

*Meridian Historical
Society*

AN
ANCESTORAL GENEALOGY
OF THE
BURNS and BURKE
FAMILIES
with
Personal Sketches

Assembled
and
Published by

Don E. Haasch
Marie Haasch Whitesel

1981

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Emmons and Jane Burns

225



William R. Burns

245



Emmons Burns home, Missouri. 221

John and Laura Burns Fox 324
Lela and Aden

WILLIAM R. BURNS - - - - MARHTA JAMES

11B1

Children

Name:	Phoebe (Elwin)	Married:	David Anderson	12B1
Born:	1869?	Born:		
Place:		Place:		
Married:	1905	Died:		
Place:	Paynes Creek, Cal.	Place:	Paynes Creek, Cal.	
Died:	1905	Place:		
Place:				
Name:	Elizabeth (Betsy)	Married:	Ray	12B2
Born:		Born:		
Place:		Place:		
Married:				
Place:				
Name:	Martha			12B3
Name:	John			12B4
Name:	William (Bill)			12B5
Name:	Emmons Frank (lin)	Married:	Heneretta <u>Jane</u> Beeman	12B6
Born:	Nov. 28, 1819	Born:		
Place:	Monroe County Tenn.	Place:	McDonald County, No.?	
Married:	Jan. 19, 1843	Died:	March 16, 1856	
Place:	McDonald County, Mo.	Place:	McDonald County, Mo.	
Died:	1894-95	Buried:		
Place:	Mc Donald County, Mo.	Parents:	(F) James Beeman	
Occupation:	Farmer.			
Name:	Emmons F. (2nd Marriage)	Married:	Margarette E. Kennedy	12B6
Married:	July 10, 1856			
Place:	McDonald Co., Mo.	Parents:	Thomas J. Kennedy	

PHOEBE BURNS - - - DAVID ANDERSON
Children

12BP1

Name: Jessie (a Twin)	Married: William Frank Burns(13BF8)	13BP1,1
Born: 1869?	Born: Feb. 25, 1859	
Place:	Place: McDonald Co. Mo.	
Married: 1905	Died: Feb. 1942	
Place: Paynes Creek, Cal.	Place: Yuba City, Cal.	
Died: 1918 (Fall)	Buried: Yuba City, Cal	
Place: Chico, Cal.		
Buried: Red Bluff, Cal.	(note) Frank and Jessie were first cousins.	

Name: Mary (a Twin)	Married: Walter Conard	13BP1,2
Born: 1869?	Born:	
Place:	Place:	
Married:	Died:	
Place:	Place:	
Died:	Buried:	
Place:		
Buried:		

Name: Martha	Married: Eicher	13BP1,3
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Name: Elizabeth	Married: Walter Conard	13BP1,4
Born:	Born:	
Place:		
Married:	Note: After Elizabeths death	
Place:	Walter married her sister Mary	
Died:	In Childbirth	

Name: Will	Never married.	13BP1,5
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Name: Nelson		13BP1,6
Born:		
Place:		
Died:	When quite young	

MARY BURNS - - - WALTER CONARD
Children

13BP1,2

Name: Elizabeth	Married:	14BP12,1
Born: 1898?		

Name: Jessie	Married:	14BP12,2
Born: 1908?		

MARTHA BURNS - - - EICHER
Children

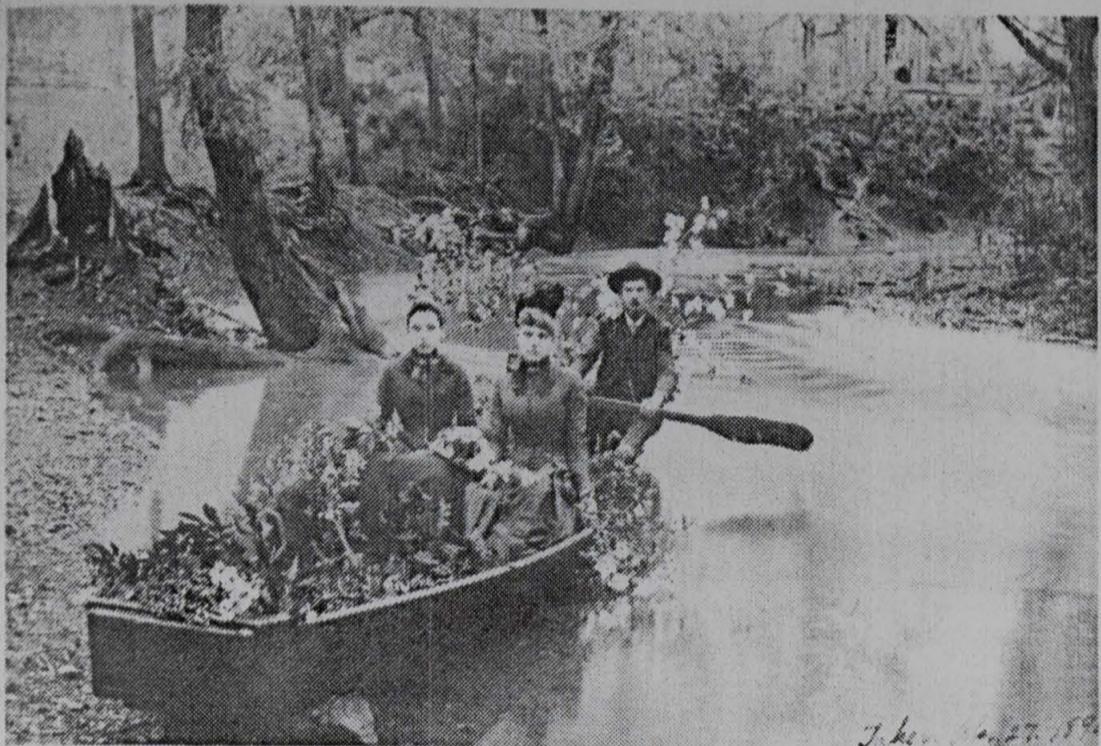
13BP1,3

Name: Alice		14BP13,1
Name: Phoebe		14BP13,2
Name: Wesley		14BP13,3

ELIZABETH BURNS - - - WALTER CONARD
Children

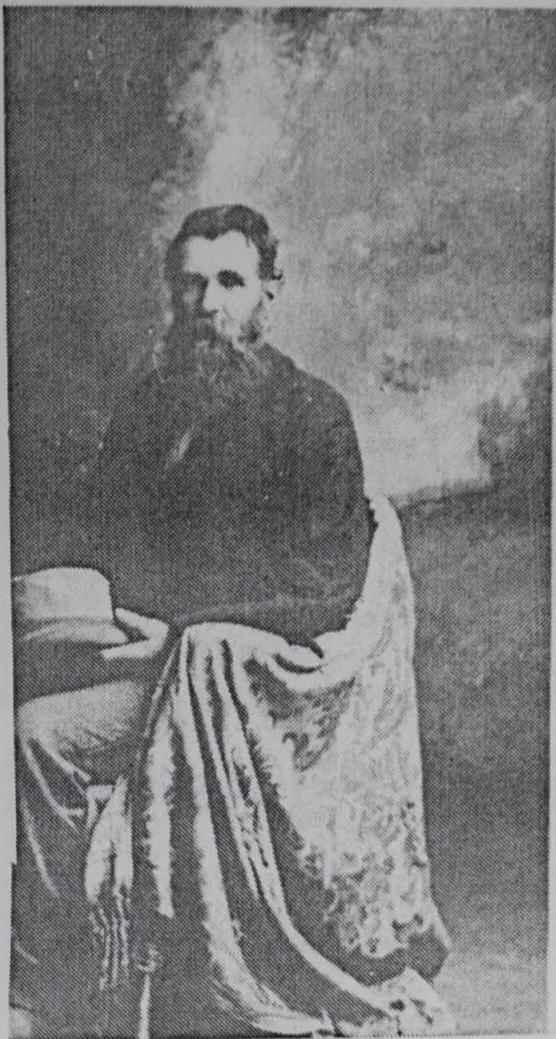
13BP1,4

Name: David		14BP14,1
Name: Florence		14BP14,2



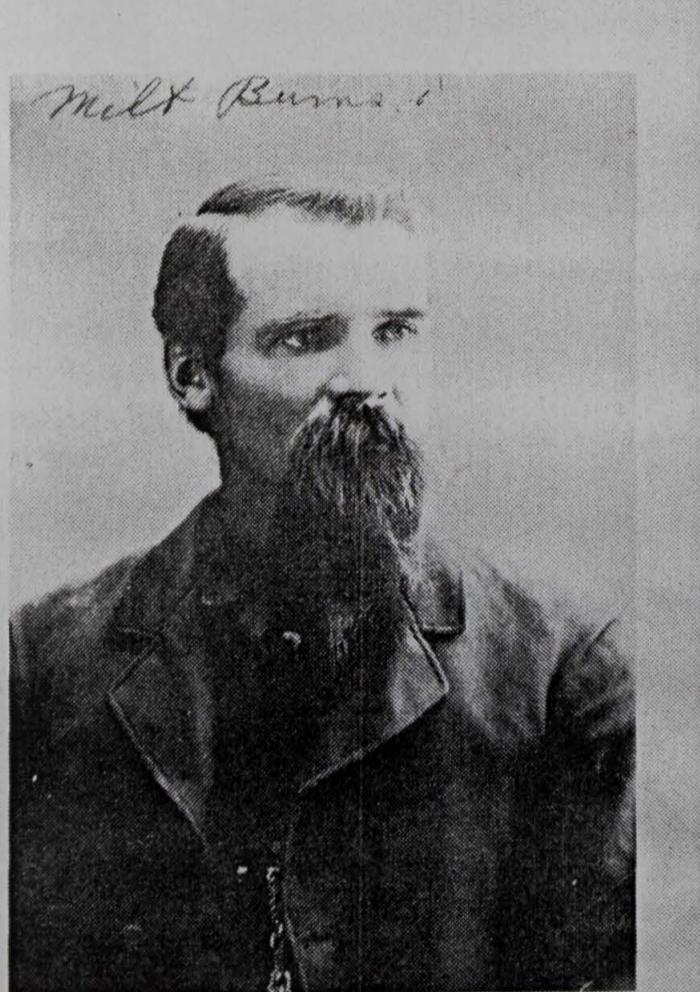
Taken Sept 27, 1886

Sunday boating on stream. (See barn in background) 230
The stream run near the house



John Burns

226



Milt Burns

224



BackRow: L-R; Milt? Frank? Emmons
F. Row: Letha, John, Laura. 229

EMMONS F. BURNS - - - - - HENRIETTA JANE BREWELL

Children

12B6

Name: John 13B1
 Birth:

Place: McDonald County, Mo.

Married:

Place:

Died:

Place:

Name: Milton 13BM2
 Birth:

Place: McDonald County, Mo.

Married:

Place:

Died:

Place:

Name: Samuel Martin 13B3
 Birth: March 2, 1852
 Married: Mary Elizabeth Pfost

Born: Nov. 14, 1867

Place: McDonald County, Mo.

Place: Bates Co. Mo.

Married: Feb. 11, 1885

Near Hayesburg

Place: Ada Co. near Boise, Idaho

Died: May 22, 1933

Died: Cambridge, Idaho 8-13-1918

Place: Meridian, Idaho

Buried: Meridian, Idaho

Buried: Meridian, Idaho

Parents: Isaac W. Pfost
 Margarette V. Koontz

Name: Mandy (Amanda) 13B4
 Birth: 1854
 Married: Bird.

Place: McDonald Co. Mo.

Married:

Place:

Died: Age 30.

Place:

Issue: Two Children.

Name: Baby 13B5

Name: Baby 13B6

Birth: March 16, 1856

Place: McDonald Co. Mo.

Note: Mother and Baby died at birth.

EMMONS F. BURNS - - - - - MARGARETTE E. KENNEDY

Children

12B2

Name: Henrietta 13B7
 Birth: 1857?

Place: McDonald Co. Mo.

Died: Before 1888

Place:

(Cont.)

EMMONS F. BURNS - - - - MARGARETTE E. KENNEDY
Children

12B6

Cont.

Name:	William Frank	Married:	Fannie Ware Morrison	13BF8
Birth:	Feb. 24 (25), 1859	Born:	Feb. 22, 1865	
Place:	McDonald Co. Mo.	Place:	Patterson Creek, Mo.	
Married:	July 4, 1890	Died:	Oct. 5, 1903	
Place:	Boise, Idaho	Place:	Nampa, Idaho	
Died:	April 24, 1942	Buried:	Kohler Lawn Cem.	
Place:	Yuba City, Calif.		Nampa, Idaho	
Burried:	Yuba City, Calif.	Parents:	F. Thomas Morrison M. Elizabeth Regan	
Name:	W. Frank (2nd Marriage)	Married:	Jessie Anderson	
		Born:	1869?	
		Place:	Missouri?	
		Died:	1918 (Fall)	
		Place:	Chico, Calif.	
		Note:	Jessie was a first cousin of Frank. Jessie was a daughter of Frank's Father's oldest sister, Phoebe.	
Name:	Letha			13B9
Birth:	1860?			
Place:	McDonald Co. Mo.			
Died:	Before 1888			
Name:	Emmons T.	Married:	Mollie Pendleton?	13B10
Birth:				
Place:	McDonald Co. Mo.			
Died:				
Place:		Two Step Children:		
		Della, Mason.		
Name:	Lee (Leander)			13B11,
Birth:				
Place:	McDonald Co. Mo.			
Died:				
Place:				
Name:	Laura	Married:	John Fox	13B12,
Birth:	June 29, 1867?	Birth:		
Place:	McDonald Co. Mo.	Place:		
Married:		Died:	1906	
Place:		Place:	Nampa, Idaho	
Died:		Buried:		
Place:		Parents:	Frank A. Fox ?	
Buried:			Minnie F. ?	

Note: Laura and John had a son Adin Fox who was a very successful Electrical Engineer and inventor.
He invented the Trip-o-link cutout for power lines.
He lived in St. Louis.

EMONS F. BURNS - - - - - MARGARETTE KENNEDY

12B6
(Cont)

Name: Tommy (Thomas) J. 13B13,
Birth: 1870?
Place: McDonald County, Mo.
Died: June 27, 1886 (aged 16)
Place: McDonald County, Mo.

Name: Aletha B. 13B14,
Birth:
Place: McDonald Co. Mo.
Died:
Place:

LAURA BURNS - - - - JOHN FOX

13B12,

Name: Adin Married: 14B12,1
Born:
Place:
Married:
Place:
Died:
Place:

Note: Retired in Calif.

Name: Lela (Tommie Lee) Married (1) Bill Cafferty 14B12,2
Born: (2) Joe Johnson
Place:
Married:
Place:
Died:
Place: Pocatello, Idaho

Issue: one daughter, Helen

15B12,21

Name: Helen Married: 14B12,3
Born:
Place:

MILTON BURNS - - - - -
Children

13BM2

Name:	Minnie	Married:	Ray L. Harmon	14BM1
Born:		Born:		
Place:		Place:		
Married:		Died:		
Place:		Place:		
Died:		Buried:		
Place:				
Buried:				

(Note. Minnie was said to have a rather large family)

MINNIE BURNS - - - - RAY L. HARMON
Children

14BM1

Name:		Married:	Lewis Brubeck	15BM1
Born:		Born:		
Place:		Place:		
Married:				
Name:	Joan Elaine Harmon	Married:	Lester Eldon Doty	15BM2
Born:		Born:		
Place:		Place:		
Married:				
Place:				
Name:	Linda	Married:		15BM3
Born:		Born:		
Place:		Place:		

HARMON - - - - LEWIS BRUBECK
Children

15BM1

Name:	Colleen	Married:		16BM1.1
Born:		Born:		
Place:		Place:		
Name:	Ray	Married:		16BM1.2
Born:		Born:		
Place:		Place:		

Joan Harmon, Lester Doty Wedding

Honeymooning in Mexico City and Acapulco are Mr. and Mrs. Lester Eldon Doty (Joan Elaine Harmon), who were married Sunday at a 4 p.m. Ceremony in the First Christian church of Marysville.

Rev. Lawrence Wells, church pastor, solemnized the double-ring ceremony, for which the attractive bride chose a princess-style gown of Chantilly lace over satin. The floor-length gown had a fitted bodice, the collar of which was trimmed with sequins. Her fingertip illusion veil from a cap trimmed with sequins, taken from the weding dress of a poineer Sutter county resident, Mrs. E. Wadsworth. White tuberous begonias and lilies of the valley made the bride's boquet.

Ray L Harmon escorted his daughter to the altar, which was banked with baskets of white gladioli, snapdragons and stock. Floor candelabra flanked the altar.

In maid of honor roles was Miss Nancy Vodnek of Oakland, who wore a light blue antique taffeta frock of waltz-length. The gown was made with elbow-length sleeves and a modified cowl collar on the wide V-neckline. Back fulness accented the skirt and she completed her ensemble with a matching blue headpiece and face veil.

Bridesmaid's dressed identical to the honor maid, were the Misses Ruth Ann Boals of Yuba City and Jean Bennet of Robbins. All three carried cascade bouquets of gold carnations.

Little Colleen Brubeck of Yuba City, niece of the bride, was flower girl. Richard Doty, cousin of the bridegroom, assumed best man duties. Candle-lighters were the Misses Linda Harmon, sister of the bride, and Judy Brandt, also of Yuba City.

Guests were served by Mrs Kenneth Bryan and Mrs. John McArthur, sister of the bride groom, Mrs Lewis Brubeck of Yuba City, sister of the bride, handled the guest book. Small bags of rice were distributed by Ray Brubeck, the bride's nephew and Timmie Butler, from baskets trimmed in blue with white bows.

A toast-colored lace dress was chosen by the bride's mother for the occasion. Her hat and gloves were orchid and her purse and shoes, brown. She wore a Cattleyea orchid tied with bronze ribbon.

For their wedding trip, the bride chose a light brown suit, brown velvet hat and brown lizard shoes. Her bag was lizard and she wore Odontia Grande orchids in gold and brown.

About 80 close friends, relatives and out-of-town guests of the couple were entertained at the home of the bride's parents following the church reception. Buffet supper was served.

The newlyweds will return to Yuba City to reside at Pamrich Villa. The new Mrs. Doty is the daughter of the Ray L. Harmons, George Washington Blvd. Yuba City. She is a graduate of Yuba City elementary and Union High schools and she attended Yuba college. She is also a graduate of Highland School of Nursing at Oakland.

The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Jacob J. Doty and the later Mr. Doty of Yuba City. He is a graduate of Yuba City elementary and Union High schools and of the University of California at Davis. He also served three years with the U. S. Air Force, and is now farming in Sutter county, where the couple will reside following their Marriage.

WILLIAM R. BURNS

(11B1)

William R. Burns was a native of South Carolina and served under Jackson in the War of 1812. He married Martha James. Later he moved with family of five children to Monroe County, Tennessee. Emmons F was born there in 1819. In 1829 William took his family to Carroll County, Georgia.

Later on the rich farm land of the west called and one August they traveled in Missouri looking for good farm land. They found what they wanted in Newton County and they settled in Buffalo Township. The County later divided putting their farm in McDonald County. Some of his sons traveled west with William and also settled in the community.

