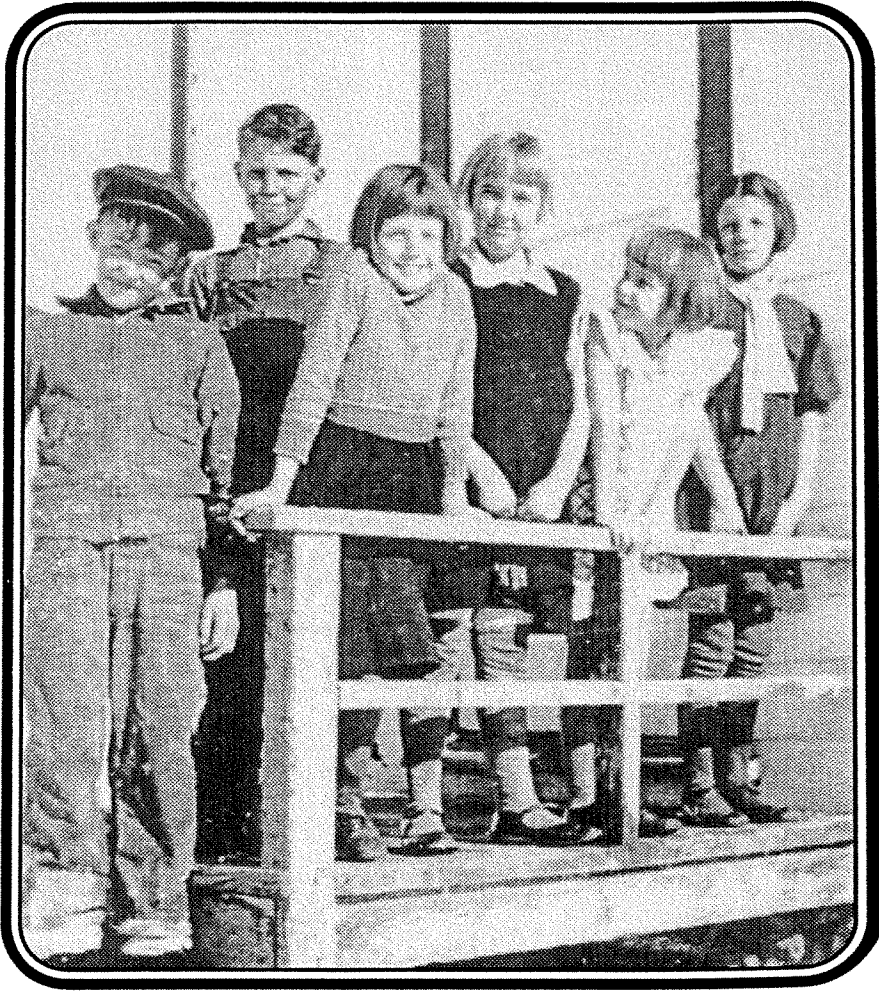
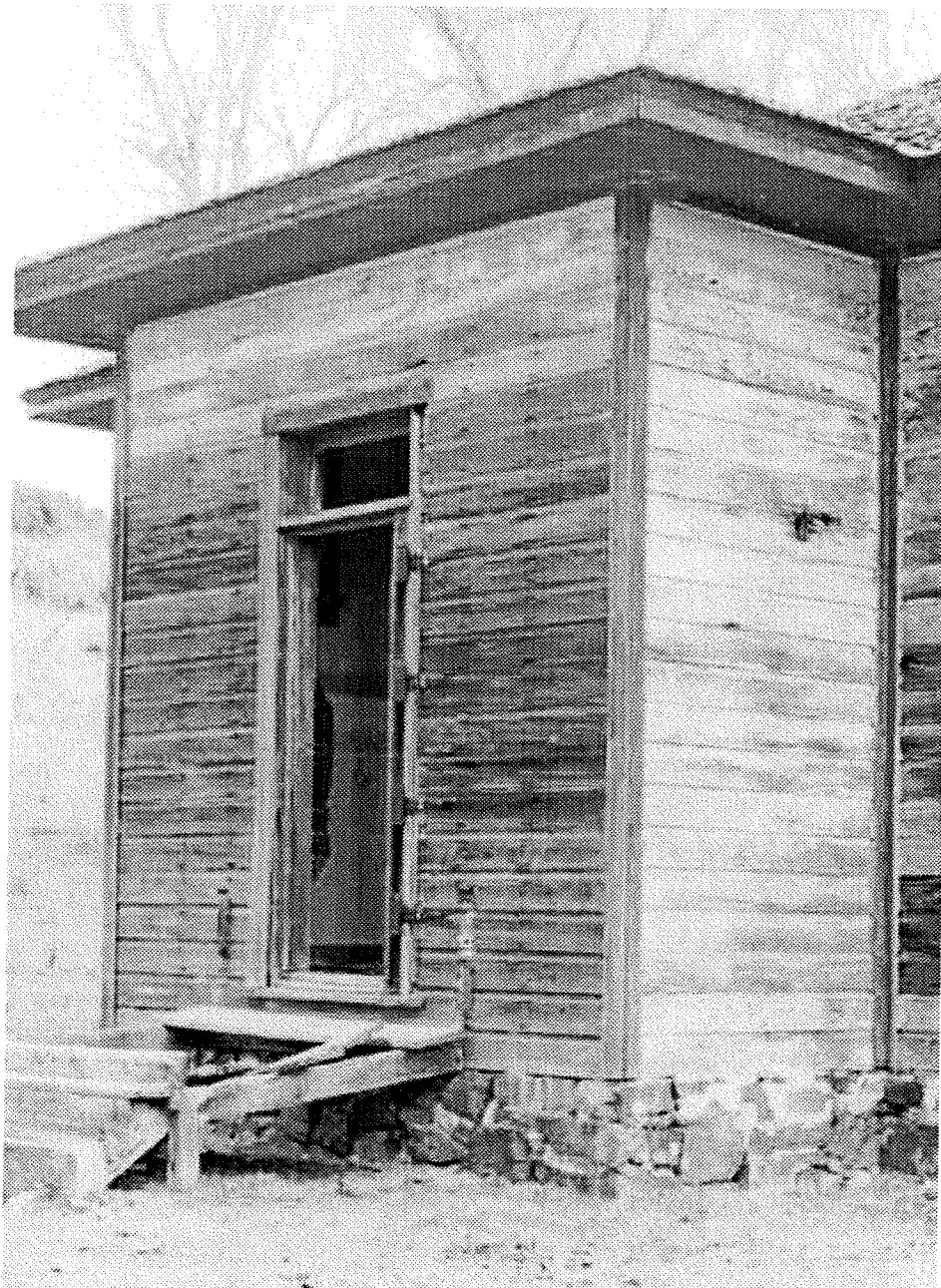


# *Just A Glimpse*



*ALRIDGE*

*Illustrations by Amber Stevens & Jacqi Moulton*



### *The Alridge School House*

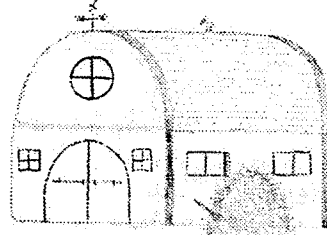
The following pages contain memories from residents of the Alridge community, which has now disappeared. The intent is that this book will help preserve that heritage.

