

# FOUNDING OF McCALL, IDAHO



Sam Dever's log cabin enlarged. First house built in McCall.

*by* FRANK P. ROWLAND

Price \$1.00



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Boise, Idaho  
1960

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*by*

F. P. ROWLAND  
(an eye witness)

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1960 by Frank P. Rowland  
Boise, Idaho

Early in the month of April, 1892, I carried the U. S. mail from Lardo, near Boulder Creek, strapped on my back, traveling on snow shoes (skis) over four to eight feet of snow to the "lake," as it was dubbed, a distance of ten miles, and left it at Tom McCall's house not far from the shore of Payette Lake. I should have taken it to Meadows post office ten miles farther on. This blunder of mine now caused the mail contractor "Root-House Davis" to make an extra trip for finishing that particular delivery. Consequently I received no pay for my work.

This early-day mail contractor from Vanwyck (now under the water of Cascade Dam), to Meadows post office (north end of his route) was called "Root-House Davis," because he lived in a cellar in the little Salmon River meadows town.

The following summer I went with nearly the whole population of Long Valley to celebrate the Fourth of July at Picnic Point on the east side of that beautiful body of water nestling in the bosom of an extinct volcano. Of course we had a good time celebrating (told in a later story), mostly by visiting with friends and getting acquainted with newcomers. Settlements being widely scattered, personal contact was rare.

This was an appropriate gathering place for home-seekers, and others, to view the beautiful scenery. Crystal water was surrounded by miles and miles of virginal evergreen forests and ran through Long Valley stretching more miles southward. The latter was beautified by knee-high grasses and untold thousands of wild flowers of many descriptions. This whole region was holding out a welcome hand to all people who chanced to learn of such a good opportunity to make new homes, to purchase tim-

Printed in the United States of America by  
The Caxton Printers, Ltd.  
Caldwell, Idaho  
91186

bered lands for future use and sale, and above all, to start a new town in this neck of the woods.

At this gathering of citizens from different parts of the country there were strings of horses and mules with heavy, bulky packs on their backs and heavily loaded horse-drawn freight wagons transporting provisions of food and mining supplies up the west side of the lake from Weiser and Council. Some traveled through Long Valley from Boise on their way to Burgdorf, Warren, and other diggings in the back country. Any place along the lake provided excellent camping ground, but farther on a log house called the "Statehouse" furnished meals and lodging for travelers, miners, prospectors, sight-seers, and hunters: there were stables and feed for the animals also.

This interesting traffic and the vacant timbered land adjoining the lake shore were sufficient encouragement to almost any seeker of fortune to conceive the idea of starting a town. Of these Tom McCall was foremost. According to the historian of the seventh and eighth grades of McCall school, "He purchased the first log cabin from Sam Devers, who claimed Squatter's Right, giving in exchange a team of horses, wagon and harness." The small log cabin was situated immediately north of where John's Service Station now stands, in what became the main part of the village. This deal revealed the necessity of a sawmill in order to proceed with building operations.

Says the McCall historian again, "The Warren Gold Dredging Company built the first sawmill on the Payette Lake shore, which became the property of Tom McCall. It burned sometime afterwards."

Says J. D. McCall, Tom's son, "We sawed the lumber for our house, the hotel, other residences and the head-gate, bridges and penstock for the Clara Folz Mining Company."

Now that the lumber was forthcoming for construction, Mr. McCall was at loss to know just how to begin laying out a townsite in these wilds. He was unable educationally to do the work and had no surveyor's instrument and chain for measuring distances. Above all, he did not know where was the proper place to begin.

At this critical moment, a railroad surveyor unexpectedly made his appearance at the location of the intended

project. Dad McCall employed this strange man (name unknown) who found the stakes of Government surveys and laid out street and lot boundaries in a dense growth of black-pine (lodgepole) saplings and some yellow-pine and fir trees. The timber along the lake shore was more open, but a little way back each buyer had to clear away the trees, stumps, and logs from his own lot.

The first four blocks now being definitely staked out by the licensed surveyor, the founder placed the foundation and built his hotel on Second Street facing Lake Street. The little burg was not booming but lots were sold one by one.

Previously, a store had been built which was owned by Ed McMahan and was operated by him until Newt. Williams came in 1900 and purchased it. Williams managed the store until business increased to the extent that a larger building was needed. According to the historian, men of the town formed a stock company and erected a larger two-story one. As Newt's business was good, he was able to pay for it. He continued running the new store until ill health compelled him to retire. He died a few months after retirement.

