The IDAHO magazine
July 2017
issue is dedicated to

Ruby Tanner

Calendar Editor Emeritus

A treasured friend and our long-time calendar editor, Ruby Tanner, had a devastating stroke on September 13, 2017. She fought against all odds, but succumbed on September 22. Ruby, the honorary sister of our publisher, Kitty Fleischman, will be missed especially for her sweetness and kindness. Our deepest sympathies go to her husband of more than sixty years, Les Tanner, and their children, Michelle (Miki) Tanner-Bendickson, and Michael Tanner. Ruby loved farmers' markets, rodeos, Roy Rogers, and she was crazy about Lance Pekus, Idaho's "Ninja Cowboy." She toured many an antique store with Kitty. She loved eating lunches out, and had a kind word for everyone she met. Aptly named, Ruby was a jewel in every sense.

IDAHO magazine

JULY 2017 | VOL. 16, NO. 10

Cowboy Ninja

The TV Star from Salmon

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Spotlight City

Across the Devils
On Tote Goats in 1973

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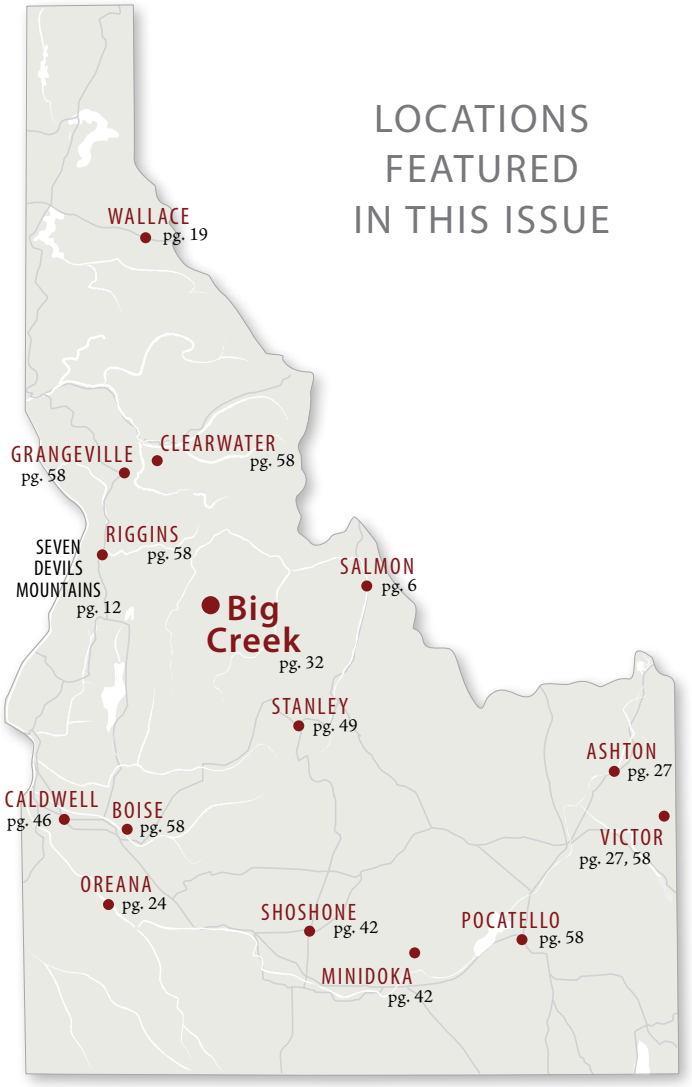

COVER PHOTO

Lance Pekus trains at his ranch in Salmon for the next season of *American Ninja Warrior.*

Photo by Heather Pekus

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Kitty Delorey Fleischman
PUBLISHER & EDITOR
kfleisch@idahomagazine.com
(RIGHT: Lola Fleischman, No email available.)

Ann Hottinger
ART DIRECTOR
ahottinger@idahomagazine.com

Steve Bunk
MANAGING EDITOR
sbunk@idahomagazine.com

Stacey Kemper
CIRCULATION COORDINATOR
skemper@idahomagazine.com

Les Tanner
COPY EDITOR

Steve Carr
COLUMNIST

Ruby Tanner
CALENDAR EDITOR
ruby@idahomagazine.com

Dick Lee
ILLUSTRATOR

Gerry Fleischman
SALES ASSOCIATE
gfleisch@idahomagazine.com

J. Ernest Monroe
LOGO DESIGN

Change of Address: **email:** skemper@idahomagazine.com

IDAHO magazine considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction, nonfiction, and letters for publication.

Editorial Submissions:
email: sbunk@idahomagazine.com
mail to: P.O. Box 586, Boise, ID 83701-0586
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The Northern Lights (aurora borealis) and the Milky Way lighting the night in the Palouse

~ Photo by Tyler Horton

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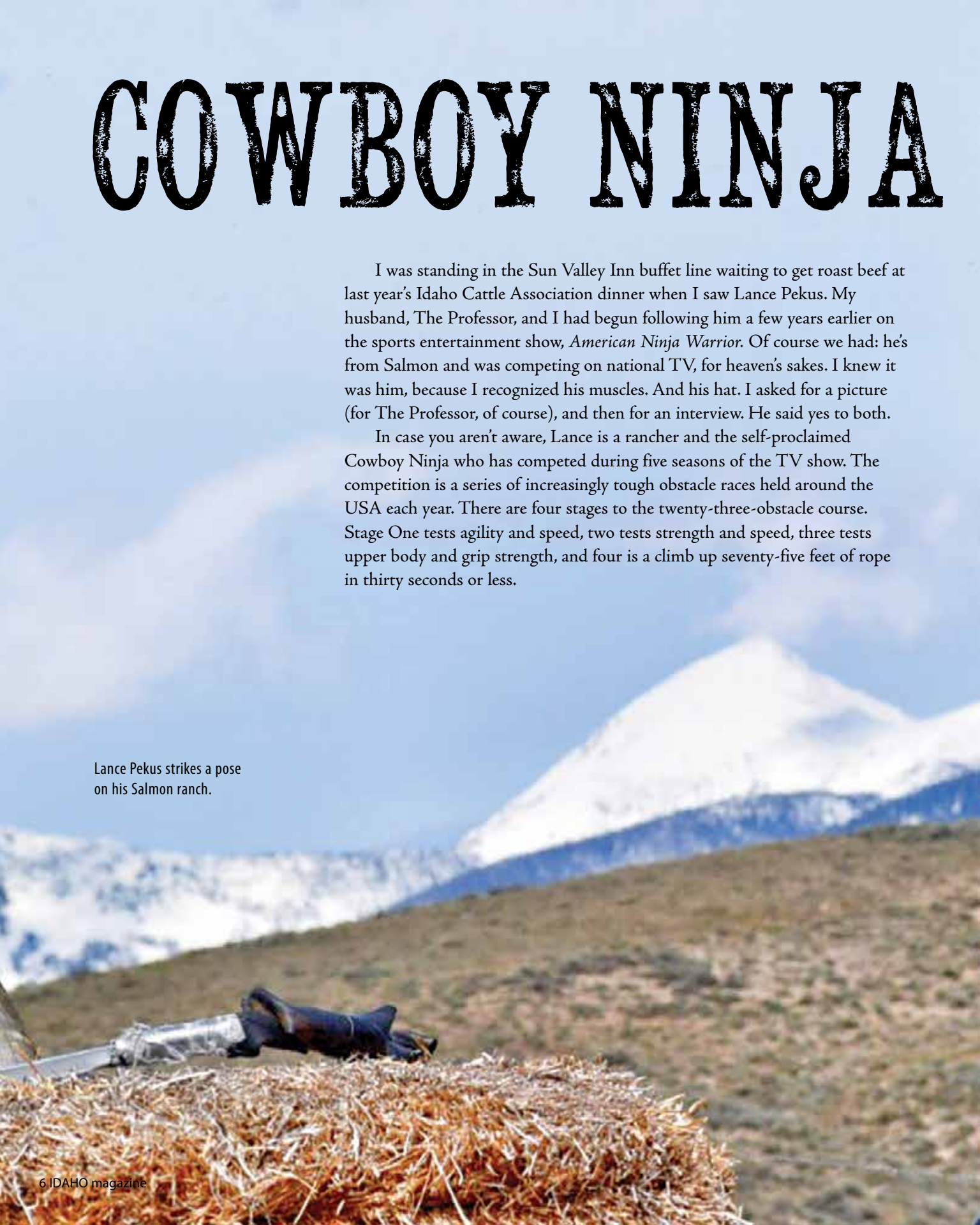
Judith Belcastro Does this happen often there? I'd love to see it!

COWBOY NINJA

I was standing in the Sun Valley Inn buffet line waiting to get roast beef at last year's Idaho Cattle Association dinner when I saw Lance Pekus. My husband, The Professor, and I had begun following him a few years earlier on the sports entertainment show, *American Ninja Warrior*. Of course we had: he's from Salmon and was competing on national TV, for heaven's sakes. I knew it was him, because I recognized his muscles. And his hat. I asked for a picture (for The Professor, of course), and then for an interview. He said yes to both.

In case you aren't aware, Lance is a rancher and the self-proclaimed Cowboy Ninja who has competed during five seasons of the TV show. The competition is a series of increasingly tough obstacle races held around the USA each year. There are four stages to the twenty-three-obstacle course. Stage One tests agility and speed, two tests strength and speed, three tests upper body and grip strength, and four is a climb up seventy-five feet of rope in thirty seconds or less.

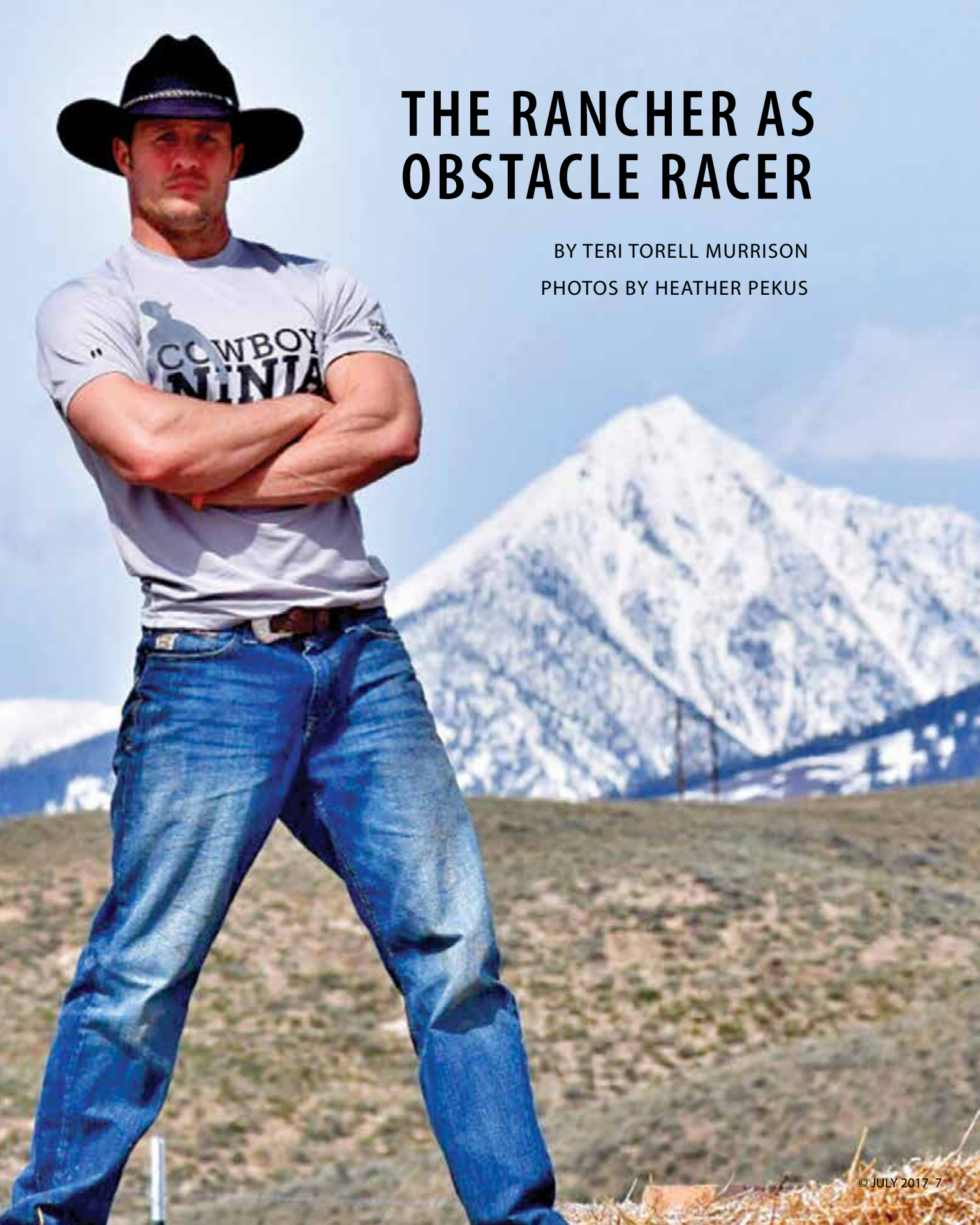


Lance Pekus strikes a pose on his Salmon ranch.

THE RANCHER AS OBSTACLE RACER

BY TERI TORELL MURRISON

PHOTOS BY HEATHER PEKUS



ABOVE: A western take on the horizontal bar.

Lance's authenticity, grit, and talent have earned the respect of fellow competitors, TV hosts, and millions of viewers, but not the ultimate title of American Ninja Warrior (ANW) . . . yet. It's no easy feat to become an ANW. Ask almost two dozen Olympians among thirty-five hundred men and a handful of women who have failed. Or ask the only two men in the show's eight-year history to have completed the entire obstacle race course. Winning is not just tough, it's darn near impossible, but Lance aims to be the next ANW anyway.

Over breakfast the next morning at a bakery and cafe, I started in with fifty questions.

"How do you feel about the challenge of obstacle racing?" I wondered.

"Obstacle racing is really difficult, but it's my passion," he replied. "The show has taught me two very important things: how to learn from past mistakes, and how to improve on my weaknesses. When training, I strive for perfection, because perfection is what I need when I'm on the course. I get only one shot a year. I've gotta make it count."

Good thing Lance is built like a bull rider, I thought. Five-feet-seven and 150 pounds of solid muscle, he's made the finals three out of five tries and is readying for a sixth. He's got no quit in him.

Last year's competition drew seventy thousand wannabe ANWs, only a fraction of whom made it to the national finals in Las Vegas. Each season, just thirty percent of *ANW* competitors return. And they don't get a free ride. They have to earn their way back. To be a top contender again, Lance will need to conquer city and regional competitions in all four stages before going on to Vegas.

"Every year is new," he told me. "The hardest part is getting accepted."

He's formed a tight bond with his fellow return athletes, who compete mostly against the course, he said, not each other. "It's a pretty cool community. We support each other. It's us vs. the obstacles and everyone is trying to get through them. During the finals, when we're not competing, we go hang off stuff together."

Lance knows he's a novelty among all the others—a real Idaho cowboy who trains on obstacles at the ranch—whose fans, including my husband and me, love him. He also stands out because he's good. Racing bare-chested in jeans and his cowboy hat, he's fit, endearing and humble, and he could really be the next ANW.

"Akbar tries to give me crap for wearing jeans and a hat," Lance said, referring to *ANW* host Akbar Gbajabiamila, a former NFL player. But even

LANCE TRAINS USING MOUNTAINS, HAY BALES, TRACTORS, IRRIGATION SPRINKLERS, WHATEVER'S HANDY.

though Gbajabiamila gives him a hard time on camera, anyone can see the guy's a fan. Last year, Lance won a wager with him and co-host Matt Eiseman, who said they'd wear cowboy hats if he made it to the finals. When he did, Gbajabiamila chortled, "Yippee ki yi yay! Get our cowboy hats ready!"

Lance's sponsor, a hat company in Salmon, sent two of their very best.

"The ladies love him, but he's taken," Gbajabiamila noted last season.

Lance is a devoted husband to his wife, Heather, a high school counselor, and father to their two kids, Gracie Grae and Grayson. As much as he loves obstacle racing, his favorite place is at home on the ranch.

I wondered how a guy from Salmon could compete in the absence of a big city gym or a trainer. It turns out he uses everyday obstacles around his place: mountains, rocks, large hay bales, tractors, pivot irrigation sprinklers, whatever's handy. Once, on a dare, he even leapt over a bull in the corral alleyway. Good thing for him he stuck that landing.

When the cows aren't using the calving shed, it's Lance's gym. In it are homemade versions of the toughest *ANW* obstacles: swinging rings, nets, a half-moon-shaped, fourteen-foot curved warp wall, and the dreaded salmon ladder, so called because competitors hang suspended from a bar that they jump up (and back down) as if they were salmon trying to get up a waterfall.

Lance wasn't raised on a ranch. He attended the University of Great Falls on a wrestling scholarship, which is where he first met Heather. He followed her home to Idaho from college for Christmas one winter and helped build a half-mile of jack fence in the snow.

ABOVE: Lance practices on the rings.

That hard work didn't discourage him. He came back the next summer and was hooked, not just by Heather, but also by the awe-factor of the majestic Lemhi Valley and the Salmon River running through its irrigated pastures.

His father-in-law, Verdell Olson, was a guiding influence in Lance's transformation to rural rancher, teaching him how to work a private and public lands cow-calf outfit. Lance said he was and remains an enthusiastic pupil.

His success in ranching, he claims, comes as a result of an inquisitive nature. "I'm open to new things. I see what's going on and I like to know why. I learned about changing pipe, flood irrigating, and how to ride." Lance took to his new life so well that he and Heather recently bought a place nearby and are building their own herd.

A degree in natural resources also opened a door for him to seasonal work for the US Forest Service, packing supplies and doing inventory analyses for the Rocky Mountain Research Station. That combination is perfect, he said. "Working eight days on and six days off, I can ranch and work."

"But how in the world did you get bit by the *ANW* bug?" I asked.

