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NEWSLETTER

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MENNONITE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Photo courtesy of Ray Kauffman

Introduction to the Community of Indian Cove

by Ivan Snyder

If you have ever travelled between Boise and Twin Falls — perhaps along Interstate 84, or U. S. Highway 30, especially in the summer and fall, you probably noticed dry landscape on both sides of your vehicle. That area is very desert-like, with brown, dry cheat grass, sagebrush, and tumbleweeds. But as you top the crest of the hill overlooking Hammett, you will see a marked contrast: deep green fields and an abundance of trees.

Almeta Hilty Good, in an article titled "The Desert Shall Blossom," in the April 1949 issue of *The Mennonite Community*, quoted from the journal of an early explorer of the West. "One cannot conceive of this land ever being fit habitation for white men," he exclaimed. He had strained his tired eyes all day trying to see across the endless glaring desert of the Snake River region, scorching under the summer sun. Here was water — a wide, clear river of it — and yet — here was burning desert.

"Fit for nothing but Indians and wild beasts," he concluded."

Almeta went on to note that today some of the most productive land in this nation is in this same region. "Irrigation is the miracle of applied water," she wrote. "And the miracle changes this soil from a desert where the scantiness of rainfall is second only to that of Death Valley into a fruitful farming community."

The Beginnings of Indian Cove

Quite a lot of individuals figure into the settling of In-

dian Cove. If I went through the list of families who moved to the Cove for a time, the men who had ideas for using the water from the Snake River for irrigation, and the different schemes the promoters used to sell land in the area, we would be here for a long time. So I am going to be a bit selective in the records I give.

The first records of the area now called Indian Cove go back to before the beginning of the twentieth century. It was first used as a campsite in the period between 1876 and 1885, by J. H. Black, as he carried the mail on horseback from Glens Ferry to Silver City. (Glens Ferry is some ten miles to the east of Indian Cove. Silver City is to the west, and is what is known as a "ghost town" today, but at one time it was the County Seat of Owyhee County; and at the time Mr. Black was carrying the mail, it was a thriving gold and silver mining town.) Black made his camp in what today is known as "the West End," near the former Amos Shenk residence, and where the Dale Hooley family lives today.

The first known person to have a home in the area was a Mr. Brown, who gave Brown's Creek its name; and in fact that area came to be called Brown's Flats. This was some time prior to 1900.

In 1908, Ed Stevens and his wife and their young son Byron moved out from Montana, and filed on land near the old mail carrier's campsite. They were the only human residents there for a year; however, while he waited for his filing to be granted, at least twelve more families arrived. Low prices of agricultural land in a developing irrigation district were attracting new settlers to this area.

A promoter from Chicago, Illinois, named O. M. Carter, developed plans for irrigation, with canals at 50 feet, 100 feet, 150 feet, and 200 feet. By 1911, plans were underway to float a bond issue and build an electric-powered pumping plant with canals to carry water to the farms. And a pumping plant was started in 1912. The canals at 150 and 200 feet had booster pumps; but they were discontinued as impractical after two years. The 50-foot level canal carried water to nearby farms, while the one at 100 feet reached farms farther away. The pumping plant and the lowest canal are still in use today, pumping water out of the Snake River, up onto the hillside through large

SPRING MEETING

March 14, 2010, 2:30 p.m.

Albany Mennonite Church, 3405 Kizer Ave. NE, Albany, Oregon

Moderator: Ray Kauffman — Song Leader: Don Bacher

Devotion: Pastor Meghan Good

Fund Raising Report: Bernard Showalter

Offering

Introduction of Speaker: Ray Kauffman

Writing Against The Old Lie: Mennonite Objectors and the Great War
by Melanie Springer Mock

Associate Professor, Department of Writing and Literature
George Fox University, Newberg, Oregon

Welcome to one and all

flumes, and into the canal.

One of the names common in the community for many years was Pancoast. Leonidas (or Lee) Pancoast and his wife Flora Ervin Pancoast moved west from Indiana in 1919 and became homesteaders, though they had never farmed. While on a trip back east, Lee Pancoast persuaded his son Donald to settle in the Cove when he was discharged from World War I Army service. Don was to stay in the area for more than 60 years. He recalled those early days when promoters were doing all they could to lure more people into the area. He said, "Promoters promoted for money... They sold it [a parcel of land] more than once and got away with it, too."

A school was established in 1912 at the southeast end of the district, which became School District 29, near the former Pancoast residence. A new one-room school was built in 1917 on the southwest corner of the Pancoast farm. It was used as a school until 1935, when pupils started school in Hammett; but the school building continued to be used for a community center and church until 1950, when a new church building was constructed. I mention this because the next part of this account will center on the start of the Mennonite presence in Indian Cove; and that old schoolhouse for many years served as a church house.

The Mennonite Invasion of Indian Cove

In the winter of 1926-1927, a man named Aaron Brubaker brought his family west from Columbiana, Ohio. They came over the Bruneau Bridge (i.e., they came into the community from the west), and bought a house and property close to the pumping plant. Shortly after that a Union Sunday School was organized with Aaron as superintendent. A Mennonite Sunday School was subsequently organized, with Paul Miller as superintendent, Edith Johnson as secretary. Although it was sponsored by the Mennonites, it was open to community participation, and mem-

bers of the community were welcomed. Early attendance in the Sunday School was in the range of 40 to 50; almost all families in the community participated.

In those early days before a congregation was organized, a circuit-riding Congregational preacher came through, conducting church services. This went on for some time; but when the Congregationalists asked the church to affiliate with them, the invitation was declined, and gradually the preacher discontinued his services to the congregation.

A Mennonite congregation was organized on January 30, 1935, with A. M. (Amos) Shenk, Sr. as minister. I am going to talk about the ministers that have served the congregation a little later on; however, I am going to skip ahead here to give some background on Amos Shenk and his family.

Probably — next to the Aaron Brubaker family — the first Mennonites to settle in Indian Cove were two young men named Elliot Zuercher and Nathan Miller. I believe they were both from Nampa. This must have been around 1927 or shortly thereafter, because at first they stayed with J. B. Hampton, who had arrived in March 1927. Then they built a shack on 40 acres across the road, on Elliot Zuercher's property. Elliot left the Cove when his first crop was flattened by a strong west wind, and Tim Shenk later came and became Nathan Miller's farming partner. Nathan married Leanna McCain, and they moved to the Cove in 1933.

