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*January 2019*

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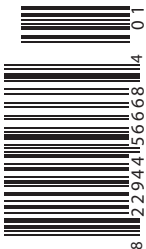


# IDAHO magazine

JANUARY 2019 | VOL. 18, NO. 4

## Just Breathe

Hiking with Kids in the Sawtooths



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A Summer at the Blackbird Mine

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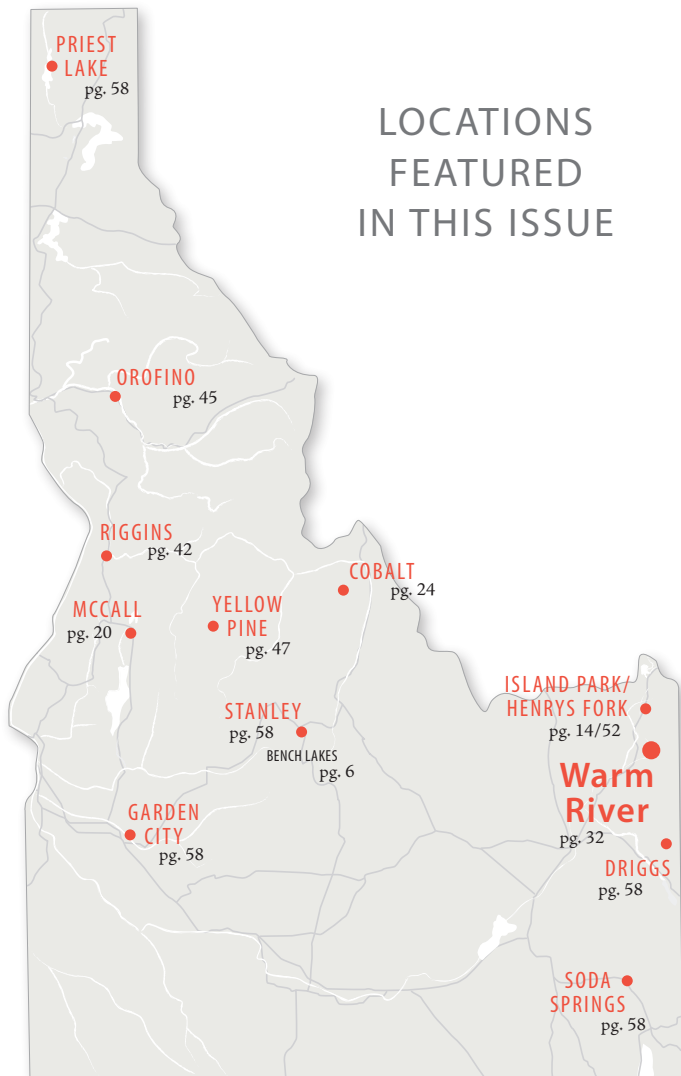
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## COVER PHOTO



Naomi and Sam  
Barker-Elston at  
Bench Lakes in  
the Sawtooth  
Mountains.

Photo by  
Chris Elston



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## TWIN BRIDGES ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

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Downtown Caldwell has its game on for the holidays! And, while you enjoy your virtual stroll through the lights, here is one of my all-time favorite Christmas photos. I bought it for myself in 1965, and it still ranks right up there.

~ Photo by Michelle Chadd

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FAR ABOVE: Naomi has about had it with hiking.  
 ABOVE: Sam takes a break.  
 RIGHT: At the lake.







# JUST

# BREATHE

## ZEN AND THE ART OF HIKING WITH KIDS

BY ELISE BARKER

PHOTOS BY CHRIS ELSTON

### **"I won't carry this even one step farther!"**

Sam yells down the trail at me, throwing his first big-kid backpack on the ground. He plops down on a rock under a juniper tree and rests his back against sagebrush, ignoring branches that poke through his shirt and into his head. This petulance reminds me of his first time hiking up to Bench Lakes in the Sawtooth Mountains when he was two-and-a-half [see "A Legend in the Making," *IDAHO* magazine, March 2017]. I thought it would be easier at seven.

Of course, we also have three-and-a-half-year-old Naomi with us this time. Sloth-like, she moves in half-steps, so slow it takes us an eternity to reach Sam, mere yards ahead of us. She sits down next to him. "There's dirt in my shoes," she moans. She sticks her foot out and I take the shoe off. I turn it over and a cloud of fine, powdery dust billows out. I breathe deeply, but not because I'm out of breath. The kids have reached their breaking points and I'm tired of being cheerleader. We're out of water. My husband Chris has run ahead to pump water from the lake, but I've given up on him making a speedy comeback. We need to finish this hike.

I hear muffled voices and the sound of footsteps. A young couple emerges from around a bend in the trail. They're pack-less and don't seem to have broken a sweat. How is it that their shoes and clothes are still so clean, while the three of us look like we've been wrestling in dust? Naomi's dark hair is barely visible through the tan powder of trail dust.





# WHAT

# A PRECIOUS MOM

I start to get up to move Sam's pack off the middle of the trail but the woman waves her hand and jumps over it effortlessly. They're both wearing crisp button-down blue shirts with khaki shorts, brand new boots, and they smell like sunscreen.

"Are we close to the lakes?" she asks me.

"Not far. You'll be there in no time."

The man takes a swig from his water bottle. "Are there a lot of people up there?"

"I don't know. We haven't made it yet today. A lot of people have passed us, though."

"Maybe we'll see you when get up there."

I laugh. "You'll be long gone by the time we're done." I put my arm around Naomi, who has laid her head on my lap while smiling up at the man with shy, flirtatious eyes.

Sam interrupts, "This is my first backpacking trip with my own backpack. My backpack is nine pounds. I'm carrying all the food. My mom has our tent. I'm seven years old. I go to Jefferson Elementary and my teacher's name is ..."

"Hey little dude, that's awesome," the young man says, putting his hand up for a fist bump.

"Bam!" Sam yells, bumping his fist then bringing his hand back with fingers flared like an explosion.

The young couple waves at us as they stride up the hill. When they reach a switchback, I overhear her saying, "Can you believe she's out here with them all alone? That's incredible."

I almost call out to explain about Chris and the water, but change my mind. Why not let them think I'm out here alone? Sure, Chris will be with us soon enough, but the reality is that he's almost a mile away from me. I am alone with two kids, three miles from the boat ramp and seven miles from the lodge. I look around at the thick trees surrounding me, the boulders blocking my path, the formidable Grand Mogul peak beyond. I wonder what wild things might be lurking in the shadows and grasp my bear mace instinctively.

But I recover from that flash of fear, breathe, and remind myself of how I've dreamed about this trip for months. Yesterday, as preparing our packs, I felt the walls of our home pressing in, suffocating me. We're finally here.

I whisper the words of Vietnamese monk Thich Nhat



FAR ABOVE: Brother and sister commune.

ABOVE: A family portrait in the tent.



# ENT THIS IS.

Hanh: Breathing in, I calm my body, breathing out, I smile. Dwelling in the present moment. I know this is the only moment.

What a precious moment this is. I'm right where I want to be.

"What do you think, buddy? Have you had enough of a break?" I ask Sam, patting him on the leg. Naomi's already tiptoeing ahead on the trail.

He stands and takes a deep breath. "Yeah, I'm ready."

"Do you need me to carry your pack for a while? I can strap it to my chest."

"No, Mom, it's mine. I can do it."

"Yes, you can."

Soon the path begins to flatten out. We enter into a shadowy patch of lodgepole pines and boulders. "When you get close to an alpine lake, it always seems to look like the kind of place fairies meet," I say, but this observation is met with stony silence.

Then Sam cries, "Why didn't Dad wait for me? I wanted to go with him!"

"It's way too late now, buddy. We've almost caught up to him. We're almost there." I grit my teeth: I'm so ready to move at a normal speed instead of the maddening inertia of Naomi's snail-paced meandering. Breathe, Elise, I think.

"Dad!" Sam screams.

"Shhh, you don't want to bother the other hikers."

"Yes, I do. Da-ad! Da-ad! Da-ad!"

Chris appears unexpectedly from behind the curve on the trail, startling me. Nonchalantly he asks, "What's the big deal, kids?" They squeal. Naomi runs to him, moving faster than she has all day. Sam starts jumping up and down, trying to grab the full water bag Chris is holding. "Are you thirsty?" He lets the kids take turns drinking. He speaks to them with patience and kindness, which makes me feel bad for almost losing my cool on the trail. Then I notice water dripping off a strand of his hair. He must have submerged his head in the lake to cool off. It's easier to be patient and kind when you're cool and hydrated.

He hands me the water and I sit down on the trail. Chris and the kids start walking toward camp. I let them go and drink with abandon. The kids' grumbles and screeches dissipate and finally disappear. For an instant, I



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# REMEMBER



FAR ABOVE: The author comforts her little one.  
ABOVE: Mugging for the camera.

# WHEN WE USED TO REL

feel the tremendous liberty of a child-free moment and realize I could run the remaining bit of the hike if I wanted. So I do.

Later, I hold Naomi under her armpits over a small hole in a little clearing between three large boulders. “You can do it, sweetie!”

“I can’t! I can’t!”

“Just try.”

I’m attempting to teach Naomi to pee in the woods. Last time we did this, she peed all over her clothes and ended up completing the rest of hike in a long T-shirt and nothing else. Ever since Naomi reached potty-training age, I finally found a use for all the carabiners hanging off my backpack — they’re perfect for letting undies air-dry.

Naomi screws up her face and scrunches her nose, making odd grunting sounds. “I can’t do it, Mommy.”

I’m worried that she hasn’t peed since the morning and consider pressing the issue but decide to let it go. This, too, is a precious moment, Elise, I think. Breathe.

“Ok, we’ll try again in a while.”

Back at camp, I make her a big cup of water with powdered fruit punch flavoring. “Drink all this before you play at the lake.”

She takes the cup and chugs it down quickly, leaving a red mustache above her lips, and then runs off to join Sam at the muddy bank of the first Bench Lake. Sunlight twinkles on the surface of the lake through a small break in the woods. Sam is pretending to fish with a tree branch.

I’ve been working constantly since we arrived at the lake, setting up the tent, rearranging our bags, preparing food. Even helping the kids go to the bathroom is a big chore. I start digging through our food bag, trying to decide whether we should have freeze-dried chicken dumplings or mac and cheese for dinner. Chris saunters back to camp with more water.

“It feels like I’ve been pumping water all afternoon,” he says as he sits down on a rock near me.

“Remember when we used to actually relax on our backpacking trips? I keep thinking about that time we napped in the tent all afternoon after our hike up to Independence Lake and then drank a bottle of wine by the fire once it got dark.”



# AX ON HIKING TRIPS?

"Those were the days." We laugh, looking out at Sam and Naomi, who are somehow, against all odds, playing together as if they actually like each other. I hear Sam offer to let Naomi take a turn fishing with his stick. Their laughter is like Thich Nhat Hanh's bell of mindfulness: Listen, listen, this wonderful sound brings me back to my true home.

I'm jerked out of my spell by Naomi's howls. "That's my stick!"

"No, it's my turn. You already had your turn."

I hear a splash and Naomi unleashes a bloodcurdling scream that echoes off the mountains in the distance. I run to them. The stick is too far into the water for me to reach without getting wet. A couple of young women who have set up camp on the other side of the lake stop whatever they were doing to observe us. Naomi looks at me with defiance, as if to say, "If I can't have it, he can't either."

Eyeing the girls on the other side of the lake, I decide the best approach is to redirect Naomi's attention. "I think it's time for you to try to go to the bathroom again." She takes my hand and we pick our way into the boulder field.

The next morning, Naomi's eyes and nose peek out from the depths of her pink sleeping bag. She's watching me without interest, her eyes opening and shutting lethargically. I feel her forehead. "Chris, Naomi's head feels hot."

Chris reaches over Sam and places his hand on her head. "I think you're right. But what could be wrong? Dehydration? Altitude sickness? She seemed OK yesterday."

I think for a moment, remembering how she hadn't eaten anything since the spaghetti I made for lunch on the trail.

"Don't you remember how sluggish she was on the hike yesterday?"

"That's true. I thought it was just Naomi being, well, Naomi—contrary."

I pull out my phone, turn off airplane mode and notice that we have 3G. I type "altitude sickness" and scroll through the results. "'Headache, tiredness, dizziness, nausea, loss of appetite, shortness of breath.' This could be it." I get interested in the kid health article and keep reading. "Did you know it's not really because there's less oxygen up here? It's because at higher elevations there's less pressure, so you

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# THESE MOUNTAINS ARE

take in less oxygen with each breath. Weird.”

Chris nods. “I didn’t know that, but it makes sense.”

I shake my head. “But we live at a fairly high elevation. It’s not like we shot up eight thousand feet in one day.”

“Just between the trailhead and here, we gained fifteen hundred feet. We probably gained another couple thousand on the drive between Pocatello and here. That’s a lot in one day.”

“I guess this means we need to get back down ASAP.” I try to hide my disappointment, having planned for at least another night at the lakes.

“It’s the right thing to do,” Chris agrees, hiding his own disappointment. “But we have to have breakfast first. And pack up. It’ll be lunchtime or later before we get down.” “There’s no way around it. We’ll just have to keep her hydrated until then.”

I start making oatmeal while Chris rolls up our sleeping pads and bags and tent. We eat in a cloud of mosquitos. I’m happy to leave that behind, at least. Chris coaxes Naomi into eating a couple bites.

As I pack up my little kitchen stove, Naomi hovers nearby. Her face suddenly turns gray and she makes a gagging sound. I run to her and help her bend over to get most of the vomit on the ground.

“I threw up, Momma,” she says grimly as I wipe her with my red bandana.

“It’s OK, honey, it’s just the altitude. We’re gonna get back down the mountain as soon as we can.”

Not wanting to even waste a moment to make a cat-hole for her vomit, I kick up the dust to cover the evidence and return to my work at a redoubled pace.

An hour later, we sling on our backpacks. They’re lumpy and asymmetrical, betraying our rush to repack our gear. We have given up the idea of Naomi walking by herself and resolve to take turns carrying her down the bench. Chris has the first shift and tramps at a break-neck speed, stopping only for drinks, not wanting to lose momentum. Sam easily keeps up with Chris’s relentless pace. He understands we are afraid for Naomi.

Eventually Chris comes to a screeching halt, but not before he has put more than a mile behind us.



FAR ABOVE: Somebody needs a lift.

ABOVE: The only way to travel.



# PATIENT ENOUGH TO WAIT FOR US.

"I can't go any farther. You'd think carrying her would wear out the arms but my back is killing me."

"A thirty-five-pound girl and a forty-five-pound backpack will do that to you. Let me take a turn."

"Gladly."

I look at the trail ahead. We're on the portion that switchbacks up the bench. On the left side of the trail is a giant drop-off that seems scarier when you've got the tiny love of your life in your arms. I steel my resolve and take Naomi into my arms.

At first, it isn't so bad. I march in time, watching my step, remembering Thich Nhat Hanh's poem about walking, in which he urges walkers to use each step to "make a flower bloom" under our feet. I try to "kiss the earth" with my feet and keep my balance, even as Naomi squirms.

But eventually I grow distracted. I can't stop thinking about the ache in my arms. Then I think about how my Great Grandpa Skeets would pack up the truck and drive from Valley Falls, Kansas, to Estes Park, Colorado, in the middle of the night when his asthma got stirred up by allergies. I remember my mom's explanation that the closer they got to the mountains, the better he was able to breathe. Why is it that the mountain air was his salvation, while today we're fighting against it, racing toward lower pressure and thicker air?