He told me he was inspired to apply to compete on the show after watching it on TV at a friend's house. "I've always been good at climbing things," he said. "After wrestling in college, I was looking for something to keep me in shape. I watched *ANW* and thought, I could do that. Even though the family giggled, I started building obstacles anyway."

In 2012, he entered his first competition. It was, he said, "different than anything I'd ever done before, with the lights, cameras, and the fact that millions of people would be watching." Lance said he likes the added pressure of being on camera. He's invigorated by the tension between the

EVEN THOUGH THE FAMILY GIGGLED, I STARTED BUILDING OBSTACLES ANYWAY.

possibility of winning, the intense level of scrutiny, and the likelihood of failure.

"Having my family there motivates me. You've gotta just push through it and decide how bad you want it. A lot of years of hard work would make winning feel like such an accomplishment."

I asked Heather how it's been to watch him grow as a person and an athlete.

"When Lance first started training, we thought he was just teasing," she said. "But as he started building more obstacles on the ranch, we realized he was serious. I'm so proud of him for everything he has accomplished."

"OK, you have a natural drive to take up a challenge," I said to Lance. "But aside from that, why do you think there's this fire in your belly?"

He told me he wants to be an example for young kids and other *ANW* aspirants. A savvy social media user, Lance posts almost daily to keep his fans updated and to inform urban residents about the benefits of a rural ranching life.

"A lot of people are from the inner cities or don't have ranching backgrounds and are curious." he told me. "They're amazed that our grocery store is thirteen miles away. One girl even said the cows should have sweaters."

Not surprisingly, the rancher is pro-beef, and he spreads that message to urban and competitive athletic audiences alike. "There's so much talk about nutrition and athletics," he said. "I'm out there to say, 'Hey, you can be athletic and power yourself with beef protein."

Lance sometimes travels to promote obstacle racing, but he's still happiest back in Salmon. "Even Boise is too much hustle and bustle," he said. "Everything is moving fast out there, but when I come back home, it's relaxing. I can be here in the moment, doing what I'm doing."

He has no intention of pulling up stakes for big city life. I asked what he saw in his future and he said he'd love to win the competition but if he doesn't, he'll live. He's got plenty to do, and he'll likely keep running obstacles on the ranch anyway, for fun and to stay fit.

"If it turned into a job, it might not be as fun for me. I've got the ranch, working with the Forest Service, and I'd like to grow our herd."

In addition to his year-round training for the TV show, he often can be found feeding the ranch animals, haying, vaccinating, fixing machinery, moving cows, or building fence.

"I love how I live a free life," he said. "My family is around—we eat with my in-laws every night. Everyone's involved in the ranch, everyone's helping out."

Lance Pekus is living large with people he loves, in a community and on land he cherishes. Maybe he will or maybe he won't be the next ANW, but he'll have fun trying. And I'll have fun watching. ■

ABOVE: Anything around the ranch might work as training gear.

ACROSS

SPREAD: Heaven's Gate viewpoint in the Seven Devils Mountains,the start of the trip.

PAUL KEHRER

BELOW: Loris Addington on a Tote Gote in the Devils.

COURTESY OF LORIS ADDINGTON

FAR BELOW: Ranger station in the Devils, 1952.

K.D. SWAN, USFS

BELOW RIGHT: The road gets rocky.

COURTESY OF LORIS ADDINGTON

THE DEVILS

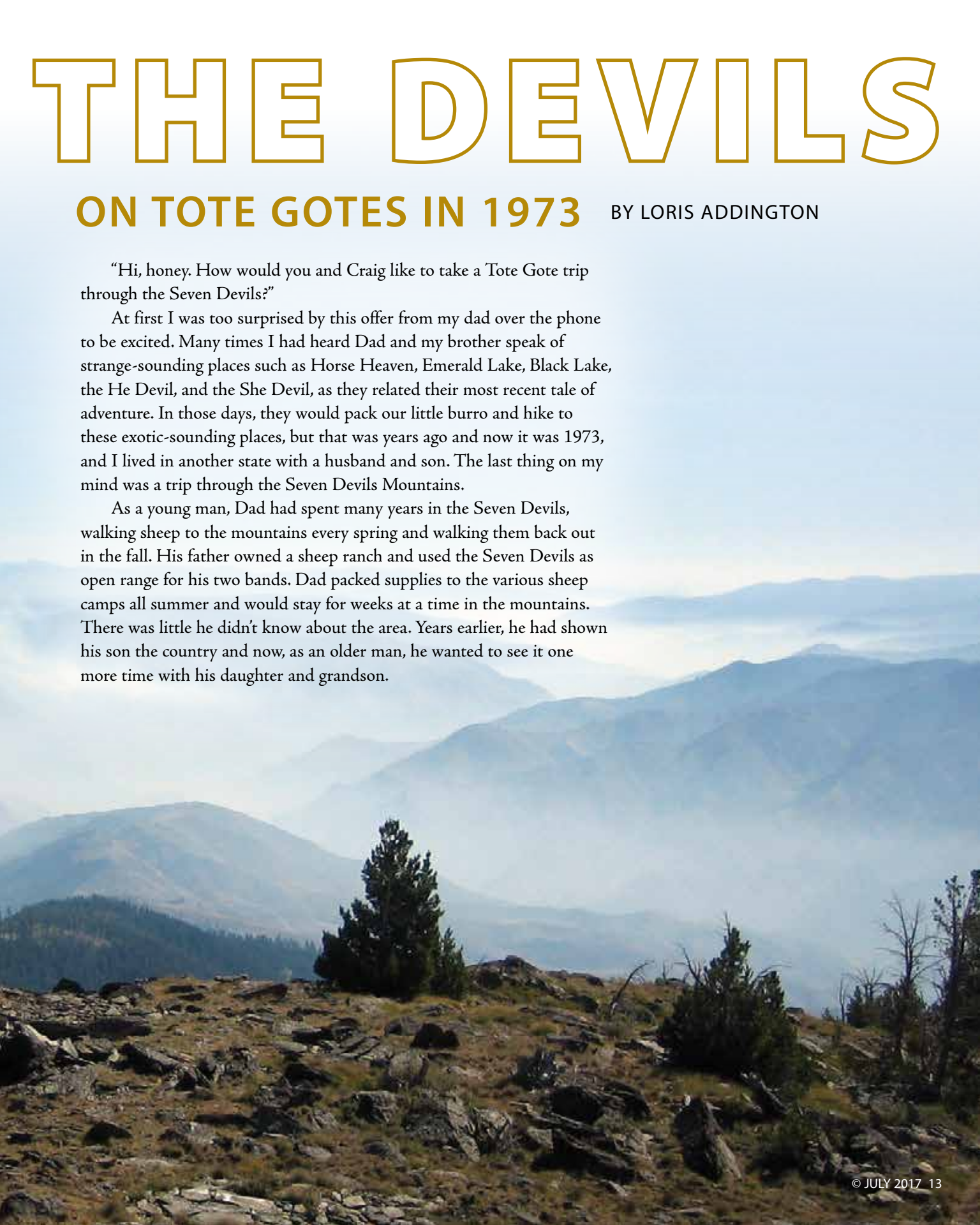
ON TOTE GOTES IN 1973

BY LORIS ADDINGTON

"Hi, honey. How would you and Craig like to take a Tote Gote trip through the Seven Devils?"

At first I was too surprised by this offer from my dad over the phone to be excited. Many times I had heard Dad and my brother speak of strange-sounding places such as Horse Heaven, Emerald Lake, Black Lake, the He Devil, and the She Devil, as they related their most recent tale of adventure. In those days, they would pack our little burro and hike to these exotic-sounding places, but that was years ago and now it was 1973, and I lived in another state with a husband and son. The last thing on my mind was a trip through the Seven Devils Mountains.

As a young man, Dad had spent many years in the Seven Devils, walking sheep to the mountains every spring and walking them back out in the fall. His father owned a sheep ranch and used the Seven Devils as open range for his two bands. Dad packed supplies to the various sheep camps all summer and would stay for weeks at a time in the mountains. There was little he didn't know about the area. Years earlier, he had shown his son the country and now, as an older man, he wanted to see it one more time with his daughter and grandson.



Hiking was no longer an option for Dad but he and a younger man, Charlie Lappin, had formed a close friendship and had been going on overnight trips using low-geared mountain motorbikes called Tote Gotes, which were manufactured only until 1970 but retained a cult following. Our party would consist of my dad, whose name was Hugh Addington, Charlie, his daughter Pam and her ten-year-old son Laddy, my ten-year-old son Craig, and me, a teacher off for the summer. We had four Tote Gotes. Craig would ride behind Dad, Laddy behind Pam, and Charlie and I had what we called "goats" to ourselves, but our packs were heavy. We were all in good shape. Pam was strong, Laddy was a big boy for his age, while Craig and I were a little on the smaller side, but we were active and determined.

On the first available date, Craig and I headed for Idaho with a non-functioning Tote Gote in the trunk. Dad soon had it running again. The plan was to start at the north end of the mountain range at Heaven's Gate, take our time and come out at Black Lake. We could radio from Smith Mountain Lookout for someone to pick us up.

Mom and friends drove us to our departure location, shared a picnic lunch, and departed to wait for our call.

Heaven's Gate is a beautiful, forested campground. A small glacial lake resting beside a granite cliff beckons fishermen to try their luck. The ground, covered in moss and wildflowers, is soft to the step. Patches of snow usually linger into July.

After lunch, the boys could wait no longer for a ride on the goats. We followed an old road up a steep grade, and as we climbed higher, the mountains fell away, giving a spectacular view of the canyon below. We looked down on the back of a hawk as it rode the air currents. Eventually, we had to abandon our goats and continue by foot.

From our viewpoint, we could see four states. We stood in Idaho and off to the north lay the Washington Cascades, hiding the Palouse hills. Oregon was due west, the Snake River and Hell's Canyon in the foreground, followed by the Wallowa Mountains. In the far hazy blue distance east lay Montana and the Continental Divide. The trees around us were stunted from harsh winters, and the landscape windswept. Wildflowers grew in great profusion, lifting their faces to the sun and bobbing in the breeze. I thought about how quickly their life cycle completes, which brought to mind the Thomas Gray line: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen/ And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This was Dad's country, and you could see it in his eyes: home again and with a fine grandson to share it with. At seventy-seven, he was robust, stocky, and remarkably strong but I knew beneath all that health there had been a heart attack. This would no doubt be his last long overnight trip. I felt so lucky to be sharing it with him.

Our voices were filled with excitement and anticipation as we sat around the fire the first night. When it burned low, the conversation slowed, each of us lost in our own thoughts. Then it was time to empty our pockets, secure our boots. and crawl into our sleeping bags. To save room for more important items like food and gas, Craig and I shared one bag. It was a

SPREAD: View of the Seven Devils Mountains.
A. DAVEY

little crowded but we were old hands at it.

The next morning, we found a big black dog from a camp up the way digging at our food cached in a snowbank. Dang, he got the ham. We had assumed incorrectly there would be no animals in the campground to disturb our cache. We would have to be more careful.

After a hurried breakfast, Charlie led off, followed by Pam with Laddy on behind, me, and then Dad with Craig. I had the fastest Tote Gote, not necessarily a good thing, which I dubbed Hannibal, hoping it would see me across my own Alps. It had a few problems, not the least of which was a throttle that would stick at inopportune times, giving too much power or too little. Even though I was not a novice at riding the throttle that stuck, the heavy load and the rugged terrain were a recipe for trouble.

A spill was not long in coming. The trail that beautiful sunshiny morning led along an open hillside with many sharp switchbacks. Soon I was talking to myself, an old habit I had developed to calm a horse and also myself. After negotiating a few turns, I felt more confident as I turned up the hill. Up I went and then down with a thud and I suddenly was tumbling downhill, Hannibal beside me. Concerned faces turned to grins as I came up laughing—there would be no sympathy from this group.

My next crash was a little more spectacular. Charlie and Pam had crossed a stream and were waiting on the other side. The bank's slope was gentle and the water not too deep as I went in, but the bank on the other side was steep and muddy. Hannibal lost power and then surged forward and I went up in the air, wheels spinning. While I was in midair, I saw the worried expressions on Dad and Craig, and then I landed hard. But I was not hurt, jumped to my feet, picked up the goat, and walked it up the bank. I sat down for a few minutes to clear my head and get my breath. When it was obvious only my feelings were hurt, the others claimed to be concerned only about the syrup bottle stuck in my pack.

In spite of these two falls, I was elated about the first day, which I saw as an unqualified success. We had traveled mostly on open hillsides interspersed with forests. The trail was good and we paused by sweet-tasting streams to breathe deeply of the thin air. It may be called the Devils, I thought, but it seems more like heaven.

We camped that night at a fork in the trail leading to Dog Lake. Dad set about fixing a big pan of fried potatoes and onions—no dehydrated food for him. Pam got out her medic bag and administered to my bumps and bruises while the boys ran like Indians over the hills. Eager to help, they dragged in more wood than we could possibly use.

After a good meal and a little rest, I was game to try my luck fishing the creek that ran nearby. My favorite type of fishing is in small rapid streams where you're lucky if the fish are eight inches long. I walked along dangling my hook in likely looking places but soon realized there were just no fish biting. I didn't care. The magic of the place held me. As I walked along, I tried not to disturb the fragile mosses that grew along the bank.

The next day, Dad's pancakes proved he was hitting his stride. We didn't have far to travel that day and would not leave until after lunch. Charlie and Dad decided to stay in camp while the rest of us hiked to Dog Lake. Craig and Laddy, impatient with the slow steady gait of Pam and me, begged to be allowed to run ahead. Laddy began to talk of bears, making it obvious that someone had been filling him full of wild tales. Tired of the boys' nagging and the bear stories, we said go. Before long, they came racing back, yelling "Bear, bear!" Laddy, his eyes big as saucers, babbled about the little pig eye and the black

snout of the bear. He tried to get Craig to back him up but when I looked at my son questioningly, he said all he had seen was the bushes move. We continued our walk carefully. If there was a bear, we did want to see it, but before it saw us. From then on, the boys were happy to stay close by.

Somehow during the bear scare, we lost the sketchy trail we had been following. No matter. The lake could not be far, just this next draw, no? Well, maybe the next. The terrain was very steep and rocky and after several false tries to surmount it, Pam lost heart and decided to return to camp with Laddy. I was pleased that Craig wanted to continue and it wasn't long before we found the picture-perfect jewel of Dog Lake.

Surrounded by snow-capped peaks, it sat in an oval bowl, reflecting mountain and sky.

Joyfully, we raced down the slope and threw ourselves down at the water's edge. We drank deeply from the snow-fed water. I had carried a fishing rod, and we saw large rainbow trout gliding by. Much to our dismay, Laddy had been carrying the tackle—only a bare hook dangled from the end of my line. We tried catching bugs and even tried wrapping tinfoil around the hook, thinking it might attract the attention of the fish, but no luck in either case. If it were up to me to supply the meat for this trip, we would have gone hungry. Knowing the others would be waiting and wondering where we were, we reluctantly turned our backs on the lovely little lake and started for camp.

By the time we arrived, the others were packed and eager to go. But they had left some bread and cheese out for our lunch. The distance was not far but before long, we came to a stretch of downed timber across the trail. We could go over some of the trees and around others, but some had to be chopped out of the way. Thank goodness, I thought, for Charlie's strong arm and expertise with an axe. But it was hard work for all of us. Finally, we came out of the downed timber to an open meadow, on the other side of which was a steep open hill leading over a ridge. We could see from a distance that a rockslide had covered the trail.

We left the goats and walked the so-called trail across the slide, pushing rocks out of the way as we tried to make it passable. The switchbacks were sharp and treacherous and there was nothing to stop a fall—just rock all the way to the bottom. We went back and rode our goats about halfway through the slide, until it became impossible, at which point we dismounted and walked our machines. The last major switchback hung out in space. We sat and rested, contemplating our choices.

It was decided that Charlie would ride each goat the rest of the way through the slide, with Dad guiding it on the downhill side and Pam holding on to the back. Carefully, the three eased the first goat around the switchback without mishap, then number two, and then three. But the last goat went wide and fell over backwards. Charlie launched into space, tucked into a ball, and rolled once. The Toat Gote, hurtling through the air, landed on him, pinning him down. I got to him first and started to untangle the goat from his leg.

He grunted, "Forget the leg. Get the gas can." Seeing that a rock had punctured an auxiliary gas can, I smiled. If he was worried about the gas, he couldn't be too badly hurt.

Pam arrived, we managed to save most of the gas, moved the goat off Charlie, and secured it from slipping farther downhill. Charlie was unhurt but shaken, as we all were. Finally, we unloaded the pack from the Tote Gote and carried it to the end of the slide. Then we tied a rope onto the machine and pulled it up to the trail. We

SPREAD: The Devils and Hells Canyon in Idaho, seen from the Oregon side.
USFS PHOTO

unloaded the other machines and walked them the rest of the way through the slide, taking several trips to carry our packs. Nothing had come undone or broken on Charlie's pack, a tribute to Dad's packing skill. The pesky syrup bottle had earlier been placed in Charlie's pack for safekeeping, and even it survived the tumble. Pam carried it over in the last load, but while setting it down on the trail, it gently bumped against a rock and shattered—a comic ending to a stressful situation.

Our hard work was not over. We still had three snowdrifts to plow through before reaching the top. Our preplanned camp for the night was Horse Heaven Springs and we did not want to fall behind our schedule. It was a weary band that made camp as darkness fell. There were no trees in which to secure our food and little firewood. A porcupine visited us that night, and twice I got up to scare it away, until finally, a shot from Dad's revolver convinced it not to come back.

Morning gave us the view we had missed the night before. Our camp was just down from the top of a bald mountain, and the view stretched for miles into Oregon. I asked Dad about the curious name of Horse Heaven. "It has to do with the sweetness of the grass," he said. "That and the absence of bugs. There are no flies, mosquitoes, or ticks to bother them. Years ago, when I was tending sheep up here, when a horse got loose it would always head up here. We never worried about losing horses because we knew where we would find them."

