



The IDAHO magazine February 2006 issue is dedicated to
Jim and Ann Hottinger

Jim and Ann Hottinger, married 26 years, have been cheerleaders of *IDAHO magazine* since before day one.

Ann has been art director of *IDAHO magazine* since 2003 and worked for the magazine since before its founding. Now interim manager and creative director of Boise State University Printing and Graphic Services, Ann takes pride in designing the layout of this great magazine that serves as a platform and gives voice to Idaho stories. She also has been known to roll homemade tortillas and make a mean chicken wing.

Jim, legendary for his infectious laugh that calls to family and friends, Pied Piper-style, has been called: jolliest dad alive, king of freight at Albertsons, everyone's favorite bread salesman at Oroweat of Boise, super de-escalator at Citi, three-time ping pong champion of the annual Hottinger Superbowl Ping Pong Tournament, and MVP armchair quarterback for his hometown's Washington Redskins.

You'll often find them at family night with their greatest creations: Alec, Nick and Madison.

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IDAHO

magazine

FEBRUARY 2006 VOL. 5, NO. 5

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Crash Memories

When Women Rode Broncs and Bulls

Excerpt from *Rodeo Idaho!*

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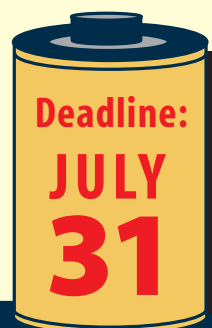
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Photo!





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Continental Flight 1713 14

On Sunday, November 15, 1987, eighty-two people boarded Continental Flight 1713, the only available flight from Denver to Boise. Weather conditions, described at Stapleton International Airport as an all-out blizzard, forced flight cancellations across the board. A deluge of standby passengers had waited eagerly to hear if they would be lucky enough to get a seat. As fate would have it, the "lucky" ones were those left behind. With ice built up on its wings, the twin-engine DC-9 barely got off the ground before crashing. Fifty-four passengers survived, including one who turned tragedy into a journey of faith and reconciliation.

By Philip A. Janquart

Hayden—Spotlight City 32

With about 13,000 residents, Hayden has more than tripled in population over the past fifteen years, and it's no wonder why. Seven miles north of Coeur d'Alene, Hayden is itself a recreation haven, boasting beautiful Hayden Lake and Honeysuckle Beach, an indoor water park, city park, golf course, and bustling business district. Hayden is striving to preserve its small-town, friendly atmosphere despite its growing pains, and proudly calls itself "a village community."

By Jerry Manter

Hayden When Women Rode Broncs and Bulls 44

Once upon a time, not so long ago, women, too, rode bucking broncs and bulls. These cowgirls—born to the saddle—rose to stardom in rodeo arenas across the West, and even in New York City.

Bonnie McCarroll's death in 1929—a result of injuries she received in the Pendleton Roundup bucking contest—is cited as ending bronc riding for women. But cowgirls today, including champion Jan Youren, are reviving the sport of riding rough stock.

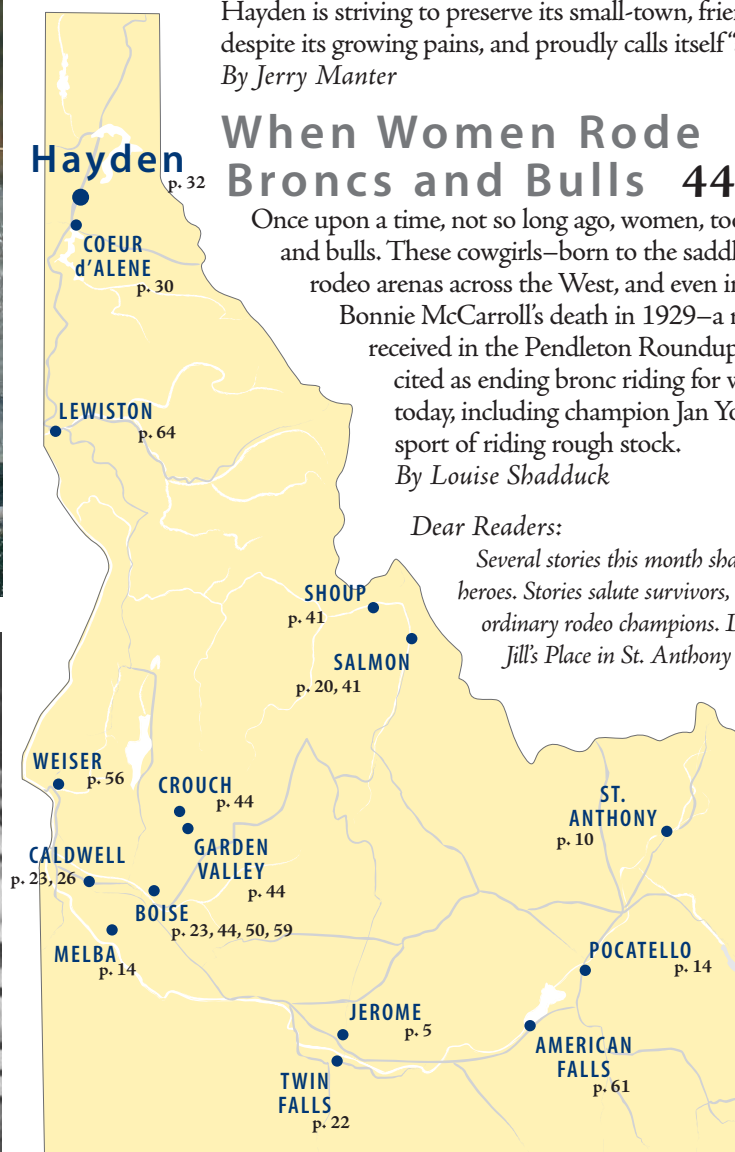
By Louise Shadduck

Dear Readers:

Several stories this month share a common theme—heroes. Stories salute survivors, veterans, out-of-the-ordinary rodeo champions. Dick Marler takes us to Jill's Place in St. Anthony to see the "faces of

freedom." William Studebaker illustrates how his high school geography teacher shared with him a love of books and philosophy. And Les Tanner remembers his father, just an ordinary fisherman.

Meg Donahue
Managing Editor



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cover photo

Pictured: Emily Craner takes a moment to enjoy the sunset at Lake Pend Oreille during a 4-H photography field trip in June 2005.

Photograph title: "Pend Oreille Sunset"

Photographer: Spencer Eich, youth division winner of the 2005

IDAHO magazine Photo Contest.

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Jerome firefighters create a monument for the ages

By Dixie Thomas Reale

Five firefighters in full gear, accompanied by the company dalmatian, stand silently on the lawn outside Jerome City Hall beside Fire Station Number One. Life size, yet larger than life, they honor firefighters everywhere. Two-and-a-half years in the making, the cement statue was designed by vol-

unteer fireman and chaplain Peter Page, and built by members of the Jerome City Fire Department.

Risking their lives every day, firemen share a special bond. When a new recruit joins the force, the crew eagerly welcomes him or her into the family. That welcome and the dedication to public safety so impressed

Page three years ago when he was a rookie, that he wanted to show his regard for his newfound brothers. "It was as if I'd come home. I have never felt so welcomed in my life," Page said.

The Jerome Fire Department is made up of about thirty-five firefighters. Eleven are full-time, and the rest are part-time, on-call volunteers who are paid for the calls they go on. About six months after he joined the department, Page settled on a way to acknowledge his newfound family—a sculpture recognizing firefighters everywhere.

An artist, minister in the Church of God, and local Wal-Mart employee, Page was born and raised in Rhodesia (now known as Zimbabwe) in southern Africa. As a child, he was dyslexic, but developed his natural talent for art as a way to express himself.

He emigrated to the United States as an adult, attended college, married, and raised a family. He became a naturalized citizen about

Artist Peter Page with the statue he and members of the Jerome City Fire Department created over a span of two-and-a-half years. The sculpture is a tribute to firefighters everywhere.



PHOTO BY DIXIE THOMAS REALE



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE JEROME FIRE DEPARTMENT



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE JEROME FIRE DEPARTMENT

LEFT: Cardboard and two-by-fours form a mold upon which layers of wax are applied. The wax is then carved to form the details of the sculpture.

ABOVE: Page pours a bucket of cement into the cavity of the sculpture.

BELOW: Page, inside the cavity of the sculpture, removes wax from the mold.

five years ago. He said he believes vehemently that it is his civic duty to give back to his adopted country. Page is proud to be a fully trained and working firefighter, not just the chaplain who leads the other firefighters' prayers.

"I did not want this to be another 9-11 memorial, but rather a monument to honor the dedication of present and future firefighters in Jerome and firefighters everywhere," Page said.

Jerome Fire Chief Jim Auclair said, "When Peter Page came to me with the idea for the sculpture, I was skeptical, thinking that it was an awfully large project." The fire department took a vote—they would help Page create the sculpture and do the work on their time off.

The fire department was making history. Jerome Mayor Charles Correll

said, "I am not aware of any other group in the past who created a monument for the City of Jerome."

Page had done several similar art projects, and estimated the statue would take about four months to complete. The project, much bigger than any he had ever attempted, actually took two-and-a-half years from start to finish.

Five firefighters would have to pose for the statue. Auclair suggested the department's senior officers pose. Page positioned them and took hundreds of snapshots from all angles and recorded detailed measurements.

Assistant Chief Dan Daniels, now retired, held the fire-hose nozzle. Volunteer Assistant Fire Chief Warren Ward, who died two years ago of Lou Gehrig's disease, squatted in the front row. Auclair held a

radio microphone, as though directing activity at a fire scene. Driver Lynn Weigt, recently returned from a tour of duty in Iraq, held a fire axe and protected the flag. Volunteer Assistant Chief Bill Allred worked the fire hydrant. The hydrant hose went around the outside of the group to the back of the sculpture, connecting to the nozzle and tying the elements of the sculpture together. Diz the dalmatian sat at the back. In full turnout gear and breathing masks, the five became a universal representation of male and female firefighters.



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE JEROME FIRE DEPARTMENT

With photographs and measurements on hand, Page set a wooden pallet on the floor of the fire department workshop and began. The statue was to be done in the lost wax method. He built forms from two-by-fours to represent the different people in the monument, fashioning feet and arms from cardboard and hot glue. Once the body frames were generally positioned how he wanted, Page focused on details. Fingers, buckles, ears, and folds in the flag were carved into lots and lots of wax. He added extra here, removed a bit there, and images of firemen began to emerge.

So much wax was needed that firefighters sent word to the community. St. Jerome's Catholic Church and Gypsy

Sheldon, owner of Gypsy Sun Bath and Body, donated used candles to the project. Most of the materials used in creating the sculpture were donated, but Page used the wages he earned on fire calls to buy the rest, Audaire said.

It took about six months, but once Page was pleased with the model, the firemen built a wooden box around the wax statue and poured plaster of paris into the box. "It must have taken twenty-five 25-pound bags of plaster of paris to fill the whole thing.... It took four months to do the plaster alone," Page said.

"I do not know why Page estimated the whole project could be completed in four months.

There was so much plaster of paris, we had to pour it in stages. The sheer volume

of it took a long time to set up and dry," Lieutenant Joe Lemoine said.

Once the plaster was hard, the men used rollers to turn the wooden box on its side. The wax model had to be removed. First the cardboard and wooden "backbones" came out. Then, "I had to come to grips with my claustrophobia because I had to climb inside the mold, fit myself into and around the different parts of it, and carefully scrape all of the wax from heads, fingers, folds of the flag, and other small details. It was very close in there," Page said. "Once the wax was removed from inside the model, the mold was turned on its head and cement was poured into the cavity."

By this time it seemed the whole city was interested in the firefighters' project, and the public works department loaned them a cement mixer. "The cement had to be mixed outside, brought in, and hauled in five-gallon buckets, one

Fingers, buckles, ears, and folds in the flag were carved into lots and lots of wax. [Page] added extra here, removed a bit there, and images of firemen began to emerge.

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at a time, up to the top of the wooden form and poured into the cavity. "I personally hefted hundreds of those buckets," Lamoine said.

It took eight cement mixing-and-pouring sessions to fill the cavity. "Once the cavity was filled and the concrete was hard, the statue, plaster of paris mold, and wooden box probably weighed a ton altogether," Page estimated. "We had to roll the whole thing back upright. The public works department brought over a loader, and we used fire extrication equipment to help turn the whole thing right-side-up."

The wooden box was removed, and everyone took a turn at chipping the plaster off the cement statue. Public works department personnel, city hall office workers, firefighters, and members of the public worked on the sculpture during lunch breaks and after hours.

"Many used it as a stress reliever—pounding on the plaster of paris once the cement was solid," Auclair said.

ABOVE, RIGHT: Assistant Fire Chief Dan Daniels and Fire Chief Jim Auclair remove plaster from the statue.

RIGHT: A local contractor volunteered a forklift to move the massive sculpture to Jerome City Hall.

Once the plaster was off and the cement statue remained, Page did minor detail work, filling holes and fixing rough spots.

In time for the Fourth of July, Pratt Masonry, a contractor from Burley, volunteered a tractor and lift, and the public works department jumped in to help. "We strapped the piece onto the forklift and moved the monument to its permanent

home beside city hall."

Mayor Correll said, "We were

fortunate to have somebody with the talent, ability, and drive to take on a project of this size. Page is very passionate about what he considers to be his civic duty."

"I can't take credit for the sculpture; all the firefighters had a hand in creating that statue," Page said.

"I feel very humble about my work on the monument," Lemoine said. "I was doing it for a friend, but it is not often that you get a chance to build a monument for posterity. It was fun helping Peter realize his vision."

"By contributing to the project, the fire department employees were able to claim the accomplishment as their own," City Administrator Travis Rothweiler said. "Members of the Jerome Fire Department can say, 'Wow, we did that.' They can be proud of themselves. The statue, a testament to present and future firefighters everywhere, is permanent—literally cast in stone."

Dixie Thomas Reale lives in Jerome.



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE JEROME FIRE DEPARTMENT



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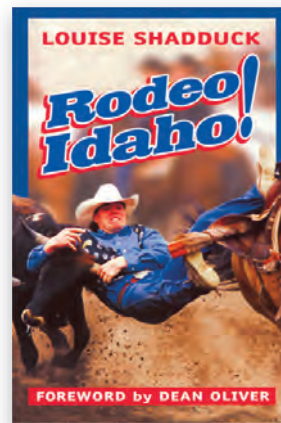
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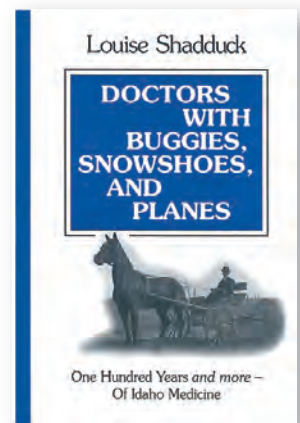
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The faces of freedom

Jill's Place pays tribute to heroes

By Dick Marler

If you pay close attention and use a little imagination during the local weather report on television, you will notice that Idaho is the only state in the union that comes with its own smiley face. The less creative will probably think they're looking at the Snake River Plain as it cuts a great curving arch across the southern part of the state.

Tucked away in the eastern end of Idaho's cheesy little grin is the mighty metropolis of St. Anthony, population 3,342. The largest city in Fremont County, St. Anthony not only boasts a stoplight with a left turn lane, but also has at least two one-way streets. Well, they may be more like alleys than streets, but they're still one-way, and I think that counts for something.

RIGHT: *Jill and Chuck Noble, owners of Jill's Place in St. Anthony, found a simple way to say thank you to local veterans.*

OPPOSITE: *Silent yet stirring, veterans' photos adorn every wall in the dining room.*



PHOTO BY DICK MARLER

hometown heroes



PHOTO BY DICK MARLER

St. Anthony's special tribute to veterans is an example of why Idaho has such a large smiley face. It came directly from the heart of one man who simply wanted to say thank you.

Veterans Day to give speeches in tribute to sacrifices others made for freedom. It wasn't paid for by veterans' organizations. No tax dollars were collected, no grants applied for, nor donations expected to bring it into being. St. Anthony's special tribute to veterans is an example of why Idaho has such a large smiley face. It came directly from the heart of one man who simply wanted to say thank you.

Just off U.S. Highway 20 in St. Anthony, a big sign advertises a restaurant called Jill's Place. Jill's is a mom-and-pop café where the chef wears a ball cap and T-shirt emblazoned with the likeness of some famous NASCAR driver. The hostess wears blue jeans and has never been seen without a pot of coffee in her hands.

