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March 2018

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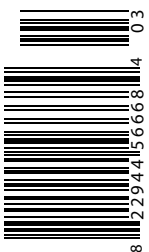
IDAHO

magazine

MARCH 2018 | VOL. 17, NO. 6

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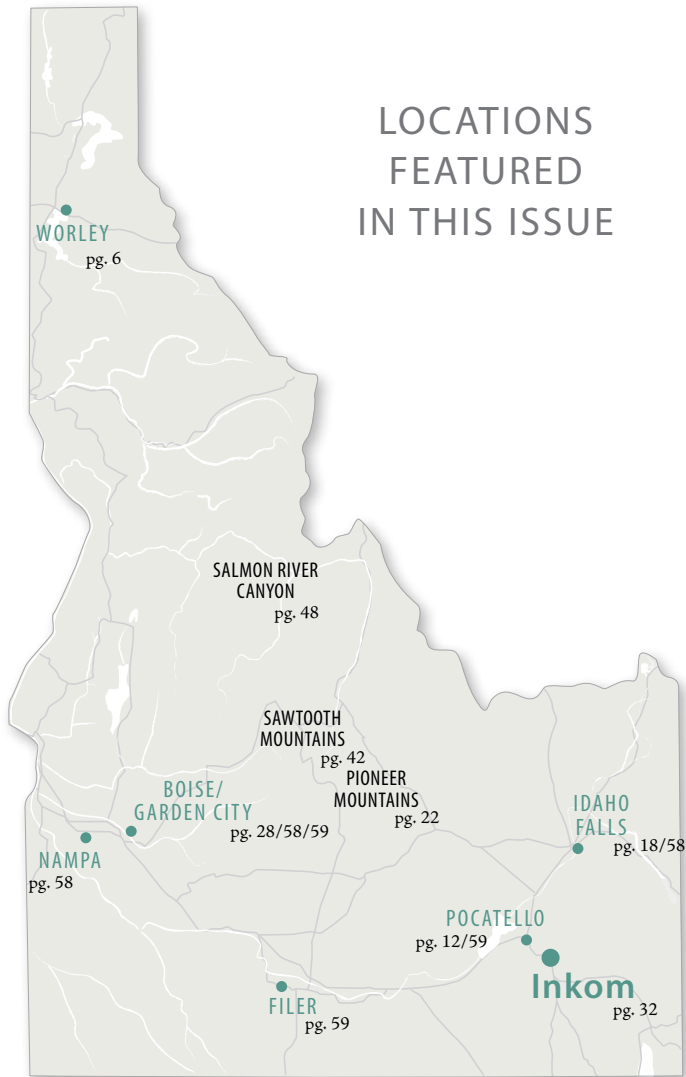
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A dancer
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TWIN BRIDGES ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

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The Super Blue Blood Moon over the Boise Depot.

~ Photo by Avril Studios

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We Dream As We Go

HOW **VISION AND A “CAN DO” SPIRIT ERASED POVERTY** AMONG THE COEUR D’ALENE TRIBE

BY ROBERT S. BOSTWICK

It began on a wheat field, and not much of one at that. The soil was heavy with clay. Wetlands and thorny wild roses sprouted all around. On these eighty acres near the intersection of highways U.S. 95 and Idaho 58, the Coeur d’Alene Tribe would spin wheat straw into gold—and this was no fairytale.

Over twenty-five years, the Coeur d’Alene Casino Resort Hotel has evolved into a 298-room destination

resort with seven dining areas, fourteen hundred gaming machines and bingo in about one hundred thousand square feet of gaming space amid the world-class Circling Raven Golf Club. Visitors from around the world see these results, but tribal members also see a vision realized. They see their children and grandchildren looking hopefully toward the future. They feel their ancestors looking down at them, approvingly and proudly.



PHOTOS COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT HOTEL



COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT HOTEL



COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT HOTEL

OPPOSITE: A powwow dancer.

ABOVE: The Circling Raven Golf Course is world-class.

LEFT: The Mountain Lodge.

I had the chance to watch the progress close-up, as the tribe's press secretary for eleven-and-a-half years, followed by thirteen years as the casino's director of public affairs. I remember those eighty acres were just enough when the original building, which housed bingo, opened for business in March 1993. Its thirty thousand square feet offered seating for about one thousand players. There were a few offices, one meeting room, a small cantina, and a lobby. To build it, the tribe borrowed \$2.9 million from an

economic development fund at the Bureau of Indian Affairs—a fund that doesn't even exist anymore.

David Matheson, former chairman of the tribal council, who has a master's degree in business administration from the University of Washington, was the brains behind the boom. He had served President George H.W. Bush over the previous four years, as Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Interior/Bureau of Indian Affairs. He knew all the ins and outs of the gaming industry, and how to start it

with bingo.

"I like to tell the story," David told me. "I got all kinds of advice from very smart and successful people in the region. They all said the same thing: 'Don't build it way down there, build it as far north [closer to the Spokane and Coeur d'Alene markets] as you can get.' Of course, the three rules of business are location, location, location. We had none of the three."

The tribe also did not have jobs, opportunities, or scholarship dollars. But it did

have vision and commitment from an unwavering leadership. At the time, the tribal council included Al Garrick, Dominick Curley, Margaret Jose, Lawrence Aripa, Henry SiJohn, and Norma Peone. Ernie Stensgar was the chairman. Only Margaret, Norma, and Ernie are still living. At the time, the backsides of these leaders were on the line. Their tribe was enduring abject poverty, its unemployment rate hovering around seventy percent.

“Oh, we preferred the money issues to the poverty, so we never hesitated to take the risk,” said Margaret Jose, who served on the council six years. Her eyes lit up a bit at the memory. “It sure was exciting, and yes, we did have concerns, but everyone came together then. Everybody had a ‘can-do’ spirit, and so much support from all the tribal families was wonderful to see.”

It was my responsibility to engage Idahoans by gaining media attention to both the tribe’s long-endured economic plight and to its resolve to create a better path. One might expect a brick wall of opposition to casino gaming, given Idaho’s generally conservative nature, but there’s another side to rock-ribbed Idahoans: they’re attracted to the work ethic and what it can bring. Eventually, Idaho would support us, although some folks in Boise were slow to come around.

Leaders in Idaho state



COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT HOTEL

government were not at all pleased. In July 1992, the tribe notified then-governor Cecil Andrus that it would seek negotiations for a gaming compact, which was required by the U.S. Indian Gaming Regulatory Act. But in those days, the process often was held up by states dragging their feet. Rather than dragging his feet, Andrus called the legislature into its first special session in decades to write an amendment to the state constitution that would ban all casino-type games. That November, the amendment passed with a fifty-nine percent majority.

Even so, the compact was negotiated in a reasonably timely manner, as casino games were Class I and bingo was Class II gaming, already protected by federal law. The compact also permitted the tribe to run any type of Class I gaming that was

allowed in the state—horse racing, mule racing, dog racing (now banned), sports betting, and lottery.

With or without dice, the tribe was on a roll. Then came a few lottery-style machines, mostly in the lobby, and then a few more, which did not fall under Class I casino-type gaming. Revenue was flowing modestly, but expansion was needed, and then completed. Profits mounted. The fifteen-year note for the \$2.9 million loan was paid off in three years, and the celebration of it was described in a bingo promotion as a “mortgage burning.” Other such “burnings” would follow.

Success for the tribe proved to be success for the region and for Idaho. Today, about four thousand jobs have been created beyond the Coeur d’Alene Reservation boundaries as a result of the resort’s flow of



LEFT: The old casino housed bingo games.

ABOVE: Tribal members in traditional garb.



goods and services. Along with tribal government and other enterprises, this amounts to an impact of some \$310 million annually on the regional economy.

The tribe insisted that a provision be included in its compact with the state government: five percent of gaming revenue would go toward education. Over the past quarter-century, these educational donations, which embrace schools throughout the Inland Northwest and even in southern Idaho, total more than \$33.5 million.

But the tribe still faced challenges: lawmakers, successive governors, and anti-gaming interests had taken notice. By early 2000, expansions had included a hotel, pool, and restaurants, and fur was flying at the state capitol in Boise. But the tribe was glowingly successful by then, and decided to take the issue to the people.

The tribe successfully petitioned to put another (ironically named) Proposition One on the ballot in 2002 that asked the people of Idaho to confirm the legitimacy of lottery-style machines. A statewide campaign was launched with ample funding. The proposition passed, carrying the conservative state by—guess what?—fifty-nine percent. Idahoans must have appreciated that the tribe had erased its seventy percent unemployment rate and was now at full employment—with more jobs, in fact, than it had among its own people to fill them.

From a bingo operation, the casino had grown into a fifty-room lodge, and then another lodge changed the look

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dramatically, and the expansions continued so often that few people can now remember which was which. Not only gaming space, lodging, and restaurants grew, but a fifty thousand square-foot events center became a new home for bingo and a venue for concerts, boxing, Christmas parties, job fairs, feasts, and conferences.

In 2001, the tribal council cleared the way to build Circling Raven Golf Club, a stunning vision realized in its own right. The Gene Bates design spreads over 620 acres, winding among woodlands, wetlands, and natural Palouse grasses. It opened in August 2003, and remains listed among the nation's top one hundred public courses. But the resort's biggest expansion of all came in 2008, with the addition of ninety-eight luxury rooms, a fifteen thousand square-foot spa, fitness center, lounge areas, and steakhouse, with floor-to-ceiling windows allowing views of the wooded meadow outside.

The Coeur d'Alene Tribe's diverse and sustainable reservation economy supports some eighteen hundred jobs and boasts health care at a new medical center that serves the non-Indian public as well. Obviously, of the tribe's roughly half-billion dollars spent on new construction over the years, far from all of it has been spent on the casino resort.

Francis SiJohn took over as CEO of the Coeur d'Alene



COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT HOTEL

Casino in 2016, bringing with him a bachelor's degree in urban regional planning and development and a master's in planning administration from Eastern Washington University. He is a tribal member and former tribal council vice chairman.

"We've done great things as a tribe and as individual tribal members," Francis told me. "Our promises have been made and kept. In fact, we've gone far beyond the expectations of twenty-five years ago, or even ten years ago. And there's more to come."

Chief James Allan, the current tribal chairman, maintains the same firm commitment he saw in his elders while he was growing up.

"We continue to create opportunities, jobs, education,

health care, and more," the chief said. "So many benefit from all this, tribal or otherwise—we have clearly shown that as the tribe benefits, so does the region."

As Francis put it, "We began all this to create jobs, end poverty here, and create dollars for education, for programs and for tribal members to have the same opportunities we see elsewhere. I don't think we're going to be complacent. We have the capacity to do more, so I think the time will come to expand again."

From that scrawny wheat field and the clay beneath it, dreams came true, hopes became reality, success took over from abject poverty. And it ain't over.

"We dream as we go," Francis said. "We dream as we go." ■

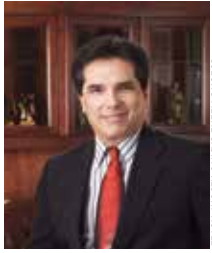
ABOVE: A colorful performance.

OPPOSITE TOP LEFT: Former CEO Dave Matheson.

OPPOSITE TOP MIDDLE: Current CEO Francis SiJohn.

OPPOSITE TOP RIGHT: Dancer in action.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Circling Raven Golf Course Clubhouse.



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COMMENTS

A THANK YOU

The editors wish to thank Colleen Lockwood for a memorial written about her grandmother, Gladys Vera Ourada, published on the website "Find a Grave," which was source material for part of a story in last month's issue, "The One Who Stayed." Gladys and her husband, Mike Ourada, purchased their ranch near Stack Rock in 1939. ■



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BISON

I didn't have a pleasant death. I only needed a drink of water. But I was old and tired and just wanted to take the shortest path to the water's edge. The ground was much softer than I thought it would be, and my bulk sank in quickly. I struggled for a little while, thrashing my head around, but my horns, which I could normally rely on for protection and power, couldn't save me this time. The suction of the mud was a fatal embrace. I slumped where I was trapped, never to move again.

This is part of the story of an ancient giant bison, a *Bison latifrons*, that perished more than 72,000 years ago in what is now southeastern Idaho. An all-woman crew of Bureau of Reclamation personnel, headed by archaeologist Nikki Polson and Idaho Museum of Natural History (IMNH) paleontologist Dr. Mary Thompson, excavated the fossil remains of this animal in 2016 from the shores of American Falls Reservoir. The excavation was remarkable in that the bison was more than seventy percent complete and articulated, meaning it retained mostly the same pose in which it died. The soils around the bones indicated that the animal

expired in wet conditions, and the position of the body suggested its forelegs had been stuck in the mud, keeping it upright. The mud that trapped the bison also kept predators away, allowing it to decompose undisturbed. Paleontologists believe the animal was an older female because of its worn teeth and the span of its horn cores. After spending all this time with her, we felt we were getting to know the animal, so we named her Jasmine.

I'm an archaeologist and the museum property custodial officer for the Snake River Area Office (SRAO) of the Bureau of Reclamation, which means I oversee the management of an



KIRSTEN STROUGH, BUREAU OF RECLAMATION

IN THE BASEMENT

BY JENNIFER HUANG

IDAHO FOSSILS GET 3D IMAGING



Brandon Jacob 3D-scans “Humpty Dumpty,” an ancient giant bison specimen in the paleontological repository at the Idaho Museum of Natural History, Pocatello.



IDAHO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

ABOVE: An impressive specimen dubbed "Mary Lou."

RIGHT: "Jasmine," a *Bison latifrons* specimen, is excavated, 2016.

BELOW: The author's children, Nium (standing) and Aysha make a 3D print of a bison cranium.



MARTY THOMPSON, IDAHO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



JENNIFER HUANG

extremely impressive collection of ancient fossil bones from many extinct animals, all of which were collected in Idaho. During the final 130,000 years of the Pleistocene epoch (the last Ice Age that occurred between 2.5 million and 11,700 years ago), four species of ancient bison occupied North America (*B. priscus*, *B. latifrons*, *B. alaskensis*, and *B. antiquus*). Remarkably, fossils from all four species have been recovered in the larger American Falls Reservoir area, which was a floodplain and lake during Jasmine's lifetime. Today, our continent can claim only one species of bison—the modern *Bison bison*, commonly referred to as the buffalo.

In addition to ancient bison fossils, the SRAO collection contains mammoth, giant ground sloth, camel, extinct horse, short-faced bear, dire wolf, saber-tooth cat, and various small mammals, birds, fishes and turtles. The collection resides in the John A. White paleontological repository at IMNH, on the campus of Idaho State University in Pocatello. Of course, I've been in the large basement room where the collections are stored many times, and yet walking through that door and seeing the open shelves of fossils is, for me, absolutely thrilling—every single time.

