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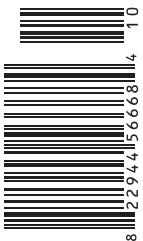
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Here are salmon making their run upstream near Hope in a cedar forest! It's something I had never seen before. I love IDAHO!

~ Photo by Kari Lynn

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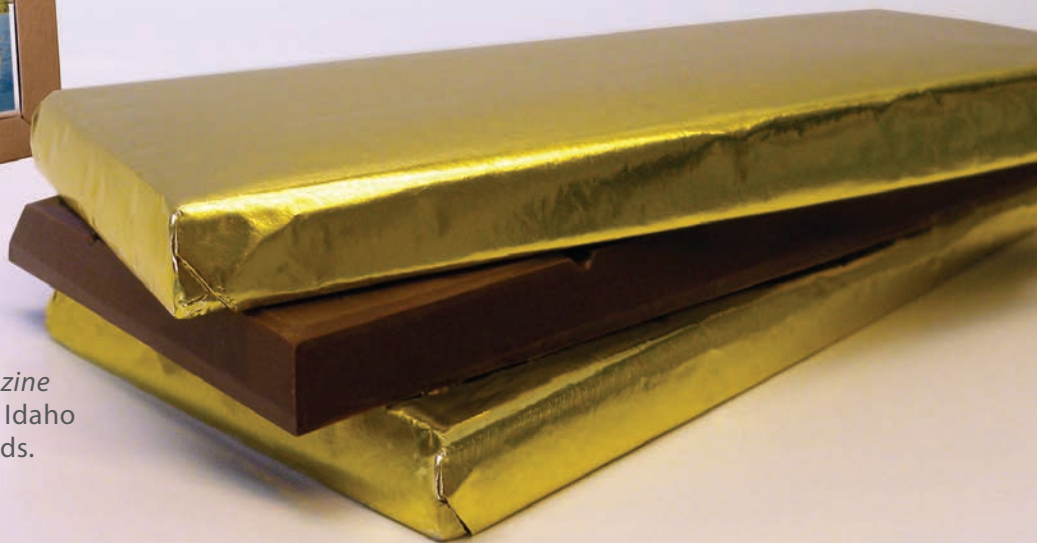
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KIMBLE WRIGHT

Giant Red

In an Ancient Grove

BY DENNIS PENCE

It's like walking through a cathedral," Marty said during an over-the-fence conversation early one sunny morning.

She was speaking of the Giant Red Cedar National Recreation Trail less than a dozen miles from the tiny town of Elk River in northern Idaho's heavily timbered backcountry. Dominating these huge trees is a record western red cedar that

has been growing for three thousand years and is eighteen feet in diameter at breast height. I was hooked by her vivid description.

Having spent my childhood in a land of big trees on the Washington coast, I had to see this "cathedral" for myself. The next day my better half, Teri, and I went in search of Elk River's big cedars.

Less than a two-hour drive from our Kooskia area home, we arrived in Elk River. I had been to the community several times over the last few years

but, strangely enough, had never heard of the Giant Cedar Grove. I pinpointed the location on a forest service map, yet still spent a few minutes hunting for the road that traverses the dozen or so miles up Elk Creek to the grove. With a population of only around 125 people in Elk River, the Elk Creek Road couldn't be that hard to find. I drove through town, spied Elk Creek Valley, and took a road to the left. When the road started climbing out of the valley, I decided I took a wrong turn.

ABOVE: Judah Wright examines the Giant Western Red Cedar near Elk River, the largest tree east of the Pacific Crest.

How does one get lost in tiny Elk River?

Perhaps a closer look at the map was warranted. Or better yet, how about returning to town and asking someone? What a novel idea. Teri always says asking directions isn't something most men are capable of doing, and I'm an avid member of that group.

Simply put, I discovered that I had to make a right-angle turn from Front Street, which became Larch Street. After it turned to gravel, I went another quarter mile or so and turned left onto the well-maintained Elk Creek Road 382, following the signs.

On the way, I discovered there is another grove of big cedars up Morris Creek. For now though, we proceeded to the Giant Cedar Grove.

I'm not sure what I expected, but certainly not this. Having grown up in the rain forest of Washington, I was used to big trees, but this was as good as any of the groves I saw as a kid. After an easy hike of less than a couple hundred yards on a paved trail, we came to the record tree. It's not only the largest western red cedar away from the coast but also the biggest tree of any species east of the Pacific Crest on the North American continent.

This cedar was more awesome than most "record" ones I saw in Washington. For one thing, it is still living. Most I saw along the coast were snags with a few green limbs. This tree has green limbs all the way to its full height of 177 feet.

Imagine three thousand growth rings in its eighteen feet of diameter. It was mind-boggling to think of this tree as three millenia old and still alive. I tried to envision what the forest was like when this giant was a sapling, and decided it must have been the same—only more of it. Huge cedars in the wet draws, and mostly white pine interspersed with red fir



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DENNIS PRINCE

ABOVE: Towering cedars dominate the forest in the Giant Cedar Grove.

elsewhere in the upper basin. At the time of Jesus, this tree was already a thousand years old and a giant. Another thousand years later, when the Vikings were setting foot on North American soil, it was the behemoth it is today.

I pondered the odds of survival of this ancient mini-forest. Since it first appeared, wildfire would have been a threat. In contemporary years alone, these trees escaped the Great Fire of 1910, and the saws of a nation hungry for wood products. The latter is quite the feat in itself, since the abandoned site of Potlatch Lumber Company's Camp C is only a few miles away. Most of the Upper Elk Creek Basin was logged in the 1920s and 1930s.

Being in the heart of Idaho's coastal disjunct forest helps to explain the survivability of large trees this far inland (see "Disjunct," *IDAHO magazine*, July 2016). But other factors play a role as well. Distance from other competing trees is one such factor and location in a wet draw with an adequate water supply is another.

Marty was right. It is like walking through an ancient cathedral. "Spiritual" was a word that came to mind as we quietly strolled the forest. One refrains from breaking the silence with idle talk. Only the wind could be heard high above us in the treetops. The forest floor was lush

and green, carpeted with bracken fern and other disjunct species. The flora tones were soft and luxuriant, as only nature can do.

The grove is barrier-free for the most part, with lengthy paved trails suitable for wheelchair navigation through the giant trees. Teri and I had the place almost entirely to ourselves. We encountered only two other couples the afternoon we were there.

A few hours and many photos later, we reluctantly got in our pickup truck for the return drive to civilization. Of course, I couldn't leave this area without making what I thought would be a quick jaunt into the nearby Perkins Cedar Grove. The jaunt turned out to be a twelve-mile round trip up Morris Creek Road 1969. But it was well worth the extra miles.

Perkins Cedar Grove is every bit as impressive as Giant Cedar Grove. Huge cedars cover an entire hillside. A rough half-mile loop trail traverses much of the grove. Not a barrier-free trail, but still a trail. A little rough in places, but traversable.

With the sun on the wane, we left Perkins Grove and headed to Elk River, with one last stop in mind. No trip to Elk River would be complete without a stop at the lodge and store. Their huckleberry ice cream is out of this world.

Cones in hand, we headed home. ■

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Golden

Fifty Years and Still Going

BY JODI HORNER

On a rabidly hot day forty years ago, Bill and Kathie Horner were vacationing with their children, Todd and Nicole, in southeastern Idaho.

Bill was at the wheel of the orange pickup with a camper on top and Kathie rode inside with Todd and Nicole, preparing lunch. She'd set out the fixings on the fold-out kitchen table, which had an especially slick surface. Her knife slipped to the floor, and as she reached for it, Bill turned a sharp corner. The momentum caused a slice of bread stacked with meat, cheese, tomato and mayo to slide off and land snugly in the gap between her pants and backside. Stunned by the cold, wet sensation, she stood, smashing the sandwich further. She yelped, followed by a facile outburst of R-rated venting, as she removed the sandwich from its peculiar locale.

Clueless, Bill parked the truck and whistled a trademark tune as he opened the camper door. An infuriated Kathie slapped the crushed thing into his hands and snapped, "Here's your sandwich!" Slowly, Bill shut the door and stepped away, bewildered. Over the decades, the Horner family often has recounted this slapstick scene, dubbed the "sandwich story," laughing heartily every time.



TOP: Bill and Kathie Horner cut their golden anniversary cake at a reception in Kuna.

LEFT: Ring-bearer Roman Horner (foreground), flower girl Zara Horner, Kathie Horner, and Brady Sliger make their way to a reenactment of the Horners' marriage.

RIGHT: The two cut their wedding cake in 1966.



I must confess: the first time I met my in-laws-to-be, I did not anticipate all I would come to appreciate in them. At a passing glance, Bill and Kathie's marriage would not stand out as remarkable: tiffs over money, misunderstandings over schedules, and the classic tug-of-war over the direction of the toilet paper. But any doubt that their union was less than remarkable was silenced in June, when they sailed over the fifty-year mark, putting them among just six percent of couples in the U.S. who make it to their Golden Anniversary.

To celebrate their fiftieth, a bash was held for 150 of their closest friends and family. Todd drove from Denver with me and our eight-year-old twins, Roman and Zara, to Bill and Kathie's home in Meridian. Festivities were arranged at a vineyard in Kuna, where there would be dancing, cake, and a reenactment of their wedding vows.

The evening of the event burned with 95 degrees of dry Idaho heat, not unlike the day of the sandwich story. When we arrived at the vineyard, there was just one hour to get ready. Everyone scurried to find serving bowls, dressing rooms, and to set up the accoutrements. Amid the bustle, I was reminded of how quickly Bill and Kathie had had to plan for their wedding fifty years earlier.

I'd heard Kathie lament many times, "I had to have my wedding day on my birthday." The couple had been dating for more than a year-and-a-half when Bill, then twenty-one, proposed. He was soon to be deployed with the Air Force to Shemya, Alaska, and Kathie wasn't about to wait another year to marry him. June 25 was the last Saturday available prior to his departure, which was why Kathie has had to share her birthday with her wedding anniversary ever since.

But we didn't have time to reminisce right now. We hit the ground running, with dance music to coordinate, meatballs and shrimp to prepare, and tropical-themed centerpieces to place. Mildred Jacobs, a friend of theirs for thirty-plus years, had

brought several containers filled with deviled eggs, which she and I arranged on glass trays while we chatted. For many years, Mildred and Kathie were members of the social group, the Red Hat Society. I'd seen a multitude of photos splashed with ladies wearing purple and red and living it up in their senior years, and Mildred wore such a hat now.

"I met Bill and Kathie when we were in the Thirty-nine and Holding travel club," she said. I noticed that at eighty-eight, her hands still raced nimbly. "We traveled all over in our RVs. They love to travel, you know. I'm sure that's one thing that keeps them going strong."

She paused. "Bill and Kathie have always been there for me. We've been through a lot together." She rearranged some of the eggs.

I had to take a break from the furor of setting up, because my priority was to get my kids dressed for their part in the celebration. I found them playing tag on the back patio alongside a swimming pool with decorative waterfalls, and took them to the changing rooms. Inside, Kathie was in a dither as she tried to ready herself while Bill attempted to assist. In a masterful voice, he pronounced, "Go, commando!"

I asked what the trouble was and Todd's sister, Nicole, explained that the bag with Kathie's underwear in it was missing. I tried not to picture my rules-abiding mother-in-law in front of her 150 guests, sans undergarments. Just then, Chad, Nicole's husband, found the bag. Crisis averted. Rows of chairs had been arranged outdoors to form an aisle down the center. I sat in the front row alongside Nicole. As we waited, she talked of her parents' dedication to one another and to family, which had made a lasting impression on her. What a gift, I mused.

As the ceremony began, we witnessed three generations walking before us, each grandchild having been given a place in the ceremony. Roman, the ring-bearer, took his duty seriously. Flower girl Zara gleefully tossed rose petals from a basket.

Then came their cousin, Brady, who was also eight, walking arm-in-arm with Grandma to the altar. Todd, who has a ministry background, performed the service.

When they were married in Grangeville a half-century ago, it probably never crossed the couple's mind that they would make it to this day, I reflected. Back in 1966, Kathie had had six attendants, all dressed in pink taffeta shift dresses, their hair done in the huge, pouffy style of the time. A devotee of all things princessy, Kathie had worn a small plastic crown of faux pearls. Grangeville had abolished the tradition of ringing church bells on work nights after complaints arose that the noise awakened people, but special permission was acquired to ring them that day.

Early in my own marriage, I had asked Kathie what she thought made their union last. Like an Idaho pioneer, she had said, "You do what you gotta do." That commitment had likely steeled them for an uphill climb, which began with living in separate states for the first year of their marriage. "I had no idea how poor we'd be," she said. She lived with her in-laws while attending college, and to pay for her education, Bill played poker with his Air Force buddies, sending his winnings home. "Thank God he was good at poker," she giggled.

I've always admired my in-laws' work ethic. On a cattle ranch near Ellensburg, Washington, Bill grew up the eldest child, and Kathie was the youngest of four. Both families had been poor. Bill had gone to work on a farm as a teenager to help support the family, and, in an era when working mothers were still unusual, Kathie saw her mother take a job at a drug store in Grangeville to keep the family afloat. The "you-do-what-you-gotta-do" adage had been ingrained in them both early on.

For Todd, their first born, they fashioned a bed out of a dresser drawer. When Bill's military buddy got him a job at a corporation, it meant moving to Arizona. Kathie got a job at the same company where he worked days and she, nights. A

telling photo from that era shows an exhausted Kathie splayed across the living room floor, asleep, while a chipper baby Todd smiles at the camera.

After Todd re-pronounced Bill and Kathie husband and wife, I watched my in-laws circulate through the reception tent. I tried to take in the idea of so many years living and working together. After their stint in Arizona, they had spent a chunk of time in California, now as a family of four. Bill was out of the military and Kathie was able to stay at home. When Bill's parents died within a year of one another, his focus on family became even more pronounced. He applied for jobs in Idaho and they moved to Pocatello, which they never regretted. Idaho was where they planted a stake in the ground.

It seemed to me that the most outstanding aspect of their marital longevity was their teamwork, which had been obvious the first time I met them. After dating Todd for only two weeks, I'd traveled with him to meet his parents, who resided in Boise by then. Kathie's talent for hosting wasn't lost on me. The spotless Cape Cod-style house, with its ambient lighting and decorative fountain running in the entry, was inviting. After a relaxing weekend, Todd and I prepared to depart while Bill and Kathie worked together to prepare a picnic feast at the kitchen table. Their synergy was evident: she had managed the logistics and aesthetics while Bill had done the initial decision-making and shopping.

Todd told me his childhood was marked by his parents' team efforts. "When I was younger, we would have the Scouts over. My mom handled the logistics of hosting and my dad led the technical aspects, like the Pinewood Derby. The troop shaved the wooden cars in our garage and Dad helped them with assembly. My parents were also youth group leaders," he said. "I think Mom was all about making it an inviting environment for the group, making the kids feel welcome and valued. Dad was all about making sure the details for events were fun and safe."

I happened upon Chad restocking refreshments and asked for his thoughts about our in-laws. The anecdotes flowed easily. "The thing I love is the way they eat each other's food. Mom grabs things off Dad's plate," he chuckled. "They've spent so many years together, they do everything together . . . Everything they do is as a team."

"I also love the way that they try to match each other's clothes. Not exactly like twins, but the same color. When they go out, if Mom is wearing blue, Dad will wear the same."

This reminded me of a photo from their dating years, in which they wore matching sweaters—definitely Kathie's idea.

The party began to wind down and volunteers moved in to clean up. I sat with the exhausted celebrants and congratulated them on the stylish event.

"Yeah, a far cry from when we were first married and I had to borrow money to buy your wedding ring," Kathie exclaimed to Bill. She said to me, "We lived on a \$278 monthly paycheck when we first were married."

"That was always the hardest thing for us," Bill said, "the finances. Wasn't until I finally got 'er her own checking account that we could start saving. Otherwise, she'd see some money that I'd put into the account for the house payment and spend it!"

"But you made it—fifty years," I said, and they nodded, seemingly as much in relief at having completed the celebration as at reaching the benchmark year. "So what do you think, Kathie?" I asked, looking in Bill's direction. "Is that the same man you married?"

She didn't miss a beat. "Well, not the hair. But he still roots for the underdog, he gets upset when people get mistreated. You should see him at a movie. He grits his teeth when the bad guy is on screen."

