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August 2005
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AUGUST 2005 VOL. 4, NO. 11

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Jeanne Givens: Here and Now 14

She's the granddaughter of the last chief of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe, was the first American Indian woman elected to the Idaho Legislature, and ran for Congress. Now, Jeanne Givens is an elementary teacher at the Coeur d'Alene Tribal School, entertains public speaking engagements in the adult world, and remains a prominent member of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe. In this update story, Givens reflects and looks forward.

By Carol Price Spurling

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The Valley County seat, Cascade survived the Boise Cascade lumber mill closure of 2001, and now deals with the growing pains spurred by the opening of the new Tamarack year-round mega-resort at Lake Cascade. Cascade's fiery re-birth is in the character of a town born eighty-seven years ago when mountainside blasting for a new railroad tunnel brought it into existence.

By Lois Fry

The Road to 'Discovery' 50

Former McCall schoolteacher Barbara Morgan, who became NASA's teacher-in-space twenty years ago, is now considered both an educator and an astronaut. If another segment of the Space Shuttle Discovery series proceeds as planned in 2006, Morgan expects to be aboard. Here, Morgan and her husband, writer Clay Morgan, talk about the planned space mission, training in Houston, and Idaho memories.

By Jill Michaels

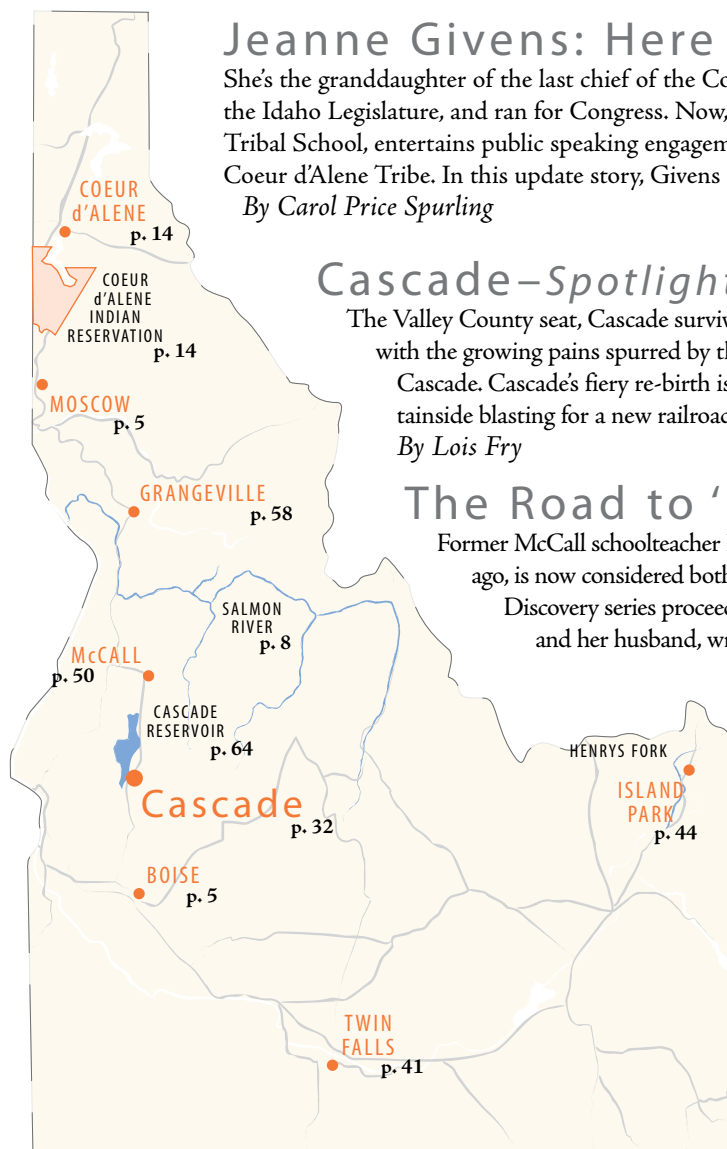
In the magazine business, we're always looking for smooth transitions.

In that vein, the staff here at IDAHO magazine hopes the ongoing segue to its new office at 1412 West Idaho Street (Suite 240) in Boise proves to be a smooth shifting of the gears for everyone involved. Feel free to visit us at our new second-floor digs.

The move officially occurred July 1, but some work remains during the next few months.

If you have suggestions that would help to facilitate the ongoing transition, please let us know. We want to stay in touch despite some temporary technical difficulties.

And thanks for your patience.



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Pictured: This prize-winning bullfighting photo was taken at the "Bulls Only Tour" event at Challis in July 2001. The airborne bullfighter is Kevin Donahue.

Photograph title: "Whoa There!"

Photographer: Meg Donahue, adult division winner of the 2004 IDAHO magazine Photo Contest.

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Making Music, Making a Living

A former Moscow resident, acoustic rocker Doug Cameron likes his job

By Ryan Peck



Many musicians dream of being rock stars, often a fantasy that includes playing in front of thousands of fans at sold-out stadiums. A select few, however, have a stronger desire to simply make a consistent living playing music. Doug Cameron is one of the latter. "I have a lot of friends that go to work for eight hours a day not doing things they care about too much. I figure if I can work eight hours a day doing music, whether it be producing, writing, or gigging, that's pretty good work," Cameron said with a smile.

Born in 1974 at Denver, Colorado, Cameron moved to the northern Idaho town of Moscow at age nine. At twelve, Doug started to play guitar. It wasn't, however, the first instrument Cameron played. "When I was a kid I had one of those microphones that you tune in through the radio ... it was pretty cool. I'd turn my parents' stereo way up and think I was Neil Diamond or something," Cameron said with a laugh.

Doug joined his first band, The Bedheads, right after high school in 1993. The Bedheads released an album and toured the Northwest. Cameron calls his tenure with The Bedheads "a great learning experience." In 1996 one of the mainstay pubs in Moscow, The Capricorn, needed a new house band. Cameron

Doug Cameron, foreground, and drummer Jacob Florence playing a recent acoustic rock gig in downtown Boise.

music makers

was up for the challenge. He left The Bedheads and formed a new band, dubbed Stranger Neighbor, with drummer Casey Miller, trumpet player John Fricke, and bassist Ryan Gibler. "It was great," recalls Cameron, now a Boise resident. "I was able to write a bunch of songs and try them out on a live audience every weekend." They were also making some money, most of which they stowed away in a "band fund." Two years later, Stranger Neighbor had enough material (and money) to record its first album called *Memories of This*. With the new CD, Stranger Neighbor had gained the confidence to begin touring. The members used their remaining savings to buy a van and a trailer and hit the road.

Things started going really well.

In 1998 the band relocated to Denver due to its central U.S. touring location. A few months later, the band released a live CD. They gained a distribution deal and started doing bigger gigs. Bands such as The Samples, and Big Head Todd and the Monsters, that had previously been only idols, became friends and peers, frequently sharing shows with Stranger Neighbor. At the end of 1999, Stranger Neighbor took a few weeks off the road to record their second full-length album, *In this World*.

Then things began to unravel.

Casey Miller left the band to be with his wife and pursue a more rooted career path in Seattle. Ultimately, Miller proved to be irreplaceable. "We kept going for a bit," recalls Cameron, "but we kept cycling through drummers. It got really tiring." Eventually Cameron streamlined the band to duo status with his band-mate and best friend John Fricke. The two



PHOTO BY JILL GERMAN

lived on the road for most of 2001. They gave up mortgage payments for a van and a slew of odd hotel rooms. They played everywhere from high school music classes in the San Juan Islands to small dive bars in the middle of nowhere.

In 2002 Doug and John recorded the acoustic album *Everything That Matters*. The album represented a new direction for Cameron. Rather than using a big (and expensive) studio to make the recording, the album was recorded entirely at Doug's parents' house in Alpine, Wyoming using a small digital 8-track recorder. "Technology had made it easier for me to record my songs with studio quality sound. It enabled me to

Dave Manion, the bass guitar player for acoustic rocker Doug Cameron's band.

make an album when I otherwise couldn't have afforded (the studio time) to do it." Down the road, Cameron would find other do-it-yourself avenues to keep his costs low and his profits high. A song off *Everything That Matters*, titled "Once Was" was entered in the Boss BR8 songwriting contest. (The Boss BR8 was the unit that Cameron had used to record *Everything That Matters*.) Cameron and Fricke won the national grand prize, garnering Cameron \$5000 worth of musical gear. It was a shot in the

arm for Cameron. Doug and John hit the road and toured all over the West. During their perpetual tour, Cameron formed a new band. A few months later, however, the drummer left (sound familiar?). It left Cameron scratching his head. "I went on hiatus," says Cameron. "I was tired of always being on the road." After a short stint in Arizona, Cameron moved to Seattle to work at a music store.

In the meantime, Cameron didn't quit writing songs.

In Seattle, Cameron reunited with former Stranger Neighbor drummer Miller, by then a producer and recording engineer at a Seattle studio, and constant musical companion Fricke. Cameron had a new sheaf of songs to offer, and with the help of Miller and Fricke in 2004, he recorded *Consequence of My Choices* his first solo album. Cameron's solo debut album showed an artist who had matured both in the subject matter he dealt

with and his songwriting abilities. "I have a big fear of getting in a songwriting rut where I'll write the same things over and over," Cameron said. *Consequence of My Choices*, however, showed little redundancy or retreading; it was a great album, only made fresher by Miller's tightly packed production.

With his new CD in tote, Cameron moved back to Idaho, this time to Boise. "I am not a big city guy ... growing up

in Moscow I got spoiled with the small town feel," Cameron said. "I like Boise. I am close to family and friends, and Boise still has that small town feel. I can walk into a coffee shop and randomly run into a friend. It's great." Cameron started playing some local gigs, did a couple short tours, and started selling a bunch of his new CDs.

Doug eventually joined forces with skilled drummer Jacob Florence, acoustic guitarist Chris Riches, and bassist Dave Manion. Cameron and crew now play gigs as The Doug Cameron Band. They are keeping things a bit more sensible this time around. Rather than using a national distribution company, Cameron now sells his albums online, using the online service CD Baby as his distributor (he has sold CDs in Germany and Serbia). Cameron has incorporated the do-it-yourself approach into nearly everything he does.

He enlists friends to help with his records, he books his own gigs, and he even does his own promotional work. According to Cameron, the playing field has shifted dramatically (largely due to technology and the Internet), enabling small-

scale musicians to be quite successful.

Whereas it used to be that musicians had to fork out tons of money to record albums, pay lots of money to make a run of thousands of CDs, and then show

mass success to get a distributor to sell their music, musicians can now record their own albums and distribute them on their own. It works for Cameron, who says he is as monetarily successful as he would be on a large label.

A few months ago, Cameron reunited with Miller and Fricke again to record a five-song outing of new material called *Crossed the Colorado Line*. As a bonus, Cameron includes the making of a DVD with his new CD. The DVD, made by Cameron and Miller's younger brother Jimmy, shows a highly motivated songwriter making an album using today's technology.

Cameron plans on recording a full-length CD with his new, and what he deems a highly talented band, this summer. "These guys (Florence, Riches and Manion) are great. We are really getting really comfortable with each other. We're gonna be around for a while," says Cameron.

And what about Idaho?

"I love Idaho ... I plan on staying here," says Cameron. "There's a bunch of great Idaho musicians. I really look up to Bill Coffey ... Dan Bukvich at U of I [University of Idaho], he is awesome."

Cameron continues, "There are so many great places in Idaho. Even the drive just north of here where you hit Donnelly and McCall ... you can just keep going. You gotta love those small towns ..."

Ryan Peck lives in Boise. His "music makers" column, about Idahoans in the music industry, appears monthly in IDAHO magazine.

Cameron has incorporated the do-it-yourself approach into nearly everything he does ... the playing field has shifted dramatically (largely due to technology and the Internet), enabling small-scale musicians to be quite successful.

The Question: To Hunt or Fish?

Fall camping trips in Idaho

By Bob Humphrey

For me, and a group of friends, the arrival of mid-August means the time is rapidly approaching to start planning our annual trip to Idaho's backcountry.

Five of us comprise the core group, which, depending on the year, could swell to as many as eight or nine. The other four, in addition to myself, are brothers Jerry and Tim Callen and Charlie Howell of Jerome, and Jerry Grant of Eden. I work for the Idaho Transportation Department, the Callen brothers and Jerry Grant are farmers, and Charlie is a self-employed electrician.

Traditionally, our trip takes place during the first two weeks of November. In addition to being after the autumn's busy farming activities, this late date affords us a tremendous opportunity for a unique wilderness experience. Until the fall of 2000, when the Clear Creek wildfire destroyed

The author after reeling in a male steelhead trout on an autumn camping trip on the Salmon River, next to the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness.



PHOTO COURTESY OF BOB HUMPHREY

planning for autumn

most of our hunting area, we could hunt elk or fish for steelhead trout on the same trip. The elk hunt was always a controlled "draw" hunt, but because of the time of year and the fact that most of the area requires horses for hunting transportation, we had little trouble being drawn for the permits each year.

Planning for our trip is half the fun. Generally, we sit down over lunch at a local eatery and decide on our trip menu, the number of days we will each be there, and consider the possibility of having unexpected guests. While all of us can cook and readily share that job, some of us have specialties. So, our menu for the time we are in camp is not your traditional selection of goulash or SpaghettiO's™. We prepare things like prime rib, steaks, crab legs, pork loins, or even lobster tail . . . in a pinch! Desserts consist of apple, berry, or peach cobblers. Breakfast might be biscuits and gravy, bacon/eggs/hash brown potatoes, or a big batch of beer pancakes and maple syrup. Needless to say, the success of our trip is often measured in pounds gained instead of game brought home.

We have a kitchen and dining tent to rival most restaurants. The kitchen area contains two double-burner propane stoves and two portable barbecues set up on stands. We also have a single burner for the coffee pot, which is started every morning by the first person to hit the ground. The kitchen is completely covered by a canvas fly and has three double mantle gas lanterns to light the way after dark. Attached to the kitchen fly is the dining tent. The setup also includes a twelve-by-fourteen-foot wall tent, complete with picnic table, benches, chairs, and propane lantern and heater that keeps it toasty on the coldest of nights and early mornings.

Once the menu has been determined, we submit our meat order to a local business that cuts, vacuum wraps, freezes, and packs it in our 155-quart cooler along with twenty pounds of butter, and ten pounds each of bacon, and ground and link sausage. This will stay frozen for up to ten days or so without any ice. In addition, each of



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Tim Callen in the fall of 2003 holds a steelhead trout from the Salmon River. On the left is Callen's brother, Jerry Callen.

us brings five-dozen eggs, pre-packaged biscuits and hash brown potatoes, juice, bottled water, soft drinks, and any other "special" items we might individually deem necessary. The majority of the cooking is done in cast iron Dutch ovens with the exception of the barbecuing of steaks and pork loins.

As the time to leave for camp approaches, we make sure the propane tanks are full, rifles are sighted in, vehicles are in good condition, horses are shod and legged up, hay and grain are secured, and a myriad of other tasks are completed. Usually we try to caravan the three hundred miles to camp, locat-

ed on the Salmon River immediately adjacent to the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness. It's nearly a full day's trip. The trailhead where we set up camp has corrals for the horses, fire pits for campfires, and pit toilets serviced regularly by U.S. Forest Service personnel. The first day in camp is spent erecting the kitchen and dining area, cutting firewood for at least a week's stay, and canvassing the hillsides for any sign of game. It is not unusual to see elk, deer, and mountain sheep all at the same time. Recently we have seen wolves, which were re-introduced to the area back in the mid-1990s. A trip to the local hot springs is in order to determine whether it can be used. A good soak in the hot water is a great reward after a long, hard day in the saddle. A visit to the nearest lodge on the river to

consult with the owner about fishing conditions is also a must.

While it has been fun up to now, the real "experience" of the trip actually begins the morning of the second day. It is at breakfast that we always ask, "Are we going to fish or hunt today?" We never leave camp for either before 10 a.m., and joke about more elk having been shot at the crack of noon than any other time of day. Once that decision has been made, it is time to decide what we will have for dinner that night and get it out of the cooler to thaw while we are away.