Our setting jogged Dad's memory, and he continued from one story to the next. We listened intently, squinting against the bright sunlight, attempting to locate the exact place he was talking about.

The next morning, we were eager to be on our way. The trail took us to the Lone Star Mine and then on to Rikkers Mill, both of which we were eager to explore. As usual, the weather was perfect and the scenery spectacular. At the Lone Star, we got off our goats and explored on foot. There wasn't much left, a cabin or two and some fallen-down sheds. We poked around, picking up bits of broken dishes and rusty parts of lanterns. I wondered about the people who had come to this distant place. Had they found gold? The steep terrain, long hours of hard work, and the utter remoteness must have taken its toll.

Dad told of an old miner who brought his gold in to Council after a summer of hard work in his mine. He left with supplies, considerable money, and a young rowdy who was to help him work his claim. The next year, the young man was seen in another state, spending money freely. Years later, a skeleton was found with a bullet hole in the skull. Was it the old miner? Nobody knows, but he never came out of the mountains.

We waved goodbye to the Lone Star and dropped into Rapid River Canyon.

Rikkers Mill was larger, with more houses and equipment scattered about. The remains of the smelter were still there. We looked in the mineshaft but did not go in, avoiding that dangerous business. We found the location of a blacksmith shop, where the bellows were rotting away but still intact. We knew a museum would love to have them, but there was no way to carry them out.

As we rested around the fire that night, I thought back over the day. Craig and Dad had been in a happy world of their own. Dad was a fountain of information and Craig an eager learner. It was so good for both of

them. On many levels, this trip was more than just a ride through the woods.

The next morning we rose to an overcast sky. Fingers of fog came wafting down from the shrouded peaks, engulfing first one tree and then another. The old mining town melted into the past. Our first hurdle was crossing Rapid River, which was appropriately named. The long-legged ones, Charlie and Pam, drove the goats, while Dad and I pushed, pulled, or did whatever else was requested of us. Craig and Laddy waded across the river. We soon were soaked but it didn't matter, because the rain had started in earnest.

When we reached the other side of the river, where the canyon wall was steeper, the spring runoff had made big ruts down the trail. We bounced from rock to rock, wet branches swiping at us. We leaned forward to keep the front wheels down. An occasional sapling down across the tail had to be chopped out, and the two boys walked ahead, moving the worst of the rocks. My shoulders ached from pushing down on the handlebars. Hannibal, I might add, took every opportunity to stick and release his gas feed.

Ahead, I saw a particularly steep incline with a slick log lying across the path. Charlie called back to me to wait, saying he would return and lift my front wheel over the log. I felt I could make it there and then wait for Charlie. Up I came, pushing down hard on the handlebars, keeping low. It was important to keep up my speed during the long incline. I came roaring up to the log and let up on the gas. Hannibal did not respond. I hit the log with force, the wheel came up, and over it I went, turning upside down in the air.

Then I saw Dad upend. He had been watching my fall instead of the trail. It was quite a wreck, with all three of us, including Craig, and two Tote Gotes scattered down the slope.

Amazingly, none of us was hurt badly.

When we finally reached Holbrook Saddle, the fog kept us from the spectacular view. We rested a while, had a light lunch, and started down the other side, a much easier trip. At the bottom, the trail forked. One branch went to Black Lake and the other to Iron Springs, where there was another old mine. We had intended to make camp at Iron Springs we could see more downed timber across the trail and although the rain had stopped, we were still damp and the sky was threatening. The decision to head for Black Lake was not a hard one to make.

In the Seven Devils, if you are not going downhill, you are going up. So up we went again. As we climbed, the temperature dropped, and the mist hung like a shroud.

We came to a large snowpack that had not melted in many years. A trail of sorts was scraped around it and the switchback it created was steep and dangerous. But by this time, we were old hands. Charlie took all four goats through with Dad on the downhill side and Pam pushing at the back, while Craig, Laddy, and I shouted words of encouragement. The boys and I walked ahead to the top of the ridge, where it was warmer and drier when we dropped down out of the wind. I built a fire, and what a pleasure it was to sit and warm ourselves. Pam came along shortly and said Charlie's machine had stalled and my dad was working on it.

After the men showed up and got warm, we started our last descent. Out of the mist, three men appeared on horseback. They gave a short wave and disappeared into the timber—the first and only people we had seen in five days. Dad led us to an old mining road unused for years. Forest Service workers had diked it, so it was not as easy to ride as we had anticipated. Still, any road was easier than a washed out, unmaintained trail.

Charlie's goat quit again and Pam, the boys, and I went on ahead to our predetermined campsite above Black Lake. When the men showed up, Dad was towing Charlie. We took stock of our condition: low on food, low on gas, a faulty machine, and rain. It was time to head home. We decided that in the morning Charlie would ride Hannibal to Smith Mountain Lookout, where he could radio Forest Service personnel and ask that Mother be phoned to come pick us up.

Dad cut fir bows to go under our sleeping bags, placing them in a grove of firs to help shed the rain. We ate our last dinner, leaving just a little for breakfast, and crawled into our sleeping bags. A soft rain began to fall but we were dry. We lay listening to the thunder roll in the peaks of the Seven Devils. We had taken not only what the Devils had thrown at us but what it had given in full measure. Before nodding off, I snuggled down deep and listened to my son's steady breathing. ■

You Don't Have to Obey the Laws

But You Do Have to Follow the Rules

BY HEATHER BRANSTETTER

Wallace is infamous for the bawdy houses that flourished during its decades as a mining town, but as a new book by Silver Valley native Heather Branstetter shows, many residents, both male and female, supported and defended the oldest profession, whose practitioners were generous contributors to the town's well being. The following excerpt from her book, Selling Sex in the Silver Valley: A Business Doing Pleasure *(The History Press, Charleston, 2017) is reprinted with permission. In it, "Dolores" is Dolores Arnold, a popular Wallace madam who ran a house called the Lux in the 1940s and supplemented it in 1967 with another place that she called the Luxette. Fans of history who would like to visit Wallace should consider going the first weekend in October, when the town's new festival, Fall for History, will feature workshops and talks that focus on keeping the past alive in the present.*

Almost every person I talked to during my oral history interviews repeated phrases like "The houses offered relief for single miners and kept local women from getting raped," and, "The women were checked out by the doctors and didn't solicit around town or on the streets," and, especially, "The houses gave so much back to the community." After Dolores expanded her operations with the Luxette, people used to say, "It's even become corporate." Pithy puns and jokes consisting only of a single punch line, both innocent and suggestive, were repeated freely in Wallace. For example, many people related versions of a clever story about bar owners beneath the houses complaining, "Business is great, but there's too much f'ing overhead." Another man told me about running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WALLACE DISTRICT MINING MUSEUM ARCHIVES

HISTORIC WALLACE PRESERVATION SOCIETY

FAR ABOVE: "Kim" from the Shoshone County Sheriff's office files, 1955.

ABOVE: Wallace from a hill northeast of town, 1886.

into the father of his girlfriend at the time as he was coming back down the stairs on his way out the door. His apprehension quickly dissolved when the father said to him, "Boy, am I glad to see you here." Men who were grocery boys back in the day love to tell stories about their jobs delivering to the houses, which were known for handing out generous tips.

It's no accident that such phrases and stories are the chorus around town to this day. The madams appealed to the sense of humor and common sense values of the community, both in language and in deed, as they set the tone to subtly align the city's rhetoric about the houses. As former Day Mines and Sunshine Mines employee Rod Higgins explained, Wallace's embrace of the commercial sex industry was the result of the brothel managers' purposeful persuasive strategy: "Everyone viewed them [the brothels] as being an advantage, thanks to the madams' marketing efforts." Men and women alike repeatedly told me how "fun" Wallace was during this time, as they expressed gratitude for having the opportunity to grow up in such a great town.

Talking points about the benefits of the sex work in Wallace also offered direct rebuttal to threatening critiques of prostitution that arose periodically during the years. Specific practices, such as doctor's visits, solidified the madams' words into a "code of conduct" and built a foundation for the town's present-day understanding of its past. It was said that the brothels: 1) operated in accordance with a "live and let live" sense of order, providing services that helped keep the local streets safe at night; 2) were restricted to the northeast corner of town, where they were regulated and mostly free from sexually transmitted infections; and 3) contributed to the economy in both direct and indirect ways. Written records of history affirm variants of these arguments, which persisted through the years. The industry served local miners and regional loggers, contributed to the schools and attracted business from truckers, college students and Canadians, drawing men and their money into the community from distant places.

In Wallace, it was said that prostitution's "image was different—the image they presented and your image of them was different. The community had a high degree of acceptance of the girls and the business." One newspaper article featured a sex worker saying she preferred Wallace to Nevada, where she encountered "a rougher clientele" and was not as "free to come and go as she please[d]," unlike in Wallace, where she could "come up [and work] when I feel like it, work till I'm tired of working, and then I go home." By the mid-1950s, the town of three thousand people would elect only city leaders who allowed the prostitution industry to continue, driving away the few pastors or priests who advocated for reform. As late as the 1980s, former mayor Maurice Pellissier told me, a group of women he called the "Golden Girls" said they would not support his bid for mayor unless he promised not to shut down the sex industry. They threatened to campaign against him if he closed the houses and they'd convinced him they wielded enough influence to derail his election.

Evidence for the residents' continuing acceptance of the brothels is not limited to quotes appearing in old newspaper articles and the oral histories I conducted. A study conducted by Robert Miles, who looked at prostitution in Wallace for his master's thesis in criminal justice at Washington State University, documents community perception during the late 1970s. Miles's research revealed that both men and women in Wallace accepted the houses as integral to the town's way of life.

Throughout the study, a large majority of respondents agreed that prostitution was not morally wrong, did not lower respect for women and should be decriminalized. For example, sixty-nine percent of respondents disagreed with the statement that "decriminalizing prostitution would seriously weaken the social fabric of our community," and seventy-five percent disagreed with the idea that "decriminalizing prostitution decreases respect for the institution of marriage." In 1984, historians [Patricia] Hart and [Ivar] Nelson wrote that Wallace's "unabashed and unrepentant acceptance of drinking, gambling and whoring, seen as commonplace…even acquired a certain civic respectability." What's more, they added, people in the community believed that "prostitution kept together many respectable marriages, that Wallace madams gave generously to deserving charities, and that revenues from prostitution kept the city coffers filled and the streets paved." The madams framed their business as central to the community and then followed up by donating in visible ways.

The houses had historically been a central part of the economic life of Wallace, but madams increased the publicity and scope of their monetary contributions to the town during the 1940s and 1950s. The women wove their work into the structure of the community by circulating small talk that appealed to values like civic service and philanthropy—appeals that were represented by monetary contributions that supported the town's families, churches and schools. During the 1940s, [former judge Richard] Magnuson told me, the Salvation Army used to collect every Friday night from the houses and the card tables, and they "did a lot of good with that money." Many research participants told me the madams also contributed in less visible ways, citing as an example the way they would quietly purchase food and leave it at the grocery store, available for the clerks to distribute to families in need,

OASIS BORDELLO MUSEUM

HEATHER BRANSTETTER

FAR ABOVE: "Ginger," so-called because of her cinammon-colored hair,1970s.

ABOVE: A "Peter Pan" wash basin, used in many of the houses.

according to their discretion.

It is difficult to find people who opposed the industry, but Holly Shewmaker, who went to high school in the valley during the early 1960s, spoke with me at length about some of the ways the presence of commercial sex influenced the lives of women who were not madams or whores:

Sex work affected my marriage and degraded my ex-husband, who taught me things based on what he'd been taught up there. "Being with you was like being with a courtesan," he once told me. I came to think sex was something you did in service of men, got pregnant at sixteen, and had a baby at seventeen.

It would be a mistake to glorify the madams in any way, Shewmaker cautioned me, because their profession was "based on lies. Prostitution is a lie and it erodes the soul. It destroys something meant to unite people." Shewmaker added that her dad had "tried to make me feel better because he was a city councilman. 'Whores built the viaduct,' he said."

Even though most women in town believed the sex industry was in their interest to promote, some women felt a tension under the surface because it "was like a secret club in this town between the men and women in the houses, but the other women in Wallace weren't allowed into the boys' club. Dolores had a relationship with men that other women were excluded from." Visitors from out of town used to drive by and catcall young girls as they walked down the street. Some men from the region presumed most women in town were sex workers and were blatantly disrespectful when a Wallace girl revealed where she was from. Shewmaker related a story about high school cheerleaders participating in a Spokane parade:

Wallace girls marched in their black sweaters with the large "W" [for Wallace] across their chests. Coins were tossed at them and jeers of "W for whore" rang out . . . At this point, I had come to believe I would rather be a madam or a whore than one of the "protected" women of Wallace.

She added that one of the girls went home and recounted the story to her mother, who told her never again to speak a bad word about those women because they protected young women from being raped and supported the community economically, including their own family's business.

These stories demonstrate how negative perceptions were countered through sayings that became folded into collective memory, layered within narratives repeated over time and embodied by the madams' respectability in deed as well as discourse. The women who worked upstairs knew that word would travel as long as they maintained a consistent image. And word did spread. The situation in the Silver Valley became widely known. One of my research participants told a story about working on a radio show in Los Angeles during the early 1970s. when the host, Sammy Jackson, asked her where she was from, she answered, "You would not know where I'm from, Sammy. I mean, it's a small town in northern Idaho." After she finally admitted she was from Wallace, Jackson answered, "Oh, baby! I spent the best month of my life in Wallace, Idaho." Then she added to me, "I was just stunned that he would even know anything about northern Idaho."

When reporters from around the region would come to town to do a story about the houses, the madams promoted their business practices openly and in accordance with the town's values. Emphasis on the women's care for single men and physical cleanliness countered the stereotype that sex work is immoral and spreads disease. One *Seattle Times* newspaper article, for example, quotes a madam saying that the "men need relief" and "are well taken care of here," featuring a photo of a neatly prepared bed and

narration promising a "spotlessly clean room" because the madam "will not have anything dirty!" The women created the perception that their profession was advantageous to the town because the industry operated in an orderly fashion according to community wishes. An article appearing in Boise's *Idaho Statesman* features one of the town's female residents professing, "A mining town needs brothels," and quotes the manager of the U&I Rooms promoting an understanding of justice congruent with the town's historic mining camp roots: "You don't have to obey the laws, but you do have to follow the rules."

The women were said to bring money into the area and keep that money local. Most often noted, both in the newspapers and around town, was the way in which the sex industry supported the schools. In 1991, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* reported that "madams, for example, helped buy the scoreboard for the high school football team. They also pitched in to help with youth baseball uniforms." Madams notoriously bought the school's band uniforms, and rumor has it that they funded the uniforms partly in exchange for an agreement that the band would no longer march around the streets to practice early in the morning. The houses were said to provide good jobs for women in the community, including those who worked as maids in the houses and others who supported the sex workers' food, grooming, clothing and transportation needs. One woman told me about how she used to give the women rides back and forth from Spokane to Wallace, where she worked at a bar called Sweets and ran food up to the girls during her shifts. She adds that she also "did make a lot of money selling Avon to the girls. They were great customers." The madams' indirect economic contributions to the town and the residents' positive small talk about these contributions kept the sex industry integrated into the town's social and institutional fabric.

It is possible to estimate the numbers of women who came into town and worked in the houses from 1940 to 1960 or so because Nellie Stockbridge, whose photography studio was just across the street from the U&I Rooms, took pictures of all the sex workers during this time for licensing and record-keeping purposes. These photos are now housed in the Barnard-Stockbridge Collection at the University of Idaho Library Special Collections and Archives. Many are stiff and look like mug shots, but some of them are softer and feature the women in relaxed and smiling poses so they could buy the portraits and give them as gifts to relatives, friends and others. The women were rumored to have been good customers of the Stockbridge business. The Barnard-Stockbridge Collection photos indicate that an average of thirty to sixty women came into town per year. The mid-1950s were particularly busy. During some of these years, seventy or eighty women moved into and out of Wallace's brothels. Old Shoshone County Sheriff's Office (SCSO) records document at least 531 women who worked in the houses between 1952 and 1973, although it's likely that some files were lost over the years. ■

HEATHER BRANSTETTER

BELOW: A display in the Oasis Bordello Museum shows a sign from "Casey's" room.

ROB O'MALLEY

A Bell for the Queen

In a High-Desert Haven

BY MARY NETTLETON O'MALLEY

When I was growing up at the Joyce Ranch on Sinker Creek, we went to church in Oreana, about fifteen miles east of Murphy on Highway 78. Local Catholics had been holding services there monthly or semi-monthly for many years in the community hall.

