

*The February 2007 issue  
is dedicated to the  
memory of Greg Poe,  
a good friend, one of the  
world's finest aerobatic pilots  
and an inspiration to  
tens of thousands of youngsters  
all over the United States*



GREG POE

## High Flight

by John Gillespie Magee Jr.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunwards I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air...

Up, up the long delirious burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew —  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

# IDAHO

## magazine

FEBRUARY 2007 VOL. 6, NO. 5

### Greg Poe

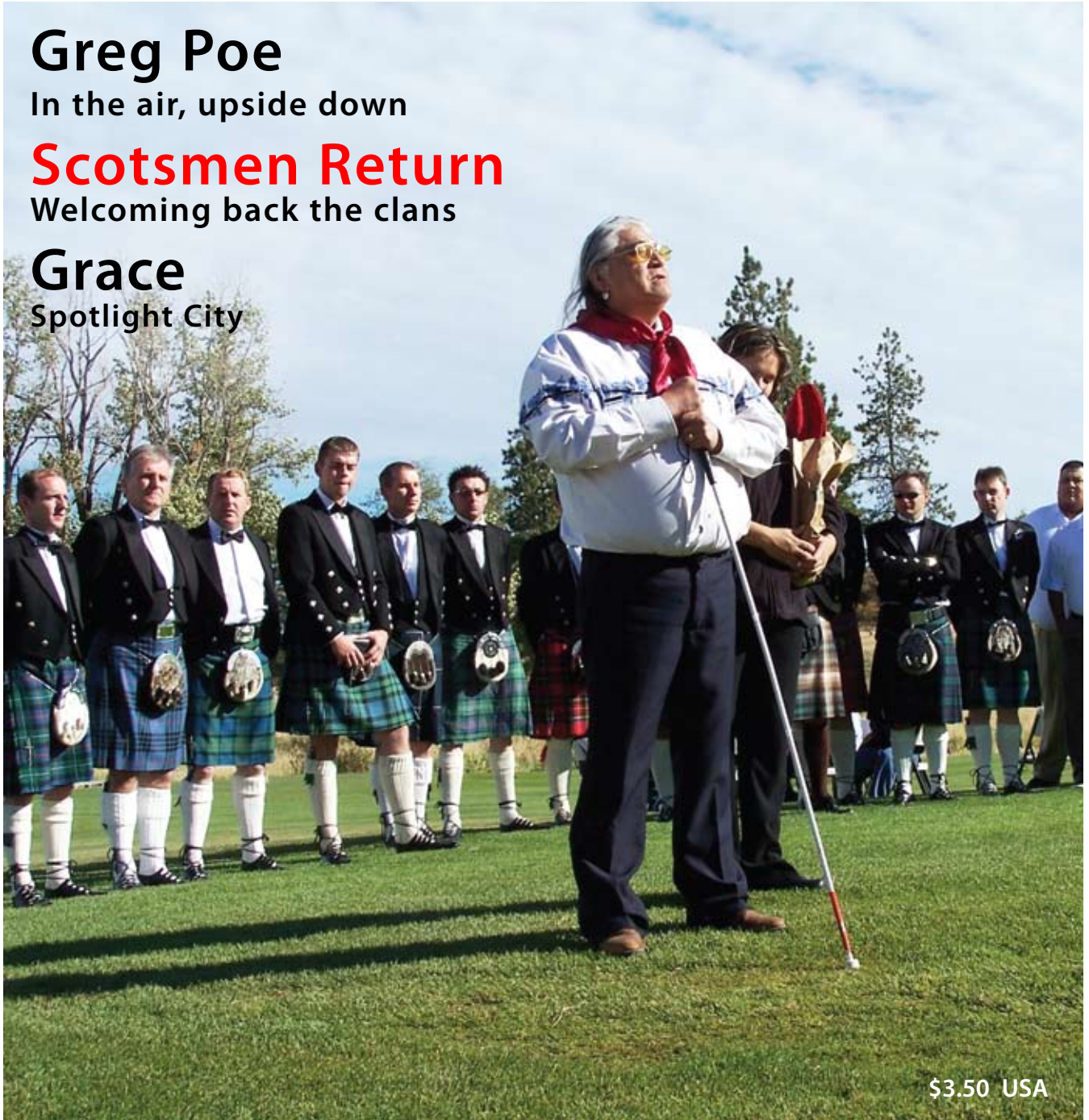
In the air, upside down

### Scotsmen Return

Welcoming back the clans

### Grace

Spotlight City



\$3.50 USA

# The Nucleus of Research Excellence

From development of revolutionary new nuclear energy systems capable of generating hydrogen and electricity while emitting no greenhouse gases, to production of critically important medical and industrial isotopes and space-based power systems, Idaho National Laboratory nuclear researchers are hard at work on your behalf – seeking to dramatically boost U.S. energy and national security, advance science and improve cancer patients' quality of life.

Advanced nuclear  
energy systems



Medical & industrial  
isotope production



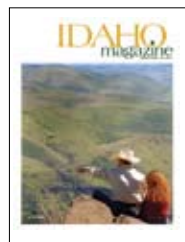
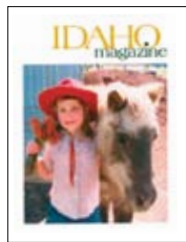
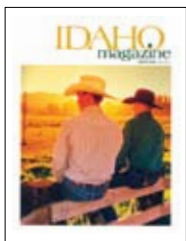
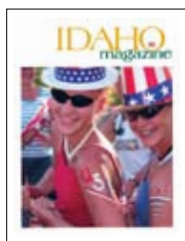
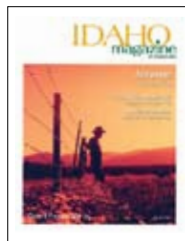
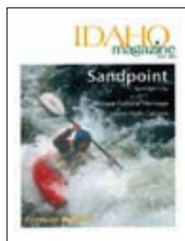
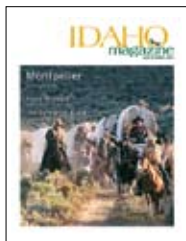
Space power systems



Nuclear safety



INL is the nation's leading center for nuclear energy research, development and demonstration. For more information on INL Nuclear Programs, go to [nuclear.inl.gov](http://nuclear.inl.gov) or call (866) 495-7440.



# What are YOU looking at?

Show us by entering our annual

## **IDAHO magazine Cover Photo Contest!**

Entries must have at least one person in them, though the person need not be the primary subject. Each entry must be taken in Idaho. Entries must be printed at least 4"x 6" on photo-quality paper. Digital images must be a minimum of 8"x 10" and 300dpi resolution.

Please do not send originals. If you would like your print returned, include an appropriate-sized, self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage.

Full rules and guidelines for all contests can be found online at [www.idahomagazine.com](http://www.idahomagazine.com), or call us at (208)336.0653 or (800)655.0653.

### **Categories & Entry Fees:**

**Adult** (18+up) \$10 first entry  
\$ 5 each additional  
**Youth** (under 18) \$ 5

### **Prizes:**

**\$100**  
first place  
in a category

Send contest entries to:

**Attn: Photo Contest  
IDAHO magazine  
P.O. Box 586  
Boise, Idaho  
83701-0586**





12

## FEATURES

### Greg Poe 12

Walter Mitty dreamed his life away, but Greg Poe had no such inclination. When his children were young, he worked diligently managing the Northwest Telco office in Boise, but he and his wife scrimped, saved, dreamed and planned. When they were able to transform their dreams into reality, Greg swapped his suit and tie for a flight suit, and he transformed himself into one of the world's finest aerobatic pilots. But, there's more to Greg than flying, and he's become an inspiration to tens of thousands of youngsters all over the United States. *By Kitty Fleischman*

### Grace—Spotlight City 32

In the center of Gem Valley lies the quiet, little mile-high community of Grace, population 1,100. Surrounded by fertile farmland, irrigated by the Bear River through the ingenuity of its founders, and featuring a population that is both hard-working and devout, this small town provides a quality of life and experience hard to match throughout the Gem State. *By Bill Corbett*



32

### Scotsmen Revisit 52

In 1809, fur traders near Lake Pend Oreille made first contact with the Schitsu'umsh, now known as the Coeur d'Alene Tribe. Comprised mostly of Scots, the traders got on quite well with the tribe, though the relationship was ultimately short-lived. Nearly 200 years later, a mutual fondness for the Scottish game of golf renewed the ancient friendship between the clans and the tribe. *By Jack McNeel*

*Dear Readers:*

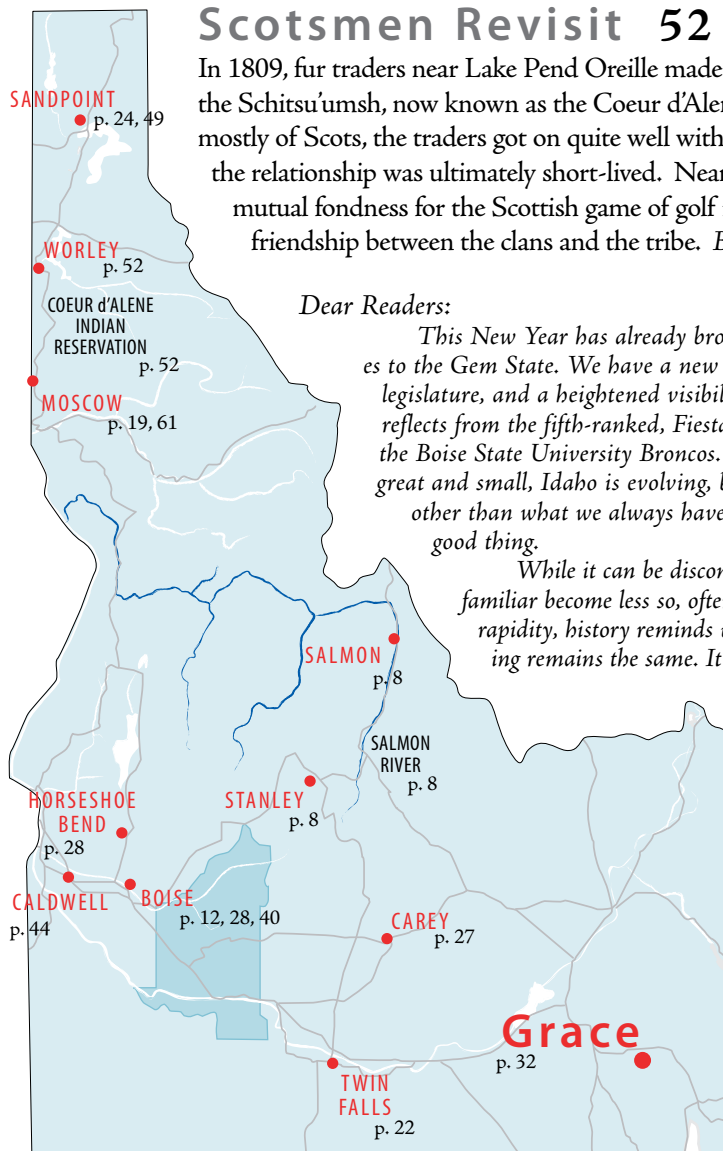
*This New Year has already brought interesting changes to the Gem State. We have a new governor, a renewed legislature, and a heightened visibility nationwide that reflects from the fifth-ranked, Fiesta Bowl Champions, the Boise State University Broncos. And in other ways, great and small, Idaho is evolving, becoming something other than what we always have known. And that is a good thing.*

*While it can be disconcerting to watch the familiar become less so, often with remarkable rapidity, history reminds us constantly that nothing remains the same. It cannot. But if we*

*make the effort to remember the past, both the good and the bad, we can preserve the best of what we were and what we are for the sake of posterity.*

*And those memories very often become a wonderful story.*

*Dene Oneida  
Managing Editor*



52

## departments



28

### letter from the publisher 5

Libraries burning down

### road tripping 8

Down the Salmon River Byway

### music makers 19

The Palouse

### studebaker says 22

Shooting the Shot

### animal kingdom 24

Zeus

### one spud short 27

Fun with goats

### profile 28

Grace Fenton

### fathers and sons 40

Milk Toast

### point of view 44

Old-timer

### family matters 49

Reconnecting

### recipe contest 2007 60

Warm up the oven

### recipe contest 61

Chicken LoneHawk

### idaho extras 62-63

Calendar of Events, Service Directory, and Idaho Links

### contributors 64

### cover photo

Pictured: Cliff SiJohn greets the visiting Scots.

Photograph title: "Welcoming the Clans"

Photographer: Jack McNeel

Academy Award-winning Actress

**OLYMPIA DUKAKIS**

starring in

**FAULT LINE**

A PLAY  
BY

SANDRA CAVANAUGH

**FEBRUARY 6, 2007**



**Don't miss this one night  
only spectacular event!**

The New Heritage Theatre Company is honored to present the world premiere staged reading of a new play by Idaho playwright, Sandra Cavanaugh, starring academy award winner Olympia Dukakis as Maggie Callahan. This play was inspired by actual events and written especially for Ms. Dukakis



**7:00 PM**

**Stage II, Morrison Center**

Seating is very limited for this intimate reading followed immediately by a reception with Ms. Dukakis, the cast, and Ms. Cavanaugh.

**Call 381-0958 for reservations and information.**



**FLOORING • TILE • INTERIORS**

— DESIGN CENTER —

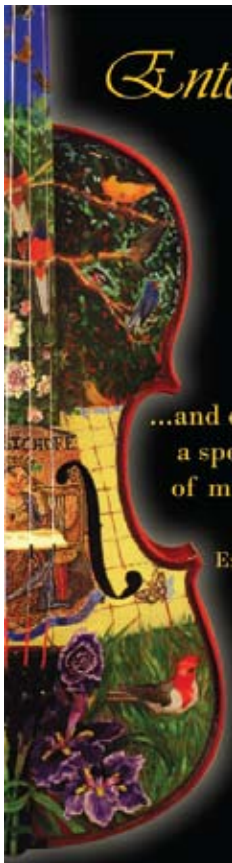
**You know we have been selling  
and installing carpet since 1977...  
but we do so much more.**



ceramic tile • hardwood flooring  
laminate flooring • laminate countertops  
Corian countertops • Silestone • vinyl flooring  
Granite & Quartz slab countertops  
commercial carpet & residential carpet

**Some of the finest installers in the business!**

2150 Century Way | Boise, ID 83709 | (208) 376-3268



*Enter the garden  
of sound...*

**...and enjoy Rachmaninoff, Mozart, and  
a special exhibit showcasing 125 years  
of musical history in the City of Trees.**

Exhibit sponsored by Idaho Humanities Council,  
Rouse Advertising, and IDAHO Magazine

**Tickets:**  
[www.boisephilharmonic.org](http://www.boisephilharmonic.org)  
or call (208) 344-7849

# IDAHO magazine

FEBRUARY 2007 VOL. 6, NO. 5

**Publisher & Editor** Kitty Delorey Fleischman  
kfleisch@idahomagazine.com

**Art Director** Ann Hottinger  
ahottinger@idahomagazine.com

**Managing Editor** Dene Oneida  
doneida@idahomagazine.com

**Business Manager** Elliott Martin  
emartin@idahomagazine.com

**Illustrator** Dick Lee

**Copy Editor** Les Tanner

**Calendar Editor** Ruby Tanner  
rtanner@idahomagazine.com

**Advertising Contact** Kitty Fleischman  
(208) 336.0653, ext. 100

**Contributors**  
*See page 64*

Desiré Aguirre	Jack McNeel
Ann Clizer	Carl Melina
Bill Corbett	Ryan Peck
Jamey Coulter	William Studebaker
Toinette Dickey	Les Tanner
Donna Emert	Dean Worbois
Kitty Fleischman	

**Logo Design** J. Ernest Monroe

 **Please send your change of address to  
[emartin@idahomagazine.com](mailto:emartin@idahomagazine.com) or to the address below.**

IDAHO magazine considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction, nonfiction, and letters for publication. Editorial submissions should be sent to:

## IDAHO magazine

P.O. Box 586 • Boise, ID 83701-0586

or

1412 W. Idaho, Suite 240 • Boise, ID 83702

[doneida@idahomagazine.com](mailto:doneida@idahomagazine.com)

(208) 336.0653 or (800) 655.0653

Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not e-mail complete manuscripts.

IDAHO magazine (ISSN 1552-6240) is published monthly by IDAHO magazine, Inc., a corporation in the state of Idaho, owned by Idahoans. The contents of IDAHO magazine are copyrighted, and all rights are reserved. Material cannot be photocopied, reprinted, or reused in any form without the written consent of the publisher. Produced and printed in Idaho.

# Libraries Burning Down

By Kitty Fleischman

In the hurly-burly world of business, we sometimes become so absorbed in what we're doing that we can too easily forget why we're doing it. Because of the different hats I wear, that's exactly how I felt in December as I scrambled to ask businesses to put us into their advertising budgets for 2007, meet other job pressures as we hurtled toward the end of the year, and, at home, hurried to prepare for the holiday season.

At the same time, our January issue brought a splash of cold water to remind me about the whys. When we started this publication, our goal was to save as many stories from Idaho's old-timers as we could manage. The children who grew up in our state's infancy are quickly leaving our midst and, with them, they take a wealth of knowledge and a host of experiences that could enrich all of our lives.

## **Every time an old person dies, it's like a library has burned down.**

Two of the people who had stories submitted for our January edition died before they saw those stories in print. At least two of our libraries burned down recently.

*Reah Alice Thompson Barker* was born in Notus, Idaho in 1920, delivered by her maternal grandmother. She was the youngest of four children born to James and Pearl Haines Thompson, although two of her older siblings died before her birth. She grew up with one older brother, Argil, on Lower Pleasant Ridge in Canyon County.

According to her son-in-law, Coston Frederick, "Reah had one daughter, but was the matriarch of a large and loving network of family and friends. She stayed curious and involved in the world around her. She had a passion for human rights and a strong sense of the power of love and the mystery beyond our narrow sight. Her wicked sense of humor and unusual dignity will be greatly missed. Those who knew her realized what an extraordinary woman she was."

Reah also was a member of the Menominee (Turtle) clan of Lenapie (Delaware) tribe.

Reah related to Coston an event from her childhood, and he wrote it up, changing some of the specifics, but leaving the body of the story intact, its voice and intent as Reah had told it to him. It was called "The Jason Event," a story of death and burial in a simpler time. No undertakers were nearby, the family gathered to mourn and support each other, and Reah's beautiful young cousin was buried in a simple wooden box.

The story speaks with a clarity and simplicity that reminds us gently of our ultimate destiny in life—death.

**Roberta Green** was born in Challis in 1919 to Dr. Robert and Ethel Thompson Philips. Described as a child with a wide, beautiful smile, laughing blue eyes and a joyous heart, all were traits Roberta retained throughout her life. From a young age, it was clear that Roberta planned to choose her own path in life. Discovering that she was the only family member without a middle name, she promptly chose Helen as her middle name. It was the first name of one of her best friends.

Roberta's story for our December issue was about Idaho's old-time cowboys: rugged men with quiet ways and a reluctance to share much information about their lives prior to their arrivals at the ranch.

At the age of fourteen, Roberta fell madly in love with a handsome cowboy named Clyde Green, originally from South Dakota, who came to work on the Philips ranch. Considered by her family to be far too young to marry, one night Roberta tossed her suitcase out the window to Clyde, and they eloped to South Dakota, where they were married.

