



## Upcoming Biblio Events

30 September 2000

Closing of The Book Shop, 906 West Main Street, Boise, Idaho's first book store and the oldest continuously-operated bookstore west of the Mississippi (founded in 1869 by James A. Pinney). An 1870 photograph of the store shows its facade announcing "Books & Stationery" for sale, while its awning advertises other biblio accessories: "Guns & Ammunition." This photograph appeared on a biblio t-shirt that, in turn, adorned the title page of the ICB Newsletter (Vol. 2, No. 1, April 1995).

Book Shop owners Dan and Merritt Wilson credit chain book stores and cyberspace book sellers and book store sites with their demise.

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## Mill of Dunnydeer

by Jack Thompson

JACK THOMPSON became interested in the study of early technology as a young man, growing up in sight of a battlefield, the site of a battle between the Umatilla and Yakima Indians. Later, in graduate school at Indiana University, he studied material culture at the Folklore Institute.

He has focused on the book as a durable witness of technology and changes in technology over time. In 1976, he opened the Thompson Conservation Laboratory in Portland, Oregon, to pursue this interest.

The information he required was located in scattered sources and it took many years to put it together. There were no courses of instruction in these matters so, in 1986, he designed a seminar to teach the technology of the medieval book and selected a site owned by his friend and co-instructor, Jim Croft, in the woods near Santa, Idaho; subsequently, Thompson purchased his own property there.

Following the 1989 seminar, Thompson began designing a medieval-style papermill, utilizing a 4 ft. dia. overshot waterwheel operating a 3-hammer stamper. There was no seminar in 1990 while the mill site was being developed. At 3:00 pm, 19 July, 1991, during the first week of the seminar, that papermill went into operation.

The reason for building the mill was to help understand the relationships between fiber and the machinery which reduced fiber to pulp for papermaking during the middle ages.

Now, Thompson is designing a larger papermill to be built on his own land, west of a one-acre pond which is being deepened to provide a source of power to operate an 8 ft. dia. overshot waterwheel which will drive a 9-hammer stamper. He has also begun building a few timber frame hovels to house seminar participants.

The new papermill will be named Mill of Dunnydeer, after the farm on which his grandfather was born, west of Aberdeen, Scotland.

has become less and less. Certainly not enough to serve a papermill.

The pond is approx. 1 acre in size, and when it is full of water the depth at the deepest part is only 3 feet, or so. I hope that Al will be able to clean it out to a final depth of between 6 and 8 feet.

I have surveyed the site and determined that at a depth of 8 feet, the mill must be situated about 300 feet west of the pond, if it is to have an 8 ft. diameter overshot waterwheel.

Al worked for four hours today, stopping because it was dusk, and because the water pump on his backhoe was spitting coolant.

It was a good afternoon's work, with sod removed from about one-third of the pond. Beneath the sod is a very good layer of topsoil which will produce much good flax. I have taken three core samples in the pond and surrounding area and have determined that beneath the topsoil there are two distinct layers of clay; the first is grayish-white, and the next is reddish-orange.

With luck, the grayish-white clay will serve to manufacture stoneware, while the next layer can be used to produce bricks and earthenware.

I have asked Al to remove the different layers to separate holding areas around the pond. The sod/topsoil layer will compost. The clay layers will season through a winter or two before it is time to begin preparing them for the kiln.

8-01-99

About 11:30 am the roar of Al's backhoe drifted up the road. I wandered over to the pond to talk with him about today's effort. We selected some areas for placing today's dirt and clay, decided which bushes, small trees, and old stumps would go on a burn pile for later in the season (after the rains begin) and he began moving dirt.

I returned to the cabin and began moving odds and ends stacked against the east wall so that I could dig some holes to fill with concrete to support brackets which will support a small deck. The deck will be filled with firewood, and, in time, a chest freezer. The cabin is off the grid. There are no electric power poles here; their path ends some few hundred feet south of the cabin. Drinking water is brought in; water for washing and wetting the garden comes from barrels which collect rainwater and snow melt.

A short walk off the deck brings one to the outhouse. It is not particularly elegant (compared with the palatial outhouse Carl Furfaro has just built for the owner of the nearby cabin which he has inhabited for the past few years), but it does lay claim to having the only Japanese screen for a window. The gift of Ed Gordon, a Scottish artist who lives in Portland, Oregon, and is a good friend to Pokey Creek. It provides a soothing reading light.