If it is a day to fish, we tend to the horses and make sure camp is picked up before we leave for the river. While most of our fishing is done from the bank using a drift rig, we do try to book a one-day jet boat trip on the Salmon River sometime during the stay. The steelhead trout we fish for in November started their journey from the ocean in the summer. They are anadromous fish and their trip takes them up the Columbia and Snake rivers before entering the Salmon River. For the most part these fish range from twenty-four to thirty-two inches in length and weigh from four to ten pounds. Once in a while, we catch a "hog" that will measure thirty-four to thirty-six inches and weigh more than ten pounds.

The fishing gear consists of a steelhead casting rod, usually eight feet in length, and rated for an eight-to-twelve pound line.

Our reels are well-built level winds loaded with two hundred yards of ten-pound line. There are many good lines available but they need to be very abrasion resistant as we are fishing over and around large rocks on a regular basis. Most of us use pencil lead, a three-foot leader tipped with a corky, and a wet fly of some kind. Green butted skunks, wooly buggers and zonkers are all good patterns for our kind of fishing. Black is always a good color, and is usually accompanied with some white and crystal hair.

Patience is the name of the game when fishing for steelies. A catch rate of twenty hours per fish landed is excellent. Usually the rate is closer to forty hours per fish. Old timers say, "If you can't feel the pencil lead bounce along the bottom of the river, you're not deep enough." Our success rate varies, of course. One year we caught and released over seventy fish in seven days! The very next year we were lucky to land seven fish in as many days. The bottom line, however, is not measured by the number of fish that are caught: it is the realization that you are standing on the bank of the "River of No Return" with your good friends, having the time of your life. There is no telephone, no television, no cell phone reception, no electricity, and no noise . . . unless you make it. Who could ask for more?

The jet boat trip down the

river offers even more realization as to just how small a part of this planet we really are. Once the boat leaves the launch ramp at Corn Creek, the end of the road, and roars around the first bend in the river, you have reached a place that few have ever seen or traversed. There is a pack trail of approximately fourteen miles along the north bank. Our boat trip takes us to Disappointment Creek for lunch before we return to Corn Creek at dark. We fish along the way, as the outfitter shuttles us to and from different spots along the bank.

Most of our fishing days end with us returning to camp after dark. Often we will keep one of the smaller fish to barbecue prior to dinner. Steelie hors d'oeuvres are the best! Sealed in foil and flavored with bacon, butter, and Cajun seasoning, it is to die for!

If our morning discussion ends with a decision to hunt, a plan of attack is drawn up. We usually will split up to cover more area. We try, however, to keep in contact with walkie-talkies. It is important in case someone has trouble or is injured.

In addition to the rifles in

scabbards each of us carries our own gear in saddlebags. I always carry extra ammunition, butane lighter, waterproof fire starter, toilet paper, meat saw and extra knife, bright colored flagging, snacks for the day, a first aid kit (human and equine), some baling twine, a flashlight, and a waterproof slicker. While the body heat from the horse can keep you warm, we always dress warmly, wearing down or fleece vests, gloves, long johns, hats and insulated boots. November in the Frank Church can bring any kind of weather at any time. It can be bright sunshine one moment, turn to rain in the next, and then snow in a heartbeat. Also, it is not uncommon for some of us to ride back to camp by

the light of the moon, particularly if we have harvested an elk late in the day.

The horses are anxious and energized as we cross the creek near camp and

officially enter the wilderness area. We will see no motorized vehicles the rest of the day. A mile or so up the trail the horses have calmed and warmed up and enjoy the country as much as we do. We never know when animals might appear so we

The bottom line, however, is not measured by the number of fish that are caught: it is the realization that you are standing on the bank of the "River of No Return" with your good friends, having the time of your life.

planning for autumn

constantly watch for fresh tracks or animals on the hillsides. From the experience of years of hunting the same area, we know every nook and cranny. We expect to see the resident herd of mountain sheep each day and are rarely disappointed.

There are certain places where we dismount, tie the horses and sit with the binoculars, just waiting and watching.

Elk move through the area to feed and water continually. We may decide to cover a lot of ground (twenty miles) during the day or we may find a good vantage point and only travel five miles round trip. Weather and animal activity dictate our effort.

Looking back, the best season we have ever had was quite remarkable. During the course of the week, we had twelve people in camp at different times. That week we harvested ten elk! The weather,

**We talk about
“the trip” all year
long, the five of us.
No sooner are we
home than we are
thinking of how to
make next year even
more memorable.**

while clear, turned cold with mornings hovering around ten degrees. Five of the elk were taken within binocular view of camp. Other years we may only get two or three animals, but again the success of the

trip is not measured by the number of elk we have hanging in camp. It is waking up in the morning in the wall tent with the fire out. Crawling out of your sleeping bag to get the fire started in the wood stove.

Starting the coffee pot and crawling back in bed until the fire crackles and you can't see your breath in the tent. It is dressing and walking outside to see the sun come up over the mountains and shine on the hillside

across the creek to the west. It is listening to nothing but the horses nickering for breakfast and the creek gurgling on its way to the river. It's the smell of bacon and pancakes on the griddle. It's life . . . the way it should always be.

We talk about “the trip” all year long, the five of us. No sooner are we home than we are thinking of how to make next year even more memorable. With the exception of Charlie, we have all been able to have our fathers accompany us on at least one trip. My dad was 82 years old the year he accepted my invitation and he has not forgotten the experience. We are truly blessed to live where we do and to have the ability to make this trip each year.

By the way . . . are we going to fish or hunt?

Bob Humphrey lives in Jerome.

*Relaxing after
breakfast, on a Salmon
River trip in 2003.*



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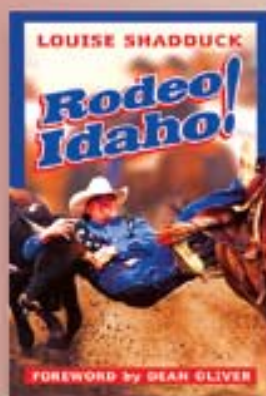
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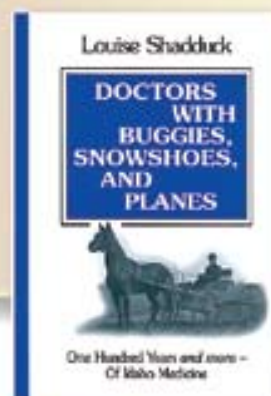


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Jeanne Givens



One day a lot of little birds come to Coyote for help. They're all beat up; their feathers are broken.

"Please help us, Coyote,"

the little birds say. "There is a big rock rolling around, ruining everything!" Coyote thinks to himself, "Aha! I think I'll play a trick on this rock." He begins to taunt and tease the rock, tricking the rock into rolling and rolling, back and forth, back and forth. Coyote goes on taunting and teasing, the rock goes on rolling and rolling. It rolls through the huckleberries, creating the flat valley in which Spokane now sits. The rock becomes completely covered in huckleberry juice.

Finally Coyote runs as fast as he can to the east, and jumps off a cliff. He lands on the ledge of a cliff and hides, above the clear waters of Lake Coeur d'Alene.

"I'm going to get that Coyote," says the rock. He leaps off the cliff after Coyote, SPLASH! into the lake. The huckleberry juice on the rock washes off, staining the water in the lake. And that is why Lake Coeur d'Alene is so blue.



HERE

Teacher, former legislator, and prominent Coeur d'Alene Tribe member connects old and new lives

By Carol Price Spurling

Jeanne Givens grew up listening to stories like this, which have been passed down in the Coeur d'Alene Indian Tribe for many generations.

"This is a story that I was raised with, that I loved, and learned," said Givens, an elementary schoolteacher, a former Idaho state representative, and prominent member of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe in North Idaho.

Age-old tales such as that have instilled in Givens a deep connection to this land now called Idaho.

"My mother and grandfather told us stories to teach us lessons, but also to tell us about the landscape, specifically about this region," Givens recalled. "So I know I have a frame of reference that is different from other peoples'."

Givens became widely known in Idaho when she was elected to the

Idaho House of Representatives in 1984 and 1986. A Democrat, Givens in 1982 lost her first bid for office in a general election race against popular Republican incumbent Bob Scates, a Coeur d'Alene dentist. "Everybody in town knew Dr. Scates," Givens said, laughing. "He went door to door on his bicycle. But I almost beat him. I only lost by a percentage point, and that encouraged me to try it again."

Givens won on her next try for a two-year legislative term, becoming the first American Indian woman to serve in the Idaho Legislature.

Seemingly, she was born for a leadership role. Her grandfather, Ignace Garry, was the last chief of the tribe, and her uncle Joseph Garry served as tribal chairman for twenty years. He became the first full-blood Indian to serve in the Idaho Legislature. He was also elected a Benewah County Commissioner, and was active in the Democratic Party in the 1960s and 1970s.

"Those were the days when you could start asking, demanding, that the government fulfill its trust

responsibility to us," Givens said. "For example, we got our first tribal housing during that time."

Givens, now age 53, grew up on the Coeur d'Alene Reservation as one of six children, when poverty was fairly "typical." Her father left home when she was four. Her mother, Celina Garry Goolsby, then moved the family to San Jose, California, through a Bureau of Indian Affairs Relocation Program. They lived in a migrant camp where her mother worked in the fields before working as a secretary.

The children also harvested fruit and vegetables. "I remember picking string beans at age five," said Givens, noting that the relocation program was unsuccessful.

"It took Indians off the reservation in an attempt to assimilate them by putting them in urban settings all over the country," she said. "I think they all came back."

Givens' family returned, too, in time for her to enroll as a freshman at Plummer High School. She was glad to be home.

& NOW



PHOTO COURTESY OF JEANNE GIVENS

Jeanne Givens: "You have to live in the here and now."

"I drive in this area a lot, and I get to see the wheat land, framed by the dark pine trees, and the intense blue sky," Givens said. "You can't get it in New York City or Minneapolis.

The land is always going to pull you, to call you back."

After attending Plummer High School, Givens moved to nearby Spokane, Washington, and graduated from North Central High School in 1969. She attended

college off and on for years, attending Spokane Community College and Whitworth College.

Between stints at school, she earned and tried to save money by working various jobs.

"I worked for the U.S. Postal Service during winter break, tutored young students, worked retail at the Crescent and at Woolworth's, and waited tables," Givens recalled. "Although the [Coeur d'Alene] Tribe provided a small scholarship, it was not enough to cover everything. I quit school in frustration at being so broke all the time."

Givens eventually worked in social services, including Catholic Family Services in Spokane. She also worked as the tribal court administrator for the Coeur d'Alene Tribe. She received her bachelor's degree in sociology in 1988.

Givens' love of North Idaho and a deep commitment to improving conditions for future generations of Indians and Idahoans shaped Givens' priorities in the Legislature during her two terms. One of her goals: to create educational opportunities so young people could and would stay in Idaho.

"My goals, however, were not necessarily the priorities of the Idaho Legislature," Givens said. She found herself mostly working to stop Indian tax legislation.

Givens admits that her status in the Legislature as a woman, an Indian, and a Democrat, in a politically conservative state, could have been a recipe for frus-

tration and disillusionment. Instead, Givens said her time in public office was an enlightening experience.

"I found, surprisingly, an incredible amount of support for tribal issues from some of the most conservative people in the Legislature," Givens said. "This isn't anything romantic or soft and fuzzy, but flat-out common sense. Their attitude was: a promise is a promise. A treaty is a treaty. It was delightfully refreshing."

Givens finds delight in many things, judging by her quick smile and easy laugh. Meeting her, it is easy to understand why so many organizations covet her energetic presence. Currently, she serves on the Institute of American Indian Arts Board in Santa Fe, New Mexico, having been appointed to

All of her public commitments, Givens said, are focused on contributing to her tribe and community "in ways that are productive and positive."

the board by President Bill Clinton in 1995. Givens also serves on the Stewardship Council of the Autry

National Center in Los Angeles.

"We serve as advisors to guide its board as it builds a \$26 million wing to house its Indian collection," Givens explained. "We will make recommendations on museum programs, public programs, and will influence the one in which the Indian story of the West is told."

In North Idaho, Givens is on the Coeur d'Alene Tribe's "Sacred Encounters" committee, which is working to create a visitors' center at the Cataldo Mission near Pinehurst.

In a 2004 story published in the *Coeur d'Alene Press*, Givens told staff writer Ric Clarke that she has no plans to run for legislative office, saying: "... I'm moving on and doing some different things."

In the past, she served on the Community Advisory Board for the *Idaho Spokesman-Review* and on the North Idaho College Board of Trustees. She founded and co-directed the University of Idaho's Idaho Science camp. Former Idaho Governor John Evans appointed Givens to the Idaho Humanities Council, and also to the Idaho Centennial Celebration Committee. From 1994 to 1998, Givens wrote a weekly column for

The Idaho Statesman, and more recently has written guest editorials for the *Idaho Spokesman-Review*.

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All of her public commitments, Givens said, are focused on contributing to her tribe and community “in ways that are productive and positive.”

One such public commitment was fulfilled when Givens gave a short talk in June at the Business and Professional Women’s meeting at the Coeur d’Alene Casino. Givens retold a story that illustrated the pressure

Prominent Coeur d’Alene Tribe member Jeanne Givens, left side, leaning on desk, with her class of fourth-graders at Lakeside Elementary in 2003.

put on the Coeur d’Alene Indians by the Catholic Church between the two world wars to give up their language and culture, and to destroy traditional, ceremonial, and sacred items such as clothing and pipes. Many cultural artifacts were destroyed, although Givens said that her grandparents refused to burn their treasures, hiding them instead. But the story’s conclusion, effectively a punch line—drew laughter. That bit of levity created the perfect moment in which Givens, a skillful public speaker, could offer something of a resolution, saying, “Yes, life has been hard for Indians,

but we take the bad with the good. We find the best in both (white and Indian) worlds.”

Givens, for example, said she is happy her parents and grandparents learned English, and learned how to write. And Givens herself is still a practicing Catholic.

In an interview with the *Coeur d’Alene Press* last year, Givens said that she doesn’t regret much, doesn’t harbor bad feelings, and prefers to live in the moment. She reiterated that philosophy this summer.

“You have to live in the here and now,” Givens said. A major



PHOTO COURTESY OF JEANNE GIVENS

part of Givens' "here and now" is her new career as a teacher at the Coeur d'Alene Tribal School—a tribally funded, Bureau of Indian Affairs kindergarten through eighth grade school in DeSmet.

Givens earned a master's degree in teaching from Spokane's Gonzaga University in 2001. She began teaching at the tribal school, which had gone through tough times, in the fall of 2004.

"I had been working at Lakeside Elementary as a fourth grade teacher," Givens said. "I called the new

"You have to live in the here and now," Givens said. A major part of Givens' "here and now" is her new career as a teacher at the Coeur d'Alene Tribal School—a tribally funded, Bureau of Indian Affairs kindergarten through eighth grade school in DeSmet.

superintendent and principal, both of whom I admire, to see how I could become involved. They've turned the school around."

Givens works three days a week, teaching fourth grade math, and fifth grade writing. She also substitutes for other teachers, and helps out with special projects such as the spring Pow Wow, adding "character education" to classroom activities, and conducting an essay contest addressing a character trait.

"I love the small school atmosphere where you learn a lot about the student," Givens said. "The relationships with students become deeper, and in turn the school experience, we hope, will become more meaningful for them."

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PHOTO BY DONNA MATHESON

Jeanne Givens dancing with husband Ray, a Coeur d'Alene attorney, at the Coeur d'Alene Tribe's July Amsh summer Pow Wow in 2004.

With dropout rates at Lakeside High School in Plummer at forty percent, one of the highest dropout rates in the state, Givens hopes a positive experience at the tribal school will help more Indian students graduate.

By developing a new curriculum for fourth graders called "Land Tenure," Givens has contributed to the goal of higher graduation rates. Harking back to the stories tribal elders tell about the region, but with an eye to the future, the new curriculum

was designed to educate students about land issues and traditional tribal ways.

"The students will then be informed tribal citizens, and will understand wildlife and conservation issues when they arise," Givens said.

Next year she plans to take a full semester for the curriculum, working with biologists, planting trees, visiting fish recovery areas, and gathering wild foods with the students. "Anthropologists like to use the term 'wandering' when they talk about the tribes' life in the region prior to the white man coming, as though Indians were lost," Givens said.

"They certainly were not lost. The tribes of the interior plateau knew all the fishing areas, camas areas, berry picking spots, open fields and plains for hunting, places to get roots. They moved intentionally, living in the round, following the seasons."