A year later, the young couple returned to Challis, Roberta vowing she'd never move from Idaho again. With that, she threw herself into rearing her family and the life of their community. Eventually, the couple had five children.

She developed an intense love of history, took up painting Western themes and began writing history books. The last, "The Lure of Silver and Gold," she finished less than a week before she died.

Roberta's body of work includes five historical books and a wealth of cowboy poetry. She also organized the first cowboy poetry gathering in Salmon. In addition to being named Idaho Historian of the Year, Roberta was named to the Idaho Cowboy Poetry Hall of Fame, and she won awards as the Idaho Press Woman of the Year, and the Idaho Farm Bureau Ranch Wife of the Year.

She leaves behind the legacy of her loving family to carry on what she and Clyde started, and the wealth of stories she took the time to share.

All unrecorded memories from Reah and Roberta have gone with them. There are no "do overs," no chance to ask to hear the story one more time.

With that thought in mind, I challenge everyone who knows someone with a history in Idaho and a sense of Idaho history to interview your family members, friends, and neighbors. Spend some time writing down the stories that only those who have lived them can tell.

We're not necessarily looking for stories of famous people. We're looking for wonderful stories from people you know and love. Our guidelines for writers are on our website, or you can request them by sending us a SASE.

**Hurry! Another library could burn down tomorrow.**

*Kitty Fleischman,*  
*Publisher/Editor of IDAHO Magazine*

# Subscribe Today!

For your office, for your home, for gifts...



It's Idaho's story,  
it's your story,  
one month at a time.

## WRITE YOUR STORY!

Every story in *IDAHO* magazine was written  
by someone like YOU, someone who loves  
living, working and playing in Idaho!

Check out our website  
[www.idahomagazine.com](http://www.idahomagazine.com)  
or call us for questions ... and encouragement  
336.0653 or (800) 655.0653

Start your  
12-month  
subscription  
for only

**\$29**.95(+tax)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Quantity	Item	Cost	6% Idaho Sales Tax	Total with tax	Total
	One-year subscription to IDAHO magazine	\$29.95	\$1.80	\$31.75	
	Two-year subscription to IDAHO magazine	\$27.00/yr.	\$3.24	\$57.24	
				TOTAL COST =	

Visa or MC # \_\_\_\_\_ Expires \_\_\_\_\_  
Cardholder's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Thank you for your order! Please mail to: P.O. Box 586 • Boise, ID 83701 or go online: [www.idahomagazine.com](http://www.idahomagazine.com)

# Truckin' Down the Salmon River Byway

Written by Toinette Dickey

Photography by Allison Foulk

The Salmon River has its beginnings in the Sawtooth Mountains, and even though it is only a tiny stream here below Galena Summit, it soon becomes the mighty eight hundred mile “Highway to the Sea” in which the Chinook salmon travel from the Pacific to spawn and die after a long journey home to Redfish and other mountain lakes. The Lewis and Clark Expedition dubbed it the “River of No Return,” and the assumption was that it was impassable.

We began our Salmon River Scenic Byway tour at crystal blue Redfish Lake by hiking up to the nearby visitors' center and reacquainting ourselves with maps of the nearby backcountry. We read of White Cloud wilderness trails, Queens River Trail, and the many lakes such as Hell Roaring, Marshall or Sawtooth Lake. We watched hikers below, bundled in heavy sweats and boots, climb into boats on the lake to be transported to the tour take-off sites where they will hike or ride the ridges on calm rental horses.



PHOTO BY ALLISON FOULK



PHOTO BY TOINETTE DICKEY

OPPOSITE: **Boats on the beach**—*Watercraft lined up on shore.*

ABOVE LEFT: **Warmer than it looks**—*Allison Foulk after bathing where a hot water spring hits the Salmon.*

ABOVE RIGHT: **A lone cowboy**—*Playing a song on a breached dam.*

Early the next morning, we began our 116-mile drive to Salmon. Not far out of Stanley, Highway 75 becomes Highway 26 and then Highway 93. Down the river a couple of miles we came to the hot springs where scalding water races down the hillside and spills into the glistening Salmon. We examined the stone building where baths used to be taken. Allison waded into the freezing waters

where the hot waters poured into the Salmon, finding a perfect place to sit and relax, smiling in spite of wind, drops of rain, and the thunderheads above.

The winding river grew in size and momentum as we moved along. Rafters launched their rafts from pole slides into the water; damp orange vests first gleamed brightly, and then faded into shadows, as clouds struggled with the sun. The vastness of the mountains and the depth of the canyon grew as well, and soon the road climbed to a lookout where a small



PHOTO BY ALLISON FOULK

**The Lewis and Clark Expedition dubbed it the “River of No Return,” and the assumption was that it was impassable.**

concrete dam was constructed many years ago. At this lookout, we pulled over and watched, to our astonishment, as a cowboy walked along the top of the dam, a guitar strapped

over his shoulder, until he reached the edge of the narrow walkway. Then, at the edge of the old dam, he moved his guitar from his shoulder and, gazing at the river directly below, he appeared to be playing and singing a

song. The roar of the river prevented us from ever knowing for certain, but the image was a vivid one.

We traveled farther down



PHOTO BY ALISON FOLK



PHOTO BY ALISON FOLK

river and turned off toward Custer City, stopping at Yankee Fork Gold Dredge. The memorial said that even though the miners of 1872 had panned the gravel here it still held gold. The Snake River Mining Company placed its dredge here to

collect what was remaining.

Purchased in 1909 and hauled to the site to be assembled, the dredge recovered \$1,200,000 in gold, and ploughed

through six million cubic yards of gravel before being shut down in 1952. Steve, being a welder, was fascinated with the dredge.

Alli couldn't wait to get to the ghost town a few miles ahead. Once there, we drove through wonderful old deciduous trees framing

the valley into Custer City. The one-room cabins with white chinking dotted the sides of the road, and each was marked by a stone path. We stopped near the Art McGowans Museum. A wooden sign by the yellow building notes that

the museum was "established in memory of their son, who lost his life at the age of twenty-nine during construction of Palisades Dam in eastern Idaho, of the old-timers now living, and of

those passed on to the happy hunting grounds." The Empire Saloon across the road was boarded up, but the ramp and old front porch seem to invite you in for a raucous evening of saloon girls' companionship and "drinks on the house."

The information posted by the

**The scenery along the way was rich with blue-green water, towering, thick pines, and sunset-colored rock formations.**

ABOVE LEFT: ***The Yankee Fork Gold Dredge***—Shut down in 1952, it brought in over \$1.2 million in gold.

ABOVE RIGHT: ***No drinks served*** — *The Empire Saloon is now closed to the thirsty.*

road stated that Custer City was named after General George Armstrong Custer. The General Custer Gold Mine's rich vein of gold was uncovered by a snow slide in 1876, and that ore discovery led to Custer City's becoming a booming community. The town was founded in 1879 and, at its height, boasted more than one hundred buildings. It thrived for thirty years before going bust in 1911. This sign also mentioned a toll road, known as the Custer Motorway Adventure Road, that offered a fascinating tour through the backcountry to Challis.

Custer City was rich with artifacts, including a rusted early car body, ore boxes, wringer washing

machines, wheels, mining tools, and many non-descript items. One sign in town told of a woman whose husband left her homeless, so she was given and lived in a rock house on the side of the mountain above the town. She found it to be comfortable and warm. The house's rock foundation still exists and you can climb to the foundation easily. Standing there gives you a sense of the people who once lived in the town.

There were several miles remaining to the town of Salmon, so we returned to the Salmon River Scenic Byway. The scenery along the way was rich with blue-green water, towering thick pines, and sunset-colored rock formations. At last, we arrived at Salmon and took one last tour at the Sacajawea Center. The center is built on a seventy-one acre park, and among other features, it has a research library with journals and works about the expedition, as well as other works on American Indian topics. There is also a small theatre, named for Meriwether Lewis, that seats seventy-five, a natural amphitheatre, and several "event sheds" used for gatherings of various types. The Discovery Camp Area allows for "primitive" camping, and the surrounding grounds are beautiful and include a statue of Sacajawea with her baby in her arms and another of Meriwether Lewis' large Newfoundland dog, Seaman, which accompanied him on the expedition. All around, one can learn an amazing amount about the life and times of Sacajawea, her people, the Agaidika, and the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

In the end, we were awed by the trip we took along Idaho's most notable byway. We learned a lot about the lives of the people who lived along the Salmon River in the signs and stories we read along the way. And when our journey concluded in Salmon, we ate our lunch of fast food fries, hamburgers, and pop, and thought of the pioneers who didn't have it nearly so easy.

*Toinette Dickey lives in Nampa.*

## Salmon River Byway

### Length

161.7 miles. Allow 3.5 hours.

### Roadway

Two-lane road with no passing lanes and some twenty-five-mph curves.

### When to see it

Best weather for travel is April to November, although access to the back country is best from July to October.

### Special attractions

Sacajawea Interpretive Center; Salmon spawning beds at Indian Riffles; Land of the Yankee Fork Interpretive Center; Tower Rock; Continental Divide National Scenic Trail; Lewis and Clark National Historic Trail; Nez Perce (Nee MeePoo) National Historic Trail; Salmon Wild & Scenic River; Middle Fork Salmon Wild & Scenic River; Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness; Salmon-Challis and Sawtooth National Forests; natural hot springs and ghost towns.

### Camping

Salmon River, Riverside, Mormon Bend, Basin Creek, Upper and Lower O'Brien, Holman Creek, East Fork, Bayhorse, Spring Gulch, Cottonwood, Shoup Bridge, Tower Rock, Twin Creek.

### Services

Full services in Stanley, Challis, Salmon, North Fork; partial services in Clayton, Gibbonsville.

### Whom to call

Salmon Valley Chamber of Commerce

phone: (800) 727-2540, email: [svcc1@centurytel.net](mailto:svcc1@centurytel.net), web: <http://www.salmonbyway.com/>

Stanley- Sawtooth Chamber of Commerce

phone: (208) 774-3411, web: <http://www.stanleycc.org/>

Stanley Ranger Station

phone: (208) 774- 3000

Sawtooth National Recreation Area

phone: (208) 727- 5013

Salmon-Challis National Forests

phone: (208) 756-5100, web: [www.fs.fed.us/r4/sc](http://www.fs.fed.us/r4/sc)

Yankee Fork Ranger District

phone: (208) 838-3300

Challis Ranger District

phone: (208) 879-4100

North Fork Ranger District

phone: (208) 865-2700

Salmon District Bureau of Land Management

phone: (208) 756-5400

\*Audio tape tours available for Stanley to Challis & Challis to Salmon.



Greg Poe

# The Not -

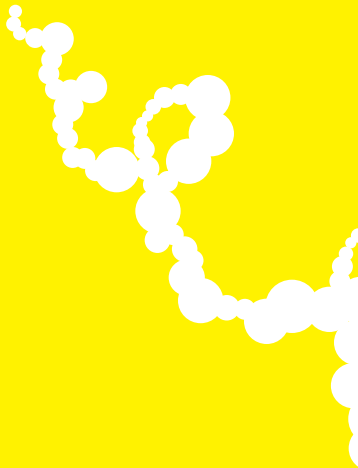


PHOTO SUPPLIED COURTESY OF GREG POE

... "The cannonading has got the wind up in young Raleigh, sir," said the sergeant. Captain Mitty looked up at him through tousled hair. "Get him to bed," he said wearily, "with the others. I'll fly alone." "But you can't, sir," said the sergeant anxiously. "It takes two men to handle that bomber and the Archies are pounding hell out of the air. Von Richtman's circus is between here and Saulier." "Somebody's got to get that ammunition dump," said Mitty. "I'm going over. Spot of brandy?" He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. "A bit of a near thing," said Captain Mitty carelessly. "The box barrage is closing in," said the sergeant. "We only live once, Sergeant," said Mitty, with his faint, fleeting smile. "Or do we?" He poured another brandy and tossed it off. "I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir," said the sergeant. "Begging your pardon, sir," Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's forty kilometers through hell, sir," said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Aupres de Ma Blonde." He turned and waved to the sergeant. "Cheerio!" he said. . . . \*

# so Secret Life of Greg Poe

By Kitty Fleischman

In James Thurber's story, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," the hero was constantly daydreaming his way through life. For Greg Poe, it's been a lot different. Sure, there were years of managing Tel-America and Northwest Telco, long-distance service companies in Boise during the 1980s. It was a Monday through Friday, 9-5 desk job. Suit and tie. Jumping to the corporate tune. Poe said it was a necessity for the family's financial stability, when his children, Ryan and Kelsey, were young, but he and Sherri, his wife, scrimped and saved, dreamed and planned.

Finally, they were able to turn their dreams into reality and, ultimately, Greg now has achieved recognition as one of the world's finest aerobatic pilots.

Just like Clark Kent who dodged into a phone booth and

flew off as Superman, Greg swapped the suit and tie for a flight suit, and transformed himself into the serious aerobatic pilot he always had wanted to be.

As a youngster growing up in Boise in the early '60s, Greg, now fifty-three, reveled in the excitement and adventure of the space race as the Americans and Russians battled to see who would conquer the unexplored territory beyond the skies of our tiny planet. He knew the names of all of the astronauts, and he intently followed the space program.

He took his first flight when he was sixteen, and, at nineteen, he began taking flying lessons at the Strawberry Glen Airport that was located near Glenwood and State streets in Boise. A dirt airstrip, the site now sprouts a subdivision and nearby shopping centers. There Greg learned to fly in a

Cherokee 140, then switched to a Bellanca Decathlon so he could learn aerobatic maneuvers from fledgling flight instructor John Chambers, who later flew F-4s for the Air Force Reserves, and eventually became the chief pilot for Boise Cascade Corporation. Greg says Chambers still works with him and serves as his coach.

Greg received his private pilot's license when he was nineteen, then earned his degree in Electronics Engineering Technology at Boise State University, graduating in 1985.

Joining the workaday world to support his family, Greg said he found he was constantly in a state of daydreaming and planning, looking for ways to support his family on thin air. The family got its bills paid ahead. They saved and



PHOTO SUPPLIED COURTESY OF GREG POE

planned so they could survive during a time with uncertain income. In 1994 his chance finally came. “When I finally had a chance to get out, I didn’t walk away, I ran!”

Flying his own Citabria, Poe began “working as a flight instructor, doing back-country charters, pulling banners across city skies, anything to earn a few bucks flying.”

He got a job as a test pilot for Aviat Aircraft in Wyoming, manufacturers of the Husky and Pitts aircraft, commuting from Idaho to work there. “I did the production test flights. It’s a lot like tuning a piano. When the planes are first built, some of the gauges might not work quite right, or things might not feel quite right. The

airplane needs to be what’s called ‘rigged’ to make sure it’s flying straight and true. I’d make a list of problems, and the new planes were tweaked

**In 2002, the Poes faced the death of their twenty-year-old son Ryan to drug use. ...Instead of allowing himself to be dragged down by his personal grief, Greg wanted to encourage other youngsters to avoid drugs and follow their dreams.**

until everything was perfect.”

He began entering aerobatic competitions and air shows. Flying,

***High over New Orleans—Greg wings acrobatically over The Big Easy, with the Superdome in the background.***

he said, comes naturally to him. He began traveling to air shows all over the United States, and from Canada through Central America and into South America. Those were years of building a reputation, winning competitions and learning the ropes.

Eventually he sold his Pitts Special, an aerobatic bi-plane, in 1996 and moved up to an Edge 540, the highest performance plane available at that time. It is a composite aircraft built with carbon fibers for more strength that is still extremely lightweight. “It is an impressive plane,” Greg says, “and it helped me to get a

lot of sponsors.”

It helped, that is, until September 11, 2001, when the world of aviation was tipped upside down following the attack on the World Trade Center. All air shows were cancelled, and private aviation was limited severely. “Those were hard times. We went eight months with no income.”

Wondering how things could get worse, in 2002 the Poes faced the death of their twenty-year-old son Ryan to drug use. Ryan had fought his addiction for a long time, but finally lost the battle. It was a heart-breaking turn of events for the family, and for Greg, who enjoyed sharing his interest in aviation with Ryan, who was an avid participant. “Ryan was a great pilot. He loved planes, shows and flying. He enjoyed the pilots on the circuit.”

Instead of allowing himself to be dragged down by his personal grief, Greg wanted to encourage other youngsters to avoid drugs and follow their dreams. Toward that end he has developed a program he offers for schools wherever he does air shows or competitions. “Elevate Your Life” is geared primarily toward middle school and high school students, and it has three main messages: Don’t give up on yourselves, follow your dreams, and aim high.

Estimating that he’s spoken at more than a hundred schools since starting the program, Greg said he’s already scheduled for fifty school appearances this year. “Sometimes the kids are skeptical about you because they think you’re some old guy, but when they see you flying a plane through all of the aerobatic maneuvers, you have their full attention. Then they think it’s pretty cool.”

Only once, he said, did he cut short a presentation because the students were disinterested and disrespectful. “Mostly they come up with some great questions. Sometimes they surprise you. I’ve been asked, Did you ever drop bombs? Did you ever crash? How much did your plane cost? Most of them think what you do is pretty cool, and they are grateful you’ve taken time to come and meet them.”

The most difficult situation was in Shreveport, Louisiana, this past year, he said, when he was asked to speak at two tough schools. One was a middle school in a very poor neighborhood, the



*Dedicated to supplying clubs and individuals with t-shirts and apparel at reasonable prices. No minimum order quantities. No set up fees or color restrictions. Choose as many colors as you'd like for the same low price. Need awards too? We can reproduce the same design directly onto our custom plaques. Additional quantities at the same initial price.*

[www.RainbowTees.com](http://www.RainbowTees.com) or (208) 333-0369

**Your audience  
is here.  
Where is  
your ad?**

Kitty Fleischman

336.0653 or (800) 655.0653

[kfleisch@idahomagazine.com](mailto:kfleisch@idahomagazine.com)

*Designing Idaho's Homes*



- Custom Structure Design
- Full Construction Plan Sets



**Scott Clark**  
Design Consultant

**ABC**  
Drafting & Design Services

208-870-6551

Toll Free: 888-889-2442

[www.abcdrafting-design.com](http://www.abcdrafting-design.com)

Eagle, Idaho



PHOTO SUPPLIED COURTESY OF GREG POE

other was a “lockdown” school with uniformed officers supervising.

“They were the ‘throwaway’ kids that nobody wanted. Checking it out the day before the presentation, I wondered if I should wear a flak jacket.

“It isn’t an easy presentation to give. I expose a lot about Ryan’s drug use and his death, and it’s a difficult part of my life. I was afraid of kids acting out or being sarcastic.”

The day of the event there were about forty kids, and they were

well-supervised. As usual, he urged them to find the passion in their lives and follow

their dreams. After the video, the youngsters were full of questions, and later many stood in line to shake his hand and some gave him hugs. Greg was amazed by the warm response, but the supervisors told him these were kids who always had been given “hand-me-

down everything,” and they were really impressed that he had taken the time to come and talk to them.