# Phillipsburg, Montana

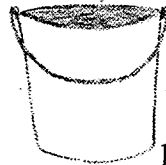
## January 12, 2000

I think I started school at Cedar Creek in the second grade in 1927 and went to school there 1927, 1928, and 1929. I know I never did get to the room where the upper grades were. Of course, all it was was a curtain across the room separating it. Mrs. Heath was the only teacher I had there.

The teachers kept their car in one side of the barn and we kept our horses in the other side. We hauled hay, put it in the barn to feed the horses during the day.



We had our chores to do before we went to school. I remember some of the time I had one cow to milk and then pack water from the spring, which was about 3 or 4 hundred feet from the house. Every morning and night I had to fill the reservoir in the stove for heat and for water to drink.



There were only us three older boys who went to school. Merlin, the oldest, rode one horse and Terry and I doubled up on the other horse. I don't know how far it was, but probably from 3 to 5 miles.

There wasn't much to do for recreation other than haul hay to feed the stock. I remember I used to help the sheepherders with their herds in the spring when they went by to summer range and would generally get the lambs that could not make the trip. When we left there after about 3 years, I had a herd of about one hundred and fifty sheep, which I ended up having to herd in the summer time. They weren't worth anything price wise at that time, though.

I graduated from grade school at Upper Presto and started high school at Firth. The bus ran by our house for high school, but we had to walk the 2 to 3 miles to school at Upper Presto. It was normally level ground though.

The two girls and me are all that are left of our family now. I turned 80 last fall, but still work during the summer at the cemetery for 6 months of the year. My wife teaches school here, she is younger than I.

Yours truly,  
Bud Lockyer

## School

The old Alridge School! I attended that great school for ten years—first grade on through the first two years of high school. I have wonderful memories of that school and the kids that attended there. Albert and Pearl Heath were our teachers, and they were great role models for us kids and were excellent teachers.

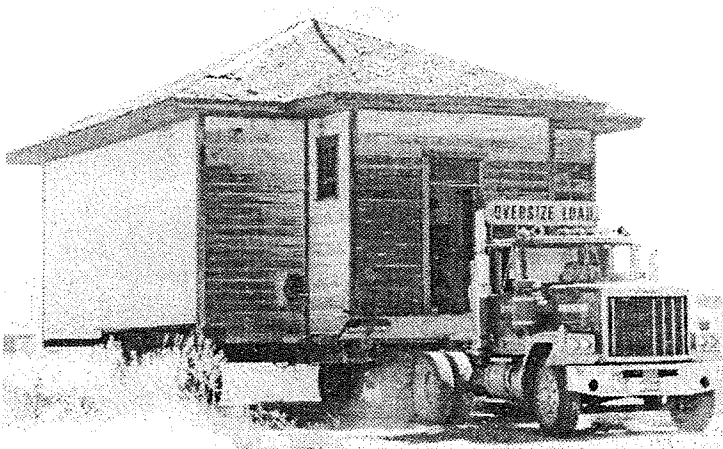
Mr. Heath was strict, but fair. One day I got out of line and played hooky. The next day he came up to my desk and took me by the shoulders, shook me just a little, and then scolded me and explained why. I took a note home that night, and Dad also shook me up just a little and he explained why. I'm glad they punished me. I sure needed to learn to be obedient and respectful to others and that was a good lesson from my teacher and from dad. That is certainly needed today in our society. I owe a great thanks to those two teachers. We were taught the things that were needful and couldn't learn at home.

We Jemmett kids walked to school, -less than quarter a mile. Most others had much farther to come. The Hardys, Petersons, Lockyers, Zieglers, and others. Wintertime made things rough. I remember one horribly cold morning. The Ziegler kids came with little Marvelee riding their horse and the two boys were walking. The little girl was crying with pain from her fingers that were about frozen. Mr. Heath was trying to help by thawing out her fingers in a pan of snow. That morning we spent a lot of time around that big old space heater.

Besides school classes, there were social activities held in the schoolhouse—Christmas plays, parties, and dances. It was a very valuable community center. I am happy that it will not be destroyed—but restored!

It speaks very highly for those Shelley High School students who are sponsoring the project to restore the old Alridge Schoolhouse. Makes me feel proud of them all!

Good Luck and  
God Bless!  
Leslie T  
Jemmett



# Henry

Most of a lifetime of memories are encased in that old schoolhouse. Old friends, neighbors, family, the life we led, our manner of existence and survival all revolved around that center of social contact.

All the kids made it to school on their own power—no buss! My family lived only one-quarter mile away so we walked. I remember my first day at school. The big boys had convinced a future friend and also a fellow first grader that I would be an enemy, and a small scuffle resulted at the front door.

Mr. Albert V Heath was my teacher through the 10th grade. He was a fine man, a doughboy from the 1st world war, who later brought Pearl to be his wife and fellow teacher. {Pearl Schwartz}

There was a big Webster dictionary on the teacher's desk, and a picture of George Washington and one of Abraham Lincoln hanging on the wall. We would all hang our wet coats to dry on the big round insulated guard of the "Big Stove", and the boys would all get a chance to bring in some wood from the woodshed. Another chore was to fill the water cooler with spring water. This "water cooler" was a large crock jar, and there was a common "dipper" close by on a nail.



I especially remember the Christmas "programs" where everybody had several "parts". In later years we young people learned to dance, and for several years the old schoolhouse rang with music and fun noises on a Saturday night.

I recall that several of us Old students had our wedding parties and dances in this "Civic Center", as we could aptly call it, and some of us surely dreamed that our children would attend this same old school and have friends from the people in the "Hills". But time passed and "consolidation" integrated Alridge into the Firth district.

So we look back in time and say, "They were good days, and time well spent."

Henry Jemmett

## Memories of the little school in the hills

*Jeanne Hines. Idaho Falls, ID.*

My very first memory of school is that the teacher's shoe squeaked. He told me that he had a mouse in his shoe. This may be a strange memory but when you are only four years old and at school for only half- days, things aren't as easily remembered as they are when you get a little older. I was in class at such a young age only because one more pupil was needed to keep the school open .

One of the nicest parts of being in a one-room school is the extra attention each pupil received. The older children helped us younger ones if the teacher was busy and during recess everyone played together no matter the age. Games in the spring and fall went from the very active, Annie, Annie Over (played over the girls out-house), Statue, Tag, Red Rover, to swinging or making and flying paper airplanes. In the winter if the day was mild we played Fox & Geese, sledded or threw snowballs. If the day was too bitter to be out we played quiet games in the schoolroom.



We learned much in that little school that many of our contemporaries couldn't. In the spring we were able to watch the birds build their nests along the fences (then watch for the eggs and see the hatchlings arrive, grow and flyaway), see cocoons (we had watched the caterpillars build these) hatch and the butterflies emerge. As the seasons changed we had on-going science lessons similar to those that only nature can provide.

We were of varied ages and yet we were all friends and played together. It was very strange to come into town and be in a separate classroom with only your own age group. Older students didn't associate with the "little kids". This was not nearly as nice as it had been to learn and play with different ages.

Learning was fun in that little school and never have I felt that I was an underprivileged by being a pupil there. In fact I have often wished that my children and grand children could have had the special times we had in that great little schoolroom. The firm educational grounding I received through the Third grade, in the one room school, has given me the ability to know that (to quote a wonderful Teacher) "If you can read and understand what you are reading, the rest of the problem can be solved." So never under estimate the one-room school, it could just be a blessing in disguise.

