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October 2018

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OCTOBER 2018 | VOL. 18, NO. 1

Sticks and Strings

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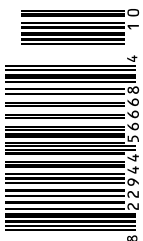


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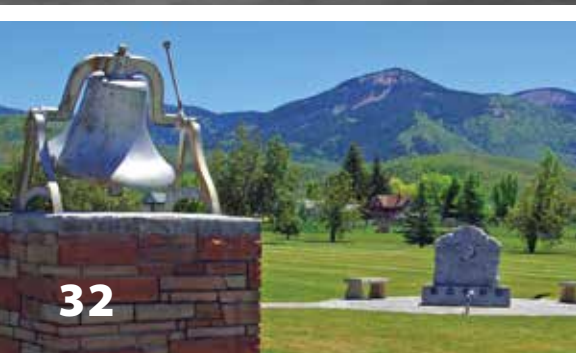
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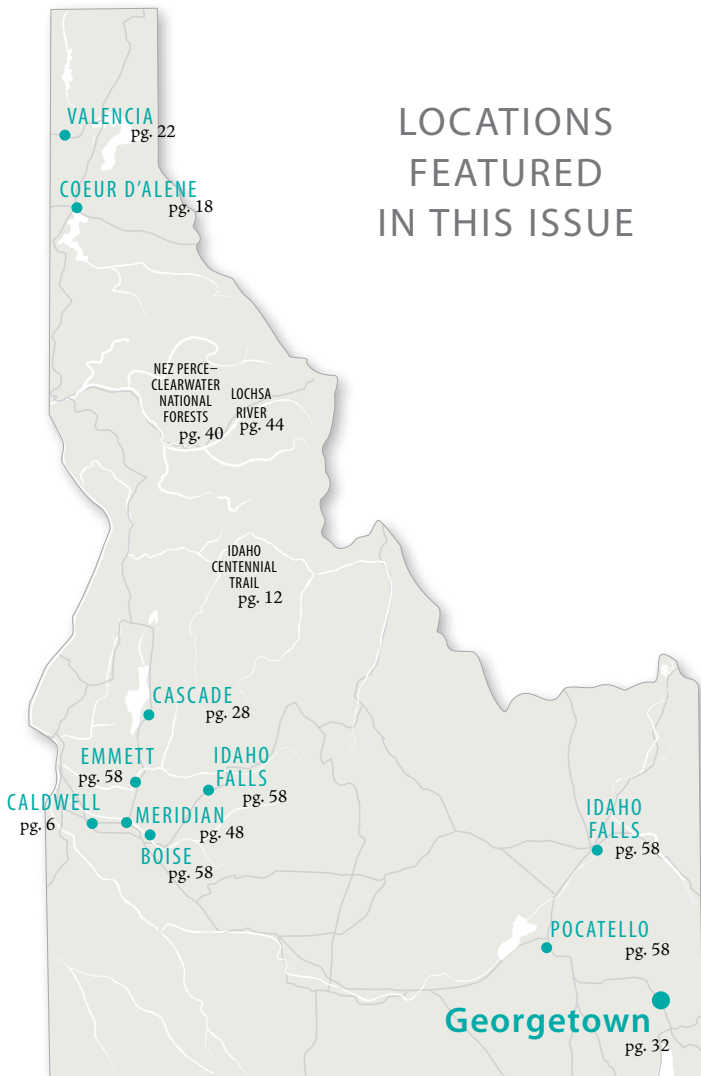
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THE STATE NEEDS
10,000+
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WORKERS BY 2024

SOURCE: Idaho Department of Labor

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A slot saw
invention used
in creating
tensegrity
structures from
sticks and
string.

Photo by
Les Tanner

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TWIN BRIDGES ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

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Sticks and Strings

Tension Tied with Integrity

STORY AND PHOTOS BY LES TANNER

What's this thing?" I asked. I had glanced at the object and was about to move on until I realized it deserved a second look.

"Interesting, isn't it?" replied our host.

"Sure is. I've never seen anything like it. What is it called?"

"Honestly, I don't know—if I ever did. One of my students made it."

It was 1979, our first year and first winter here in Idaho. Lamar Bollinger, a colleague at The College of Idaho, and his wife, Faith, had invited Ruby and me to their home for dinner. Lamar was showing us around their home when I noticed the strange spherical thing on their fireplace mantel.

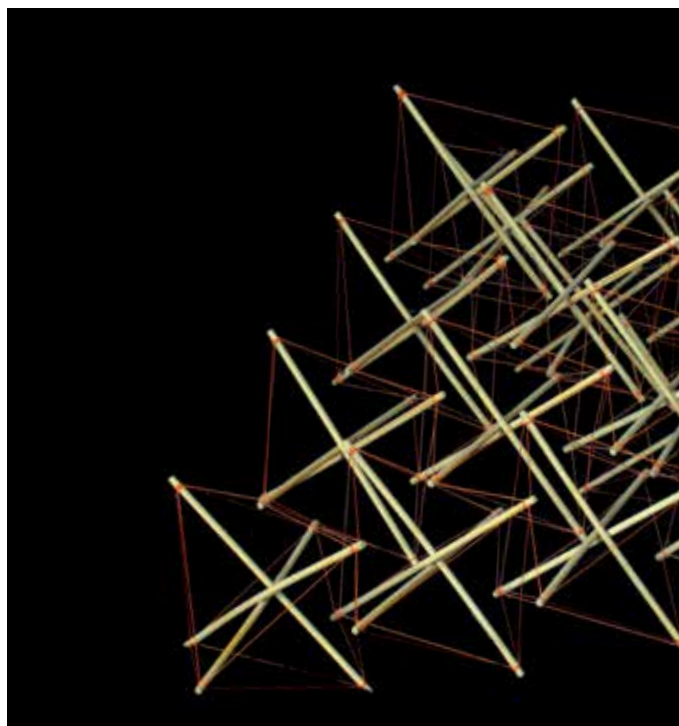
It was made of sticks and string and looked faintly like a bird cage. What puzzled me was that none of the sticks touched any other sticks. How could that be? Any structures that I'd ever seen made of components like those sticks

were held together by attaching the components directly to each other using glue, nails, rivets, screws, or some other type of fastener. This had to be an illusion.