Would he give up job security

**The most difficult situation was in Shreveport, Louisiana ... They were the ‘throwaway’ kids that nobody wanted. Checking it out the day before the presentation, I wondered if I should wear a flak jacket.**

***Flying at an abrupt angle—Soaring above the airfield at a Peoria airshow.***

and do it all again? Considering the passion with which he talks about his flying, it’s surprising when Greg stops a few minutes to think about how to answer that. “It’s a complicated question,” he said. “I’ve had the highest highs and some of the hardest times. It’s been such a commitment. I have to operate at such a high level. As a professional pilot, I also have to be an athlete. I have to work out physically, eat right, and I travel more than a hundred fifty days a year. There is a lot of personal sacrifice. I don’t like to fail, so I give it my all.

“It’s just tough. I can’t imagine not doing this. Even with weather problems, breakdowns and having

to fly coast-to-coast for shows, it's what I was made to do.

"When I went into this, I had no idea how much sacrifice, danger and risk I was taking. It's going well now though."

In 2006, a new sponsor, Fagen, Inc., from Minnesota, stepped up to sponsor the plane, which runs on eighty-five percent ethanol fuel (E-85). Greg first became interested in ethanol when he was exploring its possibilities for increasing engine performance years ago through the Idaho Energy Division of the Department of Water Resources. He now has used it to power his planes for more than ten years. "Whether you're looking for great engine performance, want to do your part for the environment, or you're looking out for American jobs, ethanol is the best choice," Greg said. When E-85 isn't available, he added, there is a fairly simple method for adjusting the fuel servo so it can be modified to run on regular aviation fuel. It takes three hours to do the modification, but he said, E-85 is becoming increasingly available.

Greg's flight schedule for 2007, shown at [www.gregpoe.com](http://www.gregpoe.com), details another busy year of flying. Air shows often attract a hundred thousand or more spectators, and in those cases, he said the interaction is different, but also is usually positive. His flying is choreographed to music, and he talks to crowds from the cockpit by radio as he flies. Spectators on the ground can tell what he's doing by the smoke that comes from the tail pipe. A pump sprays a thin layer of oil into the plane's exhaust pipe, which burns off the oil to produce smoke. While using the smoke, the plane spins and tumbles, while aerobatic maneuvers all can be followed easily from the ground and even captured on still photos.

Champing at the bit for the new air season to start, Greg will be flying to Houston in early January to be fitted into the cockpit of his new custom-built plane. Then he'll fly to Florida to train in the company's prototype. At the end of February he'll be picking up his new plane from Houston. The MX-2 will be custom-fitted for him, with all gauges exactly where he wants them, the

## MOTORSPORTS *Northwest*

**Marshall "Red" Jones**

PCA Member since 1970  
Quality service with a personal touch

**SPECIALIZING  
IN PORSCHE**

**Parts • Service • Repairs**

**511 AMERICANA BLVD. • BOISE • 208 345-9444**

## KOHLER POWER SYSTEMS

- Generators
- Automatic Transfer Switches
- 24 Hour Service
- Parts
- Rentals

**EC**  
**POWER  
SYSTEMS**

4499 Market St.  
Boise, ID 83705

**342-6541**

toll free 800-354-6767

[www.ecpower.com](http://www.ecpower.com)

IDAHO • UTAH • COLORADO



**Al's Car Care, Inc.**

**Serving our neighbors since 1979**

**Mention this ad and save 10% on your bill**

Downtown Boise  
344-3800

Fairview Ave  
375-0940

An **ACDelco** TSS Quality Installed • AAA Approved



PHOTO SUPPLIED COURTESY OF GREG POE

radio and all of the controls where he can reach them most easily.

Sherri said she is looking forward to the new plane because it is a two-seater, so she'll be able to accompany him to many more of the performances he gives.

A gigantic hit on the air show and aerobatic circuits, Idaho's native son has been featured on ESPN, Fox Sports, and other national shows, including a recent appearance on the Weather Channel. One of his aerobatic maneuvers has been recorded for "Ripley's Believe It or Not." Called the "Corkscrew," he takes a wild, spinning ride followed by an amazing 11.4 g pull to vertical. It is one of several aerobatic maneuvers that are unique to Greg's work.

Many people ask Sherri if she's afraid when she watches Greg fly, but she says only when there are other pilots flying with him. "I'm more worried about him when he's driving than when he's flying." Her favorite maneuver is the "tail slide," in which he spirals straight up, then tumbles down through the smoke tail first.

In Greg's mind, the ultimate "E-Ticket ride" is what he calls "Newton's Folly." As a student, his favorite subject was physics, and in this aerobatic maneuver, he says, he flies the plane in a nose over tail tumble, defying the laws of physics.

Greg once was asked by a young student, "Does pulling all of those g-forces make your hair fall out?"

***Just another day at the office—A breathtaking view high over the river—during the Peoria airshow.***

The question, even in retrospect, draws a hearty laugh from Greg, whose head is adorned by a simple Friar Tuck-like fringe.

How long does Greg plan to keep flying? "I expect another eight or nine years on the air show circuit, but beyond that, I'll keep flying until I can't fly anymore."

*\* Taken from "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," by James Thurber*

Kitty Fleischman is publisher-editor of IDAHO magazine.

# The Palouse

## A Springboard for Singer-Songwriters

By Ryan Peck

When some people think of where to find musicians in Idaho, they immediately think of the state's capital city, Boise, or Sun Valley, and it is true that many fine artists live there. It is also true, however, that many of the best

musicians in Idaho can be found in other places. Muzzie Braun lives in a cabin north of Stanley, Steve and Marcus Eaton hail from Pocatello, and Rosalie Sorrels makes her home at Grimes Creek. A strong case can also be made as well for

Moscow, a city that is fast becoming a career springboard for singer-songwriters. Growing numbers of musicians from the Palouse have put their guitars in their cars and driven out of northern Idaho to national—and in the case of at least one artist — international acclaim and recognition. Darren Smith, Douglas Cameron, Josh Ritter, and Charlie Sutton are excellent examples of Moscow artists who have become nationally successful musicians.

"I think northern Idaho has a certain timeless quality to it. It is a place that I can always count on for inspiration and direction," says singer-songwriter Darren Smith, who in 2006 released his first solo record, *Last Drive*. It is an album that chronicles the lives of timeless characters who could very well have been plucked out of the north Idaho landscape. "The winter season's short days actually help with

*Waiting for his turn* —Darren Smith jamming with friends. A northern Idaho-based musician, he is one of many artists who make their home in Moscow.



PHOTO BY WENDY MYERS



PHOTO BY MEADY MYERS



PHOTO BY JEREMY PETERSON

ABOVE & INSET: ***Playing in a natural setting***—Josh Ritter at a music festival in Stanley,

One of those solitary figures is prolific songwriter and Moscow native Douglas Cameron. Cameron thinks that the strong music department at the University of Idaho is one of the major influences on Moscow's music scene. The Lionel Hampton School of Music was named after one of the most influential jazz musicians of the 20th century. Since the 1980s when Hampton began working with University of Idaho to establish a world-class music school, the school has become a Who's Who

of talented music educators.

"One of my heroes is Dan Bukvich [a professor of music at UI]," says Cameron. "I have learned so much from him." While at UI, Cameron first met up with the musicians Ryan Gibler, Casey Miller, and John Fricke. These three music students would later form the band Stranger Neighbor with Cameron and tour nationally in the late 1990s through the early 2000s.

"We first started playing at a place called the Capricorn. It was so much fun!" exclaimed Cameron. Before long, the band was packing the now-defunct college hangout with lines of fans going out the

songwriting," says Smith. "They draw songwriters indoors to work on their craft. It's easy to imagine a solitary figure, outlined by firelight, hunched over an oak desk with his guitar, pen and paper,"

door. And it was the enthusiastic reaction of Moscow music fans, Cameron said, that persuaded Stranger Neighbor to take their show on the road. "When we started touring, we retained this Idaho work ethic that helped us go far," recalls Cameron. "We basically bought a van and drove anywhere and everywhere that would have us. There were a lot of long drives and peanut butter sandwiches!"

"Since I left Moscow," Cameron continued, "I keep hearing of all these artists who got their start there. One of my new favorites is Josh Ritter." Ritter, the son of two neurobiologists, is a folk musician who has been chewing up column inches all over the world. In 2004, the *Irish Hot Press* revealed that Ritter had been voted the number one songwriter of the year in their readers' poll. On his most recent album, "The Animal Years," Ritter proclaims his hometown love on the track "Idaho":

Thought that I'd been on a boat  
till that single word you wrote.  
That single word it landlocked me  
and turned the masts to cedar trees  
and the winds to gravel roads.  
Idaho, Idaho ...

One of Josh's songs, "Wings," has been covered by folk great Joan Baez. It's a song that was inspired by the historic Cataldo Mission near Moscow. "You know, the history of north Idaho is very interesting—because it was never really owned by

anybody. Up to the 1860s, there were Russians up there, there were French, there were people from the east coast moving west to avoid being drafted in the Civil War, and there were three or four different Indian tribes. It was just a real melting pot in the middle of really nowhere," says Ritter.

When Ritter was at Oberlin College, he sent off a tape of his songs to the renowned Pete Seeger. "He didn't know me from Adam, but he wrote me back and said 'The most important thing you could ever do is to choose a place and dig in,'" recalls Ritter. And dig in he did. The imagery of northern Idaho inhabits Ritter's songs. This last year, after releasing one of the most successful albums of his career on V2 records, Ritter could afford to buy a house in Moscow. "When I look around, I can't

believe that words in the air bought my house," says Ritter with a laugh. In October 2006, after making it big,

in a twist of hometown musician camaraderie, Ritter played a sold out homecoming show to a thousand fans in Moscow. And his friend, Darren Smith, opened the show for him. Fans were treated to a very special show by two local boys who made good.

Around that same time, another

special show happened right across the border in Pullman, Washington, when another Moscow musician, Charlie Sutton, was asked to play on the nationally broadcast radio show *Prairie Home Companion*. He couldn't believe it. "[I only had] three days' notice [but] it worked out fine in the end," says Sutton. On the show, Sutton responded to host Garrison Keillor's question about how Moscow compares with Pullman by saying, "It's the better half." Sutton loves Moscow, convincing his fiancée to move there instead of their initial destination, Eugene, Oregon. "I'm not too keen on clouds all the time," says Sutton. "I like it better here. And my fiancée loves it [now], even though she's a city girl."

It's hard not to love the music that comes out of the Palouse.

Though some musicians get their start in the town and then move on to other places (Smith now lives in Seattle and Cameron lives in Boise), some of them, such as Ritter, still choose to base themselves in this northern Idaho town.

A hotbed for music and musicians, Moscow is a small town with a lot to offer: an inspiring landscape, a fascinating history, a renowned music school, and music lovers by the thousands.

Ryan Peck lives in Boise.

**Ritter, the son of two neurobiologists, is a folk musician who has been chewing up column inches all over the world.**

# Shooting the Shot

## Taking Pictures the Easy Way

By William Studebaker

I began taking photographs by default. I went to Greenland. I went to Mexico. I went to the Carolinas, Georgia, and West Virginia. I was kayaking, hiking, and camping. There was no one to take pictures, but there were pictures worth taking, so with a little advice I'd gotten from a friend, a professional photographer, I began taking shots. Some turned out. I began seeing instant frames, and spontaneity is a major part of outdoor photography.

Driving down the south slope of Galena Summit one night, I saw a picture I didn't take. It was too horribly beautiful.

As I drove around a corner in the road my headlights fell upon a doe standing in the middle of the road. Her neck was outstretched. She was

sniffing her fawn. Apparently, the fawn had been struck by the car ahead of me.

I slowed, stopped. My camera was on the seat beside me. It's the first rule of outdoor photography: keep your camera with you. I didn't reach for it. I was mes-

merized by the sheer agony of the scene. The doe's face was not gaping with fright. It radiated incomprehensibility.

Had I grabbed my camera, I would have had time. She didn't pay attention to me. I could have captured a scene of devotion, desire, and mystery. Rather, I sat in awe.

The fawn didn't move. The doe nudged it, but it didn't wriggle up and stagger off with its mom. No doubt it was dead.

Everything I needed for a heart-stopping picture was there.

**Driving down the south slope of Galena Summit one night, I saw a picture I didn't take. It was too horribly beautiful.**

The dim light that showed down the highway lit up the scene, creating a soft aura suitable for the tawny doe. The highway, black and dotted with white reflective paint, created an apex that disappeared into the night. The hill slope cut from side to side crossing

the simple perspective of the road. There was tension. There was opportunity.

Obviously, and to repeat, the first rule is to keep a camera close. My simple point-and-shoot camera was on the seat. No problem. Roll down the

window, point, and click.

I've only used three styles of cameras: the waterproof disposable ones, a point-and-shoot Pentax, which I recently placed on top of my car and then drove off, and an Olympus Stylus 120. It's essentially a point-and-shoot camera too.

My cameras aren't fancy; they're handy.

For exotic sunsets, sunrises, moon configurations, and elaborate landscape, cameras with complex lens, filters, and shutter-speed produce better shots, no doubt, but I've seen persons give up good action shots and miss fading stills when the light is moving fast because their equipment is too complex.

I'm on the move hiking, hunting, boating, rafting, or training dogs. So I use a quick-draw camera and take my chances using tricks taught to me by Russ Hepworth and Matt Leidecker.

Russ and I co-authored *Travelers in an Antique Land*. For Matt Leidecker, the visionary and photographer for *Impassable Canyon: a Journey Down the Middle Fork*, I wrote three division introductions. Of course, I studied Matt's photographs.

From Matt and Russ, I gathered these rules of photography:

## studebaker says

1. Be close.
2. Know from where your light is coming and use the softest illumination possible.
3. Don't stand straight up. You'll get a snapshot, not a picture. Use angles.
4. Be aware of what's in the background.
5. Use the foreground to create depth. Place a nearby object in the corner or bottom of your viewfinder. This closeness will create three dimensions. The closeness, the light, the angle, and the background will all be enhanced by the contrast.
6. And most importantly, shoot what you know. If you know horses, you'll shoot good horse photographs. You understand the emotions and unique actions that make horses intriguing.

When I saw the deer on the road, everything was there for a good photo, and I've taken enough pictures of deer to know that I had a 90% chance of capturing the scene. Had I, it would have been a terrible, award-winning photograph.

Everything was ready but my mind. It stalled. Photography comes from the mind too. It has to be prepared for joy and sadness.

That I didn't take the picture doesn't change the fact that traveling with a light, easy-to-use, weather-resistant camera is encouragement to capture the sudden scene.

The once in-a-lifetime photograph comes from being ready.

Later a young buck stood in my road, and I shot him.

*William Studebaker lives in Twin Falls.*



PHOTO BY BILL STUDEBAKER

### Great for holidays and gift giving!

6103 Fairview • Boise, ID 83704  
Just west of Curtis  
(208) 377-8664  
(800) 725-4267

Specializing in fully cooked, spiral-sliced, hardwood smoked, honey-spice glazed hams, and tender smoked turkeys.

- Coffee & Espresso
- Box Lunches/Deli
- Dine in or Take out
- Specialty Gifts

Call and we will fax you a lunch order form @ 377-8664. We deliver for 10 or more!

## Become a member of the Idaho State Historical Society

Join today and you will receive the society's quarterly historic journal *Idaho Yesterdays* and its quarterly newsletter *The Mountain Light*. Your personal support strengthens a variety of programs as the Idaho State Historical Society carries out its mission to educate through the identification, preservation, and interpretation of Idaho's cultural heritage.



As a bonus, with a membership of \$60 or more, the historical society also will send you a one-year subscription to the monthly IDAHO magazine!

For membership information visit us at [www.idahohistory.net](http://www.idahohistory.net)

# Zeus

## Getting to know a burro

By Desiré Aguirre

I call the state lands near Marijuana Knob, twelve miles north of Sandpoint, Splash Estates. I named it after my faithless Pinto mare, Splash-of-Paint. I wanted to christen her Spot, but my brother, a house painter, said she looked like a splash of paint, and my children outvoted me.

A fifteen-minute ride from my house, Splash Estates, a 120-acre green box on my map, nestles between Wylie Knob and McNalls ranch. Zeus, the burro that lives in McNalls' field, has a tan coat with black stripes that wrap around his legs and down the middle of his back. He spends his days with six horses. They ignore him.

I felt adventurous the day we met Zeus. The last quarter moon had visited the night before, exiting like a burnt out candle, leaving a glittering day with jade mountains on the horizon. I saddled Splash up, and we trotted to the road that separates the farmer's fields from state lands.

Zeus saw us coming down the dirt path. His ears pricked up. He heed and hawed as he jogged

toward us. Splash, disconcerted by his banana-sized ears and humongous nose, performed all her circus tricks. She jiggled and jumped. Side stepped, backed, tossed her hair and snorted.

Perhaps Splash thought Zeus was an aardvark. When he approached the broken down fence with a yuck, she panicked. She turned her

head towards my knee. Her eyes looked like she had held her breath too long. Her nose flared like an elevator door opening and closing. She neighed for release.

I wanted to reach out and touch his ears. They came up to Splash's withers. I wasn't sure what he was, and thanks to modern technology, I made a quick call to my friend Patty. After describing

the equine type creature, she laughed and said, "Desiré, sounds like a burro to me."

Splash didn't like my conversation, and continued misbehaving. I

closed my phone, then signaled her to turn around, and with a minimal squeeze, she took off at an easy trot. Zeus, bound with excessive desire, found a break in the fence,

and walking like a tidy cat, stepped through to our side of the road.

"Oops," I said. "Giddy-up, Splash."

Splash took off like an airplane. We zoomed down the road and into an open field. She threw her head back to look at the monster on her tail. She was terrified. Zeus had fooled me, and ran like a barrel racer. It looked like he

**Zeus, the burro that lives in McNalls' field, has a tan coat with black stripes that wrap around his legs and down the middle of his back. He spends his days with six horses. They ignore him.**

would win the race. He stayed behind us as if he had on roller skates. He was amazing.

We turned into the sand pit, galloped through, and continued into a field of spotted knapweed with their poisonous purple flowers soaking up the sun, while wholly swallowing the field.

I saw the tree too late. I slowed down while making an incomplete turn. The saddle listed to one side and I fell off like a paperweight. I tucked and rolled, a maneuver that I have perfected over the years, using it in gymnastics (thirty-five years ago), snowboarding (flips on the ground), and emergency dismounts.

Feeling like an overcooked noodle, I stood up. I dusted my butt, thanking my mom for mak-

ing me wear a helmet, and looked down the road, hoping to see a photo finish ending. But Splash, my beloved horse, and Zeus, were gone.

I tracked the critters. Their hoof marks, deep in dirt, indicated that they continued at an all out run. I rubbed my knee, and wondered if I'd have to walk all the way home. I hoped Splash wouldn't ruin her saddle or step on her reins. The new cinch hadn't quite broken in, and stretched a bit every time I used it. I chided myself for not tightening it one more buckle.

The trail dead-ended at a barbed wired fence. Rotted wooden posts kept the rusty wire off the ground. Beyond the fence stood Splash, huffing and looking ridiculous with the saddle beneath her

belly. Zeus stood next to her, nuzzling the nook of her withers. He hadn't cracked a sweat.

I knew Splash could jump, but I wondered how the burro had gotten over. I found the lowest wire and gingerly stepped over it. As I approached, they looked at each other with tenderness. I picked up a loose rein, patted Splash on the neck, and shoved Zeus out of the way so I could dislodge the saddle and push it upright on Splash's back.

