start on birth control, my facial hair has become thinner, lighter in color, and does not grow as fast. I still have to shave every day, but the fact that I am seeing improvement in myself is amazing. Also, before starting this treatment I weighed close to two hundred pounds but I've now lost at least forty pounds. Before starting birth control, I would go to the gym and never see or feel any results but I can now see the effects of exercise, which makes me happy.

Even though the disease initially made me feel alone, learning that others were going through the same thing helped me to convince myself, "You're strong, you just have to believe—know you can get through hard things." ■



# The Shadow

## An Omen in the Ditch

BY PATRICK MCCARTHY

*Progress may have been all right  
once, but it went on too long.*

—Ogden Nash

A shifting shape-shadow appears in the ditch below me, making my ten-year-old eyes sparkle with awe and fright. I wildly wave my arms, summoning my brothers and our friends, who are playing nearby. They scurry to the twinkling scene but the Great Shadow, which doesn't thrive on notoriety, has skedaddled. Its quick disappearance deepens my friends' dubiety—and yet, struck with youthful curiousness and exuberance, we persist in searching.

"The monster!" yells Roland Horn, a destitute neighbor kid. We head pell-mell to an embankment where the Shadow rests below us, facing an iron-clad head gate that has stilled its advance. The Shadow's long snout, four strange feelers or barbels near its mouth, and torpedo-shaped body intrigue us. The monster's two dark eyes peer warily at us, which we interpret as trouble.



IAN PALMERO

ABOVE: A sturgeon in Hells Canyon.

What neither this innocent monster nor we kids realize is that the abbreviated watery highway, called the Noble Ditch, has the ignoble role of the passerby's graveyard, which in turn is a sign of progress. The Great Shadow—a seven-foot-long white sturgeon weighing 150 pounds—has swum a long way, arriving via several rivers and the nearby Farmer's Cooperative Canal. His iconic presence forecasts ruthless change in the Fruitland of 1955. Old Fruitland, slowly disappearing, is being overtaken by new Fruitland, now a hub of the upper Treasure Valley.

We kids, left without supervision, are happily facing a sun-drenched, dog day afternoon in summer. We watch in awe, with trepidation, as the Shadow squirms in water a yard wide and a yard deep. We can't catch the Great Shadow—what would we do with a slippery fish so huge? As I look back now, his fleeting presence seems to have signaled the evanescence of time.

I'm the eldest of the kids and I dissuade the others from deciding the monster's future. Yet I'm conflicted about jeopardizing Shadow's innocence if I tell the jaded adults about him, the biggest daddy of all. Like progress, adults can't be trusted. Hesitatingly, I contact a neighbor man, hoping for advice and maybe a measure of justice.

Suddenly, my memory of those days ices into a freeze frame. As I peer around one corner of my chilled self, I shield my eyes, vividly recalling the Great Shadow's end: he hangs from a stout branch in a big cottonwood tree on the neighbor's property. Tragically, the neighbor has pitchforked the



FRED KISER, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



COURTESY OF PATRICK MCCARTHY

ABOVE: Kootenai River white sturgeon, 1911.

LEFT: The author (far right) at ten with his brothers Jerry (far left), Tim (second from right) and friend David Hurd.



monster to death, gutted him, and hung him out to dry in front of me. Looking at the Great Shadow's body hanging lifeless, I vomit. I feel pitchforked to death. The big cottonwood stands silently, offering no solace, like an ineffectual adult. That day, the killer neighbor almost extinguishes my inner candle.

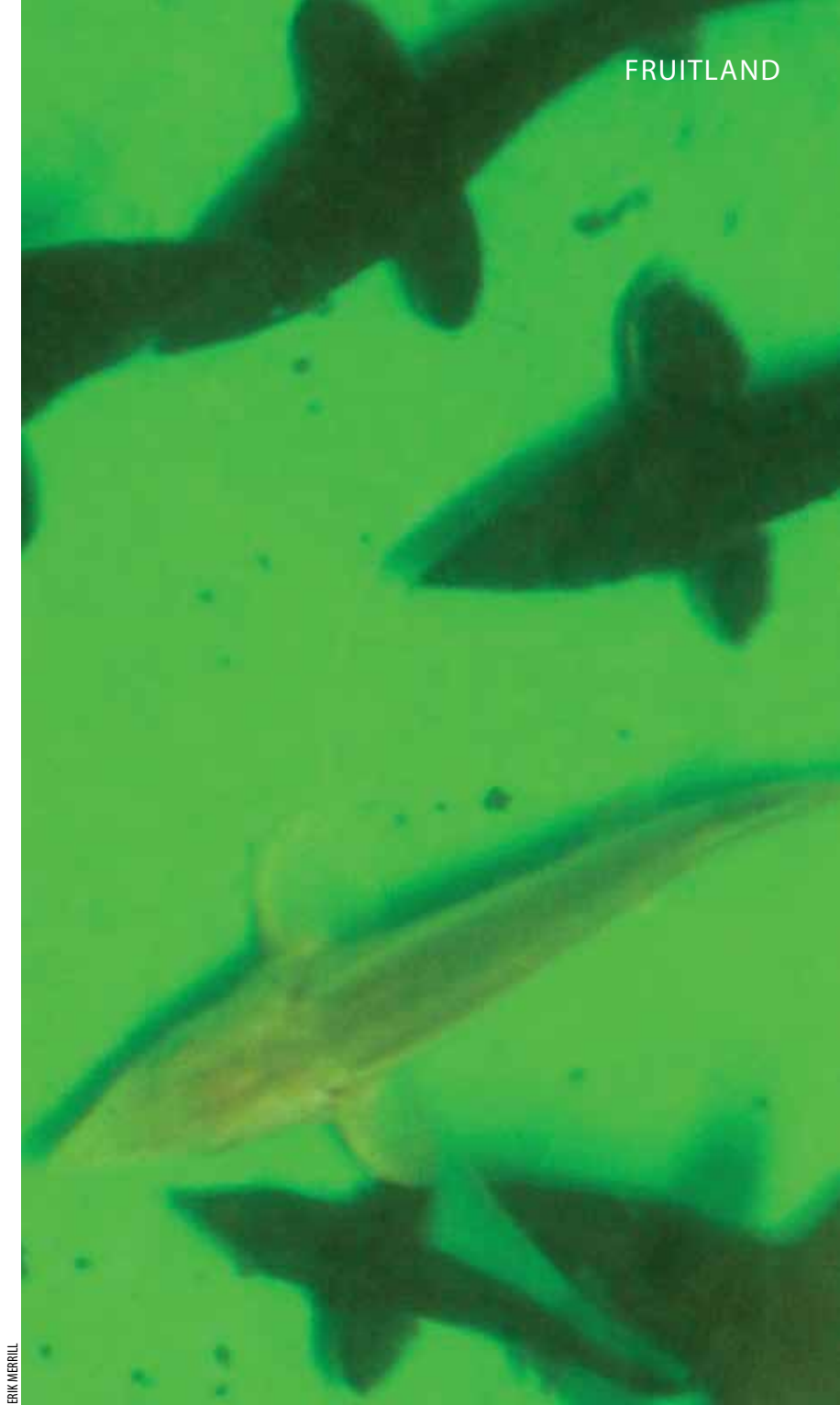
I think the inexorable march of time is seldom pleasant for kids, but I did look forward to being huge and bad, like my father—the “Big Daddy,” as we called him, especially whenever he caught the biggest fish of the day. For those who fished in Fruitland, the Shadow was the biggest daddy of all, the town's iconic fish-father.

Even after his demise, I look for him in the ditch, hoping to recapture his spirit. As I search, his muted, camouflaged colors of gray, gray-brown, and pale olive mix together in flashback.

One day, a backhoe digging the foundation for a house owned by John and Elsie Haagensen unearths the skull of a child and a stone mortar-and-pestle that are likely six thousand to eight thousand years old. It's proof that Fruitland occupies a seasonal Indian encampment site and burial ground for early peoples. I now think this discovery showed how ancient people, the Shadow, progress, and the kid in me all came and went there.

The ditch wasn't any old ditch, nor were the ancients, the Great Shadow, the killer neighbor, and I just any old players. In Old Fruitland, I witnessed a crack in time. Everyone associated with this event—we boys, the sturgeon, Old Fruitland, the neighbor, even time itself—lost their innocence. It was a heavy price to pay for progress.

I didn't know I was lamenting the cost of progress, and wouldn't have wanted to know. I never saw the killer man again, who should have known better. As for growing up, I've delayed it, even until recently, when I turned seventy-three. ■



ERIK MERRILL

ABOVE: Sturgeon in the Kootenai River.



CHARLES KNOWLES

# Skippy Meets Dracula

## What Will Save Him?

BY JOLENE STARR

My sister gave us Skippy when he was about three years old. He was a peanut butter tan cocker spaniel-like mutt with floppy ears and big brown eyes that she had bought from the pound as a therapy dog for her “granny house,” where the elderly folks she took care of lived. He didn’t work out there, because he became too attached to one person. He wasn’t the cuddle-up-with-anyone dog she needed.

Although he was given to my oldest daughter, Krystal, during her I’ve-just-got-to-have-a-dog phase, he quickly became my dog, because I most often took him on walks and fed him. He loved to walk with me down to the Boise River, where we often wound our way through the willows and silver sagebrush along the narrow trails.

One Saturday afternoon, my youngest daughter, Cass yelled, “Mom, come look at this. I think there’s some kind of bug on Skippy.”

ABOVE: The Boise River.

RIGHT: The perpetrator.





U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

I investigated, and sure enough, on Skippy's belly was the engorged body of a tick. The head was already buried deep into his tender flesh.

Krystal and my third daughter, Danielle, came into the kitchen to see what was happening. Skippy lay on my lap with his belly exposed. I showed them the tick and told them we needed to take it off.

"How'd it get that big?" asked Danielle.  
 "Drinking blood."