Jill's isn't associated with a big-name franchise, nor does it serve beef tartar with an augural salad. What it does have is a bunch of experts on every subject, sitting at

St. Anthony is also home to a very special tribute to veterans. It's not carved from imported marble, and it doesn't depict scenes from some long-forgotten battlefield. No one gathers on



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hometown heroes

the counter with calloused hands clutching coffee cups that never quite make it to the half-empty mark, and a breakfast burrito subsidized by the makers of Maalox. If you're really hungry and up for a challenge, order a full stack of hotcakes. What you'll get is enough flour, eggs, butter, and syrup to support a family of five for a week or more.

Early one morning, Chuck Noble—co-owner, head cook, and sometimes referred to as “Mr. Jill”—was talking over coffee about the number of grisly, old veterans who hang out at the place. Chuck, a big man with a gentle heart, wanted to find a way to recognize these men for their service, to do more than say thank you. He wanted to hang photographs above the counter of a few regulars he knew were World War II veterans.

Chuck asked a couple of them what they thought of the idea. Within a week, more than thirty photos had been dropped off at the restaurant. Before the end of the month, photos—with name, rank, branch of service, and dates served—covered two walls of the dining room. Today's visitors discover that no matter where you sit, you will be watched over by the faces of young men and women

Spend a little time looking at the photos on the wall, and you can follow much of the history of our country and the contributions made by one small town.

who have served their country and flags from the Civil War to the war in Iraq.

Among the first photos to appear was one of Private Glenn

Haws, U.S. Army. Glenn left St. Anthony to fight in World War II when he was only eighteen years old and returned just after his nineteenth birthday, having been

wounded twice. You can usually find Glenn sitting with a group of his friends, solving the world's

Photos of those who have recently served—including Marine Dustin Birch (center photo), killed in Iraq—remind patrons of local veterans' ongoing commitment.

problems over a cup of hot coffee. If you can get him to talk about his war experiences, he will tell you he didn't do all that much. In his words, “Every time they sent me to the front lines, some damn German would shoot me, and they would send me back to the hospital.”

Glenn isn't the only Purple Heart recipient remembered at Jill's. There are another twenty-two defenders of democracy who received wounds during World Wars



PHOTO BY DICK MARLER

hometown heroes

I and II, Korea, Vietnam, Desert Storm, Afghanistan, and Iraq. Eight of them gave their lives.

Among them is Radioman Third Class Rex Crawley, the youngest of three brothers. Petty Officer Crawley joined the Navy in 1942 and died in 1943 when the USS Neosho, nicknamed "Fat Girl," went down during the Battle of the Coral Sea. Marine Private Lorin Oakey lost his life on the sandy beaches of Iwo Jima; Army Private Larry Greenhalgh of St. Anthony fell in the jungles of Vietnam, and Marine Private Dustin Birch died in Iraq.

Spend a little time looking at the photos on the wall, and you can follow much of the history of our country and the contributions made by one small town. After the Civil War, Corporal Carlos Moon, Company A, Tenth Illinois, moved West, settled in St. Anthony, and became its first mayor. First Lieutenant "Bert" Chase served as a cavalry officer from 1905 to 1913. Horace (Hod) Wright served in Europe during World War I. Sergeant Jack Crawley and Major Dick Crawley, Rex's older brothers, also served during World War II.

Other families also have multiple photos on the walls. Photographs of my mother's five sons, who collectively served their country from 1944 to 1981, hang above one of the windows. Althea and Bud Whitmore married after returning home to St. Anthony from service during World War II. Their son-in-law, Kim, and grandson, Shane Kirkham, followed by serving in the Army and Air Force, respectively.

Photographs of Sergeant Jim Walker, flanked by his son Christopher and daughter Charlotte Reddon, all serving in Iraq, hang on the wall. Terra Koon and Cody Farmer were married just hours before being deployed for duty in Iraq. And there is Aaron Bagley, serving his second tour in Iraq, leaving three brothers and a single mom behind.

Come to St. Anthony, stop at Jill's Place, and look at the faces of freedom. Learn their stories and share your own.

Dick Marler lives in St. Anthony.

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THE CRASH OF CONTINENTAL FLIGHT 1713

By Philip A. Janquart

Witnesses say it was black as a cauldron that day.

Dark, bulky clouds moved heavily across the great Colorado sky, boiling and churning with menacing power. By noon, flights at Stapleton International Airport in Denver had been cancelled across the board; one of the few exceptions was Continental Flight 1713 bound for Boise.

An abstract from the National Center for Atmospheric Research, located in Boulder, described weather conditions on Sunday, November 15, 1987 as snow falling at a high rate. The National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) offered a slightly varied report, stating, "Weather conditions were moderate snow and freezing temps."

Those who were there describe it as an all-out blizzard.

The temperature dropped to 28 degrees Fahrenheit. Like movie screens, the giant windows at Terminal D revealed the chaos unfolding before anxiously waiting passengers. The sky continued to darken, and a swift blanket of snow gusted across the flight line at seventeen-plus miles per hour.

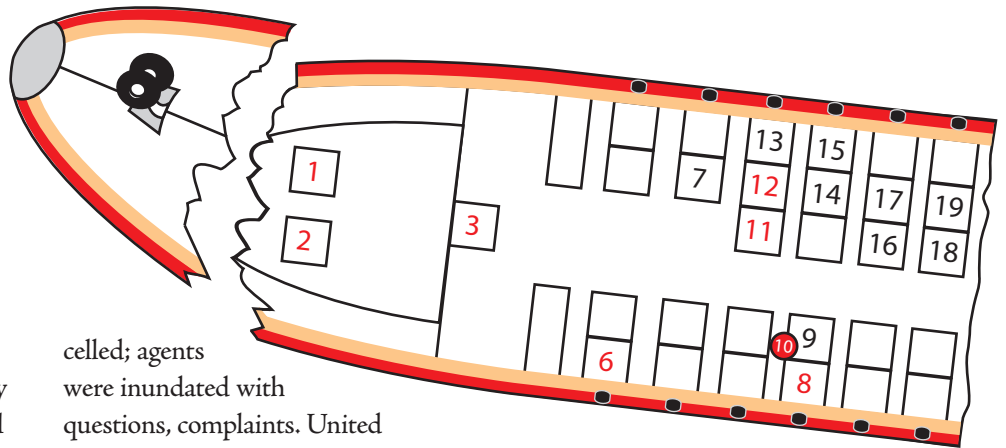
More flights at Stapleton were can-

celled; agents were inundated with questions, complaints. United Airlines, the only other carrier flying to Boise that day, cancelled its flight, making Continental 1713 the last chance for Idaho-bound travelers.

A deluge of standby passengers poured into Gate D-18, hoping to secure a seat on the twin-engine DC-9.

A man, nondescript and unidentified, was first on the list along with his two daughters. He was particularly anxious and persistent with requests for updates on seat vacancies. He approached the podium where ticket agent Betta Ferrendelli had been dealing with large crowds, short tempers, backed-up schedules. He was told, at the last minute, the remaining scheduled ticket-holders had claimed their seats. He and his daughters would have to wait for the next available flight. He did not understand, in his frustration, the degree of his good fortune.

Shortly thereafter, an announcement was made, and the remaining pas-



sengers of Flight 1713 filed on board. There were eighty-two in all, including two pilots and three flight attendants.

An invisible current of anxiety charged the air, a foreboding of sorts, but weary travelers were anxious to get home.

Among other things, this is a story of fear and mortality.

Conversely, it is one man's personal account of a tragedy that helped ignite a passion, resulting in a journey of faith and reconciliation.

Justin Brady, fifteen at the time, survived an experience few live to tell. Some of his memories are fractured, split like frames of a motion picture, yet indelible and forever impressed.

Although he didn't know it at the time, Brady, now thirty-three and recently ordained a Catholic priest, looks back at the tragedy, in part, as preparation for his future calling.

Survivors:

- 44 Jennifer Allegrezza, 11, Boise
- 43 Tom Allegrezza, 45, Boise
- 50 Bernice Benham, 76, Boise
- 13 Justin Brady, 15, Boise
- 55 Richard Case, 44, Boise
- 34 Kathy Cooper, 40, Meridian
- * Dr. Christopher Coughlin, Hanover, N.H.
- 28 David Daniel, 45, Melba
- 24 Christopher Davis, 17, Kuna
- * Michelle Davis, 20, Boise
- 20 Wayne Davis, 20, Boise
- 57 Thomas Denker, 38, Ketchum
- 4 Kelly Engelhart, 35, Flight Attendant

- 42 Lisa Farro, 21, Boise
- * Hugh Ford, 63, Boise
- 31 Arthur Guerra, 21, Nyssa, Ore.
- 48 James Hadden, 44, Boise
- 40 Patti Halford, 27, Boise
- 36 Fred Helpenstell, 56, Nampa
- 54 Steve Hepp, 31, Boise
- 18 Jeff Hoagland, 16, Melba
- 14 Laura Hobbs, 20, Eagle
- 53 Barbara Hooper, 34, Sun Valley
- * Karen Johnson, 31, Boise
- * Jason Kemper, 14, Boise
- * Robbie Knapp, 32, Boise
- 33 Robert Linck, 60, Green Pond, N.J.
- 19 Patrick Lovelady, 17, Melba
- 32 Jeff McAlpine, 18, Ontario, Ore.
- 41 Diane McElhiney, 40, Mountain Home

- 49 Mary Mengel, 44, Boise
- 5 Christopher Metts, Salt Lake City, Utah
- * Geraldine Miller, 59, Twin Falls
- 9 Anne Smoke Nasrallah, 22, Jacksonville, Fla.
- 21 Antonio Noe, 20, Melba
- 38 Brian Owens, 25, Boise
- 16 Justin Payne, 18, Boise
- 35 Vicki Prasade, 43, Gaithersburg, Md.
- 47 Melissa Richard, 6, Boise
- * Gladys Rodriguez, 33, Mountain Home
- 51 Lorraine Schworer, 57, Colorado
- 17 Douglas Self, 29, Kennewick, Wash.
- 22 Brenda Selleh, Tempe, Ariz.
- 56 Libby Smoot, 37, Ketchum
- 58 Mike Spicer, 27, Boise
- 46 Debbie Taschkov, 31, Boise
- 61 Brooke Thomsen, 7 mos., Boise
- 59 Kreg Thomsen, 26, Boise
- 60 Toni Thomsen, 27, Boise
- 27 Angie Tlucek, 17, Melba
- 7 Paul Vermuelen, 23, Boise/Flight Attendant
- 52 Gregory Wadsworth, 22
- 15 Kenneth Watson, 45, Nampa
- 45 Shirley Weitz, 49, Boise

* seating unknown

Fatalities:

- 2 First Officer Lee Edward Bruecher, 26, Houston, Tex.
- * Richard Lee Cook, 51, Boise
- 29 Tami Daniel, 26, Melba
- * Josephine Bliss Glynn, 51, Kansas City, Mo.
- * William Harkenrider, 43, Manassas, Va.
- * Makoto Hideshima, 54, Lakewood, Calif.
- * Dennis Kemper, 41, Boise
- * Rev. Herman Klaassen, 57, Mountain Home
- 25 Janine Ledgerwood, 17, Melba
- 11 James Marria, 39, Boise
- 12 Karen Marria, 35, Boise
- 26 Robert S. "Bob" McAlpine, 42, Ontario, Ore.
- 3 Diana Mechling, 33, Denver, Colo./Service Manager
- 8 Anthony Nasrallah, 2-1/2, Jacksonville, Fla.
- 10 Peter Nasrallah, 6 mos., Jacksonville, Fla.
- 30 Sherry Nelson, 18, Melba
- 6 Cloye Owens, 52, Aurora, Colo.
- 37 Terri Ellen Owens, 25, Boise
- * Max Richter, 45, Meridian
- * E.C. "Cy" Rood, 47, Emmett
- * Ruth Rood, 45, Emmett
- * Bonnie Smith, 52, El Paso, Tex.
- * Raymond Socher, 62, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- * William Spalsbury, 46, Evergreen, Colo.
- 39 John Stewart, 32, Payette
- * Richard Verheul, 54, Stuart, Fla.
- 23 Nicholas "Nick" Ramon Ysursa, 35, Boise
- 1 Capt. Frank Zvonek, 43, Carlsbad, Calif.



At the time, he was a promising young gymnast returning to Boise from the Olympic Training Center. Fellow gymnasts had flown with him from Colorado Springs to Denver. The group, en route to destinations around the country, parted ways. Brady proceeded to his gate alone.

"At that time, everything centered around gymnastics," said Father Brady, in a telephone interview. Ordained on June 9, 2005, he has since been assigned to Holy Spirit Catholic Community in Pocatello. "There was no room in my life for anything but that. It had become a place for me to escape, to hide, but it wasn't going to work forever."

Brady had fought to escape a difficult childhood, finding refuge in a physically and mentally demanding sport—one that occupied his mind with enough regularity to help him forget the past.

"Growing up, I had another woman as my mother," he said. "She was an alcoholic, and I was dragging a lot of anger and shame from that situation behind me. Gymnastics helped me get away from all that, but as I started to grow up, I found it didn't work anymore."

THE CRASH

The DC-9 landed in Denver at 11:26 a.m., en route from Oklahoma City. It was scheduled to depart for Boise at 12:25 p.m., but deteriorating weather conditions delayed the flight.

At first, it was questionable if the aircraft would get off the ground at all. The plane sat idle at gate D-18 while airport crews de-iced it. Once the de-icing was complete, Captain Frank Zvonek, forty-three, and First Officer Lee Bruecher, twenty-six, awaited clearance from the tower.

Brady said the process was repeated twice. "We waited forever for them to de-ice, and then waited forever for clearance," he recalled. "By the time we got clearance to take off, we had to de-ice again."

Ice buildup, primarily on the wings, is a recipe for disaster. It adds weight and changes the contour of the wing, which needs smooth airflow to generate lift. Ice, even frost, can make the plane too heavy to fly or can change the airflow, making the wings unable to support the airplane in flight.

Brady occupied a window seat on the right, behind first class, just behind the bulkhead. Behind him, to his left and across the aisle, was a woman with her two children—a six-month-old and a two-year-old.

"That was the most intimate connection I had on that flight, seeing that woman and her two kids," Father Brady continued. "I remember thinking, 'She's either going to, or coming from, grandma's house.'"

Flight 1713 received clearance shortly after two o'clock, more than an hour-and-a-half behind schedule, and was pushed from the gate. The plane taxied to the end of the runway, where the crew made final pre-flight preparations. Finally, after a delay that seemed to last a lifetime, the engines let loose with a heavy roar, sending the aircraft speeding down the runway into the full fury of what some have described as a typical Colorado winter storm.

The plane lifted off the ground, but only seconds after take-off the unimaginable quickly transformed from a passenger's worst nightmare to a surreal and horrible reality.

Brady, who had taken his shoes off and planned to sleep, described what happened next.

"I asked the woman seated next to me to wake me when the food cart came by," he recalled. "Suddenly the plane pitched to the right and then to the left. It immediately pitched back to the right again, then just dove right."

"It was obvious we were going down, and people began screaming. I think I was petrified beyond screaming because all I could do was look out the window and watch the ground come closer. I remember thinking, 'Oh, sh—!'"

That was the last Brady remembers of actually being on board the plane. The rest is fragmented, but an excerpt from the official NTSB report helps fill in the gaps:

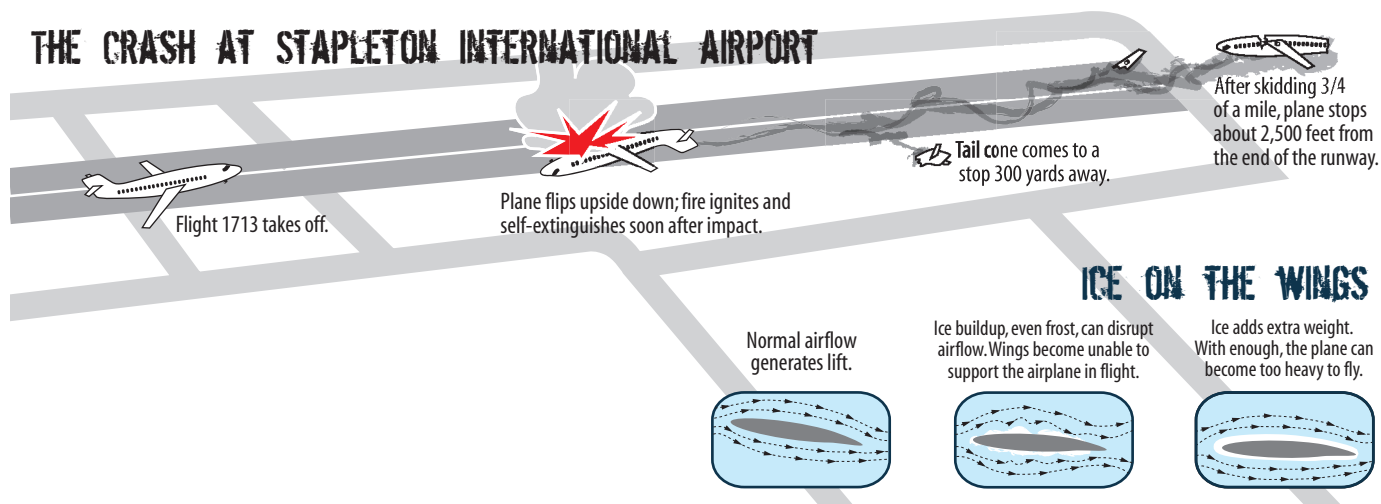
"Flight 1713 was cleared for runway 35L take-off, twenty-seven minutes after de-icing. On take-off, the DC-9 over-rotated. The aircraft descended back, and the left wing struck the ground, causing it to separate from the fuselage. The left side of the cockpit and forward fuselage struck the ground next and the aircraft continued to skid inverted."