This same business was managed by other men for a few years — Cupples and Harris; Williams and May. Later Roy May departed from that institution and went into the hardware business in another building across Lake Street where he is still prospering.

#### NAMING THE POST OFFICE

The U. S. post-office records show there was on August 6, 1889, a post office named Harlo, with Mrs. Nellie Killoran as the postmistress. This office was in some homesteader's house on Mud Creek well to the west side of Long Valley. It was discontinued on September 20, 1890.

The drift of population became centered along Boulder Creek, that locality being more adaptable for settlement and more convenient to the main road to Roseberry, Boise, and the outside country. Thus we conclude that the Lardo post office was first established near Mud Creek or directly east near Boulder Creek, with John R. Lane appointed as first postmaster November 30, 1889. The Harlo post-office

furnishings were transported directly east along the section line on which Lake Fork Lumber Company's sawmill is located, where Highway 15 crosses it, a mile farther east and set up in G. F. Troeh's (Fred Tro's) small grocery store. He was appointed postmaster July 2, 1890. When Mr. Troeh left Long Valley a few years later, the office paraphernalia was taken to Roseberry. According to J. D. McCall, Tom McCall's son, "My father went to Roseberry, got the fixtures, brought them to the lake and placed the apparatus in his cabin he had traded for." He was appointed postmaster September 19, 1894. Afterwards, the office was set up in the McCall Hotel but, because of mismanagement, W. B. Boydston was appointed postmaster in June, 1903. He took the office furnishings and placed them in his general store across Payette River at the outlet of Payette Lake. Lardo was its official name.

This jumping post office now took a long rest of eight or nine years. Pressing business compelled Mr. Boydston to turn the post-office work over to Edward M. Cole, who was appointed postmaster March 8, 1912. He installed the outfit in his primitive Home Restaurant, one block from Boydston's store.

The records show that Mr. Cole's wife, Sophia M. Cole, was appointed postmistress of this office, and in the same building, March 15, 1915. Financial strain now forced Mr. Cole to seek a home in another state. He desired to get his children in school where expenses were less. Nobody in the whole region wanted the post office. Therefore it was laid to rest. No grave mound or marker is to be seen. The name Lardo clings like a leech to the whole district and remains in the minds of all people far and near. It is a worthy suburb of McCall.

### THE LARDO LEGEND

There is a notorious story about how Lardo got its name which runs as follows. A huge painting in the Shore Lodge dining room shows a team of horses running away with a wagon load of freight consisting of sacks of flour and buckets of lard in boxes. The boxes have broken open and the lids have been knocked off the cans. The flour sacks have burst, the flour mixing with the lard

making a dough — lard and dough — Lard, Oh! Lardo. I have written many letters in an effort to prove or disprove this fable. Some people say it is true, some don't know, and others doubt. Among the latter the author classes himself.

Many of the old settlers had sour dough for making bread. They used lard which was the favorite shortening for that purpose as well as for frying the popular venison steak. Sour dough and lard became general topics of conversation suggesting the word Lardo. But let us consider the situation a little further.

My father, B. F. Rowland, and my oldest brother, Arthur L. Rowland, were in Long Valley, vicinity of Lardo, in 1890. The rest of the family came to this neighborhood in 1891, locating in a cabin on Boulder Creek, one mile from Fred Troeh's small general store. Strange to say, I did not hear how Lardo got its name until some years afterwards. Neither had Ira Pottenger who preceded us by a couple of years and lived not more than three miles from Lardo. He says, "It isn't so."

Fred Troeh lived afterwards in Grangeville (he and his wife died a number of years ago). In a letter received from the assessor of that town, I was informed that Roy G. Troeh lived on Route 2, Box 113, Grangeville, Idaho. I wrote to him. His answer was, "My sister Goldie, who was born at Lardo, was five years old when the family left Long Valley and she says she remembers her parents telling about the flour and lard mixup." This information is a climax to the Lardo legend proving it is a fact. I take off my hat in apology, as I also considered the story false. It is also a mystery why we oldest old-timers failed to hear of the accident immediately after it happened as we were living in the community where it occurred.

### THE LARDO TOWN

In early days this village Lardo, situated at the outlet of scenic Payette Lake, was progressing forward threatening to outdo the new burg, McCall, in a race for supremacy. Later, McCall Resort began sprinting and forged ahead until Lardo was partly forgotten.

This little wayside stopping place, having a great

aversion to being smothered in the dust of forgotten days, now moves ahead with masculine strides, attempting to regain its place in the race once started.

The most important business there is the Shore Lodge immediately west of the Payette River's outlet from Payette Lake. This overshadows Brown's sawmill in some respects.