My brag is that I graduated in the "Top Ten" of my class at Blackfoot High School, have been involved in various positions, from clerk, house painter, receptionist, starting and running a successful all volunteer program, to working in a Fiscal Department. Not bad for starting my education in a one room school in the hills and proof that with learning comes the ability to succeed if you are willing to do the job.

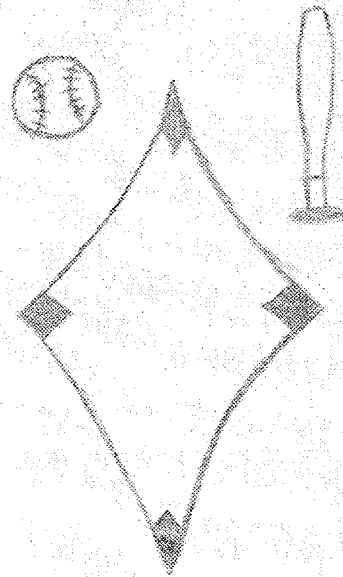
# Idaho Falls, Idaho

## July 3, 1999

Recollections of Eldon Petersen regarding the one-room schoolhouse at Alridge, Idaho and life growing up in the Hills east of Firth along the Blackfoot River. Though I never attended school there, personally, my two older brothers, Andy & Charles 'Scout', and my three sisters, Marie, Letha, and Goldeen did and I remember my mother talking about substituting as a teacher. Mom had graduated from college at Yankton, South Dakota and had taken a teaching position in Mink Creek, Idaho where she met and married my father, Jim Petersen. They later homesteaded on Spring Creek, several miles up the river. I was born in Blackfoot, Idaho on July 12, 1921 and my birth certificate simply gives the address of my parents as 25 miles east. I remember starting first grade in Basalt, and my teacher, Mrs. Waller, and being up on the dry farm in the summer.

One special family, the Jemmetts, lived down the Womack hill and in the cove at Cedar Creek. Henry told me one day he and his father were working on the bluffs when Andy came hurrying down the road. Andy said, "Mr. Jemmett, my sister has been bitten by a rattlesnake. Can you help us in some way?" Henry said his dad jumped in the old Ford and took Goldeen to Dr. Cutler in Shelley. I have heard many times that the Dr. told them had they been 30 minutes longer Goldeen would have died.

I am so glad they are moving the schoolhouse to Shelley to preserve just a little bit of history. Though I never attended, it has a very real place in my memories as a neat, white building. My friend, Howard Rogers, can remember going up to play baseball against the team from the hills. Where did they ever find the players? I have heard they played teams from Firth, Basalt, and Goshen as well as Idaho Falls.



Good luck in moving the school to Shelley.  
Eldon Petersen

# MY MEMORIES OF THE OLD ALRIDGE SCHOOL HOUSE

Regarding my school days at the old Alridge School house the way I remember them. I went a couple of weeks and then quit because I didn't like Mr. Clinger, my first teacher. The folks let me stay out that year and I went with my brother, Henry and sister, Lois the next year.

Albert V. Heath and his wife Pearl were the teachers there for the next ten years of my school education. The kids were Jemmetts, Dials, Lockyers, Zieglers, Mannings, Hardys, Petersons, Johnsons, Browns, and Taylor's. Later on along with the Jemmett and the Dial kids, there were the Beasley kids, and the Johnson kids. And as I remember, other teachers were Nona Dial, Thurber, Mattsen, and Purcell.

The schoolhouse was the center of our social activities and our Christmas get-togethers. I do well remember the dances and the fine times I had there.

I remember going down to the school spring and catching a muskrat one school day and adding its pelt to my collection of furs. I also remember my first school fight. I won't mention any names but one boy

a couple of years older than I became my main tormentor and enjoyed taking me down and sitting on me. One day he had me down and I got one hand loose and hit him in the nose. He took off and ran home to ask his mother if he was going to die, that bloody nose kept him from ever bothering me again.

That old school house is in a sorry way. I recently took a few pictures of it and I am very pleased that someone, at last, wants it restored.

I completed ten years of schooling in that one-room schoolhouse.

As remembered by  
George C. Jemmett  
Aug. 1999.



*Bobcat taken from the traplines*



## Cedar Creek Memories

The years I spent in Alridge on Cedar Creek were the happy years. I remember the good and bad years about our school days. Our little white schoolhouse was special and it had a lot of special memories some good memories and some bad memories.

I got in trouble when my twin brother Bob and I started first grade.

I thought it was recess so I jumped up and ran out of the room. Nobody came out so I called Bob to come out. Mrs. Heath came and got me and firmly led me back to my seat.

She put a big piece of tape on my mouth and when it was recess time she wouldn't let me go out. Bob stood by the door and cried. She kept me in for a week. Neither one of us liked her after that. I'm glad I had the opportunity to be with Bob all through school. We were always together. There was a fence between our house and the schoolhouse. At recess Bob and I would go and dig for fishing worms. As soon as school let out we would grab our poles and head for the Blackfoot River. Those were the good old days.



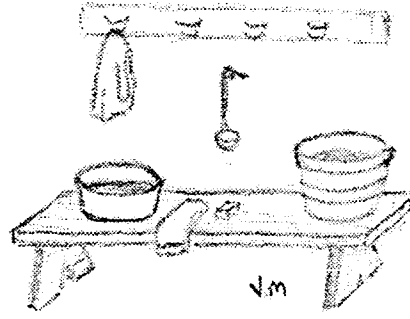
*Bob and Betty Dial*

We always had a Christmas program at our school. It was always fun. Everyone had a part and Santa always came with candy and an orange for everyone.

My favorite teacher was A.L. Purcell. He was good to everyone. His daughter Anna came to school with him. She was my best friend. One day after lunch all the kids decided to sneak away from school. It was early in the spring and we all had spring fever. We went over the hill and down on the Blackfoot River. We spent the whole afternoon hiding out. It was so much fun. We were afraid to go back so we sent Anna to see if her father was angry with us. The rest of us stayed hid in the bushes. Anna came back laughing. She said her dad just laughed and

said we ought to do that more often because he had a good, long nap. Mr. Purcell never said one word to us kids and we never did sneak away again. He was a good teacher and I'm glad he came to Alridge to teach. I cherish the friendship I had with Anna and her dad.

There was a small room as you entered the school. We hung our coats on hooks in the hall. There was a bench along one wall with a big galvanized bucket for our drinking water. Everyone drank from the same metal water dipper. There was also a metal washing basin for washing hands. My dad, John Dial, would go to the school every morning to make a fire in the big woodburning heater. While he was waiting for the fire to get going he would go get us a bucket of fresh water. The school was always nice and warm when the kids got there.



My sister Thelma was the janitor until I got older and then I had the job. We got 15 dollars a month for the janitor job. Sweeping the floor wasn't bad, but I can still smell the dusty chalkboard erasers. There was a big rock by the steps outside, where I would sit and pound the erasers on the rock to clean them. Mom said that was why my hair was so white.