"Zeus," I said. "Go home." He looked at me with soft eyes, and I swear I heard him say, "Lady, you're asking the wrong brother. Why don't you go soak yourself in a bathtub and leave us alone?"

I didn't have enough cash to buy a burro, and I must admit I

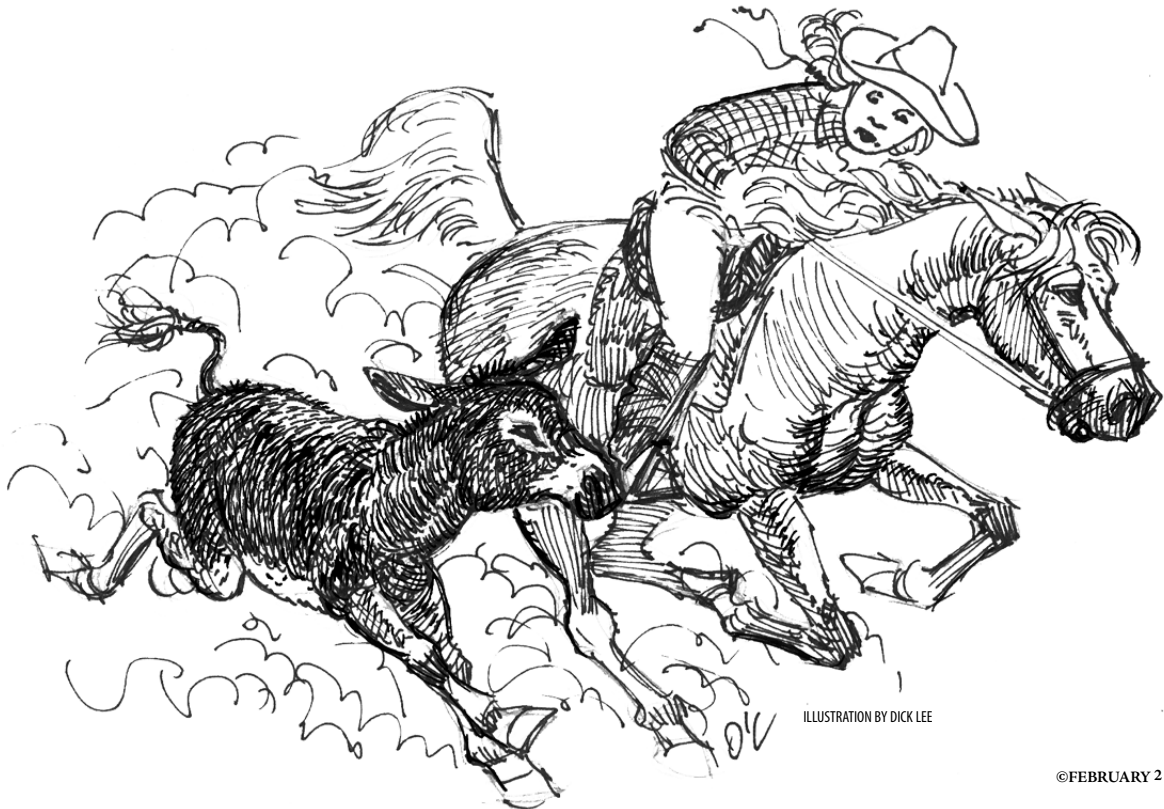
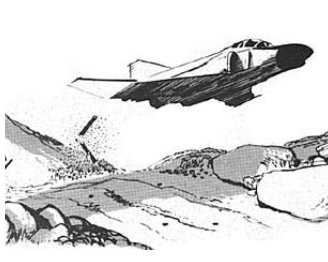


ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

# DICK LEE

802 N. GARDEN  
BOISE, ID 83706  
342-5578

EMAIL:  
DICKLEEARTIST  
@AOL.COM



CAL, ERLICK & MERRICK  
ADVERTISING, D.C.  
ILLUSTRATION

E.S. DRAKE, BOISE  
ILLUSTRATION

GALLAUDET COLLEGE,  
NATIONAL DEAF MUTE  
COLLEGE, D.C.  
ILLUSTRATION

MARINE TECHNOLOGY  
SOCIETY, D.C.  
EXHIBIT DESIGN

STEELE, STOLTZ &  
ASSOCIATES, BOISE  
ILLUSTRATION

WASHINGTON POST, D.C.  
LAYOUT DESIGN

## ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN

## animal kingdom

thought about stealing him. But after pondering the consequences of such an action (horse, and I assume burro, theft is still punishable by hanging in Idaho), I decided to impose a curfew on the creature, and led him back to his field.

We followed the fence line until we came to the eastern entrance of Splash Estates. They had covered plenty of territory, and I figured we had another half hour of walking. I worried about how I would get the mischievous burro to stay put.

The saddle listed to one side and I fell off like a paper-weight. I tucked and rolled, a maneuver that I have perfected over the years, using it in gymnastics (thirty-five years ago), snowboarding (flips on the ground), and emergency dismounts.

Zeus crowded me, pushing me with his moose-sized nose so he could stand closer to Splash. I chastised him with a "get over burro," and shoved him away from me with my elbow.

When I had given up hope of sneaking Zeus back into his area, I found an old gate. With little grace on my part, I tricked him into going inside. Splash seemed content to stay beside me, and I managed to close the gate before Zeus could make another escape.

I got back on Splash. As we rode off, I turned back to look at Zeus. He appeared to paint a picture of Splash in his mind's canvas as he looked at her fine Arab face. I waved good-bye.

*Desiré Aguirre lives in Sandpoint.*

# Fun With Goats

By Jamey Coulter

Not long ago, and totally against the better judgment of my husband, I decided that my family needed goats. As I had been raised on a dairy farm, I knew the importance of caring for animals, and I thought my children should have that same responsibility.

Our property being limited, I figured opting for smaller, less needy animals, would be our best bet — hence the goats.

I should have known this idea would go horribly awry when, lacking a horse trailer or even a pickup truck, we decided haul the goats home in our minivan. I'm aware that this screams trashy, but what else were we to do? I was determined.

After locating a couple with a herd of pigmy goats, my family and I went to pick them up. We were armed with several large boxes and a few old sheets — (you know, to lay down on the floor of the van).

Now, the goats were in Filer, and on the sixty miles back to Carey from Filer, like a beacon in the night, stands a Target store. Well, of course, the new goats, a mama, and three babies, needed new collars and chains.

While we shopped Target for an hour, the goats got tired of being in the stuffy car, and began to blat. Their nerves

also had gotten the better of them and they began to soil first the boxes, and then the sheets on the floor of the minivan. You can imagine the smell. But we got the goats back to Carey with no further incidents.

After arriving home, we staked the goats out and they began their weed-eating mission. "Cheaper than a weed eater," I said to my husband, "and a lot more efficient." This argument soon came back to get my goat, pardon the pun.

I thought the stakes I had purchased would keep the poor little things from getting tangled up in them, but I was sorely mistaken.

Before the first week was over, my husband came home from work to find one dead goat, strangled by its own chain.

Well. I was horrified, and I wondered for the first time if killing an animal, even if by mistake, would send me to the fiery pits of Hell.

My husband buried the mother goat in a place where our small children could not find it, and, thankfully, did not say "I told you so."

A month or so passed without incident, until the day I walked out my back door and found yet another chain-strangled goat.

Now, I thought the first goat's death was a fluke, but this....well, this was a moral outrage. Two goats gone.

My husband took pity on me and buried the second goat beside the first. I resigned myself to the fact that my place in goat killer Hell awaited me.

I set the remaining two goats free to roam our property and eat whatever they wanted. But rather than eating weeds, grass, or hay, they promptly began to nibble on the paint of our house.

My parents, after hearing about the deaths of first two goats and seeing the paint-chewed outside of our house, informed me that they were taking the last two goats to the sale in Shoshone.

"I guess that's ok," I said with a heavy sigh.

"But, how are we going to get them in the trailer, they're so wild we can't catch them," I said.

"Ropes," my father explained.

So that's what we did. We roped them and hauled them to the sale.

I realize that this little story does not make me the poster girl for PETA, but I hope that, in telling it, I've saved someone from ruining their minivan and being condemned to a molten lava, forked horn, fiery goat Hell.

*Jamey Coulter lives in Carey.*

# Idaho Woman Deserts Kitchen to Build a Bridge

By Donna Emert

In the 1930s, Grace Fenton was a small town girl with big aspirations. She hoped to build bridges.

"I see no reason why civil engineering should be any more difficult for girls than for boys if they are interested in it," said young Ms. Fenton in 1935, when she became the first woman at the University of Idaho to major in engineering.

She candidly confessed to a student reporter for the *UI Argonaut*: "I am much happier working around machinery than I would be in the home economics department... Building bridges and dams has always been my ambition." The article in which these quotes appear was provocatively titled, "Woman Student Deserts Kitchen to Build Bridges."

Grace became the first woman graduate of the UI's College of

**Sighting in**—Grace Fenton uses a surveyor's transit on an unidentified project. The first woman at UI to take a degree in engineering, Grace helped to pave the way for many, many other women to follow.



PHOTO COURTESY OF UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO ARCHIVES

Engineering, earning a bachelor's degree in civil engineering in 1938.

She was born January 12, 1913 in Santa Rosa, California, and moved to Idaho with her parents at a very young age. Grace was raised on the family homestead on the outskirts of Horseshoe Bend, before the arrival of technological advancements like electricity and indoor plumbing. "Hers was kind of a rags to riches story," said her daughter, Garcy Miesen. "When her last sister arrived, her father took off, and her mother raised all four girls in Horseshoe Bend. It was a bleak existence. The town helped raise the kids."

The neighbors provided for the Fenton girls in a sometimes unorth-

odox manner aimed at preserving everyone's dignity. "At Grace's memorial, a neighbor who raised sheep told us that he always got his sheep back —sometimes one or two were missing," Miesen recalls with a hearty laugh. "My grandmother was a great shot."

Grace started school at the age of five so that her seven-year-old sister would not have to walk the three miles to town alone. She finished eighth

grade at the age of thirteen and at fourteen headed to Boise to attend high school. She worked for room and board. In a biographical trans-

script recorded by her granddaughter, Tane Walmsley, Grace noted: "People who influenced my life, other than relatives, were two families I worked for in Boise. They

were interested in other than what I could do for them. They taught me ways of living in their modern

**"I am much happier working around machinery than I would be in the home economics department... Building bridges and dams has always been my ambition."**

# How many times this year did your clients think of you? Fondly?

## 12 ...if you gave *IDAHO* magazine.



- > "Gift from (Your Company)" printed on the cover
- > Discounts available on 10+ subscriptions
- > 12 months of Idaho's history, adventure, recreation and heritage!

call: (208) 336.0653 or (800) 655.0653

email: [kfleisch@idahomagazine.com](mailto:kfleisch@idahomagazine.com)

world with electricity, cars, radio, etc., that were slow to arrive up Porter Creek in Idaho."

While at college she lived with and worked for the family of engineering professor John Wilbur Howard and earned money house keeping, babysitting, working at the library and drafting for the university's Forestry Department. "It was a struggle to get through," Grace recalled. "The Howard family urged me along a great deal." Whether through her own persistence, Professor

Howard's intervention, or both, she later earned a \$250 scholarship —significant support in an era when UI's annual student fees (including tuition) totaled \$240.

Grace met Garnet Robertson while he was working on a bachelor's degree in forest products. They married after her graduation, and she went to work for the Idaho State Highways Department. They both served with the Army Corps of Engineers during World War II, working first at Yellowstone Park and later on a top secret mission, designing and building an airstrip at Port Angeles, Wash. The project reflected U.S. fears that the Japanese would deploy submarines into the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

The facility would support a retaliatory air strike in such an event.

During wartime the couple also traveled throughout the Pacific Northwest, making surveys of airports and munitions dumps.

Post war, the Robertsons helped lay out farm plots for the Columbia Basin irrigation project

that resulted from the construction of Grand Coulee Dam, and began a family, which eventually grew to include three daughters: Garcy-Jo (Miesen),

G. Kay (Grimstead) and G. Arlene (Tillman).

They moved to Ephrata, Washington, where Garnet established an insurance and real estate business. Grace worked as a draftsman for the Bureau of Reclamation while raising her family, serving on the PTA, teaching Sunday school, tending her garden, and mastering crafts from pottery to woodworking —a consummate multi-tasker, ahead of her time. A story in the *Grant County Journal*, dated July 20, 1950, cited Grace Robertson as the "only lady engineer" employed by the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation.

Like many engineers, Grace was a problem solver and inventor at heart. She tinkered with a men-

tal blueprint for an innovative home heating system for many years, said her daughter, and was annoyed when baseboard heating hit the market before she could invent it herself.

Grace Robertson's legacy is varied. In addition to establishing a toehold for women in a male profession, "She was competitive till the end. She had a great sense of humor. She loved life, and she was the best mom you could ever have," said Miesen. "She was a very smart lady and instilled a love of learning in all of us. She was a person everybody delighted in knowing. She held no prejudices. I'm very proud of my mother."

In the nearly seven decades since Grace Fenton earned her engineering degree, the numbers of women entering the field has remained relatively low. According to the most recent census figures, women encompass no more than ten percent of the total number of engineering professionals.

It may be said, then, that the most enduring thing that Grace Fenton Robertson ever built was her life, doing what she chose to do — which includes her career as an engineer. She may have been the first woman to graduate in engineering from the UI, but the line is long behind her, and her hard work and professionalism have made it that much easier for every woman who follows.

*Donna Emert lives in Coeur d'Alene.*

**Grace Robertson's legacy is varied. In addition to establishing a toehold for women in a traditionally male profession ...**

# My Choice.

## Cable. Digital. Internet.



### Basic Cable

**\$29.95<sup>\*</sup>/mo.**

- Most popular cable networks
- Whole house service - up to three outlets
- Installation included
- Easy to use - no cable box required
- Same-day repair service
- A wide variety of channels



### Digital Combo

**\$29.95<sup>\*</sup>/mo.**

#### Digital Cable

- More than 170 channels
- 47 digital music channels
- TV Guide Interactive

#### Digital Video Recorder (DVR)

- Record shows with the push of a button
- Pause live TV
- Watch one show while recording another

#### High Definition Programming



### High Speed Internet

**\$29.95<sup>\*</sup>/mo.**

- 30x faster than Dial-Up & over 4x faster than DSL
- Easy to install - Won't hurt your computer
- Virus and SPAM control
- Add Wireless service for only \$2 per month
- Free Web space for storage or to create your own Web page



# 1-877-600-6099

[www.cableone.net](http://www.cableone.net)

## CABLE ONE<sup>®</sup>

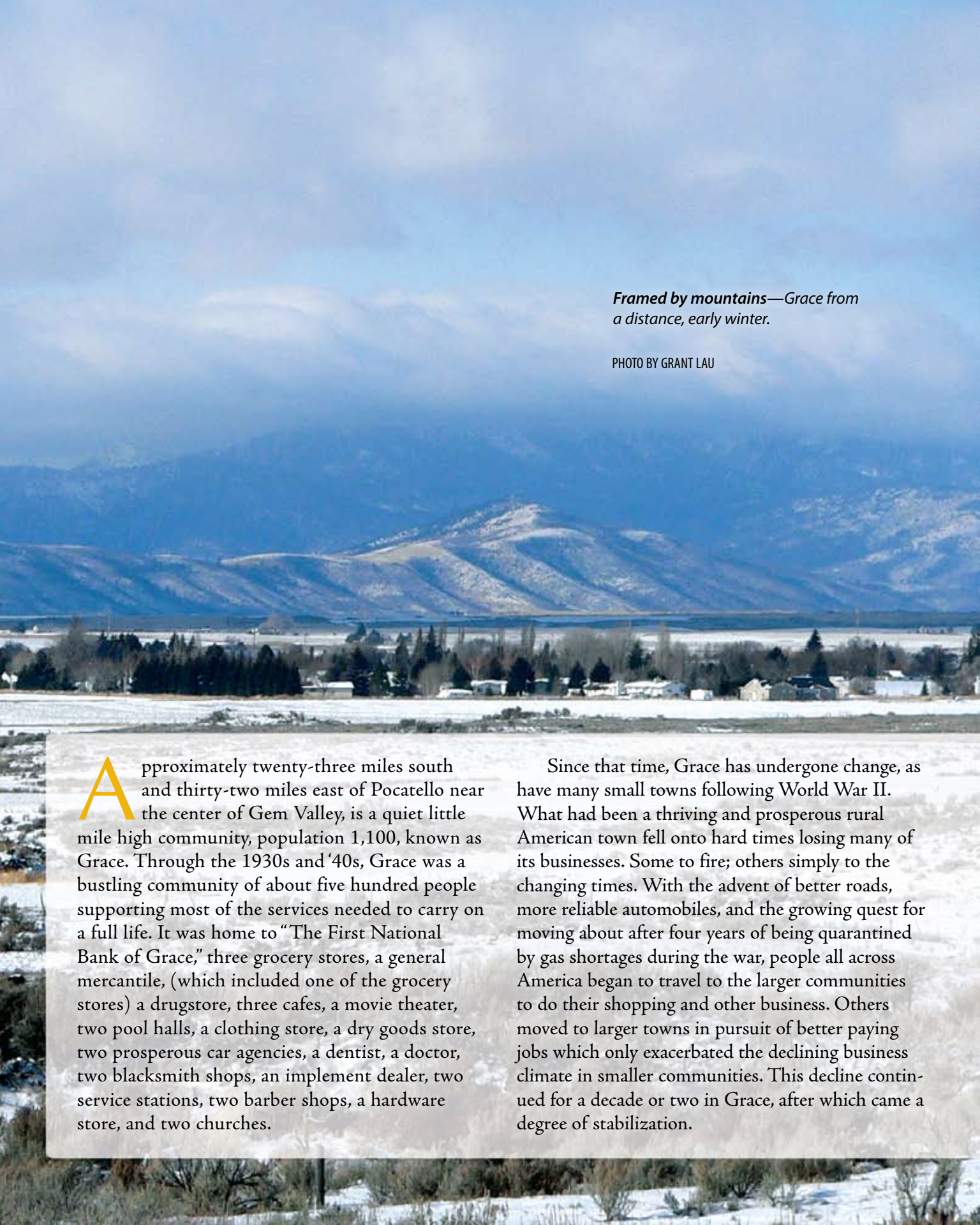
Watch us make you smile.

\*Promotional rate of \$29.95 per month per service good for the first six months when you subscribe to two or more services. To receive the promotional rate, you must sign a six-month contract and present a major credit card. If you subscribe to three or more services, promotional rate for all services other than Basic Cable continues through 12/31/07. Digital Combo available only in conjunction with Basic Cable. Offer available to new residential or new product customers only. Taxes and fees not included. Rates subject to change except as indicated. Services not available in all areas. For High Speed Internet, approved modem required and not included in monthly rates. Approved modems are available for lease from Cable ONE or may be purchased from other vendors. Additional wiring fees may apply for unshared outlets. Speed comparisons based upon fastest potential access; your results may vary. Other restrictions may apply. See contract for details. Promotional offer may be revoked without notice at any time.