"What about you, Bill? Is this the same girl you married?"

"Oh yeah." He reclined farther into his seat.

"She likes the same things, although she's more sophisticated now that she's traveled, but she's still awestruck at things. And she still surprises me."

When it was time to go, I held my children's hands as we all walked to our van. Crawling into his seat, Roman sleepily declared, "I think Grandma and Grandpa set a good example about how to celebrate the Golden Anniversary."

"You know what, kid? I couldn't agree more." ■

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Trial by Fire

Fighting for the Forest Service

BY MIKE BLACKBIRD

The devastating wildfires of 2015 burned more than 740,000 acres in Idaho, and when fire season came around again in 2016, I was reminded of the infamous 1910 forest fire.

Its history and high cost are well known to the citizens of Shoshone County, where I grew up, because it consumed the city of Wallace, the county seat. The 1910 firestorm destroyed three million acres of prime forestland (approximately the size of Connecticut) in the panhandle of northern Idaho, in northeastern Washington, and in western Montana. It escalated over two days in August and

killed eighty-seven people, including seventy-eight firefighters. It is believed to be the largest, although not the deadliest, fire in recorded U.S. history. In my youth, it was still possible to see fire-scorched snags on the mountainsides of the Silver Valley, standing as stark testaments to the ravages of wildfire.

When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, a squirrel

ABOVE: Suppressing a wildfire in the Idaho Falls area, 2015.



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KARL GREEN, USFS

ABOVE: Teepee Springs Fire near Riggins, 2015.

LEFT: Hotshots out of Idaho City work a Boise National Forest wildfire, 2012.



ABOVE: Soda Fire in Idaho's Owyhee County, seen from Jordan Valley, Oregon, 2015.

RIGHT: Air tanker spreads retardant over an Idaho fire.

OPPOSITE: Castle Rock Fire near Ketchum, 2007.

could travel all the way from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River without ever touching the ground. By the end of the 19th Century, the timber trusts had exploited the old-growth forests of the East and now cast covetous eyes on the huge timber stands of the West, particularly the Northwest. The cut-and-run business model that had devastated forests of the East would have succeeded here, but for the apocalyptic 1910 fire and an entity that contemporary environmentalists generally do not view as an ally: the U.S. Forest Service. Indeed, one can say that this event was the young Forest Service's "trial by fire," which solidified support of the agency during its turbulent beginnings.

Insisting he was as much a westerner as he was an easterner, President Teddy Roosevelt was determined that the West would not suffer the same loss of huge tracts of forestlands as had the East. He

used executive privilege and the assistance of the first Forest Service chief, Gifford Pinchot, to set aside 230 million acres of the West as national forests.

Roosevelt created the U.S. Forest Service as a vehicle for conservation, to manage national forests for the public good. His initial efforts were thwarted by powerful federal senators from Idaho and Montana who had vested interests in logging the forestlands of the West. They set out to strangle the fledgling Forest Service with the purse strings and if not for the 1910 fire, they may well have succeeded. The heroism of a few forest rangers over two days of the conflagration led to full funding of the Forest Service, preparing Roosevelt and Pinchot to fulfill their vision.

The timber trusts, not to be deterred, changed their tactics. They gained access to land by placing allies inside the Forest Service, where they established



policies that allowed the building of thousands of miles of roads to clear-cut vast tracts of forestland. But in the halcyon days of my youthful naiveté, I knew none of this.

During the summer of 1957, a lightning strike started a forest fire up Bear Creek near my home in northern Idaho. The Forest Service's chief ranger at the Kingston Ranger Station put out an urgent call for the public to help fight the fire. Since 1935, Forest Service



KARL GREER USFWS

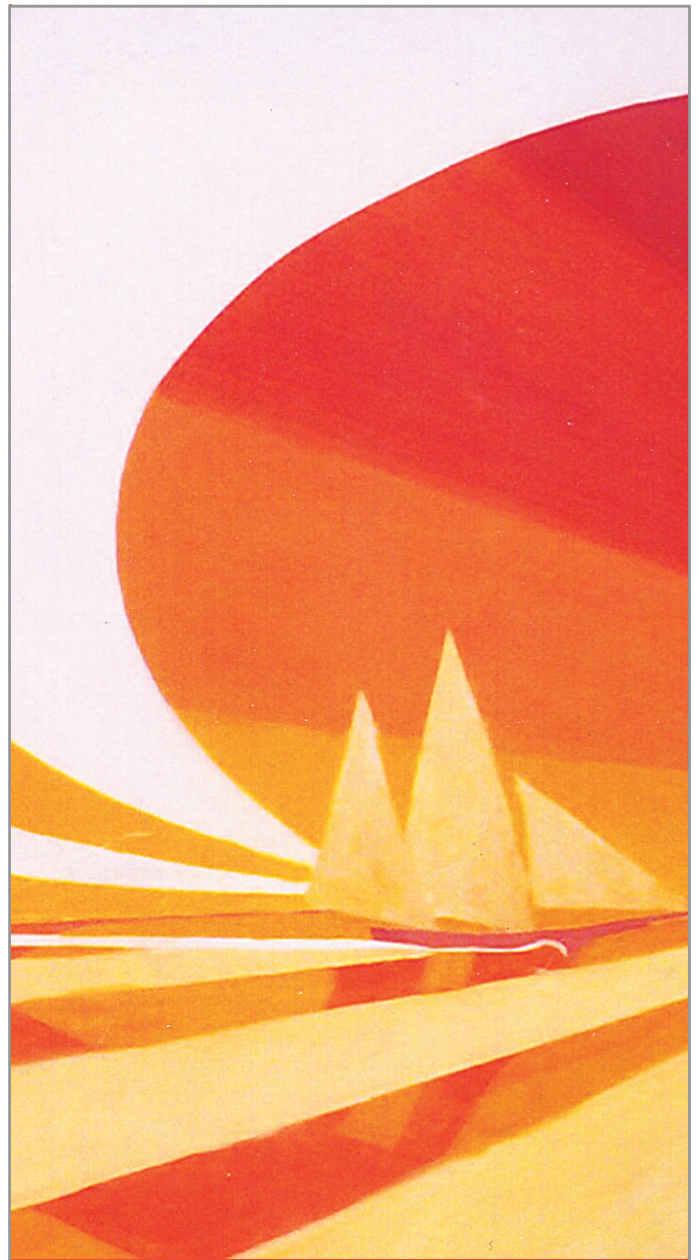
policy had dictated that any fire spotted in the course of a working day must be under control by ten o'clock the following morning. A number of chief rangers were fired for failing to meet the deadline.

Two brothers, Larry and Richie Wright, and I answered the call and set out down the railroad tracks to the mouth of Bear Creek, four miles away. Making our way to the fire camp, we immediately were enlisted and placed in a crew by the fire boss, even though it was evident we were underage. Richie was fourteen, I was fifteen, and Larry was sixteen, but the fire was out of control and every available hand was needed to fight it.

By dawn the next morning, the fire was under wraps. The three of us were sent back to camp, where we were put to work washing dishes as the fire crews rotated through for breakfast.

As soon as all crew members were fed and had returned to finish putting out the now-dying blaze, the chief ranger came over to lecture us about being underage and sneaking onto the scene. The America of the 1950s had not yet devolved into the litigious society we know today. He tried to act upset with us for being underage, but we all knew it had been of little concern to him the day before, when the fire raged out of control. He finished his lecture and gave each of us the necessary form to fill out, to make sure we got paid.

We set off down the road to home on that summer morning in 1957 tired but satisfied with our adventure, proud that for twenty-four hours we had fought a forest fire for the U. S. Forest Service, which in northern Idaho still retained its mantle of heroism almost fifty years after the Great Fire of 1910. ■



TWIN BRIDGES

ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

Lyrical illustration by:

Dick Lee

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN

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COURTESY OF CLARE REASBERG

STACE

A DEFENDER OF THE WILD

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

I met Stacy Gebhards in the summer of 1981, when his daughter, Sandy, and I worked together at a small pub in Old Boise. I'd been invited on a float trip down the lower gorge of the Snake River with Sandy, Stacy, and other members and friends of the Gebhards family. In the week's time we were on the river, I learned more about fish, their habitat, and, to my delight, about catching them, than I ever dreamed possible. I learned about horseshoes, night skies, lenticular clouds . . . about music and storytelling, stretched truths and hilarious, outright lies, all crafted around campfires and spun out by a maestro of the art. I couldn't begin to take it all in. I'm still digesting it, thirty-five years later, and continue to learn from Stacy, who at eighty-seven is sharp as a tack, and still plays the button accordion like he's channeling Lawrence Welk polka greats.

Being unfamiliar with his daughter's pal, he wasn't talkative on the drive to the put in, so I talked enough for a family of four, not being comfortable at that time with silence. I was used to nonstop, booze-fueled babble offered up nightly at the pub, so this reticent, white-haired, Hemingway-looking guy—who didn't babble at all—made me wonder what sort of trip I'd signed on for.

The second or third day into the float, Stacy pointed to an odd-looking cloud formation, said, "The lenticulars are coming," and added we were likely to be in for strong winds that night. Sandy, who'd grown up with a cloud-savvy dad, said we'd best weight the tent down. It was getting towards evening. Frosty beverages were at hand, and not everyone was willing to leave them long enough to haul rocks, find longer tent pegs, or

otherwise secure their nylon lairs. Sandy and I lugged basalt anchors for ours, and returned to the fest. By that time, Stacy had broken out the button accordion he called "the dishwasher" and was warming up. (The name is apt: for forty years or so of campfire dinners, once clean-up time came, his fellow campers would insist he keep playing, and they'd do the dishes. It was a great deal for all concerned, and he was likely to play a variety of instruments, including guitar and harmonica, particularly the latter. At one memorable Yellowpine Harmonica Festival, in the early years, Stacy garnered both first and third place for his efforts.) It was a night to remember, which is all I recall, except that the next morning's carnage wasn't confined to hangovers, although the one I was stricken with was grim. Barely able to raise my head

OPPOSITE: "The Accordionist," ink and watercolor portrait of Stacy Gebhards by Claire Remsberg.



STACY GERHARDS



when Sandy said “WTH? Where’s camp?” I saw two other tents still upright (out of seven or eight), the balance being blown about and spread out in skewed disarray, a Bedouin’s nightmare. One had rolled to the river’s edge, pained moans issuing from its sodden interior.

The next few days were a master’s class in fishing, prepping, and cooking the various species we caught. Breakfast, lunch, supper, snacks: it was an aquatic smorgasbord fashioned up by Stace and family, the rest of them trained under him, the onetime commercial fisherman. When camp was set up for the night, horseshoes were brought out, the accordion was a nightly treat, as were frosty beverages (a dry-ice bonanza in the 100-plus temperatures of Hells Canyon in August), and stories by the dozen. It was an introduction to a way of life that Stacy and his

family had grown up with, but for me it was like I’d joined some fantastic, wilderness-flavored circus. The ringmaster, Stace, made an impression that has never dimmed or grown stale. If anything, it’s taken on deeper luster, nuanced by time, steeped in memory.

I fished with Stacy on other occasions over the years, but that first float trip with his family and friends was one of the highlights of my twenties, or any time since. It etched into my spirit a love of wild haunts, night skies, open spaces, and rivers. Especially rivers. I’d always tended towards such fare, but a week on the Snake River with Stacy & Co. set the mold. It was also the start of my love affair with storytelling, an affirmation that it was something I wanted to pursue, beyond the normal, repetitive banter inherent in being a barkeep.

As I talked with Stacy about his career for this piece—and for my own edification—I also pored over photos he compiled throughout his life in the backcountry. Taken with a single-lens reflex camera without use of a light meter, they’re vivid studies of peaks and canyons, rivers and high mountain lakes, of flora and fauna, sky and clouds. It’s a sixty-year compilation of backcountry Idaho history, recorded in photos by an artist/observer who loved his subjects. In 1972 and again in 1974, he won Idaho Fish and Game Department awards for color and black and white photography. Stacy’s photo essay is a time-lapse anthology of his life in the wilds, and speaks to his commitment: not just to record on film such magical places, but through exposing the exploitation and abuse that was so prevalent at the time, to help preserve and protect them.



STACY GERBARDS



STACY GERBARDS

When Stacy rode his horse into the Boulder-White Clouds in the summer of 1970, he came upon a scene he didn't love, but did document with his camera. The American Smelting and Refining Company (ASARCO), was drilling test holes at the base of Castle Peak, and an alpine lake located nearby was being fouled with affluent from the drilling rig. As statewide fisheries manager for Idaho Fish and Game, he was immediately aware of the implications for the entire Salmon River drainage, one the most important salmon spawning grounds in the country: if an open-pit molybdenum mine was given the go ahead, Stacy felt that the consequences were unthinkable. The fight for the heart of one of the most pristine and important headwaters in the Salmon River ecosystem was about to commence.

I didn't know Stacy in 1970. I was a fifteen-year-old kid who loved to spend summers in McCall, hike into high mountain lakes with my dad and brother, and once school closed in at summer's end, lived to get back up to the mountains. Peripherally, I was aware that an important election for the office of governor was heating up, conservationists versus the extraction camp, to put it much too simply, but I had no clue how far-reaching the outcome of the election would be. Who did? Forty-six years later, the political battles of the day long settled, Idahoans get to celebrate—or lament—the White Clouds Wilderness, along with the nearby Hemingway-Boulders Wilderness and the Jim McClure-Jerry Peak Wilderness. The pictures Stacy took of the alpine lake in the White Clouds, where ASARCO

was angling to put their open-pit mine, weren't in his photo albums when I looked through them. Those shots had been used by then-Gov. Cecil Andrus's campaign to illustrate what was at stake, along with photos of fish kills and stream degradation, of pollution I'd expect to see in an industrial zone on Lake Erie, not in Idaho.

In a note to Stacy when he was to receive the Lifetime Achievement Award in Idaho Fisheries, in 2015, Gov. Andrus wrote, "I'm sorry I can't be with you tonight . . . in celebrating your well-earned award . . . for your years of service in protecting and promoting our natural resources. Sharing your knowledge and photography with all of us has increased our enjoyment of Idaho's magnificent outdoors. I appreciate your friendship and your speaking up for me in my

ABOVE LEFT: Stacy's dog Jake in his persona as the "muskrat extractor."

ABOVE MIDDLE: Stacy's wife Maria at Roaring River in the Boise National Forest.

ABOVE: Mount Regan at Sawtooth Lake, 1975.

campaigns for governor. With your help, 1970 was a pivotal year. With warmest best wishes, I remain, sincerely, Cece Andrus."

Pivotal it was, and more pivotal years stacked up like cordwood from 1970 on, with Stacy drafting language for the Idaho Stream Channel Protection Act, guiding Senator Bob Packwood on a Hells Canyon tour that resulted in establishment of the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area in December 1975, and as part of the Wild River study team that explored the Bruneau, Sheep Creek, West Fork of the Bruneau, and Jarbidge River complex for federal Wild and Scenic River designation. They were incredibly productive years in terms of conservation, of securing a lasting legacy of wild rivers and free-flowing streams. I believe this means that future generations will be able to experience the grandeur of what might so easily have been squandered had the photos not been taken, the degradation and pollution not documented, the hard-nosed political battles fought and won by men and women who, like Stacy, realized the magnitude of what stood to be lost.

I remember belt buckles, bumper stickers, decals and such that said, "Idaho is what America was." Inasmuch as that's still true, we can be grateful there was a man who carried a camera with him in his rambles around Idaho, who knew and loved so many of

her wild places, and knew also that a picture was worth far more than a thousand skewed words, or half-truths, or outright lies about there being no pollution. Two of the biggest fish kills in the country took place on the Snake River as these "no pollution" claims were being made. It's been almost a half-century since a lone horseman rode into the Boulder-White Clouds and got a firsthand look at what lay in store if the prevailing greed and hubris of the day were allowed to prevail. I believe that Idaho is a richer part of the West, and the world, because Idahoans collectively said, "Nope, not this time."