I returned to the cabin, filled the five-gallon shower bag about 2/3 full of water and set it out in the sun, and continued digging holes with my 6 inch auger. By 6:00 pm I was mixing concrete in a galvanized laundry tub and dribbling shovelful into forms made from tar paper which had been made by wrapping and tying tar paper around 6 inch stove pipe.

My neighbor, Hari Heath, and his family returned from a week-long trip to a primitive skills gathering and stopped by to say hello. We went over to the pond and I explained what was in the offing.

Al returned (in his car) about 8:00 pm, to tell me that certain things had not gone according to schedule, so I paid him what was due for the work done-to-date, and a little bit ahead, and told him that I'd be back in about 3 weeks time.

8-26-99

The day dawned clear and warm; I briefly noted the fact, rolled over and went back to sleep until about 11:30, having gone to bed a bit past 3:00 am. The day remained

clear, and a few degrees warmer. There was a cup of yesterday's coffee left in the pot so I had that for breakfast and saw to getting the chainsaw ready for the day's work. A short walk through the trees behind the pond brought me to the first tree. I set the choke on the chainsaw and began pulling the starter cord. And continued pulling the starter cord. I was working up a good sweat by the time I remembered to push the 'on' switch. On the next pull, the saw choked into life, hacking out a cloud of blue smoke before settling down to saw wood.

By the time I'd finished clearing and piling the slash on a burn pile it was almost 1:30 pm and time to be going to St. Maries for some lumber to finish the back deck on the main cabin, and to stop by Phil Hurtig's for a couple of stoves I'm buying from him. An old wood cook stove, and a very small tin stove which he told me was the sort used by ice fishermen to keep their fishing huts warm.

Phil is known as the 'Rural Rembrandt' because he manufactures some of his own pigments for the very good realistic paintings he makes and sells. I met him and his wife, Lorraine, last December and now they are moving to a small town north of Seattle. I'll miss my visits with them, but I won't miss the very steep drive for the last half-mile or so to their home.

He and I loaded the stoves into his pickup and I continued on to St. Maries to purchase the lumber. All in 8 ft. lengths which just fit into my Subaru station wagon. I called Phil from the Santa post office. A few minutes later he showed up and we drove to my place and unloaded the



stoves. Then I was able to give him a short tour of my place, Chateau Sam, and the pond. He liked the pond, especially so after I pointed out the island, and told him that I plan to stock the pond with fish.

I've been reading up on the matter, and it seems that sunfish, blue gill, large mouth bass, and rainbow trout should all do well in the pond. I think I'll start with sunfish and blue gill; if they do alright I may add some trout.

Later, Jim Croft came by for a visit and we talked until 3:00 am, and examined my right elbow, which had become swollen and was leaking some yellow ichor. Bug bite of some sort, but not painful.

8-27-99

After a late breakfast, some reading, and a little clean up around the place, I drove to the hospital in St. Maries. A Dr. Stone (the man, not his wife who is also a physician at that hospital) an aide and a nurse all had a go at me. The aide cleaned up all the dried film, which Dr. Stone had earlier diagnosed as "Goo" and took my blood pressure (which was right were it was supposed to be.) When Dr. Stone took over he palpated the swollen joint (no



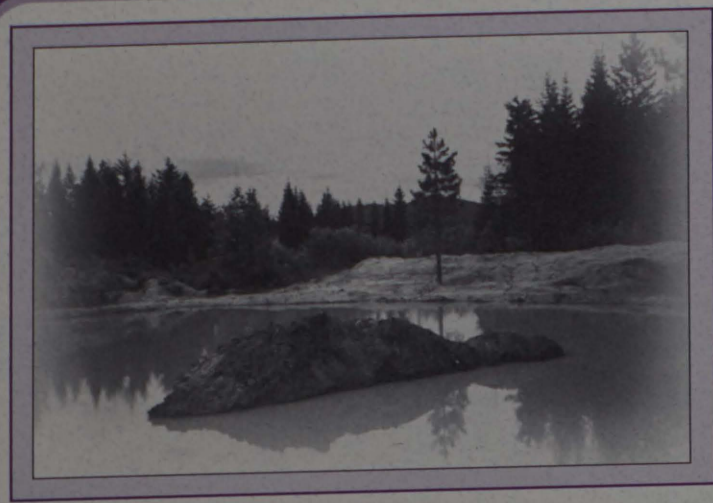
7-30-99

At approx. 4:00 pm this afternoon Al Stipes arrived at the mill pond with his Ford backhoe/front-end loader to begin cleaning out the pond.