Lamar suggested I pick it up. I did so carefully, fearing I might damage the delicate-appearing sphere—and found it to be surprisingly sturdy. As we were leaving, after enjoying dinner and conversation, I asked Lamar if I might borrow the thing to look at more closely. He agreed. The result was the beginning of a hobby—actually more of an avocation—that I've pursued for almost forty years now.

I waited until the next day to examine the object. It was quite flexible—and quite strong, too, which I discovered when I accidentally dropped it. It hit the floor and just bounced a couple of times. Nothing broke or came loose. Whew!

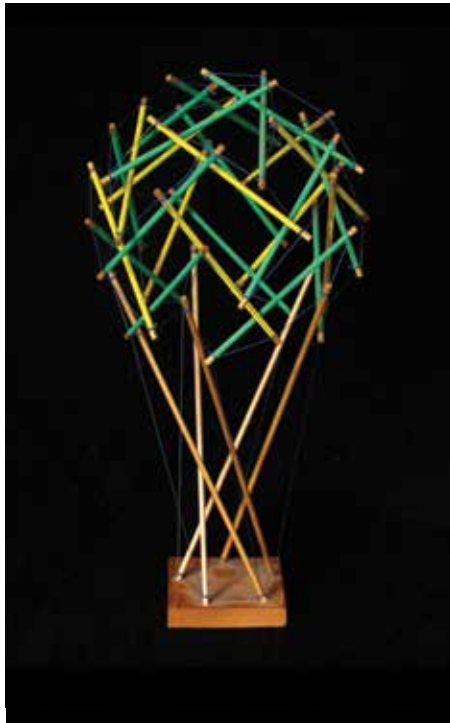
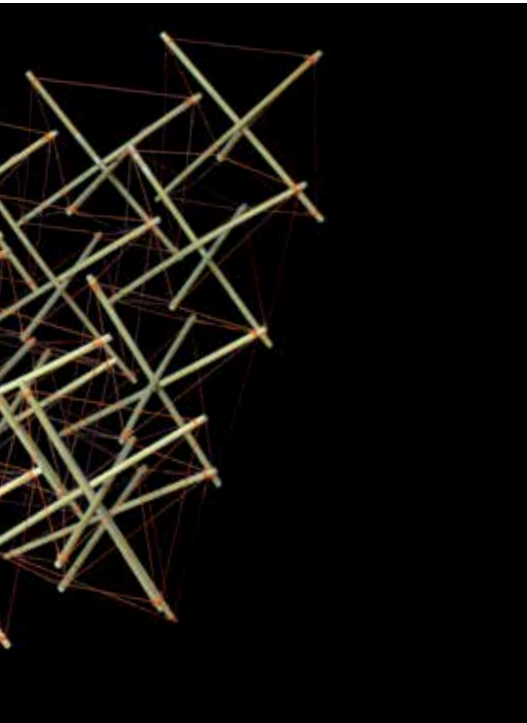
There was no question about my next move. I had to



MULTI-LEVEL TENSEGRITY TRUSS

make one of my own. But where to begin? Counting the sticks would be good. Now everyone can count, right? Especially a mathematics teacher. And there weren't that many sticks. The problem was that they weren't all in a row, but arranged helter-skelter. I started at the top, but by the time I'd progressed down a couple of layers, I'd lost track of which ones I'd counted. Rats.

I didn't want to mark the sticks, of course, but no scheme I could come up with worked. Then I decided to count the ends of the sticks. Somehow it was easier to keep track of them—I don't recall



BALLOON

how I did that—and voilà, I came up with sixty-one stick ends. Hold your horses. Sixty-one is an odd number—and there couldn't be an odd number of stick ends. Nice going, math guy.

To make this part of the story a bit shorter, I finally deduced that the structure was made of a bunch of sticks with loops of thread on them. It took thirty of them (see, sixty-one stick ends was close) to make my somewhat sloppy version of Lamar's stick-and-string figure.

Before I proceed, let me toss out some terms and names. The object is one of a myriad of such things, both man-made and natural, called tensegrity structures. That term was coined from the words tension and integrity by the scientist and inventor, R. Buckminster Fuller, who had the

original idea. The first model of a tensegrity structure was constructed in 1946 by Kenneth Snelson, who later became a renowned sculptor and artist but was then an architecture student at the University of Oregon. The structure I borrowed from Lamar is called a truncated icosahedron but there's no need to worry about what that means or how to pronounce it. Just call it a ball made of sticks and string.

My original structure was made from balsa sticks, using nylon thread from my fly-tying stuff. I made slits in the ends of the sticks, slipped thread into the slits, and tied it off at each end. I cut the slits with a razor blade—not the safest thing to do, since I had to hold the stick while slicing—and the wood had a tendency



