



The Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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Vacations, road trips or whatever you want to call them have become synonymous with summertime. Ever since I was very small, summer involved a two week trip to Grandma's house during "Coal Miners' Vacation" when the coal mines of Carbon County shut down for a two week break. Since Grandma (Mom's mom) moved a few times in my growing up years, I saw lots of the West with trips to places like Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Washington State by whatever new route my parents could map out, just to change the scenery.

This past week my husband and I joined our daughter and three grandchildren for a road trip to parts of Idaho I had not previously visited – places like Challis, Stanley, Lowman, Redfish Lake and Twin Falls. I will readily admit Stanley was my favorite with the jagged Sawtooth Mountains as its backdrop.

On one of our excursions, we visited Custer City, an old gold mining town nestled in a pine covered canyon. Well preserved by the forest service, this little spot is a great stop for families. It was here that I was able to add to my "headstone picture collection" with these three headstones tucked up against the hillside.

"Snowslides were common in the narrow canyon but none so tragic as the night of February 2, 1890. The whistle on the Custer Mill shrieked the alarm, alerting the townspeople of the treacherous slid. One slide crashed down Bald Mountain, flooded the Nels Johnson home with snow, plucked it from its foundation, spun it around and sent it sailing across the Yankee Fork River.

Townspeople frantically searched for its occupants, Nels and Mary Johnson and their three young daughters. The parents were quickly found but Olga (age 10), Annie (age 6), and Josephine (age 4) were killed. Other snow slides prevented the girls from being buried in the Bonanza Cemetery, so they were laid to rest where their home had once stood." This information was taken from the historical marker there.

We always joke as we travel that we will never meet anyone we know so far from home. We were wrong again. We had just moved into our accommodations at Redfish Lake when I heard a voice make the comment that we would be good neighbors because we were also from Fillmore. Getting out of his daughter Evelyn's car was Phil Robison. It really is a small world.

After several naps, the Face of Fillmore will be back to normal in two weeks.