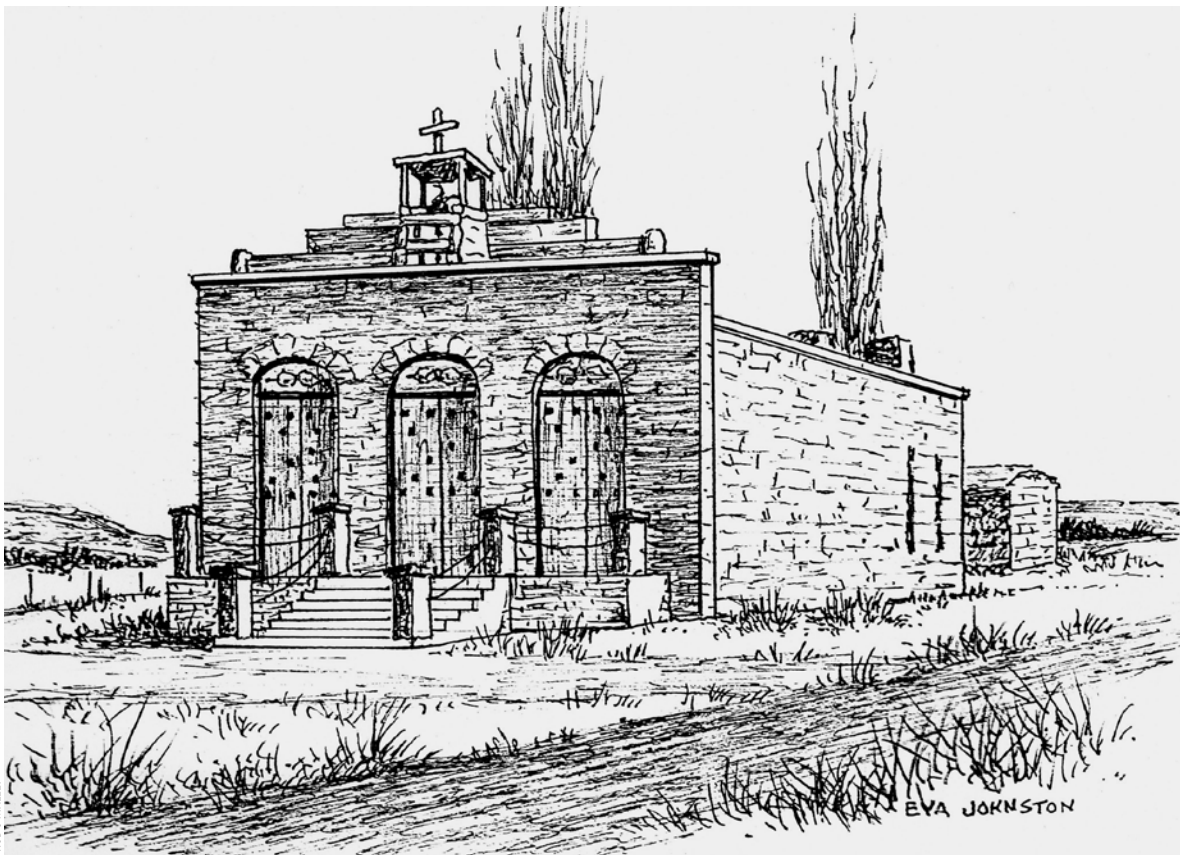
Mass was often held the morning after a dance, and I remember helping to sweep up beer cans and other debris before the parishioners arrived. Confessions were heard behind the piano, much to the amazement of my Philadelphia born-and-raised

Mass was often held the morning after a dance, and I helped to sweep up beer cans and other debris before the other parishioners arrived.

mother, Helen Nettleton, who wrote extensively about Owyhee County. Fran Robinson, whose grandmother was Oreana resident Frances Jayo, remembers that dancehall benches were used to construct an altar. There was always a potluck lunch after Mass.

Adjacent to the community hall stood one of the oldest buildings in the county, built about 1882 as a store by Oreana founder Michael Hyde. It was constructed of two-foot-thick bricks of native stone by John Pierson and Jim Kelly, who were paid three dollars each for their ten-hour workdays. When Michael Hyde founded Oreana in 1871, there already were cattle ranches in the area, the Oreana cemetery had been started in 1865, and water rights dated back to at least 1866.

Yet when Kirby Forman first came to Oreana in 1894, he said the



ROB O'MALLEY

OPPOSITE: The church's contemporary face.

LEFT: Drawing of the building by Eva Johnston, a well-known local artist who came to Oreana as a teacher and married a resident.

A Jewish whiskey drummer and a Mormon bishop gave the priest twenty-five dollars each toward buying a bell for the church.

store, a large two-story hotel, a saloon with a jail underneath, a blacksmith shop, and a barn all were deserted, because many people had moved away as the mines in the Owyhees closed. About 1903, Ben Hyde purchased the native stone building and moved his store and post office into it. His sister leased the hotel and reopened it.

In 1921, Frank and Frances Jayo moved into a house across the road from the store, where they raised their nine children. Their son Dick remembers that the old store later was used as a boarding house for hired men, and then as a granary.

By 1960, Albert Black owned the old store, which had been vacant for years. Albert and his wife Bonnie donated it to the Catholic Diocese of Boise for use as a church and the congregation, helped by many volunteers, mostly Catholics from Nampa, started cleaning the building. It was filled with debris, including a long-dead cow. A Jayo grandson and I were young teenagers at the time, and it was our job to remove the remains of the cow, which was mostly bones and hide. We tossed it in with the rest of the debris to be hauled away. I remember seeing daylight through the old shingle roof that was being renovated.

The main promoter and designer of the building's conversion to the officially named Our Lady, Queen of Heaven Catholic Church was Father Herbert Merzbach, a pastor in Nampa. Many volunteers and businesses, mostly from Nampa, donated materials, time, and effort. A fireplace and chimney were added, as was a belfry. The floor was replaced, the interior renovated, and the roof was covered with red Spanish tile.

The small belfry built over the front entrance housed a bell that originally had hung in the church of Our Lady of Tears in Silver City. A story is told that when the pastor of the mission church in that mining town, Father Dempsey, was guest speaker for the opening of the newly built Dewey Palace Hotel, he told the crowd that while traveling by stagecoach to Silver City, he had been wondering how to get a bell for the church. Two of the passengers, a Jewish whiskey drummer and a Mormon bishop, gave him twenty-five dollars each toward buying a bell. The priest's speech moved the audience to take up a collection on the spot, and enough money was given to purchase a good bell with pure tone.

After the county seat was removed from Silver City and the population declined, vandals broke into the church and the pastor moved the bell, statues, and other artifacts to the Joyce Ranch for storage. When the Sinker Creek dam burst in 1943, everything was lost except the bell, which was found with only part of the wheel broken. Father Merzbach had the wheel repaired and hung the bell in the church, where it now rings.

In 1980, the building became one of the few in Owyhee County listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Today, it looks basically the same as it did after the renovation. Oreana has only a handful of residents, but the church is the main attraction for visitors, and services are still held there once a month. ■

Clearing the Line

In the Railroad's Heyday

BY THORNTON WAITE

Whenever I drive the highways in Teton Valley, I look for reminders of the time the Union Pacific Railroad's Teton Valley Branch ran from Ashton to Victor. The grain elevators, former right-of-way, and bridges are all such reminders.

The line, which ran from Ashton south and east 45.6 miles to Victor, was completed in 1913 and was an essential part of the valley's economy for many years, as the trains brought in supplies and took out agricultural products. People traveled on the passenger train, which was, for all practical purposes, the only way to reach the area. The railroad was especially important in the winter months, when the roads were snowed shut. It was not unknown for the line to Victor to be blocked by deep snowdrifts created by the winds. This was a time when the railroad was the only reasonable form of long distance transportation, particularly in the winter months. When the lines were drifted closed, there was no way to travel in or out of the valley.

BELOW: Plowing the line at Grainville, between Ashton and Drummond.

GLENN GILBREATH, COURTESY OF LARRY GILBREATH

GLENN GILBREATH, COURTESY OF LARRY GILBREATH

ABOVE: The snowed-in Teton Valley Branch Line.

The railroad cleared its lines with plows and crews, often at a great expense. In 1947 Drummond, on the Teton Valley Branch, was isolated for seventeen days by severe snows, and dynamite had to be used to clear the line. In 1949 Drummond was again isolated, this time for twenty-three days. One year, the snow drifted up to twenty feet deep in the cuts, and no trains could run for thirty days. This apparently occurred fairly frequently and hard work was required to clear the tracks.

The line was closed by snow as late as 1955, requiring a massive effort on the part of the railroad to clear it. The story of the work that winter was recounted to me by the late Glenn Gilbreath, a conductor on the train that had been used to clear the tracks. I am a friend of his son, Larry Gilbreath, who introduced me to his father. I spoke to him in the 1980s, and he passed away in 1995 at age eighty. Glenn worked for the Union Pacific Railroad from 1946 until he retired in 1976, usually as a trainman or conductor on trains out of Idaho Falls. He was on the "extra board," working to fill in whenever other employees were not available, which meant he saw the railroad all over eastern Idaho.

He told me that in early March 1955, heavy blizzards with strong winds closed both the main and branch lines. After a crew had been called to clear the East Belt Branch, near Idaho Falls, Glenn was called to clear the main line north to Lima, Montana. While the train was working in Beaver Canyon, he heard that the train clearing the East Belt Branch had had an accident, which had put thirteen men in the hospital, so he considered himself lucky. After returning to Idaho Falls from Lima, his crew went to the East Belt Branch to free that train, which had become stuck in the snow at Newdale, northeast of Rexburg.

After helping to clear the line to Newdale, Glenn returned to Idaho Falls and barely had time to rest when he was called to work on the train to

In sections where the snow was so deep the rotary would have had to tunnel under it, the bulldozer was unloaded to break up snow in front of the rotary.

clear the Teton Valley Branch. On the third day after the blizzard, the work train left Ashton with a rotary plow but no outfit cars. It got only as far as Marysville, 1.7 miles from Ashton, before turning back. The winds were so strong, the crew was afraid the tracks behind them would be blown shut. The following day, the snow train got as far as the Fall River Bridge before the winds again turned it back. These winds swept the snow off the fields but dumped it into the railroad cuts, where it packed into solid drifts that were difficult to clear.

The blizzard continued for four more days, and the crew was called back to Pocatello to wait for a break in the weather. When the snow ended and the winds died down, a train with a rotary plow, diesel locomotive, outfit cars, work equipment, and a caboose was sent back to Ashton. A tank car held water for the Union Pacific steam-powered rotary at the front of the train. The diesel locomotive normally worked the hump in the Pocatello yard and its slow, steady speed made it a good choice for clearing the line. Behind the diesel, a tank car held fuel, followed by outfit cars where the men could eat, sleep, and warm up. In front of the caboose at the end of the train, a flatcar held a bulldozer. The railroad had not had time to locate a cook, so one of the crewmembers performed that duty.

A section crew boarded the train at Ashton. The train crew already had a machinist, an engineer, and fireman for the rotary in addition to the regular train crew, which included the road foreman of engines, trainmaster, and roadmaster. There were no radios, so train operations were controlled by whistles.

The train derailed near Ashton but then reached Drummond with no further problems. South of Drummond, the train encountered deep, hard-packed drifts. In sections where the snow was so deep the rotary would have had to tunnel under it, the bulldozer was unloaded to break up snow in front of the rotary. After clearing the line to the south of Drummond under the unofficial supervision of the town residents, the train backed up and tied down for the night at Drummond. The next day it continued south, encountering drifts at the tiny community of France and at Bitch Creek, and then went on to Victor, returning to Ashton with no further

Moose, elk and deer realized that traveling on the cleared tracks was a lot easier than trying to wade through deep snow. As a result, trains were often delayed.

delays. This work allowed the daily passenger train to reach Victor and freight to be taken in and out of the valley. But Glenn told me he had no time to rest. As soon as the crew reached Ashton, it had to continue working to clear the East Belt Branch. All this was a far cry from the last days of the Teton Valley Branch in the 1980s, when the railroad simply shut the line whenever the snow got too deep.

The railroaders also noted that wildlife took advantage of the cleared rail line. Moose, elk, and deer realized that traveling on the cleared tracks was a lot easier than trying to wade through deep snow. As a result, the trains were often delayed over the years by animals on the tracks. A Teton Valley resident, Beary Jones, who helped cut ties for the railroad, wrote in a 1978 issue in the *Ashton Herald* about an incident in 1948, when a passenger train was traveling from Lamont to Felt on the Teton Valley Branch to Victor:

That old cow moose and her calf got on the railroad tracks and wouldn't get off, even though the train was coming. In fact, they both preceded the train across Bitch Creek and Conant Creek Bridges, two of the highest railroad bridges in the area. That old moose was fighting the engine all the way, and the train had its whistle wide open. Then, when the train finally got through to Victor and started back, there they were again—they'd been sleeping on the tracks. And doggoned if they didn't retrace their tracks right over those bridges, fighting the engine again all the way.

As roads were improved over the years, the railroad's importance declined. Passenger service ended in the 1960s, and the line was abandoned from Tetonia south to Victor in 1987, and from Ashton to Victor in 1990. After the tracks were pulled up the following year, the right-of-way was converted into a recreational trail. Today the right-of-way between Victor and Driggs is a paved trail, while the line north of Tetonia to Ashton is also recreational trail, using the original bridges to cross the canyons.

I have walked much of the former rail line between Ashton and Tetonia. The bridges, left behind when the line was pulled up, are particularly fascinating to me, especially the one over Conant Creek. Along the old rail line, I pass through deep cuts in the rolling hills, which are a quiet reminder of the challenges that faced the railroad in years past. ■

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BIG CREEK

A FAMILY RECALLS YEARS AT THE LODGE

BY KITTY WIDNER

When I arrived in Idaho as a World War II bride in 1945, my husband was eager to show me the beauties of his home state. One of our first ventures was a long loop trip from McCall to Cascade through the back-country to Big Creek. We stopped there for lunch, and then traveled a treacherous mountain road which took us to Warren, a historic mining camp where there was just a store with a post office and a few people. Over forty more miles of mountain roads, we completed the loop to McCall. For a southern girl who grew up in the bayous of Louisiana, this was an experience of a lifetime, and to this day, my love of Idaho and the rugged mountains includes an enchantment with the majestic beauty of the backcountry.

Seventy years later, I sat in a beauty shop in Middleton, talking with my hairdresser, Lisa Minter Pack, about when we used to live in McCall.

She said, "For three years my dad flew my two brothers and me from Big Creek to school in McCall and back from Big Creek."

"That's unbelievable!"

"He was a commercial airline pilot and had his own plane," she replied calmly. "And we do have an airstrip at Big Creek, you know."

Actually, I didn't know that, but from then on, every Thursday as I sat in the beauty shop chair while Lisa skillfully tamed my hair, she also expanded my mind with information. Call it Big Creek 101.

Lunch during a nonprofit fundraiser at Big Creek to build a new lodge as a mandated public access facility.

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COURTESY OF KITTY WIDNER

ABOVE: Kitty Widner's painting of Goat Mountain for her friend Lisa Minter Pack.

OPPOSITE TOP: Roxy Minter serves Big Creek resident Wilber Wiles, 1976.

OPPOSITE BELOW: The Minter family at the old lodge (clockwise from top left): Scott, Roxy, Bruce, Robert, and Lisa.

Knowing I was a paint-for-fun artist, one morning she asked if I would paint a picture of Goat Mountain for her, explaining that when her family flew in and out of the Big Creek airstrip, they circled Goat Mountain. She was hesitant when she asked, and had tears in her eyes, so I knew it meant a lot to her. No one with any painting skill could have refused. She was happy with my effort, which hangs in her bedroom. "I see it every day, every morning, and every night," she told me.

Like many Idaho mountain settlements, Big Creek began as an outpost for trappers, miners, and outfitters. Today it's a mecca for backcountry pilots, big game hunters, fishermen, campers, and other outdoor enthusiasts. Winter provides snowmobiling, sledding, cross-country skiing, and relaxing by the fire.

About six months of the year, Big Creek is accessible by the narrow road from Yellow Pine over the 7,500-foot-high Profile Summit, which generally is open after July 1. The settlement, at an elevation of 7,750 feet, is seventy-eight miles by road from McCall. It can be reached by air throughout the year, weather permitting. Big Creek, at the trailhead to the Frank Church–River of No Return Wilderness, is not officially listed as a town or city, but the settlement is shown on Idaho maps.

Mining began in this part of Idaho in the 1800s. Deep canyons and rough country delayed mining at Big Creek until about 1903, when droves of prospectors began digging in the wilderness of the Salmon River Mountains. Minerals from these early mines included antimony, gold, silver, quartz, lead, and copper, affirming Idaho's nickname of The Gem State.

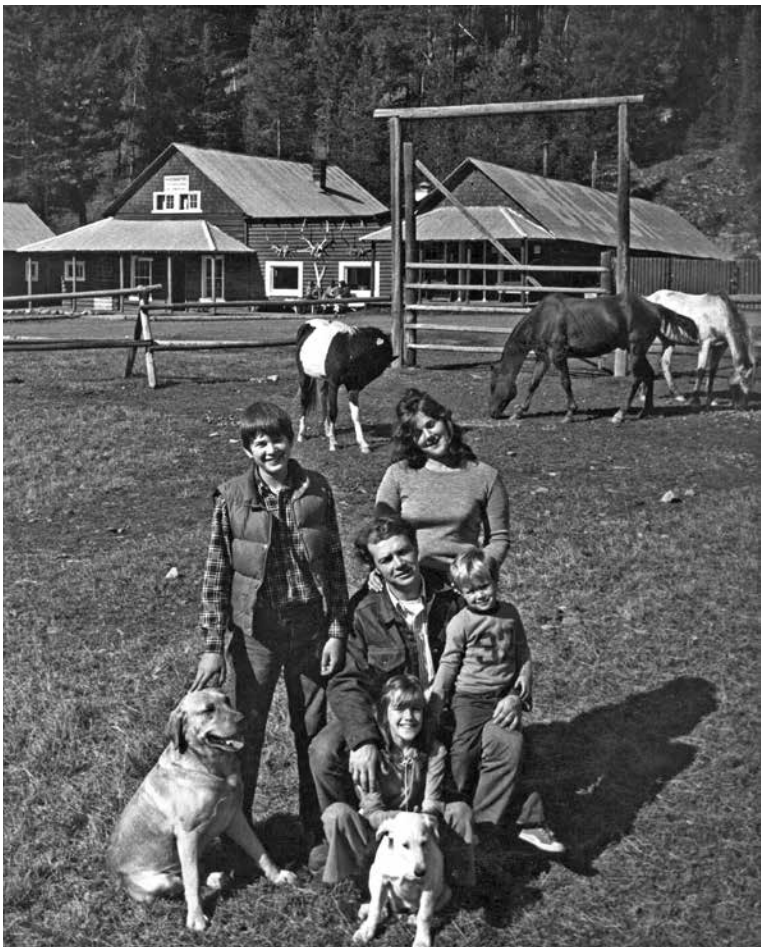
In *Idaho Mountains, Our Home* (V.O. Ranch Books, 1997), Emma Cox wrote, "Napier Edwards was a son of William Edwards and his wife Annie. In 1904,when Napier was two years old, they came to Big Creek, where they acquired a mining interest. The predominant metals were gold, silver, lead, and copper. It was a forty-mile horseback ride from Warren over Elk Summit, at an elevation of 8,670 feet, to Big Creek. The family were real pioneers."

