



David Lavern Bischoff

May 7, 1917 - August 1, 2010

David Lavern Bischoff, a resident of Clark County for more than sixty years, died peacefully on August first at the age of ninety-three. He was well known among the farming community as both an expert on modern farming and a farmer himself. Active in the Mormon community all his life, he inspired others with his warmth, intelligence, strength, and generosity. He was born in Bearlake County, Idaho, one of fourteen siblings. His parents were Minnie Lashbrook and David L. Bischoff, descendants of early settlers in Geneva, Idaho, a farm town in the Thomas Fork Valley along the Oregon Trail. Dave's early life was shaped by Mormon pioneer culture and the rigors of ranching and sheep herding in the Rocky Mountains. He worked to put himself through school starting at the age of twelve and graduated from Utah State Agricultural College with a degree in entomology. At the beginning of World War II he worked in Washington DC for the Carnegie Institute working on calculations and magnetic mapping of Icelandic Harbors to aid in mine detection. In Washington he met Miss Eudora Lee West, a young woman from Memphis, Tennessee then working in the War Department in the Air Corps section. They married in 1941. The couple traveled across the country during the war as Dave established Victory Gardens for the US Dept. of Agriculture. They lived in Moscow, Idaho, then Opportunity and Fife, Washington before settling in the Vancouver area. There Dave began a long career working to educate farmers as a representative of the Washington Cannery Co-Op. He was active in many agricultural organizations throughout the state and was

instrumental in bringing in new methods of farming and improved varieties of crops to the county. At the same time, he and Eudora were developing a farm out of twenty acres of forested land in Hazel Dell. They built a house with their own hands from the ground up and lived there for fifty years. Dave's main crops were Bartlett pears and raspberries, in the early years predominantly strawberries and various grains for malt. Dave retired from Washington Canners to become a full-time farmer in 1972. The Bischoff Farm was well known for its delicious strawberries, raspberries, beans, pears, and peaches. Dave farmed until the age of seventy-nine. In his later years he resided at home on a remnant of the former land that he had pioneered. Dave held many offices in the Mormon Church where he found a supportive and sustaining community during Eudora's long final illness and in subsequent years. He will be greatly missed by his many friends as well as his son David Jr.; his daughter, Diana; grandchildren, Adam and Andrew Herring; and three great-grandchildren.

EULOGY by Dianna Lee This being human is a guest house. Every morning, a new arrival. A joy, a depression, a meanness, some monetary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor. Welcome and attend then all: Even if they are a crowd of sorrows, Who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture, still treat each guest honorably. He may be clearing you out for some new delight. -Rumi I came upon this poem a few months ago, and now it opens my father's life to me. David had a long life. There were many joys, depressions, meanness's, moments of awareness. He expressed his joy through a love of dancing, walking, and movement. He had a wonderful sense of humor, which he shared with my mother. Laughter was frequent in our home together with sadness. I shall miss most of all, that lightness of humor, that awareness of the humor and richness of life he had in such plenty. But these are some of the "Crowd of sorrows" my father experienced: He was born one of many, into a harsh and pitiless environment and had to grow up during the great depression. Dad, was severely burned as a child, and barley survived. He suffered the tragic deaths as in young adulthood, of four beloved siblings: Georgie, Clyde, Archie, and MaryJean. At the age of thirty-three, he

and his young family were almost killed on the way from the grocery store, when their car, was hit by a drunk driver. David had to overcome major injuries that troubled him, through out his life. Subsequently to the accident, his children both suffered life-threatening illnesses. At the age of sixty-eight, he suffered and barely survived a devastating heart attack. In his maturity, he lost an occupation and way of life he loved through the rapid change of the world around him. He saw the beautiful countryside disappear. He suffered through the long illness and death of his beloved wife, Eudora, due to Alzheimer's disease. My father experienced this "crowd of sorrows" deeply and completely. Each one did, indeed "violently sweep his house empty of its furniture". With amazing resilience, he survived without any bitterness toward Life or God. Dad strived to live and only died when his body, was completely, worn out, far longer than his doctors expected of a man with a damaged heart. Here are some of his delights: He delighted in the awesome beauty of the Rocky Mountains where he was born-- in spending summers in the high alpine meadows running the sheep camp, cookhouse, and caring for the horses. In making pancakes (he called them "saddle blankets") and sourdough bread over an open fire. He delighted in going to college, where he was inspired by beloved professors to see the beauty and structure of the natural world as expressed in plants and insects. He delighted in going to Washington D.C., when it was filled with bright, young people from all over the country, gathered to help the war efforts. He delighted in meeting and falling in love with my mother Eudora. They huddled together, bundled up in every piece if clothing they owned, standing in the bitter cold on Potomac Avenue, and saw Roosevelt's car pass on the way to his third inauguration. He delighted in the births and accomplishments of his children, grandchildren and great grand children. He delighted in Eudora's devotion. Even though she was a city girl, for him, she learned how to be a pioneer and a farmer's wife, true helpmate. He delighted in driving around the Country, he loved the countryside, and meeting with farmers, and colleagues, in the

horticultural/scientific world as they shared exciting new knowledge. "The Bischoff Farm," David and Eudora created, was both productive and beautiful, a "pretty place." During the last years of his life, he delighted in feeling financially secure for the first time in his life. In having time to be with friends, in being able to participate fully, in the life of the Mormon community, whose tradition and values he understood and found deeply meaningful. He delighted in: Roscoe, his little dog; in making his RV perfect, but never having to take long trips in it; In mowing his lawn; and in his neighbors, Ed, Ben, and in Jeannette, his housekeeper, who helped him to live as he wished to the end of his life. These are only some of his delights. In going through his things, I realized how much he endeavored to do as the poet advised; to "treat each guest honorably." There were albums, recording so many lost times and people, genealogies', "the tractor clock," my old Violin case... A file marked "Accident" wish was empty, as if he had let go of all his anger and grief... but kept the file as a memory. I thank you for being here. I thank, especially, my brother, David Jr. Even though they were very different, they had a deep and abiding concern for each other-- David Sr. always made sure David Jr. "had gas money" David Jr. was there for all the crises of my mother's illness and was there up to the last moments of my father's life. In closing, I would like to share a story about Dad. In the early fifties, after the car accident, Dad decided he would leave farming and Clark County forever and take a job with Stauffer Chemical in Boise. There was a big office "going away party" at the Washington Casnner's Co-op, during in which Dad, was presented with, the "state of the art" Samsonite suitcase. I will never forget standing with mom, and Davey at the door, waving good-bye as Dad got into the yellow taxi, carrying his new suitcase. He was going to Boise to find us a home and start his new job. Imagine my surprise when, an hour later, I saw the taxi coming back down the driveway with Dad in it! He had tried to get on the plane, but his legs just would not move. He could not leave his life here in Clark County. Dad resumed his old job and paid his fellow workers for the suitcase. He never used that suitcase again and it stood in a closet until he gave it to me.

Dad, was deeply attached to this place, and its people. Even after his property became an urban neighborhood, he liked living on a little piece of it. Walking his "kingdom" every day; even though there were no more "crops," and instead, new houses and new families. It was everything he desired to die here, at a great age, and be laid to rest next to my mother in a beautiful gravesite, together in death as they were in life.

Tribute Wall



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