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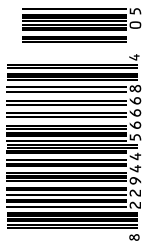
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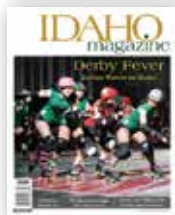
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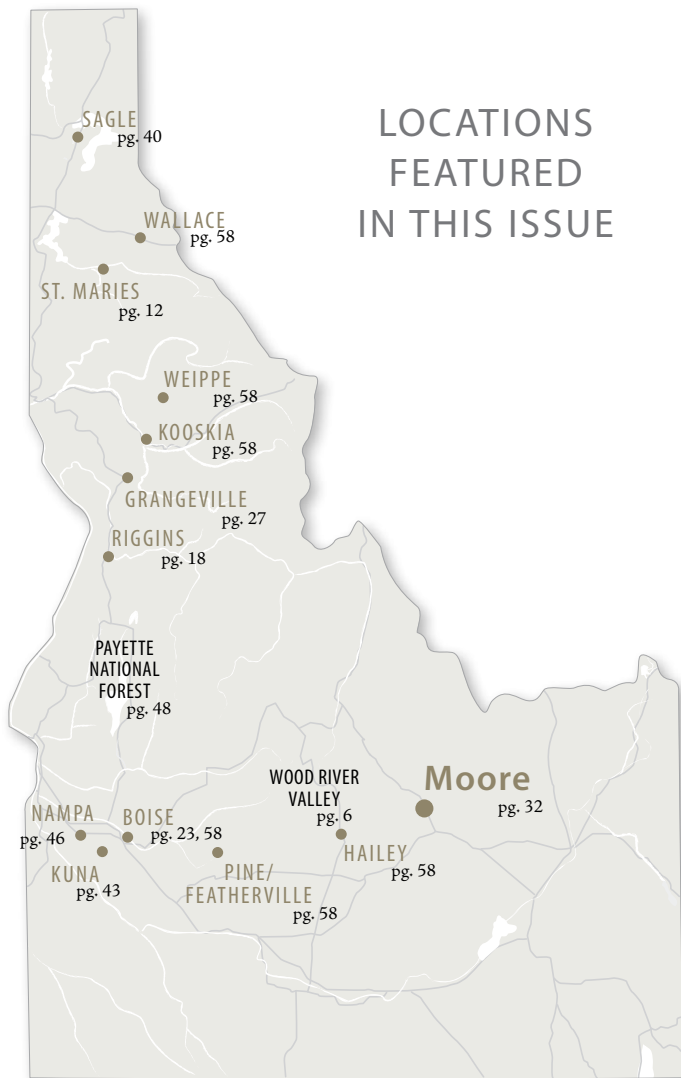
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Raptor expert Janie Veltkamp in St. Maries with Beauty, a bald eagle that received a bionic beak.

Detail of a photo by Glen Hush © Janie Veltkamp.



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A dainty crossing in the Kootenai Valley.

~ Photo by David Marr,
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DAVID BUTTERFIELD

The Bilbao Tree

BY DAVID BUTTERFIELD



COURTESY OF THE BILBAO FAMILY

North of Ketchum in the foothills of the Boulder Mountains, a short way from a sheep trail in a box canyon fronted by a stream, is one huge aspen tree.

It stands on a sage-and-grass flat at the edge of an aspen grove and downhill from a patch of evergreens buttressing the canyon. It is a tall and brawny presence with a regal yet tested

character. This tree is a sentry to the little canyon, and people and animals are drawn to it. Though many stories may have passed before this aged guardian, few are known.

I call it The Bilbao Tree because the most prominent carving is “Juan Bilbao 30-6-64.” Over the years, as aspen etchings scar over, they expand and become less discernible. Juan carved his name in the tree seven or eight times before or after June 30, 1964, but that year was his best work—thin lines well spaced that remain clear and legible today.

Many consider any modern, permanent marking of natural features to be unsightly graffiti or even criminal vandalism. In most cases I would agree, but I make a glad exception for remote aspen tree carvings. In these arborglyphs [see “Basque Tree Carvings (Aborglyphs) in Southeast Idaho,” *IDAHO magazine*, October 2007] I find a shared connection to nature with others who, for whatever reasons, marked a special place. I first noticed The Bilbao Tree in 1974 and have visited it almost every spring for the last sixteen years. In the summer of 2015, I

ABOVE: Juan Bilbao's name carved into an aspen tree.

INSET: Juan Bilbao.

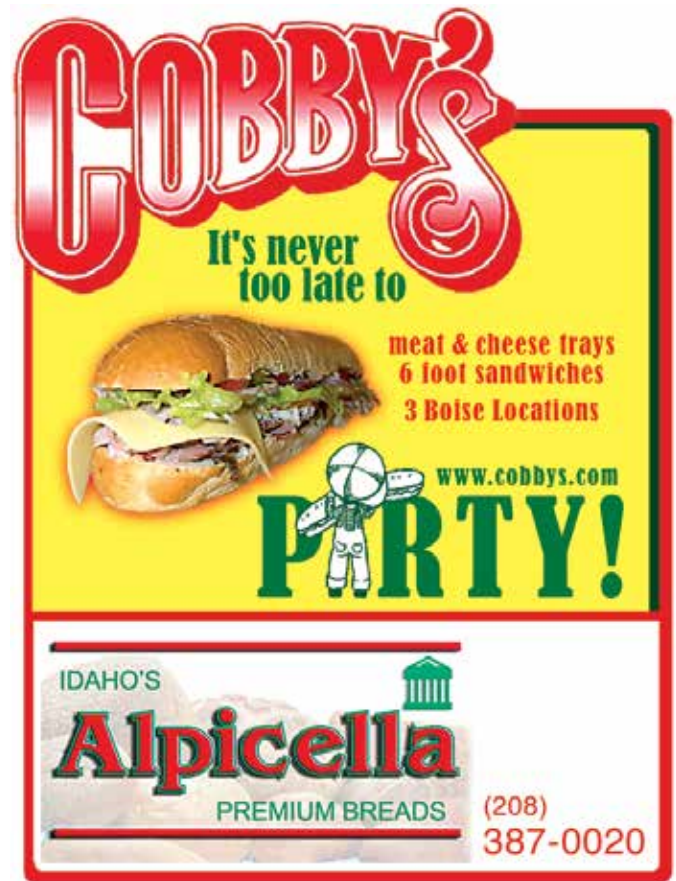
decided it was time to find out more about Juan Bilbao.

Arborists have a method for estimating the age of a tree without cutting it down or taking a core sample. It begins with measuring the circumference at about chest height for a man, or fifty-four inches. At that height, the Bilbao Tree has a circumference of eighty-two inches. Divide by pi and we get a diameter of about twenty-six inches. This is then multiplied by a “growth factor” of two for aspens and cottonwoods, which grow quickly. The method yields an age of about fifty-two years for the The Bilbao Tree. It must be older because Juan’s carvings have been there that long.

For Juan to fit his 1964 carving on the trunk, I believe he would need a sketching space about twelve to sixteen inches wide, so I’m estimating the tree had to be about twenty or twenty-four inches in circumference at the time of the carving. According to the United States Department of Agriculture, aspens are rarely over eighty feet tall, more than twenty-four inches in diameter, or live longer than 150 years. Bilbao is over sixty feet tall and beats the diameter limit. I believe the tree is at least fifteen years older than the arborists’ formula and could be eighty to one hundred years old. In any case it is firmly in the era of our local Basque shepherders—they are now mostly Peruvian—and that was a clue in looking for Juan. Another is that Bilbao is a prominent city in the Basque region in Europe.

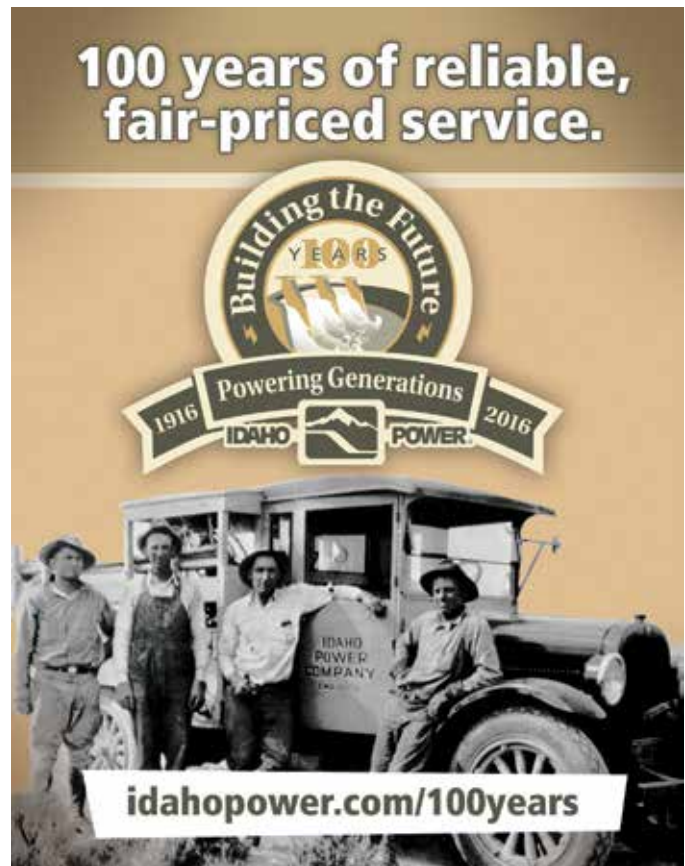
When I was growing up in the Wood River Valley the names of respected Basque families such as Laragan, Goitandia, and Sabala were found on local businesses, school honor rolls, and athletic rosters. These were town families, but we knew there were still shepherders in the mountains. Among my favorite memories from grade school years are playing football in the Laragans’ front yard and using two small trees as goal posts. Today those trees are over fifty feet tall and the Laragan home is now the Pioneer Montessori School. Kids still play in that yard so the games and laughter echo on, but Mrs. Laragan’s after-play chocolate cake will never be matched.

The Basques come from the Pyrenees Mountains between France and Spain, and while they have a distinct culture and mellifluous language, there is as yet no sovereign home country. They have alternately been ill-treated and accepted by their neighbors, pressured this way and that by fascists, socialists, and others. For these handsome and



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DAVID BUTTERFIELD



COURTESY OF THE URANGA FAMILY

friendly people it has not been easy, and at times they went forth in the world to find new and better places. This diaspora brought some to Idaho and northern Nevada, as they could gain entry to the U.S. under arrangements with sheep and cattle ranches. So it was in 1968 that twenty-two-year-old Alberto Uranga came to be a shepherd in the Smokey Mountains west of Ketchum.

Alberto couldn't speak a lick of English when he got here. He had signed up with the Faulkner sheep outfit in Gooding and immediately got his ticket punched for adventure as a junior herder. He remembers following blazes on the trees to stay on the grazing trail and find

the next camp. A blaze on the right would be followed by one on the left, then back on the right, and so on. He remembers horse and mule pack trains that would sometimes lock up or tangle on steep, exposed trails or at the scent of predators. He remembers chasing and being chased by surly black bears.

Alberto is not a large man, but he once found himself facing off with a bear that was holding its ground. Alberto said in Basque, "Orain zer egin bihar dezu ba?" Phonetically this is, Oh-rayn ser a-geen bee-ar day-su bah? And in English, "What are you going to do now?" The bear backed off and moved away.

Another time he and a fellow herder, Florencio, got

themselves in a similar standoff and the bear charged.

Florencio had the only gun but froze until the last moment when Alberto yelled in English, "Shoot!" The shot brought the bear down.

Another memorable encounter that first year in Idaho came when Alberto was assigned to help load sheep onto the trains at the Ketchum stockyard. His co-worker that day was a strong, stunningly beautiful, six-foot American woman named Katie Breckenridge, daughter of the owner of the famed Busterback Ranch. He was speechless.

Alberto eventually mastered

ABOVE: The Bilbao Tree.

INSET: A young Alberto Uranga on horseback.

English, though he still has a bit of an accent. He got into insurance and financial planning and now runs a company that can help clients turn retirement investments into real estate. His company's name comes from the Basque word, "Lasai" (LASS-eye) which means, "be calm," or "take it easy." He is rightfully proud of his heritage, family, and career, and cherishes the characters he's met along the way. When I showed him a picture of The Bilbao Tree, he immediately said, "Yes, I knew Juan Bilbao."

There were two Bilbao brothers and Alberto first met them in an area the herders called "Tonopah," a patch of high desert between Shoshone and Gooding. Their paths crossed again and again over the years. Juan was a large man in both bone and girth. He had a full head of dark hair and was known for his good-natured, down-to-earth personality. Alberto remembers gentlemanly qualities and that he smiled a lot.

"Lasai?" I asked.

"Yes, that's it," Alberto agreed.

Around 1918, as many as 2.6 million sheep grazed the foothills and high meadows of Idaho. Ketchum, Hailey, and Picabo were key end-of-summer railroad stock shipping centers. Some old-timers say the over-grazed and denuded hillsides around Ketchum caught the eye of resort scout Count Felix Schaffgotsch in 1936. No trees meant safe skiing. The Basques continued working as herders as Sun Valley resort grew to prominence but the sheep industry eventually wound down. Today just a few thousand head move in and out of the Wood River high country over summer. Even though trees are growing on the sage hills again and tourism is the main business, the sheep trails, camps, and secret places remain.

Aspen groves are among the largest and oldest organisms on the planet. They are a wide-ranging tree species spanning nearly fifty degrees of latitude and over one hundred degrees of longitude. They flourish from sea level to timberline in nine time zones. The groves expand by sending shoots (clones) off their horizontal roots or by their seeds floating in the wind. They are very successful immigrants. Unless The Bilbao Tree is excavated and sampled, we can't know if it is from a clone, a seed from an adjacent grove, or a wild seed blown from afar. Two young aspens now grow nearby and I like to think of them as the big tree's children. The Bilbao Tree has lost one of its four large upper forks and the bark is



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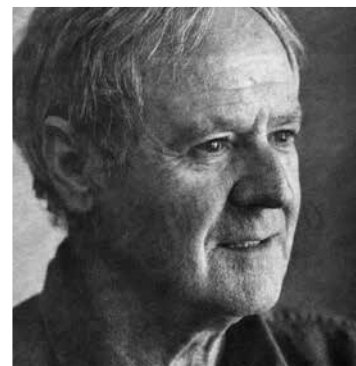
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DAVID BUTTERFIELD



COURTESY OF THE URANGA FAMILY

bleeding in places, but it lives on.

In 2007 Alberto Uranga attended a reunion of sorts in Guernica, in the Basque region of northern Spain. Many who had ventured into the western U.S. high country were there. Alberto reunited with Florencio, killer of the charging bear, who claims he was so scared he doesn't remember pulling the trigger. More recently Alberto found out that Juan Bilbao was faced with terminal cancer, and in 2013, took his own life.

I imagine Juan Bilbao watering his herd at the stream, then turning and walking up the short meadow to sit in the shade of his favorite tree. There's a grand view from higher up the canyon, especially

when snow lingers on the towering Boulder peaks, and the contours of the valley are flowing shades of green upon green. But this is a sheltering spot. There's comfort in the arms of the box canyon. The sheep calm down and rest under the watchful eyes of the herd dogs. His horse is unsaddled and grazing. There is a soothing trickling from the stream, the soft rattling of aspen leaves in the breeze, a scent of sage. It feels good and right. It is his place.