One summer when school was out, Dad's youngest sister asked permission to bring up a bunch of church girls and stay in the schoolyard for a week. Dad was the school trustee and he told her she could. Aunt Maude asked me to join them. One night it started to rain. Everyone grabbed their sleeping bags and quilts and ran for the schoolhouse. Dad came over with a coal oil lamp and made a fire, and everyone was happy. Before they left we had a surprise party for them in the schoolhouse. It was after dark when we got there. The girls had gone to bed and had to get up and get dressed. We had music and everyone danced, and had a good time. They said it was the best campout they had ever had. There were so many good dances and parties in that old school. If those walls could only talk it would fill a book.

—Betty Dial Polson

## HARVEY TAYLOR

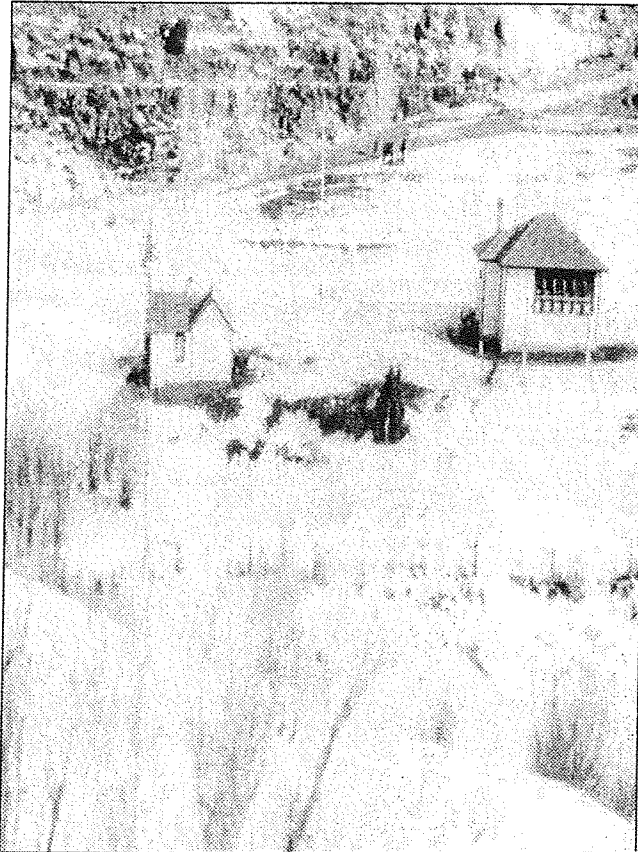
Harvey Taylor, as I remember him, was a boy brought by Vora Brown to help on his dry farm. I do know that he was from Boy's Town. He was a big boy and was enrolled at the Alridge School. I remember him talking with my Dad and confiding to him the problems he was having at school.

Then one day Harvey skipped school and was at the ranch with me when Mr. Clinger, the schoolteacher, arrived on his saddle horse and ordered Harvey to go back to the schoolhouse. Harvey refused. Mr. Clinger roped Harvey and attempted to take him back to school. I think he got his finger under the rope while wrapping it around the saddle horn. Anyway Harvey did not take kindly to being roped and got away. So Harvey was returned to the Boy's Town.

As I understand it, later on Harvey served time in the army, after which he returned and established residence at Alridge. He was there for several months and then left. He went to work, if I remember right, at Presto and rode up to the ranch one day on horseback to invite us all down to Presto to his wedding. Evidently, his girl friend thought better of it and called it off, for it never happened.

Maybe a dozen years later he showed up with a wife for a short visit and said that he was working at the shipyard docks in Los Angeles, California. This is the last I remember of Harvey Taylor.

—George Jemmett



*The Teacherage*

# Memories Of The One Room Schoolhouse

Norma Hardy Tolman

How exciting to be here and feel such floods of fond memories rush over me. I am Norma Hardy Tolman and I attended this school as a first grader in 1927-28 and the second grade in 1928-29. It doesn't seem nearly so big as it did when I was small.

This is where my formal education began in 1927 as a first grader. I rode behind my sister Elva, on our blue gray mare that we lovingly called Old Bess for the five miles from Wolverine to this one-room schoolhouse. How big it seemed then. How magic was the blackboard along the one wall. One could make marks on it with white chalk and then actually erase it.

Sometimes in the winter the snow would be so deep it reached the horse's stomach so it was difficult for her to get through the drifts. Occasionally I would get so frightened that I would play sick so I didn't have to go to school. I'm sure my mother must have known I was faking it, but respected my fears.

Most of the time it was like a bit of heaven as I had three little girls my age with which to play; Nona Dial, Alma Jemmett, and Marvelee Ziegler. We played in the little home built for the teacher (Teacherage). We were really serious about the mud pies we made. We sometimes played in the barn where the horses were kept.

Since Mr. Heath wasn't married he lived with a family, but the second year he brought back a wife.

Then the room was divided with a heavy curtain making two classrooms. It was kind of nice then not having three older brothers and sister able to scrutinize me all day.

I remember going down in the Cove on golden autumn days and in the bright springtime. Cedar Creek flowed through the Cove on its way to meet the Blackfoot River. It seemed like a miracle to watch the



*Alma Reid, Norma Hardy, Mavelee Ziegler*

sparkling water as it raced along its course. I had not seen that before as we only had a spring coming out of the mountain where we lived. How could one little girl comprehend all the wonders around her?

I remember going over to the schoolhouse at night with my family in the sleigh pulled by horses to a Christmas program and party. After the program, while the adults prepared the food, the youngsters would go out and toboggan down the hill. The huge bright full moon shone on the crusty, sparkling snow giving it an almost ethereal appearance-sheer beauty.

Mother had been trying to teach me to be unselfish so when Mr. Heath taught us about money I used the same principle. He gave us a choice of a dime or a nickel. I chose the dime because it was the smaller. You see, I had never seen money before nor had I ever been to a store where money was used.

It was in this very building that Mr. and Mrs. Heath taught me to read. It was here that letters of the alphabet became words, words became sentences, sentences became pages, and pages became a book. Through the pages of a book I could be transported any place I should like to travel. Through the pages of a book I would be introduced to people who would ever be my friends and be an inspiration to me. Books could make me laugh when otherwise I might be sad. Learning to read at Alridge School has made the difference in my life.

Looking back: even though we had no cafeteria or special lunch room and I carried my lunch in a half-gallon tin lard bucket (there wasn't much in it sometimes except dry bread and head cheese), even though there was no indoor plumbing and we only had a path to the two hole small white structure outside, even though our central heating system was a big, black, woodburning stove at the front, I still have the warmest memories of this special place.

Even though I had to wear long underwear, long black stockings, laced high shoes and bloomers made from flour sacks, none of these things really mattered because a new world had opened to me and I was just plain happy.

Truly I have the deepest regard for this dear one-room schoolhouse and feel it a privilege to have had a tiny but important part of my life here.

I would like to commend these young, bright, intellectual minds that have the vision see that in order to have a better future it is important to preserve the past. What a worthy and memorable project you have begun. Thank you.

# MY FIRST YEAR AT SCHOOL DISTRICT 62

I was not quite six years old but I was a big enough girl to walk about a fourth of a mile down the country road to our beautiful new one-room schoolhouse.

Aunt Eva and Uncle Russell would be there. I looked forward to seeing them and going to school with them.

The sun at my back put my shadow-running clown the road in front of me. It showed the ribbon bow in my hair I felt that I looked beautiful. For my very first day of school Mama had made for me a pretty pink gingham dress with a big bow in back. The square neckline was trimmed with a wide band of white lace. I was wearing long white stockings and black patent leather shoes.