Almost twenty years later, in 1989, Stacy started work on a project with the Boise Citizen Committee to create the MK Nature Center, where the old Boise Braves semi-pro baseball stadium used to be situated just east of downtown, and where the Idaho Fish and Game headquarters is now located. Since the nature center opened in July 1990, in commemoration of Idaho's Centennial, it has welcomed more than three million visitors, including ten thousand students annually. The drawing card is a 550-foot "natural" stream that displays the life cycle of trout. It's an amazing display, with observation windows that allow visitors to see the inner workings of a stream. My first look at the project was in the summer of 1989, when Stacy was out in the broiling sun,

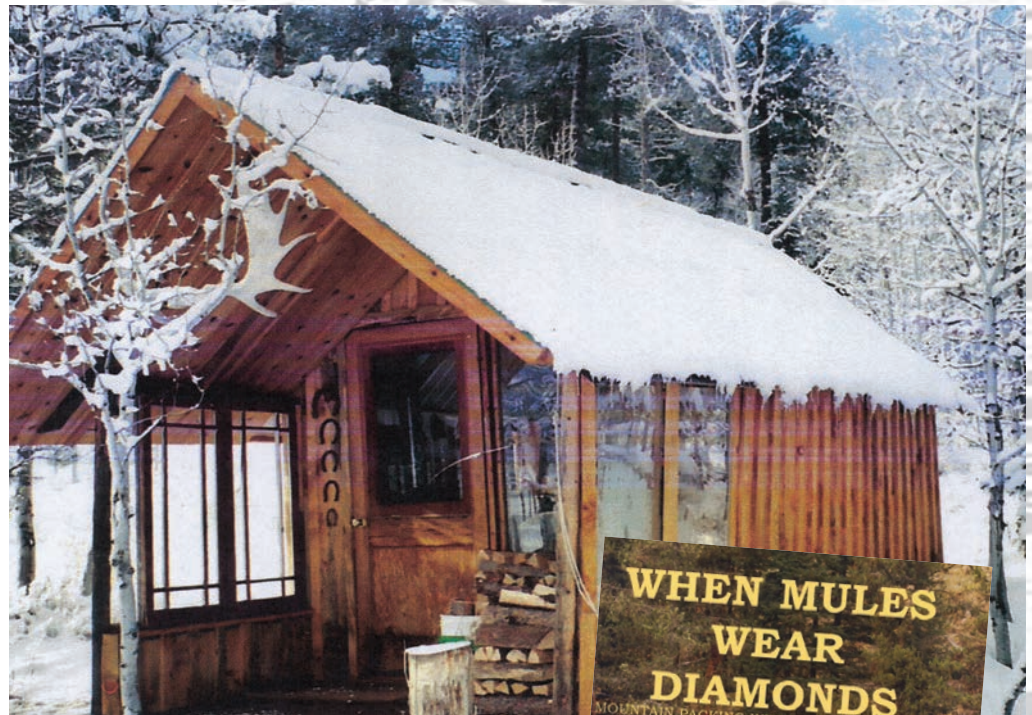
a wide-brimmed hat covering his mostly bald head, sketching the layout of the stream as he envisioned it.

At the time it was bare ground, weedy and forlorn-looking. On my last sortie to the nature center, in mid-August of this year, numerous families walked the paths, an older couple shared a parasol, a group of teenagers ogled the steelhead and salmon that inhabit the waterway meandering through the site. I briefly mistook a seven-foot sturgeon for an alligator, or maybe a swamp monster. You don't figure on seeing such an ancient creature in an urban setting. The center has grown, matured, and has the feel of always having been part of the landscape, part of the Boise River magic that the town is blessed with. It's a marvel how naturally and enchantingly what Stacy saw in his mind's eye as he sketched out the nature center in 1989 has come to fruition. We can't all readily get to the newly minted wilderness in the Boulder-White Clouds that he was so active in preserving, but for a firsthand look at how these beautiful fish come into being, how a stream lives, and the handiwork and vision of a man whose life has centered around fish and their environs, the nature center is an accessible jewel.

Stacy and his wife, Maria, have been married for sixty-one years and counting. Maria and her family survived the Allied bombing of Munich, an ordeal

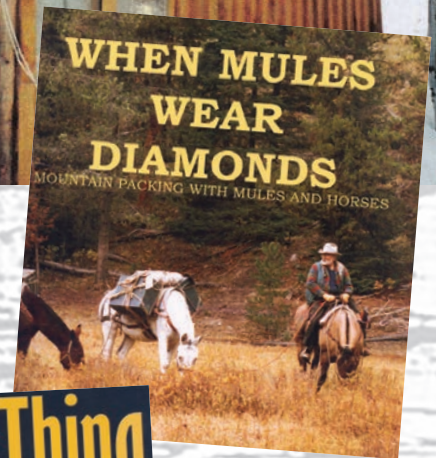
that stood her in good stead for the lifestyle she shared with him in the early years of their marriage. Their first home in America, “built” in 1956, was an eight-by-ten-foot wall tent near Warm Lake, at the headwaters of the South Fork of the Salmon River. It featured a new gas lantern and wood cook stove. Later that summer, they moved to a cabin at Redfish Lake, and relished the spaciousness of the sixteen-by-twenty-four-foot mansion. Their four children, Barb, Sandy, Judy, and John, now have children of their own. Maria was a cardiac care nurse for seventeen years, at St. Luke’s in Boise, and now tends to the health of myriad flowers in her garden, a lovely, shaded part of the twenty beautiful acres to which they’ve retired in Valley County. I love to visit them in the Hobbit-like setting where they’ve settled, and wander down to the cabin where Stacy works on his stories, or just sits on the porch and listens to the aspens. It’s like being in a secluded, backcountry grove, nothing but birdsong and breeze to highlight the flow of summer, of a life well spent.

“Once our natural splendor is destroyed, it can never be recaptured,” former President Lyndon B. Johnson said. “And once man can no longer walk with beauty or wonder at nature, his spirit will wither and his sustenance be wasted. If future generations are to remember us



with gratitude rather than contempt, we must leave them with something more than the miracles of technology. We must leave them a glimpse of the world as it was in the beginning, not just after we got through with it.”

Stace, it isn’t as important how you came to devote your life to the truth and vital necessity of President Johnson’s sentiment as that you did it: that you helped to save some small part of our natural heritage, preventing it from being stripped, over-grazed, paved, or despoiled. Future generations will remember, with gratitude, that portions of a magnificent birthright were left to them, left as they were in the beginning. I can think of no greater legacy, and in the late stages of your great and giving career, I salute you. ■



ABOVE: Stacy’s writing cabin in Valley County and the covers of two of his books.



Memorial Hike

The Mountainside Was Ours

BY BARBARA MORGAN

People say we Boomers enabled our Millennials to excess, buying them chemistry sets and computers. Encouraging worm dissection on the back porch Science and Nature Club. Enthusing about their thespian productions. Providing seed capital for Lemonade Enterprises. We had our careers, our juggling, our guilt. The babysitters, T-Ball, ballet, soccer. Cursed when we did. Cursed when we didn't. They got drivers' licenses. Got off to college. Moved out. Came back.

Maybe we Boomers did give shelter from the storm once or twice. Would a mother fox banish her kits from the den to the ragged tooth and claw of . . . of . . . ? Now there's a sentence this mother fox cannot finish. Yes, it was a busy life—until one morning not so long ago (about last Tuesday) when I awoke at my home in Boise, came downstairs, made coffee, and noticed the house had become quiet. And it stayed really, really quiet.

Naturally I was pleased to receive a text from Charlie late in May, announcing successful completion of his first year of teaching English at Weiser High. He was ready to cast off parts of speech and *Julius Caesar* in

ABOVE: Barbara Morgan hiking at Hells Canyon.

CHARLIE MARTIN

exchange for a direct dive into the buzzing blooming confusion of nature in central Idaho.

A hike from the shoals of the mighty Snake River to the rim of Hells Canyon was proposed. Would the parents' aging cardiovascular systems and connective tissues accommodate such an enticement? In no time, the ancient vehicle was packed with hiking boots, binoculars, water bottles, bird books, and cameras, and we were chugging northwest on the Boise connector aimed at Weiser.

Charlie, a Millennial with a computer-eye's view of the world, once pointed out to me that in a satellite view of Boise and Weiser a discerning eye can see Mary Poppins. Boise is a ruffle made by her skirt and her top leg. Swan Falls Dam on the Snake River near Murphy localizes her bottom leg. Emmett is at the right end of her cape. Brogan, Oregon, is at the far tip of her umbrella on the left.

But tonight we would spend our first evening of Memorial Day weekend at Mary Poppin's head, aka Weiser. In Charlie's apartment.

Something about May in south-central Idaho is simply stunning. The grayish brown overcoat of winter and the thawing and freezing of a windy spring have been thrown off. But what made our experience of the weekend even more delectable was the instantaneous erasure of about six decades once we left the rush of Interstate 84 for a drive on Idaho's older roads. We could breathe again. Slowly, easily.

As we bumped along the country road traversing a floodplain, I was reminded of my preteen world in small-town Wisconsin. The puffs of memory in my head become animated and clear before my eyes. Mary Poppins' neck came alive with a necklace of little towns with names like Fruitland and Payette. Haystacks, onions, potatoes, signs for well-drilling services, circular metal grain bins, a green tractor disking a field, dust streaming behind, a moving freight train, a bridge.

We reached our destination, Weiser, a small town famous for its moving trains, farming, fiddles, and for a "W" on a hill. But on this weekend, Weiser was famous for roses.

Charlie greeted his parents. Then we proudly visited Weiser High School to confirm that, yes, it was true. He was a teacher now.

That evening we settled down for a three-person movie

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ABOVE: Rose arbor at a Weiser home.

on Charlie's computer and some Mom-made spaghetti to fortify ourselves for the next day's hike.

Leaving Weiser for Hells Canyon, we podcasted our way up Idaho's scenic vehicular artery, Highway 95. Morning magic filled our eyes and our senses, which had been freshened with rest and vivified with coffee. Everything looked and smelled green and fertile to us, and to many hopeful tractor-patrolling hawks. A tableau of emerald fields and a pond, matted with distant low mountains and framed by skies of blue and gently swirling white clouds, pleased me with its accessible and simple beauty.

I was reminded of a trip I once took to England, when I was introduced to art history's 18th Century picturesque landscape period. A cow, a horse, a pond, a single tree. To which I now introduced a "No Hunting" sign, a patchwork hayfield, a coppice with horses, a horse trailer, and the bust of a truly serious guard dog. The country north of Weiser is horse and cow country. Idaho is most beautiful to me when she is least pretentious.

Hells Canyon lived up to its undomesticated, calendar-worthy reputation. Except for a party of rock climbers, the mountainside was ours. Mother-son discussions of the meaning of life were kept at minimum as we gingerly stepped onto rocks and forded streams, and tiptoed over, under, around, and through highly successful stands of poison ivy. It was so hot that you had to keep moving, because the moment you

stopped, salty tributaries of sweat filled the spaces behind your glasses and flowed down your front. But our vicissitudes were more than worth it for the view at the top, the enjoyable amble back down, and especially the old-fashioned 1955-style chow mein dinner that we savored back in Weiser that evening.

The next time I saw Charlie, we celebrated the summer solstice and the promise of the rise of a full moon with a walk in the Boise foothills at dusk. It was only three weeks after Memorial Day but the lushness of late spring was gone now. A spare, gray-green landscape was gentle with dry breezes. Occasional evening birds swooped by us, calling out their territories and announcing the setting of the sun, which disappeared on schedule at the western horizon. The eastern sky became darker and darker. We kept faith in the rotation of the celestial bodies and walked on, welcoming the night, waiting for the light of the moon. Eventually breezes disappeared. No birds, no sounds at all were heard, just our own crackling footsteps as we walked in the dark, using the eyes in our feet to keep upright on the nighttime trails.

My own slog up the hill has ended. Years of climbing, of striving and scurrying about, have become a time for paying attention and contemplation. I must leave professional mountain climbing with its machinations, its organization, and its gear to the Millennials. I hope it will be easier for them, and just as fulfilling as my bootstraps on-again-off-again scramble was for me. As far as I can tell, the Millennials seem to be living a more measured life than I did. I had some missteps, some blind alleys, some detours. But I claim all the sweet and sour, the salty and bitter bits. Without them there would be no characters, no stories, and no bite.

Our dusky June 21 foothills landscape perspective of openness and infinity shrank away after the sun disappeared. With darkness comes intimacy and it invites conversation. Charlie, who is not known for loquacity, began to tell me about his first year of teaching. But suddenly he said, "Stop!" and pointed behind me. A white jewel had crowned the earth just beyond Table Rock. Gradually, a ball of light grew large and was launched into space on our eastern flank. ■



BARBARA MORGAN



BARBARA MORGAN

FAR ABOVE: "W Mountain," overlooking Weiser.

ABOVE: Landscape near the start of the author's Hells Canyon trek.



Ditch Rider

The Ground Squirrel's Scourge

STORY AND PHOTOS BY F.A. LOOMIS

I recall my grandfather, a founder of a farm cooperative in Valley County called the Gold Fork Irrigation Company and a ditch rider in the 1920s, telling me stories about his favorite ditch rider, a young man who took over his job, arriving on the scene after dropping out of Harvard College. He was a vegetarian everyone called "Biscuit Martin." They called him "Biscuit" because once a week he baked a biscuit as big as a hat and kept it in his saddlebag. All week long he ate from the saddlebag as he rode

ditches and the canal.

Biscuit kept a garden and raised vegetables. My grandfather said he occasionally sat down in a field and ate a sandwich for lunch with the ditch rider, who ate a piece of his big biscuit along with a wedge of cabbage cut from a head grown in his Gold Fork garden. "But sometimes he just sat in the saddle and ate carrots," my grandfather said, "or read a book while his horse ate grass along the canal."

Biscuit was known as a conversationalist. A follower of

the medieval German secret society called Rosicrucians that originated in the early 15th Century and now is all but a footnote in history, he regularly argued that the human spirit and body are inseparable in life, but at death the spirit soars back to its origins in the astral planes. This was the sum of what I learned about Biscuit, except for an old trunk my grandfather stored in our barn after Biscuit died. Exploring the trunk's contents as a boy, I found registration materials and his nametag from a Rosicrucian

convention held in San Francisco. The trunk was full of colorful flyers showing beams shooting into people's hearts and heads.

The irrigation company, which ensures equal distribution of water among cattlemen, has had Albert Gestrin as its ditch rider for twenty-seven years. Perhaps not as eccentric as some of his predecessors, such as Biscuit, Albert's claim to fame is that he is an active ditch rider at the age of eighty-four. Born on March 25, 1932, his carriage is that of a fit man in his forties or fifties. A full-blooded Finn, he attributes his fitness, longevity, spunk, and good health to clean living, faith, and pie and coffee. Albert grew up in Valley County and his family has received irrigation water from the

Center Irrigation District his entire life.

His daily routine is to ride twenty-five to thirty-five miles of ditch and canal trails on an ATV, check head gates and water volume, examine canvas dam placements, kill thistles, shoot ground squirrels if necessary, and grab a sweet pastry and coffee from a supportive rancher along the route. He was accustomed to stopping for a piece of pie and coffee at the ranch owned by my wife's parents before they passed away in 2012. Since my wife and her siblings inherited the ranch, it's been occupied only on some weekends in summer. Albert lamented, "I used to stop here for coffee and something sweet once or twice a week, but this place has been closed for



OPPOSITE: Albert Gestrin takes aim at a pesky ground squirrel.

ABOVE: Albert claims pie helps to keep him healthy.

LEFT: Irrigation canal in Valley County.





ABOVE: An irrigation-flooded field

several years.”

His job generally runs from mid-April to mid-November. “But,” he notes, “this year I started on April 1 because of the full watershed.” He says 2016 appears to be a bad year for ground squirrels. “Today they weren’t out, because I think word got out yesterday after I shot about forty. I shoot at least a dozen or two every few days.”

Squirrel control along the canal dates to the earliest years of the Gold Fork system. The underground six- to seven-foot deep burrowed colonies can get so bad that canal banks collapse. And when that happens, says Albert, “You need a backhoe to fix them. And that’s costly. Up here, the squirrels are public enemy number one.”

The job has dangers. Albert explains that he has had to fish himself out of deep water more than once after getting too close to a weak bank. Keeping an eye on tree and root growth is a big part of the job. He keeps a pruner and chainsaw handy. And being an occasional whistleblower is also required, which goes against his shy grain.

Recently, he found a drainpipe that someone had inserted into the canal, and now shareholders are trying to solve the mystery.

Albert says the company has had a dozen ditch riders over the years and each stayed on for at least several years. He is now anticipating giving up the position.

“Will you train your understudy?” I ask.

“Yes,” he replies, “but it has to be the right person. One feller wanted the job and he lasted less than a day, and didn’t even report to work with a shovel.”