My reverie is interrupted when my legs give out and I stumble.

All the extra weight pulls me down so fast, I barely have time to react. Instinct kicks in and I bend my knees to absorb most of the blow on my legs, so I won't land on Naomi. I feel a blast of pain and then numbness in my left knee. Recovering my wits, I notice that somehow I had placed Naomi, unscathed, in a standing position on the ground in front of me. She looks at me with scowling eyes. "You fell, Mommy. You almost

dropped me." She pats me on the back. "It's OK."

Chris runs up and helps me to kneel on my right knee so I can inspect the left. "It's bloody but not broken," I say with relief.

He pulls me up, pack and all. "I'd say that's a sign that I've had enough of a break. I'll take her for the rest of the walk."

"I relinquish the precious cargo with pleasure my lord," I respond—Chris is nailing the knight in shining armor routine and I don't want it going to his head.

When we arrive at the dock where the shuttle across Redfish Lake will pick us up, I think of other times when Naomi might have been suffering from altitude sickness and we attributed her discomfort to something else. As I recall those experiences, I can't help but worry about how her sensitivity to altitude might affect our future adventures. Will we still be able to ramble in the mountains?

Other people arrive at the dock, filled with stories of their own adventures. They gawk at our enormous family-sized backpacks and examine my bleeding knee with curiosity. Sam gladly tells them about our hike up the and down the bench. "I carried nine pounds. I had all our food. If it wasn't for me, we wouldn't have had anything to eat."

His cheerful pride is contagious and pulls me out of my somber mood. Sam seems to have grown older over the past twenty-four hours. Breathing in, I calm my body. Breathing out, I smile. Another precious moment.

Just as we begin to board the shuttle, Naomi screeches, "But I don't want to go yet. I'm not done!"

Grand Mogul and Heyburn grow smaller as we speed across the lake, yet they beckon, urging me to return. Like Naomi, I'm not done.

"We'll be back," I assure her. "These mountains are patient enough to wait for us." ■

# ALIVE



# AGAIN



## Revivified in Island Park

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ALICE SCHENK

The sparkle of possibility shone upon the day as Wayne and I headed out on our rented snowmobile, which I had nicknamed Betsy. We were at Island Park in the winter of 2016, celebrating our thirty-fourth wedding anniversary, and I hadn't been on a snowmobile in more than three decades. I wanted to see Upper Mesa Falls in all its winter splendor, especially because my friend Sheri Bedke had shown me spectacular photos of the frozen falls and snow-encrusted rocks along the steep slopes. When we got there it was stunning, even though we missed the window of the big snow.

Wayne and I spent five hours in the saddle one day and more than four the next, followed both days by the "cure" of a hot shower and a good meal. On the way back to Last Chance to return Betsy, we plodded or plowed over mogul after mogul until arriving at a creek. The trail

continued on the other side but to get to it we had to go down the embankment and then up the one on the other side. Wayne backed up and I thought he intended to gun it and jump the creek. It seemed doable for riders with shiny new machines, but our old gray mare wasn't what it used to be, especially packing two passengers. Wisely, Wayne turned Betsy around and we retreated to find a different route to Last Chance. On the way, we passed a cattle chute of sorts covered in mounds of snow and fence posts that looked like cupcakes piled high with frosting.

For years, I've loved to dream, write, relax, explore, refresh, and refocus in Island Park. Most days I can find an adventure in one form or another, because this town tucked into the state's eastern corner has lots of streams, ponds, lakes, mountains, and meadows to explore. It's small in population yet has the longest main street in the

OPPOSITE TOP: Ready to snowshoe.

OPPOSITE BELOW: A livestock loading chute stacked with snow.

ABOVE: Snowmobilers near Island Park.





# JOHNNY SACK'S CABIN

nation – thirty three miles.

Its elevation of 6,293 feet makes it the highest city in Idaho. It's also mostly the site of a large crater (the Henrys Fork Caldera) created by an eruption of the Yellowstone hotspot. Nowadays, many dusty ATV trails crisscross the land and reinvent themselves in winter, allowing snowmobiles to travel hundreds of miles.

During one of our warm-weather visits to Island Park, we toured Johnny Sack's Cabin at Big Springs on Highway 20 [see "Johnny Sack's Cabin," *IDAHO magazine*, November 2013]. The cabin can also be reached via a delightful walking path that features huge stretches of boardwalk, starting in the campground at Big Springs. I skirted lots of moose droppings on those boardwalks while keeping an eye out for

the animal itself.

Johnny Sack was a four-foot-eleven-inch German cabinetmaker who came to the United States in his twenties and started building the cabin in 1932. Three years later it was finished and after his death in 1957, the cabin came under the protection of the Idaho State Historical Society. The craftsmanship and handmade furniture are amazing. A charming old waterwheel next to the building must be one of the most photographed sites in America, or certainly in Island Park. As we crossed the bridge to the parking lot near the cabin, we stopped and looked into the crystal-clear water where big fish swim glittering in the sun. The fish are there in the fall, winter, and early spring, when they spawn, and visitors who have quarters buy fish food from

ABOVE: A winter view of Johnny Sack's Cabin.



a nearby vending machine.

Another thing I love to do in this area is kayak from Big Springs down to Mack's Inn, where stress melts away as the hours slip by. Whenever I put my kayak in the water and float under the old wooden bridge to begin my journey downriver, a calm assurance sets in that all is right with the world. As I drink in the beauty surrounding me, the gently flowing river coaxes memories to resurface, which sometimes sneak out and drip down my face.

I believe adventure matters. We spend much of our lives indoors, but the outdoors is essential to our well-being. A walk, run, or hike in nature, fragrant with mountain air, allows time to sift through the clouds of uncertainty or doubts that linger in the mind and dispel them. When I'm alone with my thoughts outdoors, I can release those that need to go or can gather up the grand ideas that often escape before I can net them. Generally, I tend to over-analyze, searching for answers or reasons instead of letting things go, which is a weakness, even though I believe we should never stop asking questions.

Kayaking Henrys Fork usually gives me the delightful opportunity to count moose

along the river. On one trip, Wayne and I saw eight, and I was so excited I felt like I'd swallowed a box of firecrackers. Moose are not only majestic creatures but a little terrifying when they're standing in a river you want to pass through. The day when we saw eight, after reaching the takeout point we brought the kayaks back to the top for a repeat trip, and saw seven of them again.

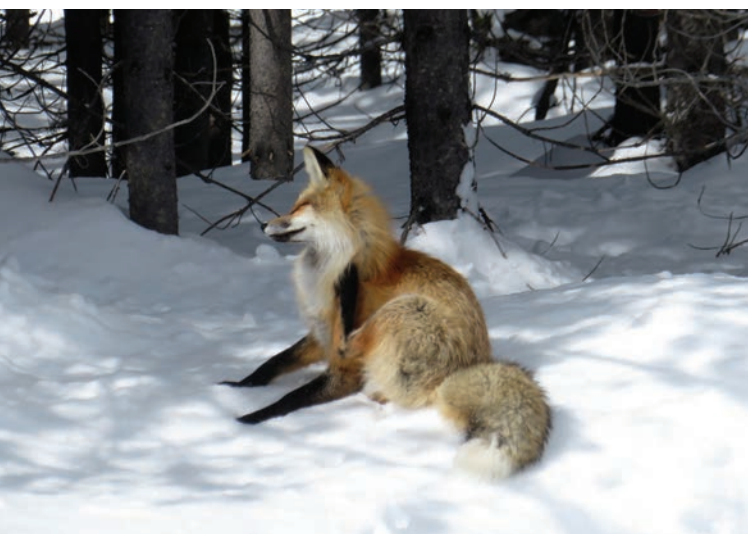
It's a three-and-a-half-hour drive to Island Park from our home in Rupert. On a day-trip one fall, we took one vehicle, so I drove Wayne and the kayaks to the top, where we put in and left them. I then drove to the takeout and started running up the road to kayak with him. As I ran, a vehicle slowed and the window rolled down. The guy asked if I was Alice and said he had met my husband at the top. Would I like a ride up there?

"Absolutely!"

He said he had dropped off his son to kayak alone, after which they planned to kayak from the Island Park Dam to Last Chance. I said I'd always wanted to do that and he offered to wait for us at the takeout so we could join them. That section of river has class two—borderline class three—rapids to navigate, and it was a thrill.

LEFT: A fox takes a break.

RIGHT: Moose at Big Springs.





# UPPER MESA FALLS



The following year, I was on the same section of the river with Scott Gregory, who was in Island Park visiting his cousins, the Bedkes. It was a quick forty-five-minute trip down this stretch and as we approached the takeout, I spotted an eagle hovering over the water near one of the cabins that lined the river to our left. I pointed it out to Scott, and then suddenly saw what looked like a fishing line extending from its beak to the water, horrifying me to think the bird must have dived for a fish and gotten hooked.

I showed Scott and as he paddled towards the eagle, I got out my phone to call the Idaho Fish and Game Department. Two people sitting on their cabin deck were watching all this unfold, and then I realized that the authentic-looking eagle with a fishing line in its mouth was attached

to a pole—it was a wind sock! Scott was still paddling to save the eagle. Finally, I got his attention. He asked me not to tell anyone he had been fooled and I tried, but it's such a great story.

Yet another time, we drove ATVs to the top of Sawtell Peak to watch the sun set over the incredible vastness that lay before us. A vehicle can also reach the top, although the roads are a bit narrow. Standing up there was a magical moment as the sunset lit our faces, a moment I relive often in memory. It was cold and as the sun dropped over the mountain, the soft hues seemed almost unreal.

It's just a forty-five-minute drive from Island Park to Yellowstone National Park, although bears and wolves can also be seen around Island Park, which is the main reason I

ABOVE: Wintry view of Upper Mesa Falls.

OPPOSITE TOP: Snow-laden fence.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Map of Island Park and environs.





carry bear spray while hiking. Harriman State Park is nearby and I've snowshoed there in the winter and along other paths through trees where the stillness is mesmerizing.

One morning at Island Park I went out for a run and when I returned to the resort where we were staying, there on the asphalt lay a carbon fiber fly rod and reel. It seemed nobody at the resort had lost anything. After my run the next day, I noticed a unit being cleaned and discovered that a man had checked out the day before. They called him at his home in Logan, Utah, but he didn't think he'd lost his fishing pole. He checked the pickup and sure enough, the case was there, but not the pole. Happily, one of the women who worked at the lodge was headed to Logan the next day and hand-delivered it to him. I love finding things, and returning them. Except that moose paddle I found last

November. I'm going to keep that.

I went fishing once from my kayak on the Henrys Fork, which is famous for its fly fishing. I rifled through antique lures in a tackle box that hadn't been opened in fifteen years, maybe longer. It was cold, but beautiful.

I've hiked up mountains and along trails in Island Park as clouds gathered and the rain came stinging down on my skin. On one hike, I came upon a huge nest of hornets or wasps that was alive with activity.

Sometimes in the rich glow of an autumn in Island Park, as the sun shining through aspen groves catches my eyes, I'm reminded yet again that Nature dresses up each season to delight our hearts. I think Island Park may have been one of the state's best-kept secrets, but it's out now. We have friends with cabins there, and we really ought to look around for land of our own. ■



# Their Own Steps

## Wilderness Lessons

STORY AND PHOTOS BY KELLY POIRIER

**W**e headed down the trail to Goose Creek off McCall's Brundage

Mountain Road, unsure of what we would encounter. Our initial steps filled me with curiosity and enthusiasm. In the first thirty minutes, I discovered bear tracks and scat on the trail, which I pointed out to my tween daughter, Brianna, and teen daughter, Kaitlyn. This caused Brianna to walk more closely by my side, but I said we were talking loudly and a bear would be looking for food, not friendly hikers. Kaitlyn preferred to show her toughness by continuing to stride along the path boldly, although a few minutes later she quietly confessed that she hoped the bear was far from our path.

We were having a girls' weekend, leaving behind my husband Mark, who was working in Boise. The autumn colors of the Treasure Valley were captivating, and I was eager for an opportunity to explore fall foliage in the mountains, where we could strengthen mother-daughter bonds. We had moved to Boise from San Antonio in the summer, and our previous hiking experiences in Alaska and in the Colorado Rockies had been amazing. Now was a chance to build new memories in the wilds of Idaho.

We came across a hollow Ponderosa pine tree trunk, and fallen logs that made for great climbing, and we could hear the creek, somewhere below in the fog, beckoning us to keep moving down the mountain. So we did. Splashes of yellow among the deep evergreen trees showcased Mother Nature's boldness in announcing the season. Eventually, we arrived at a bridge covered in water. The scene was stunning, and we approached soundlessly, taking in the scent of pine needles and wet leaves wafting through the air, the sight of sunshine breaking through the fog, and the steady drumming of water from Goose Creek as it bounced along below us. The mountains were reflected in the water on the bridge. Those silent moments filled our senses with awe and appreciation.

That morning, we had awakened to discover a chilly and overcast morning, and when we arrived at the trailhead Kaitlyn already was grumbling about the hike, which she didn't want to do. But Brianna, with a pep in her step, found a sturdy, straight tree branch for a hiking stick and announced she was ready to go.

Now Kaitlyn broke the sacred silence by announcing, somewhat defiantly, that she was going to get close enough to touch the water. She

BELOW: The author's daughters.