"Oh, yuck!" all three girls exclaimed in unison.

"How you gonna get it off?"

"Someone bring me some alcohol," I said, "and a paper towel."

I had heard it wasn't smart to just pull off a tick once it had already burrowed in, since the head might break off and remain embedded to become a source of infection. Putting alcohol on the body supposedly irritated the tick, making it pull out in an



ROBERT YOUNG



COURTESY OF JOLENE STARR

effort to get away.

Cass handed me the bottle of rubbing alcohol and a paper towel, and I poured a small amount onto the towel. With Skippy still lying belly up on my lap, I dabbed the alcohol onto the tick. Nothing happened. I poured a little more alcohol onto the towel and tried again. Once more, there was no movement. This tick was not bothered at all by alcohol. Hmmm, what to try next?

“Bring me the box of matches,” I said. “They’re in the middle drawer over there by the stove.”

Krystal scurried over, found the matches and handed them to me.

“Another way to get rid of ticks is to burn them off,” I said to my daughters as they looked on. “You just put the match to the

tick. He doesn’t like the heat and he lets go and tries to crawl away.”

I struck a match, and held the flame to the bulging body of the insect. Whoosh, flames shot up from Skippy’s belly!

“Whoa! Hand me a towel, throw me that towel!” I yelled.

But before anyone could get the towel to me, the flames died out. A small area of Skippy’s belly was singed, and that nasty tick was still there.

Through it all, Skippy lay calmly on my lap, not twitching a muscle, innocently trusting me, seemingly unaware of the inferno that had erupted on his underside. We eventually pulled the tick out with a pair of tweezers—which remains my preferred method for dealing with those pesky insects. ■

LEFT: Tick on a blade of vegetation.

RIGHT: Danielle with Skippy, 2003.



# | She Named Idaho

Not long ago, this magazine received a missive from John Mock, president of the nonprofit First Territorial Capitol of Idaho Revitalization Project, whose volunteers reconstructed Idaho's first territorial capitol building in Lewiston as a walk-through museum, using 155-year-old timber. John's email included a 1986 article from the *The Steilacoom Historical Museum Quarterly* on Puget Sound in Washington, which told the story of the woman who claimed to have given Idaho its name.

The story, details of which have been debated, came from a first-person account written in 1892 by Luzena B. Wallace, whose husband, William H. Wallace, was the territory's first governor. In 1855, Luzena journeyed by ship from the East Coast to join her husband in Washington, where they were early settlers and William became a delegate to Washington's Territorial Legislature. Luzena's story continues with extracts starting in the 1860s:



STEILACOOM HISTORICAL MUSEUM

ABOVE: Luzena B. Wallace.

“Well, if I am to name it,  
the territory shall be  
called Idaho for my little  
niece...meaning  
Gem of the Mountain.”

“By this time the population had increased, the settlements were fast settling down to the routine of social life, and incidents or adventurous acts of life ceased to be worthy of mention. My husband was appointed governor of Washington in 1861 [and] the same year elected delegate to Congress. I accompanied him to the national capital. In 1863 Idaho Territory was established, and he was appointed its first governor, and at the first election elected delegate to Congress from that Territory.

“I may refer with pride to my connection with the establishment of the Territory of Idaho. Quite a delegation was present in Washington City who favored the division of Washington Territory, which then included all of Idaho and Montana west of the Rocky Mountains, extending as far south as the northern line of California and Nevada. The colonel was overjoyed at the assured passage of

the bill, which he had in charge, and his friends who were assembled at his rooms joined with him in conferring upon me the high privilege of nominating the new territory.

“I answered, ‘Well, if I am to name it, the territory shall be called Idaho for my little niece who was born near Colorado Springs, whose name is Idaho, from an Indian chief’s daughter of that name, so called for her beauty, meaning the Gem of the Mountain.’ The evening of the day upon which the bill passed, my husband came home and said, ‘Well, Lue, you’ve got your territory, and I’m governor of it.’”

As John Mock noted in his email to us, a framed picture of Luzena B. Wallace can be seen on the reconstructed desk of Idaho’s first Territorial Governor, William H. Wallace, in the reconstructed capitol memorial building at 12th and Main Streets in Lewiston. ■

—The Editors



# IDAHO magazine



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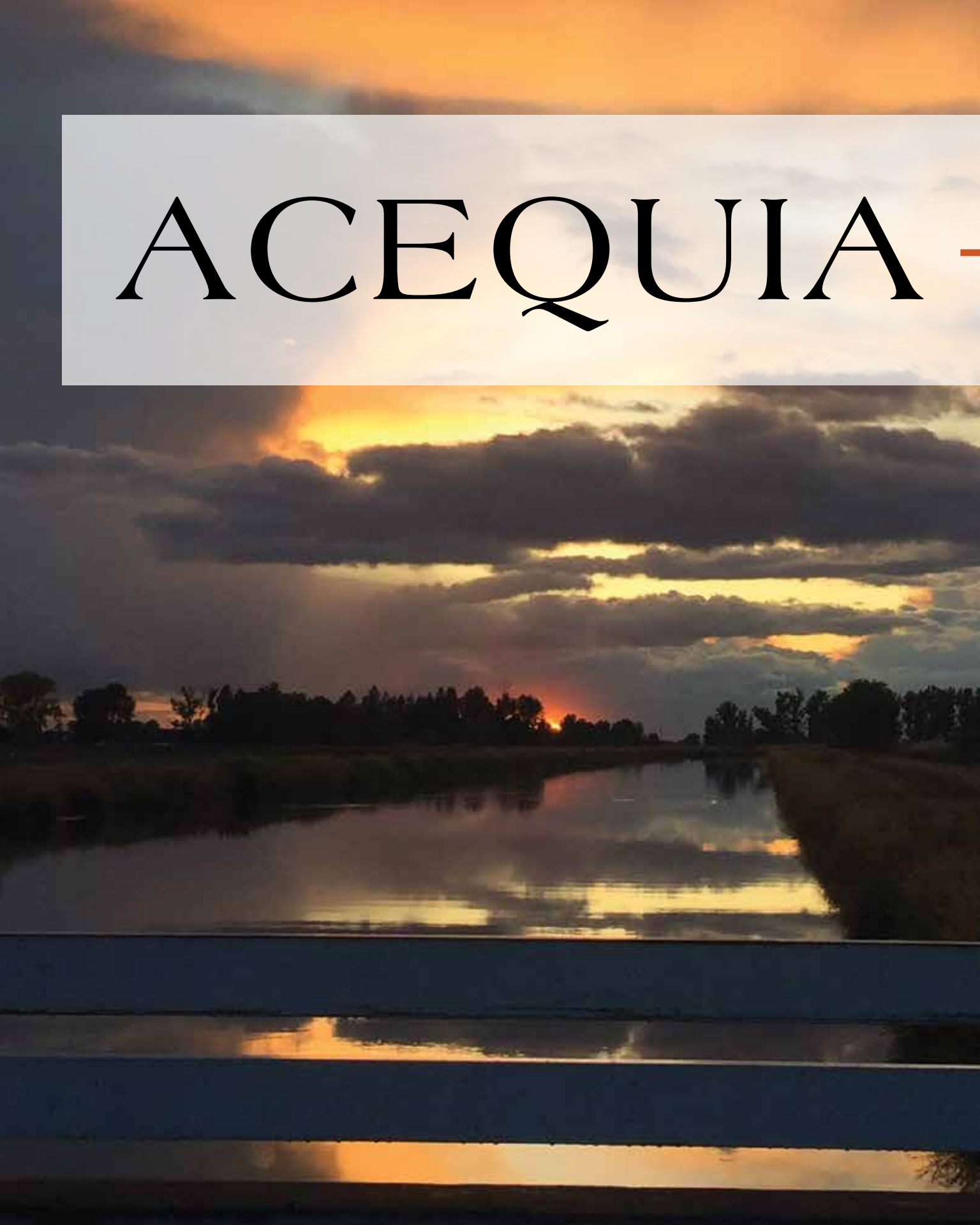
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MONTHLY SINCE 2001

# ACEQUIA





## DOWN-TO-EARTH CHARM

**STORY AND PHOTOS**  
**BY JULEE POSYLUZNY**

My love for Acequia began in 1995, when my husband Gary and I relocated to Idaho after living in the South Pacific for seven years. We moved to Rupert, where Gary was offered a position at the Idaho Youth Ranch. Acequia is just four miles northeast of Rupert off Highway 24, heading out to the Minidoka Dam. Make a left at the new school, cross the tracks, and you're there.

Although moving from the tropics to the desert was a bit of an adjustment, I was somewhat familiar with southern Idaho, as my mom had grown up in Teton Valley, where we spent many summers going on pack trips by horseback. What I wasn't prepared for was the winter weather our first year. We quickly invested in snow removal equipment, and were ready for subsequent winters. My husband now looks forward to the arrival of snow and enjoys plowing for our neighbors.

LEFT: Dramatic light over the main canal at Acequia.

BELOW: At the town's outskirts.





ABOVE: Mayor Larry Wall and wife Diana in front of the old mercantile building, now a business that supplies trees and shrubs to nurseries.

My first encounter with the area's winter was years earlier, when a group of roommates and I at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, decided to drive home to Spokane for Christmas. We ran into treacherous road conditions and slid into a snow bank. A farmer from Rupert happened along and pulled us back onto the highway. I often wish I had asked his name. There's a good chance he was a relative of someone I know now. The best advice I received when we moved to this part of southern Idaho was, "Be careful what you say—everyone is related." More than twenty years later, I'm still finding out about family connections.

It was late November when we moved to Rupert, and I knew my chances of finding a teaching position were slim, so I applied to substitute teach in Minidoka County Schools. That was when my love for Acequia began. I was called to substitute in many of the schools, but I particularly enjoyed my days at Acequia. There was something about its little country school feeling that I loved. I told myself if a position ever became vacant, that was where I wanted to be.

