The IDAHO magazine March 2014 issue is dedicated to

Destin Frank

This story doesn't have a happy ending. It is a memory from Bridget Frank, whose son, Destin Frank, died in September. Destin was only 22-years old, and was proud to be a member of the Navy's Submarine Service. Bridget never wanted to be a Gold Star mother, but she is one now. She was tremendously proud of Destin, who begged for help from the Navy even as his depression and desperation was overcoming him. Eventually, Destin took his own life, and was laid to rest in Boise this fall, a young man full of promise that will never be realized. Please remember him in your prayers.

* * * * *

Remembering Destin Frank, MT2 | 02/28/95 - 09/23/17

From his Mother, Bridget Frank

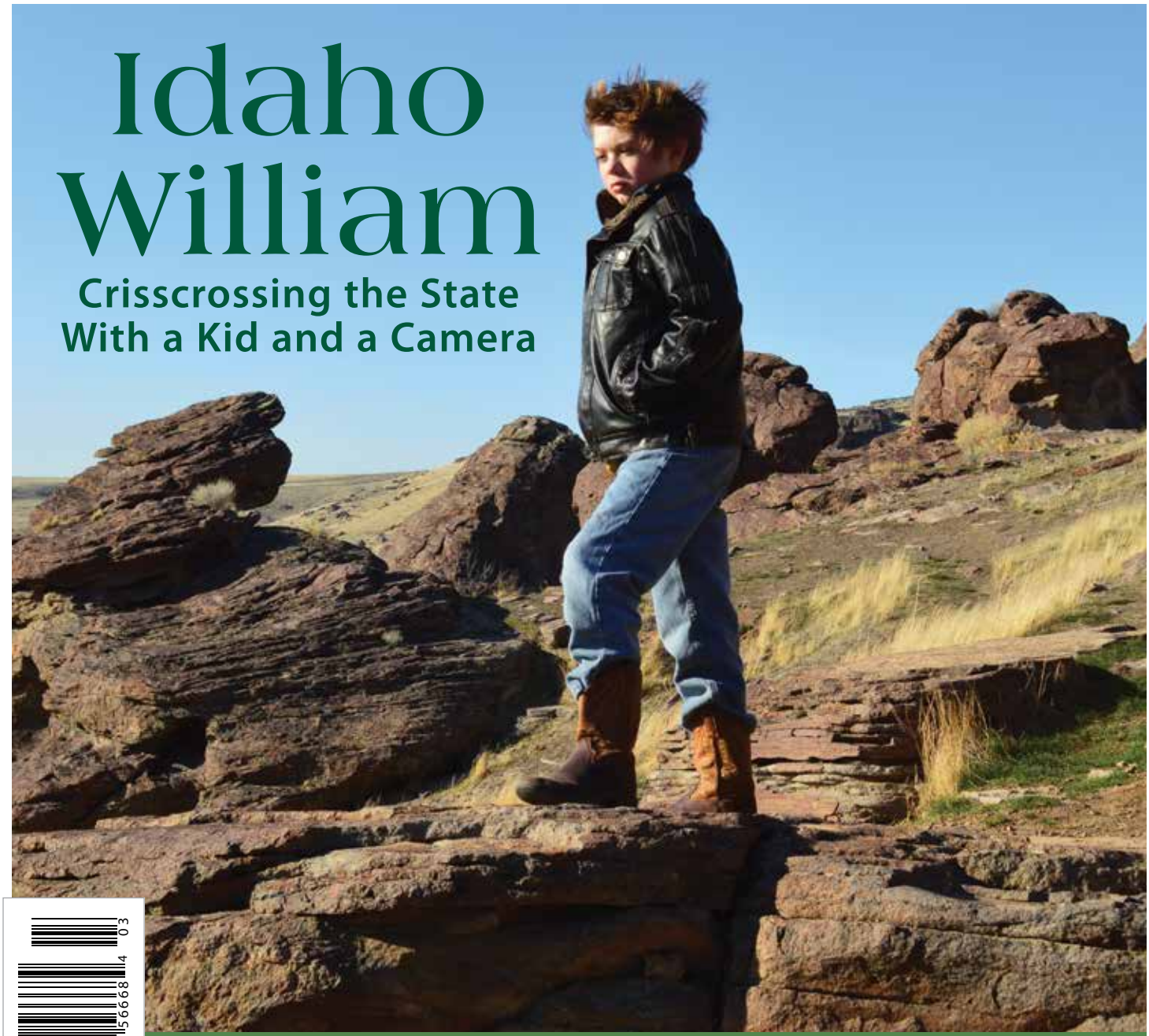
So many are asking. How? Was he deployed?

Like many of his crew members on a sub it got to be too much. Those who die serving in a sub are on their own terms. This doesn't make his death any less important. He served our country. The sacrifice was his mental health and now life. He just earned his E5 rank. Petty Officer 2nd class. He loved his wife Lizzie (married June 29th, 2016) and their fur baby Storm. That was his new life as a sailor. I remember him as my baby boy. So brilliant, handsome, passionate about history, Germany, amazing artist, incredible athlete, and musically gifted to name only a few things.

RIP I love you, Destin!!

IDAHO magazine

MARCH 2014 | VOL. 13, NO. 6



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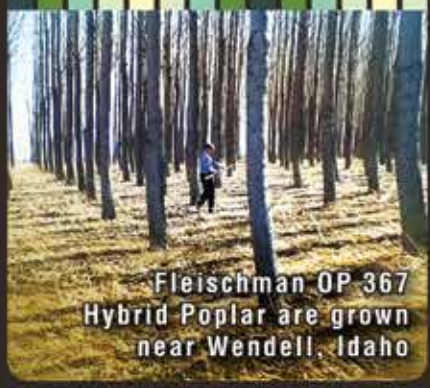

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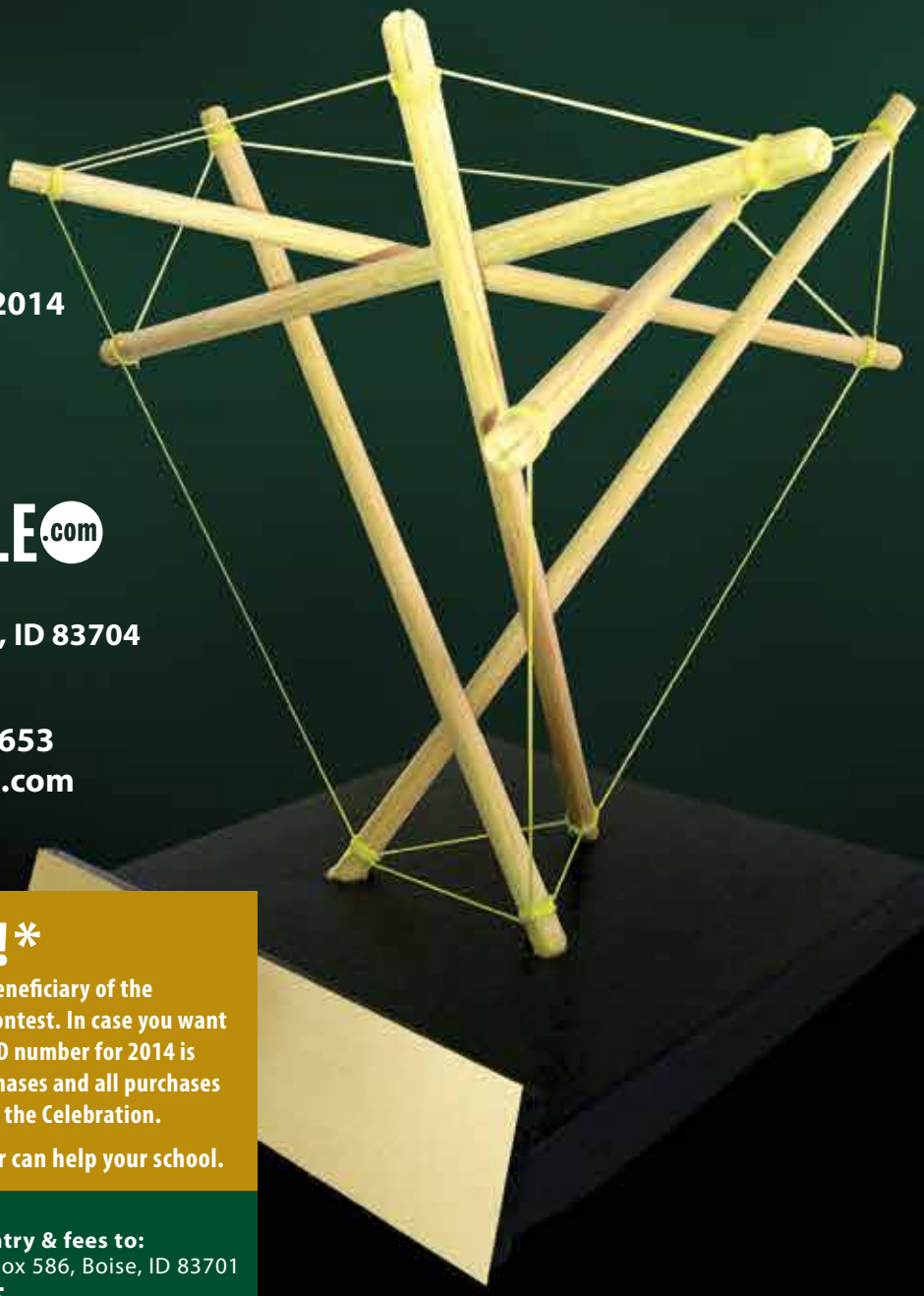

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CONTENTS

20 • Boot Camp by the Lake

In coaxing the story from her uncle of his time during World War II at Farragut Naval Training Station on Lake Pend Oreille, the author also uncovered a trove of historical images.

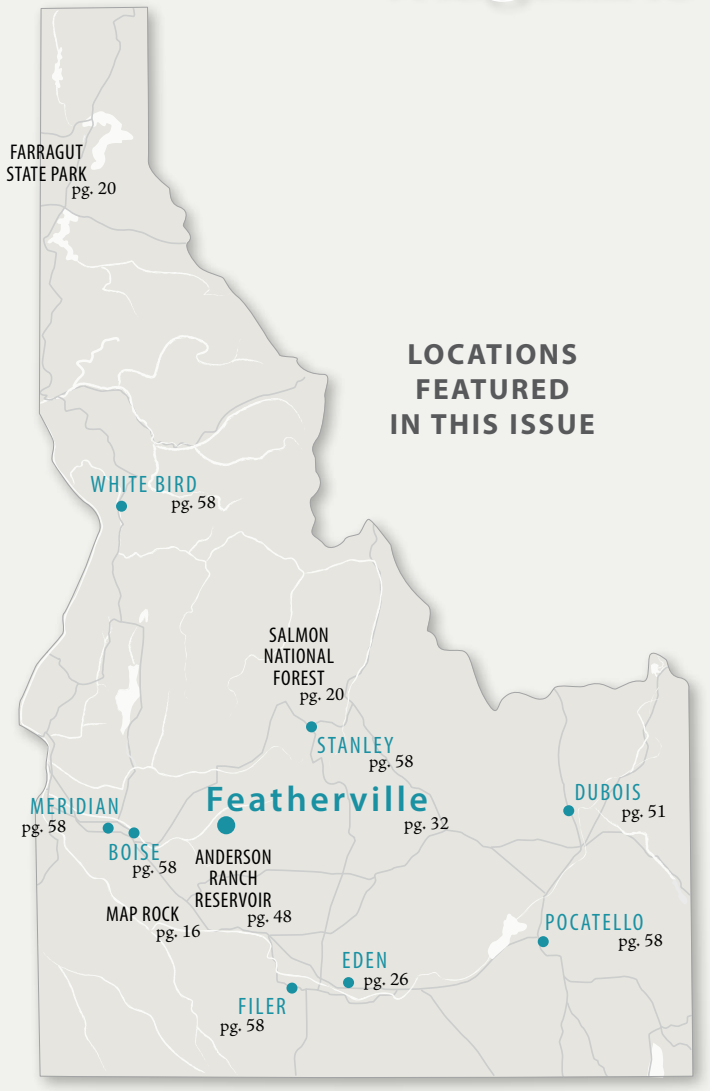
By Jana Kemp

32 • Featherville — SPOTLIGHT

After two straight summers of fierce wildfires, this Boise National Forest community welcomes a visitor with the warmth of people who have learned how to depend on each other.

By Amy Larson

IDAHO magazine

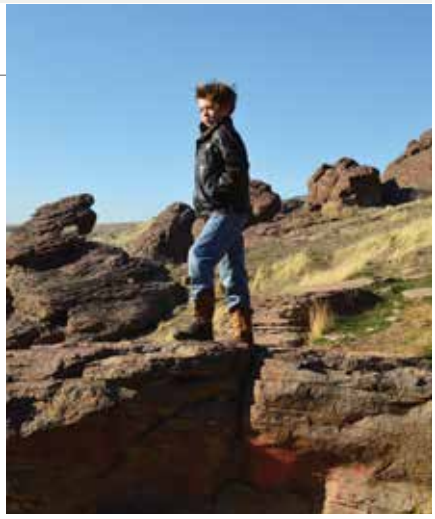


LOCATIONS FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

COVER PHOTO

William Ciluaga, aka "Idaho William," at Balanced Rock.

Photo by Jessica Butterfield



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The majesty of Stanley in winter.

~Photo by Steve Cobbley.

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Mary Willis Young Great capture. Shows why I miss the Sawtooths.

Dora D'agostino Breathtaking.

Steve Cobbley Thank you All -- Such a beautiful place.

BECOME PART OF THE CONVERSATION.
FOLLOW *IDAHO magazine*.

PHOTO BY JACK ALLISON

When I planted roots in Idaho in September 2003, I didn't know it, but I was pregnant, and Idaho was soon to become the beautiful and adventurous place where I would raise my son. In July 2009, when William was five years old, our small family took a camping trip to the same place we had camped the previous July. It was now our favorite spot, off Highway 21 near Lowman, along the Payette River, where I fell in love with Idaho and country music. Alan Jackson's "Country Boy" could be heard on every country station and I grinned ear to ear every time I heard it, because I could look back at William in his car seat singing, "Up city streets, down country roads, I can get you where you need to go, 'cause I'm a country boy." We still sing that song.

We spent our time during the camping trip making sand castles along the river, writing our names with pinecones, hiking the easy path near camp, and reading books. We tied up the raft to float on the shallow, calm nook of water nearby, and if we stayed still enough while we lay in the raft, butterflies would land on our hot, sticky skin. William loved that. We took car trips from our campsite to let him see the majestic Sawtooth Mountains and to swim in the ice-cold water of Redfish Lake. We stopped in Grandjean for huckleberry ice cream cones, showed William the hot spring in the river, and told him the story from a previous visit to the area of how we saw a bear run down the mountain to drink, and how scared I got seeing a bear in the wild for the first time. That night as we ate hot dogs, we watched an eagle fish in the river and bring food to its nest in the tree above. It was a hot, windy camping trip that encouraged a lot of exploring, sprouted many ideas, and almost took

idaho william

STORY AND PHOTOS
BY JESSICA BUTTERFIELD

CRISSCROSSING THE STATE WITH A KID AND A CAMERA

my son's life.