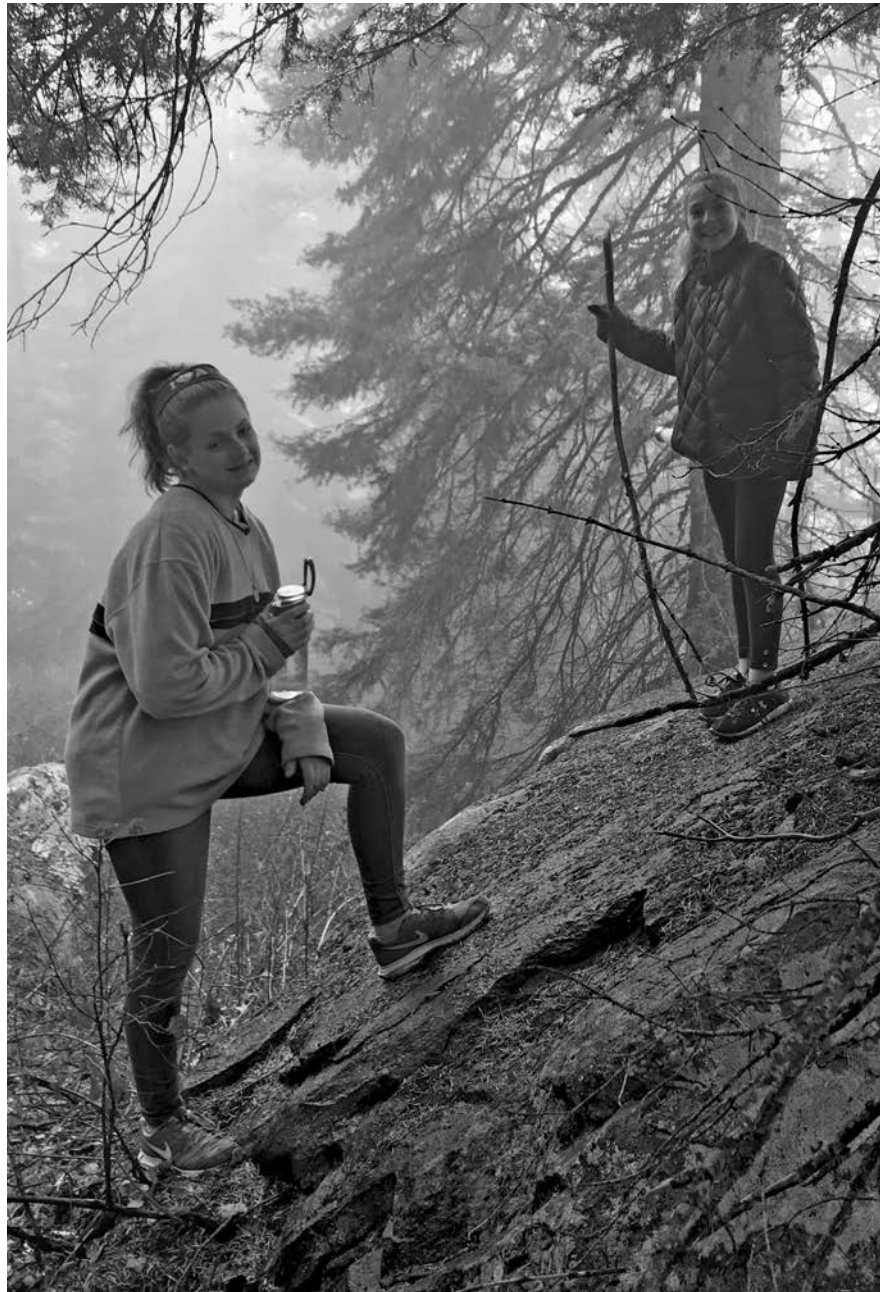
BELOW: Kaitlyn (left) and Brianna.

bolted across the bridge, splashing through ankle-high water and leaping to a log that lay maybe twelve feet above the creek. She got down and hugged the log but from this precarious height, touching the water wasn't possible. Even so, as she proudly perched over the water on the log, she pronounced, "I like hiking. This is awesome!"

I smiled, inwardly and outwardly, relishing the hope that my love for the outdoors would sink deeply into the souls of my daughters. Nature's glory was all around us, captivating our imaginations as the fog transformed the scene into something even more fantastical. Sitting on the log, Kaitlyn felt satisfied, confident, and powerful—a transcendent moment for a thirteen-year-old girl, who rarely felt any of those things in her day-to-day life.

Brianna had her own approach. Curiously and cautiously, she tiptoed along the boulders of the creek, feeling success at being the one to touch the water. This victory was no less pivotal for Brianna—a confirmation that her concern for safety and security hadn't trampled the grand goal (which was, in part, bettering her sister by actually touching the water). Each girl had discovered self-satisfaction and security while following her internal compass. I found it breathtaking to watch, like looking on the mountains themselves.

Beyond the bridge, we continued along the trail down into the gulch, where we



could explore the water dancing over the rocks with a steady grace. We encountered a few other hikers who had discovered this vista where the creek rippled round the mountain below. We placed a blanket on a rock, feasted on sandwiches, and lingered there to prowl around the creek and take pictures. Before starting on the uphill hike, I pointed out the choices we had made that day: which trail to take, how to pace our journey, how to respond to the sights, scenes, smells, and other experiences.

As we hiked back up the mountain, I realized we each had experienced the hike much differently, despite the common blood coursing through our veins. I had taken mental and actual photographs of our day, all the while listening not only to the sounds around me but to an internal monologue, which narrated the lessons I was learning while watching my daughters on this hike, with its gorgeous gulches, daunting difficulties, and powerful possibilities.

It occurred to me that the road to all this had been downhill, not nearly as challenging as the path still before us. As we got farther into that uphill climb, I reflected that each hiker leaves an imprint on the trail. The footfalls are distinct, their impressions unique, and the change the experience makes in the life of each person's emotions, intellect, and spiritual being are quite distinct. The climb is where we discover who we really are, what we're made of, how we'll respond to challenge. Whether hiking or parenting, I often find myself wanting

to make my daughters act, think, and respond like me. Recognizing this hubris, I recoiled from it.

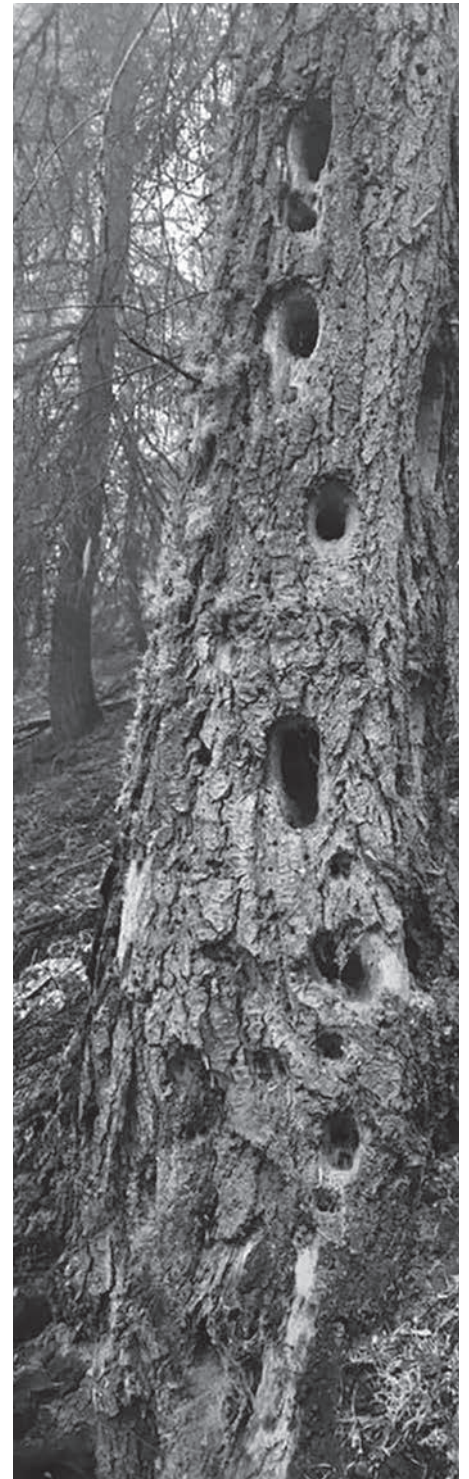
My children's steps may fall behind me, but each step is their own, and each lesson, no matter what it is or how I try to impart it, will be filtered by their own beautiful uniqueness. I realized that my job is to invite them to journey, remind them of the preparation needed, and be there to encourage and at times assist each step as they climb their own mountains.

The majesty of the Payette National Forest attests that Mother Nature beckons us onward, sometimes beyond what we believe to be our limits. On this hike where I wanted to be a teacher, I also became a learner. I learned that I need to take one step at a time, enjoy the journey, realize that the pace and even the destinations will be difficult and unfamiliar at times.

Seeing the tree-filled mountains speckled in yellow and red rising up around us showed me that like Mother Nature, I too have distinct powers, strengths, and internal beauty. As I continue to watch my daughters unfold, I'll need to remember when to surrender, to lovingly lead, and to endure.

For me, the gift of this girls' weekend was the recognition that the journey of parenthood, like the trail we traversed that day, is a gift. Both offer life lessons that I'll return to—especially when my children's tween/teen years have passed and, like the colorful autumn leaves, only memories remain. ■

BELOW: Forest "sculpture."





# IDAHO magazine



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MONTHLY SINCE 2001



JAMES PETTS

# Tales from the Open Pit

## A Summer at the Blackbird Mine

BY RUSSELL STEELE

**I**n the rear view mirror I could see my new hard hat, just a shiny reflection in the damp dust on the narrow haul road. It was the first day for the hat, which had replaced a beat-up pressed-fiber one my dad loaned me when I first got a job driving a water truck to wet the dusty roads at the open-pit Blackbird Mine. More concerning was the black diesel smoke shooting into the sky as the Euclid #1268 dump truck struggled up the hill with a load of overburden for the dump. On the narrow road, I knew my new hat could soon be a flat aluminum saucer if I did not recover it before old #1268 topped the hill and rolled down onto the spoils dump.

I cranked the steering wheel of the surplus

Army 4WD hard to the left, shifted to third gear, and stomped on the accelerator. The four-banger under the hood screamed in protest as I circled back to pick up the hard hat. Suddenly, my world started to tilt. Glancing out the passenger side window, I saw the tree-covered horizon slowly disappear, replaced by rocks and dirt. I gripped the wheel hard and slammed my feet to the floor, bracing for the impact. Dust and loose stuff filled the cab as the water truck rolled over and then skidded to a stop on its side. Water rushed from the tank, creating a small river in the dust. Fuel fumes filled the cab as I groped for the ignition switch and killed the engine.

My immediate thought was, "You're fired!" It was my second week on the job at the Blackbird's

ABOVE: Copper ore.

OPPOSITE: This aerial image shows the scar of the Blacktail's open pit.





open pit after graduating from Salmon High School in 1957. During our first morning on the job, the shift foreman, Don McGowan, had explained the safety rules and made it clear that damaging the equipment was a firing event. "Respect your tools," he warned.

Since the late 1800s, miners had been extracting copper and cobalt, with a little gold and silver on the side, through a complex of tunnels at the mountain, but the engineers had determined the ore body came all the way to the roots of the lodgepole pines that covered the upper end of the deposit. The mine owner, a now-defunct company called Noranda, hired a construction group out of Reno to access the copper and cobalt ore deposits. The Blackbird open pit project was just getting started the year I graduated. My dad Bert and mother Margaret were managing the Cobalt Recreation Hall, my younger brothers Bob and Ron were working at the IGA Market, and I went looking for a job at the mine.

Upon graduation, I was hired by the construction company to dig trenches for trailer

park sewer pipes. They had started a small trailer park just off the road at the South end of the Cobalt townsite on the west side of Panther Creek. As the workforce grew, more workers brought their trailers with them, because there was no rental housing in Cobalt. Each trailer required a power, water, and sewer connection. My brother Bob and I were hired to dig trenches for the water lines and the sewer pipes. Once we had finished the project, I asked Ted Maestretti, the project manager, if he had any work I could do at the mine, telling him I had worked in the engineering office and the service yard at the Empire Mine in Grass Valley, California, since I was sixteen.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen in July."

"Nothing right now, but we're expecting a water truck any day now," said Ted. "Can you drive a truck?"

"I drove a dump truck at the Empire."

A couple of days later, Ted came by and told me to be on the street in front of my house at 7:00 a.m. with a hardhat. He was expecting the water truck to be delivered from Reno the next day. The Euclid truck drivers were complaining about the summer dust that was enveloping the haul roads within the open pit.

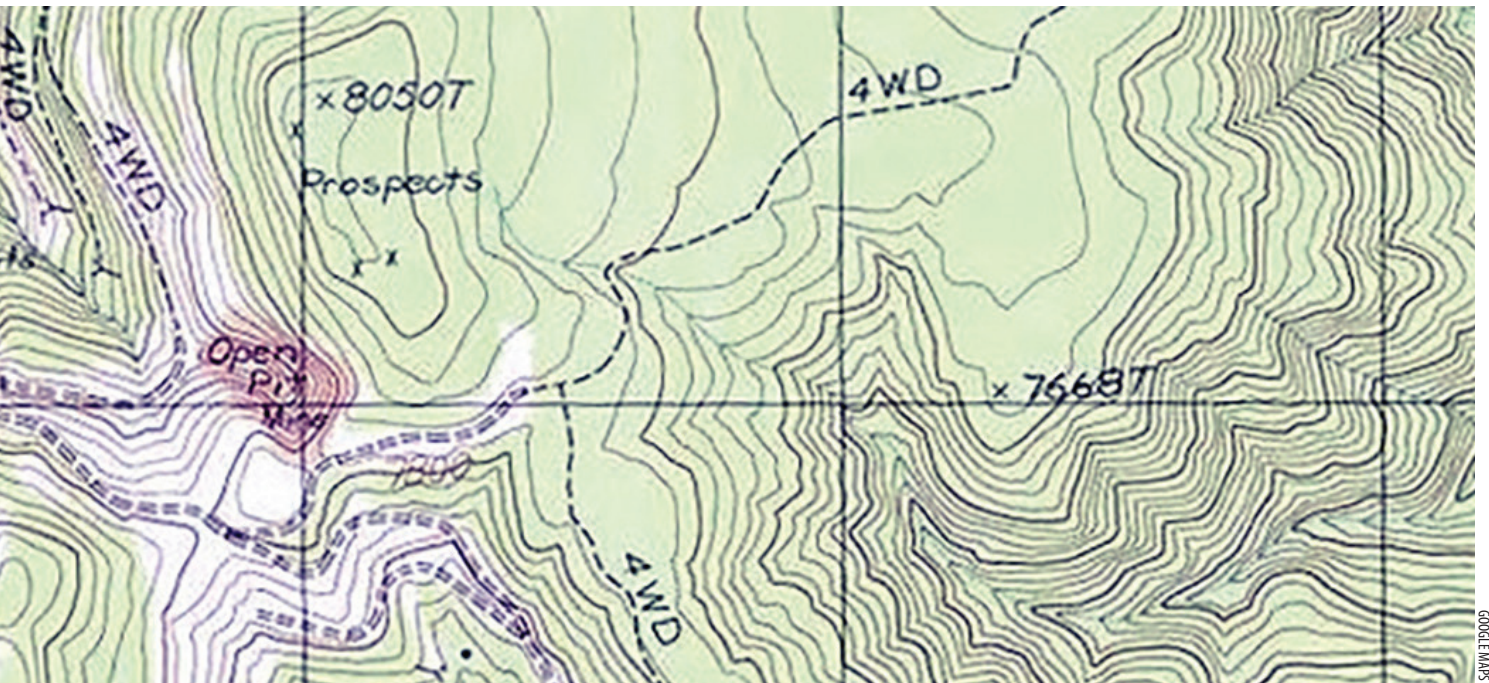
I scrambled out the open driver's-side window and headed for my new hat, scooping it up just as #1268 crested the hill and started to pick up speed, rolling toward the dump point, kicking up a rooster tail of dust as it rolled. My new hat saved, I continued up the hill toward the shop, looking for the day-shift foreman Don McGowan, or Ted Maestretti. I met Manny, the project engineer, coming across the shop yard.

"What was all that noise?" He asked.

"Rolled the water truck," I stammered.

Manny took me to the office, a trailer parked next to the shop building, and started asking questions.

"Are you OK? Where do you hurt? Want



ABOVE: This map shows the location of the open pit mine (lower left).

some water?"

"I'm OK," I said.

"Stay here, I'm going to find Ted," said Manny, moving to the door and disappearing across the shop yard.

I didn't hurt anywhere, was just a bit confused. But as I sat down on a stool in front of the drafting table covered with maps and drawings, I suddenly realized again I was about to be let go. We all had been warned on hiring day, "Damage the equipment and you're fired."

Ted came in the door of the trailer, asking the same questions Manny asked.

"You OK? Do you hurt anywhere? Do you need a doctor?"

"No, I'm OK," I repeated, as I awaited the fateful words that meant I was out of a job.

Manny came in with my lunchbox from the water truck. He had been surveying the damage. Ted went to find Don McGowan. I ate my lunch while Manny watched, and I told him about working at the Empire Mine. After lunch, I could

see Ted and Don conferring in the yard outside the trailer.