Givens' most important ongoing commitment is to her family. She has been married to Ray Givens ("an Irish-Welsh guy from Boise," as Givens describes him) for twenty-six years.

Givens met her husband, a fourth-generation Idahoan, when he was a young attorney, working with Idaho Legal Aid as a probation officer.

"He came to visit the tribal

chairman, and I walked him over there," Givens said. "He called me later, and asked if I wanted to attend an Idaho Legal Aid Board meeting. I joined the board, and then I got to know him better."

The couple has two children, Maria and Joe, who are now fourteen and twelve years old. Her children were born in the years just after her two unsuccessful bids for U.S. Congress, first against Representative Larry Craig in 1988, and in 1990 against Larry LaRocco. Givens has devoted herself to mothering as she once did to public service. She has created for her children the stable home that she herself was not always able to enjoy.

"I like being a mother, and I love spending time with my family," Givens said. "It keeps my mind working. Although we are all busy, we sit down almost every evening and have a home cooked dinner. Maria has cooked some Italian dishes, and Joe makes great burritos."

Much of Givens' childhood was spent with her grandfather and uncle. She learned many of her values from them.

"Some of my favorite memories are of my grandfather Ignace Garry, who was called 'Selah.' When we stayed with him as young children, I saw an older man in his seventies, busy working at his little house on his ranch in Lovell Valley on the reservation," Givens said.

She remembers waking to the sound of him filing and sharpening his axes and knives, and then eating the breakfast that he always prepared: cooked rice with raisins

and a little milk.

"He'd repair a fence, drive into Plummer to buy groceries, cook dinner, sing war dance songs, then settle us down and get us to bed," Givens recalled. "I liked his industriousness. I never heard him proclaim, 'I am proud to be an Indian.' He simply lived the life of a tribal elder. He spoke the language, danced and drummed, and followed the treasured traditions of the tribe."

Givens remembers the lessons in humility her uncle Joseph Garry taught her.

"Uncle Joe was chairman of the tribe as long as I could remember, but he was always happy to see me," Givens said. "He gave me nicknames I didn't appreciate: 'Jean John,' 'Jean John Drives,' and 'Honest John.' I remember being caught up in my own self-importance at age twenty. I came to show him my first car, a

men – "strong Indian men" – were guideposts for her. As a mother and a teacher, Givens strives to embody those values.

"The most valuable things I can pass on to my kids is to follow their passions, do things for others, learn the Indian side of their history, and work hard," Givens said. "Being a mother reminds me of the many mistakes I made growing up, and it is humbling."

Givens treasures the stories her own mother shared about growing up on the Coeur d'Alene Reservation during the Depression. Preserving the tribal tradition of storytelling, Givens is compiling them into a collection that she hopes to publish.

"I'd like to have a book come out of it," Givens said. "And I've been discussing with a friend the possibility of making them into a play."

Givens relishes the balancing act she's created between teaching, family life, and writing.

"Being a writer is too solitary for me," Givens said in June. "I'm in the midst of a life with young Indian students, and for my kids, and my students, it's very important to keep a balance. As I start and stop work on my mother's manuscript, I'm not hard

on myself. Any person is a work in progress."

Carol Price Spurling lives in Moscow.

Givens' most important ongoing commitment is to her family. She has been married to Ray Givens ("an Irish-Welsh guy from Boise," as Givens describes him) for twenty-six years.

beat up little Toyota. He said, 'Hello, Jean John,' and I was once again the little niece."

Givens says that both of these

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1st Place, Professional Division, 2005 *IDAHO* magazine Fiction Contest

“Hon, come look at this,” Susan heard William calling from inside the house. The low, deep sound wrapped around her like a warm blanket and set her heart to aching. She had a pretty good idea what he wanted to show her: a ruffed grouse or a dark-eyed junco, no doubt.

Wrapping her coat tight around herself, Susan rose from the porch swing and entered the house. Though she trod lightly over hardwood floors, her footsteps echoed mournfully in the empty house that smelled of lemon oil and pine cleaner. The movers had come and gone early in the morning; she’d cleaned the place from top to bottom and the only thing left to do was wait for the Idaho Youth Ranch volunteers. Except for the other task. The harder one. Her eyes flicked briefly to the fireplace mantel.

Lazy Sundays. Cooking simple, heart-healthy dinners for the two of them in their tiny, but efficient kitchen. Lovingly slaving over lavish feasts for their children and grandchildren during the holidays.

She stopped in front of the picture window that overlooked an expanse of backyard, carefully landscaped to attract birds. The yard and the flying critters sold William on the house. It was a cute, unassuming little place, a cabin really, with a nice porch and large windows.

It sat on five wooded acres in North Idaho. This was to have been their retirement home, but that was before.

“See?” William said. “Do you see?”

Susan scanned the yard. The lawn was slick and wet under the patter of rain that darkened the sky to a dove gray. The last of the snow had melted a month before and already tufts of grass grew vividly green and tulips and daffodils poked little sprouts out of their winter beds as if to check for spring.

“Do you mean the chickadee?”

Susan asked, spotting a plump white-faced bird in a Douglas fir.

“No, over there.”

Susan grabbed a pair of battered binoculars from beside a lidded vase on the mantel. The red eyes of a rufous-sided towhee came into view. “It’s a beauty,” she said.

“The first one of spring.” William’s tone was as proud as a mama bird with a nest of hatchlings.

How William loved birds. He liked to fish, too, and had done so all his life, but had taken up bird watching after his first heart attack. Beginning in spring, William noted every sighting in his journal. He’d counted nearly 150 species in the Panhandle, forty-nine on their property alone.

Susan returned the binoculars to the mantel and glanced around the living room. It looked so much bigger when empty like this. Not as cozy as it had been when their furniture filled the room. A ghastly orange carpet had covered the floor when they bought the place. They ripped it out and laid the hardwood themselves. They had

By Robin L. Valaitis-Heflin

remem

new windows installed, too.

But the glory was the towering stone fireplace with the rustic oak mantel. Too big for the room, but they loved it. It had kept them toasty during long, cold winters. It was the fireplace that had sold Susan on the house.

"Do you remember the ice storm?" William asked.

"I remember."

A gasoline generator kept the lights on, but the fireplace warmed them after the storm coated trees and power lines in a fairy tale wonder of ice and knocked out electricity for twelve days. She and William had cuddled in front of the fireplace on an old sleeping bag like two newlyweds.

"Remember the marshmallows?"

"Yes."

The memory tore at Susan's heart.

"On a stick," she said. "You cut a branch off the tree and we roasted them in the fireplace. You burned your lip." She remembered William laughing as he frantically wiped burning goo off his mouth.

She remembered many things.

Lazy Sundays. Cooking simple, heart-healthy dinners for the two of them in their tiny, but efficient kitchen. Lovingly slaving over lavish feasts for their children and grandchildren during the holidays.

There'd be no more of that. She'd be going to their children's homes for the holidays from now on. William's second heart attack had put an end to a lot of things.

"I'm going to miss this," she said. "I don't know how I can let go."

"I'm sorry. This is all my fault," he said.

"No, it's not."

"Yes, it is."

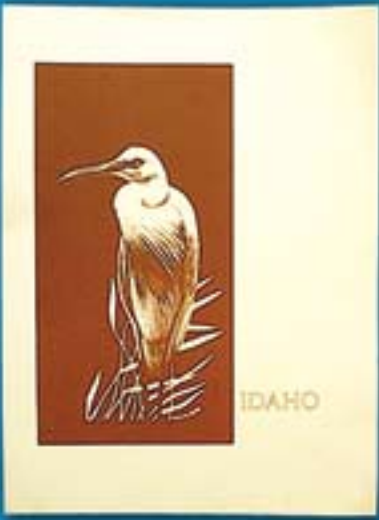
"No, it isn't."

"Is."

"Isn't."


She laughed, releasing some of the weight pressing on her chest. How many times during their thirty-two-year marriage had they argued over who got to take the blame? It always made their problems easier. Their wedding vows, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health,

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1st Place, Professional Division, 2005 *IDAHO* magazine Fiction Contest



ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

pretty much laid out what marriage entailed. She and William had been through all that. And then some. But oh, how they loved each other. Loved. Honored. Cherished. Just like they'd promised.

A rumble interrupted Susan's thoughts and she looked out the front window to see the Youth Ranch truck drive up the road to their house. She went into the garage and pressed a button to open the door. The driver backed the large truck onto the driveway.

The driver, a twenty-ish young man wearing only jeans and a white t-shirt despite the chill, leaped out of the cab. A soiled ball cap, the bill turned around backwards, covered his head. His partner, thirty-something, dressed more appropriately in a long-sleeved flannel shirt and wool vest, emerged from the passenger side.

"Mornin' ma'am," said Flannel Shirt.

"Hi," said Ball Cap.

"Good morning," Susan answered.

"You got a pickup?" Flannel Shirt asked.

"In here." Susan pointed to a mound of stuff stacked where William's car used to be.

The two men surveyed the pile: several fly rods, a fishing vest and three tackle boxes. Waders. A large toolbox, fully stocked, though the men wouldn't know that until they tried to move it. An electric drill. A miter saw. Several sets of binoculars. Half a dozen bird identification manuals.

"This is good stuff," said Ball

Cap. He glanced first at the older man, then at Susan. "Are you sure you don't want to sell this instead of donate it?"

"I'm sure."

"This isn't like a divorce and you're getting rid of your husband's stuff, are you?" Flannel Shirt asked.

"No."

After Susan convinced the men that she was indeed donating the items, they loaded them into the truck and drove away.

She returned inside.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"You had to do it. Now that it's done, it will be easier. You'd better get a move on. The new owners will be here by this afternoon."

Her gaze settled on the mantel. "I have one more thing to do," she said. "Come with me, please?"

Susan moved to the fireplace and took down the ceramic vase and slung the binoculars over one shoulder. Cradling the vase against her chest, she stepped out onto the back deck. The rain had stopped, clearing to a patchy blue sky. Susan stepped over wet grass, heading for the woods beyond their backyard. The air smelled wet, earthy. Raindrops clung like tears to the branches of the trees.

"I love this place," William said.

"I know."

Clutching the vase tightly, she ducked into a little clearing in the woods. Naked aspens and birches just starting to bud and firs tipped

with new growth ringed a small lea. Later, the trees would fill out with over-bright leaves, wildflowers would speckle the meadow, and birdsong would fill the air. She hoped

it would take a while before the new owners discovered this place. William's special place.

She set the binoculars, William's favorite pair, on the stone bench the two of them had huffed and puffed to drag in. Unmindful of the wetness and cold she sat on the bench and waited.

Soon, too soon, it came. A whisper. A rustling. Then the branches of the trees began to sway.

Eyes blinded by tears, Susan uncapped the urn with shaking fingers and released William's ashes to the wind.

"Remember me."

"I will."

Leaving the binoculars on the bench, Susan stood. With the empty urn under her arm, she left the meadow.

Robin L. Valaitis-Heflin lives in Coeur d'Alene.

2nd Place, Adult Division, 2005 *IDAHO* magazine Fiction Contest

By Lydia Barbee

A
quiet
Mind

Arrivals and departures," the sign squeaked worry on the April wind. Leftovers of an early rain wet the boy's shoes as he moved through the locomotive's steam cloud and down the steps.

The train station clock sat just shy of

noon. I had a full day's work at home and the only thing left of the morning was a click of that red second hand and a hunk of egg on my shirt. I brushed at it. Nancy'd finished that shirt

just yesterday with the last of the blue cotton. She'd frown on the breaking in.

The new depot platform gleamed—wet, and big city smooth between us. I met him halfway. It was the decent thing to do. He wouldn't know me.

Since we last met, he'd quit diapers and I'd lost some hair up top. But even if it hadn't been for the clothes and the age, I would have picked him out. The lift of his chin marked him a Stillwell, no mistaking the attitude. He'd be a handful for a man barely hanging on.

There wasn't much to the kid, just about waist high—all knees and nerves. His face was too soft for a boy, like one of those baby-

dolls they peddled Christmastime. But as I come up on him he tucked himself in handsome—smoothed his collar, hid the scare behind an old man's eyes, and hobbled toward me.

"Mortimer." I sounded confi-

dent, though I hadn't meant to mislead him.

He put his hand in mine—limp. Put me in mind of that colt we lost last year. Come too soon. Breach. I'd pulled her out myself.

More loss than

promise from the very first touch.

His eyes were keen, hair parted right on the mark, and full of smell.

"That all you got?" I gestured at the small bag under his arm.

He nodded and clutched it tight.

I nodded too, as if no one coming cross-country would have brought anything more. "Come on boy. Nancy's got dinner waiting."

He stepped round me toward the exit, making believe he knew his way.

The limp was bad, but he marched past, and I followed him. Outside, he kept on going. There were Model T's parked all along the curb but he turned to the pickup like he recognized the faded

paint and the way yesterday's hay filled the seams of the flatbed.

It was a miracle he was here. Not here in Boise so much as on earth. Could have been killed. Near lost his leg in a Louisiana ditch. Pinned under some city slick's roadster, he watched his ma, my kid sister, lay down her burden. I'd seen it in my mind when I took the call, and too many times every since. The boy struggling to reach her, crying for his ma. Cammy Stillwell, dead and gone. Ditch mud. Red blood. Sis's blonde curls touching ground.

I watched him to the pickup. He tugged the door one-handed, in a way that said he didn't need me much. Odd little boy in a funny striped suit tugging at the door of my truck—made an awful queer sight. I took a breath and started to him. I didn't know the boy, but I knew his would have done the same for me. So I moved his hand, unstuck the latch, and loaded him in without fussing.

My Nancy's a fine woman. Slim of build, firm of mind. Barren womb—a blessing and an ease. Doc said she'd never give birth peaceful, and I guess we never wanted much more than each other anyhow.

When we heard about it—Cammy gone and Mortimer with no place to go—it was Nancy that lowered her head and made up the sewing room. Crowded her things in to one side. She scrubbed walls, put fresh paint on an old nightstand, and

It was a miracle he was here. Not here in Boise so much as on earth. Could have been killed. Near lost his leg in a Louisiana ditch. Pinned under some city slick's roadster, he watched his ma, my kid sister, lay down her burden.

2nd Place, Adult Division, 2005 *IDAHO* magazine Fiction Contest

dressed up Grandma's old bed with a new quilt, hoping it might not seem too much of a coming down to a boy fresh from an uptown mansion—even if it had been a cathouse.

No one ever knew his daddy. Maybe not even his ma. But I knew his mama right enough. All dimples and high hopes and, now that I think of it, a way about her that let you know she wasn't the kind gonna stay long.

We were halfway home, bouncing over the washout just past the old orchard before he spoke up. High voice, liked they used in the Mormon Tabernacle. They say it sounds like angels if you visit the place, and listen just right.

His lips pulled thin. "Do you imagine that I'll fit in with you?"

Truth told, I hadn't imagined much at all. I set my elbow on the door, and took a fresh toothpick from my pocket. Put it careful between my teeth so I could answer "I guess a body fits wherever there's room."

He must have thought that was right enough, cause he leaned into the seat, and turned his face out the window.

We passed the Garland place—all shine and manicure. They'd always been long on upkeep but with the insurance money she got from her daddy, they'd really fixed the place up fine. I pointed out the new barn. Told him I'd hoped to have one but now it looked like next year. Went on about crops and seed and how times had been a little tough what with The Depression and no rain and all. He just stared out his window, quiet the rest of the drive.

We circled the well, pulled up the gravel drive, and stopped in front of crooked steps. Ours wasn't the Garland place by a far way. It needed paint I couldn't afford, screens I hadn't gotten around to, and a little more time to show itself

ready to welcome a boy.

Nancy met us wearing a fresh dress and her Sunday smile.

"Glad of a safe trip for you, Mortimer." She started for his bag same as I had, but seeing his hold, let him keep it and led us inside.

"Riley, it's after 1. Figured you back by 12:30. Show the boy where he

can wash up while I get the table ready. Dinner's near dried up."

I took him upstairs. Showed

him the room and the basin.

I reckon it was a coming down. He stood, stock still, in the center of the rag rug, bum leg sticking awkward to one side and blinked at the sewing things stacked along the wall—reminded me of a bird Nancy'd found hiding by the pasture trough, broken wing sticking straight out. She cried when I gave his neck a twist to get him past the hard part.