On the last day of our vacation, we were packing up our things, saving the tent to tear down last. Another family had arrived. They had a pack of kids: a couple girls and three boys, close in age to William. These boys were very bold and so was their dad. They put on their life jackets and jumped off rocks into a patch of deep, rough, fast-moving river. It was on a bend of the Payette. Just before the bend the water was calm in the shallow nook where we had played during our visit. The whole time, William had been a very good boy to stay close to me and follow my strict rules about where he could play, and where he could not go near the river. As I hauled things up to the car, I kept an eye on William playing in the sand with the other two small boys. My boyfriend, Jack Allison, was tearing down the tent, and the raft lay on the beach with the long rope attached to it, but not tied up.

Somehow, the raft caught enough water and began to float into the river. William saw this and went to grab it, thinking it was going to get away. As he reached for it, he fell in the river, right where it was raging the craziest on the bend. I didn't see him fall in, but the other mom did, and she screamed. I looked up between the trees, and saw the husband dive into the river. I thought it was one of their kids who had fallen in, but I made my way down the short, steep path to the beach in a hurry, my heart beating fast, and saw him come out of the water with William. Fear and panic struck me so fast, it felt like my breath had been sucked out of me. William was OK, surprised at what had just happened, but OK. The man, named Eric, told me William's instincts must

OPPOSITE TOP: William Ciluaga (aka Idaho William) and Jack Allison at Bruneau Sand Dunes.

OPPOSITE MIDDLE: The author and her son William inside Mammoth Cave.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM: In the Sawtooth Range.

have kicked in, because when he grabbed him, he said his little feet were kicking fast, trying to stay on the little patch of sand and rocks that was giving way underneath him, and his kicking kept him bobbing up and down out of the water. Otherwise, William might not be here today.

Every time I tell this story, I feel my hands get sweaty, my heart race, tears spring to the corner of each eye, and my chest tighten. Everything I have experienced in life, all the scary moments combined, pale in comparison to seeing my little child pulled out of a rushing river. It's as vivid now as it was then. He didn't cry or fret. He just sat with his blue eyes open wide. "Momma that surprised me," he said. "I was just trying to rescue the boat, but I didn't mean to go in the water. I know you told me not to go in the water, but I fell."

I went down on my knees and hugged my son like never before, shaking, and looking up at the man who had saved my son, thanking him over and over.

That trip brought another scare, although it was smaller by comparison. As we drove through a serene meadow, we discussed a new idea that was so absorbing, we hardly realized that we had climbed up a steep, narrow road. It was so high that when I looked down, the meadow was nowhere in sight. I was behind the wheel, trying to creep along, looking for enough room to turn around, because I didn't want to keep climbing. Just before we finally found a spot to turn around, a big truck towing a camper came down the mountainside very quickly. When the driver saw us, he tried slowing down, but his trailer started to swing to the side, and I thought he was either going to hit us and we would all go over the edge, or we would see his camper pull him over

the edge. There was nowhere to move. My foot was on the brake, seeing him come toward us, but he stopped in time, and I let out a deep breath I had been holding. It took a while, but we actually got past each other, and I was able to turn around.

Oh, but the beauty, the wild of Idaho outdoors, the fresh air—all of it felt so inspiring to me. I took tons of photos and watched my son's face light up at the excitement of being among the mountains, lakes, and rivers. Watching William, I daydreamed about planning more camping trips, learning about Idaho history, and exploring all Idaho is. This is when the idea arose that we were discussing as we had our near-miss with the camper on the steep road. We were talking over a plan to make William into a character we would call "Idaho William." We decided to take him around the state, teaching him its history, wildlife, mountains, deserts, people, and more. Maybe we could write children's books, make videos, all kinds of things. William loved the idea, and so the story of Idaho William was born.

OPPOSITE TOP: Guffey Bridge over the Snake River.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Jack and William exploring at Balanced Rock.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: Bruneau Canyon.

Over the past few years we have tried several variations on this theme, had lots of excitement and some setbacks, but our first year of setting the plan in motion went well. Our first Idaho William video was filmed in Kuna in March 2013. He sang the Idaho state song and walked along the greenbelt in Kuna, talking about basic facts concerning the state and places he was excited to explore. By the end of that year, we had made sixty-two videos. We went to caves, the City of Rocks, waterfalls, toured the Capitol building, Balanced Rock, many towns, told the story of the Bannock War, and much more.

We drove an estimated 3,600 miles, each one of them filled to the brim with learning, excitement, love, bonding, and sometimes bickering, usually when one of us got tired. Of course, we've gotten lost, occasionally on purpose but more often because we took a wrong turn or missed a sign somewhere, and sometimes there were no signs. Recording the videos often involves a challenge, whether it's wind, rain, heat, cold, or William trying to memorize and keep track of all the material we learn. He was eight when we started making the videos, and I am very proud of his dedication and enthusiasm. It isn't easy to absorb all the information and stories he tells in the video, but it does encourage all of us to use our imaginations, so we can find a way to make each story and bit of information stick, connect, and have meaning.

We picture what it would be like to be pioneers on wagons, what a gun fight in the middle of the street in Idaho City would be like, mining for gold, building the Perrine Bridge in Twin Falls, what it must have been like to be Ira Perrine or a Native American hunting woolly mammoths or fighting

settlers, or to travel here as a young person like Rube Robbins did, or we envision this land when it was covered in volcanoes or reshaped by the Bonneville Flood.

We've learned so much, have planted deep roots in Idaho now, and plan to keep on the road. This year our plan is to make most of our new videos about southeast Idaho, as well as more videos on taekwondo, and on health. William has wanted to be a builder since he was about three or four, a desire that has been intensified by all the traveling and learning about men and women who helped develop Idaho, people who turned their minds and bodies toward realizing a dream, no matter how impossible it seemed at the time, like turning desert into farmland. He has been inspired by the beauty of this state so much it has brought him to tears, and now he hopes when he grows up he can make documentaries and take photos around the world, to continue to learn about history and nature and share the knowledge with others.

We hope everyone can take something from Idaho William videos, whether it's inspiration to get outdoors more, learn something new, see the beauty of this amazing state, or go after a goal. I can't express in words how thankful I am for this beautiful state to live in, filled with stories and treasures to explore, and for a kid who would rather hit the road than the couch. ■

Idaho William can be found on YouTube and Facebook, and at their recently launched blog/website, www.idahowilliam.com. The family encourages visitors to offer tips on interesting stories, places, and people as possible topics for videos.

OPPOSITE: William at City of Rocks.

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Disaster at Birch Creek

A Little-Known Skirmish in 1877

BY TERRY ARMSTRONG
WITH CHERYL REED-DUDLEY

During the early 1960s, the Idaho Academy of Science, then in its fledgling years, successfully secured a grant from the National Science Foundation. The grant provided travel and honoraria to scientists to visit Idaho high school science teachers and their students.

A science teacher and basketball coach in Salmon at the time, I was successful in securing three scientists to spend a day each with my students. These scientists were Ray J. Davis, professor of botany at Idaho State University (1960-61), Edson Fichter, professor of zoology at Idaho State University (1961-62), and Earl J. Larrison, a renowned natural historian from the University of Idaho (1963-64).

Davis was the author of the book *Flora of Idaho*, published in 1952, which remains as a thorough treatise of Idaho's 102 plant families and thousands of genera. He was a fine teacher. I recall that he ate lunch at our home during his visit to the Salmon school. I recall that I had found a saprophyte I had frozen and was pleased to show him.

I discovered that Davis was to stay in Salmon for a ride home to Pocatello on Saturday, the next day. The other basketball coaches and I had a game at Shelley on Friday and Davis willingly agreed to ride the team bus with us there, where he would meet his wife. The trip turned out to be an amazing five-hour lesson on Idaho natural history.

Davis had been a keen observer of Idaho for many years. As a natural, loquacious teacher, on the trip to Shelley he gave me a running account of every drainage, slope, habitat type and anecdote gained through his years of study.

PHOTO BY ROGER PETERSON, USFS

ABOVE: Birch Creek, northwest of Mud Lake.

The story he told is from Davis's own recollection of a little-known incident on August 13, 1877. The story has been largely omitted from Idaho's history books, but is known by many as the Birch Creek Skirmish. What follows is my recollection of the tale. Davis said it was told to him by a descendant of a pioneer of Junction (now Leadore), who claimed it was the truth.

As the team bus passed south through Blue Dome on Highway 28, Davis began looking to the right, out the bus window. Birch Creek Valley is narrow there. On the left are the basaltic cliffs noted for petroglyphs and Indian shelters. For those who know, remnants of buffalo wallows can still be seen there. As the bus barreled parallel to the creek, Davis began this story.

Highway 28 is a near duplicate of the route that early-day freight wagons took when hauling freight north to Salmon from the railheads in Corinne, Utah. The southern trip carried ore from the mines at Leesburg. One day three large freight wagons, teams, three wagoners, two Chinese camp tenders and two unknown passengers stopped to rest, water the horses and have lunch. The freighters, Jim Hayden, Al Green and Dan Coombs, were experienced teamsters.

After lunch the freighters were surprised by a group of ten to fourteen young Indians, perhaps an advance party of Nez Perce from the retreating band led by Looking Glass, White Bird and Joseph, who were some thirty-five miles behind. The Indians were in disarray following the Battle of Big Hole Mountain that had resulted in the death of eighty-nine women, children and adult males.

At first the Indians were friendly and observant. As the main group of Indian youth communicated with the freight crew, one or two discovered whiskey in a large glass container in one of the wagons. They quickly consumed it and shared it with the others. The first group, now feeling the effects of the whiskey, began to harass the Chinese camp tenders. One of the more brazen of the youth proceeded to ride one of the Chinese "piggy back," using his quirt to get him going. Soon the other Chinese had a rider. There was much whooping and quirting, and soon there was an impromptu rodeo.

At first the white men seemed to find the harassment amusing, but soon it became apparent that it was becoming hurtful and dangerous. As the rodeo continued, teamster Al Lyons had a call of nature and went upstream forty to fifty yards to find a suitable location. Just as he finished, he heard shots, shouts and saw smoke. He ran quickly to a jumbled grove of birch trees, half fallen into the creek, and crawled deep under the roots to hide. He later heard the voices of the Indians searching for him, but they never found him.

Later in the night Lyons emerged, half frozen, and discovered his companions murdered. Hayden, Green, Coombs and the two unnamed passengers were all dead. There was no trace of the Chinese. The horses were all gone. With some three hours until daybreak, Lyons began a hurried escape to Salmon. He took the high ground on the west side of the valley, missed Leodore, and finally got word to Salmon two days later.

The two Chinese had escaped and managed to get to Junction and relay their story to Colonel George Shoup, the militia leader of some forty white settlers. In time, Shoup and Dave Wood, who owned the Hayden Freighting Outfit at Salmon, arrived on the scene and buried the five men who had worked for them. The remains of the five were later disinterred and moved to the Salmon Cemetery, where they still rest.

I have returned to the scene to attempt to locate the

broken glass that Davis reported was all that was left of the drunken destruction, but didn't stay long enough to locate the spot.

The trail of the Nez Perce is a sad and tragic story. Likewise history probably has not been accurate in portraying Colonel Shoup. He is the last territorial governor and the first governor of Idaho serving 1890 to December of the same year, when he resigned to become a U.S. senator. He held his Senate post from December 18, 1890 until March 31, 1901. His statue stands in Statuary Hall in the U.S. Capitol as a pillar of Idaho's past. Little is noted of his military ignominy at the Sand Creek massacre in November 1864, where 128 Cheyenne men, women and children were killed in a surprise attack on the sleeping village. The assault was led by Colonel John M. Chivington in what is known as the most brutal, uncompromising event in the conquest of the plains Indians. The atrocities against children by the U.S. troops were horrendous. Shoup commanded the largest unit at Sand Creek, although the responsibility for the massacre is assigned to his ranking superior, Colonel Chivington.

As a student of Idaho's brief but colorful history, I recognize that there are conflicting reports about noteworthy incidents. Birch Creek Valley contains many secrets yet to be discovered, and the Birch Creek Disaster a little-known event confirmed only by five cemetery plots in Salmon and the word of three men who escaped to tell the story. ■

This story is excerpted with permission from *Wrangling Snakes: And Other Reminiscences of an Idaho Teacher* (2010) by Terry Armstrong with Cheryl Reed-Dudley.

The River in Stone

Visiting an Ancient Map of the Snake

STORY AND PHOTOS BY C.W. REED

Last fall I was inspired to check out the petroglyph called Map Rock, which is a fairly famous landmark to folks around Melba in Canyon County just south of Nampa, where I was born.

But I was raised in Boise and, to be honest, I hadn't heard about the rock until my girlfriend Jen suggested we go for a drive. The directions she had taken from a website were vague, and when she had tried to visit the place a couple months earlier, she couldn't find it.

Her directions described Map Rock Road as a dirt turnoff from Highway 45, which winds along the north side of the Snake River, but we discovered the road is now paved. A couple of miles along it, we found a rest area with a modern pit toilet, for which we were thankful. Although the area sign had said "Map Rock," we were unable to find any hint of petroglyphs at first. After a bit of hiking along footpaths near the rest area and some confusion as to exactly where we were supposed to be

ABOVE: Petroglyphs and landscape at Map Rock in Canyon County.

The titular rock actually sits within a group of about a half-dozen large basalt stones covered in petroglyphs. The landscape camouflages them.

looking, we both became a bit worried that this trip would also end in failure. I pretended to maintain my confidence, because Jen looked like she was losing faith, but it already was apparent that just to find the location was an adventure. We hopped back into the car and drove along the road, looking for any clue that might present itself, or even anything that looked somehow out of place. But it was difficult in the sameness of the rural landscape. Finally, we spotted a site just off the highway, surprisingly less than a half-mile west of the rest area. Maybe this search should have provided fun in its own right, but as I recall it left us a bit testy!

The titular rock actually sits within a group of about a half-dozen large basalt stones covered in petroglyphs. While these rocks are quite large, the surrounding landscape and desert backdrop camouflage them from immediate view. We talked about how some of them seemed to have been moved from their original spots, based on old photographs Jen had researched that had originally sparked her interest in locating this ancient place. A few smaller boulders of note weren't clearly visible in those black-and-white pictures, and a larger rock was pretty far from the main one. It looked as though someone had concentrated the site, although how that could have been done with objects of such weight and size is beyond me.

According to the National Register of Historic Places in Idaho, the petroglyphs we visited are part of the Map Rock Petroglyphs Historic District, which surprisingly includes upwards of twenty basalt boulders [for a story on other petroglyphs in Canyon County,

It appeared that later visitors had tried to fill in some of the fading lines with what looked like chalk. This actually hastens the erosion process.

see "Celebration Park," by Dean Worbois, *IDAHO magazine* November 2006]. The ones we visited varied in size from large pumpkins to economy cars.

It was a good, sturdy climb to the top of the biggest rock, which Jen declared was just what she needed for a break from society. From our perch, we reflected that the petroglyphs most likely took generations to carve with stone tools. The rocks are believed to have been deposited by the Bonneville Flood nearly sixteen thousand years ago, and it is possible that some of the engravings could be more than ten thousand years old, carved by the ancestors of the Shoshone-Bannock peoples. The images and shapes have been worn down by the elements, and it appeared that later visitors had tried to fill in some of the fading lines with what looked like chalk. This is frowned upon, because rather than being harmless, it actually hastens the erosion process. From previous visits to other ancient sites around Idaho, I know that such "etching" can be damaging, and violators can be prosecuted.