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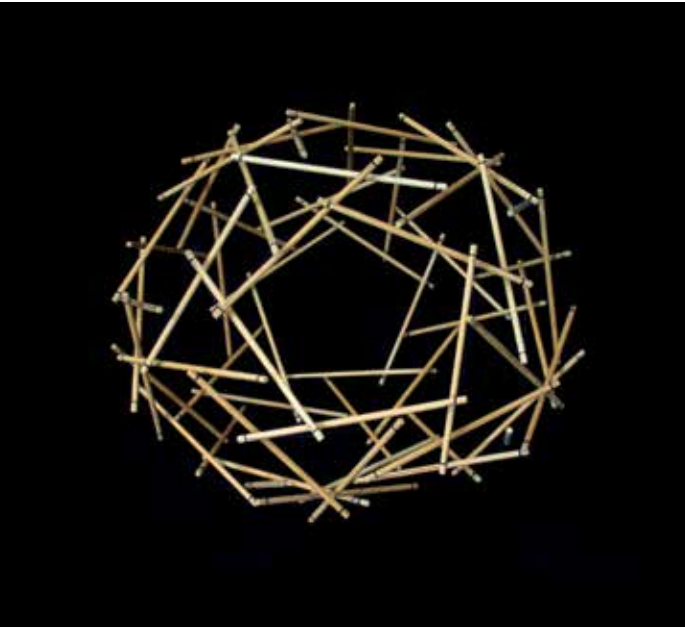
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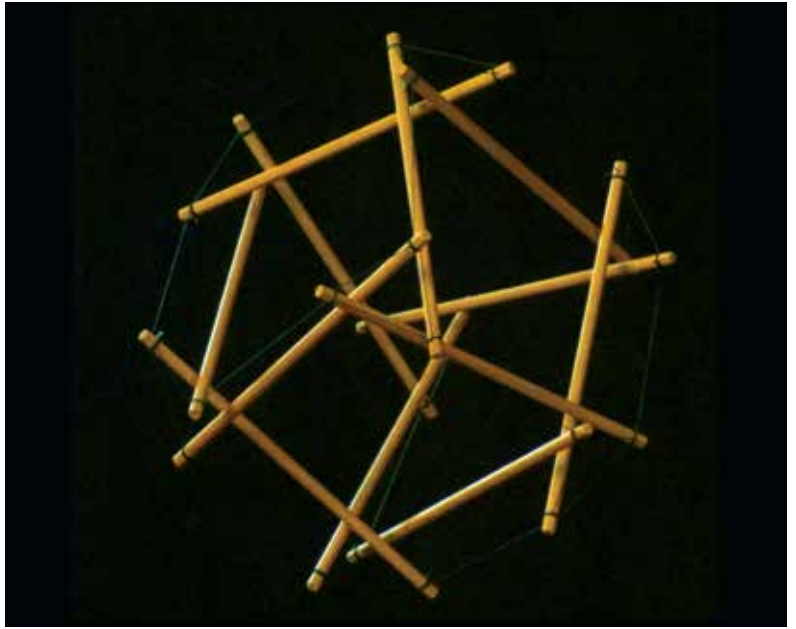


PENTAGONAL BALL

to split farther than I intended. My next effort involved wooden dowels and a fine-toothed hobby saw blade—which was even less fun and a bit more dangerous than using a razor blade.

Time to put on the thinking cap. The result: a contraption involving an ancient electric saber saw, an upside-down hobby saw blade, several carefully drilled, aligned, and conjoined blocks of wood, and three large clamps. Worked like a charm to cut 3/16-inch-deep slots in the end of a four-inch-long birch dowel 1/8-inch in diameter. And it weighed only seven pounds.

With the help of a book I ran across, *An Introduction to Tensegrity*, by Anthony Pugh



TRUNCATED CUBE

(University of California Press, 1976), I learned something of the theory and history of tensegrity. The book contains diagrams of many structures besides the truncated icosahedron, as well as how to make the struts and how to build the structures. These latter differed from my own techniques, and I learned later from the author that mine not only were easier but were unique, as far as he knew.

Once I got started, I found it hard to stop. In the years since, I have made dozens of structures, some with as few as three struts, a couple with ninety struts—and a bunch in between. Many are based on geometric solids, while others have forms of their own. One is based on a Kenneth Snelson

tensegrity, the “Needle Tower,” which resides in the Sculpture Garden at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C. Mine is nineteen inches high. Snelson’s is forty feet.

Designs such as the ones I’ve made and huge sculptures made by Snelson of aluminum tubing and cables are not the only examples of tensegrity structures. One definition of a tensegrity structure (from the Web) is, “A stable three-dimensional structure consisting of members under tension [the strings] that are contiguous, and members under compression [the sticks] that are not.” If you think about it, the human body fits that. The compressive parts (the bones) don’t touch. The tensile parts (the tendons and

muscles) hold the body together.

A bicycle wheel also fits that definition. The rim and the hub are the rigid components. The spokes are the tensile components. If the spokes are loose, the wheel won't support the bike. Only when they are uniformly tight will they do so. Furthermore, it's not the spokes at the bottom that bear the weight of the bike, but the ones at the top. Put another way, a bicycle is always hanging from the tops of the rims.

I could go on—and I usually do, given the opportunity—but I won't. Instead, I'll try to answer a question I've often been asked (by myself, as well as by others): why does all this stuff interest me so much? Initially, it was the surprise at seeing a structure of a sort I'd never seen before. It opened up a three-dimensional world I'd not known of and allowed me to pursue one of the activities that I've always enjoyed: problem solving. How could I count the sticks? How could I duplicate that first





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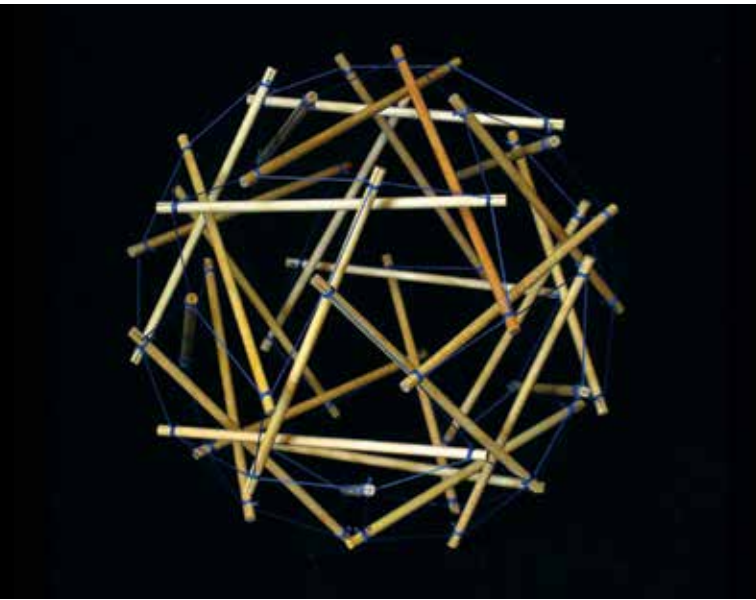
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- Carry a fire extinguisher in your vehicle.
- Have a cell phone with you and call 911 if you start or see a wildfire.
- Bring tools to clear vegetation away from campfire areas.
- Extinguish fires with water, stir in dirt with a shovel, and feel with the back of your hand to ensure it's out cold.