McGowan came to the trailer door and called me out. This is it, I thought. But he told me where to find a grease gun in the maintenance shop and to go clean the tracks and grease the rollers on a D-4 Cat parked on the other side of the shop—something for me to do until the shift change. It took me a while to figure out how to start the D-4, using a rope to start a gas engine, which was the tractor's diesel engine starter.

The crew rode to the open pit in two nine-passenger SUVs. My ride down the mountain was very uncomfortable, my neck turning red as the crew teased me about my lack of driving skills. But the unforgivable issue was they would have to eat dust until a replacement water truck arrived. Manny, who was driving, came to my defense, but the crew didn't stop teasing me. I kept thinking, this is my last ride. But when I got out of the vehicle in front of my house, no one said anything about me being fired.





TED MASTRETTI

Later that evening, Ted came to our house. He lived just up the street and around the corner. When he came to our front door, Mom invited him in for coffee, as we were still at the dinner table. I just knew the ax was about to fall. Ted pulled up an empty chair, stirred his coffee and then smiled. “You’re now on the evening shift. Driller’s helper,” he said. I had escaped being fired, and I was not about to ask why.

I don’t remember the driller’s name. He was a tall lanky guy, wearing a hard hat with a big ding on one side and scratches on top. He always wore gray coveralls, with a wipe rag in the right back pocket and a twelve-inch crescent wrench in the left. Under his coveralls, he wore a crisp khaki shirt with a pocket protector stuffed with mechanical pencils.

The drill was mounted on tracks, with the compressor at one end and the drill tower at the other end. The air, winch, and drive motor controls were on the left side. Lights hung on the drill tower. Before it got dark, the driller showed me how to change the ten-inch rotary bit, and

where to stand when he was bringing up the drill stem. I was to shovel the rock chips that were blown out of the hole by compressed air that cooled the bit. I also kept the rig fueled, oil levels checked, and all mechanical parts greased. Shortly after starting the first hole of the day, I was shoveling away chips and dust when the driller leaned over to get real close to my ear. “Don’t throw that stuff too far. We’re going to need it later,” he shouted over the roar of the engine driving the compressor.

The only time we could talk was at lunch, or when changing the bits, which were three rotating wheels studded with carbon tips. We changed the drill bit about once every ten holes, depending on how hard the rock was.

After two weeks on the night shift we switched to days, because the day-shift driller had quit or was fired, I don’t remember which. Two crews could drill faster than a single shovel and trucks could carry it away, so Ted requested that a second shovel truck be delivered to the site.

We drilled a pattern of thirty ten-inch holes

ABOVE: The mining company’s repair shop.



ABOVE: Shovel loads a truck at the mine site.

twenty feet deep and ten feet apart, in three rows. Once the last hole was dug, we moved the drill back a hundred yards and prepared the holes for blasting. One-and-a-half bags of nitrogen fertilizer were poured down each hole, followed by two gallons of diesel. With a pocket knife, we cut six inches from a tube of high explosives that was three feet long and three inches in diameter. Using a Phillips-head screwdriver, we poked a hole through the wall of the cardboard tube in the center. Then we fed detonator cord through the hole, wrapped it around the tube twice, and tied it in a square knot. We lowered the explosives down the shaft on the remaining end of the detonator cord, and then filled the hole with chips and dust created by the drill. Each drill hole was later linked with more detonator cord, using square knots at each junction, and bringing the detonator cord from each chain of holes to a central point.

Detonator cord, also called primer cord, is a thin, flexible plastic tube filled with explosive material. When set off, it would explode at a thousand feet per second, providing a

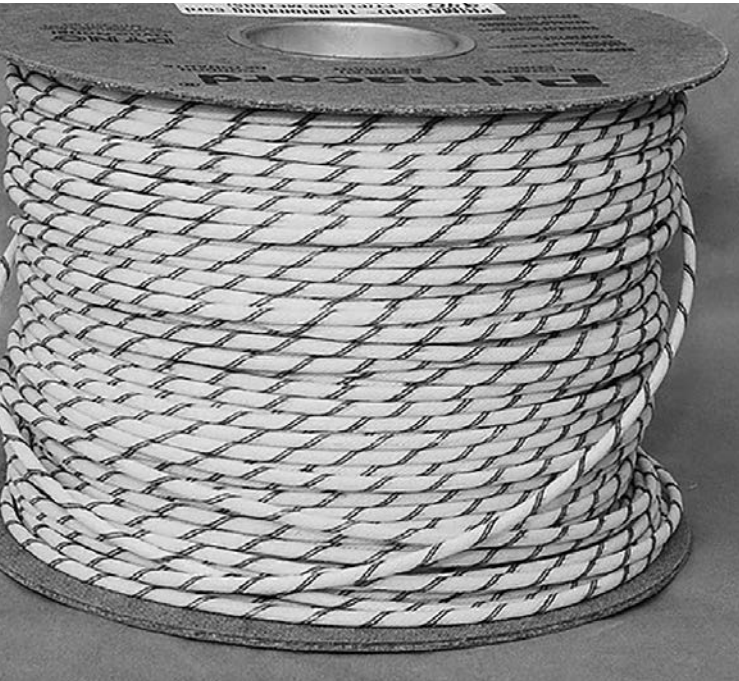
shockwave powerful enough to ignite the explosive- and diesel-soaked nitrogen fertilizer in the drilled holes.

Sending me back to the drill rig, the driller took an electrical blasting cap from a wooden box and taped it to the primer cord ends with black electrical tape, then rolled the blasting wire back to a detonator box behind the drill rig. The shovel was pulled back, the haul trucks were parked on the approach road, and the all-clear was given to shove down the plunger on the detonator box.

The whole hillside lifted up six to ten feet and fell back down, dust shooting into the sky, small rocks raining down on us. Now I knew how the driller's hard hat had gotten so many dings. After a safety check by Don McGowan, the shovel was moved back to scoop up the broken rock and load it on the Euclid haul trucks. This cycle was repeated thousands of times, to scrape out the side of the mountain.

When the second shovel arrived from Reno to speed up the removal of the overlay so they could get to the cobalt and copper ledges below, I





K2 SOLUTIONS



COURTESY OF RUSSELL STEELE

was assigned as the night shift oiler. It was the scariest job I ever held, moving about the shovel with all its slapping cables, squeaking cable drum brakes, the diesel engine grunting as it swung back and forth loading the trucks. I could easily be crushed in the dark. I was always greasing, tending, and cleaning up with the tractor around the shovel when the spillage made spotting the haul trucks difficult. At lunchtime, I climbed the shovel boom in the dark and greased the pulleys.

As I progressed through jobs in the open pit, from water truck driver to driller's helper and then shovel oiler, all in just a few months, I always wondered why I had not been fired. When I interviewed Ted for my book, *Cobalt: Legacy of the Blackbird Mine*, I asked about this and he explained that the water truck tank did not have the required baffles. I should have been warned about making fast turns—the rollover was not entirely my fault.

I thought my move from driller's helper to shovel oiler was a safety issue, to avoid a nineteen-year-old handling explosives. But Ted explained that the path to shovel operator was to be an oiler.

Shovel operators were the highest-paid employees aside from the foreman, and they had the most demanding job on the site. He explained I had been selected to be an oiler because he thought I was smart enough to be a shovel operator someday, which was a surprise—it had never occurred to me at the time.

To collect water for the road, a small earthen dam had been built on Big Flat Creek. The road to the dam was not much more than a trail created in the woods by a bulldozer. You can see on the map it's recommended only for 4WD vehicles today. Just before the small reservoir there was a large prospect cut, where a bulldozer had been used to dig a trench through the overburden to get to the underlying rock formation. I think it may have also been an exploration drilling site. You had to drive around the prospect pit to get to the dam. On the dam was a small gas-powered pump. You had to wind and then pull the starter rope to get the pump started, which could be hard to do. The input hose went into the water behind the dam, and on the other side I had to drag the fill hose up to an

ABOVE LEFT: A roll of detonator cord.

ABOVE RIGHT: A shiny new hardhat.



ABOVE: At the mine, a water truck (foreground) like the one the author drove.

OPPOSITE: Rock with a mixture of cobalt and erythrite.

opening in the top of the water tank. It seemed to take forever for the tank to fill with the small pump. The Euclid drivers thought so, too.

One day Don McGowan hid his SUV in the prospect cut. I had seen vehicle tracks in the dust on the road to the dam, and was surprised at not seeing any vehicles at the dam site. I thought maybe the engineers were doing more prospecting in the woods and had driven off the road. I was getting a snack out of my lunch box when I sensed someone watching me.

"Are you sleeping on the job?" hollered McGowan.

"Getting a snack," I stammered.

"Well, get your butt out here and get that pump started, and then eat your snack. The drivers think you're asleep."

I scrambled out of the truck and started the pump while McGowan watched, and then he hollered something I could not hear over the pump and disappeared into the trees. I saw

more vehicle tracks on the road back to the open pit. From then on, when I saw vehicle tracks, I paid close attention and got the pump started right away. I was happy to be on the day shift. It was scary in the woods at night, especially in the winter with the northern lights rippling across the sky.

Ted Maestretti told me a story about an encounter one of the water truck drivers had with a bear at the reservoir. It was dusk, the sun was sinking behind the trees, and the driver was having a hard time getting the pump started. He had left the door of the water truck open, with his lunch box on the seat. After starting the pump, the driver returned to the truck only to find a black bear attacking his lunch box. The driver tried to scare the bear, but it was not going to give up its newfound meal. The scared driver left the pump running and took off across the country for the open pit in the dark, with only the moon for light.





JAMES ST. JOHN

The night foreman got concerned when the water truck didn't return, and went to investigate. When he arrived, the water truck was on the dam with the lights on, water pouring out of the tank, and no driver. Hours later, the driver stumbled out of the woods behind the open pit. He had found his way through the woods in the dark by listening to the sounds of the mining operation for direction. He finished the week and then quit. He kept thinking the bear was waiting for him in the woods.

I worked in the open pit only from the end of June until the middle of October, but the experience has stayed with me all these years. In those four months, I discovered you could roll a water truck, learned to skin a Cat, oil a mechanical shovel, and blow up mountains with nitrate fertilizer. Not a bad start for a nineteen-year-old, but I wanted to be an engineer and was looking forward to attending Idaho State College in the spring of 1958. ■

This story was adapted from a chapter in the author's book, *Cobalt: Legacy of the Blackbird Mine*.



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## IN SEARCH OF A LOST TOWN

BY GERALDINE MATHIAS

One of the first places we tried camping after moving to Idaho in 1966 was the Warm River Campground about eight miles northeast of Ashton. It borders the Caribou-Targhee National Forest and is very close to the Wyoming/Idaho border. It was nothing like it is today. Fewer than a dozen spaces made up the camping area, and outhouses were the facilities. But the Warm River flowed through the place gently, and the wide, easily accessible banks made it perfect for novice anglers, especially kids. Warm River is so called because it is spring-fed and remains fifty-two degrees even in winter.

GERALDINE MATHIAS



COURTESY OF THOMAS HOWELL

RIGHT: Campsite at the Warm River Campground.

INSET: The family of David T. Howell on a picnic and fishing expedition near Warm River, circa 1900.





# WARM RIVER







GERALDINE MATHIAS

ABOVE: Looking downstream at Three Rivers.

The campground is just above the confluence of Warm River and Robinson Creek, along Idaho Highway 47. A short distance to the west, the Henrys Fork of the Snake River flows down a canyon to meet the two other rivers. Though Robinson Creek is not technically a river, the name Three Rivers has stuck.

The surrounding area was quiet on that first visit. Old farmsteads and an occasional home or cabin made up what I later learned was once a fair-sized town. Some years ago, we purchased a few acres from a descendant of one of the original homesteaders. We never built on it, but we go sometimes to check on things, and used to take occasional float trips down the Snake River from there. When I look around, I cannot imagine where a town with a school, a sawmill, a dance hall, and several stores ever existed. Except for a first-class fishing lodge and the much-improved campground, all vestiges are gone.

Nothing indicates that a couple of hundred folks once called the area home. It was incorporated in 1947 by Fred Lewies (pronounced Lewis) to meet the state law that restricted liquor licenses to incorporated towns. Lewies's wife, Berta, became the first mayor. Descendants of the Lewies have always served as mayor and city councilmen since then. Now only two permanent residents make up the population. It remains an incorporated town, with a mayor, so the lodge can serve alcohol.

On a recent fall day at a fish feeding station across from the lodge on Highway 47, I encountered Dick Owen from Utah trying to entice lunkers to the surface with chunks of white bread. At the feeding station a year earlier, I had noticed several old photos of the former town in a kiosk. I made it my mission to find the person who was credited with supplying the originals, to learn more about Warm River. It was not an easy



task, especially because people are abandoning land lines and numbers in phone books in favor of unlisted cell phones. It took some sleuthing, but I finally connected with that person.

A step to that connection occurred early this summer, when I stopped at a small red log cabin at the top of the canyon along the highway to visit with Pearl Merrick, who with her now-deceased husband Jim has owned the property since 1986. The house was originally built by early settler Henri Reimann in 1922. Later the property was owned by Reimann's stepson, Paul Short, who sold a portion of it to the Merricks. It's a cozy house, well maintained. Pearl is an attractive and personable lady in her eighties. A large yellow Lab-cross dog greets every visitor with loud barking but he apparently thought I was all right, since he finally lay down and slept at my feet as Pearl and I chatted.

Pearl grew up in a now-unpopulated place called Greentimber not far east of Warm Lake, but she and her husband moved away for their careers. Upon retirement, they bought this home and Jim guided for a while.

"That was when guides weren't paid nearly as handsomely as they are now," she noted, "so it

didn't last long."

I wondered if any buildings were still around when they came back.

"Only the store, which is now the fishing lodge."

Pearl showed me a copy of a photo of the home when it was originally built.

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

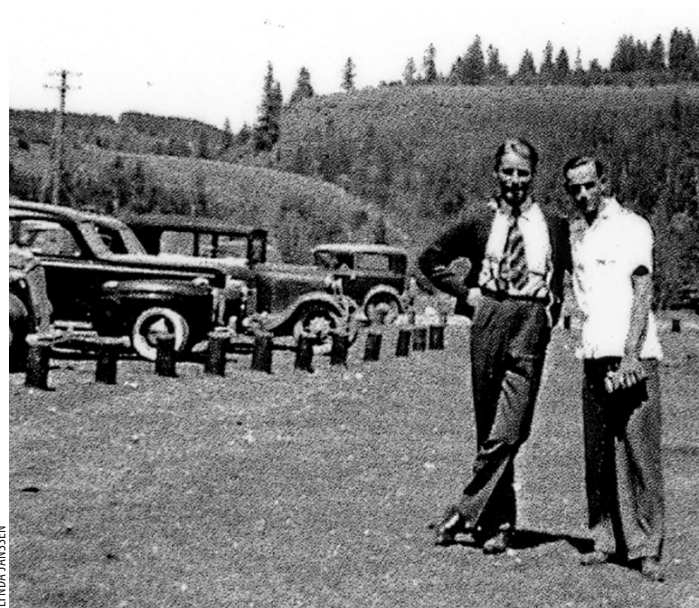
"Lynda Janssen gave it to me. She has a number of old photos."