I left the boy upstairs, hoping he'd hurry down. I wanted a plate of stew and a half-bowl of that cherry tobacco. Nancy'd traded eggs we couldn't spare for that tobacco, but it sure had a way of making a day sit lighter.

The boy came down. Nancy set out plates of good stew meat in some sad looking whitey sauce running over noodles. I picked up the parsley that sat to one side of my plate and looked her in the eye.

"It's stroganoff," she said, like that explained everything.

I swallowed hard and started to chew. The meal went down quiet. We weren't talkers by a long way. Guess the boy was just about the same. Nancy'd made a checkerboard cake, but he turned it down and headed to his room. Never came down for supper.

Didn't see him 'til the next morning—outside, near the pasture. He'd traded the striped suit for a checkered one. After a quick look, I kept my eyes down.

"I'm to help." He frowned, lowered himself to his good knee, and

**"Do you imagine that I'll fit in with you?"
Truth told, I hadn't imagined much at all. I set my elbow on the door, and took a fresh toothpick from my pocket. Put it careful between my teeth so I could answer. "I guess a body fits wherever there's room."**

reached for the nail bag.

So we worked. Him doling out supplies. Me doing what I could to mend rotten fence rails with ten-penny nails.

He watched me drive a fifth head into a post that splintered more than it held. "Don't you need lumber?"

I took another nail. "Don't need anything I don't have."

He frowned, looked up and down the fence line, and drew another nail from the bag. "Why do you stay here?"

I pounded this one in slow so it might go in instead of pushing wood out. "It's where I belong."

At noon, we went in for dinner, and back out. Fencing's hard work, hot work even in April when the sun decides she wants her place. That day it was quiet work too. We just kept moving down the row of fence—the boy passing nails and me sweating, trying not to swear, and wondering how he stood the heat in that suit. We hit the last post after dusk. The sun slumped low. The air cooled down nice.

He cocked his head. "You hear something?"

I dropped a nail and looked south, past the barn.

He sat back onto his haunch, wounded leg to one side. "Sounds like humming, far off."



ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

I turned back to the work, finished the post, and got up.

The boy stood too, all four foot of him, and turned south. "What is that?"

I started toward the cabin, slow enough he'd follow without working too hard but fast enough to save his pride.

He fell in and we walked awhile. Our feet scraped the dust—his, a crooked clomp; mine, a slow shuffle.

He tilted his head.

Put me in mind of Granny Stillwell. Couldn't help a smile, remembering how she'd tell the story—eyes wide. The thrill of it pulling her right out of her rocker. "I expect it's the wind whistling down that riverbed south of here."

"Doesn't sound like the wind." He checked behind us. "It sounds like voices."

I shrugged. "Granny claimed it was voices."

His head jerked my way. "Whose?"

"Just folks. Idaho people—from a long time back."

"Your grandmother believed in ghosts?" He lifted his eyes to mine, stumbled, and looked back at the ground under him.

"She figured they're part of the land." I looked up the path then back at the boy. "Might some of 'em stay on even after they're gone."

His head jerked forward every step of the bad leg—used his neck to pull that gimp along.

2nd Place, Adult Division, 2005 *IDAHO* magazine Fiction Contest

"There's no such thing as ghosts. Mom said some around here say their ancestors hang around. Want to be tied into something important but end up buried alive by work." He kicked a river rock with his next step. It flew lopsided and rolled into some sage. "Mom grew up around here. She never heard a thing."

"I expect she never did." I ran a finger over a lump on my finger, feeling a splinter way down deep. "It takes a quiet mind."

As we topped the porch, he stopped and studied me with an old man's eyes. "Did Mom belong here?" His voice was as flat as the southern quarter.

I opened the door and held it for him. "Guess she did, if she'd wanted to stay. Stillwell's go way back."

He hesitated.

I put a hand on his shoulder.

He pulled away. "Do you hear them all the time?"

I shook my head and checked the fence line. "Just the wind."

He took a long look at me, then the path behind him, and went inside.

That first summer ran into an autumn full up with false starts, scant crop, and the last of

that cherry pipe tobacco.

The boy didn't fit. He wasn't much good around the farm, what with his leg and his daydreaming. I'd put him to something and find him in the same spot come dinner-time—staring.

I didn't have the time to teach him much, nor the heart to push him. Sometimes, he disappeared for hours and us so busy and so used to being alone that we didn't always notice. Sooner or later, I'd go looking. He'd be in the haystack or down by that old stretch of fence we'd mended, fists bunched, staring hard and far off, looking for whatever a boy like him needs to find.

"There's no such thing as ghosts. Mom said some around here say their ancestors hang around. Want to be tied into something important but end up buried alive by work." He kicked a river rock with his next step. It flew lopsided and rolled into some sage. "Mom grew up around here. She never heard a thing." "I expect she never did." I ran a finger over a lump on my finger, feeling a splinter way down deep. "It takes a quiet mind."

School was a chore for all of us. Him going. Us seeing to it. No friends there for him. The local kids didn't take to a city

boy with a funny way of talking and what I had to admit was a heck of a sour attitude.

We got him clothes he wouldn't wear. Kept putting on those funny suits. Nancy finally got him to leave the tie behind. Packed it up in his suitcase—the only place he'd stow anything. He packed and unpacked the thing, ignoring the drawer we'd cleared him in the cedar hutch.

We were so taken up with harvesting, canning, and praying we'd find our way through winter, that we didn't notice when those suits started drooping loose, pants slipping off him. Or maybe we counted it normal.

His leg was on the mend, after all—a little shrink seemed right enough in the way of things. And if he didn't eat much, well, that was a kind of a blessing, times being what they were.

Winter was mild that year, with a first snow just before Christmas. Once the white fluff fell, it kept coming. On the fifth day of snow, early morning, he went missing. Found him under that old stretch of fence, no coat, checked suit shining proud of the snow—bright as a fair weather bird with a bad sense of direction.

But the boy had a direction. He always faced south these days.

"You been out here all night?"

His eyes were cloudy, drifted

right through me while his gray lips moved. "I heard the voices last night."

"Guess you've been listening long enough." I lifted him into my arms and carried him inside. There was no warmth to him.

I waited.

Doc came and went. "A chance," is what he said. "Keep him warm. Let him rest."

Nancy and I spelled each other all day, filling hot water bottles and warming rocks in the fire. Night come. The snow stopped. I sent her to bed.

Must have been about three.

I'd freshened the bottles and stood outside the door, putting a towel around a rock I'd fished from the fire when I heard him—choir voice drifting out the bedroom door.

I went inside and he lifted up from the bed. "I heard them."

I nudged him back down, pushed a blond curl from his face, and heard what must have been a whisper outside, coming from the south. Not the breath of the boy, or even the wind—I would have sworn.

He heard it too. Turned to the light of that window, and

some kinda smile came on him—matched the choirboy voice.

"Uncle Riley, Granny says I'm gonna fit."

I tucked the stone near his feet, gentle so he wouldn't stir, then moved along the wall, crowded with sewing things, to the window.

"You're a Stillwell, son."

Before I pulled the curtain, I looked out beyond the barn, past the southern quarter, way out, to where the land turned horizon. "I reckon there's room."

Lydia Barbee lives in Boise.

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CENTER SPREAD: *At work at
the Valley County Rodeo in
Cascade, August 1998.*

PHOTO BY DAVE GOINS

CASCADE

By Lois Fry

When Cascade historian Marilyn Whitson pulled out a 1918 picture of the world's shortest railroad tunnel, she said, "When this tunnel was created, Cascade was born!" making it probably the only town in the world that came through a rocky "birth canal." Cascade's history thus began after the railroad blasted through a huge mountainside rock slightly north of Smiths Ferry in southern Valley County, creating that famous "shortest tunnel in the world."

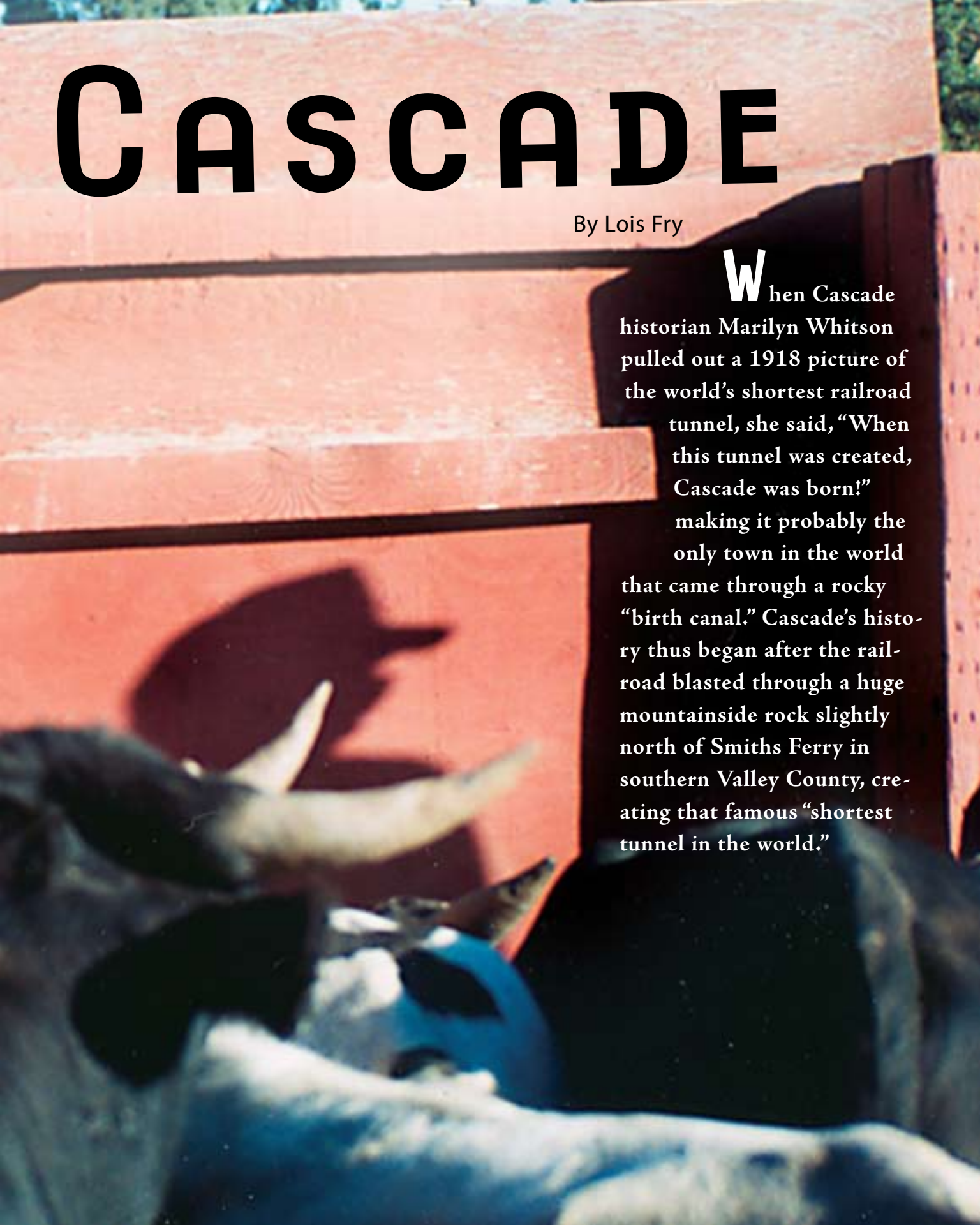




PHOTO BY DANIE GOINS

Although comfortably situated in the “Long Valley” in the mountains of south-central Idaho, Cascade (population 997) is definitely not some sleepy little town where nothing happens.

And these days, Cascade is experiencing something of a rebirth. That’s because residents of the burgeoning city continue to grapple with the effects of the 2001 Boise Cascade lumber mill closure while trying to assimilate the growth delivered by the new Tamarack mega-resort on nearby Lake Cascade. No whiners they! The mill closure created the common goal of developing a rescue remedy. It was a time of warm community spirit—city leaders and townspeople got together and looked at what might be done to maintain the economy. Since then, their survival spirit has put a whole new face on the city’s outlook for the future—inviting and cultivating tourism.

“The closing of the Cascade mill was probably something that a lot of people expected, but not quite that quickly,” said Cascade Mayor Larry Walters. “When the mill closed, I think it made everybody in the town really pull together, realizing what a blow to our economy that was going to be, not just to the employees, but the off-shoot industries—logging, truck hauling, road maintenance, everything that contributed to the mill, including fuel providers, mechanics and mill employees that made good money and ate at restaurants, drank cocktails at the bar, shopped at stores in town—so when it shut down, it affected the entire economic well-being of Cascade. The whole town

pulled together to try to come to grips with the mill closing and look in a positive direction, [to] figure out which way to go.”

Walters said that much of that decision-making process disappeared with the arrival of the new Tamarack year-round resort, and, as a result, Cascade’s economic engine is largely fueled by construction and tourism dollars. “A lot of new people have come to the area to live here, bringing a lot of new ideas, new ways of doing business, dealing with issues and those changes,” Walters said. “Gift shops have sprung up all over town, arts and crafts fairs abound in the summers and during the winter holidays, and small wood products businesses are finding a niche in the old mill site.”

OUTDOOR OPPORTUNITIES ABOUND

Cascade’s year-round, outdoor recreational activities include fishing, boating, skiing, snowboarding, bicycling, hiking, rafting, and kayaking. Walters added: “Anything that can be done on the lake or on [the] nearby Payette River’s world-class whitewater beckons to the adventurer. It’s a perfect set-up for the avid vacationer and lucrative for the locals who can accommodate their needs.”

Tamarack offers year-round sports and entertainment, and, along with Brundage Mountain in nearby McCall, is pulling in droves of tourists. That’s definitely viewed as a good thing. Cascade residents are excited about the employment opportunities, the boost for the economy, and the outlook for



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: *On a prime perch at the Valley County Fair and Rodeo in Cascade, August 1998; Cascade railroad tunnel north of Smiths Ferry circa 1900; The inside of the Intermountain State Bank in Cascade in 1915. Frank M. Kerby at the front window and Mary D. Kerby at the back teller's window.*

the future. Tamarack recently started a twenty-year plan to have its own village and a school. Tamarack now has two restaurants and a grocery store.

South-central Idaho's scenario, however, is viewed by some as one of too-rapid change with real estate developments and the influx of second-home buyers following Tamarack's opening. Cascade citizens find it a challenge to take advantage of the incipient tourism opportunities generated by

Tamarack and to stay ahead of the impacts triggered by peripheral business development.

"The closing of the Cascade mill was probably something that a lot of people expected, but not quite that quickly," said Cascade Mayor Larry Walters. "When the mill closed, I think it made everybody in the town really pull together . . ."

TRANSITION: FROM RESOURCES TO TOURISM

In the early days of Cascade, the Boise Cascade Mill and the logging industry grew quickly to full production, and a community was built around the wood products industry. Ranching and farming were also part of the area's economy. Supported by all three staple occupations, families thrived for generations. The establishment of the railroad in the valley made the removal of timber from surrounding forestlands possible. This, together with the area's gold mining and agricultural interests, rounded out the valley's economic foundation.

After World War II, the construction of the Cascade dam on the river was begun for the purpose of flood control and to provide irrigation water to farmlands in the Treasure Valley. The dam was completed in 1948 and the resulting thirty thousand-acre Lake Cascade, with its eighty-eight miles of shoreline, soon became known as the number one fishery in the state. Where the dam is now, there was a waterfall. The first settlers who camped there named it Cascade, after that cascade of water. When the dam was installed, the waterfall ended.

Since Cascade's incorporation and designation as the county seat in 1914, it has grown to include a market area population of 1,100 (permanent residents). It boasts a local hospital, Cascade Medical Center, the Forest Service's

Cascade Ranger District, Lake Cascade State Park, and the Cascade School District, which ranks as one of the finest in the nation. It enjoys two venues for large conferences—the Ashley Inn and Trinity Pines Camp and Conference Center. And a new fly-fishing museum and hall of fame is under construction. Trinity Pines is a huge facility south of Cascade that stays busy all summer by putting its 116 acres to good use. Now at near capacity, that place is utilized by many groups, including pastors and kids groups. Cascade has the only theater in Valley County: The Roxy Theater.

