

Oral History Interview with Carol Nye
Morris Hill Neighborhood Association History Project

LMK: Today is Tuesday, July 16th, 2013. This is Linda Morton-Keithley interviewing Carol Nye for the Morris Hill Neighborhood Association history project. As I told you the other day, where I like to start is by having you just kind of introduce your family to me. You had said you built this home [619 N. Archer St.] in 1956 but would you tell me a little bit about your family unit at that time?

CN: At that time that consisted of my dad, Richard Nye—called Dick—and my mother, Ida Nye, and myself. My brother, Norman Wilson, was in the Navy at the time. When he left for the Navy we lived over on Latah Street, right beside what is now Relyea Mortuary [318 N. Latah St.] and then when he came back from the Navy, we were living here. My parents had a friend, Al Henke, that was a contractor and they asked him if he would build the house and so Mom and Dad sold their property over on Latah Street. At that time it was \$10,000. And they built this house for 14 [\$14,000] and they had to take out a \$4,000 loan to pay for the rest of it. And my mother had that paid off real fast; she was not one to owe the bank any money. So it was \$14,000. When we moved here there were only three houses on this block. Our house, the brick house across the street and one other house down on the corner. There were no houses on Fairmont Street; there was nothing down that way. I'm not positive about Denton Street. I know there were houses from Archer Street to Roosevelt. I know there were houses on the south side of Denton but I'm not sure about the north side. I don't think there were but I wouldn't swear to it. And when we moved here, the property right just north of us was all pasture. It was owned by the Stans family and they always raised two steers in there every summer, or almost every summer.

LMK: When you say the property to the north of you, is that on the other side of Fairmont?

CN: Yes.

LMK: Fairmont is right here on your north property line?

CN: Right. And, of course, that building was not there at all. And the other thing I remember very vividly about the neighborhood was that over at Morris Hill [Cemetery] on the Roosevelt side, from Emerald almost down to where Morris Hill Park is today, the whole line, the whole street fence line, was lined with lilac bushes. I mean, thick, you could not see into the cemetery at all. I have to admit that there was probably more than one or two bouquets of lilacs that this little nine year old girl picked and brought home [laughs] because I just thought it was beautiful. I don't remember how many years later they took them all out and I was so sad. Not quite our neighborhood but the other thing I was remembering the other night – Ann Morrison Park and Albertson Park were not there, of course. It was just a big farm and I remember the farmhouse kind of way down in the middle of the property. Underneath Americana Street was a great big huge—I think they call it a culvert—so the farmer could drive his cows underneath Americana to either side. I thought of that the other night and I thought, yeah, I remember that passageway through there. Gradually the neighborhood just started building up. I think the house across the street, next to the brick house, was built next. By the way, I talked to my brother about this land over here and he remembers that there was a radio tower just across the street.

LMK: From this house?

CN: Kitty-corner from this house, across the street, and I didn't remember that at all. Mother said something about this property was kind of like a place where they parked heavy equipment or something at one point. We've had a terrible time just digging up big rocks and all kinds of iron bits and pieces here and there. Not real good land as far as trying to grow anything. Anyway, the neighborhood just gradually started building up. I believe the house across the street, kitty-corner from us, went up next and then the house next door and one house down, those two, went up next.

LMK: So that would be going south from this house?

CN: Right. Then gradually they started building on Fairmont. One more thing, when we first moved here, the contractor that owned all this land was Amyx and he had a garage built right, straight across the street from us, going east, and that's where he stored all his tools and things, while he built all the houses in this subdivision. So that building was there. And then later, after he got all the other houses built in the neighborhood, then he got that house built and then was able to empty out the garage. There was a family down on the corner, across the street to the south of us, and they had three little girls. Their last name was Templeton. They had three little girls and then the people next door moved in and they had three girls and a boy, I believe it was, and their name was Montgomery. Four of us girls were approximately the same age and so we played together a lot. I was trying to remember some childhood memories and I remember my mother had lots of old blankets and stuff. And we'd take those blankets out—because Mother also has a clothesline in the backyard—and we would take 100,000 clothesline clips and make tents. We'd make lots of tents and we'd sleep out there at night sometimes. And sometimes we would sleep out without the tent. It just depended what we felt like that day. I remember when one girl next door had her very first date and her sister and I said, "Well, if she's going to go out on a date, let's sleep out tonight." Because that meant we could talk late into the night, whatever. So we slept out that night and I don't know which one of us thought of it but we decided that we would spy on her sister when she came home. We had this forest green blanket and we took it over to the north side of our house, but looking south, right to their house, and we covered up with that blanket. The blanket had some holes in it and we just peeked through the holes and saw her sister come home and get her goodnight kiss. [laughs] And then later my friend told her sister about it and then her sister confronted me about it and I just said, "What?"