Lynda Janssen was the name I had seen at the kiosk. I had tried to locate her on the internet but only found her name associated with a hair salon in Ashton that never answered the phone. I drove over there twice from my place in Blackfoot, but didn't find anyone in the salon. Then I recalled that Pearl had mentioned Lynda was more interested in her dogs than in doing hair. I figured that had to be sled dogs, since Ashton hosts sled dog races every February, so I did another online search and her phone number came up as the president of the association. I left her a message and she called me back a few days later.

She met me at the Ashton Archives, maintained by the city in the municipal building, which I had visited a few weeks earlier. Lynda's a

BELOW LEFT: Carl Janssen (left) and a friend, circa 1930, at what is now the Warm River Campground.

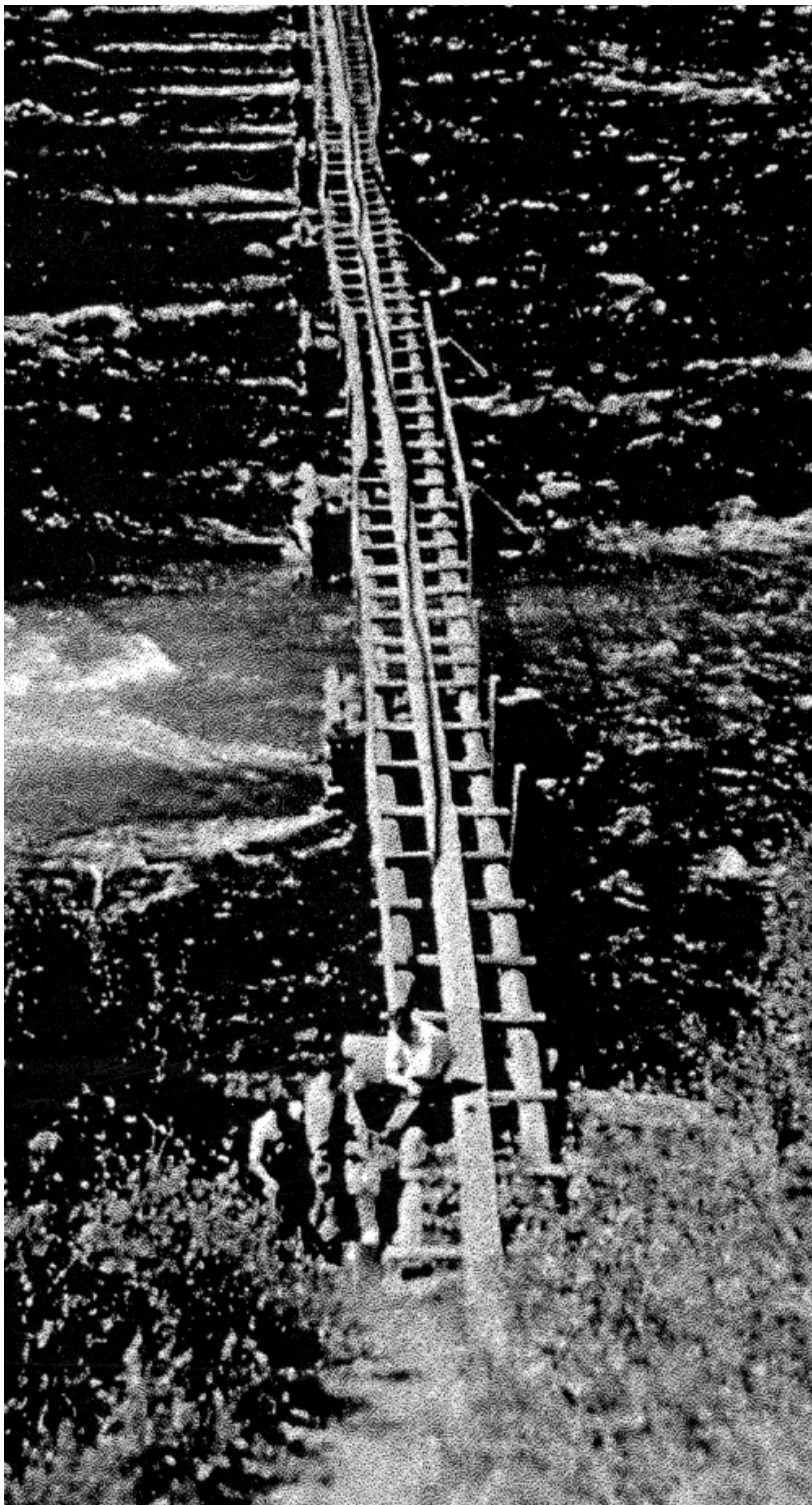
BELOW: The inn and cafe, thought to be in the year of the big snow, 1948.



LYNDA JANSSEN



COURTESY OF THOMAS HOWELL



COURTESY OF LINDA JANSSEN

ABOVE: Footbridge across the Snake River to the site of the sawmill, circa 1930.

musher and has twenty-six sled dogs. She takes visitors from around the world on sled dog rides through the countryside, so she is a very busy woman. Her father, Carl Janssen, grew up in the Warm River area, and Lynda had an album of black-and-white photos he took in the late 1930s. Several were of the Warm River area. In particular, I had been searching for one image of the Rendezvous Dance Hall, which figures prominently in several histories I'd read. We convinced the Henrys Fork Foundation across the street to make photographic copies for me, so I wouldn't have to risk losing the originals.

Barbara, the curator at the Ashton Archives, located a file of newspaper clippings and personal histories of the Warm River area. A well-written one and the most comprehensive of these histories is by Thomas Howell, who still resides in the area, on farm ground at the top of the canyon near the original homesteads of his ancestors.

According to Howell, early settlers Bimlick and Josephine Stone came in 1896 from England. Along with them, the Carter, Egbert, Howell, and Walker families established homes in the bottom of the canyon, where water was easily accessible from the river and Robinson Creek. An early road that led to Island Park and Mesa Falls dropped into the canyon. The stone abutments from a bridge spanning the river are still present, but the bridge has been moved and it was rebuilt several times, most recently about five or six years ago. This road, Howell notes, was hard to maintain because the soils were clay and tended to slide when wet. But at the time it was the route for tourists heading to Yellowstone Park. In 1920 a new road (known as a dugway) going down into the canyon with a new bridge was constructed, which apparently provided much more stable transport. I have not trekked up this now-abandoned roadway, but folks who have tell me portions of it are still visible. At that time, the bridge was moved closer to its present location. When Highway 20 was extended north from



Ashton in the late 1950s, it became the preferred route to Yellowstone, so business in Warm River declined measurably. But Highway 47 continued to be usable, and now is a well-maintained scenic route, taking travelers to Upper and Lower Mesa Falls.

A major boon to the area was the coming of the Oregon Short Line railroad in 1907. Thornton Waite, who has written extensively about railroads in the area [see “Spring Campaign,” by Thornton Waite, *IDAHO magazine*, November 2016] told me the line was originally part of the Yellowstone Park Railroad, but was taken up by the Union Pacific of which the Oregon Short Line was a subsidiary. He noted that some of the old cars will be marked Union Pacific with OSR underneath, or just Oregon Short line. He said the railroad bridge was right where the Warm River Campground is now. The line was abandoned in 1978. Interestingly, people whose property was obtained by eminent domain for the railroad had to buy it back when the railroad was abandoned. A deed provided to us by the previous owner of our property lists Union Pacific as grantors of the deed for the old railroad embankment that runs through the lot.

“The railroad’s main purpose for the Warm River siding was a sixty-foot steel turntable in a concrete pit, built in 1908 on the west side of the tracks,” Thomas Howell wrote. “The turntable was used to turn around additional locomotives that had to be added onto the trains to push the load up to the top of Rees Pass in Island Park.”

David T. Howell’s wife, Zina Gunter Howell, was concerned about living so close to the new tracks, because of transients who walked and rode the rails. Howell purchased good farm property on top of the south side of the canyon in 1905 and eventually built a home there. Tom Howell noted that in those days it was common for farmers to get the crops in and then serve as drivers for the Yellowstone Park companies until harvest time. His history lists a number of other settlers on the south side of the canyon: Max

Marotz, Otto Lenz, Hudson, Owens, Sheppard, and the Reimanns, who may have performed this service.

Stock pens existed at one time but had been removed by 1946. A water tower was built in 1907 on a concrete platform to hold water pumped from the river, but it also was removed by 1946, since locomotives were working out of Ashton by then. A sawmill was begun in 1894, and it had a long history of owners and operators. Water-use regulations were somewhat more lenient then, and the sawmill owners were allowed to construct a dam to divert water from Warm River, around a rocky bluff, and into the Snake River, both to run the mill and float logs downstream. In the World War II years, Howell notes, the government vacillated regarding whether or not the mill was an essential industry, so sometimes it was allowed to run and sometimes not. The mill went through a succession of owners, financial troubles and foreclosures, and even one accidental death, before being operated with success by Chet Isaacs until the mid-1960s.

Howell’s history contains many interesting anecdotes and stories of early 20th Century life in the area.

*In May of 1906, the Idaho State Game Warden was on the lookout for Japanese railroad laborers dynamiting fish in the local rivers. Six laborers were caught at the confluence of the Snake and Warm Rivers. All six jumped in the river to swim to the other side to escape the law, but three drowned with only two bodies ever being recovered down river. Their names were, H. Ishii, S. Makita, and S. Matsu. Two of the bodies are buried in the southwest corner of the Pineview Cemetery east of Ashton.*

I visited the cemetery to verify this story. The roster of graves for the earliest part of the cemetery does list two lots, six and seven, as having burials, but does not name the men, simply listing them as Japanese. There being no markers of any kind, I could not find the graves.

In 1909 an LDS Ward was created in Warm River, and records show that twenty-three families



COURTESY OF THOMAS HOWELL

ABOVE: An unidentified associate in front of an early business of Fred Lewies.

OPPOSITE: The contemporary Reimann Barn includes stone salvaged from Warm River's burned school building.

joined. No church was ever built there and meetings were probably held in the school. In 1914, it was downgraded to a branch and later consolidated with another ward. Records also indicate that a post office existed from 1909 to 1924, but no location is noted.

School was always an early concern for settlers in newly developed communities. In 1909 classes presumably were held in a log barn owned by Lorin Walker. Soon, however, a cast-stone school was built on a flat area halfway up the dugway, according to Howell. This school had a basement and one classroom on the main floor. The school also provided a place for community events. Two teachers taught from twenty-seven to forty-five students in grades one through eight. Imagine having as many as fifteen to twenty students in four different grades in one classroom! Students wishing to go on to high school boarded in Ashton.

The Ashton Archives holds a copy of a page from Harold Forbush's book *Education in the Upper Snake River Valley* (Ricks College Press,

1992), which provided interesting facts about the Warm River School. In 1989 Mr. Reid Smith shared a couple of amusing anecdotes with Forbush about teaching at the school along with his wife Rhea, beginning in 1936.

*While at Warm River two pranks were pulled on me as principal. Len Stevens killed a rather large water snake and planted it in my desk drawer during the noon hour. After ringing the bell, I discovered the snake and put it in a coil on a book in Len's desk. Geography was the next class. When the book was pulled from the desk, the snake fell into his lap. Quickly he jumped out of his desk and the snake fell to the floor. We all had a good laugh.*

*Next the boys decided to pull the old water trick over the door. While ringing the bell after dinner I noticed the edge of the bucket. I spilled some water on the floor and stepped into Rhea's room, out of sight. As the gang came up the stairs I heard them remark, "We got him this time." They dashed into the room and got doused by their own prank. They were good sports and said they would get me next time.*

The school was destroyed by fire in 1939 and



arson was suspected, but could not be proven. The stone was salvaged, however, and the Reimann family used it to build a barn which still stands on the family farm south of the Pineview Cemetery.

In 1940 a new framed school was built at the top of the hill on land purchased from Henry Reimann. Thomas Howell relates an incident that occurred as the school was being finished.

*Board trustee Ralph Hossner, quite a large man, was helping install a swing set for the children when Reimann became quite animated about being paid for the previous year's summer fallowing of the soil where the school house was. A heated argument ensued and Ralph ended up hitting Henry on the side of the head with the shovel, knocking him to the ground. Henry took the matter to court and Ralph was convicted of battery. The school board gladly paid the fine.*

That school served until 1943, when Fremont County consolidated all the small school districts. Bus routes were established, presumably to take

students to Ashton, though records do not show where they went. The school house was moved to Macks Inn and served as a school for children in that area.

Many of the histories report with great enthusiasm on Fred Lewies, who settled later in the area. Howell writes, "He was not your typical sod-busting German or Mormon immigrant. Fred and his brother Jack were born in the Estonian region of Europe." He led a colorful life, having fought in the Boer War as a teenager, where he was taken prisoner and sent to England. Later he worked as a rope trick performer and trick shot artist, and photographer in a traveling show troupe. Landing in North America in 1910, he eventually made his way west, ending up in Driggs and then Rexburg. There he married Berta Keck, a Swiss immigrant.

They settled for a homestead on land in the bottom of the Warm River canyon, since the best



GERALDINE MATHIAS



GERALDINE MATTHIAS

ABOVE: Visitor Dick Owen at the Warm River Fish Feeding Station.

farmland in the area had already been filed on. The place reminded them of their homelands in Europe. This proved to be a fortuitous choice. Fred began to develop the Warm River Inn and the Rendezvous Dance Hall. Soon a store, cafe, a bar, and rental cabins were added. In her unpublished memoir, *A Patchwork of Memories*, Ila Marotz recalls, "Fred was a good old guy and every Fourth of July he would entertain the dance crowd with fireworks shot from the rim of the canyon right over the dance hall . . . the canyon would echo and re-echo with loud booms."

The property remains in family hands today. Because it was located at the edge of the river with the main highway going right past the property, business was good, and still is, although its name is different and the character has changed dramatically.

Because movies and other forms of entertainment didn't exist for rural areas, nearly every little burg had a dance hall. Especially in

the Great Depression years, dancing was a cheap form of entertainment. All of the histories and personal memories recall with fondness the Saturday night dances at the Rendezvous. Ila Marotz mentions several of them. "Idaho Falls had Wandermere, where Mr. Waring, Benny Goodman, and the Dorsey Brothers often came to play. East of St. Anthony was a hall called Venice, Rigby's dance hall was The Riverside Gardens, and we had the Warm River Rendezvous."

Dances were held every Saturday night during the warm weather. The Rendezvous was apparently quite nice. A concession stand near the ticket booth sold hamburgers. An enclosed passageway from the hall to the outhouse was appreciated by the women. Marotz described a comic episode during one dance:

*When Vivian was in high school she had a friend named Dixie Burch. Dixie had personality plus. Everyone loved her. In spite of her 180 pounds,*



# IDAHO magazine BOOKSHELF

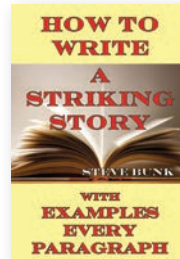
she adored dancing. One night at a Warm River dance, the guys made a pact they would dance Dixie right off her feet. When Herman gave out, Pop Howell would take over. Next Joe Howell would take a turn, followed by Carl Marotz, who would have a whirl at it. Soon the guys were begging for mercy and Dixie was still going strong.

The next day Vivian went to check on Dixie. She was soaking her feet in a pan of water with a sublime expression on her face. She declared it was the happiest night of her life.