Next in importance of popularity is the ski jump northwest from Lardo on Highway 15 with a convenient ski lift where contestants ride up the hill and slide down on the ski run like school boys, only with contesting speed, their feet strapped or clamped to skis. There is enjoyment and recreation in this sport and seldom a broken bone. Is it a pleasure to have a broken bone?

Skiers throw caution to the wind. The thrill of gliding over the white snow without any effort of propulsion is the desire of grown-ups as well as of youngsters. As one sails through the air from the crucial point of takeoff, he is actually flying without wings; each one hopes to make a longer leap than the record one at McCall of 208 feet.

Another important business in this popular town is Rowland Bro's Private Garage with a full line of equipment—gravel dredge, gravel elevator, gravel trucks, dragline, bucket hoes, bucket loader, truck mixer, bulldozer, rotary and blade snow plows.

Other enterprises consist of River Side Store, operated by Paul Hayes with a full line of groceries, Idaho's only "Pint Size" Super Market; Dick Bier's Service Station; Homelite Tool Company, Horace Feriday; heating and plumbing; Leo Butts' cabinet and sash works. There is a well attended schoolhouse. Out on Highway 15 is Village Store and Motel.

#### ELO POST OFFICE

Having chased Lardo post office from the cradle to the grave, we shall loosen Elo post office from its ancient moorings, three and one half miles southeast of McCall, where it was first established March 31, 1905, with John Eloheimo as postmaster. He was succeeded by William E. Eloheimo January 8, 1907. Jacob Kaanta was next appointed postmaster of said post office July 13, 1909.



*Photo courtesy of Walt Rubey, Shore Lodge, McCall, Idaho*

McCall, Idaho, 1907. The unpainted building in right foreground was Farmer's Commercial Company. John Kaanta took over this establishment where Elo Post Office resided until the name was changed to McCall in 1905, with Jacob Kaanta serving in said office until Hilga M. Cook was appointed postmistress of that office in 1914. To the left is Nute. Williams' store, then the old McCall Hotel, next building, unnamed by the author. The last in line was first, U. S. Forest Office, later occupied by The Rexall Drug Company. Little house in background is considered to be Tom McCall's early dwelling.

About this time, Elo post office was moved to McCall, the promising town on the shore of tranquil Payette Lake. Mr. Kaanta requested "that it retain its original name."

As the name of Elo was very unpopular with the citizens, controversies ensued; names were suggested and rejected but the name McCall stood pat. The name Elo was changed to McCall post office July 1909. Helga M. Cook was appointed postmistress of this office April 1, 1914.

Now that our city has a post office of its own, satisfaction is reflected in all faces. There is added contentment when the McCall post office is taken from John Kaanta's store and set up in a room provided for it in the back end of Ted Harwood's new brick building where Uncle Sam smilingly reclined in his easy chair.

Helga M. Cook served in that office until C. L. Burdette was appointed postmaster in 1944. He was still serving on January 8, 1958. After receiving his commission June 5, 1944, he began official business on May 9, 1945.

## SAWMILLS

After the burning of Dad McCall's sawmill, Ben McCall, Fred Green and Tom Ford installed another one on the east side of the lake. However financial difficulties forced them to sell.

H. R. Hoff, having purchased the mill from those men, erected a flour mill of several stories, procuring the best machinery obtainable and operating both mills with the steam power of the sawmill. They both burned in July, 1912. Mr. Hoff and his son Theodore, now built still another mill, taking in Bert Mills as partner. This man sold his interest to Carl Brown in 1913. The firm later was known as Hoff and Brown's Sawmill. After some time Mr. Hoff sold his interest to Mr. Brown. This mill also burned. After that, the mill was moved farther up the lake and greatly enlarged with machinery brought from a distant part of the state by Joe Kasper, a millwright. The firm now continues under the name of Brown's Tie and Lumber Company, turning out millions of board feet of lumber and thousands of railroad ties. The huge pay-

roll was the main means of livelihood of a young city and its large community. This company, at the present time, has 30 million feet of logs in the lake.

The original McCall Hotel, eventually owned by Mrs. Martha N. Peabody, was later known as Lakeview rooming house with Lola's Cafe serving the meals. The whole structure was destroyed by fire in 1958.

In years past, this same building was operated by Clem Blackwell for some time, with his saloon in one end; also the U. S. post office Lardo was under the same roof. Because this arrangement is unlawful, it was moved to W. B. Boydston's store as stated previously.