An opening became available the next school year, and when I was invited to interview for the job, I explained to the principal that I was



expecting a baby that November. I'll never forget his reply: "Babies don't stop us—children are our business." I'm happy to say the children of Acequia have been my business for the past twenty-three years.

In 2005, when an opportunity presented itself to purchase a home with a little land near Acequia, there wasn't any hesitation. We loved the area, and it has been a wonderful place to raise our daughter.

Acequia, originally named "Scherrer," after one of the first homesteaders, was founded in 1909. According to a history titled, *Acequia 1905-2013: Our Past May Surprise You*, by Eldon Stephenson, "As late as the summer of 1903 the only movement on the present town site of Acequia that may have been observed by a coyote trotting along in search of a jackrabbit might have been an occasional whirlwind stirring the dust. Here and there a tumbleweed may have bounced across the desert until detained by a sagebrush."

Stephenson explains that this changed with the completion of the Minidoka Dam in 1906, as Bureau of Reclamation crews began driving surveyors' stakes to locate the canals that would be the "arteries of the county." By then, surveying had already been done to lay track for the railroad, which would play a significant role in settlement and development of the area.

The petition to change the name to Acequia may have been inspired by someone familiar with the southwest, because the word is used in these parts to describe an irrigation ditch or canal. The main canal from the dam splits into Canals A and B just before it goes under the railroad at Acequia, which makes the name particularly appropriate for the area. These canals carry water, the lifeblood of the entire Minidoka Project, to approximately 78,000 acres.

Daily, I traverse the main canal running through town on my two-minute commutes to and from school. The little white bridge has always been a point of inspiration for me, as I've

been able to capture some of the most beautiful sunrises and sunsets in both directions with my camera. The scenery in our area is so breathtaking, I started wondering if others enjoyed it as much as I did, and I began posting my images on social media, encouraging others to post their photos as well. Mount Harrison can be seen across the valley to the south, and the snow-covered Sawtooth Range is visible to the north in the winter. Acres of farmlands surround Acequia. Grain, potatoes, sugar beets, garlic, and corn are plentiful. Several dairies and cattle ranches are nearby. Agriculture is our primary industry, farm-related businesses thriving here just as they did more than a century ago.

The family of George Dewey Packham was among the first who came to Acequia by railroad from Ogden, Utah, to homestead in the spring of 1912. His brother Will had arrived five years earlier by team and wagon. George's account in Eldon Stephenson's book of his family's arrival

BELOW: Outpost of a bygone time.





ABOVE: Former school, now corporate offices.

paints a picture of just how primitive those early days were:

“There was my dad and mother, my brothers Bert, Ed, Al, Lawrence and myself, my sisters Emily, Lucy, Ellen, Ida and Eileen who came to Idaho. Bert, Ed, Al and myself came in the boxcars on the railroad with stock, household goods and machinery. There were Flora, Stark, Jim, Dan, Nell, Pete and Pet, the horses . . . eight cows, three calves, three pigs and a Jersey bull. I don’t remember the names of the cows and I won’t tell you the name of the bull because he was a mean son of a gun. The train came by way of Cache Junction, Utah, and we arrived April 20, 1912. Dad, Mother, my sisters and my younger brother Lawrence arrived the same day by passenger train.

“We lived in a two-room house and a tent to begin with. This wasn’t too bad as there were only twelve of us. We grubbed and piled the brush all day and burned it at night. Finally the crops were all planted. That spring and summer we built three rooms on the house, a barn, and a chicken coop. We also built an outhouse which was a good thing because all the brush in running distance of the house had been grubbed out.”

Among the settlement’s first buildings was a small store owned by Frank Scherrer, who was also the postmaster. He later sold it to a man by the name of Cheney who in 1916 raised the building that stands today. Cheney and Wasson had joint ownership. According to *Minidoka County History*, published in 1985: “Early in



1917 Fred Stevens bought Cheney's interest in the Cheney and Wasson grocery store in Acequia. Later Stevens bought Wasson's share and traded the store to John Butler for an eighty-acre farm in 1919."

Sometime between 1919 and 1923, Herman Andrews acquired the store. When Dave Comstock purchased the property from Andrews in March 1923, it became Comstock Mercantile. Dave's wife Bessie was postmistress, followed by her son Vernard, who was postmaster for forty years. Comstock Mercantile sold groceries, lumber, hardware, and gasoline, and even made fuel deliveries across the valley. The store continued to operate until 2004. Eldon Stephenson purchased it from Comstock and sold it to Cecil Cooper in 1975. The Coopers owned and operated the store for twenty-six years. They wanted to move the post office, which had always been located at the rear of the store, to a more convenient location in the front. But when Cecil and Vivian Cooper requested a twenty-dollar increase in rent to sixty dollars per month, the U.S Postal Service decided to close it.

Stephenson explains how in the early years mail was sorted and delivered by the railroad. Mail from Acequia was placed in a bag that was attached to a pole near the railroad. As the train passed, a metal arm would hook the bag and pull the mail into the rail car. Simultaneously, a bag with mail for Acequia was thrown onto the ground to be picked up by the postmaster, who customarily met the train. Back then, there were often three mail deliveries a day. Later, when mail was delivered to the Rupert Post Office, rural carriers brought mail to the Acequia Post Office until it was closed. The front panel, reading "Acequia, Idaho 83310," with the old brass mailboxes in place, is now on display at the Minidoka County Museum. The panel was in use from 1900 until 1978.

When we moved to Rupert, the post office

was one of our first stops. I remember the friendly face and cheerful, helpful attitude of Nina Stephenson, the last Acequia postmistress, and one of the first people we met. I recall thinking how nice and down-to-earth the people here seemed to be. After years of living here, I know how true those first impressions were.

A 1978 article in the *Minidoka County News* reported that after a large antique safe that had been sold to the postal service by the Bank of Minidoka had served its purpose, Minidoka County Historical Society chairman Mart O'Donnell wanted to keep it in town. But postal officials insisted it be returned to Boise. "The wheels continued to turn, however," wrote the story's author, Toni Hill, "and with the help of Senator Jack Bell, Representative Steve Antone, and Arthur Hart, director of the Idaho State Museum, plus a bit of generosity on the part of postal officials, O'Donnell was finally able to purchase the safe for the museum at a cost of one

BELOW: The town's original post office window and boxes are now a display at the Minidoka Museum.





ABOVE: The current elementary school.

hundred dollars.”

Officials from Boise brought this good news when they came to perform the official closing of the post office, but the historical society had no immediate way of making the purchase. O’Donnell quickly produced a personal check. Nowadays, this ornate, antique safe is also on display at the county museum.

The Acequia Merc was still in operation when we moved here. It was so convenient to stop in and pick up a loaf of bread, a gallon of milk, or a cool treat on a hot day, not to mention the free, friendly conversation with Vivian and Cecil. After Vivian’s death, it became increasingly difficult for Cecil to run the store, especially following major heart surgery. It had been on the market for a couple of

years with no interested buyers when he decided to close it in 2001.

The property was purchased in 2007 and extensively remodeled, to become the administrative and management offices of a business that supplies trees, shrubs, and perennials to nurseries and garden centers throughout the intermountain region.

In 1916, a wooden LDS church where dances and other community events were held was built, costing two thousand dollars. A brick church was built later, and a group of people combined resources to build a concrete-block non-denominational church. Highlights for the community were annual dinners and bazaars hosted by ladies of both churches. When



transportation progressed from horses to automobiles, people began joining larger congregations in Rupert. The non-denominational church building was acquired by the school district and later was destroyed by fire. The LDS church has been remodeled and added onto over the years, and remains in Acequia today.

A small general repair shop was built on F Street in the late 1930s or early 1940s. After several changes of ownership, Larry Wall purchased the property in 1972 and established an automobile repair business. A larger shop later was added to accommodate overhauls and engine repair. Larry's son Todd and his wife Jane currently oversee its day-to-day operations. Many local residents rely on their services for their cars, trucks, RVs and tractors. I recently saw a boat being serviced there.

According to Minidoka County records, the Village of Acequia was incorporated in January 1952. The next month, at the first council meeting, Vernard Comstock was elected chairman of the board. Eldon Stephenson served for fifty years as Acequia's city clerk. Vernard was the first mayor, followed by his wife, Margaret, and then by our current mayor, Larry Wall, whose dedication and service has spanned nearly fifty years. It's not uncommon to see Larry on his tractor clearing the streets of Acequia after a snowfall.

Education was very important to the early settlers. Three small one-room buildings were acquired and moved to accommodate two elementary grades and a teacher in each. Later, a fourth building was added. High school was in a two-story building with two classrooms on the first floor and two on the upper floor, with a belfry and large bell on top of the building. A rope extended through the ceiling where the bell could be rung signaling the time for classes to begin and end, as well as the time of day for all the settlers.

Eldon Stephenson, who was born and raised in Acequia and left only to attend college and serve his country, recalls in his memoirs that he started first grade in the one-room classroom. During the Great Depression in 1936, a new two-story brick high school was built, financed by a Federal Public Works Project. Complete with a gymnasium and stage, it was a welcome addition to

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# IDAHO magazine

the community, its sporting events, public dances, plays, operettas, performances and school-sponsored activities providing entertainment for people from miles around.

The Homestead development on the north side of town brought an influx of new residents in the early 1950s. With increased enrollment, schools in the county were consolidated into one district. A new high school was built in 1955, and the old Acequia High became the elementary school. In the late 1950s, restrooms, seven classrooms, an office, mailroom, staff restrooms,

and a cafeteria with a stage were added to the former high school. Later, eight more classrooms, restrooms, and a teacher workroom were completed. Even though the building served its purpose well for more than fifty years, it became increasingly difficult to repair and restore the infrastructure. I recall when computer technology was integrated into the electrical system, bundles of cables secured with zip ties lined the ceilings along the hallways.