The article we found on a travelers' website that first interested us in this excursion quoted a sign that apparently used to be at the site, although we didn't see it when we visited. According to the sign, Map Rock was discovered by settlers around 1872. It is thought to have been used by ancient peoples as a map of the Snake River and its tributaries. "Rock carvings are found along game or fishing grounds and in areas with wild plant foods," the sign added. "Map Rock is believed to be carved by the prehistoric people to induce success in hunts or other activities."

It is likely that the literal meanings of the carvings will never be known for sure, as the people who made them left no record of what they were depicting, and

ABOVE:Petroglyphs, including the "school bus," and the Snake River.

although the primary iconography suggests the surrounding areas and Snake River and its tributaries, this is still largely speculation. They might show hunting grounds preferred at the time, and it also has been suggested they could be shamanistic in nature, or simply artistic doodles. For us, it was entertaining to try to interpret the symbols in contemporary terms: "That one looks like a school bus. Maybe this was an ancient bus stop."

As interest in Map Rock grows, I wouldn't be surprised if a parking lot were eventually built near the site. I think there should be, as this is a really beautiful place to visit, but nevertheless, our main takeaway from this trip was the sight of a place relatively unchanged by time and the modern world. Map Rock is a physical manifestation of the past, even if that past is misunderstood or misinterpreted. It's a legacy of eons, here in our own back yard.

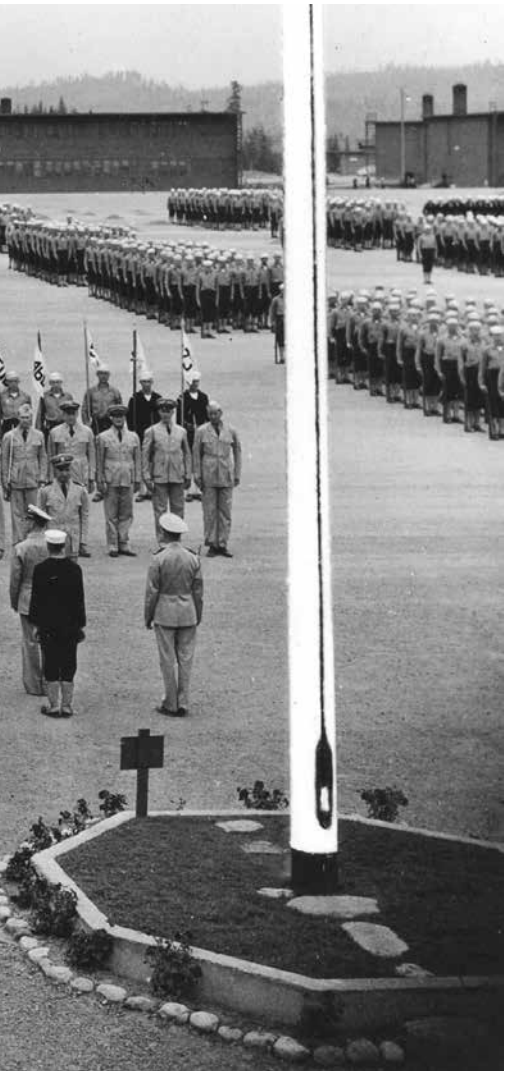
For those who would like clearer directions than we had to Map Rock, starting from Nampa's 12th Avenue, head south on Highway 45. It's a long, straight drive through very pretty landscape. After you pass Melba, look out for Map Rock Road on the right—if you cross the bridge, you've gone too far. Follow Map Rock Road west about five miles, and keep a sharp eye to the right (north) side of the road. You should see an elevated rock outcrop, on which you can make out some of the petroglyphs. ■

ABOVE: On the parade ground at Farragut Naval Training Station.

RIGHT:The men take whale boats out on Lake Pend Oreille.

MIDDLE RIGHT: A typical bunk with issued gear.

FAR RIGHT: Recruits at attention for inspection in the barracks.



BOOT CAMP AT THE LAKE

The World War II Years of Farragut

BY JANA KEMP
PHOTOS COURTESY OF FARRAGUT STATE PARK ARCHIVES

"Farragut State Park is one of the places we visited this year," I said to my uncle, Robert Kemp, on our way to a family reunion in rural Minnesota in the late 1990s. To my surprise he replied, "I trained there."

This sparked animated praise from me about how impressed I was that such a huge naval facility (more than seven hundred buildings, plus roads and training grounds) at Bayview on the southern tip of Lake Pend Oreille could be built in eleven months to train more than 290,000 men over a four-year period, after which nearly everything was torn down. I said it was particularly impressive considering that with today's modern engineering skills and equipment, we can't even seem to get one road built in less than three to five years.

I didn't learn much more that day about my uncle's experiences at Farragut Naval Training Station (FNTS), an inland Navy boot camp from 1942 to 1946, because we were nearly to our destination, and because he's a man of few words. But recently, it struck me that as a friend of Idaho's state parks, it was high time I got more of the story. With some prodding and much laughter between my uncle and me, this winter he shared more information about his time at Farragut, which I've supplemented with further research.

LEFT: Laundry day.

MIDDLE: Construction at Farragut happened quickly.

BOTTOM: At the barber shop. One recruit remarked that the boots were "sure hard to keep clean."

When I asked Uncle Robert what prompted him to serve in the military, he replied, "I'd graduated from high school at seventeen. My dad really wanted me to be a farmer, like he was. Coming out of the Depression—and, really, we were still in the Depression, with a lot of people out of work during the 1940s—I had no interest in farming. I didn't want to work that hard. I was too lazy to be a farmer. So, I got my dad to sign the paperwork so that I could join the Navy. I served in the Navy from 1944 to 1946 and went through boot camp at Farragut. After my two years in the Navy, I was a civilian until 1948. I joined the Marine Corps in 1948 and served until 1953. Then, because my friends were getting shot in Korea, I joined the Air Force in 1953 and served until 1967. It was during my time in the Air Force that I met my wife, had three sons, and finished out my service in Colorado Springs, Colorado—but that's not about Farragut."

I asked him what boot camp was like, and he said, "Cold, cold, cold. In fact, we'd been told stories that the Indians called it Land Too Cold to Live In, but who knows whether that is true. I was there from September 1944 until January 1945. It was a boot camp, so everyone normally went through quickly, but I got pneumonia and was there some extra weeks in the hospital: fourteen weeks total. The hospital was quite a complex. Big, as I recall."

Illness did come with the territory, I had learned in my research, especially during times of winter confinement indoors. The *Farragut News* carried reports of training activities cancelled for a day for "deep-cleaning"

activities, which likely meant there was extensive contagious illness at the base.

"I don't remember the name or number of my company," Robert said. "It was all one big camp: barracks, hospital, training grounds, mess hall, and other buildings."

Construction was done quickly and the buildings didn't have much insulation, so the cold-factor was very real. The men were issued leather boots, cotton socks, woolen pants, and Navy pea coats. Each camp area, designed to be self-sufficient, housed five thousand recruits.

"About forty people in each unit went through together, and all of us stayed together in one barracks," my uncle said. "We'd stand guard duty at night and stoke the fires all night to keep them going. We'd go out on the lake to row."

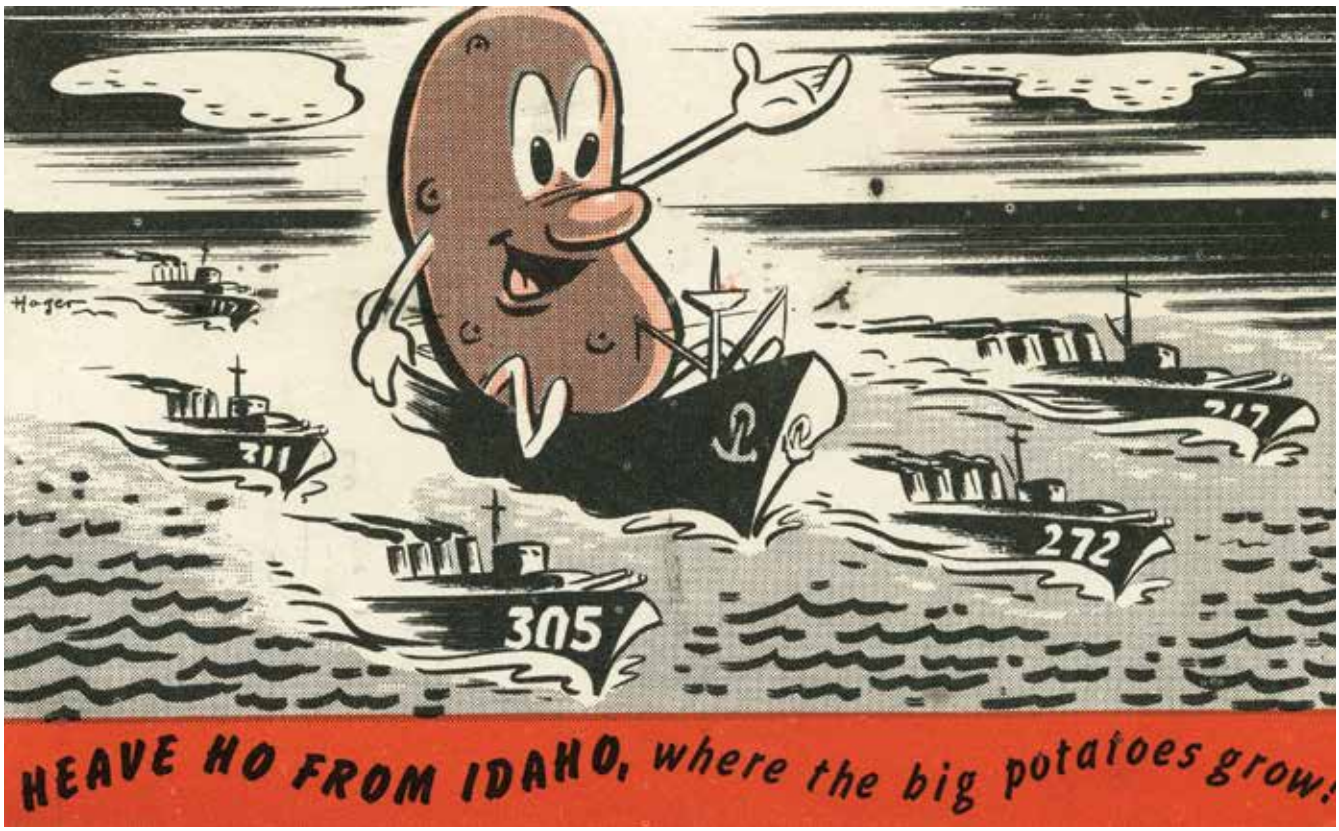
Lake Pend Oreille is forty-three miles long and 1,150 feet deep, the fifth-deepest lake in the United States. The recruits rowed "whale boats," which were made of steel and could hold up to sixteen men each.

"It was COLD," Robert repeated as he recalled those days. "Around Christmas time, we'd go out on the lake and it was so cold that ice formed on the oars when we were trying to row the boat. There were six on each side, with a coxswain steering. "We went to a lot of classes about the Navy: learned Navy talk, how to roll our clothes, how to carry our bags, and the like. We were forced to swim. They kept throwing us in until we could swim all the way across the indoor pool. There were no swim lessons, just 'Go!' We always swam inside, because it was too cold to swim or dive in the lake. It was scary, especially because I was a dry-land farmer from Colorado."

"What was a typical day at Farragut like?" I asked him.

"We'd get up at 6 a.m., get ready, make the bunk, and stand at attention for inspection," he said. "Then we'd march to the mess hall for breakfast. Classes and training followed until dinner. It seems like we were fairly free in the evenings, with lights out at 9 p.m. We also did a lot of marching when there wasn't snow, staying in step and counting off. Once a week, we got to go to the PX and buy cigarettes and candy. I don't remember what else they had."

With a chuckle, my uncle admitted, "I was homesick. I wanted to go home. I went right out of high school, right after my 1944 graduation. Remember, I was only seventeen and hadn't been away from home."



FAR ABOVE: Postcard from Farragut.

ABOVE: Sculpture of a Navy man.

I told Robert I had read that Farragut housed German prisoners of war in 1944 and 1945, and he said he'd heard that some of them were in the hospital, but he didn't see them. The POWs had been captured by US troops in Europe and Africa. They were treated as soldiers and put to work doing maintenance, landscaping and cooking. The POW camps were administered by the 9th Army Command and released to the Navy for daily work details. The Idaho headquarters for POW camps was in Rupert.

I asked my uncle, who is now eighty-seven, what he would like his grandchildren and great-grandchildren to remember about that time in our country's history. "Remember that the Forties were tough," he said. "Really, I was just focused on taking care of myself and getting by in the world. Even today, I still go in a straight line from one day to the next."

Like most members of what has been called "The Greatest Generation," Uncle Robert talked about doing the jobs he had to do, just as the people around him were doing.

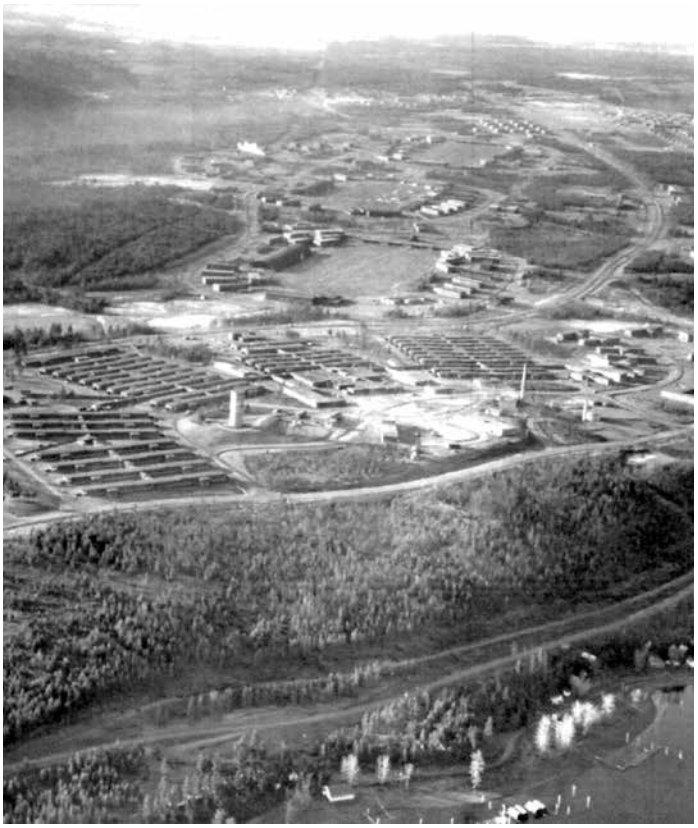
I've shared with him some of what I learned about the facility. For instance, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt came there in September 1942 on a whistle stop tour of war facilities from Michigan to California. The Farragut-stop story I heard is that a special presidential speaking platform was built of wood for his visit. At the end of the visit, during a time of ration-cards, severe poverty and cold, the platform was torn down and destroyed, the wood done away with rather than being repurposed for the community. When Roosevelt visited Farragut, it was the second-largest naval

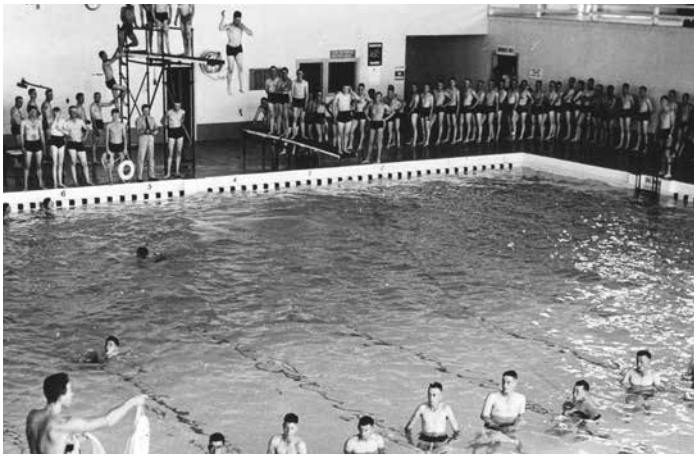
training facility in the world. From a documentary film on Spirit Lake, which is about sixteen miles from Farragut, I learned that Spirit Lake was the home of many officers, their wives and families during this era. The community also served as an officers' retreat for R&R before they returned to war, which means much of northern Idaho was directly influenced by the presence of the Farragut training station in Bayview.