LMK: I take it you were younger than the sister on the date?

CN: No, I'm six months older and she's married now and has six kids. [laughs] We didn't have anything to do that Friday or Saturday night, whatever it was, so we slept outside and spied on her sister.

LMK: Were there any kind of organized activities for the kids to do around here?

CN: No, not at all. Not a thing. When I lived over on Latah, in the summer you could go over to Jefferson School [200 S. Latah], down in the cafeteria, and you could play ping pong or do arts and crafts and stuff. But not over here. We just pretty much whiled away our summers just horsing around doing something. I remember one summer we decided to make hula skirts. I don't know what brought that up. This pasture area over here had lots of tall weeds in it and so we went and cut a whole bunch of those tall weeds down—and we kept them long. And then

we just got a needle and thread and we strung the weeds on this needle and thread and, of course, then the weeds would work their way through this thread and just fall off. We thought we were pretty clever and had hula skirts to wear.

LMK: Sorry I keep checking that; I just don't want it to shut off like it did the other day. [checks recorder]

CN: So, we all had hula skirts that summer. I think the family across the street and on the south end of the block had a little swimming pool and I remember swimming over there. And later on, there was a boy who lived down in the, south of here in same block, but on the corner of Denton and Archer. And Dennis and I got to be good friends. The last I think I heard of Dennis, he was teaching school at West Junior High. [pause – recorder fell off stool] When he lived here, we were pretty good friends, the two of us. The other girls in the neighborhood would cry when he picked on them but I wouldn't so we ended up being pretty good friends. I remember playing with him, canasta with his parents. One summer we decided to build a stagecoach. And, of course, it was just a little, miniature version and we did it in his garage. I think I was more of a hold the hammer and hold the screwdriver-type of a person and he did all of the brain work, because it was kind of his project. But I was over there every day helping him build the stagecoach and I've often wondered what happened to that. I'm sure mom and dad must have torn it apart and burned it up in the fireplace or something. There were times when, not too many, when I remember playing dolls. I never was much into dolls. I never did. I remember we liked to form a lot of clubs. We were always forming this club and that club and the other club. One club was a code club and we all wrote out different codes to communicate with one another. And I don't think we ever used them; not ever once. We all invented codes. The girls next door moved away, I think, before we started high school. And the girl that was down on the corner moved away, I also think before we started high school. So I've really lost track of them. I used to do a lot of babysitting in the neighborhood, taking care of different kids. One family across the street asked me to babysit—she was going to work that summer in a bank—and so I'd stay with them all day, kind of entertain them, whatever babysitters do, fed them lunch. I would always babysit for the people next door and when I finally got my job teaching and everything, I told them, "Well, I'm not going to be babysitting anymore." And they say, "Not even on the weekends?" I said, "No, I'm going to be with kids five days a week, all day long." I said, "No, I don't think I want to babysit anymore." Because I started babysitting when I was twelve, thirteen, something like that and I did it all through junior high, high school and college. I'm kind of running...

LMK: That's fine. I'll ask you some questions. Let's step back a minute and just talk a bit about the house. Your parents had it built and Al Henke [Alf G. Henke] was the contractor.

CN: Yes.

LMK: Do you happen to have any recollection of who designed, drew up the plans for the house?

CN: I don't. I don't have any idea. I do know that Mom and Dad went to an architect and I know that the plans are here somewhere. But I don't know who designed it, no idea. It's just your standard ranch-type of house.

LMK: Have any changes been made to it over the years?