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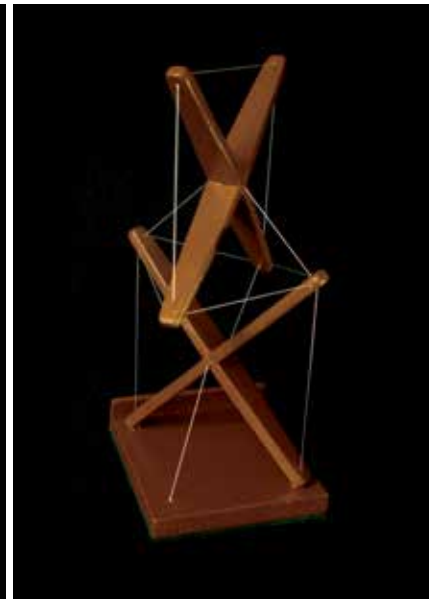


TRUNCATED ICOSAHEDRON

model? How could I cut slots in the sticks without amputating a finger? How could I simplify the construction process?

I spent untold hours building structures. I got books on the subject. I took an extended automobile trip back East, visited people at Southern Illinois University who had known and worked with Fuller there, saw Snelson's "Needle Tower" at the Smithsonian, and almost met with Snelson in New York City—but that didn't happen because of car troubles and the odd fact that the Mets had just won the World Series.

More important, I found opportunities to share my knowledge of tensegrity via presentations at mathematics



EARLY X-PIECE

conferences and to groups of teachers. I included tensegrity whenever I had a chance to talk mathematics to grade school classes. There I could talk about geometry—and it was hands-on, visual geometry, far removed from the abstract geometry that was part of the traditional high school sophomore mathematics course. One of my structures made the cover of a professional journal, and not long ago I taught a college class on tensegrity.

Last, and not particularly least, tensegrity structures are fun to make—and to give as gifts. They are super conversation pieces, for one thing. One of my former colleagues makes small tensegrities by the dozen to give as Christmas ornaments,



TOWER

and large ones to decorate yards and college campuses.

Does tensegrity have any other value than to keep a retired mathematics teacher from venturing into pool halls and political conventions and other dens of iniquity? Check out NASA's "Super Ball Bot" online to see one potential application for planetary missions. High-rise buildings constructed using tensegrity principles can withstand earthquakes far better than those made with standard rigid components like wood and steel. The list of applications is far too long for this article. If you don't believe me, do a web search for "uses of tensegrity." That should keep you busy for a while. ■

Les can be contacted at calendar@idahomagazine.com.

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THE GNARLIEST TRAIL

STORY AND PHOTOS
BY DAN NOAKES

“This trail is not friendly. It is not your friend. It does not want to be your friend.”

Those were the very words from my mouth as I bushwhacked my way through the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness on the Idaho Centennial Trail (ICT). When I started, I didn’t know that fewer than twenty people had successfully through-hiked this trail. It’s extremely hard. In fact, bushwhacking is what you commonly do on the ICT, and I’m not talking about cute little bushes you can cruise by. No, this trail will eat you alive, chew you up, spit you out, and when you return for more, it will deliver what it delivers best: pain! You will be in pain the entire time as you travel the trail. How else can I put it? Don’t expect the ICT to be easy. It is not easy, it is gnarly. We are talking straight-up wilderness, and very, very remote wilderness at that. I heard from someone that Idaho is like the Alaska of the Lower Forty-Eight, so if you want a taste of the gnarliness our state has to offer, then by all means, the ICT is for you.



It extends more than one thousand miles, from the Nevada/Idaho border to Upper Priest Falls at the Canadian border. Created by Syd Tate and Roger Williams, the ICT was officially designated the Idaho state trail at the Idaho Centennial Celebration back in 1990. Since then, it has been, for the most part, forgotten and abandoned—yes, forgotten even by our beloved U.S. Forest Service.

It took me fifty-two days to complete the ICT, starting in late May 2018, which I later found out is not a popular time to start. Of



course, “popular” is relative in this case, because it’s based on the roughly nineteen others who have successfully through-hiked it [for another account, see “Walk a Thousand Miles,” by Thomas Jay Oord, *IDAHO magazine*, September 2012].

The ICT’s southern end starts in the Owyhee Desert, which for the most part was fairly easy for me. The heat was not a problem in late May. But the Sawtooths were a different story. In late spring I had to deal with a lot of snow and high stream crossings. The most dangerous river I crossed was the South Fork of the Payette, which was fairly

wide and the flow at peak levels. Afraid it would sweep me off my feet if I attempted to ford, I found a fallen tree a mile or two downstream that appeared crossable. The tree wasn’t big or stable enough to walk across, so I had to get on my stomach, hug it with my arms and legs and, while wearing my thirty-pound pack, shimmy my way across it slowly.

The river raged below me and my pack made my body sway back and forth with each forward movement. I kept calm and focused—the truth was I had to. If I didn’t, I’d fall in, and it wasn’t

ABOVE LEFT: Dan on the Centennial Trail’s State Line Trail, along the border of Idaho and Montana.

ABOVE INSET TOP: One of thirty-five times he crossed Marble Creek.

ABOVE INSET: Matt Jordan over the South Fork of the Payette.



good to think what would happen then. Death was not on my mind, only success. I knew I would cross that river without falling in. I had to think positively, there was no room for negativity. Focusing on the task ahead was the only option.