In 2006, Superintendent of Minidoka Schools Dr. Scott Rogers was instrumental in

BELOW: Granaries.





getting a \$14 million bond issue passed, followed by a \$4.4 million bond issue in 2008. This led to improvements at Rupert Elementary, a new gym for Paul Elementary, and two new schools, one in Heyburn and one in Acequia.

I was fortunate to serve on a planning and development committee for the new Acequia Elementary. We met with a design team and traveled to schools in Idaho and Utah to look at structural ideas. Our input included minor but important details, such as whether student coat hooks should be placed inside or outside classrooms. After careful consideration of several location possibilities for the school, we settled on an alfalfa field belonging to Dean Shaw. The land was purchased, and students signed and dated rocks that were placed at the new school's foundation. It was an exciting time.

In the fall of 2009, we moved into the new school. Everything was loaded onto flatbed trucks

and hauled the short distance across the highway. State education officers, school district officials, and board members attended an open house and ribbon-cutting ceremony on the first day of school. The fifth-grade students created a time capsule to be opened at the ten-year anniversary in 2019. I'm happy to report that the friendly, country school feeling I first experienced years ago continues today in the newer building. Nearly ten years after its opening, talk has begun of adding onto our existing building to meet the needs of expanding enrollment.

The town's population in the 2010 census was 124 and has remained about the same, although surrounding areas that help make up our school enrollment are growing.

Eldon Stephenson, who graduated in the class of 1944 and taught at Minico High School from 1963-1988 wrote:

"One has only to look around to note the

ABOVE: Acequia sunrises and sunsets inspire the author on her way to and from work.





ABOVE: These mammoth bones from Acequia's gravel pits, on display at the Minidoka Museum, are estimated to be forty thousand years old.

OPPOSITE: Union Pacific Railroad dispatcher phone booth from Acequia Depot, at the museum.

many improvements and conveniences that have been added and made available for students to achieve [their educational goals] in comfort today. There have also been many things that enhance the teacher's ability to teach and help the students learn. One thing that has not changed over the years is the dedication, love and devotion of those who we trust to guide, teach and prepare our young people. These are people who help to successfully mold the character and abilities of our youth and make their future success possible. My wife and I both graduated from Acequia High School. Our four children attended classes in Acequia School. We felt we had received a very good start as a result of our experience here. All of us have received

degrees beyond high school. Much of this we credit to the foundation we received in the Acequia School . . . May the future hold even greater learning experiences and pleasant memories for those fortunate enough to attend the new Acequia School!"

In the 1950s, Vernon Clinton established a headquarters for his ranching business. It consisted of an office with scales for weighing trucks, across the highway near the tracks in Acequia. A nationwide food corporation processed and shipped potatoes from a warehouse built on this property, which later was purchased by a fertilizer company. The old Acequia School is now the corporate offices for this marketer of fertilizer, crop production

products, seed, equipment, and services. The company runs an on-site cafeteria for employees called Grandma Garcia's Kitchen, where our elementary school's staff members can order lunches delivered from our old Acequia cafeteria—and they are delicious!

My readings about the early days of Acequia mentioned numerous other landmarks and establishments, such as the cemetery, a cheese factory, a lumber company and two other lumber yards, a chemical company, two coal companies, two pool halls, a café, several grocery stores, a plumbing business, gasoline distributorship, a grain and feed mill, a highway district, blacksmith shop, and a store with an Odd Fellows Hall above it that was destroyed by fire.

The Minidoka Museum houses a trove of the area's history, including the original post office window, a dispatcher phone booth from the old depot, and two rare Acequia High School yearbooks. Another room holds a display of mammoth and camel fossils estimated at forty thousand years old, excavated from the Acequia Gravel Pits.

As I cross the main canal over the little white bridge every school day, I know I'll continue to appreciate the beauty of Acequia—but now there is also a special place in my heart for those who forged ahead so long ago, persevered in settling this land, and built the town that we call home.

I am thankful to historians Eldon Stephenson, Gary Schorzman, and others who recognized the need to preserve the history of Acequia for future generations. And I thank Mayor Larry, his wife Diana Wall, and Bill and Sherma Zimmerman for lending me their priceless family collections of the history of Acequia. ■



RIGHT: Resident family  
in the author's yard.





# The Residents

## Have They Made Me Lose It?

STORY AND PHOTO BY JOSEPH ZAHNLE

Our Caldwell neighborhood is overloaded with squirrels, and once they found out we had birdfeeders, it was a frenzy in our backyard. I've never cared much for squirrels—the little pains not only raid the feeders, but run across the roof and break branches. We didn't mind too much if there were one or two squirrels at the feeders but when there were three to ten, it became more than we could take.

My wife Barbara came up with an idea to put petroleum jelly on the shepherd hook poles so the squirrels couldn't get to the feeders, and it worked great. Now the squirrels have to wait for the birds to drop seeds for them to eat.

As soon as Barbara or I open the back door, the critters scramble up a tree or over the fence, but then we started noticing that one squirrel wouldn't run. It would just look at us and continue eating. We began referring to it as our resident squirrel. We'd open the door, ask the squirrels if they lived here, and they'd all run off except the resident. Eventually, the resident even started chasing away the other squirrels.

Not long ago, we began seeing smaller squirrels, who weren't afraid of us, allowing us to get within two feet of them. We didn't put two and two together until one day when we looked out the window and saw three squirrels at the feeder, the young ones nursing from the resident.

This is something you don't see every day, so I grabbed the camera, stepped outside, and took pictures. The trio not only didn't mind, they even did a few poses.

Now we have three residents, and we talk to them every day. Talking to squirrels—I've lost it, haven't I? ■

# Satan's Imp

## A Summer Hazard

MARYLYN CORK

I got drilled by a yellow jacket the other evening—actually, a paper wasp, according to the people who know such things. To me, the two species look identical. I would have thought my adversary was a bald hornet, except I had seen the nest.

He came boiling out of his small nest at the top edge of my basement door as soon as I stepped outside, and hit me with a sting that felt like someone with a power drill had tried to bore through my skull. All I was trying to do was to reach the faucet that turns off the water to the soaker hose at the bottom of my terraces.

I got even, though, returning nearer dark with bee-bomb in a can. I wiped that imp of Satan out, along with all his buddies and the nest—for the second time this year. Then the next morning I applied a broom handle to the remains of the nest.

That maddened little critter left me feeling direful aftereffects: a puncture wound that didn't stop itching and hurting for four solid hours, and swelling that almost closed my left eye as it traveled down the whole side of my cheek from eye to chin. When I awoke the following morning, my face looked like a punching bag.

My mug seemed almost back to normal the next day, but the morning after that I awoke with my left eye swollen half-shut again. The only possible reason I can figure out for my adverse reaction is that the pestiferous insect hit me between eyebrow and cheek, where there was nothing but skin and bone to absorb the venom.

Paper wasps are a hazard of summer at my house near Priest River. It sits on a dry knoll above lower elevations on three sides and a county road and a mountain to the north, rearing a dominant profile to the sun. Wasps love it and line the eaves in spring and summer with their unsightly little gray domiciles. That's how I can identify the builders as paper wasps. Yellow

jackets, I'm told, make their nests only in the ground. I've had to destroy one of those this summer, too.

Wildlife, as I've said before, adore my property. This summer my son live-trapped nine skunks (a mother and her eight offspring) at the chicken house, and I am blaming one of a pair of owls that live in a tree at the end of the pasture with the slaying of my beloved cat, Rambo, a couple of weeks ago. The killer could possibly have been the coyote I saw at midday the same day after my daughter found Rambo's mutilated body, but my son insists a coyote would not have left the carcass behind.

Whatever, the most intelligent feline I ever knew, full of love and devotion and hijinks that kept me laughing, is gone. There'll never be another Rambo [see "Rambo Is Bored," *IDAHO magazine*, March 2018]. He was my only pet, and yes, I know I never should have let him out of the house nocturnally, but I couldn't resist his pleading. He used to leap to my bed at night, lay a soft paw on each side of my head and stare unblinkingly straight at me until I got up and opened the door. He so loved the night and the out-of-doors.

I wish I could say I've been enjoying the irrational summer—first too cold, then too hot—that's come to northern Idaho this year. But not entirely. My third-generation Norwegian genes and a Kansas-bred mother who hated heat prejudiced me early on against temperatures that soar above eighty degrees. Seventy makes a perfect day for me.

Besides, my eldest child, who shares my garden, has installed an irrigation system there consisting of too many regular garden hoses, sprinkler hoses and little off- and- on levers that I can't make heads or tails of most of the time.

Then, too, there are paper wasps. ■

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# A FOE OF THE



COURTESY OF THE DUREN FAMILY

## Ed Duren's Hall of Fame Career

BY BILL CORBETT

# STATUS QUO



CAJC: IN THE ROCKIES

**W**hen I first saw Edward Paul Duren sitting at his desk in the University of Idaho's Caribou County Agricultural Extension Office, my initial thought was, "I didn't know the university was hiring student trainees as county agents. This guy can't be a day older than eighteen." Turned out, he was five months my senior. This was in 1962, when I was twenty-seven years old. I was in the farming business north of Soda Springs and had visited the extension office to pick up some rodent bait. While I was there, a county agent told me a new livestock agent had been assigned to the office, and asked if I would like to meet him. The introduction to Ed marked the beginning of a friendship that lasted more than a half-century.

ABOVE: A horse ranch in southeastern Idaho.

OPPOSITE: Ed and Marjean Duren.