While diversion dams for irrigation companies were installed all across Idaho in the early years of state history, Valley County’s original diversion dam (using earth-filled log cribs) was put in about 1902. A new concrete dam was placed a bit upstream from the original in 1921-22. Repairs have been made on the dam and canal over the years. Albert says dam owners once had to float a canvas boat full of concrete into position and sink it in the right place to staunch a leak.

My uncle, Glenn Loomis, shares an anecdote originally

told by his father (my grandfather): The shareholders had to use dynamite on the canal near the old Sult homestead and when the explosion went off, it fixed the canal neatly by destroying a rocky blockage. However, it also launched a boulder high into the air that came down through the Sult house roof like a meteor. Fortunately, everyone was outside the house watching the explosive display.

Another shareholder, former Idaho Congressman Ken Roberts, claims that repairing flumes can be highly uncomfortable. He once had to claw his way through icy water in the dark interior of a sealed flume to tighten bolts. He says, “Imagine trying to work while being tickled by hundreds of baby trout trapped in your pants!” ■

The author thanks the Valley County Historical Project and the Nelle Tobias Research Center at Valley County Museum for historical references and pictures. The museum will publish a manuscript by the late Robert Fairbrother about Gold Fork Irrigation Company.

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ELK RIVER

AT THE END OF THE ROAD

BY KHALIELA WRIGHT

When I was a child, my grandfather often sang the Scottish traditional tune “Loch Lomond” to me, but I was well into adulthood before the truth sank in of its melancholy message about the high road and the low road. When life gets us down, we lose hope and our sense of adventure. But when we are sad, we need the high country most.

This has been a rough year. Budget cuts for the community college where I teach threw the campus into crisis mode, and closure loomed. My son moved half a continent away. I broke my glasses and since I’m legally blind, I was put on light duty for my other job with the U.S. Census Bureau, which left me with little to do but twiddle my thumbs until the new pair came in. If you don’t work, you can’t pay your bills. And to top it all off, I had just begun dating, but it wasn’t going well. What else was a girl to do but head for Elk River?

Elk River is at the end of Highway 8. To go any farther, travelers must leave the pavement behind. As I drove the rural highways, I felt my heart grow lighter. By the time I reached my destination at the Elk Creek Falls trailhead, I was almost in a fit state to keep company.

LEFT: Dent Bridge on the Elk River Scenic Byway.

KHALIELA WRIGHT

INSET: End of Highway 8 at Elk River.

KHALIELA WRIGHT



The trail at Elk Creek Falls is an Idaho Birding Trail (site N37) that passes through several sections of old-growth timber where dappled sunlight casts the forest into alternating patterns of light and shadow. The hike is rated “easy to moderate,” as the trail’s widest sections follow an old wagon road that used to be the main route from Elk River to Orofino. The loop of roughly three miles takes about seventy-five minutes to walk.

It was above 90 degrees as I began my trek into the forest. Since I’m out of shape, I opted to head for the lower falls first, thinking I could use the excuse of stopping to take pictures along the way whenever I needed to catch my breath. Before long, I was rewarded with ripe huckleberries growing alongside the trail. Elk River is known for its outstanding huckleberrying. The discovery further brightened my mood and encouraged me onward, grazing on the purple fruit and staining my fingers as I went.

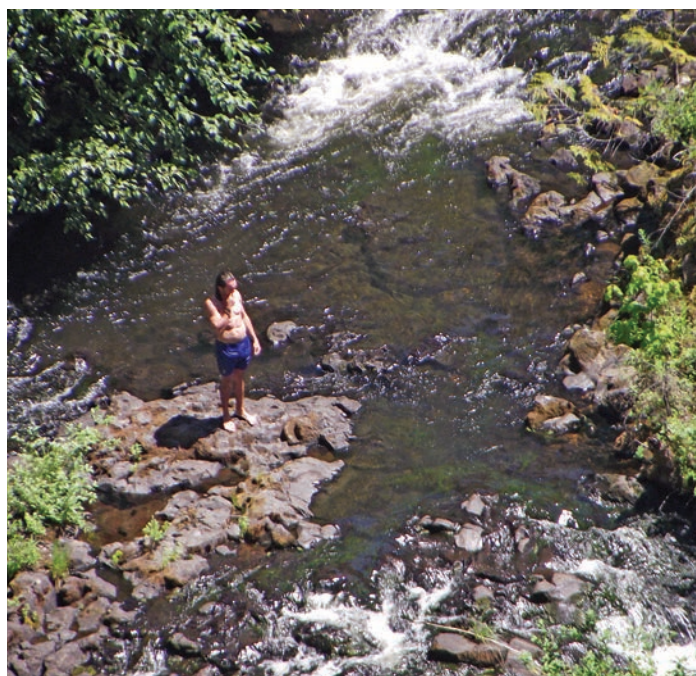
The lower falls make a spectacular fifty-foot drop, and the sound of rushing water drowns out birdsong from the surrounding forest. I made the slow, steady climb to the middle falls, which is actually twin falls that drop ninety feet. The overlook provides breathtaking views, including the falls and miles of unbroken forest. It was a sight to give a person pause, and made me realize how small and insignificant each of us really is. I wondered if this was how Lewis and Clark felt on their travels with the Corps of Discovery, gazing into the distance without a trace of civilization in sight.

After admiring the view, I trudged up and then down to the upper falls, the trail bringing me to the creek for an intimate view of the cascading water. These falls also are twins, but much smaller than the previous ones, plunging just twenty feet to the pool below. But despite the smaller vertical drop, these falls are the real reward. Veteran Elk River lumberjack Forrest “Babe” Kreisher insists that the pool at the upper falls is unmatched in beauty even when compared to any in Hawaii, and I couldn’t agree more.

By this time I was hot, sweaty, and no doubt smelly, so I stripped off my socks and shoes, rolled up my pants, and waded into the pool. A large rock in the



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middle of the pool made for comfortable seating as I soaked my feet before donning shoes again for the return hike to the car.

Back at the trailhead, my shirt was soaked from sweat and my pants were wet from wading in the creek, but that wasn't going to stop me from heading into Elk River for huckleberry ice cream, available year-round from the lodge, which is owned and operated by Ryan and Becky Giard. Ryan grew up in Orofino and his grandfather worked at the mill in Elk River before it closed. He and Becky took over the lodge in July last year. Its one-stop shopping includes a restaurant, gift shop, grocery store, liquor store, gas station, propane dispensary, deli, chamber of commerce, and even rooms to let. Those with a sense of humor can have their mug shots taken in the jail on the boardwalk outside.

I stopped in at the coffee and gift shop owned by Annie and Rod Black. The couple moved to Elk River in 2013 and began renovating what was the old drug store, one of the original buildings in the town. Inside the

coffee shop are antique treasures Rod removed from interior walls of the old building as he and Annie remodeled it, including a set of campaign posters asking voters to re-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt and his vice president.

Pointing to another poster he pulled out of the wall, Rod told me, "I started coming to Elk River years ago, mostly for the mini-hydroplane races, which began in 1968." It's a familiar refrain in Elk River: many of the people who reside here arrived from elsewhere as locals moved away.

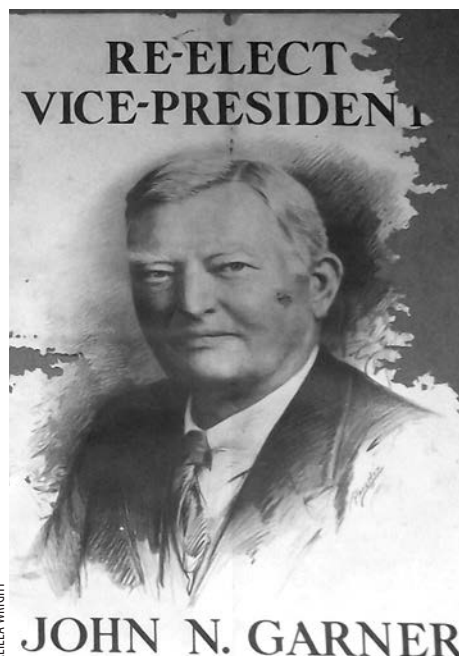
Just down the street from the coffee shop is a tavern owned by Kami and Pat Nibler. Like the others, Kami had been frequenting Elk River long before she made the move here. She bought a weekend place fourteen years ago, traveling between Elk River and her home in Lewiston, and then made Elk River her permanent home six years ago.

I stopped at the tavern for lunch and watched as Kami sliced a large Idaho potato for my fries—no processed French fries here. As she cooked, Kami told me that she runs the tavern 365 days a

OPPOSITE TOP:
The ninety-foot drop of the middle falls of three sets of Elk River Falls.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM:
A swimmer at the middle falls (also barely visible in the top photo).

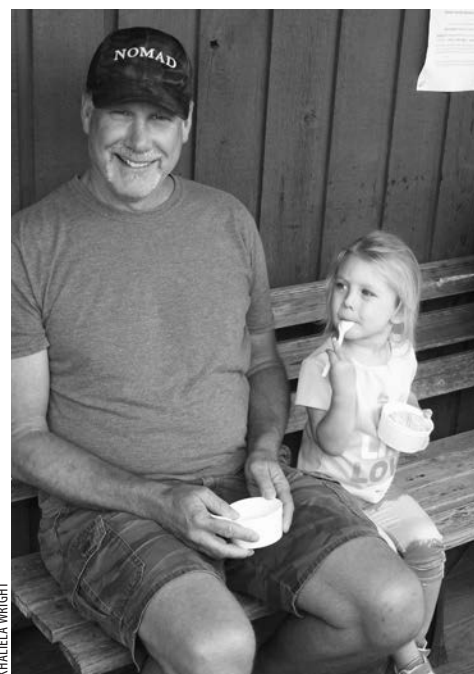
BELOW (from left):
old campaign poster found inside the walls of the town's original drug store, the store in its remodeled form as a coffee and gift shop, and two folks take an ice cream break.



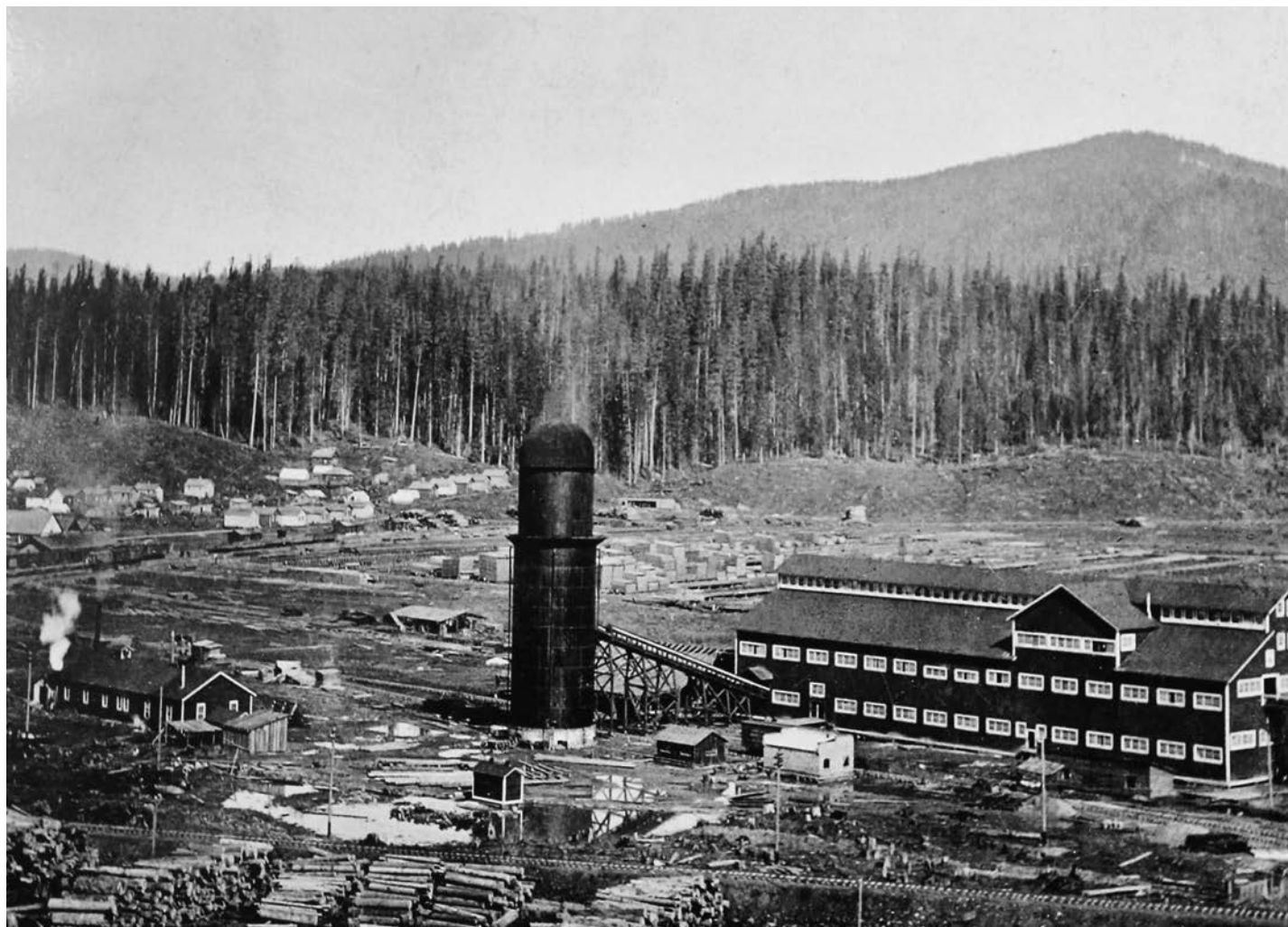
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CLEANWATER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ABOVE: The lumber mill at Elk River, 1920s.

year. The place is even open for dinner on Christmas, which is a big deal in Elk River.

Edith Griffin recounted the Elk River Christmas traditions for my benefit. "On Christmas Eve, Santa arrives on the fire truck. At 6 p.m., the fire truck makes the rounds with the horn blaring and everyone runs to the town's Christmas tree to get our bags of candy from Santa."

Christmas isn't just for the kids. Everyone gets gifts from Santa, whether they've recently taken their first breath or have one foot in the grave. And the goody bag is nothing to sneeze at. "It's a brown paper grocery sack filled with fruit, chips, drinks, crackers, and candy," Kami told me. "Just about any kind of snack you can think of. After the mayor, Jim Martin, has done his duty as Santa, everyone goes home to

open presents, because who wants to wait until morning?"

Listening to these people reminisce about their time in Elk River made me appreciate what a friendly and welcoming town it is. I think a lot of small towns can be cliquish—if you aren't member of a founding family or willing to marry into a founding family, you'll be an outsider your whole life. Elk River welcomes everyone with open arms. And the people look out for one another, too.

The community is too small to be able to afford a police officer, and it's too far away from Orofino for any of the sheriff's deputies to swing by on a regular patrol. "There's no law in town," Babe Kreisher told me. "They'll send a deputy or two if we are having some kind of doings, but mostly we look out for

each other and ourselves. If someone is going to be gone, we watch their place, and later they'll watch ours."

The history of a town with as many new faces as old ones could easily get lost, but that's not the case in Elk River. And there is no better way to get a feeling for the area's history than by touring Three Pines Cemetery with Dawn Tillson.

I've always loved cemeteries and frequently stop to photograph headstones, but this was the first time I toured one with someone who actually knew the stories of the dead. As we walked, Dawn chimed in with amusing tidbits, such as, "He was a powder monkey. Blew himself to bits." Or, "She's not actually down there. We've got about a half-dozen markers that we're pretty sure don't correspond to a body." And there are stories of tombstones that just up and fell over.

The cemetery—or rather, trio of cemeteries—contain more souls than there are in town. The main one is where you'll find the remains of the "powder monkey." In Elk River, wooden crosses are still in fashion, and a new one was placed just a few weeks before I arrived. Farther uphill is the Catholic cemetery, which contains headstones written in Serbian, an oddity in a backwoods Idaho town. The cemetery district also maintains a pet cemetery, which presently holds the departed souls of seventy dogs and cats, making Elk River reputedly the only small town (not counting cities) in Idaho with such a resting place.

The man to see about Elk River's history is Babe Kreisher. Born in the community eighty-four years ago, the woodsman is now involved with the Elk River Museum. If Babe didn't witness Elk River's history himself, he certainly knows where to find the old stories.