CN: Not really, a few little, minor changes. Right here by the fireplace there was a little birch door there, because there's birch all through the house. Behind that was a box and we put firewood in that in the winter. Before we had air-conditioning we had my grandmother's swamp cooler and my dad used to set it down in that box. We'd open the door and turn the swamp cooler on. And then we hadn't been here too many years before Mom and Dad put the patio on the back. The sun would just pour in those west windows and just really heat up the house. I think they really wanted something out there to bounce some of the sun off. Other than that, the house is really pretty much just as it was built in '56.

LMK: When we talked the other day, I had asked you why did they pick this particular neighborhood when they moved from the house on Latah, why over here?

CN: Well, I can't be sure about that because I do know that we looked up there on the road toward Bogus Basin; we looked at property up there, because I was with my parents. And I think that they looked at property up in, is it the Highlands? Just up here off Roosevelt; you go straight up Roosevelt and there's... It's right behind the Plantation Golf Course and I know they looked up there. And they may have looked a couple other places when I wasn't with them. But I think maybe they just choose this because the neighborhood was familiar and they just felt comfortable in this part of town. I do know that when my mother first came here in—I would say, maybe, 1943, possibly—she and her first husband looked for property and it was his opinion that it would be the best idea to build on the Bench. Because he said if that dam ever goes out—and at that time he meant Arrowrock—he said this whole valley is going to be flooded. So that's one reason I know my mother and her first husband built on the Bench and it might have been a deciding factor to just stay up on the Bench and this was a neighborhood they knew.

LMK: So it sounds like you were still a young girl at home at that time.

CN: I was nine.

LMK: Where did you go to school?

CN: I went to Jefferson School for the first five years and then right after that summer, they had built Sacred Heart School [3901 Cassia St.] over by the Sacred Heart Church on Cassia and Latah. Then I went three years there. I went one year to West Junior High [711 N. Curtis Rd.], in the ninth grade and then went to Borah [High School, 6001 Cassia St]. Graduated from Borah in '65. But I was nine when they moved here and that was in August and in the next February I was ten. So I've lived here since then.

LMK: What kind of work did your father do and where did he go for work?

CN: Well, that may have been another deciding factor on building the house here because he worked at Dixon Paper Company¹ [1500 Grand Ave.] which was right down Americana. Let's see, you go right down Americana and it's just back behind where Boise Cold Storage [495 S. 15th St.] is at and right beside Rhoades Park [Skate Park]. I just drove by there this morning and I was thinking that they had two big doors boarded off and those were the docks where they received delivery. And then, of course, the railroad track used to run right by there and my dad would have... He was the manager of the warehouse and he would have a great, big railroad car

¹ Following the interview, Carol added that after leaving Dixon Paper Co., her father worked first on various road crews, then for the Idaho Department of Transportation as a traffic counter. He retired from ITD.

outside of this one port that would have faced more north. He would unload that of all this paper that they had ordered and I remember he had a big cutting machine that he could take a big stack of paper and put in there and get it all even and squared off and push the button and, boy, that cutter would come down and just cut that just slicker than a whistle. Could he wrap presents! He had to wrap all those big packages of paper all day long and so he really knew how to wrap packages and get crisp corners and straight edges. He wasn't any little five year old wrapping a Christmas present; it was done extremely well. And I also know—I don't think this came from his job—but I remember that he was really good at making bows. He would put it around his fingers and tie it off and then he'd twist out each little piece of the ribbon and make the most beautiful ribbons. He came to Boise when he was three years old and his father worked for the *Idaho Statesman* as a linotype operator. His father died when he was seven and so my grandmother had to raise the family of seven kids. The boys were the youngest, the girls were the oldest and so the girls made the boys do everything. [laughs] My dad always told me, he said, "If my mother came home from work and she found one dish in that cupboard that was wet or dirty," he said, "We had to take every dish out of every cupboard and wash them all over again and dry them all over again and put them away again." She had to be pretty strict with them.

LMK: Probably the only way to get through it.

CN: Yes, and that was during the Depression and everything. My dad was born in 1918. By '28 he was ten and then in through the Depression... He said that he and his brother—they lived about a mile away from school on North 10th Street—and they walked home every day, he and his brother, for lunch. And it would take them 10 minutes to walk from school to home, have lunch, then turn around, in ten minutes, they were back at school again.

LMK: What about your mother? Did your mother have a job outside of the home?