Nowadays, the atmosphere has changed to meet the entertainment desires of modern folks. There's no dance hall, no store, no railroad, and no fireworks resounding off the canyon walls, but different amenities are provided. The noises most heard are the laughter of people using the river in other ways. The much-improved campground has more than twenty shady sites, with tables, fire pits and ample access to the river. Although fishing on the three rivers still happens, in the really warm weather you're more likely to find dozens of young folks and kids plying the river on rafts, wakeboards, and inner tubes.

On Henrys Fork, across the new bridge on the north side of the river, the Henrys Fork Foundation purchased property and built a parking lot for pickups and boat trailers to accommodate the many drift boats and large rafts launched at the improved launch site. (Floaters had been launching there for years anyway, even though it was private property.) This float brings them to the take-out near the Ashton Dam on the Snake. It's a pleasant and scenic if sometimes challenging float, because of large rocks in the river that may be submerged during high water. For about thirty days during May and June wildflowers abound and fill the hills with the blues of lupine, the yellows and whites of yarrow, and reds of paintbrush. In fall, purple asters appear and the aspens turn deep yellow in contrast to the green pines.

I embrace this new atmosphere, because it keeps the canyon from being a desolate ghost town. But I'm also oddly nostalgic for the place I never knew. I'm also immensely grateful for the residents like Thomas Howell, Ila Marotz, and Jane Daniels, who took the time to record what they knew and treasured. We all need to do that. ■



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# Milking the Salmon

First You Catch Them, Barehanded

BY JESSE AYERS

**G**rabbing a twenty-five-to-thirty-inch wild salmon by the tail is no easy task. Catching a Chinook with your bare hands is easy enough when it's in a holding pond at a hatchery, but keeping your grasp on a wild, powerful, splashing, determined salmon intent on freeing itself is extremely exhausting, and wet. That was my experience in August when I was among a small group of veterans who volunteered to help collect and artificially propagate Chinook at Rapid River Hatchery, located at the base of the Seven Devils Mountains near Riggins. Three million salmon are raised and released each year from the hatchery, owned by Idaho Power and staffed by Idaho Fish and Game. Kelly Odell, the

recreation therapist at the Department of Veterans Affairs in Boise, organized the trip and provided our transportation. We planned to camp overnight and spend a day working alongside hatchery staff in the annual milking of the salmon, a phrase referring to the removal of unfertilized eggs or roe from female fish by applying pressure to their abdomens. During the artificial propagation process, the female is killed and the male's sperm or milt is mixed with the female's eggs. I met the other veterans—Jeff Syslo, Chad Winebarger, and Dennis Patton—in a parking lot at the Boise VA. Because space was limited in the minivan, each volunteered was asked to pack only the essentials needed for one night of camping. We started a three-hour

ABOVE: An Idaho Chinook.



journey with a fully loaded vehicle.

According to the IFG website, Rapid River Fish Hatchery is Idaho's largest facility for collecting, spawning, and rearing spring Chinook, and is one of the most successful hatcheries in the Pacific Northwest. The well-marked turnoff from Highway 95 south of Riggins follows the Rapid River through a wide canyon bordered on each side by high hills. A strip of grassland filled with livestock, modest farm homes, and a small subdivision separates the river from the road.

We were welcomed by Chad Henson, the hatchery's assistant manager. He gave a short overview of what to expect the next day. After we set up camp on the hatchery property, Kelly took us on a tour of Riggins and the surrounding Salmon River area. We returned in late evening and we retired for the night.

After breakfast early the next morning, we assembled in a break room where we dressed in waders and rain gear and walked to a holding pond stocked with wild Chinook. We gathered under a covered area near steps leading down into the pond. Before being allowed into the water, all of volunteers were given safety instructions and a summary of the day's tasks. A few members of the staff were already in the pond netting salmon, which they corralled into a corner near the steps. We volunteers took turns in the chest-deep water catching the Chinooks that had been netted. When one of us caught a particularly lively fish, drenching the catcher and surrounding coworkers, the onlooking volunteers cheered.

Once a salmon was caught, its sex had to be determined. Pregnant females were placed into holding cages. Females not ready to spawn were returned to the pond. Males that had been caught previously, which was indicated by a hole punched in the tail fin, also were returned to the pond. Males without the hole were stored in one of several floating cages, to be used as sperm donors. Separating males previously used as



KELLY ODELL

donors ensured a more diversified gene pool. The catching and sorting continued until the holding cages were full of about two hundred female salmon.

After a short break allowing the staff workers and biologists to set up for the next phase of the operation, each volunteer was assigned a task working alongside an IFG employee. Male and female salmon were measured and DNA samples were taken. The females were tagged with a number, bled, and killed. Their eggs were removed and mixed in a bucket containing sperm and a small amount of fifty-degree water. My job was to keep the water temperature at a constant fifty degrees, which I did by dumping ice into a small portion of the water and monitoring it with a thermometer. Each male salmon was returned to the holding tank after a hole was punched in its fin. The fertilized eggs were taken to the incubator area to be hatched. Female carcasses were checked for hereditary diseases. Eggs from

ABOVE Volunteers at the Riggins hatchery (from left): Jesse Ayers, Dennis Patton, Chad Winebarger, and Jeff Syslo.



COURTESY OF ROMALTY ELECTRIC

infected fish were destroyed. The dead female fish were scanned for microchips that may have been previously implanted. If a chip was discovered, that carcass would be separated for further inspection. All of the carcasses would later be returned to the river to decay as they would have done if the spawning had occurred naturally; returning the carcass to the river supplies nutrients essential to the health of the rivers and its surrounding environment.

By mid-afternoon, it was time to prepare for the journey home. The campsite was dissembled and packed into the minivan. We thanked the hatchery staff for a chance to

participate in the salmon propagation project. All of us volunteers agreed we had enjoyed working with IDF employees in their efforts to keep the streams and rivers of Idaho stocked with a healthy salmon population.

When the Chinook return from the Pacific Ocean, DNA samples will be taken at Hells Canyon Dam. These samples will enable researchers to trace the lineage of individual fish. Less than one percent of Chinook return to Idaho from the ocean. I believe the annual spring propagation of the species performed by the hatchery staff, with the help of volunteers, is a vital link in attempts to reverse that statistic. ■

ABOVE: Rapid River Hatchery near Riggins.



# Serious Horseplay

## Watch Out for the Fence

STORY AND PHOTOS BY JOSEPH ZAHNLE

**M**y wife Barbara and I were having lunch at home in Orofino in 2013 when we heard a terrible racket outside. Two proud-cut geldings, a Peruvian Paso and an American Paint, were fighting over three mares. This battle continued for three days and it was so intense that the horses damaged not only a chain link fence separating the house from the pasture, but a vinyl fence along the driveway, and a wooden fence on the far end. We began to think one of those fences would go down.

The term “proud-cut” refers to geldings that still exhibit stallion-like behavior, which could be because they weren’t properly castrated, or their testes didn’t descend and they were never actually gelded at all, or the procedure was done later in life, after they had learned to act like stallions.

Proud-cut horses shouldn’t be placed together, especially when there are mares around. The owners of the property rented out their pastures to horse owners. The problem was that the property owners weren’t familiar with horse behavior. Their procedure was simply to rent out the pastures to anyone needing a place to board horses, and then move the horses from one pasture to another when the grass had



ABOVE: Proud-cut horses fight over mares in Orofino.

RIGHT: At work on a horse's hoof.



been grazed to an acceptable level. There was plenty of grass, and the owners' strategy was great, so long as the horses got along.

I've been around horses half of my life, and although I'm no expert, I'm very experienced at working with them. I've owned and trained many horses and formerly was a farrier. You get used to horse behavior very quickly when you train and put shoes on them. When I started out as a farrier, it seemed I got all the rank horses, which would try anything to avoid having shoes put on or even having their hooves trimmed. They just didn't like their hooves messed with at all.

Horses that haven't been handled much sometimes develop their own mindset. Owners of such horses who try to do things with them in the absence of any training run into problems. One day, another farrier asked me whose horses I was putting shoes on and when I told him, he asked how I liked them. I told him I didn't mind working with them. One of the horses was treated like a pet. The lady who owned it would walk it through the neighborhood daily, and it was all she

ever did with it. Most of the others weren't handled much either, but their owners wanted their hooves trimmed on a regular basis. With a laugh, the other farrier said he refused to work with those kind of horses anymore. He preferred animals that were easier to put shoes on.

As I mentioned, proud-cut horses also can be difficult, so after talking with the property owners, we put the Peruvian Paso and the paint in different pastures separated by a fence. The paint did well with the mares, so he stayed with them, and the Peruvian Paso was by himself. But that didn't help much, because the paso would go to the fence a pick a fight. The fence didn't bother either of them. They simply didn't like each other.

We finally solved the problem by placing the paso in his own corral, away from all distractions, including fences bordering pastures where the other horses were. He was quite vocal at first, but eventually he calmed down. Once all the horses were grazing peaceably again, we were able to return to quiet lunches of our own. ■



# Harmonica Heaven

## Yellow Pine's Festival History

STORY AND PHOTOS BY TOM ALVAREZ



It's just after 6:00 A.M. on Sunday, August 5, the last day of the 2018 Yellow Pine Music and Harmonica Festival. I'm standing outside my camper, brushing my teeth. There is a blanket of silence over the community. Very few people are moving. I notice sunlight emerging just over my right shoulder. Sunrise took place earlier, but now the warmth and light creep over the hills and weave through the trees

on the east side of the village, creeping toward the town center. I'm looking up at the sunlight breaking through tree branches, mindlessly working my toothbrush up, down, and sideways in my mouth. My gaze drifts onto something just a few yards off to my right. In the yard next door, just off Yellow Pine's main street, a man stands, bending backwards at the waist, holding a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a cigarette in the other.

ABOVE: Dancing in the street during the 2018 Yellow Pine Music and Harmonica Festival.

He's nicely outlined by the backlighting of sunlight coming through the forest that highlights the stream of urine arching out from him onto the ground at his feet. He stands in the wide-open layout of the neighborhood, oblivious to anyone or anything other than his present task.

I'm frozen for a moment or two, as toothpaste and saliva drip from my gawking mouth. I look around to see if anyone else is watching. The man finishes, zips up his pants, and hurriedly walks the dirt road to the tavern with the bottle in one hand, cigarette in the other.

An hour and half later I stand in the middle of main street, talking with Jeff Foster. He's the Yellow Pine fire chief and paramedic, but this morning he's carrying out other civic duties, armed with a plastic trash bag and wielding a long-armed trash grabber to pick up cigarette butts, papers, and discarded plastic cups scattered across the town center.

Foster is diligent in his work while talking to me. He's friendly and animated, but steadily combs the dirt road, picking up trash and explaining how most everyone in Yellow Pine might fill a civic post of some sort most of the year, while for a few days in early August everyone chips in where they're needed. As we talk, I notice a couple with a dog making their way up the street to a pair of folding camp chairs just behind where Foster and I stand. The man and woman chat for a moment, then she takes the leash attached to the dog and sits in one of the chairs as he walks toward the tavern.

I ask the woman if she knows who the chairs belong to. She's Doreen Warren from Boise, and she claims they belong to her and her husband, Shad Priest. I mention how trusting she must have felt to leave them out in the middle of the street overnight and she tells me the chairs have been sitting there for three nights, since Friday. She and Shad have been coming to the festival for

eighteen years now, she says, leaving their chairs in pretty much the same spot for the last five years, and no one has ever even moved them.

Among the many moments, faces, and songs from the weekend, these two events—the man in the early morning and the couple with the chairs—form a loose framework for me of the festival's personality. Through these two observations, I come to understand the personality and character of the festival. It's an event where people will at times discard the routines and customs of urban life, yet in doing so, other acts of civility and culture surface.

Three months have passed since the stage was dismantled on the last day of the twenty-ninth festival. Within a few days after the dust settled on the outbound road from Yellow Pine, planning began for the thirtieth anniversary celebration in August 2019.

"It was only supposed to be a one-time event," said Lynn Imel, a thirty-year resident and one of the original founders of the Yellow Pine Music and Harmonica Festival.

Lynn began visiting the community in 1971. She married and became a school teacher, moving to Yellow Pine in 1988. Her first class consisted of nine students. As she recalled, then-Governor Cecil D. Andrus put out word that he wanted every community in the state to celebrate the Idaho Centennial in some way. Bill Roberts owned a cabin in Yellow Pine and lived in Boise during the winter months. Lynn told me he supported the idea of Yellow Pine participating in the centennial celebration, but no one knew exactly how to do it. Lynn and her husband got together with Roberts and they began brainstorming. They decided on a harmonica playing contest to be held in August 1989 and started planning and working on it during the fall of 1988.

There were no telephones, televisions, or





internet in Yellow Pine in 1988. Lynn said her household was the first in the community to have a television, and that was in 1992. Townspeople told me phones didn't arrive until around 1998.

Lynn said the beginning steps toward bringing a harmonica contest to Yellow Pine included Bill Roberts searching the telephone book's yellow pages for names and phone numbers of music stores throughout Idaho. He called the stores and asked if they would post flyers about Yellow Pine's harmonica contest in their stores. The small team of organizers wrote letters, made posters, and organized mass mailing parties at which people licked stamps and stuffed envelopes.

A flyer was seen by a harmonica player who was a member of the Society for the

Preservation and Advancement of the Harmonica. That group advertised the contest in their monthly newsletter to a nationwide audience of harmonica players. Roberts contacted the Horner Harmonica Company, whose personnel suggested he try to contact Danny Wilson, a well-known harmonica player. Wilson joined in the planning and added some finishing touches. He suggested the addition of judges and then helped to assemble them. Operating with a small budget, the organizing committee offered to pay airfare and provide lodging to the visiting judges, who were billeted in the homes of residents. The town offered breakfast and dinner for the two-day festival and made a bit of money through that effort. The

ABOVE LEFT: Lorin Munn makes pancakes on Sunday, the last day of the festival.

FAR ABOVE: Deb and Dick Filer with Romeo on the porch of their Yellow Pine home.

ABOVE: Jeff Foster, Yellow Pine's fire chief and paramedic, picks up trash on the festival's last day.

judges then got together and offered to perform a town concert.

“We filled the house,” said Lynn. “There was a massive turnout, and they (the judges) were absolutely phenomenal, just a spectacular concert, and it went on for two hours. It was scheduled for one, but we went on for two!”

The judges’ opening number was the “William Tell Overture” on harmonica, and the place went wild. After that first year, the residents debated whether to continue the festival and contest. Lynn said some wanted it again but some had had enough. Even so, success was a persuasive talking point and it convinced residents to do it again.

The second year, people came to see the judges, and vendors were added. The third year, there were thirty-two players and a contest. For the fourth year, the organizers secured their front money through a bank loan. After five years, they learned how to proactively manage their vendors, charging vendor fees and choosing which one to invite. Over time, they expanded the festival by adding days, events, raffles, and merchandise. Each year they made more improvements that contributed to sustaining and developing the festival to what it is today.

“The first year, we paid our judges a hundred dollars each, and we’re talking about people who could play in a night club in New York and make ten times that amount,” Lynn reflected. “Some spectacular people through the years . . .”

Deb Filer and her husband Dick are longtime Yellow Pine residents and active community members. Deb led the planning and organizing for the festival in 2017 but just a few days before the event was to begin, Dick needed emergency medical evacuation out of Yellow Pine. Deb had things so well coordinated and organized that others were able to seamlessly step in and carry out her plans. She still stays

involved in festival planning and focuses on the harmonica workshop.