Willie and his wife established Edwardsburg in 1904, which provided a general store and post office. This was during the Thunder Mountain gold rush days, and the settlement must have been welcomed by prospectors and others in need of supplies and a bit of civilization. Its name, which soon changed to Big Creek, was described in a pamphlet as "the center of commerce during the gold rush days."

The oldest living resident in Big Creek is Wilber Wiles, age 101. He was interviewed for an Idaho Public Television show on *Outdoor Idaho* entitled, "Where the Road Ends," which aired in March 2017. Seven communities were featured, among them Big Creek, an aerial view of which was shown while the program described the place as "so remote that an airplane is the best way in." Wilber said he had been in Big Creek since the "gold rush days." The settlement's oldest known person was 113, and Wilber hoped to reach 114 to beat the record. His other claim to fame is that when the University of Idaho's Maurice Hornecher, the world's foremost authority on cougars, conducted a study of them in the Big Creek area, he hired Wilber and his dog to assist in treeing and tagging.

In 1920, the U.S. Forest Service established a ranger station at Big Creek. The pasture in which pilots were challenged to land was gradually improved. Working with local miners, Forest Service employees extended the Big Creek landing field to a smooth thirteen

COURTESY OF LISA MINTER PACK



COURTESY OF LISA MINTER PACK

COURTESY OF LISA MINTER PACK

ABOVE: The Minter family with the plane used to fly the children to school in McCall from Big Creek.

hundred feet. In the 1940s, major drainage improvements were made and in 1957 the airstrip was rebuilt to nearly 3,600 feet in length. It is maintained to this day, although backcountry flying remains a feat only for the skilled and experienced pilot.

No story about Big Creek would be complete without stressing the importance of the mail planes and their valiant backcountry pilots. The mail plane's arrival was always a cause of excitement. Children ran to tell their moms and dads when it appeared overhead, clapped their hands and yelled, or simply stared skyward. For forty-two years, Ray Arnold of Cascade served the people of Big Creek. Once a week, weather permitting, he flew the mail, groceries, freight, animals, or whatever was needed or ordered for the Forest Service and others. The Arnolds hired someone to shop for the requested groceries and supplies. Ray Arnold is an Idaho icon, loved by many, a legend in his time. He plans to retire in September 2017, but Arnold Aviation will continue the service with his son, who is the aviation mechanic and business manager. The pilot who flies for them now will keep at it.

Just as I don't think I could overstate the importance of the airstrip to Big Creek, the 1933 completion of the road to Yellow Pine was also vital. A paragraph from *Idaho Mountains, Our Home,* illustrates the situation. "After hunting season [1939], we all made a trip to Boise with two pickups for supplies for six months: groceries, stock salt, grain, and horseshoes. We buy a lot of flour, as we bake our own bread and

pastries. Returning from Boise, we hauled the load as far as Snow Shoe Mine. We had ordered truckloads of hay from Cascade to be delivered to Big Creek headquarters. A big snowstorm came in , so the driver unloaded on top of the summit . . . The next day, the driver came in with the second load. It had snowed all night . . . he spun out and skidded off the road. He tried to keep the truck from turning over, but most of the hay landed in the creek . . . The storm continued . . . Stibnite Mine had a crew working at the head of Smith Creek on Dan McRae's claim. They were all snowed in, so the mining company got their Cat to open the road to Stibnite. We went from Smith Creek to Big Creek and on over Profile Summit. There were seventeen vehicles that needed to get over the top."

I'm often impressed by the bravery and courage of the Oregon Trail pioneers, yet on a smaller scale the miners, trappers, and settlers in the backcountry coped with many similar hardships.

In the Big Creek area, much activity was centered around Big Creek Lodge, built by Dick Cowman in the mid-1930s on leased Forest Service land. Dick and his wife Sophie operated the business until the late 1940s. A number of owners followed but, sadly, the building was destroyed by fire in 2008.

The story of Bruce and Roxy Minter, who became owners of the lodge in 1976, is especially meaningful. Bruce, a retired commercial airline pilot, had been working in the Hillsboro, Oregon, police department at a very

BELOW: Big Creek in winter.

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stressful job. He developed bleeding ulcers, which led his doctor to recommend that he find a different occupation in a peaceful place where he still could support his family. The search was on. Reading about a place in Montana that might meet his needs, Bruce set off flying to it with his brother-in-law. En route, they saw an airstrip called Big Creek on the map and decided to land for a rest stop. While talking with people in the lodge, Bruce learned that the business was for sale. He was impressed, and decided to fly back to Oregon, where he discussed the matter with his wife and family.

Roxy and the couple's three children, including Lisa, who would become my hairdresser, drove from Oregon to Big Creek to give the place a look-over. Roxy found it rundown, but could see the possibilities. The Minters became the new owners, initially sleeping on a balcony in the store with their children, ages twelve, eight, and three.

For eight years, the Minters owned and operated the lodge. They began with no experience but soon learned how to order supplies and handle the myriad chores, especially during hunting season. Roxy rose early to make breakfast and sandwiches. Daily she made cinnamon rolls, chocolate chip cookies, and bread for the store and guests.

The parents resolved the problem of school for their children by hiring a live-in teacher. Two other children came from Yellow Pine to be taught as well. A 1976 edition of *The Oregonian* carried an article headlined, "Smallest Idaho school teaches 3 R's to Five." In it, the reporter wrote, "Marti Cooledge, who has experience in backcountry schools, got the job as schoolmarm . . . they used resources in the area for physical education . . . the new school uses the McCall system textbooks and curriculum." Lisa fondly remembers cross-county skiing when the lessons were completed.

Bill Erickson took over as the children's teacher in 1977 but in the family's third year in Big Creek, Bruce started flying his kids to school in McCall. The Minters' eldest son, Scott, had reached high school age, so the family rented a house in McCall, which made the remaining school years easier for everyone. After a few years as dual residents, the family sold the lodge. Bruce's ulcers never caused him trouble again—Big Creek had done its magic. After twenty-three years in McCall, the Minters finally moved down to the Boise valley area.

When the Minters purchased the lodge, a herd of horses was included in the sale. Horses always have been an integral part of settlements like Big Creek, first for their essential role in

BELOW: Bev Murphy floating Big Creek with her children Tammy and Robin.

BELOW RIGHT: The old Big Creek Lodge burning, 2008.

COURTESY OF BEV MURPHY LARKIN

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transportation and more recently for recreational purposes, such as packing, pleasure riding, or getting to fishing and hunting spots. Lisa had her own pony, Thunder, which she described to me as her "best friend." After hunting season, the horses were herded to Cascade, and then were brought back to Big Creek in the spring. Her second spring there, Lisa rode Thunder with the herd from Cascade to Big Creek.

She described her childhood at Big Creek with one word: "Unbelievable." She had freedom to explore a mountain paradise, finding old mines and deserted log cabins, riding horses, cross-country skiing, waking up to the aroma of cinnamon rolls and chocolate chip cookies baked by her mother each morning. All this in beautiful surroundings, with loving parents who were always there for the children.

"My parents raised well-adjusted children who manage pretty well," Lisa said.

She also had a sister-like cousin who stayed with them every summer and a friend who spent summers in a nearby cabin. The summer friend was Robin Murphy, who, with her sister Tammy and sometimes their mother Bev, spent summers at the cabin of the girls' grandparents, Hilda and Walter Hanson. These visits to Big Creek started when Robin was just three years old. When I talked to them about their Big Creek escapades, I saw the joy on their faces.

Although their days were filled with swimming and floating in Big Creek and with many other activities, the nighttime adventures seemed most important to them. Before the Minters moved to Big Creek with their horses, the Murphy girls and their friends sneaked horses out of the packers' herds for nighttime riding.

One night, Lisa, Robin, and a friend were taking a walk down to the lodge road when they came around a corner to confront a huge black bear ambling nonchalantly across the road. The startled girls raced home.

There was no electricity or television, although they found diversion with an old crank-style telephone hanging on the wall, and they did have radio reception. The girls' grandparents enjoyed *Mystery Theater,* so family and friends settled in regularly to listen, with a very large bowl of popcorn.

Later, the sisters' friend from the cabin a half-mile down the road confessed to them, "When I walked home, I thought there was a cougar behind every tree."

By the time they reached their early teens, they literally had a little night music, and everyone danced by the light of an old Willys pickup. One of Lisa's favorite memories is of

BELOW LEFT: Lisa gets help with her pony Thunder from lodge ranchhand Shawn Lee.

BELOW: A bear in the woods near Big Creek.

COURTESY OF LISA MINTER PACK

COURTESY OF LISA MINTER PACK

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ABOVE: The new Big Creek Lodge.

OPPOSITE: Scientists study salmon near Big Creek, 2005.

evenings spent sitting around a huge campfire, especially when someone had a guitar and a good voice.

Bev Murphy Larkin wistfully remembers activities with friends, such as climbing into 4WD vehicles and heading up to Beaver Creek for a day of picnicking and huckleberrying. Tammy Murphy fondly remembers the wildlife, especially the chipmunks. When Tammy was eleven years old, she wrote a poem called "Big Creek" for her school newspaper:

Big Creek is such a nice place to be,
Where we spend our vacation, my sister and me,
The cute little chipmunks with pouches so full,
They fight over bread and they pull and pull.

The eldest Minter child, Scott, and Tammy Murphy were teenage sweethearts. They parted, reunited much later, and now are married.

When I was discussing the Murphy girls' Big Creek escapades with them, Robin said sadly, "It was years before I could even look at a picture of the Big Creek Lodge burning."

For about five years the big scorched spot just sat there, but then in 2015 the nonprofit Idaho Aviation Foundation set to work raising funds for construction of a new building that literally would rise from the ashes of the old—because covenants stipulate that the replacement building must be in the same location and be the same size as the previous structure. A lease was obtained from the Forest Service for use of the land, and the enormous undertaking began with a cost estimate of eight hundred thousand dollars, which eventually rose to a million dollars.

In the early stages, an architect from Boise volunteered his services, a volunteer from Oregon put in a new septic system, an engineer from Boise designed and built a new hydro-electric plant, and an extensive fire system was

BENJAMIN SANFORD, NOAA/NMFS/NWFSC

installed. A log builder from Grangeville put in the walls. A stonemason built a huge fireplace of the many-colored rocks found in the area. Thousands of volunteers helped in innumerable ways. May Hardware in McCall contributed generously, as did American Standard, donating fixtures and plumbing. The J.A. and Kathryn Albertson Family Foundation made a big donation, and many others around the country contributed money. Idaho Aviation has sponsored a variety of fund-raising events, such as fly-in breakfasts and even raffling off an airplane.

Now the structure of thirty-six-hundred square feet plus additional loft space is almost finished. It has five bedrooms, four of them for guests and one for the manager, and food will be served from the full kitchen. Idaho Aviation Foundation president Jim Davies hopes the lodge will be completed in late September.

"Big Creek Lodge is a unique and iconic backcountry treasure, as the only mandated public access facility of its kind in Idaho," Jim told me. "Big Creek is a challenging yet forgiving aviation destination, as well as a base camp for a multitude of outdoor activities and public services. It is a vital part of Idaho's heritage and future."

For me, writing about Big Creek has been a serendipitous learning experience. Through my friends, I've made many accidental discoveries, all of them fortunate. Thinking about my trips to the backcountry, I feel grateful for the opportunity to have experienced the grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of Big Creek. ■

WAYNE SCHENK

JUSTIN JACOBS

The Legend Comes to Town

And I Will Get That Ride

BY ALICE SCHENK

On April 21, when the *Living Legend* came through Minidoka on its way to Boise, I stood by the tracks, soaking up the romance of decades past and holding a thought that had germinated in me over the previous week, ready now to become an opportunity.

Ed Dickens, Jr., senior manager of Heritage Operations for Union Pacific, finished visiting with a group of students from West Minico Junior High School in Paul, and I casually raised my hand.

"I have a question. Can I catch a ride to Shoshone [the next scheduled stop], and then my husband can pick me up?"

Ed smiled graciously and

ABOVE: A crowd greets the Legend at Shoshone.

ABOVE INSET: The author gets onboard.

said no.

But I was determined to get a ride on the newly restored steam locomotive No. 844, hailed as the *Living Legend* because it is the only steam engine in Union Pacific's fleet that has never been taken out of service. A high-speed passenger engine, 844 has been working for UP for seventy-three years. It was placed in freight service when diesels took over passenger train duties, and was saved from the scrap pile in the early 1960s, serving ever since then as an ambassador for Union Pacific. One of the largest and most powerful steam locomotives still in operation, it has run hundreds of thousands of miles as Union Pacific's ambassador of goodwill, and in April was making a sixteen-hundred-mile roundtrip from its home in Wyoming to help celebrate the historic Boise Depot's ninety-second anniversary.

Undeterred by Ed's rebuff, I approached another member of the crew who looked important.

He was likewise kind and responded to my question with, "Who's your husband?"

I pointed out Wayne to him. He smiled and said, sorry, no passengers allowed on this trip.

Later that day, while scrolling the Facebook newsfeed of Union Pacific, I saw a request from a former employee to catch a ride. The company responded that its usual answer was no.

Telling myself that sometimes "no" represents an opportunity that can become an adventure, I played my "I'm a features writer" card and asked about getting a ride on the Living Legend to write an article on it. I was directed to the media department, where I typed a message and hit send: "I'd absolutely love to hitch a ride on UP #844 and do a write-up on that experience! I would board at Shoshone on April 24th at 1:15p.m. and I could disembark in Minidoka at 3:15, or continue on to Pocatello."

The no became a yes: "Alice, please print this email to be used as a boarding pass to ride the train from Shoshone to Minidoka."

It would be my first train ride in more than fifty-five years.

I arrived early at the historic depot in downtown Shoshone. No way was I going to miss my connection. Shoshone Elementary School students had walked in the cold to the station, and I met students from Bellevue, and saw a Richfield school bus. A huge crowd of residents from Stanley to Burley gathered to watch the arrival of the last steam engine built for Union Pacific.

My energy level was supercharged, making me feel like a kid again. I was nervous, undoubtedly for no reason at all. It wasn't like I was escaping from Alcatraz or anything.

I had no clue to whom to talk about boarding the train, so I approached a man who looked important. He was being interviewed by schoolchildren, and was kind and attentive to them. I waited until he was done and then asked if he was my contact, Nathan Anderson. He said no. When I mentioned I had a boarding pass, he escorted me to the Challenger dome coach. He helped me onboard, and radioed Nathan to let him know I had arrived. Meanwhile, I was smiling big inside, because this man helping me was the same one I had talked to the previous week in Minidoka, who had said no, I couldn't ride the train.

His name was Jim Lance, and he was the western region's manager of operating practices. When I got home from the ride, I emailed him to describe how hugely happy I was as he let me on the train, and why.

"I would've let you on at Minidoka last week," he replied, "but I really had no safe way of getting people boarded. If it were up to me, I'd have filled the train up. So glad you could get on when you did. *And* you

had cookies! My Achilles heel. Should've offered them at Minidoka—I might have relented."

If only I'd known that having a safe way of getting me on the train was Jim's big concern, I could have solved that. I mean, I'm credentialed. I've climbed all of Idaho's nine peaks above twelve thousand feet. I've maneuvered across some dicey ridgelines. Why, I could have climbed to the top of the train like they did in those old movies and dropped down into a car through the roof. Of course, what I wouldn't have told Jim is that despite the mountain-climbing, I'm afraid of heights, and had to literally crawl across several of those knife-edged ridges. Or at least I wouldn't have told him until I was on top of the train.

How many chances are lost when one fails to ask the right questions?

In the dome coach, as I waited for my media friends to arrive, I kept walking up and down the stairs to the top of the dome and peeking into the spacious rooms below, so old and exquisite. The dome car was built in 1958 by Pullman-Standard for UP, the last such car built.

Director of Corporate Relations and Media, Justin Jacobs, arrived with Director of Public Affairs Nathan Anderson. I gave them four dozen cookies I had baked for the crew, minus one I gave to Jim as he put me on board. We walked through the Pullman cars to the shop car and I visited with the crew, which was much smaller than I had imagined. It included welders, who made boiler repairs and often built whatever else was needed, because replacement parts for this old engine can't be found on the Internet. Firemen, conductors, and engineers comprised the rest of the crew. I wore a conductor hat, just in case I got the opportunity to drive. After all, it wasn't likely I would get lost on the track. So I asked if I could drive. The answer was no.

On the way back to the dome car, I stared at the floorboards, which were original and incredible. Sitting in the top of the dome, I watched a steady line of vehicles following the train and saw people I knew waiting at intersections as we passed. I waved, knowing they couldn't see me, but I could tell them later I had waved at them. Justin and Nathan said an orange jeep had been following the train pretty much the entire trip, and they'd seen it going close to 60 mph on dirt roads to keep up. Train chasers. Some follow for the nostalgia and others try to get ahead to take photos or videos—like those images of old that graced calendars, showing locomotives as they rounded mountain corners or rolled across high bridges, a stream trail billowing behind them.

Only ten other steamers were built in 1944, the year 844 was delivered. Rather than coal, it burned oil. Coal engines had to be serviced in the roundhouse to get more coal, but the oil burners could go three hundred miles without refueling. They just needed to take on water. And boy did this engine get thirsty! The water car had a capacity of 23,500 gallons and there was more in the tender, along with another 6,200 gallons of fuel oil. It took ten gallons per mile of fuel consumption to power the locomotive and the water consumption was about a hundred gallons per mile. An expensive train to run, it cruised at 65 to 70 mph, although the crew told me it could reach 110 mph.

With its tender, No. 844 weighs more than nine hundred thousand pounds. It's so heavy that on the rural rails it traveled during this trip, it was accompanied by another engine. When bridges had to be crossed, the steam locomotive would unhitch and go by itself. The other engine would pull the rest of the train

across. The steam locomotive was just too heavy for the bridge if it was connected to the rest of the train.

Too soon, No. 844 slowed for the Minidoka station and my ride had ended. A large crowd had gathered to welcome it back to our community. I knew they could hear it coming and see the steam from a distance, and I imagined it was a beautiful sight coming down the track.