The Wood River Valley has had many disparate influences: Native tribes, trappers, miners, sheepherders, ranchers, skiers, and others pursuing recreation. Among these were people of

many nationalities: Chinese, Germans, Austrians, and more. I especially appreciate the beautiful and cheerful Basque people, their trilling tongue, their laughter and dancing. Lasai.

Most visitors here move on, some stay and put down roots. Many of us fall for the beauty, the seasons, the camaraderie, and we find our special places. Maybe it's a ski run, a high meadow or lake, a bend in the river or a mountaintop. Or maybe it's just a sturdy old tree in the foothills where we can rest, find solace, and then with good cheer and pride, stand and carve our names. ■

ABOVE: The Bilbao Tree, age uncertain, lives on today.

INSET: Alberto Uranga later in life.

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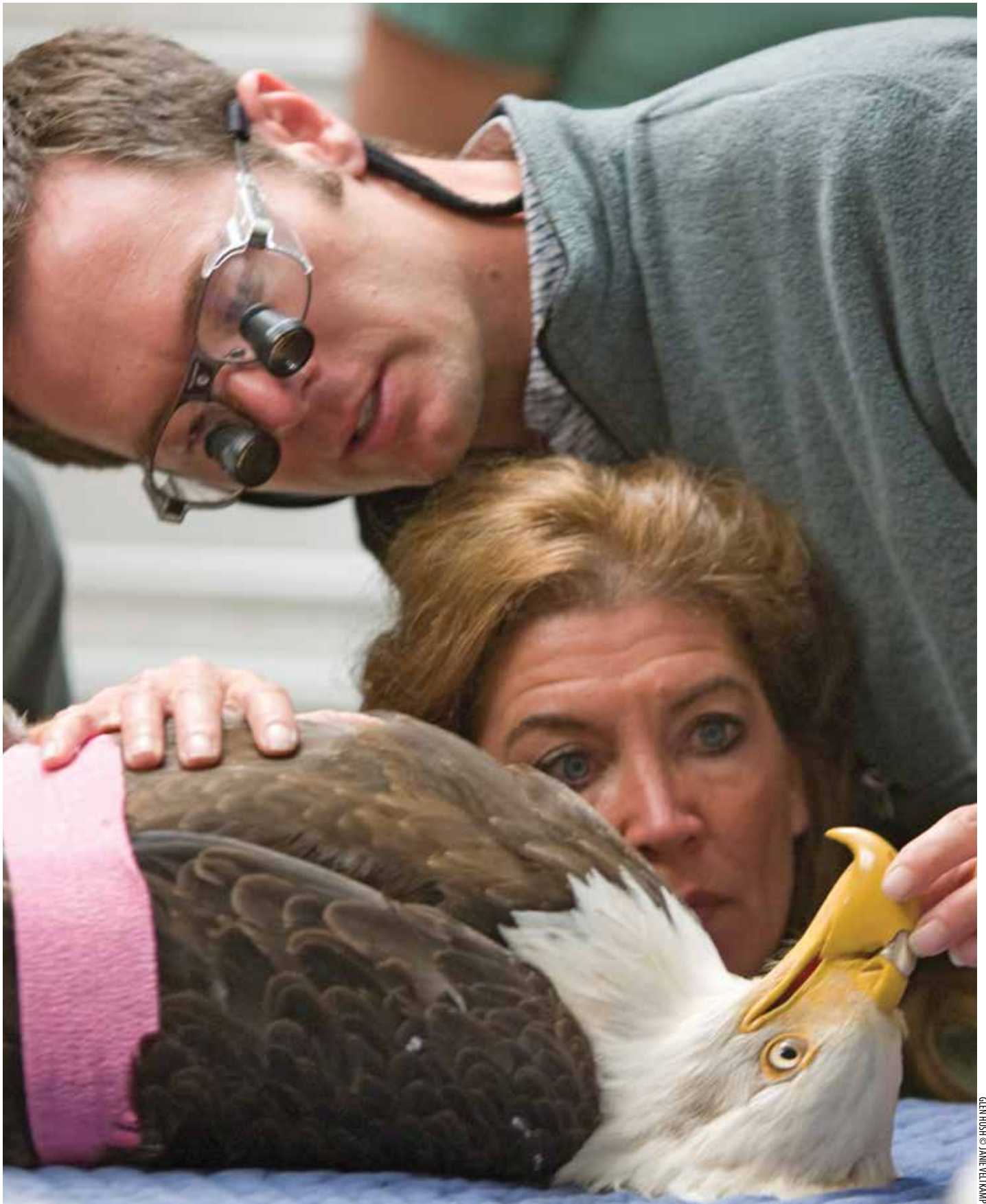
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ENGINEERING BEAUTY A BIONIC BEAK FOR A BALD EAGLE

BY JANIE VELTKAMP

LEFT: Raptor biologist Janie Veltkamp, attended by dentist Ryan Doyle, fits a prosthetic beak on Beauty the bald eagle.

In 2007 I flew home to northern Idaho from an Alaskan vacation with an unexpected companion in tow. In the cargo hold of the aircraft was an adult bald eagle, named Beauty by her Alaskan rescuers. I had met Beauty at an Anchorage wildlife center where she had been treated after being shot in the face by a poacher's bullet and left for dead. Her entire upper beak had been demolished. She could not eat without human help, let alone return to the wild. When I arrived, the wildlife center was running out of space to keep her, and Beauty was running out of options.

As a raptor biologist who had

rescued and released many wild raptors through the nonprofit I direct, Birds of Prey Northwest in northern Idaho, I knew Beauty's future looked grim, even hopeless. My nursing background recalled the use of prosthetic attachments for humans—why not for an American bald eagle? This special patient had been fed with forceps at the Alaskan center and was tolerant and trusting of the humans helping her. That was one of the main reasons I took on her case. Beauty possessed the temperament necessary for the many dental impressions, measurements, X-rays, tests, and fittings that I would have to subject her to.



From the outset I realized making the prosthetic beak might prove to be fairly straightforward, but attaching it so it could function would be the greater challenge by far. In the wild, a bald eagle's beak is subject to extreme forces applied to tearing off pieces of its prey to eat. An eagle uses its beak in every aspect of life—tenderly feeding its young, carrying and placing twigs to build its nest, and preening its feathers to keep them in perfect flying condition. Without her upper beak, Beauty would never make it on her own. My new patient would require unique problem-solving to engineer a solution for such an organic injury.

Despite the odds, from the moment I saw Beauty in Alaska, I felt compelled to help her. That

inclination to save bald eagles is not mine alone. Forty years ago, bald eagles were facing extinction in the Lower 48. In 1972, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service placed them on the endangered species list. Steps taken to restore bald eagle populations included the federal government banning use of the pesticide DDT. This chemical caused eagle baby eggshells to be so thin they broke and the eaglets inside died. Federal laws were also instituted that made shooting eagles, both bald and golden, illegal. Meanwhile, state agencies aided by wildlife biologists set out to reintroduce bald eagles across the country, by relocating young eagles from eagle-rich areas like Alaska to other states where their populations had plummeted. Today the bald

ABOVE: Beauty before (left) and after the operation that gave her a functioning new beak.



GLEN HUSH © JANE HEITKAMP

eagle, as well as the osprey and the peregrine falcon (both of which species I helped to restore), are conservation success stories because of persistent human efforts to restore them to the American wild.

I knew I could not carry out my plan to restore Beauty's beak without help. First I collaborated with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to bring her to Idaho. (All work to rescue and rehabilitate raptors must be done under permit from state and federal agencies.) Then I set out to find people who could help me solve the problem of replacing her severely damaged beak.

During one public education presentation I gave with live trained eagles, in the audience with his young daughters was a Boise mechanical engineer named Nate Calvin. "I think I can help you with Beauty," he said.

Nate had never worked with animals, but together we were inspired by new advances in human prosthetic engineering and agreed to tackle Beauty's challenge. Adding veterinarian Kevin Rogers and two dentists, Todd Schini and Ryan Doyle, I pulled together a team that would design, create, and attach the first 3D printed prosthetic eagle beak. Other "Idaho Beauty Team" members included: Glen Hush, Wayne Melquist, Norm Nelson, Tyler Nelson, Carol Johnson, and Cori Wilson.

Beauty's beak had to fit perfectly both outside and inside, and move properly to let her eat and drink. I also wanted her new



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BEAUTY IS AN EXAMPLE OF BOTH HUMAN CRUELTY AND HUMAN COMPASSION

bionic beak to look as normal as possible for an adult bald eagle. I was adamant that the final beak color be bald eagle yellow. Nate obliged. The final yellow was actually a classic car paint color!

Using measurements from a female bald eagle skull replica and dental molds of the very small, remaining portion of Beauty's natural beak, Nate and I gathered the details we needed. He used a CAD (computer-aided design) software program to design the beak, and then manufactured a test model and the final, eagle-yellow plastic model on a 3D printer. Together, Beauty, Nate and I endured many test fittings before the day could be set to attach Beauty's prosthetic beak.

When that day finally came, the Beauty Team members were all present—all of us Idaho residents rallying around a special bald eagle. We were surrounded by media covering this first-of-its-kind event. Many last-minute fixes drew on my knowledge of bald eagle beak structure and function. One of the last steps before attaching the new beak with dental glue was hollowing out more of the inside of the

prosthetic, allowing enough space for Beauty's tongue to move freely for eating and breathing.

One hour melded into two and finally stretched into three hours before we achieved our goal. Because sedation for so much time would have carried high risk for Beauty, she spent the three hours on the table without anesthesia, fully aware of the human engineering effort abuzz around her and her bionic beak. My colleague Wayne Melquist (retired from Idaho Fish and Game) cautiously cradled her legs to control her the entire time as we literally shaped her future.

Overall she behaved as though she trusted us, but in the third hour things grew tense. The final beak accidentally dropped onto the hard floor, chipping it. Many last minute adjustments had to be made with noisy rotary tools and at one point Beauty attempted to fly off the table. We quickly calmed her and the prosthetic beak finally was glued into place.

Yet I worried that no matter how perfect the beak's fit, it wouldn't function like a real beak. I gently carried Beauty in my arms to her familiar aviary. There she

eagerly stepped onto her perch, then to the edge of her water bath. The first big test of the new beak came immediately. Beauty did not hesitate for a minute. As I watched with a mix of fear and hope, she leaned down, scooped up a beak full of water, closed her beak, threw back her head and swallowed like any eagle would.

Since that unforgettable day, Beauty's own natural beak has begun to regenerate, growing back very, very slowly. Little research has been done on bald eagle beaks to suggest how long a beak may take to grow back, or once damaged, whether it will ever return to its full, natural shape. One thing we know for sure is that the process is slow. For Beauty it has taken nearly seven years to regrow even a millimeter. Today, her first prosthetic beak no longer fits, but even without it she can now take small sips of water with her bottom beak and can feed herself morsels of salmon hung on a special feeding board. Making and fitting any future beak for Beauty would involve ever-advancing prosthetic technology.

Bald eagles such as Beauty may live up to fifty years in human care under the best of circumstances. Beauty continues to serve as an ambassador for our national symbol and for all raptor species that collide with our modern world. She is an example of both human cruelty and human compassion.

I continue to receive messages and questions all the time about Beauty and her beak from media, students, teachers, and scientists

across the country and in other nations. Beauty and I were filmed at Birds of Prey Northwest for an episode of the television program *Unlikely Animal Friends* on cable/satellite channel Nat Geo WILD on April 30. Her story will be featured in the June/July issue of the children's magazine *Ranger Rick*, and the science of her prosthetic beak, along with special hands-on activities, is featured in the Engineering is Elementary STEM curriculum from the Museum of Science in Boston. I have written a children's book about Beauty's journey to a bionic beak with award-winning children's author Deborah Lee Rose.

The leading causes of bald eagle deaths in our country remain illegal shooting and lead poisoning. Eagles suffering from lead poisoning face a slow, agonizing death after feeding on animals shot with lead bullets. Both causes of bald eagle deaths could be prevented were we to change human thinking regarding this magnificent bird of prey, which is an important bioindicator species. Available today are non-lead rifle ammunitions, which are safer for eagles that ingest their fragments. ■

The author will present live raptors at Kootenai Wildlife Refuge on June 18, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. For more information about that event, see www.fws.gov/refuge/kootenai. To learn more about Beauty or to arrange a tour of the Idaho raptor facility where you can visit her, see www.birdsofpreynorthwest.org.



ABOVE: This aerial view of the Salmon River north of Riggins shows the current Time Zone Bridge.

The Pilot's Wife

Two Youths,
a Woman,
and a Long Drop

BY BILLY JIM WILSON

For years, the Riggins airport east of town, across the main Salmon River, was accessed by a swinging bridge at the end of a short street in the middle of town that went about halfway down the riverbank.

The cables were put up by Charles Clay in 1905 and the flooring material was added in 1913. In the early- to mid-1940s, when Riggins hosted a rodeo in the airport area for two or three years, truckloads of horses used the bridge.

On May 31, 1956, an article written by my mother, Murrielle Wilson, appeared on page one of the *Idaho County Free Press*. "Thursday morning at 9:05, the swinging bridge across the main Salmon gave up the battle with the raging river, and fell in," she reported. After the winter of 1955-56, the high waters of spring had finally done in the old bridge.

COURTESY OF THE STEVE GRUMP COLLECTION

The Tuesday morning following the bridge loss was a mild spring day. I had been laid off from my job at the Salmon River Lumber Company, where I'd been working as a planer while waiting for the draft to take me into the U.S. Army. Having volunteered in order to speed up the process, I was expecting to be called soon. In those days, every male had to serve. I had dropped out of college, so figured I might just as well get it over with.