# A MAN NEVER SATISFIED WITH THE STATUS QUO, HE SPENT HIS LIFE TRYING TO IMPROVE IT.



COURTESY OF THE DUREN FAMILY

Sadly, Ed is no longer with us. He passed away late last year, but he left a legacy of his work that will last for generations. This family man and all-around nice guy rose from humble beginnings on a Nebraska farm to become an inductee into the Eastern Idaho Agriculture Hall of Fame in 1996 and the Eastern Idaho Horseman's Hall of Fame in 2006. A man of short physical stature who stood tall among his peers, Ed always had an impish twinkle in his eye, and possessed a good ol' boy sense of humor that often revealed a slight cutting edge. He was respectfully described by those who knew him as a character.

One bitterly cold winter day after his retirement, he and I basked in the warmth of his cabin that served as an office to the small cattle ranch west of Soda Springs where he and his wife Marjean raised Percheron horses and Hackney ponies. They also took on herd cattle for the summer. I was there to chronicle his contributions to the livestock business and related industries, and as he answered my questions, I admired the numerous awards that adorned the cabin walls and other work-related memorabilia placed around the room. It was evidence that Ed's impish character was balanced by a

ABOVE: The Durens' Soda Springs place.

RIGHT: Hooper Springs at Soda Creek in Soda Springs.



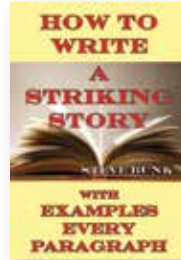
# IDAHO magazine BOOKSHELF

serious side, as reflected in his many achievements. A man never satisfied with the status quo, he spent his life trying to improve upon it.

During that visit, I learned more about Ed's humble surroundings on the farm where he grew up near Rising City, Nebraska. "Our home had no electricity and no running water," he said. "It was one of the happiest days of my life when I finally was able to flip a switch and get light." In a slight Oklahoma drawl akin to that of Will Rogers, he said, "For other needs, we had an outhouse out back."

You'd think electricity would come to an area first, followed by the telephone, but that was not the case in Ed's young life. Telephone companies provided their own power, and his home got phone service before electric lights. Telephone communications in those days involved the old crank-type instrument on the wall and a party line. Ed said other members on their party line were also members of the school board, and whenever there was a bad storm that might close the roads, his mother would listen in on the line to learn what decision the board would make. Many times she heard them say they had just as well close school, because Ed would be the only student, since he was the only one who rode a horse to school.

"After finishing high school in Nebraska, Ed was



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WATER ARCHIVES



KEN LUND

urged by his vocational agriculture teacher to enroll at Kansas State University, where he earned a bachelor's degree in animal husbandry in 1957. He then got a master's degree from the University of Idaho. I asked how he ended up studying out West and he explained, "One of the professors at Kansas State had taken a shine to me. He called me into his office one day and asked what my plans were after graduation. I told him I didn't know, but I knew I wasn't ready to take on a job just yet, and I sure wasn't looking forward to milking cows and feeding hogs the rest of my life."

This professor asked Ed if he'd like to go out to Mormon country. Ed, a young country boy and a Catholic, told the professor he didn't know what Mormons were, but allowed as how some time out West might serve to broaden his horizons. The professor said he had been offered a job heading up the animal

husbandry department at the University of Idaho and thought it would be good if he could bring a graduate student with him. Ed thought about it, applied, and was accepted.

His graduation from the University of Idaho was the beginning of a distinguished career with that institution that would last thirty-eight years, the bulk of them as a tenured professor. His first position was with Clark County in Dubois, after which he went to Soda Springs, where I met him in 1962.

It was in Soda Springs that Ed spread his wings and began to soar. The livestock industry benefited greatly from his chronic dissatisfaction of the status quo. He looked, and saw, many opportunities for improvement. For example, he saw a need for prevention of stress and disease in neonatal beef cattle. He also saw a need for supplemental feeding and external and internal parasite control in cattle and sheep. He set out to do something about

ABOVE: Downtown Soda Springs.

# ED PERFORMED MORE THAN NINETY FIELD TRIALS. THAT KNOWLEDGE EARNED HIM A NATIONAL REPUTATION FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION AND EXPERTISE.

these problems.

Like Thomas Edison, who performed more than a thousand trials before he developed the incandescent light bulb, Ed's tenacity paid off. He told me he performed more than ninety field trials before gaining the knowledge that earned him a national reputation for his contribution and expertise on the construction, use, and management of livestock dipping vats to control parasites.

Ed sensed that the addition of livestock extension education programs would be an asset to the industry, and jumped into that project. His recognition of the need for such educational programs brought success to coordinating them at the state level. In so doing, he authored more than 150 professional articles, and was a noted guest

speaker and presenter at numerous symposia, workshops, seminars and producer meetings, all of which played a role in earning him national recognition.

Ed told me that his relationship during his youth with his horse Brownie led him to a strong personal kinship with horses. For more than twenty years, he worked to obtain an economic analysis and survey of the Idaho horse industry. This dream was finally fulfilled in 1990, when the University of Idaho Department of Agricultural Economics and Rural Sociology released such an analysis. At the 2006 Idaho Horse Expo in Nampa, the Idaho Horse Council recognized him as a legend in the industry.

Ed was cognizant of the need for developing programs for youth. Such horse

BELOW: View from Highway 34 near Soda Springs.



KEN LUND





KEN LINDO

programs and 4-H programs were an important part of his life and his work agenda. He lent his leadership skills to the organization of the Idaho Youth Horse Council in 1973 and the organizing of the Idaho Horse Council in 1976. This led to his contribution to the expansion of project options in the Idaho 4-H horse program, including the popular ranch horse project. He conducted the first University of Idaho horse clinic in the 1970s, and started the Alpine 4-H horse camp and the Idaho State 4-H horse-judging contest.

Not surprisingly, Ed was a respected judge of horses. In his younger years, he was a renowned judge for several national breed associations and the American Horse Show Association. He conducted judges' clinics to train individuals willing to judge open and 4-H shows in eastern Idaho, chaired the open horse show at the Caribou County Fair in Grace for thirty-two years, and was a leader on numerous state, regional, and national committees.

I was among the benefactors of his horseman's expertise. In one of my novels, he

helped me define the type horse that the character Louisa Houston Earp rode. I later asked him if he would read my novel and give me his take on it. He said he really wasn't much into novels, but allowed as how since it was me, he'd give it a go. After reading it, he paid me one of the highest compliments a writer can get. "You really pulled me in, Corbett," he said. "I started reading your book here at the office. I soon reached the point where I couldn't wait to finish my chores each morning so I could get back to reading it."

Ed's interests and influence weren't limited to his work within Idaho. He served on the Extension Advisory Committee to the American Horse Council, and was a member of the National Youth Horse and Pony Council. The awards I saw on his office walls included many national ones.

These many achievements might give the impression that Ed was a man of all work and little play, but that wasn't so. He was well-known around the state for his stand-up comedy routines, many of which I attended,

ABOVE: Landscape near Soda Springs.

occasionally becoming the brunt of his impish humor. Another outlet for his humor was the master of ceremonies role he filled for numerous functions throughout his life.

Yet another title in his resume was that of professional auctioneer. When I asked if he had gone to school to learn this skill, he replied, "No. A member of Dad's threshing crew thought it would be in my best interest if I were to learn auctioneering." This man offered to teach him how to do the auction chant but said to learn it he would need a chew. Ed said he was too young to chew tobacco, so he used licorice.

He didn't explain to me why the chew was necessary, and I didn't ask. But he learned the trade well and could chant with the best of them.

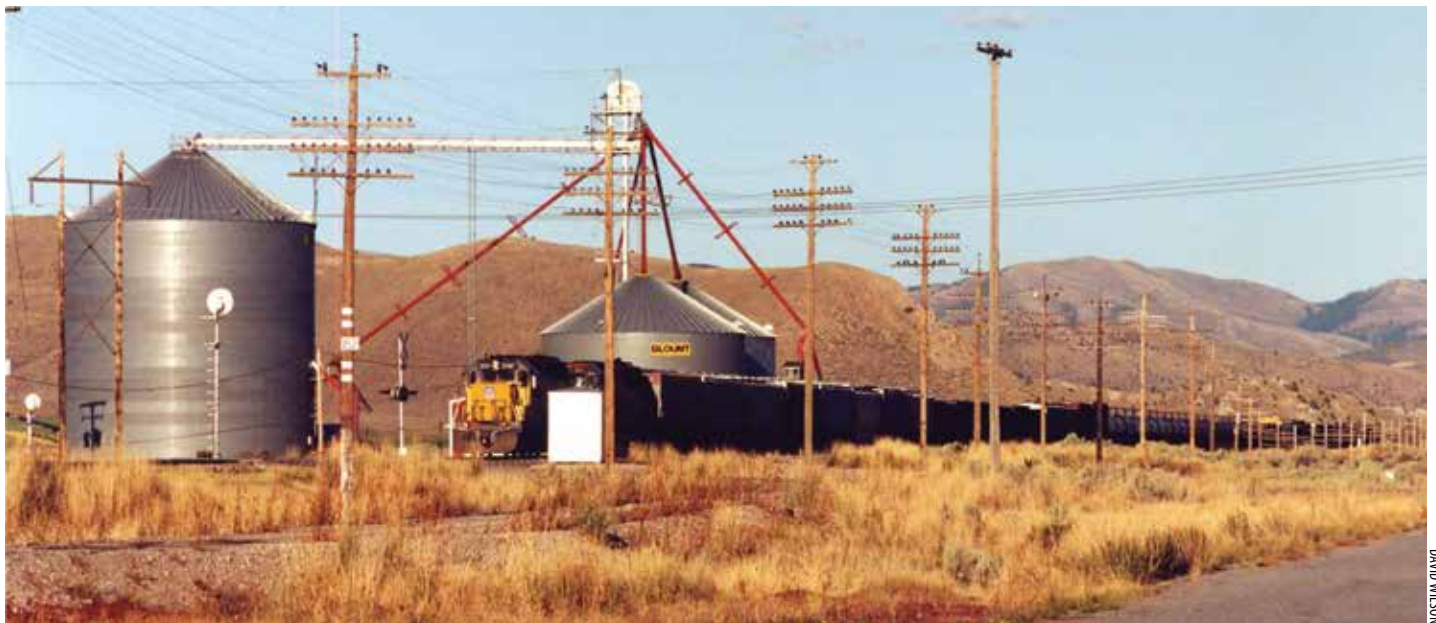
"I used to rehearse selling horses on my daily ride to and from school," he said. Then with that impish twinkle in his eye, he added, "Many an imaginary horse was sold by this young aspiring auctioneer on those rides."