At the station, a student asked if women worked for the railroad. You bet they do. In Minidoka, I met Brandy Stoddard, an engineer and conductor who worked on 844. Also on board was her mother, MaryAnn Hennessy, an engineer. The love of trains runs deep in this family, because Brandy is a fifth-generation railroad employee and the third generation of females. Her twin sisters are also involved, Lindsey Bluhm as a conductor and Tiffany Mace as an engineer/conductor. These four women work out of Pocatello and Brandy's uncle, Tim Hennessy, is a conductor out of Utah.

As No. 844 rolled out of the Minidoka station to a vibrating whistle and the clickety-clack of huge wheels on iron tracks, I felt like part of my heart rolled away with it. On the way home, it would stop in more small towns in south-eastern Idaho, and more crowds would gather to view the 454 tons of majestic beauty. Schoolchildren would line the tracks alongside train collectors, former employees, and other members of the community, everyone enthralled with the huge work of art that had just steamed its way into town. ■

BELOW: Wendy with Union Pacific's Jim Lance.

WAYNE SCHENK

The Butterfly, in Fact

Stuff You Probably Didn't Know

BY LES TANNER

I've been a fan of butterflies ever since I was a kid. My dad was a fan, too. But it was a self-taught biologist and author, Vinson Brown, who really got me hooked when I was in high school in California.

Our family got hooked, too, when I was attending school in Georgia. It's a great place for butterflies. We must have been a sight, two adults and two kids running around flailing nets at objects that distant observers couldn't see. We eventually built up a considerable collection, much of which resides in our family room here in Caldwell. We gave up that phase of the activity long ago, however. Butterflies are too harmless and beautiful to kill. Taking photos is the way to go now, although occasionally I'll spread-and-pin a specimen that was hit by a car.

What brought butterflies to my mind most recently was the loss of all but two of the butterfly bushes (Buddleia davidii) we've had in our yard for many years, no doubt because of the bummer of a winter we just experienced. We had too many for my wife's taste—they have a tendency to take over garden spots and even are considered an invasive species by some authorities—but they attract butterflies and hummingbirds and bees and other critters that are cool to watch. The bushes I hated to lose most were the large ones that grew house-high in front. Wonderful plants.

That led me to wondering how much folks in general know about butterflies. I'm sure that nearly everyone knows what they look like. Their photos and images are everywhere. They flit across the screen in outdoor movie scenes. They appear as pieces of jewelry. They show up on greeting cards and in ads, and as wooden cutouts on the sides of houses. Even as tattoos. But how about the real things?

To get a sense of what other folks know about butterflies, I sent an email to several acquaintances asking questions of them. Here are (fairly) brief answers to some of those questions.

Most people have at one time or other handled a butterfly, and were most likely told that the dust that came off on their hands would harm the insect. Actually that dust consists of tiny scales, very similar to fish scales. They have nothing directly to do with the basic health of the butterfly. Their main purpose is to provide color and pattern to its wings. Butterflies lose scales all the time as they sip nectar and in skirmishes with birds. They lose parts of wings, too, but they keep on going.

Butterflies don't eat plants—only their larvae (caterpillars) do. In their winged form, butterflies drink nectar from flowers, just like bees. They get at the nectar using a long tongue, a proboscis, that is coiled up like a watch spring. When unwound, it can be as long as its body. If you can get close enough to a butterfly that has lit on a flower, you might be able to see the tongue unwind and do its job. Butterflies are great pollinators, by the way.

Besides their beauty and their function as pollinators, the existence and numbers of butterflies are key clues to climate change and the effects of

agriculture and pesticides on the environment.

Butterflies are not moths, but they are related. They are both Lepidoptera (scaly-winged), but they differ in many ways. Butterflies are for the most part diurnal, whereas moths are generally nocturnal. The larvae of both feed on plants, but the larvae of moths are by far the more destructive. Very few butterflies are harmful. One exception is the white butterfly you see in your garden—the European Cabbage White—whose larvae feed on cabbage-related plants. How the two types of insects fold their wings is different, too. But the most distinctive difference, up close, is in their antennae. The antennae of butterflies are always thickened or knobbed at the ends, whereas moths' antennae never are. Instead they are often feather-like or long and stringy like a hair.

Surely, most people notice butterflies now and then. They see the occasional Monarch or Swallowtail, lots of those white garden-visitors, and maybe a brown one or two. But are there more varieties around? Yep, lots more. At least 150 species have been recorded in Idaho, and more than eighty of those have been seen in Boise and the Boise foothills. (There are roughly eight hundred species of butterflies in the U.S.—and ten thousand species of moths.)

One type of common butterfly, the Skipper, is rarely noticed. They are generally small—about the size of a bumblebee—and have thick bodies and short wings. They often are mistaken for bees or other insects. You have to be looking for them—on flowers or lawns—because they fly differently, and faster, than other butterflies. Most in this area are orange-brown or rust-colored.

Several years ago on a fishing trip, I happened to see a tiny insect flitting around on a Russian thistle (tumbleweed) plant. I wouldn't have given it a second thought except after having watched butterflies most of my life, I realized it was flying like one. It turned out to be a Western Pygmy Blue, the smallest of all American butterflies, and


TRISTAN HEAVEN


LES TANNER


LES TANNER


SHERI ROBISON


LES TANNER

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A skipper; Western Pygmy Blue; Monarch; Western Tiger Swallowtail; moth antennae; Robert Michael Pyle with Marsha, his oft-mended net made of a cottonwood limb.


LES TANNER

one of the smallest in the world. I'd never even heard of them before.

Probably the most well known butterflies are Monarchs, some of which winter in Mexico and summer in Canada, so migrations of several thousand miles are involved. But no single butterfly makes the whole trip. An adult Monarch lives from two to four weeks on average, so during the migration the females lay eggs, which become the adults for the next leg of the journey. It generally takes four generations of Monarchs to complete the round trip. How do those new generations know where to go? You've got me.

The larvae of Monarchs (which, incidentally, are the Idaho state insect), feed exclusively on milkweed, causing the adult to be unpalatable to birds. A butterfly called the Viceroy, which is of a different species, looks very much like the Monarch. Viceroys are avoided by birds, too. They are unpalatable because of what their larvae eat: willows. The Viceroy's resemblance to a Monarch appears to be just coincidence.

Surprisingly, butterflies can be handled without damaging them, if properly done. With its thorax held gently between thumb and forefinger, its wings can be spread, allowing one to see them up close. Even that coiled-up tongue can be unrolled. Once released, they don't always flee, either. They will sit on your hand, or can be placed on a person's nose, where they will rest until they decide to leave. They will even crawl up a person's face and onto their head. More than once, a butterfly has "explored" for as long as an hour before going in search of a better-tasting "flower."

I could go on for pages about these wonderful critters, but for your sakes and mine, I'll quit here. There are, however, two events in this issue's calendar that might be of interest. The first is The College of Idaho's Museum Work Day on July 8. At lunch, Dr. Paul Castrovillo will discuss Idaho's Swallowtail butterflies, after which he will conduct a training session for the thirty-ninth annual 4J (Fourth of July) Butterfly Count. The latter event, which takes place in Boise on July 9, is the subject of an announcement in the calendar as well. ■

MONARCH MAN

The best book I know about butterflies in general is *The Butterflies of Cascadia* (Seattle Audubon Society, 2002), by Robert Michael Pyle. The book is written for beginner and expert alike, with great photographs and the information essential to locating and identifying butterflies. Even though the subtitle dauntingly proclaims that it describes "all the species in Washington, Oregon, and surrounding territories," its approach and the author's writing style make it worth the read for anyone wanting to know a little—or a lot—about these amazing creatures.

As it turns out, the book's author is an "amazing creature" in his own right. He's got a PhD from Yale, he's written highly acclaimed books, and he knows more about butterflies, and especially Monarchs, than anyone else of my personal acquaintance.

To become a Monarch expert, Bob put two hundred thousand miles on his ancient VW Beetle, Powdermilk—slept in there, too—and netted thousands of butterflies with his faithful net, Marsha, made from the branch of a cottonwood tree and repaired countless times in the many years she was Bob's constant companion. Not long ago, Bob spent a year touring the United States in an attempt to capture, with net and camera, as many of the eight hundred species of butterflies found here. His book, *Mariposa Road,* is an account of that sojourn.

COLLEGE OF IDAHO

Frigid Embrace

A Backcountry Winter Introduction

BY JUSTIN DALME

When every road leading into Stanley is closed, it kind of puts a kink in your travel plans.

Adam Eschbach and I were traveling to central Idaho to report on The College of Idaho's Winter Wilderness Experience class, a combination of environmental studies and creative writing along with backcountry skiing. At the time, I was working with him in the marketing and communications office at the school, and I jumped at the chance to get out of Caldwell and take photos and video in the frozen Idaho backcountry. I'd never visited the mountain paradise in the winter and was excited to embrace frigid Idaho in the middle of January 2017. We couldn't have picked a better year.

When the road finally opened, we packed into Adam's AWD with cameras and equipment, and pointed due northeast for the beautiful Sawtooths. We had sunny weather the whole drive, and stopped at Galena Pass to take a few scenic photos. I

COLLEGE OF IDAHO

FAR ABOVE: Skiers pattern the snow with their trails.

ABOVE: Going downhill in the Sawtooths.

could have sat atop the pass all day, warm rays beating down on me, a white canvas of raw beauty before my eyes.

Adam and I entered Stanley around 4 p.m. Vibrant in summer, its population of sixty-seven dips even lower in winter, when the town turns as ghostly as the white mountains that surround it. We checked into a lodge and upon opening the door of our room were greeted by one of the most beautiful views I've ever seen. The wooden beams of our back patio framed a low fog hanging on the Salmon River. Snow bunkered each bank and silenced all but the rushing river, not quite frozen over. In the background, the jagged Sawtooths rose from the valley floor like giant guardians of the scene.

We planned to meet up with the C of I students and instructors after dinner. In the meantime, we drove into downtown Stanley to explore a little and get background film footage that might come in handy later. We then headed for Little Stanley Lake, hoping to get some scenic video. The road to the lake was closed because of snow, but we did get photos and video of the Sawtooths. As the sun dipped past the mountains, it painted the once-white peaks in watercolored blues, purples, and pinks—absolutely gorgeous.

The fog thickened as night approached and the temperature dipped into the negatives. I couldn't stand outside more than a few minutes with ungloved hands. You know it's cold when you can feel your nose hair stiffen and start to freeze. Chilled to the bone, we turned back to our lodge, and were greeted on the way by a winter herd of elk crossing the road. They meandered back into the snow, which was up to their chests, and headed toward the hot springs.

After dinner, we set out for the lodge where environmental science professors Scott Knickerbocker and Megan Dixon were staying with eight C of I students. The fog now cut visibility to a few feet, and our eyes strained to find the right cabin. We found it, but only after driving up and down the street several times. We entered a beautifully hand-built, rustic log cabin. Snow pants and shoes hung around a roaring wood stove. Elk, deer, and moose heads looked down at us from every side. One elk had a provocative look in his eye, quite unnerving.

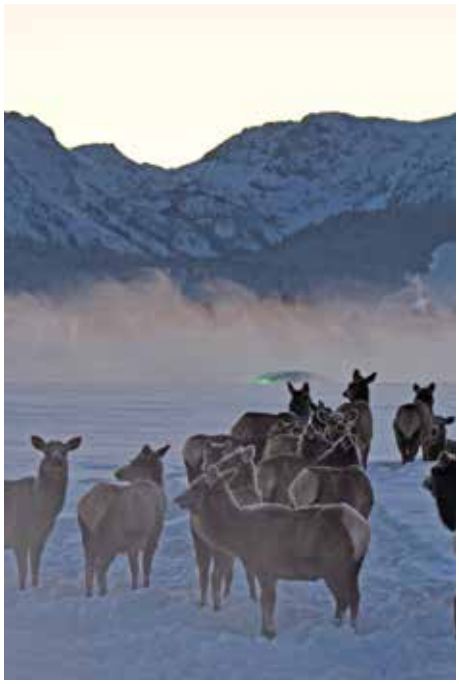
Students sat on the couch, doing their required reading. They'd come back from an avalanche science education trip into the mountains, which was combined with telemark skiing. The students chatted and played music, everybody interacting rather than merely sitting on the couch, engulfed in their smartphones.

ABOVE: Backcountry telemarking.

Exploring the place and being truly present in the environment were among the goals of the Winter Wilderness Experience. Six days out of seven, the students were outside, experiencing the Sawtooth National Recreation Area, learning about snow science, how to ski, and meeting locals who'd lived in Stanley for decades. Combined with outdoor literature, the students gained a practical view of man's place in nature and the struggle of balancing preservation with recreation.

The next day, Adam and I woke up to film sunrise gleaming off the peaks Heyburn,

COLLEGE OF IDAHO



COLLEGE OF IDAHO

ABOVE: Elk near downtown Stanley

BELOW: Students in their lodge's main room.

Braxon, Horstmann, Williams, and Thompson, but we had to drive closer to downtown Stanley, as the early morning fog made it hard to see anything. We bundled up against the temperature of minus-twenty degrees and got in the car. Yyyeennn, yyyeennn. The engine strongly objected to turning over. Perhaps she was tired. Or perhaps the subzero temps thickened the oil. We hadn't thought about bringing anything to keep the engine warm overnight. Well, we'd try to start her up later, when the temperatures rose to a toasty one or two degrees.

We meandered over to the convenience store attached to the lodge to get some warm coffee and chatted with the owner, Ben Forsgren, about Stanley, wolves, ranching, and the snow. Even though places to store the mountains of plowed snow in town were quickly running out, Forsgren welcomed the feet of fluffy stuff like an old friend.

"There's three things people hate in Stanley," he said. "No snow, rain, and March."

The downside to not having a car was walking to the students' lodge. It

COLLEGE OF IDAHO

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ABOVE: The students provide themselves with live entertainment.

was only about a half-mile, so not too bad, but not comfortable with tripods and gear. We entered the lodge to the smell of sizzling bacon. The students gathered around the kitchen table (the classroom) to discuss Upton Sinclair's "To Build a Snowman" while eating breakfast in their pajamas. The discussion touched on the personification of cold in the story, and how brutal—even lethal—the winter elements can be.

Afterward, Adam and I prepared for an afternoon of filming backcountry telemark skiing. Unfortunately, we would be following the students in snowshoes. We hiked up the hills behind the cabin and with my first few steps, I sank up to my knees. Yep, this was going to be a bit of a workout. But we couldn't have asked for a better day. The sun shimmered over the pines and powder. The students were all smiles and laughs as they did their best to carve S-turns. Snow softly sprayed with each turn. You couldn't even see their feet in the deep powder—they merely floated down the mountainside, until they fell, and then laughed some more. Adam and I, as avid snowboarders and lovers of snow, were more than a little jealous we could not partake in the skiing.

I looked down upon the marshmallowy Sawtooth Valley. A peaceful quiet hung over the valley, devoid of the hustle and bustle of cars and people. To the southwest, the mountains rose like granite pillars. I couldn't believe I was getting paid to spend a few days playing in the snow. The only way it could have been better was if I were a student, because I'd much rather spend a month in Stanley versus a few days. Where was this class when I went to school?

As the sun faded, Adam and I jogged back to the lodge, ice clinging to our facial hair, eyelashes freezing together. That was definitely a new experience. We tried the car once again, figuring she'd warmed up enough throughout the day to turn over. Wrong. This time, she didn't even make an effort to start—how lazy. So much for grabbing a steak dinner in downtown Stanley. My taste buds cried silently.

We could walk back to the students' cabin once again after dinner but how would we start the car in the morning and drive back to Boise?

Later, when we arrived at the cabin, we were greeted once more by the smell of food being cooked. After a day playing in the snow, the students had relaxed in the hot tub, showered, and now the wood stove crackled. I went over to it and

warmed my hands, resisting the urge to warm my buns.

In our absence, two students and Professor Knickerbocker had written an original song about being in Stanley, and it was super-catchy. We recorded them playing and singing, thinking what better music for our video than an original song? Everything was falling into place . . . except our transportation. Professor Knickerbocker drove us back and gave our car a jump, but not even those extra volts could loosen Mother Nature's icy grip. That night we settled into our beds uncertain we could travel home the next day.

The morning brought a balmy thirty-five degrees and thick fog. We decided to wait until noon to try starting the car. Thankfully, the motel manager didn't mind us staying past our checkout time. We called the local auto shop in Stanley, wondering if they could help, but the phone only rang and rang.

We had run out of food but bought spicy ramen from the convenience store and enjoyed a marathon of *The Hobbit* on TV, because that's what you do when your car won't start. And then the son of the lodge owner unearthed a magnetic oil pan heater. We stuck it to the oil pan and while we waited a few hours for it to heat up, we watched more adventures of Bilbo Baggins and his comrades. When we tried to start the car again, she turned over, but no cigar. The prognosis was poor. We had no problem with being stuck in this icy wonderland, but we weren't so sure the college wanted to pay for us to stay another night.

After another hour of warming the oil pan, we tried starting the car while getting a jump from a truck. The engine tried to turn over, but we needed more volts. We weren't going to lose her. Not having come so close. The truck owner gunned his engine. We pressed the brass defibrillator paddles against the battery-heart. A spark of life ignited through each cylinder.

"It's alive!" is what I would have shouted if I were Dr. Frankenstein.

After thanking our lodge hosts for their help and loading our gear, we finally headed home, aware that we had come woefully unprepared for the dead of winter. We had learned a lesson about respecting the frosty Idaho backcountry—and I bet neither of us will ever travel during winter again without an oil pan heater. ■

Going Full Circle

In the Adult Diaper Aisle

BY STEVE CARR

My friends and I had a real clubhouse growing up. Not just a summer haystack fort fantasy, it was a converted gardener's cottage behind a large colonial on South Boulevard in Idaho Falls. My best friend's parents were pretty cool—they turned over the decorating and the skeleton key to us.