In 1897, Willard Trumbell homesteaded what is present-day Elk River, but he didn't get a deed for the land until November 15, 1904. Trumbell

frequently hosted friends who would come up to the homestead to enjoy the excellent hunting and fishing. Prospectors also passed through the area, but the town really didn't take off until 1909, when Potlatch Lumber Company bought Trumbell's homestead. The town originally was named Trumbell but was changed to Elk River in 1911, the same year the school opened. That old building still stands, keeping watch over the town.

Potlatch built the first all-electric sawmill in the United States, putting Elk River on the map for cutting-edge technological innovation. Men traveled from afar to work in the mill, often leaving behind their wives and children. On a postcard held by the Clearwater Historical Society, a man working in Elk River begins, "Dearest Little Wife." It's heartwarming to know that these big burly woodsmen harbored tender feelings, which history often neglects to tell us.

Unfortunately, the sawmill was in operation for only twenty years. The decline started in 1927, when a bigger mill was built in Lewiston, and then blister rust attacked the white pine in 1929, just when the Great Depression rocked the nation. The C Camp, the largest of Potlatch's logging camps, closed in 1932 and by the following year, most of the businesses in town were shuttered and houses were selling for as little as fifteen dollars. In 1936, the lumber company deeded its mill, water rights, and electric lines to the town for practically nothing.

Babe remembers playing in the homesteaders' cabins as a child. "When the homesteaders left, they left everything in the cabins. They were grubstaked by Potlatch and had to stay for four years, then they had the option to buy the land. Potlatch was only offering sixty-acre parcels and only two or three homesteaders ever got the ground."

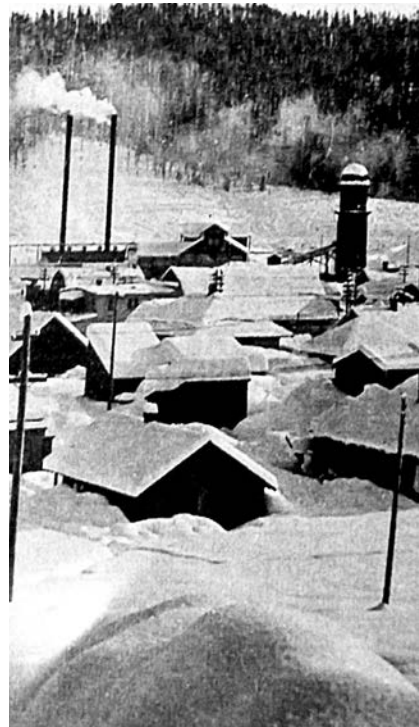
With the coming of World War II, Elk River



ABOVE: A store in Elk River, 1920s.

ABOVE RIGHT: The community during a hard winter.

OPPOSITE: A family fishing at Elk Creek Reservoir near Elk River.



began to see improvements again. An airstrip was installed in 1945 that is still in use today. When I asked Babe to name an important historical item in the years following WWII, he said, "In the Fifties and Sixties, the hunting was better, but you had to pack the elk out on your back, because there weren't any roads!"

As we stood viewing old photographs in the museum, Babe serenaded me with "The Song of the Crosscut Saw." Inspired by his love of the Elk River lifestyle, he sang it to the tune of "The Wabash Cannonball."

*Listen to the axes ringing, the song
of the crosscut saw,
High upon the mountain, deep
within the draw.*

*You see a white pine go sailing, to
lie upon the ground,
She's rotten in the butt boys, so cut
her where she's sound.*

*You see the cats a walking, a way
upon the hill,
To get a turn of logs, boys, and take
her to the mill.*

*Then Shorty gets ferocious as he
grabs up the maul,
It's timber down the mountain boys,
stand back and watch her fall.*

*This is the song of the lumberjack
and how he cleared this land,
With an ax in his hand and a saw
on his back was how his day began.
These are all forgotten now, in the
age of the power saw,
You'll never hear the ring of the ax,
or the song of the crosscut saw.*

When Babe finished the song, he assured me it would have been better after a few beers, but it was too early in the day to be drinking. I thought he was pulling my leg. But later, down at the lodge, when I recounted to Edith Griffin, Jeanie Smith, and Joyce Purnell how I'd been serenaded by Babe, Edith chuckled. "You should hear him after he's had a few drinks," she said. "It'd be just perfect then."

Walt Disney Productions came to town in 1967 for the filming of *Charlie the Lonesome Cougar*. On the Internet, you can find a claim



KHALIELA WRIGHT

that it was filmed at a mill in Washington, but on display at the lodge in Elk River are pictures of Ryan's grandfather with the director and the cougar. The plot involves Charlie and his friend Potlatch, who destroy a kitchen and take a ride downriver with a logging crew.

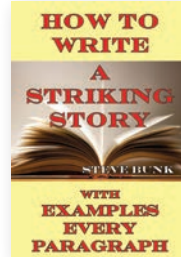
During one of my conversations with the townsfolk, Dawn managed to win a bet on when the road was finally paved. She said it was easy for her to remember because 1976 was the same year her son was born. Before that, the roads into and out of the town were gravel.

In 1990, the school closed, and it has been vacant ever since. But that didn't stop the community's resourceful people from providing education for their youngsters. They responded to the closure by building a community library, which was filled with books, maps, and other items from the school.

Even so, the Clearwater County School Board decided it would be cheaper to bus Elk River kids into Latah County to attend school in Deary or Bovill than it would be to maintain a school in an isolated pocket of the county. Elk River currently has a whopping twenty-two children being bussed to Bovill for school, with a family of ten being the greatest contributor.

Elk River was home to twelve hundred people back in 1911, making it one of the largest "in the woods" lumber camps. The town had forty businesses,

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COURTESY OF KAMI INBILER

ABOVE: Historic cabin at the lookout on the summit of Elk Butte.

including the Elk River State Bank, a weekly newspaper, a train station, a Methodist church, the sawmill, four hotels, a hospital, a theater, four pool halls, a grocery store, drug store, and a butcher.

No one is entirely sure how many people currently reside in Elk River. The phone book is sixteen pages, double-spaced, in large print. "They send out 135 water bills," Kami said, "but that includes bills for snowbirds and weekender's homes, too. I'd bet there are fewer than a hundred permanent residents in town." After racking our brains, we could come up with only thirteen businesses: the tavern, the lodge, the coffee shop, a rental business for recreational vehicles and equipment, an inn, an ice company, condominiums, the library, an RV park, an electrician, outfitters, the Elk River Recreation District, and a plant nursery. It's a stark contrast from when the town was booming in the early 1900s.

But contemporary visitors will find a plethora of outdoor recreation activities at their fingertips, and Elk River is a destination for all seasons. "We've come full circle," Kami

told me. "Trumbell started bringing people up here for recreation and hunting, and that's why people come today."

Winter brings in snowmobilers and cross-country skiers eager to explore the trails surrounding the town. Elk River receives so much snow that sometimes all you can see of the houses is the peaks of their roofs. My grandmother tells me stories about the northern Idaho winter of 1964, but in Elk River you hear stories about the winter of 2008. That year, the town was declared a disaster area. The residents were snowed in for a week before the National Guard could get the road open.

In the summer, people hike, camp, fish, and traverse hundreds of miles of ATV trails. The Elk River Recreation District offers sixty-four campsites along Elk Creek Reservoir for fifteen dollars per night and the U.S. Forest Service's Upper Basin Campground has free sites with hook-ups available on a first-come, first-served basis. From the campgrounds, adventurers can explore many miles of native forest covered in white and ponderosa pine, Douglas and white fir, cedar, tamarack, and a

little hemlock, and they can fish in the reservoir, which is stocked with crappie, bass, and trout.

Another attraction is the Giant Western Red Cedar [see "Giant Red," page six]. The largest tree east of the Cascade-Sierra Crest, it's an estimated three thousand years old. It stands in a cool grove but can be a bit difficult to find in the forest, so stop by the Elk River Lodge or the Elk River Recreation District to get a map before heading out.

I drove the Elk River Scenic Byway thirty-eight miles to Orofino, stopping for pictures of the Dent Bridge. It's a suspension bridge that appears to be a smaller-scale replica of the Golden Gate Bridge. Also impressive are the Granddad Bridge and the lookout and historic cabin at the summit of Elk Butte, but a four-wheel drive vehicle is necessary

to view either of those.

In autumn, the bugles of bull elk ring though the mountains and sportsmen come from as far away as New York and Philadelphia, hoping for a trophy to grace their walls. Non-hunters can head over to Tom's Tavern for the Annual Halloween Broomstick Pool Tournament, which permits only standard straw witches' brooms. Perhaps the really lucky visitor can talk Babe or Dawn into giving a Hallows' Eve tour of the graveyard.

By the time I left Elk River, I was feeling pretty good about life. I'd been welcomed by strangers, made new friends, and had been serenaded by an old lumberjack. As I drove out of town, I couldn't help but think of Robert Frost's poem about taking the road less traveled. For me, it made all the difference. ■

BELOW: Spectators enjoy the Elk River Mud Bogs event.



M T A P P M A U L

BUT WHERE DID IT LAND?

STORY AND PHOTOS BY CAROLYN WHITE



FAR LEFT: Airstrip at a ranch in the Nez Perce National Forest where the author worked.

LEFT: A ranch guest deplanes.

BELOW: Pilot Ray Arnold lands.



DROP

The snow was knee-high and each step was a struggle. Pausing to catch my breath, I muttered, “Okay, I give up. Where’d you drop it, Ray?”

Half-blinded by late morning sunshine, I slowly rotated. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but snow-covered meadow, bright blue sky with puffy white clouds, snow-capped mountains, and thousands of slender, towering lodgepole pine trees. About a hundred yards away, smoke curled up from both chimneys of the remote ranch where I’d been working since July. Up the hill by the barn, thirty-three horses and mules nibbled at their morning hay. But there was absolutely no sign of the orange nylon USPS mail bag. Tossed out of the plane’s window maybe an hour earlier, it had sunk out of sight into the drifts. Rubbing a hand across my forehead, I sighed.

Mail day is more priceless than gold when you live in the Idaho backcountry. The isolated ranches scattered along the Salmon River, as well as the few that had been built high in the mountains (including the one where I worked), received deliveries just once a week during summer and twice a month in winter. Besides mail, Ray Arnold flew in groceries, hunters, fishermen, liquor, canvas tents, jet boat parts, chickens, dogs, and whatever else the residents needed. As long as it would fit in his single-engine plane and didn’t go over the weight limit, he was game.

During the summer months an hour or so before Ray’s expected arrival stray horses and mules were

shooed off the airstrip. The windsock was checked to make sure it hadn’t wrapped around its pole. Guests began gathering on the porch, laughing and talking, because everyone wanted to experience the sight of a plane landing on a grass airstrip in the middle of nowhere. But those of us on the crew—cooks, packers, guides, wranglers and the foreman—just wanted our mail.

Some of the remote airstrips, as I learned from personal experience, were real doozies. One was so deep in a canyon that the pilot had to do a half-dozen circles, getting closer and closer to the strip with each pass before landing. Another was at a 45-degree angle up the side of a mountain. Still others had been carved out along the cliffs above the water.

Compared to them, our ranch’s high mountain airstrip was fairly easy. It was eighteen hundred feet long, and flat. We mowed it with a push mower during summer so the plane’s wheels wouldn’t drag. It was the most boring job in the world, back and forth, back and forth, and nobody wanted the chore, but we understood how important it was.

Standing over the wood cook stove on mail day, I kept an ear close to the radiophone, a battery-powered, CB-type unit that had been rigged in a corner of the kitchen. It crackled with voices from ranches along the Salmon, calling the hangar in Cascade to report Ray’s whereabouts. Depending on his loads, he spent more time at some places than others. If there was a cake or fresh-baked

cookies, he stayed longer.

Often the sound of his engine starting up could be heard as he left the ranch closest to ours, even though it was twenty miles away by road. As the roar grew closer and closer, necks craned to be the first to see him top the mountains that surrounded us. "There he is!" came the shout as one of the crowd would rise, head down the stairs and across the yard, go through the gate, walk past the fire pit, and tromp across the bridge to the airstrip.

Once, wearing an apron, T-shirt, and blue jeans, I was challenged to a spontaneous foot race by three kids who were in for a horseback-riding vacation. With the plane taxiing down the airstrip towards the turnabout, I bolted like a rocket at the word, "Go!" The kids were beaten soundly. As we clomped back onto the porch ten minutes later, my arms full with the heavy bag, the kids' father glanced at my feet and looked up again, incredulous.

"You ran that fast wearing cowboy boots?" he asked.

"You try going for a week without mail," I replied.

Untied and inverted over the dining room picnic table, the mail bag often disgorged so many magazines, packages, flyers, and newspapers that they tumbled to the floor. All of us bent over them, heads touching and hands moving quickly, as we sorted for envelopes bearing our names. "My mom sent some cookies," or "I got the long johns I ordered," or "I finally got some pictures from my girlfriend" might be heard over the rapid-fire shuffling of paper.

Most important, though, were the letters, which were grabbed, placed in piles, and then carried off to be devoured from different chairs out in the living room. Letters from home. Letters from friends. Letters telling of news that, although dated, was still fresh to us. At dinner over the following nights, we shared information again and again, savoring any news because we had to make it last.

As for me, I couldn't wait to wipe down the



table, push the benches back in, finish the dishes, and leave for my cabin. Lester, my Siamese mix, always lingered on the back porch and joined me as, flashlight or lantern in hand, I walked across the yard. I lit all the candles at my desk, pulled out fresh paper and a pen, and wrote responses until my wrist was sore.

Since there was no electricity to the ranch, it took skill to get used to writing by candlelight. If you sneezed, for example, drops of wax blew all over. Flies or moths that had found their way inside the room often buzzed right through a flame and their carcasses fell into the melted wax around it. One memorable night, standing up to reach for a different pen, I set the ends of one of my long braids on fire.

As the days went by, the letters got thicker as I added pages to them and the stack of sealed envelopes grew higher and higher. Nothing could be picked up until either Ray returned or someone made the long trip to town for supplies.

Sending and receiving in winter required a lot more patience. Ray delivered mail only on the first

ABOVE: Meeting the plane was always exciting.

and third Wednesdays from November through May or June. Instead of a lawnmower, we used snowmobiles to flatten the strip so he could land on skis. When you live on a mountain that gets more than two hundred inches of snow each season, though, it's impossible to keep up with the accumulation. On the days it was unsafe to land, he simply threw the bag out the window.

This was no problem when you knew he was coming. Flying low, Ray's toss was so accurate it would land with a crunching sound several yards from my feet. Sometimes, if the snow surface was especially icy, it practically slid right to me.

But when you didn't know he was coming—as happened on the long, frustrating morning in question—it could be a pain. What made it worse was we'd had five Wednesdays in November, which meant I hadn't seen mail in three weeks.

Ray's wife, Carol, was always good about letting us know when there was a change or a delay. She had called the ranch on the radiophone, but unfortunately no one was there to answer. Early that morning, the crew and a few hunters had left immediately after breakfast to scout for signs of cougar. I had extra chores to do.

I'd suited up and headed for the woodshed, loading the wheelbarrow a half-dozen times and pushing it to and from the lodge to refill the enormous wood boxes. I'd climbed the fence, eased down the slick hillside, and used an axe to break ice in the creek for the livestock. I'd milked Rosie, the ranch cow, poured some of her milk out for Lester and the chickens, checked the coop for any random eggs, and gathered strings of hay baling twine that lay scattered about the barn loft and yard.

Returning to the warm and cozy lodge, I'd unlaced my sturdy winter boots, set them by the barrel stove, tossed my hat and gloves underneath it, unzipped my heavy jacket, and hung it on a peg to drip. Judging from the soft clicks and pops

coming from the other side of the room, I knew that Maggie, the cook stove, was dying down, so I slid a few chunks of wood into her firebox. There was lunch to fix. The fellas had said they'd return around one because they wanted to see that mailbag hit the ground.

Tying on an apron, I half-filled a large pot with water and set it on Maggie's hottest burner. Swinging open the pantry's heavy door, I held the apron's neatly hemmed corners with one hand and used the other to fill the pouch with onions, potatoes and carrots. (Shortly after I'd gotten the job at the ranch, Mother had made three denim aprons for me and sent them via Ray.) I added a few cans of cream of mushroom soup and was sorting through the stack for more when . . . in the distance . . . came a low-humming sound, as unmistakable as a giant swarm of bees in a flowering cherry orchard.