As the steward of these specimens, the Bureau of Reclamation is responsible for ensuring that they're accessible to the public. While some objects spend time on exhibit at museums across the country, the vast majority of these archaeological artifacts, natural history specimens, history objects, ethnographic items,

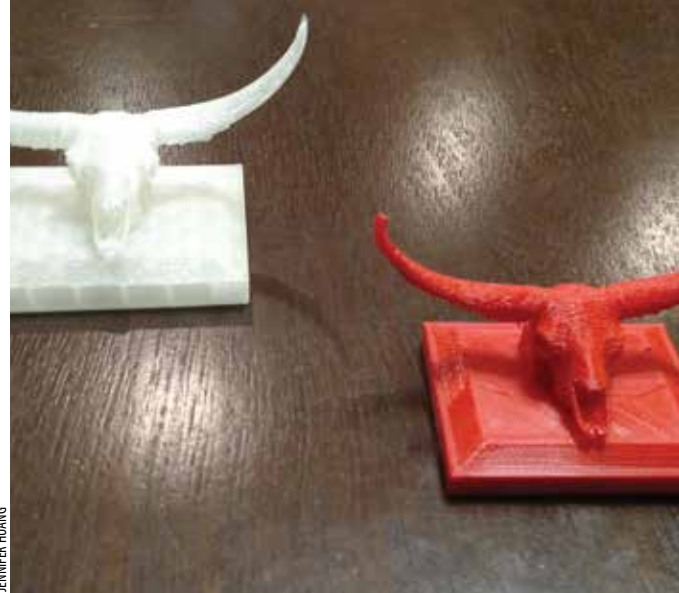
and artworks are kept in storage, where they can be closely monitored and climate-controlled. Fossils, in particular, can be quite fragile and should not be moved around. So, how could we ensure that the public could see them?

We didn't have to look far to find the answer. The building where the collection resides is also home to a state-of-the-art division of the IMNH called the Idaho Virtualization Lab (IVL). It specializes in three-dimensional (3D) imaging and digital representation of museum objects. In other words, the technicians make exact replicas of real-world objects into computer models. With their equipment and software, these experts can create highly accurate scans of an artifact without physically harming it. The scans can be used to make astonishingly realistic digital 3D renderings that can be turned around with the click of a mouse, almost as if you were holding it in your hands. Fossils can then be studied within a wholly virtual environment. The lab was awarded funding from the Department of the Interior Cultural and Scientific Collections Program through the Interior Museum Program to begin 3D scanning of the most comprehensive assemblage of fossil specimens in its collection—the ancient bison.

Because of its size, *B.*

latifrons may be the most intriguing of the North American bison species (we Americans do seem to share a “bigger is better” attitude). Adult male *B. latifrons* stood just above eight feet tall at the shoulder, with horn spreads of similar length, and weighed about 4,400 pounds. These animals, which truly put the “mega” in “megafauna,” are nicknamed “giant” and “long-horned” bison. Much is yet to be learned about *B. latifrons*, including the extent of the difference in size between males and females, diet and socializing, and information about growth and life stages, as well as additional inter-species comparisons—all of which could be gleaned from physical remains. This is where 3D scanning and modeling can really contribute to furthering our understanding of these incredible creatures.

The genetic and evolutionary relationship among ancient bison is not completely understood, but in Australia, specialists in ancient DNA are attempting to piece this together using complete genetic sequence samples (genomes) obtained from the fossils at IMNH. That's right, these Idaho fossils are attracting the attention of researchers worldwide to help answer long-standing questions about extinct



JENNIFER HUANG

animal migrations and lineages.

The experts at IMNH, who know more about these fossils than anyone else, worked together to select more than 150 specimens for our digitization project. All of the complete and partial skulls and horn cores from the collection (including examples from all four extinct bison species) were chosen for the project. These specimens were selected because cranium attributes and measurements are still considered key to learning the most about the individuals.

ABOVE: 3D prints of bison fossils such as these of “Junior” can be made at local libraries.

MOVING?

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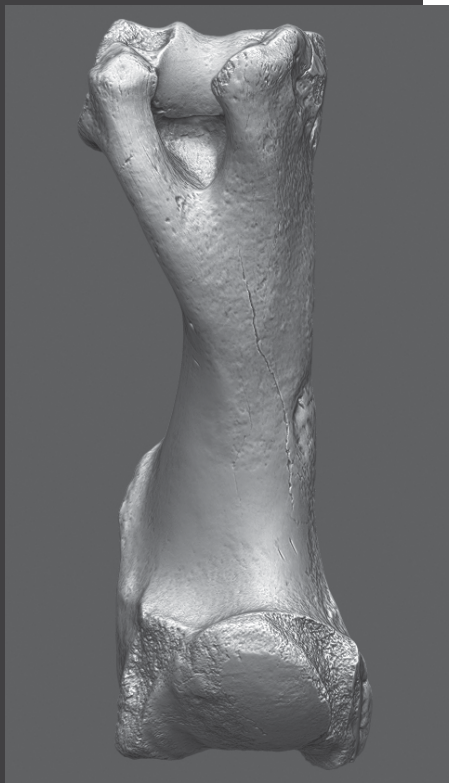


IDAHO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

ABOVE: 3D scan of a mandible.

RIGHT: A humerus in 3D.

BELOW: As Brandon scans a fossil bone, a red laser light creates a point-cloud of information represented on the computer screen.



IDAHO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

At least one representative fossil of each sub-cranial (below the head) bone from throughout the rest of the body also was chosen. Assessments, including photographs, were initially performed by museum specialists for each fossil to identify any issues that might need to be addressed about their physical condition before relocating them to the laboratory for scanning. Large fossils, such as the very large skull specimen called “Humpty Dumpty,” that were considered too fragile or awkward to move upstairs safely, were scanned by the team with hand-held portable instruments.

The scanning process, which is non-intrusive, works by shining a laser over the entire surface of the fossil. The computer calculates the time it takes for the laser beam to bounce back to the emitter and the angle at which it bounces. All scanned sections then are connected into a single 3D model. Stationary scanning can happen rather quickly even while maintaining a high level of precision. Using the handheld apparatus is rather like painting light around the object until it has been completely covered. The scanned sections are shown on the computer screen in real time, so the specialist can keep track of where any gaps may be and make sure they get “painted,” too. The raw data can include bits of the table or support on which the fossils were scanned, requiring a cleanup and fine-tuning process that’s more time-consuming and patience-testing than the scans themselves.

Even without coloring the models to create photo-realism, the detail of



KIRSTEN STROUGH, BUREAU OF RECLAMATION

the 3D-modelled surfaces is remarkable: exactly like the original fossil. IVL experts also create digital bases or stands on which the models can be displayed in virtual reality. When a scale is included in the final scan model, scientists and researchers can perform their studies on the models just as they would with the real fossil specimens. Of course, a big advantage of using the 3D models in these studies is that the actual fossils don't need to be physically moved, saving them from the potential damage of wear or mishandling.

The lab's work is currently being used online by the Interior Museum Program in a tribute called, "The American Bison: A National Symbol," which includes a 2D representation of a composite model of *B. latifrons*. The composite was created digitally using separate scans of bones within the collection. While Reclamation doesn't have one hundred percent of any individual fossil bison, we do have all the parts necessary to assemble a whole specimen. The manner of its creation harkens back to the popular Mary Shelley story, and the composite model is lovingly nicknamed "Frankenbison."

All the IVL bison scans are available online for public viewing and download. If an actual object is needed for study or display, the scan files can be

used by anyone, almost anywhere, to create 3D prints. Many public libraries in Idaho have 3D printers that can be used for free with an appointment. I tried this myself, printing a scan file at a public library in Boise, and bringing home pint-sized replicas of one of only a handful of complete *B. latifrons* crania in the world.

Nikki Polson, who excavated the Jasmine fossil, said, "When people are able to see and manipulate fossils without damage to the collections themselves, they truly become a public resource."

That's also useful to the public because fossil excavation on federal land is illegal without a permit. In an unguarded moment soon after Nikki's official blurb, I think she nailed the excitement of all of us involved with this project when she exclaimed, "It's aww-suumm!"

I had a very pleasant day today. It started like any other, with my fellow fossils resting comfortably in the basement of the museum. We are rarely disturbed here, which is to our liking, but on this day, a few of us became the center of attention. People very carefully brought us each into an open area of the room and slowly shined a red light over every inch of us. It didn't hurt, or even tickle, but we got the impression that what was happening was



IDAHO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

extremely important. There was mention of our likenesses being made available to everyone all over the planet, and children, teachers, scientists, and curious people everywhere would be able to see and learn about us—as if they were actually here with us in the basement.

We all have stories to tell, each one of us. I'm going to rest again, on my shelf with the others, but I'm also going to be at people's fingertips, wherever they are, so they can learn my story. ■

To experience the virtual bison and learn more about the digitization project, visit

usbr.gov/pn/snakeriver/landuse/culturalresources/paleo.html and virtual.imnh.isu.edu/BoR

To see the Interior Museum Program's tribute to the bison, visit google.com/culturalinstitute/beta/exhibit/fwKiwL5VAXuXJw

ABOVE: The composite "Frankenbison" model, created by the Idaho Virtualization Lab, uses scans of separate fossil bones to create a complete individual animal.



COURTESY OF LINDEN B. BATEMAN



COURTESY OF LINDEN B. BATEMAN

FAR ABOVE: Idaho WWI veteran Leland Hansen speaks to Bonneville High class, 1983.

ABOVE: A French nurse such as this one saved Leland's life during the war, but he never got to thank her.

Idaho Remembers

World War I Veterans

BY LINDEN B. BATEMAN

Each year, Idaho Day commemorates the creation of the Idaho Territory by President Abraham Lincoln on March 4, 1863. This year, the observance at the Idaho State Capitol Building will take place Monday, March 5, at noon in the Lincoln Auditorium. The theme for 2018 is "Idaho Remembers," in recognition of the centennial of the armistice ending World War I on November 11, 1918. In keeping with that theme, the following story, written by a retired state representative who introduced the legislation to establish Idaho Day, is about an Idaho veteran of WWI who made a positive impact on many Idaho Falls students.

Among the war memorials in Idaho Falls are the beautiful stained glass windows in a church on Elm Street, within which are etched the names of congregation members who served in World War I, which ended one hundred years ago

on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918. As a young adult, I knew several of those men—many of my friends, neighbors, and teachers were veterans of World War I. Now they are gone and their children

soon will pass, leaving the third generation to tell their stories.

With the death of Corporal Frank W. Buckles in 2011 at age 110, America's last World War I veteran was laid to rest at Arlington National Cemetery, and the Great War, as it came to be known, slipped a little further from memory. Nowadays, even its most heroic participants are seldom remembered.

My father knew Medal of Honor winner Thomas Neibaur, Idaho's most famous soldier of World War I, and saw the deep scars on his body inflicted by German machine guns on an obscure hill in France on October 16, 1918. On that day, Private Neibaur single-handedly repulsed a counter-attack against his unit led by fifty determined German soldiers. Despite being wounded four times and poisoned by mustard gas, he took eleven prisoners, using only a pistol.

After months recovering in hospitals, Thomas Neibaur returned to a hero's welcome, attended by ten thousand people on May 27, 1919, in his hometown of Sugar City. He was greeted by speeches and salutations from people of all ages, including Idaho Governor D.W. Davis, National Guard soldiers, business and church leaders, farmers, reporters from throughout Idaho, and by marching bands leading a grand parade.

For a few years, Thomas enjoyed celebrity status. He married Sarah Lois Shepard, a young Sugar City woman, attended college briefly, and eventually fathered nine children. He was featured in newspapers and magazines and

welcomed as a popular speaker by clubs, service organizations, and schools. Gradually, however, he faded from public memory and was overwhelmed by sickness and misfortune. While still suffering from wartime wounds, Neibaur was involved in an industrial accident at the sugar factory in Sugar City and was unable to work for long periods of time. During the Great Depression, living conditions for his family became desperate. Three young sons died in accidents and his wife died at age forty-eight.

With the help of Senator William E. Borah, Thomas finally obtained



U.S. ARMY

ABOVE: The 1917 enlistment photo of Frank Buckles, the last surviving vet of WWI, who died in 2011 at age 110.



COURTESY OF LINDEN & BATEMAN

LEFT: Leland Hansen shows photos and speaks to a 1976 Bonneville High class taught by the author, shown in background.



ABOVE: Leland with a Bonneville High class, 1980.

employment in 1939 as a security officer at the State Capitol in Boise, but after two years was again hospitalized and died in 1943 of tuberculosis, aggravated by the gas poisoning from the war. Thomas was only forty-four years of age when he died. His family dispersed and three sons were placed in orphanages. Although few people know anything about Thomas Neibaur today, we honor him during this centennial year in hopes that he will not be entirely forgotten by coming generations.

Idaho women likewise should be remembered and honored for the part they played during the Great War, serving in various capacities on the home front, including in munitions factories. In agriculture, where women worked as replacements for farmers gone off to war, they became known as “farmerettes.” Women volunteered for the Red Cross and other relief agencies and served in Europe as nurses. Genevra Robinson, a nurse from Nampa who worked in a London hospital, was one

of 161 American nurses who died during World War I and was the first woman from Idaho buried in the Arlington National Cemetery. Many of these women, including Genevra, died from a deadly flu transmitted from patients in field hospitals. Roughly half of all America’s 116,500 deaths during the war were caused by the flu, part of a worldwide epidemic that killed between fifty million and one hundred million people.

One of those World War I soldiers afflicted by the flu was

Leland Hansen, a neighbor who farmed down the road from our place near Idaho Falls. As a young man, Leland served in the trenches of France. Later, he told generations of schoolchildren about his war experiences. For many years, Private Hansen visited the American History classes I taught at Bonneville High School. He always dressed in his original World War I uniform, and he inspired my students with stories of heroism, loyalty, and sacrifice, including two near-death experiences.

As a Mormon, Private Hansen did not drink the coffee delivered to men in the trenches on the front lines where he was serving, but he was glad to use the hot drink for shaving. Once, while he was using coffee and a polished metal mirror to shave, a German artillery attack suddenly commenced and Leland's hand was struck by a piece of shrapnel, which barely missed his head. Whenever he shared that experience with my students six decades later, he always showed the scar on his hand left by the hot sliver of steel.

One evening following a long day of combat operations, Private Hansen burrowed into a pile of sawdust and went to sleep, only to wake in the early morning with a dangerously high fever, later diagnosed as the deadly flu that was sweeping through his division. Leland related to his student audiences that had it not been for the constant care provided by a young French nurse, he surely would have died. Delusional, and in a dream-like state of semi-consciousness, he could see her countenance hovering over him day

and night. When he began to recover, she was transferred to another area of the battle zone. Leland never saw her again and never learned her name. It was to be one of the great disappointments of his life that he was never able to thank the nurse who saved him. As recalled this woman who saved his life and the comrades who did not survive the war and who lay buried in the soil of France, Private Hansen often wept.

The State of Idaho recorded the loss of 358 service members during World War I, a major sacrifice from a state population of only four hundred thousand in 1918. On Idaho Day, we honor those who died and all who served during the Great War that ended one hundred years ago. ■



COURTESY MARY NEIBAUER HUMERSON

ABOVE: Sugar City's Thomas Neibaur, WWI Medal of Honor recipient.

BELOW: WWI stained glass memorial in an Idaho Falls church.



LINDEN B. BATEMAN

The Higher You Get

The Better It Looks

STORY AND PHOTOS BY JERI WALKER

The blazing sun and cloudless blue sky that first weekend of May was perfect for the picnic my Internet date had planned at Camel's Back Park in Boise. I texted to ask Tom if I could bring anything, only to be told my life story would do.

I then sent an image of an iceberg's hidden depths, with this message: *Call it a hunch, but it seems like your personality might fall into this category.*

We shared life snippets while gorging on finger food and sangria before heading on a hike through the foothills. The powdery dirt clung to our shoes, and the clumps of sagebrush and lupine flanking either side of the trail occasionally brushed our calves. The midday heat and lack of shade did little to deter either of us, and Tom soon went off-trail. I eagerly followed, glad to be freed from the usual first date interview-style dinner.

I told him about growing

up in the northern Idaho mining town of Wallace, a place infamous for living outside the law in the realms of prostitution and gambling. As for growing up in Weiser, he pointed out a mother's warning to her daughter, "Stay always from the likes of him. He doesn't have rules." Misfits can always sense their own kind. Summer loomed, and I couldn't help but think he'd make a good hiking partner.