When I was about three-quarters of the way across the river, my arms became exhausted. I was just a foot or two above the roaring water as I clenched the tree to my stomach. I stayed calm and relaxed, because I knew that relaxing was the only way to regain my arm strength and carry on. My focus was complete and I managed to stay as calm as I had ever been. When I reached the other side, I was tired but relieved and adrenalized.

I love moments like those, when danger presents you with a life-or-death situation and your focus and intensity are the only things driving you to safety. My soul is restless, and such intense moments calm it.

The next section of the ICT was the Frank Church–River of No Return Wilderness, where rather than getting easier, the trail got harder. The toughest section of the Frank started at

Marble Creek, where a stench of death filled the air and the sight of animal carcasses was common where wolves had taken out their fury on their prey. The bone remnants of dead animals lay scattered across the trail. Another deadly sight was of a hawk swooping down to attack and kill a large-necked river bird. Marble Creek is not for the faint of heart.

Over the years, a lot of the Frank has burned down. These burn areas, combined with a lack of trail maintenance and spots where tree after tree has blown down, mean that trails can be wiped out completely. The Marble Creek trail started off smoothly, but that was just for a little while, until it became nonexistent and I was forced to bushwhack my way up the canyon. I ended up crossing the creek thirty-five times, which, especially in the early spring, is not an easy task. The bush rose high overhead and was so thick it punctured my shoes, tearing them apart, and that's not an exaggeration. In places, the stream became shallow enough that it was actually easier to walk upstream than to try to find the trail.


ABOVE LEFT: At a lookout in the Idaho Panhandle National Forests.

ABOVE: Crossing water in the Selway–Bitterroot Wilderness.

One saving grace in the Frank is Campbells Ferry, which caretakers Doug and Phyllis Tims call their home during the spring and summer months. At Campbells Ferry, you can enjoy a nice bed of grass and good company, but don't get too excited, because you'll still have 130 miles of hiking left until you reach a road where you can hitchhike to a nearby town. By that point, if you haven't gotten sick from the hundreds of ticks that have crawled up your body, then consider yourself lucky. Not to mention that your shoes will have been destroyed, so you'd better have an extra pair waiting for you at Campbells Ferry—and about the only way that that can happen is if they were airdropped by a bush pilot.

My wife Michelle solved the problem for me by arranging for new shoes to be airdropped. Her support extended to preparing and mailing off all my resupplies for the ICT hike and meeting me at towns across the state of Idaho to be with me on my rest days.

After Campbells Ferry, the Selway Bitterroot Wilderness part of my trek began. This wilderness is wild, very wet in the spring, and full of burn areas and unmaintained trails. When I walked through the Selway, it



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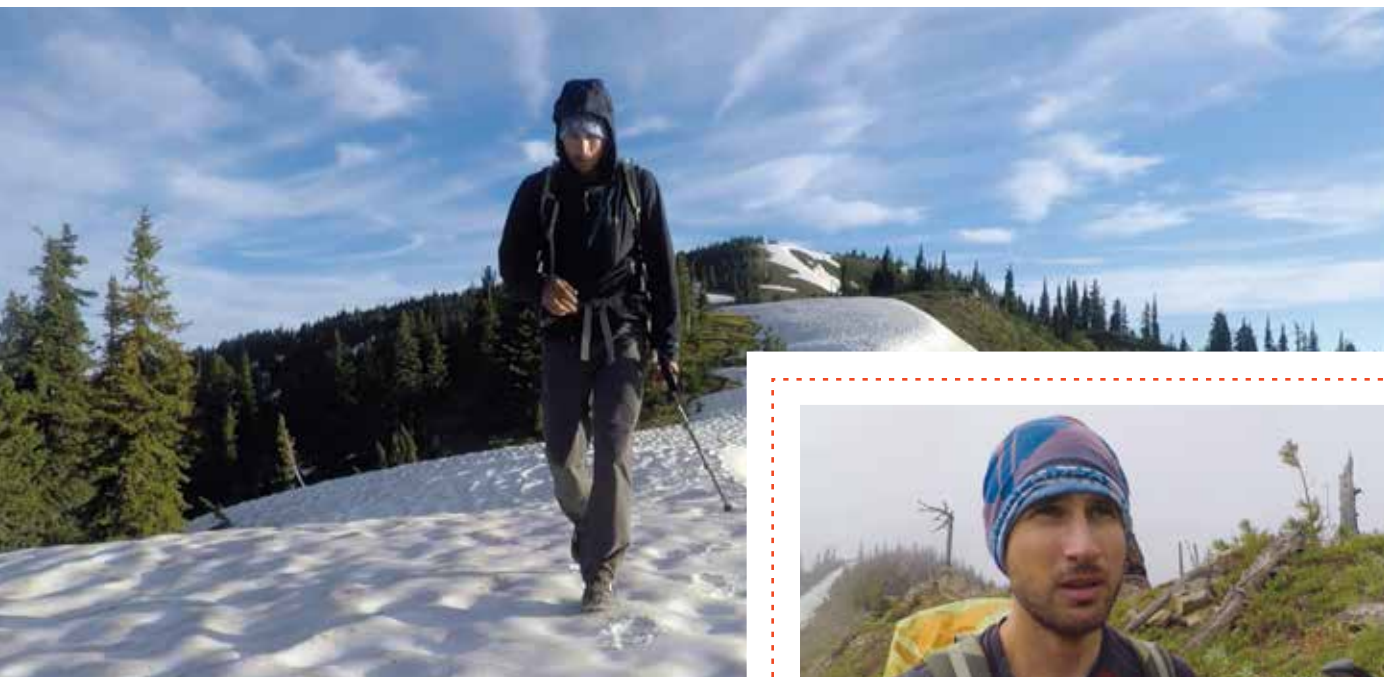
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rained every single day, keeping me wet and cold the entire time. The high ridge lines didn't provide any comfort, as they were either full of snow or full of wet overgrowth that made it feel as if I were walking through a constant cold shower.