In June 1946, the facility was decommissioned. Many buildings were relocated and others recycled. Two water towers are still in use on the site, and the former brig is now the naval museum. Because the depth of the lake simulates ocean depths and silences, Navy activity continues today on twenty acres beside Lake Pend Oreille, where acoustic underwater submarine research is conducted by the Acoustics Research Detachment.

What strikes me the most about the stories we still barely have a chance to capture from people who participated in World War II is that such a large part of Idaho's history nearly vanished without a trace. Thank goodness for the Idaho parks system, which keeps alive our memories of the people and work that went into the making of this country. Today, Farragut is a four-thousand-acre Idaho State Park adjacent to Idaho's largest lake. For twenty-eight years, the park has hosted a reunion each September for veterans. The park is open year-round and the naval museum is open from Memorial Day to Labor Day. Some of Farragut's campsite loops are in the roadway ovals that were established during the naval station days—which means at Farragut, you're camping in history. ■

The author wishes to extend special thanks to the support team of the Farragut State Park photo archives, led by Rick Just, and to Farragut Park manager Randall Butt and park ranger Dennis Woolford.





LEFT: Some World War II propaganda from Farragut.

FAR ABOVE: The hospital at the naval station, which in its entirety was larger than many Idaho towns.

ABOVE: Swimming lessons amounted to, "Get across the pool."

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

The First, Worst Winter

In 1948, a Tough Introduction to Idaho

BY ERMA JEAN LOVELAND

I learned an important lesson in the winter of 1948-49. Several years earlier, when Dad was drafted into World War II service, Mother, my sister Norma, then a first-grader, and I, a third-grader, were living in Indiana. We moved into town, away from farm chores. But now it was 1948, Dad was back from the front, and we had moved to a ranch outside Twin Falls, where he said he could use some help with the milking. As a seventh-grader, I was first in line to learn.

I placed a stool on the right side of the cow and grabbed hold of the "milk givers." A swift, hard kick from the cow knocked me off the stool onto the ground. As I got up and backed away, I thought, "Oh, good, I can go to the house now. Dad won't want me to be hurt by a kicking cow."

Dad had other ideas. He dusted me off, set me back down on the stool, and I started to milk again—successfully this time. That incident comes to mind even now when something happens that causes me enough problems that it is necessary to sit down and start over again.

My dad, Orval Alkire, was an Army veteran who served on Cebu Island in the Philippines. Jobs were scarce for the warriors returning to Greene County, Indiana. A couple named Houston and Lucile Owens, who were long-time friends of my dad and of my mother, Lenore, had moved to a newly-developed farming oasis in Twin Falls. The Owens liked what they saw and were successful in convincing my parents of the economic advantages of living in Idaho.

Our ancestors had progressively moved from Virginia to Kentucky to Ohio to Indiana, so I suppose a westward migration pattern had been set with the first Alkires to arrive in America. Our extended family helped to pack our household goods into a Diamond T truck and a 1939 Chevrolet. Our grandmother held in her lap a precious antique: a double-globed, coal-oil burning, china lamp. She and the lamp rode together almost two thousand miles along the Oregon Trail route from the Mississippi River to the Snake River.

The sun was brilliant in a clear blue sky on our first morning in Idaho in July 1948. The horizon was visible in any direction I cared to look. A few trees around the scattered farm houses did not hide the rising sun. The alfalfa hay had just been cut and baled. One whiff of that wonderful aroma always takes me back to the first day in Magic Valley, a green jewel that seemed to reflect light and life on us.

The Snake River starts at the Continental Divide in the Teton Mountain Range of western Wyoming. It forms a large arc through southern Idaho and flows on to make the western border between Idaho and Oregon. Eventually, it joins the Columbia River and ends in the Pacific Ocean. Idaho is fairly arid in the lower altitudes. Eighty percent of the water that falls each year comes in the form of snow. The snowmelt drains from the mountains into irrigation waterways that help to make good crop yields on the lava-enriched lands.

Aside from the Owens family, another drawing card for my folks was the Eden Hunt Project, on land that had recently been vacated as part of the Japanese internment program during the war. My folks and the Owens thought this would be a good way for my dad to get farmland. This section of the Snake River Plain had been selected to keep people of Japanese heritage separated from their homes, families, businesses, and friends ranging from Seattle to Portland. The farmable part of the plain runs from ten to twenty miles on either side of the Snake River canyon.

The sun was brilliant in a clear blue sky on our first morning in Idaho in July 1948. The horizon was visible in any direction I cared to look.

The vacated camp was turned over to the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation in parcels, beginning February 10, 1946, and with other parcels released in 1947 and 1949. The land was offered to returning World War II veterans whose names were drawn in a lottery. The veterans' agreement in this redistribution project was that they would build a house on the land and clear the sagebrush for farming within a designated time.

Soon after our arrival in Idaho, Dad visited with other

PHOTO COURTESY OF ERMA JEAN LOVELAND

PHOTO COURTESY OF ALBERT OWENS

FAR ABOVE: The author's sister, Norma Alkire, as a fourth-grader in the Twin Falls area.

ABOVE: Total snowfall around Twin Falls in the winter of 1948-49 was more than 48 inches, compared to a 50-year mean of about 19 inches.

veterans who were already living on the camp land. When he returned to our car, he looked around at us four females and said, "I think we had better do something else."

I was eleven at the time and in seventh grade, having started school early. Norma was eight. In addition to us and our mother, Dad also had to care for Mom's mother, the widowed Bessie Courter Stevens.

In August, my parents moved to a ranch in Jerome County, on the north side of the Snake. The owners of the ranch, C.O. and Grace Fairley, had decided they wanted to move to town before another winter arrived, They hired Dad to milk their cows and feed their beef stock. We moved to the ranch just before school started in the fall of 1948. Neighborhood students rode their horses to welcome us at our end-of-the-road dwelling.

From our house, we could see Russell Lane School, a two-story brick building. It had a basement for the cook's apartment, furnace room, school kitchen, and student dining room. I remember Lydia Ringgold was a wonderful cook. The aroma of her homemade hot breads made students' mouths water even in our top-floor classrooms as we waited for lunch. I still recall the teachers' names: Mrs. Winn for primary, Mrs. Cope for grades three to five, and Mr. Winn for grades six to eight. He was also the principal, the coach, the bus driver, and anything else that might be needed.

To drive to the ranch, it was

necessary to cross the Snake River Gorge between Eden and Twin Falls on the "swinging bridge," formally known as the Hansen Suspension Bridge. It had been built in 1919, the same year Jerome County was created from Gooding and Lincoln Counties, and the same year my mother was born. All three, the bridge, the county, and the woman, were just twenty-nine years old in 1948. So very new.

Before 1919, travelers could get across the Snake River only by rowboat or on the Owsley Ferry. Otherwise, they had to go to the beginning or the ending of the sixteen-mile canyon to get between the north and the south sides of the river. The Hansen Suspension Bridge, built within a year's time, spanned the 608 feet between the canyon's rims. At four hundred feet above the river, it was then the tallest bridge in North America. It originally had two lanes for wagons or early cars, but they were reduced to one lane as vehicles became wider. Any vehicle already on the bridge had right of way, and the other party had to wait until the first car was across. That usually worked fine, but not always. One time, Mother had driven the car to the middle of the bridge when an out-of-state driver rolled his car onto it, became frightened, and then wouldn't drive in reverse. He made Mother back off, even though she had farther to go.

Our ranch was down a sandy lane off a gravel road that connected to State Road 50. In 1948, all federal and state roads were built as a two-lane asphalt highways to standards set in the 1920s and 1930s. The ranch, at the end of cultivated land, was bordered by sagebrush and lava rock.

Our two-bedroom house had electricity, indoor plumbing, and an oil furnace. When we moved in, a living room had been partially added to the house, as it was framed in with doors and windows. Straw bales placed around the house's foundation and plastic over the windows kept it warm. Harvested hay had been stacked to provide a northern windbreak. There was a basement for storage of home-canned food, sacks of potatoes, onions and apples. Cows provided milk. The property held a herd of beef cattle and one of milk cows. A stream flowed across the pasture. We knew neither we nor the animals would go hungry.

But no sooner were we settled in than the weather became a major antagonist. The first deep snow came the week of Thanksgiving in 1948. The snowplow came right afterward, pushing drifts to either side of the sandy lane to create six-to-nine-foot snow banks. Dad took our car out and parked it in a shed at the intersection of the sandy lane and the gravel road. All of us, including my aged grandmother, walked out on the ice-covered snow banks left by the snowplow. But no plow came down our sandy lane again that winter. They were too busy keeping the more-traveled state roads opened.

We often were cut off from the rest of the Magic Valley, because we had neither newspaper nor mail whenever the local road wasn't plowed.

Occasionally, rotary plows were available for the county roads, but when they weren't running, the whole neighborhood was snowed in. Ground winds blew snow into a curtain-like blizzard, and we could see neither the sky above nor the ground below. The white, all-encompassing blanket was spread over everything in sight, and lingered for weeks. We often were cut off from the rest of the Magic Valley, because we had neither newspaper nor mail whenever the local road wasn't plowed. We didn't have a

Airplanes were grounded. Everything was at a standstill. It became common to hear, "I have never seen a winter like this before."

telephone, and television was not yet available in the Rocky Mountains. Carlene Savage, my eighth-grade teacher, told us that we would never have television in Idaho because the height of the mountains was too high for the signal to pass over.

A history published by the Idaho Department of Transportation describes that winter: "Every week between November 21, 1948 and February 19, 1949, blizzards were pushed along by high winds and temperatures below freezing. Many times, below-zero [temperatures] made the winter of 1948-1949 severe."

We needed heating oil for the house's furnace but the wind and snow closed the lane to vehicles. Our oil man brought in a fuel container on a sled, pulling it through the fields to our house. And the blizzards kept coming. The roads were blocked and schools were closed, although Norma and I could never be sure what was happening from day to day, until we waded through the snow to the gravel road to wait for the bus. Sometimes it came and sometimes it didn't. I wore knee-high rubber boots, and my feet got so cold that Mother had to soak them in tepid water.

After several weeks of fresh snows and ground blizzards, the men in the area got together to walk across the Hansen Suspension Bridge for supplies, not the least of which were large cans of loose Prince Albert tobacco. One man brought a horse along to help carry back the load. The gravel road was blown shut and the going was hard. The men used the horse to break the trail for them to follow. Before they reached the state road, the horse balked and wouldn't go on. The owner turned the horse around and sent him home. The horse hurried away, very willing to get home.

The men trudged along two miles to the Hansen Bridge, and walked gingerly across it, as the wind energized its swinging motion. They went on another couple of miles to Hansen. When the shoppers turned around and retraced their steps, the wind was in their faces. Heavy snows accompanied by winds from 50 to 70 mph continued. The snow drifted over fences, rooftops, buses, and trains. Cattle walked over the snow-encased fences. Some animals were never found again. Airplanes were grounded. Everything was at a standstill. It became common to hear, "I have never seen a winter like this before."

In February, a Murtaugh man froze to death. And the snows continued. The highway district used every available piece of equipment they had or could borrow. In what became known as the Great Winter of 1948-1949, snowplows kept working to widen highway trenches through deep drifts as late as March 14. Art Hoult, Idaho Highway Department's maintenance supervisor, kept daily journals about that winter. His last reference in his "Great Winter Journal" was on April 30, 1949. It read, "Four inches new snow and still snowing." But that snow did not stick.

After this first winter for our family in Idaho, we thought, "Maybe it's always like this." Dad said he had seen one year like that, and he might see a second one, but he sure wasn't going to see a third! Just like the lesson he gave me in milking, he was ready to start over—but as it turned out, he lived twenty-seven more years in Idaho without seeing another winter as bad as that first one. ■

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FEATHERVILLE

INSTANT FAME FOR THE VISITOR IN ROOM ONE

STORY AND PHOTOS BY AMY LARSON

I called the Featherville Motel on a Monday morning in August before driving up to explore the little community in the midst of the Boise National Forest. "They're shutting off the power within the next few hours," I was told, "and they're not going to be letting anyone in."

Featherville wouldn't be happening for me that day, and considering the grim fire reports, I wondered if there would be a Featherville left to see in the future. The previous summer, residents were told to evacuate when the Trinity Ridge Fire burned dangerously close to the community. Packed vehicles rolled through town as drivers left at the advice of the county sheriff, while others chose to push their luck and stick around. Bustling with firefighters, Featherville business increased, selling food and drink as crews created backfires and employed other precautions to protect properties. The fire was dubbed the worst Idaho had seen in years.

Former mining town Rocky Bar, ten miles from Featherville, whose citizens consider it part of their territory.

PHOTO COURTESY OF USFS

FAR ABOVE:The bar in Featherville today.

ABOVE:Fighting the Trinity Ridge Fire, August 2012.

This summer, as dense smoke from the rapidly moving, worse-than-the-year-before Elk Complex fire filled the skies, residents must have been thinking, What, again? The fire made national headlines. Once more, locals were encouraged to leave and by mid-August, I'd heard that thirty-eight homes and forty-three outbuildings had already been lost. Only through untiring efforts were many other homes and much more heartache spared.

Months passed before I could visit, but in the meantime, I tried to find out what I could about Featherville. Its inception followed the discovery of gold in 1862 at a place called Rocky Bar. The bumpy road from the strike led ten miles south into what is now Featherville, originally called Junction Bar, when it was used as a stage station for those heading to Rocky Bar. It's believed that Featherville was named after the Feather River by miners who set up camp up at Rocky Bar around 1864. Things got cooking in the 1870 and '80s, but cooled down by the 1900s. Elmore County is still considered to be a prospector's paradise, rippling with placer gold areas.

Even though modern-day prospectors are still active along the South Fork of the Boise River, and more than 32,000 ounces of gold have been pulled out of the area thus far, nowadays people often go to Featherville for a different sort of gold. Miles from any large city and at an elevation of 4,544 feet, Featherville is regarded as an ideal getaway, replete with the Idaho treasures of snowmobiling, hunting, rafting, fishing, and hiking.

It was another three months before I finally got on the road to Featherville, and I had only a seventeen-hour window for the visit, because of an awards ceremony in Boise I was supposed to attend the next evening. But how long could the trip take? Featherville was small.

Driving slowly on a snowy late-November evening, I recalled tales of accidents involving deer and elk. Past Anderson Ranch Reservoir, I skidded to a stop before a lone elk standing mid-road. He glanced, uncaring, and then sauntered away. Proceeding cautiously, I arrived in the community of Pine as it became dark. Large,

insulating snowflakes fell, producing an atmosphere of utter quiet and tranquility. A few miles later, all seemed deserted when I drove into Featherville. A pickup sat before the saloon, wherein a woman with dark hair stood behind the bar on which the town's name was intricately carved. I noticed a photo of the motel, with a roaring wildfire blazing in the near background. On the photo was printed, "Motel for sale: CHEAP!" Someone had a good sense of humor.