“That’s my baby, even though I don’t play an instrument,” she told me. “I love seeing how important it’s becoming to people.”

The 2018 harmonica workshop was a sentimental homecoming of sorts for the instructor, David Light, a long-time harmonica player who now lives in Boise. His interest in the instrument rocketed years ago while working in Louisiana and listening to blues players on the weekends in New Orleans. Light said his first harmonica was ordered from a Montgomery Ward catalog in 1949, when he was four years old. It had to be delivered via mail airdrop because it was winter, and travel was severely limited in the small, remote community where he lived: Yellow Pine. His family moved away a few years later. Until the festival’s harmonica workshop this past August, he had not been back to his childhood hometown.

The festival is now a central thread in the fabric of community life. Planning begins within days after the festival ends and continues in sprints throughout the months leading up to August. While a village council of five decides all the details for each event, it’s pretty much a community participation.

“That’s what living in the backwoods has to do with it,” said Lorin Munn. “You deal with something coming up all of a sudden and you need to learn how to arrange things, so that things are going to work—you call in orders, you know people are coming in, you call them to bring items in for you. You know who in town might have a certain wrench or something else that’s going to fix a problem, and so it’s pretty interesting to be able to juggle that all around, and that’s all part of backcountry living. I think these people are resourceful, we’re kind of like a





big family.”

Lorin was the chairwoman of the 2018 festival’s organizing committee. She organized everyone who played and the stage logistics. She says she came for the festival in 2000 and never left.

“I found a place, saw what the town was like when it was quiet. I made an offer on a house two weeks later, and moved for good in 2002,” Lorin told me. “There’s so many personalities here. That’s why I like working in the festival.”

The festival brought in a profit in 2018. Lorin said profits go to the community fund that pays for upkeep of the community center, the town cemetery, the new helipad, and maintenance on ditches and roads. She said residents identify special projects that need

attention. For example, the community hall doesn’t have a bathroom, and composting toilets are to be installed soon, which will cost about seven thousand dollars. Past projects include a wheelchair ramp to the community center, new grills and propane installation, and a memorial monument to honor veterans as well as firefighters who died in a local blaze in 2006, all of which the community maintains.

Lorin also manages the town’s tavern.

“There’s always a surprise coming up,” she said. “The tavern’s open year-round now. It’s the hub. All the people who run the town come to coffee in the morning, we kind of touch base, get things organized, talk about world problems, problems in Yellow Pine. We stay here for an hour or two, and then off we go.” ■

ABOVE: Dancing at the tavern.

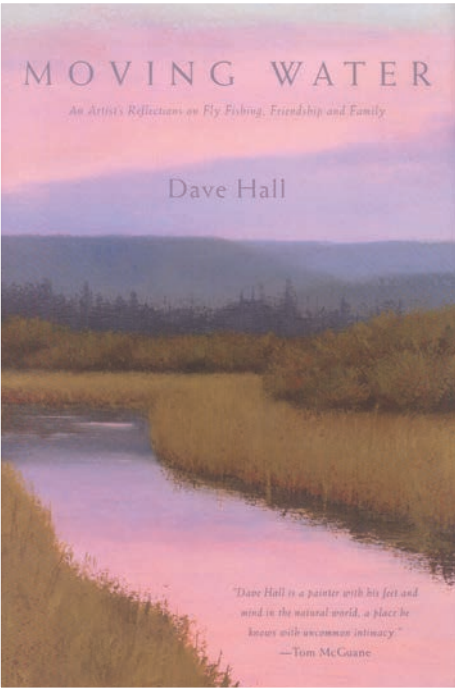
# One Cast

BY DAVE HALL

*A slim, beautifully produced volume of paintings by the author, who lives part-time in Idaho, was published late last year. Moving Water: An Artist's Reflections on Fly Fishing, Friendship, and Family (Blaine Creek Press, 2018) which depicts scenes of the Greater Yellowstone area of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, is accompanied by Dave's vignettes of fishing experiences. A painting and vignette from the book have been redesigned with permission for publication on these pages.*

Fishing the Henrys Fork, I found a nice rainbow sipping against the bank. It had been a tough weekend—few fish—so I rode my bike fast back to the bunkhouse and found Schmidt. Get your rod I said. We jumped on the bike the two of us—him on the back and me pedaling—and we rode like maniacs the mile back to the fish. Schmidt took one cast and nailed him, just like that. ■





# Good Will to All

## A Resolution

BY MARYLYN CORK

It is New Year's Eve or maybe New Year's Day. By choice, I am alone in my own home. It's the way I usually start a New Year. It's good to have the time for a little solitude and introspection.

I try to chart my course for the upcoming 365 days—while being aware of how life has a way of throwing monkey wrenches into the best-laid plans of mice and (wo)men. Still, it's always good, I think, to have some idea of where one wants to go.

For starters, 2018 was not the most satisfactory year I've ever lived through, but it was not the worst either. Having reached the age where people find themselves outliving their contemporaries, I've lost too many of mine. I am reminded of the need to touch bases occasionally with those I care about who are getting on in years. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Last year's disappointments included not being able to take my usual week of vacation with my elder daughter, who humors her mother for that one week every year. Betsy was tied up with too many other obligations. But we did enjoy one memorable night together in a (quite modern) Forest Service lookout tower, on a mountaintop in Montana, and we're looking forward to repeating the experience in 2019, in a more primitive lookout in Idaho.

I appreciate the daughter who indulges her mother's flights of fancy. I need to remember to express my gratitude more often—and also to thank all of my children and their spouses for the thoughtful things they do for me.

My sister and I made several weekend and day trips. Absolutely, I need to make more time for the one who gives so generously to me. Rachel is a creature of whim. I never know from one day to the next what wild idea will pop into her head when she wakes up in the morning. Sometimes she has to remind me—for my own good—that my work at home can occasionally be postponed.

Another activity to look forward to in 2019 is flying to Florida to visit a granddaughter and small great-grandson. One of the draws is a promised excursion to the Everglades National Park and a boat ride into the swamp. I am trusting a python won't eat me, but I'd like to see one anyway. Those pythons are an ecological lesson. Some unwitting or uncaring person(s) introduced them into a habitat Mother Nature never intended for them to inhabit, and they are destroying native species.

My two biggest complaints with 2018 center around the six weeks or so of relentless heat and forest fire smoke that afflicted the northern panhandle, and that my usually

robust health let me down. While I was afflicted with "bugs" that were circulating in the community, I had two minor surgeries that shouldn't have set me back but did. I hereby resolve that never again will I undergo elective surgery while I am ill. I blame the required medications and anesthetics.

One procedure was a cochlear implant that, although not completely eliminating my hearing problems yet, has enabled me to hear sounds my ears haven't detected in years. I can hear birds sing now, and wind chimes and the fire alarms in my house, and I am doing better in understanding conversation.

Supposedly that will continue to improve over the months ahead. It's a matter of retraining my brain to hear again (by faithfully wearing the device). I can only marvel at and appreciate the inventiveness and expertise behind the technology that makes such wonders possible.

Basically, I want to devote more time in 2019 to a passion that consumes me: writing local history, a topic I have been exploring since 1972, and putting my collection on computer for posterity.

I'd REALLY like to see more peace and good will in this belligerent world—therefore, I promise to do my best to be a peacemaking soul myself. ■



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## Teton Toscana Soup

### INGREDIENTS

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1 tbsp. ghee                                     | 1 tsp. red pepper flakes           |
| 1 lb. ground Italian sausage                     | 5 oz. fresh kale, chopped          |
| 6 c. chicken broth                               | 14.5 oz. can full fat coconut milk |
| 10 oz. (or about 3 1/2 cups) cauliflower florets | OR full fat heavy whipping cream   |
| 1 Tbsp. Italian seasoning                        | salt/pepper , to taste             |
| 1 tsp. garlic powder                             | Cilantro, optional                 |
| 2Tbsp. minced garlic                             |                                    |

### PREPARATION

- > In a large pot, melt ghee over medium-high heat.
- > Add the Italian sausage and cook for 5-7 minutes until browned. Use a wood spoon to keep it nicely ground.
- > Add the broth, cauliflower, seasoning, garlic powder , minced garlic, red pepper flakes, and mix well.
- > Bring your soup to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 10 minutes.
- > Add the kale and coconut milk, and simmer an additional 5 minutes until the cauliflower can be easily pierced with a fork and the kale is tender.
- > Add salt, pepper, additional pepper flakes, cilantro (optional) to taste

NOTE: One of my many Eastern Idaho bike rides, as a youth, was out to Teton, just past Sugar City. The first time I cycled out there, I was probably only about fourteen, fascinated by Fremont County's fields, giant rolling irrigation, and the freedom of wide open spaces. A 10.2 mile trip from where I lived, 20.4 mile round trip, I'd enjoyed being immersed in small town life, (really small, under 1,000 population), if only for an hour or so.



*Amy Story Larson is a food and adventure writer, artist, and art instructor. She makes her way through the state looking for good recipes and new friends, often found simultaneously.*



# Richfield Rum Caramel Croissant Bread Pudding

## INGREDIENTS

6 small stale croissants (or 3 regular-sized)  
3/4 cup sugar  
3 Tbsp. water  
1/2 cup heavy cream  
1/2 cup milk  
2 large eggs, lightly beaten

2 tsp. rum extract  
1/2 tsp. vanilla extract  
1/2 tsp. almond extract  
Butter to grease baking dish  
Pinch of salt

## PREPARATION

- > Preheat oven to 350°F. Tear the croissants into smaller pieces and place in a small buttered baking dish.
- > In a saucepan, combine sugar and water by swirling to dissolve. On medium-high heat, allow the mixture to bubble and caramelize to an amber color. Be sure to watch carefully, so the mixture doesn't burn quickly. Turn the heat down low and slowly add the heavy cream. Whisk once the bubbling subsides, while adding milk and rum. Remove pan from the heat, and add the eggs while whisking.
- > Pour mixture over croissant pieces. Allow croissants to soak the mixture for about 5 minutes. Bake for 15-20 minutes.

NOTE: Richfield is located in Lincoln County, population listed as 482. I once took a wrong turn, and found myself at the friendly little Friday's Market, before heading on to my sister's home in Mackay. I recall driving away with a smile.

\*adapted from tastemade.com



BOISE VALLEY FLY FISHERS



USDA/NRCS MONTANA



WALTER

## 11-12

### WESTERN IDAHO FLY FISHING EXPO, Garden City

They say that the 15th annual version of this show will be better than ever. That will be hard to achieve, judging from past shows. You'll just have to go to check it out. With a larger exhibit hall and more to see, do, and fish for, there will be tons of exhibits, demonstrations, and the like, getting folks all worked up for the 2019 fishing season. The show hours are noon to 9:00 PM on Friday, and 9:00 AM to 6:00 PM on Saturday. The show is hosted by the Boise Valley Fly Fishers. Admission is free for kids 13 and younger, and \$7.00 for everyone else.

Information: [boisevalleyflyfishers.wildapricot.org/BVFF-Expo](http://boisevalleyflyfishers.wildapricot.org/BVFF-Expo)

## 11-19

### SNOWSCAPES, Driggs

Over the course of five days, professional and amateur teams will be sculpting large blocks of snow, transforming the Driggs city plaza into a public snow-art display. Creativity, fun and friendly competition all go toward making this FREE community event a great way of celebrating SNOW! Children are welcome to learn how to sculpt and to play in the Community Fun Zone. Schedule: January 11, 1-6pm, Community Snow Stomping; January 15-19, Snow sculpting; January 19, People's and Kids' Choice voting, Competition Judging, and Awards. Finally, on Saturday from 7:00-11:00 PM, is the annual SNOW BALL (Adults \$15, Kids \$8 for that part of the festivities).

Information: [driggssnowscapes.org](http://driggssnowscapes.org)

## 12-13

### GREAT TRAIN SHOW, Garden City

The Great Train Show is the nation's only coast-to-coast model train show, designed for the general public, modelers, hobbyists, families, and the just plain curious. The show features hundreds of tables of trains and accessories for sale, huge operating exhibits, activities for kids, and more. The show takes place from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM in the North Expo building at Expo Idaho. On-site adult admission is \$9.00 on Saturday (good for BOTH DAYS!) and \$8.00 on Sunday. On site admission is cash only. Kids 11 and under are admitted free and do NOT need a ticket. All aboard!

Information: [trainshow.com/Boise](http://trainshow.com/Boise)





PECKY COX



IDAHO TOURISM



BOISE CURLING CLUB

12-13

## SNOWSHOE SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT, Priest Lake

This year's tournament marks the 50th tournament, sponsored by Hill's Resort. Six teams of 11 players each compete in softball—on the Priest River Golf Course. It's regulation softball with a couple of special rules, the most important being that all players must wear snowshoes. The first two rounds of the double elimination tournament take place on the weekends of 12-13 and 19-20, with the finals on the weekend of 26-27. The lineups: 12-13: Stricks, TruShine Cleaning, Miller Lite, Bucs, Maxwell House, and South Hill Auto Licensing; 19-20: The Underdogs, Mike's Power Sports, Mays, Northern Star, Mama Mia's, and Millie's; and 26-27, the finals, between the champs of the first two weekends. Come on out and watch the hilarious action.

Information: (208) 443.2551

19

## WINTER CARNIVAL, Soda Springs

Yes, winter comes to southeast Idaho, too, and there is a lot more to do that sit inside and watch TV or play with the computer. At least there is here in Soda. Besides the opportunity to do some after-Christmas shopping in the local stores, this winter event includes a Fishing Derby, a Snow Machine Fun Run, plus several special activities for children. The Fishing Derby will run from 8:00 AM to 4:00 PM, and fishing licenses are not required. Kids can see free movies at the Idan-Ha Theater, also. So get off the couch, put on your coat, hat and gloves, grab your fishing gear and come on down.

Information:  
sodarecreation@sodaspringsid.com;  
or (208) 547.2600

25-27

## SAWTOOTH OUTDOOR BONSPIEL, Stanley

This 16-team, three-day, open curling tournament is presented by the Boise Curling Club. The Bonspiel has a three game guarantee, and is held on the outdoor ice rink in Stanley. It begins at 5pm on Friday and ends at noon on Sunday. Come and watch the action for free. Curling games will take place Friday evening, Saturday morning, Saturday evening, and Sunday morning. Along with curling outdoors (with spectacular views of the Sawtooth mountains in the background), the Bonspiel includes a banquet, a rink-side heated tent, and fire barrels to keep curlers warm. There will also be a free "Learn to Curl" class on Saturday at noon for those who want to learn more about curling and play a short game.