CN: She did before Mom and Dad were married. She's from North Dakota, a little place called Glen Ullin. When she married her first husband, they lived in Bismarck² for a couple of years; I'm not quite sure how long. Then when the War [World War II] started, he had an opportunity to go to some schooling to be an airplane mechanic or something. So they were in Wichita a month, then he got sick, so they came up to Boise. This was probably about in 1942. Because he was sick, she got a job at Baird's Dry Cleaning. I think it's the one that's down on Fort Street [902 N. 8th St.], across from the Co-op. She worked there for a while. After he passed away--I'm not sure if that was February maybe, March of '43--then she went up to Seattle and was there for maybe a year. Had a job there, then felt like she needed to come back to Boise because she had that property over there [on Latah]. So she and my brother came back to Boise and she got a job at Syms-York [314 S. 9th], which I believe was a paper company, too. That's where she met my dad. They got married and she worked for quite a while after she got pregnant. When it was time for me to come, she quit work. And after that she really didn't work much at all. Probably in the early '70s, I would say, the people that owned this property next to us to the north, had a little

² Carol also added that her mother worked as a waitress at the North Dakota State Capitol cafeteria during the time she lived in Bismarck. She told of walking the mile or so to work, even during the harsh winters. At the time, inmates were being used as workers on a construction project at the Capitol and they would often pick Ida up and give her a ride to work.

kindergarten.³ It was a little, kind of a, it looked like a little log cabin, sort of, and the lady turned it into a kindergarten. Mother went over there and worked there quite a few years. She did the cooking and she even taught some classes. I kept telling her, when you graduated high school, you should have somehow become a teacher. But, again, that was the Depression and there was just no money to do it.

LMK: That little cabin, would it have fronted over on Emerald Street?

CN: Yes, yes. And it went through at least three different owners. The people that lived in back of us—their name was Streib and they were there for a good 30 years—their daughter bought it and she was originally from South Dakota. And she bought that day care center and she needed somebody to help and she happened to tell her mother over here and her mother said, “What about Ida Nye next door? She might be interested.” And she did and she really enjoyed it. She’d sit here and cut little things out for the kids and figure out little craft projects and art projects and stuff. So she did work there for a while. I think she had applied for Social Security and they told her she was one quarter too short. So she was glad to get the job so she could get the Social Security, but then after she got the quarter in that she needed to get her Social Security, she kept on working because she liked it.

LMK: What do you remember of where your mother, your parents, could go or did go for the various shopping or services they needed? Some of the businesses around that you may have patronized?

CN: Yes, if you can go right straight through here, on Orchard Street, there was the Carl’s grocery store [706 N. Orchard]. I know that Mother went there quite a bit when it first opened. And I thought my brother was a bag boy there but he said, “No.” I asked him and he said, “No.” There was a Safeway downtown on 8th and I think he was a bag boy there. And then I remember Potter Drug [610 N. Orchard] over on Orchard. The building is still there and I know that we went there quite a bit.

LMK: Clothing, house goods, where would you go for those?

CN: I can always remember going with Mother downtown. We went to J.C. Penney [912 Main St.] and Falks ID [100 N. 8th]. There was the Bazaar downtown. I remember going downtown with Mother to do different shopping things and pay bills. The old telephone building is still down there, just right in front of the Capitol building—it would be to the right. I can remember running in there with a fistful of money to pay our phone bill and I just thought that was so neat that I could go in by myself and pay the bills. I remember that one. I remember going to the old Boise Theater [913 Main St.] for movies and I guess my grandfather had helped build that. They had used some very pretty brocade on the walls—it was either the Boise Theater or the Pinney Theater [809 W. Jefferson St.], now that I think about it. Anyway he brought some of that fabric home and my grandmother made some pillows out of it. I still remember those pretty rust-colored, brocade pillows. It was really pretty. [laughs] And I remember going to the Egyptian Theater [Capitol and Main] which at that time was the Ada Theater. I can remember at one point—and I couldn’t tell you where it was downtown; my brother probably could—there was a Rialto Theater [111 N. 10th]. And right next to it was another theater [Rio Theater, 115 N. 10th]

³ Possibly Jolly Time Kindergarten, 4321 Emerald St.

but that one was closed down when I went to movies. So there were a lot of different places to go to movies in town.

LMK: Were there restaurants or drive-ins up in this Bench area that you might have visited?