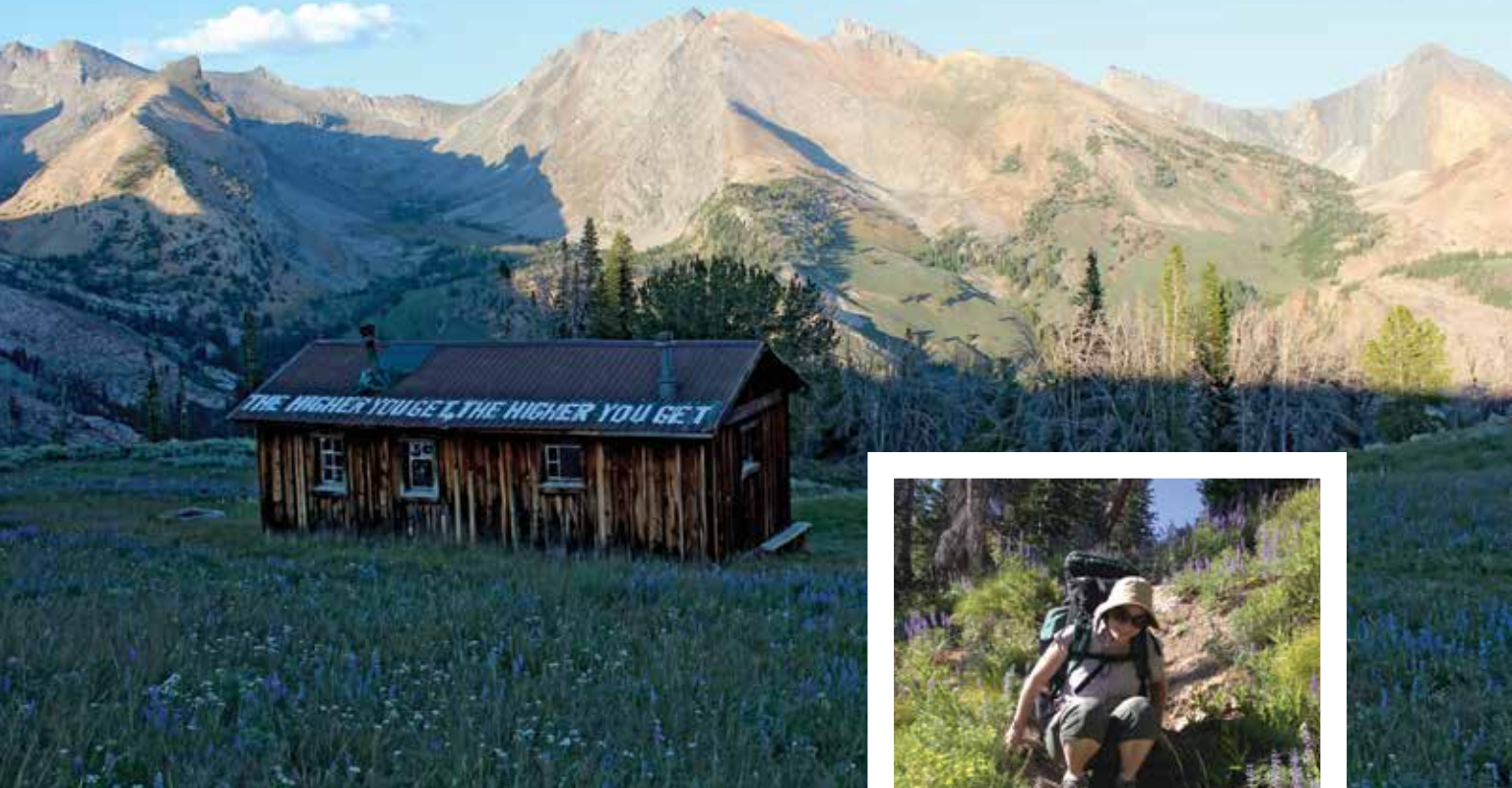
Before we said our goodbyes, he scrambled up a random tree and I was smitten. We quickly became a thing, and a couple of day hikes later, Tom mentioned being up for his first backcountry trip. I picked Pioneer Cabin in the Pioneer Mountains within the Sawtooth National Forest near Sun Valley. Looking back, I chuckle at my choice. The nearly 3,400-foot gain in elevation was on the advanced side for someone who'd never donned a pack, but my heart had been set on that hike since the summer before when a dining room manager at the Pioneer Saloon in Ketchum praised its superior scenery.

We left Boise on a Friday

afternoon in late July. Little by little, we were unwrapping each other's layers, as only kindred souls can do. Our rapport bloomed thanks to the synergy created by a common fascination with any sort of process. I learned to mine his lofty abstractions for concrete details, and in my onslaught of specifics, he learned to swim in a sea of intimacy. Neither of us was afraid to ask "why" about anything.

Eventually, we pulled into a campsite, and Tom got to work building the fire. Apparently, I was going to be the one to pitch the tent. This marked new territory, since the task had fallen to my ex-husband for years. I wasn't incapable, but the top-of-the-line backcountry tent had been purchased only the year before and setting it up proved quite the task for my spatially challenged self. Tom ended up helping, but he didn't do it for me—which my independent soul noted.

Twilight brought its calm gray patina, and we held each other in an embrace before settling into our camp chairs and breaking out a bottle of



cabernet. The hours slipped by as we chatted and kissed and drank under a thick swath of stars. All the while I wondered if it was time to utter those three words. The ink on my divorce decree was barely dry, and our relationship screamed “rebound.” No matter. Serendipity can’t be planned.

When the fire died down, Tom started to baby it along.

“Could you go and grab some more small dry sticks?” he asked.

“As you wish.”

A smile played on his lips as he picked up on the reference

to *The Princess Bride*. Much as the farm boy Westley would have done anything at Princess Buttercup’s command, so too would I at that point. But we hadn’t yet gone into much depth about what the other was looking for in a relationship, and I held my tongue.

Instant oatmeal and coffee made for a quick breakfast in the late morning. Tom marveled at my specialized gear, from the tiny butane burner to the titanium-frame collapsible chairs to the two lightweight air mattresses complete with built-in hand pumps. We laid

everything out to distribute the weight equally between our packs, and he admired the efficient design of my multipurpose cooking pot, noting the cleverly nested parts. As a user experience designer, small details were not lost on him, and the observant editor and writer in me approved.

We set out not long before the crack of noon at the Johnstone Creek trailhead near Hailey. It struck me as the less traveled, more local, and



TOM SNEED

ABOVE: Pioneer Cabin in the Pioneer Mountains.

ABOVE INSET: Jeri scoots down a trail.



potentially most scenic route. With a return via Hyndman Creek, it was the longest loop, at ten miles, as opposed to the eight-and-a-half miles of going up the Pioneer Cabin Trail and coming back along the Long Gulch Trail. Each ranked fairly high in difficulty. The most direct route would have been the

seven-and-a-half-mile approach from Corral Creek, but even then, the elevation gain would have been 2,400 feet. Anything less than five miles didn't even qualify as noteworthy in my book, and I was intent on taking Tom on a hike he would never forget.

After slathering on some sunscreen, we set our packs upright on the tailgate of my SUV and hefted them onto our shoulders. Much pulling of straps and clicking of plastic hooks ensued. He swayed a bit, but quickly found his center of

gravity. Once we were off, it didn't surprise me that Tom turned out to be quite the trooper. The ups and downs of the trail didn't give him much pause, and he never complained, aside from being wise enough to stop a few times along the trail to adjust his pack.

I let him set the pace. We fell into a rhythm, lost in the moment of putting one foot in front of the other. Each new scene delighted him more than the previous one, and the first vista brought a broad smile to his face. He stepped onto a rock



outcropping to survey the view with its swath of thick pines on competing hillsides and dollop of playful clouds.

At one point, we paused next to a series of waterfalls alongside the trail. It didn't take long before he cried, "I want to go up there!" The high crevice in the rock wasn't something I'd normally explore, but his enthusiasm compelled me. Each of us pulled on our wading shoes for an off-trail, mid-hike adventure.

He bounded from rock to rock like a mountain goat while

I crawled between the larger stones—slowly, steadily, safely—encouraged by my nimble-footed friend and his willingness to lend a helping hand, but never a coddling one. Exhaustion was not in the man's vocabulary, and invigorated by a thorough dousing beneath a cascade of water, he crawled even farther downstream to satisfy his whimsy. I knew my limits and stayed put—I'd climbed quite far up the narrow waterway. We returned to the main trail exhilarated, and my willingness to test my mettle was noted by

my new hiking partner.

At some points, the trail leveled off into a more gradual incline, and we found ourselves walking through open expanses of wildflowers and sage. I took a bunch of pictures, torn between whether to focus more on the gorgeous guy or the gorgeous scenery. We eventually came upon the first view of the Pioneer Mountains and paused to remove our packs. The wind nearly whipped us off our feet at times, but the panoramic view held us upright.

The jagged outlines of

ABOVE: A Pioneer Mountains panorama.

OPPOSITE INSET: Tom has an off-trail adventure.



ABOVE: Scenic overlook.

ABOVE INSET: Graffiti and teddy in the cabin.

Hyndman Peak, Goat Mountain, and Standhope Peak served as a reminder that we'd come far, yet for each destination reached, another always awaited. We pushed on, the mishmash of talk at times quelled by the rhythm of our feet or the urge to reach into a bag of cherries we kept passing back and forth. The last push found us running on empty and resting often. He wanted to cut across switchbacks, only to have

me point out proper trail etiquette. Tom noted more than once how, aside from this being the first time he'd trekked to an overnight spot, it was also the longest hike he'd ever been on. Not once did he complain, scoring heaps of bonus points in my book.

My body ached. My toes screamed. I'd hiked a lot over the years, but was off my game. I knew to slow down and rest more, but also knew giving up was not an option. If hiking has imparted any gifts to my soul, it's

taught me how it's always possible to reach the top, no matter how long it takes. Effort becomes its own reward.

The sun had just started to set when we topped the ridge and began the descent to Pioneer Cabin, where the large white lettering on the roof said it all: "The higher you get, the higher you get." Except for the distant drone of a band of sheep, those craggy peaks and rapidly lengthening shadows made our top-of-the-world isolation quite clear.

The weathered wood of the rectangular cabin retained the heat of the day beautifully. It'd been built in the 1930s by the Sun Valley Company to serve as alpine skiing accommodations. Our tired bones soon decided to sleep in the cozy warmth of the filthy cabin rather than pitch the tent in the quickly cooling temps. I grabbed a broom and swept the rough-hewn plank floors while Tom went back outside to unpack our sleeping rolls and pump up the pads.

I then got busy heating water for the night's deluxe meal of dehydrated chicken fajita mix while Tom crawled into the macramé chair dangling from the ceiling. He instantly dozed off. If left to his own devices, he may have snacked on trail mix and crawled right into bed. Our water was running low, but thankfully another hiker had left behind a half-gallon in a plastic jug.

After eating, we treated each other to foot rubs and cozy talk. Few words were needed to sum up the success we felt in our happy tired bones. It wasn't long before we wrapped ourselves in warm sleeping bags on the slivered floor. The light from a citronella candle cast long shadows over the bric-a-brac and graffiti left behind by other travelers. Our contented sighs filled the former ski hut. We were quite sore but exquisitely alive.

The next morning, Tom

greeted the sun with yoga moves before we packed. The descent via Hyndman Creek went much faster as I once again let his exhilaration lead the way. The switchbacks were not well maintained, and I ended up scooting on my rear a few times. At one point, the path leveled out, and he reached for my hand. We walked side by side in the woods, connected to each other and to the path endlessly stretching before us.

"This is just wonderful. Why don't I do this more often?"

"That can be arranged," I replied.

When we stopped for water, Tom once again marveled at my equipment, though a bit skeptical that the ceramic insert could actually filter harmful impurities. Off came our dusty shoes and sweaty socks as we perched on big rocks facing each other, our toes dangling in the icy burble. Those three words still lingered on the tip of my tongue as we played footsie in the creek, but I couldn't muster the courage to say them aloud. Time stood still.

To complete the loop hike, it was necessary to walk about a mile on the dirt road back to where the car was parked. Our talk veered toward the journey of finding ourselves. He likened himself to a goth hippie and me to a folksy idealist. Both of us conceded we spend too much time thinking about things rather

than doing them.

Another month passed before I finally told him that I loved him. The proclamation didn't go according to plan, and by the six-month mark, we'd weathered some serious miscommunication to realize how much we upheld honesty and forthrightness.

When I think back to the long, hard climb that has marked the nearly three-year evolution of our relationship, I often think of Tom's reply to the iceberg picture I sent before our first date: *Such insightful flattery will get you everywhere.* The animated ellipsis churned as I waited for more words to appear on the screen. *And given the "takes one to know one" factor, my curiosity is further piqued and attraction deepened.*

I think the people in our lives who inspire us to reach new heights and stay on a path of growth are the ones to keep around. Love is a verb, not a noun, and it requires constant recalibration. Tom and I have tested each other's mettle over and over, and continue to pull through and hold the other's respect. I believe the rewards of climbing life's mountains are there for the taking by those who aren't afraid to venture forth. Sometimes, a person gets lucky enough to find someone else who can keep up. Don't stand still, I say. Not even for one second. ■



TERRACES OF BOISE



TERRACES OF BOISE

I'll Do It

The Volunteering Life

BY JEANNE THOMAS

The books came to a vacant warehouse in Boise, where volunteers like me set up the area and sorted mountains of titles. Bins of books arrived by the truckload and boxes by the carload, coming from businesses and individuals who had been receiving these donations for several weeks.

Picture books, storybooks, young reader novels, classic literature, used and new books—reading of all kinds for children and teens. As I formed row after row of books on tables, getting

them ready for cleaning and checking, I was overwhelmed by the magnitude of the project, and the commitment of thousands of donors around Idaho.

This annual United Way book drive, held each April, was the first project of a volunteer program for seniors started by The Terraces of Boise, where I reside. Since then, we've been involved in a number of other volunteer efforts, such as going on the Walk to End Alzheimer's and organizing donations at the Boise Rescue Mission thrift shop, but volunteerism has always been high on my list of priorities, thanks to my parents.

They were active volunteers when I was growing up, and taught me that part of my responsibility to society was to give back to the community through volunteerism. When I was a

ABOVE: Volunteers for a food project last December.

young child, my mother was a volunteer director of the community children's theater. For me, it was exciting to see the plays and know some of the actors. During my elementary school and junior high years, I assisted with scenery and costume changes backstage. We also participated in church projects, such as singing for seniors during the holidays, gathering supplies for people at homeless shelters, or hosting clothing drives to collect coats and hats for people in need.

I remember one Christmas when I was in junior high, we were to help serve a holiday dinner at a shelter, but it was the same night as a party planned by one of my close friends. My parents gave me a choice to go with them or to attend the party. More from guilt than a desire to serve, I chose to go with them, but that night I met a girl just my age who was at the shelter with her mother. Her appreciation for my being there to sit and talk to her while she ate changed my attitude from guilt to gratitude.

In college, I was part of Alpha Phi Omega, a nationwide fraternity focused on service to others. We did high-profile projects and fundraising for

issues and causes relevant to our university community. After graduation, I began my career as an accountant and financial manager. While it was often a challenge to fit volunteer hours into a busy work and parenting schedule, it remained an important priority in my life.

