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# Those Famous Idaho Potatoes

by James Valvis

Imagine the luck. We're driving in Idaho for the first time when, all of a sudden, a truck filled with potatoes drives by. I mean, really. I'm with my new bride on vacation, and the only thing I know about the state is they grow potatoes. Now, here's this truck filled to the top and overflowing with a mountain of spuds. It's almost never like this. When I arrived in Washington, I didn't see an apple orchard until I lived in the state almost a year. I lived in the Sunshine State, where it rains practically every day. In New Jersey, all Italians don't really belong to the mob. Few in the military were like the soldiers you see on television or in the movies. One of the best people I know is a politician. One of the worst talks of nothing but love. "Potatoes!" I yell at my wife. "Oh, wow!" And she rolls her eyes, shaking her head. After all, we're in Idaho. What did I expect?