# G • R • A • C • E

By Bill Corbett





***Framed by mountains***—Grace from  
a distance, early winter.

PHOTO BY GRANT LAU

**A**pproximately twenty-three miles south and thirty-two miles east of Pocatello near the center of Gem Valley, is a quiet little mile high community, population 1,100, known as Grace. Through the 1930s and '40s, Grace was a bustling community of about five hundred people supporting most of the services needed to carry on a full life. It was home to "The First National Bank of Grace," three grocery stores, a general mercantile, (which included one of the grocery stores) a drugstore, three cafes, a movie theater, two pool halls, a clothing store, a dry goods store, two prosperous car agencies, a dentist, a doctor, two blacksmith shops, an implement dealer, two service stations, two barber shops, a hardware store, and two churches.

Since that time, Grace has undergone change, as have many small towns following World War II. What had been a thriving and prosperous rural American town fell onto hard times losing many of its businesses. Some to fire; others simply to the changing times. With the advent of better roads, more reliable automobiles, and the growing quest for moving about after four years of being quarantined by gas shortages during the war, people all across America began to travel to the larger communities to do their shopping and other business. Others moved to larger towns in pursuit of better paying jobs which only exacerbated the declining business climate in smaller communities. This decline continued for a decade or two in Grace, after which came a degree of stabilization.



PHOTO BY GRANT LAU

## Grace—The early years

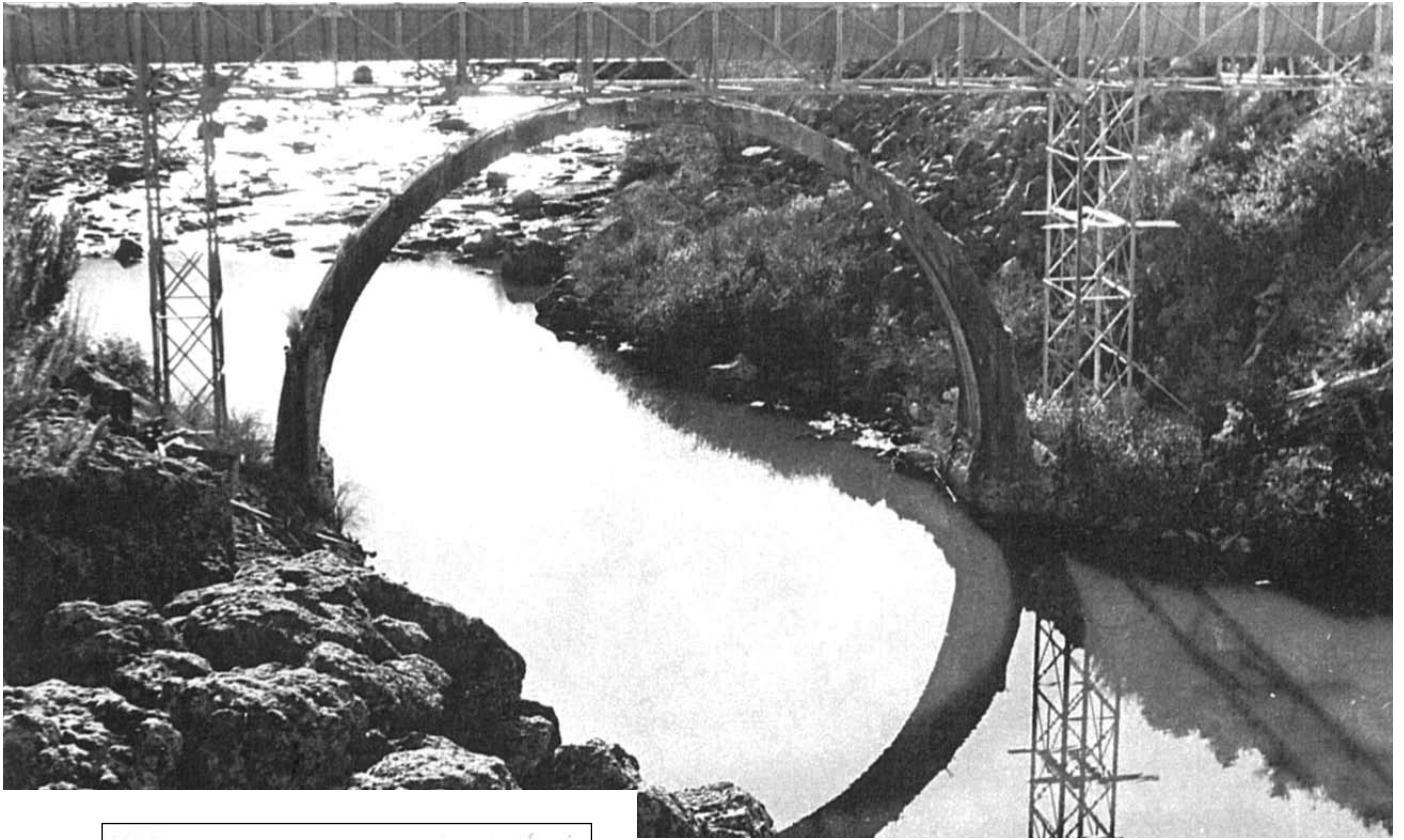
Grace has an interesting early history, carrying with it many struggles and hardships. Were it not for a “last chance” that the settlers took in order to save their farms, this quiet community might not exist today. Research suggests the first settlers may have been a small colony from West Jordan, Utah, who, late in the nineteenth century, settled in the north end of Gentile Valley, later to be renamed Gem Valley.

With the building of a bridge in 1893 spanning the Bear River, a community emerged. How the village acquired the name “Grace” is an interesting tale in itself. In 1895, the federal government established a post office located in the home of David D. Sullivan, appointing Mr. Sullivan as postmaster. In order for a community to have a post office, it needed an official name. Legend has it this problem was solved by Land Office Attorney Frank Bean. He suggested naming the town after his wife, whose name was Grace.

The north end of Gem Valley was more arid than the bottomland farther to the south, which made it difficult to

raise anything other than a few meager bushels per acre of dry farm small grain crops. Conditions rendered it nearly impossible to raise enough hay to carry livestock through the winter, and these settlers realized that if they were to remain on their homesteads, Mother Nature needed a little assistance in hydrating the land. If they could get water to this land, the settlers were confident that bountiful crops could be raised in this area of the valley. A plan for diverting water from Bear River onto this dry, but otherwise fertile, soil was developed.

The quest for transferring this life-giving “liquid gold” to the arid fields began in 1895. The ensuing years brought with them many failures and disappointments, but the project was finally completed in 1902. This final attempt was their last remaining chance. Time was running out, and many of the settlers had exhausted most of their financial resources. Failure would literally bring about the abandonment of their homesteads. Hence, the canal company was registered and incorporated as the Last Chance Irrigation Co., later changed to Last Chance Canal Co. (LTD.) Upon visiting this site, one might think that these early pioneers were able to make water



OPPOSITE: **Watercourse in winter**—Black Canyon, a view to the north.

ABOVE & INSET: **Two views of the flume**—Above is the arch of the Last Chance Canal Co's irrigation flume as it crosses Bear River. To the left is the same arch, viewed from above. Waste wood can be seen surrounding the flume on both sides.



run uphill into a waiting flume spanning a gorge where the river flowed one hundred feet below.

Accountings of this project say it was touch and go right up until the end. One of the stipulations of their claim stated that these filers had to have their water delivered to the land by a certain date. Approximately two weeks before the deadline, they still had about 1,100 feet to go. It was February and the ground was frozen rock hard, making any kind of excavation impossible. If they didn't make the deadline, all would be lost. Requesting an extension was not an option, because another company was waiting in the wings to file on the homesteaders' claim if they defaulted.

Undaunted, and out of sheer desperation, these stout-hearted souls came up with the idea of making a snow ditch. They ploughed an 1100 foot ditch in the snow, and running a



PHOTO FROM BOOK "GENS OF THE VALLEY"

small amount of water through, letting it freeze, enabled them to create an ice ditch that put the water over the right of way and onto the land before the deadline, thus saving their filing. Later, when the ground thawed, they were able to complete a permanent ditch.

This project also necessitated a tunnel being bored through a portion of a solid rock mountain to get water to the flume that would carry it across the river. Morrison-Knudsen Co. was the general contractor, and two brothers were hired by M-K to excavate the tunnel. According to legend, these two brothers got into a squabble during the early stages of the project. Realizing the project would progress faster if they worked separately, each started at opposite ends, digging toward the middle where they were to meet.

Miraculously, they did meet at about the halfway point, with the two tunnels matching up with nearly exact precision. The tunnel also has a wonderment about it, in that, to this day, still causes people to scratch their heads. The story is that, standing at either end, light can be seen from the opposite end. But when one stands at the center of the tunnel, it's as black as night, and no light can be seen at either end from there.

The Last Chance Canal's claim to fame throughout the West is that it was built with neither federal assistance, nor outside capital, with the exception of loans that were later paid back. Another thing that adds to its uniqueness is that the Last Chance Canal Co. does not, itself, deliver water directly to the shareholders; but rather, it delivers

water to five laterals owned by independent companies, which, in turn, deliver water to the farmers.

With life-giving water now on the land, Grace and its fortunes began to grow. The young community became the hub of commerce for the valley when several agricultural industries moved into the surrounding area. Among them was the livestock industry, consisting of sheep, cattle, and hogs. There were cash grain crops, and located along the eastern foothills, were logging enterprises and lumber mills. The dairy industry brought cheese factories located in three different locations — Thatcher, Cove, and Grace—and with the arrival of The Telluride Power Co. in 1906, many new jobs were also created. In 1913, a railroad spur arrived on the scene making conditions viable for a flour-mill and a grain elevator to locate in Grace.

Grace was officially incorporated in 1915, and by 1916, the community supported two cafes, four clothing stores, two furniture stores, two pool halls, two drug stores, one confectionery, four grocery stores, two grain elevators, one flourmill, a printing office, a real estate office, two theaters and dance halls, three lumber yards, a bank, a telephone office, and two livery stables. As a matter of perspective, at Fred's Café, one could buy a full course meal for thirty-five cents.

As the years passed, Grace received running water service, electricity, and had its own newspaper. As it was with many communities, large and small, in America's early history, Grace had its share of fires, burning many of the early buildings to the ground.

# Grace—Mid 20th Century and Beyond

**T**oday, although it's not likely Grace will ever again have as many businesses as it did during the late 1930s, 1940s, and into the 1950s, efforts are being made to revitalize the business climate there to some degree.

One of the goals is to buy more land for industrial park expansion in order to attract more light industry to the area. Other goals include city beautification, development of area tourist attractions, and expansion of the infrastructure to accommodate additional growth, all the while striving to maintain the relaxed rural life-style that small town residents so highly covet.

Grace is home to two light industries that sell to both national and international markets. Heritage Safe Co. began in Grace in 1993, and under the skilled tutelage of co-founders Ron and Troy Nielson, has since grown from its small beginning into a multi-million dollar company with sales in all of the lower forty-eight states, with

the majority of their sales in the East. It even has some international markets.

Heritage Safe Company's employment rate is seasonal, but the yearly average is sixty-five to eighty-five employees. Current production may reach to as many as forty-five safes per day and they are 100% American made. With the exception of the locks, which are also American made, everything is fabricated and assembled at the Grace plant. According to information printed by the company: "Every Heritage Safe comes standard with sixty minute fire protection, velour interior, and the industry's best warranty. Heritage Safe is vying for the fifth largest position in the safe industry." The company has 500 dealers nationally.

Bio Tech Nutrients is the other light industry that has chosen Grace for its base of operations. They offer an alternative to traditional fertilizers. Their product enhances plant growth by copying the plant's own sap makeup using carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. They, too, have nationwide markets ranging from Washington in the Northwest, to Florida in the Southeast, as well as through the Midwest, Southwest, and Rocky Mountain states.

Their customers include farmers across the nation, and major PGA golf courses. Six full time workers in Grace manufacture the products.

Part of the Grace Chamber of Commerce beautification program includes sidewalk benches, flowerpots, and trees, and improving the signage on the north and south entrances into town. Grace is also part of the Pioneer Historic Byway. Plans for identifying three sites, Niter Ice Caves south of Grace along Highway 34, The Black

Canyon, approximately a mile west of Grace, and the Last Chance Canal north and east of town, are in the works.

Last year was the first of what the chamber of commerce hopes to be a growing annual affair. They started an "Old Timer" tractor show featuring vintage tractors, engines of every sort, and old cars. A popular highlight of the show is the "slow tractor race," with the slowest tractor winning. The first show was in late September. This year, they moved it to June and plan to make it a June event hereafter.

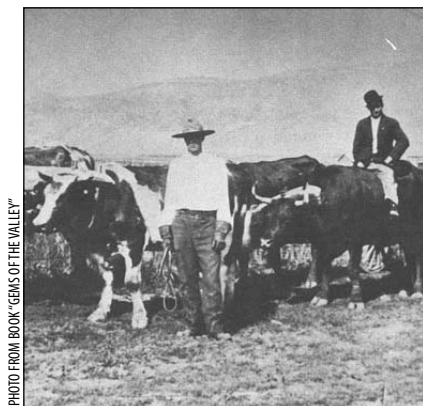


PHOTO FROM BOOK "GENS OF THE VALLEY"



PHOTO FROM BOOK "GENS OF THE VALLEY"

OPPOSITE: **Man and machine** — Charles W. Hubbard poses with his threshing machine. Too expensive for individual farmers to own and maintain, threshing machines were generally hired for the length of the job.

ABOVE LEFT: **Team of oxen**—JJ Cherry farm prior to WWI, with Bruce Cherry standing in mid-frame.

ABOVE RIGHT: **Dry goods for sale**—The Roghaar store at the turn of the century. Mr. Roghaar stands in the foreground left.

Grace is also home to The Gem Valley Community Performing Arts Center. It was originally built as an auditorium for Grace High School, but now serves as a cultural arts center for the entire county as well. It is an outstanding facility with state of the art sound and lighting systems. As it was with the enterprising early settlers of this valley when they were faced with

problems that needed a solution, so it is with the enterprising citizens of today. They realized, early on, that maintaining this structure as a viable enterprise was going to require something extra, because the regular one or two plays a year produced by the high school theater group, as well as



LEFT: **View down Main**—Main Street, uptown Grace, taken December 2006.

OPPOSITE: **View from the house**—The Gem Valley Performing Arts Center mainstage.

PHOTO BY GRANT LAU

## H O M E T O W N

Grace is a town where I spent the first thirteen years of my life, from 1935, the year I was born, until the fall of 1948, when the family moved to Soda Springs.

Those were happy years, catching carp in the Last Chance Company canal; swimming in the "23", a swimming hole in the Bear River where it ran through a portion of Black Canyon located a mile and a quarter west of Grace; fishing the Black Canyon with my dad's friend, Fred Aktagwa; playing baseball in the village square, and horseback riding in the country. During the winter months, we'd go sleigh riding on the snow packed village streets, ice skating on the frozen canal that ran along the north edge of town, and listening to Christmas Carols sung by Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Gene Autry, and the Andrews Sisters beaming out over loudspeakers hung on the front of Roghaar's General Mercantile store.

*Bill Corbett*

school assemblies, could not sustain it.

The Gem Valley Performing Arts Committee (GVPAC) was organized, and thus began something new for the residents of Caribou County and the Gem Valley: live performances by outside professional entertainers. They have a regular concert season with season tickets available for those patrons who wish to subscribe. The 2006-2007 Season, beginning September 9th and continuing through May 5th, features Celtic performances by Leaping Lulu and Craicmore, Contemporary Western singer Frank Rose, productions by the Grace High School Theater Department, T minus 5, an Acoustic Male Vocal Quintet, and Contemporary Acoustic Guitarist & Composer, Scott Balsai, just to name a few.

Production costs for these high quality shows usually exceeds ticket revenues, so local contributions and sponsorships, consisting of time, money, and promotion, help the committee to continue attracting outstanding talent to this beautiful five hundred seat theater.

If one is looking for an interesting place to visit during summer vacation travels, or a quiet peaceful place to raise children or to live out his or her remaining years, why not have a look at the Gem Valley and Grace?

*Bill Corbett . who grew up in Grace, lives in Pocatello.*

*Author's note: The source of information pertaining to The Last Chance Canal and the early history of Grace was obtained from the book Gems Of Our Valley, copyright, 1977, Grace Literary Club. The photographs of the early years of Grace were also obtained from this publication.*

# G ♦ R ♦ A ♦ C ♦ E

Feb.	17	Scott Balsai, Contemporary Acoustic Guitarist, Gem Valley Performing Arts Center
Mar.	10	BYU Idaho Dance Alliance, Gem Valley Performing Arts Center
Apr.	14	Easter Egg Hunt, Fairgrounds
May	tba	High School Rodeo, Fairgrounds
	4-5	<i>Into the Woods</i> , GHS Theater Department, Gem Valley Performing Arts Center
Jun.	9	Junior Rodeo, Fairgrounds
	tba	Good Ol' Days Tractor Show & Fair, Fairgrounds
All Summer		Trails West Roping Events, Fairgrounds
		Horse Clinics, Fairgrounds
Jul	31-8/4	Caribou Fair Rodeo, Fairgrounds
Sep.-Dec.		Monthly performances TBA at the Gem Valley Performing Arts Center

For more information contact the  
Grace Chamber of Commerce at (208) 425-3912  
or visit online at [www.graceidaho.com](http://www.graceidaho.com)



# My Dad's Milk Toast

By Dean Worbois

Back in the good old days, my sisters and I walked four entire blocks to school even when Boise was socked in with two inches of snow, and our mother cooked three meals a day.

Our dad ate nothing but meat, potatoes, and green beans, but there were usually dishes of exotic vegetables like beets and squash that got passed around the table. Despite Mom's enthusiastic encouragement to "try some," the dishes holding these curiosities got smaller and smaller until, in truth, they were only a side dish for Mother's meal. Today I can't get enough beets or squash, and I only wish I could compare them to Mom's creations. But I can attest to her capacity to create endless varieties of excellent meats and potatoes. She was one great cook.

What was routine, of course, gets tucked in memory's back pantry when compared to events that were rare. On the table of my childhood memories, those rare events were the few times my mother was away from the house long enough so Dad had to feed the kids.

Ours was a big Hotpoint electric

range, I suppose from 1947 when we moved into the house on 29th Street in Boise — a location just twenty blocks from the capitol of Idaho yet outside the city limits and featuring dirt streets until the late 1960s. The Hotpoint's most shocking feature was a fuse located just inside the warming drawer to the left of the oven. Rather, I should say the most shocking thing was the lack of a fuse while a parent was searching for one to replace it. I don't remember much about being as tall as my knees are now but I do remember being just tall enough to see inside that curious hole. I remember watching my finger as it went exploring. And I remember being on my little butt on the hard

linoleum-tile floor, looking at that curious hole several feet away and knowing I wasn't going to do that again. To this day I'll change a light switch without bothering to turn off the power, but wiring into a circuit

breaker? That's when I call the pros.

Two great features awaited my growing to where I could see over the top of the Hotpoint. Best of all was the fantastic red light in the middle of all the knobs and dials. A chrome Hotpoint "H," surrounded by inward-twisting swirls, was laid over the little red circle. It was cool as the dickens when the light was off, the shiny chrome dancing on the deep, dull red. When the light was on, shining bright red through the dancing "H," it

was nothing short of spectacular. How did anyone ever think of such a clever way to indicate that an electric appliance was in use?