"No, it can't be," I thought. "Ray's not due until three." But the Cessna's engine had its own distinct roar. Backing out of the pantry, I froze and listened harder. Without a doubt, it was coming closer—and fast.

I lunged for the kitchen counter, stood on my tiptoes, dumped the contents of the apron, shot across the linoleum floor, and dove for my jacket and boots. Hands shaking, I ignored the grommets, wrapping the long laces around my calves. The laces got intertwined somehow, so when I stood and took a step, I fell over. As I flopped on the floor frantically trying to untangle things, Ray flew overhead.

In slow motion, the plane's shadow eased over the lodge's rooftop, briefly blocking the sun. Out of the dining room window, I caught a brief glimpse of white underbelly, wheels, and a red-striped tail. Suddenly roaring loud enough to rattle the panes, the airplane powered upward toward the top of the mountain. And over the retreating whine of the engines came my own, lingering wail: "Nooooooo!"

Kicking off the boots, I skidded to the

MOST IMPORTANT WERE THE LETTERS

radiophone and grabbed for the mike. I depressed the button on the side and while trying to sound calm, said, "Three seven one, this is three seven four."

The hangar at Arnold's Aviation, as well as each backcountry ranch, had its own identification numbers. Even without mentioning a ranch by name, when you spoke everyone knew who you were and learned what was going on.

There was a pause before Carol answered cheerfully, "Three seven one."

"Ray was just here. I didn't see where he dropped the mailbag. Any ideas?"

There was a moment of dead air. "Sorry, I tried to patch through to you earlier," she replied. "Let me try to reach him in the air."

Sitting in the wooden chair that faced the radio, I squinted out the window and scanned the meadow. A few mules ambled downhill along the fence line towards the creek to get a drink. Frost covered their manes, which had been shaved before elk hunting season and now stood up in spikes.

Carol came back on air. "Three seven four, this is three seven one."

"I'm here."

"He said it's at the southwest corner of the bridge between the creek and the grove of aspens."

Great. It was a start. "Thank you," I managed. "Three seven four out."

"Three seven one."

Grabbing binoculars from a bookshelf, I headed upstairs. Slowly and carefully, I scanned the area around the bridge, which led to the airstrip. In the summer, a crooked stream loaded with cutthroat trout flowed beneath it. On early mornings, the boys sometimes had fishing contests to see who could catch the most. Now, though, it was completely frozen.

For long moments I scanned, stopping several times to adjust the focus. The sparkling snow was almost painful to look at for long periods and even when I took a break I could see the whiteness inside

my head. Still, there was nothing. Groaning, I gave up and headed past the lodge's guest bedrooms—each cubby divided by high bookshelves—and trudged back down the stairs. I pulled my gear on, went outside, and headed for the gate. The farther I got from the lodge, the deeper and more difficult the snow drifts became, but onward I struggled, cursing the boys for taking all the snowmobiles.

My knees rose and fell awkwardly and both arms flung out automatically as I tried to stay upright. For at least an hour, I flopped back and forth between bridge, trees, meadow, and creek, getting more and more frustrated by the moment. By the time I gave up, my jeans were soaked, and the snow had worked its way over the tops of both boots and started melting inside them. My entire left side was caked from where I'd lost balance and lurched over.

Back at the lodge, I headed straight for the radiophone, not caring if I tracked across the floor. "Three seven one, this is three seven four." That time I knew I sounded frustrated.

Carol came back on air. "Three seven one."

"I'm sorry, but I simply cannot find the bag. I've looked everywhere."

The dead air space was much longer than before. My mind raced. I figured that at least two dozen people within listening range were glued to their own radiophones. Most probably figured I was blind.

Finally, "I'll radio him again," she assured me.

I stood, craning my neck to look out the window while fighting tears of impatience. All our letters were getting wet—I just knew it. After what seemed like forever, she came back on. "He says he'll fly over again."

"Great, thanks!" I responded with relief. "I'll wait for him outside."

One of the benches on the porch was getting full sun and I sat on it, waiting intently. Lester, striped gray tail in the air, meandered over and climbed into my lap. Aside from his purring, there was absolutely no sound in the Idaho backcountry, just the rustle of

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SOUND I EVER HEARD: THE HUM OF A RETURNING PLANE



PEG OWENS

ABOVE: Salmon River country.

a rising wind. The pines began to sway, and from the closest ones by the salt lick came the familiar sounds of creaking. Closing my eyes and stroking the cat's fur, I started to relax.

I adored that gentle creaking sound. While in guide school, I'd often climbed the hill behind base camp and parked on a large boulder to be alone and write. More than once, pen in hand, I'd stopped to watch those trees swaying. Sometimes I climbed so high that the tents, with their five-foot sidewalls, looked no bigger than matchboxes. Once I was completely surprised by a mule deer buck, which stood looking at me curiously from only about ten feet away. He blended in so perfectly with the forest that I looked right past him at first.

How often I had written to the people I loved back then, in the days when news from home was especially wonderful because I had to wait so very long to receive it. How many details I'd shared with family and friends about new adventures: seeing bald eagles, deer, elk, and moose, cooking over campfires, sleeping under

thousands of stars, and choosing a different horse to ride every day. How deeply I loved my new job on the guest ranch, which was so isolated, one had to drive a team of Belgians and a wagon to haul people and supplies in and out. And how surprisingly easy it was to live without electricity, telephone, or on-demand hot water.

It was especially cool that the mail was delivered by airplane. Some day, I thought, opening my eyes and looking around, even this business of completely losing an orange bag in the snow might make an amusing story.

But, tell you what, it wasn't amusing right then.

As I gazed about at the lodge, the crisscross fencing, my somewhat drafty 1890s cabin, and the outbuildings, I grew calmer. Growing up riding, camping, hiking, and backpacking, it felt perfectly natural to end up living such a pioneer-like lifestyle. From the moment I'd first walked onto the ranch, stepping from the shady wagon trail into the enormous meadow, I'd felt that I belonged there.

Suddenly, faint in the distance came one of the most beautiful sounds I had ever heard: the hum of a returning airplane. Simultaneously, the "William Tell Overture" (also known as the "Lone Ranger Theme," a great song) began to play in my head and I smiled broadly. That day, Ray and Carol truly were my heroes.

Dashing out to meet him, I leapt like a gazelle over the snow until I made it to the bridge. Topping the mountains, he flew right to me, slowing as he got lower and lower to the ground. The plane made a brief dip, and I knew he was trying to communicate where the bag was. Keeping my eyes focused on that spot, I hurried . . . and found it instantly.

Diving for it, I grabbed the damp canvas firmly to my chest with one arm and with the other, waved as hard as I could, over and over, yelling, "Thank you, thank you!"

And even though he obviously couldn't hear me, Ray got what I was trying to communicate. As the plane gained altitude, he tilted one wing, signifying, "You're welcome." ■



Real Big Fish

Muscling in a Sturgeon

STORY AND PHOTOS BY EMILY DYMOCK

I became oblivious of the pain shooting up my arm, as my determination to get the sturgeon on the deck of the boat took over. The pole felt too big in my hands and my lower back began to ache as well, but I sent a mental thank you note to my parents for raising me to be a strong-headed girl. And then my full attention quickly went back to reeling in the behemoth.

My co-workers, Nick, Cortney, Chad, and Tim, cheered me on, but suddenly I felt other eyes on me and looked up at a couple of tour boats jam-packed with two dozen people. I felt my face turn red at the realization of my momentary fame, but clenched my jaw and turned again to the goal. More than anything else, I wanted that fish.

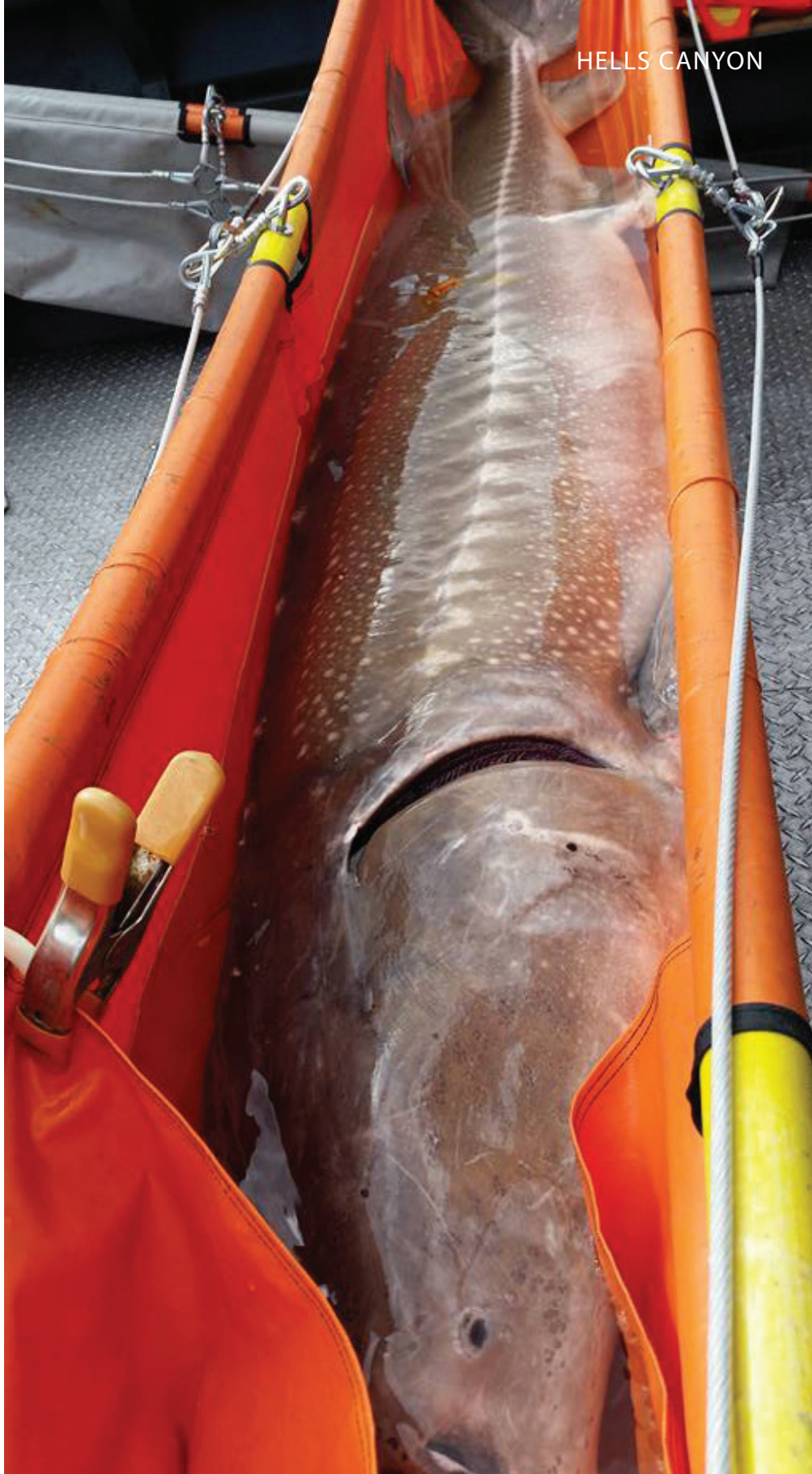
ABOVE: A suckerfish, caught with a net.

OPPOSITE LEFT: Catfish get very big in the Snake River.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: The white sturgeon that the author helped to catch.



To my dismay, the sturgeon began taking out more line, for what felt like the hundredth time, or at least that's what my muscles were telling me. I pressed my thumb against the line and ignored the blister that was forming, but the fish kept going. Hells Canyon heat began to cook through my layers of sunscreen. I bit my lip in irritation and attempted to wipe my sweaty palms as the fish continued to drag





ABOVE: On the Snake River in Hells Canyon.

out line.

“Keep the line tight,” Nick yelled as he saw I was becoming fatigued.

I realized I would have to hand off the pole before the fish pulled me in with it—although refreshing Snake River water didn’t sound like such a bad idea at that point.

A little disgruntled, I gave the pole to Nick, who later found he had to hand it off to Chad. The fish was a fighter like none I had ever seen. The heat of the afternoon intensified, along with every viewer’s emotions.

Twenty adrenaline-heightened minutes later, the nearly seven-and-a-half foot sturgeon was in a sling on the deck of the boat, and I was beaming with joy and pride for holding out as long as I did, when I saw the size of it. The beautiful animal was more than two feet longer than I am, and was made of pure muscle.

We processed the fish like normal, recording length, weight, and sex, as well as taking tissue, mucus, and blood samples to be analyzed in a laboratory later for genetics, mercury levels, and overall health of the fish. Once this was completed, we swung the sling back over the side of the boat and released what we had determined to be one feisty female sturgeon. At first, she floated out of the sling gently, like most fish, but she wasn’t finished fighting. As she left, she surprised us with a flick of her tail and a splash in our faces.

That was the moment when I realized that working as a summer intern in the environmental affairs department of Idaho Power was giving me life-altering experiences, even as I gained memories of Hells Canyon and the Snake River that would last a lifetime. As a University

of Idaho student in fishery and wildlife resources, my goal is to gain as much experience as possible and be fearless while doing it, which was why I had applied for summer internships like a mad person. My hope was to land a position that would enable me to adventure through the state’s wilderness while working with its wildlife. And that’s what I got.

We not only caught the amazing white sturgeon, but also smallmouth bass, peamouth, northern pikeminnow, suckers, and catfish. We also did “backpack sampling,” (netting fish in backcountry streams), which yielded bull trout, brook trout, rainbow trout, sculpin, and speckled dace, all while traversing some of the craziest terrain I have ever hiked. For a girl who loves the outdoors and is on a mission to see all the beauty of Idaho, last summer was a dream come true. ■

A Sense of the In-Between

Noted British and American composer Tarik O'Regan visited Idaho last year in preparation for a new work commissioned by the Boise Chamber Music Series. He got a good look at the southern half of the state, which not only helped to inspire the music and its title, but also provided the occasion for a funny encounter with a local officer of the peace.

His composition, called *Gradual*, will have its world premiere in a free concert performed by the Alexander String Quartet at Morrison Center Recital Hall in Boise on October 7. Shown in the photo (from left) are O'Regan and the quartet's violinists, Zakarias Grafilo and Frederick Lifszitz, during a rehearsal for the premiere. The other members of the San



COURTESY OF THE ALEXANDER STRING QUARTET

The driver's license was in the glove compartment. With the policeman looking on, I opened the compartment, fumbled around and found not only the license, but also a gun. I thought to myself, "Well, this can't look good: the composer gets arrested before writing a single note!"

Francisco-based group are cellist Sandy Wilson and violist Paul Yarbrough.

The work of about twenty-five minutes in length was commissioned in celebration of thirty years during which

the nonprofit chamber music series has brought professional ensembles to Idaho. O'Regan's compositions have been recorded on more than thirty albums, and the Alexander quartet, which has performed worldwide, will be making its fourth appearance in Boise.

In an email conversation, the New York-based composer discussed the music, his visit here, and a weirdly amusing experience:

"I visited Idaho in early September 2015, and I was very generously looked after by the kind folks at Boise Chamber Music Series during my stay. They showed me around not only Boise, but the surrounding areas. At the time I thought I'd seen vast swaths of beautiful Idaho, but when I got back to New York and looked at a map, I realized that I'd seen only a fraction of the state, predominantly in the southwest. Beyond Boise itself (Idaho State Capitol, Old Idaho State Penitentiary, Basque Museum and Cultural Center, The Egyptian Theatre), I was taken on a grand and spectacular loop via Idaho City, Lowman, the Sawtooth Range, Stanley, Galena Summit, Sun Valley, Ketchum, Silver Creek Preserve, Craters of the Moon National Monument and Preserve. On separate trips, I visited the equally wonderful Snake River Canyon and Silver City. This might sound obvious, but I was most surprised by the sheer amount of open space there is (not just in the rural areas, but also in Boise itself) and what it felt like to travel through it.

"My initial idea of titling the piece *Perpetua* came from the state motto *Esto Perpetua* ("Let it be Perpetual"). It really sums up the feeling of gentle environmental variation I witnessed: it seemed to be infinite. I always knew the piece would be a set of fast-paced, short-duration variations—micro-variations if you like—so the original title seemed fitting. When I got back to New York, however, and looked through the photos I'd taken, I realized it was a record of visually dramatic and extremely varied highlights. What

was missing (and which could never be captured with a camera) was all that lay in between: the extremely subtle gradations of landscape. It's that 'sense of the in-between' which has stuck in my mind over the past year, and that's when I changed the title to *Gradual*.