I asked where I might pick up my room key.

"Oh, Room One," said the woman, handing me a key, "Larson, right?"

Away from a small town for too long, I'd forgotten what it felt like to be kept such good track of.

"Café's got a tasty breakfast. You might want to check that out tomorrow," the woman said. As I parked near Room One on the snowy lot, I realized I was the only tenant that weeknight. I got up early the next morning and walked to the café in my fuzzy boots, a footwear decision that would later prove problematic. Two men sat at a corner table in the homey café.

"I ought to maybe tune up the snowmobiles," said the first man. "That'd be a good project for today."

"You know what," said the other man, "I think I'm gonna have a good day and not even mess with 'em."

"Well," said Man Number One as he stood up and pushed his chair back from the table, "I better git going and do something constructive. You have a good day."

Both men spoke to me on their way out.

"Up here for a couple of days, are ya?" said Man Number Two.

I wondered if they knew what room I'd stayed in.

Pat, the café's co-owner, emerged from the kitchen. "Amy Larson in Room One," he said knowingly. "We were worried when we heard you'd be driving up in the dark. You don't want to hit an elk."

No one had worried over me like that since, maybe, the year I'd gotten my night-driving permit. I mentioned the lone elk. Pat said that if I wanted to see some more elk, I should head over to the golf course. An entire herd was there most mornings. I told him I wanted to get to know the place, maybe even write an article about it. He suggested I visit

LEFT: The author's inappropriate footwear.

FAR ABOVE: Street scene at Rocky Bar.

ABOVE: The church at Featherville.

Rocky Bar, now a ghost town, and also Baumgartner Campground and Hot Springs.

"Do those places count as Featherville?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Everyone here knows about those places and goes up there all the time. What are you driving?"

"That red 4WD out there."

"You'll be fine."

At first, I told him that I had to return to Boise soon, which made side trips not doable, but as I leisurely finished breakfast, I decided the awards ceremony could do without me. I was in Featherville, and golden opportunities were calling.

I tromped to the saloon in my fuzzy boots to request a late checkout. Two locals were taking a break inside.

"Can you do the snow dance?" one man asked, pointing at my boots. Snow is imperative to the area's winter economy, because snowmobilers get hungry, thirsty, and need lodging.

"I'll give it a try," I shrugged.

A man everyone called Jex walked past me, paused, and said, "You the one in Room One?"

"Are you the owner?" I countered.

"I own everything here," he replied cheerfully.

Jan Brown, the woman now behind the bar, said she not only worked at the saloon but also sold real estate, and her husband Mike owned a construction business. Featherville seemed to require a few of its enterprising locals to fill multiple positions to keep it going.

"What are you doing today?" Jan asked.

"Going up to Rocky's Tavern," I said confidently.

She smirked. "You mean Rocky Bar?"

"Oh," I said. "Yeah."

"Make sure you stop in and let me know when you get back," she said.

I didn't get why, but didn't mind. Jan was fun to talk to and I'd learn more about Featherville from her. She'd already told me that of the nineteen people living there year-round, there were several Jans (such as Jan Brown and Jex's wife Jan), and a slew of Cindys (including Café Cyndie, "Tall Cindy," and Cindy Larson).

LEFT: Contemporary homestead near Featherville.

Starting on the gravel road to Rocky bar, I laughed at a few bumps. No big deal. But when the vehicle began to plow through one to two feet of snow and I had to switch to 4WD, the laughter ceased. My tense hands gripped the wheel. I was in an Idaho forest, about to visit an old mining ghost town, and I'd just given myself the whole day to do it, but I wasn't having fun. Channeling my inner teenager, I recalled "bucking the drifts" at the dry farms during cold Rexburg winters years ago, and before long, I was having a good time again. I passed a notification claiming that the speed limit was seven, which I might have been exceeding.

The crossroads sign at Rocky Bar pointed to Phifer Creek, Atlanta, Trinity Lakes, and back to Featherville. Another sign read, "Caution: cats, dogs, kids, and old people with guns. Take only pictures, leave only footprints."

I poked around what had been the original Elmore County seat and later the Alturas County seat, home to more than 2,500 people in the gold mining days. The town was destroyed by fire in 1892. I visited an open house and signed the guest book inside, noticing a checkerboard on the table by the window and a few padded parlor chairs with doilies across their backs. I stepped outside and around to the old tavern, its long bar spanning the room. Forgetting the ghost

FAR ABOVE: This property sign near Featherville serves as a local landmark.

ABOVE: Jeep on a pole, a new local landmark.

OPPOSITE: Home in Rocky Bar of a bitch named Bob.

town's name again, I figured this must have been "Rocky's Tavern," the area's namesake. On an outside wall, I was both corrected and reprimanded:

"Rocky Bar is NOT a public restroom. Go up the road and find a tree."

More wandering led to a place marked "Private Claim," where a few one- and two-room cabins oozed charm. Elk racks were proudly mounted on their roof gables. Another sign said: "Please drive slowly and watch for old dogs, blind horses, and unruly kids for the next two miles."

Displayed on a sign above it was a doghouse for "Bob." (I later learned that Bob was a female dog.)

Back in Featherville, I went back to the hotel and someone asked where' I'd been. I said, "Rocky's Tavern," I once again was corrected. I told Jan I'd be there for a bit, taking photos of the immediate area, and intended to head up to Baumgartner next.

"Make sure to tell me when you go up there," she said firmly.

"So you'll know if I come back?"

"Exactly."

On the way, I saw cozy cabins, a bridge spanning the South Fork of the Boise River, wide-open meadows and dense, forested areas. The after-effects of wildfire were evident. Cut-up logs charred with black rings were neatly stacked. I knew there was a golf course nearby, but happening upon it still came as a surprise. I'd read that the course had nine holes and was designed by Phil Mickelson. The resort's café was closed at the time, so I couldn't meet its owner, Kathi Lewis, but I still looked around. A stage, tennis and basketball courts, swimming pool and camping spaces testified to a full schedule of warm-weather activity. I also saw elk droppings, proof of the herd.

Once back on the main road, I spotted an old, red Willy's Jeep with an antler hood ornament suspended on an eight-foot pole. Laughing, I stopped to take pictures, and stepped onto private property just as a woman and her black dog approached. I thought I was about to catch it for trespassing, but instead of

hollering at me, the woman reached behind a tree and pulled out a tall ladder.

"Do you want to get in?" she asked, pointing to the mounted machine.

"Can I?"

"You can be one of the first." She introduced herself as Liz Summa and told me her dog's name was Hoss. She gave the Jeep a shove. "It spins, too!"

Amused at such random creativity, I could hardly stop laughing. Liz said her husband got the idea for the spinning Jeep and then made it happen. "He might put swings on the bottom, too," she added, smiling.

The Willy's seat was wet from recent snow, but I didn't care. This was more fun than I'd expected to have. As I climbed down, Liz said, "We used to tell people trying to find our house to look for the white 'Fort Knox' arch, which is just down the road from us. But we've got our own landmark now."

"I'd say so," I agreed.

Liz told me how the firefighters had worked hard to save her home. They'd assured her they'd do whatever it took to preserve it. "I feel very safe here," she said.

When I was leaving, she called out, "Stop by whenever you're back up." I nodded. "I mean it," she added, and I believed her.

When I checked in once more at the now-familiar saloon, a man sitting at the bar turned around and said, "Hi, Amy."

I stopped in my tracks. "Okay, you people are freaking me out. How do you know my name?"

"You're in Room One, aren't you?"

"Yes . . ."

"I'm Kevin. I answered the phone when you called to reserve the room."

I just shook my head.

Right then, Cyndie of Cyndie's Café walked in. After we laughed over the fact that we were the same height, both blonds, and wore our hair the same way, Cyndie told me of her adventures when first moving to Featherville. While staying in a camper

ABOVE: Scenes from Rocky Bar.

during the winter months, things froze. She learned the virtues of heat-taping pipes, and, after many a trial, was eventually offered a motel room by her Featherville friends until the spring thaw.

It was early afternoon when I drove eleven miles up the hill to Baumgartner. The gate across the bridge before the campground was closed, and a sign said the hot springs-fed pool had been drained for the season. Baumgartner was going to be the grand finale of this trip, and now a soak was out, but I still wanted to at least see the pool. Taking only my keys and camera, I left a pistol, a stun gun, and an overnight bag sitting on the seat of the vehicle.

As I walked past the gate, the temperature was spring-like. My fuzzy boots mimicked comfortable bedroom slippers, the air smelled amazingly fresh, the sun was out, and I was in a forest, surrounded by nature. Thoughts of potential danger diminished. No one else was around, and the bears would probably be hibernating. Still, I couldn't shake the vision of people discovering my pistol and personal effects late at night, trying to figure out where I'd gone.

At another nice campground area, I made a mental note to revisit next summer. Ahead was a large sign, probably indicating directions to the pool. What made me look sharply to the right just then, I'll never know. Not more than thirty feet away stood a moose, staring right at me. I froze. I'd heard the stories and had seen YouTube videos of moose attacks. "Oh, great," I thought, "I get to die today."

I stepped out of view behind a pine tree and hoped it that if death was inevitable, it would be swift and sure.

Minds in survival mode can be funny. Mine played the game of "Let's pretend that's really not a moose, but a fake moose, set up in this campground as an educational display for kids to enjoy. Maybe you didn't get a good enough look. Maybe it's a cow. Cows won't attack."

I peeked around the tree trunk. That was no cow. I ducked back, heart pounding. Tree climbing wasn't possible, given my choice of footwear, nor would I be able to run fast. The 4WD was a half-mile away.

I saw two choices. Get the ball rolling and

finish this quickly, or exercise mammoth faith and try quietly walking back to the vehicle, praying I wouldn't be pursued. Choosing the latter, I took one slow yet steady step past the tree, facing backwards. Inching away from the spot, I turned my head just slightly, so I would see him if he charged yet would not be looking him in the eye. One, ten, twenty steps, and no moose. The farther I got from Mr. Moose, the louder my once-whispered pleadings became. I almost kissed the hood of my car when I saw it, and didn't breathe fully until I was a good piece down the road from the campground.

At the saloon, I asked Jan what a moose looked like.

"Did you see one?" Multiple eyes turned my direction.

"Maybe," I said. "I've never seen a moose before, but I'm pretty sure it was one."

"Did it look like that?" she asked, putting a tablet computer with a moose's image before me.

"Yep," I said. "Sort of a black-brown."
"You saw a moose."

An older gentleman asked if I'd snapped a picture, and it occurred to me there could be doubts in the room. I could see how it looked: I visit for a day, looking for a story, and then conveniently claim to have seen a moose.

"No, I didn't get a picture," I admitted. "I just got the heck outta there."

"You're lucky," said a woman sitting next to me.

"And how," I breathed, thinking she was referring to my safety.

"I've lived here for six years and haven't seen a moose yet," she said.

The man asked where I'd seen said moose, and I knew my answer would make or break my credibility. "Up by Baumgartner," I told them, "Over the bridge and to the left, then down the road a ways."

Murmurs of "so and so said he saw one up there not long ago, too" meant I'd been validated. I told Jan sincerely, "Thank you so much for having me check in today."

"You have to up here, in remote areas," she said.

What I'd thought of at first as the overly-interested behavior of the locals now made sense. They depended on one another. They cared. It was how they had survived for hundreds of years—and one of the biggest things that made the town and its people more precious than the gold it sat on. ■

LEFT: Feather River.

Tricks of the Trade

Startling Secrets from a Veteran Angler

STORY AND PHOTOS BY LES TANNER

It was my wife's response to a completely innocent question that got me to thinking about writing this, so blame her.

"When can I go fishing again?" I asked as I unloaded my gear after returning from my latest three-day excursion to the Lochsa River.

"Why on Earth do you think you need to go again? You've already learned everything there is to know about fishing. Instead, you should be mowing the lawn and fixing the leaky faucet in the bathroom sink and—"

If there's anything I have learned in the past almost-sixty years, it's how to tune her out when she begins talking like that. The more I thought about her answer, though, the more I returned to her statement that I know everything about fishing. Of course I don't. Who does? But I do believe that I've gained more than a little bit of information about the sport in the past seventy-five years. I expect to be at it for another twenty-five or thirty years, too, but this might be a good time to jot down some of what I've learned. So here, for the first time in print, are a few of my tricks of the trade.

A major problem is knowing where to start, of course. Another will be knowing when to stop. I won't describe how I became involved with fishing. For one thing, the first fish I ever caught was purely an accident (which describes a large percentage of what I've caught since then, as well), and because accidents can't be planned, the details aren't important.

Nor will I spell out precisely how to choose rods and reels and lines and lures, and how to read water and tie flies and so on. Those are the subjects of umpteen zillion books and videos and TV programs intended for folks at the two extremes of the fishing spectrum: those who don't know

ABOVE LEFT: Examples of lures used by fishermen in these parts.

ABOVE: The author wets a line.

which end of the long stick to tie the string to, and those who would bypass a fishing safari to Chile or New Zealand in favor of a month-long workshop on tying Royal Coachman flies on #38 hooks.

So I guess I'll have to zero in on the subtler things that make me the guy that people point at and say, "See that guy in the orange hat? Somebody told me once that he's a pretty good fisherman." (I started that rumor many years ago, and it really caught on.)

Perhaps a good place to start is how I get a fish to bite. You may have the idea from the aforementioned books and what-not that it depends on being in the right place at the right time, wearing the right brands of waders and hat and vest, and using the most expensive rods and reels. You must also have exactly the right color of lure (I've heard that mauve and ecru were big last year) or bait with the right taste and aroma (garlic butter has replaced WD-40 recently).

I say, "Baloney!" There is only one tried-and-true method of assuring a bite: not paying attention. The very instant that you glance away from where your fly is floating down a particularly fine riffle is the very instant that the biggest fish in the river comes up to inspect said fly, inhales it, realizes it is merely an imitation grasshopper—and a lousy one, at that—and spits it out.

It doesn't make much difference what the distraction is. Perhaps there's an angry yellow jacket buzzing near your ear, or an angry wife informing you for the very last time that lunch is ready. The most irritating distraction of all is your fishing partner yelling at you that he sees a large fish swimming toward your fly.

Although not paying attention works with bait fishing, too, it has its hidden dangers. For example, as soon as you lay down the rod to visit those bushes over there, your bobber begins to jiggle up and down. Within seconds, the bobber goes under and your rod begins to slide along the bank. Even if you catch up to the rod in time to save it, both the bait and the fish are gone.

A friend inadvertently discovered this technique a few years back. He was fishing at the local lake one morning with his sons when the boys got their lines tangled up. He propped his rod up against a rock and headed over to help them.

"You've got one, Dad!" one of the kids yelled, and he turned around just in time to see his brand new rod-and-reel combo disappear into the depths.

He came by my house shortly thereafter to see if I had some equipment he could use. He explained that he had used the event as an object lesson for the boys.

I dug up an extra rod and reel and sent him on his way.

Two hours later, I answered the door and found him standing there again.

"You don't happen to have another spare outfit, do you?" he asked.