On Monday, November 16, 1987, a day after the tragedy, Stapleton International Airport spokesman Norm Avery told the Associated Press and the Gannett News Service the control tower first realized the DC-9 had crashed when they saw a fireball on the north-south runway.

The fire didn't last long, apparently self-extinguishing soon after the plane ignited on impact. No one knows how or why the fire was extinguished, but another Boise resident wouldn't be alive if it hadn't.

Chiropractor Tom Allegrezza was one of several Boiseans on the flight, along with his eleven-year-old daughter, Jennifer, and assistants Shirley Weitz and Lisa Farro. In an article written by Dan

THE CRASH AT STAPLETON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



Popkey for *The Idaho Statesman*, Allegrezza stated, "When it was all over, I looked around and asked, 'Am I alive? Am I dead? Is my soul out of my body?' Right away I asked for Jennifer. She was crying and said she was scared. There was airplane fuel spilling all over us," he said from his bed at St. Anthony Central Hospital in Denver a day after the crash. "I was drenched in fuel. I was afraid I was going to ignite."

Allegrezza described his experience in an article for the *Idaho Association of Chiropractic Physicians Journal* in 1988. "As the plane crashed on its ceiling, a big fireball erupted...and burned my left arm, hand, ear and singed my hair and beard. The plane split open with snow and dirt roaring in. We skidded upside down on the ground for about 3/4 mile before coming to a stop." Once the plane came to rest, he discovered his arm was pinned between a seat and the ceiling of the overturned fuselage.

"My arm was pinned so the only thing resting on the ground (actually the ceiling), was my neck and left shoulder," Allegrezza wrote. "My pelvis was up in the air resting on the arm rest with my feet about four feet up in the air." He waited more than an hour in this position. "A woman in front of me was moan-

ing, saying that she was in so much pain and couldn't breathe and could somebody please help her. She died while I was talking to her," he wrote.

He decided to take matters into his own hands. With hypothermia beginning to take hold, Allegrezza asked a rescue worker for a hacksaw and began sawing away at the seat. That was long after he directed his daughter and assistant, Shirley, both of whom received only minor injuries, to leave the plane. The well-known chiropractor walked away with two broken fingers on his left hand, and second- and third-degree burns to his side and arms.

Meanwhile, outside the plane, Brady was still strapped to his seat, resting face-first in the dirt. He lapsed in and out of consciousness. The two passengers next to him, also still strapped in, were motionless, their weight pinning the still-connected row of seats to the ground. Too weak and disoriented to break free, he began to yell wildly.

Brady recalled, "The plane broke right in front of where I was sitting. When we hit, the force was so great, the bolts holding the seats to the floor sheared off. We were thrown into the bulkhead, headfirst. I was short, so the top of my seat took the brunt of us

breaking through that wall."

Layered with carpeting, the wall caused Brady extensive facial burns in addition to other, more serious injuries.

Emergency crews scrambled to the site and immediately tried to locate and free survivors. Rescuers found Brady and turned the small row of seats upright. They unbuckled him and handed him over to another rescue worker, who put him in the front seat of a Jeep Cherokee, where he passed out.

"I opened my eyes and all I could see were flashing lights, orange tarps, and emergency vehicles," he said. "I discovered I was half sitting on top of this woman who was also in the front seat of the Jeep. I guess I had a sort of temporary amnesia because I asked her what happened and she said, 'Oh, honey, our plane crashed.' I had trouble remembering and kept repeating, 'Wait a minute, wait a minute.' Then it all came to me again and I told her I didn't want to fly home. She said, 'Neither do I, honey. Maybe we can take a bus.'"

In the back of the Jeep were three others, including a woman suffering from shock. She kept asking about her purse while the man next to her calmed her in gentle tones.

"The more I woke up, the more I

realized I was really, really in pain," Brady added. "It was mostly in my neck. There were people who came by asking for names of survivors, and by the time the third one came by, I couldn't speak anymore. The pain was too intense. The woman I was sitting on answered for me."

Brady was transferred to an ambulance that took him, and others, to St. Joseph's Hospital, where he was rushed to the emergency room.

"It was just like a scene from the television show *ER*," Brady said. "It's exactly like that camera shot they show from the perspective of the person on the gurney. I heard doors bursting open and saw lights flying by overhead. They slid me to another gurney and started cutting my

clothes off. I remember thinking, 'I just got these from the Olympic Training Center.' Then suddenly, there I am, naked and lying there."

BACK IN BOISE

Unaware of the crash, Brady's stepmother, Kathleen, loaded her twin boys, Brady's younger brothers, Mischa and Morgan, into the family car, preparing to go to the Boise Municipal Airport to meet Flight 1713. Before they left, Brady's father, Michael, pulled into the driveway and they left for the airport together.

When they arrived they were surprised by the unusual amount of activity at the terminal—a frenzied mass of family members, airport

personnel, and reporters.

"My dad asked this news guy from Boise what was going on," Father Brady said. "He asked my dad if he was expecting someone coming in. He said that he was. Then the guy asked what airline and my dad told him. The guy said, 'Oh, it just crashed. Can I do a story on your family?' Dad said he wanted to hit the guy, but held back and screamed at him instead."

Realizing the futility in trying to gain useful information amid the chaos, the family raced home, where they called Denver-area hospitals. They eventually reached St. Joseph's and were fortunate to speak with a hospital worker who had just seen Brady, and confirmed he was alive. Michael and Kathleen prepared to



PHOTO BY MEG DONAHUE

PHOTO COURTESY OF JUSTIN BRADY

join him in Denver.

A CT scan at St. Joseph's revealed fractures to Brady's vertebrae, particularly C-5, C-7, and T-12. In addition, all of the muscles in his back and the white tissue between his vertebrae were pulled and severely strained. Brady also suffered a concussion, but considering the circumstances, he had weathered the ordeal fairly well.

Above all, he was alive.

"I was in ICU for a couple of days before my parents finagled my way out of there," Father Brady chuckled. "They wanted to get me home and agreed to put a hospital bed in the living room. When I first saw them, I could tell they were just trying to keep it together."

Amazingly, the Brady family took a flight home from the same airport where only days earlier Continental Flight 1713 crashed on take-off, killing twenty-eight and sending fifty-four to local hospitals with varying degrees of injury.

"I took some Valium for the flight home," Father Brady conceded. "I was very nervous, but I knew the chances of being in one plane crash are small. The chances of being in two plane crashes are very small."

Brady flew to Colorado Springs the very next year.

"We can give all the power over to fear and allow it to refuse us growth and life," he explained. "Or we can face our fear and do the things we want to do."

When asked if he believes his life

was spared for a reason, Father Brady remained pragmatic. "Some people say that all things are predetermined," he explained. "On the other end of the spectrum, you have those who believe they have to have complete control over everything in their lives. I suppose the middle ground would be to believe that bad things just happen sometimes. The crash was the catalyst to get me where I am right now. The fear I experienced gave me the power to face other fears in my life."

Father Brady took a break from our interview to answer a call on another line. On the other end, someone at a Pocatello hospital requested Father Brady's immediate presence. There had been an accident, and a young man would not make it through the night. Father Brady finished the interview during the fifteen-minute drive to the hospital.

"I'm aware of the vulnerability I felt in that situation, and it has made me more authentic," he said of the crash. "It's like this poor guy I'm going to right now. Sometimes all I need is to just be there and it ends up being the best way for me to give."

PROBABLE CAUSE

In a report published in January 1989, the NTSB cited several related factors leading to the crash of Continental Flight 1713. Topping the list of probable causes was the captain's failure to have the airplane de-iced a second time, which runs contrary to Father Brady's statement, since confirmed, that de-icing took place twice. The official statement reads as follows:

"PROBABLE CAUSE: The captain's failure to have the airplane de-iced a second time after delay before take-off that led to upper wing surface contami-

nation and a loss of control during rapid take-off rotations by the first officer. Contributing was the absence of regulatory or management controls governing operations by newly qualified flight crew members and the confusion that existed between the flight crew and air traffic controllers that led to the delay in departure."

It is believed that First Officer Lee Bruecher was at the controls on take-off. Twenty-six-year-old Bruecher had thirty-six hours of jet experience, all on the DC-9. Captain Frank Zvonek, forty-three, had 12,125 hours of flight time, but only thirty-three at the controls of a DC-9.

Fourteen Idahoans and one person from Ontario, Oregon died in the crash. Next to Boise, the hardest hit by the tragedy was the small town of Melba, which had sent a group of FFA students to Colorado for a convention.

The crash site has long since disappeared, replaced by one of the largest housing developments in the United States. Denver International Airport, thirty miles from the downtown core on an empty prairie, replaced Stapleton. The last flight out of Stapleton International Airport disappeared into the Colorado skies February 27, 1995, like a ghost from the night. No thoughtfully groomed memorials mark the spot where, more than eighteen years ago, twenty-eight people lost their lives in a tragedy that affected thousands in Idaho and across the country. A search for "Stapleton International Airport" on one website, www.answers.com, returns the statement, "No major crashes occurred there."

Philip A. Janquart lives in Boise.

LEFT: *A scrapbook of newspaper clippings, collected by survivor Jennifer Allegranza, recounts the tragedy.*

LEFT INSET: *Justin Brady, 15, faced his fear and took another flight home to Boise after being released from St. Joseph Hospital in Denver.*

The bookshelf legacy

By William Studebaker

Before I left home, my parents' home, I began to collect books. I didn't have "shelves full," but among the books I had were *Catcher in the Rye*, *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: An Introduction*, *Nine Stories*, *Mein Kampf*, *War and Peace*, *Ovid's Love Poems*, *The Communist Manifesto*, *The Philosophy of Nietzsche*, and *The World's Greatest Thinkers* (a four-volume set). Heavy stuff to pull out of the Salmon River valley and onto the high plains of the Snake River as I drove south to Pocatello and Idaho State University. It was, to be sure, a load for my 1959 Chevy Biscayne.

I can blame the whole Salinger and existential thing on my senior English teacher, Mrs. Guartney. We read *Catcher in the Rye* despite the threat of being banished. Or as one woman put it, "They ought to get their mouths washed out for all of the foul language they're reading." (Well, take it as it comes.) Foul lan-

The author's three-year-old granddaughter, Piper Newton, "reads" Diver magazine.

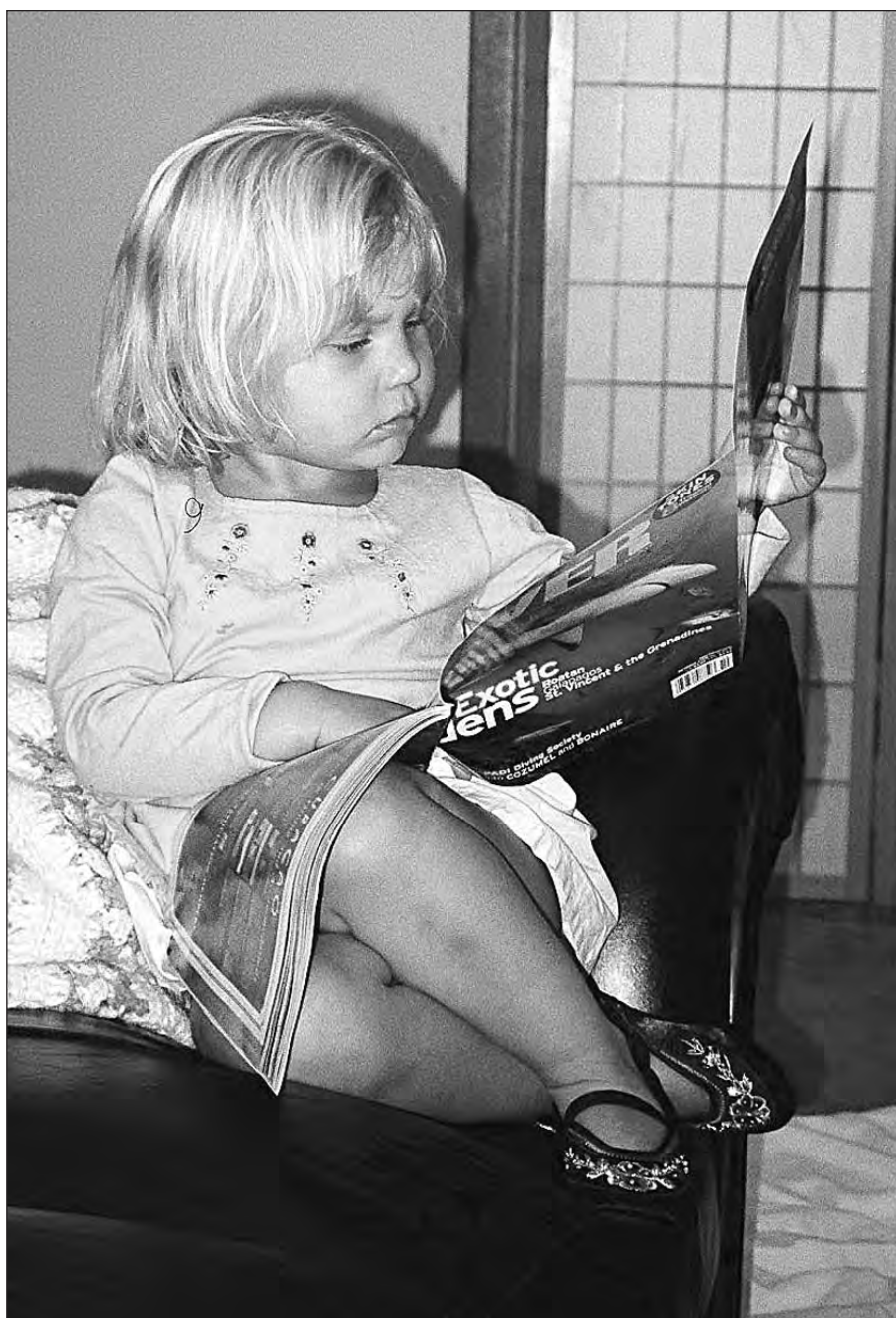


PHOTO BY WILLIAM STUDEBAKER

guage and the rumor that we'd go to hell kept me enthralled.

A few years down the road, I showed a weakness for Camus and Sartre, too. And I came to adore Franz Kafka. "To adore" isn't an infinitive he ever used, but I found a black sweetness in his nihilism—an abstract comfort that is as inexplicable as *nothing*.

The other selections I have to blame on my geography teacher, Verne Blalack. He roused me from my backsliding, juvenile slumbers during October of my sophomore year. He told his class that any student who had scores of ninety or above on all tests could sit in the back of the room and read—books he assigned.

I didn't know about books, but I liked being in the back of the room. It was groovy. So, for a quite trivial motive, I got involved in reading literature that would shape my understanding of the world.

Mr. Blalack assigned me *War and Peace*. It was good. It was big and heavy. It impressed the girls and the boys. I was instantly famous for the heft of my intellectual reach—ah yes, "or what's a heaven for?"

I could relate to sleigh rides, houses colder than the out-of-doors, and falling in love seven times. I

looked at every word. I read every initial. But alas, I really didn't understand the book. I couldn't talk about it. I could only repeat the stories I'd read within the story.

Vanity proved to be a slave master. Until I flipped the last page, page 1,136, I struggled.

Yes, after three months, I could say, "I've read *War and Peace*." Whatever that meant.

So, what next? *The Communist Manifesto*, a little book.

Communism was a big deal, really a big deal in the late 1950s and early 1960s. I'd spent my time hiding

under a desk with a wool blanket draped over it for added protection. Every school child and attentive parent knew that when the Russians dropped the

atomic bomb on us, we'd all have to run for our desks and dive under them and let the last brave soul throw the blanket over us.

I was curious, and the size of the *Manifesto* was laughable. I'd consume it in hours.

A couple weeks later I emerged from an intellectual ponderance. The czar had really met his match, and I had met mine, the dictatorship of the proletariat: wealth to the worker. Power to the people. Manifestation of

the ideal world. The putty Plato used to patch up the world was being purchased by the lives of peasants. What was wrong?