(One record says Wm. moved from Penn. to Georgia)

EMMONS F. BURNS

(12B6)

Emmons was born in Monroe County, Tenn. on Nov. 28, 1819 and traveled west with his father to Missouri. He received little opportunity for schooling but obtained some in a primitive log schoolhouse in Georgia. Emmons took-up several hundred acres adjoining his father's land to the west. On Jan. 19, 1843, Emmons married Heneretta Jane Beeman, who was the daughter of James Beeman, an Irish pioneer of McDonald County, and a fifer in the War of 1812.

In 1849 the Gold boom of California Emmons joined the "Rush". Emmons and an Irish friend, Pat O'Leary, joined the "Mule Brigade of '49" to California.

Emmons and Pat washed enough gold from the streams to keep them grubstaked, and about a year later they located a placer mine near Eureka, California, and in a few days of panning, cleaned up a neat amount of dust and small nuggets. The Gold seemed to run out and Emmon decided to "Head for Missouri". His friend begged him to stay one more year and build a cabin. He sold his interest in the mine for fifty cents. (Pat later became wealthy from the mine)

He returned to Missouri in the spring and built a new house. It was a long one-story structure with a porch across the front.

Late in 1854 or early 1855 his wife, Jane, died in childbirth. Soon he realized that it would take more than the colored help to run his household and in a few months he married another Irish girl, Margarett E. Kennedy, a daughter of Thomas Kennedy (Betty)

Emmons Burns was appointed deputy United States Marshall for the western district of Missouri, but in 1861 when the convention was called to consider the advisability of the state of Missouri seceding from the Union, he resigned.

Emmons joined the Southern forces and was appointed Captain under Sterling Price. He was immediately dispatched to Tennessee, where he was in the battle of Wilson Creek. Later he came home on furlough and mortgaged his farm to aid the Confederate cause.

While he was gone, the family existed on very little. The Yankee soldiers occupied that part of Missouri and took from the people practically all the available food. The "Salt Famine" of the south also extended to the Burns family. One day the soldiers burned the Wm and Burns homes because they felt they were responsible for some stolen horses. The two families moved in with the Emmons' sister Betsy Ray. With other relatives and friends there were over fifty children and adults.

Emmons was a prisoner of war for three years for three years at Camp Norton, Indianapolis, Indiana. Food was scarce and he arrived home broken in health about three months after his release. (There is an indication that he lost a leg during the war.)

Getting the farm back into production was almost impossible for invalid Emmons and his sons without animals or colored help to put in the crops.

In 1876, his son, Mart, left for the west and came back about six years later with enough money to pay off the mortgage and add on to the house.

In the '80s Emmons surveyed for the State of Missouri.

EMMONS F. BURNS (12B6)

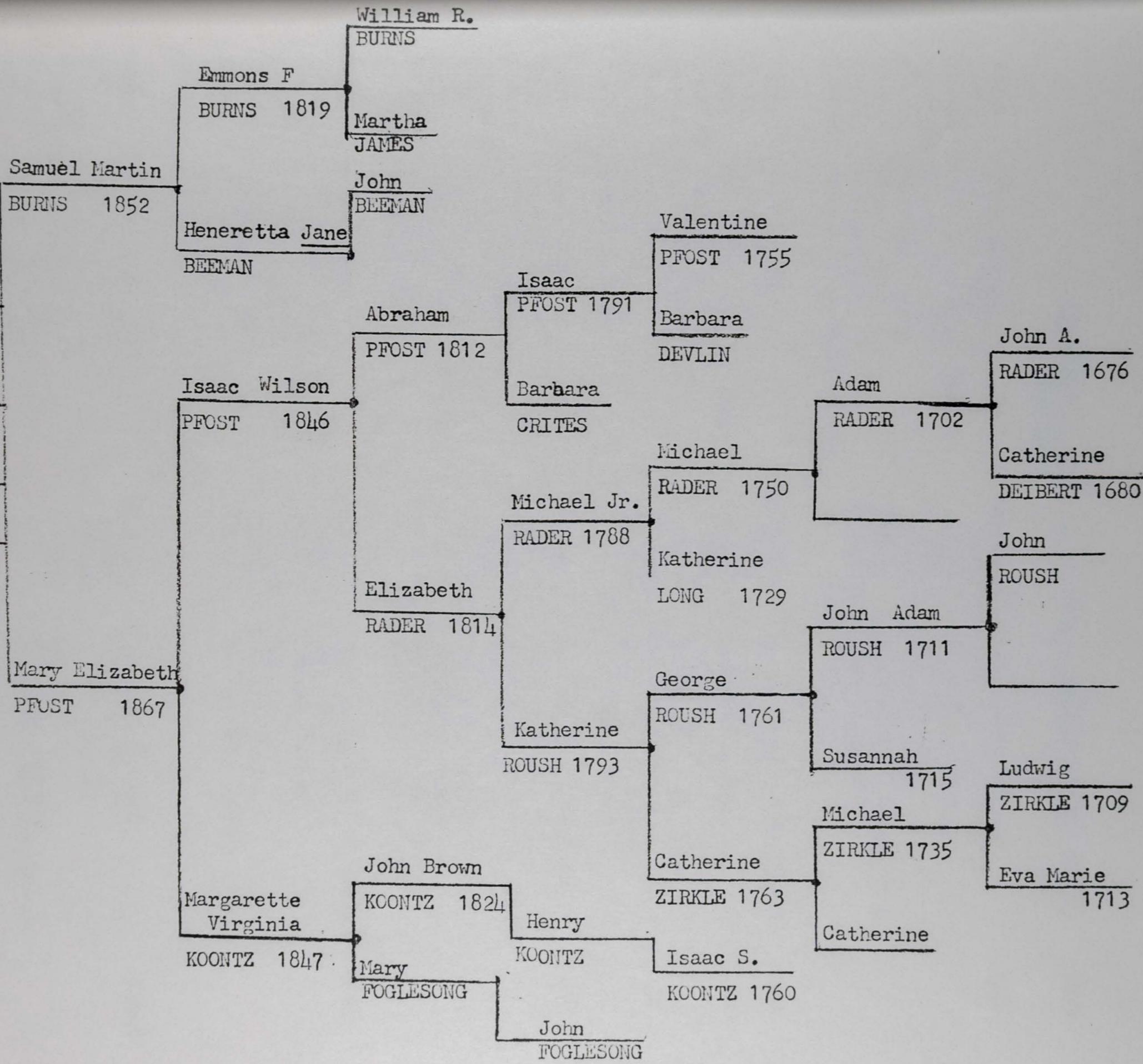
Emmons F. Burns was born in Monroe County, Tenn., on November 28, 1819, and is a son of William R. Burns (deceased), a native of South Carolina, who served under Jackson in the War of 1812. The latter removed his family to Carroll County, Ga., in 1829, thence to McDonald County, Mo., in 1841, settling in Buffalo Twn., which territory was then a part of Newton County. Emmons F. Burns had very little opportunity for attending school, but what education he received in the primitive log school-house has been much improved by study at home, and, since arriving at years of maturity, by much desultory reading. On January 19, 1843, he wedded Jane Beeman, who was a daughter of James Beeman, now deceased, who was a pioneer of McDonald County, and was a fifer in the War of 1812. Mrs Burns died on March 16, 1856, having borne six children, three of whom, Milton, Samuel M. and John W. are living. One daughter, Amanda (Bird), died at the age of thirty years, leaving a husband and two children. On July 10, 1856, Mr Burns married Margaret E. Kennedy, a daughter of Thomas J. Kennedy (deceased). Eight children have been born of this union, of whom five are living: Laura (Fox), William F., Emmons T., Leander and Aletha B. One son, Thomas J., died on June 27, 1886, aged sixteen years. Mr Burns is the owner of 224 acres of land, and devotes his time chiefly to agricultural pursuits. For ten years he served as surveyor of Mc Donald County, and as county assessor for one year. He also served as justice of the peace for many years, and for a short time before the war as deputy United States marshal for the western district of Missouri. The family are devout Christians and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Their son, Milton, is a minister of the Gospel. William F. and Emmons R. are school-teachers.

Taken from: History, Newton, Lawrence, Barry & McDonald Co., Missouri.

Goodspeed Publishing Co. 1888. pp 1057-1058

Taxpayers: W. R. Burns, T 23, R 33. Served in Confederate Army.

LDS. Ref No. 977.87 H 2hn



SAMUEL MARTIN BURNS - - - MARY ELIZABETH PFOST (13P1) 13B3
Children

Name: James Grover	Married: Ethel June Hedges	14B1
Born: Jan. 21, 1886	Born: June 16, 1888	
Place: (Hunter) Meridian, Idaho	Place: Meridian, Idaho	
Married: August 31, 1910	Died: Nov. 8, 1964	
Place: Meridian, Idaho	Place: Boise, Idaho	
Died: Dec. 3, 1943	Buried: Morris Hill, Boise, Idaho	
Place: Boise, Idaho	Parents: (F) Clement Hedges	
Buried: Morris Hill, Boise, Idaho	(M) Eliza Barnes	
Name: Clara Elsie	Married: Frank Ernest Haasch(14H1)	14B2
Born: Sept. 24, 1887	Born: Jan, 3, 1889	
Place: Dry Creek, Ada Co. Idaho	Place: Menominee, Mich	
Married: August 21, 1912	Died: Oct. 20, 1975	
Place: Meridian, Idaho	Place: Coeur d' Alene, Idaho	
Died: Nov. 19, 1972	Buried: Meridian, Idaho	
Place: Boise, Idaho	Parents: (F) Otto Wilhelm Haasch	
Buried: Meridian, Idaho	(M) Caroline Krueger	
Name: Almia Etta	Married: Earl Edward Burke(14Bk1)	14B3
Born: Nov. 23, 1891	Born: Nov. 6, 1892	
Place: Meridian, Idaho	Place: Salubria, Cambridge, Idaho	
Married: Nov. 21, 1913	Died: Feb. 15, 1973	
Place: Meridian, Ida.	Place: Portland, Oregon	
Died: Feb. 27, 1955	Buried: Portland, Oregon	
Place: Meridian, Ida.	Parents: (F) Richard Joseph Burke	
Buried: Meridian, Ida.	(M) Anna Wade 8-17-1873	
Name: Apal Alpha	Married: Abraham Garfield Friedline	14B4
Born: April 3, 1893	Born: Jan. 22, 1882	
Place: Meridian, Idaho	Place: Dayton, Nevada	
Married: Jan. 8, 1913	Died: May 4, 1962	
Place: Meridian, Idaho	Place: Boise, Idaho	
Died: Oct. 20, 1972	Buried: Morris Hill, Boise, Idaho	
Place: St. Louis, Mo.		
Buried: Meridian, Idaho		
Name: Waldo Overly Oscar	Married: La Veda Elliott	14Bw5
Born: Dec. 30, 1899	Born: Sept, 27, 1906	
Place: Nampa, Idaho	Place: Missouri	
Married: April 29, 1926	Note: Divorced.	
Place: Boise, Idaho	Lived in Spokane	
Died: Nov. 21, 1974	Name Now La Veda Powers	
Place: Phoenix, Arizona		
Buried: Meridian, Idaho		
Married: (2nd)	Married: Joan Adain Bigelon	
	Born: Nov. 14,	

MARTIN (MART) BURNS

Samuel Martin Burns was born on March 2, 1852 in McDonald County, Missouri. He was eleven years old when his father came home from the Civil War. His father, Emmons, came back an invalid from the war. The farm was heavily mortgaged to help the southern cause, had lost all its stock, and had about gone back to its natural state of wilderness from not being cultivated. It was almost impossible to put the farm back on a paying basis. Mart and his brothers helped all they could, but because of inexperience, no animals or colored help the progress was very slow.

In 1876 Mart felt if he could go west he might be able to earn enough money to help the problem. Jim Stewart and his folks had left for the west the year before and had written him from LaVeta, Colorado, that they were heading for Idaho and Oregon. With the spring work out of the way, Mart headed for LaVeta on the train, and met the Stewarts. He looked over the gold fields without success, so they joined an emigrant train in June and arrived in Boise City on August 18, 1877. The next day they started for Oregon but a day or so later they turned back to Boise City.

Mart got a job on a farm with a Mr Ellis. Ellis was running a freight line from Kelton, Utah, the end of the railroad to Idaho City. Since Mart was able to handle horses, he was soon allowed to drive a freight wagon. (A round trip took about three weeks). After the first two pay days, Mart drew no salary. After four years Mart contracted to buy a fourteen-mule team and freight wagon for two thousand dollars from Ellis. After about two more years he sold the outfit and returned to Missouri.

In the fall Mart returned home to Missouri, paid the mortgage off on the farm. With his brothers he added on to the house to make it more comfortable.

The next spring Mart decided to go again to Idaho and his brother, Frank, with him. This time he tried prospecting in the Hailey area and worked for others in the mines. He also played a fiddle for the dances on Saturday nights. That fall he went back to the Stewarts to live over the winter. The next spring the Stewarts decided to build a new house and Mart helped with it. He met his future wife Mollie Pfost while working on the house. She lived a few houses away. He freighted the rest of the summer. In the fall Frank was not feeling well and the two boys returned to Missouri for the winter.

The next Spring, Mart, Frank and their sister Laura with her husband John Fox left for Idaho. Mart went back to the Mines at Ketchum Idaho. Early in the fall he wrote a letter to Mollie Phost proposing marriage, she accepted and they were married at the Pfost home on Feb. 11, 1885. They returned to Ketchum for their honeymoon. A couple of months later they received a letter from the Pfosts saying Mollie's mother was ill. They moved to Boise.

Mart took up a desert claim on Ten Mile creek about five miles west of the Pfost home. When Mrs Pfost died in Dec. 1885, Mart and his wife moved to the Pfost home to take care of the family after Mollie's first child was born in Jan 1886.

Mart took a very active role in church doings. He sang and conducted the Choir.

In 1890 Mart and his wife filed on 480 acres of land just west of Boise because the Ridenbaugh canal was been extended west.

In 1895 Mart returned again to Missouri for about a month. His Father had died and he brought his step-mother back to Idaho with him for an extended visit in Idaho.

Martin Burns: Cont.

About 1897 Mart decided that the children need better schooling and all of them could use an easier life. He therefor purchased a general merchandise store in Hunter (Meridian). He traded one of his south 40 acres for the store and building. In August before school they moved to town and moved his family into living quarters to the side and over the store building.

A year later he built a large home on the corner on five lots to the south east corner of First and Idaho streets.

Isaac Pfost, Mollie's father, had located some mining claims at Josephus Lakes. He gave several good ones to Mart. Mart incorporated the Burns Mining and Milling Company with several of the Meridian businessmen and each summer he would take his family by wagon and some of his partners and spend the summer at the Mine doing assessment work. They traveled from Boise along the foothills to Camas Prairie to Haily, then north to Stanley and west to Cape Horn and north over Vanity summit down Rapid River and up Float Creek to the Lakes. They built three cabins near the mine and lived there during the summer months.

About 1898 Mart interested his brother Frank to go in partnership in a store in Nampa. The building was across from the Depot. The business was not increasing and Mart moved his family in 1899 to Nampa to help out. In the process Mart interested John Fox to enter the Partnership and the store changed its name from Burns Bros. to Burns Brothers and Fox. Early in 1900 Martin moved back to Meridian. The store did well and moved to a new brick two story building across from the Dewey Place Hotel. The business was sold in 1907.

Mart continued to run his store in Meridian successfully. He lead the Choir in the Methodist Church and was noted as an excellent tenor. It is interesting that his daughter Almia was the first girl married in the Church. All of his daughters and Grover had formal weddings, something reserved for the more or less well-to-do.

In 1918 there was a family reunion camping trip at Bear Valley, northwest of Council, Idaho. On his way home they stayed a few days with his daughter at their farm in Cambridge. One night he died of heart failure while asleep.

(taken from Generations, by Apal Friedline, and others)

THE BURNS-FOX COMPANY

General Merchandise

This company is successor to S. M. Burns, a pioneer merchant of Meridian, who, with the patience and grit of the typical pioneer, installed a stock of goods in one of the two buildings then in the place, and while all the surrounding country was very thinly settled. This was only eight years ago, but eight years in the live of Idaho and in one of its garden spots especially, means marvelous improvements, thanks to the work of just such trail-blazers as the senior member of this firm.

Burns-Fox owns a ranch and an enviable 20 acre apple orchard in the vicinity, and some choice town lots in Meridian. Another enviable possession of this gentleman is a daughter, whose portrait is the front piece of this number of the Idaho Magazine.

(The Idaho Magazine, March 1904, Vol. I, No. 3, Boise, Idaho)

MOLLIE PFOST BURNS

Mary Elizabeth Pfost was born in Bates County, Missouri, on Nov. 14, 1867. Her parents were Isaac Pfost and Margarette Koontz Pfost. When she was eleven years her folks in May 1878 joined a wagon train headed west to Oregon from Independence, Missouri. In addition to Mollie there were other children; John, Emmett, Effa and Otis.

One incident that was recorded about Mollie on the trip west happened one day in Nebraska. Mollie and some other girls decided to walk the rails of the railroad which parallel the wagon road most of the time. The wagon road and wagon took a sharp turn around a knoll. Since this was usual and the road always came back to the railroad, the girls followed the easier path of the tracks. After an hour or so a handcar came down the tracks with some men on it. It stopped near the girls. The men talked together and then rode away. The girls walked on. The midsummer sun was hot and the girls began to get very thirsty. Later a house was sighted beside the track in the distance. As they drew near a woman came out and smiled at them. She spoke no English, just smiled. When they asked for water, she just smiled. Finally they made themselves understand. They received a drink and rested for a time in the shade before plodding on.

About dusk the wagon train made camp near the tracks and the families discovered that the girls were missing. Just as a party was about to set out to look for the girls, they appeared in the distance down the tracks. Instead of a short-cut the rails had taken a longer path than the wagon trail.

The wagon train pulled up to make camp on the south side of the Boise river one Saturday afternoon in August. In a few days Mollie's father found a little house to live in on Washington Street between Seventh and Eighth.

After buying a sheet iron stove and some pine lumber to make a table, bed, and benches to sit on and paying out a months rent the family only had a dollar and fifty cents left. Isaac immediate found a job working on the streets for a dollar and a half a day.

A year later Isaac moved to a gulch about two miles west of Boise on a place that had lots of Cottonwood trees. He cleared the land and sold the wood for a handsome price of \$ 10.00 a cord. During the summer months they raised vegetables for sale to the miners. After a couple of years the family finances improved enough that they moved back to Boise to a house on 14th Street.

When Mollie was sixteen, a young man named Mart Burns begin to call at the Pfost home. As he was 15 years older, she did not consider him a suitor.

The next year Isaac homesteaded a 160 acre farm on Five Mile Creek near the second Bluff and built a small house with two rooms on the first floor and two bedroom upstairs. Since there was no school in the area for the next year Mollie held school for her brothers and sister Effa. In another year the Five Mile School was built with Frank Burns serving as the first teacher.

In the early fall of 1884 Mollie received a letter from Ketchum, Idaho. Mart Burns who was working in the mines there wrote a friendly letter. She replied and shortly received another letter from Mart asking for her hand. After prayer and serious consideration, she replied in the affirmative. Mart arrived in Boise in January.

On Feb. 11, 1885 the wedding was held in the front room of her home and they spent the first night of their honeymoon in Boise at the luxurious Overland Hotel. The following day they took the stage coach to Kuna to catch a train to Hailey, Idaho. They finished their journey to Ketchum by sleigh and started their married life.