Not as cool but definitely more curious,

with a bit of a lift and a twist Dad would drop the back left burner down into the range. Then he'd rummage under the counter for a large, strange-shaped aluminum pot and fill it with beans and water. Miracle of

**On the table of my childhood memories, those rare events were the few times my mother was away from the house long enough so Dad had to feed the kids.**



PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

miracles, this strange pot fit perfectly into the hole in the back of the Hotpoint and from this hole in the stove we'd eat lunch and dinner until our mom returned to cook meats and potatoes. Thirty years after his death I honor Dad with pots of white or Navy beans simmering in a countertop crock pot, today's version of that recessed cookery in my childhood's Hotpoint.

But we digress. We're here to chat about my dad's milk toast. While beans were the staple of our table in Mother's absence, the late night snack was milk toast.

Perhaps it was the two inches of snow this fall. Perhaps a memory of my folks. Whatever the reason, I got to thinking of Dad's milk toast and decided a treat was in

order. Being a bachelor, the first order of business was a trip to the store for bread and milk.

Having to shop for bread and milk before making milk toast is not

the only difference between my making milk toast and the milk toast my sisters and I ate many years ago. Before homogenization, we had milk delivered from Triangle Dairy in bottles that featured a round bulb at the top. Cream rose into this bulb and folks had the choice of shaking the cream into the milk or skimming it off for whipping or to use as heavy

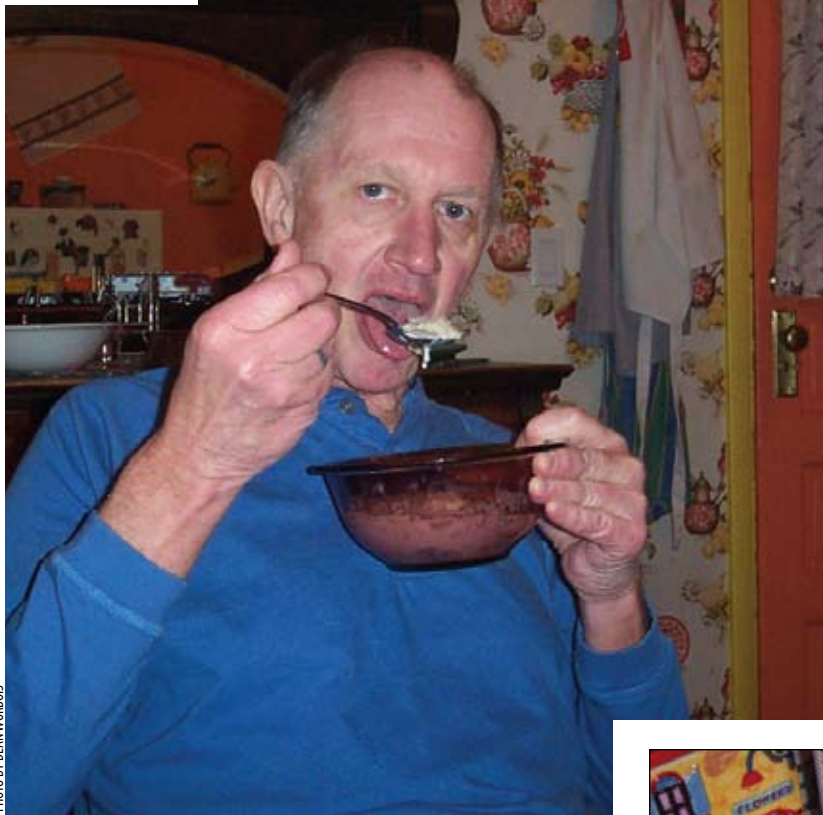


PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

**TOP: Necessary equipment** — Milk toast requires that toast be made, which requires a toaster.

**MIDDLE: A heaping helping** — Leave the toast in the bowl too long, you have soup; just long enough, and the toast retains its texture.

**RIGHT: Ready for the main event** — Milk, pepper, and just enough butter, waiting for the bread.



PHOTO BY DEAN WORBOIS

## fathers and sons



PHOTO BY DEAN WORRIS

cream. My mother actually did skim off the cream one fateful day. Dad had been raised on milk still warm from the family cows. Thanks to the timing of my conception I was not there for the apparently animated discussion of what milk should be, but I do

know milk in our house always had all the cream it could hold.

Rich, creamy milk was made even more “dairy-licious” with at least one large (OK. Make that two or three—and make them large) pats of real butter. The pepper shaker was vigorously

agitated until the top of the milk turned half black. All heated until the butter melted in a pan on the right front burner of the Hotpoint. Always on high heat, the milk almost scorching. And then toast, glorious dark brown white sandwich bread toast, broken in large chunks and dropped just long enough in the milk to still have texture when it was held in a big spoon and blown on to just tolerably hot enough to put in

PHOTO BY DEAN WORRIS



TOP: **Needs the right feel** — If it is toasted correctly and buttered efficiently, pretty much any bread will do. This toast appears excellent.

MIDDLE: **All over but the shouting** — Just enough left in the bowl to know for sure what it had held.

RIGHT: **Meal, ready to eat** — The buttered toast added to the milk, extra butter added to the mix, awaiting consumption.



PHOTO BY DEAN WORRIS

the mouth.

There was plenty of pepper left in the bottom of the bowl when everything had been savored and slurped. One of my experiments at eating all the pepper was an early lesson in overkill.

A dissatisfied youth, I soon figured out my own improvement on Dad's milk toast. I always added to the toast before it got dipped in the hot, buttered and peppered milk. Some good, gener-

ous, chunks of cool butter on each slice of bread sure rounded that milk toast off.

Today I use skim milk. The butter is only two pats. The pepper is fresh ground. The milk and the

butter and the pepper find themselves in a bowl and tossed in the microwave. The bread is a heavy whole-grain without the extra chunks of butter. Even given these changes, I've reverted to the

perfect late night snack. Warm and rich and spicy. My dad's milk toast.

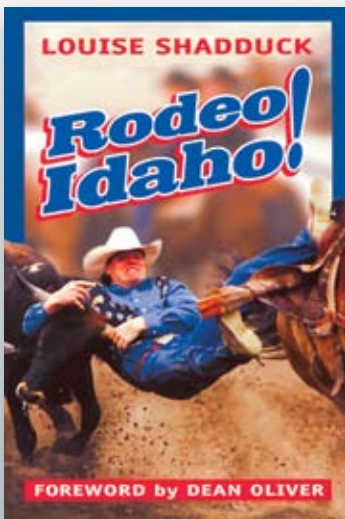
**Rich, creamy milk was made even more "dairy-licious" with at least one large (OK. Make that two or three—and make them large) pats of real butter.**

I've been eating so much of it my dusty toaster gave out and I find myself with a fancy-dancy new pop-up toasting device that thaws, toasts, and reheats bread, bagels, and pastries. The instructions never once refer to making "toast," only "toasted foods." It is round and all shiny chrome with art deco accent lines. And, in case you don't notice the glowing elements, it features one real cool red light to let you know this electric appliance is doing its job.

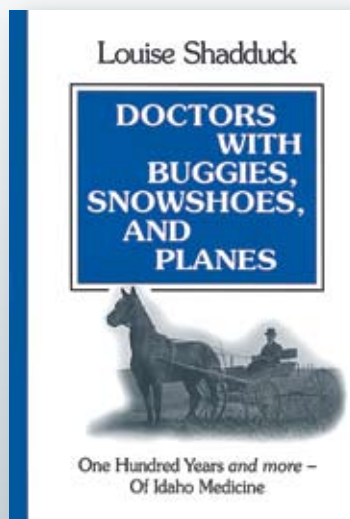
All is perfect. All, except... Ah. There we go. The bowl of hot milk and bread always seems to need an extra pat of butter.

*Dean Worbois lives in Boise.*

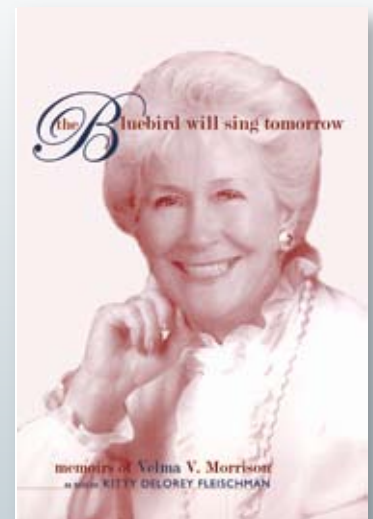
## 3 IDAHO MUST READS Add them to your library!



**Rodeo Idaho!**  
Foreword by Dean Oliver  
by Louise Shadduck  
**\$28.50 (+ tax, s+h)**



**Doctors with Buggies, Snowshoes, and Planes**  
by Louise Shadduck  
**\$19.95 (+ tax, s+h)**



**The Bluebird Will Sing Tomorrow: Memoirs of Velma V. Morrison**  
by Kitty Fleischman  
Paperback **\$20**  
Hardcover **\$30 (+ tax, s+h)**

For phone orders please call either (208) 336.0653 or toll free (800) 655.0653

# Old-Timer

By Les Tanner

A couple of years ago, during one of my annual spring trips down to Brownlee Reservoir to see what was going on, fishing-wise, I ran out of bread and a couple of other essentials. There's a small store down that way that sells bait and gas and food to guys like me who have let the prospect of catching fish get in the way of proper trip-planning, so I drove over to re-supply.

Another car had pulled in just before I got there, and it proved to be carrying two other fishermen who were, I guessed, in the same boat as I, no pun intended.

I was just a few feet behind them by the time they got to the door, and as one of them turned to enter, he glanced in my direction.

"How are things going, old-timer?" he asked, holding the door open.

I turned around, of course, in order to see who had come up behind me that he might be talking to, and was surprised to see no one at all.

Poor fellow must need glasses, I thought to myself. There's nobody here but me.

Then a light went on. Believe it or not, the guy was talking to me. Me! He really did need glasses.

It took me a few seconds to get my tongue in order, and then I realized I didn't have an appropriate response. I didn't even have an inappropriate response.

I couldn't very well tell him the truth, namely that I'd been having a swell time and was feeling pretty chipper until he'd asked.

I ended up mumbling something incoherent, and proceeded into the store, where I bought a half-dozen crappie jigs and a quart of orange juice, neither of which I needed or wanted. I came back later, after I was sure they were gone, and bought the

bread and other things I'd gone to the store for in the first place.

Old-timer? Old-timer? How dare he speak to me as though I were at least twenty years older than I am. (Being at least twenty years older than I am is my rule of thumb when it comes to determining who is, and who is

not, an old-timer.)

For pity's sake, the guy I see in the mirror every morning has changed hardly at all since I was twenty-one or so.

All right, I'm fibbing

here. Where a nice head of dark hair used to reside, there is either none at all or a few wisps of gray, stringy stuff. And I know from sad experience that, should I try growing a beard again, it surely wouldn't be the thick, wiry, auburn bush I'd hatched in times past.

But I do have the same

**Poor fellow must need glasses, I thought to myself. There's nobody here but me. Then a light went on. Believe it or not, the guy was talking to me. Me!**

bright brown eyes that have always looked back at me. At least I think I do. Maybe I'd better go get my glasses so I can check that out.

I was watching the local news on TV a number of years ago when they began showing a short clip about the college where I taught. Freshman enrollment had increased considerably that fall, and since there was no Hollywood star on trial that week, and Brad and Jennifer were still in grade school, this had been deemed worthy of thirty seconds of coverage. There were several shots of the campus,

as well as a few taken inside the buildings. One of the latter showed a member of the faculty standing at a blackboard in front of a class. There was a window directly behind

him, and the light from the window reflecting off his head was nearly blinding.

My first thought was, Boy, is that guy bald.

My second thought was, Hey, that's ME!

I'd noticed a guy with a television camera standing in the doorway as I was lecturing to my calculus class that morning, but I'd forgotten about it until that very second.

Of course, there are other signs that I'm not a spring chicken any more (if I ever was; but we needn't go into that right here.).

I hate to drop things on the floor, for example. That is due in part to the fact that I can't see whatever I've



ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

dropped while I'm still standing, without my bifocals on anyway, and in part to the strange fact that the floor is a lot farther away than it used to be. I'm pretty sure I haven't grown taller, at least not that much.

Mainly, though, it's because, once I've lowered myself way down there to pick up the stuff, I have a tendency to stay there for a while, trying to decide if it's worth the effort to get back up again. Maybe I'll just wait there until my wife drops something.

I've noticed, too, that it doesn't take much at all to give me a thrill these days, such as turning the phone book to the exact page that contains the entry I'm looking for, on the first try. I mean, how cool is that?

And even though it's taken me several summers to work out the details, nowadays when I get done with mowing the very last strip of lawn, I find myself right back at the porch where I keep the mower. Not always, but three times out of four. When I do, I feel that my day is made.

One of my favorite writers — I think it's Pat McManus, but I don't

really remember for sure — tells of the morning he woke up and discovered that the whole world was fuzzy. It bothered him, of course, but it bothered him more that no one else seemed to notice.

When I broke down several years ago and admitted to needing glasses, I was completely shocked to discover that our little poodle, Tippy, whom we'd had for at least ten years by then, actually had individual hairs all over her. Before that, I'd assumed she was just black.

Other folks have problems, too, of course. My wife, the poor dear, doesn't speak as loudly or as clearly as she used to. I've tried to encourage her to do something about it many times, but so far I haven't been able to hear exactly what she says in response to my

suggestions on how she might improve. That's probably best.

She's not the only one with a speech impediment, either. Many, if not most of the people

with whom I attempt to converse, seem to be similarly afflicted. To keep from embarrassing them by remarking on their condition, I just ignore a lot of what

they attempt to say.

I find that the latter saves me quite a bit of embarrassment, too. Before I realized that all those people couldn't enunciate well, I was answering a lot of questions I hadn't been asked.

## Examples:

— Q: "What's the score?"

— A: "Probably."

— Q: "Who's that person over there?"

— A: "Tomorrow afternoon."

— Q: "When do you plan to go to Boise next?"

— A: "No, I think it's your serve."

There are a couple of time-related phenomena that bear mentioning here.

Has anyone else but me — or should that be "but I"? — noticed that it isn't nearly as long between Thanksgiving and Christmas as it used to be? Heck, the week before Christmas took forever-and-a-half when I was in my kidhood. Nowadays, the time from one Christmas to the next Thanksgiving isn't as long as that week used to be.

And folks seem to mature a lot faster now than in the old days. My urologist, who is barely out of high school himself, has a daughter who will be a sophomore this fall. In college.

Speaking of urology — and I

know I probably shouldn't — I had a little plumbing work done a few years ago. It was worth it, too. For the three or four years prior to helping the doctor pay for his latest yacht or whatever, I'd spend half the time on my fishing trips looking for bushes.

In fact, in those pre-plumbing days, I often fished with a guy who told me that he really enjoyed fishing with me. I was quite flattered until he told me that I was the only fellow he knew who spent more time looking for bushes than he did.

Last but not least in this litany of things negative about old-timer-ness, I must mention memory, or the failure of same.

There are, as you well know, many jokes concerning this normal facet of the aging process. Here are three examples: "You know that you're getting old if you can't remember the rest of a 'You know that you're getting old' joke."

To this point, I've made it sound as though I'm against getting old, and that maybe I'd reverse the process if I could. Not true, not by a long shot.

Would I want the body I had when I was eighteen? That skinny, pimply, out-of-control hunk of bone and sinew? Nope. How about the hair? Nope, there as well. I've not spent a nickel on Brylcreem or Head-and-Shoulders for at least thirty years, and darned little on haircuts.

Eyesight? I can see better now with my bifocals (when I can find them) than I ever could in my whole previous life.

Hearing? I don't want to be kept awake all night by unhappy furnaces or cheerful crickets, or to worry over the myriad of squeaks and whistles that, or so my wife claims, our cars are constantly emitting. (I will admit to having been somewhat unsettled last week when I came upon a truly monstrous rattlesnake while I was fishing. His tail-full of rattles was going full blast — and I didn't hear a sound.)

Well, then, how about my good looks? Hey, one can't retrieve what one never had.

To tell the truth, I wouldn't want all that stuff even if I could combine it with the wisdom that I've accrued over nearly three-quarters of a century.

That wisdom has kept me out of fights, and dens of iniquity, and political conventions.

It has allowed me to smile when I don't feel like it, to say "I'm sorry" whether I am or not, and to admit I'm wrong (should that ever be the case).

It has encouraged me to take the blame for being careless, instead of calling up that TV lawyer who promises he'll get me the million dollars I deserve because some guy planted a tree in the exact spot where I was destined to try to ride my bike thirty years later.

It has caused me to stop and smell the roses, although not as often as I should, and to take my time when I'm getting ready to go fishing. ("Haste makes waste" is how the old saying goes. My own version was — and still is, upon occasion — "Haste makes Les leave the box of food on the workbench in the garage.")

It has helped me to say "No thanks" even before the telemarketer or door-to-door magazine salesperson has finished asking the question, and to say "Thank you, and have a good day" — and mean it — to the sales clerk who is clearly not having one.

And it's made me not worry so much about what people think of me when I wear odd clothes or behave strangely in public.

I must point out one other thing, and that is this: Growing old is not the same as growing up.

In years past, after our two kids were finally out of the house for good, if my wife were asked by a new acquaintance if she had any children, her reply would often be, "Two grown and flown, but I still have one at home."

The same would apply now, and I'm not at all ashamed to admit to being that "one at home." There's still a kid inside this fast-wrinkling shell.

It's fun to look for balls along the golf course on my way to the library, or four-leafed clovers in the lawn when I take a break from mowing.

## point of view

It's cool to see how long I can make a penny spin, or if I can stack one more plastic bowl on top of the cereal box.

I still holder "Yes!" when my partner scores the winning point in racquetball, and when my hat lands on the arm of the very chair that I'm aiming for, clear across the room.

I like to tease my wife, and to chase butterflies, and to skip

stones across a pond (as long as it doesn't scare the fish.) I like splashing in the irrigation water,

and trying to decipher license-plate logos, and throwing sticks for dogs to chase. I like watching people at the mall, and guessing what

time it is, and standing out in our back yard on a cool fall night, pajama-clad but barefoot, trying to spot Orion, and Jupiter, and the Big Dipper, and maybe a

shooting star or two.

Old-timer? Well, I suppose that does describe me pretty well, on the outside, at least.

But I've got most of my teeth, I can catch fish on days when lots of other guys can't, I still laugh a lot, and I've got a wife who I love like crazy, and not just because she's a great cook and has put up with me for fifty years this coming Saturday. Our mechanic says he thinks my fishing car's good for another 100,000 miles, too.

I know I am.

*Les Tanner lives in Caldwell.*

**Old-timer? Well, I suppose that does describe me pretty well, on the outside, at least.**

**Subscribe Today!** For your office, for your home, for gifts...



Start your  
12-month  
subscription  
for only

**\$29<sup>.95 (+tax)</sup>**

It's Idaho story,  
it's your story,  
one month at a time.

### WRITE YOUR STORY!

Every story in *IDAHO magazine* was written by someone like YOU, someone who loves living, working and playing in Idaho!