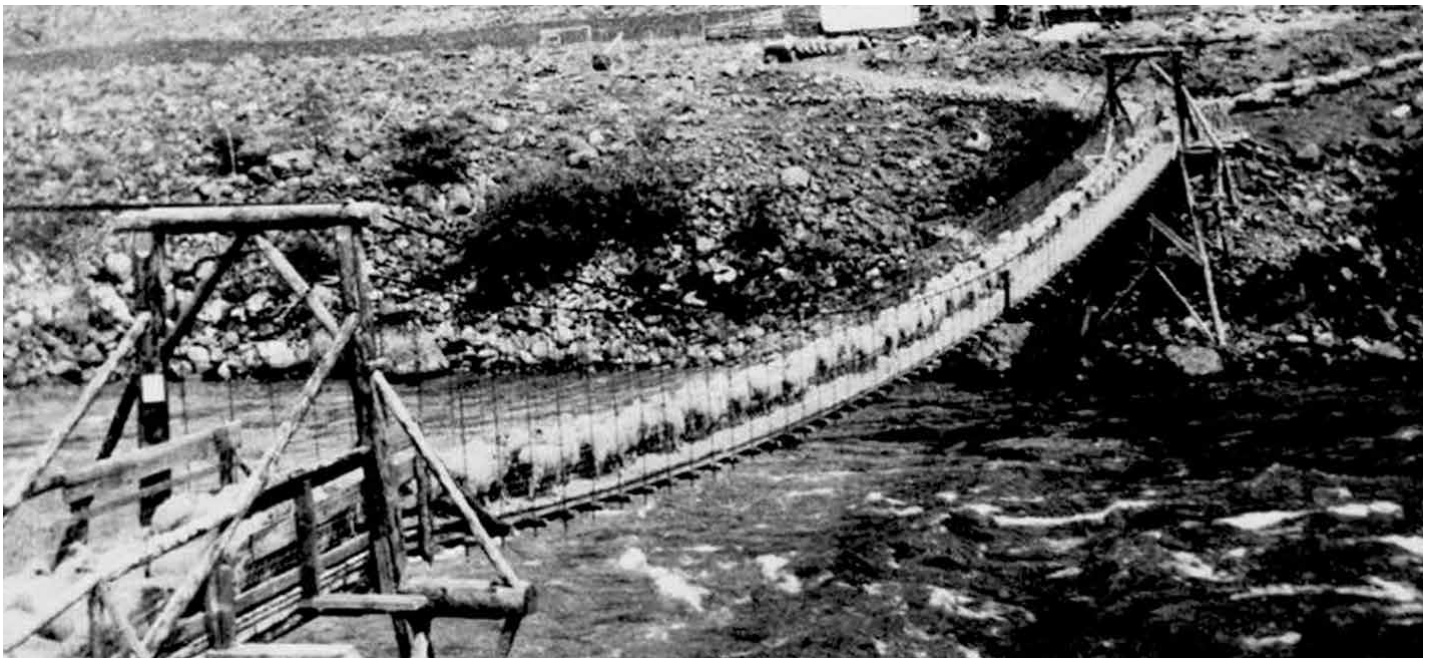
The telephone rang at home, Mom answered, and then gave it to me. It was my paternal grandmother, Ethel Wilson, who ran the switchboard from her wheelchair. She'd just had a call from the airport in Baker City, Oregon, asking if an airplane had landed at Riggins. The pilot had not called to close out his flight plan to Riggins, and they wanted to verify that he had landed safely.

I knew that an airplane indeed had

landed at the Riggins airport, because I had heard its approach. So, after verifying visually from the river bank that the plane was still there and that a man and a woman were walking around near it, I told Grandmother I'd take my binoculars and climb up on the hillside west of town to see if I could read the number on the plane's wings. The pilot had parked his plane facing towards town. It was a small private aircraft, a "tail-dragger," with wings that sloped down, and I couldn't quite read the numerals painted on them. I thought they were the right numbers for the plane in question but couldn't say so with certainty. I climbed back down the hill, went to tell Grandmother what I'd found, and she relayed the information to the Baker City airport.

The couple stayed around the plane for a while, and then decided to follow a trail that went upriver, around a large bluff south of the airport bar (anyone

BELOW: Sheep cross the old swinging bridge, headed for summer pasture in the mountains.





ABOVE: Much of Riggins and the swinging bridge across the river are shown in this aerial view, circa 1945.

who has visited Riggins may well remember that prominent cliff). It looked like they had decided to hike upriver to the first bridge, several miles away. But the river level was still in highwater mode, and we knew the trail was under water several places up the river. I jumped in my car and drove upriver to where I could holler across to them. I told them the trail was flooded. It was a hot, sunny day, so rather than go on up and be disappointed, they turned around and hiked back to their airplane.

But they didn't fly away. I began to wonder if they had some problem that was preventing them from flying. I decided I had best hike to the airport and check that they were OK. The Barham family had once owned a ranch on that bar, and young Ernie Barham was tending a herd of goats there. Since the bridge had washed out, he'd found a trail he could follow from the Time-Zone Bridge north of town. I stopped to ask Ernie if he would be willing to go with me and show me the trail. Ernie was about fourteen, and I was twenty that spring. I drove us north to the Time-Zone Bridge and parked in a big turnout.

The hike through the bluffs beside the bridge and along the bars to the couple's plane at the south end of the airport was about two miles. Ernie's route led up a sloping cliff at the north end of the bridge, around and over rock ledges, and then descended southerly onto the flat bar along the east side of the Salmon River. Just before we got out of the rock ledges, one stretch of ledge was maybe four or five feet wide

COURTESY OF CLEO PATTERSON COLLECTION

and seven or eight feet long. The rock sloped slightly down toward the river. It was a little scary, because if you slipped, you'd drop off about twenty feet into the swirling rapids of the river just before it turned to flow westerly under the bridge. Not a happy thought.

Once we were off the hillside, we followed a patchy trail south along the bar, and then around a big "S" turn in the river until we came to the north end of the bar that held the airfield. Arriving at the plane, we found the two relaxing under the shade of the wings. We introduced ourselves, and explained that our mission was to see if everything was OK. They replied that they had not known the bridge was out and had landed expecting to be able to visit their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Flynn. They ran a service station and cabins on the east side of Main Street, near its intersection with Ace's Place Street. Earlier, the couple had left a

vehicle with the Flynnns, which they were intending to use during the visit, after which the wife would drive to Grangeville, meeting her husband at the Grangeville airport. But the ruined bridge had defeated their plans, and they were waiting for the cooler air of evening to take off.

I suggested that she could hike back with us if she wished, and we'd drive her to the Flynnns' place so she could pick up her vehicle. At first, they two seemed reluctant about this plan, but we assured the wife it was only a couple miles, a fairly easy hike. We had forgotten that they already had hiked upriver and back, which was a total of perhaps three miles. Eventually, the pilot said it would be safer if he took off without her additional weight, so she decided to go with us.

We started off in the warmth of mid-afternoon. By the time we got around the big "S" curve of the river, I

BELOW: Someone stands on the swinging bridge in this undated image.





ROCKE WILSON

ABOVE: In this contemporary view near Riggins, the horse trail that can be seen alongside the river was about thirty feet under water in 1954, when the author led the pilot's wife through the bluffs high above it.

noticed that my parents' car was parked on the highway across the river from us. As we traveled on down the bar towards the Time-Zone Bridge, they kept moving their car farther along the highway, keeping pace with us. Eventually, several other people from town pulled up behind them.

By this time, the pilot's wife was beginning to tire. We stopped a couple of times to give her a rest in the shade of hackberry trees. She saw we were approaching the bluffs that we would have to climb through to reach the Time Zone Bridge, and in addition to her tiredness, she became pretty antsy. We adopted the strategy of hiking fifty feet or so and then stopping to let her rest and catch her breath. And then, when she saw the short stretch of trail across the rock that sloped out to the dropoff into the river, she panicked and announced she did not want to attempt it. But going back was not really an option, as tired as she was. By this time, several cars full of people, including my

parents, were parked at the Time Zone Bridge pullout.

Ernie and I each showed her how easily we could go across the rock patch that sloped to the dropoff. We finally convinced her that she could cross it by facing the mountainside, while Ernie held her left hand and I held her right hand until she got across that stretch of the trail. We did this, and before she knew it (almost), she was across the area and safe among rock ledges that had dirt coverings. From there, it was maybe fifty feet to where we had to climb down the sloping cliff to the highway's edge at the north end of the bridge.

But when we reached the rock face that sloped down about forty feet to the highway, she panicked again. It looked too steep to her. Unable to convince her, we hollered down to the people waiting for us on the highway, asking if they had a rope. Nobody did, and finally a friend of ours named Ray Brogan drove back into town to get one. We tied it around her waist, Ernie paid it out, and I

went ahead of her to be a stop-block if she slipped. She sat on her rear and inched down—and was so thankful when we got her on level highway.

By now it was almost 6 p.m., and starting to get cooler. She wanted to reward us, so after she'd met everyone and explained why she'd left the airport with us, Ernie and I thanked her for the offer of buying us cold soda pops. I drove her and Ernie into town to Jim Flynn's service station. On the way we stopped near City Park, to show her husband at the airport across the river that she had made it safely. The Flynns were pleased to see her. She bought us the pop, and we relaxed while she related her harrowing hike out to the highway to get her jeep.

Mom later wrote a news item for the paper, which ended like this: "The woman stated she had some fear of driving the Jeep over White Bird Hill, but after her experience on the high bluff, had no fear of the switchbacks. The man flew the plane out after coolness of the evening arrived." ■



Blankets for Buster

One Small Step for Dog . . .

BY ASHLEE SIERRA

We all dream about changing the world. For me, those dreams started early, at an age when the only actual change I could bring about was eating a different cereal for breakfast or watching a different cartoon on Saturday morning—but despite that powerlessness, I dreamed big.

A few years passed, each less world-changing than the last, until, infinitely wiser at the age of six, I thought I'd finally found the answer. It was one of those public service announcements showing the effects of animal cruelty—you know, the commercials that combine tearjerker songs and heartbreaking footage of sad-eyed animals, the ones that make you want to grab the closest pet and hug it. Yeah. Not three seconds later I was flopped down on my bedroom floor, wiping my eyes and counting out my hard-won pennies. I finally

ABOVE: Ashlee relaxing at home with her dog Wilson.



knew how I was going to change the world. But then, an epiphany—in the form of another commercial, no less, although this one starred hungry kids instead of sad puppies. I was torn. Who needed my pennies more? For the first time, I realized why changing the world is so difficult: there's a lot of change to be made, and one person—let alone one tiny, pigtailed girl—just can't do it all.

Ten years later, I still don't know how to truly change the world. (My current theory involves novels and a lot of subtly implied life lessons.) I'm not counting pennies anymore, though. Today, I'm looking to answer the questions posed by six-year-old me and find ways to help living things of all kinds, whether they have two legs or four, beating hearts or roots deep in the earth—and, for

ABOVE: Ashlee prepares to deliver donated items.

me, it all comes down to one weird question. What do hotels do with linens they can no longer use? I had never thought about it before, but the minute the question strolled into my head, it settled down, unpacked its things, and never left. Consider, for example, a comforter, the warm and puffy kind you'd find in a good hotel. With the kind of traffic that many hotels see on a monthly basis, that comforter is likely going to need replacing soon, which means that there will be one warm, no-longer-puffy comforter sitting in a back room somewhere waiting for its fate to be decided. The same goes for all hotel linens, like towels, sheets, and blankets. I wasn't sure what happened to those linens, but what I didn't want to imagine was a one-way trip to the landfill. In my house, when a towel or blanket was too worn out to be of use, it went straight into the dog kennel to be made into a fur-covered, toy-filled bed—and with that, Blankets for Buster was born. The organization's goal was simple: keep used hotel linens out of the landfill and give them instead to the various shelters looking for ways to keep pets warm and clean, protecting the environment and the animals at the same time.

It turned out to be so much more than that—more than I'd ever imagined.

My first pickup of donated linens was on a brisk day in mid-November. The sky was threatening the season's first snow; my breath made a misty halo around my head as, shivering, I ducked through the handsome double doors of my first partner hotel. What I found waiting for me was a warm lobby, a friendly staff, and a pile of more than twenty giant bags—each one of them bigger than me. It was amazing. As the staff members and I lugged the bags of linens out to the truck, I couldn't help but smile into the gray face of the morning. I may not have been changing the world, but I'd finally found a way to make a difference.

Once I got home and made an Eiffel Tower of bags in my garage, I sorted through the donations: towels, blankets, a lot of sheets, and even the occasional robe. Unfortunately, a little research informed me that the local humane societies wouldn't need the non-absorbent

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The towels and blankets were split between a humane society and a local animal rescue, the sheets went to a homeless shelter and a women's and children's center, and one lonely robe tie went to my Saint Bernard.

linens, like the sheets. I was about to panic. What on earth was I going to do with the rest of these bags? In a flash, the answer came, illuminating my mind like a bolt of lightning. I grabbed the phone and started contacting homeless shelters, women's and children's shelters, and other organizations working to protect the people of my community, asking if they needed clean sheets. In the end, the towels and blankets were split between a humane society and a local animal rescue, the sheets went to a homeless shelter and a women's and children's shelter, and one lonely robe tie went to my Saint Bernard. What was left over? A roomful of applause that left me blushing and speechless, a few cries of "God bless you," the occasional shout-out on Facebook, and the feeling that I'd finally found a way to make real, if small, changes in the world. Blankets for Buster wasn't just about plants and puppies anymore. It had become a Goliath of multitasking goodwill, lending a hand to animals, people, and the environment all at once. Until cloning technology has been perfected so that I can tackle hundreds of problems simultaneously—here's looking at you, science—I will continue to make these small changes, and all because of a few sad commercials that aired ten years ago.

Blankets for Buster continues to offer a little comfort to all the living things in the

Treasure Valley but like anything worth doing, it hasn't been easy—far from it, in fact. We rely completely on the partnership of other organizations in order to function. Without the help of hotels, motels, animal shelters, and others, we would be driving around with a bunch of empty bags, and that's pretty much the polar opposite of our mission. Luckily, Idaho overflows with organizations eager to support the cause—the only problem is getting the right information to the right people so that we can communicate with those willing to help. It's one of those "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink" situations. That's why I'm asking the community for help in spreading the word: whether by e-mail, text, social media, pigeon messenger, or smoke signal, we want to make sure hotels know our name and shelters know our mission. And if anyone happens to know Anthony Melchiorri of Hotel Impossible, feel free to tell him that we have an idea for the used linens in those hotels. (Okay, maybe that's a bit unrealistic.) What was once just a crazy, ambitious idea has turned into a way to make changes in the world, no matter how small. And with enough small changes, we just might make a big one. ■

Organizations interested in donating or receiving linens can visit blanketsforbuster.weebly.com, or see Blankets for Buster on Facebook.

Mad Cow

Never Approach, Always Yield

BY KEN CARPENTER, WITH KAREN SUE KIGHT

One gray, winter morning about fifteen years ago on the eastern slope of Mount Idaho, where the frozen face of Buffalo Hump rises out of the crisscrossed ridges of the Nez Perce—Clearwater National Forests in the distance, I headed to the barn as usual to do the chores.