In the late spring Mollie received a letter saying her Mother was in ill health and they moved back to Boise and took up a desert claim on Ten Mile Creek. They lived in a tent until a house could be built.

On Dec. 27, 1885 Mollie's mother died and on Jan 21st her first child was born and was named James Grover.

Later in the year Mart and Mollie moved to Dry Creek on the north side of the valley and the next year Elsie was born. This birth was unusual because of a misunderstanding between Mollie and her husband, the baby was born with no other person present. It must have been a difficult time for Mollie.

In the fall of 1887 it was felt best for Isaac and his children to move in with them and Mollie had a family of eight children to care for. The next summer Isaac left for the mountains to work on some mining property he had located.

That fall Mart and Isaac rented 300 acres south and west of Boise and below the bluff for \$ 1000.00 cash rent. The next year Isaac again went back to mining and Mollie took care of her brothers and sisters as well as her own family.

After a very successful crop of grain, Mollie and Mart filed on 480 acres of land several miles west on the flat (bench) and moved on the land on Dec. 1990. Her brothers were getting old enough to be on their own but Mollie had Effa Mae stay with her to help with the work for the next couple of years. Effa Mae married Boyd Burns (no relation to Mart) in Dec. 1893, and Daisy came to take her place in the Burns household.

The long, long years of hard work began to pay off. They had sold two quarter sections and lived in a home as good as any on the bench with a barn, a Bee shed and house for processing the honey, and 40 acres in orchard. They also had built a house across the creek for their hired man, Dan Brindle, and his family.

In 1895 Mat traded the south 40 acres for a general merchandise store and building with living quarters in Meridian and in august moved his family a mile and half (as the crow flies) into town. A year later the family moved into a two story house with screen porches front and back a block away on the North-east corner of Idaho and East First Streets.

Because of the high freight rates on the branch line to Meridian, it would be advantageous to open a store in Nampa. It was done with Mart's brother, Frank, as partner and manager. Later the store was in financial trouble and Mollie's family moved to Nampa. On Dec. 30, 1899 her last child, Waldo, was born.

The following year the business profit of the store improved and the family moved back to Meridian.

In the following years the family grew up into adulthood. Grover married Ethel Burns in 1910 and left to establish a photographic practice in Denver. Elsie was sent to school at Moscow, Milton-Freewater and Albion Normal school. She taught school in Cambridge and found her husband there and was married in 1912. Alpal was courted by Dr. Abe Friedline of Boise and won her hand in Jan. 1913. He built her a new house on 22nd Street.

Almia studied music in Denver and also taught school in Cambridge and met her future husband and married in late 1913.

It seemed that only the more well-to-do families held formal weddings and dinners. All the children were so privileged. Almia was married in the Church, the first person to do so in the life of the church. It was not a common practice and the third church wedding was held some 30 years later.

After moving back from Nampa Mart still kept a manager in the store and in the summertime went mining at Josephus Lakes. Several years along about the last of June they would outfit a couple of wagons and travel east along the foot-hills to Tollgate and Dixie. From there the road led east into Camas prarie to Bellevue and north to Hailey and Ketchum. They continued north past the Sawtooth lakes over Galena summit to Stanley. Then they followed Valley creek west to Cape Horn and turned North over Vanity summit and down Rapid River to Float Creek and Josephus Lakes and the mine.

For Mollie it was a vacation from the normal life and for the kids, it was a lark.

About the first of August 1918 the Burns' Friedlines, Haasches and Burkes went on a mountain outing on Bear Creek, northwest of Council. They established a camps of tents and enjoyed fishing and the mountain air. On the way home Mollie and Mart stopped at the Burkes at Cambridge to spend a few days. On the 13th Mart passed away that morning peacefully while still in bed.

Mollie lived in her home in Meridian. She rented out the garage and built some small shops on the east side of her home property for renting. Waldo grew up and joined the army and landed in France. After he came home, Mollie decided in the late twenties decided that the house should be torn down and a service station built on the center of town corner. Waldo was installed as manager and operator.

Mollie often visited her children to the delight of the grandchildren, because she paid a lot of attention to them. It can be said that she enjoyed her life. She had several chances to remarry, but chose not to do so. She said it seemed like all the men she knew "Popped the question".

Mollie traded all the mining stock she owned and bought a house on the Southwest corner of Pine and Meridian streets where she lived until she passed away at the age of sixty six.

Mollie had what most would call a hard life, She raised her own family under pioneer conditions as well as all her younger brothers and sisters. Most of the time it was a struggle just to make ends meet and fortune was just around the corner.

Her Children and grandchildren were very appreciative of her kindness and love she always gave them.

Mollie was truly a storybook kind of woman!

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Excerpts from THE MERIDIAN TIMES

- Sept. 3, 1915: Clem and Date Hedges, Grover Burns and Leo Marsters left Friday for the mountains. (The next week Leo had Bear steaks for friend, killed in his Garden Valley trip.)
- Nov. 5, 1915: S. M. Burns is building a nice cement walk in front of his residence and new garage.
- Dec. 31, 1915: Mrs Earl Burke and little child of Cambridge are spending the holidays with her parents, Mr and Mrs S. M. Burns and her sister Mrs. Friedline at Boise.
- Feb. 11, 1916: S. M. Burns is listed as one of seven Directors of the First National Bank of Meridian.
- July 28, 1916: Grover Burns, his wife and little daughter, left by auto Saturday for Cambridge for a ten day trip.
- Aug. 4, 1916: Mrs. S. M. Burns returned Friday after several weeks visit with her daughter, Mrs Earl Burke at Cambridge, Idaho.
- Sept. 22, 1916: Mrs. Frank Haasch and children accompanied by Miss Floy Pericifield left Monday for the former's home at Robinette, Oregon. Mrs Haasch has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Burns.
- Sept. 22, 1916: Robert Pfost and Waldo Burns returned Monday from the Sea Foam mines.

Notes from Robert Pfost letter of March 15th, 1977

Last year two of our friends (Andy & Sadie Modine) from Boise came down for my birthday party on Sept 24th which has held at Fred's home. They stayed four days; they are what I call real friends.

Who was Daly? He was a farmer who lived northwest of Meridian. He moved to Canada in the 1910's. He was no relation to the Boise Dalys. Mart Burns and Daly were partners in some early mining ventures. They roasted their ore in a roaster that was just about 20 feet below the crossing of the upper Josephus lake. The roaster was still standing in 1941. There was no connection to the Burns Mining & milling company. That company was formed years later.

My folks started taking me up to the Seafoam county in 1893 (1903) and I only missed one year until 1917 so my memories are sure full of good times. Going in and out I rode a pack horse most of the time on top of a wheel barrow turned upside down. The legs of the barrow were my steering wheel from Wagon Town which was the end of the wagon road until 1910 when the Greyhound Mining Co. finished the road into their smelter. The smelter and a sawmill was packed in on mules from Wagon Town and then built. What a sight. About 15 big mules with some loads up to 300 lbs did the job. My, but those big mules were strong. Only wish that we had some of the old pictures that were destroyed by flood waters after we came to Calif.

I can remember that for several years Dad and Mother worked for the Greyhound after they completed the assessment work, so I can say the mining industry was kind to my folks. Of course mother was cook and Dad was a miner. Merle and I were horse wranglers. Every morning we were up at 5:00 A.M. and both rode one horse up the gulch and brought the horses in. The bunch grass was wonderful so the horses stayed pretty close; never exceeded a mile. When we go back with the horses, of course, mother had breakfast for the camp and we lived like kings.

Sunday was our day for fishing so most of the time it was Josephus Lake or Hell-Diver about a mile on up the gulch.

Once I went with two men and we got lost. They wouldn't listen to me even though the country was familiar because at times the horses would get over the mountions in that area. Finally after two days we were on the Old Bull Dog mine trail and I got them to go to the top of the hill we were on and when we got there, I showed them the Bates and Mahoney log cabin. We called down to them just as they were getting ready to go to work. They waited however until we got down to them and in as much as we had not eaten for two days, they cooked us a breakfast. It was sure good! I asked them if they had put sugar on the venisen. They sure laughed. Then we headed down the gulch to the Greyhound. They were shutting down the mine to go look for us. That story ended there but my feet were blistered and mother wrapped them up and in a few days they were OK. Merle and I did our fishing and hunting alone after that.

After Merle got out of High School, he went with an Engineering Co. so that left me alone at home. Dad would always arrange to get one of my school friends to go up there during the summer months and life was a picnic all of the time.

When we were big enough to lift a 100 lib sack of ore, we packed the ore down from our mine to the road at Seafoam. When ever a load was ready Dad had made an arrangement with a freight man to come in and haul the ore to Ketchum where it was loaded on a freight can and shipped to Salt Lake.

Deer and fish were always plentyful so when we had time off, we would go fishing and hunting. When we did go fishing we went to Vanity Lake. It was in the big catch class. We would take two horses and come home in the evening with hundreds of fish. Dad would have two or three men working the

mine so nothing was ever wasted. The water was cold in the springs and Mother would salt the fish just enough, then put them in buckets with lids on. Then it was fish for breakfast and venison for dinner. Once in a while a home smoked ham was cut into. What a feast.

That was my life until 1917. Then I enlisted and worked for Uncle Sam until March 20, 1919.

I have never written so much in all my life about my boyhood days. It seems all new again.

When I first came to Sacramento, I used to talk to Dave Farmer's son, who was with the Post Office as a mail carrier in Sacramento. He died shortly after that so your statement about me being the only living person that could give you information about the mines is about right. Harold Craig and LaVern can give you a lot of information about Float creek as he had a truck line and hauled a lot of machinery up Float Creek to Harlen Gulch and the Seafoam Mill that was built shortly after War I.

We hope to get up to Boise if our health is good. Hazel is about Blind. One eye is gone completely. I read a lot to her. Time will tell about the trip.

The cabin at the base of the mountain at Josephus Lakes was built around 1905 and that was the only cabin at the time we were there in 1940. out in front of the cabin was a tent house where Mother and the boys slept. After the Hasbrooks took over the mine and claims, nothing was kept up so it deteriorated. The ore that was shipped in 1940 was our work under a deal with Mrs Hasbrook. We made a deal for the B. M&M property during the summer of 1940 and 1941. After the war, I had lost the lease and the Harris Mining Co. of San Francisco took over. What they did I never saw, but understand they had put out about \$ 35,000.00 in tunnel work

When we had the mine we run the first tunnel about where we built a loading shoot for the truckers. That tunnel went about 150 feet back with no ore disclosed. The next tunnel was back about 50 feet with a ledge on the right side and a blacksmith shop located just north of the mouth about 50 feet. We shipped eight carloads and most of the volume was out of this tunnel from the stoops and sinking and mining to the south.

Doris (Hazel's sister) and her husband Frank, Ralph and I did all of the work. We would start at 7:00 AM. and work until 6:00 PM. It was all hand work and we really worked a full six days a week. Sundays were left for fun and frolick. The girls and boys played cards most nights. I would go to bed early after dinner all tired out. Hazel and Doris beautified the cabin inside and out. We had flowers all around even to the "john" out back of the cabin. We recovered enough $\frac{1}{2}$ " pipe to pipe the water right into the sink in the kitchen. The stove was an old one but we patched it up and we sure enjoyed the food. Doris was and is now a wonderful cook. During the summer we killed eleven deer. We used only the steaks and roasts and then the girls canned the rest. After we got home in Meridian we had canned venison for years.

If I were 10-20 years younger, I know, with the price of Gold, Silver and Lead up like it is we could take out several thousand dollars but it is too late now.

In 1941 the Harris Mining Co. that took over the lease after War sent a geologist in to look over the property and he run a survey line from Seafoam Mountain down into Harlan Gulch and then over the Josephus mountain to where we were mining and the line was off .01% to the tunnel we were mining in. The vein that was in the tunnel was not good enough for shipping so the ore we took out was from a pocket I found on the right hand side. It assayed 2 oz. in Gold at \$ 35.00 an oz., 20 oz silver @ .90 / oz and 15% lead @ 22¢/lb. The total value was around \$ 100.00 per ton. One can see what it would be worth today. All the ore that was shipped from the area in 1940-1 was ours. It was a car that was shipped from the Hasbrook property that gave me the idea for our mining venture. The Harris Mining Co. signed an option with me for \$ 100,000.00 but the war came along and ended our deal. This is the end of my story.

Back to Burns Milling. After 1917 I went to the Army (World War I) and outside of fishing trips to Josephus Lakes I was on poultry and egg business with Hazel's dad and had plenty of work in our business and did not think of mining. Then things happened in 1931-32-33 and pretty well finished all that had gone into the poultry and egg business, us included so we went back to where we started in 1919.

We had built a nice home in Meridian and I got into the insurance business but it was not too good and then got a pretty good job with the Dept of Agriculture. Then in 1941 (1940) began to fool around with mining and a very good friend in Boise (Jim Hawley) an attorney had taken over the Burns property for legal fees so Jim asked me one day what I knew about the property. So in 1940 I made a few trips to Josephus Lakes. (Fishing was still good) I looked into the possibilities of opening the old mine up. I opened up an old tunnel on one of the claims and when I got back to solid rock there was still the old ledge that I had not seen since 1914.. I took samples and the results showed about \$ 100.00 a ton value. When I got back to Boise, I made a deal with Jim Hawley on the mine. In 1941 I continued to develop the mine some more and that fall accumulated one big car load and shipped it to Salt Lake. After all expences were paid I received a check of \$ 900.00 from the smelting company.

In 1942, the Pfost family, Doris and her husband all headed late in June for Josephus Lakes to mine. We got out eight car loads during the short summer. It was all hand work but what a summer we had. Food and meat was rationed so we ate off the country (fish and venison). Doris is tops as a cook and we really ate pretty high off the hog.

During the summer the Haris Mining Co from San Francisco sent a geologist in to look over the property and after a couple weeks we sold the property to them for \$ 100,000.00. About that time World War II came along and all gold mining was closed down so we lost our lease. After the war was over I was set in another business. I understand the Haris Mining Co. took over the mine and drove a tunnel thru the mountain but missed the ledge as our lead petered out. I understand the Haris people spent \$ 35,000.00 and gave up. That ended the Burns Mining and Milling Company.

Jim Hawley died about 1950 and so has the History of the B. M. & M. Co. Our summer of 1942 was one of the nicest and most enjoyable our family ever had. It was hard work, but work never hurt anyone. We made expenses and had a little left over. With the price of gold today it still is a good bet. We received \$ 32.00 an ounce on Gold., \$ 0.90 an ounce on Silver and \$.20 on lead, but what a year.

ISAAC PFOST QUILTS THE MINE

After 33 Years of Prospecting and Development, the
Veteran Turns Work Over to Others. May 26, 1916

Isacc Pfost is preparing to send his son Robert and a force of men for the annual work at the mines in the Sea Foam district in Custer county. There will be some delay, as there are three feet of snow there while usually the 1st of June finds the ground bare.

Mr Pfost will go this year for perhaps the last time, and then only for a brief stay and this fact is worthy of note, and furnishes the reason for this complimentary article and tribute to a worthy Idaho citizen. He has made a trip every year since 1883 and is classed as one of the very oldest in years of service of the pioneer miners of Idaho. Now at the age of 70 he is ready to give the work over to others, and plans to sell out his holdings.

His best claims are the "Black Hawk," "Golden Rule" and "Mayflower" and are and are in what is known as a silver mining camp, 100 miles by wagon road north from Ketchum. This is in the vicinity of Cape Horn, the Saw Tooth summit and Red Fish lakes, and the last 14 miles is reached by a wagon road along the precipitous mountain side, costing \$ 22,000. Most of the expense of this end of the road was met by the Greyhound company, which own a smelter and is doing a big business.

All the way can now be reached by auto, and several Meridian parties including Dr. Neal, Cr. Dutton, and Harry Tollett made the trip last summer without accident.

During the years Mr. Pfost has operated in the Sea Foam district, he has seen great prosperity and later dull times, and especially did the district feel the effect of the legislation against silver. Now that silver is coming to its own he expects a boon in the mining industry.

On his five claims, he has frequently realized as much as \$ 300 to the ton in gold, silver and lead, but the usual run is 280 pounds of silver to the ton, 40 pounds of lead, and \$ 20 of gold values.

The cost of hauling the 100 miles to Ketchum, means that only the better mines pay, and with the high price of ores this year, it is expected that the Sea Foam district will prove very satisfactory to all those interested.

In this district are the claims of the Burns Mining and Milling Co. in which Dave Farmer and others are interested. These are on Sheep mountains 15 miles from the Pfost claims.

The Meridian Times.

BURNS PARTY RETURNS

S. M. Burns, with his sons, Grover and Waldo, and Emil Johnson, arrived in Meridian Sunday, after six weeks' spent in the Sea Foam mining district, in the Cape Horn country, 143 miles due north of Ketchum. On their way down they caught 500 trout in one day and they distributed this out on their arrival. They have some interesting stories to tell of their trip, and as they were 23 miles from the nearest postoffice, Cape Horn, and as it required about three weeks for a letter to get out there, they lose track of civilization. They performed the annual assessment work on the Burns group, and met eastern parties who are planning to buy. The tunnel of the Lakeview is in 150 feet, and from this ore has been taken in considerable quantities and shipped. This is the only one of the group that a tunnel is in for any considerable depth, all show good ore bodies of gold, silver and lead. A distance of 143 miles to the railroad at Ketchum makes the shipment of the ores expensive.

Isaac Pfost returned this week from his mines, which are located about a mile from the Burns group. In Pfost's mine, "the Mayflower," a ledge has been stripped, which leaves an 18-inch body of gold and iron ore.

The Burns party report that all kinds of wild game including deer cougars, wild cats and mountain lions are that section of Custer county. As it is the closed season for deer the animals are very tame and often come in sight of the cabin.