CN: I can remember on Vista, there was the Red Steer Drive-in [1023 Vista]. And then I think there were two Boys' In-and-Out and I can remember going to those. I do remember when Vista Village opened up and my parents liked to square dance. Mel Day, who was an old-time caller around Boise, some of his relatives, I think, opened that up, the whole Vista Village thing. So the night that they had the grand opening, they had square dancing there. And anybody that knew how to square dance could go in there, so at the time, my parents were dancing and I was just watching. At the time I was taking square dancing lessons and Mel Day saw me and said, "Hey, Carol, what's the matter? Can't you find a partner?" And, of course, I was pretty shy and I just shook my head and somebody, somebody—I don't know who it was--came over the asked me to dance. So I got to square dance at the Vista Village opening. [phone rings]

CN: I do remember going downtown to Louie's Chinese Restaurant which is where Goldy's Restaurant [108 S. Capitol] is now, on Capitol Boulevard. Then we also went to Fong's Tea Garden [624 W. Idaho] which is just down the block from it, on Capitol Boulevard, closer towards the Capitol. I don't remember eating out a whole lot. My mother was the cook and she cooked. We stayed home and we ate.

LMK: Do you remember any other businesses that were located along Orchard or, in general, what Orchard looked like? When you were a youngster, was it more residential area as opposed to commercial as it is today?

CN: No, it was more commercial the way I remember. I think this whole 600 block is just like it used to be when we moved here except different businesses have come and gone. Potter Drug is gone. I really hated to see that go because we used to go there quite a bit. The other stores, I don't really remember.

LMK: You did mention to me the other day when we chatted, the State fairground wasn't too far from here.

CN: That's an interesting story, too, because I asked my brother about that. It really was not on Fairview. He said on Fairview there were businesses along there and the fairground was back of them. Really, it was more on Irving and Orchard. I do remember going over there and going to the fair. Like one time, I was going to pay to get in—I think you had to pay to get in—but nobody was at the gate so I just walked in. I think I was supposed to find some friends of mine that were there; I never did find them. I think my dad gave me a whole dollar to go over there. Go on rides, buy a hot dog or cotton candy or something. But I had a whole dollar to spend. [laughs] If I can just sidetrack for a little bit. I do remember when Bruneel Tire on Vista [9699 W. Fairview Ave.], that was the Vista Theater and I used to ride my bike over there a lot on Saturdays. And my folks gave me a quarter and I paid 12 cents to get in and I had 13 cents left over for popcorn or candy or drinks or whatever. And I spent a lot of time in that theater for a quarter. I also used to ride my bike over to the South Junior High [3101 Cassia St.] pool and that was 10 cents to get in. As long as I had a dime, I could swim all day long. And there were a lot of times I did. [laughs] And then there was a little—it wasn't a café—it was kind of like a little soda shop across the street from South and if I had another dime, I could go in and get a great,

big softie ice cream cone or something. Then back to the fairgrounds. I remember going in and seeing all the animals. I just loved to look at the pigs because they always had the little babies—they were always so cute-- and the little calves and the little horses. And when I think of it in relationship to today's fair, it was just so tiny, so little. My brother was telling me—this had to be in the mid-'60s or more, maybe '66 or something. He was driving by the fairgrounds one day, going north to Fairview to go out to see a friend of his and he noticed smoke coming from the fairgrounds. So he parked his car and he went and jumped the fence and one of the buildings was on fire. And there was another kid there and he said they both ran and got the fire hoses and turned them on and they were trying to put the fire out. And he said, "Of course, we were squirting the water on the outside and it was burning inside." So he said they squirted the water on the windows and broke the windows so that they could shoot the water inside but they didn't want to go inside the building. And he said, finally, that fire spread to the next building so they thought, "Well, we better let that building go and protect this one." So they were squirting water on this one and he said they did manage to save the third building but they couldn't save the first two. He said they heard the fire engine coming and there was an entrance to the fair off of Fairview Avenue. And he said the fire engine got there and the gate was locked. He said they must have been out there 45 minutes trying to figure out how to get through that gate. And I thought, "Yeah, why didn't they just drive through it? They do it on the TV all the time!" [laughs] And then he said there were a couple of other guys that they saw that had gotten some fire hoses and they were working on the first building that my brother and this other guy were working on. Anyway, they finally got the fires all out and he said the fire engine still wasn't in there. But they got the fires all out the best they could, so he went back over, jumped over the fence, got in his car and drove away. He said, of course, it was in the paper the next day but he left too early so his name wasn't mentioned. This other guy, whoever he was... So, anyway, he did help to put out the fire in the fairgrounds.