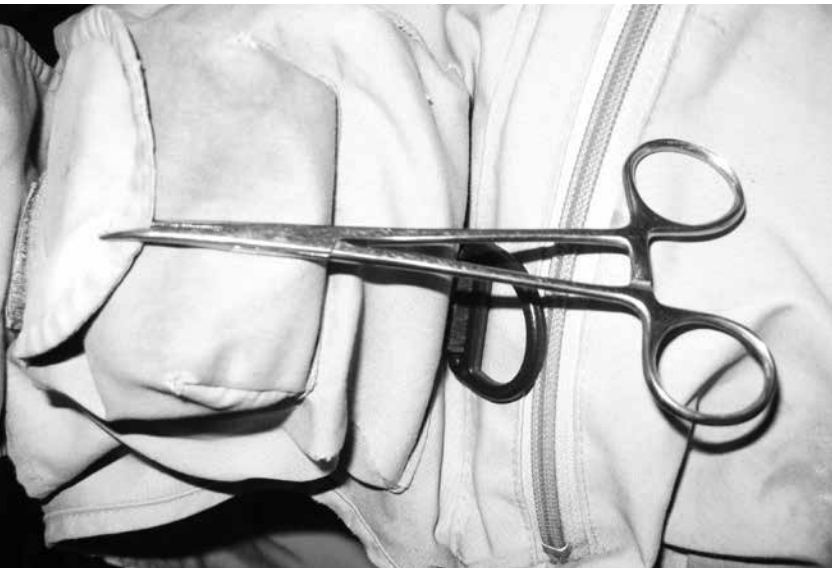
Now there was a guy who really knew how to get fish to bite. He wasn't too shabby at providing object lessons, either.

One last bit of advice here: faking a distraction doesn't work. If you just pretend to be not paying attention, the best you can expect is a crick in the neck. The fish know the real thing when they see it.

Catch-and-release fishing is a relatively new concept. The idea is to return fish to the water immediately after they have been hooked and landed, so they can grow larger and be caught again. It is a wonderful idea, and it works, too. During my kid-hood, the plan was to keep everything you caught of legal size. If you came home without your limit, which was often as many as ten or fifteen trout, you were considered a loser. But very few fish ever made it to more than an inch or two beyond the six-inch limit, so you needed ten or fifteen to make a meal.

Actually, I've practiced catch-and-release fishing my entire career, but the release part is usually unintentional. Far too often, they get off the hook right at my feet, causing all kinds of consternation and yelling and splashing about.

Now and then, however, I



ABOVE: A hemostat is a very handy tool for anglers.

ABOVE RIGHT: Grasshopper fly (left) and midge for summer and fall use, respectively.

use the over-the-head technique. This involves yanking the fish out of the water and flinging it over your head into the bushes behind you. It takes lightning-fast reflexes and is usually combined with the not-paying-attention bite stimulator. The biggest problem is finding the fish.

There are, of course, other methods of making sure fish live to bite and fight another day. The first is the easiest and causes the least amount of disruption. It consists of not hooking the fish in the first place, usually the result of not paying attention. The next is almost as easy: allowing the line to go slack. A slack line permits a barbless hook to slip easily from a fish's jaw. This often happens when I'm startled by my fishing partner hollering "Make sure you keep the line tight!"

It is a fact that the quicker a fish is landed and released, the better are its chances of surviving, so I make a practice of horsing the fish in. This results in the escape of many fish right at my feet, because they aren't worn out. Those that get away in this manner create a lot of consternation and yelling and splashing about.

For those that make it to the bank with the fly still attached, I use a hemostat to remove the hook. Hemostats are tweezer-like instruments used by surgeons, and they have the nice feature that they will lock into a closed position. This allows them to be easily attached to a flap on your fishing vest—or to your finger, if you're not careful. I manage to lose a goodly number of hemostats during a season by not fastening them onto my vest tightly enough. However, I usually find at least as many that are lost by other inept fishermen, so it works out okay.

In the past few years, most of my fishing has been of the fly-casting variety, and I have learned a number of things worth passing on to those who might aspire to earning the kind of reputation I have (although why anyone would harbor such aspirations is beyond my ken).

It has always been a puzzlement to me that, whereas my forward cast is almost always two feet too short, my back cast is almost always six inches too long. Far too often there is an obstacle—a twig or blade of grass—at precisely that distance behind me. ("Obstacle" is not quite the right word, and it certainly isn't the first word that pops into my mind on those occasions, but it will suffice.)

Over the years, I have learned to put this apparent hindrance to significant use. For example, suppose I'm about to make a two-feet-too-short forward cast when my six-inch-

too-long back cast encounters a leaf on the only willow tree I've seen all day. This time, the leaf merely deflects the fly, so the intended forward cast becomes a very wobbly side cast. Instead of landing in the middle of the stream, the fly lands about fifteen feet to the east, and just two feet from the bank. Instantly, the fly is grabbed by a fish, and five minutes later, I'm releasing a beautiful eighteen-inch rainbow.

"Wow," remarks my fishing pal, Thud. (I won't bother you with the details of how he acquired that nickname.) "That was amazing. Not only did I miss seeing that fish feeding over there but I can't figure out how you made the cast go sideways like that."

I blush modestly and shrug. After all, a guy can't divulge all his secrets.

I've got to admit that an awful lot of what I've learned about where fish are and aren't has been discovered in exactly that way. It just turns out to be much more satisfying when it happens in front of witnesses like Thud, who is easily impressed.

Spring and summer are the best times for fishing with dry flies. Big insects such as stoneflies and grasshoppers are out in full force then. This allows me to use flies that can actually be seen at a distance of more than three or four feet. As things get colder in the fall, however, the big bugs disappear and fish begin feeding on tinier and tinier critters, forcing me to resort to smaller and smaller flies, such as a #20.

Now, a #20 dry fly is a tiny little thing, maybe a quarter of an inch long, so the chances of seeing it thirty feet away on the surface of the water are pretty slim. (Incidentally, hook sizes get smaller as the numbers get bigger. I just dropped a #28 Black Gnat on my desk here. Looking for it, I thought I'd found it resting on a sheet of paper, but it was only an asterisk.)

The trick to fishing with these miniature flies is to keep a very close watch on the approximate location of the fly. If a fish rises in the neighborhood, just yank. More often than not, the line will come hurtling off the water a good three yards from where you were looking. The best advice I can offer is for you to do what I do nowadays, and that is to yank at random intervals. Actually, this technique has increased my catch numbers considerably. It has been particularly useful when it has happened while I'm fishing with someone like Thud.

"Wow," he'll say. "That was impressive. I had no idea your fly was way over there."

As always, I blush modestly and shrug.

Proper attention to, and care of, your equipment can't be stressed too much.

1. The modern fly rod is a marvel of engineering, and is incredibly strong and flexible. I have hauled in monstrous water-logged tree branches with mine. However, a fly rod will not support your weight if you attempt to use it to keep yourself from sliding down a steep embankment into the creek. Just take the dunking. You probably deserve it anyway.

2. The fly line must be kept free of the dirt and crud that collects on it during ordinary use. Even though insect repellent will remove the dirt and crud very nicely, it will also remove much of the fly line itself. Soap and water are both better and cheaper.

3. Always empty the water out of your boots or waders before tossing them into the closet.

4. If the upper portion of a hip boot develops a non-repairable tear, don't give up on it. When the top half is cut off, what remains makes a fine irrigation boot. Of course, to make a pair of irrigation boots, you must cut the top off the other boot. First, however, make sure that the other boot isn't from the brand-new pair that your wife bought you for Christmas.

5. Boots and waders that develop small leaks can easily be fixed by gluing patches over the holes. The patches I use are pieces of any brand-new boot-top I happen to have.

6. It doesn't pay to continue to use gear that is clearly past its prime. It will give out at just the wrong moment. A plastic fly box of mine with an oft-repaired hinge

ABOVE: Remember, DON'T close the car door on the rod.

failed one day, dumping several dozen of my best sinking nymphs into the river. I would have tossed the box right then and there, but I figured the large chunk of plastic would appear unsightly, so I did the only reasonable thing. I laid it on a big streamside rock and used another rock to beat it into several thousand small and almost invisible pieces. It is not necessary to be so rough, however. Surely you have a child or grandchild, or a not-so-bright acquaintance, to whom you can give the useless equipment. They probably won't know the difference. (At least I didn't, when I was given all the stuff I have now.)

No treatise on the tricks of the trade, fishing-wise, would be complete without discussing wading briefly. For example, before you take off across that wide, deep pool, check to make sure that you have your chest waders on, and not your hip boots, as was the case last time you were there.

Numerous tricks are performed by people in the process of wading streams—backflips, somersaults, and the like—but a bit of practice may help prevent some of them.

During those few days of the year when it isn't practical to hit the local streams, such as when there are six inches of ice on the river, do some balancing exercises. Put a bunch of marbles, golf balls, softballs, and basketballs, as well as some odd-shaped things like footballs, into an empty kids' wading pool and spray them thoroughly with used motor oil. Then don your equipment, climb in, and try walking around for a while. After a few minutes of stumbling about, you'll remember how exciting wading can be.

Last but certainly not least, here is a list of DOs and DON'Ts that may come in handy some day.

DO check to see if any rod tips are protruding before slamming the trunk lid or rolling up the power rear window of your vehicle.

DON'T prop your fishing rods against the pine tree by the garage while you are gathering your gear together for a weeklong trip up north.

DO make sure that you have purchased the license appropriate to the date and location of your upcoming fishing trip.

DON'T leave the wallet in which you have put that license, along with cash and your credit cards, on the kitchen table.

DON'T go fishing on the opening day of deer hunting season.

DO wear clothing to protect yourself from the sun. The clothing should be of non-bright colors—unless, of course, you are non-bright yourself and don't heed the preceding bit of advice.

DON'T let the dirt in the open box of night crawlers that you are storing in the refrigerator become unacceptably dry to worms, especially if your wife has a bowl of nice, moist salad greens sitting on the same shelf.

DO make sure you are out of town when she discovers the result.

And finally,

DO read the regular fishing reports in the local paper, just

DON'T believe what they say. What you really should

DO is stay home when they say the fishing is good. That way, you will avoid the crowds of folks from the big city down the road who

DON'T realize that the reports are a week old and have nothing at all to do with current conditions.

Well, that ought to hold you for a while. If you have any questions, or wish to suggest material for future pieces of this sort, please don't bother me with them. I've got enough problems as it is. ■

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ABOVE: The view north, driving into Anderson Ranch Reservoir.

In Praise of a Place

And All Those Great Times

STORY AND PHOTOS BY SHIRLEY METTS

One of the biggest mistakes my husband Rocky and I ever made was the year we allowed our grown-up children and their friends to talk us into letting them put in their inner tubes beside the bridge near Featherville and float a section of the Boise River down to Johnson Bridge.

The problem was we could not drive alongside the river to check for "strainers," the fallen trees or branches in the water, or for any other safety issues. Even so, we blithely waved them on their way, telling them we would meet them in two or three hours at the bridge.

After three hours had come and gone, I began worrying that something had happened. We drove every road we could find that went to the river, with no sign of any of them. My husband, granddaughter, and I drove up and down the road between the two bridges, over and over again. About five

hours later, we finally found two of the boys trying to hike out to the road. They had run into several strainers and had almost drowned. Having decided enough was enough, they had begun walking. But that still left six people in the water—and we could not find them.

I became frantic after the two boys told us they had seen many strainers in the river. At last, we spotted my son-in-law floating along a curve in the river close to the road. We couldn't see the others, but it turned out they were not far behind him. That was a lesson I learned really well: always check out the river before you enter.

Despite the potential dangers of the Idaho outdoors, there is nothing better, in my mind, than the smell of wood smoke from a campfire on a damp, cool morning. The sun begins to rise but is not up yet, and mist curls through the trees. Beautiful.

One of my most favorite places to go driving, camping, or just spend a day relaxing is in the Anderson Ranch Dam area of the Sawtooth and Boise National Forests, which are divided by the South Fork of the Boise River. My memories of Anderson Ranch date back to going there with my grandparents to catch kokanee. Our family has boated on the reservoir, floated the river, done lots of camping, and has driven many roads to enjoy the vistas. The region used to have everything: hiking, bicycle riding, fishing, rock hunting, and an abundance of trees.

I say "used to," because that was before the wildfires in the summers of 2012 and 2013. I was extremely apprehensive as I watched the news on the television every day those summers, showing how much was being destroyed. One cool day in late November, after the fires of 2012 were finally quelled, Rocky and I went for a drive to see what we could see. We drove in from Fairfield, turned onto Prairie Road, and as we came around the first corner from which you could see the reservoir, I was afraid to look. But look I did—and, remarkably, from that vantage point we couldn't see any sign of the burn. The clouds sat low on the mountains, and everything was bright and clean from rain.

As we drove around the lake, past the community of Pine to Johnson Bridge, we kept looking for signs of the fire, but all the way to the bridge we saw none. From there, we drove a back road that follows the river and then hiked a little (a very

FAR ABOVE: Hot springs on the South Fork of the Boise River at Elk's Flat Campground.

ABOVE: Floyd and Elaine Fiet, the author's parents, at a campground near Pine.

ABOVE: The reservoir in fall 2012.

little, because I can no longer go for long hikes). We reminisced about times we had stayed at Dog Creek Campground when our children were young, or pitched our tents down by the river below Dog Creek in a little cove that changes from year to year as the river floods in the spring. I love tent camping, but that, too, is a thing of the past.

Rocky and I remembered the family's times at Elk's Campground, where we luxuriated in the hot springs by the bridge across the river from the campgrounds. All those wonderful days with our children and our grandchildren at Anderson Ranch came back to us. We still float the river from Johnson Bridge to behind Pine, which is reasonably safe, because you are able to see the river almost all the way to check for strainers or other blockages. And there is still an abundance of trees.

My husband and I recalled times we had driven logging roads to the top of the mountain above Paradise, where the scenery is spectacular. From there, our memories drifted over to visits we had made to the opposite side of the forest, including Trinity Lakes, where most of the fire damage from 2012 and 2013 is visible. We talked about two other favorite places of ours in the area, Featherville and Rocky Bar, which also were surrounded by wildfire.

And we made a decision. Where one door closes, another usually opens, we reasoned. That thought made us anxious to see what changes have been wrought by the fires. Summer is still a while away, but already we're eager to get back to our favorite woods. ■

Get Up for Grouse

A Dance in the Desert

STORY AND PHOTOS BY KRIS MILLGATE

I'm well aware of the many disasters delivered due to lack of sleep. I'm also aware of the rare potential that putters around in the darkness.

Such potential pulls me from my bed long before the rest of the world opens its sleep-crusted eyes. It is the possibility of witnessing the wild at its finest. It is the promise of seeing the dance in the desert before it disappears. That is why I get up for grouse.

BELOW: Ranch manager Ron Laird of the Nature Conservancy photographs sage grouse near Dubois.

I leave my house at four in the morning and drive an hour north to Dubois. I take a few dirt roads west of I-15 and start looking for a tent in the middle of the desert. I have to be in the tent before the sun comes up. That's when the sage grouse strut. "It's just like waking up to a dream every morning," says Ron Laird, manager of The Nature Conservancy ranch where I've arrived, as he zips me inside the tent. "We get a lot of morning wake-up calls from the birds banging around here."

The sky is turning from cold blue to warm orange when I slide my lens out the tent's side window. Sleep left my eyes hours ago, but I must be dreaming. A seven-pound sage grouse with feathers fanned and air bags popped like pecs is just two feet from the blind. I can't believe what I see, but I roll tape anyway. The bird's expanding air bags sound like legs running along silk sheets, followed by the pop of a champagne cork. I'm desperately trying to contain my Christmas morning excitement as I frame up the shot. Sage grouse choose open areas for strutting. They don't want anything in the way of their routine. I don't want anything in the way, either. I find a clear shot and lock down my tripod. The bird is oblivious to my shuffling sounds inside the tent. He's concentrating all of his efforts on getting a date.