In many parts of the Selway, the trails have been abandoned for years, perhaps decades, so I had to be careful about the route I chose. The wilderness is very remote, a lot more remote than the Frank. The only sign of relief that hikers will find is at Moose Creek Ranger Station, which bush pilots frequent to camp and fish. After suffering through Moose Ridge, climbing over tree after tree, and losing the trail over and over again, you may be lucky enough to find pilots beside a campfire with extra food for you. My advice is to hope for the best in the Selway but prepare for the worst, because chances are you will suffer.

My worst and best day happened in the Selway. I remember it well, as I went to sleep with rain and woke up to more of it. I could not find the trail because of the burned areas, so I followed my GPS and climbed higher and higher until I reached Moose Ridge. The rain was turning into

snow at this point but nothing was sticking to the ground. The temperatures were decreasing by the hour. My hands turned numb and I felt a cold chill crawling up my arms and into my chest. I knew I had to hike faster to keep warm and not shiver. I started to run, as I knew that was the only way to stay mildly warm. I ran whenever I could, but snow and fallen trees often prevented it. I had to do my best to stay warm but could not feel my hands. I kept moving.

The rain caused ashes from the burn areas to turn into slippery mud, and on steep terrain it was hard to keep my footing. Finally, I started to descend in elevation and as the temperature began to rise, I was relieved to feel my hands again. I'll never forget the sight of Moose Creek Landing Strip, a saving grace. I made my way anxiously down to it, with no idea what to expect when I got there. On the landing strip, I did indeed meet pilots who let me sit by their fire to warm up, which seemed like receiving an award.

That same day, I walked to Moose Creek Ranger Station, where volunteer trail maintenance crews were stationed. They obviously weren't

ABOVE LEFT: On the State Line Trail.

ABOVE: A warmer day.

working on the trail from which I just came, but regardless, it was nice to see people. The extent of my suffering while hiking in the cold made it my worst day but it also was the best, because I felt such a great sense of accomplishment to reach the warmer temperatures at the ranger station.

I could go on and on with stories of the gnarliness of the ICT, but I'll spare you, as my purpose was to give a taste of the harshness of the trail and to extend a personal invitation to those who might wish to hike it. For anyone who ever has desired to do hard things, anyone bored with sitting at a desk all day, staring at a computer, anyone who feels a wild spirit inside burning constantly—for all of you in particular, I've written this story. I encourage you to take a step in the dark and walk the Idaho Centennial Trail. It's waiting there for you, wild as ever, calling your name. Join the twenty or so who can say they've successfully through-hiked this trail. Take part in the pain, and learn to love the

bushwhack. You will come out a different person. I can promise that.

During the hike, I told myself I'd never do it again, unless of course I was asked by a future son or daughter, or perhaps a niece or nephew, to join them on their hike. At the time, I just didn't want to go through the pain again. But pain is less painful looking back, and I can honestly say now, yes, I would do it again. So if you're reading this and you have a desire to take the challenge, perhaps you should give me a call. I might surprise you and join you on the trail. In any case, if you attempt your own through-hike, don't forget what I learned: "This trail is not friendly. It is not your friend. It doesn't want to be your friend." With that in mind, happy trails! ■

The author completed the Idaho Centennial Trail on July 11, 2018. He documented the entire hike and has created a video series on his YouTube Channel. Search for "Dan Noakes."



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Chainsaw Maniac

A Halloween Good Guy

BY DIANA BRASKICH

Growing up, I did not take Halloween lightly. It was not a minor occasion. It was an event, and one to be celebrated with gusto.

I recall my childhood home as extravagantly decorated, inside and out, a lavish display unmatched anywhere in the neighborhood. The family pictures, however, prove that memory exaggerates, and what is legendary in my mind was more commonplace in reality.

Our decorations may have been simple, but they were fun. I distinctly remember, when I was quite small, having an entire collection of fuzzy black kittens plastered across my bedroom closet. The cats were depicted wearing witches' hats and cavorting with friendly pumpkins, perfect for a small girl's bedroom. They were made of cardboard, but the kittens' fur was textured somehow and felt like velvet.

We had witch- and ghost-shaped candles displayed in our living room, and a spooky cardboard haunted house that somehow lasted more than a decade before collapsing upon itself. We had giant scarecrow window hangings as well, with posable arms and legs. At least once a season these would come crashing down unexpectedly,

terrifying our poor cat right out of the room.

Our outside décor, though meant to be stationary, tended to rove about the neighborhood, looking for trouble. The frequent gale force winds of a northern Idaho autumn often sent our ghostly windsocks cascading down the driveway and across the sidewalk. I remember many times having to pursue one on foot, only for it to escape down the road into oblivion.

We'd stuff our giant pumpkin bags with newspaper instead of leaves, so they could be used year after year, and even those would occasionally succumb to the winds and go rolling across the yard. We'd find them under neighbors' porches or in their shrubbery.

Aside from bedecking our house for the season, we always had a lot of Halloween activities. My birthday falls near the end of October, and I remember several times that its celebration mutated into a de facto Halloween party. I was heartbroken at the age of four when I failed to win at "Pin the Nose on the Jack-o'-Lantern," and I remember broom-shaped cakes and Halloween piñatas on our back porch.

If Halloween fell on a weekday, we'd celebrate at school as well. We'd have a day full of themed





CHRISTIAN IOHAN STEFANESCU

TOP: A fearsome Halloween display.

MIDDLE (left): A classic troublemaker and (right) the author as a rabbit at age five.

BOTTOM: Young Diana as Tinkerbell and her mom, Kathy Braskich, as the devil.



COURTESY OF DIANA BRASKICH



COURTESY OF DIANA BRASKICH

crafts, games, and snacks that would culminate in a costume parade. Our teachers would take us to visit an assisted living community near our campus. We'd march proudly down the road in our costumes, collecting compliments and smiles from every senior citizen we encountered.