“Built in approximately 1936,” said owner John Stanford, “it closed in about 1983 and Jenni and I purchased it ten years later. It took a year and a half to refurbish it, a lot of which we did ourselves, and contractors did what we couldn’t. All of the interior decor is restored from the original theater; even the original artwork that had been covered with a drop ceiling. Early on, we knew it wouldn’t work without more people in the county, but we decided to go ahead with it. It has always done nicely during summer, but the winters have buried us. Now, with Tamarack, it’s looking up.”

The Thunder Mountain Railroad Line, going from Emmett to Smiths Ferry is a popular excursion ride . . . a round-trip 2 1/2 hour run and down the Cabarton run. That canyon is unique—the only way to see it is by either raft or rail . . .

Increasing opportunities for cultural activities has created a need for additional artists and venues. The Roxy Theater has provided and plans to continue to supply what is seen as an excellent venue for theater and music. But what’s needed is a local performing troupe and the advertising and marketing of local and regional groups. Most important, organizers say, will be for the patrons of the arts to support these events—they cannot just be casual observers, but active participants, even as spectators. The arts community needs them to be ever conscious of the availability of events. Cascade expects to provide a diversity of entertainment for everyone. The valley’s Arts and Humanities Council says it needs volunteers with all sorts of job skills, including marketers, stagehands, performers, idea people, and fund-raisers. And it can’t simply be left to one or two people who surface because of their passions, organizers say.

BELOW LEFT: A photo of Cascade’s Fourth of July parade in 1918 shows the Cascade School being built in the background. The two boys in the foreground are Oscar Neely and Jim Purcell. The horse team driver is Judge Chipps.

BELOW RIGHT: A recent view of Cascade’s Roxy Theater, a venue established during the 1930s.

OPPOSITE: A Cascade community amenity, the tour train depot for the Thunder Mountain Line, is located behind the Ashley Inn.



PHOTO COURTESY OF MARILYN WHITSON



PHOTO BY JOSH FRY

EVENTS GALORE

Thunder Mountain Days is one of the chamber's biggest annual events on the Fourth of July weekend, and this summer featured a jet fly-over from Boise's Gowen Field. The parade is one of the big deals of the weekend, with everyone invited to participate. There is always a street dance, and on Sunday, a spectacular fireworks display. A popular event is the duck races, in which one thousand ducks are dumped into the Payette River. October features Cascade's Scarecrow Festival, where several of the businesses display scarecrow scenes in their storefronts. The chamber's fund-raiser event of the year is an annual dinner auction in November. December's Festival of Lights sets the night sky glowing from residential neighborhoods and downtown.

In the winter, depending on the weather, recreation seekers participate in various snow activities such as the snowmobile races, fun runs, and snowmobile rodeos. More than three hundred miles of groomed snowmobile trails are available. Ice fishing, popular with local and visiting anglers, is promoted as being consistently good.

Cascade's newest church, St. Katherine Drexel Catholic Church, was built with pies—namely, Mrs. "G's" pies, which are locally famous. Even more famous is Mrs. G. herself—Dorothy Grimaux. Normally her pies, which might be the best in the state, bring in a nominal fee of twelve dollars, but when she's on the campaign trail, she's been known to fetch hundreds of dollars for one pie. Grimaux isn't afraid to call a wealthy client, name her price, and get it when it's for her favorite cause. Even the governor bids on her pies. There's hardly a business in town that hasn't been the recipient of Mrs. G's flamboyant humor, and her generosity seems to dictate that some of them occasionally have to "test" one of her pies if she thinks it isn't quite perfect.

Around Cascade, the public artwork of Laurie Blickenstaff has beautified such outside wall faces as the front of Thunder Mountain Auto. That Thunder Mountain piece is a yester-year scene of mechanics looking under the hood of a car. Her work also includes a rendering of John Stanford feeding a fox from the counter of Roxy Java.

Some of Cascade's newer structures, such as the St. Katherine Drexel Catholic Church, are in themselves works of art, bringing a high level of architectural sophistication to an area of abundant natural beauty. The old Community Church building was recently leveled and plans are to rebuild it in the next six to eight months. Bears Knight Inn and Gift Shop is a

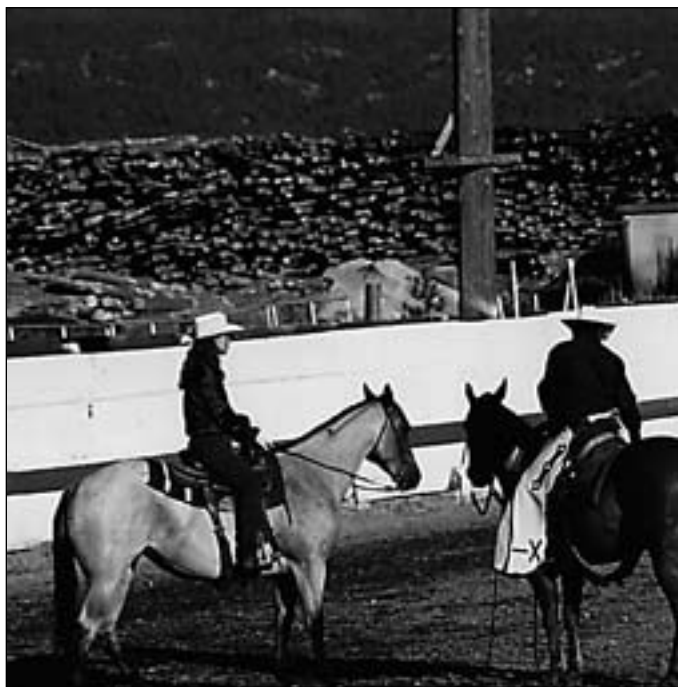


remodel job from an existing motel, and features a multitude of gifts, as well as motel rooms with a western motif.

The Thunder Mountain Railroad Line, going from Emmett to Smiths Ferry is a popular excursion ride. The Ashley Inn has a contract and is the depot for the railroad. "We do the ticketing, catering, chartering for the depot and the loading platform is in the back of the inn," said Ron Lundquist, the inn's general manager. "Every weekend from mid-May through mid-October, on Saturdays at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., and Sunday at noon, TML goes to Smiths Ferry and back, a round-trip 2 1/2 hour run and down the Cabarton run. That canyon is unique—the only way to see it is by either raft or rail, or maybe a good 4-wheeler. It's not a thoroughfare canyon, and the wildlife encounters are more numerous. Deer and elk are common sights, and most familiar is a breeding pair of bald eagles. Their aerial shows are pretty neat."

The Ashley Inn sits on ground historically dedicated as Kerby Field. "Too often," said Lundquist, "the purpose of memorials . . . sometimes are forgotten. Once the gardens were designed, [it was dedicated] as the Paul Kerby Gardens. Prior to the re-dedication, we researched the activities of Paul Kerby through actual ship logs of the U.S.S. Vincennes and found that Kerby served and died heroically in one of the Pacific battles of World War II. Now, with the construction of the gardens complete, we feel it is a living, vibrant memorial to a true American hero and Valley County citizen."

Part of Cascade's tourist draw is Yellow Pine, a remote village east of Cascade with twenty-five permanent residents. It hosts the National Harmonica Festival, which draws about four thousand people the first weekend of every August. Be prepared for a bit of a trek if you plan to go to Yellow Pine for a getaway. From just north of Cascade on Warm Lake Highway, it takes thirty miles of pavement and thirty to thirty-five miles



ABOVE: A slack time at the Valley County Rodeo in Cascade, August 1998.

OPPOSITE: A view of Cascade Reservoir, also known as Lake Cascade.

of one-lane gravel road to get there.

Cascade is a gateway to many mountain activities. It is positioned well, and has access to every outdoor pursuit, whether to water activities, adventure activities or even just sightseeing. Wildlife viewing of raptors, songbirds and a variety of wild game, is popular. And we may sometimes not realize how fortunate we are to have such access to diverse wildlife. Adventure activities range from flat-water canoeing to world-class whitewater. Tamarack and Brundage serve the area with lift access mountain biking and hundreds of miles of mountain bike trails of varying caliber. Greenbelt access is also available. Cascade is fortunate now to have a rental company providing power sports on land and in water. A cadre of outfitters and guides provide services year-round such as trail rides, hunting and fishing trips, sleigh rides and wagon rides, such as Hap and Florence Points' elk rides, where you can watch full-grown elk eating a bale of hay out from underneath you.

GROWING PAINS

With the influx of tourists, Cascade is striving to get a marina built on nearby Lake Cascade. Tamarack has changed things dramatically—housing costs are going up and taxes are following suit. Availability of housing is not keeping up with the demand. Now there is no affordable middle-income housing—everything is either expensive or old. Some of the oldest buildings in town came from the now-ghost town of Van Wyck in the early 1900s (see related story in “historical snapshot” by Arthur Hart, page 64).

The infrastructure is not keeping up with demand, Walters said. “We are getting new businesses in town, the Cascade Chamber is extremely active, and the goal is to bring Cascade into the 21st Century,” Walters said. “We have the Ashley Inn, one of the finest hotels in Idaho, we have a new [sandwich shop], the airport is building new hangars, the Chief Restaurant is under new management and doing an excellent job, our newest gift store, the Cascade Store, just opened, and Wheeler’s Pharmacy and gift shop just rebuilt their store.”

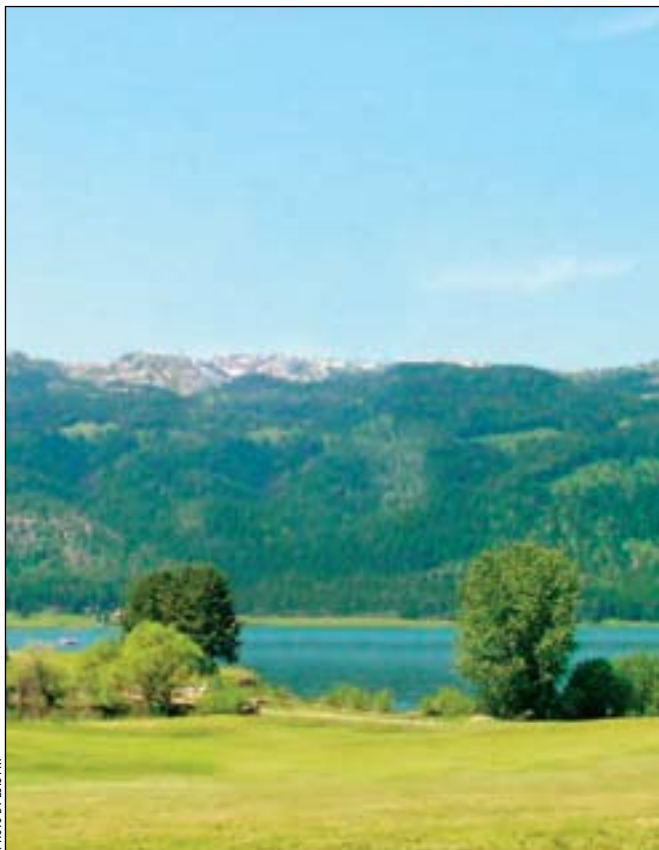
“This is a transition period for Cascade,” said Walters. “There are so many good things that can happen with the right effort put into it. Many people in Cascade now have an opportunity to make a lot of money selling their property, building on the construction trade here and on the tourism economy. I am afraid they are losing sight of what the community is. It seems to be more about the almighty dollar than having a good town to live in. We can make Cascade whatever we want it to be now.

“If you manage your growth starting with managing your water and sewer system,”

“This is a transition period for Cascade,” said Walters. “There are so many good things that can happen with the right effort put into it . . . We can make Cascade whatever we want it to be now.”

Walters said, “you can make any development do what you want them to do—put in parks, walking paths, open spaces—they need water and sewer if they are going to do a development here and if they want to make money, they are going to do a development. Any development that comes to Cascade should be compelled to provide a certain percentage of community housing, homes that are deed-restricted so that normal working people, teachers, office people,

husband and wife that both work at motels, can afford to buy a house here and raise their families. If you make that part of the developer’s project on every development that



goes in, then you have places for people to live. That's very important. That's the beauty of Cascade. Our city limits have not grown for years and years, so any development that gets done will need to be annexed in and with that annexation, you can put your conditions on it."

Walters said there is a need for new developments that meet both retail and industrial needs.

THE FUTURE

I think the outlook for Cascade is bright," Walters said. "I think we have a lot of challenges coming our way with growth. It's exciting to deal with, and I think we will be able to provide services and the amenities that are needed by people, so I am very optimistic about the future of Cascade.

"We still need to be reminded that we live in a resource-rich community. Our people and their passions are the natural resources we have in addition to the recreational opportunities that abound here. We are very fortunate to be diverse in what we offer visitors to the area."

Lois Fry lives in McCall.

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CASCADE

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

AUGUST

10-14 Valley County Fair and Rodeo

SEPTEMBER

23 Pasta Feed and Raffle
24 Cascade Lake run/walk & health fair

OCTOBER

14-16 Craft Fair & Scarecrow Festival

NOVEMBER

tba Chamber of Commerce Dinner Auction

DECEMBER

9-10 Ashley Inn Victorian Christmas and
Fantasy of Lights and Festival of Wreaths

FEBRUARY

tba Winter Jamboree featuring snowmobile races,
auction and more depending on snow levels

APRIL

tba Howdys Fishing Derby

MAY

tba Garden Club annual work day
tba Parks & Rec Migratory Bird Day
tba Garden Club Plant Sale and library book sale
tba Mothers Day Spring Fling (indoor spring vendor
sales and display at Ashley Inn)
tba Community Yard Sale last weekend May

JUNE

tba Fischers Pond "Hooked on Fishing Day"

JULY

4 Thunder Mountain Days & Fireworks
20 Running clinic mid-day at Fischers Pond
29-30 Wild West Shoot-out on the train

SUMMER ACTIVITIES:

- Local car club shows throughout the summer
- Parks & Rec ongoing programs at Cascade State Park
- Sailboat regattas every two weeks

*For more information contact
the Cascade Chamber of
Commerce @ (208) 382-3833,
or visit online @
www.cascade-chamber.com*

PHOTO BY DAVE GOINS



An Oinker of a Friend

Talking to Arnold in 'Piglish'

By William Studebaker

A pig is a pig is a pig. In France, folks hunt truffles, "freedom truffles," with pigs.

A pig is put on a leash, and with the tenacity of a bloodhound, it pulls the handler into the forest. A pig doesn't tree a truffle. It roots it up, all the while setting up a grunt as lonesome as any hound holler I've ever heard.

And there's a guy in Mississippi who's trained a pig to retrieve. He'll throw a tabby cat into the river, and the pig will rush in. It doesn't leap like a Labrador, but it swims to the cat, grabs it, and brings it to shore. Good pig.

I've heard that pigs clean up snakes. By "cleaning up" I mean, when someone's breaking new ground, putting a piece of the desert to good use, he or she will run pigs around the property for a few days. The pigs will eat any snake silly enough to slither under a snorting snout, and they prefer rattlers.

I've also heard pigs were driven ahead of the guys digging

canals around the state. The swineherd snorting for snakes and shade must have been a sight.

And you must remember Arnold, the pig, star of "Green Acres?"

Arnold's role was to show

I've heard that pigs clean up snakes. By "cleaning up" I mean, when someone's breaking new ground, putting a piece of the desert to good use, he or she will run pigs around the property for a few days. The pigs will eat any snake silly enough to slither under a snorting snout, and they prefer rattlers.

disgust for human behavior and to establish the hillbilly-ness of the otherwise aspiring white middle class family. Often treated with contempt, he'd be chased out of the house—where he actually lived.

Living with pigs is quite a common notion. Recently, stranger than ordinary folks have been buying wrinkly, short pigs, pot-bellied pigs as pets. They put them on leashes and take them for walks. They pet them, bathe them, and talk to them.

"Oh, you're a cute little piglet. Come to Momma. You're such a good piggy. Lie down on your rug. I'll be back in a minute. If you're good, I'll get you a pig biscuit."

People sleep with dogs. I

guess people sleep with pigs.

That's as good as a pig can do—take over the master bedroom. They could go one step further, I suppose, and have breakfast in bed.

I've been told pigs are clean,

given the chance. You know, I've seen pigs walk right into a mud-hole and lay down. When they came out, I wouldn't say they were clean. If Gertrude Stein had thought about it, she would have said, "A pig is a pig is a pig." (I don't think Gertie thought about pigs.)