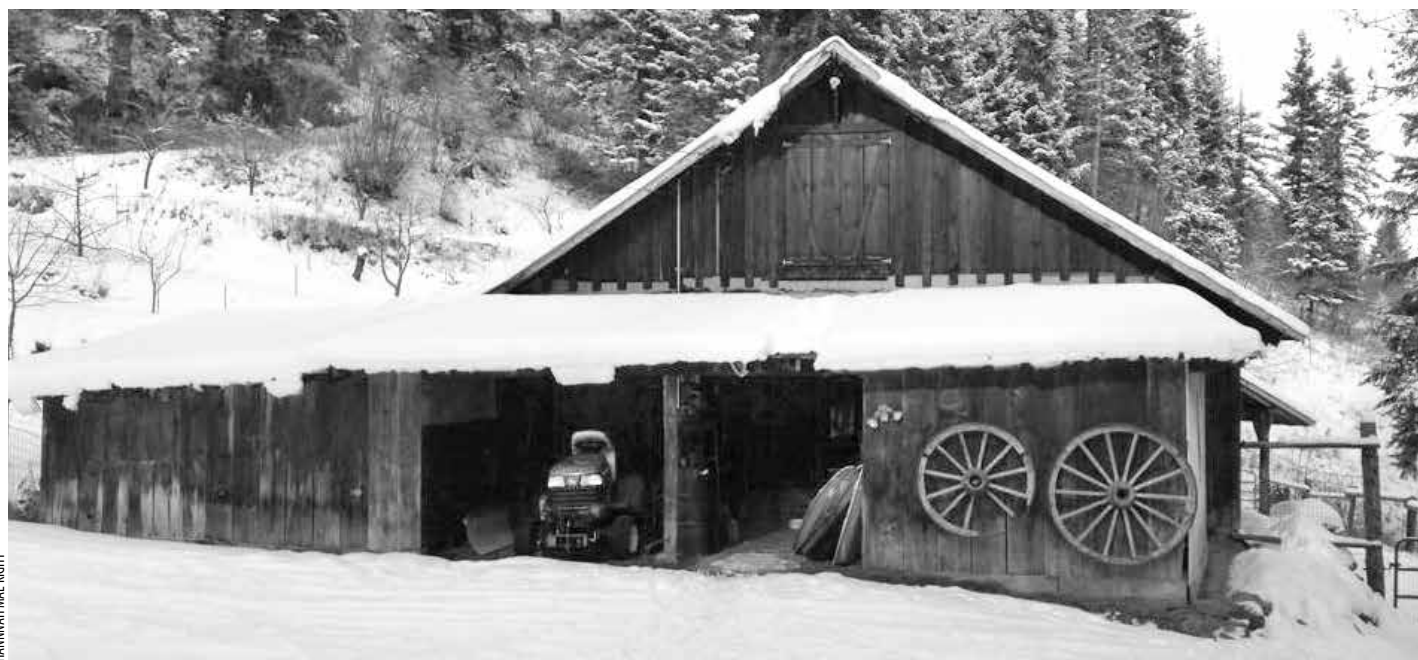
As I stepped out the back door, my yellow Labrador stretched and yawned, his big tail pounding the porch. Kingsley takes the night watch, during which he's tasked with keeping the deer out of the orchard and the wood rats out of the garden house. From his observation post on the railing, Yellow Tomcat squinted in the porchlight . . . official guardian of the secrets of the nightwatch.

Departing the garage, the three of us trekked through the day-old snow to the barn,

where I went inside to feed the animals. When I came outside again, the day had brightened and I noticed Kingsley intently sniffing his way down the lane. Curious to see what he was tracking, I headed down the lane to look. That's when I noticed the trail of large, cloven hoofprints in the snow coming back up the lane.

By now, Kingsley had decided he was following the trail in the wrong direction. He turned around and caught up to me, moving into the lead position. We followed the

LEFT: Winter view of Ken Carpenter's barn.



HANNAH MAE KIGHT



ABOVE: Kingsley and cats on Ken's back porch.

prints up the lane and around the woodpile toward the garden. Meticulously poking his nose into each print, Kingsley led the way through the open garden gate. I followed, watching the investigation with growing disgust, grumbling aloud at what a poor excuse for a watchdog he was. These prints were proof that an intruder had had free rein of the barnyard, the orchard, and the garden for most of the night. But it wasn't long before the jig was up.

Several feet inside the gate, Kingsley froze mid-step. I took his cue and stopped to survey the garden. Not more than twenty feet ahead of us loomed a full-grown cow moose with over-sized ears and piercing brown eyes, zeroed in on us. No one moved or made a sound. In my memory, the birds stopped their morning chatter and the wood rats scurried for cover. The whole mountainside waited with bated breath to see the outcome of this accidental, grossly prejudiced standoff.

Every Idahoan knows (or should know) that when it comes to moose encounters, you stick to a "never approach, always yield" strategy. Moose injure more people than any other wild animal in the Americas, according to travel guide author Ed Readicker-Henderson. Worldwide, only hippos exceed them in injuries to humans.

While the Shira's moose subspecies of Idaho and environs is a little smaller than its northern

HANNAH MAE KIGHT

cousins, these animals are just as easily provoked. The usual biological triggers apply—cows with calves and bulls in rut. In addition, moose tend to perceive humans, dogs, and fences as threatening. They've been known to charge snowmobiles, cars, and even trains. Wildlife managers warn that tick infestations, hunger pangs, and long, tiring walks in the snow seem to make moose grumpy and aggressive.

So, I knew that I should avoid situations where a

moose feels challenged or threatened—like this one did. Suddenly, the old gal snapped back her ears flat against her head. Kicking up a blinding flurry of snow, boiling and snorting, she charged straight for us. Kingsley and I jumped straight into the air, did an aboutface, and began kicking up our own rooster tail of snow as we hightailed it out of the garden.

Thankfully, our garden gate is wide enough for two. If it hadn't been, it would be now, because Kingsley and I

reached it at the same time. The brown beast was gaining on us as we sped through it and headed past the woodpile. That's when I spotted a narrow space between the end of the woodpile and a large water-maple bush. With the rampaging monster almost on top of me, I dove in. But she wasn't going to be outmaneuvered. As she sped by, she struck out at me with a hoof.

Now I'm no physicist, but I know enough to respect the

LEFT: Moose cow and calf in the Idaho wild.



JESS JOHNSON

impact force of a moose hoof aimed at my head. Looking back, I can't help but wonder just how much force was coming my way. According to Idaho State University's moose bio link, cow moose can reach up to nine hundred pounds in the northern Rockies. That's larger than the average bull elk. Moose are the second largest game mammal in North America, after bison. But impact force is more than the weight of the moose. It also factors in speed, and a moose can travel up to thirty miles per hour on land (six miles per hour in water). They're not really built for speed though, and prefer fight over flight in a confrontation—which brings me back to the real problem at hand: nine hundreds pounds of fight barreling down on me.

In order to properly weigh the odds in this encounter, it occurs to me that I would need to include the increase in velocity when her leg muscles contract to throw the strike. Such a number is used to figure the impact of an uppercut in boxing or a mule kick in martial arts. "Deformation factor" is another part of the formula. A hoof has little deformation at impact, similar to the effect of wearing brass knuckles. My head, on the other hand, is considerably more malleable.

I read that a professional heavyweight boxer can deliver .63 tons of impact force to the head. If a heavyweight boxer weighed 225 pounds and my moose weighed nine hundred pounds, I wonder if she could deliver four times the impact force, or about 2.5 tons of force.

You're probably thinking she missed me, otherwise how could I be alive to write this? Actually, she didn't miss. Two tons of nature's impact force hit me right between the eyes, exploding on the nosepiece of my glasses, breaking them in two. Later I discovered a bead of blood where the tip of her hoof grazed the bridge of my nose. I cheated death!

It took a few seconds to regain my senses, and when I did, I glimpsed a blur in the distance. It was Kingsley skimming neatly across the top of the snow just ahead of the charging moose. Clearly, my brave delaying actions had given him enough time to reach snow-planing speed.

As suddenly as it began, it ended. Recognizing she'd been outsmarted, our adversary abandoned the chase. She hopped over a fence, trotted across the pasture and over another fence, before disappearing into the timber.

I trotted off to the house to duct tape my glasses and make an appointment with the

optometrist's lab for new frames. The night passed uneventfully, no headache or nightmares.

The next morning, I set out on my normal chore routine. Yellow Tomcat was at the backdoor looking unusually smug.

"Where's Kingsley?" I asked.

Looking around, I spotted him in the front yard racing frantically back and forth. Meanwhile, in the garden beyond, that old cow moose browsed casually through the snow on last summer's cabbage and pea plants. All of a sudden, I understood Kingsley's panic. It was a terrible dilemma—if he started barking, he'd probably lose his life when that fury of nature came out of the garden after him. Yet if he didn't sound the alarm, he'd lose not only self-respect, but my respect as well.

I motioned Kingsley to my side and we made a wide loop around the outside of the garden, keeping the high fence between us and the beast. Our presence in her periphery seemed enough to nudge her out of the garden. In the end, I'm sure the old gal realized she was no match for our superior resourcefulness and decided to relinquish the field of battle for good—at least, that's what we hoped. ■



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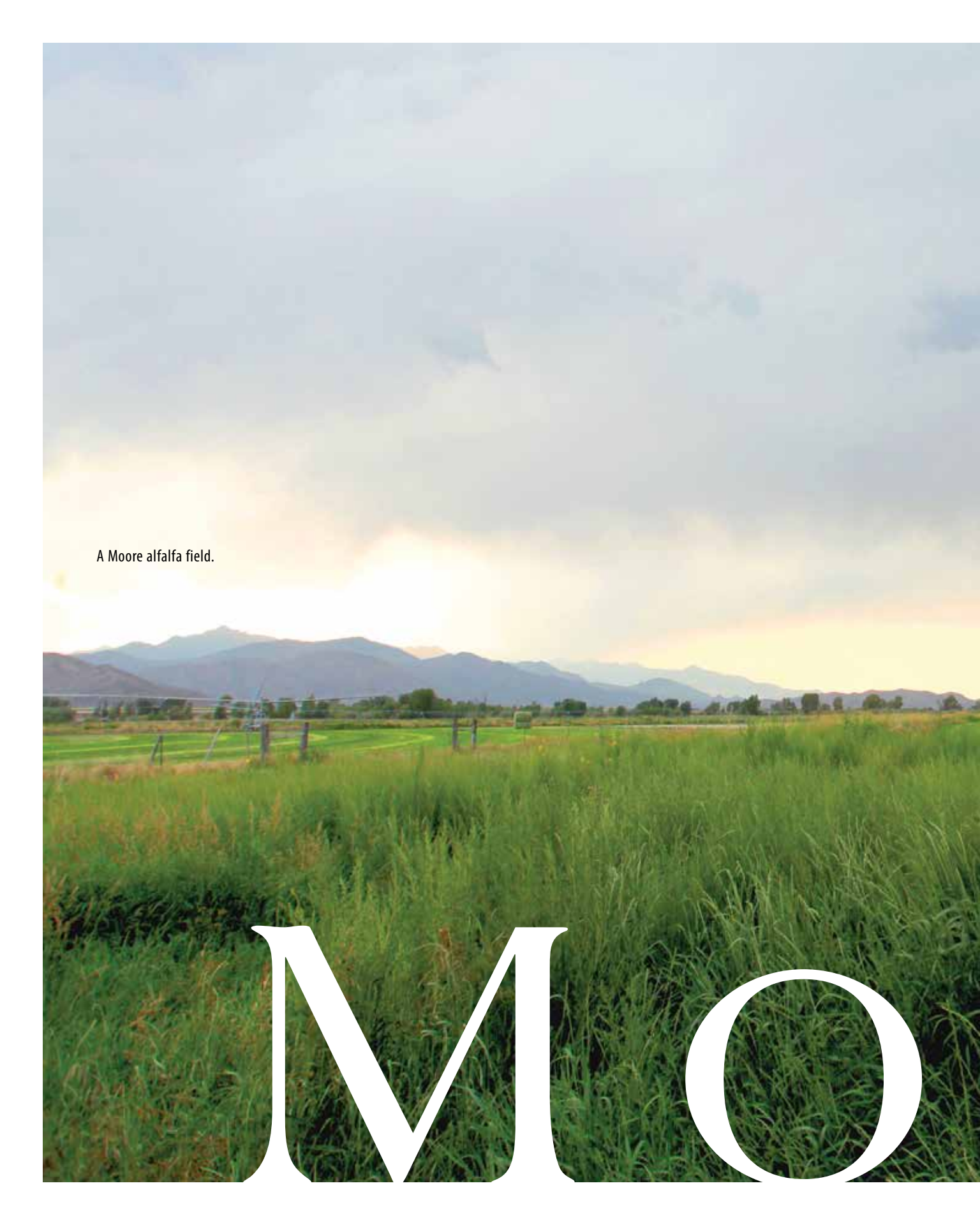
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A Moore alfalfa field.

Mo

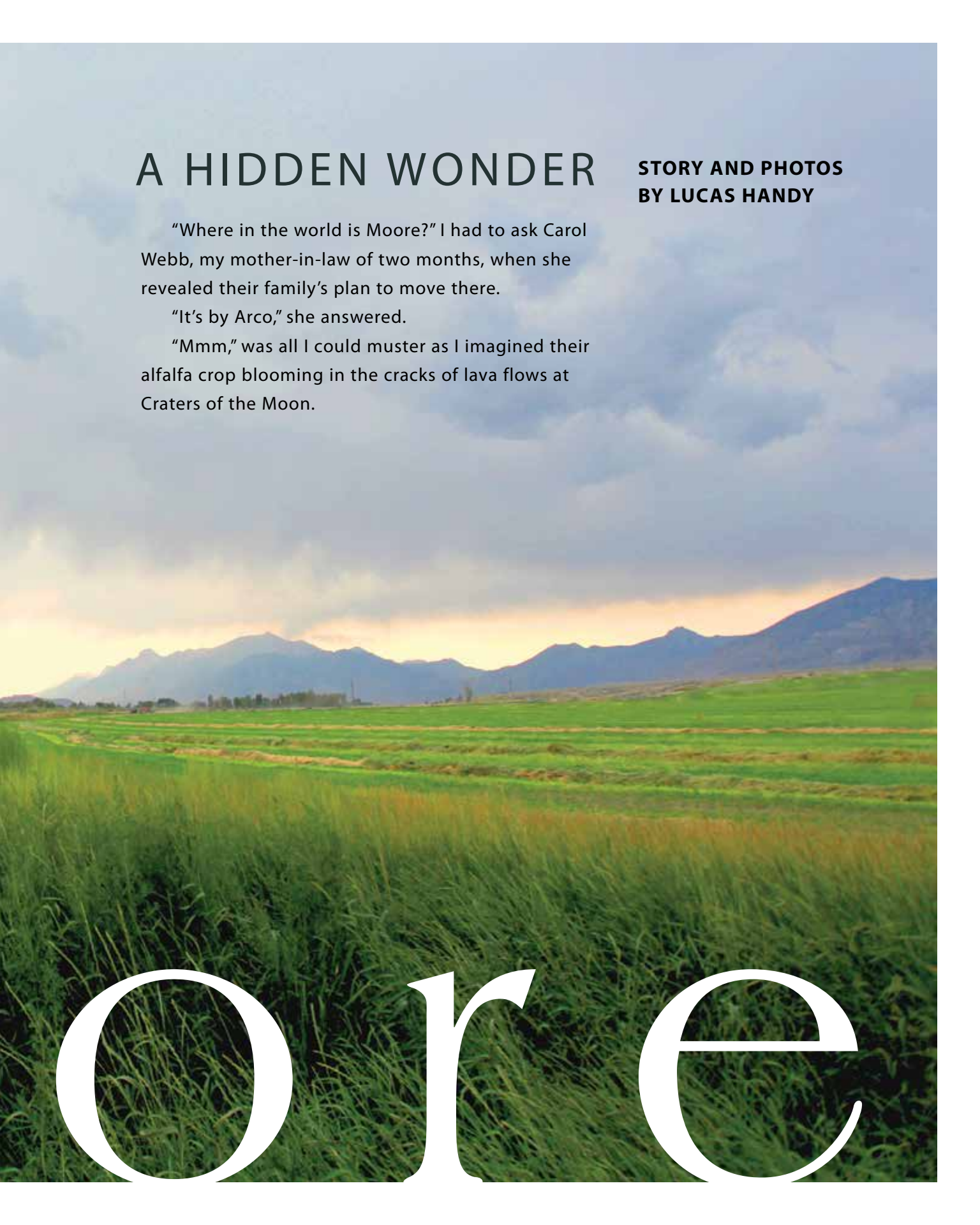
A HIDDEN WONDER

STORY AND PHOTOS
BY LUCAS HANDY

"Where in the world is Moore?" I had to ask Carol Webb, my mother-in-law of two months, when she revealed their family's plan to move there.