The clubhouse boasted a footlocker replete with "girlie" magazines. I remember once asking my friend how it was his older brother never said anything about his missing "reading material." All I received was a shrug of his scrawny shoulders. Only years later did it hit me why we kids weren't nabbed for pilfering the slightly salacious periodicals. What could the big brother do? Ask his mother who took his glossy magazines from under his mattress?

When the magazines were taken out of the locked hiding place, the guys would disguise them behind more "appropriate" periodical covers—just in case someone's parents popped by for a visit. This memory came back to me as I sat reading in the doctor's office, holding a coupon-laden AARP magazine together with a sports magazine. I chuckled at myself, but hung on to the more virile magazine.

The nurse startled me from of my musings: my turn to see the internist. The previous week, it was the urologist for a prostate exam. As I had sat daydreaming in the urologist's waiting room full of veterans from the greatest generation, I envisioned them on a coupon run, storming the adult diaper aisle at the local grocery store behind camouflaged scooters and armored walkers, "Oorah!"

Will I be so brave in the face of such an enemy when my day comes in the not-too-distant future?

I recall once as a newlywed being asked to pick up feminine products on my way home from law school. I couldn't imagine being more embarrassed in the crowded checkout line. Last week, in the urologist's waiting room, in full reverie, I decided that with a shopping cart full of adult diapers and an arthritic clutch of coupons in my future, buying feminine hygiene products had just been preparation.

With prostate cancer in my family, I'm high risk, thus my twice-annual checks.

The test comes back. We chart the numbers, relieved again that they are not elevated.

Armed with that encouraging news and a new prescription for my arthritis, I re-commit to exercise and better diet. My cane-wielding, diaper-wearing waiting room companions have inspired me to work hard to fend off the inevitable.

I never really spent time with the "inappropriate" magazines from the clubhouse. The thrill was having slipped them out from under big brother's nose. Knowing they were there in that padlocked footlocker, along with poker chips and a rusty hunting knife, made us pimply- faced teens feel alive. The converted gardener's cottage behind the Dutch Colonial, with its "Keep Out" sign and Raquel Welch posters, was the perfect esteem-building sanctuary for self-conscious adolescents—another proving ground.

We were beneficiaries of sensible parents. They allowed us the oddities of awkwardness. I don't believe they ever tried to snoop through our coming-of-age things.

Who knows what became of that footlocker and its treasures. I grew older, the acne faded and, at some point, I didn't return to the clubhouse.

Years intervened and today my age qualifies me to subscribe to the senior magazine with its coupons and articles about growing old gracefully. I haven't yet subscribed, mind you, although I once was overheard whispering a question about a senior discount at the movie theater.

Sooner than later, I imagine, I'll be hiding adult diaper coupons under the mattress. And when they turn up missing? I suspect I won't say a thing. "Oorah!" will have to wait its turn. ■

You won't find Steve in the adult diaper and compression hose aisle. He'll be in disguise. Better to contact him at scarr@prodigy.net

S.AVE O.UR S.TORIES

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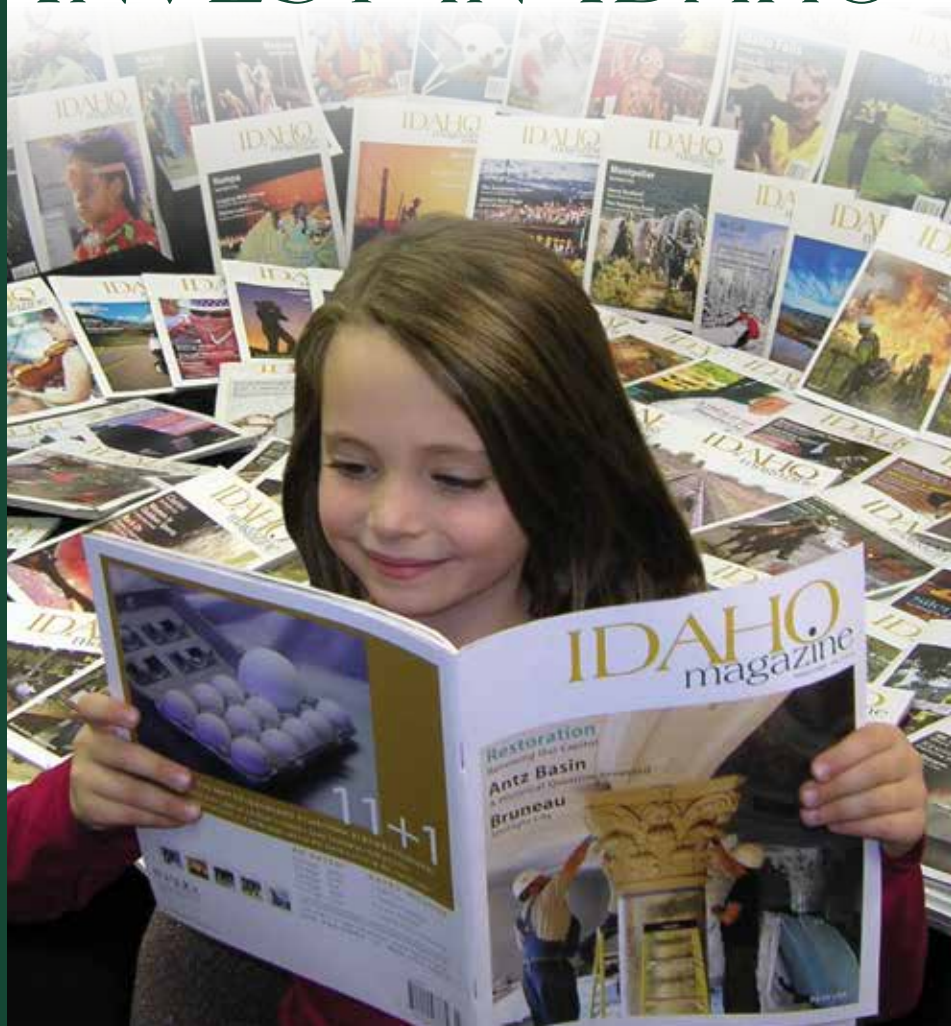


Bacon Bomb Potato Salad

INGREDIENTS:

1 1/2 cups crispy cooked maple smoked bacon
2 bunches green onions
2 lbs.potatoes
1 Tbsp. minced garlic
1 (1 ounce) package ranch dressing mix
¼ tsp. coarsely ground black pepper (optional)
Pinch of cayenne (optional)
1 1/2 cups extra sharp cheddar cheese
1 (16 ounce) container sour cream

PREPARATION

> Cook the potatoes, combine all ingredients, and chill until ready to serve. Garnish with a handful of chopped green onions and paprika, if desired.

NOTE: This would be a good one to take up to Idaho City. When I went up there for a get together a few months ago, dish after scrumptious dish was brought into the room we were gathering in.

"This is just what we do," the locals told me, "we potluck!"

They also shared that a lot of the women now meet for yoga, and that there are multiple dogs that frequent the taverns that are trained to collect tips. Whether those tips make it back to the counter remains to be seen.

I love small town Idaho!

Amy Larson is a food and adventure writer, artist and art instructor. She makes her way through the state looking for good recipes and new friends, often found simultaneously. She also inspires beginner and dormant artists from one end of Idaho to the other to pick up the paint brush and play.

Lemon Razz Fizzy

INGREDIENTS

1 lemon, sliced
1 (6 ounce) can of frozen concentrated lemonade
One 2-litre bottle of ginger ale
24 ounces frozen raspberries that have been thawed, but left undrained
Crushed ice to taste

PREPARATION

> Combine all ingredients, add ice to the extent of your tastes and the heat outdoors. This one can be made ahead of time, garnished with the lemon slices and ice when ready to serve.

NOTE: This is the perfect drink to sip somewhere fun, like Wendi and John Combs' front porch in Pine, Idaho.

Even though the "front" porch of their cabin is located in the back, John insists it's the front porch, because it faces the showpiece, looking over the bluff at Anderson Ranch.

From the "front" porch at the Combs' Cabin, I've seen pronghorn, all sorts of birds, tons of deer, and sunsets that defy description. It's been the site of many a conversation and laugh.

In the morning, we sip hot, fragrant tea as John makes the cabin's guests his famous blueberry pancakes.

After a day of boating, fishing, and touring around on ATVs, this Lemon Razz Fizzy would be just the thing.

JULY 2017

AMERICAN BRABANT ASSOCIATION

SOUTHEAST IDAHO SENIOR GAMES

1-4

BORDER DAYS, Grangeville

Border Days is Grangeville's annual Independence Day celebration, and includes all of the fun things that accompany such events. There will be parades on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, for example. There will be a rodeo on Saturday (family night), Sunday, and Monday, and Street Sports at 9:00AM on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, featuring the "Super Egg Scramble" (kids 6-12 chase three chickens, to win cash prizes.) Music, too: Immediately following the rodeo on Saturday, the Vintage Youth of Grangeville will perform. There will be Cowboy Breakfasts, Art in the Park, a car Show, and more. And, of course, fireworks on the Fourth. Check the Web site below for more details.

Information: grangevilleborderdays.org/events

8

DRAFT HORSE DAY, Victor

This all-day event is sponsored by the American Brabant Association, and allows owners of draft horses to show off their prize animals to the public. "Brabant" is the name of the work horses that are also called Belgians, due to their country of origin. These are certainly not your typical horses; the largest recorded Belgian stood two inches shy of seven feet at the withers. Brabants are still used for field work, and some of that work will be demonstrated at this show, such as plowing, haying, and logging, with the focus on haying. A demo on starting a young Brabant is being planned, as well. 9:00AM-5:00PM, Free admission.

Information: claybankmare@yahoo.com

7-15

SOUTHEAST IDAHO SENIOR GAMES, Pocatello

"Over the hill" at age 50? Not a chance, especially if there are programs like this available. These games, sponsored by the Portneuf Medical Center, give folks 50 and older the opportunity to show their stuff. With thirty-two main event categories and some one-hundred-thirty individual events, the games have something to offer for every interest and level of fitness. From strenuous sports like basketball, Pickleball, and cycling to the less demanding but skill-requiring activities like horseshoes, bowling, and miniature golf, there is something for everyone. There's even ballroom dancing competition. If you are reading this, it is too late to participate—registration deadline was June 28–but you can certainly come out and cheer for your favorite competitor! Check out the site below for what, when, and where.

Information: seidahoseniorgames.org/events

4J BUTTERFLY COUNT

JOYFUL RAIN PHOTOGRAPHY

9

4J BUTTERFLY COUNT, Boise

Every year around the Fourth of July, the American National Butterfly Association sponsors butterfly counts throughout the U.S. and Canada. Among other things, the various species of butterflies that are around are excellent indicators of climate change and of the effects of agriculture and pesticides on the environment. Counts are held in Idaho in such places as the Seven Devils, Yellow Pine, the Minidoka NWR, and Castle Rocks State Park. Specific information about these can be found at www.naba.org/counts/us_mx_map.html. The local "4J Count" covers the Boise Foothills, and the mountains around Bogus basin. Volunteers spend the day netting, identifying, and recording their catches. Contact Paul Castrovillo (below) concerning how you can participate.

Information: www.naba.org;
or paul.castrovillo@isda.idaho.gov

16-17

ELK CITY WAGON ROAD DAYS, Clearwater

In spite of its name, this celebration will take place in the community of Clearwater. At 10:30 on Sunday, there will be a parade down Main Street (line-up at 9:30). Following the parade, there will be a gold-panning demonstration. From noon until 1:00 there will be an old time Gospel Hour at the Baptist Church, followed at 1:30 by a variety show and oral history. There will be a quilt and hooked rug show in the IOOF Hall from 9:00-1:00 on Sunday, as well. On Monday, there's breakfast at the Grange Hall (6:30am - 10:30am). Also on Monday (8:15am - 4:30pm) there's an Elk City Wagon Road adventure trip, a self-guided 48-mile trip from Clearwater to Elk City with stops at historical Way Station Sites along the route. Vendors and Parade Participants are welcome.

Information: (208) 926.4278

28-29

HOT SUMMER NIGHTS, Riggins

This is one of the best small town summer events in America. Come Friday for the local talent show, also featuring the infamous Canyon Camillions. They've impersonated the likes of ZZ Top, Elton John, KISS and ABBA in the past, and they have something new for this show. It always results in a raucous time that gets better every year. This is a fundraiser for the Chamber of Commerce, and everyone gets in the act. Riggins may be a small town, but there is big heart here. On Saturday, the event kicks off with a parade of cars. And don't forget to bring some cash to drop at the cook shack. They make fantastic fajitas! Live music begins when the gates open at 4 pm on Friday and noon on Saturday. Back by popular demand: J.R. & the Stingrays. They start rockin' at 9 pm Saturday for some good ole rock'n roll and some serious grass dancing fun!

Information: rigginshotsummernights.com

JULY 2017

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

1	Celebrate Blackfoot, Blackfoot
1,8	Meridian Youth Farmers' Market, Meridian
1-2	Malad Valley Welsh Festival, Malad
1-2	Winchester Days, Winchester
1-4	Arts & Crafts Fair, Victor
1-4	Biggest Show in Idaho Music Festival, Pocatello
1-4	Teton Valley Hot Air Balloon Rally, Driggs
1-18	"American Barns" Art Exhibit: BYU-Idaho Spori Gallery, Rexburg
1-29	Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS, 10th & Grove, Boise
2-4	July 4th 2017 Celebration: Your favorite events will be back, including the Sprit n' Motion Children's Carnival and the Boy Scouts Pancake Breakfast; After the Parade on July 4th, join the Wood River Land Trust for RiverFest with food, beverages, and live music; there will be Antique Markets and the Days of the Old West Rodeo on July 2nd, 3rd and 4th; and our annual Fireworks Show at dusk on the 4th will top it all off, Hailey
2-4	Border Days: Fourth of July Celebration, Grangeville
3	Toddler Wednesday: Children ages 2-3 with an adult are invited to explore art media related to BAM's exhibitions; Dress for mess and bring a container if you would like something in which to carry home your artwork; Free with the price of admission ($0-$6), BAM Members FREE, 10:00AM-Noon, Boise Art Museum, Boise
3-31	Traveling Playground: The Nampa Recreation Department is bringing fun to your community park all summer long; Enjoy free, organized activities such as soccer, football, basketball, jump rope activities, volleyball, tag games and much more; The Traveling Playground operates in conjunction with the Oasis summer feeding program; Check Nampa Recreation Department web site for dates and locations, Nampa
4	Independence Day Celebrations: Ashton; Silverwood Theme Park, Athol; Meridian; Rupert
4	Wood River Farmers Market: 2:00-6:00PM, Ketchum
4	Summer Concert: The City of Ketchum presents the Ketch'em Alive concerts at Forest Service Park; 7:00-9:00PM; Free; Ketchum
4	July 4 Celebration and Mutt Strut: It starts with the Presentation of Colors, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance, the National Anthem, and a reading of the Declaration of Independence; then the celebration goes to the dogs as Moscow's pooches get decked out in their most patriotic red, white and blue and strut their stuff; free; 12:00-1:00PM, Friendship Square, Moscow
4	Sagebrush Days, Buhl
5-26	Farmer's Market, WEDNESDAYS, Rigby
5-26	Farmers' Market: WEDNESDAYS, 3:00-7:00, Caldwell
6-27	TNT for Teens: THURSDAYS; Here kids 10 and up meet to play video games; from 4-5 PM , Public Library, Hailey
6-27	Great Garden Escape: THURSDAYS, 6:30-9:30PM, Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise

FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

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

DEADLINE: The first of each month.
LEAD TIME: Two issues.
NEXT DEADLINE: September 1 for the October issue.
SEND DETAILS TO: ruby@idahomagazine.com

6 Wood River Farmers Market: 2:00-6:00PM, Hailey

7 Silver Screen on the Green - "Storks": Come out to Optimist Park and enjoy a free movie; Grab a blanket, a lawn chair, family and friends; concessions, activities and fun for the whole family; 8:30 PM - 11:30pm; Movie begins at dusk; Nampa

7,28 "Be the Dinosaur": Exhibit at the Idaho Museum of Natural History, ISU campus, Pocatello

7-28 Friday Game Zone; FRIDAYS; For kids ages 8-17, 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., Public Library, Moscow

7-8 "Prairie Days", Nezperce

7-8 Egle Fun Days, Eagle

7-9 Treasure Valley Comic-Con, Civic Center, Nampa

7-8 Post Falls Festival, Post Falls

7-9 Lapwai Days, Lapwai

7-15 Southeast Idaho Senior Games, Pocatello

7-28 Family Story Time: FRIDAYS; Listen to stories, learn finger-plays and create a craft; Free; 10:30AM, City Library, Lewiston

7-28 First Time Fishing Adventure: Kids, join a park ranger for three hours every Friday for First Time Fishing at Castle Rocks State Park; Ages 5-12 years old are welcome; Call ahead (208-824-5916) or register at the event; meet at the fish pond at 9 a.m. Wear a hat and bring sunscreen, snacks and drinks; Fishing poles and bait will be furnished; Castle Rocks State Park, Almo

8 Pickleball Competition, Southeast Idaho Senior Games, Mountain View Event Center, Pocatello

8 Salmon BBQ: This is an annual fundraiser for the Power County Search & Rescue; they fly salmon in fresh from Alaska for this BBQ and also conduct a silent auction—this is a great cause and great food; City Park, American Falls

8 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. Paul Castrovillo, "ID and Biology of Idaho's Swallowtail Butterflies"; also following the seminar there will be an ID training session for the 2017 — 4J (Fourth of July) Butterfly Count; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell

8 Lincoln Olympics: Join us for our very own Olympic games at Lincoln Pool; Events include diving competitions, swimming competitions, water polo and much more; Divisions offered for all ages, and medals will be awarded (Ages 7 & up); 1:00PM, Nampa

8 Custer Day: Custer, Land of the Yankee Fork State Park, Challis

8 Solar Eclipse Presentation: 7:00PM; free, but limited space, so RSVP to mward@tnc.org ; Flat Ranch Preserve Visitors Center, 20 miles north of Island Park