A. M. (Amos) Shenk had been ordained in Elida, Ohio. He moved to Nampa, Idaho in 1903. When he and his wife, formerly Alcynthia May Hilty (whom we all knew as Allie) moved to the Cove in 1933, they first lived with their son Tim. Later on they moved into to the home of another son, John David (whom we knew as Dave), and that is where they lived the rest of their lives. So he was there to function as a pastor even before the congregation was organized.

As I said, the congregation was organized on January 30, 1935 as the third Mennonite congregation in Idaho, the other two being Nampa and Filer. There were 19 charter members.¹

A Young People's Meeting committee was organized at a prayer meeting held in the George Hilty home on Wednesday, February 6, 1935. The Young People's Meeting became the main part of the Sunday evening service, followed by preaching. Sunday evenings also included a Children's Meeting.

The weekly program of the church was: Sunday morning services, starting with classes at 10:00 a.m., followed by the worship service and preaching at 11:00 a.m. On Sunday evenings, Children's Meeting and Young People's

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Meeting were at 7:30, and preaching at 8:15 p.m. A mid-week meeting was usually held, and it might be Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday evening, as suitable; it consisted of Bible study, singing, and prayer. In the early days of the church, it seems that whenever a visiting minister was in the area, they would assemble for a service, regardless of what evening it was.

The Ministry

As noted, the first minister of the congregation was Amos Shenk, Sr. He served until his death on June 11, 1944. Three of his sons and one daughter also lived in the Cove until their deaths. Tim Shenk married Edith Johnson, and they had two sons, Douglas and Michael. Dave Shenk never married. Amos Jr. married Veola Pendleton, and they had five sons: Steve, Dick, John Mark, Chuck, and Mervin. Fan Shenk was single as long as I knew her; but in the late 1950s, Noah Schrock moved out from Goshen, Indiana, and Noah and Fan were married.

In 1935, Paul J. and Alta Hooley moved out from Colorado, and first settled in Hammett. Being an ordained minister, Paul was received as a co-laborer, and aided Amos Shenk, until his untimely death on November 30, 1938. Paul and Alta had two daughters, Elsie and Marilyn; and four sons, LeRoy, Wesley, Paul E., and Mylan. As a youth, Paul E. was called Ervin; later on he became Dr. Paul E. Hooley. Wesley and his wife Doris (King) still live in the Cove.

The minister that most of us today remember most as the pastor, Paul W. Miller, was first a deacon. This came about when Aaron Mast, from Belleville, Pennsylvania was holding meetings from Monday, November 2 to Wednesday, November 11, 1936. My mother wrote in her diary for Sunday, November 8, 1936: "A full day. After Bro. Mast's sermon a unanimous vote was given to ordain a deacon. Menno and Paul were in the lot. Also had council meeting this a.m. preparatory to communion.... Services began at 2:30 this p.m. Were visited between p.m. and evening services by the ministers. An impressive service this evening. The lot was cast and the office of deacon fell upon Paul."

However, following the death of Paul Hooley, there was felt a need for assistance for Amos Shenk Sr., and Paul Miller was ordained as a minister on December 7, 1939. My father, Menno Snyder, was ordained as deacon on January 7, 1941.

The next ordination was on October 9, 1950, when Amos Shenk Jr. "young Amos" was ordained by E. S. Garber, to give support to Paul as pastor. Amos and his brother Tim Shenk were in the lot, and Amos was chosen.² Mention of Amos' family is made in a preceding paragraph. Amos is 95 now, and has continued to live on his place in the Cove, although at this time he is living with a son — Chuck, I think, near Indian Cove.

We moved away from the Cove in 1953, and the church was without a deacon for a number of years; but

after Noah J. Schrock moved out from Indiana (and married Fan Shenk), he became the deacon for the congregation. Schrock was born in Kansas in 1890. His first wife, Jennie Hooley, had died in February 1956. He served the Indian Cove church as Deacon from 1959 until shortly before his death in September 1971.

Leland Shetler was ordained on February 9, 1964 to work along with Paul W. Miller and Amos Shenk. Leland was born in Colorado, and married Lucille Hostetler, the daughter of Ivan and Emma Hostetler.

Bishops who have served the Indian Cove congregation are Allen Erb, N. A. Lind, E. S. Garber, and Max Yoder.

Regular Meetings and Missionary Efforts of the Congregation

Mention has been made of the order of Sunday services, and also of the mid-week service. One additional observation one might make about those services is the hymnals used. I cannot say exactly when the congregation acquired their hymnals. From my earliest recollections, the Church Hymnal and Life Songs No. 2 were the hymnals used. At some time, probably in the late 1950s or in the 1960s, Songs of the Church was added. These are the hymnals used up until the end. Singing seemed to have a significant place in both the worship and the outreach of the church. Often a quartet or small ensemble sang to people in the Cove, Hammett, or Glens Ferry when they were sick or unable to get around. Singing was always a good part of Christmas programs, and also of the program given by Summer Bible School children at the end of Bible School. Toward the end of the life of the Indian Cove Church, a time when many churches had forsaken the great, sound hymns of the Christian faith for light and airy choruses, visitors greatly enjoyed the four-part congregational singing, mostly unaccompanied. Sometimes visitors requested songs which they fondly remembered from days past. During those days, small though the group was, they gave a monthly program of singing at the senior center in Mountain Home, and on occasion gave a singing program to a neighboring church, which seemed to be greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

One of the special services held at the church was the annual Christian Workers Conference, or often just referred to as Workers Meeting. This annual meeting was rotated among the three congregations: Nampa, Filer, and Indian Cove. Recently, the congregation in Aberdeen also participated. So some years the Cove congregation hosted the one-day Workers Meeting, and some of the members hosted families and individuals who arrived on Saturday or left on Monday. Because of the distance from other conference churches, which were mostly in Oregon, the fellowship with other congregations in Idaho had special meaning.

The congregation also made efforts at outreach to neighboring communities. In 1946, they were making plans to be active in evangelistic efforts such as personal

evangelism, literature distribution, visitation, and ministering to needs. There was the hope that such efforts would lead to opportunities for Sunday School, Summer Bible School, evangelistic meetings, and possibly other outreach opportunities. On Wednesday, November 6, 1946 following a communion service, a choice was made for a missionary worker to spearhead the activities. Floyd Landis was the one chosen.

There were services conducted in Bruneau, a town west of the Indian Cove community. The Bruneau Community Church that meets today might be considered an outgrowth of those missionary efforts, just as the Hammett Community Church might. I recall Sundays when we attempted to start a Sunday School in Hammett.