The Meridian Times. 1412

Shannon Elizabeth June 19, 1977 Woodland Hills, Canova Park, Calif.	Donald G. Taylor Feb. 16, 1941 Kansas City, Kan. M. Dec. 5, 1970 p. Boise, Idaho	Donald Millard Sawyer Feb. 18, 1903 Maltoon, Ill. M. Jan, 18, 1942 p. Boise, Idaho	John Henry Sawyer August 12, 1865 Maltoon, Ill.
Shellie Ann Sawyer May 12, 1974 Boise, Idaho	Sharon Elizabeth Sawyer Feb. 5, 1945 Boise, Idaho	Tracey Ann McKinley April 2, 1952 Idaho Falls, Idaho M. March 24, 1972	Eva Moon Aug. 8, 1867 Clinton Co. Ohio
Shaun Donald Sawyer Feb. 19, 1978 Boise, Idaho	John Burns Sawyer July 13, 1951 Boise, Idaho	Fern Lucille Burns Dec. 24, 1912 Caldwell, Idaho	James Grover Burns Jan. 21, 1886 Hunter, Idaho M. Aug. 30, 1910
Jamie Elizabeth Oct. 13, 1980 Boise, Idaho	Darcy Elizabeth Fifield Oct. 19, 1956 Vermont M. April 23, 1977	Mary Elizabeth Burns Nov. 14, 1867 Bates Co. Mo.	M. Feb. 11, 1885
Lucy Meryl Burns Sept. 7, 1952 Glendale, Calif M. May 13, 1978	Henry Phillip Artis Oct. 5, 1952 Boise, Idaho	Stanley Martin Burns March 13, 1925 Boise, Idaho	Clement Hedges March 17, 1847 M. Sept. 30, 1875 p. Beatrice, Neb.
Martin Samuel Burns Jan. 14, 1957 Boise, Idaho	Marilyn Louise Burns April 4, 1954 Boise, Idaho	Mary Louise Diamond April 23, 1927 Eugene, Oregon.	Ethel Hedges June 16, 1887 Bower, Neb.
			Eliza Barnes Sept. 30, 1853 Deerfield, Ohio

JAMES GROVER BURNS - - - - ETHEL JUNE HEDGES

14B1

Children

Name: Fern Lucille
 Born: Dec. 24, 1912
 Place: Caldwell, Idaho
 Married: Jan. 18, 1942
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Died:
 Place:
 Buried:
 Address: (1981) 3100 Crescent Rim Dr.
 Boise, Idaho 93706

Married: Donald Millard Watson Sawyer
 Born: Feb. 18, 1903
 Place: Mattoon, Ill
 Died: Jan. 30, 1974
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Buried: Morris Hill, Boise, Idaho
 Parents: (F) John Henry Sawyer
 (M) Eva Moon

15B1

Name: Stanley Martin
 Born: March 13, 1925
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Married: Nov. 26, 1950
 Place:
 Died:
 Place:
 Buried:
 Address: (1981) 1152 Santa Maria Dr.
 Boise, Idaho 83702

Married: Mary Louise Diamond
 Born: April 23, 1927
 Place: Eugene, Oregon
 Died:
 Place:
 Buried:
 Parents: (F) Sam Diamond
 (M) Georgia

15B2

FERN LUCILLE SAWYER - - - - DONALD MILLARD W. SAWYER

Children

15B1

Name: Sharon Elizabeth
 Born: February 5, 1945
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Married: Dec. 5, 1970
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Died:
 Place:
 Buried:
 Address: (1981) 3361 Chickory Way
 Boise, Idaho 83706

Married: Ronald G Taylor
 Born: Feb. 16, 1941
 Place: Kansas City, Kansas
 Died:
 Place:
 Buried:
 Parents: (F)
 (M)

16B1.1

Occupation: United Airlines Hostess

Name: John Burns (Bud)
 Born: July 13, 1951
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Married: March 24, 1972
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Divorced: Dec. 1974
 Married: April 23, 1977
 Place: Boise, Idaho
 Died:
 Place:
 Buried:
 Address: (1981) 3366 Norfolk
 Boise, Idaho 83706

Married: Tracey Ann McKinley
 Born: April 2, 1952
 Place: Idaho Falls, Idaho
 Married: Darcy Elizabeth Fifield
 Born: Oct. 19, 1956
 Place:
 Died:
 Place:
 Buried:
 Parents: (F)
 (M)

16B1.2

Occupation: Home Construction

James Grover Burns

James Grover Burns, a photographer who is now conducting the Burns Studio at the corner of thirteenth and State streets in Boise, is a native son of Idaho, having been born on a ranch one mile east of Meridian, in Ada County on the 21st day of January 1886. He is the eldest son of a family of two sons and three daughters, whose father Samuel Martin Burns, passed away in August 1918. He was formerly a rancher, who owned a good property neat Meridian. He was born in Missouri and crossed the plains to Idaho with a wagon train when he was 21 years of age. He at once made his way to Boise and resided in the Boise Valley throughout his remaining days, being one of the pioneer ranchers near Meridian and also one of the first merchants of the town. He was married in 1885 to Mary Elizabeth Pfost, daughter of Isaac W. Pfost, now of Nampa, and a sister of Emmett Pfost, the present sheriff of Ad County, Idaho. Mrs Burns survives and resides in Meridian, and all of her five children are yet living as follows: James Grover, Mrs Elsie Haasch of Parma, Idaho; Mrs Almia Burke, of Cambridge, Idaho; Mrs Apal Friedline of Boise, and Waldo of Meridian.

James Grover Burns has spent practically his entire life in the Boise Valley. He was reared on the home ranch and he supplemented his early education by study in the University of Idaho. In 1905 he graduated from the Illinois College of Photography, having from early childhood felt a strong desire to make photography his life work. On completion of his course he went to Denver, Colorado, where he remained for five years, since which time he has made his home in Boise. Throughout the entire period he had engaged in Photographic work and since coming to Boise about six years ago has made a specialty of indoor photography, in which line he excels, building up an enviable reputation in this connection in the capital city. In fact when anyone in Boise wishes fine indoor or outdoor photographic work done in or about his home the services of Mr Burns are secured. In 1919 he erected at the corner of 13th and State streets one of the most artistic homes in Boise--a building of the semi-bungalow type, it being a residence and studio combined, such a combination as is rarely seen outside of the large cities. The place is of unique design, wholly unlike anything else in Boise or the state and is admired by all who see it. The design was made by Mr and Mrs Burns and is indicative of their artistic taste.

On the 31st of August, 1910, Mr Burns was married to Miss Ethel June Hedges, a native of Nebraska, who came to Boise Valley with her parents when 14 years of age, the family locating on a Ranch near Meridian in 1901. There she spent her girlhood and was graduated from the Meridian high school, supplementing her education by attending Cotner University at Lincoln Nebraska, from which she was graduated, and then returned to Meridian, where she taught in the public schools for several years before she was married. She was born near Fairbury, Neb., June 16, 1887. To Mr and Mrs Burns was born a daughter, Fern Lucille, whose birth occurred December 24, 1912 and who is a maiden of rare beauty.

Mr Burns has displayed notable skill and genius in photography and is the originator and inventor of some very novel yet practical ideas in this line. He originated the firelight idea of photography as applied to studio work and was awarded a patent in 1909.

History of Idaho, the S. J. Clarke Publishing Co. 1920 pg. 51, v. III

THE BURNS STUDIO

The interior of the Burns Studio-residence has many innovations quite unusual in the way of built-in furniture, equipment and conveniences. In fact, it is seldom indeed that any home is so generously supplied with built-in features and all of an intensely practical and yet pleasing nature. The skilled craftsman who did the work under the direction of Mr Burns supplied the home with a built-in bookcase of generous proportions, also a cabinet, a complete writing desk including drawer and pigeon-like features, a sideboard, buffet, china closet, kitchen cabiner and various other kitchen conveniences, together with a number of disappearing receptacles in which articles in quantity can be kept in a sanitary condition. There is a feature about the place, however, that was not built in and that is the hospitality which there reigns supreme, for Mr and Mrs Burns always have a cordial welcome for their many friends, the circle of whom is constantly increasing.

History of Idaho, The S. J. Clarke Publishing Co. 1920 V. III p 52

Fern Lucille "Tidbits"

Don and Fern Lucille took the train east on their honeymoon, but as they had to transfer in about five hours at Pocatello, they just took their shoes off and lay down on the berth with their clothes on. The stockings Fern Lucille wore were of lace and had knots at or near her ankles. Don thought she had warts on her ankles, but was not rude enough to mention it until much later.

Some of the guests at the wedding were able to locate Fern Lucille's and Don's traveling suitcases. They were able to sew the legs of Don's pajamas and Fern Lucille's nightgown horizontally across. The honeymoon pair did not discover it has been done until almost two weeks later. They appreciated the humor so much that they dispatched a telegram to the friends they were sure had played the prank.

MY OWN STORY

Grover Burns

My mother and father had been to Boise City all day and I had been left home with My Aunt Effie. Now it was dark and I must stay in the house for it was not wise for a little boy only three years old to be out playing after dark. I loved my Aunt Effie very much and had enjoyed being with her all day for she knew how to entertain a little boy especially well. But now it was dark and I had been waiting a very long time and I wanted my mamma and papa. It seemed they wouln't ever come home. Then there was a noise as though a wagon had passed on its way to the barn. My Auntie said that it might be the folks. I clapped my hands and waited for them to come to the house. Then there was a noise at the side porch and I ran to my auntie and clung on to her skirts for I wasn't so sure who it might be, but when the door was opened, I heard the voices of my parents and I ran to greet them.

Then as the light streamed out on the porch, I saw something red and several voices were saying, "Get in, George, get in". I wanted to see what it could be, for I had never seen anything just like it before. It was a spanking brand new wagon. I had never seen one so beautiful. The only play wagon I had ever seen was one with wooden wheels and a rough box to sit in. My young uncles and aunts of which three were but a very few years older than I, used that wagon to haul wood to the house or take slop to the pigs or at times take me or one of themselves for a ride.

My parents could never have known how many years of pleasure they were giving me when they presented me with that little red wagon.

A year or so before the time spoken of above, my mother's mother had gone to her final reward leaving a moderately large family with several small children among them. So my father having been great friends with my mother's father in the earlier frontier days, when they freighted between Kelton and Boise City, they decided to go together and rent a 700 acre ranch owned by Mrs. McCarty which lay on the river bottom just above the Thurman flour mill, with the Boise river as a boundary line on the north.

My mother being the oldest one in the family again took her place with her brothers and sisters. She took over the management of the household affairs with the help of a younger sister named Effie. It is this Aunt Effie that played quite a part in my young life.

The next morning after the arrival of the little red wagon I awoke crying. I remember it quite clearly. My Auntie took me up and to quiet me, put me in my little wagon and of course this had the desired effect.

It was on this ranch that I was of the age to want to follow the older children away on their rambles and of course I was a bother to have along on their longer trips, so they would slip away to keep me from following them. But sometimes I would see them in the distance and attempt to follow them and then probably get lost in the tall hay or grain. It was after one of these times of getting lost that my mother told me that she heard a cougar howling on the bluff last night and was worried that he would get me sometime if I didn't quit running off. I had heard coyotes howling from off the bluff and they would make a chill run through me. Then I would snuggle up close to the one sleeping with me. This warning about the cougar had an effect on me for a time. For I used to go to the river where they would some times fish. I would take the road along the edge of the cliff where the boys had traps baited with carrots on a swinging top to catch rabbits which were plentiful in the surrounding sage brush. The rabbits would venture on this swinging top to get a tempting morsel and the swing top would dump them into a pit below. Then the boys would come with the wagon to take them to be fed to the hogs.

About this time there was started the talk of building a big irrigation ditch to take the water out on the bluff where there was plenty of land for everybody. This ditch was to be called the Settlers ditch for every one on the project was going to be given a chance to work in the building of this immense canal as it was thought of in those days.

So in the coming spring my father took his family out on the flat as it was then called. He took up a quarter section of land under the homestead act. This piece of land was situated out near where the White Cross school used to stand. (This was about a mile east and a half mile north of where it now stands. Papa built a one room shack as a starter for improvements.) He also had hauled out a load or two of logs. He would leave his wife and two small children in a desolate waste of sage-brush to hold down the home-stead, while he must go ten miles away to work on the ditch, which was to be their water supply for irrigating the land. My mother spent many lonesome days out amongst the sagebrush, jack rabbits, and coyotes. I remember my mother trying at one time to build a chicken house by digging a dirt pit for the bottom and using sagebrush for the walls, while I ran after chipmonks and ground squirrels. I remember well how my father came home one Saturday night and the next day, after our Sunday dinner, we went for a walk up through the sagebrush. We crossed back and forth across a small creek with my father carrying my small sister. The water supply gave out before it reached with in several miles of our place and the homestead was sold for \$200.00 and we moved away.

The following year is rather indistinct in my memory, if it was a year, for the next thing I remember was another move to another sagebrush ranch. My father had by now sold two homestead and now he had taken up a desert claim. My grandfather had taken up a half section (320 acres) of land as a timber culture, which is now that parcel of land which is just across the road north and west of the Yost station. This ranch was afterwards traded to Tom McMillan for the "up-to-date" hotel, The Pacific Hotel of Boise, Idaho.

My father's desert claim of 320 acres was divided up as follows--160 acres was on the southeast corner of the inter-section, and 160 acres was on the northwest corner. It was located at what is now called the Bissel Station, near Meridian, Idaho. Afterwards my father purchased the 40 acres on the south-west corner and later sold it to a Mr. Bissel who hired a Mr. Martin to set it out to apples and tend and water it. Later Mr Nick Yost took the job until he got his own place going. Across the road north from this Bissel place was Mr. Yost's place. My grandfather's place was just across the road north of our place. The south line extended the full length of the section east and west or one mile. His house was about three quarters of a mile from the corner of our place.

I remember well when I was about nine years old, having to walk this distance after dark all alone. I had gone to my grandfather's place with an older crowd of young people planning a skating party. At about ten o'clock they decided to go to another pond a mile or so away where they could see a bon-fire burning in the darkness. I was already tired and very cold and they suggested I had better go to the house, which I did. But I found that they had all gone to bed at the house. There seemed nothing left for me to do but to hike for home all alone. The party was by this time fully a half-mile away across the fields. I started down the road and tried to convince my self that there was nothing to be afraid of. It was a continuous job and I kept mighty alert to anything out of the ordinary. When I reached our front gate, I heaved a sigh of relief, but even then it was yet a hundred yards to the house with bushes all along one side of the road before I reached the front door and absolute safety.

When telling of my experience the next morning, the hired man said he wished he had known about my trip alone. He would have made it more interesting for me by taking our coyote rug and jumped out at me from behind the gate. It almost made me shudder just thinking about it.

WESTERN COUNTRY

Grover Burns

It was in that joyous time on an occasion before that great conflict, the time when brother fought brother in "The Civil War". The families of that day lived in the warmth of friendship and love for each other. Seed time and harvest, summer and winter, flowed along together in one pleasant event. The location was near Joplin, Missouri, in a peaceful little farming community. The people were pioneers in this new territory. They had cleared the forests to make room to plant their crops of cane, sweetpotatoes and corn. The cane was made into sorghum and molasses; the corn was ground into meal for bread; and the sweet potatoes were baked. So with cornbread and molasses with baked sweet potatoes, they fared well and were contented.

Mr Emmons Burns had met a sweet and beautiful girl down in Georgia and in time woo'ed and won this wonderful Irish lassie and carried her off to the far western frontier of that time. They choose for their home-site a quarter-section of land on the outskirts of the small community, where there was a fine stream of water flowing. At the big bend of the stream, they chose a nice building site and at once started the building of a comfortable sized cabin. They arrived in the spring time and needed to clear a small acreage for the coming crops. They needed a good harvest to tide them through the coming winter.

Those were busy days and time flew by so fast they hardly took notice how the farm had progressed, for they were now completing their fifth harvest. The children, yes the children, were out with their with their father. They were watching him cut the corn and pile it in large piles or shocks. Watching him were two fine boys. The eldest one was named John and the baby was named Milton which was already shortened to Milt. The folks were now planning for another little one that would arrive some time the coming spring.

The boys of the community had a wonderful time roaming the forests in the autumn, picking hazel-nuts, walnuts and hickory nuts to be put in store for the long winter evenings by the fireside. The boys would come together with their dogs for a coon or possum hunt. They could be out all night trying to tree a coon, listening to the baying of hounds, running here and there after the dogs, through swamps and corn fields. Finally the dogs would give that knowing howl, telling everyone the glad news that there is a nice fat possum up this tree. Then one of the boys would come up with a lantern and to make sure look up into the tree. Hurrah! He would see two bright eyes peering down at him. At once one or two of the boys would go off to get an ax with which to cut the tree down. When at last the tree would fall to the ground, the dogs would give a bound and catch Mr. Possum before he could get away.

And this was not the only sport. The boys also would like to hunt the big timber squirrel and after a long tramp they might spy out a persimmon treee and feast for awhile on the dead ripe fruit with the pumkin-like seeds.

The winter was passing and Mrs Burns was busy finishing the little clothes. Her thought was always--always on the coming of the little stranger. Would she be spared? Would she? This thought kept running through her mind. Then one windy raw March evening the Doctor's horse and buggy was seen tied in front of the Burns home. Dr. Cummings had been asked several times if they hadn't better put up his horse, but his answer would always be, "It won't be long now". But it was long, very long--and then the sun tried to come up, but it was one of those cold raw cloudy mornings when nothing seems at peace and one has a feeling that something dreadful might happen. The doctor's face was a study. It did not say there was no hope, but it also did not give one much assurance. The hours seemed to merely creep along through the morning. It was beginning to seem like a week since the doctor first arrived last evening. The afternoon was almost gone when the baby finally came. "Another boy," some one says, "When she wanted a girl so bad!" "And what a nice fine big boy, he is too. See this red curly hair." These were the remarks made while the women washed and dressed him.

The Thunder Mountain Rush of about 1901.

My friend, Irvin Daly, and I were herding some half tamed wild horses from off the Snake River bluffs. Irvin was 14 years old and I was 15. These horses were bought by our fathers to be used a little later on an early pack trip to the Thunder Mountain region. A gold rush had been gaining momentum through out the winter and now spring was almost here. It was our job each day to drive the horses about three miles to where there was open range of sage brush and plenty of wild grass for their feed.

Irvin had a fine Pinto horse for a mount and I had a smaller bay fillie. She was well built unusually intellegent. I fell in love with this pony the first time I saw her. She had a long black tail, mane and fore-lock with a broad fore-head. My father had said for me to go in the corral and take my choice. I took my lariat which I had been giving some practice, and stepped inside the big gate with the horses. There were better than twenty horses, some were black, some brown, red, sorrel, buckskin and gray. It was soon discovered that the horses would buck, kick, bite, strike and balk. So when I stepped inside the corral, there were but two horses that took my eye. One was a little black horse fleet of foot--well built with a white star in the forehead, but when the rope tightened on his neck and he found out that he was really caught, he would make a run at you as though to run you down. He would stop a few feet away and as you went up to him, he would lay way back as though he might jump and strike before one could get away. He was not the kind of a horse for a fifteen year old boy to start out with on an uncertain journey.

Next I tried out the little bay mare that also caught my eye and when she when she saw I was after her, her head came down till it almost touched the ground and she stood watching me so as to try and dodge the rope when it would be thrown. When the rope fell over her head she stood perfectly still because some one had whip brown he. After she became acquainted with me, she would always stop and let me catch her no matter how the other horses ran and snorted, even in the pasture or in the open range or mountain side.

I know the road that ends in a trail
Where horses are used to carry the pack.
And the smoke of the fires upward sail
As you cook your meal in an old log shack.
And eat your food on the tin pan plate
then roll in your blankets ere it is late.

I know where the mountain lakes lie in pools
Down at the bottom of cliffs rough and craggy.
And where the trout swims about in schools
Under the shadow of pines tall and shaggy.
Where I can string my casting pole
and cast my hook in the deepest hole.

By J. Dee Bee.

THINGS I LIKE TO REMEMBER

Fern Lucille Sawyer

I went to the first twelve grades in Boise. I graduated from High School in 1930. Daddy got sick in 1930 and that winter I ran the studio. In 1931 in the Spring and Summer I went to Otis Art Institute; ran the studio that winter and the next winter. After Christmas in 1932 I went to College at the College of Idaho in Caldwell. I Also started a studio in the Thurston Building in Caldwell named the Burns Studio. I did this for two years then went back to the Otis Art School in Los Angeles for parts of three different years. I would go to Art School in the spring and summer and my Father would run the studio in Boise.

I graduated from the Otis Art Institute in 1936 and also went back to the Art Center for a photographic course in 1940.