Afterwards, Mr. Blackwell moved his liquor business across Second St. opposite his former location. Seeing a good opportunity for business, he added to the saloon a kitchen, dining room and lobby and other conveniences on the first floor. Upstairs he constructed a group of bedrooms and other necessities which resulted in Brundage Hotel. This was destroyed by fire and never rebuilt. Charred remains of the porch posts are still visible in the cement sidewalk where the building stood.

The Lakeview rooming house escaped the flames of the burning Brundage as some sympathetic citizens threw water on the wall while others passed back and forth with huge slabs of cardboard boxes thus relieving the water brigade and wall of some of the heat. But woe to the buildings on the opposite side of the burning Brundage for, as the historian says, "The old Theater, West Coast Power Co's office, Mary Ann's Bakery, butcher shop and Dr. Number's Office were all destroyed by the same blaze."

The high sidewalks with porches above, in front of stores and hotels, gradually gave way to lower sidewalks of plank. In those days the horse-drawn, steel-tired wagons ground their way slowly through the sandy streets delivering mixed loads of provisions, hardware, and mining supplies. In old photographs, wagon tracks may be seen leading down to the road on the lake shore and on to Lardo. This road, long since abandoned and replaced by Highway 15, passes through Lardo also.



## NEWSPAPERS

*The Long Valley Advocate*, the first newspaper at McCall, was edited by John R. Wallace in the year 1904. Says the historian, "This weekly was sold to Fred Mullin who moved it to Roseberry." Afterwards edited by Mrs. McKinally (Tracy) it was moved to Donnelly and remained there for some time until she moved to Cascade. Nobody in the country knows what was done with the machinery.

The historian continues, saying, "*The Payette Lakes Star* was first published in the old Nutting building at Lardo edited by Frank Roberts. After one year it was moved to McCall and edited by Gordon Squires." This business changed hands several times more until the present editor, Brit Nedry, took over and made a great improvement in its pages to the satisfaction of all "Star-gazers." Very recently this publication was managed by Bob and Dorothy Ege with still greater improvement of heavy-type headlines and other corrections giving the weekly the appearance of a real newspaper. For some undisclosed reason these people suddenly "threw up the sponge" and skidaddled. Gordon Squires temporarily managed the editing of the *Star* and *Cascade News*. Now, both papers, edited by Paris Martin, are improved in design and contain news items galore.

## RAILROADS

Early in the month of June, 1914, all the residents of McCall Village were gathering in the southeast quarter of the town with expectant faces for something was about to happen; and it did! That notorious "Iron Horse" was approaching on steel rails, belching forth clouds of black smoke high into the air as it moved slowly, pausing for a moment then advancing another rail length.

As the track-laying device appeared through the cut in the ridge at the edge of town it preceded two flat cars loaded with ties and rails, all pushed ahead by the steam locomotive. On the side of these cars and the track-laying machine also was a little tramway on which a string of ties advanced forward one behind the other to a turn-

table at the extreme front of all the equipment. This device turned the ties crosswise and men on each side took them by the ends and placed them on the graded roadbed. After the ties came the rails on the same little track. These were held out over the laid ties by a windlass device, which gently lowered them. They were then spiked to the spaced ties by men with heavy hammers.

In this manner the Idaho Northern Railroad was progressing slowly but surely to its destination which was written on the company's books and tickets as Lakeport, one mile farther on.

The sight-seers' gaze now shifted to the right as the steam engine came into view. On top of the huge, round horizontal boiler was the one great eye of this mechanical horse looking straight ahead. Behind the eye were the smokestack, sand dome, bell, steam dome with a steeple (whistle) on its metal back, cab, and finally the tender.

Foremost beneath his massive body was, in the vernacular of the day, "the Kow Ketcher Piolet." Did you ever see one "Ketch a cow"? Immediately back of this projection were the cylinders with piston rods and side rods connected to huge iron driving wheels operated by steam in the cylinders. This horse's tail consisted of a string of boxcars, the living quarters of an army-like crew.

It was understood that the United States Post Office Department refused to grant permission for a post office at the railroad's terminal, Lakeport, as it was too near the one in our town already operating under the appropriate name of McCall.

It caused some confusion to have one name for the village and another for the station. This is brought out forcibly by the following incident.

A man in Boise having bought a ticket, looked at it in disgust. "Hey, I called for a ticket to McCall and you have given me one to Lakeport," he said angrily.

"It's the same place," the agent replied dryly.

That grievance was expressed in bitter terms until the railroad company moved their boxcar-office to the vicinity in which the present depot now stands and placed the sign on it, McCall, Elevation 5022 feet. They erased Lakeport from their books and tickets.