After his retirement from the university, Ed still did some consulting in the livestock industry, kept his hand in auctioneering at arenas around the country, and maintained an active interest in the Nebraska farm, which had been in the family for more than a century and is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Marjean, his widow, is a retired travel agent who now devotes time to growing flowers in their greenhouse and used to help Ed with the ranch. Their two sons and two daughters are all high-achievers, like their father.

This man probably would have told you he was not a cut above the ordinary, he was just doing his job. Ed wasn't a braggart, but it's my heartfelt belief that the livestock industry and 4-H programs are better for his having "just done his job." He was a man well worthy of two hall of fame inductions. Happy trails, my friend, on your latest adventure. ■

BELOW: Train and silos near town, 2000.



DAVID WILSON

## Indian Creek Bourbon Chicken

### INGREDIENTS

- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| <b>2 lbs. boneless skinless breasts, cut into pieces</b> | <b>1/3 c. brown sugar</b>    |
| <b>1 Tbsp. olive oil</b>                                 | <b>2 Tbsp. ketchup</b>       |
| <b>1 garlic clove, crushed</b>                           | <b>1 Tbsp. cider vinegar</b> |
| <b>¼ tsp. ginger</b>                                     | <b>½ c. water</b>            |
| <b>¾ tsp. crushed red pepper flakes</b>                  | <b>1/3 c. soy sauce</b>      |
| <b>¼ c. apple juice</b>                                  | <b>1 Tbsp. cornstarch</b>    |

### PREPARATION

- > Heat olive oil in a large skillet. Add chicken pieces and cook until lightly browned, remove chicken.
- > Add remaining ingredients, heating over medium heat until well blended. Add browned chicken to sauce, and bring to a hard boil.
- > Reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes, uncovered.
- > Serve over cooked rice.

NOTE: The group we called the “Weekend Crew” had gone back and forth over where to have lunch.

“I just can’t do another buffet,” one said, although he was already outvoted. We went to the buffet, and the doubter wound up loving it. This Nampa eatery sported Bourbon Chicken, which I made a beeline for. It had been my favorite for ages.

“Hey, Amy,” one of the Crew said, “Let’s get our driver to take us down the Boulevard to the new Indian Creek Plaza in Caldwell, I want to see it.”

“I walked over there with my grandson just the other day,” I replied. “It’s pretty neat.”

The crew walked past coffee shops and the historic Steunenberg Block, en route to where we heard plaza music bouncing off the walls. Open to our view were children and adults of all ages, dancing together, seated yet tapping their toes, and splashing in the fountains. As we sought shade, other visitors vacated chairs and offered us seats, and we sat with strangers who became friends.

“Thank you for making our visit so fun,” I told them. “These guys never come to Caldwell, I keep telling them how cool it is.”

“We’re from Portland,” they laughed. “We’ve never been here, either, but we like it!”

A good time was had by all, especially the Weekend Crew.

\*Recipe adapted from [bestfoodsdrinks.blogspot.fr](http://bestfoodsdrinks.blogspot.fr)



# Sharon's Summer Sopapilla Cheesecake

## INGREDIENTS AND PREPARATION

<b>2- 8 oz. packages of cream cheese, softened</b>	<b>¾ c. sugar</b>
<b>1 c. sugar</b>	<b>1 tsp. ground cinnamon</b>
<b>1 tsp. Mexican vanilla</b>	<b>½ c. butter, room temp.</b>
<b>2- 8 oz. cans of refrigerated crescent rolls or sheets</b>	<b>¼ c. honey</b>



## PREPARATION

- > Beat cream cheese with 1 c. sugar and vanilla in bowl until smooth and set aside.
- > Unroll the cans of crescent roll dough and use a rolling pin to shape each piece into a 9 x 13 rectangle or you press into the bottom of a 9 x 13 baking dish.
- > Evenly spread the cream cheese mixture into the baking dish, then cover with the remaining sheet of crescent dough. Stir together ¾ c. of sugar, cinnamon and butter. Sprinkle the mixture over the top of the cheesecake.
- > Bake in the preheated 350 degree oven until the dough has puffed and turned golden brown about 30-40 minutes. Remove from oven and drizzle with honey. Cool completely in pan before cutting.

NOTE: It was one of those late-summer backyard parties. The hosts, Tim and Tammy Biagi, didn't go to Mexico that summer, so they brought the beach to us. Taco bar, pepper-eating contest (I tied with their friend, Christal Holmes), and late-night volleyball while tunes floated through the air.

"Try this," Sharon Waller said, handing me a scrumptious square of goodness when I walked through the back kitchen door to duck out of the oppressive 100-degree summer heat. Sharon was known by the gang as the Dessert Queen. Her baked goods are worth fighting over. I took a bite, and then generously passed the remainder to a nearby friend, whose eyes lit up, just as mine had.

"Must. Have. Recipe," I said, around the bite I'd just taken from a second piece of sopapilla. "It's like cheesecake with a streudel topping, with some kind of crust..."

"Crescent dough," Sharon smiled knowingly. "Isn't it good?"

"Oh. My. Word," I practically sighed out. "Yes."



*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.*



COURAGEOUS KIDS CLIMBING



GARY BEMBRIDGE



CHRIS SHEETZ

## 8

### COURAGEOUS KIDS CLIMBING, Boise

People with physical and developmental disabilities are invited to learn how to climb at Wings Center, 1875 Century Way, in Boise. Participants experience the various forms of rock climbing, which has been shown to have a variety of benefits, not the least of which is building self-confidence. The organization, based in McCall, sponsors numerous climbing events. Participants must be between the ages of 3 months and 103 years, and the activities run from 10:00 am until noon. Reservations are required. To reserve a spot, contact Jeff Riechmann at the email address below. A similar event is scheduled in Driggs on September 9.

Information: [jeffriechmann@cs.com](mailto:jeffriechmann@cs.com); or Facebook: Courageous Kids Climbing

## 13-16

### LUMBERJACK DAYS, Orofino

The Lumberjack Show, this event's original name, was started with the idea of furthering the lumbering industry and way of life, along with that of farming. This was carried out by contests that showed the arts and skills of the logger, especially those skills that were dying out due to mechanization. Included in this year's version, which has the theme "Timber, Trails, and Historic Tales", are the Lumberjack Days Kiddie Parade and Main Parade, a big Auction, a Skidding & Truck Driving Competition, a Horse Pull Competition, and a Log Show & Contest. Of course there will be a carnival, and a plethora of vendors of all sorts. This all happens at the Orofino City Park and the Rodeo Grounds.

Information: [orofinolumberjackdays.org](http://orofinolumberjackdays.org)

## 14-15

### IDAHO SPUD DAYS, Shelley

Each September locals and visitors alike flock to the community of Shelley to recognize Idaho's pride and joy: the venerable potato. There are plenty of good things going on this weekend, which take place at locations in or near Shelley. These include the Tater Trot (ages 2-12), a Pancake Breakfast, and a Children's Parade followed by the Spud Day Parade. There will also be a Community Orchestra concert, Free Baked Potatoes w/trimmings, a Potato Picking Contest, a Horseshoe Tournament, a Talent Show, Spud Tug, and a Disc Golf Tournament. A related but distant event, the Miss Russet Pageant, takes place at 7:00 PM, September 12, in the Civic Auditorium in Idaho Falls. Miss Russet and her court will preside over the Spud Day Parade and other activities.

Information: [idahospudday.com](http://idahospudday.com)





NEZ PERCE COUNTY FAIR



THOUSAND SPRINGS FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS



BOISE BASIN QUILTERS

20-23

## NEZ PERCE COUNTY FAIR, Lewiston

The theme for this, the 74th version of the Fair, is "Country Roots and Cowboy Boots." There will be carnival entertainment, country western and rock/classic performances, and activities for kids. Aspects of the Fair include 4-H livestock, horticulture, home economics, fine arts, and entertainment. On-stage entertainment will feature Shiloh Sharrard and Band, Moscow Mules, and Sweet Adelines, to name a few. There will be a Talent Contest, a Karaoke Contest, and a Hypnotist Show, as well. And, of course, there will be carnival rides, concessions, and open class exhibits. Admission: Ages 5 and under, free; 6-12, \$5.00; 12-59, \$8.00, and 60 & over, \$6.00.

Information: [npcfair.org/](http://npcfair.org/);  
or [www.facebook.com/NPCountyFair](https://www.facebook.com/NPCountyFair)

22-23

## THOUSAND SPRINGS FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS, Hagerman Valley

The 26th annual version of this event will take place on Ritter Island at Thousand Springs State Park, near Hagerman. Festival offerings include live music from around the region, uniquely created work of more than 90 artists, a Kids Corner, wagon and canoe rides, demonstration booths, plus food and beverage vendors. The event is presented by the Magic Valley Arts Council. Hours are 10 am to 6 pm on Saturday and 10 am to 5 pm Sunday. Admission is \$6 Adults, \$5 Seniors, \$3 Kids. Tickets can be purchased in advance by calling the Magic Valley Arts Council at (208)734.2787.