Costume choice on these occasions was very important. In kindergarten I made the mistake of dressing as Bat Girl, which was apparently a controversial selection. I took no end of grief from the boys in my class because "girls weren't supposed to like Batman." (Fortunately, casual superhero sexism has abated at least somewhat since then.)

The next year my troubles were of a more practical nature, as I'd chosen a Tinkerbell costume that was basically a ballet tutu, which was insufficient for the subarctic temperatures we experienced that year. I can still feel my heart burning with resentment after my first-grade teacher forced me to don a coat for recess and cover up my beautiful wings.

Trick-or-treating meant canvassing numerous locales to maximize our candy-collecting potential. We'd start downtown by the resort, where all the shops and businesses would

welcome us with enticing buckets of treats just inside their entryways. The parents of Tia Walker, a dear friend of mine, owned a travel agency then called Ace Travel in the heart of downtown Coeur d'Alene, which was our home base. I always felt so superior to the other kids traipsing up and down the street, as I was no mere tourist downtown. I was in with the right people.

Once we'd cleaned out all the shops on Sherman Avenue, I would part ways with my friend and reunite with the girls from my block to conquer our home base.

Any trick-or-treater who came to my house had to face down my father, a trickster of the highest order. His antics on Halloween were not exclusive to manning the front door, but that was where he shined. His *pièce de résistance* was the year he dressed up as the patriarch from the '90s TV show *Dinosaurs*. If you didn't experience the show at the time, I'm not sure I can explain the bizarre pop culture phenomenon it represented. I don't know what force caused my generation to lose our minds over a family of working-class dinosaur puppets, but we did. The baby dino would hit the dad in the head with

a frying pan, scream, “Not the Momma,” and all of America laughed.

One Halloween, my father donned a red flannel shirt, a hard hat, and a dinosaur mask—an imperfect doppelgänger of the father in the show. He perched himself atop one of our flower boxes by the front door, with a giant stuffed dragon on the adjacent one. He lay in wait, perfectly still, until a trick-or-treater arrived. Many hesitated at the bottom of the steps, whispering to each other, trying to discern if they were facing a stuffed animal or a crazy man in a mask. When they eventually braved the ascent to our front door, they’d relax when nothing moved. My father would wait until they passed him and rang the bell. Then he would hit himself in the head with a frying pan and yell, “Not the Momma!” at the top of his lungs. He scared one teenaged girl so badly she ran into the road crying.

What the other houses in the neighborhood lacked in dramatic flair they made up for in warmth. All of my friends’ parents would exclaim over our costumes, and our pillowcases would soon be overflowing with every kind of treat imaginable. We’d then climb into the car, and Mom would drive us for one final excursion to the mall. It was always the last stop of the evening, when it had grown too dark and cold to go door-to-door.

As much fun as trick-or-treating was, it was not the highlight of my Halloweens. We were frequenters of local haunted houses, and for several years the community playhouse

would convert its stage and auditorium into a first-rate scare fest. Things would feel off-kilter from the start, as we would enter the auditorium from the exterior instead of the usual side entrance. I remember being led up the back steps and entering from the top of the hall, back by the sound booth, just behind where the audience would sit.

The seats were draped with the spooky remnants of an audience interrupted, with overturned popcorn buckets and torn clothes left behind. I think actors lurked in the seats to jump out and scare us, but don’t remember the details enough to describe them. I just remember the disorienting feeling of descent, and the mounting trepidation as we approached the curtain and the stage.

One year I liked it so much, I asked my grandmother to take me back without my parents. There was a chainsaw maniac in the basement that year, and I seem to remember him jumping out of the wall at us. They had built a set piece for him, and the ground we walked upon was slanted and askew, so that you not only had to contend with a homicidal lunatic bearing down at you with a deadly weapon, but also a disorienting walk across unsteady ground.

I had loved it the first time, but on the second expedition with my grandmother, I somehow lost my shoe. I remember being terrified at my sudden lack of mobility, trapped with a far-too-realistic murderer, wanting to run but refusing because I simply could not abandon my



COURTESY OF DIANA BRASICH



COURTESY OF DIANA BRASICH





ARTON P

LEFT: Halloween noir.



COURTESY OF DIANA BRASICK

MIDDLE (left to right): Diana's daughter, Elsa Kelsick, as: a T-Rex, Elsa from *Frozen*, and Catwoman.



BOB BRISCOE

BOTTOM: A chainsaw maniac.

footwear. I remember my poor grandmother, struggling to hear me over the racket of power tools, bewildered by my sudden tear-filled entreaties for assistance.

We hunted in vain, utterly confused about how we could lose a shoe in such a small and empty space. Finally, the chainsaw-wielder took pity on us, turned off his prop, and helped us locate my wayward sneaker, which we finally did, wedged beneath the cracks of the makeshift floor. At the time, I was deeply embarrassed, but now when I picture the chainsaw man confusedly powering down his blades and helping the bewildered old woman and her hysterical grandchild to dismantle his carefully constructed set, I cannot help but laugh.

My daughter, despite having parents who enjoy Halloween, has yet to have a truly spectacular season. On her first trick-or-treating, bedecked as Princess Elsa with her cousin Princess Anna by her side, we were forced to turn back when the large crowd at the mall induced tears in our young charges.

The next year we started strong, with my daughter in full T-Rex regalia, accompanied by her father, who was dressed to the nines as the Predator. We soon discovered that their masks restricted their vision so

much I had to lead the two of them up each set of steps. They looked much less fierce being escorted door-to-door by a lowly human in devil's horns. Finally, Daddy removed his mask and carried his weary dinosaur from house to house, while I carried what appeared to be the Predator's severed head all around the neighborhood.

Last year, our own little Catwoman tried to parade down her grandmother's street in high heels, wielding her whip and a candy bucket shaped like a pumpkin. We realized too late that her five-year-old feet were not up to such a lengthy excursion in uncomfortable shoes. Her cousin, the Wise Wizard, complicated things further by refusing to go up to anyone's door and continuously stopping to search her bag for the sole non-chocolate treat at the bottom of her cache.