"It's by Arco," she answered.

"Mmm," was all I could muster as I imagined their alfalfa crop blooming in the cracks of lava flows at Craters of the Moon.



ore



ABOVE: The author's wife, Mary Handy, at the farm.

This was February 2013, and in a matter of weeks the Webbs forsook their family farm of generations at Raft River, a community at the confluence of the Raft and Snake Rivers west of American Falls. Their move was only eighty miles north as the crow flies but the Webbs felt like pioneers, and were delighted by the welcome they received from members of their new community.

From our home in Rexburg, my wife Mary and I headed straight west across the desert to find the mysterious little town. When we reached the unincorporated community of Howe, we followed the central Idaho desert line to Arco. Then we turned north and let the Big Lost River—locally known as the simply the Lost River—guide us eight miles on

Highway 93 into the midst of the stunning Lost River Range. I'm a city boy originally from Burley, and it seemed that the voice in which this part of Idaho spoke to me was eloquent.

The Lost River is so called because it loses water, drop by drop, as it snakes its way through the desert and feeds the valley. While we drove onward, the landscape turned greener and the mountains grew. Nostalgia cascaded over me as I recalled visits to my grandfather's cabin in Sun Valley just fifty miles west of this valley, but separated by the 12,009-foot Hyndman's Peak. Five of the tallest peaks in Idaho tower within forty miles of Moore, nourishing the quaint valley with runoff from the snow and shielding it on all sides except the south. The farther we drove

up the road, the more prominent the mountains became, which again reminded me of arriving at Grandpa's place in the Wood River Valley.

Downtown Moore looks like what it is: a community of 169 that has been abandoned by a generation searching for better jobs. It's in Butte County, which on average has the least expensive homes for sale in Idaho. The town itself looks nothing like Sun Valley, and that's what makes it a hidden wonder—with some of the state's best terrain and very few people.

Local resident Doug Pearson told me when he was a kid everyone in the area had their own little farms, run by numerous family members. But little farms operated by big families are mostly a thing of the past, because they're no longer economically feasible. Mass production is the name of the game. Nowadays, Moore enterprise is a mix of limited tourism and farming. The Idaho National Laboratory in the desert between Arco and Blackfoot also supports some residents in the valley, if not specifically in Moore.

My in-laws had purchased seven hundred acres on Antelope Road, where they set about growing alfalfa. The cool summers in this fertile region produce high-quality hay. In recent years, I've helped on the farm by driving trucks and swathing during the summer and fall. Shortly after my in-laws moved to Moore, they also purchased a five-hundred-acre ranch along the Lost River five miles west of town. The ranch encompasses a historic lodge used by the stagecoach line that came through in the 1860s to support mining. I built a website for the lodge and did the photography for it. My wife and I rent out the lodge and a bunkhouse on the property to tourists. We bring other family members and friends to visit throughout the year.

We've also helped the local café (one of Moore's few businesses catering to the public) to build their online reputation. The café is right on Highway 93, but the owners tell me that most of their traffic comes from locals. I feel like Moore is a hidden wonder. I'll bet most folks who visit the area are Idaho

BELOW: View from the heights of the valley near Moore.





ABOVE: The author's daughter, Lydia Jane Handy, at rock paintings near King Mountain.

OPPOSITE TOP: A mountain spring near Moore.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Rock art images.

residents. It definitely hasn't hit the big time yet, like Jackson, Sun Valley, or Yellowstone, but I can only think that with time, its appeal will become better known.

I've been at my in-laws' ranch at all times of year to enjoy the peacefulness and wildlife, but the summer amazes me: the greenery in the mountains with white peaks poking up, and deer and antelope everywhere. Villagers have to watch out for their garden plots being taken over mainly by deer, although other opportunistic visitors include rabbits, an occasional elk, antelope, and moose.

King Mountain, one of the closest peaks to Moore, is a launch point renowned by gliders, some of whom fly over to Montana from here. Each August the snow melts just enough for

our annual hike up Borah Peak, the tallest in Idaho. Last fall, my wife and I got archery licenses and bagged a mule deer.

In winter, the frozen mountains call to me after a fresh snow. Large elk prints draw lines across the slopes, proving that life does endure the months of bitter cold. Last season, I set aside my elk tag and weapon to enjoy watching a herd of at least 150 animals make their way up the mountainous ridge, each elk effortlessly jumping a fence eighty yards from me.

When we hosted a Shoshone-Bannock wedding at the ranch one year, the tribal members knew about ancient rock paintings nearby, but they were the only attendees aside from local residents who were aware of them.

In March, my wife and I brought one of our favorite couples to enjoy the ranch. We hiked up to the paintings and were the first to break through the virgin snow north of King Mountain and about six miles east of town. As we arrived at the paintings, I found prints indicating that a large herd of elk had bedded down there. Two draws within thick rock create a "V" partway up the mountain, opening into a canyon that overlooks Moore, in which the paintings can be seen. Among the stick figure people are images that look like trackers. One figure is surrounded by a large circle.

Local historian and longtime resident Sharon Pearson told me that Shoshone, Bannock, or Blackfoot tribes may have been responsible for these paintings, or perhaps even people who preceded them. This region was an ideal hunting ground, and professors from Idaho State University who have visited the location believe it may have been a childbirth site for tribal women. It is thought to have been a sacred place. A spring runs between the two draws, and Sharon says if you climb up alongside the spring and go around it, you'll find a painting that appears to depict hundreds of people as simple line



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ABOVE: The author's brothers-in-law (from left), Hyrum, Bryant, Brigham, and Glenden Webb, nephew Braden Carter, and brother-in-law Jason Carter in the Pioneer Mountains.

OPPOSITE: Working the farm.

figures. A tall figure holds hands with a short one. The age of this work is undetermined. Sharon's guess is that the site might have been a starting point for young Native Americans on coming-of-age quests.

Near King Mountain is a stagecoach stop that retains original infrastructure from the late-1800s. The family of Sharon's husband, Ronald Pearson, once lived in the home at the stagecoach stop. Sharon's family moved to the area in the 1940s while Ronald's great-grandparents settled in Moore in 1884, and five of their ten children were born there.

Mining brought the stagecoach to the area, which also served Mackay and Challis. Freight wagons stayed on the higher rims of the valley to avoid the marshy wetlands. One

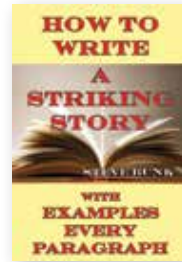
of the first settlements in the area was the now-defunct Champagne, which grew to about two thousand people. The Champagne Mine, fifteen miles west of Arco, was one of the few mines in the area that produced gold. Those among the first people to settle in Moore in the 1800s were from Champagne. They settled along Antelope Pass, about five miles north of Moore, and the stagecoach traveled along the highlands to reach them. The Carey Act of 1894 prompted a surge of settlers looking for 160-acre plots to claim. Soon, a train depot was established, called Moore after the surname of the landowner who allowed the train to cross his property with the stipulation that it stop. In 1920, Moore was known as The Island, which

IDAHO magazine BOOKSHELF

was inspired by a canal into the desert built by a Utah construction company. The “island” moniker derived from the Big Lost River running on one side of Moore and the irrigation canal on the other side.

Moore never did get big, which Sharon believes is because it’s always been pretty far from everywhere else. But the folks here are accepting and friendly. The community has a mix of educational backgrounds, and people help one another survive when life gets hard. Last winter, for example, when the snow was high from drifts, I got my car stuck and before I could blink, a young man with a big heart, colorful language, and a shovel showed up. He tried to dig and pull my truck out, but the snow remained so troublesome that he called in a neighbor with a tractor and plow. He had no idea who I was and didn’t expect anything in return for this kind deed.

When I married into the Webb family, I knew it meant I’d have the perfect wife, but what I didn’t know was that it would provide a chance to fulfill my boyhood dreams of Idaho adventure. Whenever we go back to Moore now, my only concern is to beware of jackrabbits on the way. So far, I’ve had to replace two bumpers. ■



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Samantha's Wedding

Splendor in the Cow Pasture

BY MARYLYN CORK

In the summer of my distress over weeks of near triple-digit heat and forest fires last year, I racked up a notable first—attendance at a wedding held in a Sagle cow pasture.

As was almost predictable, the ceremony took place during the first cold, showery spell of incipient fall. (One has to be an optimistic soul to schedule an outdoor wedding in any season of the year in northern Idaho.)

The 6 p.m. affair was chilly, sure enough, but at least the rain held off. Forty or so invited guests breathed a sigh of relief, hugged their wraps around their shoulders (or wished they'd brought one), and sat through it all with good grace. The object, after all, was to see the couple married, and that we were able to accomplish.

Unusual, too, in that it had been planned and executed by the groom's mother, it was a pretty little wedding. The cow pasture was a piece of near-level property that had belonged to her deceased parents and was, apparently, of some sentimental significance to the family. It sat at the top of a low eminence overlooking a fine view of a hayfield below, a country road, and trees and mountains rising beyond. I hasten to add that since the last cows to be pastured in it had been moved out some time before, the wedding guests had the luxury of not having to watch where they placed their feet.

The young couple stood to take their vows, administered by a lady justice of the peace, backed up against a tall granite outcropping. Someone had gone to the trouble of lacing together an arbor-like edifice of slim twigs and branches. Before and after the ceremony, the children in attendance





ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE



TWIN BRIDGES

ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

Lyrical illustration by:

Dick Lee

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SAGLE

focused on the ten-foot-tall boulder as a great place to practice their rock-climbing skills.

Containers of cattails stood at the end of each aisle of folding chairs where the guests sat. The bride carried a small bouquet of white carnations. Attired in a floor-length, sleeveless ecru gown of some soft draping material and escorted to the “altar” by her stepfather, she looked as beautiful and happy as all brides are supposed to look on their wedding day. The bride’s attendants wore their best outfits, but I’m not sure any of them had been purchased especially for the occasion. The groomsmen did the same, and they wore ties in an eye-catching shade of bright blue.

After the wedding, instead of a traditional reception or bridal supper, the guests dined on a tasty selection of potluck dishes provided by friends and family members. Long canvas awnings sheltered the picnic tables dressed in white tablecloths on which the food was spread. Table decorations consisted of dollar-store containers spray-painted in the bride’s colors of a peachy pink and the same bright light blue of the groomsmen’s ties, filled with coordinating flowers. If it hadn’t been for the lowering skies and the chill breeze blowing, the affair would have been entirely delightful. As it was, we were all just thankful that the rain held off.

Afterward, I thought what a nice little wedding it was, and one that hadn’t set anybody back a bundle. Bride and groom were both just getting launched in life as adults and having the usual financial struggle so many young people do when they are starting out. Neither set of parents could have afforded a lavish affair either. The bride’s stepfather, who walked her down the “aisle,” has diabetes and is on a weekly regimen of dialysis with no hope of a kidney transplant, because of a heart condition.

Cow pasture or not, one couldn’t have asked for a prettier setting for a ceremony joining two young lives together. To me, such an economical wedding makes much more sense than putting on a big, expensive gala that neither the couple nor the parents really could have afforded. I salute the good sense of everyone involved. But then, I’m a devotee of nature and cow pastures. ■

Where are You Mary Pride?

Tracking Down Kuna's First Female Mayor

BY LINDA C. BROWN

Have you come across any of these names in your research?" I was asked in an email one gray day in November 2008. It was the end of the centennial year of our Ustick Baptist Church in Boise, and the secretary had forwarded an email from a man in Denmark named Niels Otto Holm, who was seeking information on his long lost great-aunt's family.

By then, I'd spent more than a year on the history committee and was winding down my obligations, but the email was intriguing. It started me on another year's worth of investigations to help this family in Denmark find what they were seeking.

Niels' father had an aunt named Margaret who emigrated from Denmark to the USA in 1885 and married George Myers in 1888. Niels, who was anxious to help his elderly father find out what had become of his aunt and her descendants, had noticed that one of George and Margaret's daughters, Mary, married a man named

Porter S. Pride in our church in 1917.

At the time, my husband and I loved watching a PBS show called *History Detectives*. The diligent work of the characters on that show inspired me to do my best in researching this family. I went downtown to the Idaho State Archives, where I perused online public records and census lists, read old obituaries, and skimmed through books. I discovered it would be easiest to trace first the history of Porter's father, Allen Pride. He was a cousin to the Prides who owned a farm just north of what became the last farm on the Boise Bench, Spaulding Ranch, now on



COURTESY OF KUNA UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

ABOVE: Mary Pride, Kuna's first mayor.

BELOW: The lumber company when Mary's husband Porter Pride was manager, before he took over ownership.



COURTESY OF CAMERA COLLECTOR / PROBOARDS.COM



LINDA C. BROWN

the National Register of Historic Places. Allen had come from back East to help on the Pride farm and fell in love with the daughter next door, Marcella Spaulding. The couple married and Marcella gave birth to Porter Spaulding Pride. The family resided at the Spaulding Ranch and when Porter grew up, he married Mary Myers at our church in 1917.

In old Ada County records, I found a copy of Porter and Mary's marriage license. I researched all the church records

and found that she and Porter lived in the area for a few more years, because both Mary and her mother were mentioned for their involvement in the women's mission work society. But I was at a loss concerning what happened after those few years, because their names no longer appeared in the church lists.

Sitting for hours on the floor at the state archives building, I dug through every old Boise City Directory, trying to track down what happened to Porter and Mary Pride. I traced their path

through the years to Kuna, where Porter became the manager-owner of the Boise Payette Lumber Company. Further research revealed that he eventually bought it and renamed it Pride Lumber Company. And later, I obtained a copy of Mary's obituary, which mentioned she had served two terms as Kuna's first woman mayor and had died in 1989. She actually was the first elected mayor of Kuna following its incorporation as a city, beginning her initial term on Jan. 2, 1968.

ABOVE: The Prides' former home (left background) across the street from their church.

OPPOSITE: The Prides' gravesite in Kuna.

So the town of Kuna was my next stop. I visited the Baptist church, hoping to find evidence of Porter and Mary's membership, but there were no records. Ruth Shelton, who worked there, recommended that I visit Mildred Mumford, an elderly church member living at a nursing home in Meridian, because she would have known Mary. She also told me that Mary had lived in a mobile home toward the end of her life.

Using the family's addresses as listed in the old city directories, I went from road to road, looking for the Pride house, the mobile home, and the lumber company. More than one person I spoke to said they thought the mobile home had burned down. I thought I found the general location of the Pride's house, but at city hall I was told that the numbered streets had been changed since then. *History Detective*-like, I drove and walked through town once again, looking at all the possible locations I had noted earlier of the family's place of residence. I was confident that this time I had found the right street if not the exact house. It was just around the corner from where the mobile home had stood. But I needed confirmation.