Information:  
[ThousandSpringsFestival.org](http://ThousandSpringsFestival.org)

28-29

## QUILT SHOW, Garden City

The theme of this year's show, hosted by Boise Basin Quilters, is "Celebr-18". It will take place in the Center Expo building at Expo Idaho, and will have more than 300 quilts on display, plus a vendor mall, Quilts of Valor display, "Gift Garden," silent auction, vintage quilts display, and more. BBQ is a non-profit organization that promotes awareness and education of the quilting arts. Its members donate quilts to the local hospitals' NICU and to Quilts of Valor, pet beds to local shelters, Chemo Caps and Catheter Pillows to cancer patients, Cases for Smiles, FACES, and Neck and Helmet Coolers for our local firefighters and military personnel overseas. Hours: 10:00AM to 5:00PM both days. Admission: \$7.00 each day, or \$10.00 for both days.

Information: [boisebasinquilters.org/quilt-show](http://boisebasinquilters.org/quilt-show); or (208) 863.7829



# SEPTEMBER 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](http://idahocalendar.com)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 Youth Zone, Kamiah</li> <li>1 Free Admission Day, Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls</li> <li>1 Cowboy Fast Draw competition: We teach gun safety while giving men, women, boys &amp; girls ages 8 and up the chance to find out just how fast they would have been in a gunfight in the 1800's-style fast-draw shooting. Free to spectators. 10:00 AM - 3:00 PM, 10648 N. 25th E., Idaho Falls.</li> <li>1 Trunk Sale: Coolin Civic Organization's annual "Sell it out of your Trunk Sale" No charge; you keep your proceeds! Everyone welcome 10:00am - 2:00pm Community Center, Coolin</li> <li>1 Stock Car Races: All Day @ Idaho Falls Raceway/Noise Park, Idaho Falls</li> <li>1 Main Street Market, 9:00-2:00PM, Meridian</li> <li>1 Latino Fest: Music, dance, food, workshops and pictures. Enjoy live bands, dance contests, food trucks, Zumba, and more. Bring your family, your friends—and your dancing shoes! Basque Block, Boise</li> <li>1-2 Coaster Classic Car Show: Nostalgic cars at Silverwood Theme Park., Athol</li> <li>1-3 Schweitzer Fall Fest: Annual outdoor music festival with performances, chairlift rides, kids' activities and more under the tent. Schweitzer Mountain Resort, Sandpoint</li> <li>1-3 Under the Freeway Flea Market, Wallace</li> <li>1-3 Wagon Days, Ketchum/Hailey</li> <li>1-3 Twin Falls County Fair, Filer</li> <li>1-3 Labor Day Weekend Open House: Artist Demonstrations &amp; Kids Craft Tent. 10:00am-5:00PM, Autumn's Loft, Priest Lake</li> <li>1-29 Downtown Farmers Market: SATURDAYS, Vendors, 9am-1pm, Main Street, Twin Falls</li> <li>1-29 Capital City Public Market: SATURDAYS, 9:30-1:30PM, Downtown Boise</li> <li>1-29 Community BINGO: SATURDAYS. Ages 18+, not just seniors. Fund nutrition program for seniors. 6-8 p.m. (doors open at 4:30 p.m.). Senior Citizens' Center, Idaho Falls</li> <li>1-29 Saturday Cartoons: 9:00AM-12:00 Noon, Kenworthy Performing Arts Centre, Moscow</li> <li>1-29 Farmers Market, SATURDAYS, 9:00AM-1:00PM, Idaho Falls</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1-10/27 "Visualizing Science" Exhibit: A team of artists, designers and scientists have collaborated to create visual interpretations of scientific issues. Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls</li> <li>2 Astronomical Idaho: 12:00 PM, Idaho Museum of Natural History, Pocatello</li> <li>2 Blue Star Museum: National Endowment for the Arts, Blue Star Families, the Department of Defense, and more than 2,000 museums across America offer free admission to the nation's active duty military personnel and their families from Memorial Day through Labor Day Free to Active Military personnel and up to 5 members of their family; Idaho Museum of Natural History, Pocatello</li> <li>2 Wooden Boat Show &amp; Parade: Elkins Resort, Priest Lake</li> <li>2 Western Tractor Pull Nationals, Eastern Idaho Fairgrounds, Blackfoot</li> <li>4 Train Depot Open House, 12:00 Noon, Caldwell</li> <li>4 Project LINUS: A local group that makes blankets and quilts for children in crisis in the Pocatello area. 1:00-4:00PM, First Presbyterian Church, Pocatello</li> <li>4 Art Endeavor! Do you enjoy art? Are you interested in learning and doing more? All ages welcome! 4:30 - 6:00 PM, Nampa Public Library</li> <li>4 Young Readers: There will be book readings and activities for kids 6-10 years old, . Parents are welcome to attend with their child, but not required. 4:00 PM - 5:00 PM, Book People, Moscow</li> <li>4 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa</li> <li>4-25 Plaza Movement Series: TUESDAYS. Tai Chi and Qi Gong (9:00-10:00AM); Yoga (12:00-1:00PM); Free; Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell</li> <li>4-27 Baby &amp; Toddler Storytime: TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS. Focuses on children 0-3 years old. 10:15am - 11:00am, Nampa Public Library</li> </ul> |
|---|---|

## 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:**

September 15 for the November issue.

**SEND DETAILS TO:** [calendar@idahomagazine.com](mailto:calendar@idahomagazine.com)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Alive after Five, 5:00-7:00PM, Civitan Plaza, Idaho Falls</p> <p>5 The Club!: This is a new group function for teens with disabilities. Join us for music, crafts, games, movies, and more! Ages 13-18 welcome! Attending patrons must be accompanied by an adult. 2:30-3:30PM, Nampa Public Library</p> <p>5 Job and Career Fair: 9:00AM-3:00PM, Free; Riverside Hotel, Boise</p> <p>5-26 Parent Play Date: WEDNESDAYS. A chance for parents to work on an art project with their pre-schoolers (3-5 years) without making a mess at home. \$6 first parent and child, \$3 extra child. 11:00-12 Noon, ARTitorium, Idaho Falls</p> <p>5-26 Farmers Market: WEDNESDAYS, 3:00PM, Indian Creek Park, Caldwell</p> <p>5-26 Alive-After-Five</p> <p>6,20 Crochet &amp; Knit: Ages 12 and up. Bring #4 worsted yarn, knitting needles (size 8 or 9 and/or crochet hooks size G or H). Patterns and instructions provided. Beginners through advanced welcome. 4:30pm - 6:30pm, Nampa Public Library</p> <p>6 First Thursday, 5:00PM, Downtown Boise</p> <p>6 Drop-in Computer Clinic: 10:30AM-12 Noon. Drop in for computer or technology help. Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>6 Teen Movie Night: Bring your friends and enjoy a movie and free popcorn! 4:00pm - 6:00pm, Nampa Public Library</p> <p>6-27 Farmers Market: THURSDAYS. Produce, local artisans, handmade items, baked goods, and more. 3:00-7:00PM (Cultivate Children's Program, 5:30-6:30), Bette Uda Park, Homedale</p> <p>6-27 Farmers Market: THURSDAYS, 1:00PM, Soda Springs</p> | <p>6-27 Teen Thursdays: THURSDAYS. Grades 6-12. Creating, building, and tinkering. 4:00-5:00PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>7 First Friday Late Night: 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM at Tautphaus Park. Explore the zoo in a new light! Zoo admission is only \$5.50 for adults 13 and over, kids 4-12 are only \$3.50. Idaho Falls</p> <p>7-8 3 Bears Trail Races, Deer Cliff Inn, Preston</p> <p>7-8 Zoo Tots (Ages 2-PreK)"Tiger Tales": Explore the zoo through fun games, crafts, music and more. An adult must attend with each child. Cost (\$10/\$12) covers class and zoo admission for 1 adult and 1 child. Did you know tigers sleep for 18 to 20 hours a day?! Let's read "Don't Wake up the Tiger" and make a special gift for our beloved tiger. 10:00 AM - 10:45 AM, Idaho Falls Zoo at Tautphaus Park, Idaho Falls</p> <p>7-9 Boise Art Museum's Art in the Park, 10:00 AM, Julia Davis Park, Boise</p> <p>7-28 CreekFeastFood Jam: Local Food Trucks; FRIDAYS, 5:30-9:00PM, Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell</p> <p>7-28 Cool Summer Nights: FRIDAYS. Games and Activities (5:30-9:00PM) and Dancing (7:00-9:00PM); Free; Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell</p> <p>7-28 Farmers Market,: FRIDAYS, 4:00-8:00PM, Rexburg</p> <p>8 Salmon Run: "A foot race along the beautiful Salmon River": 12:00 PM, City Park, Riggins</p> <p>8 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. Luc Leblanc, W.F.Barr Entomological Museum, University of Idaho: "Survey of Fruit Flies in Bangladesh and Nepal". Location: the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell</p> |
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- 8 September Slam – Demolition Derby: 7:30 PM - 11:00 P, Eastern Idaho State Fairgrounds, Blackfoot
- 8 Moms & Marshmallows: We will be making things out of marshmallows! Moms and kids of all ages are welcome. 11:00AM-12 Noon. Public Library, Caldwell
- 8 3rd Annual Patriotic Car Show: Standing for the Red, White and Blue: Bikes, Cars, Boats. Entertainment, Vendors, Food. 10:00 AM - 4:00 PM, Rupert
- 8 Symphony in the Park: Beautiful music on the banks of the Snake River. Bring your lawn chairs and picnic baskets 5:30 PM - 7:30 PM. Idaho Falls
- 8 Injectors Car Show: 19th Annual Car Show. 9 a.m. until 3 p.m., downtown Sandpoint
- 8 Muddy and Millie's 10th birthday party. There will really be TWO parties, one at 10 a.m. and one at noon. Community Room, lower level of the Public Library, Coeur d'Alene
- 8-29 Long Camp Farmer's Market; SATURDAYS, Kamiah/Kooskia
- 9 Grandparents' Day at the Zoo, Zoo Idaho, Pocatello
- 10,24 Bilingual Storytime! All ages welcome. 10:15am - 11:00am, Nampa Public Library
- 10-24 Family Fun Art Night: MONDAYS. Work together as a family to complete an art project. \$4 per person, 5:00-8:30 PM, ARTitorium, Idaho Falls
- 10-24 Gaming: MONDAYS. Ages 9-18. Alternates Pokémon, board games, and video gaming on the WiiU and PS4. 4:30pm, Public Library, Caldwell
- 11 Middle-Grade Readers: Book readings and activities for kids 9-14 years old, 4:00 PM - 5:00 PM, Book People, Moscow
- 11 Make It! Craft Club: Ages 16+. Get crafty and make something new each month. All materials provided; take home what you make. 7-8:30pm, Public Library, Caldwell
- 12 Bots and Builders: Plan, program, and play with Dash and Sphero robots, while learning the basics of robotic logic and computer programming. For ages 6-13. 4:00pm - 5:30pm, Nampa Public Library
- 12-14 AMEN Boise Free Clinic: FREE dental, general medical, vision, preventative and educational services. There are no pre-qualifications required. This is a first come, first serve clinic. Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 13-15 Latah County Fair, Fairgrounds, Moscow
- 13-16 Boise Film Festival: Celebrate film, elevate ideas, and connect communities. Various downtown venues throughout the festival weekend. Boise
- 13-16 Clearwater County Fair & Lumber Jack Days, Orofino
- 14 Exhibit: "Keeping History Alive": 50th anniversary exhibit showcases some of the Museum's favorite artifacts. Free admission. 5:00-8:00PM, The Museum of North Idaho, Coeur d'Alene
- 14-15 Lost N Lava Cowboy Gathering, Shoshone
- 14-15 Spud Day: Community Orchestra, Free Baked Potatoes w/trimmings, Potato Picking Contest, Horseshoe Tournament, Talent Show, and more. Shelley
- 14-16 Hyde Park Street Fair, Boise
- 15 Train Depot Open House, 9:00 AM, Caldwell
- 15 Community Breakfast: \$5 donations, kids under 12 eat for free. Sponsored by Veteran of Foreign Wars District #8, 8:00 AM - 11:00 AM. VFW Hall, Rexburg
- 15 Boater Safety Class: A FREE boating education class. Covers all aspects of boating from safe operations, navigational rules, water survival, and legal requirements for operating a boat. Pre-registration is required. Call 208-878-9358. 9:00 AM - 4:00 PM, Cassia County Sheriff's Office, Burley
- 15 Harvest Classic Fun Run, Nampa
- 15 Community Block Party: Full of wacky competitions and ridiculously fun activities. Kleiner Park Meridian
- 15 St. Anthony Fly-In, St. Anthony
- 15 Community Workout: Free. Join us for a 1-hour class at 9:00 AM. Open to anyone of any fitness level. Corner of Front Street and 11th Ave., Nampa
- 15,22 Raceway Races: Enjoy car racing at the Pocatello Raceway, Pocatello
- 16 Sunday Symphony: Featuring the Idaho Falls Symphony Jazz Quartet. 4:00-6:00PM, City Plaza, Driggs
- 18 Free Food Pantry: 5:50 PM - 7:30 PM, Wilcox Fresh Warehouse, Thornton
- 18-22 Sport Horse National Arabian & Half-Arabian Championship Horse Show: Idaho Horse Park, Nampa
- 19 Creative Writing Adventures for Teens: Grades 7-12. Your imagination is the limit. Bring food and something to drink., if you wish. 7-8:30 p.m., Public Library, Idaho Falls