"The birds are in the strutting stage right now. The males are trying to impress the females," says Laird, a rugged laugh escaping his camo-covered

ABOVE: Sage grouse struts his stuff at a mating area or lek.

coat. "Females come walking in and walk by a male and he'll immediately start to display and try to get her attention and walk along beside her and she just ignores him. Typical man-woman relationship."

Dozens of males are on display when a sunbeam busts over the ridge like a spotlight on a stage. I hear the beating of a drum on the other side of the tent, so I quickly move to another window. Two males are fighting. The drumming sound is their wings flapping frantically as they confront each other. They are fighting over who gets the girl. The birds are a spectacular sight and I realize I'm watching a show that is getting harder and harder to find.

Sage grouse need sagebrush to survive. They need it year round. They need it through all stages of life, from mating and nesting to food and cover. The sagebrush canopy in the West is shrinking. In Idaho, the main cause of sagebrush loss is wildfire. The brush is fast to burn and slow to grow.

Sarah Wheeler of the Bureau of Land Management public affairs is with us on this trip, and while we survey a burn site, she says, "Wild land fire is our number one threat to sage grouse because it wipes out so much territory. Sagebrush takes a long time to come back. You're looking at twenty-five to seventy-five years before it goes back to its pre-fire existence."

Wildfires that used to spark once every twenty-five years now light up every two to five years. That's not nearly enough time for sagebrush to recover. Seedlings in a ten-year-old burn are only a foot tall. There's not enough food. There's not enough cover.

Idaho Department of Fish and Game wildlife biologist Paul Atwood is also on this excursion, and as we stand near an unburned patch of sagebrush that once was taller than him, he tells me, "It's pretty simple. Sage grouse need sagebrush. If the sagebrush goes away, there won't be any sage grouse. There are a lot of threats to sage grouse, but the biggest one is loss of sagebrush habitat."

The population loss is so dramatic that sage grouse could land on the Endangered Species List in 2015. "If the bird is listed, it will not be business as usual on our pubic lands," Wheeler says.

I think about what a possible listing would mean for ranching and recreation when these birds near the blind start to retreat. Early morning is now turning late, and they have begun to seek the safety of sagebrush cover. They'll wait out the daylight and return to the lek's open area at sunset for a repeat performance. "It's something everyone should have an opportunity to look at some time in their life, because one day they won't be here," Laird remarks while we pack up my gear and leave the birds to their business. "It's part of life. The good part of life."

I'm back on the highway before breakfast. I run through the details of the daybreak adventure in my head. The sights, the sounds, it's all good. I'm smiling. For once, the weather and the wildlife have worked in my favor. The good part of life was worth every hour of lost sleep. ■

Got Books?

How I Have Foughten Off Illiteracy

BY STEVE CARR

PHOTO BY STEVE CARR

Two of my favorite essayists are David Sedaris and Joel Stein. But I have a problem with them. When I read them I find myself thinking, "Dang, now I can't write about that and that's an idea I know I could've come up with, had I not picked up that dumb book."

For this reason, and others, I think reading is overrated. I mean, it's something I've been doing for a half a century, and where has it gotten me? I'll tell you what, not very far. Today, I work just two blocks from the old Carnegie Library in Idaho Falls where Mom used to deposit me while she "ran errands." I think she thought she was investing in my future. Fat chance.

Andrew Carnegie took a chance on me, and a few others, by investing in libraries. In the early 1900s, his foundation provided grant monies to build more than 2,500 libraries, eleven of them here in Idaho, nine of which are still standing, and three that still have aisles of books for browsing and borrowing.

In the Sixties, I'd wander the aisles of the library's children's section, plotting how to sneak past the librarian with the original Marge Simpson hairdo so I could leaf through the *National Geographics* in the adult section.

Before you judge me, I swear my motivations were chaste.

Aside from the dull Marlin Perkins and his Wild Kingdom TV show, *National Geographic* magazine was our only glossy window to the world of Massai warriors and migrating wildebeest, not to mention the bubbling hot pots of our own Yellowstone Caldera.

So where has all that book reading gotten me? Well, I know the word "gotten" is the past participle of "get." And although we use "gotten" often, it just doesn't sound right.

Please, I'm not a Carnegian grammar Nazi. I'm not smart enough. Besides my last grammar class was forty years ago. But "got" and "gotten" start at the back of your throat and sound like something we cough up when we're sick.

"Gotten" has gotten to be so ubiquitous it has given birth to other ugly words, such as, "foughten."

My Aussie friend asked if I had foughten off the wog I had last month. Unsure how to respond, I gave him one of those Mona Lisa smiles that looks like you've been goosed and went home to look up the word, "foughten" on the Internet, forsaking the library. We all know what we read on the Internet is true. Just like everyone knows "wog" is Aussie slang for a cold.

My search resulted with a conversation string from "Ask.com."

Here it is.

"How do doctors know that you've gotten herpes?"

"You have to understand these doctors went to college usually over four years. It is their experience in dealing with sick patients. Another words [sic] doctors are heavily educated."

"You can ask your doctor to be checked for herpes."

"Evidence that your body has foughten off the virus at one point or another determines whether or not you have contracted it."

You see, I learned something from the Internet. I learned it's appropriate to ask that my doctor be checked for herpes.

But a lifetime of reading books and visiting libraries hasn't gotten me very far or taughten me very much. It's made me an ugly word snob. And, thanks to David Sedaris, I still don't have a topic for a column. ■

Find Steve lost in the library or at scarr@prodigy.net.

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INVEST IN IDAHO

Minestrone

By Kitty Fleischman

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. of sweet Italian sausage
1 Tablespoon of olive oil (for the flavor only. If you don't have olive oil, skip the oil)
3 carrots, coarsely chopped
1 medium sweet onion, chopped
2 cloves of garlic pressed or chopped finely
2 stalks celery, chopped (I prefer fine, but can be coarse)
1 15.5 oz. can of kidney or red beans, drained and rinsed
1 14.5 oz. cans of tomatoes UNDRAINED, or two
8 oz. tomato paste if you like your broth thicker.
1 1/2 teaspoon dried basil or several fresh basil leaves
1 c. frozen or fresh Italian green beans, or green beans
1 bay leaf, which should be removed before serving
1 teaspoon dried oregano (add only if using dried basil)
dash of Tabasco or Tapatio sauce
dash of Worcestershire sauce (do not use for vegetarian versions)
two 32-oz. cartons of vegetable or beef broth
1/2 c. red wine, if desired
1 cup uncooked pasta, ziti or broken spaghetti, your choice
1 medium zucchini, sliced into quarters lengthwise, then cut into small chunks
salt and pepper to taste

PREPARATION

> This can be made on the stovetop in a large soup pot, or in a slow cooker.

> Brown 1 lb. of sweet Italian sausage in a large pot, and pour off the grease.

> Add other ingredients up to the pasta

> An hour before the meal, add 1 cup uncooked pasta, ziti or broken spaghetti, and sliced zucchini.

NOTE:
Slow cooker: put it on low in the morning, come home to heavenly smells in the afternoon.
Stovetop: heat to boiling, then turn to low heat, and let it simmer covered for two hours.

ATTENTION READERS. *Send us your "vintage" recipes, and we'll send you a vintage issue of* IDAHO magazine.

Turkey & Black Bean Chili

By Kitty Fleischman

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. ground turkey
2 Tablespoons olive oil
1 medium onion, yellow or white
2 coarsely chopped carrots
3 seeded and chopped red or green bell peppers
3 cloves of minced garlic (please use fresh!)
3 Tablespoons chili powder
1 scant teaspoon ground cumin
dash of Tapatio sauce (or Tabasco)
3 c. of vegetable stock (or chicken, if you prefer)
8 oz. can of tomato paste
1 teaspoon dried oregano
1 bay leaf (which should be removed when served)
1 Tablespoon cider vinegar (or white vinegar will do)
2 15 oz. cans of black beans
corn tortillas

PREPARATION

> Brown the turkey in a large, heavy soup pot breaking it up with a spoon or spatula while it's browning. Add onions, carrots, peppers and sprinkle with salt to taste. Be sure all the pink is out of the meat before adding other spices. Reduce the heat to medium. Add the vegetable or chicken stock, tomato paste and other seasonings. Stir often so the turkey mix doesn't stick to the pan. Add black beans and cook on low heat for about a half hour. Uncover and cook for another half hour, stirring occasionally, allowing the soup to thicken.

> Serve with warmed corn tortillas

NOTE: You can use freshly prepared black beans instead of canned, but be sure the beans are ENTIRELY cooked before they're put in with tomato sauce. Once the beans are mixed with tomato, they stop cooking.

MARCH 2014

PHOTO BY NANCY GRESHAM

PHOTO COURTESY CHROME IN THE DOME

PHOTO BY GARY GADWA

1

MARCH MADNESS MINIATURE SHOW, White Bird

This show and sale is being held to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Salmon River Art Guild (SRAG). It will take place from 8:00AM to 3:00PM at Hoot's Cafe. The Central Idaho Art Association has been invited to joining SRAG in the event, so they expect to have a wide selection of original art of all kinds, including gourds, painting, and photography. All items will be no larger than 8" x 10" in size. Admission is free, and refreshments will be available for purchase.

Information: srag.idaho@gmail.com

8-9

MAGIC VALLEY GEM SHOW, Filer

Once again it's time for rockhounds and rockhounds-to-be to come out to the Twin Falls County Fairgrounds and get themselves all worked up for the coming year. As always, there will be displays of rocks, minerals, fossils, and all the other good things that have been found, as well as demonstrations by Herretts Museum, Hagerman Fossil Beds, and the Magic Valley Gold Panning Club. Fifty display cases, ten dealers, silent auctions, door prizes, wheel-of-fortune, hands-on mineral table, a sand-dig for gems, and more. Hours are 9:00 to 5:00 on both days, and admission is free to kids under 12 and $2.00 for all others.

Information: magicvalleygemclub.org/; rmetts@magicvalleygemclub.org; or (208)308.3364

8-9

SLED DOG RENDEZVOUS, Stanley

The Fifth Annual Sled Dog Rendezvous, held in beautiful Stanley, will feature mid-distance and sprint dog sled races as well as skijoring, plus some fun events to get the spectators involved. Sled dog races will involve 4-dog, 6-dog, and 8-dog teams, with heats in each category run each day. The races vary in length from 8 miles (4-dogs) to 48 miles (8 dogs), with half of each distance run on Saturday and the second half on Sunday. Skijoring races will take place each day, as well. There will also be a Junior race on Saturday. Food and hot drinks will be available, and a large bonfire to warm up by. Admission is free to spectators. For starting times and information about entering the competition, check the site www.stanley.id.gov/Forms/Dog%20Sled%20Race%20Schedule%202014.pdf

Information: cityclerk@ruralnetwork.net; or (208)774.2286

PHOTO COURTESY MAGIC VALLEY GEM CLUB

PHOTO COURTESY *IDAHO STAR*

PHOTO BY LES TANNER

21-22

CHROME IN THE DOME, Pocatello

Chrome in the Dome is back by popular demand! Car owners, pick your own spot. Car lovers, come and view your favorite sets of wheels, be they flivvers, jalopies, 'rods, limos, trucks, bikes, or whatever, as you wander down memory lane. What better way to celebrate spring than attending southeast Idaho's premier car show, which takes place in the Idaho State University Holt Arena, 2:00PM to 9:00PM on Friday and 9:00AM to 7:00PM on Saturday. Food vendors will be available, of course. The show is still the best entertainment for your dollar, with parking and kids 12-and-under free, and $5.00 for all others. The event is a fund-raising effort for the Skills USA - Automotive student organizations in the ISU College of Technology. Proceeds of the show will enable students to attend State and National Conferences.

Information: chromeinthedom.com; or info@chromeinthedome.com

29

MOTORCYCLE SAFETY EVENT, Meridian

The goal of Idaho STAR (Skills Training Advantage for Riders) is to prepare mototcycle riders at every level of experience with the skills and knowledge for safe riding. The Idaho STAR Spring Opener includes riding demonstrations, handouts, giveaways, and information about the factors involved in Idaho's motorcycle crashes. The focus will be on what riders can do to better control their bikes and avoid crashes. Come say 'hi' and enter to win a STAR course gift certificate and Harley-Davidson merchandise. There will also be coffee, hot chocolate, and lots of bikers sharing stories. The event takes place from 1:00-3:00PM at 2310 E. Cinema Dr. in Meridian, and is free and open to the public.

Information: maria@idahostar.org; or (208)639.4544

29

IDAHO magazine FICTION CONTEST CELEBRATION, Boise

Come on out to the Barnes & Noble store on Milwaukee to find out who won our 2014 Fiction Writing contest—and to listen to some of the wonderful stories that garnered those awards. They are previously unpublished stories, too, so except for the lucky judges, you'll be the first to hear them. Folks who attend can also help Meridian Elementary School raise money to support the school's free breakfast and lunch program, which is done through purchases made at B & N, with a percentage of each sale going to the school. Purchases at the store or online must be identified with this number, 11304193, which will remain good for one week after the event. Admission is free, and hours are 2:00 to 4:00.

Information: kfleisch@idahomagazine.com; or (208)336.0653

MARCH 2014

1 Bake & Book Sale, Hope
1 "The Secret Garden"- Missoula Children's Theatre at Panida Theatre, Sandpoint
1 FREE Admission Day, The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
1 Jacie Stites, Colonial Theater, Idaho Falls
1 FREE Organic Class, "Seed Matters: The Basics of Saving Seed & Why it Matters", Idaho Falls
1 Starlight Snowshoe Benefit for Juvenile Diabetes-Bogus Boise Basin Nordic Lodge, Boise
1 Meridian Symphony Orchestra "That's Entertainment"-Centennial High School, Boise
1 Seedy Saturday Seed Swap, Idaho Falls
1 Starlight Snowshoe-Bogus Basin Nordic Lodge, Boise
1 Mesa Falls X-Country Ski Tour, Ashton
1 Educating Hearts with the Dalai Lama, Ketchum
1,5 The Met Opera: Live in HD "Prince Igor" Edwards Cinemas, Boise
1,8 Just for the Health of It for a Short Talk & a Walk, Community Center, Lewiston
1-2 Inman Yurt Trip, Pocatello
1-2 Sawtooth Ski Festival, Stanley
1-2 Gun & Horn Show-Bonner County Fairgrounds, Sandpoint
1-2 Lewis Clark Trader Gun Show-Shoshone Bannock Hotel, Fort Hall
1-2 Idaho Sportsman Show-Western Idaho Fairgrounds, Boise
2 Boise Contemporary Theater Children's Reading Series "The Storm in the Barn", Boise
2 Goju Ryu-Karate-Session 5-Community Center, Lewiston
2 Reuben's Sausage Feed, Craigmont
2 Fine Arts Audition Day-Langroise Center, Caldwell
2 Educating Hearts with the Dalai Lama, Victor Chan Shares his Insights & Lessons, Sun Valley
3 Hand Prints Children's Art Studio-Session 5-Community Center, Lewiston
3 FREE Senior Day, The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
3 Sign Up for Beginning Sign Language-Community Center, Lewiston
3 Tai Chi-Session 5-Community Center, Lewiston
3 Concert Band with the Master Chorale-BSU Music Department, Boise
3 Dr. Seuss Day-Special Seuss Storytimes & Crafts-Public Library, Idaho Falls
3 Intermediate Fly Tying Class-4 Weeks, Community Center, Lewiston
4 Kilroy Coffee Klatch War Hawk Air Museum, Nampa
4 The Organized Student-Teton Organizing Hosting a FREE Seminar for Parents and Students-Public Library, Idaho Falls
4 Project Linus, Pocatello
4 Art for Scouts Tours-The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
4 Senior Day at the Mall-Bonner Mall Way, Sandpoint
4 "Build Your Credit Score" for Farmers at U. of I. Extension Community Class, Idaho Falls
4 Make Mess (for ages 3-4) The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
4 Five for 5 year olds The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
5 Art Attack: Untamed Texture (ages 6-8) The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
5 Art Studio: Painting Studio (ages 9-12) The Art Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
5 Knitter's Night for Knitters, Crocheters & Other Needle Workers-The Blue Lantern Coffee House, Lewiston
5 Japanese Illustration & Painting-BSU Gallery, Boise
6 First Thursday, Boise
6 Japanese Illustration & Painting-BSU Student Union Gallery, Boise
6 Day Hiking Club-Community Center, Lewiston
6-7 Boise Little Theatre presents "Bus Stop", Boise
6-7 Stage Coach Theatre presents "Rent". Boise
6-9 Boise Roadster Show-Expo Idaho, Garden City
7 Sushi Night-at Common Knowledge, Sandpoint
7 First Friday Art Walk, Old Town Pocatello
7 Caldwell Fine Arts-Boise Baroque-Jewett Auditorium, Caldwell
7 'The Follies' at the Panida Theatre Hosted by

GET YOUR EVENT ON THE CALENDAR

Want to announce your event in *IDAHO magazine*? Send information to Ruby Tanner. There is no cost or obligation – but the event must be family-oriented and "family-affordable." All events get a line (date, event, location), and each month we choose several to highlight.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS:
The first of the month two months prior to the month of the event.