LMK: Do you recall having occasion to go to the fairground for any kind of events other than just when the fair was going on?

CN: I do remember going one 4th of July. We were in the grandstands and we saw the fireworks and stuff. Other than that, no, just the fireworks that one time. I can remember somebody accidentally dropped an American flag on the ground or something and one little Boy Scout ran over real quick and picked it up. And somebody in back of me said, "Oh, isn't that cute!" I still can remember that.

LMK: Do you have any recollection of-- I asked you about activities for kids and you said there weren't. What about for adults? Do you know if your parents participated in any clubs or other organizations with other folks here in this neighborhood?

CN: No, I know that my mother belonged to Alter Society at the church for a while. But other than that, not things that I can remember in the neighborhood.

LMK: Okay. You did mention that your father was involved with the neighborhood watch.

CN: Yes, he and Bill Bues who lives in the corner house on Denton and Archer, those two started the first neighborhood watch. And they're the ones that put up the sign here and down at the other corner. I know that they had a map—I looked for that one, too, and couldn't find it—they had a map of the neighborhood and all of the houses in it and in every house, in every square that

represented a house, they had the name of the person or people living there. And maybe their address and phone number. Yes, they got the neighborhood watch started. Bill Bues was the neighborhood watch chairman so he would go around the neighborhood and hand out leaflets every once in a while from the city neighborhood watch headquarters, I guess it would be.

LMK: About what time period was that?

CN: Oh, goodness, I know this is a broad range but it had to be somewhere in the late '70s-early '80s. I'm not positive; I was living in Bruneau at that time. I don't know for sure. I'm not really sure why they decided to have a neighborhood watch, if there had been some break-ins or something going around that was happening. I don't really know but all of a sudden we had a neighborhood watch. My dad had decals on all of the windows and the signs posted in each corner. We were supposed to watch out for our neighbors.

LMK: Anything that you can characterize for me--what the neighborhood was like when you were a youngster to today?

CN: Well, let's see, I think everybody pretty much, in the neighborhood, have always been industrious workers. The neighborhood has always looked really, really nice. Everybody has kept care of their lawn. Everybody has always had a job and been employed. Everybody was really—I don't remember quite so much when we first moved here, after we'd been here a few years, my dad knew everybody. So the neighborhood was pretty close and friendly. He'd go out every evening after dinner and talk with all the neighbors, anybody he could find. He liked to visit more than just sit and watch TV. So he was always out there with all of his buddies, visiting, chatting up the days' work or whatever. Everybody sort of knew everybody but yet they didn't really intrude upon one another, really. We had two neighbors—the Fishers and the Simmons—and, boy, did they get to be really good, buddy, buddy pals. Those two families were so friendly and so close. The Fishers that lived on this side of the street didn't have a telephone but they had three teenagers. And the Simmons that lived on the east side of the street had a telephone and I think they had kids but they were all grown and almost gone from home or something. So the Simmons told the Fishers, "Oh, come over and use our telephone any time you want." Well, three teenagers were trooping over there all the time and pretty soon we had a little civil war going on in the neighborhood. [laughs] The Simmons and the Fishers really got into the outs and outs. Simmons decided they were going to put up just a decorative pole fence around their property and so Fishers turned them in to City Hall for not having a permit and for putting it too close to the curb. It was supposed to be six feet away from the curb in case the City ever wanted to put a sidewalk there. And, so, Simmons very obligingly took the fence down and moved it six feet and they still put it up. And then finally both families moved away and I don't know whatever happened to them. [laughs] And I think it was Simmons, right on the very corner of Archer and Denton, they built a little garden plot and it looked so much like a grave. At this time I was in college and I just couldn't resist it. So a friend and I got a hold of a big piece of butcher paper and we made it look like a tombstone and we put "Here lies John Brown's body," and then we put "R.I.P." at the bottom. And we were going to tie it to it and then we chickened out and this one a guy said, "I'll do it for you." And he and his girlfriend came over and they... They had built kind of like a tombstone at the front of this garden plot so all they had to do was just twist some string around the sign and the little monument and tie it. That