In 1934 the Boise studio was remodeled the studio in 1934 and moved the studio to the basement. I operated the studio from 1930 to 1943.

I met Don Sawyer in 1936 and got married in January 1942. It was during the war and in 1944 we decided that if we were going to have a family we had do it. The silver was almost out of the negative and paper material. A person could not get enough supplies to really run a studio. I divided my allottment between Ansgar Johnson and Mr. Sigler. They said it made it possible for them to stay in business, but agreed that they were turning out their poorest work ever because there was just not enough silver in the paper. Even at that time I had been going almost a year making sitting only twice a week.

Every year I took a vacation from July 4th to the 1st of September and also after Christmas I would go to Sun Valley and take ski lessons. I stayed with Roberta Brass. Her folks had owned the Ranch that the Union Pacific R.R. purchased to build Sun Valley. When WWII came along Sun Valley was closed and Roberta who was in the Army went with her husband.

I enjoyed every moment with Job's Daughters. I was elected Honored Queen of Bethel 3, and State Queen in 1932. Then I joined the Eastern Star when I was twenty. Then I was Guardian of my Bethel. It had just started over the United States to have Past Honored Queens as guardians. I really enjoyed it. Then in 1942-3 I was Grand Guardian while Don was doing his first stint in the Navy. (He was stationed as recruiting officer in Boise, Idaho) When I visited Payette that year, I really enjoyed it because it was one of the Initiation Team that instituted the Bethel. I was guardian at that time. As Grand Guardian I was limited in my travels because of the war, but I did go to Coeur d' Alene and also got to visit Stanley who was training at Farragut. The next time we saw Stan was when Daddy died. Before I was Grand Guardian we went to National conventions and got to know many people across the U.S. One time we had a Potatoe Drill. We were coached by one of the men stationed at Gowen Field. We had Potatoe sacks to wear. The Hotel went wild because the gunny sack material was all over the place. We put on the Potatoe Drill and then invited them to come to Idaho the second following year.

That was when we first entertained Supreme Grand Council. I was Grand Marshall at the time we instituted Bethel 13 because I remember I gave them my guardians pin because it was difficult to obtain pins at that time.

At about age 16 my folks and I went down to Marysville and Yuba City Calif. I remember being at the house with the girls. They had a lot more in common with Mother than with me. One of the younger girls and I walked down town and all around, and to the Popcorn Stand. It was beautiful. I thought it was the most fun. I got to get up in it and see what it was like. It was the highlight of my trip. Frank Burns closed down the stand while we were there and went home with us to have dinner. Daddy was so thrilled. Daddy and mother really caught up on most of the family and of course they were anxious to talk to him and find out what happened to everybody in Idaho.

Thing I like to remember -- -Page 2

Everybody considered Frank a real fixture of the town. Everyone knew him. I think that is how we found him when we got there. When the river flooded soon afterwards, we were very concerned.

Martin Burns

I remember one time, one of Martin's brothers came to visit and it was no trouble to recognize his as a brother. In a way he is a more important memory than Grandpa because my memory of Grandpa is rather dim.

I do remember a time when I went to Meridian alone on the street car. (It was the time when Grandma was making me an accordian pleated dress) In the mornings Grandpa would take me back in bed with him and tell me stories about things he had done. I remember how nice and warm it was in his bed. He had promised me that he would go out and show me how he would get the honey from the bees. I liked honey so well.

I remember being in the back yard. He covered me all over with net and I had to sit on a box and stay still. He did not have anything on and I can still see his hands go into the hive and pull out a full honey comb. Then he would take a little wooden thing and scrape off the bees back into the hive. All the time he was talking to me.

Grandpa liked my curls. I can remember him trying to tie a bow in them, and Grandma coming in and saying, "He didn't know how." He was always so gentle, always so sweet and gentle. And of course, I was the only grandchild at that time.

I also remember Grandpa Hedges. Once I was sick at their house and he would hold me and yodel to me. Every once in a while I will hear a yodel and I will know that it had a the same tone and feeling in it. He was quite famous for his yodeling. Those are my two favorite memories of my Grandfathers.

Grover Burns

Grover Burns was born on his Grandfather's (Isaac Pfost) birthday and in his home. He went to high school in Nampa. Grover and Adin Fox attended the University of Idaho for two years. They both played in the band. Adin played a Trombone and Grover played a Cornet. After the second year Grover announced to his folks that he wasn't going back to school. It almost caused an uprising. His Dad said he had to go back and his mother said he didn't have to go back.

He worked that summer to earn money to go to a photographic school. He borrowed some more money from Grandpa Burns. He always kept the check for \$ 350.00 to prove that he paid it back.

He went to school at Effingham, Ill at a photograving school. His best friend, Roy Kellogg at the school was taking portraiture and he liked it so well that he switched over. Roy graduated a year before Daddy and went to Denver to set up a studio. The next year Grover joined him as a partner until he married Mother. In another year he bought Roy out. When they found they had a baby coming, Ethel wanted to move back home. He had a chance to sell the studio and they moved west to Caldwell. He opened a studio on Kimball Street downtown. His home was on 17th and Cleveland. He walked to work which was about 17 blocks. The Burns memories of Caldwell were real happy.

They used to put me in a big box at the studio so I wouldn't get into things. I was a year and a half when we left there. We moved to 2008 North 16th in Boise, and set up a home portraiture studio. We lived there until he bought the church building on 13th and State and tore it down completely. It had been an Episcopal, A Christian and a Seven Day Adventest Church at separate times.

Grover considered moving to Glendale, Cal. with his friend Leslie Ames, a Dentist, who lived in the same apartment house with him in Denver. Ames had wanted the folks to come down there because they had a "gold mine" in Glendale. If Grover had bought the property he had intended to buy, it would have been on Colorado Blvd in the center of town. He was in Glendale in the process of buying the property

Things I like to remember - - - Page 3

But before it was closed, his father died and he backed out because he felt his mother needed him.

Leslie was a dentist for the movie stars, He was personality plus. It was his wife Lucille that I was named after. My mother always said she dreamed my name before I was born. She dreamed she was going to have a girl named Fern Lucille. They were planning to have a boy and name him Forest Elton. I personally felt it was the meanest trick on me to expect a boy. I would always go into peals of laughter when I would think of Forest Burns and my folks never did think it was funny. They contended it was a beautiful name and could never understand why I thought it was funny. I can just see myself being called "Smokey" the rest of my life.

Grover saved most of the wood and doors etc. of the church and used them in the new building. He borrowed \$ 10,000.00 to build the new home and studio at 10% interest without collateral. He picked the location because he wanted a studio clear out of the business district, but it was at the crossroads of the street car lines and any one could get to the studio from any place in Boise, Valley. The note was paid off in three years. The average salary at that time was about \$ 125.00 a month. He made pictures for \$ 10.00 a dozen for 5 x 7s. He always laughed about the fact that he didn't buy any furniture for the studio and house until he got the note paid.

He bought his 11x14 studio camera at that time also. I remember my mother having a fit about one of the lens for the camera that he paid \$ 600.00 for it. Also about that time he bought a dress for her for about \$ 45.00 and she said it was too expensive to wear. This was about 1922-3.

When Daddy got sick in 1930 he decided to pursue a more outdoor type of life. He bought several acres past the edge of town on Overland Road. He put a fence around one acre right in the middle. He sent for all the flower and bush catalogues and ordered one of every plant he was interested in such as trees, a Lucille grape and a Stanley prune, apple trees for his grandchildren (one had three different kinds of apples on it, all kinds of Iris, all kinds of berries. He called the place his refuge. He came back to the studio in 1931-2 for only part of a year and a little while in 1934 with Fern Lucille during the Christmas season. He really didn't ever go back to the camera, but just enjoyed his "refuge".

At one time it was thought that Grover had TB. Mother's family had not really wanted Ethel to marry Grover. He was too sickly. It was thought that the mountains and the altitude was good for him. After spending time in the mountains, he would come back so much stronger every year. When he finally got sick, the doctors said there was no indication of such ailment. (He had had pneumonia at one time as a boy.) He was truly frail.

I think Grover went up to the mine some summers. The summer before he was married, he had been up there all summer (1910). The Hedges family went up there to see him. It took three days to get there.

For a hobby to compliment his mountain trips, Grover decided to take color slides of all of the state wild flowers. This he proceeded to do, but after a year or so, he said, "When I began, I thought there might be 500 kinds or so. I have taken over a thousand and there are thousands more. I will never get it done."

EVENTS I RECALL

Stanley Burns

After the big mineral strikes were discovered, there came a second wave where prospectors would go back in the rough primitive area. They were finding some gold and silver. In Meridian, I assume the men would sit around Grandpa's soté and talk themselves into looking for a rich mine. They could take their boys and go to the mountains and prospect around and have a good summer finding some locations.

Each of the fellows, common Meridian names; Daley was one, got their horses and bedroll and headed into the mountains north of Cape Horn. Very soon they found some interesting color. It wasn't very long until they made a good strike about half way up the mountain. later, they found the ledge ran through the mountain. There was Galena on one side and gold on the other. The mine was name the Silver Bell and they set up a company called the Burns Mining and Milling Company. I have a chunk of that ore around somewhere. As they worked the mine, the ledge would change its width and direction and they would lose it due to the fact that the country was faulted causing some lateral shift in the dikes. It was a very productive ledge. It was rich enough so that they could load the ore on the backs of mules and take it about 30 miles to Wagon Town for shipment to a smelter. Even the tailings worked by Robt Pfost later was found to be of high grade ore.

My father apparently was never in really robust health. He used to go into the mine and work but was not strong enough to keep up with it.

One summer about the time my Dad was married and had come back from Denver, he went up to the mine and his job was to provide meat for the camp. He shot bear, deer, birds and fished and also did some of the camp cooking. I have a picture of him with his large gauntlets, boots, 30-30 deer rifle and mustache looking very rough and ruddy. I suspect my father contracted rheumatic fever as a young boy because he never had a strong heart.

Treasure story

Some of the men working at the mine highjacked some of the ore when Burns and Daly went to town for a few days. When Mart and Daly came back from their trip, Mart noticed a new trail taking off and followed it to where the men were storing the ore in sacks that were stamped B&D.

During the time Robt Pfost was operating the mine, years and years later, Grover and I were up there camping, Gover said to Robt. that there was a cache or ore still in the valley. They agreed to hunt for it, so we all got out and stomped around the country with a little pick-axes or what ever we had. We went up and down the creek and didn't find it. After spending hours we concluded that someone had found the cache and taken it.

That night my father and I slept on our fold-a-way camping bed under the stars. I think he got the bed when he got his first Ford. The next morning, my father was cooking breakfast when he said, "You know, I had a revelation during the night. I kept puzzling and it seems it had to be right there, and we wer looking in just a little bit, in the wrong place." During the meal he said, "Let's not do up the dishes yet, I just can't wait.. It is just over there a bit." We set out and my father walked right over to the spot and dug under the surface and the first thing we found was a piece of gunny sack. The ore was there. We had found the cache. Dad then told Robt, "You take it in and have it smelted and we will go 50-50 on it". As I recall my father got several hundred dollars for his share.

(Mary Lou then read the Robt Pfost version of the lost cache. As she read, Stanley said, "I remember the packer," and remarked as to the rather different version of cache discovery said, "I remember my dad getting the money and I was there at the time when Dad went over a discovered the ore." "Yes I remember a tree had fallen over the place.")

Events I Recall - - - Page two

Robt. Pfost had a 1940 Ford convertible. The cutest car you ever saw in your life. We used to hunt deer out of it in the evenings. About dust we would run up and down the road a couple of times and take long pot shots at deer across the valley.

Grover was involved in another unusual event. One time when he was hunting camp meat, he shot a small deer down stream from camp late in the evening. He returned to camp to get help in packing the deer in. One big burley fellow went back with him to get the deer. The man threw the deer on his back with the fore legs over his shoulders and started back for camp. It was now almost dark and Grover was ahead on the trail. Suddenly the man went down like he had tripped on something and when he got up the deer was gone. They surmised a cougar jumped the deer and man and took the deer away with him.

Adin Fox

Adin Fox, a first cousin of Grover, was a nationally known engineer of Joselyn Co. of St. Louis. He used to come to Idaho every year in his travels of the electrical utilities. My father used to smile between his teeth and give him a good Christian greeting, but there were some hard feelings underneath with the Fox family. The Burns and Fox store went into bankruptcy and the Fox family ended up with the property. It had not set very well with the Martin Burns family.

Later after Grover died, he used to visit Grover's wife Ethel and had tried to get her to marry him. Ethel simply was not interested in his exploits in the engineering and business world which he continually talked about.

Mollie Burns

Very early in the 1900s Mary Burns went to Long Beach, Calif. for her health and took her daughters with her for company. They stayed at least one winter.

I have some letters somewhere that Mart Burns wrote to my father when Mary was in Calif. and he talks about the money and business that he was interested in at the moment. I think that it is agreed by all that Mart was an exceptional good business man.

I have been told many times that Mary Burns did not want her children to marry and leave home. She was very unhappy about my father marrying and she did not make a whole lot of bones about it. My mother was always a little resentful about the fact that she wasn't as welcome in Mary's family as Grover was in the Hedges family.

When Apal was thinking about marrying, Mary approved of the wealthy Boise Doctor, Abe Friedline. Mart had his misgivings about it because he was so much older, but later, he fully approved of Abe. Grover also had doubts and made the mistake of trying to talk her out of it, saying, "He has been married. He's not a doctor, he is a lab assistant for his brother". Grover loved his baby sister and Apal was a delight to all.

It was common knowledge that Abe was a disciplinarian and a tyrant. Apal used to ask Grover for advise when Abe was bearing down.

One time we were invited to Thanksgiving dinner, when our children were very small. Apal told us that Mr Friedline was bit used to children and often things that we were used to, bothered him and we should caution our children etc. When we sat down to dinner, Abe gave the blessing. His prayer went on and on and on. I could see the feet kicking under the table and mirth was starting and Stan was of no help. They would look at him and he had a smirk also. The food was getting colder and colder. I did not know what all this was about as it was my first major visit to the house. I was afraid that Abe would get angry and throw us out. But he was just lovely to the children, he was always nice to them. (Mary Lou's story of her first invitation)

Events I Recall - - - Page three

After Abe had passed away, Stan recalled a time when Frank Haasch was telling him about Abe. Stan had made a minor reference to the fact that Apal was handicapped by not having very much personal freedom and how she made a different life for herself. After a bit Frank told him about several supportive things about Abe, how he was a very fine gentleman, a fellow one could depend on and trust and gave Abe personal support even if he had a different concept of families. Stan appreciated Frank's opinion since he had always never heard anyone say anything except to give Abe a kick in the shins etc.

About 1955, a short time after me moved back from Los Angeles, I had been fishing and I dropped a few fish at Apals because she was always doing something for us and other people. A week or so later Abe called me up and asked me to come over and that he had something to show me. (This was the first time he had ever called me.)

Abe said in his way, "I know that you are a man of the field. I have one of my treasurers here", in his senatorial voice. With that he pulled out a 22 g pump gun, target shot with an octagon barrel. It was in absolutely perfect mint condition. At first I did not believe it had ever been fired, but as I talked to him about it, he had used it in target practice many times. He had it all broken down in a case. He was not kidding, it was one of his treasurers and he wanted me to have it. I was very perfuse in my thanks and appreciation. But as I went out of the door, he gave me a little shot. He said, "Now, I want you to take good care of the gun. I don't want you to kick it around. Remember, you didnot find it laying around in the street somewhere".

After Martin died the Burns M&M Co. carried on for about ten years. Those who owned stock in the mine were assessed to carry on the assessment work. Mary gave a quantity of shares to her children and traded some for a small house in Meridian. One year for some reason the officers did not get the assessment work done and when they visited the mine again they discovered the Hasbrooks had "Claim jumped" the mine. Hasbrook had other mining claims in the area and were in a position to know if the Burn's claim had been worked.

Waldo

Waldo grew up in Meridian, joined the Army and served in Europe in WWI. He was gassed and had other results of the war. He worked in the mines in Butte, Mont. for a time, ran his own service station in Meridian for many years. Then largely lived off his Army pension the rest of his life. At one time he worked as a substation operator for the Valley Traction Co. and after it folded, worked as a power Plant operator at Lower Malad for the Idaho Power Co. --DEH.

My Father never really got along very well with his younger brother Waldo. They probably could never remember how or why they first had their "outs". One contention was over the German Dress Helmet that Waldo had sent home from Germany. Waldo came to Grover some time after the the war needing some money and offered the helmit to Grover for \$ 20.00 and a deal was made. We kept it among the family treasurers along with a real Buffalo powder horn, some real large Indian spear heads. Quite a while later Waldo came back with \$ 20.00 and said, "I want my helmet back." Grover refused saying it was sold to me, it is one of my prize possessions and it was not represented to me as a guarantee of a loan.

Apal

Ethel Burns used to tell a story about Apal, when all of the girls were home. She would get up at the crack of dawn and go to the closets and pick out the very prettiest clothes she could find, put them on and then leave the house and be gone all day. When Elsie and Almia got up they got what was left.

Frank Haasch and Elsie Burns Wedding

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place at high noon Wednesday, when Miss Clara Elsie Burns and Mr. Frank E. Haasch were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Burns, in Meridian. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. G. Williams, of Middleton. Miss Apal Burns acting as bridesmaid and Mr Merle Pfost as groomsman. The bride's gown was of embroidered French batiste and real lace, over white satin.

The ceremony was very beautiful and impressive, and the solemn words were repeated to the soft strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Miss Alma Burns. The couple stood under a wedding bell of white sweet peas. Little Misses LaVern and Verla Pfost presented a pretty picture as flower girls as also did little Ruth Burns as ring bearer.

After the ceremony the guests partook of a fine six-course wedding breakfast, served by Miss Gladys Percifield, Miss Helen Hunt and Miss Blanch Hedges. The delicious bride's cake was made by Apal Burns, and in the fun of cutting the cake Mr. J. L. Waggoner secured the ring, Lee Pfost the needle, Mrs C. Hedges the dime and Merle Pfost the button.

The happy couple were showered with congratulations and good wishes, and a choice lot of wedding gifts will serve in the years to come as a reminder of the important event in the lives of these worthy young people. The guests included:

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs Herron, Mr and Mrs Clem Hedges, Mr and Mrs Waggoner, Dr and Mrs Neal, Dr. and Mrs Payne, Mr and Mrs Dave Farmer, Mr and Mrs Ragon, Mr and Mrs Fenton, Mr and Mrs J. M. Anderson, Mr and Mrs Baird, Mr and Mrs Pfaffle, Mr and Mrs I. W. Pfost, Mrs Onwiler, Miss Pearl Daly, Mrs G. B. Frazier, Mr Arthur Frazier, Mr and Mrs C. B. Burns of Boise, Mr and Mrs Lee Pfost, Parma.

The couple took the 6:10 train for Boise and the next morning started on their wedding journey, the objective point being Forestville, Wisconsin, where they will visit with relatives. Later they will return to Cambridge, Idaho, where they will be at home to their friends after November 1st. Mr Haasch is the station agent at that place and has a responsible position. He made a good impression upon the Meridian people, as a man of character and ability. He is to be congratulated upon securing one of Idaho's fairest daughters, and one who has a host of friends in Meridian, who wish them both a long and happy wedded life.