Example: deadline for a March event would be January 1.

Send details to:
ruby@idahomagazine.com

Angels Over Sandpoint, Sandpoint

7-8 Shoshone Flea Market-Lincoln County Community Center, Shoshone

7-9 Family of Women Film Festival-Sun Valley Opera House, Sun Valley

7-9 Lava Meltdown 7th Contra Dance Gathering, Lava Hot Springs

8 Sports Card Show-Boise Hotel Conference Center, Boise

8 Ying Quartet- Barrus Concert Hall BYU-Idaho, Rexburg

8 Through the Looking Glass: A Ballet Fashion-The Rose Room, Boise

8 BYU Synthesis-Blackfoot Performing Arts Center, Blackfoot

8 Distinguished Young Women East Boise Valley-Boise Library, Boise

8 Craters of the Moon XC Ski Trip, Arco

8 Telemark Festival at Pebble Creek, Inkom

8 "Sister Roll the Dice", Colonial Theater, Idaho Falls

8 Sixth Idaho Falls National Exhibition, Carr Gallery. Idaho Falls

8-9 Lewiston Gun, Antique and Horn Show Nez Perce, Lewiston

9 Chili Cookoff, Middleton

9 Boise Baroque Orchestra at the Cathedral of the Rockies, Boise

9 Choral Concert-BSU Music Department, Boise

9 Readings & Conversations with Susan Orlean who wrote "The Orchid Thief" & "Rin Tin Tin"-held at the Egyptian Theater, Boise

10 Jill Andrews Memorial (JAM) Soft Clinic Parks & Recreation, Lewiston

10 Spring /Easter Floral Class-Community Center, Lewiston

10-11 Idaho Tech Council Energy Connected Conference-BSU Stueckle Sky Center, Boise

11 Readings & Conversations with Susan Olean who wrote: "The Orchid Thief" & "Rin Tin Tin"-held at the Egyptian Theatre, Boise

13 Creativity in the Workplace-Find out Strategies to integrate more Creativity & Innovation in Your Work, Boise

13-14 Ballet Idaho's New Voices-Esther Simplot Performing Arts Annex, Boise

13-16 Voices-Be Part of an Audience & Watch the Ballet Dancers Express Themselves-Esther Simplot Performing Arts Academy, Boise

13-16 Boise Spring Home Show-Expo Idaho-Fairgrounds, Boise

14 The Sixth Floor Trio presented by Boise Community Concert Association-Boise High School, Boise

14 Northside School PTO Cabin Fever Fundraiser, Sandpoint

14-16 NIBCA Home and Garden Show-Kootenai Fairgrounds, Coeur d'Alene

15 Boise Philharmonic Casual Classics: "Chez Romance" with the Boise Philharmonic String Quartet-Cathedral of the Rockies, Boise

15 Jason Warner Quartet with Sherri Colby-Riverside Hotel, Garden City

15 St. Patrick's Day Parade, Coeur d'Alene

15 Penguin Plunge 2014 Fundraiser at Sandpoint's City Beach, Sandpoint

15 Spring Mini-Cassia Craft Fair-Minico High School, Rupert

15-16 Idaho Cat Show-Expo Idaho, Garden City

MARCH 2014

15,19 The Met Opera: Live in HD "Werther" Edwards Cinemas, Boise
16 Missoula Children's Theatre, Potlatch
16 Orchestra Concert-BSU Music Department, Boise
17 Honoring Our Fathers-Guest Speakers, Singing, Story Telling & Traditional Teachings on the Value of Family, Fort Hall
18 Caldwell Fine Arts-Andreas Schmipf, Pianist-Jewett Auditorium, Caldwell
18 Bonners Ferry Community Blood Drive, Bonners Ferry
19 Food Allergy Symposium-St. Luke's Meridian Medical Center, Meridian
19-20 What Women Will Want, Twin Falls
19-23 Treefort Music Fest-Downtown, Boise
20 Silent Movie Event Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood" Egyptian Theatre, Boise
20 C of I Alumni Composition Student Recital-Langroise Recital Hall, Caldwell
20-23 Public Art Walking Tours Downtown, Boise
20-24 ICHA Spring Aged Event & Weekend Show-Idaho Horse Park, Nampa
21 Jim Henson's: "Sid the Science Kid Live"!-Morrison Center, Boise
21 Boise Philharmonic-Swayne Auditorium, Nampa
21 Daddy/Daughter Date-Hilton Garden Inn, Idaho Falls
21,25 The International Tenors-Colonial Theater, Idaho Falls
21-22 "Concert –Avenue Q"-play at Knock Em Dead Dinner Theatre, Boise
21-22 Wildhare Antique Sale & Flea Market-Bannock County Fairgrounds, Pocatello
21-23 Boise Flower & Garden Show-Boise Center, Boise
21-22,24 Pagliacci Opera & The Four Seasons Ballet-Colonial Arts Theater, Idaho Falls
21-24 Hours of Schweitzer Fundraiser-Schweitzer Mountain, Sandpoint
21-4/12 "The Senator Wore Pantyhose" Dinner Theatre-(Mature Audiences Only), Boise
22 Boise Philharmonic-Morrison Center, Boise
22-23 Treasure Valley Spring Flea Market-Expo Idaho Fairgrounds, Boise
22-23 Spring Gun Show-Kootenai County Fairgrounds, Coeur d'Alene
23 Craft & Garden Show-Lake City High School, Coeur d'Alene
27 Out of the Box: Films & Presentations about Solar & Other Energy Innovations-Panida Theater, Sandpoint
27-29 Spring Fair-ISU Holt Arena, Pocatello
27-29 "Concert-Avenue Q"-play at Knock Em Dead Dinner Theatre, Boise
27-29 "Guys and Dolls"-Theatre of Idaho, Nampa
29 Snake River Animal Shelter hosting a Furball Disco Party at Shilo Inn, Idaho Falls
29 IDAHO magazine Fiction Contest Award Program-Barnes & Noble, Boise
30 Rings and Things Boise Bead Show-Best Western Vista Inn, Boise

APRIL 2014

SNEAK PEEK

1 Project Linus, Pocatello
1-30 Dogwood Festival of Lewis-Clark Valley, Lewiston
2 First Thursday, Boise
2 Hair Musical-Colonial Arts Theater, Idaho Falls
2-3 Gene Harris Jazz Festival-Concert Series-BSU, Boise
2-26 Boise Contemporary Theater's "The Uncanny Valley", Boise
3-5 "Concert-Avenue Q" play at Knock Em Dead Dinner Theatre, Boise
4 First Friday Art Walk, Old Town Pocatello
4-5 Tropical Daze-Schweitzer Mountain, Sandpoint
5,9 The Met Opera: Live in HD: "La Boehme at Edwards Cinemas, Boise
9 Harlem Gospel Choir-Colonial Theater, Idaho Falls
10-12 "Concert-Avenue Q"-play at Knock Em Dead Dinner Theatre, Boise
10-12 Theatre Spring Production-C of I Studio Theatre, Caldwell

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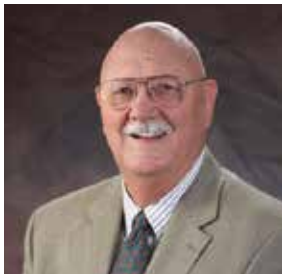


Terry Armstrong
was born in Twin Falls in 1935 and died of cancer in Moscow on January 23, 2014. A third-generation Idahoan, he taught at Salmon, Boise, and Vallivue High Schools. After completing his doctoral studies at the University of Idaho, he was employed by the university for two decades. Terry retired as professor emeritus in 1996. He wrote the book with Cheryl Reed-Dudley from which the story in this issue is excerpted.

Jessica Butterfield
is the mom behind the scenes of Idaho William. She home-schools her son, and also is a certified holistic health coach, photographer, and organic perfumer for her business, Woman of the Abyss. Her heart is happiest in the Idaho outdoors with her family and camera.

Jana Kemp
is a graduate of the Idaho Police Officers Standards and Training Academy and proud family member of a dad and uncles who served in the US military. She lives in Garden City.

Amy Larson
is a chocoholic, editor, and writer who utilizes the excuse writing gives to get curious about a wide range of things like the rodeo, Treasure Valley events, and the people and places of Idaho. She enjoys helping new authors turn their book ideas into completed manuscripts, and continues to adventure into Idaho with her family and the popular Gracie, their hyperactive Weimaraner. You can contact Amy at amylarson@centurylink.net.

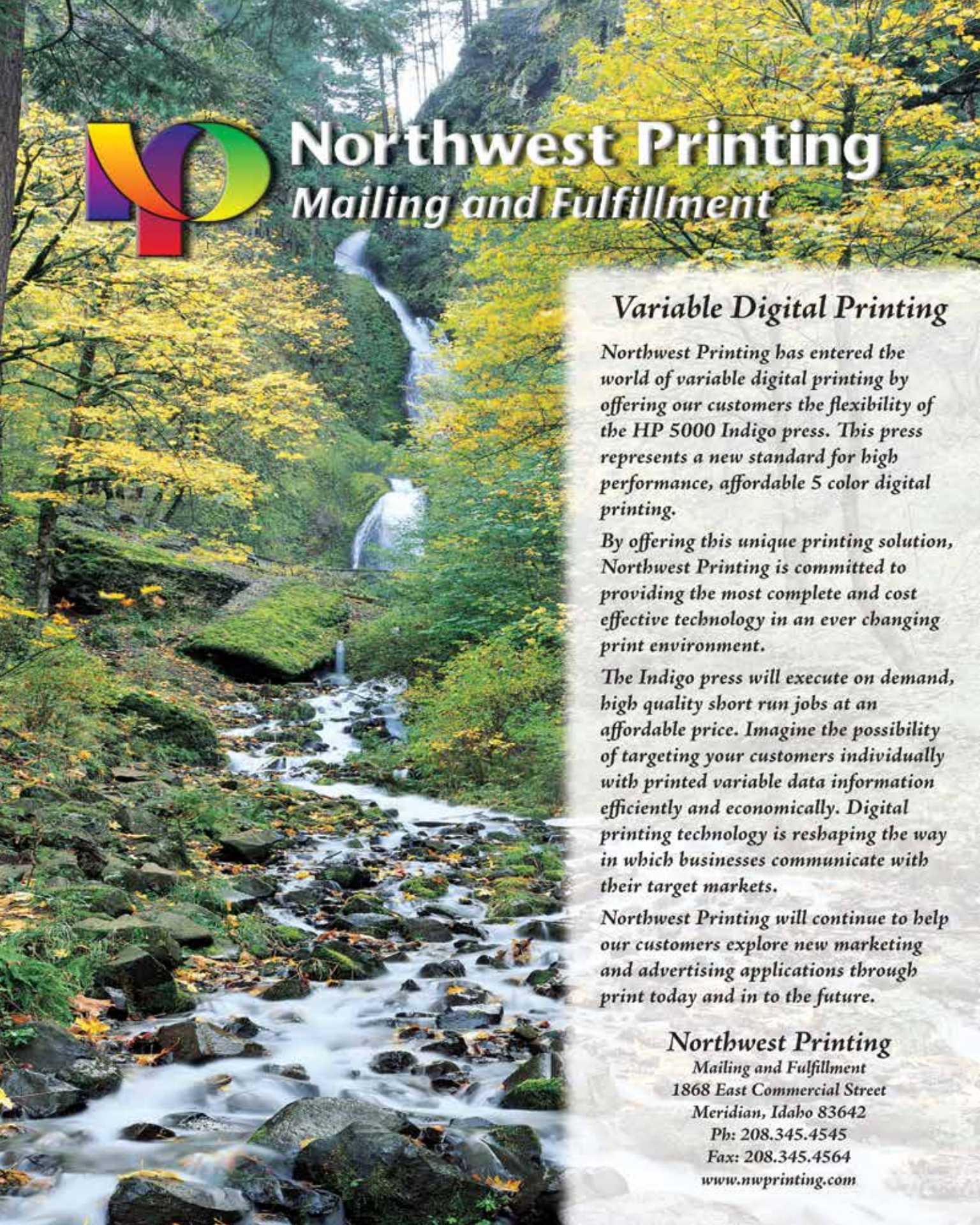
Erma Jean Loveland
attended public school in Murtaugh and was valedictorian at Kimberly High School. She married Charles Loveland of Midvale, the grandson of Bertha Pickett Ader, who arrived in Idaho by wagon train in 1881. Erma Jean taught school in Buhl and Burley, and earned Masters degrees from the College of Idaho and the University of North Texas. Now retired, she was a librarian for nineteen years in Abilene, Texas. The Lovelands have two children, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Shirley Metts
is a native Idahoan who grew up on a homestead north of Rupert. She moved to Hazelton, where she met her husband, Rocky. The couple has three children and five grandchildren. A secretary for the Kimberly School District for twenty-one years, Shirley retired in 2008. She is editor of the Magic Valley Gem Club's news bulletin and southern Idaho representative for the American Lands Access Association.

Kris Millgate
is an outdoors journalist for whom the quiet cast of a fly line cures writer's block. Many production ideas for her Tight Line Media company come from the time she spends in her Idaho Falls base camp. She is producer of the video series *The Science Behind Bears.* To watch it, go to www.tightlinemedia.com , and click 'Time Out."

C. W. Reed
was born and raised in the Treasure Valley. A photographer by trade, he has suffered no loss of adventure in exploring the state, and has documented many of these journeys. Chris believes that an ambition in life should be to experience all that nature and the world have to offer.

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



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