As a parent, I taught my children the value of giving back. We volunteered together, serving at food pantries such as the Boise Rescue Mission, participating in service projects through our church and serving at the senior living community where my grandmother lived. I have had the joy of watching my adult children continue to give back to their communities in significant ways, and I hope we can pass on this love for volunteerism to my grandchildren. My granddaughter now volunteers in the seniors community where I live, reading to residents and teaching painting classes as well. I'm very proud of her. Like my granddaughter, I also volunteer with other residents, by organizing games and crafts.

In the United Way book drive for which I volunteered with others, we worked for days to prepare the books, which were going to Head

BELOW LEFT: Jeanne Thomas with her husband, Wayne Auer.

BELOW: Boise Rescue Mission volunteers.





ABOVE: Faces of Hope project volunteers.

ABOVE RIGHT: Walk to End Alzheimer's participants in Boise.



Start and preschool programs, small town libraries, and various other youth support organizations. All the while, I felt privileged to be part of something greater than myself, and was reminded once again that I could make a difference. The heartwarming feeling that volunteerism gives me is especially strong when I hear or see firsthand how it impacts other people.

At the Boise Rescue Mission's thrift store recently, as I organized racks of clothing by style, hanging them up and making sure they faced in the right direction, two shoppers stopped and thanked me for making it easy for them to find what they needed. "It's people like you who make it easier for me to feel okay about coming here to shop," one lady said.

Comments like that make me feel that the small tasks I perform can make a difference in people's lives.

At the Walk to End Alzheimer's, several thousand people gathered in Meridian's Julius M. Kleiner Memorial Park to participate. While getting ready to walk with some of my neighbors and friends, I noticed that a family next to me who also were gearing up for the walk had among them a loved one living with Alzheimer's. I reached over

to touch her and tell her that I was glad to be there with her. Seeing her smile and acknowledge that I cared brought joy to my heart.

Nowadays, I also volunteer with a community church, setting up audio and visual equipment for services. Our women's ministry works with Chrysalis House, which supports women who have come out of incarceration or substance abuse as they re-enter society, providing a place to live while they get jobs and piece their lives back together. Our group provides recreational activities and social gatherings for the women, who are required to work and attend self-improvement courses. We've planned nights of bunco (a social dice game) and special dinners, provided the women with personal care items, and included them in church events.

I think my parents were right: volunteering my time, resources, and energy to give back to people in need is part of my responsibility to society. These volunteer projects connect me with other volunteers and with people in our greater community. They help me build relationships while enriching my life and the lives of others. Over the years, I've learned time and again just how much I receive from giving. ■



CALL FOR ENTRIES!

The IDAHO magazine Cover Photo Contest

DEADLINE:

**JULY
31**



Entries must have at least one person in them, though the person need not be the primary subject.

Each entry must be taken in Idaho. Entries must be printed at least 4"x 6" on photo-quality paper. Printed images taken by digital camera must be a minimum of 8"x 10" and 300dpi resolution to be considered for publication on the IDAHO magazine cover. Please do not send originals. If you would like your print returned, include an appropriate-sized, self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage.

CATEGORIES & ENTRY FEES:

Adult (18+up): \$10. first entry, \$5. each additional entry

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Full rules for all contests can be found online at IDAHOmagazine.com, or call us at (208) 336.0653 or (800) 655.0653.



INKOM

Contemporary
Inkom.

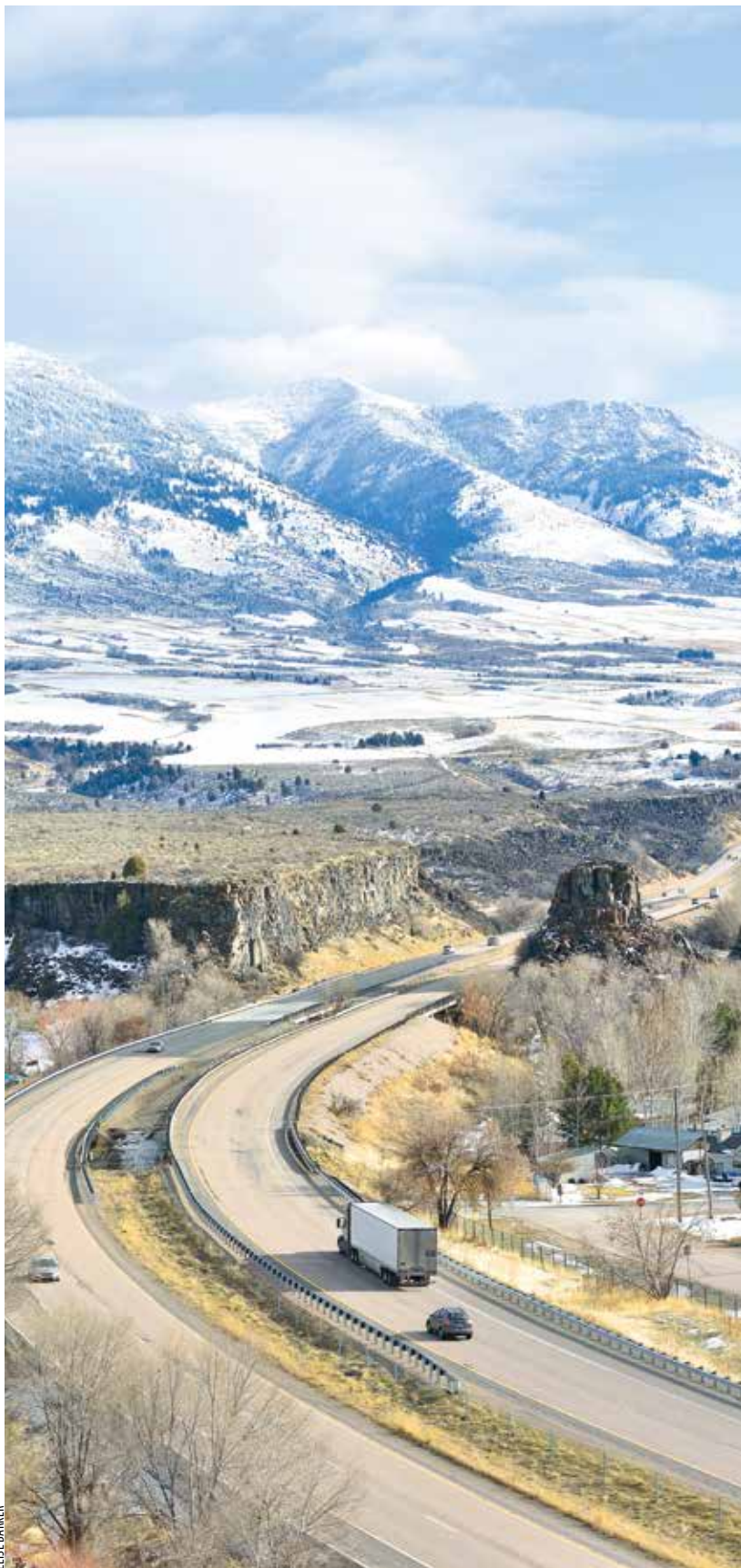
The first time I saw Inkom, in 2007, I was on my way to Pocatello with my husband, Chris Elston, to look for a house. He had just gotten a job there as an engineer and we were starting a new life, far from my home in Kansas. As we drove north from Salt Lake City, I watched the landscape expectantly. I thought if I was going to move so far away from my family, at least there would be mountains.

We took a wide curve to the west on I-15, riding alongside lava rock walls. The GPS showed we were seventeen minutes to our exit. I saw mountains behind us, mountains in front of us, and mountains on either side. I looked to the valley on our left and saw farmland, scattered homes, a railway, and evidence of a river. The sun burst through wispy purple rainclouds in a buttery yellow ray, lighting up the green valley.

A wide-angle photograph of a small town nestled in a valley. In the foreground, a two-story red brick building with white trim and a grey roof stands prominently. To its left is a smaller white house with a brown roof. The town is surrounded by trees with bare branches and some evergreens. In the background, a vast, snow-covered valley leads up to a range of rugged, snow-capped mountains under a blue sky with scattered white clouds. The overall scene is peaceful and picturesque.

A PLACE OF STORIES AND STORYTELLERS

BY ELISE BARKER



ELSE BARKER

I now know that these mountains are the Portneuf Range, the Bannock Range, and the Pocatello Range, and the corridor between them forms the Portneuf River Canyon, but at the time it was an anonymous, picturesque landscape. The town reminded me of a village in a model train display. “The map says this is Inkom. Maybe we could live here?” I tentatively asked Chris. “It’s not that far from Pocatello,” I reasoned, trying to lay the groundwork to get my big-city Phoenix boy to consider a more rural option.

“Maybe. If it doesn’t add too much time to my commute from the site,” he answered.

I’m sure he was calculating just how much to indulge my tendency to fantasize.

As it turned out, the extra commute time was too much for Chris, and I got used to the idea of living in Pocatello. But part of me could not let go of the notion of living in Inkom. That part of me still believes that with the right kind of view, anything is bearable. Even so, the last few months of research have changed my image of Inkom significantly, giving me a richer, deeper, sometimes sadder, and yet more beautiful story to tell.

I went to Marshall Public Library in Pocatello to learn more about Inkom’s history and found a periodical titled *Yester-Years In and Around Inkom* that ran from March 1972 to November 1975. The first piece I read in that magazine floored me. In her opening paragraph, Necha Damron wrote, “When I first saw Inkom I was very disappointed. It was a very desolate-looking place. Sagebrush all over, after having left flowers and trees in Utah. When I saw my brother Jed’s home with the sod roof, it was even more disappointing.”

Necha was 101 when this article was published in 1972, and she was referred to as, “*Yester-Years’* First Honored Old-Timer.” When she came to Inkom in 1904, rather than seeing the mountains, she saw the harsh reality of her immediate living conditions: a sod roof, no flowers, no trees. No luxuries. As I sat reading at

my table in the library, I had a hard time believing that a periodical dedicated to preserving the stories of Inkom would feature such an unenthusiastic attitude so prominently. But her honesty made me a believer, so I sat at that little corner table and read every issue of *Yester-Years* cover to cover. The main movers and shakers of this periodical, Lena Anken Sexton, Vera Damron (Necha's sister-in-law), and Marcell Wanner, were clearly motivated by a desire to preserve memories of the real Inkom.

Vera wrote in April 1972, "If rattlesnakes are of any use to this old world of ours, I hope I will be forgiven for the many I have sent to their untimely deaths."

Doesn't that quote tell you more about Vera's personality, her language, and her values than any fact sheet about her life ever could?

In an August 1975 interview, Hawley Steed described himself as "a smart-alecky kid," which he illustrated by sharing his poem about the

"president of the mutual," a Mr. Thompson, who had a white goatee: "Mr. Thompson has got the gout, no doubt, he swallowed a goat and left the tail sticking out." Steed described his experiences as a shepherd, encountering various animals, such as bear cubs who "couldn't jump over a quaken (sic) aspen a foot high," and "a whole flock of blackbirds," who "flew up and, no kidding, they hit me in the head and knocked me flatter than ..." The editors deleted the rest.

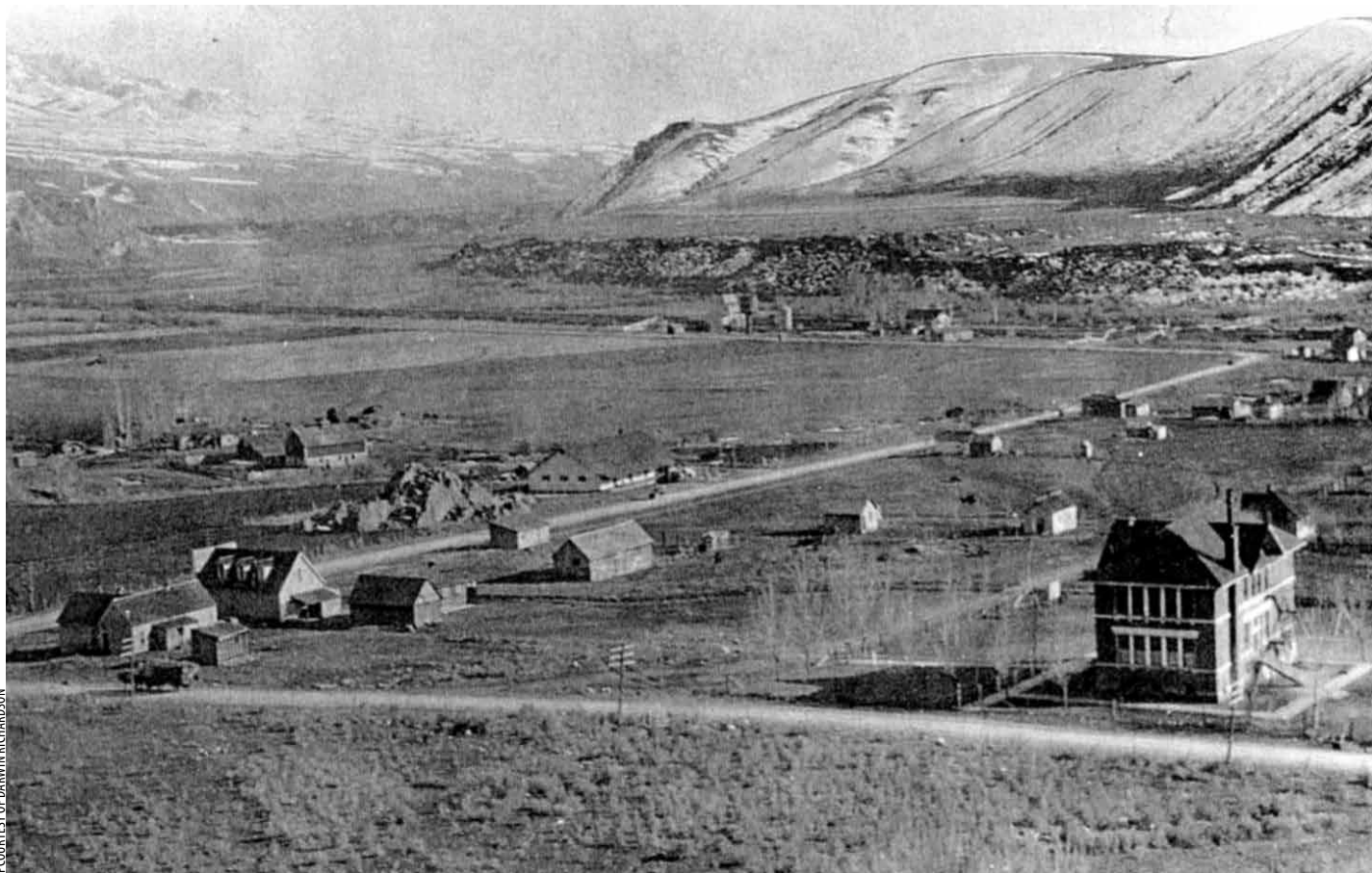
Nowadays, the town's storytelling tradition

OPPOSITE: View from above I-15.

ABOVE: The Sorrell home was the first known abode in Inkom.

BELOW: The old service station has been replaced by a home.





ABOVE: Inkom, 1926.

continues through a Facebook group, “Inkom Idaho Alumni and Friends,” run by brothers Darwin and Brian Richardson, in which members share stories and photos of their experiences in Inkom. The first post I saw after joining the group was by Darwin, who wrote, “I know that I am showing my age (seventy-three), but how many of you remember going to the old school for the Christmas program? Then Santa would come and give a sack of goodies to the children. The sack would contain an orange, nuts, hard candy, and other goodies. I remember when I was young, going outside after Santa arrived and trying to find Santa’s sleigh. I looked all over the place, even on the roof of the school. He could sure hide his sleigh well. Merry Christmas.”