8 Classic Boat Festival, Sandpoint

8 Walking Through Time Presentation: Learn about the geology that makes Silver Creek such a unique place; free, but limited space, so RSVP to shealey@tnc.org ; 10:00 AM, Silver Creek Visitor Center, Bellevue/Picabo

8 Declo Days, Declo

8 Draft Horse Day, Victor

8 Don Ritchie at the Cherry Lane Library: Come sing along with Don Ritchie as he plays his guitar and sings family favorite songs; Free, and all ages welcome; Meridian

8,22,29 Bird Banding on the Boise River: Join the Intermountain Bird Observatory crew for a morning of songbird banding at our beautiful Boise River site, catching, banding, and releasing wild songbirds all morning as part of our standardized breeding season monitoring; www.eventbrite.com/ for details; Boise

8-9 Stites Days, Stites

8-9 Historic Skills Fair, Cataldo

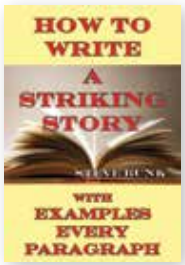
8-9 Arts in the Park, Shoshone

8-9 Lavender Merchant's Lavender Festival, Kuna

8-9 Marsh Valley Pioneer Days Rodeo, McCammon
9 4J (Fourth of July) Butterfly Count. Boise Foothills, Boise
10 "Living With Fire", Exhibit, Idaho Museum of Natural History, Pocatello
11 Crochet & Knitting Class: Free, beginners welcome (ages 12 and older); (208)468-5813 for information; Public Library, Nampa
12 "Climate Change in the Henrys Fork Watershed" Presentation: 7:00PM; free, but limited space, so RSVP to mward@tnc.org ; Flat Ranch Preserve Visitors Center, 20 miles north of Island Park
13 Festival at Sandpoint Art Unveiling: Dover Bay, Sandpoint
14 Silver Screen on the Green - "Finding Dory": Come out to Optimist Park and enjoy a free movie; Grab a blanket, a lawn chair, family and friends; concessions, activities and fun for the whole family; 8:30 PM - 11:30pm; Movie begins at dusk; Nampa
14-15 Stampede Community Festival, Downtown Nampa
14-15 Clearwater Christmas Affair–Christmas in July, Kamiah
14-16 Rathdrum Days, Lakeland High School, Rathdrum
14-16 Atomic Days, Arco
15 Show and Shine: City Park, Emmett
15 WaterShed Weekend: Join us from 10:00 – 1:00 to learn about the importance of water for our bodies and the Treasure Valley; Boise WaterShed, West Joplin Road, Boise
15 Kiwanis Annual Steak Fry: Downtown Nampa
15 Beavers, Bugs, and Streams: Learn about beavers, bugs, stream restoration, sage-grouse, and beavers; Outdoor learning for all, so bring the whole family and camp chairs; Closed-toe shoes, long pants, jackets, and hats recommended; free, no RSVP required; All participants receive Nature Journals, too; 9:00-11:30AM; meet at the Corrals, Rock Creek Ranch, Hailey:
15 Sprint Boat Races, Burley
15,29 Concerts on Broadway: 7:00PM, Meridian
15-16 Sawtooth Mountain Mama Arts & Crafts Fair, Stanley
16-17 Elk City Wagon Road Days Celebration, Clearwater
17-22 Magic Valley Folk Festival, King Fine Arts Center, Burley
19 Art Affair: Artists will transform lodging space at the Fairfield Inn and Suites into a gallery or performance venue for one night at this free, all-ages event; 5:00-9:00PM, Moscow
21 Silver Screen on the Green - "Lego Batman": Come out to Optimist Park and enjoy a free movie; Grab a blanket, a lawn chair, family and friends; concessions, activities and fun for the whole family; 8:30 PM - 11:30pm; Movie begins at dusk; Nampa
21-22 Pioneer Days, Oakley
22 Antique Car Show: Rescue Mission, Nampa
22 "Baby Palooza": Show for new and expectant parents; Free; 9:00-3:00, Expo Idaho. Garden City
22 Lava Days Founders Parade, Lava Hot Springs
22 Treasure Valley Roller Derby: 6:00PM, Expo Idaho, Garden City
22-23 The Blue Angels, Extreme Blue Thunder Air Show, Idaho Falls
23 National Drowning Prevention Day: Bring the family for a fun day playing at the park, visiting our vendors, enjoying good food and entertainment; 11:00-4:00, Settlers Park, Meridian
23-29 6th Annual Driggs Digs Plein Air Festival: City Gallery, Driggs
24 Bancroft Pioneer Days and Rodeo, Bancroft
27-29 Preston Night Rodeo, Franklin County Fairgrounds, Preston
27-30 Canyon County Fair, Fairgrounds, Caldwell
28 Silver Screen on the Green - "Moana": Come out to Optimist Park and enjoy a free movie; Grab a blanket, a lawn chair, family and friends; concessions, activities and fun for the whole family; 8:30 PM - 11:30pm; Movie begins at dusk; Nampa
28-29 Hot Summer Nights, Riggins
29 Crazy Days: Downtown merchants offer big deals in this annual sidewalk sale, Sandpoint
31-8/5 Caribou County Fair and Rodeo, Grace

1-5 Caribou County Fair and Rodeo, Grace
3-13 Festival at Sandpoint, Sandpoint
4 Family Story Time: Listen to stories, learn finger-plays and create a craft; Free; 10:30AM, City Library, Lewiston
4 Silver Screen on the Green - "Sing": Come out to Optimist Park and enjoy a free movie; Grab a blanket, a lawn chair, family and friends; concessions, activities and fun for the whole family; 8:30 PM - 11:30pm; Movie begins at dusk; Nampa
4 Friday Game Zone; For kids ages 8-17, 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., Public Library, Moscow
4-5 PRCA Rodeo: Evening action at the Bonner County Fairgrounds, Sandpoint
4-6 13th Annual Buhl Bunch Car Club Car Show & Burnout Competition, Jeans Park, Castleford
4-6 Kooskia Days, Kooskia
4-6 Harmonia Festival, Yellow Pine
4-6 1860 Days, Pierce
5 American Falls Day, American Falls
5 Farmer's Market: 10th & Grove, Boise
5 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. Pat Fields, Olivet College: "The Scientific Method–A Quick Look at How Science Really Works"; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
5 Kids Fest 2017, Kleiner Park, Meridian
5 Don Ritchie at the Cherry Lane Library: Come sing along with Don Ritchie as he plays his guitar and sings family favorite songs; Free, and all ages welcome; Meridian
5 Long Bridge Swim: Hundreds compete in a 1.76-mile swim across Lake Pend Oreille during this 23rd annual event, Sandpoint
5-6 Auto Cross: West Parking Lot, Expo Idaho, Garden City
5-6 Oneida County Horse Races, Oneida County Fairgrounds, Malad
5-6 Dixie Days, Dixie
5-26 WaterShed Wednesday: WEDNESDAYS; themed activities, crafts, and scientific demonstrations in the exhibit hall for families; 10:00-Noon; No registration required for individuals and families, Boise WaterShed, West Joplin Road, Boise
6 St. Gertrude Historical Museum Raspberry Festival, Cottonwood
7 Guided Canoe Float of Silver Creek: Free, but space is limited to 10, so RSVP to shealey@tnc.org ; 10:00 AM, Silver Creek Visitor Center, Bellevue/Picabo
7-12 Bannock County Fair and Rodeo, Downey
8 Crochet & Knitting Class: Free, beginners welcome (ages 12 and older); (208)468-5813 for information; Public Library, Nampa
8-12 Bonner County Fair: Old-fashioned country event at the Bonner County Fairgrounds, concluding with a Demolition Derby on Saturday night (Aug. 12) to round out the fun, Sandpoint

IDAHO magazine BOOKSHELF



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Loris Addington
grew up in Council, which she remembers as "full of glorious freedom." A finalist in the Miss Idaho contest of 1955, she left the University of Idaho to become a stewardess for American Airlines. She married and had a son, Craig, in McCall. She finished her degree at Boise State, founded Van Go Tours in Portland, and is now retired, "again free to roam the world."

Heather Branstetter
grew up among the mountains of the Silver Valley, where rumors circulated about her classmates' grandma, who ran a cathouse. She received her PhD in rhetoric and cultural studies from the University of North Carolina in 2012 and moved back to Wallace in 2015 to finish her book, *Selling Sex in the Silver Valley*. Signed copies may be purchased from her website, businessdoingpleasure.com, and to schedule a book talk, email her at findheatherlee@gmail.com.

Justin Dalme
enjoys spending time in nature, whether it's snowboarding, fishing, hiking, or anything in between. Having lived in Idaho since high school, he says there's no place he'd rather call home than the jutting Sawtooths, wandering rivers, and moon-crater landscapes of a state that beckons adventurers.

Teri Torell Murrison
is a longtime writer for *Adventure West* and *Range* magazines and a lover of the West who considers herself crazy-blessed to live in Idaho with The Professor, four horses, three dogs, and with kids (and grandkids) nearby. Follow her on Facebook at Dispatches from Out West.

Mary Nettleton O'Malley
is a fourth generation Owyhee County native who lives less than twenty miles from where her father was born in 1897, at the mining camp of Blackjack near Silver City. Her grandmother was born at the head of Reynolds Creek in 1867. Mary and her husband of fifty years live at Murphy and have a summer residence in Silver City.

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

Les Tanner
and his wife, Ruby, who are both on the staff of *IDAHO magazine*, have been married sixty-one years. When Les, a retired teacher, isn't proofreading the magazine, fishing, writing, playing pickleball, or pulling weeds, he's out looking for Jimmy the cat.

Thornton Waite
lives in Idaho Falls with his wife Susan and has two married daughters. He recently retired from the Idaho National Laboratory, where he was a project manager. His interest in trains has led him to write several books and numerous articles on the growth and development of railroads.

Kitty Widner
and her husband celebrated their ninetieth birthdays and their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 2016. A retired teacher, counselor, director of parent education, and adjunct professor, with degrees from Boise State University, College of Idaho, and Brigham Young University, Kitty now paints, gardens, reads, writes, and enjoys her family and friends.

After 15 Years We Still Cover Idaho.
Join Us on the Journey.

ISSUE	SPOTLIGHT CITY
☐ ~~OCT 2001~~	~~TWIN FALLS~~ SOLD OUT!
☐ NOV 2001	KAMIAH/KOOSKIA
☐ DEC 2001	POCATELLO
☐ JAN 2002	GLENNS FERRY
☐ FEB 2002	WALLACE
☐ MAR 2002	MACKAY
☐ APR 2002	MOSCOW
☐ MAY 2002	REXBURG
☐ JUN 2002	KETCHUM
☐ JUL 2002	SANDPOINT
☐ AUG 2002	BURLEY
☐ SEP 2002	IDAHO FALLS
☐ OCT 2002	ST. MARIES
☐ NOV 2002	SALMON
☐ DEC 2002	SODA SPRINGS
☐ JAN 2003	GRANGEVILLE
☐ FEB 2003	CHALLIS
☐ MAR 2003	ST. ANTHONY
☐ APR 2003	POST FALLS
☐ MAY 2003	YELLOW PINE
☐ JUN 2003	ISLAND PARK
☐ JUL 2003	OROFINO
☐ AUG 2003	RIGGINS
☐ SEP 2003	NAMPA
☐ OCT 2003	JEROME
☐ NOV 2003	LEWISTON
☐ DEC 2003	MONTPELIER
☐ JAN 2004	McCALL
☐ FEB 2004	COEUR d'ALENE
☐ MAR 2004	FRUITLAND
☐ APR 2004	MOUNTAIN HOME
☐ MAY 2004	KELLOGG
☐ JUN 2004	BLACKFOOT
☐ JUL 2004	COTTONWOOD
☐ AUG 2004	ARCO
☐ SEP 2004	PAYETTE
☐ OCT 2004	HAILEY
☐ NOV 2004	BONNERS FERRY
☐ DEC 2004	WEISER
☐ JAN 2005	IDAHO CITY
☐ FEB 2005	ASHTON
☐ MAR 2005	EMMET
☐ APR 2005	SHELLEY
☐ MAY 2005	RUPERT
☐ ~~JUN 2005~~	~~STANLEY~~ SOLD OUT!
☐ JUL 2005	PRESTON
☐ AUG 2005	CASCADE
☐ SEP 2005	CALDWELL
☐ OCT 2005	RATHDRUM
☐ NOV 2005	POTLATCH
☐ DEC 2005	PARMA
☐ JAN 2006	GOODING

ISSUE	SPOTLIGHT CITY
☐ FEB 2006	HAYDEN
☐ MAR 2006	HOMEDALE
☐ APR 2006	FORT HALL
☐ MAY 2006	HORSESHOE BEND
☐ JUN 2006	AMERICAN FALLS
☐ JUL 2006	BELLEVUE
☐ AUG 2006	PRIEST RIVER
☐ SEP 2006	CLAYTON
☐ OCT 2006	MELBA
☐ NOV 2006	WINCHESTER
☐ DEC 2006	HAGERMAN
☐ JAN 2007	OLDTOWN
☐ FEB 2007	GRACE
☐ MAR 2007	LAPWAI
☐ APR 2007	WENDELL
☐ MAY 2007	AMMON
☐ JUN 2007	BLISS
☐ JUL 2007	CATALDO
☐ AUG 2007	WEIPPE
☐ SEP 2007	PICABO
☐ OCT 2007	SHOSHONE
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☐ FEB 2008	MERIDIAN
☐ MAR 2008	BRUNEAU
☐ APR 2008	WHITE BIRD
☐ MAY 2008	EAGLE
☐ JUN 2008	ATHOL
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☐ AUG 2008	MURPHY
☐ SEP 2008	NEW MEADOWS
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☐ NOV 2008	FAIRFIELD
☐ DEC 2008	ENAVILLE
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☐ FEB 2009	COCOLALLA
☐ MAR 2009	RIRIE
☐ APR 2009	BLOOMINGTON
☐ MAY 2009	LOWELL
☐ JUN 2009	CROUCH
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☐ AUG 2009	MURPHY HOT SPRINGS
☐ SEP 2009	HOPE
☐ OCT 2009	ALBION
☐ NOV 2009	OAKLEY
☐ DEC 2009	LUCILE
☐ JAN 2010	HEADQUARTERS
☐ FEB 2010	McCAMMON
☐ MAR 2010	HAYDEN LAKE
☐ APR 2010	PLACERVILLE
☐ MAY 2010	MARSING

ISSUE	SPOTLIGHT CITY
☐ JUN 2010	SPIRIT LAKE
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☐ AUG 2010	IONA
☐ SEP 2010	HOLLISTER
☐ OCT 2010	FLORENCE
☐ NOV 2010	RICHFIELD
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☐ FEB 2011	SWEET
☐ MAR 2011	MIDVALE
☐ APR 2011	PIERCE
☐ MAY 2011	OZONE
☐ JUN 2011	BONE
☐ JUL 2011	ROGERSON
☐ AUG 2011	FIRTH
☐ SEP 2011	BAKER
☐ ~~OCT 2011~~	~~TETON CITY~~ SOLD OUT!
☐ NOV 2011	UCON
☐ DEC 2011	CASTLEFORD
☐ JAN 2012	CAMBRIDGE
☐ FEB 2012	LOWMAN
☐ MAR 2012	DEHLIN
☐ APR 2012	DRUMMOND
☐ MAY 2012	DIETRICH
☐ JUN 2012	GENESSEE
☐ JUL 2012	CLARK FORK
☐ AUG 2012	TROY
☐ SEP 2012	ATLANTA
☐ OCT 2012	ABERDEEN
☐ NOV 2012	PRINCETON
☐ DEC 2012	BAYVIEW
☐ JAN 2013	ELK CITY
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☐ MAR 2013	KENDRICK
☐ APR 2013	FILER
☐ MAY 2013	SPRINGFIELD
☐ JUN 2013	LAVA HOT SPRINGS
☐ JUL 2013	MOUNT IDAHO
☐ AUG 2013	KING HILL
☐ SEP 2013	CHESTERFIELD
☐ OCT 2013	ROSEBERRY
☐ NOV 2013	DONNELLY
☐ DEC 2013	MORELAND
☐ JAN 2014	WARREN
☐ FEB 2014	CORRAL
☐ MAR 2014	FEATHERVILLE
☐ APR 2014	PINGREE
☐ MAY 2014	GREENLEAF
☐ JUN 2014	FERDINAND
☐ JUL 2014	WILDER
☐ AUG 2014	MURTAUGH
☐ SEP 2014	GIVENS HOT SPRINGS

ISSUE	SPOTLIGHT CITY
☐ OCT 2014	CRAIGMONT
☐ NOV 2014	PORTHILL
☐ DEC 2014	HANSEN
☐ JAN 2015	STIBNITE
☐ FEB 2015	HAZELTON
☐ MAR 2015	CARMEN
☐ APR 2015	FARNUM
☐ MAY 2015	TETONIA
☐ JUN 2015	GRAND VIEW
☐ JUL 2015	WORLEY
☐ AUG 2015	JERUSALEM VALLEY
☐ SEP 2015	HARVARD
☐ OCT 2015	STITES
☐ NOV 2015	ATOMIC CITY
☐ DEC 2015	REUBENS
☐ JAN 2016	OMILL
☐ FEB 2016	VICTOR
☐ MAR 2016	SAGLE
☐ APR 2016	DEARY
☐ ~~MAY 2016~~	~~MOORE~~ SOLD OUT!
☐ JUN 2016	OREANA
☐ JUL 2016	LETHA
☐ JUN 2016	OREANA
☐ JUL 2016	LETHA
☐ AUG 2016	GIBBONSVILLE
☐ SEP 2016	MALAD CITY
☐ OCT 2016	ELK RIVER
☐ NOV 2016	PARKER
☐ DEC 2016	HARRISON
☐ JAN 2017	HIDDEN SPRINGS
☐ FEB 2017	PEARL
☐ MAR 2017	MURRAY
☐ APR 2017	JULIAETTA
☐ MAY 2017	ASHAHKA
☐ JUNE 2017	CHUBBUCK
☐ JULY 2017	BIG CREEK

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