Check out our website  
[www.idahomagazine.com](http://www.idahomagazine.com)  
or call us for questions ... and  
encouragement 336.0653  
or (800) 655.0653

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Quantity	Item	Cost	6% Idaho Sales Tax	Total with tax	Total
	One-year subscription to IDAHO magazine	\$29.95	\$1.80	\$31.75	
	Two-year subscription to IDAHO magazine	\$27.00/yr.	\$3.24	\$57.24	
				TOTAL COST =	

Visa or MC # \_\_\_\_\_ Expires \_\_\_\_\_  
Cardholder's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Thank you for your order! Please mail to: P.O. Box 586 • Boise, ID 83701-0586 or go online: [www.idahomagazine.com](http://www.idahomagazine.com)

# Reconnecting

## Taking the long trip home

By Ann Clizer

Living away from home takes its toll in the best of circumstances, and ours were not the best. After my eleven-year-old daughter suffered a severe head injury, I stayed with her at St. Luke's Rehabilitation Institute, two hours from our mountain home. Each day Maya worked with a half-dozen different therapists, trying to reclaim lost functions. As the staggering practicalities of dealing with Maya's injury

gained clarity, I missed our home more and more. I knew she did too, but the exhausting labor dominated her attention. She pecked away at the list of goals: dress yourself, walk down the hall and

back, write your own name. I kept the slow pace with her, willing myself not to reach out and help.

Four weeks dragged by, and Maya ticked off her accomplishments each Friday. But nobody would tell us when we could go

home. At night all the doors leading out of St. Luke's were locked and guarded by uniformed security officers. When I lay in the fold-out chair-bed courting sleep, I listened to quiet shift talk among the nurses, faint sirens on city streets, the whoosh of vented hot air, and "phhht, phhht, phhht" from the tiny pump feeding green liquid into Maya's stomach. I thought

**I paced the hallways,  
longing for the trails  
on my mountain,  
rocks and dirt  
underfoot, the press  
of a half-buried root  
wad against the sole  
of my boot.**

about the noises I would hear at home: the hoot of an owl, wind nudging lanky lodge-pole pines, a chorus of coyotes, or rain pelting

the metal roof. I napped in the two-hour intervals between vital signs checks.

When I couldn't sleep, I paced the hallways, longing for the trails on my mountain, rocks and dirt underfoot, the press of a half-bur-

ied root wad against the sole of my boot. Early mornings, I would slip outside and tip my face to the sky, suck in deep breaths of chilly air, but I didn't linger. I knew Maya would soon wake and look for me beside her bed, reach out for my hand, and gift me with a serene smile I had never seen before her injury. Yet my emptiness grew.

I needed to go home. Other children in rehab spent nights with only nurses in attendance, but I couldn't bear to think of leaving my daughter that alone. My mother agreed to take my place at Maya's side for one night.

"I'll get your sweat pants and those blue shorts," I said. She could wear her own clothing, but needed things that were easy to get on and off with one hand. Maya turned away from me, her mouth set in a frown. "Do you want your pillow? Your art tablet? The time will go fast, you'll see."

Secretly, I hoped it wasn't true.

On the two-hour drive home, heading deeper into the mountains of northern Idaho, I worried. Maya



PHOTO COURTESY OF ANN CLIZER

**Maya and her mom** —*The author with her daughter, taken within the last eighteen months.*

still hadn't regained her language skills—would her grandmother know when she wanted to work her jigsaw puzzle, or which set of felt-tip markers was her favorite? But the tightness in my chest disappeared when I drove into the clearing around our cabin. I stood in the driveway for ten minutes, inhaling crisp mountain air and listening to the staccato of a woodpecker drilling the cedar that guarded our compost pile.

Grabbing an armload of firewood from the shed, I headed inside, feeling the familiar weight and press of rough bark against my muscles. I sighed out a breath deeper than I knew I'd been holding.

On that afternoon, waiting for Chris, I crawled around in the garden, digging dahlia bulbs and reveling in the grit of rich dirt beneath my fin-

gernails. Withered pea vines and brown strawberry leaves radiated a

**[Maya] rubbed the birch bark between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. Her eyes filled with tears.**

**"Home is still there, baby ...**

pristine beauty I had never before noticed. I filled a leather pouch with natural treasures from outside the cabin. That night, I snuggled against my husband's chest with only moonlight filter-

ing in through our uncurtained window. I listened to trees creaking in the wind. I slept.

Next morning's return trip seemed to take forever. Finally, I galloped through the hallways of St. Luke's, loaded with goodies from home. I entered Maya's room where she sat up in bed listening to her grandmother reading aloud from "Stormy, Misty's Foal."

"Look what I brought," I said to Maya, when I'd settled in beside her. I opened the leather pouch and laid each piece on the over-bed tray: a pine cone, a papery curl of birch bark, a handful of grey moss that hangs from tamarack limbs, a chunk of white granite peppered in black, the tip of a hemlock bough, a heavy clod of clay earth, a sliver of cedar from the kindling pile, and a gray

Stellar's jay feather.

Maya handled everything, picking at the granite with a fingernail, sniffing the cedar and balling up the moss. She rubbed the birch bark between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Home is still there, baby," I said, closing my hand around hers. "We'll make it back. You can be sure of that."

She wiped her eyes on her sleeve and jammed the birch bark into her pocket.

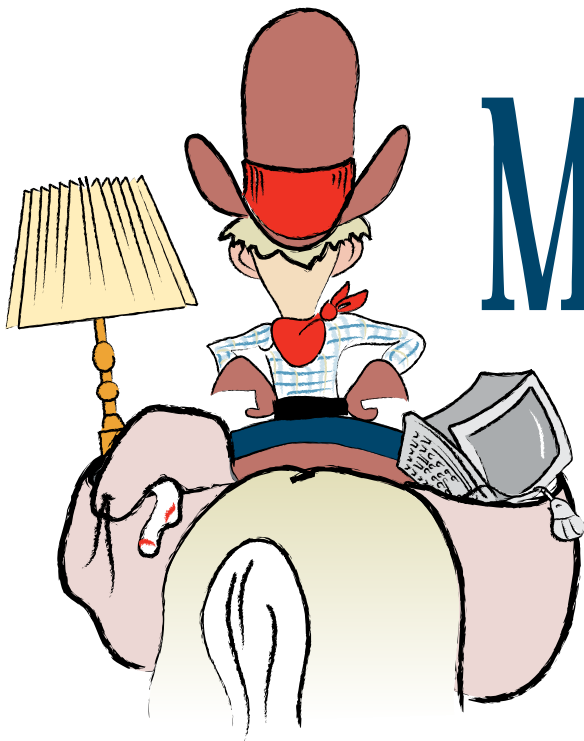
Five weeks later, Maya was released. She would continue outpatient therapy for years, but on that grey Friday in November, a week before Thanksgiving, we

arrived back on our mountain. It was everything we'd dreamed of all those nights in the institution: fallen birch leaves mingled with tamarack needles on the damp ground, the scolding of squirrels and the shrill call of a Stellar's jay, the smell of wet moss and the feel of dirt beneath our feet.

Maya stamped around the rough yard, kicking at rocks, tripping and laughing, clutching at my arm for balance. I couldn't think of a time I'd seen her happier, and I wasn't sure I'd ever felt a deeper joy myself.

We didn't go inside until we were good and cold.

*Ann Clizer lives in Sandpoint.*



# MOVING?

You won't miss an issue of IDAHO magazine. Send your change of address by mail to:

**P.O. Box 586  
Boise, ID 83701-0586**

or email:

**[emartin@idahomagazine.com](mailto:emartin@idahomagazine.com)**

Please note: Postal Service will not forward magazine



# Scots Revisit the Coeur d'Alene

By Jack McNeel



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL

When a team of Scottish golfers flew to northern Idaho in 2005 to compete with members of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe at its Circling Raven Golf Club, it was an unlikely renewal of an unusual friendship rooted nearly two hundred years ago.

The alliance began in 1809 when fur traders from David Thompson's party made first contact with the Schitsu'umsh as the tribe

was then known. These traders were Scotsmen with names like Joco Finlay and Finnan McDonald. It wasn't a total surprise to the native people as a few tribal members had seen the Lewis and Clark Expedition from a distance, had seen a few mountain men, and it had been foretold long before, but this was the first permanent contact with the non-native world. The relationship that followed was a good one, but after two centuries the memory of it had nearly disappeared.

***On parade***—Members of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe and Scottish bagpipers mark the renewal of an ancient friendship.

The recent reunion that the Scottish team's secretary called "awesome," has reestablished that bond and discussions are underway for tribal members to journey to Scotland for repeat matches. But first, let's look at that long-ago first meeting.

Cliff SiJohn can best tell that

story. Cliff is an elder in the Coeur d'Alene Tribe and serves as Director of Cultural Awareness for the Coeur d'Alene Casino. He's a historian who

learned the story of that first contact from his elders when he was a child.

"We had no TV, no radio. There was a big room with beds all around where

the uncles and aunts and kids slept. At night they would tell stories, one after another after another. That's where my brother and I learned what we know now," Cliff said.

"Grandfather was born in 1873. He died when my father was six years old. My grandmother was very strong in her traditions and culture. My step-grandfather was a great orator. Our stories go back to before white men came, stories of raids into Blackfeet and Crow country," he recalled. "We've learned our language from our parents and grandparents. My children know their language and now are teaching their children the language, the songs." This knowledge, learned at the feet of his elders who had learned it in a similar way, has provided Cliff the background to represent his tribe as historian and spokesman.

He heard the tales of the Scotsmen coming, of the trading and the trading posts they estab-

lished. David Thompson's party had dropped down from Canada into what is now northern Idaho.

Cliff tells how a runner from the

Kootenai Tribe had alerted his ancestors about the coming of these newcomers and how they wanted to trade for animal pelts. His ancestors were part of the northern band of the tribe and

it was that group that made the initial contact.

Cliff related that contact to the thousands who congregated at the Julyamsh PowWow during the summer of 2006 as two Indian riders on horseback converged on a mountain man leading a horse loaded with furs reenacting the first meeting.

**"One day there was a visitor. Somebody came. We had heard about them. Circling Raven had told us almost sixty years before that they were coming. He saw them in a vision, the suyapi, the white men."**

"One day there was a visitor. Somebody came. We had heard about them. Circling Raven had told us almost sixty years before that they were coming. He saw them in a vision, the suyapi, the white men.

"A man by the name of Joco Finlay arrived, an advance man for David Thompson, the leader of the expedition from the Northwest Fur Company attempting to open up the Columbia for trade. When he came the warriors spotted him and they came running towards him to confront him.

"Joco, they said, put his rifle straight up. Black Wolf and his brother circled him to see if he had courage. They said Joco Finlay stood in one place, his horse circling, his arm up with his weapon. Black Wolf looked him over and asked him in sign, 'Who are you?' Finlay answered, 'I am suyapi. I come here to trade.'



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: **In full regalia**—Riders appear at the event in traditional dress. **Skirling pipes**—Spokane's pipers add to the magic.

OPPOSITE: **Opening festivities**—Cliff SiJohn is the Director of Cultural Awareness for the Coeur d'Alene Casino and a noted tribal historian.

"Black Wolf asked him, 'What is in your heart?' Finlay answered that he came here to trade in peace and friendship and had gifts for the chiefs for he was the one to ask for permission of the chiefs to come into this territory.

"Black Wolf looked at him and said, 'Follow me. We will take you to the chiefs in the village and we will talk and we will smoke and we'll see if your heart is true.' Finlay nods and they begin to leave this little meadow.

"Neither one of their people would ever be the same," Cliff continued. "The sun set that day on an era that was thousands and thousands of years old."

Soon after the tribe arrived with sixteen canoes loaded with furs and met the David Thompson party on Pend Oreille Lake. The traders established friendly, mutually beneficial trading posts and stayed for several years. The Indians traded animal pelts and horses for iron utensils, knives and guns, all of which made life a little easier for the native people. Idaho's first non-Indian structure was one of those posts named Kullyspell House near the present town of Hope on Pend Oreille Lake's north end.

Kullyspell was Thompson's spelling of Kalispell and was not only Idaho's first building but the first trading post in the American Pacific Northwest. It was a large log structure with two stone chimneys, one on either end of the building. It only survived until 1812 due to a shortage of pasture for horses or camping and, abandoned, it quickly decayed. The



PHOTO BY JACK MOORE



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL

chimneys remained standing for eighty-seven years until they were toppled by a severe windstorm.

Local residents soon forgot the old trading post and it nearly disappeared from memory. In 1928, historians relocated the site with the aid of an elderly blind Indian man named Kali Too. He remembered seeing chimneys as a child and using just his memory, was able to guide historians to two large piles of rocks, later determined to be the remains of two chimneys. An informational sign now marks this historic point in Idaho's history and in the history of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe. Other trading posts were established near present day Thompson Falls, Montana and

ABOVE: **Party on the veranda**—Fellowship and discussion of the rounds outside the clubhouse at Circling Raven Golf Course.

BELOW LEFT AND RIGHT: **Deep in conversation** — Cliff SiJohn talks with one of the Spokane bagpipers. **Making a presentation**—Francis SiJohn, Vice Chairman of the Coeur d'Alene Tribal Council, and Cliff SiJohn with one of the Scottish golfers.

OPPOSITE: **Ready to tee off**—The Scots and the Coeur d'Alene line up prior to the start of play.



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL

Spokane, Washington.

"We pretty much had very good relationships with them," SiJohn commented. "We enjoyed many years of trading with the fur-men. They were right on the heels of Lewis and Clark. The difference was that Lewis and Clark just passed by, waved at the Indians, went to the ocean, turned around and came back, waved at them again and never established a trading post. These guys also went clear to the ocean, trading, and would bring back different things with them to trade with us."

David Thompson was to become perhaps the greatest land geographer in North American history and lived with and traveled amongst the Indians for many years. In the process he traveled about 80,000 miles through the wilderness.

It was 2004 when Bob Bostwick traveled to Scotland and visited Royal Dornoch Golf Club. Royal Dornoch is the third oldest golf club in this country where golf was born. Bostwick serves as the director of public relations for the Coeur d'Alene Casino Resort Hotel and is also an avid golfer. "I

was amazed how much it all reminded me of Indian Country. That's the first thought I had and I found out later that similar thoughts had struck others who had visited Scotland. It's the way they embrace a stranger and welcome a stranger to their tables. The tables are put together so you sit together in a group and share what you have. It's a very tribal thing. You would think the differences would be extreme yet

in many ways we kept seeing these similarities, a sense of hospitality."

Thus when a visit was arranged for Scottish golfers to visit the Coeur d'Alene Tribe and compete in matches at Circling Raven Golf Club, plans were made to greet and treat them as returning friends. Cliff SiJohn was asked to conduct the opening ceremonies as he frequently does, emceeing a variety of events from pow-wows to banquets, from col-

lege talks to cultural history education for casino employees.

Cliff is more than a historian and speaker, he is an orator. He has a presence that commands attention. His voice can hold you, the words creating images in your

mind, leaving you hanging on every syllable and making you a participant in his knowledge and presentation.

"This is a very historic moment for this little community, this lit-

tle reservation," Cliff extolled.

"These men have done honor to us by coming here from across the waters. These fur-men left their mark on us. We will start with a prayer for this historic event, the reuniting of our people with the fur men, the traders, who came to us 196 years ago."

Some of the Scots golfers later in the week would comment how the impact of Cliff's words affected them, how it made them better

**It's the way they embrace a stranger and welcome a stranger to their tables. The tables are put together so you sit together in a group and share what you have. It's a very tribal thing.**



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL

understand the impact the two cultures had upon each other and the significance of this meeting nearly two hundred years later.

"Grandfather in the heavens, thank You for this day. Thank You for bringing our old friends back to this country. Hear our

prayers for these men and their families and their children and their children's children that they will always be welcome with Schitsu'umsh people for it is

with them that gave us the name Pointed Hearts," Cliff expressed in prayer, his voice captivating all in the audience. "These men were the first to speak with us in sin-

cerity. We touched each other's hands. We have never been the same. I believe these men brought us a new way to think. We ask You in our opening ceremonies and our prayer to the Grand-father in the heavens to shine on these men."

**"...they will always be welcome with Schitsu'umsh people for it is with them that gave us the name Pointed Hearts..."**

The name Pointed Hearts was later changed to the French name of Coeur d'Alene, meaning heart of the awl or pointed heart. Schitsu'umsh is no longer recognized except by a few. Cliff explained that the traditional name would be translated as The Discovered Ones, or The Ones Who Were Always Here.

On that opening morning of

the long-anticipated golf match, horseback riders in full regalia arrived to the sound of a drum, followed by a Scottish group with bagpipes. The Scotch golfers were dressed in kilts while tribal golfers wore Circling Raven Golf Club shirts. Gifts were distributed to the visitors, among them a peace pipe to Andrew Skinner, club pro and leader of the group from Royal Dornoch Golf Club. A medicine stick made from the rib of a buffalo was given by military veterans of the Tribe, the Warrior Society, to a visiting golfer who was a member of the Royal Air Force, Michael Mackay. "The veterans of the club and Dornoch will be proud to accept this and I'm proud to accept on their behalf," Mackay responded.

Skinner spoke for the team. "Since we arrived we've all been



overwhelmed with the hospitality and friendship. We wish you all the best and thank you very much." Others had similar comments. "Since we've been here it's been unbelievable, what has been given to us, and the hospitality has been absolutely tremendous. I can't fault anything," said Michael Mackay.

Cliff SiJohn returned to the

others are common on the reservation – Scottish names!" Another laugh broke out when he spoke to the golf enthusiasts and "hole in one wannabes."

Alex Campbell was secretary for the Scottish team. As the week came to an end he commented, "It's been immense! Awesome! There aren't enough superlatives.

ceremonies when Cliff SiJohn spoke, it started to hit home. I don't think this is local or nationwide news. What's happened here this week should be world news."

The Scots golfers were already talking of a return visit by tribal golfers to Scotland. "I hope we can arrange something half as good again for these guys coming back to



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL



PHOTO BY JACK MCNEEL

OPPOSITE: **Standing on ceremony**—Scots and Coeur d'Alene golfers stand as the Coeur d'Alene Drum performs, prior to the start of play.

ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: **That's a par**—Two Coeur d'Alene golfers putting out on the 1st green. **Fore!**—Scottish golfer on the 1st tee at Circling Raven. **Not the caddy**—A bull moose trots through to share in the festivities.

microphone. "These men were the first to speak with us in sincerity, the first ones we trusted. There were others that did not last that long when they lied to us, but these men came in friendship and trade. They will always be welcome with the Schitsu'umsh."

Laughter erupted when he spoke of other ways these Scotsmen left their mark. "Our chairman is Chief Allan. An Allan is one of the leaders of the Dornoch golfers. Names like Matheson, Campbell, Finlay and

The way we've been treated by the Coeur d'Alene Tribe and others we've met from other tribes – they're just a great bunch of people!" He continued in a subdued voice, nearly in tears. "It's been a life-changing experience to come here and hang out with these guys. They're good guys with big hearts. We feel that warmth and that friendship. I just hope we can live up to the way that we've been treated. We've grown and learned about ourselves, our history. The significance of it at the opening

Scotland at some point to play a return game. After receiving the friendship and hospitality we've found here we can't leave it at this, it definitely needs to continue," Mackay said.