Fallacy is the nature of implementation. Lenin put his twist on Marx, and through convolutions of world politics and science, the A-bomb shows up in my backyard. That was wrong.

Curiously, Mr. Blalack and I went searching for a likely place to build a bomb shelter. We went up Carmen Creek, Freeman Creek, and Kurtley Creek. He had plans. We were just looking for the easiest place to dig. I never asked if he was hiding from the Russians or hiding for them, to meet them after the atomic dust settled.

He never dug, but I kept reading. My top shelf filled, and a few books spilled over onto the second shelf.

Blalack and I met at his home. His wife, Judy, nursed the baby while he and I talked. It was, for Salmon, Idaho, population 2,010 (counting those in the morgue), the underground.

I think the word got out. I heard that the word got out. Gossip was filled with the word that Verne and Judy were corrupting students. They were communists. Verne taught a year or two after the word had spread, but finally, under some duress, he left Salmon High School.

Before he did, I graduated, and for a graduation gift he gave me *The World's Greatest Thinkers*. Yes, it had been, it had always been, about ideas.

In the volume "Man and

Mr. Blalack assigned me *War and Peace*. It was good. It was big and heavy. It impressed the girls and the boys. I was instantly famous for my intellectual reach—ah yes, "or what's a heaven for?"

Spirit: the Speculative
Philosophers,” he put a letter:

Dear Bill,

These books were given to me by some folks who loved me dearly & knew that I loved philosophy, i.e., the search for wisdom. Likewise, I shall pass them on with the same feelings.

These books will not give you wisdom, nor will any other books—books only help; but the search itself is one of man’s greatest unending adventures, the search of the mind for truth and contentment of one’s inner self.

When the search for wisdom in books slackens and looses [sic] its attractiveness, search for truth in solitude with or without books. Solitude is the best ointment for discontentment of the spirit no matter what the cause.

When the search of the flesh & mind tire of new states & countries & women & friends—stop everything, drop everything, & do something you’ve never done before that you would like to do. Do it well & loose [sic] yourself in it. Then,

when it’s finished, once again select the way you wish to wander through life. For life is just a wandering of the spirit from one thing to another like a lost man who follows a ridge for a while, then perhaps a stream or a trail....

The secret of life is to live every day and not discard it while dreaming of a

future day. Always do something now & do it well and when & if that future day ever arrives, it will be strengthened & contented by what it sees of past days & in turn it will be lived well for life is short & time is precious & he who hesitates is lost.

Happy Wanderings,
Your Friend,
Verne

The answer was clear. He had never attempted to corrupt, only interrupt the education I was getting.

I’ve told my children, and now I’m telling my grandchildren, that they should always “move ahead. Do the next best thing and never look back, and if your life isn’t a story, you’re living it wrong.” This I surely got from

Verne Blalack.

This is merely an aphoristic summary of Verne’s letter to me—the best advice I can pass on.

My children have read their ways into a variety of occupations: anthropology, dentistry, account-

ing, philosophy. Yes, my youngest son Eric fell vehemently into the folds of philosophy. Maybe I, too, have passed on a search for wisdom.

Thirty-one years have passed since my wife Judy and I stopped in Kellogg to find Verne managing a Coast To Coast Hardware store.

Whether his intellectual profundity helped him “settle in” I don’t know, but I’ve gone on collecting books. I have favorite authors and authors who are good friends.

Among my favorites are Flannery O’Connor, Erskine Caldwell, Sherwood Anderson, Emily Dickinson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Stafford, Ken Kesey, Pablo Neruda, Robert Bly, Gino Sky, Mary Clearman Blew, Karen Swenson, Rick Ardinger, Joel Long, Margaret Aho, Leslie Leek, Alan Ginsburg, Linda Pastan, and—it would seem that these are more in the vein of Mrs. Guarnny than Blalack.

Even so, in college I studied the history of ideas under the tutelage of Dr. Glenn Tyler. And it was my history degree that took me underground and through a master of English in the late 1960s.

It was during that lovingly volatile time that I discovered philosophies are working theses always shrouded in fiction.

Sigmund Freud was correct when he wrote, “Myth is public dream.”

What the public dream will be is being shaped and expressed in the available literature.

Now, my great passion, the thing that I have never done, is to point my grandchildren toward “what to read,” toward a bookshelf worthy of them. I’m on that journey now. They must know how exotic the world is and where to begin the search for wisdom.

Happy wanderings to them, too.

William Studebaker lives in Twin Falls.

Wildlife detectives

Idaho Fish and Game's CSI Wildlife program

By Karen Rudolph

My phone rings, a call I've been anticipating. An important poaching case has been developing over the last few days, and I've cleared the decks to work this one as my top priority. A trophy mule deer has been taken during closed season, and Idaho Fish and Game officers have been working hard to solve the crime. As a wildlife forensic biologist at the Wildlife Health Lab in Caldwell, I'm waiting for critical evidence—meat, hide, blood, hair, bone, fragments of antlers—keys to solving the case.

The Idaho state conservation offi-

cer, more commonly known as a “game warden,” arrives a bit past three o'clock. He signs over the evidence to my care, to maintain the chain of custody. It's time to get to work.

My job is very similar to that of a human forensic specialist. Using science and technology, I investigate biological evidence to establish facts in criminal and civil courts. The major difference is that in my field, the victims are animals—and indirectly, the people of Idaho. Idaho's wildlife is a public trust; poaching is theft of that trust.

The *CSI—Crime Scene Investigation* television series has been a marked success for several years. The shows have not only promoted the careers of forensic investigators, but the number of students interested in forensic science has skyrocketed. Many are not aware, however, of wildlife forensics. Only a handful of labs in North America provide wildlife forensic services, the most prominent being the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services National Wildlife Forensic Lab in Ashland, Oregon.

In 2005, the wildlife forensic lab, conservation officers, and staff at the Idaho Fish and Game MK Nature Center conceived the idea to provide a simulated, hands-on experience for kids curious about wildlife forensics and law enforcement. We created the CSI—Wildlife program for fifth to eighth graders in the Treasure Valley, with a goal of bringing the program to Fish and Game regional offices statewide.

A case often begins with a tip from a concerned sportsman to the Citizens

Wildlife Forensic Biologist Karen Rudolph and Veterinary Pathologist Stuart Lincoln process evidence samples for Idaho Fish and Game at the Wildlife Health Lab in Caldwell.



PHOTO BY JULIA MUIR HOLLAND, IDAHO FISH AND GAME

Solve a wildlife case!

The next CSI-Wildlife workshop for students in grades 5-8 will be Saturday, February 11, from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m. in Boise. Cost is \$15.

Register by calling (208) 334.2225

Sponsored by the Idaho Fish and Game MK Nature Center.

Against Poaching (CAP) hotline. The tip is immediately passed on to a conservation officer. In the CSI-Wildlife program, students begin by participating with the officer in a dispatch from the CAP line operator.

In the scenario that unfolds, students investigate suspicious activity, off a dirt road, possibly involving a poached mule deer. They take notes on the suspect's description, vehicle license plate, and location, and proceed to the simulated crime scene to look carefully for evidence. They learn the many subtleties and strategies to consider before collecting a single piece of evidence, and how to properly handle and label it. Students ask lots of questions while collecting evidence and show very sharp observation skills.

Convinced that poaching has possibly occurred at the simulated crime scene, the students discuss the next phase of the case. To have a case, they must connect the suspect to the scene of the crime. Thankfully, the license plate information provided by the CAP caller is accurate, allowing the officer and students to locate the suspect's residence.

The officer guides the students

Idaho Fish and Game Conservation Officer Kurt Stieglitz explains the finer points of securing evidence at a wildlife crime scene to a group of budding wildlife forensic scientists at a CSI-Wildlife workshop.

through a face-to-face, preliminary interview with the suspect, who is none too eager to own up to any misdeed. The officer maintains a friendly

and calm, yet persistent line of questioning. It becomes apparent to the students that the suspect is not being completely forthright, so they end the interview and discuss their options.

The students agree that obtaining a search warrant would be a lengthy proposition. They talk again with the suspect, using reason to get permission to conduct a search. The officer and students are successful and step in for a look around. The students identify several pieces of evidence that might link the suspect to the scene of the crime: clothing with blood stains that look fresh, packages of deer meat haphazardly wrapped and frozen, blood stains in the back of the pickup the caller identified at the crime scene.

The investigation turns to its third phase, identifying evidence to be submitted for lab analysis. If this were a real case, I explain, I would create a new case file, and give each piece of evidence a unique identifying number. I would also

determine, with the officer's assistance, which forensic tests were needed for each piece of evidence.

We test for three types of identification at our lab: species, gender, and individual. In wildlife forensics, unlike human forensics, the species test is very important. Consider that a typical crime scene for a conservation officer is in the field of their patrol area. Evidence collected at the crime scene may only be a few hairs, possibly a scavenged gut pile, or just some bone or traces of blood. Given that any number of wildlife species, even domestic animals or livestock, could have been directly or inadvertently involved, we often use the species test first.

The gender and individual identification tests are based on DNA. While I'd like to be able to say I can produce final gender and individual identification results in one hour, this is not yet possible. I use the same principles and equipment that human forensic labs use to do the analysis, however.

Human DNA labs can solve a case in a matter of days, but because the labs often lack funding and staff, they have an enormous backlog. Cases can take years to solve. Thanks to Idaho Fish and Game's support, our wildlife forensics lab is able to solve a case in a matter of days



PHOTO BY BRENDA BECKLEY, IDAHO FISH AND GAME MK NATURE CENTER

inquisitive kids

or weeks. Such fast turnaround makes the forensics “tool” much more valuable to officers. My best case was solved in only twenty-seven hours.

The individual identification test is informally known as the “matching” test—that is, it identifies individual animals. This test can provide critical proof that a meat or blood sample collected from a kill site matches a meat or blood sample from a suspect’s residence. The test can also determine the minimum number of individual animals from a series of evidence samples. In wildlife forensics, we have separate identification tests for most of the big game species in Idaho: elk, mule deer, white-tailed deer, moose, and black bear.

Based on this information, the students prepare a form listing the evidence items they will analyze and the specific test(s) they’d like carried out. After slipping into lab coats, they receive raw forensic data and instructions on how to analyze test results. Left to form their own conclusions about the data, they decide whether or not they have a case to pursue. By the end of the program, the students have experienced the duties of conservation officers and wildlife forensic biologists.

Back at my lab bench, it’s about half past three as I set up the evidence for the DNA-based individual identification test, as requested. By five o’clock I should have the prepared DNA in hand from each evidence item. Tomorrow I’ll use state-of-the-art DNA protocols to analyze the DNA profiles unique to each evidence item. And then, just as the students did, I’ll come to a conclusion as to the similarities or differences between each item, and I’ll submit a final forensic report to the conservation officer.

Idaho Fish and Game has been using wildlife forensics to solve poaching cases for more than thirty years. Although we still use the same tests available to investigators in the “good old days”—protein testing to determine species, time-of-death dating to determine whether an animal was hunted out of season, and x-rays to study entry wounds—the advent of state-of-the-art DNA testing has vastly improved our ability to solve wildlife crimes. While the CSI television series and spin-offs may glamorize the work I do just a bit, I wouldn’t trade my job for the world.

Karen Rudolph is a wildlife forensic biologist at the Wildlife Health Lab in Caldwell.

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Just an ordinary fisherman

By Les Tanner

In the clutter of fishing tackle that sits on a high shelf in our garage are an old rod and reel and a small metal box. The rod and reel show heavy use, but they'd been well cared for before they took up residency on that shelf. The box is filled with hooks, small containers of split shot, and other odds and ends, all carefully labeled. Once upon a time, there were other things on the shelf, too: a worn and faded canvas creel, a couple of salmon-egg jars with their lids pierced with nail holes, a beat-up fly swatter.

Not much to look at, not much at all, considering that this was the sum total of the fishing gear owned by someone who spent as much time

RIGHT: *The author's father, E. Russell Tanner, cleans typical "Dad-sized" rainbows at South Boulder Creek in Colorado in 1983, their last fishing trip together.*

OPPOSITE: *The author's father (squatting) fishes the Snake River near American Falls in 1908 or 1909 with his brothers, left to right, Geron, Wilson, and Brownie.*



PHOTO BY LES TANNER

as my father did, during the last twenty-five or thirty years of his life, dropping baited hooks in front of unsuspecting trout.

But it was enough. And it worked as well for him as if the equipment had been made of the most modern materials and sported such prestigious labels as Sage and Hardy.

Dad learned how to fish as a boy, and although he fished now and then throughout his life, it was not until he retired that he had the chance to fish more or less when he wanted to. Even then, he didn't live on the stream banks; that honor was bestowed upon one of his progeny. Even then, after retiring, he had too many other things to occupy him: church work, entertaining fellow retirees, writing a family history. But when he got the chance, the hours he spent fishing were well-used, and happy, and very much deserved.

He was just an ordinary fisherman. The waters he liked best were not called Beaverkill or Henry's Fork. Instead, if they had names at all, they were creeks: Left Hand Creek, Four Mile Creek, Whiskey Creek, Crooked Creek, and dozens of others. They were not half a continent away, just a short drive in a pickup. They could be stepped across or



PHOTO COURTESY OF LES TANNER

waded through; his life was never in jeopardy when he took an unexpected swim.

As a kid, I just assumed that all trout were measured by laying them on a palm-up hand, with their noses at the fingertips; if their tails touched the wrist, they were “keepers.”

them on a palm-up hand, with their noses at the fingertips; if their tails

And, universally, their inhabitants were, well, just plain small. “Small” describes virtually all of the fish I saw before I was twenty-one. As a kid, I just assumed that all trout were measured by laying

touched the wrist, they were “keepers.” The first trout I ever tasted consisted of just one quarter—the wrist-end quarter, to be exact—of a single eight-incher that our family shared for dinner one night, the gift of a friend. The first trout I ever caught was an inch short of the legal six inches, but Dad let me keep it anyway.

We once ate a mess of ten or so trout which were so small it would have been impractical to clean them. We tossed them into the frying pan, headless but otherwise intact, and ate everything, bones and all.

The family record for minis-

cule fish was a double limit of thirty Colorado brookies proudly carried into camp one evening by Dad and my brother—in a two-pound coffee can.

Dad claimed that smaller fish were better eating. I'm not sure how he came to that conclusion; it implies that he had caught and tasted larger fish. But if he ever landed one over twelve or thirteen inches, I never heard about it. (He did send me a photo once, showing him holding a huge fish, which stretched from his chest to his knees. I was awestruck until a careful examination of the picture revealed a slight gap between his clenched fists and the rope in the fish's mouth. It was, in truth, a photograph of a normal, ten-inch trout, hanging from a tree just in front of the camera, while Dad did his slightly-out-of-line acting job fifteen feet away.)

He claimed he did not even want to catch a big fish; he said he was afraid it might spoil him for the small-stream fishing he enjoyed so much. He probably even believed that claim, but the look on his face the day he had to release a twenty-inch northern pike because it was two inches short of legal told me differently.

A "big" fish, or something fishy? While in the army around 1954, Les received this photo from his father.

Notice the line running from the fish's mouth to an unseen tree limb above, and how the fish is out of alignment with his hands.



PHOTO COURTESY OF LESTANMER

Dad made everything an adventure, and that included bait-gathering. If worms were it, he took just the right tool, to just the right corner of the garden, which had been watered just right to attract worms of just the right flavor and size. As he dug each one out, he would comment on its fish-catching potential. If grasshoppers were it—they were his favorite bait whenever they were available—he would stalk them one at a time, wait until they were settled, stun them with a flick of a fly swatter, and incarcerate them in a salmon-egg jar.

Bait and gear gathered and placed in their proper locations in his small pickup, Dad would drive to the creek-of-the-day and park in some shade.

And then...

I can see him now, although it has been many years since we last fished together. On would go his old gray fishing hat and the tattered creel,

and down he would clamber to the water. A single split shot would be placed on the leader at a point exactly ten inches above the size-eight

bait-holder hook. On the hook would go a worm, hooked just once through the collar, allowing it to appear natural, or a grasshopper.

Just an ordinary fisherman... A man whose ninety years were filled with the wonder of the world in which he lived, and worked, and fished.

Following his lifelong set of trout-fishing rules—"Don't let your shadow fall across the pool; move quietly; keep out of sight; always fish upstream"—he would crouch down, slip up behind a rock or bush, let out just the right amount of line, and gently and accurately flip the baited hook into the exact square inch of water most likely to be guarded by a hungry trout. And often enough, but not so often as to become monotonous, out would come a silvery rainbow, or a golden brown, or a spotted cutthroat, or a colorful brookie. The trout would be measured on his palm and, should it pass the test, be eventually and carefully placed in the creel, nestled in some fresh grass or leaves from a streamside willow, destined for a not-too-distant frying pan. That accomplished, he would work his way to the next likely-looking lair and repeat the

process. Evening would find him tired and content, with a creel somewhat heavier than when he started, ready to do it all over again when the next opportunity arose.