Perhaps a more effective outreach at that time was the Vacation Bible School, first held July 8 - 18, 1941, with Viola Wenger as superintendent. The enrollment was 44, average attendance 40. Children from outside the church attended. Many of those children, who are adults now, recall vivid memories of attending Summer Bible School. Viola Wenger, Gilbert Lind, Anna Snyder, and Fannie Landis were some from outside the congregation who lent assistance in the Bible School program.

The young people have carried out various forms of missionary work. On occasion they have passed out tracts

in Boise, or a Herald Press publication called "The Way." In 1950 they raised a crop of potatoes, and sent the proceeds to missions. They have formed singing groups, ministering to shut-ins and to those outside of the immediate community. On one occasion, they hosted a Christmas party for senior citizens in surrounding communities, including a meal and gifts for all.

A women's sewing circle was organized on May 3, 1936, with seven regular members. The first meeting was held in the Aaron Brubaker home. The stated purpose was "to unite the sisters to do benevolent work and for fellowship." One of the projects of the Sewing Circle was making clothes for missionaries.

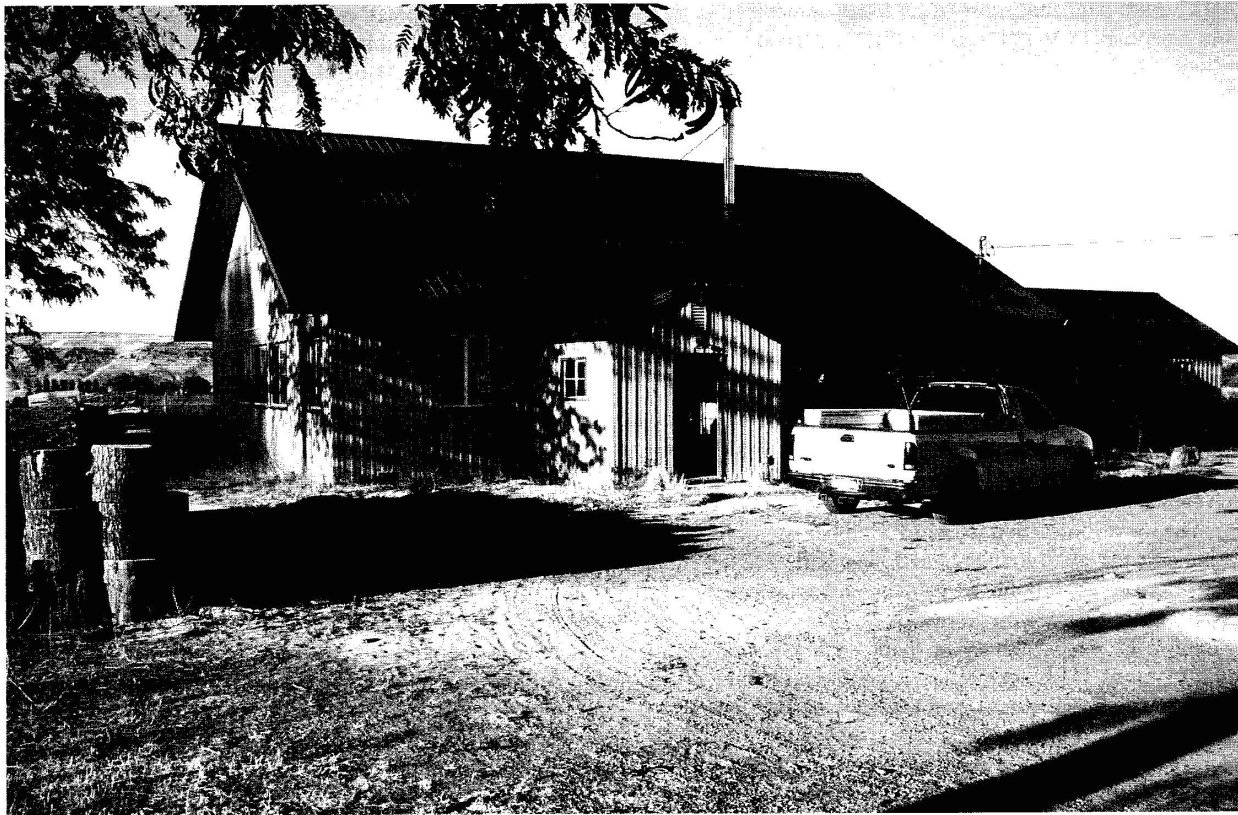
Church Buildings

From the time the congregation was started on that January day in 1935, the old school building was the meeting place. The main sanctuary had curtains which could be pulled across, dividing it into classrooms, and there were several rooms in the back where individual classes met. There was a blackboard on the wall; in the front was a picture of George Washington and the picture of Jesus knocking at the heart's door.

Meanwhile, membership had increased from the original 19 charter members. During the first ten years, membership had doubled, and continued to increase to 61 in

Indian Cove Mennonite Church Building being converted to a home — 2009

Photo courtesy of Ray Kauffman



1944; and by 1950, membership was at 70. Through the years, thought had been given to building a church building. A building committee was appointed in January 1947. Vernon and Norma Kauffman had offered a corner of their farm as a building site, and excavation for a new building was begun in the fall of 1949. But the modest means of the members were not nearly adequate to procure the lumber and materials needed for a church building.

As the construction of Anderson Dam, some 32 miles to the north, neared completion, the church was able to obtain a permit for \$200, which entitled them to haul away all of the lumber they needed. So the Lord used that to furnish a plentiful supply of lumber for the church. Fifty thousand board feet of lumber was hauled away from Anderson Dam. Members of the church worked on construction for more than a year. Frank Kropf, from Oregon, helped supervise the project. Some donations also came in from outside of the Cove. I believe there was an invitation in the Gospel Herald for anyone interested in helping to provide a new church building for the Indian Cove church, to contribute as they saw fit, and some people shared by that means. The seating capacity of the completed 42' by 48' sanctuary was 150.

Dedication of the new building was held on Sunday, April 1, 1951, with visitors from Nampa, Filer, Glens Ferry, and Hammett. The King's Men quartet from Hesston College gave a program, and Gideon Yoder from Hesston spoke.