## CHURCHES

The Congregational church first was established in in McCall August 14, 1912. Some time afterwards the Catholic church was built. The building now known as American Legion Hall was the Episcopal church. Later the building was used by the Nazarene people for a time, then by the Baptists and others. In 1939 the Full Gospel Mission church built a tabernacle of rough slabs. Since then it has been floored, the walls sealed, the ceiling raised, the wood shed on the back end torn away, the building extended for Sunday School rooms, and all slabs removed. Verticle rustic siding was put on the entire building.

The L. D. S. meet in city hall. Other churches are Highway Chapel, Northwestern Mountain Mission Bible School, and Dr. Bauer's First Baptist church.

## ELECTRICITY

Electric lighting of the village was begun by Austin Goodman with steam power at the side of the Payette River near Lardo which lasted until the burning of the sawmill in 1912. In the summer of 1913, Eugene Bennett and Ed Pepper undertook the lighting business and made a success of it. However, there was not sufficient remuneration to support both men. Mr. Pepper dropped out and Bennett persevered until 1930 when Walt Jordan took over; George Shafer began working for him in 1931. The West Coast Power Company assumed the responsibility of furnishing light and power for the town in 1940. The Idaho Power Company received management of the business September 11, 1944.

Old-timers vividly remember the dark nights of early days when we dizzily trudged through the driving snow storm in the dark, placing one foot directly ahead of the other, like tightrope walkers, as we stepped in the deep, narrow sled tracks. Coming suddenly under one of those small street lamps was, in comparison, like coming out of midnight into broad daylight. Even the fast falling snowflakes had a beautiful, weird glow as they descended slantwise through the lighted space. Now the large, high street lights illuminate a greater area and there are neon signs of assorted colors and designs. This brilliance is

considerable contrast to the old-time coal-oil lamps shining dimly out of the windows of stores and dwellings.

## SCHOOLS

The historian says, ". . . lack of teachers . . . lack of scholars, and schoolhouse. Mrs. York held school in her home for one year. Another year it was held in the Hancock home [Heacock]. The first schoolhouse was erected on Timber Ridge in 1906. The Star schoolhouse was built by A. L. Rowland in 1908, south of where the Railroad Stock yards are." Prior to the building of the schoolhouse in McCall in 1910, Mrs. John Peterson held school in the lean-to which was part of the "old" C. C. Anderson Company's store, destroyed years ago. Soon after the McCall schoolhouse (now the city hall) was built by A. L. Rowland in 1910, two teachers were needed. The partition was put in. The number of scholars still increased.

Not long after 1920, the present schoolhouse was erected on the hill where the 1910 schoolhouse formerly stood; the latest schoolhouse is overflowing now. The fourth graders are taken to Lardo and the high schoolers to Donnelly by bus. The first and second graders are divided with part of each grade attending class in Dr. Pflung's clinic and part attending class in the school building. The third and fifth grades also are divided with part of the children in the American Legion Hall and the rest in the schoolhouse.

A voting was held this fall to obtain the acceptance or rejection of McCall or Donnelly school bonds for building a high school. A large majority of votes were for McCall.

## POPULATION AND IMPROVEMENTS

The total population of permanent residents is hard to obtain without a painstaking canvass but is roughly estimated at twelve hundred to fifteen hundred. This number increases perhaps to five thousand in the summer as there are many summer homes on both sides of the lake.

Sylvan Beach resort at the narrows was established in 1906 or 1907 (exact date unavailable). The land on which the property rests was patented January 29, 1929, by

Charles Nelson who also built and managed an electric water-power plant for lighting and heating Sylvan Beach hotel and many cabins. The whole project has flourished with great patronage of guests and renters of summer cabins. Mr. Nelson owned and operated a gasoline launch which gave excellent service for many years.

Considerable trouble was experienced on Lake Street near Brown's Tie and Lumber Office as the ground at this place was very soft, especially in the springtime. Many loads of gravel were dumped there until a solid road bed was secured for the permanent paving. Great heavy loads of logs pass here on their way to the sawmill. From this beginning of macadamizing, the road was eventually completed far out to the popular golf course where many people gather on special days with great interest in this game of a "long walk between shots." Others who do not understand the rules or have the patience to wait pass by in disgust. About this time other streets were also paved with the oiled crushed rock until most of the important lanes have been hard surfaced, some quite recently. All had a more or less sandy base.