My son Eric was reading meters for a utility company. His job required that he travel up and down city alleys. Sometimes he could read a meter by just looking over the fence, or with his little telescope, he could focus on the dials and get a reading from his truck.

But there are those meters hidden among flowers, behind barrels, or twisted sideways in dark and dank corners. Such conditions required him to walk through the backyard, right up to the house, bend over, and read the meter.

Dogs often confronted him. Most dogs he could placate with a doggie biscuit or by saying something in Doglish: "Yap yap. Bow wow. Arf arf." Translated these mean: "What's happenin'? Yah, I've got it bad too. You're not so tough."

Eric became accustomed to dealing with dogs, cats, pigeons,

and pets of the rodent variety.

He was most surprised, however, when he was bent over reading a meter and he heard a pig grunting up behind him. He turned, looked, and running toward him was a two hundred-pound, wrinkly, short-legged boar. He didn't know much Piglish, and he didn't have a pig biscuit with him.

There was a solid row of lilacs to his left. A seven-foot cedar fence to his right, and his back was against the wall. So he reached in his pouch and started throwing dog biscuits everywhere. With the nose of a truffle

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hunter, the boar slammed on the brakes. The hunt was on. The pig went for the biscuits.

The boar picked up a biscuit and chewed. It picked up another, chewed, and with its beady little pig eyes, watched Eric move cautiously toward the gate.

Eric became accustomed to dealing with dogs, cats, pigeons, and pets of the rodent variety.

He was most surprised, however, when he was bent over reading a meter and he heard a pig grunting up behind him . . . running toward him was a two hundred-pound, wrinkly, short-legged boar.

Eric said, "I had dogs that never figured out that I read meters and dealt in biscuits, but that pig figured it out the first time. I could get by with a couple biscuits with most dogs, but the pig took a dozen.

"After a while, I called him Arnold and started practicing Piglish: 'Oink-ity-oink-ity' that means, 'Arnold, you're such a big pig.'"

William Studebaker lives in Twin Falls.

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE



Gone Fishin'

Family outdoor adventures,
vintage 1950s & 1960s

Story text by Lynna Howard

Photographs courtesy of Calvin and Edna Howard

You can see clear to the bottom!" All of the Howard kids were lined up on the bank of the Buffalo River, looking through the transparent water at a glittering mosaic of sunlit rocks. "Fish! Dad, come look at the fish!"

It was 1956 when my father and mother packed five children and the requisite camping gear (including my favorite doll and

her blanket) into a Ford pickup and drove the whole shebang to eastern Idaho's Island Park for the first time. We had just moved to Idaho from New Mexico, where most of the rivers were coffee brown. We couldn't get over the clarity of Idaho's mountain streams. To this day, if I ask my father what he remembers most about camping and fishing in

BELOW: Kids fill a truck bed at the Buffalo Campground, near Island Park's Pond's Lodge, in 1961. The author, twelve years old at the time, is on the far left.

OPPOSITE: Edna Howard and her son Jerry enjoy the Buffalo Campground near Pond's Lodge, at Island Park, in 1956.

OPPOSITE INSET: A young Ken Howard sits near his dad's boots by the Buffalo River in 1961. His dad had put on his waders to go fishing.



Island Park, he says, “We were mighty impressed with all the clear-running water.” We spent hours at Big Springs, the source of the Henrys Fork River, watching fish waver through water that changed from indigo to liquid gold as the sun moved across the sky.

Some of my earliest and best memories are of camping in the mountains of the western states. My parents took their children camping from the time they were babies right up to the present when “Mom and Dad” worked as support crew for adult “kids” who were creating adventure travel books. My father described our arrival at a campsite in Island Park: “We’d drive in and no sooner get stopped than all the doors would fling open and kids would scatter to the four winds.” This is still our *modus operandi*. That delicious sense of freedom that comes from roaming the mountains and streams never goes away.

“They’ll come back when they get hungry,” my mother would assure her alarmed friends who kept their children under tighter control in the great outdoors. We Howard kids would extend our explora-

My father described our arrival at a campsite in Island Park: “We’d drive in and no sooner get stopped than all the doors would fling open and kids would scatter to the four winds.” . . . That delicious sense of freedom that comes from roaming the mountains and streams never goes away.



tions by taking a cookie or two from the stash Mom brought with her. She would bake cookies for two days before a camping trip. That way there would be plenty for her brood and anyone else who showed up.

We never got lost, steered clear of the occasional moose or elk, and



LEFT: A view from the campground in 1956 of the Buffalo River near Pond's Lodge at Island Park.



LEFT INSET: Edna Howard with her children on a visit to Big Springs in 1956.

OPPOSITE: Robert Howard proudly displays the catch of the day during an outing to Montana's Hebgen Lake in the 1950s. Hebgen Lake is on the other side of the Continental Divide from Henrys Lake.



of those trees were lost. Now, however, dense strands of new trees are mixed in with the older ones. And those pines drop plenty of cones suitable for battle, if anyone is interested. Moose, elk and deer sometimes use the "people trails," so identify your target before you let fly.

We did have one close encounter with a resident ungulate, but we were all in the pickup at the time. Dad was driving into Island Park when a moose charged out of the bar ditch right in front of the Ford. Dad braked. The moose braked. Hoofed animals can have a difficult time negotiating highways, and this one lost his footing on the slick pavement and fell down right in front of the bumper. Luckily, everyone got stopped just short of a collision.

My parents may have been aware of the dangers, but I only remember feeling relieved to have no walls around me and no roof but the sky. My mother warned us to stay out of the river when the water was high, which was seldom

set up ambushes to waylay our unsuspecting peers. As my mother says, "The other kids were taller and bigger, but the Howard kids were faster." The outdoors was ours. We owned the place. Scouting the trails for a likely spot to set up an ambush was second nature. Our weapon of choice was the pinecone. Lodge-pole pines

have always been ubiquitous in Island Park, and in the 1950s there were quite a few bigger trees. Pinecones could be gathered by the bushel in short order, and they were too light to cause much damage. I never figured out why the other kids couldn't see an ambush coming and flank us. We only subjected our friends to this treatment. Strangers were off limits. During the drought and devastating fires of 1988 and 1989, some

the case. We spent a lot of time wading in the benign shallows of the Buffalo and Henrys Fork rivers. I was mildly disappointed when my pesky little brothers did not require me to rescue them from a watery demise. My older brother, Robert, says, "Island Park was better than going to the circus. I'd be excited all week when I heard we were going fishing and camping. It almost made school bearable."

The fishing was good all over Island Park in the 1950s and 1960s. Robert caught his first big

trout in Hebgen Lake, and he remembers it today as "the most memorable fishing trip of my life."

He was six years old. My father's memories linger over the "liberal bag and season limits in those days."

Though it seemed like paradise to us, Island Park's

We spent a lot of time wading in the benign shallows of the Buffalo and Henrys Fork rivers. I was mildly disappointed when my pesky little brothers did not require me to rescue them from a watery demise.

fish and game population had been under human pressure for some time. The area was well known as a

prime fishing and hunting destination as early as 1899, when the Idaho Legislature created the office of State Game Warden. The warden and his deputies cracked

down on exploitation of Island Park's resources, including shipments of fifty thousand to ninety thousand pounds of trout from Henrys Lake every winter to cities like Butte, Montana, and Salt Lake City, Utah. Butte was booming with a growing mining population, as were closer Idaho and Montana communities. The demand for fish and fresh game was so great that "ruthless slaughter" was the phrase used to describe their destruction. Like seed, the state game warden's office grew into the present-day Idaho Department of Fish and Game. The Fish and Game now supports hatcheries, licensing for fishing and hunting, and extensive stocking programs.

"By the 1970s, Island Park was crowded, and lots of cabins had been built," my father told me when I quizzed him on his memories. But I have to add a qualifier: my





ABOVE: *Glen English and Calvin Howard displaying their combined catch at Island Park in September 1957.*

OPPOSITE: *The Mesa Falls Scenic Byway connects to Highway 20, near Mack's Inn at Island Park. This is how Mesa Falls looked in 1956, before safety rails and wooden walkways were installed.*

OPPOSITE INSET: *Calvin Howard during a fishing trip on the Buffalo River, near Island Park, in 1974.*

family thinks “crowded” if you can see another human being, or any signs of mankind within fifty miles. I still think that if we showed up to camp with a

pickup load of barely domesticated children, we might have plenty of breathing room. My mother recalls that “sometimes we were the only family in Buffalo Campground.” I haven’t told her that I think the rest of the population, with the exception of a few tolerant friends,

... my father remembers buying ice cream at Pond’s Lodge, and maybe a fish hook now and again. “We didn’t drop any big money,” he says. Big money was not required: we were already rich.

just skedaddled when they saw us coming.

With our tent, camp stove, lantern and sleeping bags, we were living a life of luxury as far as we knew. We never rented a cabin, but my

father remembers buying ice cream at Pond’s Lodge, and maybe a fish hook now and again. “We didn’t drop any big

who we are



money," he says. Big money was not required: we were already rich.

With the possible exception of schematics for electrical devices, my father avoids writing things down, but he

does have some Kodak slides from his 1956 trip to Island Park on which he wrote, "First fish caught in Idaho!"

June, 2005: My father didn't want to be left alone in the hospital, so I sat in a chair next to his bed as he recovered from gall bladder surgery. As he slept, his right hand kept repeating the motion of casting. In his dreams he had gone fishin'. I was sure he was back in Island Park, catching his first trout in Idaho and saying to himself, "It don't get no better than this."

Writer and poet Lynna Howard lives in Shelley.



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PHOTO COURTESY OF NASA

By the time astronaut

Barbara Morgan reaches low earth orbit next year on a Space Shuttle Discovery series mission, she will have traveled an uphill route for twenty-one years.

Barbara, as many Idahoans know, was a third-grade teacher in McCall in 1985 when she was selected as the backup for Christa McAuliffe as the Teacher in Space by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). McAuliffe and six other astronauts died in the Space Shuttle Challenger disaster in January 1986.

After the Challenger accident, Barbara accepted NASA's appointment as Teacher in Space Designate. She was selected for the formal astronaut program seven years ago. Barbara and her husband Clay Morgan, a writer, moved to Houston with their two sons so that she could work at the Johnson Space Center (JSC). In 2002, Barbara received her space flight assignment on the Space Shuttle. Her STS-118 mission was originally scheduled for November 2003—aboard Columbia.

For its part, NASA calls Barbara the first educator astronaut. It is a title that Barbara promptly dismisses, asserting: "Christa [McAuliffe] was the first." Before the Challenger accident, NASA had planned to fly more teachers on the shuttle. The current NASA Educator Astronaut program continues down the trail that McAuliffe blazed.

What exactly does Barbara's firsthand experience in the classroom bring to the table that NASA had been missing? "It gives NASA a teacher's way of seeing and understanding things,"

THE DISCOVERY

Barbara replies.

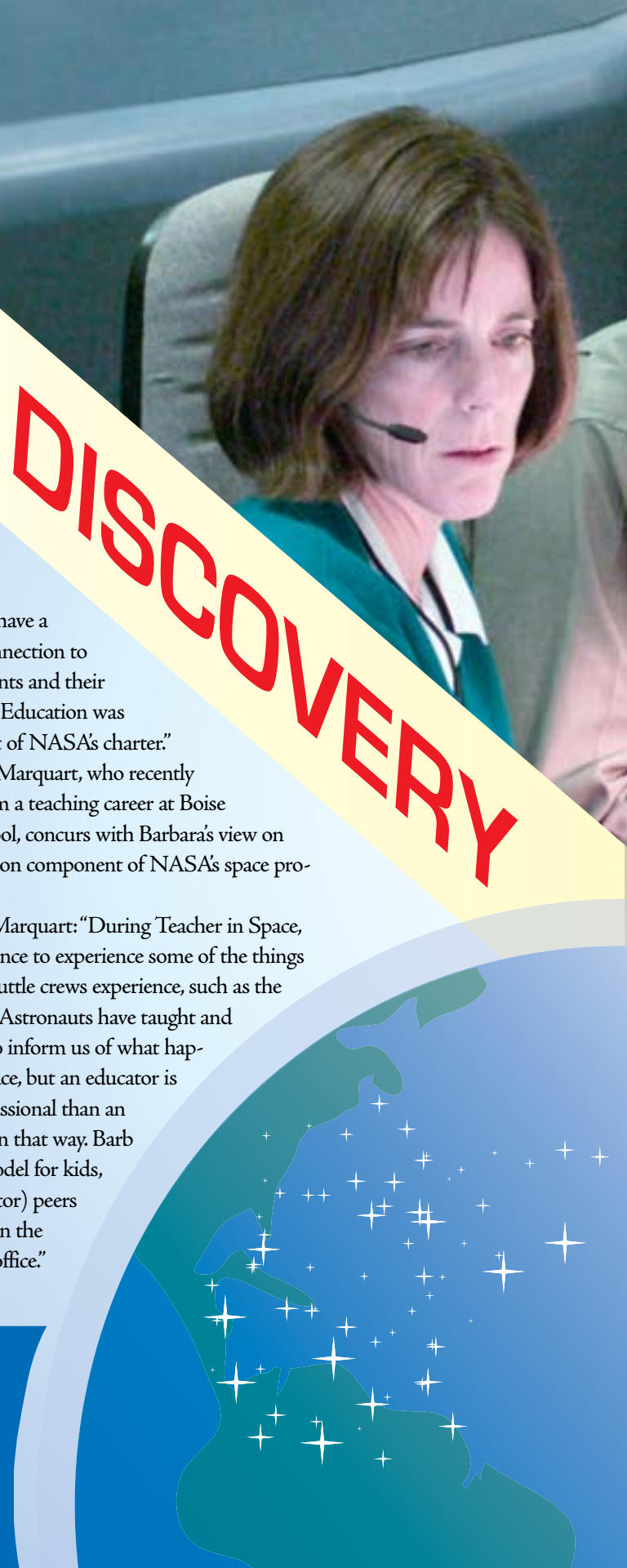
"Teachers have a natural connection to their students and their colleagues. Education was always part of NASA's charter."

Dave Marquart, who recently retired from a teaching career at Boise High School, concurs with Barbara's view on the education component of NASA's space program.

Says Marquart: "During Teacher in Space, I had a chance to experience some of the things that the shuttle crews experience, such as the centrifuge. Astronauts have taught and continue to inform us of what happens in space, but an educator is more professional than an astronaut in that way. Barbara is a role model for kids, her (educator) peers and those in the astronaut office."

Managing Editor's Note:

At press time for the August 2005 issue of *IDAHO* magazine, NASA was trying to resolve a technical problem with the current Space Shuttle Discovery mission—previously scheduled to launch July 13. Delays with that launch may change the timing of the 2006-scheduled Discovery mission, a separate project that would have Idaho astronaut Barbara Morgan aboard. —*Dave Goins*



A photograph of two men in a control room. The man in the foreground has a mustache and is wearing a headset with a microphone. The man in the background is older and is looking down at a console. A large, diagonal, tan-colored banner with the word 'COUNTDOWN' in red, stylized, outlined letters runs across the middle of the image. The background is a light blue sky with white stars and a stylized green and white Earth in the bottom left corner.

COUNTDOWN

By Jill Michaels

Barbara Morgan talks about McCall home, preparing for the scheduled 2006 space mission

ABOVE: Astronauts Barbara Morgan and Chris A. Hadfield listen to downlinked audio from the Space Shuttle Atlantis at the approximate midway point of the STS-106 mission September 13, 2000. The two are working at the Spacecraft Communicator (CAPCOM) console in Houston's Mission Control Center (MCC). Nearby is Bill Reeves at the Flight Director console.



PHOTO BY BILL INGALLS, NASA

LEFT: At Hardy Middle School in Washington D.C.: NASA astronauts Leland Melvin, Ken Rominger, and Barbara Morgan, talk to students.



PHOTO BY BILL INGALLS, NASA

LEFT BELOW: In the foreground, NASA astronaut Barbara Morgan, a former McCall schoolteacher, works with students at Hardy Middle School.