Just an ordinary fisherman.

Just an ordinary

man whose ninety years were spent quietly and constantly being a friend to, and loving, and being loved by, his family and those whose lives he

touched. A man whose ninety years were filled with the wonder of the world in which he lived, and worked, and fished.

During the last two or three years of his life, I tried several times to get Dad out fishing again. Each time, he politely but stubbornly refused. His body wouldn't allow him to clamber over the rocks and through the willows anymore, and just sitting on the bank of a pond or in a boat simply would not do; that really wasn't fishing.

But somewhere, I am sure, at this very moment, a cold and clear stream rushes, splashing over smooth, white rocks, and pouring down into dark blue pools. In the depth of those pools, small trout are darting back and forth. The grass and brush along the edges of the stream are fresh and green; the hum of insects and the songs of birds fill the air. A breeze whispers softly in the nearby pines, and the water sparkles in the sunlight. Behind a streamside willow is an ageless man with a peaceful look on his stubbled face, wearing a weathered hat and a bulging canvas creel. He is preparing to make another cast with an old brown fishing rod.

Take care, now; don't let your shadow fall across the pool and spook the fish. If you watch quietly, you may see him catch one. But even if he does, it probably won't be very large; after all, he's just an ordinary fisherman.

Les Tanner lives in Caldwell.

Winter treasures at Coeur d'Alene Lake

By Susan E. Mitchell

When winter arrives in northern Idaho, it does not arrive alone. As outdoor lovers of the Coeur d'Alene area have discovered, with the first snowfall in mid-December come the cold temperatures, the winds, and the great American eagle, the majestic symbol of our country.

Each winter the Kokanee salmon fight their way through the waters until they reach the northeast section of Coeur d'Alene Lake, specifically Wolf Lodge Bay, Blue Creek Bay, and Beauty Bay. It is the end of the maturation cycle for the landlocked fish, and they swim to this area to spawn and then die. In the early stages of this spawning cycle, it is easy to spot the fish flopping at the surface, sometimes lifting completely out of the water. Evidence of their numbers can be seen on the beaches around the area, which by mid-December are littered with remnants of dead fish.

As the salmon die, the bald eagles are waiting for them, eager for the easy meals they can grasp from the surface of the water. Kokanee salmon firmly clutched in their huge, yellow talons, the eagles soar to the

trees surrounding the lake and begin their feasts, all the while keeping a wary eye on the curious onlookers who hike the trails on Higgins Point and Mineral Ridge.

The duration of the eagles' stay is short, from mid-December until close to the end of January, so mark your calendar for a road trip next year. The eagles' numbers vary each year.

Sometimes well over one hundred of them are perched in the trees or soaring high on the winds in apparent play. The eagles are always delightful to watch as they dive to the surface of the lake, catching the salmon in their fierce talons.

Of particular interest to many are the young eagles, very different in their markings from the adults. The youngsters' dark brown and mottled cream coloring changes as they mature. The younger eagles have light coloring on the underside of

their wings and chests, and the older birds have dark coloring, while their heads and tails begin to turn white. An eagle just bordering on adulthood still has a few dark feathers on its face that look just slightly like a black mask.

As the eagles reach maturity, their heads and tail feathers become completely white until they match their parents. This process takes about five years, and residents who walk the trails around the viewing

As outdoor lovers of the Coeur d'Alene area have discovered, with the first snowfall in mid-December come the cold temperatures, the winds, and the great American eagle, the majestic symbol of our country.

areas can spot eagles of all ages, and even families of eagles, some with two youngsters who closely follow their parents.

As with any youngster, there is often comedy involved. On

more than one occasion, I have seen an adult eagle catch a fish, only to be surprised by an eager intruding youngster who chooses to eat the parent's catch rather than work for his own meal. As they spin in flight, each



PHOTO BY SUSAN E. MITCHELL

trying to hold on to the newly-found meal, it is anyone's guess which eagle will end up with the catch.

Sometimes they both lose, and the fish tumbles back to the water to serve as lunch for another bald eagle.

While the immature eagles are a pleasure to watch, the spectacular beauty and regal presence of the adult bald eagle provide the thrill in winter at the northeast corner of Coeur d'Alene Lake. Whether they are flying on the winds or resting in the trees and snags around the lake, they have become a special treasure to those who make the short trek from Coeur d'Alene to watch them. With wingspans of close to seven feet, bald eagles are truly impressive birds.

Because this event has occurred

ABOVE: *Fresh catch—a bald eagle clutches its lunch during a dive bomb at Coeur d'Alene Lake.*

RIGHT: *The bald eagle is a winter legacy on the northeast corner of the lake.*

for several years, Idaho Fish and Game sets up tents where they play host to many bird watchers of all ages. They provide information and occasionally a hot drink to warm up the trail-walkers who hike the paths, often in cold, windy conditions. All this so visitors might take advantage of the spectacular sight of these birds in flight.

Whatever the distance, it's worth the drive and the time to see these great American eagles. Newcomers,



PHOTO BY SUSAN E. MITCHELL

however, beware of the cold, and bundle up. While the frosty winter weather seems to have no effect on the eagles, the same cannot be said for those of us who walk the paths to observe nature's beauty.

Susan E. Mitchell lives in Hayden Lake.

H A Y

An aerial photograph showing a vast landscape. In the upper right, a large, dark blue lake (Hayden Lake) is visible, surrounded by forested hills. Below the lake, a dense residential area (Hayden) is spread out, characterized by numerous small buildings, roads, and green spaces. The foreground shows a mix of urban development and open fields.

Aerial photographer Jim Van Sky of Big Country Helicopters sees even more than the bird's-eye view of Hayden and Hayden Lake. Hayden's incorporated area has grown from its original 440 acres (less than one square mile) in 1955, to more than eight square miles in 2004.

D E N

An aerial photograph of a mountain lake, likely Hayden Lake, with a town visible in the foreground. The lake is dark blue and surrounded by forested mountains. The town below has a mix of residential and commercial buildings, with a prominent white building in the center. The overall scene is captured from a high altitude, looking down on the landscape.

By Jerry Manter

There aren't many people who enjoy history as much as Nancy Morris does.

The longtime north Idahoan lives, breathes, and sleeps history. But even Morris, chair of the Hayden Historic Preservation Commission, is pretty blunt when it comes to studying Hayden's history: there's not a lot of it.

"I remember in the 1950s when there wasn't a town," Morris said. "It was just Hayden Lake."

As beautiful and pristine as the mountain lake may be, Hayden and Hayden Lake are officially two separate, self-governing towns. Take a stroll to the Hayden Public Library, or better yet, research the Idaho State Historical Society, the state's premier historical haven, and findings will come up short. No shortage of fun, interesting facts about Hayden Lake, though.

Finding information on the actual city of Hayden, however, is another story.

PHOTO BY JIM VAN SKY, BIGCOUNTRYHELICOPTERS.COM



PHOTO BY MIKE KINCAID

Still in its infancy

It's still relatively young compared to most Idaho towns. Once known as Hayden Village, the town is only about fifty years old—incorporated June 27, 1955, it was merely a speck on Government Way.

"At first it was just a bedroom community," Morris said. "We're now just getting it."

Gerry House, with the Hayden Historic Commission, is a fourth-generation native who lived his early life near Honeysuckle Beach at the west end of Hayden Lake and two miles east of Hayden City Hall. He has lived on property that's been in his family for more than seventy years. When it comes to knowing Hayden history, he's one of the best.

"It is impossible to separate the history of Hayden from that of Hayden Lake and the Rathdrum prairie to the west of the city," House said. "Most of the area currently in the city of Hayden was known as 'Hayden Lake' and is still called that by many of the old-timers."

House's paternal grandparents came from Texas and Colorado around the turn of the century and settled near the Jim Creek area on the east end of Hayden Lake. Jim Creek is named after his grandfather, Jim House, who also gained land under the Homestead Act. Hayden Lake, which had a population of about 600 in 2005, started as Hayden Lake Village in the late 1940s by mostly Spokane summer-home visitors. Over time, a few locals began to

actually run the "town," House said.

Several developments on Hayden Lake helped establish the town, giving the area its unique character, which stands out to this day. A wealthy mining magnate, C.B. King, developed the Hayden Lake Country Club in the late 1880s, House said. King's efforts resulted in the development of a resort area near the current site of the Hayden Lake Country Club. The area also saw a horse race track and was later developed into the region's first eighteen-hole golf course.

"The most famous member was Bing Crosby," House said. "Crosby spent many summers in the area in the '40s and '50s and owned a couple of homes on Hayden Lake."

Just like the country club, the lake's F. Lewis Clark Mansion (now known as the Clark House) has long been a regional attraction for the Hayden area. The mansion was built in 1910 as a summer home for Clark and his wife, Winifred. At the time, it was the most expensive house in Idaho. The 15,000-square-foot mansion was scheduled for destruction in a burn exercise by the county fire department in 1988. Monty Danner purchased the home in 1989, however, and with his associate Rod Palmer, restored it as an inn. Located about four miles southeast of Hayden on the shores of Hayden Lake, it's often used for catering parties and weddings throughout the year.

From Heyden to Hayden

The town's name found its way to the region in 1878 when Matt Heyden settled the area and built a farm. Legend has it that Heyden was always down for a game of cards with friends, and it's been said that he won the naming rights of the mountain lake with his card skills. Historical buffs aren't sure when Heyden welcomed an "a" to its current spelling, but over the years the newer name of "Hayden" seemed to catch on.

House said that at the time it was incorporated, Hayden had only a couple of businesses. "The purpose of formation for both Hayden and Hayden Lake was that the small towns

"It still has that 'small-town' feel and a quality of life that is enviable to most people," McIntire said. "We have all of the services that anyone would need in a large city, and yet the hometown atmosphere of a smaller community."

needed to be incorporated into a municipality in order to get liquor licenses for local businesses," House said.

The "Hayden Village" of 1950 had an estimated population of 718. In 1990, the population was around 3,800. Now, a half-century old, the growing town in the heart of the panhandle boasts a population of about 13,000 and has no signs of slowing down. Hayden is most easily accessed via the Highway 95 curve that takes drivers on a scenic route through Oregon and Washington and past Spokane. Getting to Hayden from lower parts entails a long drive; it's about seven hours north of Boise, and the quickest way to

Hayden from eastern Idaho is through Montana (about 530 miles from Pocatello).

And yes, said Ron McIntire, the town's mayor of six years, it's definitely worth visiting. "It still has that 'small-town' feel and a quality of life that is enviable to most people," McIntire said. "We have all of the services that anyone would need in a large city, and yet the hometown atmosphere of a smaller community."

OPPOSITE: *A floatplane lands on Hayden Lake.*

BELOW, LEFT AND RIGHT: *The lavish, 15,000-square-foot Clark House in 1978. F. Lewis Clark disappeared in 1914, leaving his wife, Winifred, to care for the estate. She was broke by 1922, and the bank took possession. The mansion housed church groups, a boys' home, and the U.S. Navy, and was even scheduled for destruction in a fire training exercise in 1988.*



PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Hayden: a village community

Town officials have worked hard establishing Hayden's identity. Many of the most visible sections of the town rest on the shoulders of Highway 95 and Government Way. Local businesses are striving to highlight and share all of the town's offerings.

"Many of us envision Hayden's business community as being a large variety of small businesses," said Cathy Smith, president of the Hayden Chamber of Commerce. "A 'village' where people come to walk, shop, and generally share experiences. A variety of places to dine, maybe even dance, unique shops, heirlooms, and an inviting atmosphere where you want to visit and maybe even live."

Smith said the chamber has been working non-stop to see its members prosper in north Idaho.

"A 'village' where people come to walk, shop, and generally share experiences. A variety of places to dine, maybe even dance, unique shops, heirlooms, and an inviting atmosphere where you want to visit and maybe even live."

The number of members, approaching 150, is growing steadily. Smith said the chamber looks not only at business development, but looks at "business continuing ... so that they may continue to grow and to pass that legacy on. I believe it makes for a stronger and healthier community in general."

Living in Kootenai County, one of the hottest and fastest-growing counties in Idaho, does bring its share of worthy challenges. Residential and commercial developers are quick to buy, lease, and sell as fast as they can. City officials, trying to manage city goals, would probably agree that it's a "worthy challenge."

"Our biggest challenge is defining how new growth will incorporate into the existing communi-



PHOTO COURTESY OF IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



PHOTO COURTESY OF HAYDEN CITY HALL



ABOVE: *Members of the local Shriners Club wave during the Hayden Days parade. The bicycle has become a crowd pleaser over the years.*

OPPOSITE, LEFT: *Hayden Lake grade school students pose for a class picture in 1916.*

OPPOSITE, RIGHT: *A couple enjoys an evening at Honeysuckle Beach, a city-owned and -operated park.*

ty without negatively impacting our culture or our infrastructure,” Mayor McIntire said. “We are implementing a broad series of strategic plans, involving citizens along the way, and redefining our existing land-use codes to ensure growth occurs how the community wants to see it.”

And as president of the chamber, Smith said she and the chamber will likely face ongoing challenges to make sure the town continues to make positive strides toward the future.

“I fell in love with this town, this community, way back when,” Smith said. “I would like only that it grow responsibly. I will work hard to help however I can to ensure that we not lose our warmth, our ‘heart,’ as you might call it.”

Look forward, but preserve the past

Morris, House and other members of the historic commission have been working with the City of Hayden to restore the original Steele homestead house, the oldest known historic structure in the area. The goal is to move this house to Hayden-owned property near the city center.

“We know that we have a lot of work ahead of us in gathering and preserving historic information and artifacts that go back over 130 years,” House said.

And while Hayden officials are doing everything possible to remember the past, they aren’t forgetting about the future, either.

McIntire said there’s a lot of work to be done during his remaining time in office, and he’s confident he and his staff will do everything possible to achieve those goals.

“We seek to preserve our natural resources, our scenic vistas, pockets of open space, and small agricultural uses in and around our city while managing growth and encouraging a diversity of land use,” McIntire said. “We will accomplish this through community involvement and a well-defined strategic plan that guides community leaders in the allocation of city resources.”



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The mayor and the city also have visions of establishing a true downtown in the coming years. The revitalization of Hayden's downtown core, McIntire said, will create a pedestrian shopping district and accentuate the community's small-town appeal. Other future projects include a community theater, community center, and a possible ice hockey rink.

"With an aggressive open-space policy, we believe we will offer a quality of life that many will seek for years to come," the mayor said.

The new downtown will also act as a big stepping-stone for the area's businesses, the chamber said. "This will be an incredible challenge for our chamber during the next few years while this is happening," Smith said. The city has established a committee to make the transition as smooth as possible.

Gateway to north Idaho recreation

Nestled just eight miles north of Coeur d'Alene, Hayden has for several years been able to attract the masses of eager homeowners looking to claim a stake in the pristine area. Coeur d'Alene has often received the majority of the national spotlight, including being featured in 2005 on the daytime talk show *The View*. But Hayden won't take a back seat in any travel magazine features or talk show spots.

Hayden is "located along Hayden Lake and maintains and operates one of only two recreational lake public beaches in the area," McIntire said. "In addition, we are uniquely located near many recreational opportunities, such as



PHOTO BY KEVIN WELCH



ABOVE: *Chris Parker launches an invert while wakeboarding on Hayden Lake. Chris is a wakeboarding instructor at Camp MiVoden, a summer youth and family camp on Hayden Lake.*

OPPOSITE: *Nick Evanson barefoots hands-free. He is the waterski-wakeboard director at Camp MiVoden.*

Silverwood Theme Park, Triple Play Family Fun Center, and Raptor Reef indoor water park—all regional attractions. We are centrally located between three of the area's ski areas for winter recreation, and are only an hour-and-a-half away from the Canadian border."

It's a regional haven for fun and relaxing opportunities, but there are several reasons to stay in town, too. One of the region's most popular weekend ventures is the seasonal Kootenai County Farmer's Market, which boasts some of the finest homegrown foods in the region. The idea of "market-fresh" isn't popular around Highway 95 and Prairie Avenue, the area the market calls home. This produce, fresh-baked bread, and other goods are literally baked, picked, or

packed the morning of the market. It's that good. One of the town's most popular annual events is its summer celebration, Hayden Days, which includes a parade, classic car show, live music, and games for children in the town park.

North Idaho is a haven for outdoor enthusiasts. Whether it's fishing (one angler caught a nineteen-pound rainbow trout in Hayden Lake in 1947), skiing, boating, or hunting, Hayden has long been a premier launching pad for sportsmen.

Some of the region's finest outdoor adventures are just a short drive away. Hayden's location offers the opportunity to ski Silver Mountain, Lookout Pass, Schweitzer Mountain, and Mount Spokane. During the summer, Silverwood Theme Park has also established itself as a regional destination. It also is a quick drive for those heading toward Montana.