evening I was taking my little nephew out trick-or-treating and we happened to just walk past the house and there was a father out there waiting for his little kids to go up to the door to say, "trick or treat," and when Simmons opened the door, this guy, this father waiting at the corner, said, "Here lies John Brown's body. Are you John Brown?" And he said, "Yeah, I guess I am." [laughs] It wasn't a month or two later, they had that thing all re-arranged, that flower plot, all re-arranged and they took down the headstone and re-arranged all the rocks. It didn't look so much like a grave any more. So that was one neighborhood prank we did do.

LMK: It sounds fitting for Halloween, at least.

CN: Yes. It was just asking to be pranked, it really was. And now the people living there now have expanded it. They've got all kinds of spring flowers in there.

LMK: It's a lovely corner.

CN: It is. It's very pretty.

LMK: Is there anything else you can think of?

CN: The only other thing I can think about the fairgrounds... After we lived we lived here, my dad built a shed in the back. Instead of going over to the fairgrounds to watch the fireworks, my friends and I, the girls of the neighborhood and I, we'd get up on that shed and watch the fireworks from there. Then we didn't have to go all the way over there. I don't know if we had to pay to get in to that; probably not for that. Yes, we'd watch those and then we'd spend the night outside. One night we were sleeping outside and we could hear some voices from that house that was to the north of us here. And their boys were sleeping outside and they were about the same age as we were, the girls. And we could hear them and the boys snuck over because we got to hollering back forth. The boys snuck over to the fence and, oh, God, did we get scared. Oh, dear, we shouldn't have done that! We shouldn't have been hollering at them. It wasn't anything insulting, just, "Hi, are you out tonight?" "Yeah, we're sleeping out, too" And they snuck over to the fence because we could hear them, then we got real quiet and they left.

LMK: Well, just of a couple of odd things. Archer, in front of us here, was that paved at the time that your family moved here?

CN: Yes, that was paved. But from Archer back, Fairmont was not. Finally one day, they sort of accidentally paved it. They went back but they didn't go clear to the end of the street and meet the grass. The neighbors in back of me—Paul Streib--came over and he said, "Carol, have you seen what they're doing? They just stopped the pavement about three-fourths of the way in front of our driveway." So I went out and I looked and I talked to the guy and I said, "You're making it worse than it was before." And he said, "You know, we weren't supposed to pave this strip." And I said, "No, I didn't know that." But I said, "You can't leave this worse than it was before." I said, "There's only about, maybe, five more feet to go." "Nope, can't pave it." And I said, "Why not?" He said, "Trucks have all gone back to the yard." And I said, "Can't you at least put some gravel there?" I said, "That's just going to be a big mud hole when winter comes." "Nope, can't do it, all the trucks have gone back." And I said, "We'll see about that." And I came in and I called somebody and I don't know whether it was the Idaho Transportation Department, Mayor's Office, City Hall. Anyway, somebody was out here in the afternoon, by 2:00 or something. And they brought a big truck load of asphalt and they paved to the end. So I did get that done. [laughs]

LMK: Do you happen to know if, at the time your parents built this home, if you would have been on city sewer?

CN: No, we were not. No. We had a septic tank in back and then the sewer came, I would say, maybe, seven or eight years after we lived here. I think my dad got out the dug the trench himself, if I remember right. My brother might have helped him. And the kids next door, their dad gave them five bucks if they'd go out and dig the trench. Three of them – five bucks. And they did; they thought it was great. So, no. There was one lady that I wanted to talk about, the lady who lived in the brick house just across the street from us. Her name was Leota Lambach and her maiden name was Eby, E-B-Y. She was 99 when she passed away and I know that was somewhere in the '70s. She came here with her parents in a covered wagon from Iowa. He dad was a nurseryman. He had a nursery here somewhere in Boise. She married—I think her husband's name was Gus Lambach and it was originally pronounced "Lambaugh," but during World War II, they changed it to "Lambach" to make it sound a little less German. She and her husband owned a big farm out on Franklin. It was between Curtis and Five Mile⁴ and they owned a whole bunch of land in there. They used to go down to Perkins Corner, which was the corner of Franklin and Cole, and it was called Perkins Corner. If you go down Franklin and you watch along the railroad tracks, there's still a sign there that says "Perkins." Anyway, she offered all of that big farm property to the City of Boise for Borah High School and they chose the property in back of it instead. And she ended up selling all of that property to a developer who built all of the houses that are there and her little white stucco house is still there too. I think she sold it for the big, huge sum of \$80,000.