### STREET FIGHTS

This town wasn't always as peaceful as the story may reveal, for there were much drunkenness and fist fighting; one man was slashed in the face with a knife so severely he was at the point of death when medical aid arrived. He recovered, a trial was made in court, but we deem it best not to look up certain court records. Another man was shot and killed. A man was accused of jumping another's claim. A group of men went to his place. He came out with a thirty-thirty rifle and threatened to shoot the whole bunch if any one attempted to beat up on him. This is only hearsay, but I believe the reported trouble is true, which is a greater reason for withholding names. A man, led by the contents of a bottle, went to sleep on the railroad track. The pieces of his body were gathered up in a basket. Another man, viewing the mutilated remains, shook a loose hand and said, "Good-by, Old Pard." St. Cyr. Hairoil Pete, shot and killed Archie Emmons over a team of horses. Details of the trial are given in a succeeding story.

It is verbally reported that there were seven saloons in our town at one time, but J. D. McCall says, "There were only two saloons here before the Hotel was built. One run by Barnie Camp, the other by Louis Skogsaws, both Old Meadows residents." Ed Abbott's saloon and rooming house eventually was discontinued.

Clem Blackwell, having his saloon in the McCall Hotel, once received a letter from the Pacific and Idaho Northern Railroad Company's agent at Evergreen, temporary terminal.

"Why has he sent me a letter?" Clem mused. "A card was sufficient." Tearing the envelope open he read, "Your barrel of books is leaking!!" Occasionally a poolhall operator was arrested and taken to court for selling intoxicating drinks without a license.

Much trouble was caused by the influence of strong stuff either in bottles or handed over the bar in glasses. There were numerous dog fights also. Finally somebody decided to thin out the four-legged population by distributing bits of poisoned meat. Fourteen dogs were killed in one night. "Hallelujah," thought many people; others lamented the loss of a pet. Due to the licensing of these animals we seldom see them fighting in this city.

In those critical "speakeasy" days, an unknown expert artist drew a tell-tale cartoon and placed in conspicuously in the post office. It showed a man with a huge whisky flask in his hip pocket rolling a barrel diagonally across the street towards Bill Deinhardt's butcher shop. Bill could be seen standing at the block with cleaver raised, a huge cigar at a high angle in his mouth. This picture was greatly amusing but John Hently became angry for it exposed his illicit business. This was another barrel of liquid books.

### FIRST CAR WRECK

This is a somewhat amusing incident that might have resulted seriously. It seems to the author that no one will be offended by the names I mention. Gabriel Nassy had purchased a model "T" Ford of which he was very proud. He took passengers around the block for five cents a circuit. I think he must have been one of those who knocked

some of the bark off trees in front of the Brundage Hotel. Whoever they were saw many trees and attempted to go between them. The high-powered stuff in bottles and handed over the bar in glasses is very misleading. All went well and Gabriel escaped uninjured. On his way homeward he was not so fortunate.

I was staying at Bob Halferty's house, the old Fred Troeh store ten miles south of McCall. Along in the night we heard the rattle and roar of the same model "T." It stopped suddenly with a peculiar thump. We lay still for some minutes wondering what had happened until Henry Patricks' voice out in the road calling for help, saying, "My nose is cut off and Sid Parks' throat's cut." We dressed and went where Gabriel was trying to get the headlights to shine. He had missed the bridge of the irrigation ditch and the car had "bellybusted" on the opposite bank. The occupants had bounced through or over the windshield. Their injuries were so slight they walked to their homes unaided. Halferty's team extricated Lizzie the next day and the exulting hero drove it away.

#### EARLY-DAY WINTER SPORTS

At the beginning of these exercises was the ski jumping contest, held east of McCall at timber ridge on the Blackwell farm, formerly York homestead. As this place was not altogether satisfactory, another hill was decided on at the edge of Rock Flat on Highway 15 northwest of town. Twelve to fifteen hundred people gathered for the enjoyable winter sports in the village. There were so many, in fact, that there was considerable hunting and skirmishing among residents to find places for visitors to sleep, as the hotels were already overflowing with guests. Very little ice skating was done as the frost accumulating on the ice became deeper and deeper, making this enjoyable exercise impossible. Then a new sport called "skijoring" became popular. This consisted of one person on horseback holding one end of a lengthy rope, the other end of which was held by a man on skis. The horseback rider rode in a large circle pulling the contestant rapidly over the snow-covered ice on the lake as fast as the animal could run. It was some sport. Even along the main trav-

eled road some young fellows were occasionally seen on skis holding to a rope attached to a sled or held by another person on a passing sleigh. A toboggan slide was constructed from the McCall Hotel onto the lake that afforded the youngsters great pleasure. Sitting flat on the sliding board, they sped far out on the lake.