Last December, I knocked on the door of Darwin’s home in Chubbuck. His wife Nina answered it with a warm, welcoming smile. The house was filled with family celebrating the

holidays early. Kids in pajamas looked at me skeptically as they passed through the hall into the kitchen. I smelled biscuits and gravy. I had no idea I would be interrupting family holiday festivities with my interview.

“Darwin can tell you anything you want to know about Inkom, and more,” Nina assured me. “He loves to talk about Inkom.”

She showed me into his office. Darwin, who sat next to his computer, pulled up a file filled with historic digital photos of the town. He began telling me about his grandfather Thomas Ives (T. I.) Richardson, the first white settler to build a home in Pocatello. T. I. was a rancher who, at the height of his success, had a hundred bands of sheep, each band containing a thousand animals. He then had some terrible losses, but still did well financially, opening up a general store in Inkom.

In one of the *Yester-Years* issues, Liz Richardson recalled that T. I., who was her father,

carried money in a big roll. "One day he came to my home and said, 'Liz, I've just lost a hundred thousand dollars.' I said, 'Dad, I don't feel one bit sorry for you, carrying all that money around.' 'No,' he said, 'The price of wool dropped.'"

Through it all, T. I. was famously generous. Darwin told me that when his general store closed down, "They found tens of thousands of dollars in the basement in IOUs, because people would come in and buy things on credit."

As Darwin scanned through dozens of photos while recounting dozens of personal stories, my head began to swirl with dates, landmarks, and names of town matriarchs and patriarchs. Darwin was filled with charming personal stories from his childhood. He once was tricked into peeling buckets of potatoes for the dubious honor of trying out the new invention of the potato peeler at the old Hi-Way Inn. He told about how he would flag down the train to Poky with his brother so they

could go to the movies and then play pool and ping pong at the YMCA, all for less than a dollar. Some of his stories had larger implications, such as his observation that the cement ash in the town was so dense from the local Idaho Portland Cement Plant, he would have to use a razor blade on his car windshield to chip it off. He said maybe the only good thing about that plant closing operations in 2010 was that the lava rocks around town suddenly began to look black again.

ABOVE: (Left), Thomas Ives (T.I.) Richardson and Darwin Richardson.

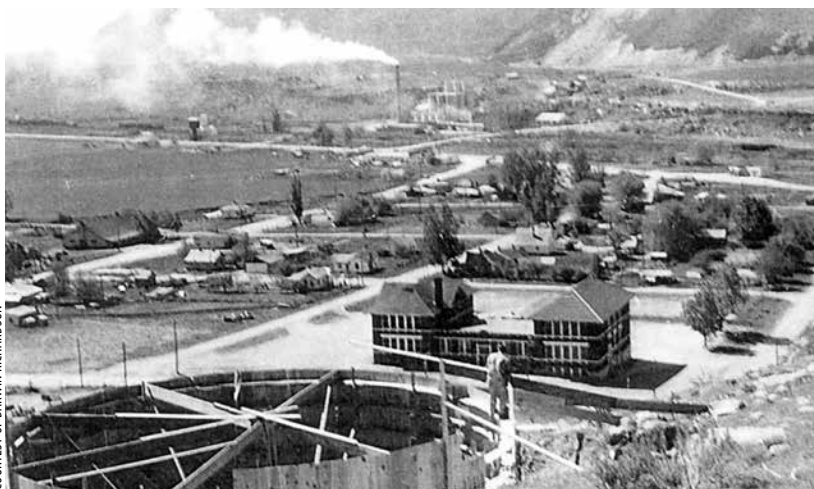
BELOW: The highway when it was under construction.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF DARWIN RICHARDSON



LENA SEXTON



ABOVE: The town's water tank under construction, early 1950s.

BELOW: Inkom's namesake used to be a red hare but looks like a bulldog today.

He also proved to be a wealth of historical information about Inkom, such as the school originally keeping a barn for kids who rode in on horses, and the Gathe family donating the land for the school because they thought a nearby spring made it an ideal location. Darwin wrote an autobiography that brims with such stories. Particularly poignant was his discovery of a photo of a service station owned by John Meese. As he was examining the photo, he realized that the

cement foundation for the station would have been the same cement pad he played on as a kid in his backyard.

I carefully examined the photo, along with pictures of the old Hi-Way Inn and the first Inkom School, with T. I. Richardson's homestead in the background. None of these structures still exists. The school was later turned into a wing of a church, which itself has been replaced by a new church, whose parking lot is on the site of T. I. Richardson's old house. Similarly, Darwin heard a rumor from Jody Clark, who used to live at the dairy where the old log Sorrell house—the first house in Inkom—used to stand. Jody said the old place is still there, but it's hidden from view, stuccoed inside another structure.

Even the story of how the town got its name reveals shifts and changes: Inkom comes from Ingacom, which is said to be a Shoshone word for "red hare," describing a rock formation resembling





ELISE BARKER

a rabbit that used to overlook the town. The hare no longer has its ears, either because of a lightning storm or vandals, depending on who's telling the story. Today it looks more like a bulldog.

Looking through the pictures and thinking about the stories, I felt deeply how transitory and impermanent human experience is. As I drove through Inkom, I saw the trees and flower beds that Necha wished for when she first came there, and I saw a concrete plant that was no longer in production. I understood the anxiety of Lena, Vera, Marcell, Darwin, and Brian about putting their stories into an enduring form while they could—because in no time, we will all be gone.

In January, while driving home north on I-15 from Lava Hot Springs to Pocatello, we hit a coyote. For a moment, I panicked, but after I took a few breaths and dismissed an anxious litany of hypotheticals, I calmed down. Looking around, I realized we had just passed a major

bend in I-15 where the interstate snakes through lava rock. We were in Inkom. But at the same time, we were eerily not in Inkom. It was black, and we were surrounded by lava rocks on all sides. I could see a few twinkling lights ahead that I thought might be the old school, which is now a church, but I wasn't sure. Cars and semi-trucks barreled past us, shaking our car. In the corridor

ABOVE: The town and water tank today.

BELOW: View from the cemetery.



ELISE BARKER



LEFT: The author and son Sam at the cemetery.

created by the interstate, I seemed to be in a transitional space, neither fully human nor fully natural. This highway was a disruption, a terrifying impediment to creatures like the coyote in the natural flow of their lives.

All this reminded me of something Darwin had said to me a few weeks earlier: "When the freeway came through the town in the early 1960s, it literally divided the town in half."

He told me that houses were torn down or built over, and the builders had to blast through lava rock to make room for the highway. He worked on the survey crew for that project, and, as he said, "This highway put me through college." But the coming of the highway also, inevitably, disrupted the natural flow of the town.

When I went on a self-designed Inkom landmark scavenger hunt, I had trouble finding the town's namesake, the "red hare" rock formation. I craned my neck around corners and tried to make random rocks around the town somehow look like a bulldog. Then, driving up Sorrell Creek Road to the water tower, I found it, but only by accident. I quickly realized why it had been so difficult to find: the highway has obscured the rock from view. You have to know where to look. You have to want to look.

Darwin, who recently moved back to the area after living in California for many years, said, "I used to be able to name everyone in every house. And their dogs. For a frame of reference I used to say, 'Well, who are your parents?' Now I have to say, 'Who are your grandparents?'"

The story of Inkom is changing, and it needs young people to get inspired and involved in preserving that story. I think the Facebook group will help.

And luckily, Darwin has two sons who are willing story-keepers. Barry, who lives in Utah, is interested in family history and genealogy. Nathan, a writer and book designer who lives in Saudi Arabia, has been pestering Darwin to continue working on his autobiography. Between the first time I visited Darwin and the second, Nathan had asked his dad to write a bit about his hunting experiences as a child, which prompted him to write a couple more pages.

Darwin told me he felt cheated out of getting to know his grandpa, T. I. Richardson, but he later discovered journals that contained his grandfather's autobiography and missionary experiences. Darwin digitally scanned and

transcribed both of these works, and then had them printed in a volume for his kids. As he said, after doing this, “I felt like I really knew him.”

One night, I attended a community event, a talk given at a church about the McNabb family, who have deep pioneer roots in Inkom and in Tyhee, north of Pocatello. The potluck dinner and talk felt like it was part history lesson, part McNabb reunion. John McNabb told stories of his youth, such as how he used to milk his Uncle Bill’s cows for fifty cents a day, which made him “the richest kid on the block.” He also told stories about his grandpa, William Harrison McNabb, who headed out on his own to Washington at age twenty with a couple sets of clothes, a pistol, a banjo, and twenty dollars in his pocket. It wasn’t always easy for me to follow the names and dates, but I think what mattered the most was properly conveyed: John showed us a slice of life in Inkom. To me, the details about the pistol, the banjo, and the twenty bucks say infinitely more about John’s grandpa than a solid date would.

In an issue *Yester-Years*, Lena Sexton wrote, “Today little is left of the agrarian, bucolic way of life but memory. Memory is a fleeting thing. Agribusiness is the name of the game now. The small farmer is a has-been, the homesteader forgotten. Inkom’s settlement history is based on homesteading land from the Indian reservation opened for filing claims in 1902. I’d like to see every youngster in Inkom learn his local history. It needs to be cherished, as something rare and special.”

Based on the discussions within the Inkom Facebook group, the stories shared at the community event, and the narratives from my interviews with Darwin, I believe the story of Inkom is not in danger of being lost. I approached many people who said something along the lines of, “Oh, I’m not the person to talk to. You need to talk to old so-and-so.” But then these people who rated themselves as unqualified to be storytellers would reveal wonderful tales about their experiences with “old so and so.” Inkom is rich in such memories.

I went into this project as an outsider, but as I wandered the Inkom cemetery recently, I saw the names of many people whose histories had moved me and changed me. I, too, will continue to cherish and share the story of Inkom as something rare and special. ■

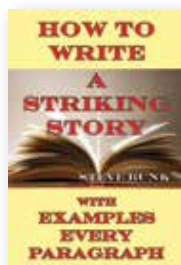


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ABOVE: Alice pre-ran the entire course over three days before the 2012 relay.

RIGHT: Start of the race, 2012.



Team Alice

Running Solo in the Sawtooth Relay

BY ALICE SCHENK

*If you can't fly, run;
if you can't run, walk;
if you can't walk, crawl; but
by all means keep moving.*

—Martin Luther King Jr.

I check in at midnight on June 9, 2012, for a 12:15 a.m. start of the Sawtooth Relay in Stanley, in 27-degree temperature. I'll run through the night, hoping to cover an easy five hours before I start the climb to the top of Galena Summit. My "pit crew" members, who have signed on to hydrate, feed, and encourage me throughout the 61.9-mile solo endeavor I am about to embark upon, laugh and take pictures. The crew consists of my daughter Sarah and friends Shawna Dutton and Tammy Quintanar. They all sport T-shirts that read on the front, "Sawtooth Relay, Team Alice, Solo Athlete," and on the back, "2012, Ready To Soar, Isaiah 40:31." My SUV has been marked with similar signage. When the race is over, my running watch will tell me I covered 62.8 miles and my pit crew will literally get a medal for all they did to make me laugh throughout the event.

SARAH SCHENK

STAFF SGT. ROBERT BARNEY, IDAHO AIR NATIONAL GUARD

Most teams in this event have six runners, each of whom covers two of the relay's twelve legs, passing the baton at exchange zones along the way. The race rules allow 310 teams to compete plus five solo athletes, who run all twelve legs. At the start, the director tells me two of the other solo athletes have dropped out. He's excited to give me this news of the dropouts, because it means if I finish, I'm assured of winning a medal—only I don't realize this until the end of the race, when I discover there isn't a separate category for women running solo. It makes sense, given that only two other women have ever run the relay solo.

I'm thankful I was able to sleep from about 5:30 p.m. until 10:30 p.m. the previous night. I haven't run for a full week, and a stockpile of energy is waiting to be unleashed. I'm going on an adventure, which I tell myself will be over before I know it. I remind myself to begin slowly, tell the crew I'll see them in an hour at the first exchange zone, and then start down the dark mountain, wearing a headlamp, two pairs of gloves, a bright reflective vest, and a huge smile.

For every leg of the race, I've written down the names of friends or family who mean the world to me. Earlier, when I told my mentor, Burley lawyer Randy Stone, that I wrote the names of Brent Lee and him for Leg Eleven on my laminated cheat sheet, Randy asked, "What's the purpose of the 'cheat sheet?'"

Smiling, I said, "To remind me in case I forget what leg I'm on."

Randy's reply made me laugh: "Let's see, leaving Stanley, you're looking at a mountain about twenty-five miles away. You run straight to it. There's only one road. Run to the top. When you get to the top, you can look straight down the Wood River Valley to Ketchum. Run toward it. There's only one road. I think even a demented lawyer could keep track of where he was on that one. Of course, I've never run sixty-two miles, so perhaps a cheat sheet is a good idea."

A hundred yards from each exchange zone, someone calls out the runner's number to people at the exchange site, so the next runner in the relay group will be ready to go. At the first exchange, I don't have a clue how this works. I give my number, and when I get to the exchange zone chute, the officials say, "We're so sorry, but your runner isn't here yet."

"It's OK," I assure them. "I'm flying solo!"

I use that line a lot during the race. Pretty soon, people at the exchange zones start clapping for me as I run though. It's great fun, and I can't stop smiling.

Of course, maybe they were clapping for my pit crew, who provide full-scale entertainment all the way. The first time I roll through the exchange, they're standing together singing,

*Hi ho, hi ho, keep moving, don't go slow,
Move your feet, don't skip a beat, hi ho, hi ho, hi
ho, hi ho.*

They attract a lot of attention, and I laugh very hard.

BELOW: The team (from left): Tammy Quintanar, Alice, Shawna Dutton, and Sarah Schenk.



COURTESY OF ALICE SCHENK



ABOVE: Alice in training.

RIGHT: Rough weather during the sixty-two-mile relay.



At another exchange station, they sing this one:

There she was just a runnin' down the street,

Singin' doo wa ditty, ditty dum ditty do.

Drinkin' lots of water and she really has to pee,

Singin' doo wa ditty, ditty dum ditty do.

She looks good, she looks fine, and we know she's lost her mind!

Another one:

I don't know but I've been told, Alice Schenk is really bold.

I don't know but I can say, somehow, she will find her way.

Sound off, one-two, sound off, three-four.

On Leg Six, I'm walking up to Galena Summit when my left hamstring starts to pull. For the next four miles, I'm really concerned it might end my race. Yet when I start the descent, my hamstring doesn't affect my running, and it doesn't bother me again until I get home.

After I've crested Galena in the driving snow, the crew produces one of my favorite moments: "Little bunny Alice hopping down the hillside, catching all the runners, bopping 'em on the head." As they sing, they stand in a line, and then they hop forward, each of them holding a stick with a carrot dangling on the end.

"Very impressive," a lady in a car next to them says to them.

"We have thirteen hours to kill," the crew tells her. "We have to entertain ourselves."

TRACY HASKIN

STAFF SGT. ROBERT BARNEY, IDAHO AIR NATIONAL GUARD

"I meant your athlete," the lady says. "What she's doing is very impressive."

Oh, the sad faces of my pit crew . . .

Leg Eleven brings a torrential downpour with hail. I put on a heavier jacket, tuck my head into the wind and run. I am trying to keep my brain and heart happy and focused now by reciting quotes to myself.