The pond was originally dug by Chet Henning, who purchased a large tract of land here after World War II. First he logged much of the land to clear it for raising cattle. As he logged, he noted a few marshy areas and returned to dig them out to form stock watering ponds. This one occupies the highest point in the surrounding area at just over 3,000 ft. elevation. It has been many years since it served that purpose. In recent years it has served deer, birds, and other animals, including draft horses which belong to Hari Heath, a neighbor who is also a horse logger.

Over time, the pond has silted in and a good crop of marsh grass has been growing there. Hari's horses have made good use of the grass and water, but the silting in has meant that each year the amount of available water





pain, only a slight itching sensation) and decided that it was likely a spider bite, and prescribed cephalixin, "...a cephalosporin antibiotic used to treat bacterial infections," and a simple dressing with a zinc antibiotic salve.

His concern, which became my concern, was that if the infection were allowed to run its course, necrotic tissue deterioration would occur (making it easier for the spider to digest) and because it occurred over a joint, there was not as much tissue to remove if a surgical procedure should become necessary, and this could become troublesome to me over time.

I hot-footed it over to Jack's Pharmacy (no relation) and handed my prescription over to the pharmacist who promptly counted out 28, 250 mg. capsules to be taken 4 times/day, without fail, and impressed upon me the importance of taking the full course (7 days) even if the swelling went down earlier and left me feeling fine. The capsules were accompanied by a sheet listing all the possible side effects, and concluded with a request that, "If you notice other effects not listed above, contact your doctor, nurse, or pharmacist."

While I was preparing a burn pile to clear out some of the debris which accumulates around cabins in the woods, the dressing put on at the hospital began bothering me (with my arm extended the nurse wrapped many turns of gauze around my arm; when I flexed that arm the dressing tightened; it also itched a great deal as sweat was absorbed). So I cut it off and replaced it with one of the 'joint' bandages from Jack's Pharmacy and that felt better. Until the sweat made it loose. I slowed my exertions (not a difficult task up Pokey Creek; why do you think they called it by that name...).

I did think about building the front porch at Chateau Sam, but it will wait. During the afternoon I went back to the pond site, this time with an old Rollicord twin lens reflex camera to take some black & white photos. Charlie Kaiser gave me the camera a few years ago. He purchased it in Germany when he was stationed there as part of the occupation following WW II. It is an excellent camera.

Charlie died of cancer about 3 years ago and I miss him. He served his country in three wars, as an aviator, retiring during the Vietnam conflict. He was an excellent draftsman who played a minor role on Howard Hughes' Spruce Goose. He made a pen and ink drawing which I treasure from one of the photos I took of the first papermill I designed. I wish he were here to draw the new mill.

And then it was dusk, and time for a walk to the pond (site) to look at the piles of dirt and clay heaped all about, think/plan, and watch the sun set behind the trees. It was a good day.

9-15-99

My daughter, Suzanna, and I left Portland shortly after 6:00 pm and drove to The Dalles, spending the night with my mother. Suzanna will either return to Portland Thursday afternoon on the bus, or my wife, Adele, will drive to The Dalles Thursday evening/Friday morning for a short visit and then she will take Suzanna home to finish packing for her sophomore year at the University of Oregon.

9-16-99

Up by 8:00 am(!) and shared a breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, bran muffin, orange juice and coffee with Mom; woke Suzanna up to say goodbye, and was on the road shortly after 9:00 am; morning temperature on the electric sign at the bank, 68 deg. F.

The accustomed 2nd hand store in Umatilla was

empty and the building is up for sale. I stopped at an antique shop a couple of blocks further on and found a couple of small, iron pulleys, and an iron-handled hoof knife (patent date 1903). Another block down the line was a small 2nd hand shop where a new leather welding apron called out to me, so I stopped to pick it up. My old welding apron is better leather (traditional horse butt) but the belt is giving out.