I was excited and happy as I entered the schoolyard and was greeted by my Aunt Eva and another little girl that I knew.

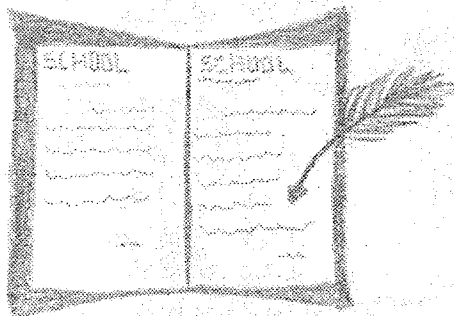
The bell rang. The children poured into the schoolhouse. I was ushered to one of the first seats in a row of small desks on the left side of the room. I began to feel a small bit of distress when my Aunt Eva said that she had to sit clear across the room where the older children sat. Her rows of desks were next to the windows that covered most of the wall on that side of the room.

It seemed dark where I was, close to the big black stove and the big square dark green wood box, and the big long blackboard clear across that side of the room.

I felt very small. The Teacher's name was Mr. Davis. He brought me a little yellow book to look at. He asked me some questions about it. He looked like a giant to me as I shrank down in my little desk, and he looked so dark. His hair was black—it seemed—his eyes looked black. He looked so scary to me, so strange and so very big. He leaned over me and asked a few questions that I could hardly answer over the lump in my throat.

When the bell rang for recess, and the children poured outside I had but one desire.

As soon as my feet left the last step of the porch I flew up the path and through the fence—the most direct route—and didn't stop running until I reached home.



I didn't get much sympathy, and Mom made me go back the same day, but I don't remember ever feeling so much panic again. However, I never did feel really comfortable with Mr. Davis till after the Christmas Vacation. He dismissed us at noon that day, after passing out the bags of candy and nuts that the district had provided.

I was still standing on the porch when he rode up on the big black horse he always rode and said "Come on Lois, I'll take you home". Then he picked me up and put me on his horse. By the time we got to the "Cove", where we were living at the time, we were pretty good friends. It was nearly a mile and there was snow, if I remember right.

Lois Jemmett Brown

## Midnight on a Snowshoe Trail

Along a snowshoe trail on an Idaho trap line in the winter of 1940, an extraordinary event happened to me. It was late evening and the moon was full and bright. Frost covered the twigs and branches of the quaking aspens and pine trees along the trail. I stopped for a few minutes where the trail started down into the Horse Creek Canyon. As I stood there on my snowshoes with those millions of Frost-covered twigs and branches sparkling in the moonlight and the stars and moon so large and bright, it seemed to me that I could almost touch them. A feeling such, as I had never experienced before came over me. In those few minutes I suddenly realized that I was part of something that I would never completely understand. I know there has to be a guiding hand to make these things that I was witness to this night in the dead of winter on the Idaho rangeland. The rhythm of the seasons—the magnificence of it all, it all came together for me this winter evening on the trap line trail.

George Jemmett

# Nona Dial Pfiefer

## Alma writes-Nona Remembers

I asked if she like Mr. Heath. (She had never said she didn't. She answered "NO!" I asked "Why?" She answered, "Oh because he whipped the kids. I saw him chase one of the Lockyer boys clear to the barn one time and give him a whipping."



*Nona Dial*

Nona liked Mrs. Heath. They sometimes skied on the slope in the road by the school. Sometimes she went with them when they visited Mrs. Heath's parents in Idaho Falls.

My cousin Nona and I were born just eight days apart in the rooming house our grandmother Lizzie Jemmett ran in Shelley. We were always best friends. She remembered the time we four little first-grade girls walked up the Cedar Hill by the school to where we could look at the Blackfoot River in it's canyon below.

Nona and I had a private mailbox about halfway between our homes. We would leave notes there for each other and think it was great fun. The "mailbox" was in a big Cottonwood planted by our great-aunt Emma and her husband Bill Twitchel.

We roomed together at Firth where we continued high school the last two years. My brother Les was with us too.

Nona was one of the last teachers at the Alridge School. One year was enough. She used her wages to buy a car.



# Max V. Webb

## Grade school student at Alridge School

*By Donna Webb Hall, Pingree, Idaho*

I am writing this information on behalf of my brother, Max V. Webb, who passed away March 29, 1994.

Max spent one school year living with Aunt Daphne and Uncle Clifford Jemmett, and attended the Alridge School. This must have been in 1943 when he was 13 years old. I don't have a clear memory of the dates.



*Max Webb*

There were apparently two reasons why he attended that school at that time. First of all, there weren't enough grade school age students in the neighborhood to enable school to be held, so Aunt Daphne asked Dad (William Alma Webb, her brother) if Max she could "borrow" Max for that year. Also, "lending" Max solved a problem at home, as Max and our two step brothers were not getting along at all!! Dad was not a person who could put up with contention.

I don't remember Max naming the teacher, nor did he talk much about school, but he really appreciated the "one-on-one" attention he received. He really learned a lot that year. The Jemmett boys took Max "under their wings" and let him go with them to check traps, as they were trappers and hunters. They let him use their 22 rifle and someone rustled up a pair of skis and taught him to ski. He really loved all that fun.

Aunt Daphne made a fuss over Max, and he probably got more mothering that year than he had received since Mother, (Coral Kelsey, from Shelley) died 7 years earlier.

For the rest of his life, he had a great love and respect for the Jemmett family, and especially Aunt Daphne. She always called him "her boy," and they loved to get together and talk about those days.

Our family attended at least two dances held in the schoolhouse when I was growing up, and I remember how fun that was! The Jemmetts supplied the music, which was wonderful.

# LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS ON CEDAR CREEK

My fondest memory about living in the mountains was riding my horse. I always loved horses and spent every hour I could horseback riding. My horse and my dog are what made me happy. Those were the good old days. Dad came home one day at noon and told me to get my horse and get some stray cows out of our field. He told me to drive them down the road. When I got back I could hear my little sister Betty crying. She had gone over the bank in a wagon and broke her leg. We didn't have a car so dad told me to jump on my horse and go get Mr. Brown who lived five miles from our house. He was the only one who had a vehicle. It didn't take my horse and me very long to get over there and back. They put Betty on a mattress in the back of the pickup and took her out to Shelley to the doctor. I am thankful I had my horse so we could get her help as fast as we could. The only way we had to get around was on horseback. If you didn't have a horse you walked.



*Thelma Dial and her dog*

Albert Heath was the teacher when I started to school. I don't know why he didn't like me. I tried my best to do my work and get good grades. He put me down every chance he got. Finally I got so I didn't care. I still did my work, but I got so I didn't like school. I have bad memories about my school days.

When we graduated from the eighth grade we had to take tests that went to Blackfoot to be graded. When the results came back I had the highest score. I was really proud, but I never received any pat on the back or congratulations from the teacher.

A lot of the kids who came to school rode horses. In the winter: it was cold and some of them had long rides. Some rode five miles to school. I used to feel sorry for them when it was cold.

We had lots of dances in the schoolhouse. The music was good old country western music. Some of the dances lasted all night. We would push the desks back along the walls and everyone piled their coats on top of the desks. The ones who had little kids put them to bed on top of all the coats. People came from miles around to our dances.

One spring a lot of the kids got western straw hats just alike. I didn't want my hat to get mixed up with theirs, so I painted the inside of my hat with red paint. We were all out riding one day and my horse bucked me off. My hat went flying and Lawrence Hardy ran to get it.