Information: sobidaho.com

**DEAR READERS:** In spite of our efforts to ascertain that events listed in our calendar are described accurately, cancellations or changes due to weather, illness of performers, and other such things, although rare, are bound to occur. Double checking with the event coordinators about locations, dates and times is always a good idea. Details about many of the following events can be found at [idahocalendar.com](http://idahocalendar.com)

## STATEWIDE

- 4-26 **Snowmobile Based Avalanche Awareness & Companion Rescue Clinics:** FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS. [parksandrecreation.idaho.gov/events-calendar/month/2019-01](http://parksandrecreation.idaho.gov/events-calendar/month/2019-01) **Various Idaho locations**

## NORTHERN IDAHO

- 2-30 **Happier Hour Story Time:** WEDNESDAYS, Free. 4:00-5:00 PM, The Well-Read Moose, **Coeur d'Alene**
- 3 **Evening Book Club:** 6:00-7:30 PM at the Well-Read Moose, 2048 N. Main, **Coeur d'Alene**
- 5 **Free Idaho Park N' Ski Day:** Free Lessons, Guided Snowshoe hike, Indian Creek State Park, **Coolin**
- 5 **Vintage Snowmobile Races:** 12 noon. Hwy 57 Forest Service Air Strip, **Priest Lake**
- 11 **Living Voices—Our Revolution:** Explore the American Revolution through the eyes of an African-American soldier; 7:00-8:30 PM, Heartwood Center, **Sandpoint**
- 25 **Baked Potato Bar Dinner:** Fundraiser. 4:30 PM - 6:00 PM, Lake City Center, **Coeur d'Alene**
- 31-2/3 **Oscar Shorts:** The Panida Theater screens Oscar-nominated shorts, live action, and animated, ahead of the Academy Awards, **Sandpoint**

## SOUTHERN IDAHO

- 1 **Kilroy Coffee Klatch:** 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up, **Nampa**
- 1-6 **"The Guardians":** Matteo Pugliese Exhibit, Boise Art Museum, **Boise**

- 1-26 **"Deck the Walls":** Free exhibit featuring the creative expressions of 12 Guest Artists and 21 Full Moon Gallery artists. Twin Falls Center for the Arts, **Twin Falls**
- 2 **Boise Birding Series, "Who's Here Now?"** What birds are wintering in Idaho and where can you see them? Free program for experienced and novice birders alike. 9:00-10:00 AM, Foothills Learning Center, **Boise**
- 2 **Movie Marathon:** Shows at 11:00, 2:00 and 5:00. Family-friendly (ages 4+); free popcorn. Community Room, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 2-4 **Winter Break Drop-In Program:** Hands-on fun of the exhibit hall, plus special winter and snow-themed activities and crafts. 10:00 a.m. to noon. Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, **Boise**
- 2-30 **Just for Tweens:** WEDNESDAYS. Crafts, games, board games, and fun activities for ages 9-12. 4:30 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 3 **Four County Art Guild** meeting, 12:00 Noon, Public Library, **Weiser**
- 3 **Super Bristle Bots:** Make a tiny "robot" using a brush and a few simple supplies, led by Boise's Reuseum. Ages 5+. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 3-24 **Teen Thursdays:** Ages 13-18. Creating, building and tinkering. 4:00 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 4-25 **Pickleball for Youth:** FRIDAYS. Ages 8-14. Register with Caldwell Department of Parks and Recreation. 7:00-9:00 PM, Roberts Recreation Center, **Caldwell**
- 5 **Museum Work Day:** Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch); Speaker: Steve Bouffard, "Bird Intelligence". Location: the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**



# FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

Family-oriented and “affordable” Idaho events get a free line in our calendar, and each month we choose several to highlight. Here’s how to submit:

DEADLINE:

The fifteenth of each month.

LEAD TIME:

Two issues.

NEXT DEADLINE:

January 15 for the March 2019 issue.

SEND DETAILS TO: [calendar@idahomagazine.com](mailto:calendar@idahomagazine.com)

- 5 **Biscuits & Gravy Breakfast:** 8:00am – 10:30am; \$6.00. Senior Center, **Weiser**
- 5 **Pokemon Club:** For ages 7-18. Learn the trading-card game and test your skill against others. If you don’t have a deck to bring, a few decks will be available to borrow. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 7 **Family History Night:** Curious about you family history? Come join us for an open, drop-in family history research session. 5:30-7:30PM, Public Library, **Nampa**
- 7-28 **BINGO:** MONDAYS. 7:00 PM at the Senior Center, **Weiser**
- 7-28 **“Meet Me Monday”:** MONDAYS. A family-friendly free weekly fitness walk/run event. 5:15-6:45 PM, Flying M Coffee, 524 E. Arthur, **Caldwell**
- 7-28 **Storytime:** MONDAYS, Stories for ages 0-2. 10:30 and 11:00 AM. Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 8 **Story Trail Adventure, “Owl Moon”:** You and your preschooler (ages 3-1/2 to 6) will walk the quarter mile trail with us and read the story pages posted on our platforms together. Afterwards each child can get creative with our story-related craft! Children should dress for the weather and be accompanied by an adult. \$3.00. 10:00-11:00AM, Jim Hall Foothills Learning Center, **Boise**
- 8 **Reading Tails:** Come read to an adorable four-legged friend. 3:30pm - 4:30pm, Public Library, **Nampa**
- 8-30 **Pajama Storytime:** All ages, but geared to preschool. Stories, rhymes, songs, 7:00 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 8-30 **Storytime:** TUESDAYS and WEDNESDAYS, Stories for ages 2-5. 10:30, 11:00 AM, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 9 **Boise Birding Series Special Event:** Science technology workshop. Free. Join Kathy McCoy and other local naturalists to learn about what’s new in nature tech applications. 9:00 AM to 12:00 PM, Foothills Learning Center, 3188 Sunset Peak Rd., **Boise**
- 9-10 **Idaho Job and Career Fair,** Courtyard at the Marriott, **Boise**
- 12 **Community Dance:** \$5 per person, finger-food potluck. Music by Just for Kicks. 6:00 - 9:00 pm at the Weiser Senior and Community Center, **Weiser**
- 12-13 **Western Idaho Fly Fishing Expo:** A two-day event featuring two indoor casting ponds, speakers, demonstrations, and vendors. Center Building, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**
- 12-13 **Great Train Show:** The nation’s only coast-to-coast model train show. North Building, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**
- 12-13 **Treasure Valley Indoor Flea Market:** Sat 9am-5pm, Sun 10am-4pm, South Building, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**
- 17 **Home School Day:** Intro to Raptors. Sessions 10:30-12:00, and 1:30-3:00. Interpretive Center open house 12-1:00 and 3:00-4:00.

Cost \$3 per person. Members and children under 4 admitted free. Pre-registration required: 208-362-8260. The World Center for Birds of Prey, **Boise**

- 18 **Crafter's Club:** Work on your favorite project—knit, crochet, embroider, you name it—with other crafters. Ages 18+. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**
- 18 **Happy Dog Piano Duo:** Pianists Eric Tran and Nathan Cheung bring humor and joy to the classical music world. 6:15 PM, Jewett Auditorium, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**
- 19 **"Come Alive":** A family-friendly show presented by the BYU Ballroom Dance Company. 7:30-9:00 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, **Twin Falls**
- 19 **WISCL Scholastic K-12 Chess Tournament:** 8:30 AM, Lowell Scott Middle School, **Boise**
- 24 **Mid-Winter Author Series:** All ages. Author: Angela Matlashevsky. 7:00-8:00 PM, public Library, **Caldwell**
- 24 **Nature Explorers Preschool Program:** Preschoolers (3-5) use their natural curiosity to investigate nature. Free. 10:30 AM. Visitors' Center, Deer Flat NWR, **Nampa**
- 24 **Auditions for Caldwell Fine Arts presentation of "Hot as Summer, Cold as Winter":** For children in grades 1 - 12. (See Calendar for February 1-2.) Preregistration is required. (208-459-5783). Jewett Auditorium, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**
- 25-2/3 **Winter Carnival:** One of Idaho's premier winter events. Snow sculpting and many other activities. Great fun for the whole family, **McCall**
- 26-7/7 **"Donut Ever Forget Me":** Jae Yong Kim Exhibit, Boise Art Museum, **Boise**

## CENTRAL IDAHO

- 1 **Winter Snow Trek:** Bring skis, snowshoes, friends and family to join a ranger for a 3 mile (round trip) winter trek to celebrate the New Year. Limited spots available, so call to

register (208-558-7368). 5:00pm to 9:00pm, Harriman State Park, **Island Park**

- 2-30 **Storytime:** WEDNESDAY and FRIDAYS. Books and crafts designated for children ages of 2- 4 will be available. All ages are welcome. 10:30 AM - 12:30 PM, Public Library, **Hailey**
- 13 **Christmas Tree Bonfire:** Yankee Fork Interpretive Center, **Challis**
- 25-26 **Wild West Winterfest:** Parade, fireworks, casino night, and other activities, **Island Park**
- 25-27 **Sawtooth Outdoor Bonspiel:** A three-day curling tournament, **Stanley**

## EASTERN IDAHO

- 1 **Free Senior Day:** Free for 65+, Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, **Idaho Falls**
- 1-6 **Discover Steampunk:** A visually stunning exhibit featuring great thinkers of the 19th century and the "futuristic" innovations they envisioned. 10:00 AM, Museum of Idaho, **Idaho Falls**
- 1-19 **"The Incredible Horse":** Continuing exhibit. Horses started in Idaho! The world of horses will come alive in this interactive exhibit. Idaho Museum of Natural History, **Pocatello**
- 3 **Acoustic Musician's Open Mic Night:** An evening for all ages to promote and showcase their musical talents. 7:00 PM, Kool Bean Café, **Idaho Falls**
- 5 **Free Admission:** The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, 11:00 AM, **Idaho Falls**
- 5 **Ski for Free Day:** Use rental equipment at no charge or bring your own. Free trail passes and free mini lessons. East Fork Mink Creek Nordic Center, **Pocatello**
- 5 **Swing Junction's Big Band Dance:** A community swing dance. No partner is required and beginners are welcome. 8-9 p.m. swing dance lesson, 9-11 p.m. dance. Veterans Memorial Building, **Idaho Falls**
- 10 **Little Learners:** Growing STEM Strong: Learn a new topic each month through crafts, games,



songs, and snacks in this class for parents and toddlers ages 2-4. Free with pre-registration online. 10:00 AM, Museum of Idaho, **Idaho Falls**

- 12 **Martin Brock Comedy Show:** Show by a gifted and highly sought magician and comedian. Gem Valley Performing Arts Center, **Grace**

- 15-19 **8th Annual Driggs Snowscapes and Snow Ball:** City Plaza, **Driggs**

- 19 **Pebble Creek Torchlight Parade,** **Inkom**

- 19 **Winter Carnival:** Fishing Derby, Snow Machine Fun Run and several special activities for children. The Fishing Derby will be from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., and fishing licenses are not required. Kids can see free movies at the Idan-Ha Theater, **Soda Springs**

- 27 **Potato Cup Pursuit Ski Race:** 10:00 AM, East Fork Mink Creek Nordic Center, **Pocatello**

## FEBRUARY 2019

## SNEAK PEEK

- 1-2 **"Hot as Summer, Cold as Winter":** Caldwell Fine Arts Children's Theatre presentation. Feb. 1, 7:00 pm; Feb. 2, 1:00 pm; Jewett Auditorium, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**

- 1-2 **Idaho Scrapbook Show:** Shop for the latest paper crafting products, take classes, and spend time paper crafting/scrapbooking with family and friends. Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

- 1-2 **Family Fun Fair:** Enjoy non-stop fun and entertainment at the fair. Pinecrest Event Center, **Idaho Falls**

- 1-3 **Lava Hot Springs Fire & Ice Winterfest:** Bring the family and celebrate winter with the Portneuf River Polar Bear Float, Running of the Bulls, Kids Water, and lots more, **Lava Hot Springs**

- 1-3/16 **Women With Bait Fishing Tournament:** An annual steelhead fishing tournament, **Riggins**

- 2 **Pokemon Club:** For ages 7-18. Learn the trading-card game and test your skill against others. If you don't have a deck to bring, a few decks will be available to borrow. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**

- 2 **Museum Work Day:** Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own

lunch); Speaker TBA. Location: the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**

- 7 **Four County Art Guild Meeting,** 12:00 Noon, Public Library, **Weiser**

- 7 **Mid-Winter Author Series:** All ages. Writing Workshop with author Rick Just. 7:00-8:00 PM, public Library, **Caldwell**

- 7-28 **AARP Tax-Aide Tax Preparation Service:** THURSDAYS. Free tax preparation service to the Caldwell community. 10:00 AM - 2:00 PM, Train Depot, **Caldwell**

- 9 **ISU Civic Symphony Valentine Concert:** 7:30 PM, L.E. And Thelma E. Stephens Performing Arts Center, **Pocatello**

- 9 **Daddy Daughter Date Night:** 7:30 PM, Nampa Recreation Center, **Nampa**

- 9 **Sing Along with Don Ritchey:** 12:30 P, Meridian Library at Cherry Lane, **Meridian**

- 9 **Vintage Snowmobile Races:** 12 noon. Hwy 57 Forest Service Air Strip, **Priest Lake**

- 9 **Family Movie:** 2:00 PM. Family-friendly (ages 4+); free popcorn. Community Room, Public Library, **Caldwell**

## JANUARY CONTRIBUTORS



**Tom Alvarez** is an eight-year veteran of the U.S. Air Force and a graduate of the University of Alaska, Anchorage, where he studied art, photography, and journalism. Born in Los Angeles, he lived most of his life in Alaska and is a former newspaper photojournalist who now lives in Boise.



**Jesse Ayers** is a retired architectural project coordinator, former merchant seaman, and photographer. He received an associate of arts degree from Valencia Community College, and recently returned to Boise State University part-time to pursue a multidisciplinary bachelor degree with a minor in English and writing. Jesse, who lives in Boise, is presently working on a collection of short stories.



**Elise Barker** teaches English at Idaho State

University. She is planning the second year of hands-on Harry Potter summer camp for kids ages eleven to seventeen through ISU's Continuing Education. If she gets to the end of the day and hasn't done something Instagram-worthy, she rouses herself and creates a memory.



**Dave Hall** lives with his family on the Henrys Fork of the Snake River in Last Chance and in Salt Lake City. A graduate of the University of New Hampshire and Yale University's School of Forestry and Environmental Sciences, his art donations have raised more than thirty thousand dollars for river conservation. To buy an autographed copy of *Moving Water*, visit [movingwater.org](http://movingwater.org).



**Gerry Mathias** is a retired English teacher who now writes, walks for exercise and, from the deck of her cabin, is mesmerized by the Henrys Fork of the Snake River. She is working on novel set in Oklahoma around the turn of the 20th Century. Two of her children's books have been published, *Cookies for Frankie* and *The Tale of Strawberry Rose*. Both are available by email: [gkmathias@gmail.com](mailto:gkmathias@gmail.com).



**Kelly Poirier** was born and raised in southern California and now lives with her family in Boise. She earned a B.A. in English from Santa Clara University and an MEd. from Cal State Fullerton, and has served as an educator and administrator throughout her career. She enjoys traveling, writing, reading, and outdoor adventures with her family.



**Alice Schenk** is an adventurer who lives in Rupert. A lover of hiking, shed hunting, swimming, biking, and running, she has finished five Ironman contents, numerous marathons, and has climbed all nine peaks above twelve thousand feet in Idaho. Alice holds a Master's degree in health and teaches at the College of Southern Idaho in Burley.



**Russell Steele** lived in Cobalt from 1949-1952

and from 1956-1957. He worked at the Blackbird Mine's open pit after graduating from high school in 1957. The story in this issue is adapted from his book, *Cobalt: Legacy of the Blackbird Mine*.



**Joseph Zahnle** is a retired ironworker whose childhood interest in photography has turned into a more serious goal. A hobby photographer since age ten, Joseph says by now, "There isn't too much I haven't photographed and people enjoy my style."

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