A Growing Community

The West End Irrigation Project enabled the cultivation of some 460 acres which heretofore had been unproductive land. Accordingly, more families continued to move in and settle in the Cove. Earlier mention was made of Floyd Landis. He and his wife Edna, with their daughter and three sons took a place near the Pancoast farm, then after some time living along Saylor Creek, settled down in the West End, where Milton and Mavis still live. Willard Hooley, brother of the late pastor Paul J. Hooley, and his wife and their three daughters and a son moved to the Cove. Menno Snyder learned of Indian Cove through his best friend from his days at Hesston, Paul Miller. Late in 1934 he came over to visit Paul and Barbara. While there, he began looking for a suitable parcel of land. When Lina Kauffman graduated the LaJunta, Colorado School of Nursing, she came west, and after a June 1935 wedding at the Zion Mennonite Church in Oregon, they also settled in the Cove. But scarcely more than a month later, a call came from Allen Erb, asking them to come back to LaJunta to help out there as supervisor and maintenance man. They leased their farm to Paul Hooley, and left for LaJunta on August 31, returning to the Cove after their term of service at the end of February 1936.

Vernon Kauffman and his wife Norma (King), and their family moved into the West End, near the Paul Miller place. Vernon's brother Jacob, his wife Bernice, and their

three sons and two daughters moved in and began farming. The father of Vernon and Jacob, D. H. Kauffman (known in the Cove as "Grandpa Kauffman") spent much of his time there, serving as ditch rider for the West End irrigation project. Grandpa Kauffman was also a beekeeper, and supplied honey for many in the community. How many people from that time remember Grandpa Kauffman riding his Cushman motor scooter with its sidecar, around the roads and fields!

Claude and Katie Barber with their sons Mitch, Henry, and Dick and their daughter Joy had already been residents of the Cove for many years. Katie and the four children joined the church, and were baptized by Bishop N. A. Lind on a Monday evening, November 16, 1936. Katie's diary indicates that all of the family became members, and that might be so, as I remember Claude attending the church and being involved in the life of the congregation. Dick, in January 1939, died from complications resulting from Scarlet Fever; he must have been about 14 years old at the time.

Social Activities

Most of the social activities during the growing years at the church were more than merely social. They usually involved learning situations, mission or charitable work, or, at least, church fellowship. One of the first "extracurricular" activities was a singing class. The decision was made on a Sunday evening, December 30, 1934, to conduct singing classes to begin the following Tuesday evening, January 1, 1935. The classes were held twice a week, with Menno Snyder as teacher. Duration of the class was two months, until March 1. There was good interest, but work responsibilities prevented full participation and perfect attendance by some.

One activity that a lot of us remember was the annual Fourth of July picnic. For quite a few years, this was held at a location along Canyon Creek up in the Bennett Mountains. I recall playing among the trees, wading in the creek, eating watermelon, watching the softball games, and in general having an enjoyable time in the cooler temperatures in the mountains.

Christmas caroling was another annual activity, and often community people other than church members would join in this. Typically two groups would form, and sing to families in the Cove, in Hammett, and in Glens Ferry — and even as far as Mountain Home.

A Diminishing Group

Over the course of the past 30 or more years, as families moved away, as young people went off to college and settled in other parts of the country, the population of Indian Cove has seen a downward trend. Not surprisingly, the group worshipping at the Indian Cove Mennonite Church experienced a corresponding decrease. From many farmers each farming a little land, the trend was for fewer farmers farming increasingly more land. In addition, some

who lived nearer to Hammett or Bruneau preferred a place of worship nearer to home.

In the late 1980s, the group became small enough that they were able to have the Sunday morning service in a large classroom just off the main auditorium. Sometimes for a special occasion, or when an exceptional number of visitors were present, the auditorium was again used. One such occasion was the 1990 Indian Cove Reunion. Letters were sent to all former residents of the Cove for whom addresses were available, inviting them to a reunion Friday, June 29 through Sunday, July 1. Attendance at the reunion was probably around 300. There were programs in the church yard and in the yard behind the former Paul Miller residence, then occupied by Gene and Mary Esther Hooley, and now the Sam and Neva Hamilton residence. There were games, shared meals, hikes on the rim rocks, and plenty of time for catching up with former neighbors not seen for decades. On Sunday morning, a church service was held, with singing led by Dennis Kauffman, a meditation on Psalm 34 by Dr. Paul E. Hooley (and he recited it from memory) and a message by George Hooley — all of whom grew up in the Cove. Typical for the Indian Cove congregation, singing had a big part in this service. Then there was a spontaneous time of testimonies, in which many participated.

The last service held was in January 2001. The building and property have been sold to a daughter and son-in-law of Sam and Neva Hamilton. They are converting the building into a residence.

Foot Notes

- 1) Charter members of the Indian Cove congregation:
- 2) It has been said that the Pacific Coast Conference did not recognize the ordination of Amos Shenk, Jr. Margaret Shetler has done considerable research on this issue.

A. M. Shenk	Tim Shenk	George Hilty
Allie Shenk	Paul W. Miller	Hannah Hilty
P. J. Hooley	Barbara Miller	Almeta Hilty
Alta Hooley	Mary Johnson	Carol Hilty
A. S. Brubaker	LeRoy Hooley	Leona Brubaker
Emma Brubaker	Ervin Hooley	
J. D. Shenk		

From the report of the thirty-second annual Mennonite Church Conference of the Pacific Coast District, June 3 and 4, 1953, this paragraph was included:

Amos Shenk ordination. We, the bishop body, in response to the assignment made by the ministerial body relative to the recognition of the ordination of Bro. Amos Shenk present the following recommendations: We plead for the spirit of Eph. 5:21, "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God," and I Pet. 5:5, "Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." Recognizing the im-

plications relative to this recognition, we hereby recommend to the ministerial body the recognition of this ordination, and that a committee composed of three bishops and two ministers be appointed to meet with the ministry of said congregation relative to questions involved in this issue. The committee shall be appointed by the present moderator upon approval of this conference body. Finally we urge that we as a ministerial body strive to labor together in the Spirit of Christ on all points that will strengthen the fellowship and peace of our conference. Rom. 14:19, "Let us therefore follow after the things that make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another." The above recommendations are motivated in the hope of becoming united in loyalty to our revised Constitution and Discipline just adopted in this 1953 conference.