My quads start tightening up. Running in the constant cold, snow, hail, and wind adds tenseness and tension to my legs and upper body. I begin to walk a hundred steps before running again. The wind kicks up significantly. I stop and am stretching my quads on a post when a football player-sized guy approaches. "I'll draft off him when he goes by," I think, but then he stops right when I am ready to start running.

"I had hoped to draft off you," I say as I smile and start running.

He begins running behind me, and after a mile or so, I start walking again.

He passes and says, "You can draft."

I think he must see me as a wimp. We're barely into this leg, and he can only assume I've run one-and-a-half miles and am whining already. I mean, I look fit, so I must just be slow and pathetic. I'm dying to tell him I've come fifty-three miles, but he's already gone.

"Eight miles more to run, eight miles more," my pit crew sings. "Fifty-four done, stay on the run, eight miles more to run."

I think of the advice from my friend in Twin Falls, Ryan Howe, to whom I've assigned Leg Twelve on my cheat sheet: "Be strong, be fast, but most of all—smile and have a blast!"

When Ryan asked why I gave him my finishing/victory lap, I said it was because of what he did in the Burley Lions Club Spudman Triathlon. He wasn't able to run for eight weeks prior to that triathlon, yet he not only ran the 6.2 miles at Spudman, but did it in the time I had projected he would do if he were healthy. I told

him I knew that when I hit the 2.6-mile homestretch of the relay, I wanted to be able to run regardless of what the first sixty miles had been like.

As I enter the final miles, my favorite moment with the pit crew comes, when they scatter white feathers on the ground behind the car. Sarah, Shawna, and Tammy stand there grinning like they've just won the lottery. It takes a minute for me to see the feathers. They know I have a strong affinity to dreams and white feathers, and the sight almost makes me cry. Sarah says she had to buy two bags of colored feathers just to get enough white ones to spread on the ground.

At Exchange Zone Eleven, a man at the top of the hill says to me, "It's just three hundred yards around that bend. You can sprint to the finish!"

I sigh, and tell him my finish is another 2.6 miles down the road. "I'm flying solo!"

Then, happy day—it's almost all over but the shoutin'. As I turn into the final stretch, standing there by the side of the road is my knight in

BELOW: A running snack: peanut butter, jelly, and candy.



TRACY HASKIN

shining armor, Wayne, my husband of thirty years. I think about running over to kiss and hug him but realize that every step counts and if I stop, I may not go again. I get a rain check to collect that hug at the finish line from my amazing husband, who throws his complete love and support behind my training and competitions.

After a shower, I return to the finish line and see Charlie Francisco of Mountain Home, who has finished solo runs of the Sawtooth Relay nine times. What Charlie says catches me off guard. To my amazement, he says I'm the overall solo winner—the first time a female has ever achieved it.

"The people on the periphery, cheering the winners, really have no comprehension of what it meant to be out there running those miles," Ann Kiemel Anderson wrote. "They couldn't know inside what it feels like to put yourself on the line . . . to compete . . . to feel the pressure and the strain in your whole body."

I know I was faithful in training. I know I went out and gave my best, even when it was

tough, even when I was tired, even when I didn't want to, or the weather was lousy. And now I've won first place in the solo division. Wahoo! The official time on my running watch is 12:50.53. The previous women's record, set by Kedron Holland in 2006, was 14:11.27. My time worked out to an average pace of 12.16 minutes per mile, including the walk up Galena Summit, although my average moving pace was eleven minutes per mile, given that I had an hour and twenty minutes of down time while changing clothes, hydrating, eating and with other necessities.

I changed my shoes six times along the way, stopping often to tighten or loosen them. (It's best to tighten those laces when you run downhill, so your toes don't shift to the front of your shoes and blacken your toenails.) I did a total strip-down and clothing change (except for undies) twice, and changed my shirt, bra, and jacket three additional times behind my portable changing tent, which was a black sheet held up by my crew behind the SUV.

According to my running watch, I burned through 5,858 calories. Whenever the back door of the SUV went up during the race, it looked like a smorgasbord inside, although I was unable to choke down any of the boiled potatoes or granola bars. But there also were energy bars, chocolate, and chicken soup, the latter of which was perfect for climbing Galena Summit during the snowstorm. I had drinks for replenishment of protein and carbohydrates, electrolytes, caffeine, and blood sugar levels. I don't think I ate and drank enough throughout the race, so I was pleased I didn't bonk, which is a long-distance runner's term for absolute loss of energy or "hitting the wall." Actually, my headlamp burned out before I did, and I was glad to have replacement batteries for it. Tammy later told me she thought it was amazing that I could run so well, considering how little I ate.

BELOW: Putting in some footwork.



COURTESY OF ALICE SCHEINK

But I made up for it the days after the race. For example, my neighbors Alisha and Taylor Jane Wilkins brought over a pan of brownies, and I did my best with their suggestion that I eat the whole pan.

After the race, the weather was so frightful that the director cancelled the awards ceremony. The race website posted this announcement: “Congratulations to all the athletes for enduring the snow, wind, rain, and hail as they traversed the sixty-two-mile, 2012 Sawtooth Relay course. We hope the teams will recall this year with pride, because they completed the event under very difficult conditions. We especially appreciate the perseverance of the volunteers as they worked at their post for many bone-chilling hours.”

Back home in Rupert, my friend Linda Ziulkowski, who knows I love inspirational quotes, shared this with me from Dean Karnazes, author of *Ultramarathon Man: Confessions of an All-Night Runner*: “I run because long after my footprints fade away, maybe I will have inspired a few to reject the easy path, hit the trails, put one foot in front of the other, and come to the same conclusion I did: I run because it always takes me where I want to go.”

Reading that quote, I realized I was already looking forward to running in 2013. ■

EDITOR’S NOTE:

Alice’s account of the 2013 race will appear in the next issue of *IDAHO magazine*.



COURTESY OF ALICE SCHENK



STAFF SGT. ROBERT BARNEY, IDAHO AIR NATIONAL GUARD

ABOVE: The author crosses the finish line.

LEFT: Site of the relay, the Sawtooth Mountains.



Unflippable or Unflappable?

Rafting and Climbing in the Salmon River Canyon

BY RAY BROOKS

Long ago, I heard there were two types of whitewater rafters: those who have flipped their raft, and those who are going to flip their raft.

Despite about four hundred days of whitewater rafting over forty-one years, mostly in Idaho but also on other rivers in the West, including the Colorado through the Grand Canyon. I somehow had never, ever managed to flip my raft, even though I had witnessed flips right in front of

me. I had started to worry that I might never have the enjoyment of flipping my raft and, of course, at age sixty-five, new experiences were hard to come by.

My wife Dorita and I had chosen a gorgeous August weekend to raft with friends on the Salmon River, upstream of



DORITA HOFF



JERRY RICHARDSON

Riggins, just before Labor Day 2013. The plan was to raft above and below a riverside car camp, using light and maneuverable rafts. We would leave our camping gear and one vehicle at a beach campsite, then drive our rafts upstream about fifteen miles. After launching the boats, we would raft down to the camping spot and repeat the process the next day, for the end of our adventure.

We took our small “sports car” raft, which we call the Toy Boat. We lent our friends, Jerry and Angie Richardson, our much larger, “unflippable”

Catacraft, because while rowing the Toy Boat a month earlier, Jerry hadn’t seen a rock hidden within a minor rapid on the Snake River near Hagerman. The Toy Boat touched the rock, tilted ninety degrees and emptied, tossing Jerry, Angie, and Dorita into the river. Then it continued on alone, proud and upright. I was nearby in a kayak and rescued Dorita, while Jerry and Angie swam to the Toy Boat and once again took command of it.

On our Salmon River trip, our friend Mark Mason, who spends nearly as much time river

running as guides do, came along for leadership with his Super-Puma, a slightly longer, wider, and more stable version of our Toy Boat. The way he rigs it, with two heavy coolers in the boat, makes it a bit slower than it otherwise would be, but much more stable.

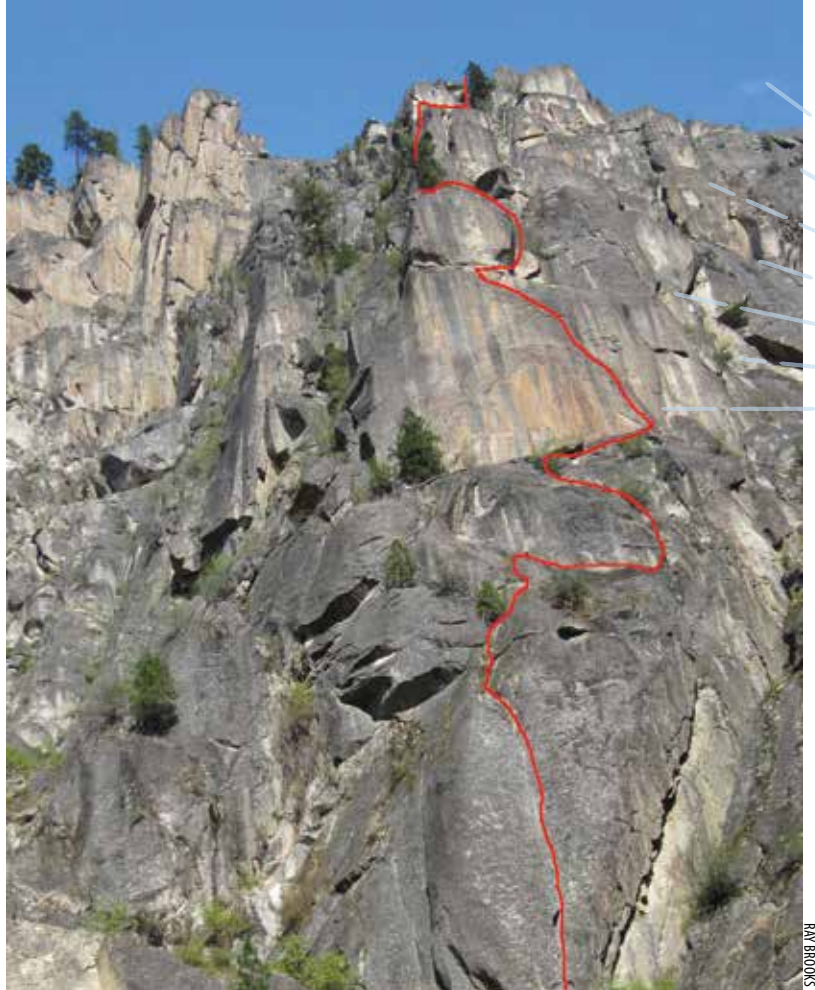
After launching our boats late in the morning and enjoying some mild rapids, we sighted a black bear yearling, and it was pretty cute. At first it moved away from us, then it hiked after us for about a quarter-mile, and then jumped in the water and started swimming strongly

ABOVE LEFT: Jerry and Angie with a raft borrowed from the author and deemed “unflippable.”

ABOVE: Ray and Dorita toast his survival of his first-ever flip.



DORITA HOFF



RAY BROOKS

ABOVE: Mark in his highly maneuverable yet stable raft.

ABOVE RIGHT: The climbing route Mark named "That Crack on the Salmon."

OPPOSITE TOP: Ray and Dorita in "The Toy Boat" on a calm stretch of the Salmon River.

OPPOSITE BELOW: A bear begins to follow the rafters.

towards us. We didn't really believe it was chasing us, but we all rowed fairly hard for a while, until we saw it climb onto the opposite bank.

Relieved that the bear no longer seemed to be pursuing us, we relaxed a bit, and soon arrived at an un-named minor rapid just above Manning Bridge. Looking downstream, I saw waves standing in the center of a rapid that dropped steeply and would likely offer a fun ride, if we avoided the large holes on both sides of it.

Mark, who was leading, avoided the final large wave in the middle, but I didn't profit by

this example. The flip-wave looked to me just like a fun standing wave, but it had some real hydraulics going on when we hit it. Our boat stopped, and then tossed us sideways and over. It was the best possible type of flip: Dorita and I were both tossed well clear of the raft before it went all the way over, plus the water was deep and warm, and we were at the last big wave in the rapid.

However, we still had some fast water and a couple of large rocks to avoid. With a surge of adrenaline stimulated by our unexpected bath, we fought our way through the strong current

back to the Toy Boat. Using our whitewater survival tactics, we tried to stay on its upstream side to avoid the risk of being trapped between it and any rocks it careened off. That worked briefly until the boat pivoted, just before it smashed into a large rock, forcing us to let go. By then the water had slowed considerably and our two other boats were able to reach us. We were soon upright and on our way.

After drifting under Manning Bridge, which was constructed by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s and is now finally being replaced with a new bridge, we had slow



JERRY RICHARDSON



DORITA HOFF

water for more than a mile. We floated by impressive granite buttresses, on which Mark and I had done adventure climbing routes in the late-1970s and early 1980s. Since our fellow rafters also had climbing experience, they made appropriate sounds of admiration while Mark and I pointed out long and difficult routes we had ascended, including our favorite, which Mark called, "That Crack on the Salmon." It has nine 150-foot leads, and you do some walking in between the upper leads. It was not just a climbing route but an adventure, as the name of one of the upper leads attests: the "Chimney of Horrors." A description of it in my 1980 climbing journal reads: "Highly recommended as an unusual problem! This lead features jamming on huge flakes inside a wide and scenic chimney."

In March and April of the early 1980s, we used to drive 165 miles from Moscow and Pullman, often bringing along students from the University of Idaho and Washington State University, for warm spring days of trying potential new routes. Adding to the adventure were poison ivy, rattlers, river

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SALMON RIVER CANYON



RAY BROOKS



views, uncrowded sandy beaches, and huge loose flakes of granite. What's not to like?

Since then, the area has fallen out of favor with rock climbers. I was somewhat amazed to see that little climbing activity showed up on the Internet under searches for the Salmon River, Idaho, or Riggins. One website (www.drtopo.com/submitted/riggins.pdf) mentions the area of our adventure, the Salmon River Crag, but it has no details on routes. "These crags are located alongside the Salmon River about 14 or 15 miles to the east of Riggins," it says. "The obvious granite outcrops tower above the north side of the road just before the second bridge (Manning Bridge). There are more than thirty established routes here, many of which have multiple pitches. There are crack climbs, bolted face climbs, and mixed lines. Some of these routes have healthy run-outs that require a

cool head and a change of underwear. The difficulty ranges from 5.8 to 5.12."

One of the biggest buttresses had an obvious line up it, which started with a very wide chimney, which is a crack big enough to fit your body into. The route got steeper and narrower, and soon turned into a difficult off-width crack, which is too wide to jam hands or feet into, but too narrow to fit your body into. Back in 1980, after retreating from the chimney on my first try at the route, I was able to lure a very good climber friend, a then-WSU student named Avery Tichner (my secret weapon), deep into Idaho to deal with this challenge. A group of us drove down from Moscow-Pullman on a May weekend that year.

Avery had brought a new climbing disciple with him, a pleasant lad named Jeff, and the three of us threaded our way up through brush and poison ivy to a

spot I had dubbed "White Sheep Buttress." I called the route itself "Dream of White Sheep," a takeoff on a famed British sea-cliff route named, "Dream of White Horses."

I did an easy lead up to the difficult chimney. Avery led the chimney and off-width climbs cleanly, although grunting and panting a little at the end. He pronounced it a 5.10d in difficulty, and set a two-bolt belay anchor at the top of it. After following his lead with tight ropes and some grunting of our own, we walked a three foot-wide ledge about forty feet, up and over to the crack that was the obvious start of the third lead. From a comfy belay spot, that lead went up a slab with a lie-back crack, which you climb by leaning backward and to one side with your arms straight and feet shuffling up the wall. I had been last man up and was out of breath, so I told Avery to keep leading.