He saw the red paint and ran yelling for someone to come quick, Thelma's hurt bad, and her hat's full of blood. We still laugh about it.

Lawrence always wore spurs on his boots. A rattlesnake was in our yard and he said he'd kill it. He thought he could jump on its head and kill it, but he missed and his spur ran through its head. He started running with that snake stuck to his spur. He ran until he could run no more with that snake following right behind him.

I have a lot of memories about things that happened on Cedar Creek. One day I was home alone with the kids, when a big rattlesnake crawled in the house and went behind our wood box.

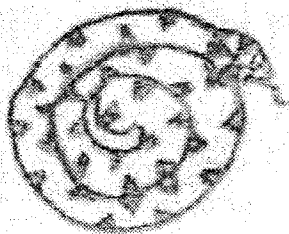
The little kids were so afraid. They all climbed up on the table. I found a big strong stick outside and pulled the big box out. The snake tried to get away from me while I was hitting it and it went straight up the wall. It was scary, but I finally got it killed. I found out that day that snakes could climb.

I was janitor in the school for a lot of years. The schoolhouse had to be painted every year when school was out for the summer. All the tall windows had to be cleaned. It was a big job. When school was going it had to be cleaned every night. It wasn't a hard job, but it took a lot of time. In the winter we had a big bob sleigh that I'd pull out to the school's woodshed. I could load it with wood and pull it back to the school steps. That saved me a lot of trips.

One summer we had five milk cows and they all had baby calves at the same time. I helped dad build a straw shed for them so



*Betty Dial and Grandpa Jemmett  
making music*



they could get out of the sun and weather. I saw smoke pouring out of the shed one afternoon and I ran as hard as I could to save those baby calves. I got all five of them out with red hot flames flying all around me. The shed burned to the ground. Not one of the little calves got burned. I can still feel the heat from that fire.

It didn't matter what the season was up in the mountains. There was always plenty to do. People coming up to visit would always ask us what we did for entertainment. We never lacked for something to do. We always had chores to do. There were cows to milk, wood to chop, eggs to gather and water to pack.

We were always busy. All our food was grown in gardens and on trees. We always had two big gardens.

Lots of weeds to pull. Mom would can the vegetables. Our root cellar had big wooden bins full of potatoes, carrots, squash and apples. The shelves were full of canned vegetables and fruit. Us kids had to help. Mom and dad couldn't do it alone.

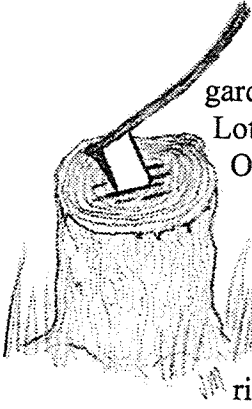
There was fishing and swimming in the Blackfoot River. In the winter there was sleigh riding. We were never bored. There was lots of

entertainment for all of us.

One morning we were eating breakfast and dad told us to look out the window. A big black bear was walking along the ridge that ran behind our house. It was so big and pretty.

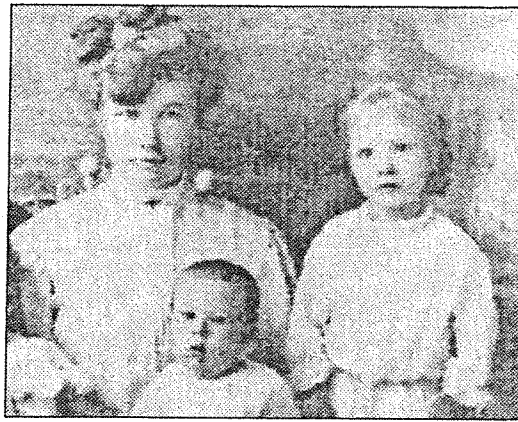
We had every thing up there and now it's all gone. I wish I could go up there and see our house still standing, the school house still there, but every thing is gone. It's a good thing people can't take away your memories because that is all that is left on Cedar Creek

—*Thelma Dial Fowler*



## Ellen, Clara and Charlie Crofts

Walt Crofts and his family came to Alridge in the fall 1918. He asked Clifford Jemmett if he could put up at the old log schoolhouse there on the crossroads. "Sure, if you can clean it up," was the reply. Maude gave it a thorough scrubbing, and they spent several months there while the three children attended school in the new Alridge schoolhouse.



*Walter and Maude Crofts family*

Ellen Crofts Dye remembers well the day she and her sister were riding home from school on their black mare when it got out of control and ran so close to the barbed wire fence that Ellen's long underwear and her leg both got badly torn. Ellen, Clara, and the first-grader Charlie would walk up to the Jemmett Hollow every day and get a ten-pound bucket of milk from Clifford and Daphne Jemmett. "It really helped out."

## Roy W. Ziegler

As with most of the former students of Cedar Creek School, I am finding my recollections have dimmed with age, but I am still grateful for having had the educational opportunities afforded by our one-room school and our nonsensical teacher, Mr. Albert Heath. I started school there in second grade and continued through the first semester of my first year of high school.

Mr. Heath boarded with our family in Wolverine and rode to school horseback three and one-half miles with my brother Ford, my sister Marvelee, and me. He later married and the school provided a house for them and Mrs. Heath also became a teacher. I was never one of her students, however.

Our family moved to Lower Presto in 1929 and I continued my freshman year at Firth High School, mid-term. I had no problems whatsoever in assimilating into classes there from our smaller school.

I remember Mr. Heath as a strict disciplinarian, which has benefited me throughout my lifetime. We did not have any "frills" or "excesses," but we received a well-rounded education. We were given an appreciation for music with his mandolin accompaniment. He gave us his absolute best and while I would not recommend going back to the one-room school, I am most appreciative of the benefits the Cedar Creek School afforded.

## Aldridge Memories

My fondest memories, at the ranch on Cedar Creek, was my sisters, my horse, dog and gun. I liked to hunt, fish and ride horses with my twin sister, Betty. We spent hours doing both. There were days when we had to help farm but we always managed to get some sneak away time.

I never cared much for school. It was all right when I was younger but as I got older there were things that interested me more. I never liked to sit still for very long. There was always that call for the outdoors.

I had a little dog named Jiggs. He was a good friend and went wherever I went. I was working in the cove one day and when it got hot I threw my coat on the ditch bank. That night when I got home Jiggs wasn't there. I worried for fear he had met up with a bobcat. There was lots of big cats in the cove. The next morning when I went back to work in the cove, there was Jiggs on my coat right where I had left it.



*"Jiggs"*

Betty and I always had us a pet rock chuck. In the spring we would catch us a baby one. They were easy to tame and made cute pets. We named one "chucky" and you could call him just like a dog. He would always come. He loved pancakes with butter and honey on them. He knew there would be a treat for him when he came. I could whistle and he would come on the run.

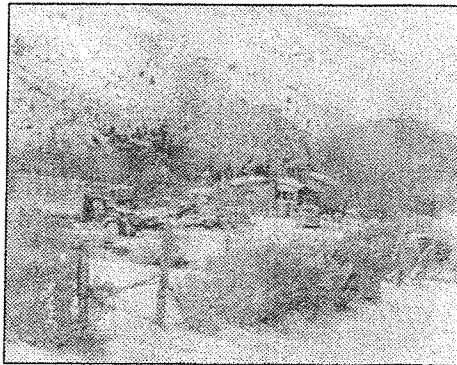
My sister Thelma's horse got brain fever, which usually kills horses. I took him down to the creek and spent hours putting cold wet gunnysacks on his head. I saved his life. No one thought he'd live.