The Meridian Times, Aug. 23, 1912

Elsie Burns

Elsie Burns grew up in and near Meridian. She went to grade school in Meridian and perhaps attended some high school classes. In 1906 she attended the University of Idaho at Moscow and was enrolled in the 2nd Prep Class.

The Administration Building burned down while she was in school.

In 1910 she attended the College at Milton-Freewater, Oregon. In 1911 she enrolled at the Albin, Idaho Normal School from which she obtained a teacher's Certificate. Her first teaching position was at Cambridge, Idaho in the fall of 1911.

While she was at Moscow, Grover also attended the University.

Elsie was raised to be a lady, but while at Moscow she had her picture taken in a low cut dress. She sent a print back home to her folks. Then immediately she received a letter from home. Her father asked her to come home immediately if she was going to dress so immoderately.

Fern Lucille said she always loved to see Elsie's clothes because they were elegant. She might not have had a lot of clothes, but what she had were good! We always thought it was so wonderful for her family to travel on the railroad. One had to dress-up for that!

EARLY CHILDHOOD
By
ELSIE BURNS

After Elsie passed away, Marie went over all the letters and papers and discovered several sheets of notes handwritten by Elsie recording some of her childhood and thoughts. Each sheet was usually on a different subject.

Sheet 1. When I was a little girl about 2 years old, my parents moved on quite large farm with a small cottage house. There was a good sized ditch (Ridenbaugh) of running water but no well. Sometimes we would find hair worms, water skippers and other bugs in the water. My father had a well dug real soon.

I remember going along with my father when he took limbs from popular trees and planted them by the ditch. They grew and made shade which helped to make cool breezes in the summertime.

My father was a descendant of the Burns brothers who came to America from Scotland. My Mother's people were Germans.

Sheet 2. One afternoon some ladies came by and got my mother to go down to the church for a meeting called "Ladies Aid". They left their children with us to play while they were gone. They all were throwing rocks from the gravel near the newly dug well. One of the rocks hit my face close by my eye. It bled and made quite a gash that left a scar that still remains. Then my mother was sorry that she went away.

My father sent away to Missouri for some fruit trees and all kinds of berries except Black berries. Then while the fruit trees and berries were growing, my father got a lot of bees. He built a shed for protection of the bee hives and also built a house to house a honey extracter to care for the honey.

The bee house as it was called had an upstairs. The hired man stayed there but he ate with us. My brother and I were not afraid of the bees. We would catch them on the window right in the middle of their back and they couldn't sting. Sometimes we would go bare footed. If we stepped on a bee and got stung, we would hunt mud to put our feet in and that would take out the poison and pain. One time my sister, Alma, got a stick and pounded a hive to frighten them away. But they all come out and landed on her and stung wherever they could. My mother brought her in the house. She and another lady put whites of eggs on her to stop the pain and prevent swelling. There was no swelling. not much damage was done because she had on wool knit stockings and dress.

Sheet 3. The farmers all had chickens so they could have their own eggs. They also had cows for milk and cream and every one made their own butter. The horses were for work to help put in the crops. And then the only way to travel was to have horses to drive or ride.

One spring day my father decided to go hunting. He took the shotgun and rode off on a horse. He brought back a young rabbit called a cottontail. I believe that he wanted mother to cook it. I don't remember whether she did or not. I don't remember eating any of it. He liked fried chicken--but mostly for breakfast as that was when it was served and eaten where he grew up in Missouri. Mother baked the bread and did all the sewing and making our clothes. One time she made me a blue bonnet and stiched on a pattern like a locust tree leaf. I was so proud of my new bonnet. we were not allowed out in the sun--we had to stay in the shade. We were not allowed to get any tan or we would look like indians. We were not allowed to stay out in the wind as that would bring out freckles.

Sheet 4. We couldn't write on anything but paper or our slate because no one would write on a wall but the Chinamen.

We had a cellar to keep things cool in the summer time and warm in the winter

One spring my father planted a garden across the creek in the land across the road (some other land he owned) My mother sent me over there to get an onion. When the cows saw me, they started to bawl and bawl. I was afraid to cross on the bridge so I crawled under the fence, took off my shoes and stockings and waded the creek. It was quite deep. I got an onion and waded back, put on my shoes and stockings. I was gone so long. Mother never thought I'd be afraid of the cows, but she never sent me over there again.

Sheet 5. Once when my mother was picking raspberries I had to care for the three months old baby. I was five years old then. I didn't want to change a dirty diaper but had to do so. Well the baby got a spat from my hand for getting the diaper dirty. She cried which was sad and too bad.

Mother didn't get to go to town very often, but once she left us children to cook dinner for the hired men. She told me to salt the potatoes. I guess I put in too much as I heard one of the men say, "That is one thing you can't take out when you put in too much and that is salt".

Sheet 6. In 1901 in Nampa my father sang the first commercial song. "I went to town to buy some shoes. Oh where, Oh where shall I go? I saw the sign of S. M. Burns, Oh that's the place to go!".

We three children used to go wading in the little creek where it was quite wide and not so deep. My sister started floating down stream until she reached the fence and just set there on the water. I often wonder how she could do that? My brother went and got her and brought her back. She was about two and a half years old, I guess.

One spring day my brother and I went down to the creek. There was more water in the creek than usual. It was rushing by. We crossed the foot log alright, but coming back I wasn't sure of myself, so my brother took hold of both my hands. When I got panicky, he told me, "Look up, don't look at the water". I managed to look up and we made it back. I often think what a dangerous trip it was with no one else around.

Sheet 7. Once my father acquired a cart and horse. The horse had been trained to be a race horse. To try it out Father took my mother and me along to town everytime there was some one ahead of us the horse would pick up speed and go faster and faster until he got past. Then he would slow down to a slow walk. Then he would start up again to pass the next object ahead of us. He kept that up all the way to town. It was interesting and truly a joy ride-- better than being on the merry-go-round at the fair.

My father didn't believe in spending money foolishly, buying things we didn't need--like toys. While there were really no toys; red wagons were for boys and dolls for girls. The only toy I remember of having was a small cart-- about 10 by 12 inches-- on wheels and had a tongue.

During the summertime the butcher would come by about once a week to sell meat. He would always cut a piece of Baloney and give it to us. Mother didn't want us to eat it so we would cut it in slices and put it in the cart and haul it around and play like we were selling it.

Sheet 8. My father bought some land where there was an alfalfa field because alfalfa makes white honey. The bees just love to be in an alfalfa field. Colored honey comes from Dandelions and other colored flowers. This place was so far away father would plan to stay all night whenever he went to take care of the bees. He had a small tent. He would put a canvass on the ground and use a comforter for his bed.

My brother usually got to go along. I wanted to go also. Once Mother let me go. That made Grover very sad and disappointed as he would have to care for the two younger sisters while my mother looked after the place at home.

On the fourth of July we were allowed to buy most anything we wanted. My brother liked to get fire crackers. I don't remember what I bought. One fourth of July Papa's half brother, Frank, came from Nampa and brought some Oranges with him. It was the first Oranges I had ever seen or tasted.

Sheet 9. We never had any kind of cereal like we have today. Once when my mother didn't know what to cook, the hired man taught her how to heat a lot of milk and thicken it and let it come to a boil. We ate it like we would eat cream of wheat now, and it was good.

My father never did talk to correct us but we were afraid of being punished. We had to be careful what we did or said. He didn't believe in saying, "Don't do this or that." It was understood that we should know what we should do, naturally we had no privilege to say or do.

Mother told me that when I was small I had a little chair that I had to go sit in every time my father would come to the house. But Papa was always the most kind person, I ever saw, but we were to be seen and not heard--like children in the old country. Mother had to be always on guard as to what we might say or do. Naturally we didn't learn to talk and had no freedom like other children as she didn't ever want us to be punished. She was also kind. Peace and quiet was the rule in or out of the house.

My father couldn't stand noise--neither could we, later. He didn't think any one should say swear words, but to have a lot of respect for himself and others.

Sheet 10. We all went to church Sunday morning. On our way there my father would sing all the way. He had a most beautiful voice. I've never heard anything to compare with his colorful tones. At church he sang and led the choir and taught them special songs for special services. He chose to always sing tenor. He could also play the songs on the organ and later the piano. He could also sing by note.

My sister just younger than I had a perfect ear for tones. She could play any song by ear. Later she composed music and songs.

Papa used to sing this song for us:	She loved gin
My wife and I live all alone	I loved rum
In a little log hut	I tell you what
We called our own	We've lots of fun
Ah, Ha! Ha! You and me	
Little brown jug I love thee	
Ah, Ha! Ha! You and me	
Little brown jug, don't I love thee.	

Sheet 11. When my father was a young man the minister would read a sentence and the audience would sing it. Once the minister said, "Mine eyes are so dim I can scarcely see to read a hymn" and the people sang that. The minister said, "I didn't intend for you to sing at all--I only meant mine eyes were dim". And then the audience sang that. Father always had a good sense of humor.

A dumb North Methodist minister said that it was a sin to dance. Up until that time my father played the violin. But he couldn't play it without wanting to dance, so he sold the violin. The man never did pay for it. That is what I call a crime as it ruined and denied us children of an education on the violin. How else could we have better spent our time than to learn to play the violin.

At night while we sat quietly father would read from the Bible. Then we would get down on our knees while he said a prayer. He always turned thanks at the table.

Sheet 12. One time I remember my Father and I were walking around looking how things were and hearing the wild canaries in the trees sing. We were looking at the rows of strawberries and noticed several of the berries turning red and then found a ripe one. It was the third of April--on my youngest sister's birthday.

Once my mother got a canary cage then got a nest of small canary birds. She put them in the cage and hung the cage outside so the old birds could feed them. They were getting along fine until one day a wind storm came up and blew the bottom out of the cage and everything was gone. My Mother was very disappointed.

One time when my father was gone at night, a big Coyote came by the house. Mother got the shot gun; put it out the window and shot it--to scare the coyote away.

Sheet 13. When my Brother was old enough to go to school, he rode there with the teacher. I went along twice to visit the school which was a one room school. When it was decided that I should go to school--a different school-- I had to learn to ride horse back. On my first try I didn't hold on to anything and I slid off the back side down into some water as it had rained hard the day before.

There was a blanket on the horse and it was held on with a surcingle, which my brother held on to, so he wouldn't fall off and I held on to him.

Once a little girl and her mother came to visit school. The little girl sang a song. It goes like this:

I'm a steamboat grand, just about to land.

My mouth is a pipe, where the steam comes out.

C B^b A FF - C B^b A FF - FAFGAFFGFF (an octave above middle C)

When I started to school, there was one room and one teacher for all grades. The big girls were like giants. A friend and I would play hopscotch at recess. and the big tall girls would stand against the side of the school house.

Sheet 14. In the spring my brother and I would walk to school. We would cut across one field and come to a place that was always green and damp. We would find daises in bloom and sometimes a purple violet or a yellow buttercup in blossom. It was the best part of going to school.

One time my brother had a hammer and was cracking rocks down by the creek and found a large opal stone inside that had the colors of a rainbow.

Sheet 15. We always had a hired man. One Christmas he gave me a doll with a china head. My sister just younger than myself wanted to hold it and then dropped it, and broke its head. That was tragic. Another time he gave me a nice writing pen which I always kept.

This hired man got married. My father built a four room house for them so he could still stay and work on the place.

There used to be eels in the irrigation ditches. The hired man remarked once that when one of these eels got stuck to a headgate you could hardly chop it loose with a shovel.

Sheet 16. There was a large grove of locust tree around the barn corral. The cows had a barn along with the horses. We stored hay in the barn. In order to get there we had to cross quite a large creek on a plank called a "Foot log". After my experience with the swift water and foot log, I never went again.

My brother was the guardian angel of my life. I never would have made it anywhere without him.

I was afraid to stand alone to have my picture taken so mother stood with me. Now I have a picture of my mother at that time. When I would walk down the street, my mother held one hand and I would hold the other hand over my eyes, so no one would see me.

Sheet 17. One time we went to visit an Aunt--my fathers half sister (Laura Fox)--who lived in town. My cousin Lela had some little china dolls that she dressed and played with. I had never seen anything quite so adorable. What could be more desirable than a little china doll? My mother gave me a nickle to get one. Lela was to go to the store and take me along for one of those prizes. When we reached the store, Lela got up on a chair and leaned clear over the glass case like a fly after honey and selected a nickles worth of delicious candy. Later in the summer I managed to acquire some corn dolls with long hair.

My brother and I used to play outside. We used sticks to fence off places for rooms and houses. I liked to play outside with him.

Sheet 18. Onetime after we had a lot of rain and the roads were wet and muddy. It was difficult for a horse to go through the mud and slush. Once on our way home from school, the horse slid and went down head first into the mud. My brother landed in the mud and got his coat, nose and face dirty. I only got my coat dirty on one side. Like a circus rider my brother was back on the horse but I had to climb a bob wire fence by a post and managed to get back on the horse.

My parents had plans for a new nice home. It was like a kings palace compared to the cottage where we lived. Then they decided not to stay on the farm because it was so difficult to get us children to school.

Sheet 19. One winter we had deep snow and mama's brother Emmitt got a small sleigh called a cutter with bells for the horse. He came to take us for a sleigh ride. My brother sat on the seat between mother and my Uncle. I sat at my mother's feet. She held the tiny baby, Almia who may have been about six weeks old. I was four years old. It was the finest sleigh ride I ever had. I love to think about it.

My father took a wagon bed and put it on runners so we could go places or to church. We sat on the seat like a lot of pigeons and enjoyed the ride. It was finer than second heaven.

Sheet 20. One time we all went for a picnic with two other families who were neighbors of ours. We went to the foot hills where there wer cotton wood trees which are white in color. It was unusual for anyone to go over that road as there weren't many people around. Almost as unusual as starting on a journey to see the moon. After we ate the older ones went farther up the road to see what they might discover. I was to stay and look after the children and horses--attend camp. When I thought that the horses had gone far enough, I went to bring them back. Coming back I couldn't see why the horses didn't stay in the path, but went around. Here I came running down the path when a great large long snake shot out from under me. I guess that I was about to land on it like a ton of bricks.

There were snakes, large ones in the trees. My brother noticed them first and called my attention to them. I don't remember any of them opening their mouths. They must have been water snakes as they didn't bother us. They never moved and we didn't pay any more attention to them than if they had come from Woolworths. They were the first of that kind of snake we had ever seen.

Sheet 21. One spring day on our way home from school, we saw two large coyotes running along a ditch. Every once in a whlie they would stop and look at us. My father was afraid for us to walk to school after that. We didnot have a horse to ride so we had to drive two horses. They had to be unhitched and then hitched up again. I really don't see how my brother did all that and then do the driving. It was a good thing school was almost out. My father decided to move to Meridian in order to send the children to school.

That summer my father bought a general merchandise store and we moved and rented the farm.

Sheet 22. There were owls that seemed to live on the ground in dusty places. There were rats (Squirrels) that would stand like a peg and then drop and run. We would see them while walking home from school in dry places in one field.

In those days the Christmas trees were lighted with real wax candles. The members of the church would bring their gifts and put on the trees and especially the dolls. Dolls and red wagons were about the extent of the toys. There were a few books. That is the way I received my first doll from my parents. My sister Almia, also got a doll with light brown hair.

Sheet 23. When we lived in Meridian, there wasn't anything but the South Methodist church that my father helped to build; my father's general merchandise store; a man who would shoe horses; later a hardware store, a creamery; the Odd Fellows built a brick building and the four room school house, but no grades.

We moved to Nampa and lived in a house that had a few acres fenced in where we could keep a cow. It was a cold winter when papa sent Grover to Meridian to bring back a cow. He was so long doming. He was about frozen and drying. He just couldn't get off the horse by himself. He sort of fell off and mama helped him all she could.

When spring came the front yard was filled with all kinds of flowers. One evening there was something going on over town. An entertainment for the school that Grover and I wanted to do to so bad. Mama went out and picked a lot of flowers and made little bouquets out of them to be sold for 10 or 15¢. Mama never spent a penny that she didn't have to. She said if we would go over town and sell these flowers and make enough money to go to the program we could attend it. It would be our first time for anything of that sort.

Grover sold one bunch of flowers for 10¢. I allowed one lady to look at my flowers otherwise I'd hold them behind me whenever we would meet anyone. Then when they got by, I'd hold them out front and walk along.

When mama carpeted the living room, she got the cheapest carpet she could buy. She put straw underneath and tacked it down herself. She washed a pair of papa's old pants and had Grover wear them to school. Papa was putting up a brick building for a better grocery store. When he moved back to Meridian, he left everything for his half brother. Later his half sister (Laura) and family moved to Nampa and helped work in the store.

Some interesting items about Meridian in the Idaho Magazine, March 1904.

Shipments of incoming and outgoing freight for 1903. Incoming 48 cars of coal, 114 carload of lumber and 53 cars of merchandise. Shipments were 271 cars of hay (Over 18 trainloads of 15 cars each), perishable goods 74 cars, and merchandise 4 cars.

The present average yield of staple crops per season are: Hay, from 4 to 6 tons; wheat, 30 to 60 bushels; oats, 40 to 100 bushels.

Meridian has a \$ 7,500.00 Creamery. There is a \$ 10,000.00 evaporator in Meridian and a similar one at Beatty, two miles distant. They employ 25 men and returned the fruitgrowers \$ 40,000.00 last year. Meridian has a \$ 20,000.00 school building, a Methodist Episcopal church and the Methodist Episcopal church, south; and the presbyterians have a healthful organization. All three have their resident pastors.

Meridian's business roster reads thus: Three general stores, 2 lumber yards, 1 Hardware store, 2 drug stores, 1 racket and grocery store, 2 hotels, 2 physicians, 1 attorney, 1 real estate broker, 1 restaurant, 1 confectioner, 1 blacksmith shop, 2 livery stables, 2 saloons and 2 telephone co. The Bell and the Independent Farmers' Telephone Exchange. An Electric Tramway links Meridian with Boise.

Don E. Haasch (15H1)

Don grew up in Parma and Twin Falls, Idaho. He graduated from the University of Idaho in Electrical Engineering (BS-EE) in 1936. As a senior he was Chairman of the Engineer's Show. He was elected to the Engineering Honorary, Sigma Tau.

After graduation he went to work for the Idaho Power Company at Weiser Idaho as a service man. In 1939 he was promoted to Asst. Division Engineer at Payette. In 1941 he changed to Commercial Sales Engineer. In 1942 he was admitted to a Professional Engineering Status in 1942 and in 1943 to the State of Oregon.

In 1948 he joined the Planning Engineering Department and worked on Transmission and Distribution Engineering for several years. In 1949 he moved to the General Office Engineering Department. He retired in 1974 as Special Studies Engineer.

Don was recognized nationally as the first Engineer to promote the 20/34.5 distribution system for Utilities, which is now in common use by Utilities.

He was one of the first Engineers in the industry to design and put into use a computerized program for estimating, pricing and preparing store's paper for distribution Engineers. He was appointed to the U.S. Standards Committee for Distribution Transformers (C57.20). In his use and promotion of distribution Capacitors and control equipment he had many articles in Trade Magazines. He served as Moderator for the nationally attended Seminar on Capacitors sponsored by the Sangamo Company in 1974.

He was admitted as a Senior Engineer in the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers in 1969.