This recommended meeting took place, and here is the report:

Report of Committee appointed to interview the Ministry of the Indian Cove Congregation on issue involved in the recognition of Brother Amos Shenk's ordination. The Committee met with the brethren from Indian Cove at the home of E. S. Garber, on June 28, 1953. The brethren committed themselves as in love and harmony with the Mennonite church and with the newly adopted constitution and discipline of the Pacific Coast Conference. The Ministers expressed themselves as not having convictions as to the wearing the regulation coat. Brother Paul Miller expressed himself in the light of Roman 14. Brother Shenk expressed himself as not having convictions for wearing the regulation coat, but that he was open for God's leading through the Holy Spirit, also that he would not say he would not wear it. It is the hope of the Committee that the Holy Spirit which guides us into all truth will lead us into unity of Spirit, and practices.

Allen H. Erb
E. S. Garber
G. D. Shenk

Indian Cove Stories

By Allan Miller, Sr

Introduction

While I was not raised in Indian Cove I went there in the summers to work on my uncles' farms. I enjoyed the experiences I had while working and participating in the activities of family and church. I am giving some of the stories that come to mind.

Church

When staying at Uncle Paul's home in the eastern end of the Cove, before they moved to the western end, we

would sometimes go to church services in a wagon pulled by a team of horses. We would stop on the way to pick up Uncle Nathans and Uncle Mennos. We arrived at the church building which had been a school house which was located near the center of the Cove. The wagon and horses would be tied up in the yard and we would go into the building for Sunday school and worship services.

The attendees were dressed like rural people. The preachers wore bib overalls and most of the women wore nice dresses but not fancy by today's standards. The services were traditional Mennonite services and enjoyed by all attending.

After the services were over we returned to our homes on the wagon.

When times were better we went to services in cars.

Farming

The Miller brothers were the first farmers in the Cove to have a tractor. The Basque farmers were still using horses in their farming. The Miller Brothers were a group that operated as a business. When time came for the hay to be cut we had three shifts, cutting 24 hrs. a day. My shift was the day shift from around 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

One day I was mowing a field which was across the road from the Basque farm. A rabbit was in the alfalfa and the mower cut off its leg. I stopped the tractor, lifted up the bar and drug the rabbit's head through the mower putting it out of its misery.

Uncle Nathan had a man working on the farm who did the maintenance and repair work on equipment. I forget his name but he once ordered false teeth. When they came he used his pocket knife to whittle them into the right shape for his mouth. He was a good worker.

Uncle Nathan's farm was next to the sagebrush that went up the hill from his farm. There were lots of rabbits that would come down and damage the crops. The men dug holes underneath the fence every so often and put a trapdoor on the outside of the fence. The rabbits would come along the fence to find a way to get in and fall through the trapdoor. Every day the men would go to these traps and pull the rabbits out, kill them and plant one at the base of each corn stalk for fertilizer.

When the hay was ready to be stacked in the earlier years there would be a slip that each team pulled into the field. They were loaded with hay on top of a set of chains with one string of chain down each side of the slip. The slip would be pulled to the place where the hay was being stacked. The ends of the chains were fastened to a cable from the derrick. A single horse would then pull on the end of the cable and the hay would be lifted up to the top of the stack. When it was in the right place the man on the stack would holler and the hay would be released. I drove the horse that pulled the hay up.

In later years a large rake assembly that was pushed ahead of the tractor to gather the hay. It would take it to the stacking area and was put up on the stack. They also

had a combine which they used for harvesting grain.

Irrigation was important. Grandpa and Grandma Miller were living in a cabin on Uncle Nathan's place. Grandpa Miller would change the water when it was time. Grandpa was probably in his 70s at that time and kept in good condition by this work. The water came in a canal that flowed along the side of Uncle Nathan's farm. The water was pumped out of the Snake River close to the entrance into the Cove.

Bathing

There were three ways we could take our baths while working. The first way was to go down the canal a ways from the house. We would shed our clothes and jump into the canal. In the hot weather this was a pleasant way to bathe.

Another way was to go over to the Basque farm in the middle of the pens where they brought their sheep from the mountains for the winter. There was not activity in this area then. There was a 55 gallon barrel in an area among the buildings. In the Cove there were places where hot water came out to the ground and one of these places was in this area. We would fill up the barrel and one of us would get in and take our bath. We would then dump the barrel and fill it up again and the next man would take his bath.

The third way was on a hill along the Snake River where Uncle Ralph and Aunt Lovina lived in a small house next to another house. I don't remember the name of the folks who lived in the larger house. Out in front of the larger house was a four-walled structure in which was a unit like a vat in which hogs were dipped after being killed and were in the butchering process. There was a pipe coming out of the ground from which hot water came. A person would go into this structure and close the door and have a good, hot and natural bath.

I don't remember how many other places there were in the Cove where hot water came out of the ground for use of the people but it was an interesting phenomenon.

Water witching

Occasionally some of the folks would gather at my Uncle Nathan's place or maybe at the time Uncle Paul's lived there. A small branch off a bush or tree was cut with a stem and two small branches spreading out from the end of the main branch in a Y shape. One of the men would take hold of the ends of the Y ends with the main part pointing up. Then the man would turn the small ends outward with the one end pointing up. The man would walk around the ground wherever we were and try to see if the single branch would bend down indicating that there was water underneath the surface. If there was enough pull downward the bark on the two smaller branches could be twisted off.

Wesley Hooley, if I remember his first name right, was very efficient in water-witching. I tried it but never had

any success. It was a time when we would have some fun after work.

Farm eating

When we were haying we had help of other men from around the Cove. I can remember being at Uncle Nathan's during this time when we would come in from the field for the noon meal. The women would have a very tasty meal for us. One of the Sherk men, a son, was big and tall. I think it might have been Amos. While we were eating he would reach across the table to get a dish of something he wanted. His excuse was that as long as a person kept one foot on the floor it was all right to reach. If my information is correct this man later became one of the ministers of the Cove congregation.

In the middle of the afternoon, when haying, for a break we would take watermelons that were laying in the yard around the trees and send one out to the men in the field and the ones in the stack area would have another one. Those watermelons were real tasty as they were grown on our farm lands with proper attention.

Gathering Sagebrush

Sagebrush was used for fire in the stoves in the houses. Wagons could be taken a ways out into the land beyond the cultivated area and pick up sagebrush. In free time someone would take a team of horses out to the sagebrush area. There would be a long piece of train rail left in the area where folds would go. A horse would be attached to each end of the long rail and pull it across the sagebrush knocking it down so that it would be easier to pick up and load on wagons. Enough would be hauled in over time to make a supply in piles for the year. One of the chores was to go out to the pile of sagebrush and chop it up into shorter lengths and then take it into the house and put it in a wood box next to the stove.