I trapped a lot in the fall and winter. You never knew what you would have in the next trap. Some times the trap would be gone and the ground all tore up. You knew then that you had caught some thing big.

I loved my mountain home. I never liked going to town. When work was done I would head for the river and fish. —*Bob Dial*

*'I wrote the previous excerpt for my twin brother, Bob. He is no longer with us but he was a big part in our lives at Aldridge and he attended school up there for 10 years. He was a special person and every one that knew him admired him for his sense of humor, his happy-go-lucky attitude and his love for every one and every thing.'*

—*Betty Polson*



*Dial Homestead*

## Alma Remembers

I can't remember any bad times when I started school. My big sister Lois took care of me, and my three older brothers could handle any boy mean-spirited enough to tease the shy little creature I was. There were four of us starting that year. One was my cousin Nona Dial who lived right across the fence from the schoolyard. Then there was Marvelee Ziegler who rode horseback with her brother Ford and cousin Roy who lived with them. They took a short cut across the hills not a long ways but only a horse could travel it. Marvelee's nickname was "Bead". Her brother Ford, my brother George's age, was called "Pode."

The last of the four girls was Norma Hardy. She had curly red hair, which I thought was first-rate. Hers was a long ride, clear from their home at Wolverine, at the intersection where the road forks, one going south to Alridge and the other going up to the canyon and Jones Creek where the Zieglers lived.

Our teacher, Mr. Heath, had lots of students that year, but the next year he would get married and his wife would teach us beginners. During that year the teachers' house was being prepared, being moved onto the school lot and a small bedroom being added to the one-room homesteader frame house originally made by Tom Vaughn. It was painted white and red like the other buildings, which included a barn built by the areas fine carpenter, Vora Brown.

Bead and Norma played in the teacher's house during noon hour, which made up some for the long cold ride they had almost every day.

The next year the curtain was hung cross-wise across the schoolroom separating us from the big people. I loved Mrs. Heath. She was little, dark, and very nice as well as pretty. I wanted to kill some of the bigger boys (not my



*Top: Henry, Les, Alma  
Lois and George Jemmett*

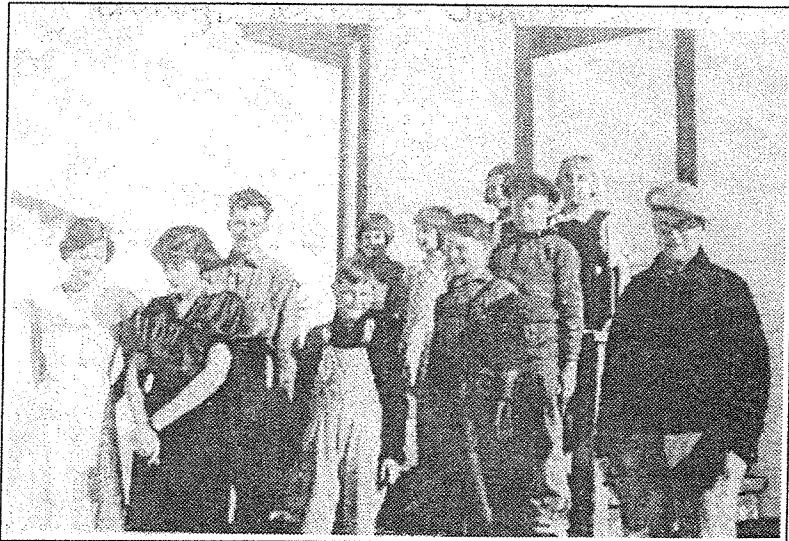
brothers) who snickered at her behind her back one day.

Mr. Heath taught us patriotism. Our dads had brought a huge flagpole from back in the hills and set it up north of the school building. We saluted the flag and recited The Pledge of Allegiance. He read a few verses from the bible every morning, and tried to get us to sing some of the songs he could plunk out on his mandolin. It was fun. He introduced us to many things. I had never tasted a pear until he brought some from Ziegler's that first year. (I didn't like it) He took us on nature hikes, down to the Cove during peach season, up on the Cedar Hill to look for flowers and bulbs.

One spring day we set out a lot of tomato plants in the Cove and he showed us how we could shade them from the sun with sagebrush branches.

As a special treat one day Mr. and Mrs. Heath brought hot wieners and buns from their house and I was introduced to my first hot dog.

One day Mr. Heath brought his World War I uniform to school, complete with gas mask. He had seen Herbert Hoover on a troop ship during the war and hadn't liked him. Then when Hoover was running against Roosevelt for president we all knew that Mr. Heath was a democrat and didn't like him. But my dad was a republican and as such was a Hoover man. One of my biggest feelings of being conspicuous was when the ballots of our schools mock election were counted. There was only one vote for Hoover.



*When Alma Reid and Nona Dial graduated from Alridge School*



## Joe Paul Jemmett

### Taken from Joe's Life Sketch

Joe Paul Jemmett, was born on August 30, 1925 to Clifford Henry and Daphne Webb Jemmett in Shelley Idaho. He was the 6th child of 9 children - 4 girls and 5 boys.

Joe was a country boy. He attended grade school in a one-room schoolhouse with his brothers and sisters in Alridge, Idaho. In later years he liked to tell about how he had to walk barefoot in the snow, 20 miles to school - uphill both ways. He hunted, fished, trapped and helped in the fields for the first 14 years of his life. He has always admired his older brothers, and had a hard time with the knowledge that he was younger than they were. He never liked to be considered "smaller" or "weaker". He was always trying to be with them, and to prove that he could do the same things they were doing. He probably got to be quite a pest to them. There are stories of how they would stuff him into a gunnysack and swing him around.

In 1944, when he was 19 years old, and before he graduated from High School - Joe decided to enlist in the Army. He spent his military service in Japan, just as the war was coming to a close and during the occupation. After returning home - he decided to go back and finish his High School Education.

In 1948 Joe met the love of his life - Anna Wirick. Six months later they decided to elope - and took off from Blackfoot, Idaho along with a couple of friends who would



*Joe Paul in front of saw engine*

be their witnesses. All four of them crowded into the front seat of a little coupe and they headed to Nevada to get married. A mile out of town they wrecked the car. One month later, after all had recovered and things had settled back down- Joe and Ann received Ann's father's permission for them to get married - even though Ann was only 17 at the time. Their marriage lasted for 51 years.

Joe was determined, and hard working - he believed in being honest and straightforward. He was highly intelligent, and strongly believed in the value of Education. In fact, he had strong opinions about a lot of things. He would tell Ann just exactly how she should vote on every candidate and every issue - and after the elections she always enjoyed the fact that her voting had been anonymous and made sure it stayed that way. He always knew exactly where he wanted to go.

He had a rich and full life.