Next, I visited the Kuna Cemetery. It was closing time

and the secretary was just leaving as I arrived, but I convinced her to find the Prides for me in the registration book. She told me that Mary used to be the secretary of the cemetery, which I had never heard from anyone before. We both visited the gravesite, where it was reassuring to see Porter and Mary laid to rest.

I then drove to the nursing home in Meridian and found Mildred Mumford at dinner. I had to speak loudly close to her ear because she was quite deaf. She knew Mary but said she was not a member of the Baptist church. Two ladies who heard my booming voice interrupted to exclaim, "Oh, we knew Mary, but she went to the Methodist church."

Mildred added, "The Prides had a lovely home just across from that church. They owned a small house next to it that they rented out. And, yes, Mary's last home was a mobile on Avenue B that later burned down."

I drew a map of the corner in question, so Mildred could confirm the exact placement of the Prides' house. Then I returned to Kuna to snap photos of the home, the rental house beside it, and the church. Later, I not only confirmed Mary's membership there, but a church worker emailed me her photograph. My final stop that day before going home was the

Kuna Cemetery, where I again approached Mary's gravesite with an overwhelming sense of accomplishment in having found her after a year-long search.

With the mystery of Porter and Mary Pride solved, I continued to research her other relatives, and every tidbit I gleaned was emailed to Niels in Denmark. He and his wife became such good pen pals that they invited our family to visit them, and we returned the invitation. Even now, seven years later, we continue to keep in touch via Facebook and annual Christmas cards. So not only did I learn a lot about Porter and Mary Pride during my detecting adventure, but happily my family now has a lasting friendship with her relatives in faraway Denmark. ■



LINDA C. BROWN

First Encounter

PHOTO BY MICHAEL H. LEE

This magazine gets its share of publicity photos over the electronic transom, but rarely does one of them carry enough human interest to warrant publication. Here's an exception from U.S. Navy photographer Michael H. Lee, which shows a father meeting his daughter for the first time. The father is Lt. Cmdr. Sean Gray of Nampa, executive officer of the Virginia-Class fast-attack submarine *USS Texas*. The infant is seven-week-old Vivian, presented to Sean by his wife Jennifer after his sub returned from deployment in the Pacific.

A few words added to this image by Dawn Scott of the Navy's media outreach department went above and beyond normal PR flak. "On our planet, more than seventy percent of which is covered by water, being there means having the ability to act from the sea," she wrote. "Navy ships, submarines, aircraft and, most important, tens of thousands of America's finest young men and women are deployed around the world doing just that. They are there now. They will be there when we are sleeping tonight . . . They are there around the clock, far from our shores, defending America at all times." —*The Editors*



BOWHUN DOWN



WATER

A RESCUE IN THE WILDERNESS

STORY AND PHOTOS BY CARMEN MAGART

In the mountains of central Idaho due east of McCall, the mild September day made shirtsleeves comfortable even at an elevation of six thousand feet. Quaking aspens fluttered in the breeze and crimson huckleberry bushes splashed tawny ridges. The autumn colors melded together as if in a Monet painting. Fragrant fir and lanky lodgepole pine dotted open hillsides and shaded the trails and forest floors. Most of the plentiful, clear rocky streams still ran at least at a trickle, easily stepped over without getting a boot damp. In the mountains and meadows teeming with life, colorful collections of birds flittered and squabbled overhead, and chipmunks scolded and scampered about. The larger animals rested in the shade of the underbrush, stamping at flies and switching tails, waiting for the cool of the evening to graze. It was a magnificent day to be alive, and a splendid place to spend even one day of that life. Or so the bowhunter thought.

Clad in camo head to toe, he blended in as he stalked a bull elk all afternoon. Intent on taking it with his bow and excited by the prey's proximity, the hunter allowed only a moment of heedlessness, but it proved to be his undoing. With one misstep on a log, he lurched forward, lodging his right leg between two downed timbers and instantly snapping both bones in his lower leg. He heard them break and felt his knee tear at the site of an old football injury. At 260 pounds, yet fit and strong for his fifty years, John Sain's body crumpled as waves of pain, nausea, and delirium washed over him. In moments of lucidity, he knew how bad the situation was. He knew instinctively this could be the end of his life.

LEFT: Help is here.





ABOVE LEFT: A medic tends to injured bow-hunter John Sain.

ABOVE RIGHT: A rescue crew member rides through the forest.



It isn't hard to imagine the different facets of his predicament whirling like a kaleidoscope in his head. He had dropped the bow where he fell and carried no sidearm. His cell phone remained in his vehicle—there was no signal out here anyway. He knew he was at least two miles from his tent camp with its food and shelter. Worse yet, a good four or five miles separated him from his vehicle, a road, and rescue. No one was going to start worrying or searching for at least three more days, after Sunday, when he had told his wife he would call. John was severely injured in the wilderness, exposed and alone, where wolves roamed and weather was unpredictable at best.

Born and raised in Montana, he was an avid hunter and self-sufficient outdoorsman but he later said that he knew the outcome of this incident was beyond his control. In the hours that followed, he cursed his luck and rued the

one irresponsible moment that led to the dilemma he now faced. At times, the pain seemed unbearable. Waves of hopelessness washed over him, and he allowed himself to wallow in self-pity and even contemplated suicide. He prayed. He found a few scraps of paper to write on and scribbled good-bye letters to his children and wife—and then, sometime in the early dawn, he decided he wanted to live.

He knew the leg was badly broken from the way his foot pointed in a different direction than the knee. He would need to get to the trail if he ever was to be found, dead or alive. But it was impossible to stand or even crawl and drag his leg without supporting it. With an elk decoy made of cloth, some parachute cord, and a knife he had with him, he fashioned a splint. A couple of slightly crooked tree limbs sat within reach, and he used the cord and cloth to tie them onto his leg.

HE NEEDED TO GET TO THE TRAIL IF HE WAS TO BE FOUND, DEAD OR ALIVE.

Still unable to stand, he was forced to crawl down the mountain to the trail where he had started. It took two days.

In that time, John had gone without food and had only once been able to get to a small stream from which to drink. With only a lightweight coat, he could barely fend off the frigid night temperatures, which at that elevation were dipping into the low twenties. Knowing that succumbing to hypothermia was a possibility, he summoned the strength each evening to gather enough twigs and branches to keep a small fire going throughout the night. On the morning of the fourth day, he lay stretched out beside his dead fire near the trail, half-propped up on his backpack, when he heard the hum of a small engine.

One after another, three groups arrived to aid in John's rescue—two pairs out on dirt bikes, and my husband and I on horseback. All of us had had different original destinations that morning, but fate turned us in John's direction. The two young men who found him first had planned to ride trails near Burgdorf Hot Springs, only to discover them teeming with marathon runners. Their second choice was the trail on which John lay dehydrated, hungry, and exposed to the elements. As they rode closer, movement beside the trail startled them. What had appeared to be a log moved and waved, and in short order they discovered the extent of John's injuries. Unaccustomed to human suffering, these young men were understandably anxious to secure more help. They gave him their granola bars and a bottle of water, and one of them stayed with him while the other hightailed it back toward the road.

He came upon a married couple on motorbikes out for a short trail ride before a dinner date. He convinced the couple to ride another two miles and help with the injured man. When the two arrived, they began making a plan

to facilitate his rescue. They had a tough little chainsaw for clearing trail, which they decided would work to clear a landing zone for a life flight helicopter, if they could get someone to call one in. The spot where John languished was six miles over rough terrain to the nearest road on a trail suited primarily for foot and horseback traffic and for experienced riders of lightweight motorbikes.

The young man continued on his motorcycle in search of a cell phone signal to call emergency responders. He came upon my husband and me at an old trapper's cabin, where we were saddling up for a three-day pack trip in the opposite direction. As luck would have it, we had dawdled or we would have been gone fifteen minutes earlier and missed him. Upon hearing about the predicament of the injured hunter, we threw the supplies and pack saddle off our third horse and headed down the trail to see what we could do to help. In the two hours it took to get there, I had visions of trying to put the man, dead or alive, on our spare horse for a rough ride out. No matter how gentle we were or slow we could go, it wouldn't be an easy task to get him on the horse or a comfortable trip out if he was still conscious. Both of us were anxious about what the near future held.

The young man, who had continued in search of a cell signal, caught and passed us en route, reporting that emergency personnel were on the way. I remember being relieved, yet I knew that even at top speed they'd still have at least a half-hour drive and then a two-hour walk before arriving. By the time we showed up on horseback, the lanky husband had scoped out a rocky knob a few hundred yards from the injured man. He said it looked like a place where a helicopter could land if a dozen or so big pine trees were cleared.

When I later saw the proposed landing zone, it occurred to me that if the hunter hadn't become disoriented from his injury and crawled in the



ABOVE: The team on the ground and the copter in the air.

wrong direction from his camp on the trail, no such place would have been accessible. The timber was thicker and hillsides steeper in either direction. If we couldn't get the helicopter to land in that spot, John would be spending yet another night on the mountain, or we would have to resort to packing him "dead cowboy style" on the back of a horse—or, worse yet, carrying this large man on a litter six miles to a road. Those last options held little appeal to anyone, least of all John.

My husband thought it might expedite the arrival of the emergency medical technicians (EMTs) if he collected them and their packs of fifty-plus pounds. While he rode down the trail, I stayed with the injured man and the young wife, whose husband was wielding the chainsaw as the other two motorcyclists helped to clear the landing site. When I first talked with John and silently assessed his condition, I was fearful he had a compound fracture, and upon examining it, I was

relieved to discover that it wasn't. The cloth from the elk decoy looked like bloody rags holding the splint in place. I asked if he could feel his foot, ascertaining that the splint hadn't cut off circulation. I checked his skin for clamminess and his pupils for constriction. I noticed that he became more animated as he drank water and ate some of the various snack contributions, including candy. Having used all I that remembered from my long-ago emergency first aid course in college, I welcomed the arrival of the emergency crew.

The first EMT took his radio to a high spot and was able to call in our location. He said a medical rescue helicopter would try to land in twenty minutes. The man with the chainsaw had cleared the majority of the larger pine trees, but considerable brush and rocks still littered the area. All able bodies helped to clear the LZ as we watched the clock. In the meantime, the other EMT deftly assessed the hunter's condition. She

WE WISHED HIM WELL AND WATCHED THE HELICOPTER WHISK HIM AWAY.

did some of the same things I'd done when I first saw him, but she also administered morphine to ease his pain, checked his blood sugar level, and started an IV for dehydration. She complimented me on my tripod made of sticks and a piggin' string from my saddle to hang his IV, and for throwing a raincoat over branches to provide shade from the glaring afternoon sun. It was redneck but it did the trick. We shielded him with our bodies, as well, and kept him talking while the helicopter circled. I was amused and struck by how resilient we humans can be when the EMT asked John how his pain was on a scale from one to ten. The question one expects in the doctor's office didn't quite seem to fit here.

He grinned and said "Lady, I don't even know."

My guess is she assumed somewhere near ten, because she gave him a healthy dose of drugs, and he soon relaxed.

Finally, around five o'clock, hours after John had first been found, the helicopter was able to land and its three occupants emerged. They introduced themselves, quickly surveyed the route, and got John mentally prepared for a ride. They gingerly lifted him onto the litter, and six of the men carried him up the incline and loaded him into the helicopter, which was to deliver him to the McCall hospital in about twelve minutes. We wished him well, promised we'd take care of the things he was leaving behind, and watched the helicopter whisk him away.

The weight of our hunter was a bit of a problem for the helicopter, so one of those who had flown in had to go back with us on the trail. We offered him a ride, which he gladly accepted, and then enjoyed in the rancher's saddle on the borrowed horse. My husband loaded up the EMTs' packs and the gear from the hunter's tent camp. He told me later that he was glad he'd opted to ride his bigger horse that day. By the time we pulled the last hill at the end of the

trail where our vehicles were parked, we were tired, hungry, and sore, but also a little sad to be saying goodbye to new friends, the type you meet only in the wilderness helping to rescue broken-legged hunters.

When we read about things like this happening in the newspaper or a magazine, it's easy to miss the dire circumstances surrounding the tale. Most articles just state the facts: "Injured hunter rescued after three days in the wilderness." It's easy to miss the life-and-death aspects of the experience, and the effect it can have on those involved. "Hunter says he prayed for help and is thankful for his rescue," reported one newspaper. I came away thankful that fate put us all in the right place at the right time. I was really glad we'd found a living being who could be rescued rather than recovering the dead body of someone who had succumbed to the elements or worse. Having been raised in these mountains, I know that similar situations haven't always turned out so well.

After witnessing this scenario unfold, watching strangers work together, and hearing the hunter voice his appreciation for his rescue, I have renewed faith in people. I think I like them a little more than I used to. Everyone I met that day—the efficient yet gentle EMTs, the helicopter crew who smiled as they performed a demanding and sometimes dangerous job, and the four people on motorcycles who went above and beyond—were really decent human beings. Even so, I was truly surprised at how moved our hunter John seemed to be that we would drop what we were doing to spend the greater part of a day making his rescue possible. More than once he offered to compensate our time with pay, to which we all replied, "No thanks, buddy. Just get well and enjoy life."

This is how we are in Idaho. We know others would do the same for us. ■

No Apologies

For White Bread or Anything

BY STEVE CARR

I listen to Sinatra and The Lettermen for inspiration while I write. How many people will admit to that? Once in awhile, okay, maybe a little more often than once in awhile, I order a deli sandwich on white. After age fifty, I quit apologizing and quit whispering my order.

It's somehow liberating to be able to say out loud, clear and proud, "Turkey on white, please." I know it's not politically correct or even healthy to eat white bread, but . . .

Every year I have my hair cut a little shorter, not because I believe it looks better, it's just less bother. Back in the day, when I found myself alone at the office, I occasionally played Mozart. I was embarrassed once or twice when I was "found out" by a colleague after she discovered the CD in the player the next morning. Today I unabashedly enjoy the occasional change from the Pop Top Forty.

When you're fifty-plus, you get to do whatever you want. Allow me to illustrate. At some point after high school you quit eating processed sponge cake treats in public. A few years later, you quit eating them altogether. Still later, after college, in the beginnings of a career, although you may occasionally crave one of those iconic diabetes-inducing treats, you wouldn't be caught dead with one. Today if I crave a golden sponge cake with creamy filling, I eat the darn thing with gusto.

I've not quite found my way to *The Lawrence Welk Show* reruns on Saturday night television.

Something tells me that once I go there, I'll cross some imperceptible but very real line. (The fact that I am aware that Mr. Welk is on Saturday nights may be a sign.) It seems to me that those who have crossed into that universe are traveling on a one-way ticket. Some yearning may linger, but nothing strong enough to push them up and off of the couch. And that works, for the couch is where they prefer to be. For me, for now at least, I understand both worlds. Actress Emma Stone's beauty and verve intrigue me as much as does Charles Osgood's Sunday morning musings. What I would really enjoy is Emma Stone dressed in a summer print speaking amusingly and intellectually about Osgood types of things. Now that's a world I could appreciate.

Perhaps it's because my age group understands both worlds that we don't have a place just for us. I guess I am okay with this, even though now, these few lines later, I still have that "Emma Osgood" image in my head.