Chasing rabbits

Occasionally the men would go up the hill back of the east end of the Cove with a gun and hunt jackrabbits. One time I remember going up with one of the dogs. We got to the place where the rabbits were. A rabbit caught the attention of the dog. The dog began to chase it when all of a sudden another rabbit would cut across the path where the other rabbit and dog were traveling. The dog took off after the other rabbit. This happened a few times until the dog became so disgusted that he went back to the house.

Another time we went in one of the cars along the road leading out of the Cove to Hammett. A couple of the men would ride on the front fenders with their guns and shoot at rabbits.

One young fellow in the group went off the road a ways and came to a rattlesnake. He went up to the snake and tried to stomp it against the advice of the other men. He didn't get struck by the snake but was taking chances.

The rabbits were not good for eating. When one would pick up a dead rabbit there would be ticks behind the ears

and on other parts of the body.

People

The people of the Indian Cove were country people that cared for each other. Quite a few were Mennonites. Uncle Nathan and Aunt Leanna were members of the King Hill Presbyterian Church but often went to the Cove Mennonite Church when unable to attend their own church.

Uncle Paul was one of the ministers of the Cove Church. Another one was one of the Sherk men, before the Sherk I mentioned earlier, became a minister. I don't remember his name.

All the people in the Cove were neighborly and helpful to others when help was needed.

Uncle Nathan and some other men were in the hills south of the Snake River in SW Idaho in later years when he had an attack, heart, if I remember right, and died. The men brought him home. I took my parents and family to his funeral at the Presbyterian Church in King Hill.

Indian Cove

by Michael C. Barber

I was born in Boise, ID when my parents were living in Indian Cove. They moved from the area soon after I was born, so my memories are somewhat limited. We went every year to visit my grandfather until he died when I was ten years old. I did visit on my own a time or two when I got older. And of course, my family lore is steeped in Indian Cove memories.

My grandfather never drove a car that I know of and I remember the mule shed with the spring wagon standing in front. The mules were no longer there, but for a nine year old, the wagon and shed were sure fascinating. Interestingly enough, I have a photo of my grandparents riding those mules with Katie riding side saddle.

If you were ever in the Cove, you can probably talk about rabbits. I remember riding with Paul Miller on his tractor out along the field edge and the desert watching the jackrabbits run. My father used to tell me that on a moonlit night you could watch the hayfields run away in waves — lot of rabbits!

Swimming in the irrigation canal was a highlight of the trip. We couldn't really swim, but my father would take us all where we could wade and puddle in the water. Nothing like the stories we heard of swimming in the Snake River, but still nothing like home!

Visiting folks in the cove was always interesting. There were great stories, laughter, and good food. The Johnsons always had yarns to swap with my father. Amos Sherk was always appreciated for his stories and folk wisdom. Wes Hooley was always tinkering with something or other. One year it was Sam and Almeda Good at the pump station. The truck motor running the pump was real interesting to this nine year old.

My last memory to share here is of Sunday evening in August at the old Cove church. The children come in with

dirty bare feet; we wear shoes. The sun is getting low with shadows getting long, but it is still warm. As folks settle in the benches, the funeral parlor fans come out of the hymnal racks and with the slow swish of fans, the service begins.

Indian Cove, Idaho (Also see map on page 10)

By Ken Kauffman

I've heard lots of words describing Indian Cove including one today — mystical. Perhaps there is something mystical about it. There's a draw for people who have spent time there. Ivan goes back frequently, I understand, and spends time there. I haven't gone back as often as I would like to but there is something there that catches. Michael's grandfather, Claude, has written a book about his early life. He traveled all over the West Coast and he did practically everything you can imagine - cowboying, prospecting, working on railroads — you name it, he did it and the place he chose to settle when he married was the Snake River canyon below Indian Cove. I have often wondered about that. Of all the places he had been and all the things he had seen, why did the Cove draw him back? So, maybe it is mystical.

I struggled with this presentation, thinking about it. There is so much to be said. You have heard a lot today. I was tempted to tell a couple of entertaining stories. I do that at Zion quite a bit. The children always come forward Sunday mornings for stories. I don't always tell Indian Cove stories but many of my stories are. There's an inexhaustible supply of them and they are easy to tell because they are real. They come out of my head; I don't even have to prepare a whole lot. So I could talk for a long time but I didn't allow myself to do that.

I thought context is really important. Some of you have never been to Indian Cove. How many have actually been there? About half, maybe. Some of you never have so you don't have any context in which to put these stories. I went on line and believe it or not, I found Indian Cove on line! Pretty sketchy, a pitiful map, but I found it. I copied it and increased the size of it. It's very crude and I apologize for the crudeness of it. But what I wanted to do is reconstruct, say between 1950 and 1960, that community. Where were the houses? Who lived in them? How many people were there? So that is what this is an attempt to do. And with Ivan I would say, undoubtedly you will see some errors, maybe in the number of people in the households, maybe in the location of some of the buildings, but I think it is fairly accurate.

When I copied this map it cut off a little bit at the top and the bottom so for those of you who are really interested in the details, I'll tell you what was cut off and you can add it in. This is Indian Cove as I knew it. I was born in Oregon City but when I was born there my family was living in Indian Cove. My mother came back to visit her

family when she was about to deliver me so I was born in Oregon City. I didn't spend any time here so my early memories begin in Indian Cove and they run up to 1960. In 1960 my family moved from there back to the valley here and most of us are here now in very close proximity to each other.

So if you haven't seen Indian Cove you can look at the map and maybe I can help you visualize the geography of the area. You see the river along the top. The whole north side of Indian Cove is bounded by the Snake River. People live and farm right down to the edge of the river. The far right on the map would be the east end of the Cove and just off the map, if you were standing in Indian Cove and looking east you would see rimrock that runs the full length of the east side. The rimrock sort of ends or wraps around and follows the river at that point. When I was a little child I used to stare at what looked like the end of the rimrock because it surrounded us with the rim at the top and a mountain going up to it so when it took a bend or came to an end it looked like this and I thought this was just like a train engine. We had two of those train engines at each end of the Cove. So if you looked east you would see that on the eastern horizon and if you looked west, you would see the same kind of thing. Then to the south it is all rolling desert, higher than the Cove.