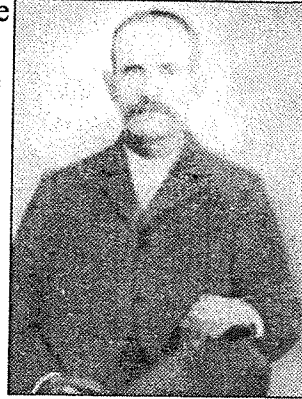


*Joe Paul and his pet coyote*

# Eva Jemmett Jones and Russell Jemmett

*Stories from Eva and Russell, written by Blaine Jones*

Henry Jemmett rode into this valley in the late 1800's. He was riding his favorite horse Buck and they came west from the Arco Valley. Volcanoes were spewing lava and steam at this time and it was flowing across parts of the area west of Shelley known as the Lava Beds. He rode into the Idaho Falls area, through Shelley and onward through the Blackfoot River country on his way to Utah. As he passed through he fell in love with the beautiful mountains He decided at that time he would come back here to live.



*Henry Jemmett*

In Utah, he met and married my grandmother Elizabeth. They came back to Idaho and bought a homestead on the Blackfoot River below Cedar Creek later to be known as The Cove. Henry and Elizabeth Jemmett had five children: Clifford, Elsie, Frank, Eva and Russell.

My grandfather Henry built his log cabin on the banks of the Blackfoot River. He added out buildings, corrals, root cellar, and all the other necessary things to provide a wonderful home for his family. He had all kinds of livestock that included horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, geese, milk cows etc. He always had a large herd of horses that he raised to work his farm.

One time a band of Indians stole some of his horses. Henry jumped on his saddle horse and went after them. He caught up to them a short way from Fort Hall and got them back. It was a race to get them back home before the Indians could catch up to him again. Eva remembers him racing across the river by their home with the horses. The Indians stopped on the opposite bank of the river.

One bright sunny day my grandfather Henry got his children together and they went for a ride on the buckboard. They visited a lot of the other homesteads and talked with the people. At one of the places a man had a couple of apple trees that were loaded down with beautiful ripe apples. They were not offered an apple and Henry vowed that day they would never be without fruit again. He made a trip to Utah and came back with every kind of fruit tree start he could find. He had every kind of apple tree there was along with peach apricot, plum, etc. As it turned out The Cove was a natural place for growing fruits and vegetables. The warm air, generated from the sun off the lava rock on both sides of The Cove, made the trees thrive. They built a flume to carry water from Cedar Creek, around and down through the lava rocks to irrigate the garden and orchard. They were able to grow huge melons and had the most beautiful

gardens.

The warm rocky mountainsides of The Cove would make all the trees and plants thrive. It also made a wonderful nesting place for rattlesnakes to live and grow. Many big snakes would crawl out of the rocks onto the road, stretch and sun themselves. One afternoon Eva was late getting home from school. Her father got worried and went looking for her. He found her on the road on the opposite side of two huge rattlesnakes. Every time she would try to pass they would coil up and scare her. Her father chased them off and took her home.



*Elizabeth Jemmett*

On another occasion Eva's brother Russell Jemmett was taking a wagon up the road. A big rattlesnake coiled up in his path. Russ says all of a sudden that snake jumped and bit the wagon tongue. By the time that wagon tongue quit swelling there was five cords of wood lying there. Sounds like a tall tale doesn't it. He still laughs long and loud when he finally gives the punch line.

When it was decided to build a new school Henry Jemmett, Clifford Jemmett, Bert Jones, John Dial, Mr. Johnson and others hauled rock in on their wagons to build the foundation. They hauled lumber in from the valley below. A carpenter they called Vora Brown helped with the construction. After it was built they painted it white with red trim. The first school board members were: Henry Jemmett, Clifford Jemmett, Bert Jones, and Mr. Johnson.

Eva says it was wonderful to move from the old log house school. The old benches they used were made of rough lumber and they were hard and had many splinters. Lighting was bad. Also it was cold. With the new school came wonderful new desks with smooth seats and smooth tabletops to write on. There was a hole for the inkwells and pens to write with. There were many windows to let in the sunlight. A wonderful wood stove to keep them warm. The school had a wonderful new library with many books to read and blackboards for the teachers to write on and teach their lessons on.

There was a barn built for the horses the kids rode to school. There was a His and Hers outdoor bathroom. Swings and teeter-totters and a baseball field were built. The kids loved their recesses and played on the new recreation facilities. They would make up their own games, play tag, and jump rope. They also knew they better come running when the bell was sounded.

At this time it was hard to get pencils and paper to write on. When

Eva and Russell's parents bought merchandise from the store in Firth the groceries were wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string. Eva and Russell would cut the paper in pieces and making their own tablets.

As time went on rough paper came out and penny pencils were provided. Then it became possible to get crayons - six to a box but oh how special they were! They then could color their pictures and it became a big item to make posters for holidays and fun times.

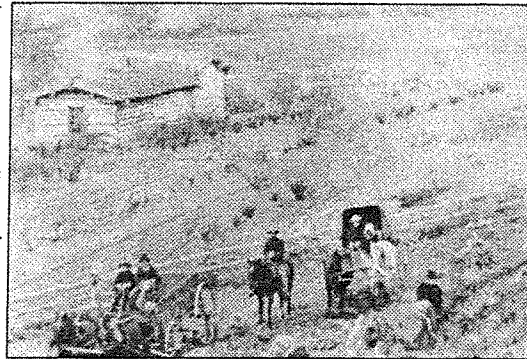
There were not many books until the new school was built. After, books were brought from Blackfoot and other surrounding areas. The school district had some funding for books as long as a certain amount of kids attended school.

A day at the school started out with the Pledge of Alliance. Reading, Arithmetic, Spelling, English, History, and Geography were taught with much emphasis on Penmanship. Many hours were spent learning to write letters doing the ovals and circles over and over on a cardboard box lid. Lunch was carried in a tight sealed lunch bucket. Eva says it was always fun to open her pail because there was a special treat inside.

One Easter Eva's sister Elsie got a hold of some coloring for Easter eggs. Elsie didn't tell anyone and colored a bunch of eggs for Easter. She put them in a basket with a pretty bow and hid them under a huge dead tree that lay upon the ground not far from Eva's home. Easter morning came and Elsie found an excuse to get Eva out there by the log. As they approached the fallen tree a huge rabbit ran from under the log and Eva found the basket of eggs. I like to think this might have been the origination of the Easter Bunny.

Time was not always fun and games because of all the work that needed to be done. They had cows to milk, chicken to feed and other livestock to care for. They churned their own butter and made cheese. They canned all the fruit and vegetables. There was never a dull moment.

Uncle Russell had a trap line he took care of along with working the fields. He tells of one time when the Mormon crickets came and were eating everything in site. They did everything they could think of to stop them. Someone had a great idea to load up Henry's turkeys and set them loose in the fields. He had about sixty or seventy and everyone thought they could eat those crickets. The turkeys were loaded into a wagon and taken out to the fields. When they saw all the crickets they scattered all over the countryside. They never were rounded up again.



*The Cove*

Taken from  
Union Pacific Railroad Publication

To the preacher life's a sermon, to  
the joker it's all jest

To the miser life is money, to the  
loafer life is rest.

The lawyer life's a trial, to the poet  
life is song

To the doctor life's a patient who  
needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle, to the  
teacher life is school

To the man upon the engine life's a  
long and heavy grade.

Life's a gamble to the gambler, to  
the merchant it's a trade.

Life is but one long vacation to the  
man who loves his work

It's an everlasting effort to shun  
duty to the shirk

Life is useful or unuseful, life is false  
or life true

Life is what we try to make it,  
brother, what is life to you.