He also served as the IPCo photographer for several years. In 1947 he joined the Photographic Society of America and served as Director for several National and International Portfolios and received an Associate honor in the Society. He also organized Camera Clubs in Payette and Boise and was promoter of the First Idaho International Photo Exhibit in 1958.

He was active in Service organization. He was Charter member of Lions in Ontario and Civitan in Boise.

Don was active in Masonry and York Rite. He was elected to the York Cross of Honor with two Quadrants and the Red Cross of Constantine.

His Church was very important to him. He served as National Director of The Twelve of the United Methodist Church for four years. And was active in the Oregon-Idaho Conference committees and served as Lay Leader of the Eastern District for four years.

His interest in genealogy began when LaVern Craig published the Pfost genealogy and he began family trees on the Burns, Haasch and other families.

Gay Foster

Gay attended grade school in Boise and High School at Borah High. She always liked to associate with people. For two years in a row, she took the First Place Trophy in a York Rite patriotic speech contest. In her Senior year she was Honored Queen of Bethel 54, Job's daughters.

In the business world Gay worked as a secretary for several firms, but enjoyed being a legal typist and receptionist for attorneys in Anchorage and Boise. She enjoys sewing and makes many of her and her daughter's clothes.

Gay and Larry now live on Bainbridge Island in a rural setting and are enjoying raising their daughter, Kari. Also they both gardening and flower care and a beautiful well kept yard.

THE IDAHO DAILY STATESMAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1967
 Takes Methodist Post

The Twelve Elects Haasch President of National Unit



DON HAASCH, a member of Boise's Whitney Methodist Church, has been elected president of the national lay movement, The Twelve.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Don Haasch of Boise was elected president of The Twelve, a national lay movement which concluded its four-day annual session here this week.

Haasch, a member of Whitney Methodist Church of Boise, is stewardship chairman, a member of the finance committee and on the board of the church. He also has directed adult spiritual life camps at McCall for the past two years and has been active in promoting evangelism in Idaho.

Haasch's responsibilities as president of The Twelve will include promotion of evangelism and helping to set up programs within the Methodist Church.

The Twelve is a national lay movement sponsored on an ecumenical basis by the Board of Evangelism of the Methodist Church, with thousands of units throughout the United States.

Groups of The Twelve are established in churches to deepen the spiritual life through Bible study and prayer, provide Christian fellowship and encourage and strengthen personal witness.

Elected to serve with Haasch were John M. Massey Jr., Henderson, Ky., first vice president; Bean L. Griffith, Wilmette, Ill., second vice president; and Marvin G. Way, Wichita, Kan., secretary-treasurer.

The movement is headed by Ernie Logan, former St. Louis Cardinal outfielder. General secretary of the Board of Evangelism is Dr. Kermit Long who has served churches in Marseilles and Chicago, Ill., and Phoenix, Ariz., before being selected to head the Nashville-based board.

Thirty-one states were represented at the meeting.

KELLOGG AND COEUR d'ALENE and KELLOGG WOMAN, U. of I ALUMNI PRESIDENT

Coeur d'Alene-- A Coeur d'Alene and Kellogg woman is the first woman to be named president of the University of Idaho Alumni Association since 1919.

Mrs Glen (Marie) Whitesel, who say her Phi Beta Kappa key is her "security blanket," was installed at the annual meeting at the annual meeting of the 40,000 member organization Saturday at Moscow.

A member of the board since 1973, Mrs Whitesel has set several priorities for herself during her term. "I would like to see a continuing education program for adults from the university without walls," she said. "While there are extension courses available, there are many people who want upper division or graduate courses given in area towns." Another project of vital interest to the new president is WAMI, a medical program where students at the University of Washington Medical School. "Students from Wash., Alaska, Montana and Idaho (WAMI) take their first year studies at their own state school, then have the opportunity to enter the UW," Mrs Whitesel said. "In this program many more Idaho students can study medicine and Idaho will have more doctors who can practice in the state."

Utilizing the Washington State University of Veterinary Medicine for Oregon and University of Idaho students also is a program advocated by Mrs. Whitsel. "The university is dependant on the Idaho Legislature for funding, but the alumni groups also are responsible for raising money for the school," she said. "The good will generated by the alums makes the difference whether you raise money or not. We are striving to make the alums realize they have a better life because they went to the university. We want to obtain from alums more loyalty and more caring about what goes on at Moscow."

The alumni association has several committees manned by all volunteer workers.

Being involved in campus life is not new for Mrs Whitesel.

A member of Alpha Rho Chapter, Alpha Chi Omega at the university, she has served for 33 years as collegiate editor of the sorority's national magazine. She also has been on the chapter corporation board since 1951 and its president since 1962.

"I am excited about serving as president, Mrs. Whitesel said. "I would like high school students, parents and alumni to realize what a fine university we have. Its graduates can equal any in the nation. I think percentage-wise we have as many or more outstanding graduates as any other university."

Kellogg, Idaho, Monday, May 23, 1977

OBITUARIES

Dr. Glen Whitesel, Pioneer Doctor Taken By Death



Dr. Glen Whitesel

Glen M. Whitesel, M.D., 61, local physician, died this morning (Sept. 15, 1978) at Kootenai Memorial Hospital, Coeur d'Alene.

Dr. Whitesel was born Sept. 22, 1916 in Spokane, and received his education in schools there. He attended the University of Idaho and received his BS Degree in Zoology. While in college, he was a member of Sigma Nu Fraternity, Silver Lance and Blue Key honoraries, and directed the Pep Band. He received his Doctor of Medicine at the University of Chicago, and interned at Billings Hospital, Chicago, and the Denver General in Denver, Colorado.

He was a Captain in the Medical Corps of the United States Army and served overseas with the 167th General Hospital. He was discharged in Missoula, Montana, and settled in Kellogg the following year.

He was a member of several Masonic orders, including AF&AM, York Rite; Calam Temple of Shrine, and Order of Jesters.

Dr. Whitesel first practiced medicine in Dr. Lindsey's offices over the Weber Bank Building, utilizing Providence Hospital in Wallace. He joined the Wardner Hospital Staff in 1947. During these years he delivered over 3,000 babies and gave dedicated professional care to thousands of patients, making certain that his yearly refresher courses brought him up to date on medical advances.

He will be greatly missed by this community.

He is survived by his wife, Marie (they celebrated their 39th wedding anniversary on Sept. 4, 1978); a son, William Frank of Lake Oswego, Oregon; daughters, Julie Weston of Seattle and Mary Reber of Denver, Colorado; one aunt, Lillian Lohr of Spokane; an uncle, Clarence Whitesel of Twin Lakes, and 13 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 10 a.m. Monday, Sept. 18 in the United Church, Kellogg. Viewing will be from 9 to 10 at the Church. The interdenominational service will be held under Episcopal direction, with Fr. Lauren McReynolds, Rev. David Armstrong, and Fr. P.J. O'Sullivan officiating.

Pallbearers will be Dr. O.B. Scott, Dr. Robert Cordwell, Dr. Ronald Panke, James Bening, Gil Camm, and Frank Prendergast. Honorary pallbearers are Robert Brown, Gil Mayes, Glen Waltman, Cliff Moore, Dr. E. Fitzgerald, Dr. Robert Revelli, and Robert Robson, and Dr. Ed Gallivan.

Memorials may be made to the Whitesel Pre-Medical Scholarship Fund, (a living memorial) at the University of Idaho, Foundation Office, Moscow, Idaho 83843, and West Shoshone General Hospital.

"See you later, Doc!"

For twenty-eight years a friend you've been
You delivered my babies, and others, again and again --

You've listened to complaints, sighs and regrets -
You've stood with tears in your eyes at some upsets -

Many physical battles within yourself have raged -
But you never allowed them to be a mental cage -
You went onward and forward with a cheerful smile
And many a day - you walked mile after mile -

Home-made jellies, cookies, relishes and bread -
Came your way with a dietetic dread -
But, you always managed a "thanks" and a grin -

Now it's time for us to say "Thanks" dear friend -
A little late we know, will our heart-ache mend?
Our tearful goodbye's are late - it sounds
But, we know in heaven, there are stars and jewels in your crown.

God Bless you, dear warrior, you have needed a rest -
We know you fought bravely and long to be alive with the best -
We all loved you dearly for your quiet ways -
The memory will live and last for always -

Barbara Craig

Mr Earl Burke and Almia Burns Wedding

At 7:30 Wednesday evening at the Methodist Episcopal church, in Meridian, the wedding of Miss Almia, daughter of Mr and Mrs S. M. Burns, to Mr Earl Edward Burke took place, in the presence of about one hundred and fifty invited guests. The church was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants. as the bridal party entered, a quartet consisting of Miss Laurence, Miss carpenter, and Messrs C B Van Ausdall and Jeese Hedges sang "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," with Mrs Van Ausdall as accompanist. As the party proceeded down the aisle to the soft strains of Lohengren's wedding march, they passed a dozen sweet little flower girls, in white dresses with pink ribbons, who scattered blossoms in their path. These girls consisted of Ailene Long, Dorothy Neal, Lucile Baird, Katherine Beam, Melba Hartman, Aliene Whiteley, Mildred Mersdorf, Mary Maynard, Florence Remington, and Vernon Taylor and is the Sunday-school class of the bride.

An impressive wedding service was solemnized by Rev. W. J. Luscombe, pastor of the church in Meridian, and as the marriage vows were said, Mrs A. G. Friedline sang the beautiful solo "God, Make Me Thine". The bride was given at the alter by her father, and the groom was accompanied by Mr Newland Burns. The maid of honor was Miss Marian Whitney, who was daintily gowned in pink crepe de chine, and the maids of honor, Miss Permelia Daly and Miss Hazel Burke, were equally charming. Little Margaret Bray carried the ring in a pillow of white satin, and Master Frankie Hunt was the page boy.

The bride, who is one of our prettiest young ladies, was unusually sweet and beautiful, and wore a gown of beaded net, over white satin, with a wreath of orange blossoms, and a shower bouquet of white roses. After the ceremony, and as the bridal party left the church the "Swedish Wedding March" was played.

At the home of Mr and Mrs Burns a reception was held until a late hour, when the bridal couple took the train for Nampa and Caldwell, where they will visit before going to their future home at Cambridge. A fine array of wedding gifts evidenced the esteem and good wishes of a host of friends, and they start on the voyage of life together under most favorable circumstances. Both are popular among those who are acquainted with them, and they are fully equipped in every way to meet the responsibilities, the joys and sorrows, that will be theirs in their journey together. The bride is a Meridian girl, unusually gifted and accomplished while the groom is one of the promising young business men of Cambridge, and interested in the Salubria Valley Milling Co.

Among the out-of-town guests at the wedding were:

Mr. and Mrs Chas Hall, Mrs Laura Fox, and Mrs Thos. McCafferty and daughter, all of Nampa; Mrs Adina Hall of Mountain Home; Mrs and Mrs Lee Pfost and Mr and Mrs J. G. Burns of Caldwell; Dr and Mrs Friedline, Miss Annie Compton, Mr and Mrs C. B. Burns, Miss Marian Whitney, Mr and Mrs Emmett Pfost, Miss Permelia Daly, all of Boise; Miss Linnie and Mr Alex Shaw, of Weiser; Miss Haxel Burke, of Cambridge.

The tasty decorations at the church were the handiwork of Mesdames Luscombe, Waggoner and Long. The bridesmaids each received a remembrance from the bride of a dainty vanity box. At the house, those assisted in receiving and serving were: Mesdames Reynolds, Baird, Pfaffle, Herron, Miss Jennie Dewhirst. The ushers at the church were: Mr Brewer, Mr Robert Pfost.

The Meridian Times, Nov. 21, 1913

(Almia and Earl were the first couple married in the Methodist church in Meridian. A church wedding was not normally done.)

EDWARD BURKE

Edward graduated from High School at Weiser, Idaho where he excelled in athletics. He attended College at the U. of Idaho from 1935-37 and joined the Beta Theta Pi.

From Aug. 1938 for 4½ years Ed was project Supervisor for the Works Project Administration in Canyon County, Idaho. When WWII started, Ed was transferred to the U.S. Air Force and stationed at Gowen Field, Boise, where he was Chief Cost and Budget Accountant until July 1947.

For the next three years he bought, repaired and sold houses in Boise, Idaho. In Oct. 1950 he went to work for the Olson Manf. Co., Boise, in the Purchasing and Shipping Dept. Then in Feb. 1952 he applied for and was approved by the Bureau of Public Roads for the State of Alaska as Chief Fiscal Accountant. In Oct. 1952 he transferred to the Federal Housing Administration as Chief Loan Examiner in the Realty Dept.

Then he left Federal employment again and accepted a position in 1954 as Asst. Treasurer and Credit Mgr. at Patrick Dry Goods in Salt Lake City, Utah for a year. Then in the fall of 1955 he went back to the FHA as Loan Examiner (Realty) in San Diego and after a short period transferred to the same position in Salt Lake City, where he was rated soon to GS-11 and covered the States of Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana.

Ed plans to retire in 1981. (Jan. 5th)

Ed's interest has always remained in Idaho. For many years, he spent his vacations in Idaho at McCall on the Payette Lakes.

E. Edward Burke - April 6, 1981

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The first nine years of my life were spent living on a sheep ranch east of Cambridge, Idaho. In the summertime, from four to six years of age, I was noted for pushing a baby carriage frame, minus the carriage, as fast as I could run around the ranch and up and down the country roads. The following three years I rode saddle horses every place I went as fast as the horse could run, bareback, as I didn't have a saddle small enough to fit me. Our transportation was confined to saddle horses or buggies in the summer and sleighs in the winter.

I attended the first and second grades of school in Cambridge, three miles from our ranch, instead of a one-room country school one mile down the road because it was mother's belief that I would obtain a better education in town. The country school started a few days earlier than the town school one fall and I wandered off with a neighbor boy on his way to school before I had breakfast and without advising my parents. I sat in the seat with my friend while the teacher conducted classes for all eight grades in the same room which fascinated me. Later that morning we heard a knock on the door and it was my father in search of his lost son. I rode home on the saddle horse behind him directly to our harness shop and that is all she wrote. I received the only major spanking from my father that I can recall with the biggest leather strap I have ever seen for not reporting my departure and destination. Later in the day my father made a pair of stilts for me to walk on which provided me with something interesting to do and an incentive to stay home.

Washday in the summertime was always an ordeal for mother and me as we didn't have electricity and our washing machine operated manually. It was my duty to push the lever back and forth which turned the washer in the machine. Inevitably, a spanking from mother was necessary to put me in the proper mood to work the handle.

As a child on the ranch, among other duties, I was required to carry the drinking water bag to the farm hands in the field at harvest time, and during haying season it was my job to drive the derrick horse back and forth which was a process of lifting the hay from the wagon to the top of the haystack by a large fork.

When I was six years old, father was improving a 640-acre homestead several miles from our ranch and was unable to be home. On October 27, 1920, mother summoned me to her bedside. She gave me a note with instructions to deliver it to our neighbor, who lived approximately one-half mile down the road, emphasizing that I should hurry and not play along the way. Our neighbor immediately went to town for the doctor and that day my brother, Norman, was born in our home.

The sheep were taken to the mountains for grazing in the summer, 20 miles north of our ranch, and on one occasion, my father took me along on a routine pack trip to deliver salt for the sheep and groceries to the herder. We arrived at the sheep camp after dark, planning to sleep with the herder, however, he had taken his bed and the sheep out on top of the mountains for the night. Since it would have been impossible to find him after dark, we prepared a bed with saddle blankets. The blankets were damp from perspiration, sticky with horse hairs, and had a foul odor. I can truthfully report the experience was not as pleasant or romantic as it appears in the movies.

My father leased a ranch for fall grazing three miles east of our ranch when I was nine years old. I delayed entering school until later that year in order to herd the band of sheep on the leased pasture that fall. It was my job to prevent the sheep from grazing an unfenced potato field and walking away where the fences were broken down. That fall I learned to bridle my horse by putting the reins around his neck, leading him to a tree stump near the camp, climbing upon the stump, and putting the bit into his mouth.

Occasionally, my younger sister, Sally, would be allowed to come stay with me for a few days in order that I would have some company. Once when she was staying with me, it rained all day, the tent leaked, and our bed got wet. After dark when the sheep bedded down for the night, I tucked her in a corner of the bed that was still dry, rode home and explained our predicament. When my parents questioned me as to why I had left my sister at the camp, I explained to them that I thought someone should be tending the sheep.

Needless to say, that was not the proper rationalization and I was told in very firm language that I should not have left my sister alone but should have brought her home with me. My father then rode back to camp and brought her home with him.

That winter my parents lambed sheep by the Snake River near Weiser and I was sent to live with my grandmother Burns in Meridian, Idaho, where I attended the third grade.

The following year we established residence in Weiser, Idaho. My father purchased several more bands of sheep, constructed a lambing and shearing plant on the Malheur River near Vale, Oregon, purchased 3,000 acres of spring and fall range in the Mineral Creek and Monroe Creek mountains northwest of Weiser, and obtained summer grazing rights on the National Forest on top of the mountains above Hells Canyon of the Snake River on the Idaho side.

From twelve to Seventeen years of age I was delegated the buck-herding job (or rams if you prefer) during the summer months as soon as school was out in June. Our buck herd of approximately 100 head would be shipped to Cambridge or Council where I took delivery and trailed them to our summer reserve in the mountains. This would involve a three-day trip, camping along the way at night, until I reached our corrals on top of the mountain. My only living accommodation for the summer was a sheep camp. It was my responsibility to lock the bucks up in a corral at night, grain them in the morning, and herd them on the mountain slopes in the morning and evening, allowing

them to rest during the middle of the day. Whenever possible, a few eager bucks would leave the herd in search of female companionship. In order to determine if any bucks were missing, it was necessary to count the herd several times a day. If any were gone, I would follow their tracks until they were located and drive them back to the herd. Coyotes would frequently come around the corral at night, howling, but they didn't give me any real trouble as they were afraid to attack the bucks.

During my buck herding days a young boy, about my age, from a cattle ranch near Council, was staying a few days in a cow camp not far from my sheep camp. We had met a few times for visits in the mountains, and decided one day that on Saturday night we would ride our horses to a Saturday night dance being held in a one-room school house down in Wild Horse Canyon, a distance of about 10 miles. We only observed the activities, including a few fist fights outside the school house involving men who had consumed too much bootleg whiskey. The sun was coming up when we arrived back to our respective camps that next morning. I was just in time to grain the bucks and turn them out to graze.

I assumed the responsibility of a camp tender one summer when I was in high school. However, my pack string which consisted of a bell mare and three pack mules had been lost for several weeks in the rugged Rock Creek and Wolf Creek hill country below Weiser in the Snake River Canyon country. As soon as school was out, I started early one morning on my saddle horse from one of the sheep camps to locate the pack string. After two days of hard riding in this desolate area, I finally located them. It took longer than anticipated and I had to seek a night's lodging for me and my horse from an old hermit living in the area.

The other camp tender had already gone ahead from our spring and fall range to the mountains with two bands and their herders - a distance of approximately 60 miles across the hills. Now it was my job to trail the three remaining bands and their herders

to the mountains, one band at a time. It took me two weeks to trail each herder with his herd to the mountains and return for the next one. In August, I went after the herder and his buck band, which made four round trips for me that summer.