Midlife is a good place, all things considered. Late afternoon spring basketball with the grandkids can still be played on the driveway, which held snow hours earlier. Belting out the tunes with the car radio still happens—even though you make up your own lyrics because you can't quite distinguish those of the artist. Seeing your sweetheart dressed in that black evening dress for the Mayor's Ball still sends a shiver down your back. But what makes it really good is going to bed at ten, just because you're tired. And white bread, Sinatra, short hair, and the occasional golden sponge cake with creamy filling. ■

No Apologies Tone Deaf Steve Carr can be reached, as long as the ringer is turned to "high," at scarr@prodigy.net

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IDAHO magazine is the award-winning monthly magazine that's been telling your stories in the words and photos of hundreds of your fellow Idahoans since October 2001.

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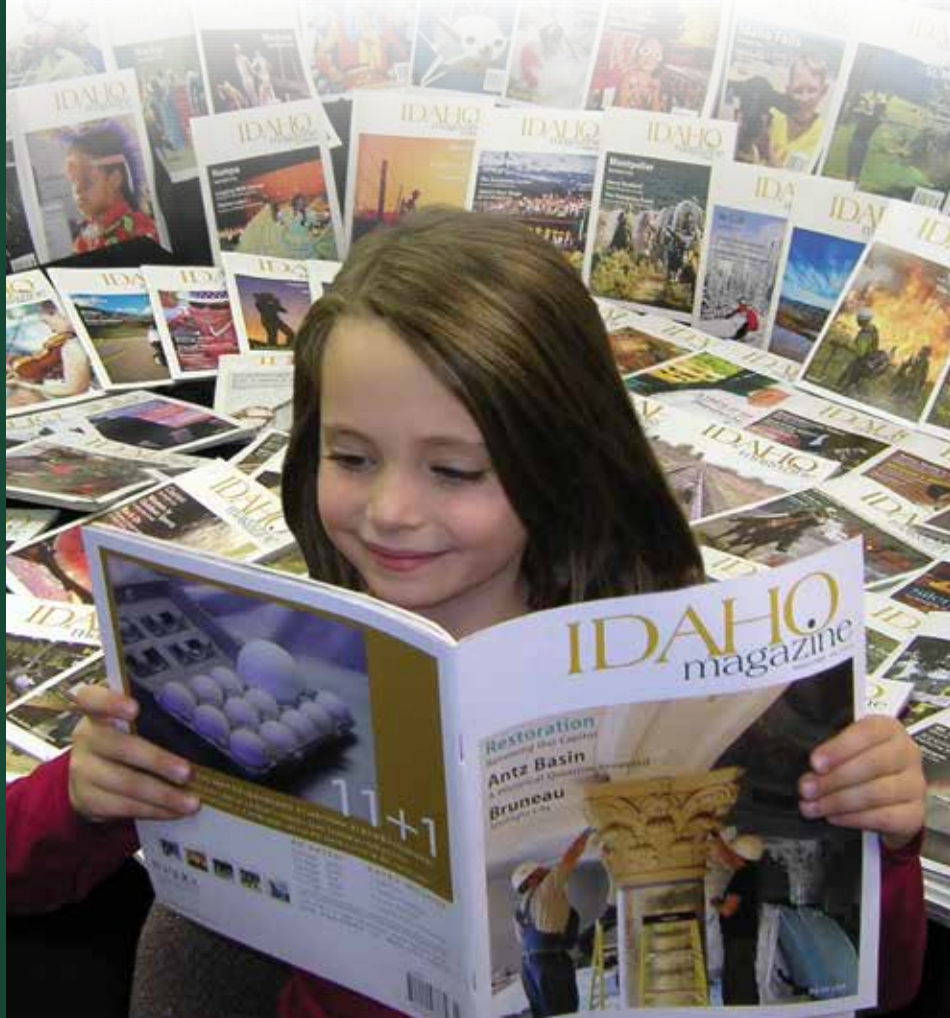
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INVEST IN IDAHO



Jalaine's Old Time Sour Cream Sugar Cookies

COOKIE INGREDIENTS

2 ¼ c. flour
½ c. butter
1 egg
½ tsp. baking soda
½ c. sour cream
1 c. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

PREPARATION

> Combine butter, sugar, egg, vanilla and cream together. In a separate bowl, combine flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt, then add to butter and sugar mixture. Stir in sour cream. Roll dough onto floured surface and cut into desired shapes. Bake at 370 degrees on ungreased cookie sheet for 7-9 minutes.

CREAMY CREAM CHEESE FROSTING INGREDIENTS

1 pkg. powdered sugar (2 lbs.)
4 oz. softened cream cheese
½ c. butter
2 tsp. vanilla
Milk—enough for desired consistency
1 Tbsp. shortening (this makes the frosting fluffier)

PREPARATION

> This recipe was originally shared in an old church cookbook by Jalaine Garner, who says, "I soften the cream cheese for 20 seconds in the microwave. I use room temperature butter. I mix the powdered sugar, butter, vanilla, and a splash of milk. Then I add the cream cheese and shortening. Then I add more milk if needed, and a splash of (spring-colored) food coloring!"

NOTE FROM AMY: My mom rarely failed to have after-school snacks waiting for us at the dinner table. My own attempts at this as a mom were more hit-and-miss, but I always felt like a champ when I left the kiddos a little something to greet them in the afternoon, even if I was off working when they got home as older kids. The more homemade-ier, the better, according to reports from the offspring. This recipe hits the spot.



Amy Larson, who provides our recipes, is a true Idaho foodie and author of the adventure-and-recipe book, Appetite for Idaho. Intrigued by clever flavor combinations and their creators' stories, she picks up recipes and makes plenty of friends along the Gem State culinary trail.

These recipe pages are brought to you by
THE IDAHO DAIRY COUNCIL

Crab-Citrus Spring Salad

DRESSING INGREDIENTS

- 3/4 c. orange juice
- 1/4 c. vegetable oil
- 3 Tbsp. rice vinegar
- 1 Tbsp. honey
- 1/4 tsp. salt

SALAD INGREDIENTS

- 1 large diced avocado
- 1 orange, peeled and cut into 1" pieces
- 1/4 c. minced red onion
- 1/4 c. chopped red bell pepper
(can substitute any color pepper)
- 1 Tbsp. chopped fresh cilantro
- 2 tsp. fresh minced jalapeno or serrano pepper
(more or less or none, depending on how spicy you like your food)
- 1 lb. lump fresh or frozen crab meat
- Leaf lettuce or spring mix lettuce leaves
- Coarsely ground black pepper
- Fresh orange segments

PREPARATION

- > Combine dressing ingredients and set aside.
- > In a large bowl, place avocado, orange pieces, red onion, red bell pepper, cilantro, and jalapeno or serrano. Allow to stand together for about 30 minutes. Draining and squeezing liquid out of crab meat, remember to check for any shell remnants. Add meat to salad.
- > Place lettuce leaves on festive, bright-colored plates. Top with crabmeat salad and sprinkle on the dressing to taste. Season with ground pepper and add orange segments for garnish.
- > Makes 6 Servings

HAVING A



SNACK



ATTACK?



A glass of milk, a slice of cheese and a cup of yogurt all make great nutrient-rich, affordable, easy-to-grab snacks for anyone, anytime, anywhere.



WHERE GOOD COMES FROM



www.idahodairy.org



JONI VANN

1 CAMP WILSON BBQ, Pine/ Featherville

As the finale to the Boy Scouts' Camp Wilson Camporee, the Camp Wilson BBQ Committee will be hosting their 69th annual "Camp Wilson BBQ". Boy Scouts that have been competing in the Camporee will eat for free, because this BBQ is to celebrate them! But it's open to the public, too, all ages welcome. Over 900 pounds of top round roast will be cooked in the ground in river-rock-lined pits, along with about a half ton of potatoes cooked in their own pit. There will be more than fifty gallons of ham and beans, as well. Sounds like you'd better get in line early, or there might not be anything left. The BBQ takes place from 1pm to 3pm at Camp Wilson, which is located half way between the towns of Pine and Featherville.

Information: cwrnhi@yahoo.com;
or (208) 587.9492



VALLEY GARDEN CLUB

6 ANNUAL PLANT SALE, Kooskia

Every year, the Valley Garden Club in Kooskia, that neat community up on the Clearwater River, holds a plant sale. This year it will take place from 8:00 AM to 3:00 PM at the Clearwater Market, on Main Street. All proceeds from the sale will be used to benefit local communities. This includes but is not restricted to the installation of park benches, pollinator garden signs, the Kelly Creek Native Plant Landscaping Project, the Woodsy Owl Elementary School Program, the Mason Bee project, and the Pioneer School Site Bulbs project. Of course attendance is free and open to anyone in town—and to anyone traveling up or down Highway 12 that day.

Information: Ricklu2@yahoo.com;
or (208) 926.4456



FIDDLERS INC.

6-7 FIDDLERS OF IDAHO STATE CHAMPIONSHIP FIDDLE CONTEST, Hailey

There are two parts to this cool family event. The first takes place Friday evening. It's the Fiddlers of Idaho's Entertainment show, featuring fiddlers of all ages and levels of expertise. It runs from 6:30 to 8:30 PM, and is held at the Community Campus Arts Theater, which is located at 1050 Fox Acres Road in Hailey. Tickets are \$10 (ages 18-64), \$8 (ages 65 and up), \$7 (ages 7-17), and free for ages 6 and younger. Then on Saturday the Novice and Certified fiddlers competition takes place. It runs from 9:00 AM to 8:00 PM, and admission is FREE to the public. It, too, will happen at the Community Campus Arts Theater.

Information: fiddlersofidaho.org



PHOTORODZ MOBILE CAR SHOW PHOTOGRAPHY



BETH BURGESS



MARGE KUCHYNKA

7 DEPOT DAYS CLASSIC CAR & MOTORCYCLE SHOW, Wallace

This is the 31st annual version of this popular show. There are seventeen different vehicle categories, with over sixty trophies to be awarded, starting at 3:30, but there is a lot more going on besides the show. There will be eclectic vendor booths, breakfast from 7-11 by the Silver Valley Kiwanis at the Elks Club, specials at the Wallace Senior Center, a Model Train Exhibit, and Kids Events featuring crafts and games all day. The Sierra Silver Mine Tour opens for the season, and there are exhibits at the Oasis Bordello and the Wallace Mining museums. Plus there will be live music and dancing in the streets. For details, check out the Web site below.

Information: www.npdepot.org/depot-days.php

14 ARCHAEOLOGY FAIR, Boise

Held in conjunction with Idaho Archaeology & Historic Preservation Month, the Idaho Archaeology Fair is an event you and your family won't want to miss! Activities at the fair will include hands-on experience of all sorts: grinding corn using stones, using an atlatl or spear-thrower, putting together a broken pot, and digging an excavation unit. There will be a demonstration on flint-knapping and an opportunity to interpret archaeological sites (portions of an "archaeological test area" are revealed so that participants can take a stab at interpreting what is revealed piece by piece). Other things for folks of all ages will be going on, as well, including a tour of the Assay Office Building. The event is free, and will be held at the Old Assay Office/Idaho State Historic Preservation Office (210 Main St.) from 10:00AM to 3:00PM.

Information: www.idahoarchaeology.org/#!archaeology-fair/nf9c6;
or bburgess@idahoarchaeology.org

27-28 CAMAS FESTIVAL, Weippe

It's amazing how much good stuff goes on in Idaho's rural communities, and Weippe's annual Camas Festival is a great example. Here's a partial list of what's going on: A Dutch Oven Cook-Off and a Dutch Oven Dinner, a Haw Hee Show, the Retreat to Weippe Fun Run/Walk, and a horseshoe tournament. There'll be displays and exhibits, craft and food vendors, and plenty of music. A very special attraction will be "Living Through the Fire", a musical drama reliving the 1910 fire that devastated northern Idaho. The Festival is sponsored by Idaho Humanities Council, Pierce-Weippe Chamber of Commerce, and Weippe Community Club, and takes place at Weippe's Mini Park and Community Center. For specific events and times, go to the Web site below.

Information: www.pierce-weippechamber.com/camas.html

MAY 2016

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

Details about many of the following events can be found at idahocalendar.com

- | | | | |
|------|---|-----|---|
| 1 | Pocatello Zoo opens for the summer, Pocatello | | at 4:30; Coeur d'Alene |
| 1 | Story Trail Book of the Month—"Big Tracks, Little Tracks; Following Animal Prints": Jim Hall Foothills Learning Center; (208)493-2530, 3188 Sunset Peak Rd, Boise | 5 | Idaho Gives Day: This important event is one you can "attend" without leaving the house; From 12:01AM to 11:59PM on May 5, you can go online and make donations of \$10 or more to a non-profit of your choice; visit www.idahononprofits.org to learn more; Statewide |
| 1,8 | Pocatello Downs Flat Track Horse Races: Bannock County Events Center, Pocatello | 5 | Wildflower Walk: Come join a celebration of the Boise foothills wildflowers; botanists will lead participants on a 1-1/2 to 2 hour leisurely walk on trails behind the Old Penitentiary; there is no charge, but please register so that an adequate number of guides may be arranged, (208)343-8649; Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise |
| 1-27 | Titanoboa: Prehistoric Monster Snake exhibit; daily except Mondays, Idaho Museum of Natural History, Pocatello | 5 | "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, Wilson Ponds, Nampa |
| 1-29 | Chess Players Wanted: Every Sunday (12-5pm) the "Iron Knights" are meeting for chess games at the Schnitzel Garten, Eagle | 5-8 | 4th Annual Spring Rendezvous, Vintage Trailer, Camp-out, White Bird |
| 1-30 | Petroglyph Walk and Historic Guffey Railroad Bridge: 10:00-2:00; self-guided tour; Celebration Park, Melba | 6 | Lego Club: A fun filled time for ages 8-12; 10:30AM, Public Library, Soda Springs |
| 2-21 | Senior Exhibition: Daily except Sundays, 10:00 AM - 5:00 PM; Rosenthal Gallery, Blatchley Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell | 6 | Late Night Friday: Ages 12-17; 7:00-11:00pm at the Fort Boise Community Center; Work out, hang out, play games, and learn how to make clay pots - whatever works for you; Play basketball or volleyball, use the Teen Activity Center computer lab, weight room, art classroom, X-Box, PC gaming or just relax with your friends; \$2 or free with school ID, Boise |
| 3 | Sinfonia Spring Concert: 7:30-9:00pm, Langroise Center, The College of Idaho, Caldwell | 6 | First Friday Art Walk: 5:00-8:00PM, Old Town Pocatello |
| 3 | Kilroy Coffee Klatch: Held on the first Tuesday of every month for coffee and conversation at the Warhawk Air Museum, this event is FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; 10:00 AM-12:00 noon; Nampa | 6 | National Public Gardens Day: The Idaho Botanical Garden continues its tradition of participating in this national day of celebration to raise awareness of America's public gardens and the role they play in promoting environmental stewardship and awareness, plant and water conservation and education; Admission: FREE to the public all day, 9:00AM to 7:00PM; Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise |
| 4 | "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, McDevitt Pond, East McMillan, Boise | 7 | "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 10:00AM-2:00PM, Sego Prairie Pond, Kuna |
| 4 | Family Night at Idaho Ice World: WEDNESDAYS, 6:30pm to 8:30pm; \$5 per person including skate rental; quality entertainment in a safe, fun, family friendly environment that helps support a healthy lifestyle; Boise | 7 | Portneuf Valley Farmers' Market: Opening Day, |
| 4 | Birding Series with Terry Rich—"Bird Identification": 8:00am to 9:30am, Free; Jim Hall Foothills Learning Center, Center3188 Sunset Peak Rd, Boise | | |
| 4-5 | Minico Ag Expo:Ag Expo for grade school children put on by Minico High School FFA; Minidoka County Fair Grounds, Rupert | | |
| 4-25 | Happier Hour Story Time: WEDNESDAYS at The Well~Read Moose, 2048 N. Main; FREE; starts at 4pm with stories starting | | |



GET YOUR EVENT ON THE CALENDAR

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

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS:

The first of the month two months prior to the month of the event.