- 20 "What are you reading?" Book Club: Open to all adults, 7:00-8:00PM, One World Café, Moscow
- 20-21 FitOne Healthy Living Expo: The Expo is free and open to the public! Boise Centre, Boise
- 21 Crafter's Club: Ages 18+. Come work on your craft projects with other people – knit, crochet, embroider, you name it. 2:00-3:00pm, Public Library, Caldwell
- 21 "Art of Building a Community": Artisans display and sell their pieces in a climate-controlled environment. Karcher Mall, Nampa
- 21-11/3 Farmstead Corn Maze & Pumpkin Festival, 1020 S Rackham Way, Meridian
- 22 Custom Auto United Truck & Tractor Event: 10:00 AM - 11:00 PM, Rodeo Grounds, Idaho Falls
- 22-23 Thousand Springs Arts Festival. Thousand Springs State Park, Hagerman Valley
- 27 Beekeeping for New-Bees; Learn the basics of beekeeping and how you can get started.. 6:30-7:30pm, Public Library, Caldwell
- 27 Music Adventures with Paige Moore: Fun and engaging music and movement programs for children 0-12 years old. 6:00-6:45PM, Meridian Library District, Meridian
- 27-30 Lewis County Fair, Nezperce
- 28 Baked Potato Bar Dinner Fundraiser: The only bar in town that comes with a side salad & dessert. Opens at 5:00pm. \$6.00 per Adult, \$4.00 for children under age 8. 4:30 PM - 6:00 PM, Lake City Center, Coeur d'Alene
- 28-29 Boise Basin Quilt Show, "Celebr-18". Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 29 Lions Club "Chuck Sterns Memorial" Turkey Shoot: Fun Day for All (except the turkeys?) 10:00am-2:00pm, Nordman Resort, Nordman
- 29-30 Snake River Fandom Con: If you are a fan of comic books, super hero movies or Harry Potter you will be excited to attend Fandom Con. 8:00AM-5:00PM, Mountain View Event Center, Pocatello
- 28-30 Gun Show: Greyhound Park & Event Center, Post Falls

## OCTOBER 2018

## SNEAK PEEK

- 2 Project LINUS: A local group that makes blankets and quilts for children in crisis in the Pocatello area. 1:00-4:00PM, First Presbyterian Church, Pocatello
- 2 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 4 Farmers Market: 1:00PM, Soda Springs
- 4 Light the Night: Each year friends, families and coworkers form teams to raise money to support the mission of the Leukemia & Lymphoma Society. 7:30PM, Cecil D. Andrus Park, Boise
- 5-6 Harvest Festival and Street Fair, Emmett
- 5-7 Fall for History Festival, Wallace
- 6 Clearwater Grange Annual Chili Feed, Clearwater
- 6 See Spot Walk: An Idaho Humane Society fundraiser. Vendors, contests, demonstrations, food and more! 9:00AM to 1:00PM, Boise
- 6 Fall Harvest Celebration Vendor and Craft Fair, Meridian
- 6 Long Camp Farmer's Market; Kamiah/Kooskia
- 6 The Great Pumpkin Festival: This new festival on Main Street will feature the Portneuf Valley Farmers Market, apple pie baking contest, pumpkin painting, antiques, crafts, jewelry, food, music and more, celebrating fall and the coming holidays, Oldtown Pocatello
- 6 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. David Douglass, VP of Academic Affairs, The College of Idaho: "Status of the College". Location: the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 6 Walk to End Alzheimer's: Registration: 10:00AM, Walk begins at 11:30AM, Kleiner Park, Meridian
- 6-7 Fall Harvest Festival, Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise
- 6-7 Annual Salmon River Fall Art Show, Riggins
- 6-7 Oktoberfest Celebration, Lava Hot Springs
- 6-7 Idaho City Days, Idaho City
- 6-27 Downtown Farmers Market: SATURDAYS, 9am-1pm, Main Street, Twin Falls
- 10-14 Trailing of the Sheep Festival, Ketchum



**Bill Corbett**

lives in Tucson, Arizona. He was a longtime resident of Idaho and a small grains producer. He writes fiction under the name Will Edwinston, and is a two-time AP award-winning columnist. His national award-winning book, *Buddy...His Trials and Treasures*, first serialized in *IDAHO magazine*, is available at online bookstores or by asking for it at your favorite local bookstore. Check out his website at [willedwinston.com](http://willedwinston.com)



**Brianna Knighton**

is from Boise and is now studying physical therapy assistance at Brigham Young University–Idaho. Diagnosed with PCOS about a year ago, Brianna says she has “learned lots” from living with the condition and hopes her story can help someone.



**Patrick McCarthy**

taught mass media studies for two decades at five schools, specializing in film and TV production, media criticism, and historical subjects, including the mountain man/Wild Man studies. An avid trout fisherman, he lives in Boise and writes full-time.



**Julee Posyluzny**

lives with her husband just south of the main canal near Acequia. An instructional coach at Acequia Elementary, she holds a master’s degree in educational leadership. She enjoys sewing, quilting, arts and crafts, and country living. Her husband, retired from USAF, is a school psychologist. Their daughter is a barber/stylist in Boise.



**Alice Schenk**

is an adventurer who lives in

Rupert. A lover of hiking, shed hunting, swimming, biking, and running, she has finished five Ironman contests, numerous marathons, and has climbed all nine peaks above twelve thousand feet in Idaho. Alice holds a Master’s degree in health and teaches at the College of Southern Idaho in Burley.



**Jolene Starr**

worked as a physician for twenty-five years, in private practice and at the Boise VA Medical Center. She now spends her time hiking in the foothills of Boise, camping, gardening, and writing about her life experiences. She has three daughters and a granddaughter, who all also live in Boise.



**Dean Worbois**

spent ten years pursuing an acting career and hitchhiking around the country during the 1960s before earning a degree from Boise State University. He taught stained glass at Boise State, wrote several books and pamphlets on historical subjects, and has contributed to *IDAHO magazine* over the years. For two years he produced a weekly half-hour television show on Boise’s public access channel,

TVCTV, available on the web at [greatwahoo.com](http://greatwahoo.com). You can reach him at [dean@greatwahoo.com](mailto:dean@greatwahoo.com)



**Joseph Zahnle**

is a retired ironworker whose childhood interest in photography has turned into a more serious goal. A hobby photographer since age ten, Joseph says by now, “There isn’t too much I haven’t photographed and people enjoy my style.”

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