"We are very much the gateway to recreation in the north Idaho area," Smith said.

Jerry Manter recently moved to Boise from the Coeur d'Alene area.



Raptor Reef at Triple Play thrills swimmers with tube slides, a wave pool, and a retractable roof for good weather days.

PHOTO COURTESY OF TRIPLE PLAY

H A Y D E N

Attractions

- > Honeysuckle Beach
- > City Hall Park
- > Triple Play Family Fun Center
- > Raptor Reef indoor water park
- > Kootenai County Library
- > Clark House country inn
- > Avondale on Hayden golf course

Calendar of Events

March through October	Kootenai County Farmer's Market
April tba	Easter Egg Hunt
July 24-29	Hayden Days
tba	Taste of Hayden
tba	Classic Car Show

For more information, contact the Hayden/Hayden Lake Chamber of Commerce at (208) 762.1185, or visit online at www.haydenchamber.org

Annual physical

By Merle Kearsley

My husband had recently retired from the Air Force, and it had been years since I'd seen a civilian doctor. After our move to the Salmon River country, I decided to get acquainted with one, just in case I got sick and needed

medical attention. My appointment was for 10:00 that morning and I was waiting for Glenn to come and watch the post office at Shoup. It was up to me to find someone when I needed help, as the U.S. Post Office wouldn't send

a clerk fifty miles for just a couple hours. Glenn, a retired pharmacist, was capable of substituting for a few hours. Besides, he'd

helped me get the job.

The first snow had fallen and the air was crisp as Glenn Hegsted parked beside the building. "Good to see you," I said. "The mail is all sacked and ready for Frank to pick it up."

I looked around the room and noted it was decorated with deer and antelope heads. A mounted steelhead and other trophies hung on the opposite wall. I figured the doctor had been a regular customer of the local taxidermist and placed his trophies in the waiting room, probably because his wife wouldn't allow them in the family room at home.

"Anything else I need to care for?" he asked.

"No. When he brings the return sacks, just lock them in

the cage, and I'll take care of them before they're due out Monday."

"I'll just sit here and read 'til you get back."

"OK. You know where the stamps are, but I doubt if you'll have any customers. I'll see you this afternoon."

The drive to Salmon was uneventful but pleasant. Everything looked fresh and clean under the new blanket of snow. I parked in front of the medical center and entered the office. I identified myself, and the receptionist asked, "Have you been in before?"

"No. This is my first time."

She handed me a clipboard and pen. I sat down and filled out a questionnaire. It had the usual questions: name, age, previous illnesses. When I finished, I handed it back to the receptionist and took a seat to wait my turn.

I didn't recognize either of the other two women waiting, but we smiled and nodded anyway. I looked around the room and



ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

noted it was decorated with deer and antelope heads. A mounted steelhead and other trophies

hung on the opposite wall. I figured the doctor had been a regular customer of the local taxider-

mist and placed his trophies in the waiting room, probably because his wife wouldn't allow them in the family room at home.

I picked up an old magazine and thumbed through it. Somebody had torn out a couple of recipes, leaving a short story without an end. A few cartoons were intact, which gave me a smile before I returned the magazine to a table.

"The doctor will see you now," the nurse said, looking in my direction. I stood and followed her down the hall into a small room where she handed me a skimpy gown. "Put this on. It ties in front." She returned a few minutes later, took my blood pressure and weighed me, then left me alone.

The door opened and Dr. Blackadar entered. He was a fine-looking man about fiftyish. Suntanned and muscular, he was clearly an outdoorsman. He gave me a wide smile and told me, "Sit up on the table." I slid up and sat facing him.

He glanced at the almost empty chart and asked, "Now, what did you want to see me about?"

"I'm overdue on my annual physical and new in the area, so thought I'd come in for a checkup and get acquainted with you, in case I get sick."

He gave an approving nod.

"Open your mouth."

Depressing my tongue, he peered inside. Next he listened to my heart.

"The doctor will see you now," the nurse said, looking in my direction. I stood and followed her down the hall into a small room where she handed me a skimpy gown.

I recognized the voice of George McDonald, a neighbor who worked for the Forest Service, coming from the waiting room. "Excuse me," said the doctor as he left the room.

At least ten minutes passed as I waited for the doctor to return to finish the exam. Finally the door opened and the nurse came in. "Why are you

still here?" she asked.

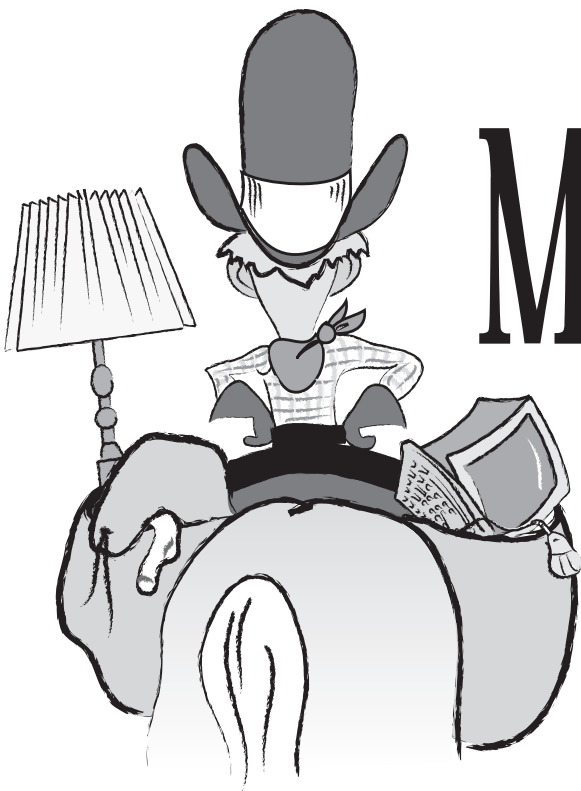
"I'm waiting for the doctor to complete my physical."

She shook her head. "The doctor's gone. Mr. McDonald came in and told him he'd seen some fresh cougar tracks down by the river this morning."

"He left?"

"Yes. He went to get his dogs so he could join the chase." I dressed, went back to the receptionist, and made a new appointment with the other doctor.

Merle Kearsley lives in Idaho Falls.



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Excerpt from Rodeo Idaho!

By Louise Shadduck

Western history is filled with women who were more than capable of contending with the wilderness experience. They dealt with the Indians, helped clear and till the land, insisted on building schools and churches as soon as the family homes were up, and raised their families right along with the garden, the chickens, and horses. Always there were horses. Usually the entire family learned to ride. The girls were not an exception and as rodeo evolved so did the women riders. Idaho had its share of those who rose to stardom in the sport. Many became champion riders.

*Bonnie
McCarroll*

Bonnie McCarroll's first memory of what the future held for her as a world-champion bronco rider was that of her mother on horseback, carrying Bonnie in her arms as they rode over their vast Idaho rangeland. Riding the range, breaking wild horses, entering and winning arena events until she became one of the country's most decorated queens was the life of Bonnie McCarroll. The log cabin where Bonnie Treadwell was born in 1897 was smack-dab in the middle of her grandparents' 2,000-acre cattle ranch in High Valley, south of the little town of McCall on the shores of Payette Lake. The number of horses and cattle nearly equaled the number of acres on the ranch and gave Bonnie every opportunity to ride and form a colorful vision of her future as a bronco buster. Her grandparents joined the parents in unqualified encouragement. By the age of ten she was an excellent rider. In that tal-

ent, she followed her mother, an experienced horsewoman.

One of Bonnie's earliest thrills in the saddle was on a mustang (wild horse) that her mother was taming. The animal appeared to be gentle and Bonnie pled to ride. As soon as she was in the saddle, "he gave a start and away he went down the mountainside just as hard as ever he could run." As she recalled, he ran over rocks and fallen timber for nearly a mile, but she held on and finally pulled him to a stop. Then she headed him back to the ranch where her family was anxiously waiting. Even at age ten, that ride was so exciting that it was a harbinger of what she would do with her life. By the time she was fourteen she could ride nearly any unbroken horse on that gigantic ranch.

When she finally persuaded her reluctant father to let her ride one of the wildest, he handed her the reins and said, "You are a girl so we'll give you two reins instead of one." As she mounted the bronc, he began to act, she said, "like a wildcat," and she was able to hang on for about five seconds. "All at once I seemed to grow wings. Up, up I

PHOTO COURTESY OF LOUISE SHADDUCK AND WESER MUSEUM



When Women Rode Brones and Bulls

Note the silk blouse and fringed skirt worn by Mildre Douglas as she rides a wild steer at an earlyday Weiser Roundup.



DOUGLAS RIDING WILD STEER

© 1900 W. H. H. & C. O.



PHOTO COURTESY OF LOUISE SHADDOCK AND WEISER MUSEUM

When cowgirls were permitted to ride bucking broncs, they often "bit the dirt." In this now-famous photo, Bonnie McCarroll is thrown from "Silver" at a Pendleton Roundup. Although often cited as the photo where she received fatal injuries, this picture was shot much earlier. "Silver" appears to be taking a walk on his hind legs.

soared and even turned a somersault, and the earth seemed about ten miles below. I went to sleep and when I woke up I was in bed." Her father said, "You loosened up on your knee grip. Don't do it again or you'll hurt yourself." Never again did she loosen her knee grip.

Soon she was riding in the Idaho State Fair at Boise. Ed McCarthy owned the string of horses performing at the fair, and Bonnie convinced him she should ride one of the buck-

ing broncs after the show. She remembered that she managed to stay on top of a tough little bronc called Bear Cat. She put on a fairly good ride until Bear Cat bucked against the barn wall, stumbled, and fell. Nearby cowboys dragged her from the saddle. She was badly bruised and shaken. Even so, she made up her mind right then that she would never quit riding until she became a champion. And a champion she became.

It was at the Idaho State Fair and Rodeo at Boise where she first met the man who became her husband, Frank McCarroll. She and some of her friends were complaining that the arena events were unusually dull, "when suddenly an angry steer came bellowing out of the chute and went charging across the field with two men galloping after it." The man

who dove from the saddle to the head of the steer and bulldogged it within thirty seconds was Frank McCarroll.

The year before Bonnie and Frank were married in 1916, she signed on for her first professional rodeo in Vancouver, British Columbia. She rode six different horses in as many events and won second place. During the final ride, the horse she had been assigned fell on her, and she was so badly bruised that she was unable to walk for two weeks. In true cowgirl style, she felt that despite the injuries she was well on her way to becoming the champion she had set as her goal.

She won first place and the women's world championship bronc rider trophy at the Madison Square Garden Rodeo in 1922. The next year she was back in New York for the huge rodeo at Yankee stadium.

Awed fans returned for five consecutive days to watch the rodeo star conquer a string of the wildest mustangs without a mishap. She continued her series of world championship bucking contest wins at Cheyenne Frontier Days, besting ten other cowgirls. She continued to ride "slick."

Bonnie realized how dangerous rodeo could be and remembered her closest call with death in 1923 in the Detroit, Michigan stadium. A horse extremely hard to handle had been given her and she did well until the ride was nearly over. As the bronc neared the wall, the pickup rider (whose job it is to catch and hold the bucking horse when the event is over, permitting the rider to dismount), thinking the horse might hit the wall and fall, grabbed the reins from Bonnie and jerked so hard that the bronc lost his stance and fell to his knees. Bonnie was thrown loose from

the saddle and, in falling, loosened her grip while her right foot was still in the stirrup. Her foot flew up and caught the spur behind the cantle board in the back of the saddle, locking it tight. In the meantime, the

horse regained his footing and started bucking and kicking, again dragging her by one foot. The pickup man was still holding the reins, trying to stop the bucking bronc and manage his own mount all at the same time.

As Bonnie's head neared the ground, she threw out her hands to protect her face and managed to

grasp the tail of the pickup man's horse, and held herself up from the heels of both horses. Within seconds several cowboys, including Frank, rushed to her rescue and freed her foot.

The McCarrolls were married in 1916. Years later, in one of her last interviews, she said, "I have won the championships at Chicago and Cedar Rapids, Michigan, making me a winner at every worthwhile rodeo ever pulled in the world." No cowgirl could have realized any greater ambition. It was in 1924 that the McCarrolls were invited to perform before the King and Queen of England, as well as before the Queen of Spain and her twin daughters, in Wimbledon stadium. Bonnie came away with the World Championship Cup won in the international cowgirl bucking contest, a portion of the \$75,000 prize money, and England's

prestigious Lord Selfridge trophy.

Bonnie McCarroll was Idaho's first woman national rodeo champion, and so accomplished that she made the sport look much easier than it was, and twice as exciting. Her abilities

led other women riders into the profession. She was riding slick in the 1929 Pendleton Roundup on the afternoon of September 19 when her horse was knocked down by the horse of her pickup man. She was hurtled back and forth, and finally thrown free when her horse stumbled and fell. The numbed crowd gasped

when she landed on her head and suffered multiple injuries. She was rushed to the Pendleton hospital but never regained consciousness. She died on Sunday evening, September 29. Her rodeo champion husband, her mother, Mrs. Alice Beaumont of Boise, and her brother, Ike D. Treadwell, were with her during the final hours of her life.

Newspapers throughout the country joined Bonnie's friends and family in mourning her death. Both the *Boise Capital News* and the *Idaho Statesman* carried banner headlines. One photo caption read, in part, "Her accomplishments in rodeos throughout the world have carried the fame of Boise to distant lands, and her home city has been a deeply interested spectator of her courageous ten-day fight for life in the Pendleton hospital. This was to have been her last year in the saddle, her husband, Frank, having at last gained her promise to quit the rodeo trail which made both of the McCarrolls famous." Mementos of her rodeo life buried with her included a prize gold-en pin of a steer head with diamond eyes. The pearl-gray sombrero she wore during her final ride, along with the boots and spurs, were placed on top of the coffin.

Freita P. Halsted of Boise is often contacted for information on Bonnie, and memories are still vivid. She told Pam McLary, also of Boise and now associated with the Cowgirl Hall of Fame, that she thinks often of Bonnie's house at Third and Broad streets. She remembers Bonnie's handsome palomino Montez and the excitement the neighbors experienced when rodeo stars, including Tom Mix

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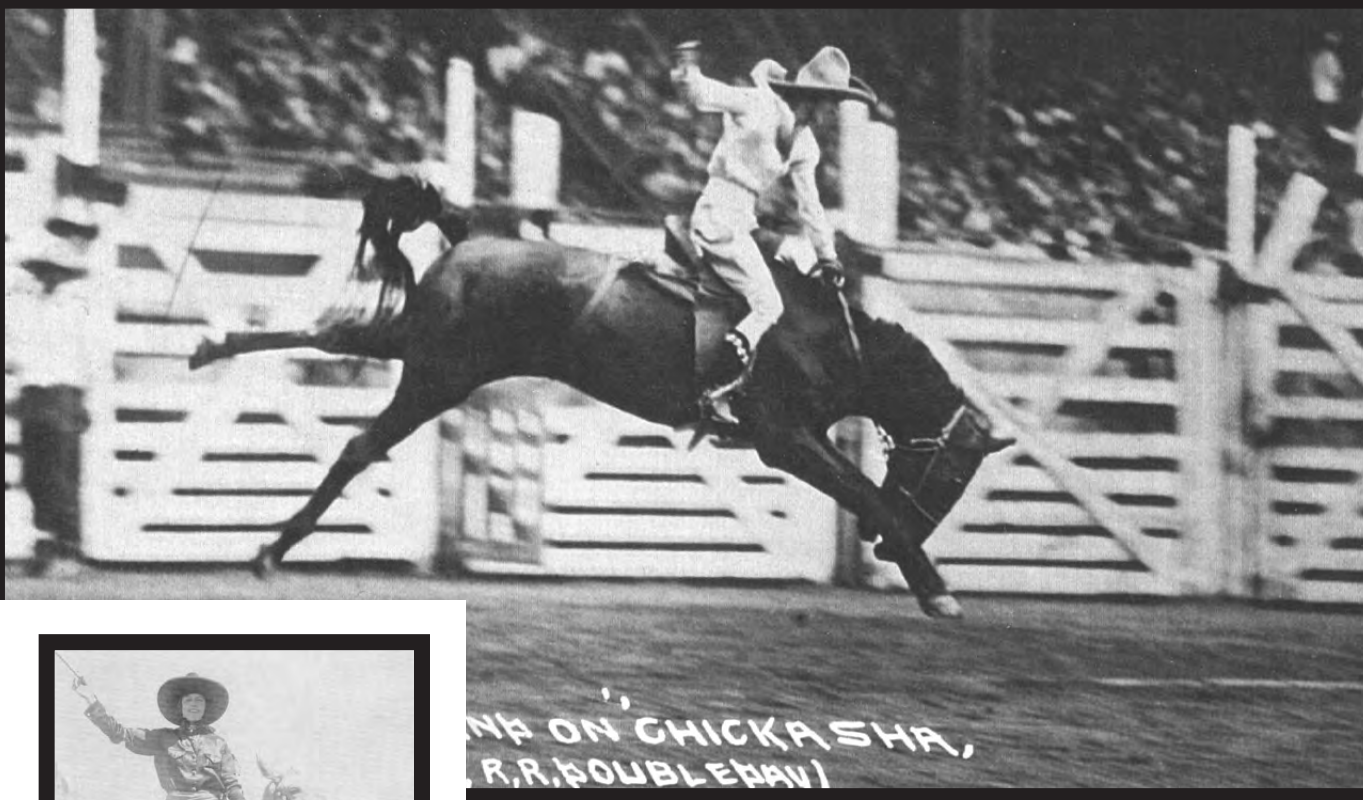


PHOTO COURTESY OF LOUISE SHADDOCK AND WEISER MUSEUM

ABOVE: *Mabel Strickland on "Chickasha."*

INSET: *Mabel Strickland, wife of Hugh Strickland, also an outstanding rodeo performer, was popular on the many circuits they rode. She competed with the best in bucking bronc riding and trained her horse to perform many tricks.*



PHOTO COURTESY OF LOUISE SHADDOCK AND WEISER MUSEUM

and Yakima Canutt, came to visit the McCarrolls. When Bonnie assured Frank that she would retire from rodeo and settle down, building began on their Spanish-style home on Crescent Rim Drive. It was still under construction when she died, and it later became the home of Gordon and Nelle MacGregor. The site now holds the impressive home of Velma Morrison and John Hockberger.

Hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles have been and are

continuing to be published about Bonnie McCarroll's life and death. Most of them state that many changes for America's rodeo cowgirl began with her tragic death. It is cited as the major factor in bringing an end to women's bronc riding contests. Carrie Singleton, writing in *Northwest Magazine*, July 11, 1976, ended her article "The Powder Puff Buckaroos," with: "The last Cowgirl Bucking Championship was held in 1929. The death of a popular cowgirl, Bonnie McCarroll—due to

injuries suffered when she was thrown in the bucking competition—brought to a close one of the most captivating events in the history of the Pendleton Roundup."

Bonnie now rests in a silent grave in Morris Hill Cemetery not far from the spot she and Frank chose for their home. From the first bench overlooking the Boise valley she loved, the cemetery is a place visited by hundreds of people each year. Many walk by the simple granite headstone lying flush with the grass that bears the simple message: "Bonnie McCarroll Sept. 29, 1929." Most do not give the headstone a second glance.

But once in a while, a visiting old-timer, to whom rodeo is a large part of Idaho, will tip his Stetson as he pauses at Bonnie's grave, in silent salute to the greatest cowgirl.

Mabel Strickland

In all the rosters of outstanding rodeo cowgirls, Mabel Strickland was always at or near the top. She was that rare cowgirl who vied against the cowboys in steer roping. Not only was she a tough competitor, but often the winner. Official records were not kept before 1929, and much of her riding history has been lost in the shuffle. Under the heading "Pips and Chips" by Art Jones in the *Deadwood* (Black Hills, South Dakota) *Magazine* of April 2000 appeared: "Had official records been kept prior to 1929, Mabel Strickland would have won more world titles than any of her contemporaries. A proficient bronc and steer rider, trick rider and steer roper, Mabel performed for twenty years at every major rodeo in the country, attracting large crowds whenever she appeared. She was only thirteen when she began her twenty-five year career in Walla Walla, Washington, and made her first Pendleton appearance at the age of fifteen."

She was born Mabel Delong in 1897 in Walla Walla, where she spent her childhood. From the beginning, horses were a big part of her life. Her father was a boot maker, and she met many cowboy

patrons in his shop. Her father put her on a horse when she was three, and she was determined that was where she wanted to spend much of the rest of her outdoor life. While still a tot, she became fascinated with rodeo and all its trappings. From thirteen she studied trick riding and by sixteen was winning prizes. When she graduated from Walla Walla High School in 1916, she entered rodeos as a relay racer in Boise, Idaho Falls, Pendleton, and other towns.

Through the rodeo route she met handsome Hugh Strickland of Idaho, and they were married in 1918. They traveled together while both were riding the rodeo circuits, and during their free time from rodeo were at home in Fort Worth, Texas, with their daughter, April. Hugh suffered a

fatal heart attack in 1941. Soon thereafter, Mabel left rodeo. After World War II, she married a Spokane cattleman, Sam Woodward. They later lived in Arizona and she became

involved in the National Appaloosa Horse Club, which had headquarters in Moscow, Idaho. It was January 3, 1976 that the outstanding cowgirl and horsewoman died at seventy-nine in the Buckeye, Arizona hospital.

Mabel was petite and pretty; nearly every article written about her mentioned she was attractive.

Her cowgirl outfits were worn with a flair for style. Standing only five feet, four inches and weighing 112 pounds, it was apparent that she was "born to the saddle." Mabel was popular with the other riders as well as the rodeo goers who packed the grandstands when it was known she was performing. In 1927, she was selected as queen of the Pendleton Roundup, an unusual recognition for a champion rider. Many years later, in 1973, she was the first cowgirl to be named to the Pendleton Roundup Hall of Fame. She was then seventy-six years old.

Her photo and name grace the walls at Cowgirl Hall of Fame in Texas and the Rodeo Hall of Fame in Oklahoma. During the rodeo off-season, she moved to Hollywood and appeared as a stunt rider in films or doubling for stars. She appeared in the film *Rhythm on the Range* with another part-time Idahoan, Bing Crosby, who owned a home at Hayden Lake for many years.

Mabel was the only cowgirl to appear on the souvenir cover of the program for the Cheyenne Frontier Days. Roping the steer in only twenty-four seconds at Cheyenne in 1925, she broke the world record and was named Cowgirl Champion. In 1923 at Cheyenne, she won the relay race and bucking horse contest. In the relay, riders raced around the track at lightning speed, leapt to the ground, saddled a fresh horse, and at full gallop rounded the track for a second time. She was also named champion of the bucking horse contest.

"Had official records been kept prior to 1929, Mabel Strickland would have won more world titles than any of her contemporaries. ..."

Janet Alley Youren

any mother can understand why the mother of Janet Alley Youren of Crouch, Idaho, wanted her to quit roping, barrel racing, and bronc and bull riding—even before one learns that Jan suffered injuries such as a broken nose (ten times), broken cheek bones (eight times), all but one of her ribs broken, a broken back, collapsed lung, bruised heart, skull fracture, and dislocated shoulders. But Jan said she felt vindicated with her rodeo passion when in 1993 she became the first Idaho woman rodeoer to be inducted into the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame. She is in good company with just two other Idaho women receiving that honor: Sacajawea, the Shoshone guide for the Lewis and Clark expedition, and Gertrude Maxwell, an Elk City outfitter, horse trainer, and rodeo participant. Sacajawea was named in 1977, and Maxwell and Youren were inducted together in 1993.

"My mother told me I should quit when I was on the top instead of going down to the bottom. No one knew that I would stay on top for so long," she said. The National Cowgirl Hall of Fame was located in Hereford, Texas, for many years before moving to Fort Worth.

In the 1970s in Idaho, the women's amateur rough stock competition was dying. Youren made up her

... Jan said she felt vindicated with her rodeo passion when in 1993 she became the first Idaho woman rodeoer to be inducted into the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame.

mind that the only way she could compete as she had been doing since she was twelve, was to turn professional. Jan became one of the nation's top competitors, winning the women's world bareback bronc riding title in 1987 and 1991.

She was runner-up for that title in 1992 and 1993, and has had eleven other runners-up in bronc and bull riding. She put as many as 350,000 miles on her truck in two years as she crossed the continent to ride in rodeos that led to the World Finals in Guthrie, Oklahoma. That was where she was named to the Hall of Fame. Jan quit riding bulls after thirty-one years of competition, then focused on bareback riding.

She has a riding school for girls at Garden Valley, to teach those who want to learn to ride rough stock. They come from as far away as Australia. She teaches the youngsters how to jump off

Fancy duds and ten-gallon hats make the cowgirls standouts at an early Weiser rodeo. They competed in the bucking contest.

a bucking horse toward the center of the arena and away from the fence, and how to avoid being struck by the pickup men on horses. Jan speaks from first-hand knowledge when teaching how to avoid the very injuries she has suffered over the years. She tells the girls to "start rolling before you hit the ground. When you are still, the animals can get a real lick and kick on to you."

More than twenty-five years ago, Jan's father was the producer of the rodeo that featured the first all-girl event. Her mother of eight children, four girls and four boys, taught all of them to become experts at rodeo. She smilingly reported that her children were born "between rodeo seasons," and during the season she packed them into the truck and drove thousands of miles to events all over America and Canada.

Louise Shadduck lives in Coeur d'Alene.

PHOTO COURTESY OF LOUISE SHADDUCK AND WEISER MUSEUM



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The little engine that could

By Linda S. Funaiole

She is called Molli Molli, Good Golly Miss Molli, Miss M., or simply Molli, by those who admire and respect her for

her ingenuity and sense of whimsy. There's little this woman of Basque heritage who likes hot peppers and Diet Pepsi™ can't do

Technicians Bruce Vance (behind computer) and Loren Sand prepare computers for distribution to Idaho kids.



PHOTO BY LINDA S. FUNAIOLE

when she puts her mind to it.

As founder, president, and chief executive officer of Computers for Kids Inc., Molli Wingert has turned a garage dream into a reality that puts smiles on the faces of Idaho students who have dreams of their own—dreams of owning their own computers.

Molli has dreams, too, including building a technology center in Boise that will enhance the education of students, teachers, and wannabe computer experts.

But dreams don't come easy. As with many things in life, it's almost always about the money. As a nonprofit program, Computers for Kids relies on the goodwill of the community to meet the needs of the children it serves.

Each computer refurbished and reprogrammed for student use costs the program \$115. Each student is asked to pay a nominal \$35 processing fee that covers the cost of refurbishing, re-licensing through the Microsoft Authorized Refurbisher Program, and the two educational software programs they are given based on their interests and difficulties in the classroom.

The program operates with a bare-bones staff of volunteers and

technicians devoted to ensuring that all students in Idaho have an equal opportunity to own their own computers and excel in today's technology-oriented world.

The staff's dedication is evident on a rainy Tuesday after Columbus Day. Abuzz with activity, they dive into "crunch week," anticipating the delivery of computers to 311 kids in southeastern Idaho. A vagabond group of multi-talented technicians, office staff, and volunteers, the group is in sync in their mission. They are

As founder, president and chief executive officer of Computers for Kids, Inc., Molli Wingert has turned a garage dream into a reality that puts smiles on the faces of Idaho students who have dreams of their own—dreams of owning their own computers.

serious about what they do, but don't hesitate to engage in a little child's play at times to lighten the load and lift spirits.

On this particular Tuesday, files mysteriously disappear, only to re-appear later with corrected names and information. The files are here, there, and everywhere—no longer in alphabetical order—in the staff's own version of "Filegate."

The computer generates list after list of names, class times, and dates, until every kid is counted and every mistake corrected. No child awarded a computer is left behind.

Despite a bad cold and cough, Molli is there, loading computers onto pallets for the trip to eastern Idaho. She and her staff stack, color-code, and shrink-wrap each computer.

The staff, in good nature, picks at one another to make the day pass with joy and to ensure quality work. No one is immune, not even the newest members who must undergo trial by fire to prove their mettle and devotion to the kids. Everyone pitches in; everyone plays along.

The staff had been guessing for months at the number of kids in Idaho Falls and the surrounding rural areas who would eventually get computers. The former secretary, who inputted data, controlled files, answered phone calls, and mailed out applications, had the upper hand. But at the end of the day, the technician who guessed 314 came the closest—311 would get computers.

Molli is happy. Idaho kids and their parents are happy.

Take Marilyn Bingert of Inkomm, whose children Lacy and Thaddeus received a computer. "We're just really excited for the opportunity for the kids to get a computer. We really appreciate what you do," Marilyn said in a

recorded telephone message. A teacher at Inkom Elementary School, she offered to help any way she could.

There's also Celesta Lopez of Caldwell, who offered to volunteer for the program to pay the processing fee for her child. "Saul was so excited when he read about the computers, he came home and gave me the letter about the computer program. Just listening to him describe all the things he could do if he had a computer made me excited," Celesta said. "He was amazed at the price. He was willing to do extra chores, mow lawns. He wanted to ask his grandparents if there was anything he could do to earn money to buy a computer.

"I was proud of the fact that he was willing to earn money to buy it himself, and at the same time so embarrassed that I was unable to buy it for him. Saul knows I'm on a very tight budget, and it's not easy making ends meet," she said.

Sharon Williams of Boise is especially thankful. As she said upon a recent visit to the office, "It's like my kids finally got a Christmas."

The kids call, too, sometimes not revealing who they are. Before the recent distribution of 250 computers donated by Albertson's Inc., a young man called several times to check on the status of his computer, leaving several recorded messages saying only, "It's me." Turns out it was Victor of Glens Ferry. When he



finally got his computer at Bench Plaza, he beamed in gratitude.

These are the kinds of kids and the reasons why the staff works so hard.

What she lacks in stature, Molli makes up for in authority. Her word is Supreme Law. A volunteer herself, she oversees every aspect of the program she envisioned and cherishes. A former teacher's aid in the Boise School District, Molli is a devoted mom to her fourteen-year-old son, Christopher, an eighth-grader who shares his mother's dreams of turning technological castoffs into educational tools.

This dynamo is as comfortable driving a forklift of discard-

The humble office of Computers for Kids, Inc. is located at 2619 Lampert Drive, off Vista Avenue and Cassia Street, in Boise.

ed computers and techno trash on a scorching summer day as she is running the program from an old cinderblock, cold storage building turned computer central in the Old Boise neighborhood surrounding Vista Village. The small, white building that houses Computers for Kids shares its environs with homes lined with decades-old trees.

Nestled behind the steeped Deb's Vista Bar, Computers for Kids is a place where children and parents come to learn computer

basics as well. These kids come not only from urban areas such as Boise and Idaho Falls, but from rural Idaho—Inkom, McCammon, Downey, Lava Hot Springs, Arimo, Preston, Grace, Virginia. Yes, there is a Virginia, Idaho.

Nervous anticipation abounds as kids learn the basics: word processing, spreadsheets, internet access, prevention of computer viruses, and how to use the educational software they are given. Once they have completed an hour-long course, the children and their parents disconnect their computer systems and protectively carry the equipment out the door for the trip home.

Each child takes home a monitor, keyboard, mouse, and computer, all for \$35. The program also provides grayscale and color printers, modems, network cards, and speakers at rock-bottom prices.

All Idaho students in grades K-12 are eligible for computers through Computers for Kids. Along with the application and processing fee, the program requires a page-long essay explaining why the students want a computer, what they plan to use it for, and a brief thank you note to their sponsors.

Nonprofit organizations

throughout the state also rely on the program for low-cost computers. The office receives inquiries daily from schools, churches, government agencies, and others who need computer technology but are on limited budgets.

Computers for Kids seeks sponsors to help subsidize the cost of re-licensing and refurbishing computers, and for the two educational software programs each student is given.

This year alone, Computers for Kids will have awarded up to 1,700 computers to Idaho students. Last August, Computers

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Yes, there is a Virginia, Idaho.**

for Kids and Albertson's Inc. distributed 250 computers to children in the Treasure Valley, thanks to a community partnership designed to enhance Idaho education through computer technology.

Molli and her assistant,

Tammy Gardner, the statewide coordinator, have delivered more than two hundred computers to children in Jerome County, and another two hundred to children in the Coeur d'Alene School District, and to students in the Coeur d'Alene Tribe in Plummer.

In November, Computers for Kids joined forces with Wells Fargo and Micron Technology to get two hundred more computers to Treasure Valley children not served in August. The program also awarded one hundred computers to students in December.

Plans for next year include stops in Twin Falls, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho Falls, and Pocatello; Lewiston will be added in 2007.

To achieve her goals and serve kids, Molli will go the distance. She gives pats on the back for her employees' and volunteers' good work. She recognizes birthdays with cake. She throws farewell parties for those who move on but leave their mark behind.

When she's not running the program, Molli can be seen at Firebird Raceway zooming down the track in her red 1967 Chevy Malibu. Her husband, Steve, and son also race, as do members of Tammy's family. Racing is a fitting hobby for a woman who goes full-throttle for grants, scholarships, supplies, and a new technology center for the program, the kids, and the state she loves.

Linda S. Funaiole lives in Meridian.

Sledding by the old Mercury Mine

By Donna L. Peterson

A persistent patter stirred me from my failed attempts at sleep. Since my husband, Brad, was away on a weekend hunting trip, I was wondering who could possibly be tapping at my window. Cautiously, I peered over the comforter snuggled under my chin. To my amazement, I realized the frosty intruder was merely the first snowflakes of the season heralding their homecoming.