One summer night during my high school days, a sheepherder's saddle horse pulled his stake rope loose and strayed away from camp with a pack mule. They were gone for a couple of weeks out in the Rock Creek or Wolfe Creek hills and no effort had been made to locate them until I assumed the task. After a few hours of riding, I located both animals roaming with a wild horse band in Wolf Creek Canyon. They all began to run after I had approached as close as possible and then I raced after them on my saddle horse - the mule and sheepherder's horse lagged behind - and I leaped from my horse, grabbed the stake rope but couldn't hang on - I rolled down the rocky hillside and eventually had to let go. My saddle horse with saddle and bridle also raced away with them. I walked around the hills on foot for a while in the direction they had gone, and suddenly I came upon our two horses and mule grazing by themselves. The others had gone on around the mountain. I cautiously approached them, until all were in hand, returning to camp several miles away, very much relieved. However, my horse had broken his bridle reins with his front feet as he was racing with the wild horses. Incidentally, that silver-mounted bit with the replaced reins is still in my possession.

Recognition for the Nevilles

Marthlyn

College: Graduated from Stanford in 1944 'With Distinction' with an AB in Social Science. (With the help of scholarships she put herself through college without outside monetary assistance.)

James, Sr.

Jim has attained the distinguished rating of C.L.U. in insurance.

James, Jr.

Swimming: Listed on the High School "All State" team.

Timothy

Swimming: All American, High School, 8 times.
NCAA. College, 3 times.

Schools; Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.
Harvard, Graduated, Cum Laude, 1977 in History.

Richard

Schooling: University of Utah, Graduated, Magna Cum Laude
in Chemistry and Psychology
University of Utah Medical School, second year (1981)

Honorary: Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi.

William

Swimming: 50 Yd, Free Style, 20.5 sec., Record.
100 Yd, Free Style, 44.0 sec.
All American, High School, 7 times.
ACAA. College, 2 times.

School: Enrolled in the University of Alabama.

Honor: University sponsored trip for Exhibition swimming to
New York and South Africa tour in April 1981.

I REMEMBER

Marthlyn Neville

I was just thinking about the time I was going to visit Aunt Elsie in Parma. I was about four years old. I had been herding sheep that summer. My Mother put me on the train, pinned my name on me and said that I was to get off at Parma, Idaho. Uncle Frank met me at the train and took me to his home. His house looked like a mansion to me. The thing I remember most about my visit was I learned that there wasn't a Santa Claus. It really was disappointing. Another thing, they ate olives and I had never seen an olive before. I just couldn't stand the taste. Also, they had oyster soup and I had never tasted it before. But, then we had a lot of ice cream which was yummy.

Marie was good at art. She drew all those darling little dolls and dresses. I still have a lot of the dresses. I thought she was just the greatest artist in all the world because she did it free hand. She had such a beautiful wardrobe for all the paper dolls. After coming in off the hills, it was like coming in to a large city: the name of the city was Parma, Idaho. (Pop. 500)

We went up to the summer camp on Crooked River every summer. We stayed in tents at first. Then Dad built a wood frame with a wood floor, wood siding up about 36 inches a screen above that. The canvas tent fitted over the frame above the sidewall. It had a screen door for entering.

Every summer I would practice my violin about six hours a day every day til my eyes blinked. I took my canary up with me two summers. One summer the chipmunk got around the cage and scared the canary to death. The reason I took the canary was to practice whistling. From him I learned a lot of my whistles. I would imitate the canary every day. Later I would give whistling solos with my mother as the accompanist on the Piano. I would still enjoy whistling except for the proverb "Whistling girls and crowing hens will come to no good end". It's true because now when I whistle, I get wrinkles all over my face.

After I was about six or seven years old we spent the summers in the mountains because it was easier for mother to take care of us.

Once Grandmother Burns visited with us all summer. My mother went on a hike up to the top of Cuddy mountain alone. She was real later coming home. We were nervous about her safety because there were so many mine holes on the mountain and she could have fallen in one especially after dark when she might not see them. We built a huge fire. It was so big, it almost started a forest fire. Then we all prayed for my mother to come home safely.

She did come home safe. The top of the mountain was further than she thought it was. She said that she saw the fire and it guided her after darkness fell.

My Dad would hobble his horses up on the side of the mountain where grass was available. One time I was riding a horse and it shied while crossing a little stream and dumped me in the water. I wasn't really hurt but I screamed and screamed. I never liked horses even though I had been on horses since I was very small. I just never liked horses.

When I was five I would have to sit on one all day long. They would take me out five miles east of Cambridge and I'd be in a pasture all day on the horse taking care of the sheep. I was to see that the sheep did not get out of an opening in the fence. Some one would take me out in the morning and I would stay on the horse until Edward would come and get me after school and lift me off the horse and let me relax a bit.

The next year I got to go to Aunt Apal's home and go to nursery school for a year. I did all this tending sheep at such an early age no one could believe it. Later on my Mother couldn't believe that she could have let me do it, but she said I always seemed like I was old and dependable. One time it had been raining at the mountain hard. My dad came out to get me. I had got under a tent. I was soaking wet. Dad asked why I didn't put on a dry sweater. I replied, "I don't want to get it wet."

I remember -- Marthlyn Neville---p. two

Another time I remember tending the sheep. At dark they would bed down and I would sit there and see the car come up the road. Maybe my Dad would be coming up to get me or to stay all night with me. I tended sheep like a little sheep dog.

As a young man my Dad was trained in wrestling. He became the Champion of the Northwest. He went to Portland, Spokane and Seattle for his bouts. There were big newspaper articles about the awards he was going to have for winning the Middleweight Championship. He said that he never really got that money because others like the promoters got most of it and he never got it himself. After he married, Almia thought it was a disgrace to wrestle and he quit. In fact, we were never allowed to tell people that Dad had been a wrestler. We children were secretly proud that he was so strong and athletic at such a young age (19). Wrestling was a big thing in those days because there were few entertainment events. (Frank Haasch used to travel by train from Cambridge to Weiser to see Earl wrestle. Frank said, "Earl could whip everyone in sight at the matches.")

My mother used to appear on the Chautauqua. I'm not sure just how much she traveled with them, but she was a "Reader". I know she liked the opportunity. She was teaching school in Cambridge and that limited her traveling. Her dream was to be in the theater, but she settled down to be a housewife.

When operas or similar traveling troupes came to Weiser to play at the opera house, they would hire local talent and musicians to fill out their orchestras. Almia often played the piano or was lead violinist. Often, I played the violin right beside her. She dropped playing her violin for years and just played the piano so she could accompany me. I started to play the violin when I was seven years old. I would practice six hours every day until my eyes blinked. It was a nervous reaction. I stayed out of school one year and practiced and had a private tutor. Then she took me to Portland, Oregon. At that point I could have gone on the theater circuits over the U.S. I would play the Violin and whistle on the Portland Radio and I was only 11 years old. I really was very advanced for my age. At that time we had to make a determination whether it would be worth breaking up the family which would happen if I had gone on the concert tour. I would have to have a full time tutor in order to get my schooling in. Mother either would have to travel with me or I would have to travel with a stranger. MENUHIN YEHUDI

I was playing all of Menuhin's Inuendos music. I had all of his records and could play everything he could play as well as Fritz Kreisler's music also. I could have gone on tour except we just decided that family life was more important and it would be too much of a strain on me at that young age. One thing, practicing so much was making me nervous. I kind of gave it up and just took it for pleasure from then on out. I'd play in all of the orchestras.

When I was in High School I picked up the Saxophone as a second instrument and played in what we called the "Melodiers", a six all girl orchestra. All through High School we played for dances in Weiser, Payette, Ontario and Emmett sometimes, as well as Cambridge and Council. I would get \$ 5.00 a night which was supposed to be a pretty good pay. We would wear blue flannel slacks with light blue button, sailor style, white blouses with Peter Pan collar and blousy sleeves. They were really nice. Our music stands were really nice and were colored blue and silver. We would take turns leading the group with a little baton. I didn't know why they thought it was so interesting to do that, but now I know it was because we used to bounce up and down. It probably did make an interesting spectacle for the people who were watching.

We really had good musicians in our group. There were three violins, all quite talented. One girl played the Sax, trumpet and drums; one the violin, Sax and Clarinet; one the base viol and one the piano. Mr Allen was the one who arranged our music. He was good at it.

Once in a while I would play with other dance bands. Really all I can remember about it, is sitting there playing all evening; not having any fun; driving home in cold, cold cars because cars did not have heaters and getting home just icy-cold.

I have just no interest in having my boys playing any instruments and having an experience like that. I did not think it was anything I wanted them to do for a living. I was afraid that if they got into bands that would be the way that they would make their living. So many musicians who start when they are young, unless trained in another profession, do it all their lives.

In those days playing in a band was a lot of hard work. I was always glad I could play the violin however. In High School itself I played in the Marching Band and was a Yell Queen Leader. For a while I went every week to study Violin under Kathlyn Eckhart at the College of Idaho. I practiced hard on the violin to go to the State Violin Contest in Twin Falls. Just before I was to leave, something happened to Mrs. Allen who was to accompany me, and she could not go. I did go to Twin Falls and took my music along to play for Aunt Elsie. She and others encouraged me to find a piano accompanist and I got Mrs Duvall. We just had one practice. (She used to play for me when I stayed at Aunt Elsie's while in the eighth grade, She was not a stranger to me.) I was judged excellent and encouraged to keep on playing. This was the most frightening experience of my life. I was just scared to death.

I said that I'm not going to have my kids go into any sort of competition. It was just not any fun. Now, here they are all are in competition. I expected them to do it when I couldn't do it.

I played the violin for my eighth grade graduation exercises in Twin Falls.

Almia taught school one year in Cambridge before she married Earl. Both Almia and Elsie found their husbands by teaching in Cambridge. After Almia married, it was really a hard life for her. She was not used to the hard life of a ranch. She had to cook for the Hay hands. Nellie Burke stayed with them to help out. Mother said that at that time Nellie was a difficult person to be around. She would get mad and would not say anything for days. Mother said it was all hard work and the only pleasure she got was reading her magazines. She would read out loud to me. Sometimes it would be a continued novel.

We lived in Weiser from the time I was aged six until I graduated from High School. I was working that fall at the Weiser Signal Newspaper until just after the first of the year. Then I got a job with the State Legislature and never returned to Weiser. My folks stayed on at least one more year or until the summer of 1937 and then moved to Boise and later to Meridian.

Daddy set up the State Brand Inspection program. He conceived and helped write the Bill that the Legislature passed into law. He spent hours, hours and hours writing and revising and rewriting it. I would type, type, type and he would write, write, write. Then he set up the program for the State and was the initial administrator to enforce the program. His title was State Brand Inspector.

Eddie says Dad usually ran about 4000 sheep. After lambing there might be around 7000. After he sold the lambs and old ewes he would be back around 4000 again. He always had young bands, whereas Mack Hand another sheepman and others had bands of old ewes. This fact was the direct cause of losing his sheep. His competitors went to the Land Bank in Spokane and arranged a shady deal. Dad was almost out of debt or in the best financial position he had been since he got into the sheep raising business. The Bank foreclosed on him. Then, they had a sale without advertising it and several other shady things and Earl lost his sheep. While this was all going on, Daddy got the mumps and had to go to bed for a whole month. Later Eddie met a boy at the U of I who after he found out that Eddie was Earl Burke's son, told Ed that his Dad was a party to the Bank's action and regretted his part in it very much.

When Dad first moved on the Cambridge ranch he first started a pig farm. They even brought the new born pigs in the house to keep them safe and warm. Then he gradually turned to raising sheep.

The Burkes were a family of boys of which only one was married, my Grand-father. All of the others were bachelors. They all lived together. We had a great uncle who lived down the street from us in Weiser. He never came to visit us. They would nod their heads as they walked by but never were friendly. The Ryans of Caldwell were also relatives; one of that family was a Judge.

Nellie and her son came up for Daddy's funeral. Since he was a bachelor, I gave him a little lecture. I said, "It is an old Irish trait for the boys to stay home with mother and not get married. You better get yourself a wife while you can." He got married after that and now they have a son. Aunt Nellie was a darling little Irish girl. She went to Corvallis, Oregon, to school and graduated. She met her husband and they settled down in California and never left.

The Tyne's were from Cork County Ireland and came to the West Coast via the Panama route. They walked across the Isthmus. Ed Tyne got a job in the Gold Fields in California. He sent home \$ 10,000.00 to bring his sisters to America. One stayed in New York and married a multi-millionaire. She did not have any children.

The Tyne girls that came to America were Ellen (Oldest sister) Mary, Nora, Adelia, and Anna (Youngest). Ellen came west with the immigrants across the prairie. Ellen married a man in San Francisco by the name of Lehy. Anna married a man named O'Neil and came to Boise, in 1868 to visit the Cuddy girls in Boise. They remained and started a store in Boise on Main Street between 6th and 7th. They advertised "Fine Liquor, 1868" Their customers were the miners from Idaho City. The Cuddy's heard of the good country around Cambridge and they started a sawmill and a flour mill at the foot of Cuddy Mountain. Nora and Adelia came up to meet John Cuddy and Adelia married John. Nora married John D. Wade in Weiser, Idaho.

Marilyn Hyde went to Ireland and visited the home where their ancestors had all lived. It was a beautiful mansion. They were surprised. They had expected to find a more modest place. The reason the boys and girls came over to America was because there was little opportunity for the children of such a large family in Ireland.

The Burkes were Catholic. My father was not brought up as a Catholic the same as his folks was because there were no Priests in the area. My mother was a Methodist, but was disenchanted because it was so strict. She felt her children could not have normal lives. She attended the Congregational Church in Weiser where they thought it was alright for the young people to dance, wear make-up, etc. The Burns children did not follow the Methodist tradition when they left home but joined and attended other churches. Elsie and Grover attended the Christian Science Church and Apal the Baptist Church.

I remember that one time I met a fellow named Foglesong at the Boise Park. He was a fair blonde fellow. (This was probably at a Pfost picnic.)

NOTES
Norman Burke

My family moved to Weiser, Idaho about two years before I went to school. I was almost seven when I entered school. When in the Second grade I went to Twin Falls to live with the Haasches up to Christmas time. In the fifth grade I stayed with Grandma Burns in the spring of the year. At the end of my Sophmore year we moved to Boise (1937) and rented a house at 1409 Harrison Blvd. In Oct. we moved to Meridian, but I stayed with Apal and Abe. Bob stayed with Eddie who lived near Hill Road. I finished High School in Meridian. Bob finished in Boise.

During the war Mother and I moved to Los Angeles working for Lockheed and then I came back to Idaho and entered Boise, Jr. College for two years.

Then I and Eddie invested in about 250 head of sheep and some feeder steers. It was not very profitable because the market went down. During the war I bought 23 acres of farm land near Meridian at Franklin and Five Mile roads.

I worked for the Idaho Power Company, Bureau of Public Roads, State of Idaho Highway District and the Forest Service.

My idol or hero was a man named Paddock who built the Weiser Institute. He did not come to Weiser until he was 55 years old. He would get up on a pool table and preach. He had a dream of building the Intermountain Institute, a school where young people could attend school and live and help themselves earn their way by working on the Institute farm. He went back east and raised a million dollars and built and operated the school until he was over 90 years old. His productivity really didn't start until he was 55 years old.

My folks bought a moving picture camera when we lived in Weiser. At one time we took a clip of Wallace Berry, a famous star, when he visited Weiser. My hobby for many years is making motion pictures. I have excellent equipment for taking, editing and providing a sound track for the final product. I have produced several religious films that I am proud of.

By the way my father went to school at the Weiser Institute.

In 1978-80 I attended the University of Idaho Forestry School.

Almia

Almia went to Whitman University at Walla, Walla to take further study in Music. She also went to stay with Grover and Ethel in Denver and studied composing and arranging of music in a music school there. She taught school out of Montour, Idaho at Ola maybe, for a year. Almia played the violin as well as the piano and was getting good enough to go on Concert Tours and Circuits when she married Earl.

Earl

As a young man Earl was encouraged by his step-father, Joe Madison, to go into wrestling. Earl wanted to be an athlete, so when he was 16 years old, Joe furnished the money for Earl to go to Weiser and train under some people there. He wrestled in Weiser, Cambridge, Meadows, Donnally and Spokane.

One day Earl was standing on a street corner of Cambridge and said. "This is my last cigarette and threw it away." A man who heard him said, "Oh, you probably will start again, but if you don't, I'll buy you a new hat when you are 21." and when he was 21, he got his new hat.

After Richard Burke died and Joe Madison's wife died, who was a sister to Richard, the two familys lived in together for a while, while raising the children of each one. One day Earl's mother, when he was about 14, told him that she might marry his uncle Joe.

The ranch had a flour mill on it powered by water in the creek. The Ranch was part of the Burke children's inheritance. When Earl got married, he moved on it. Division of the Ranch between Earl, Hazel and Nellie created problems later. When Nellie got married she took the mill which later burned down. When Hazel married, her husband thought she should get her share immediately and that forced Earl off the ranch so it could be sold. Earl moved to Weiser.

JACK DALE BURKE

Born - February 6, 1929 in Weiser, Idaho to Earl Edward Burke and Almia Etta Burns Burke.

Brothers and Sister: Edward, Norman, Robert, Harry

Marthlyn

(I was the youngest member of the family)

Lived in Weiser, Idaho until I was 7 years old. Resulting from my father losing

his sheep business during those depression years, my family moved to Boise in

the summer of 1936. In November 1936 my family moved to my mother's home in

Meridian, Idaho. When I was 13 my mother and I left the Meridian home to join

my brother Norman in Los Angeles. Going from a little school in Meridian to a

big junior high school in Los Angeles provided some excitement. I was elected

beginning of

president of my eighth grade class which was the ~~longest~~ string of presidencies.

In each grade level through my senior year of high school I was elected president

of my class. A particular honor in the eighth grade was a letter of commendation

from my home room teacher to my mother. The teachers in the junior high school were

to write commendation letters to the most outstanding boy and girl in each class.

A big event in my life was to receive Christ into my life when I was in the eighth

grade. In that year I was baptized on Easter Sunday in a Church of Christ (Christian).

Moved to my brother Norman's farm for my junior and senior years at Boise Sr. High

School. Was in a number of plays and operettas in high school and was master-of-

ceremonies for the senior assembly. Graduated from Boise Sr. High School in 1947.

Attended Boise Junior College two quarters. Transferred to Northwest Nazarene

College where I attended for three years and then on to the University of Oregon

for two years, graduating from the Univ. of Oregon in 1953. Because of limited

financial resources I had to support myself through college doing mainly road

construction work during the summer months.

POST-GRADUATE EDUCATION AND PROFESSIONAL POSITIONS HELD ON ATTACHED RESUME.

Married Darlys Ann Cowan January 29, 1955 in Inglewood, California.

(See attached resume)

Daughter Linda born November 14, 1955 in Pasadena, California.

Son David born September 2, 1959 in Covina, California.

CURRENT - As the resumes point out, I am director of the Office of International Student Services at the University of Houston. Darlys Ann (or D. Ann as she is known locally) is voluntary chairperson of the University's International Hospitality Program. Linda is in her second year of medical school studying to be a doctor at the University

of Texas Medical School in Houston. David is a business administration sophomore at the University of Houston. (OVER)