"Exploring for All of Us"

Marquart was one of the finalists in the Teacher in Space program. "Barb and I were selected in the top ten," he states. Marquart, Barbara Morgan, and the other 112 candidates interviewed first in Washington, D.C., during the summer of 1985. The top ten were then interviewed and tested in Houston at JSC and at other NASA centers. When the candidates returned to NASA headquarters in Washington, the space agency announced that McAuliffe was the Teacher in Space finalist, and Barbara was her backup. Adds Marquart: "Idaho was the only state to have two teachers selected. Forty-one other states did not have any."

Jo Dodds has been friends with Barbara since the astronaut's days at McCall-Donnelly Elementary School. They met at a conference for the Idaho Science Teachers Association. Dodds currently teaches ninth-grade science at O'Leary Junior High School in Twin Falls.

In February 2003, Dodds

attended an International Space Station (ISS) teachers' conference in Houston, held across the street from JSC. The convention carried on as planned, despite the Columbia tragedy. Dodds said she was amazed that Barbara visited the gathering, even after the loss of seven astronaut colleagues and friends the weekend prior. "Barb's attitude was: 'If you just gave up, then what were those lives lost for?'" Dodds points out. "She wanted people to know everyone was still dedicated to their work in space."

As a direct result of the Columbia accident, in January 2004 President George W. Bush set forth the Vision for Exploration. He outlined specific, long-term goals for NASA to achieve.

Barbara explains her personal perspective of the importance of space flight: "The Challenger and Columbia crews were exploring for all of us. They helped direct our nation's goals. Now we're focused on the Vision for Exploration, which will take us out of low Earth orbit to the moon and Mars, exploring with humans and robotics. I'm really excited about that. We have some real goals to move us forward." She adds enthusiastically: "This country is on the right track. Getting to the moon and Mars will be extremely challenging. I look forward to seeing these events in my lifetime, and to seeing the path taken for humans to get there."

From an academic stand-

Barbara explains . . .
"Now we're focused on the Vision for Exploration, which will take us out of low Earth orbit to the moon and Mars, exploring with humans and robotics. . . I look forward to seeing these events in my lifetime, and to seeing the path taken for humans to get there."

point, Dodds feels it was a good idea for NASA to select Barbara as “an ambassador for educators.” Dodds has already outfitted her Twin Falls classroom with NASA TV, courtesy of DirecTV, in preparation for students’ live viewing of Barbara’s shuttle launch. “Some kids tell me that space is a waste of money. I focus on how space has improved people’s lives. Regardless of whether or not she is an astronaut, Barb is just a genuinely nice person. I feel honored to know her,” Dodds says.

The space agency’s educational mission has already experienced a measure of success. Astronaut Tracy Caldwell was attending eleventh grade in southern California at the time of the Challenger tragedy. She never dreamed she too could have the opportunity to fly in space, until Christa McAuliffe’s space flight opened the teenager’s eyes to new horizons. NASA chose Caldwell as an astronaut twelve years later—ironically, for the same astronaut class as Barbara.

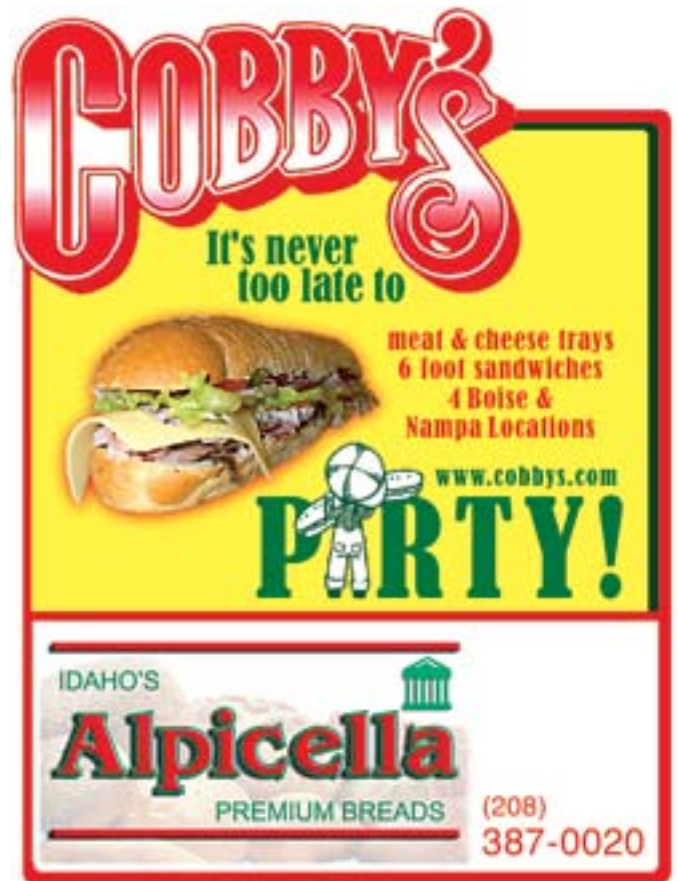
“My first impression of Barb when we met was one of big smiles,” Caldwell says. “There were four of us ladies in the class, and we just clicked. We reveled in each other’s differences. Barb was a constant source of smiles and optimism.”

Says Caldwell: “All of us were there to begin a brand new life. Each of us had been used to excelling in our respective careers. Then you get to NASA, and you’re average now! The first year was a whirlwind. We were all new at this. But Barb had been around the NASA block.”

The four women astronauts in the class dubbed themselves the “Spice Girls,” after the singing group popular at that time. When the ladies chose nicknames to match the band’s theme, Caldwell was dubbed ‘Helium Spice’ due to her interest in chemistry. For herself Barbara humorously selected ‘Old Spice.’

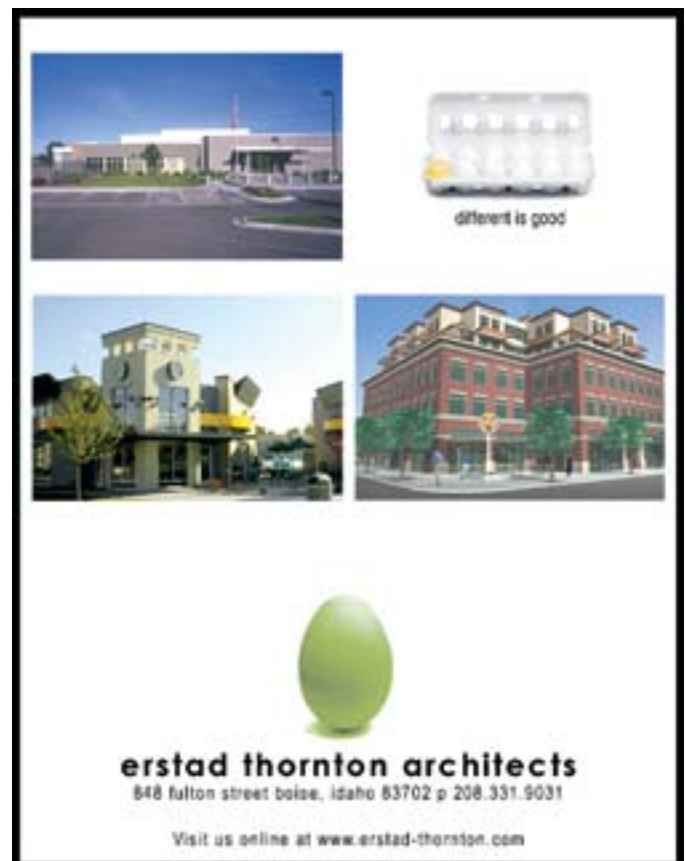
Owing that a teacher inspired her to become an astronaut, Caldwell has found herself in a unique position: one of eyewitness to Barbara’s growth from teacher to full-fledged astronaut. “I was with her in the sim [space shuttle simulator] not long ago,” states Caldwell. “I nearly got a tear in my eye. No one would say, ‘That’s the teacher.’ Barb is a crewmember.”

Caldwell, not surprisingly, confides that she admires Barbara’s eloquence, perseverance and endurance—not just during Barbara’s long-term relationship with NASA but in her personal life as well. With traditional astronaut succinctness, Caldwell sums up her friend Barbara: “Her destiny is to make people feel good about themselves.”



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Both Barbara and Clay emphasize that they want others to know one thing about them: “How much we love Idaho!” exclaims Clay. “We look forward to getting back there someday. We love it and can’t wait to return.” Barbara adds: “Idahoans are lucky to live and work in Idaho. And they know how lucky they are. We always love our time back home.”

Memories of McCall

If becoming an astronaut takes some adjustments in mindset or viewpoint, so does becoming the spouse of an astronaut. Just ask Clay Morgan.

Clay’s grandfather arrived in the McCall area in 1930. “He built a cabin on Payette Lake,” Clay says, “and worked on the Cascade Reservoir project. Barb and I moved into that cabin when we were first married. It was cold!” Although Clay was born in Portland, Oregon, he grew up in Boise. (Barbara was born and raised in Fresno, California.) Clay attended Capital High School and later worked as a smoke jumper. As residents of McCall for more than twenty years, Clay and Barbara enjoyed skiing, hiking, biking, and sailing. “We owned a sailboat for a period of time on the lake in McCall,” Clay remembers.

Imagine, then, the resulting case of culture shock in 1998 when the couple and their two sons exchanged McCall for Houston. In Clay’s words, they relocated “from a town of less

than three thousand to a city of three million.” He adds: “We’ve been here six years, or more. It was really hard for the first five years. The last year, I’ve come to appreciate the area. The Tex-Mex stuff is super.”

Clay mentions that most of the Morgan family’s adjustments have come in the form of “geography and climate—getting used to flatness and humidity.” Also, the Houston area offers “a different way to make a living: the oil-energy business or the space business. In McCall, it was natural resources and tourism.”

Nevertheless, life in southeastern Texas has been “really great,” Clay enthused. “NASA has a spouse’s organization set up to take care of each new class coming in. And I found some writing work right away. It was space-related, a reflection of the area. So I was able to make some connections from the beginning.”

Both Barbara and Clay emphasize that they want others to know one thing about them: “How much we love Idaho!” exclaims Clay. “We look forward to getting back there someday. We love it and can’t wait to return.” Barbara adds: “Idahoans are lucky to live and work in Idaho. And

PHOTO BY BILL INGALLS, NASA

ABOVE & OPPOSITE LEFT: Astronaut Barbara Morgan and husband Clay; the couple cross-country skiing behind their former McCall home.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: Writer Clay Morgan, the husband of astronaut Barbara Morgan, speaking with reporters at NASA headquarters in Washington, D.C.

they know how lucky they are. We always love our time back home.” Social time does not come easy for an astronaut while he or she is training for a space shuttle mission. “My time is chewed up with work,” Barbara says. “The kids have great friends. But they miss the freedom of living out in the woods. They miss the skiing.”

Reminiscing about Idaho helps the Morgans assuage the occasional bouts of homesickness. Barbara shares one little anecdote from her educator days in McCall: “My classroom students and I took a field trip from school to Boise one spring. This was when I was teaching fourth grade. The students had been learning Idaho history. In Boise, they visited the museum and the planetarium, and they had enjoyed those. But what really impressed them was seeing grass.”





The countdown has begun

How is Clay preparing himself for Barbara's space shuttle launch next year? "I haven't thought that far ahead yet," he answers. "So I can't say what we will be doing next summer. I feel the best way I have prepared is by spending so much time around those who have flown in space, and with their families."

Writing keeps Clay busy these days: "I work on histories, NASA projects, and screenplays. I also teach writing at the University of Houston—Clear Lake." He is currently working on the manuscript for *The Boy Who Spoke Dog Returns*. The novel's first installment, *The Boy Who Spoke Dog*, was recently released in paperback.

After the loss of Columbia and its crew of seven, Barbara and her fellow colleagues in the astronaut office were

pulled into duties stemming from the accident and NASA's return-to-flight efforts. She and her STS-118 crewmates have now resumed training for their space station mission.

With an educator's flair for words, Barbara explains the intricate details about astronaut training: "We begin initial training as astronaut candidates. We progress to advanced training, where we learn rendezvous and docking with the ISS, and EVAs,

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Barbara . . . is looking forward to her space flight next year, when she will at last get the chance to educate students and the public at 17,500 miles per hour as the space shuttle orbits Earth once every ninety minutes.

TOP & ABOVE LEFT: *Barbara Morgan teaching elementary students in McCall.*

ABOVE RIGHT: *Barbara Morgan speaking with the news media at NASA Headquarters in Washington, D.C.*

extravehicular activities or spacewalks. That includes robotics. When I got a flight assignment, I switched to flight-specific training in the flight sim. Each shuttle mission has its own software, taking into consideration the day and time of launch, the specific [shuttle] vehicle and the weight and type of the payload we're carrying. During this period we practice specific mission tasks during launching, flying on orbit, rendezvous and docking, and landing."

Barbara is currently training as the director of two EVAs for the STS-118 mission. She will provide guidance from her workstation inside the space shuttle while the two astronaut spacewalkers maneuver in spacesuits outside the space station. The three of them, along with their other crewmates, have been practicing their skills at JSC in the facility's Neutral Buoyancy Lab, a gigantic swimming pool filled with mockups and modules.

The primary mission objective of STS-118 is to install the S5 truss to the ISS, "the second-to-the-last piece on the starboard side," explains Barbara. To complete this job order of space station construction work, after the truss is positioned into place, "then we'll make electrical and data connections to provide communications."

In addition to all that, Barbara announces: "I'm excited about the 'rail-road track' and the mobile platform." The equipment allows a robotic arm to be maneuvered back and forth along a track running the entire length of the space station. When the ISS is fully assembled, four huge solar arrays will provide power for operations and experiments.

Barbara and her crewmates will launch on their STS-118 shuttle flight from the Kennedy Space Center, about an hour's drive east of Orlando, Florida.

Barbara's exact launch date depends upon the timing and subsequent flow of all shuttle launches when they again resume with shuttle Discovery on STS-114, NASA's first space flight following the Columbia accident.

At the moment she is slated for launch in late summer 2006 aboard Discovery.

'The Ultimate Educator'

When you discuss Idaho with her, Barbara makes it quite clear that her work-related relocation to Texas is just a transplant, not an uprooting. Her Gem State educational foundation is solid, fortified by twenty-plus years of molding young students in McCall.

So Barbara cannot resist informing others about various Idaho museums. She praises the Discovery Center of Idaho, located in Boise, and the Warhawk Air Museum in Nampa. Regarding the Nampa facility, Barbara discloses: "I was able to go there last year.

They had huge space exhibits from the National Air and Space Museum and from NASA. The two educators there were fantastic, as are the educators at the Discovery Center."

Another place that Barbara highlights is Museum of Idaho in Idaho Falls. Expanded from the former Bonneville Museum, the Museum of Idaho opened in February 2003, after the Morgans had moved to Houston. "I read an article about it in *The Idaho Statesman* last September," Barbara remarks. She and her astronaut commander on STS-118, Scott Kelly, had been invited to make an appearance at the museum, but plans unfortunately fell through due to a scheduling conflict with their mission training.

Space Journey, the Museum of Idaho's exhibit through September 10, has even drawn certain aerospace engineers from Houston: "Some of the astronauts have visited it," Barbara says. "They have come back and raved about it." Features of this exhibit include space shuttle and other flight simulators, an astronaut multi-axis trainer, an actual

Atlas rocket engine and replicas of the Apollo capsule, Mercury spacecraft and moon rover. Other attractions from five NASA research facilities are also on display.

In Houston, meanwhile, Barbara continues to apply her teaching experience to NASA for the benefit of the astronaut office. She is looking forward to her space flight next year, when she will at last get the chance to educate students and the public at 17,500 miles per hour as the space shuttle orbits Earth once every ninety minutes. That opportunity would be a privilege for any teacher, but it's a fitting one for Barbara, asserts Dodds, who calls her friend "the ultimate educator."

Despite her high-profile day job, Barbara states that one thing will never change for her and Clay and their two teenage sons: "Idaho still is home. All our friends and family are there."

"It's where our hearts are!"

Jill Michaels lives in Twin Falls.



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A Modern Gold Prospector in the Granite Country

By Steve Koehler

He was a prospector—dark-haired, youthful, and optimistic. And I imagine his character was like many of the early prospectors who came to the Idaho Territory in the 1860s in search of gold. His predecessors had traveled on foot, mule, and horseback, but he drove a sedan. They camped where they prospected, and so did he, but the heavy canvas tent had given way to rip-stop nylon. Though I'd missed meeting the first prospectors by well over a century, I met him when he came to my home in Grangeville, where I was a consulting geologist in the mid-1970s.