Then the Dog Derby races began. Usually four dogs were hitched tandem to a sled; the driver stood on the back of the sled holding to the gee pole. Up the road they went on the west side of the lake, then returned on the ice from the narrows in full view of the spectators in front of town. Some people really got excited, encouraging a certain team to win the fourteen-mile race. Ted Gealan and his wife were contestants as were Fred Printz and Warren Brown.

Roy Stover was one of the contestants and owned several dogs. This was his incentive for the naming of his place of business the "Dog House." He won a handsome prize in a derby in another part of the state.

Austin Goodman connected an airplane propeller to a sled having a gasoline engine for power. This furnished great help in the skjoring sport as the sled could make a larger circle and travel much faster than a horse. The skier holding to a rope attached to the sled could guide himself to one side by tilting his skis thus avoiding the draft of the propeller. However the speed caused a cold, stiff breeze. When a run was ended the man on skis could be seen swinging his arms violently about his shoulders to restore circulation in nearly frozen hands.

#### EARLY-DAY SUMMER SPORTS

The first wind-powered vessel on Payette Lake was built and owned by Jack (Jews-harp Jack) Wyatte. Wyatte's sailboat carried passengers and sight-seers forth and back over the choppy waves of this mountain lake for a few years. It began to deteriorate and was abandoned. Later it went to pieces on the beach. A few rough row boats were used on the water by people fishing.

The Fourth of July celebrations were well looked after for many years when the Day of Independence was ushered in at break of day by firing guns, shooting anvils, or

the ear-splitting detonations of sticks of dynamite on an open surface. These were touched off by a burning fuse, lit and crimped into a mining cap.

As the day advanced, foot races by men and boys offered good amusement but egg races, by women and girls, climaxed the excitement. Carrying an egg in a spoon held in the hand, they ran. The egg would almost invariably fall on the ground and break. Sometimes it wasn't totally destroyed. Then the contestant, giggling with excitement, would attempt to put it back in the spoon and race on, hoping to gain the prize if there was one. Others were having the same unnerving mishaps. Everybody joined in the laughter.

In a large open space, some distance east of Picnic Point, a horseracing track was provided. The grandstand would be crowded with spectators excited at seeing those animals urged to topmost speed on the circular track. A swirling cloud of dust was behind each one as he passed the score mark. The crowd shouted louder when a certain horse was in the lead. Many dollars changed hands in betting on these races.

On this same space was the baseball diamond where lively players sometimes made homeruns amid great shouting and clapping of the hands.

The celebrations of the day ended in the dark by fireworks set off from a barge anchored out in the lake at the end of the wharf. At intervals skyrockets shot fiery rainbow-like streaks into the air over the water. Roman candles sent balls of fire in all directions; pinwheels spun circles of fire; a solid burst of sound sent a ball high in the air which burst into blazing fragments that burned out as they fell. All during the day and far into the night the popping and snapping of firecrackers could be heard on every side. This expression of liberty was well kept. In late years it has woefully waned to the extent that 1958 was silent on the Fourth of July, under the communistic cry of "a sane celebration." Strangers were seen pacing the streets looking for something interesting to see or hear, but only silence prevailed. There was not even a speech over a loud-speaker to break the silence. Did those people have a desire to come to this noted place to spend the great eventful day next year?

After the sailboat came the steamboat *Lyda*, a trim, substantial freight and passenger conveyance driven by a four-blade propeller. It was much faster than a wind-blown vessel as it contoured the forty miles of lake shore at a safe distance from the rockbound portions of rocky border and sloping sandy beaches. Daws McCall said, "I hauled the biggest load on it of any man managing the boat before or since, which was 10 tons of baled hay from town to the head of the lake." Newt. Williams built this steamer. This automatically gave him the title of Captain, though the actual designing and construction were done by H. A. Butler, an experienced boat builder from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Ben McCall built a frame and constructed wooden wheels on which to run a band saw, the first in the village. It was used for cutting the curved ribs of the boat and boards of many shapes to fit the curvatures of the hull and canopy top.

While this enterprise was progressing, a few rowboats, laboriously manned by men at the oars, were seen leaving the wharf. On their return from a fishing trip, the men sometimes exhibited a lovely string of trout.

In course of time, speedboats made their appearance screeching and roaring, splitting the air as well as the water as if attempting to erect themselves on the hind end, to run, or to fly like a duck. Surfboards and water skis are the latest to appear.

Occasionally, a jet plane is seen passing over, leaving that mystical white vapor streak like a long slender tail which gradually evaporates and vanishes. Even in winter those high-flying, four-engined transports may be heard far above the mile-deep clouds on their way to Seattle or some other seaport.

East of the airport on the opposite side of Highway 15 one mile south of McCall is the automobile racecourse, a great attraction for many people.