Then, on to Colfax, with a gas stop in Kennewick. The 2nd hand shop in Colfax was sort of a mixed bag this time, a nice, small auger bit (old style) on the \$2, 3-for-\$5 table, so I rounded things off with a squeegee and an aluminum turnbuckle. In the kitchen wares section there was an interesting tool for removing tight lids from jam jars 'n such. My hands aren't any younger than the rest of me and I've begun noticing that some lids are on tighter than others. While the bill was being tallied up I noticed a copy of Harry Truman's memoirs (Ex-Lib.; Library #3 Fort Knox, KY, Copy No. 7) for \$1.50. I've always liked Mr. Truman, and when I noticed that the Preface carried the date of my 12th birthday that settled the issue. Afternoon temperature at the bank in Colfax: 86 deg.F.

After stopping off to see how the new owner has gussied up Mickey May's tavern in Harvard, ID, I continued on, arriving at the cabin just past 4:00 pm. A short stroll to the pond-site revealed that Al has been moving dirt around, but has not gained any depth.

While the coffee water was heating up, I unloaded the car, sorting things out between the cabin and Chateau Sam. By 6:00 pm these notes had been written and it was time for coffee, with Irish Cream in, and a quiet appreciation of sunset.

3-24-00

A pot of good, strong coffee was sitting on the stove when I got up and went to the Shack; Norm and Gary had already had breakfast; as I was drinking my first cuppa Norm set the frying pan on the stove and tossed in the ham, onions, cheese, and eggs and told me to scramble them to suit my taste, explaining that he was not yet able to make them as fluffy as he and Gary might have preferred. He was surprised and pleased to learn that fluffy scrambled eggs can be made at 3000 ft.

There was no particular task awaiting our attention, so Norm & Gary set out to a site west of the pond (near where I will build the collection of hovels) to test fire a couple of Norm's 22 cal. pistols. After taking care of a couple of clean-up chores around the cabins, I wandered over to join them. After awhile, Gary returned to the Shack while Norm & I continued loading and emptying clips of ammo. Then I took Norm for a walk to the western edge of the property to show him the sw corner marker to help orient himself.

Jim had offered his shower, so after we returned to the Shack, Norm packed up some clean clothes and a towel and walked over to Jim's. Gary and I walked over to Hari's so I could help him clear up some of his Macintosh computer problems. The problems seemed to relate to normal maintenance which he did not know should be done periodically. Like zapping his PRAM, and rebuilding the desktop file.

I returned to the Shack to begin preparations to drive to St. Maries to run some errands, including a stop at 10th St. Hardware to see if they had 4 sticks of tongue & groove. Hari wanted a ride into town to run a couple of errands of his own. The County Courthouse, to file some papers with a judge for a lawsuit he is bringing against the County Prosecutor (this is a Grand Jury proceeding) and a stop by NAPA to pick up a part for his van.

Tenth St. did not have the boards I needed; altogether, we made 4 stops and the last one, at the grocery store, is the only one which was successful. Speaking for Gary & myself. All of Hari's errands were, more-or-less successful. The main judge he wanted to see was on vacation in Florida, but another judge was present and the paper trail continued.

After we returned to the Shack, I made a sounding gauge and went out to measure the depth at various points around the pond. Lowest level: approx. 2 ft; deepest level, approx. 7 ft. not counting the area on the east side of the island, which I had measured last October, before the water came up, and it is 8 ft. 3 ins. deep.

Gary & I lit the outdoor campfire and began cleaning up the yard. It was dusk when Norm appeared, freshly showered.

3-25-00

Awoke after only 5 hrs. sleep, tossed another log on the fire, had a glass of water, and went back to sleep for another couple of hours. When I went to the Shack, abit more than a cup of coffee remained in the pot between Gary and Norm who were reading the newspaper Gary bought yesterday. After a few grunts of salutation I took my cup and wandered around the yard and out toward the pond. I was planning the project for the day; to determine where the water pipe from the pond will exit the dirt and go on trestles to the water wheel.