The Cove is kind of a bowl and the terrain goes up pretty quickly after you get south of Highway 78. There are some farms there but when those end you sort of go up onto some desert hills. Exceedingly dry as Bernard mentioned. The annual precipitation there is something like eight inches. That's total precipitation, so maybe two thunder storms in the year is what you have. Thunder storms were a time for celebration. It was cool. It was wonderful. We danced in the rain, played in the rain. It's not like here where you get so you hate the rain. At least, I do. Maybe that's Indian Cove. I was reminded when somebody quoted that historical figure that said, "It's unfit for white people." Maybe that's why: we are not white. I was always speckled and kind of red and if you look around at the Indian Cove people there's redness in all of us. So maybe we aren't white!

Now if you can look at a map, I just want to run quickly through some high points, places and people you have heard about. The upper left hand corner of your map, the river goes into a narrow canyon there, rimrocks on both sides and it's very narrow. If you go back into that canyon a couple of miles, you will come to the old original Barber homestead and that's where Claude and Katie lived as young people. That's where Mitch, Mike's father, spent a good deal of his early life, back in that canyon. Claude was not really a farmer, was he? He did a lot of things. I used to think of him as John the Baptist because one of the things he did was to collect wild honey in the rimrock. In the rocks there would be cracks and crags and the wild bees would establish nests there and he would rob those

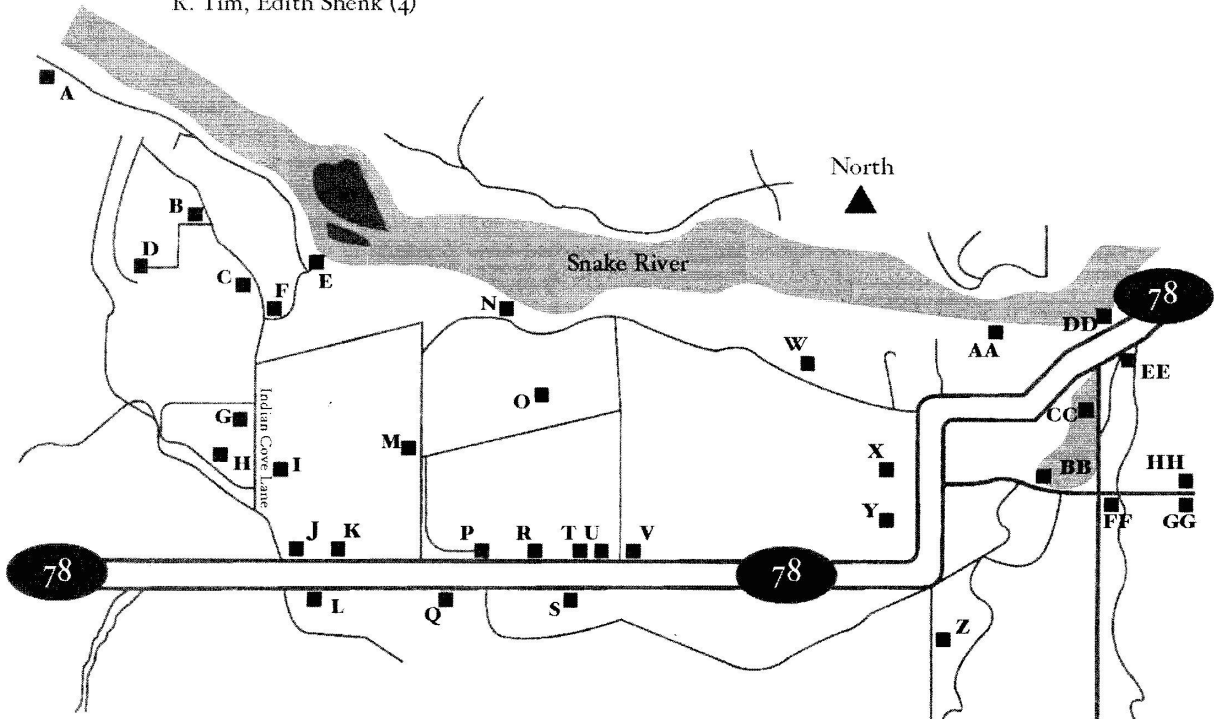
Indian Cove, Idaho

Building/Population map circa 1950-1960

Households: 26

Population: 121

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| A. West End Pumping Plant | S. Carl, Ida Johnson (2) |
| B. DH Kauffman cabin (1) | T. Carl Johnson farm buildings |
| C. Dan, Almeta Good (7) | U. Emil, Mary Johnson (2) |
| D. George, Hanna Hilty (2) | V. Siggert, Helen Johnson (5) |
| E. Amos, Veola Shenk (7) | W. Old Church/School building |
| F. Dave, Fan Shenk (2) | X. Bennett Sheep Ranch buildings |
| G. Claude, Katie Barber (2) | Y. Doris, Dan Boche (3) |
| H. Wesley, Doris Hooley (6) | Z. Don, Edith Pancoast (6) |
| I. Floyd, Edna Landis (6) | AA. Wallace, Elaine Schwager (6) |
| J. Willard, Ola Hooley (6) | BB. Bennett Ranch House |
| K. Mennonite Church House | CC. Wilson Sheep Ranch Buildings |
| L. Vernon, Norma Kauffman (12) | DD. Menno, Lina Snyder (5) |
| M. Paul, Barbara Miller (7) | EE. East End Pumping Plant |
| N. Jacob, Bernice Kauffman (7) | FF. Kenneth (Red), Minnie Horn (5) |
| O. Jake, Leona Reimer (2) | GG. Rental House |
| P. Cecil, Jan, Bud, Lionel (JB) Hampton (5) | HH. Nathan, Leanna Miller (4) |
| Q. Virgil, Karen Hampton (3) | II. Obed, Ellie Miller (2) |
| R. Tim, Edith Shenk (4) | |



nests. I remember as a boy hiking up there and finding those old ladders made out of round stock wood and I'm relatively certain those were Claude's ladders. I would bet you they are still there because in Idaho nothing decomposes. It's so dry wood can last a century exposed to the elements. It's just too dry to decompose and I likely could find you some of those ladders to this day, crude ladders that I think Claude built to help him get up to those nests. So he lived back there and the children, I am told, when they went to school had to climb that rimrock, cross the rimrock, down the other side and walk a mile or more to get to the schoolhouse. Little children. That's the way they got to school. That's the Barber family and it's off the map but you can sort of see where it is.

Pumping plants. You've heard about them. They were the life of Indian Cove. Ivan said you come over the mountain, you look down and there's all this greenery and a blotch of trees. And that's right. But if you cut off the water, it would all disappear and it would disappear very quickly, including the trees. There aren't many places where trees can't grow without being watered, but that is one place. If trees aren't near the river or a stream, they will not survive. So where you see the trees is a ditch bank or a wind break and those trees are constantly irrigated in the dry season. It's the only way they would grow.