Being the forty-something child at heart that I am, I wiggled my toes into the woolly slippers by my nightstand and scrambled downstairs to take a look out the frost-fringed doorway. Winter had finally arrived.

Just as I turned to head

back upstairs, padded footsteps crept up behind me. "Mom, it's snowing," chirped my nine-year-old son. "Now I can try out the new sled I got for my birthday."

Only a few hours later I found myself sitting on a metal saucer, flying down an icy hill,

screaming as I whizzed past the frosty sagebrush up by the "old" Mercury Mine east of Weiser. My son, David, and his friend, Zane, shushed by, spraying me with snow.

"Hey, Mom!" he shouted, "Isn't this cool?"



ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

mother's memories

I nodded, blind. It was definitely “cool,” in fact, it was downright freezing!

By my eighth time up the hill, all of the youthful zest I had felt had faded. My “water-proof” snow boots were soaked clear through to my insulated socks. My toes were frozen. And the heavy-duty, down-lined gloves I had bought last winter were the only things binding my numb fingers to my purplish hands.

“Boys,” I hollered, “don’t you think it’s time we headed home?”

“Just one more time,” came the all-too-familiar chorus.

Recognizing defeat, I stomped the snow off my boots and climbed into my Blazer. As I leaned back against the cold vinyl seat, the smell of steaming chocolate reminded me I had packed a thermos. With a thankful sigh I poured out the dark, sweet brew. Each sip rejuvenated me as I watched the “Energizer bunnies” going up and down the hill, again and again, “just one more time.”

After savoring my last cup of cocoa, it was time to take out the camera to attempt to “freeze frame” the day’s highlights. I captured a blurred shot of the boys sledding, a lopsided sculpture of the season’s first snowman, and an all-out snowball war, which ended with me getting one square in the face. (My son insisted on taking that picture himself.)

When the wind started whipping up snow into stinging shards, we knew it was time to go home. The boys didn’t complain when I revved the engine and said, “Hop in.”

I’m certain that as winter trudges on through back-wrenching snow shoveling and slushy sidewalks, I will have trouble recalling the awe of this day. Yet somehow, the negative aspects of winter always seem to melt amidst the last patches of dirty snow.

Donna L. Peterson lives in Weiser.



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Eagle, Idaho

Sound Designer Peter Still

Classically trained musician is a sound force behind the Idaho Shakespeare Festival and Boise Contemporary Theatre

By Ryan Peck

When I first met Peter John Still, I wasn't entirely sure what a "sound designer" was. After Peter shared his knowledge and humor with me, not only did I have a good handle on his role as sound designer for Idaho Shakespeare Festival and Boise Contemporary Theatre (BCT), but interestingly enough, I wanted to go rent *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*.

"A sound designer's job is to be responsible for every sound that's not a line of text," Peter said. By "text," he is referring to the actors' dialogue. By "sound," he means everything from door knocks to original songs and musical themes. (He estimates he has written fifty to one hundred original songs.) It is a far-reaching job that Peter stumbled upon in college. Once he made the dis-

Behind the scenes and above the stage in the soundbooth, Peter Still operates the sounds and music at Boise Contemporary Theatre.



PHOTO BY RYAN PECK

covery, it became a journey into the unknown.

Peter grew up in the English Midlands. He began playing music early in his school years, eventually learning how to play brass, plucked strings,

drums, and keys. He made music his primary course of study at

Oxford University. "I am very lucky that I fulfilled my father's

ambitions by getting a first-class degree from Oxford," said Peter, laughing. The academic training gave him the ability to write music in nearly any historical style. But

short of becoming a composer, there wasn't much to do, as Peter

saw it, except go back to school

In the fall of 1979, Peter began working on a master's degree in American studies from Sussex. His interest in America stayed with him until he completed his master's, and in the fall of 1983, Peter attended the University of California, San Diego (UCSD). It was here that Peter honed in on what would become his career choice.

"I had done a few theatre shows while I was at Oxford...at UCSD I got involved in doing music for the theatre department," Peter recalled. "I was doing a show a month for them....When the

"A sound designer's job is to be responsible for every sound that's not a line of text," said Peter. By "text," he is referring to the actors' dialogue. By "sound," he means everything from door knocks to original songs and musical themes.

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famous musical *Big River* came through, I also had the opportunity to work on it." *Big River* eventually went to Broadway. When it did, Peter went with it. "I was technically an intern to the sound designer," he recalled. "It was a wonderful experience."

After *Big River*, Peter went back to England to work with the Royal Shakespeare Company. He also met up with an old friend from the States—Bartlett Sher, a key director for the Idaho Shakespeare Festival. Together they started doing plays, most notably a ghost story, *The Withered Arm*. Eventually Bartlett came back to the United States and Peter took vacations to the U.S.

to work on plays with him. In 1992, Bartlett was doing a version of *Richard III* for the Idaho Shakespeare Festival. Peter jumped on board to do the sound

design, and the two made one of the most memorable productions in the Idaho Shakespeare Festival's history. "We had these high school kids playing military-based Tyco drums on four scaffolds.... They were like gods looking down on the stage," Peter recalled. The show was unconventional and inspirational. BCT Artistic Director Matthew Clark cites this production as his inspiration for getting into theatre.

Richard III marked Peter's first season in Idaho. He fell in love with the area, but wasn't able to come over permanently until two years later. "Boise is fantastic.... A lot of the versions of plays [produced here] are considered better than their international and national counterparts," boasted Peter with a smile.

When the Shakespeare season wasn't running, Peter filled his days with other national plays, including Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* in Portland, Maine. "I wrote the music for it. We had a lot of the cast playing and singing," recalled Peter. "It's a

great production that continues to run. I get a check every year."

Matthew, not forgetting his inspiration for getting involved in theatre, invited Peter to be the resident sound designer for the

BCT when he developed it about nine years ago. It was an ideal setup for Peter. He works for the Idaho Shakespeare Festival in the summer, and BCT in the winter. He gave me a tour of the Fulton Street Theatre (which houses the BCT and the offices of the Idaho Shakespeare Festival) and showed me the audio system he designed. It was more advanced than I could have imagined. In the sound booth, four computers run sound and music for the stage. Speakers, placed strategically, allow complete control of sound placement. Peter's whole persona lit up during a short discussion about the best music computer programs, as if to say, "You have to be as interested in this as I am."

"I don't take a lot of free time," said Peter, looking down on the theatre stage. "I love what I am doing." When asked about his inspirations, he talked about Ennio Morricone. He said that when Morricone worked with Sergio Leone, director of *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*, they were able to achieve a new meaning of communication with musical themes and images. "They were able to create signs that never existed before, emotional cues that never existed before," Peter said. "It is something I strive to do."

Ryan Peck lives in Boise.

"Boise is fantastic.... A lot of the versions of plays [produced here] are considered better than their international and national counterparts," boasted Still with a smile.

Mesquite grilled flat iron steak with roasted vegetables

Second Place, Main Course

By Gus Fitzpatrick

Preparation and cooking time: 45 minutes; Marinating time: 4 hours

INGREDIENTS

2 lbs beef flat iron steak	3 tbsp sesame oil, divided
2 tbsp chili powder, divided	1 tsp granulated garlic, divided
2 jalapeño peppers, seeded and halved	1 medium onion, peeled and halved
1-1/2 lbs whole mushrooms, cleaned	2 red bell peppers, cleaned and quartered
salt and pepper to taste	

PREPARATION

- >Place flat iron steaks on a plate and coat each side with 1/2 tablespoon sesame oil. Generously season each side with salt and pepper, then season each side with 1/4 teaspoon garlic and 1/2 teaspoon chili powder. Cover and marinate in refrigerator at least 4 hours.
- >Soak 2 pounds mesquite wood chips in water for at least 2 hours. Light charcoal briquettes.
- >Place jalapeños, onion, mushrooms, and red peppers in a plastic bag and add remaining chili powder and garlic. Add salt and pepper to taste. Toss vegetables gently to coat. Add remaining sesame oil to vegetables and toss to coat.
- >When coals are hot, spread into an even layer. Drain water from wood chips and sprinkle half of the chips on hot coals.
- >Place vegetables on grill and cook until tender but still crisp. Remove vegetables from grill to cutting board. Allow to cool slightly, then slice thinly, julienne style. Place sliced vegetables in metal container and return to grill to keep warm.
- >If needed, place remaining half of mesquite chips on grill to increase smoke. Place flat iron steaks on the grill and cook to desired doneness, 4 minutes per side for medium rare.
- >To serve, place roasted vegetables on platter. Slice flat iron steaks across the grain, place on top of vegetables, and pour any remaining juices from steaks over top.

Serves 4

Serving Suggestion: Great served with warm flour tortillas, rice, and refried beans.

Gus Fitzpatrick lives in Boise.



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General	\$25

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Deadline:
**OCTOBER
15**

Cook!

february

- 1-3/30 Archers League, Blackfoot
- 1-3/29 Galena Winter Wildlife Walks, Ketchum
- 1-3/17 Snowshoe with a Ranger, Ketchum
- 8-9 Stacy's Kid's Fun Races at Pebble Creek, Inkom
- 9 Banff Mountain Film Festival World Tour, Idaho Falls
- 9 Festival of the Hungry Ear Music Series, Idaho Falls
- 9-11 "The Marriage of Figaro," Albertson College, Caldwell
- 9-3/25 "Travels Abroad" Photography, Idaho Falls
- 10 7th Annual Spaghetti Dinner Show, Idaho Falls
- 10 "Souza Returns," BYU-Idaho Wind Ensemble, Rexburg
- 10 Lava & Bones, Time Traveling Clowns Stilt-Dancing, Idaho Falls
- 10,17,24 Starlight Race Series, Sandpoint
- 10-7/24 "Savage Seas" Exhibit, Cretaceous Period, Idaho Falls
- 11 Bridal Extravaganza, Lewiston
- 11 Reader's Theater, Lake City Playhouse, Coeur d'Alene
- 11 Free Style Competition, Pomerelle Mountain, Twin Falls
- 11 Natalie MacMaster, Fiddler Musician, Rexburg
- 11 Men are Pigs Heart Breakers Run, Boise
- 12 Spring Fling Bazaar & Dinner, Lewiston
- 14 Chocolate & Merlot Tasting, Pend d'Oreille Winery, Sandpoint
- 15 Idaho State Civic Symphony, Pocatello
- 17 Hector Olivera, Internationally Acclaimed Organist, Idaho Falls
- 17 Terrance Simien & the Zydeco Experience, Idaho Falls
- 17-18 "King and I," Starlight Mountain Theatre, Nampa
- 17-18 American Dog Derby, Ashton
- 17-19 "Kiss Me Kate" Lake City Playhouse, Coeur d'Alene
- 18 Kids Day Competition, Pomerelle Mountain, Twin Falls
- 18 Snowmobilers' Ball, Stanley
- 18 American Red Cross Sweethearts Ball, Lewiston
- 18 "Robin Hood," Missoula Children's Theatre, Sandpoint
- 18 Archery Trail Shoot, St. Maries
- 18 2006 Indoor Triathlon, Nampa
- 18-22 Cache Valley K9 Challenge, Cub River Ranch, Preston
- 21 Simplot Games, Pocatello
- 21 Ski-A-Thon Disabled Skiers Fundraiser, Pebble Creek, Inkom
- 21-22 USSA Mogul Freestyle Competition, Pebble Creek, Inkom
- 22 RixStix Percussion Group Pops Concert, Rexburg
- 22-25 Lionel Hampton International Jazz Festival, Moscow
- 22-25,28 "The School for Scandal," play, Rexburg
- 23 Soweto Gospel Choir, singing in 8 languages, Rexburg
- 23 3rd Annual Red Dress Concert, Idaho Falls
- 23-25 "King and I" by Starlight Mountain Theatre, Nampa
- 23-28 Madcap Mardi Gras, Sandpoint
- 24 Eastern Idaho Wine Fair Fundraiser, Arts Council, Idaho Falls
- 24-25 "Frog Prince," Albertson College, Caldwell
- 25 Silver Mountain Mardi Gras, Coeur d'Alene
- 25 "Music of Trials and Triumph," Symphony, Idaho Falls
- 25 Idaho Winter Games, Coeur d'Alene
- 25 Simplot Games Holt Arena, Pocatello
- 25 Silver Mountain Mardi Gras Party, Coeur d'Alene
- 25-26 Caribou Classic Snowmobile Hill Climb, Soda Springs
- 28 Chocolate Extravaganza, Lewiston
- tba Edge of Hell Run, Lewiston

march

- 1-11 "Blithe Spirit," Knock 'em Dead Theater, Boise
- 1-11 "Morning's at Seven," Boise Little Theater, Boise
- 1-12 Hildur Bjarnadottir exhibit, Boise Art Museum, Boise
- 1-19 "The Daily News" exhibit, Boise Art Museum, Boise
- 1-6/18 Bacon Collection of Asian Art, Boise Art Museum, Boise
- 1 Idaho Falls Symphony, Rexburg
- 1-4 "The School for Scandal," play, Rexburg
- 1-5 North Valley/Galena Express Shuttle, Ketchum
- 1-31 "Elegant Japanese and Asian Exhibit," Idaho Falls
- 2 "Together at the Table: Families & Food," Discussion, Hailey
- 2 American Cancer Society's Vertical Rally Fundraiser, Sun Valley
- 2,4-5 "The Mikado" Opera, Boise
- 4 MWW Forum, Boise State University: This all-day conference is free, every participant receives a complimentary copy of the book, *Becoming a Money Wise Woman: Getting Your Financial House in Order*.
- 3 Teen Night: Digital Photography, Hailey
- 3 ERC Vermicomposting Workshop, Hailey
- 3-4 BYU-Idaho Jazz Festival Concerts, Rexburg
- 3-4,6-7 "Singing in the Rain," Blackfoot Community Players, Blackfoot
- 3-5 Idaho Sportsman Show, Boise
- 4 Opera Plus! Sings CdA Symphony Northwest Young Artists Competition Concert, Coeur d'Alene
- 4 ERC the Coming of Spring Nature Walks, Hailey
- 4 Ethos Percussion Group & The Masters of Indian Music, Ketchum
- 4 4th Annual Share Your Heart Ball, Sun Valley
- 4 2006 Payette Lakes Nordic Ski Marathon, McCall
- 4 Ham & Turkey Dinner, Rose Lake
- 4-5 Sawtooth Ski Festival, Stanley
- 4-5 "Oliver," Blackfoot Community Players, Blackfoot
- 6 Rongchun Zhao, Erhu Virtuoso, Albertson College, Caldwell
- 7 "An Evening with Bill Harley," storyteller, Rexburg
- 8-5/3 Shutter Fever: Photography of Gordon Hardcastle, Idaho Falls
- 9-11 CDT in Concert, Rexburg
- 9-11 Idaho Aviation Festival, Boise
- 10 Leahy, Fiery Fiddling, Step Dancing & Vocals, Idaho Falls
- 10-11, 13 "Singing in the Rain," musical, Blackfoot

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DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: The first of the month, one month prior to date of publication. Example: Deadline for the April 2006 issue is March 1st.

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Having fun in a flood

By Arthur Hart

Through the magic of the camera, that wonderful time machine, we can travel to Lewiston and its great flood of 1894. The inhabitants of Idaho river towns had to get used to flooding in the 19th Century, because there were no dams to hold back the water when the snows in Idaho's mountains melted. Lewiston, at the confluence of two great rivers, the Clearwater and the Snake, saw a lot of water pass its doors every spring.

Most of the world's great cities were built on rivers: London, Paris, Rome, Florence, Vienna, Budapest, Moscow, Calcutta, Cairo, and Shanghai, to mention a few. All have had to contend with flooding since they

were founded centuries ago.

What makes this month's historical snapshot fun is not only the meticulous detail it captures of a particular moment in history, but the obvious good humor of the men caught in action. It shows furniture being moved from a tiny, false-gabled store building on Main Street into a long boat. These people seem to enjoy the fact that a photographer has shown up to record the occasion. The man at far left holds a fishing pole, no doubt so he can later tell his friends that he caught fish on Main Street. The man at the front of the boat, dressed in a business suit, sits nonchalantly with his legs crossed in a chair salvaged from the building. He holds a long pole, as do

two others, suggesting the boat was moved by poling, rather than by rowing, since no oars or oarlocks are evident.


The dark-skinned man in the back of the boat may be Chinese or a Nez Perce Indian, since both races lived in Lewiston in the 1890s. Identifiable objects loaded into the boat include a bed or sofa, and just to its left a wash basin and pitcher—standard fixtures in bedrooms before buildings had indoor plumbing.

How lucky we are to have wonderful photos like this to bring back moments from north Idaho's past.

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

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