After setting up the tripod and carpenter's level, I decided on a simpler method. A stick at the wheel site, a cord, a simple bubble level which hooks on the

cord, and another stick to hold at the other end. The top of the wheel will be 8 ft. off the ground, so I made a mark at 10 ft for the wheel side, and a mark at 2 ft. on the other stick, so that we could read the level without having to lay in a snow bank. The results were not what I expected; it will be necessary to re-shoot the line after all the snow is gone.

We returned to the Shack and continued feeding scrap wood from around the place into the campfire and decided to go down to Jim & Melody's place after lunch to help them erect the primary support poles for their new sauna. Yesterday, Norm helped drill holes for the trunnels (tree nails) and today, we would help bang the pieces together.

After we had transported the poles and tools to the work site and had begun putting the bits together, Melody brought a pot of coffee, milk, sugar, and some mugs. She mentioned that they would bring hot rocks into the sauna, but not heat rocks inside the sauna. During one of the lulls, Melody talked about putting a small stove in the sauna, to take off the chill and I remembered that I had just the thing in the Shack. A small, sheet iron stove used to warm ice fishing shacks. During another lull, I brought it down, set it on a stump, and started a fire using tamarack chips from the holes Jim and Norm were boring in the sauna logs. Melody approved.

Gary asked whether or not Jim planned to place a coin under the 'main mast' when we set it in place. Neither Jim, Norm, nor Melody were familiar with this nautical tradition. I checked my pockets and discovered a year 2000, Denver mint penny, and we placed that coin under the spiral-carved post.

We finished erecting the framework at 5:00 pm, just in time to knock off work. Gary and I returned to the fire pit outside the Shack and Norm followed shortly thereafter. Hari stopped by for a short chat and we learned that he had successfully rebuilt his Macintosh desktop. In approx. 2 hrs. I attributed the long time to Microsoft software.

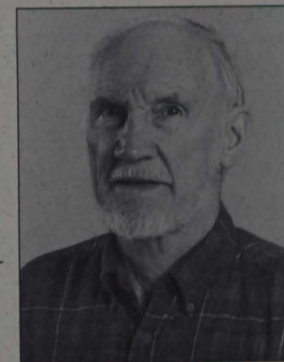
Shortly after we wandered back into the Shack, Jim came by to invite us to the Santa Resort to play ping pong. Gary joined him. Norm stayed in the Shack while I went to Chateau Sam to write some notes in the log.

Dinner was a casual affair; just slices of cold ham, hot small red potatoes and sliced string beans, with some cheese, beer and Russian vodka. Jim & Gary returned in time to join Norm and me; we ate and talked into the night.

- to be continued next newsletter

## NEW SCHOLARSHIP AWARDED TO BOISE STATE STUDENT

Jann G. Marson, Jr., a sophomore at Boise State University, was recently selected as the first recipient of the Burmaster Book Arts Scholarship. The scholarship was created in memory of Orvis Burmaster, a longtime English professor at Boise State who died last spring and left a portion of his estate to the university.



An interdisciplinary studies major, Marson is an intern at the Idaho Center for the Book at Boise State and serves as editor of its newsletter. He is the recipient of two grants from the Idaho Commission on the Arts to study bookbinding and hopes to someday establish his own printing and publishing firm.

Burmaster began his career at Boise State in 1968 in the English department, where he specialized in Western American literature. An expert on the Nez Perce Indian War, he taught a class examining the literature of the war, including both Native American and White accounts of battles. In addition, he took students to battle sites in Idaho and Montana, retracing Chief Joseph's campaign.

The English professor was also one of the co-founders and editors of Ahsahta Press, the prize-winning series of books of modern and contemporary poetry of the West published at Boise State. Burmaster retired in 1993 and then devoted his time and labor to Habitat for Humanity.

"He was an inveterate reader and book lover," said Tom Trusky, a Boise State English professor who co-founded Ahsahta Press with Burmaster. According to Trusky, Burmaster designated that a portion of his estate be used to foster book arts and support the Idaho Center for the Book. In collaboration with Burmaster's estate executor, Boise State English professor Glenn Selander, the scholarship for an outstanding student interested in book arts was established.

Marson said he first became interested in book arts a few years ago after designing a cover for the band he played in. Shortly thereafter, Marson began to work in a

Boise print shop where he studied hand bookbinding.

His fascination grew from there. "I enjoy the creative aspect of bookbinding, but the historical aspect really interests me," said Marson.



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