The decade was a time when the lure of gold came not from virgin lands with raw gold awaiting discovery, but the price of gold itself, which skyrocketed twenty-fold by the decade's end. The mere sweep of time's hand transformed the West's mountains of formerly worthless rock containing only minuscule amounts of gold into mines of fabulous wealth.

Steve Koehler panning for gold in Looking Glass Creek, which runs through the granite bedrock near the ghost town of Florence in Idaho County.



PHOTO BY GRACE KOEHLER

mining memories

And it made lucky claim owners filthy rich like big-ticket lottery winners.

Instead of a name describing the prospectors' times—"Forty-Niners" or "Fifty-Niners"—those turned on by gold in the 1970s came to be known as "Gold Bugs," which included gold traders and hoarders. Runaway inflation was scaring people away from paper money and into buying anything with gold, including jewelry, coins, and scrap computer circuit boards.

The modern prospectors headed for known gold sites—ghost towns and abandoned mines in the wilderness—to discover what the early seekers ignored, or perhaps missed. There's a haunting kind of lure in a silent ghost

I met him when he came to my home in Grangeville, where I was a consulting geologist in the mid-1970s. The decade was a time when the lure of gold came not from virgin lands with raw gold awaiting discovery, but the price of gold itself, which skyrocketed twenty-fold by the decade's end.

town, and out among abandoned mines in the forest or desert beyond a romantic gold camp where tourists go.

Idaho's Civil War-vintage gold camps awakened many to the possibility of striking it rich. The rush was nothing like the hordes that stampeded across the mountains in the mid-19th Century, but the characters were much the same. Prospectors and miners, greenhorns and con artists, penny stock promoters, armed women and men, and even some professional geologists and mining engineers traveled to the core of the state—the granite country.

I never knew the name of the prospector who visited me, so I'll just call him Benjamin. He was no 19th Century pretender. Modern were his clothes and gold pan, though the latter was still made of iron that rusted, rather than the green plastic that was coming into vogue. In Benjamin I saw the youth of myself—a rich desire to search for gold,

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PHOTO BY STEVE KOEHLER

Grace Koehler in 1977 atop Buffalo Hump, the highest peak in Idaho County (which offers a splendid view of North-central Idaho's granite country).

and poor experience necessary for a profitable endeavor.

Benjamin had read about Elk City, one of North-central Idaho's gold mining districts. Elk City struck Benjamin as a good place to prospect for gold. So that's where he went to dig.

He was exuberant when he came to my office on that early summer afternoon. He could hardly believe how much gold he had found, and he was seeking a confirmation from me. In that morning alone, while working the gravels of a creek with just a shovel and a gold pan, he had nearly filled a good-sized medicine vial with the golden flakes.

He handed me the vial and excitedly said, "There's plenty more where that came from."

I examined the vial's contents through the clear plastic. The golden

pieces were sunken in the turbid creek-water, and glistened as I rolled the vial between my fingers. It was like looking into one of those plastic winter scenes that come alive with falling synthetic snow when the container's watery contents are shaken. Unlike plastic snow, however, the material in his container was dark gold, and the bits didn't swirl up and remain suspended, but immediately settled down. I looked for telltale signs from bottom to top. Surely he had not been the first to observe this tantalizing mineral in a creek.

The ancients must have seen the golden flakes in the streams, as did their descendants, the Indians that came to comprise today's tribes. Members of Lewis and Clark's Corps of Discovery would have seen the hypnotic glittering beneath the ripples washing the sandy beaches of the rivers and creeks. Likewise, the early pioneers. Innumerable 19th Century prospectors must have dug up the glittery material with great enthusiasm, and in their minds

bought everything they'd ever wanted, even before they'd filled their sacks with what they'd dug. But eventually, someone questioned the whereabouts of their finds and the finds themselves, just as Benjamin had of himself by bringing the fruit of his labor to me.

Identification of Benjamin's find was certain—no ifs or buts. A shadow of pity crept over me—for myself. I would have to be the bearer of bad news. Here was an honest man who'd traveled halfway across the country in search of gold, then toiled to fill a medicine bottle with mica, common dark mica. To be specific: biotite. But to be even more specific, biotite partly altered to vermiculite—the mineral used for insulation and potting soil.

I rolled the container a bit longer, allowing myself time to think up what I would say. I thought of the proverb, "All that glitters is not gold," and about how Benjamin had fallen into the glitter trap. From a professional perspective I thought (and still think) the proverb should have gone much further. Virtually nothing that glitters is gold! When I see glittering yellow in rock or gold pan I think, Not-gold! There are exceptions, of course. Crystalline and wire gold will glitter; but those are uncommon forms. Raw gold in rock or in black sand concentrated in a gold pan generally seems to glow. And to be fair about that gold, it is a beautiful glow—warm and seductive.

Biotite is virtually useless to man, but nature uses it as a common rock-forming mineral that often speckles

granite. Biotite adds character to the otherwise plain gray and pink feldspar and colorless quartz that are granite's main ingredients, and in so doing makes for interesting tombstones and building stone. Each tiny chunk of biotite in granite is a book-like crystal infused with water. The crystalline water is not cold like ice, but instead is bound up with the mineral's other atoms of potassium, iron, magnesium, aluminum, and silicon.

To make it sweat out its water, put biotite in the bottom of a test tube and heat it with a propane torch. Via that process, biotite's water will appear as clear droplets at the cooler, open end of the test tube.

Nature makes biotite by the reverse of this chemical test, that is, by heating silt or volcanic ash under

pressure, until the ingredients change into black mica and other minerals. Under extreme conditions the new rock—

gneiss (pronounced, "nice") or schist (if it's comprised mostly of

mica)—melts into magma, which will rise, cool, and crystallize as granite. Biotite's degenerate cousin, vermiculite, forms when nature alters biotite.

believer. A strong belief is not eager for conversion, and can blast apart a mountain of facts.

Thus, to the young man, I started describing my observations about the color and mobility of the material in the vial. I told him that of the common minerals, the dark ones usually are heavier than light-colored ones, and will concentrate when shaken in a gold pan. Also, that gold is far heavier than either, which is why it sinks to the very bottom. Most placer gold—metal that has been freed of rock by erosion—is not apt to be within a shovel head's distance of the surface, and the richest deposits are likely on bedrock.

Then I spoke about the Elk City region's country rocks, which are so ancient they predate life,

except for things like algae and other simple organisms. And that any evidence of life they might have contained had been squashed and roasted

right out of them by long years in subterranean earth. But what we see today because of mountain-building forces—uplifting faults and massive blobs of rising molten granite—are re-crystallized rocks comprised largely of quartz, feldspar, and mica.

My thoughts returned to the greenhorn prospector eager for a confirmation. It's wise to be careful when delivering bad news to a believer. A strong belief is not eager for conversion, and can blast apart a mountain of facts.

By weathering and erosion, much of the old mountain mass has been reduced to sand in the rivers and creeks.

There are two common micas—silvery and black, I explained. And that because of mica's perfect cleavage, it splits along planes that naturally sparkle in a chunk of rock illuminated by sunlight, and when loose flakes of it are tumbled in water. Finally, I told him the black mica, biotite, dark because of its iron and magnesium, commonly weathers to a golden color, and that biotite was the mineral in the vial.

Benjamin reacted to the disappointing news quite well. He even kindly thanked me before he left my office. I never saw or heard of him again.

I believe it was Benjamin's good fortune to not so easily have found a vial's worth of gold, and to be gently chastened by Mother Nature in his discovery of biotite. I doubt he realizes all the trouble he avoided with the swift death of his seductive dream.

Were "Biotite Benjamin" to come to me today, I would tell him of a place where he could successfully pan out some gold—real gold—to give himself a thrill. I believe he'd come to understand that such a place was like finding an unclaimed winning lottery ticket on the ground, with a redemption value of one dollar, after two hours of hard work.

Steve Koehler lives in Wendell.

aug 1 - sep 10/2005 idaho calendar of events

august

- 1-29 Silver Creek Outfitters Free Casting Clinic, Ketchum
- 1-30 Ladies Only Mountain Bike Rides, Ketchum
- 1-31 Harriman Trail Nature Walks & Bird Walks, Ketchum
- 1-9/7 Wicked Spud Concerts, Hailey
- 1-9/8 Thursday Night Wagon Rides & Barbeque, Ketchum
- 10 Back to Bunker Run, Kellogg
- 10 Historic Skills Days, Roberts
- 10 Logging Events, Bonners Ferry
- 10-13 Valley County Fair, Arts & Crafts @ Fairgrounds, Cascade
- 11-12 P.O.A.C. Arts & Crafts Festival, Priest River
- 11-14 Sho Ban Festival, Pocatello
- 12 Pioneering Adventures, Paris
- 12 Snake River Roaring Youth Jam, Idaho Falls
- 12-13 Blues in the Park, Caldwell
- 12-14 Apalously Trail Ride, Dutch Oven Dinner & Auction, Deary
- 12-14 Arts & Crafts Festival, Ketchum
- 12-14 Pinehurst Days Festival, Pinehurst
- 12-14 Barrel Racing, Blackfoot
- 12-14 McCall Family Fly-In, McCall
- 13 Chubbuck Days Parade, Chubbuck
- 13-20 North Bannock County Fair, Pocatello
- 13 American Falls Days, American Falls
- 13 2005 Emmett Triathlon, Emmett
- 13 Blues in the Park, Caldwell
- 13-14 Power County Stampede, American Falls
- 13-14 Wood River YMCA Celebrity Classic, Sun Valley
- 13-14 Three Island Crossing, Glenns Ferry
- 13-14 Endurance Mountain Bike Racing, Coeur d'Alene
- 13-14 Huckleberry Festival, Donnelly
- 14 Coeur d'Alene Triathlon, Coeur d'Alene
- 14-15 Weippe Rodeo, Weippe
- 15 Pilgrimage by the Coeur d'Alene, Cataldo
- 15-20 Franklin County Fair, Preston
- 16-19 Buckaroo Breakfast & Chuck Wagon BBQ, Caldwell
- 16-20 Buckaroo Bazaar & Caldwell Night Rodeo, Caldwell
- 16-21 Fair Week & Parade, Burley
- 17 Community Fun Night, Nampa
- 19 5th Juggling & Unicycle Festival, Coeur d'Alene
- 19-20 Relay For Life, Mountain Home
- 19-20 Truck Pulls, Bull Bonanza & Kids Only Dog Show, Preston
- 19-20 Bonner County Rodeo, Sandpoint
- 19-21 Elk River Days, Elk River
- 19-21 Chief Lookinglass Days, Kamiah
- 19-21 4th Annual Mountain Music Festival, Council
- 19-21 Cowboy & Indian Northwest Soiree, Coeur d'Alene
- 19-28 Western Idaho State Fair, Boise
- 20 Back-to-School Fashion Show, Moscow
- 20 Boy Scout Day, Coeur d'Alene
- 20 4th Annual Import Car Show, Coeur d'Alene
- 20 Caribou County 4x4 Mud Challenge, Soda Springs
- 20 2005 Magic Valley River Road 1/2 Marathon, Montpelier
- 20 Bannock County Bluegrass Festival, Pocatello
- 20-21 Wooden Boat Festival, Coeur d'Alene
- 20-21 Annual Mountain Man Rendezvous, Cataldo
- 20-22 Huckleberry Heritage Festival, Wallace
- 21 Rubber Duck Race, Mullan
- 21 Huckleberry Festival, Priest Lake
- 23 Concert in the Park, Post Falls
- 24-27 Bonner County Fair, Sandpoint

- 24-28 North Idaho Fair & Rodeo, Coeur d'Alene
- 25-27 Hot August Nights, Lewiston
- 25-28 Danny Thompson Memorial Golf Tournament, Sun Valley
- 26 Meridian Education Golf Tournament, Meridian
- 26 Opera Under the Stars, Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise
- 26-28 Bannock County Bluegrass Festival, Pocatello
- 26-30 Boundary County Fair, Bonners Ferry
- 27 Bug Day at the Botanical Garden, Boise
- 27-9/1 Annual Independent Wagon Train, Fairfield to Ketchum
- 27-28 Art in the Park, Pocatello
- 27-28 Art in the Park, Lava Hot Springs
- 27-28 Dixie Fire Deptment A1 Fun Run, Ball & Food, Dixie
- 27-28 Community Days, Moscow
- 27-28 Sawtooth Salmon Festival, Stanley
- 31-9/4 Smokey Mountain Rendezvous, Sun Valley

september

- 1-10 Space Journey Exhibit, Idaho Falls
- 1 "Great Garden Escape" Music in the Garden, Boise
- 1-4 Boundary County Fair, Bonners Ferry
- 2-4 69th Annual BBQ Days & Quilt Show, Kamiah
- 2-4 Lake Coeur d'Alene Balloon Festival, Coeur d'Alene
- 2-5 Warm Springs Labor Day Tennis Tournament, Sun Valley
- 2-5 Historic Wagon Days Celebration, Ketchum & Sun Valley
- 3 Franklin's Demolition Derby, Preston
- 3 Ice Cream Social, Roseberry
- 3 2005 Pocatello Marathon, Pocatello
- 3-4 Schweitzer Fall Fest, Outdoor Music Festival, Sandpoint
- 3-4 Grays Lake Rodeo & Western Dinner, Soda Springs
- 3-4 Septemberfest Labor Day Weekend, Riggins
- 3-5 66th Annual Free Barbeque, Kamiah
- 3-5 Paul Bunyan Days, St. Maries
- 3-10 Eastern Idaho State Fair, Blackfoot
- 4 Labor Day Festivities, Priest Lake
- 4 Galena Grinder Mountain Bike Race, Sun Valley
- 4-5 CVRA Rodeo, Kamiah
- 5 Labor Day Parade & Old Timers Picnic, Spirit Lake
- 5 Dry Rot Wooden Boat Breakfast, Reeder Bay, Priest Lake
- 5 Yacht Club Gin Fizz Breakfast, Luby Bay, Priest Lake
- 6 Annual Habitat For Humanity Salmon BBQ, Bonners Ferry
- 8 Community BBQ, Silverton
- 8-11 Lewiston Roundup Rodeo, Lewiston
- 9-11 Art in the Park, Boise
- 9-11 19th Annual Farragut Naval Training Reunion, Sandpoint
- 10-11 Harvest Party, 11th Grape Stomping, Sandpoint
- 10-13 Sagebrush Arts & Wildlife Film Festival, Pocatello

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historical snapshot

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Van Wyck

An underwater ghost town

By Arthur Hart

Did you ever hear of an Idaho town called Van Wyck? Our historical snapshot shows the main street of the thriving little village as it looked in about 1905. The wooden buildings are typical of any small western town of the time, and the wagons and buggies are all horse-drawn. Signs identify the Fisher Hotel at left, and the S. & S. Co. at right, with a further identification as "Pioneer Store." We know from a 1902 news item that Van Wyck lost one of its two saloons that year when an arsonist used kerosene to help it burn.

You can't visit Van Wyck anymore, because its site is now deep under the waters of Cascade Reservoir, commonly known as Lake Cascade, just west of the town of Cascade. The town of Van

Wyck, however, didn't die because of the damming of the North Fork of the Payette River. That project was not completed until 1948. Van Wyck gradually faded away after the building of the Idaho Northern branch of the Oregon Short Line Railroad from Emmett to McCall between 1912 and 1914. When the tracks reached Long Valley, the new town of Cascade was organized, leading most of the merchants and other businesses of Van Wyck, Crawford, and Thunder City to move there to be on the railroad. This gave them freight and passenger service to the outside world by way of Nampa on the mainline of the Union Pacific Railroad. (Boise, the capital city, and largest town in Idaho, would still be on a branch line from Nampa until 1925.)

The name Van Wyck lives on in

the area in campgrounds on the west side of Lake Cascade, in a weather-monitoring and snow-measuring station, and in Van Wyck Creek. The name is of Dutch origin, but the town came to have it because there was a Van Wyck sawmill in the valley as early as 1866. The principal industries in the valley were lumbering, mining, and livestock grazing. Today, recreation seems certain to become more important than all others, although thousands of head of cattle still range the valley in summer. Lake Cascade itself is the number one reservoir in Idaho as a recreational attraction, visited by more than three hundred thousand people every year.

Arthur Hart is director emeritus of the Idaho State Historical Society.

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