So, the pumping plants. If you would look at [E] kind of in the upper left, about an inch down, two inches from the side, right down on the river, that's the West End pumping plant. If you follow the river clear to the other side, you see. [DD] That's the East End pumping plant. The idea there is that you pump water from the river up onto the rimrocks. You see there is a rimrock on each end; go up about half way so you get enough elevation, then you build a canal that circles half of the valley. That's what they did. Those canals all sort of come together in the center but there's a dividing line. The West End is irrigated from the West End plant; the East End, from the East End plant.

You see [M] there on Indian Cove Lane. That's what it is called now. It wasn't named when we lived there; it was just the Hooley road. [G] Right by the end, is Wes Hooley's house. That's where Maxine (present at the meeting) grew up. Maxine and I are cousins; our mothers were sisters.

[CC] About an inch in from the right, was Menno Snyder's house. That's where Ivan and Delbert and Harold spent time before 1953. I didn't remember that you had left that early.

[J] The first building by Highway 78 is the location of the former Mennonite church. That's the corner of my dad's property and that building, as Ivan said, has ceased to be a church and is being converted into a residence. That is a fairly recent thing that has happened in the last couple of years.

Right beside the former church [K] is the farmstead

where I spent the first eight years of my life. Right across from it is [L] Paul Miller's house. Paul Miller was our pastor as long as I can remember. The pastors that I remember at Indian Cove were Paul Miller and Amos Shenk. Jr.

In 1957 my family moved into the building identified as [M]. That was the house that was built by my Uncle Jacob and Aunt Bernice. Aunt Bernice was a Wolfer. She grew up in this area and has a lot of Wolfer relatives here. They built that house and lived there until 1957, I think it was. When we bought Jacob's farm and moved to it, he bought a farm out at Hammett. Hammett is off the map to the right. That's where Jacob spent the last of his farming years.

Before we moved in 1957 to this new house that Jacob had built, we lived in a little tiny house my dad had built for a granary when he first went over there. You know, you do first things first. What does a farmer need, a house or a granary? But the need for a house was stronger than the need for a granary so it became a house. When we moved from it. Paul Miller bought that part of the property and he converted that 'house' into a milking parlor! My youngest brother, Wilbur, was born in that house, at home, and we said he was the only one born in a manger in our family! Okay, enough about my family.

The people in this valley did not make up all of the Mennonite Church because there were people down Bruneau way and out Hammett way that came in, a couple of fairly large families. From the west we had the Ed Snider and Leland Shetler families from an area down toward Bruneau, about ten miles on down river from Indian Cove. They were farming there on a place called Buena Vista. It's not clear to Bruneau but it's well on the way. In the other direction, in Hammett, we had the Reeves and Tim Hamilton families. Tim Hamilton's had 11 children, a big family. They were about the same age as the people in my family. There was a Hamilton for a Vernon Kauffman child all the way up!

I didn't know what kind of numbers I was going to come out with, but after I had done this little exercise, I added up and it's a population of 121 in the Cove. That includes children and 26 families. It was pretty stable during the years 1950 to 1960. It's very different now, but that was the picture, a snapshot in time, from when I was a youngster.

[The following was in answer to questions from the audience.]

Farms were around 80 acres in those days. Now that entire valley is farmed by three fellows. Dale Hooley, Maxine's brother, farms about the western third and a lot more. They have gone up on top of the rimrock. They are actually pumping water clear to the top and irrigating the flat on top. Dale is doing that. I think the center is being farmed by one of Sigurd Johnson's boys, Andy Johnson. Is there another or does that pretty well take in the whole Cove? There are still a couple of small farmers.

A typical farm? Well diversified. Everything. They grow alfalfa. You tried to grow everything you needed to feed your animals and you had practically every kind of an animal there is: chickens, pigs, cows. Horses were uncommon in my time but Dave Shenk who lived at [E], where Dale Hooley now lives, farmed with horses until the mid-1950s. And I drove derrick horse, too. Somebody was telling us about derrick horses. At eight years old you could work for Dave Shenk driving derrick horse. An eight-year-old boy driving a horse that was bigger than a tractor — that was scary. You hooked the horse to the tree right behind its heels. You just got right down there and those hooves were that big around. Kind of spooky at first.

It was all flood irrigation. There were open ditches, open canals, head gates that served each farm. The ditch rider managed the head gates, how much water went to each farm. The canals were built high enough. The head gates were concrete structures with a crank that you could adjust. Once the water got onto your property and in your distribution ditches, there were a number of ways you could do it. Some farmers had little concrete cutouts with slides on them that they could control the water and put it into the feeder ditches and then flood it onto the field. My dad always did open ditches and I hated it and resented it because it was a lot of work. But any way you did it was a lot of work! Some used siphons. Now it's all sprinklers. They still use the canals but they pump out of the canals.

Most of the buildings (shown on the map) are probably still there but not the same people are occupying them.

The flowing artesian wells and the bathing. If you look at [W] there, it says 'abandoned Bennett sheep buildings.' That whole area was sheep pens. Those were lambing pens, but it wasn't being used at all when I remember it. They were abandoned. Bennett sheep ranches had been sold, divided. Wilsons were still doing a lot of sheep ranching; you can see at [BB], Wilson Sheep Ranches. That was still functional at that time. The Wilson sheep were brought in there and lambed in there.

The flowing artesian well was at [W] an old Basque farm. A lot of the sheep ranchers were Basques. The Bennetts were a Basque family. As I remember it, they had actually built a wooden watering trough for cattle because they weren't using it for sheep anymore. A cattle ranch was there. That trough was actually big enough you could lay down in it and have a nice bath! It is true; there was enough natural gas came up with

that hot water you could light the end of the pipe and it would just burn perpetually. The water was almost too hot to get into. It was really warm water. There were a few farms that had flowing artesian wells where the water was so hot you couldn't put it on crops without putting it into a pond first and letting it cool.

Yes, the Basques were from Spain. In the very early days that whole area was public range and the interior of California, the same way. There were Basques everywhere and literally millions of sheep were raised in those areas so we kind of got in on the tail end of that.

As I said, I could talk forever, will stop here.

Indian Cove Mennonite Church
Wesley Hooley and daughter, Donna, take children to Bible School in truck.
July 1966