DORITA HOPE

On his lead, Avery stopped about sixty feet above us and drew our attention to a loose flake he was avoiding. The flake looked like a car door made of granite, and was clearly balanced precariously, just left of the lie-back crack that Avery was hanging onto. He suggested that the next man up might want to kick the flake off, and then continued up.

Jeff was going next. I strongly discouraged him from even touching the loose flake, since it was poised directly above our belay. After Avery finished the lead, and the Jeff started up, I had an epiphany: I was going to die, if I didn't move! I unclipped from the belay but stayed attached to it with my rope, and walked the ledge forty feet back down to the belay anchors at the top of the chimney. I clipped into the bolts, hung my pack in front of me so that it covered my chest and abdomen—and waited for something bad to happen.

I was not disappointed. Jeff touched the loose flake while he was going by. It broke free and slid sixty feet down the steep slab to the exact spot where I had been standing minutes before. When the flake, which I'd say weighed three hundred to five hundred pounds, hit the belay spot, it exploded with a boom and a cloud of rock flour. Small pieces of the flake bounced off the pack that was protecting me, and a saucer-sized piece rolled down the ledge, delivering a bone bruise to my right ankle. The rest roared off the buttress and into the gully below.

I was impressed by the amount of rock that the exploding flake picked up as it went down the steep gully. Five hundred feet below me, a gravel road ran alongside the Salmon River, and as I watched the rocks tumble toward the road, a motorcycle rider came into view. He did a quick 180-degree turn and fled, as rockfall roared across the road and splashed into the river.

I yelled up that I was OK, and limped up to the destroyed belay spot. The rope from Jeff to me was nearly chopped through by the flake. Avery wanted to continue but I shouted that I wasn't following with a damaged rope and a bum ankle.

We retreated.

A few weeks later, Avery went back without me, finished the route, and rated it somewhere

in the 5.11 range, which then was in the advanced category of roped climbing. None of the various routes above the Salmon River that we climbed were ever published in climbing guidebooks or magazines.

On the river, as we floated beyond the site of my climbing adventure, we were a little nervous about other small rapids between Manning Bridge and our camp, but all went well. We were even rewarded with a good look at a mule deer buck on the riverside, its antlers still in velvet. At our riverside camp that evening, of course, we had a survivor's party.

Our next day on the mighty Salmon didn't provide more flip excitement, but we did enjoy several challenging rapids, and I picked the easiest route of descent through the largest rapid at Lake Creek. Jerry and Angie followed my "chicken-shot" line, while Mark picked a more interesting route down the middle.

By early afternoon, upstream winds were gusting in the 20 mph to 30 mph range through the Salmon River Canyon. Rather than fighting the winds, we went with Plan B and took out at Short's Bar above Riggins.

I confess to relief at not having to run a stretch below Riggins rapids in the Toy Boat in winds that strong. It's always fun to do something new at my age, but it also depends on what that something is. ■

FAR LEFT: The rapid that flipped the boat.

LEFT: Mule deer buck at riverside.

Rambo Is Bored

A Cabin-Fevered Cat

BY MARYLYN CORK

My cat Rambo is bored. Tired to death of winter. He longs to be outside chasing anything that moves, but too much snow has accumulated in my yard.

Rambo came to me last spring as a tiny ball of golden fluff that a granddaughter brought by, pointing out I'd always had a weakness for yellow cats. She also brought a timid littermate with him so I could "have a choice," while actually hoping I'd take them both, I expect.

I picked the adventurous one who stuck his nose out of the carrier immediately, totally unintimidated. I named him Rambo.

The name fit, and from the first, he loved the out-of-doors. Three times in the first six weeks he made himself deathly ill, apparently from something he sampled in my yard. Everything went into his mouth. Each time he got sick he rallied, while I began to worry he would use up his nine lives before he was even six months old.

One day he disappeared while in the house. Searching the premises, I accidentally dropped a recliner on

him while he was curled up under it taking a nap. I thought I had broken his foot, but the vet's x-rays revealed it was merely a sprain. Rambo divested himself of the splint before we were home again, and walked on the top of the joint until he regained full use of his paw.

He grew fast as the summer took hold. His favorite playthings were garter snakes that visited the sprinkler hoses and my tiny pool during our hot, dry summer. I often caught him dragging serpents of varying sizes around the yard. That's when I learned that snakes can play possum. As soon as they quit squirming, Rambo lost interest, dropped them and turned his attention to something else that moved while they slithered away, apparently unharmed.

Snow was Rambo's unwelcome introduction to winter. He shot like a cannonball through the porch door that first morning, moving so fast he missed the top step entirely and landed on all four feet in about four inches of shivery white stuff.

The look on his face was priceless. Shocked to the core, that cat was too flummoxed to move for a good thirty seconds. I laughed hysterically. He pouted the rest of the day and stayed in the house.

Eventually, he concluded he'd just have to live with it. He's been in and

out ever since, hardly out before he's back at the door wanting in. There isn't much of anywhere he can go to avoid walking in the hated snow, except up and down the sidewalk to the county road and back, and around the house under the eaves to the back deck.

Not long ago he followed me to a bird feeder as I was plowing ahead of him through snow up to my knees. Hitting a soft spot under a tree, he almost disappeared from view. I watched him lunge toward the sidewalk while trying to keep his head above the surface, looking for all the world like someone doing the breaststroke down the length of a swimming pool.

My green-eyed cat is half human, as full of mischief and high spirits as a two-year-old child. He can climb to the ceiling, loves my yogurt breakfast smoothies, and bats the leaves of the foliage plants in the living room back and forth just for the fun of watching them quiver.

He also stubbornly insists on trying to sleep with me, even though he knows very well it's not allowed. Those clever paws have no trouble working the door open if I'm at all remiss about closing it tight when I go to bed.

I wish I'd kept the other kitten for his playmate. ■

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Lost River Irish Coddle

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. smoked or smoked w/ honey bacon
1 lb. link sausage
2 cloves of garlic
2 yellow onions
¼ c. fresh parsley

1 lb. sweet potatoes
1 c. beef broth
1 tsp. powdered garlic
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch of cayenne, optional

PREPARATION

> Everything goes right into the slow cooker for four-plus hours. When meat is thoroughly cooked and flavors have been allowed to play nicely together, you're good to go.

NOTE: This is one fun St. Patrick's Day "throw together", combine everything in the morning, and have plenty of time that night to go out and see performances by groups like the traditional Boise Highlanders.

Coddle: An Irish dish, often made to use up leftovers. Due to this, for the most part, "coddles" usually have no specific recipe.

St. Patrick's Day is special for our family. Brother-in-law Lloyd Blackstone practiced and practiced in the early 2000s to become a member of the Boise Highlanders. Called the Ghost Piper, Lloyd has a habit of climbing to canyons and mountaintops with his bagpipes, putting music out into picturesque Idaho. Not long ago, he summited Mt. Borah, Idaho's highest peak, and played the bagpipes over the valley below.

*Recipe adapted from FitsSlowCookerQueen.com



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



Green Canyon Punch

INGREDIENTS

- 1 bottle Green Berry Rush Hawaiian Punch™, chilled (1 gallon or 3.78L)
- 2 6-oz. cans Dole Pineapple Juice™, chilled (1.5 cups)
- 1 2-litre bottle of Sprite™, chilled
- 2 Tbsp. vanilla extract
- Juice from ½ of a fresh lime

PREPARATION

> Keep everything chilled until showtime, then combine punch, Sprite, juices, and extract in a punchbowl big enough for the party. Stir well, add some festive green-colored ice if desired. This will serve 20-plus guests.

NOTE: Haven't been there for decades, but the old Green Canyon Hot Springs was the site of one of my fondest memories, one of the best double dates I'd ever been on as a youth. Four of us spent the day on snowmobiles on nearby trails, getting stuck in the high snow multiple times (and laughing over it). Won't ever forget the feel of the powdered snow on my face, as we jumped over drift after drift.

We then soaked at the nearby hot springs, and got juicy hamburgers and crispy fries afterwards.

It was just one of those magical days.

*Recipe adapted from one found at bloglovin.com



IDAHO SPORTSMAN SHOW

1-4

IDAHO SPORTSMAN SHOW, Garden City

Winter is almost over, and here's your opportunity to see what's in store for you, be it spring, summer or fall. There will be plenty of gear, guides and outfitters, RVs, boats, ATVs, and lots of other things to see and do for those who chase the call of the wild. On hand will be a hunter education trailer, as well as Idaho Fish & Game's bear trailer. Kids activities will include an elk calling contest, archery shoot, a live trout pond, and other fun things to hunt out. Admission: Adults \$5, seniors (62+) \$4, and children 12 and under, free. It takes place at Expo Idaho, with hours 5:00-9:00 PM on Thursday and Friday, 11:00 AM-9:00 PM on Saturday, and 11:00 AM - 5:00 PM on Sunday.

Information: (208) 939-6426



LES TANNER

3

"TIE DEMO", Idaho Falls

This is just one of the regular Saturday fly tying demonstrations that are offered during the winter. All are free and open to the public. Attending the demos is a great way to learn tying techniques, new and old, and to stay current on the use of materials and tools. The tiers featured are among the best. Each has great experience in tying and in the use of the flies they demonstrate. Each is ready to share their tying and presentation knowledge and skills with you, too. Bring your fly tying questions, whether they concern materials, equipment, technique, or presentation, and get them answered. The time is 10:00 AM and the place is Jimmy's All Season Anglers, 245 A Street in Idaho Falls.

Information: jimmysflyshop.com; or (208) 524-7160



NAMPA REC CENTER

10

SPRING SPORTS MADNESS, Nampa

In February, Dads and their Daughters had their "date night". Now Moms and their Sons, ages 3 through 13 get a chance to spend some time one-on-one. They'll have a chance to play some basketball, dodgeball, and other fun games, for example. There will be prizes, a photo booth and more. All participants are encouraged to wear their favorite sports team gear, too. Moms, don't miss this great opportunity to connect with your sons, take part in several different competitions, and make lasting memories! The event takes place from 7:30 to 9:00 pm at the Nampa Rec Center. NRC Member \$8, Non-Member \$10.

Information: nampaparksandrecreation.org/RecCenter; or (208) 468-5777



MAGIC VALLEY GEM CLUB



IDAHO ARTISTRY IN WOOD



POCATELLO SPRING FAIR

10-11

MAGIC VALLEY GEM CLUB SHOW, Filer

This annual show features displays by Herrett Museum, Hagerman Fossil Beds, and the Magic Valley Gold Panning Club. There will be 10 Dealers, Demonstrations, a Silent Auction, Display Cases, Door Prizes, a Hands-On Mineral table, a Wheel of Fortune, Polished rock grab bags and Educational Exhibits, plus a Grand Prize drawing. Admission: \$ 2.00 Tax Inc., with Children under 12 years old free with adult. The show takes place at the Twin Falls County Fairgrounds, with hours 9:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. on Saturday, and 10:00 a.m. – 4:00 p.m. on Sunday. The purpose of the Magic Valley Gem Club is to promote the study of mineralogy, allied Earth sciences, lapidary and faceting arts.

Information: rmetts@magicvalleygemclub.org; or (208) 539-5369

17-18

ARTISTRY IN WOOD AND GOURD SHOW, Boise

At this great annual show, competitors from all skill levels, novice to expert, will have their wood carving, turning, scroll work, fine wood working, gourd art and pyrography on show, for judging and for public display. This year, the show will take place in the exhibition hall located on the 5th floor of JUMP (Jack's Urban Meeting Place) in downtown Boise. The venue change will allow the show to feature more demonstrations and vendors. There will be raffles, an auction, and a banquet as well as the opportunity for artists to sell their work. The Idaho show is one of the largest of its kind in the Western United States. Hours: Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission is \$4.00, with children 12 and under, free.

Information: idahoartistryinwood.org; or (208) 856-8856

22-24

SPRING FAIR, Pocatello

Pocatello's 2018 Spring Fair will feature over 200 vendors and their home improvement products and landscaping, including hot tubs, travel trailers, cookware, toppers, clothing, jewelry, motorcycles, lawnmowers, gadgets and specialty items not readily available in local markets. Admission is just \$2.00, with children 12 and under (accompanied by an adult) free. The Fair takes place in Holt Arena on the campus of Idaho State University, with hours Noon to 5:00 PM on Thursday; Noon to 10:00 PM on Friday; and 10:00 AM to 7:00 PM on Saturday.

Information: pocatello.springfair.com;

MARCH 2018

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Grand Opening, Roller Skating: Treasure Valley Skate, 4712 W. State, Boise</p> <p>1-4 Idaho Sportsman Show: There will be plenty of gear, guides and outfitters, RVs-boats-ATVs, and much more. Kid's activities will include an elk calling contest, kid's archery shoot, hunter education trailer, fish and game's bear trailer. Hours: Thu-Fri 5-9pm, Sat 11am-9pm, Sun 11am-5pm; Expo Idaho, Garden City</p> <p>1-12 "Portals": Solo exhibition of 14 major landscape paintings by Rachel Teannalach; M-F, 9am-5pm, second floor of Northwest Nazarene University's Brandt Center, Nampa</p> <p>1-29 TNT for Teens: THURSDAYS; TNT for Teens happens every Thursday from 4-5 PM. Here kids 10 and up meet to play video games, Public Library, Hailey.</p> <p>1-31 Steelhead Derby, Challis</p> <p>1-31 Champions & Chairlifts: The new exhibit showcases local ski history, including ski fashion, equipment trends, the ski school, and racing accomplishments. Hours: Wednesday - Saturday, 1 - 5 p.m. Admission is free! Sun Valley Museum of History, 180 First Street, Ketchum</p> <p>2 Family Game Night: Join us for an evening of adventure with an assortment of board games for all ages. Free to current ISU students with ID / \$3 Faculty & Staff / \$5 Public; 5:30 - 7pm, Wood River Room, ISU campus, Pocatello</p> <p>2-3,9-10 Hockey: Sun Valley Suns; 7:00 PM, Champion Ice House, Hailey</p> <p>2-18 "Leading Ladies": Play; Sixth Street Melodrama and Theatre, Wallace</p> <p>2-30 Friday Game Zone: FRIDAYS, for kids ages 8-17. 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. at the Public Library, Moscow</p> <p>2-30 Story Time: WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS. Books and crafts designated for children ages of 2- 4 will be available during story time. All ages are welcome. 10:30AM-12:30PM, Public Library, Hailey</p> <p>3 Snowmobile Races: Pebble Creek Ski Area, Inkom</p> <p>3 Organic Gardening Class: Free and open to the public! 10:00 AM, Room 211, CHE Building, University Place, Idaho Falls</p> <p>3 Winter Market: 1-:00AM to 2:00PM, 1912 Center, Moscow</p> <p>3 "Tie" Demo: Each year Jimmy's All Seasons</p> | <p>Angler features this winter-time fly-tying event.. Bring your fly tying questions. We have fly tiers on our staff with enough experience to answer any question you may have on materials, equipment, technique, and presentation. This event is free of charge, and the public is welcome. Idaho Falls</p> <p>3 Kamiah Senior Center Chili Feed, Kamiah</p> <p>3 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Nate Carpenter, OJSMNH, "Status of the Evans Gem and Mineral Collection"; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell</p> <p>3 Teton Valley Farmers Market, Driggs</p> <p>3 Starlight Snowshoe Benefit: Snowshoe under the stars. \$16 per adult, \$11 per child (under 12), or \$53 per immediate family. Cost includes use of snowshoes, dinner buffet and entertainment. All proceeds go directly to JDRF to fund research for a cure, better treatments, and prevention methods for type 1 diabetes. 4:00-9:00PM, Nordic Lodge, Bogus Basin, Boise</p> <p>3 ISU Faculty Recital: 7:30 pm - 11:00 pm, Jensen Grand Concert Hall, Stephens Performing Arts Center at Idaho State University, Pocatello</p> <p>3 Free Family Day: This event provides opportunities for multiple generations to explore art and ideas together, inspired by the visual arts exhibition, This Land is Whose Land? 3:00 - 5:00 PM at The Center, Ketchum</p> <p>3 Meridian Firefighter's Chili Cook-Off: The cook-off benefits the Meridian Fire Honor Guard, Meridian Pipes and Drums and the Local 4627 Benevolent Fund. Only \$5.00 Admission! Prizes and Awards for competitors. 11:00AM-3:00PM, Meridian Speedway, Meridian</p> <p>3-4 Spring Gun Show; Mountain View Event Center, Pocatello</p> <p>3-4 Sawtooth Ski Festival, Stanley</p> <p>3-4/3 Retrospective: John Winegarner at the Mad Dog Gallery, Challis</p> <p>5 Souper Supper: Free hot meal, everyone welcome. 5:30 PM, St. Charles Catholic Church, Hailey</p> <p>5 Board Game Monday: Monthly event for ages 9-18. Challenge your friends to a friendly game of Yahtzee or Uno! 4:30 PM, Public Library,</p> |
|--|--|

FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

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

DEADLINE:

The first of each month.