During the summer vacation period, there are various sports events to thrill, and be enjoyed by, sight-seers and visitors from most, or all, of the states of the Union. Even in winter, noted skiers arrive from foreign countries to engage in the contested leap which was won by Tauno Luuro, of Finland, in 1951. The world's record jump is

approximately 456 feet. The longest recorded leap at McCall was set by Alf Engen in 1946 by a jump of 208 feet. The record U. S. jump of 316 feet was set in 1957 by Anston Samuelstuen in Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

McCall is already a noted resort and growing more so as the years roll by.

In addition to this notorious resort, Brown's sawmill is the main upkeep of our city and most of Long Valley.

#### WHEN McCALL WENT DRY

Gail Standish and Charlie Cummins  
Shal White and Eino Hill  
Were making a little moonshine,  
When Fred Diggs came over the hill.

Fred had two deputies with him,  
They weren't needed at all,  
Dr. Hurd was a small man,  
Lisenby big and tall.

They had a nice warm breakfast,  
As the sun came over the hill,  
Fred cached the whisky,  
Dr. Hurd smashed the still.

He brought them to McCall  
They promised to be good,  
But their minds ran in circles,  
Thought to fool him if they could.

They brought some whisky with them,  
All that they could pack,  
But didn't bring it all,  
So decided to go back.

They went to the livery barn,  
Hired a team and sleigh,  
Roy Stover to drive it,  
And speed them on their way.

Now the two that sneaked away,  
Back to their little still,

One was old Shal White,  
The other Eino Hill.

They lifted Fred's cache and started home,  
Were coming on the run,  
When they met Hurd and Lisenby  
With a flashlight and a gun.

Hurd said, "Drive on Roy.  
To the Hotel Lakeview,  
You have two hours to get ready,  
You are coming with us too."

They made a lot of explanations.  
All to no avail,  
For they were taken to Cascade,  
And lodged in the county jail.

They waived their prelim,  
And laid in jail for a while,  
"Till Judge Varian came up,  
And gave an unbiased trial.

Four of them pled guilty to the  
Charge and error of their ways,  
The old Judge said, "200 Dollars,"  
. . . "sixty days."

The teamster hadn't done anything very bad,  
So they took his team and sleigh,  
"Varian" gave him hundred dollar fine,  
And put him in jail for thirty days.

by  
one of us.

Speak-easy days now became Speak Easier Days!

The above poem, as acknowledged by the unknown writer, is an actual fact and gives a graphic account of unlawful manufacture of intoxicating drinks indulged in by certain men wherever they found a secluded place. However, the arm of the law is long and sharp, reaching from a back alley to distant hills.

This poem was published once in the *Cascade News*, therefore, I consider it no offense to mention it in the history of McCall.

The Founding of McCall story is not considered complete without commenting on that notorious "Sea Serpent" yarn, which has caused a great amount of amusement, laughter, ridicule, and in one case fear. One woman declared she "would leave this awful place" after hearing those loud waves of voices echoing from the log boom across the water and back again. This monster's length has been stretched from normal to perhaps thirty or thirty-five feet.

Most people who have seen it have failed to give a satisfactory description. Both Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Nedry, wife of the editor of the *Payette Lakes Star*, had a fair view of the strange creature, yet they gave a poor description.

This is a "World Wide" phantom story that has stirred great concern, comment and amazement in foreign countries also, but all these great sights vanished like bubbles when brought down to actual facts. Even when a photograph was developed, the returns stated, "Your camera was out of focus." It is said the Indians avoided the lake because there was an evil spirit in it. Also, it is said a demon, fish, or whatever it is, actually exists in Switzerland, but what I shall say is bringing the creature into closer view. I read this in a little diary of 1947, "Heard that two men were fishing through the ice, on Payette Lake, saw two sturgeon swim by under the ice, one behind the other." Bus Ingbretsen, the barber, says, "I heard that yarn early in 1931."

Not too long after this date, W. E. Davis and son Melvin reported from the narrows of the lake, "That long snouted 8 ft. sturgeon poked its ugly head above the water, revealing the greenish back, and forked tail high in the air as it dove beneath the waves with a mighty splash. It just made the water boil when it went down."

The Idaho Northern Railway (now Union Pacific) has 5022 feet elevation on its sign on their station. At Hilltop Rubber Welders the altitude is slightly higher but this rise in elevation fails to keep pace with the popularity and fame of our young city which reaches far and wide to cities of tall buildings, from which comes the jocular query, "Have you any skyscrapers in your wonderful town?" Well, there are some "Mile-High Cabins."