LMK: And you say she lived across the street from here at one time?

CN: In the red brick house; she lived there. She was an early native of Boise. I know she lived to be 99. She was a sweet, little, widowed lady who lived over there. My mother would take her shopping. A lot of times, Mother would worry that she wasn't eating enough—just tea and toast or something. So Mother would go over to Kentucky Fried Chicken over on Overland [3575 Orchard] and you could get wings, chicken wings, for 10 cents apiece. She would buy a bag of chicken wings and take over to her because she knew Mrs. Lambach liked wings. She was always, always busy out in her yard. Planting, planting, always. And when we first moved here, she had a little chicken house back there and she had chickens. And then she found out we're in the City of Boise and you're not supposed to have chickens and she got rid of all of them. But she lived there until she was at least, I'm guessing, 93, 94. Then after that, her family had to put her in a nursing home because she was kind of losing it. The neighbor lady hadn't seen her for quite a while and she came over and asked Mother. Mother hadn't seen her for a while so they went over. I think the heat had gone off and it had ruptured some water lines in the house. The house was flooded, no heat, and she was in bed sleeping and trying to keep warm. So Mother had to call the paramedics or the fire station or whoever. I don't know that we had 911 then. Have them come and get her, take her to the hospital. And then I think Mother called the relatives and told them what happened to the house. She was the historical figure in our neighborhood for a long time. And there is another family down Fairmont and they were the

⁴ After the interview, Carol corrected this to Curtis and Cole, not Five Mile.

original owners of their house and their son still lives there. His name is Fred Jacobson. He may be able to tell you some early stories. I think he's a little younger than I am. But if you need any more resources, he may be able to...

LMK: Thank you so much for all of the information. It's great.

CN: I hope I helped.

LMK: I think so. [recorder turned off, then on]

LMK: If you'd tell me again about where Morris Hill Park is now, what it was before?

CN: Morris Hill Park that's right by the railroad tracks, was basically a farm that they ran and they grew alfalfa there for the animals at the zoo. I can just vaguely remember there was a water wheel on Latah Street and there was another one further down on Alpine Street. And I think that's the water wheel that's down in that little park in Boise City. I'm not sure what the name of the little park is but it's real small, it's just a little pocket park.

LMK: The one on 5th?

CN: Yes, it might be in there. My mother owned a seventh of that water wheel and that meant she got the water for one day a week to water our property that was on Latah Street. Anyway, they farmed that land where Morris Hill Park is today and where the synagogue is.

LMK: Was it somebody, privately owned and sold the hay to the City?

CN: I think the City owned it because at that time there was plans to expand Morris Hill Cemetery over there. Apparently they dropped those plans and that land just sat unused for years and then the synagogue moved there and then they did finally put in Morris Hill Park. Sometimes you go by that park on, like, Sunday morning and that parking lot is full to the last car, last parking space. And they park on Roosevelt and you can see in that dog park that there is just a whole pack of dogs in there, running and playing and having the best time. And I can remember, too, as a little kid, there was a husband and wife named Matlock that were the caretakers that lived in a little house over on Latah Street that took care of the whole cemetery. Plus, I'm sure, there was a crew of men who came in. But he was the caretaker and there was also a barn there on Latah Street and they had a cow. I would go over there a lot with my dad. He told my dad if he would just milk the cow, he could have the milk. So I'd go over there with my dad and watch him milk the cow. Sometimes he'd let me try but I could never get milk out of the cow. I think my hands were too little or something; I just couldn't squeeze. But we'd go over there and get milk from the cow, the raw milk. That's what I was raised on.

LMK: Thank you. [recorder turned off]

END OF INTERVIEW

Transcribed by Linda Morton-Keithley, July 29, 2013; audited by Linda Morton-Keithley, August 1, 2013; corrections entered and final copy produced by Linda Morton-Keithley, 9/11/2013.