"During my visit, we were stopped for driving ever so slightly over the speed limit (one thing I noticed about Idaho is how the speed restrictions on the roads change incredibly frequently). I was a passenger in the front seat, and the policeman came to the driver's window and asked the driver for his license, which was kept in the glove compartment in front of me. With the policeman looking on, I opened the compartment, fumbled around and found not only the license, but also a gun. I thought to myself, 'Well, this can't look good: the composer gets arrested before writing a single note!'

"But the policeman was quite calm, good-natured, and simply reminded us of the speed limit. He asked where I was from, and I said, 'Cambridge.' He didn't seem too impressed as he walked off, and I remembered then that there is also a Cambridge in Idaho, so I added, 'Cambridge, England.'

"He immediately marched back, and said, 'Cambridge, England? You wait right here, sir.'

"That's when I thought I'd broken some obscure firearm law to do with British nationals and the Second Amendment. The policeman went to his car, came back to my window, and asked me to wind it down. Quick on the draw, he pinned a plastic sheriff's badge on my coat: 'You've been deputized!'

"In shock, I exclaimed, 'Really?'

"'No,' came the reply, 'We keep those for kids. Have a great day and drive safely.'

"You'll be glad to know that since this event (perhaps even because of it), I have become naturalized and am now a US citizen." ■

To request tickets for the free concert, contact Boise State University music department professor Jeanne Belfy, jbelfy@boisestate.edu. The photo was extracted with permission from a video posted on YouTube by the quartet's management.

—*The Editors*

I Have a Dream, Too

Straight from the Chiller Channel

BY STEVE CARR

I'm a bit of a Renaissance man. I forsook fishing to spend a delightful Idaho September weekend visiting a haunted hotel museum in Soda Springs and then viewing and contemplating a mountainous slag pile nearby.

I then attended a family wedding, munching cupcakes while conversing thoughtfully with the second cousin rancher of my wife's uncle. I basked in the grandeur of endless sagebrush near a roadside "Point of Interest" sign, and learned about early Idaho mammoth hunters. I looked up and read, for the first time, Dr. King's, "I Have a Dream" speech, in honor of its late summer anniversary. I put my napkin in my lap. I read the newspaper.

But come Sunday evening, like most Sunday evenings, I felt the need to wind down and rest my brain from the highbrow historical and cultural extravagances that feed my world. So, when my wife settled in to watch *Pride and Prejudice Revisited* or maybe *Dickens, The Early Years* on the Great Expectations Channel, adorned in her authentically empire-waisted, fetching yet comfortable Austenesque Regency nightgown, I trundled downstairs to watch alien zombies munch on unsuspecting, scantily clad teenage coed campers after their boyfriends were sent back to the car for an Angora sweater and a bottle opener.

I've had a thing about sci-fi thrillers since second grade, when my mother allowed me to stay up late to watch *The Blob* with her—because she was too frightened to watch it alone. Steve McQueen's character, a teenager, saved his small

town (which, come to think of it, felt a lot like Soda Springs) and got the girl. I was Mom's bold defender that night, and I liked it. I liked it a lot.

Today, my own children have grown and moved to their castles. Their third grade bullies have graduated to the state pen. My bride calmly squashes and disposes of the spiders she finds. My shining armor has tarnished from lack of use. So I flip late-night channels on Sunday evenings, hoping to find a Martian or an android, or better yet, a Martian android that will raise the hair on my neck and awaken my flagging, now timid, temerity.

Where is the *Creature from the Black Lagoon* or *The Wasp Woman*? I want to be that bold defender again and feel that old adrenaline surge. I need a soulless, undead alien I can feel good about squashing.

So I squander a couple of hours before getting my heart rate up for the first time while climbing the stairs to bed—thwarted, somehow empty, yet wide awake.

I look for my bride, but the All Things British Channel is off the air and I find her tucked in bed, fast asleep. I lock the doors, turn off the lights and crawl in beside her. I remind myself to buy tickets to the Renaissance Faire and tell myself that next Sunday I'll watch *Sense and Sensibility* with her, while knowing, without admitting, that that is but a dream, for the haunting echo of the Chiller Channel will call to me once again.

A Renaissance man? I guess I'd rather be a hero. ■

Find Steve and his brand new puffy shirt at scarr@prodigy.net.

SAVE OUR STORIES

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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INVEST IN IDAHO



Rex's Potato and Ham Soup

Contributed by Coralie Mattox

INGREDIENTS

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1 large onion, finely chopped | 1 tsp. onion powder |
| 2 ½ Tbsp. butter | 2 tsp. garlic powder |
| 1 ½ Tbsp. ham soup base* | 7 c. water |
| 1 ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce | 2 c. cold water |
| 4-5 c. ham, cubed | 1 c. corn starch |
| 1 c. grated carrots | 2 to 2 ½ c. sour cream |
| 6 medium potatoes (about 5 cups), diced | ½ tsp. pepper |
| 1 tsp. garlic salt | |

PREPARATION

- > Dice potatoes and cook in microwave until tender, about 20 minutes. Saute onion, soup base, butter, Worcestershire sauce, carrots and ham. Add 7 c. water, potatoes, garlic powder, garlic salt, and onion powder. Bring to a boil. Cook until carrots are soft.
 - > In a separate bowl, mix 2 c. cold water with cornstarch. Turn heat down and stir in mixture, continuing to stir for 3-4 minutes until thick. Add sour cream and stir until the soup turns a creamy white, then add in pepper to taste.
- *If ham soup base isn't to be found, add extra Worcestershire.

NOTE: Seems like the perfect time for heartier soups, as people all around Idaho are focused on the harvest.



Amy Larson, who provides our recipes, is an 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

Lee Cake

Contributed by Jared Story

INGREDIENTS

- 1 package chocolate cake mix
- 1 jar butterscotch or caramel ice cream topping, about 19 ounces
- 1 package Heath™ bar chips
- 1 carton whipped topping, thawed, 8 ounces

PREPARATION

> Prepare and bake cake according to instructions on package, using a greased 9" x 13" cake pan. Allow to cool for 10 minutes. Using a wooden spoon handle, poke about 20 holes into the cake, pushing the spoon almost to the bottom of the pan.

> Pour the ice cream topping in all the holes of the cake, refilling holes as needed. Spread remainder on top. Let cool, then spread whipped topping on cooled cake. Sprinkle liberally with Heath bar chips.

> Refrigerate for at least two hours before serving, and be sure to keep remaining cake refrigerated.

NOTE: This recipe is named after the man who passed the recipe on to Jared Story, who claims this to be one of his "all-time favorite" cakes.

HAVING A



SNACK



ATTACK?



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WHITE SPRING RANCH



SALMON RIVER ART GUILD



FALL FOR HISTORY

1

WHITE SPRING RANCH HARVEST FESTIVAL, Genesee

Genesee is a small town just off U.S. 95, so it doesn't get many visitors. But good things happen there, and one of them is this harvest festival. Attendees will be treated to some great music, including Classic Country Vocalist/Guitar Shiloh Sharrard; Blues/Classic Vocalist/Piano Jeanne McHale; and Vocalist/dulcimer John Elwood and wife Sally Burkhart. There will be Re-enactors, Hog Heaven Muzzle Loaders, and the WSU Raptor Club, plus tours of the National Historic Farmhouse and Log cabins, Portrait Drawings, Children's activities and Chili dogs, Baked Potato Bar and Apple Cider. It's free, too, though donations are welcome (\$5 suggested donation/\$4 with can of food for Genesee Food bank), and takes place from 1:00-4:00PM at the White Spring Ranch Museum, U.S. 95 and Borgen Road.

Information: whitespringranch.com;
or (208) 416.1006

1-2

ART SHOW AND SILENT AUCTION, Riggins

The Salmon River Art Guild will be hosting its 2016 show at the Riggins Community Center. On display will be the fine art works of regional artists, 18 and over. Prize money of up to \$1,175 will be awarded in the following categories: Oil/Acrylic, Watercolor/Water Media, Other (pastels, drawing, etc), Sculpture, Photography Landscape and Photography Open. The judge for the show will be Valeria Yost of Clearwater, Idaho. An example of the art that will be on display is shown above. It is a piece of soapstone sculpture entitled "Salmon River School Reunion" created by Wendy York. The public is invited to view the show on Saturday from 9:00AM-5:00PM and Sunday from 9:00AM-3:00PM (MDT). The show is free of charge. There will be a gift shop in the basement with the judged fine art show on the main floor.

Information: srag.idaho@gmail.com

7-9

FALL FOR HISTORY, Wallace

If you love history and enjoy an October drive through a valley of trees decked out in the reds and golds of autumn, the historic mining town of Wallace has a new event just for you. The three days will include workshops on researching and preserving family history, photographing historical structures, and electronically restoring historic photographs; visits to downtown museums, an interpretive tour of the Nine Mile Cemetery, a hike up the Pulaski Trail, and a fun event centered around the Historic Stairs. There will also be a historic home and church tour, plus a Sixth Street Theater 1910 Fire interpretive presentation called "Voices from the Past". Evening events include a reception in one of the town's historic buildings, and a costume show that will bring to life some colorful characters of Wallace's past.

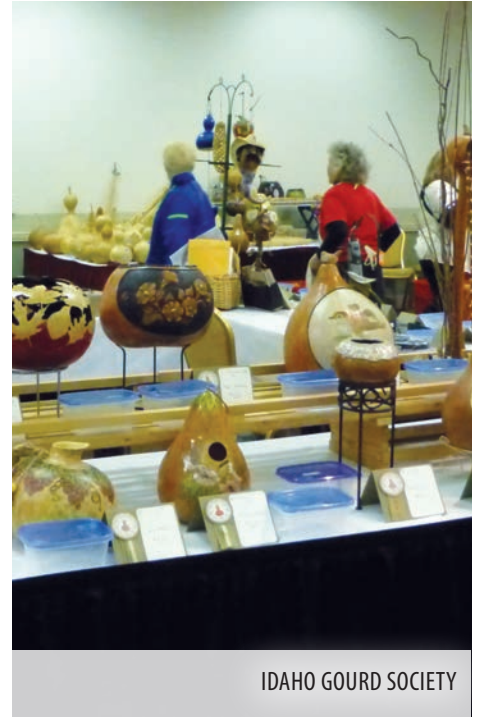
Information: director@wallaceidahochamber.com



KIDS DISCOVERY



MOUNTAIN HOME HIGHLAND GAMES



IDAHO GOURD SOCIETY

8

KIDS DISCOVERY EXPO, Garden City

Moms, dads and grandparents ... attend the FREE Kids Discovery Expo, at Expo Idaho where children Explore, Create and Discover. Every vendor will be required to have a hands-on activity in their booth, whether it's a game, puzzle or brain teaser. Learning through play is what the Kids Discovery Expo is all about. Activities for ages 0-13 include robotics, petting zoo, jump house, sports activities, Legos, magic tricks, appearances by kids characters and more. The Expo takes place from 10:00am to 5:00pm at Expo Idaho. Admission and parking are both free.

Information: ibleventsinc.com/events/kids-discovery-expo;
or annamarie@ibleventsinc.com

8-9

HIGHLAND GAMES, Mountain Home

Each second weekend in October, Mountain Home holds a Highland Games & World Fair. This is the first year the Light Weight Highland Games World Championships has been held in Idaho. Athletes will be traveling to Mountain Home from Europe, Canada and all over the U.S. to compete, and seven-time World Heavy Athletics Champion Francis Brebner will be the announcer (you'll love his Scottish accent)! Competition events include Men's A, B, C, Novice, and Women's classes, and a Kids Scottish Highland Games. There will also be a Bagpiping Freestyle Contest, an Okinawan/Japanese Karate Fighting Competition, and a Strongman Competition. The Games take place in Carl Miller Park, from 9:00AM-6:00PM both days. Admission is FREE for spectators; fees for competitors can be found at the FaceBook site below.

Information: www.facebook.com/events/1706348509646626/;
or clewis@mountain-home.us

18

IDAHO GOURD SOCIETY'S 18TH ANNUAL FESTIVAL, Boise

The purpose of the Idaho Gourd Society is to create a fun, friendly, and relaxed environment where gourd enthusiasts in Idaho can get together and create gourd art, and this Festival gives its members a chance to show off their art to the public. It features original gourd art on display and for purchase, a gourd art competition, gourd art supplies and demonstrations, holiday gift items, Make and Take activities for kids and adults, silent auction and much more. The festival takes place at the Wyndham Garden Boise Airport Hotel, 3300 S. Vista Avenue. The hours are 9:00-5:00 on Saturday, and 9:00-4:00 on Sunday. Admission is free for children 9 and younger, and \$2 for anyone else.

Information: idahogourdsociety.org

OCTOBER 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



28-30

GEM FAIRE, Garden City

No fall can go by without a gem and mineral show of some kind, and here's one for this year. There will be exhibitors from around the world displaying their fine jewelry, precious and semi-precious gemstones, millions of beads, crystals, gold & silver, minerals and much, much more. Jewelry repair and cleaning will be available, as well, and there will be free hourly door prizes. The faire takes place at Expo Idaho, with admission \$5.00 for a weekend pass. The hours are 12 Noon to 6:00PM Friday, 10:00AM to 6:00PM Saturday, and 1:00AM to 5:00PM Sunday.

Information: gemfaire.com;
or (503) 252.8300; or info@gemfaire.com

- 9/29-10/2 Lewis County Fair, "Biggest Little Show On Earth", Nezperce
- 9/30-10/1 Pro-West Finals: Cowboys are the world's finest rodeo athletes, and this event matches these athletes against some of the best and toughest rodeo livestock in the world; Kootenai County Fairgrounds, Coeur d'Alene
- 1 See Spot Walk: Idaho Humane Society Dog Walk and Festival, Julia Davis Park, Boise
- 1 Farmers' Market and Harvest Festival: This marks the end of the season for the Bonners Ferry Farmers' Market; Enjoy the freshest and best produce, music and other seasonal activities; 8:00AM-1:00PM, Bonners Ferry
- 1 Free Admission Day, Museum Of Eastern Idaho: 10:00AM-5:00PM, Idaho Falls
- 1 Story Trail Book-of-the-Month, "Owl Moon": Stories are geared towards preschoolers and early elementary ages; The story is posted on ten child-height reading platforms along a ¼ mile self-guided trail; No registration required; 12:00 Noon; Foothills Learning Center; 188 Sunset Peak Road, Boise
- 1 JAM Human Foosball Tourney: 11:00 AM, Storey Park Baseball Field, Meridian
- 1 Watershed Watch: From 10:00AM- 12:00 Noon, you can be a water quality scientist for a day and diagnose the health of the Boise River; no experience needed; participants are assigned locations from Lucky Peak to Caldwell, and a trained expert will lead the group in monitoring activities; All ages are welcome; Registration will open August 31st; Visit the Boise WaterShed web site for more information, Boise
- 1 White Spring Ranch Harvest Festival: Free, though donations are welcome (\$5 suggested donation/\$4 with can of food for Genesee Food bank); Excellent Classic Country Vocalist/Guitar, Shiloh Sharrard, Blues/Classic Vocalist/Piano Jeanne McHale, Vocalist/dulcimer John Elwood and wife Sally Burkhardt; Re-enactors; Hog Heaven Muzzle Loaders; WSU Raptor Club; Tours of the National Historic Farmhouse and Log cabins; Portrait Drawings, Children's activities—plus Chili dogs, Baked Potato Bar and Apple Cider; 1:00-4:00PM, White Springs Ranch Museum, Genesee
- 1 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Professor Eric Yensen, The College of Idaho, on some topic involving ground squirrels; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 1 Farmers' Market, 9:00-1:00, Jerome
- 1 Eagle Saturday Market, 9:00-2:00, Heritage Park, Eagle
- 1,8 Long Camp Farmers Market, Kamiah/Kooskia
- 1-2 Autumn Photo Safari: Better than a photography class, the Autumn Photo Safari will be your ticket to the best secret locales for scenery and fall foliage photography; Beginners welcome; Learn from semi-professional photographers with decades of experience; Follow park rangers to the hotspots for color; This event is free (Yes, free), but pre-registration is required (208-824-5901) and limited to 15 people; Castle Rocks State Park, Almo
- 1-2 Salmon River Art Show: Sponsored by the Salmon River Art Guild; Community Center, Riggins
- 1-2 Idaho City Days: A Weekend of Fun, Celebrating Community Past, Present and Future; Idaho City
- 1-22 West Boise Saturday Market: SATURDAYS, 10:00AM - 2:00PM; Come see many vendors and artisans and enjoy the day viewing many new hand made items, food, art, gifts, 3113 North Cole Road, Boise
- 1-22 Boise Farmer's Market; SATURDAYS, 9:00-1:00, Boise Farmers' Market, Boise
- 1-22 Kootenai County Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS, 9:00-1:30, Hayden



FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

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

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1-29 Idaho Falls Farmers Market: SATURDAYS, 9:00-1:00, Keybank Parking Lot, Idaho Falls</p> <p>1-29 Farmers’ Market: SATURDAYS; 10:00-2:00, Parma</p> <p>1-29 Nampa Farmer’s Market: SATURDAYS, 9:00; Historic Downtown Nampa</p> <p>1-29 Capital City Public Market: SATURDAYS, 9:30-1:30, Boise</p> <p>1-29 Farmers Market: SATURDAYS; 8:00-1:00; located downtown on Main Street and in Friendship Square next to the Moscow Hotel, Moscow</p> <p>1-29 Twin Falls Farmer’s Market: SATURDAYS: 9:00-1:00, North College Road, Twin Falls</p> <p>1-29 Walk About Boise: SATURDAYS; 1.5-hour guided walking tour through 150 years of history and architecture; \$10; 11:00AM, Basque Block, Boise</p> <p>1-29 Portneuf Valley Farmer’s Market: SATURDAYS, 9:00-1:00, Pocatello</p> <p>1-30 Fall Flights: The Peregrine Fund will be hosting their popular Fall Flights every weekend in October (Oct 1 - Oct 30), weather permitting; A host of raptors will be showcased including the Eurasian Eagle Owl and a Peregrine Falcon; flights begin at 3:00 sharp; World Center for Birds of Prey, 5668 W Flying Hawk Ln, Boise</p> <p>1-31 Swore Farms Corn Maze and Pumpkin Patch, Pocatello</p> <p>1-11/7 Wild Adventure Corn Maze, Blackfoot</p> <p>4 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</p> <p>5 Story Time: Books and crafts designated for children ages of 2- 4 will be available during this time; all ages are welcome; 10:30AM-12:30PM, Hailey Public Library , Hailey</p> <p>6 Idaho Falls Gallery Walk: Enjoy works by artists from around the region and around the globe at ten community galleries and museums; free; no registration required; 5:00-8:00PM, downtown Idaho Falls</p> <p>6 Julia Davis Park Docent Tours: Free, but</p> | <p>registration is required (208-338-9108); 4:00 PM, Julia Davis Park, Boise</p> <p>6,13 Twelfth Ave. Farmer’s Market, 2:00-7:00PM, Buhl</p> <p>6-27 Blaine County Chess Club: THURSDAYS after school; 5:30 PM at the Community Campus, Hailey</p> <p>6-27 TNT for Teens: every Thursday from 4-5 PM at the Public Library; Here kids 10 and up meet to play video games, Hailey</p> <p>7 Lewiston Public Market/Lewiston Art Walk: 5:00-8:00PM, downtown Lewiston</p> <p>7 Brake for Breakfast: This event promotes breast cancer awareness; people drive through and receive free breakfast, a gift and educational information from a Susan G Komen representative without leaving their cars; 7:00-9:00AM, Minidoka Memorial Hospital Parking Lot (this hospital is one of the 14 in Idaho to host the event at the same time and date), Rupert</p> <p>7 Teton Valley Farmers’ Market, 9:00-1:30, Driggs</p> <p>7-8 Professional Bull Riders, Ford Idaho Center, Nampa</p> <p>7-9 Fall For History: A gala celebration of Wallace’s history and designation as the only city in America entirely listed on the National Register of Historic Places; Speakers; historic home, cemetery and museum tours; live theater re-enactments make-your-own-history workshops; and more, Wallace</p> <p>8 Kids Discovery Day: Free admission, 1:00AM-5:00PM, South Expo Building, Expo Idaho, Garden City</p> <p>8 Dirty Dash, Avimor, Garden City</p> <p>8 Harvest Festival: Live music, bounce house, fresh produce, games, caramel apples, photo ops, silent auction, prizes and food, pumpkins, hot dog roast; 9:00-1:00, Mountain View Barn, Jerome</p> <p>8 Canyon County Dash (\$20?), “Y”, Caldwell</p> <p>8-9 3rd Annual Highland Games and World Festival: This year the festival includes the Light Weight Highland Games World Championships; Free, 9:00AM-6:00PM, Carl Miller Park, Mountain Home</p> |
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- 8-9 Crafts in the Country: Proceeds from the booth sales go to the Helping Kid's Fund; Saturday 9:00 - 5:00, Sunday 10:00 - 4:00; Twin Falls County Fairgrounds, Filer
- 8-9 Renaissance Faire: Entertainment, Performances, Jousting, Activities and Demonstrations, Games For Kids and Adults, Vendors and Merchants, Fun Run and Walk, and more; 11am-6pm, Gem Island Sports Complex, Emmett
- 8-9 Idaho Health Fitness Fair: For healthier lifestyle options for you and your family, find the answers at the FREE Health & Fitness Fair; visit with doctors, dentists and health care professionals; get practical, take-home solutions for better nutrition and physical activities—and get your flu shot and select from health screenings all in one visit; bring the entire family; 10AM Saturday to 4:00PM Sunday; Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 9 City of Trees Marathon, ParkCenter Park, Boise
- 10 Dog-A-Palooza: Lava Heat Aquatics and the Lava Hot Springs Foundation invite dogs and dog-lovers to Lava Hot Springs for this doggie-oriented fun day; Dogs are allowed to swim in the outdoor pool—although their humans need to stay on the deck—and play in the fully fenced lawn area; Open Swim for Dogs noon-4:00pm; (208)776-5500; Lava Hot Springs
- 11 Story Trail Book: "Owl Moon": we invite you and your preschooler to join us as we walk the quarter-mile trail and read the book, then head into the Learning Center to do a story-related craft; for children between 3-1/2 and 6 years old and an adult companion; \$3.00 fee per student; to reserve a spot, call (208)608-768; 10:00-11:00AM, Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 13-15 Friends of the Marshall Public Library Book Sale: 9:00 AM, Marshall Library, Pocatello
- 14 Places and Faces Art show, Twin Falls
- 14 "Molly in the Mineshaft": Sensory-friendly/Special Needs Concert; This continues the tradition of presenting a casual, 45-minute concert which allows patrons who may need accommodations to enjoy a live performance; participants can make a musical instrument before the program, and Dorsey Music will offer a hands-on musical instrument "petting zoo" before and after the concert; \$6.00 admission for everyone, 12:00 noon, Langroise Recital Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 14 Progressive Dinner, Challis Arts Council Fundraiser, Challis
- 14 "Can You Believe It": Community talent show, National Oregon/California Trail Center, Montpelier
- 14 Inner-Tube Water Polo: Come hop in our inner-tubes for a fun game of inner-tube water polo; ages 8-14; Children must be able to pass the swim test before participating; free with Rec Center admission fee, Rec Center, Nampa
- 15 WaterShed Weekend Fall Festival: Our slithery, slimy friends are coming back; Come meet some live reptiles in the theater with Reptile Adventure; Create festive Fall-themed arts and crafts, Pumpkin painting, try to catch an apple on string with your teeth, explore the exhibit hall and take a silly harvest photo; Free, no registration is required; Boise WaterShed Environmental Education Center, 11818 West Joplin Road, Boise
- 15 OHV Safety Class, Athol
- 15 "Molly in the Mineshaft": This "Newgrass" group will wow the audience with their upbeat take on traditional favorites from around the world, roots-inspired original compositions, and toe-tapping solos from remarkable players, including three-time national twin-fiddle champions from the Weiser Fiddle Festival; (208)459-7583 [HYPERLINK http://www.caldwellfinearts.org](http://www.caldwellfinearts.org) for prices; 6:15/7:00PM, Jewett Auditorium, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 15-16 Autocross Racing, Garden City
- 20 Board Game Night: Drop in and play a game or two; Challenge your friends to one of our games or introduce yourself and a favorite game to us—We have games for all ages and skill levels and a quarterly prize drawing; 6:00PM, Hillcrest Library Branch, Boise
- 20 A Tribute to Dr. Ralph Stanley Feat the Clinch Mountain Boys: 7:30 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 21-22 What Today's Women Want: This expo brings together a unique mix of shopping, entertainment and new experiences for a fun event you won't forget; enjoy the event with friends and family; 9:00-5:00, Kingston Plaza, Idaho Falls
- 21-23 Hiitem'Waq'iswit "Dance For Life" Powwow, Clearwater River Casino and Lodge, Lewiston
- 22 Funtober Fest: Come have some harvest fun at this outdoor, carnival-style event; includes face painting, crafts, dancing, storytelling, a costume contest, games and more--something for everyone; Rec Center member \$4, non-member \$5, adults free; 1:00-4:00PM, Rec Center, Nampa

- 22-23 Idaho Gourd Society Show and Sale: This festival features original gourd art on display and for purchase, a gourd art competition, gourd art supplies and demonstrations, holiday gift items, Make and Take activities for kids and adults, silent auction and much more; Saturday 9 - 5 & Sunday 9 - 4, Wyndham Garden Boise Airport, Boise
- 23 Pumpkin Carving; River Front Park, Kamiah
- 23 Ladies Only Swim: Ladies of all ages grab your sisters, daughters, mothers and gal pals and join us in the pools for a ladies only swim night; we will be opening the pools up after hours to women of all ages to enjoy the pool area in a female friendly environment (no males will be in the entire building); we will also have an optional water fitness class kick-off at 7:30 for a fun fitness opportunity; 7:15PM-9:00PM, Rec Center, Nampa
- 24 Scarecrow Festival, Lava Hot Springs
- 28 Piano Passport, A Musical Journey: Join the Brava Piano Duo - pianists Sue Miller and Allison Bangerter - in a musical journey without having to get your passport renewed; 7:30-9:00PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 28-30 Gem Faire: Fine jewelry, precious & semi-precious gemstones, millions of beads, crystals, gold & silver, minerals & much more; Expo Idaho, Garden City

- 29 Mini-Cassia Craft Fair: This fair is one of the biggest in southeast Idaho and has been held for over 25 years; 8:00AM-4:00PM, Minico High School, Rupert
- 29 OHV Safety Class, Lewiston
- 29 Railroad History Exhibit: "Ties to the Past: Railroad History in the Coeur d'Alene Region" explores the development of railroads in the Coeur d'Alene Region; 11:00AM-5:00PM, Museum of North Idaho, Coeur d'Alene
- 29 Pumpkin Palooza, Lewiston
- 29 ZooBoo, Zoo Idaho, Pocatello
- 29-30 Pickin Treasure Valley Antique Show & Artisan Market: This event showcases products like hand painted primitives, old quilts, pottery, wooden wares, tinware, heirloom crafts, hand painted signs, jewelry, soaps, candles, Home Decor, Bags & Accessories, and so on in the Antiques & Philately industry, Ford Idaho Center, Nampa
- 31 Kamiah Chamber of Commerce Halloween Costume Contest, Kamiah
- 31 Trunk-or-Treat: This is a big deal and fun for the whole family: Costume Parade, 5:45, Trunk or Treating, 6:00; prizes will be awarded for best decorated trunks, so get your trunk registered for a ghoulish night; Ashton
- 31 Trick-or-Treat Old Town Streets, Pocatello
- 31 ISU Costume Fun Run, Pocatello
- 31 Downata Hot Springs Halloween Party, Downey

NOVEMBER 2016

- 1 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
- 2 First Wednesday, Emmett
- 3 First Thursday, downtown Boise
- 4 Artisan's Market: Annual holiday season show & sale by Challis Arts Council, Challis
- 5 Horszowski Trio: Pianist, violinist, cellist; (208)459-7583 HYPERLINK <http://www.caldwellfinearts.org> for prices; 7:00PM, Jewett Auditorium, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 5 Free Admission Day, Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls
- 5 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Teresa Tarifa: "The Andean hairy armadillo: Current knowledge, cultural

- importance, and conservation challenges"; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 5 Jump Creek Hike: Join the Nampa Recreation Department as we explore Jump Creek Canyon—an easy ¼ mile hike to the waterfall, then a hike to the top of the ridge; dress for the weather and pack your own lunch; \$10; depart and return, 9:00AM-1:00PM; Rec Center, Nampa
- 6 Autocross Racing, Garden City
- 9 Peregrine Fund Homeschool Day: Open to homeschoolers of all ages; Topics will include habitat, adaptations, and endangered species conservation; Morning session 10:30 -12 Noon; Afternoon session 1:30-3:00; cost \$3 per person (including students and parents); registration required (208-362-8259); World Center for Birds of Prey, 5668 W Flying Hawk Ln, Boise

OCTOBER CONTRIBUTORS



Mike Blackbird

was born at Wardner Hospital in Kellogg in 1942, graduated from Kellogg High School, served in the Navy from 1960-1964, and graduated from the University of California, Long Beach in 1969 with a degree in history and political science. He represented Idaho's five northern counties in the Idaho State Senate for three terms, 1986-1992. Mike, who retired in 2009 as regional sales manager for a health products and services provider, has two children with his wife Florence.



John Davidson

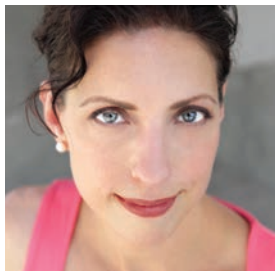
is "a long-time Idaho troublemaker" (fourth generation), and freelance writer. He camps on the North Fork of the Payette River, April through November. Come winter, he works on a small organic coffee farm in the mountains of Costa Rica. John considers himself to be "a lucky, grateful hombre."



Emily Dymock

is a student at the University of Idaho majoring in fishery resources and minoring in wildlife resources

and journalism. She is passionate about exploring the world around her and meeting new people. She says she often can be found driving the backroads of Idaho, map in hand, grinning from ear to ear.



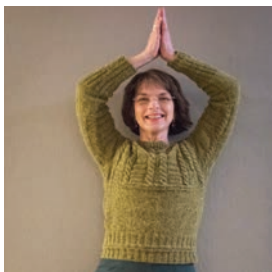
Jodi Horner

lives in Denver with her husband and nine-year-old twins. Her fulltime post as "momager" of the Horner hearth is job number one, but she also works as a freelance writer and actress (recently published in *Parker Lifestyle Magazine* and appeared in a Furniture Row commercial). Jodi says she loves writing enough to create rough drafts of grocery lists. Find her at www.jodihorner.com.



Floyd (F.A.) Loomis

writes about Idaho and its people. He is author of *The Upper Burnt Ruby Creek Trilogy*, Vol. 1 *Frankie Ravan*, and Vol. 2 *Ravan's Winter*. Both books have won Idaho Author Awards. He is working on Vol. 3, *Confluence of Spirit*. A businessman and author, he lives in Boise with his wife Kristin.



Barbara Morgan

is a baby-boomer native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin who moved to Idaho in 1993 with her family, husband Kurt Martyn and children Charlie and Annie. She is a neurologist, and has been an independent practitioner for most of her career. Barbara is also a Feldenkrais practitioner who loves to help people learn to move more easily—making the impossible possible, the possible easy, and the easy elegant.



Dennis Pence

knew he would be a writer by age ten, and he's been writing ever since, though he admits not having made much money at it. He's the author of two novels in print and three more on his computer. Dennis lives with his wife Teri and dog Sadie in the hills above Kooskia. He can be reached at penstone@msn.com



Carolyn White


has been a freelance feature writer and photographer since 1985. Her work has appeared in *Rural Heritage*,

The Natural Horse, *Equus*, and many other magazines. After twenty years in the mountains of Idaho, she now lives in Colorado.



Khaliela Wright

holds degrees from the University of Idaho and Washington State University. She lives in Potlatch, where she is employed with the U.S. Census Bureau and teaches courses in economics at Spokane Falls Community College. When not traversing the state for work, Khaliela likes to do so for fun. Visit khalielawright.com



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COSTUME CONTEST - RAFFLES**