A year and a half have now passed since Mackay spoke those words. Discussions have continued and there's a very good chance such a trip by Coeur d'Alene tribal golfers to Scotland will occur this fall, but as this magazine goes to press, final arrangements are still being discussed. The friendship has been rekindled, the historical significance realized. The exchange needs to continue and the word will spread across the oceans.

*Jack McNeel lives in Coeur d'Alene.*

## Warm Up the Oven!

**W**arm up the oven, pull out the skillet, and get ready to cook! We're looking for a few of your favorite recipes to share with your friends.

The recipe for the 2007 IDAHO magazine Recipe Contest may sound familiar, but we're cooking up some new aspects to the contest, said Leah Clark, from the Idaho Preferred™ program of the Department of Agriculture, and Kitty Fleischman, publisher of the magazine.

The main thing is that the deadline is being moved up by four months to give adequate time for the contest's judging, and still have time to announce winners in the magazine's September issue. Also, winning recipes will be prepared for sampling at this year's "Taste of Idaho" program on Sept. 8 at the Center on the Grove in Boise.

Contest categories include an "overall" winner, and winners in three categories: main course, dessert and "general," which will include salads, appetizers and other delectable tidbits.

**Winners in the 2006 contest included:** Overall Recipe Winner Carl Melina, from Moscow, for his entry Chicken Lonehawk; 1st Place Entree winner Stacey Kemper, of Boise, for her entry Bavarian Sauerbauten; 1st Place Dessert winner (and former Boise High teacher) Niki Romani, of Houston, TX, for her entry Cinnamon Flip; and tied 1st Place General Recipe winners Marilyn Aggeler of Twin Falls, for her entry Ham-cheese Puff and Maryann Merrick, of Boise, for her entry Chinese Quail Salad. In addition to receiving cash prizes, entrants also received gifts of cookware and utensils from independent Pampered Chef® consultant, Emily Sullivan. Winning recipes will be featured in IDAHO magazine during the coming months.

"If you think artists are tempermental, you should see chefs!" Velma Morrison, a former restaurateur, once told me. That may be true in many cases, but if you're familiar with the expression, "the bigger they are, the nicer they are," you may have met Rod Jessick, the executive chef for Hagadone Hospitality in Coeur d'Alene where he supervises some of Idaho's finest restaurants, including the five-star Beverly's, the flagship restaurant for the legendary Coeur d'Alene Resort.

Jessick said his team of chefs (12 and growing) prepare each dish twice, all of the chefs sample them and they vote. Each chef has one vote per category except Jessick, who has unlimited votes.

Entry fee is \$10 for the first recipe submitted, and \$5 for each additional recipe entered in the contest. All must be postmarked by June 15, 2007, and all must include at least one ingredient from the Idaho Preferred™ program. There is no limit on how many Idaho Preferred™ ingredients may be part of the recipe. The list of Idaho Preferred™ companies is available from the website at: [http://www2.idahoag.us/idahopreferred/Active/suppliers\\_directory.html](http://www2.idahoag.us/idahopreferred/Active/suppliers_directory.html) or by calling Idaho Preferred™ at (208) 332.8500 and asking for information.

*Kitty Fleischman, publisher/editor of IDAHO magazine*

# Chicken LoneHawk

2006 Overall Recipe Winner

By Carl Melina

Serves 4

## INGREDIENTS

- 1 medium onion
- 4 chicken breasts (or one rabbit cut up)
- 1 package LoneHawk Farm Rosemary Dijon Elk Sausage
- 1 can white beans (drained)
- 2 Tbs. vegetable oil
- 2 Tbs. olive oil
- 1 1/4 cups dry white wine
- 1 3/4 cups chicken broth (13 3/4 oz.)
- 2 Tbs. Dijon mustard
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbs. chopped fresh parsley leaves

## PREPARATION

- > Finely chop onion. Pat chicken dry and season with salt and pepper. In a deep, large, heavy skillet heat oil over moderate heat until hot but not smoking and brown chicken pieces on both sides. Transfer chicken as browned to a large bowl.
- > In skillet cook onion in 1 Tbs. olive oil over moderately low heat, stirring until softened. Add wine and boil until liquid is reduced by about half. Return chicken to skillet and add broth. Simmer chicken, covered, until tender and cooked through (about 30 minutes).
- > About 15 minutes before chicken is finished, place sausage in skillet and add cold water, just to top of sausages. Cook sausages in water, discarding remaining water when sausages are cooked thoroughly (about 10 minutes). Cut sausages into 1/2 inch slices and set aside.
- > Transfer chicken to cleaned large bowl and boil sauce until reduced to about 2 cups. In a small bowl whisk together 1/4 cup sauce and mustard and whisk mixture into sauce. In another small bowl stir cornstarch into 1 Tbs. cold water and whisk into sauce. Simmer sauce, whisking, 3 minutes, or until thickened. Whisk remaining Tbs. butter, parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Return chicken to skillet and add sausage and beans. Cook over moderately low heat until heated through.

*Carl Melina owns the LoneHawk Farm and lives in Moscow.*



## HIDDEN HEROES

Know an unsung hero in your hometown who has made a significant, yet largely unnoticed contribution to an individual, to their Idaho community, and possibly the state in general? Why not write a magazine article about them?

The person could have performed a public service that has received little notice, made a well-timed financial contribution to someone in need, or spoken or taken some action that made a big difference in someone's life at a critical time. Submit a manuscript of up to 2,000 words on the subject. Make inquiry to:

**Dene Oneida, Managing Editor**

**IDAHO magazine**

P.O. Box 586 • Boise, Idaho 83701.0586

336.0653 or (800) 655.0653

[deneida@idahomagazine.com](mailto:deneida@idahomagazine.com)

We're looking forward to hearing about the unsung heroes in your neighborhood!

## STORIES



## feb 1 - mar 10/2007 idaho calendar of events

feb					
1-22	Charity Winter Photo Show, Idaho Falls	20	Nordic Center, Pocatello	2-3, 5-6	Oklahoma, musical, Blackfoot
2	Red Dress Concert, symphony, Idaho Falls	21-22	Chocolate Extravaganza, SJRMC Family Hospice fundraiser, Lewiston	2, 5	Extravadance, Rexburg
5	Martin Luther King III speaks, UI, Moscow	21-24	Symphony Orchestra, Kevin Call & Student Concerto Winners, Rexburg	3	Turtle Island String Quartet, Sun Valley
7-28	Wednesday Winter Wildlife Snowshoe Walks, Sun Valley	21-24	Lionel Hampton Intern'l Jazz Festival, University of Idaho, Moscow	3	Premiere of Sacred Music Oratorio 'The Tree of Life', Rexburg
7-28	Wed. Workouts at Galena, skating & skiing, Sun Valley	23	Hansel & Gretel, play, Idaho Falls	3-4	Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Blackfoot
9-10	Cleo Parker Robinson Dance, Rexburg	24	Idaho Bluegrass Night, Rexburg	4, 18, 25	Just Between Friends, Coeur d'Alene
10	Sites Violins Music School, student recitals, Idaho Falls	24	Music A-Z, symphony, Idaho Falls	4	Gospel Jubilee, in the spirit of the Grand 'Ole Opry, Nampa
10	Cornell Gunter's Coasters, 1950s-1970s R&B, Blackfoot	24	Charitas Chorale Concert, Warm Springs & Ketchum	4	Annual Snowboard Rally, Pebble Creek, Pocatello
10-11	Stacey's Kids Fun Races, Pebble Creek, Lava Hot Springs	24	Jugglemania and Shoehorn, Jazz Circus, Nampa	5	Annual Telemark Festival, Pebble Creek, Pocatello
11	Leif's Race, Nordic & Telemark, Sun Valley	25	SnoDrifters of Latah County Winter Fun Run, Lewiston	5	Much Ado About Nothing, play, Challis
13	Magic Philharmonic Orchestra, Burley	25	C.W. Hog Ski-A-Thon Disabled Skiers Fundraisers, Pebble Creek, Pocatello	8	Brown Bag, 'Lunch & Look', Idaho Falls
13	Stone tools & Weapons, Brown Bag Lecture, Idaho Historical Museum, Boise	26	Missoula Children's Theatre Audition, Grangeville	9	Boise Baroque Orchestra, Nampa
14-3/4	K2, play, Company of Fools, Hailey	26	The Hughes Brothers, Broadway to gospel music, Nampa	9	Symphony Orchestra Regional Talent Extravaganza, Coeur d'Alene
14	Jimmie "JJ" Walker, comedy, Nampa Civic Center, Nampa			99-10	BYU-Idaho Jazz Festival Concerts, Kevin Mahogeny, Rexburg
15	The American Ten, ARTALK with Sherry Best, Idaho Falls	mar		10	St. Patrick's Day Run & Walk, Hagerman
15	Czech Nonet, Baroque, Classical and Romantic music, Rexburg	1-2	Summer Symphony Lectures, Sun Valley	10	Tri State Spring Sprint Duathlon & 10K Run, Lewiston
15-17	Simplot Games, track & field, Pocatello	1-29	Free Snowshoe with a Ranger, Thursdays, Sun Valley	10	George Hill Snowshoe Volleyball Tournament, Priest Lake
15-20	Madcap Mardi Gras, Sandpoint	1-31	Eastern Id. Photographic Society Show, Idaho Falls	10-11	Snowshoe Softball Tournament, Finals, Priest Lake
16	Fur, Feathers & Fins, introduction to ballet, Idaho Falls			10-12	Carmen, opera, Idaho Falls
16	Gallery Walk, Ketchum & Sun Valley				
16-17	American Dog Derby, Ashton				
16-19	Winter Jamboree, snowmobile races, food & fun, Cascade				
17	Boulder Backwards Classic, Sun Valley				
17	Kids Competition, Pomerelle, Twin Falls				
17	Nampa Rec Indoor Tri-athlon, Nampa				
17	Lions Trap Shoot, Lava Hot Springs				
17	The Inside Ride, cycle race, Boise				
17	Race to Snow Bank, Cascade				
18, 25	Gospel Jubilee, Grand 'Ole Opry style, Nampa				
18	Potato Cup Nordic Ski Race, Mink Creek				

Do you have a special event in your town? Send us the vital information, and we'll make sure friends and neighbors across the street and across the state know about it. All functions must be free to the public or darn cheap. Events charging admission fees are welcome to purchase ad space.

**DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS:** The first of the month, one month prior to date of publication. Example: Deadline for the June 2007 issue is May 1.

### WRITE TO:

#### IDAHO magazine Calendar of Events

1412 W. Idaho, Suite 240

Boise, ID 83702

Fax: (208) 336.3098

**email: rtanner@idahomagazine.com**

VISIT SOME OF OUR FRIENDS & NEIGHBORS IN SALMON, IDAHO

  
**GREYHOUSE INN**  
 Bed & Breakfast  
 (800) 348-8097 www.greyhouseinn.com

**NORTH FORK**  
 STORE & CAFE  
  
 General Store • Motel • RV Park  
 Full Service Restaurant  
 Breakfast • Lunch  
 Fine Dining Dinners  
**(208)865•2412**

**ocular amazement**  
 the **FLICKS**  
 646 Fulton • Boise • http://theflicksboise.com  
 CINEMAS  
 CAFE  
 FUN  
 VIDEO RENTALS  
**342-4222**

subscribe | discover | advertise | write | photograph | sponsor | connect



Call today for a  
 complimentary copy!

It's Idaho's story,  
 it's your story,  
 one month at a time

**Take the Tour!**

336.0653 or 800.655.0653

www.idahomagazine.com

**GALE M. MERRICK**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW

TEL: 208.343.2437  
 FAX: 208.342.3580  
 P.O. BOX 2696  
 BOISE, ID 83701  
 merricklaw@msn.com

CERTIFIED  
 PUBLIC  
 ACCOUNTANT

CERTIFIED  
 FINANCIAL  
 PLANNER

**B.J. SMITH CPA, P.A.**  
 INTEGRITY/EXPERTISE/SERVICE

**208-336-2444**  
 910 MAIN ST. SUITE 350 - BOISE  
 BJSIDAO@AOL.COM

**MOUNTAIN LAKES SEAPLANE**

Coeur d' Alene, Idaho



Discount pilot supplies.  
 Seaplane training in a restored J3 Cub.

**208.661.1588 or 208.665.7959**  
 seaplanerating.com e-mail: seaplanes@adelphia.net

service directory



IDAHO links - Visit our friends and your neighbors! - IDAHO magazine



http://www.idahomagazine.com/

abcdrafting-design.com  
 bigotires.com  
 boisestate.edu  
 cableone.net  
 erstadarchitects.com  
 hiddlestondrilling.com  
 idahomagazine.com  
 inl.gov  
 kay.kelley.id.agents.newhomes.com  
 email:merricklaw@msn.com  
 saintalphonsus.org  
 stlukesonline.org  
 theflicksboise.com

agedwards.com/fc/jerry.beto  
 boise.org  
 buyidaho.org  
 cobbys.com  
 firstam.com  
 idfbins.com  
 idahoptv.org  
 intgas.com  
 kastera.com  
 renewableworks.com  
 salmonbyway.com  
 supercheapcards.com

alliance title.com  
 boisecoop.com  
 email:cjimscott@carreramotors.com  
 ecpower.com  
 greyhouseinn.com  
 idahobankingco.com  
 idahopower.com  
 email:jbsrealtor@yahoo.com  
 logcabinlit.org  
 ritzfamilypublishing.com  
 seaplanerating.com  
 suzannesfoods.com

email:bjsidaho@aol.com  
 boisephilharmonic.org  
 ennisfurniture.com  
 gymoutfitters.com  
 idahohistory.net  
 idahostampede.com  
 losthorsepress.org  
 sarmc.org  
 simplot.com  
 theashleyinn.com

Please visit us at [www.idahomagazine.com](http://www.idahomagazine.com)

## february contributors



**Desiré Aguirre**

lives in Sandpoint. She is currently attending NIC, has a column in the Sentinel and has also been published in various magazines. Her favorite sport is riding her Pinto mare, Splash, into the hills with her son's faithful dog, Cholo. She has two teen-age children who are her sunshine and joy.



**Ann Clizer**

lives on Flume Creek, a small drainage in the Cabinet watershed northeast of Sandpoint. Her work has appeared in various regional and national publications, and she is at work on her first novel, "On Higher Ground," which is set in the backwoods of Northern Idaho.



**Bill Corbett**

raised barley and wheat before becoming a writer. He writes fiction under the name Will Edwinston, and is currently promoting his national award-winning book, *Buddy...His Trials and Treasures*, originally serialized

in IDAHO magazine. "Buddy" is available online at popular book-sellers, or by asking for it at your favorite bookstore. Corbett is a columnist for The Idaho State Journal, and is a frequent contributor to IDAHO magazine.



**Jamey Coulter**

was raised in Carey and has worked numerous jobs, but her first love has always been the written word. She married her husband in 1998, and their sons were born in 2001 and 2004. Jamey says she was "raised" on horseback. Her family has been pivotal to following her dream of writing, teaching her patience and perseverance.



**Toinette Dickey**

is a long-time contributor to IDAHO magazine. Her first story, an article about travelling along the Payette River, appeared in November 2002. Her current piece is a fine bookend to her earlier effort. She and her husband, Steve, live in Nampa.



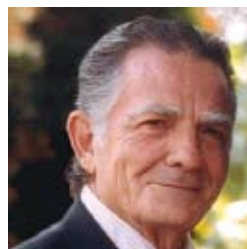
**Donna Emert**

writes full time for the University of Idaho. She holds a master's in English from Washington State University. Her work has appeared in university and regional publications, including Here We Have Idaho, Programs & People, and the now defunct Palouse Journal. She lives with her husband, three children and several chickens in Coeur d'Alene.



**Kitty Fleischman**

Until she met and fell in love with a red-headed gold miner in Nome in 1979, the sum of her knowledge of Idaho was: Frank Church, Cecil Andrus and Idaho potatoes. Moving to the Gem State in 1981 to marry the man of her dreams, her life changed, and she found the place where she'd always wanted to be. Gerry & Kitty will celebrate their 25th anniversary in April. Kitty was a teacher, she has written and photographed for United Press International, was a founder and co-publisher of the Idaho Business Review, wrote Velma Morrison's memoirs, "The Bluebird Will Sing Tomorrow," and is the publisher and editor of IDAHO magazine.



**Dick Lee**

illustrates IDAHO magazine. "I am still, and will probably always be looking for my 'voice' and trying to master the various media. My medium of preference... is drawing."



**Jack McNeel**

is an Idaho native, born and raised in Caldwell but a long-time resident of Coeur d'Alene. He retired from the Idaho Department of Fish and Game and now writes extensively for a variety of magazines and newspapers primarily on either travel subjects or Native American subjects.



**Ryan Peck**

is a native Idahoan. His interests include songwriting, strumming on his guitar, mandolin, and banjo, attempting to break the speed of sound on his road bike, drinking hot chocolate, watching movies with his girlfriend, and enjoying Boise's foothills.



**William Studebaker**

hangs around watching folks, kayaking, camping, and hunting upland birds. He is a partner in Idaho Whitewater Safety and Rescue, LLC. He was awarded the 2005 Outstanding Achievement in the Humanities Award for his contribution to Idaho literature.



**Les Tanner**

Married fifty years this past August; two kids, three grandkids. Fun: Fishing, writing, photography, gardening, metal detecting, racquetball, butterfly collecting. Anything else? Oh, yes. Taught mathematics for over forty years.



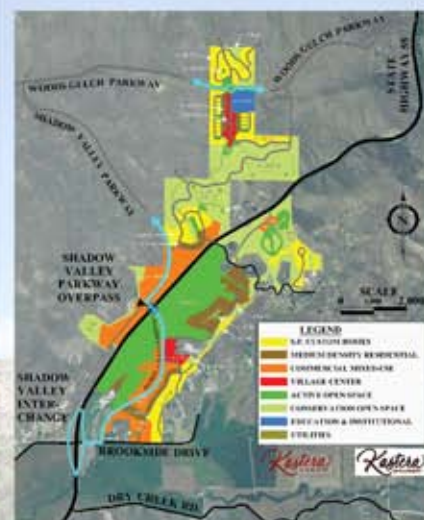
**Dean Worbois**

a third generation Idahoan, Dean is filled with stories of settling, building, and living in the Gem State. He has written about Boise's geothermal development and the history of building and heating Boise High School. Dean waits tables at Richard's in Hyde Park and celebrates by blowing his money on beer and travel.

# Kastera's Newest Planned Community is Unveiled...

## SHADOW VALLEY

Planned Recreational Community  
Boise, Idaho



CONCEPTUAL MASTER PLAN



# Kastera

DEVELOPMENT™

Among the West's  
Most Experienced  
Community Planning and  
Development Teams

For more information visit: [www.kastera.com](http://www.kastera.com)  
or call: 1-800-Kastera

KAISTERA'S PLANNING TEAM



Furniture as grand  
as your lifestyle...



  
**ENNIS**  
FINE FURNITURE

N. 8313 Division St. 23rd & Fairview  
Spokane 467-6707 Boise 342-3664

**IDAHO**  
magazine

1412 W. Idaho, Suite 240  
Boise, ID 83702

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

\$3.50 US



www.idahomagazine.com