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

Send details to:

ruby@idahomagazine.com

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>9:00-1:00, Old Town Pavillion, Pocatello</p> <p>7 NCHD Health Fair, Challis</p> <p>7 Hatching the Past: Museum Exhibit, Museum of Idaho, Idaho Falls</p> <p>7 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): David Valentine, “History and Archeology of High-Lift Pumping”; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell</p> <p>7 Northern Pacific Depot Day Festival: Includes Classic Car Show and Craft Fair, kids games, and more on NP Depot grounds; new displays in the NP Depot and model trains as well, Wallace</p> <p>7 Angel Walk & Classic Car Show: 10:00-2:00, Downtown Homedale</p> <p>7 Momz Garage Mothers Day Car Show, Estrella Plaza, Star</p> <p>7-8 Silverwood Anniversary Opening Weekend, Athol</p> <p>7-8 Riggins Rodeo and Parade: Rodeo starting at 1:30 pm each day, and the traditional parade at 11:00AM Sunday, Riggins</p> <p>7-28 Orma J. Smith Museum Open: FRIDAYS, 1:00PM-5:00PM; Free; This month’s exhibit: “Jump Creek Cave”, a late prehistoric hunting and game processing site; Artifacts include bone & lithic tools, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell</p> <p>7-28 Capital City Public Market: SATURDAYS, 8th Street, Boise</p> <p>7-28 Farmer’s Market: SATURDAYS, Rexburg</p> <p>7-28 Kootenai County Farmer’s Market: SATURDAYS, Hayden</p> <p>7-28 Farmer’s Market: WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, Downtown Sandpoint</p> <p>8 Mother’s Day at the Pocatello Zoo: Mothers will receive 50% off their admission when they are accompanied by a paid child; Pocatello Zoo,</p> | <p>Pocatello</p> <p>9-10 Spring Celebration: Schweitzer Mountain, Sandpoint</p> <p>10 Story Trail Adventure--“Big Tracks, Little Tracks; Following Animal Prints”: Jim Hall Foothills Learning Center; (208)493-2530, 3188 Sunset Peak Rd, Boise</p> <p>10 “Reading Tails”: All ages are welcome to bring a beloved book to share with this attentive audience of trained therapy dogs (with their owners) that are waiting to hear your favorite story; 3:30-4:30, Public Library, Nampa</p> <p>11 “Take Me Fishing” Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, Kleiner Pond, Meridian</p> <p>12 “Take Me Fishing” Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, Settlers Pond, Meridian</p> <p>13 GingerFest: 6pm – 10pm (9pm last admission); Come celebrate redheads and red fun at the Old Idaho Penitentiary, Boise</p> <p>13 Southern Idaho Outdoor Adventure Expo: 12pm - 8pm, CSI Expo Center, Twin Falls</p> <p>13-14 Marsh Valley 8th District High School Rodeo: South Bannock County Fairgrounds, Downey</p> <p>13-14 Pioneer Days: A great event for children, family and friends of all ages; rides in covered wagons, six pioneer buildings to view and experience; Dutch oven cooking; Blacksmith shop, Carriage Shop, Restored Pioneer Vehicles, Spinning Wheels, animals, implements, and more, Declo</p> <p>14 “Take Me Fishing” Trailer: 10:00AM-2:00PM, Weiser Pond, Weiser</p> <p>14 Archeology Fair: This Fair is an event you and your family won’t want to miss; activities will include hands-on experience of all sorts: grinding corn using stones, using an atlatl or spear-thrower, putting together a broken pot, and digging an excavation unit; from 10:00AM to 3:00PM at the Old Assay Office/Idaho State Historic Preservation Office, 210 Main Street,</p> |
|--|--|

- Boise
- 14 Tutu Run: Half Marathon, 10K, 5K; Get your tutu on and run; random prizes will be given to people wearing tutus; Skyview High School, Nampa
- 14 Sacred Salmon Ceremony: The 15th Annual "Sacred Salmon Ceremony & Friendship Pot Luck" is free & open to all; takes place at noon (Mountain Time) at Spring Bar, about 12 miles east of Riggins
- 14 All-Class Reunion/Open House: Former Union School students and families are invited to attend an all-class reunion to be held at the school, now the Twin Falls County Historical Museum, Twin Falls
- 14 American Falls Birding Festival (208-226-5294), American Falls
- 14-15 Pickin' Boise Antique Show & Artisan Market: Admission, \$6; South Expo Building, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 14-15 Northwest Spring Fest: Kootenai County Fairgrounds, Coeur d'Alene
- 17 Environmental Book Series: 6:00pm to 7:30pm, Ketchum Community Library, Ketchum
- 17 Small Animal Presentation: Come and learn all there is to know about the small animals you love from a Zamzows expert; all ages are welcome; 4:15 PM, Public Library, Nampa
- 17 Mobile Food Pantry: 5:30 PM - 7:30 PM, Wilcox Fresh Warehouse, Rexburg
- 18 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, Sawyer's Pond, Emmett
- 19 Distinguished Student Concert: Hosted by the Music Conservatory School, 7 p.m. in the historic Panida Theater (information:208-265-4444), Sandpoint
- 19 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, McDevitt Pond, East McMillan, Boise
- 19 Board Game Day: Bring in your own games or play some of ours; free; no registration or library card required, all ages welcome, 4:00-6:00 PM, Nampa Public Library, Nampa
- 19-21 Bear Lake High School Rodeo, Montpelier
- 19-22 Lost in the '50s: Annual retro celebration; includes a downtown classic car parade and show, rock 'n' roll concerts at the fairgrounds, and more, Sandpoint
- 20 Lego Club: A fun filled time for those ages 8-12; 10:30AM, Public Library, Soda Springs
- 20 USA World Championship Marathon Jet Boat Race: Races begin on the St. Joe, then continue elsewhere in Idaho and Oregon, St. Maries
- 20-21 The Vintage Vixens Spring Market, Fairgrounds, Filer
- 20-21 6th District High School Rodeo: Minidoka County Fair Grounds, Rupert
- 21 Walk for Wishes 2016: 9:00 AM - 1:00 PM, Axiom Fitness Parkcenter, Boise
- 21 VFW Community Breakfast: 8:00 AM - 11:00 AM, VFW Hall; \$5 donation, kids under 12 years old are free, Rexburg
- 21 WaterShed Weekend: Participate in a spring bird count, learn the sights and sound of many avian species, and learn how to best help our feathered friends; Free; Held at Hyatt Hidden Lakes Reserve, 5301 N. Maple Grove Road, Boise
- 21 Kids Tri Lava Triathlon: For kids ages 5 to 17; Swim, Bike and Run for fun; held at the Olympic Swimming Complex, Lava Hot Springs
- 21 Ketchum Wide Open: 12:00 noon, nine putt-putt holes around town; Prizes to first, second, third, youngest, oldest and farthest traveled, Ketchum
- 21 Idaho's Largest Garage Sale: 7am-6pm; Admission \$3.00, West Parking Lot, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 21 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 10:00AM-2:00PM, Mill Pond, Horseshoe Bend
- 21,26 Responsible Riders OHV Safety Class: 9:00AM-3:00PM, no fee, but current OHV sticker must be displayed, Idaho Falls Raceway training site, Idaho Falls
- 25 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, Wilson Ponds, Nampa
- 26 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, Kleiner Pond, Meridian
- 27 Annual Fisherman's Breakfast, St. Anthony
- 27-6/3 Avista NAIA World Series: NAIA College Baseball games, Harris Field, Lewis-Clark State College, Lewiston
- 28 Season opening: Clayton Museum, Kinnikinic Road, Clayton
- 28 Fort Hall Replica Opening: Old Time Fiddlers, Mountain Men, flintnappers, blacksmith and free chili feed, Fort Hall
- 28 Fisher Bottom Tour: As part of Idaho's Historic Preservation and Archaeology Month, Upper Snake Field Office Archaeologist Marissa King

will lead a tour at the Fisher Bottom property located on the South Fork of the Snake River. Space is limited, so call (208)524-7524 in advance to secure your spot, Swan Valley

28 Historic Townsite Memorial Day Celebration, Chesterfield

28 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 10:00AM-2:00PM, Eagle Island Pond, Eagle

28 Season Opening: North Custer Historical Society, Main St, Challis

28-30 American Heroes Weekend: Free admission to Silverwood Theme Park for all military personnel, veterans, police officers and firefighters, Athol

29-30 FiberTrain Wool Festival: Two fun-filled days of fiber animals, demonstrations, classes, food, music and shopping; FREE; Lloyd Square, Nampa

31-6/4TVTAP Bike Week: Celebrates all things bikes in Teton Valley Idaho, Driggs

JUNE 2016

1 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 4:00-8:00PM, McDevitt Pond, East McMillan, Boise

1,8 Revive @ 5 Summer Concerts: 5-8pm; live music, different food each week; Old Town Pavillion, Pocatello

1,8 Family Night at Idaho Ice World: 6:30pm to 8:30pm; \$5 per person including skate rental; quality entertainment in a safe, fun, family friendly environment that helps support a healthy lifestyle; Boise

1,8 Happier Hour Story Time: FREE; starts at 4pm with stories starting at 4:30, at The Well~Read Moose, 2048 N. Main, Coeur d'Alene

2 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 10:00AM-2:00PM, Williams Pond, Boise

3 Spring Serenade Instructors Concert: Presented by the staff of the Music Conservatory; All donations go towards scholarships for Conservatory students; 5 p.m., First Lutheran Church; (information, 208-265-4444), Sandpoint

3 Orma J. Smith Museum Open: 1:00PM-5:00PM; Free; Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell

3-4 Classic Car and Motorcycle Show: Cruise In on Friday, Malad

3-4 Hells Canyon Days Festival: A great summer fest with art show, bulls and broncs, museum tour, power fest tractor show, show-&-shine, and much more, Cambridge

4 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. Julia Sankey—"Giant tusk-toothed Salmon, Galpagos-sized Totroises, and other extinct wildlife of Central California"; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell

4 Birding Big Day: Seven serious birders are invited to accompany the park superintendent and participate in an all-day effort to locate and identify 100 species of birds within the park's checklist area; transportation provided; the general public is invited to participate with the group at pre-posted times and locations; contact Juanita Jones (208-824-5916); Castle Rocks State Park, Almo

4 Big Water Blowout River Festival: The BIGGEST Whitewater Adventure in Idaho this summer, Riggins

4 Kiwanis Hero Hustle: Kids 1 mile, 5k, or Duathlon (2-12-2) runs, Burley

4 "Take Me Fishing" Trailer: 10:00AM-2:00PM, Settlers Pond, Meridian

4 Show & Shine Car Show: Sponsored by Challis Classy Chassis, Challis

4-5 Mini-Cassia Car Show: Cassia County Fairgrounds, Burley

4-5 SRRSCCA Autocross Racing: Free to spectators; 8:00 AM, Expo Idaho, Garden City

7 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: Held on the first Tuesday of every month for coffee and conversation at the Warhawk Air Museum, this event is FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; 10:00 AM-12:00 noon; Nampa

9-10 Soccer Tournament, Rexburg

10 Children's Art Entry: 10:00 AM - 3:00 PM, Hemming Village, Rexburg

10-12 World Village Festival: a three day Arts and Humanities event that will be host to several multi-national performing groups representing Idaho's variety of cultures; free; 4:00pm-10:00pm, 601 W. Jefferson Street, Boise

MAY CONTRIBUTORS



Linda C. Brown

has lived in Idaho for thirty-two years and loves it. A volunteer at the Idaho History Museum for the past twelve years, she has taught thirty-minute educational segments to school children and has served as a regional or state judge in all categories for the annual History Day contests.



David Butterfield

is a documentary filmmaker whose work includes sports, travel, environmental and disability issues. He has lived in Idaho for more than fifty years and enjoys skiing, golf, hunting and fishing, and exploring the back roads and trails of our beautiful state.



Ken Carpenter

has lived on the eastern ridge of Mount Idaho for fifty years. He's thankful that most of his many wildlife encounters have been less dramatic than the one depicted in this issue. Karen Sue Kight is Ken's daughter.



Marylyn Cork

has lived in Priest River more than fifty years and in Bonner County more than sixty years. Writing since she was nine years old, she retired as editor of the *Priest River Times* in 2001. She enjoys reading, gardening, hiking, camping, and traveling. For more information about the Priest River Experimental Forest's centennial, about which Marylyn wrote in this issue, visit: www.fs.fed.us/rmrs/pref-anniversary.



Lucas Handy

completed a bachelor's degree in business and a master's in public administration from Brigham Young University. He then returned home to marry a beautiful farm girl from Mini-Cassia, Mary Webb. She also wanted a degree, so they moved to Rexburg, where Lucas now works at Madison Memorial Hospital and consults with businesses.



Karen Sue Kight

is the daughter of Ken and Kathy Carpenter, who are celebrating fifty years on their mountain homestead in Idaho County. Kathy rescued Karen

from morning chores in the sixth grade so she could stop smelling like the billy goat when at school.



Carmen Magart

grew up on a sheep ranch in central Idaho, where she raised four children. She currently lives on a cattle ranch near Murphy with husband Paul Magart. A recovering public school teacher, Carmen now enjoys spending time with grandchildren, gardening, riding her aging Appaloosa, and writing creative nonfiction.



Ashlee Sierra

is a sixteen-year-old stargazer, dragon-rider, and habitual haunter of antique bookstores. She has written three short screenplays, two award-winning poems, magazine articles, a piece for the stage, and much more. She is currently working as a content writer for a nationwide marketing company. Ashlee can be contacted regarding literary endeavors at ashleesierra@outlook.com.



Janie Veltkamp

is a raptor biologist, educator, master falconer, and federally permitted

raptor rehabilitator. She founded and directs the nonprofit Birds of Prey Northwest, educating the public about raptor conservation and treating and rehabilitating wild injured birds of prey. She created and led the team that developed Beauty the bald eagle's pioneering, 3D-printed prosthetic beak. For more information, visit birdsofpreynorthwest.org



Billy Jim Wilson

moved with his family to Riggins in 1939. He went to high school in Riggins, attended the University of Idaho, and graduated from Idaho State University in 1969. He earned a Master of Library Science degree in 1970, and was director of the Coeur d'Alene Public Library from 1970 through 1978. He then worked at Boise Public Library as a reference librarian until retiring in 1998. His wife of fifty-one years is Mary Alice Wilson.





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