LEAD TIME:

Two issues.

NEXT DEADLINE:

March 1 for the May issue.

SEND DETAILS TO: calendar@idahomagazine.com

- 5 Caldwell
- 6 Annual Sausage Breakfast Feed, Reubens
- 6 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa’s Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 6 Crochet Night: For beginning to intermediate crocheters (ages 10+) – learn the basics or just something new! Materials and snacks provided. Free. 6:30-8:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 7 Coloring Club: Listen to a great book while coloring with friends, for ages 14+. 7:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 7 Fruit Tree Pruning Class: FREE; 6:00-8:30 PM, Boise Public Library, Boise
- 7-28 Citizenship Classes: WEDNESDAYS. FREE; Nampa Public Library, Nampa
- 8 “TBD–To Be Devised”: An original theatrical work by Flying Bobcat Theatrical Laboratory, created specifically for the CSI Stage Door Series. CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 8 Meet the Author: Gary Schmidt, Newbery Honor-winning author of “Wednesday Wars.” Free program; ages 12+. 7:00-8:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 9 Gallery Walk: Exhibition opening, free to the public. Locals and visitors alike take in a thought-provoking exhibition of newly installed art. Mingle with friends, and often meet the artists; 5:00-8:00PM, Ketchum
- 9-11 NIBCA Home and Garden Show, Kootenai County Fairgrounds, Coeur d’Alene
- 10 Spring Sports Madness: Moms and sons, it is your turn to spend some time one on one. Basketball, Dodgeball, fun games, prizes, a photo booth and more. All participants are encouraged to wear your favorite sports team gear. Don’t miss this great opportunity to

- connect with your son, take part in several different competitions and make lasting memories! 7:30 - 9 pm. NRC Member \$8, Non-Member \$10. Rec Center, Nampa
- 10 Square & Contra Dance: A family-friendly dancing event that is an activity for all ages. Singles and beginners are welcome. \$10 for adults, \$15/family, young kids free. 7:00-9:15 PM, with optional potluck supper at 5:30. Grange Hall, Hailey
- 10 Pioneer Party: All ages. Featuring activities from “Little House in the Big Woods,” by Laura Ingalls Wilder. Special guest: Ellen Landreth, who re-enacts Laura. Free program, 11:00 AM to 1:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 10 Sing Along With Don Ritchey: 12:30 PM, Library District, Meridian
- 10 Winter Bird Walk: Presented by the Environmental Resource Center; Suggested Donation: \$10 ERC member, \$20, non-member. (208)726-4333 to register. 11:AM-2:PM, Draper Preserve, Hailey
- 10-11 Model Train Show: 12:00 PM, Library! At Bown Crossing, Boise
- 10-11 Magic Valley Gem Club Show, Filer
- 10-11 Spring Gun Show, Nez Perce County Fairgrounds, Lewiston
- 12,17 Bilingual Story Time: Come enjoy our bilingual stories, songs, and fun! Storytime will be in English and Spanish. All families with children of all ages are welcome. 10:15-11:00; Public Library, Nampa
- 15 Teen Science Café: Free. Grades 6-12 4:00 to 5:30 PM. What’s a science café? Check the site <http://www.caldwellpubliclibrary.org/teen-science-cafe>. Public Library, Caldwell
- 15 Homeschool Day, World Center for Birds of Prey, Boise
- 16-17 State Cheer Championships: Ford Idaho Center, Nampa

- 16-17 Chrome in the Dome: Car show, ISU, Pocatello
- 17 Family Story Time: 11:00 AM to Noon, Palouse Mall, W. Pullman Road, Moscow
- 17 Food Truck Rally Goes to the Dogs: Grab your family, friends, and your dogs and come out to experience a truly unique setting for a great cause. FREE (food & drinks available for purchase) All proceeds support the continued development of Nampa's Amity Dog Park as well as to help fund a second dog park in Nampa.. 2:00--6:00 PM, Lloyd Square Park, Downtown Nampa
- 17 Family Movie: All ages. Free event; popcorn provided. 2:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 17 Teen Human Rights Symposium: The 2018 Regional Teen Human Rights Symposium will provide a full-day of human rights education to secondary students ages 13-19 (some exceptions made) and interested in deepening their understanding of human rights history and humanitarian issues today. 8:00 am – 4:00 pm, Human Rights Education Institute, Coeur d'Alene
- 17 Ft. Boise Highland Games and 5K Fell Race, Old Fort Boise, Parma
- 17 Kings of Dance–Lezginka: A performance of traditional folk songs and dances, awesome acrobatics, sumptuous costumes, and riveting drum and saber work. Features 44 dancers in a broad variety of traditional, virtuosic, and modern dances reflecting the many cultures that make up the Dagestan region of Russia. 7:30-9:30PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 17 Western Idaho Scholastic Chess Tournament, Meridian
- 17 Scout Saturday, 10:00 AM, World Center for Birds of Prey, Boise
- 17-18 Gun Show, Best Western Inn. Burley
- 18 Galena Loppet: Fun, free perimeter ski tour around the Galena Lodge Trails. There are doughnuts and goodies along the trail! Skate or Classic skiing is fine and costumes are always fun. Kick off is 10am at Galena Lodge, Ketchum
- 19 American Legion Breakfast, Challis
- 19 "Idaho's Bumblebees": Lecture by Idaho Fish & Game Department's biologist Ross Winton, who will share information about these important insects and discuss citizen science opportunities available to help conserve them. Free and open to the public; 6:30-8:00 PM, MK Nature Center, 600 S. Walnut Street, Boise
- 20-24 Ag Week, Challis
- 21 Reverse Job Fair: High school students present themselves to business professionals. They come prepared to interview with a resume, cover letter, and presentation board. The professionals evaluate each student and feedback is given to the instructors, which is shared with the students. The event is free, and takes place from 11:00-1:00 PM at Real Life Ministries, Post Falls
- 21 Nampa Bookworms Book Club: 10:15-11:45AM, Public Library, Nampa
- 21-25 Idaho Cutting Horse Association, Spring LAE & weekend show, Ford Idaho Horse Park, Nampa
- 22 Raising Backyard Chickens: Learn how to get started with chickens – in small to large places! (Sponsored by D&B Supply). Free. 7:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 22-24 Spring Fair, Pocatello
- 23 Kids' Night Out: A night out for kids and their parents - kids will get to enjoy games, movies, snacks, and fun while parents can enjoy a few hours doing whatever they want! It's a win for everyone! All kids will be supervised by the Eggan Youth Center staff. 6:00-9:00PM, Eggan Youth Center, Moscow.
- 23-24 Vintage Market, Kootenai County Fairgrounds, Coeur d'Alene
- 23-25 Flower and Garden Show, Boise
- 24 Pebble Creek Monster Dummy Jump: Cruise your dummies mounted on skis or snowboard down the hill with a jump at the end! Judging will be based on style, big air, staying on course, staying intact and closeness to a target. The chief judge will be voting for the Peoples' Choice Award. Pebble Creek Ski Area, Inkom
- 24-25 Post Falls Gun Show, Greyhound Park and Event Center, Post Falls
- 24-25 Treasure Valley Spring Flea Market, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 24-25 Amasoil Arenacross, Ford Idaho Center, Nampa
- 30 ISU Jazz Bands in Concert: 7:30 pm - 11:00 pm, Jensen Grand Concert Hall, Stephens Performing Arts Center, ISU Campus, Pocatello
- 30 Education Career Fair: One-day event showcases job descriptions, job prospects, career opportunities and training in the fields of hotel management. Idaho State University Holt Arena, Pocatello
- 30 Book Club: All are welcome! Share titles with others. Learn about great books and authors. Bring your own coffee--treats provided,

- Chapter One Bookstore, Ketchum
- 31 Lions Easter Egg Hunt, Kamiah
- 31 Flashlight Easter Egg Hunt: Join the Nampa Parks & Recreation Department for our annual Flashlight Easter Egg Hunt on the grounds of the Nampa Rec Center. Bring your own flashlight and search for every last egg. Ages 13-17. 8:00-9:30PM, Nampa Rec Center Backyard. \$3 per person. Rec Center, Nampa
- 31 Idaho Easter Spring Fling Extravaganza, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 31 Steelhead Ball, Challis
- 31 Easter Egg Swim: Families, come enjoy a new way of hunting Easter Eggs while you swim. We will have sinkable and floatable eggs. Our kayaks will be out for use and the diving

well will be open for play time. (Children will be required to pass a swim test before using the kayak or diving well). Ages 5 and under, 1:00PM; Ages 6-8, 1:30PM; Ages 9-12, 2:00PM. Cost: NRC Member Free, Non-Member Day Pass Rate. Rec Center, Nampa

31 SAB Spring Bazaar, ISU Ballroom, Pocatello

31 Easter Egg Hunts: Check the following Web site for specific dates, times, and towns for this year's Easter Egg Hunts. <https://idahohighcountry.org/event/easter-egg-hunts/>

APRIL 2018

SNEAK PEEK

- 2 "Listen up! Birding by Ear": Idaho Fish & Game Department's Conservation Education Supervisor Vicky Runnoe will teach attendees how to identify common Boise-area birds, just by sound.. Free and open to the public; 6:30-8:00 PM, MK Nature Center, 600 S. Walnut Street, Boise
- 3 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge.; No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 3-8 Missoula Children's Theatre: Auditions, workshops, performance of "The Tortoise versus the Hare", Challis
- 6,7 "Our Town" (Opera):. A three-act opera, the first to be adapted from the Thornton Wilder play of the same name. "Our Town" tells the story of the fictional American small town of Grover's Corners between 1901 and 1913 through the everyday lives of its citizens. Cost: \$15 general admission; \$14 seniors, faculty and staff; \$10 children; \$7 ISU students with ID; 7:30 p.m. in the Bilyeu Theatre, Frazier Hall, ISU Campus, Pocatello
- 7 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Wieteke Holthuijzen, Friends of Midway Atoll National Wildlife Refuge, "Turning over a new leaf: Restoration of Midway Atoll, a story of change and recovery in a novel

- environment"; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 7 Weaving Guild Meeting, Boise
- 7 Member Art Show: "Back in the Studio" at the Mad Dog Gallery, Challis
- 7 Monster Truck Grand Nationals, Holt Arena, Pocatello
- 7-8 Rock and Gem Show: This event showcases products like Gems, minerals, fossils ,gold, silver, antique Jewellery, pearls, gemstones, ruby, sapphire, opal, emerald, crystal and much more in the Consumer & Carnivals, Gems & Jewelry industries. Bannock County Fairgrounds, Pocatello
- 9 Jump Creek Hike: The trail to the beautiful waterfall at Jump Creek is an easy ¼ mile hike. After exploring the waterfall, we will hike to the top of the ridge to get a better view of the majestic canyon. Dress for the weather and pack your own lunch. Cost: \$10. 9:30AM-1:30PM. Depart and Return, Nampa Rec Center, Nampa
- 9.13 Bilingual Story Time: Come enjoy our bilingual stories, songs, and fun! Story time will be in English and Spanish. All families with children of all ages are welcome.10:15-11:00; Public Library, Nampa
- 10 Piano Chameleons, ISU, Twin Falls

MARCH CONTRIBUTORS



Elise Barker

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



Linden B. Bateman

has a passion for Idaho, where he has lived since 1940. A charter member of the Bonneville County Historical Society, he chaired the committee that established the first historical museum in Bonneville County. He served in the Idaho Legislature from 1977-1986 and 2010-2016 and lives in Idaho Falls.



Robert S. Bostwick

is an award-winning journalist and filmmaker. A graduate of the University of Oklahoma's H.H. Herbert School of Journalism, Bob's twenty years as a print and broadcast journalist included a four-year stint at Boise's KBCI (now KBOI) TV, where

he anchored and served as statehouse correspondent, covering local, regional, state, and national politics. In his twenty-five years with the Coeur d'Alene Tribe, Bob was press secretary and then director of public affairs at the Coeur d'Alene Casino.



Ray Brooks

is a native Idahoan. Beyond retirement age, he remains an active rock-climber, river runner, and hiker, who keenly appreciates Idaho history. His climbing career started in central Idaho in 1969. To support his outdoor habits, he worked on Forest Service helicopter fire crews, was a Middle Fork Salmon boatman, ran an outdoor shop in Moscow, and became a sales representative for outdoor gear.



Jennifer Huang

has lived in Boise since 2004, and has worked as an archaeologist with the Bureau of Reclamation since receiving her master's degree in anthropology from Arizona State University in 2006. Her free time is spent cavorting with and/or corralling her two adorable and/or smarty-pants kids, and doing rock-art research, and a little writing on the side.



Alice Schenk

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



Jeanne Thomas

is retired from a forty-year career in finance and administrative management that included working for a major accounting firm, a large university hospital, the oil and gas industry, and nonprofit and public-sector organizations. Her volunteer experience with church and community-based organizations includes providing training programs for nonprofit boards and staff, serving on volunteer boards, and consulting with municipal governments. Currently, Jeanne is president of the resident council at the Terraces of Boise.



Jeri Walker

has a resilient soul forged by a mother's mental illness, tempered by a spouse's abandonment, and sharpened by breast cancer. She avoids a life of quiet desperation by bucking the status quo and writing about personal upheaval and wanderlust. She grew up in the eccentric northern Idaho mining town of Wallace.



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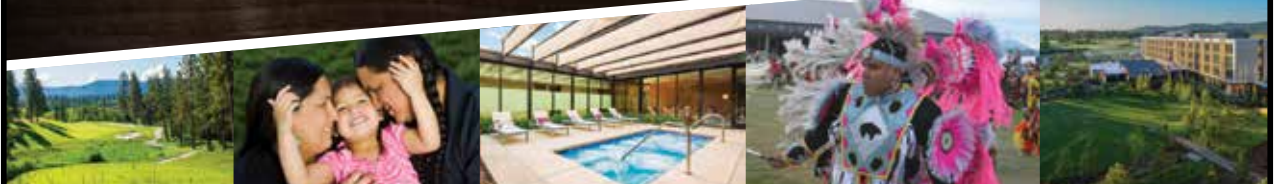


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