I hope this year to give my daughter a Halloween experience like those I had as a child. I'll take her to a kid-friendly haunted house, and let her help me decorate her room as my mother once helped me decorate mine. We'll try to pick a costume that allows for easy travel, is warm enough to withstand the Idaho cold, and doesn't obstruct her vision or her movement.

Above all else, we'll make sure not to lose any shoes. ■

FROM WASTELAND TO

BY MARY TERRA-BERNS

PHOTOS BY DONNA COLLIER

You have got to be kidding me,” I said to myself as I scanned the absolute mess just off Highway 2, about a mile east of Priest River. In the summer of 2004 this abandoned property was truly a wasteland. I was on a team of state and federal professionals surveying a two-hundred-and-ninety-one-acre former Louisiana Pacific Corporation (LP) dimensional lumber mill and finger-jointing operation. Dimensional lumber, two-by-fours, for example, and finger-jointing products, which are produced by gluing together unusable pieces of scrap lumber, were manufactured at the site for several years. In the mid-1990s, LP shut down operations because of a limited supply of larger logs, competition from several other mills in the area, and the prohibitive cost of retooling the mill to handle smaller logs. Our team of “ologists” would be overseeing the restoration of this former industrial property to a functioning wetland.

The definition of a wetland varies slightly between agencies but our project was under the auspices of the federal wetland mitigation banking program, which considers a wetland to have wet soil vegetated with hydrophytes (water-loving plants). I wasn’t seeing any water-loving plants.

The property was idle until 2001, when Priest River resident Donna Collier happened on it while looking for land to develop into a residential golf course community. I met Donna during that initial site visit in 2004 and although I toured the property with her several times during the restoration, it had been a few years since we visited when I stopped by in the fall of 2017 to catch up and reminisce.

Donna told me her first thought when she looked at the LP property had been, “Get out of here as fast as possible.” She scrutinized the piles of rotting tree bark, chunks of cement with exposed rebar, twisted metal, assorted bits and pieces of the old mill, and acres of rock-filled former wetlands and shook her head.



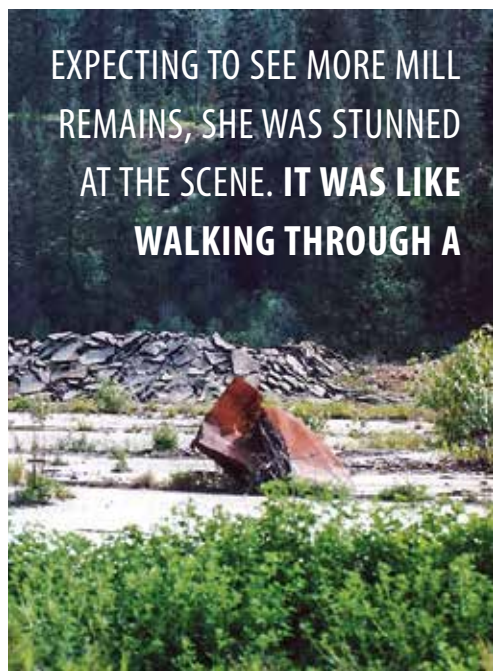
WETLAND

ADVENTURES IN RESTORATION



LEFT: Debris in an unreclaimed part of the wetlands.

THIS PAGE: The same site after reclamation.



ABOVE: The foundation of the old sawmill.

ABOVE MIDDLE: Young blue herons in the rookery.

ABOVE RIGHT: The old sawmill site after restoration.

LOOKING GLASS



As she explored the property, she eventually made her way to a row of mature cedar trees behind the rotting bark piles. She walked through the trees, expecting to see more mill remains on the other side, but was stunned at the scene that opened up in front of her. It was gorgeous! It was like walking through a looking glass—she entered a world of lush green vegetation, a stream, ponds, and wildlife. The beautiful world on the far side of the cedar trees made her reconsider the property and calculate what it would take to clean up the mess on the front side.

Shortly after she purchased the property with the intention of using it for her golf course community, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers (USACE) approached her with information about the wetland mitigation banking program. USACE officials thought her new property would be an excellent candidate for the program and provided a stack of books and pamphlets with all the details she needed to learn about it. After taking time to thoroughly educate herself about wetland banks, Donna decided to nix the golf community in favor of a wetland community. It would still be a business venture but the goal now would be to restore the land to valuable habitat

for wildlife and eventually to conduct guided educational tours for school children.

Additionally, the public would have access to a small lake on the eastern edge of the property for fishing.

“I had visions of living out my final years basking in the scenery and wildlife that would be the result of developing the site into wetlands,” she told me. “I am an amateur wildlife photographer, and I imagined spectacular photos of rare critters flourishing in all the loveliness.”

Having a beautiful front yard that doubled as a small business seemed perfect. However, Donna was well aware that it would take time before she would see any revenue. She was “betting on the come,” as gambler’s say, so restoring this property was an out-of-pocket expense that required investors. Before she would see any cash, she had to have functioning wetlands to replace others that were unavoidably destroyed by development. That’s because wetlands are protected under Section 404 of the Clean Water Act. Without getting too deep into the water-loving weeds, so to speak, I’ll offer a brief explanation of wetland banks.

Occasionally, wetlands are unavoidably



impacted by development— highway construction, for example—and can be completely destroyed. When the developing entity, in this case the Idaho Transportation Department, is going to unavoidably destroy a wetland, it must get a permit to do so from the USACE. The permit requires compensation for the lost wetland, typically an acre-for-acre replacement, through preserving (which means protecting from development) or enhancing a current wetland or restoring a former wetland.

Let's say a subdivision developer purchases a large property, divides it into numerous building lots, and sells them to people wanting to build a home in the subdivision. In developing the subdivision, several acres of wetlands are destroyed. The developer is required by law to replace these destroyed wetland acres. One way to do that is to design, construct, and monitor the ecological success and long-term protection of a replacement wetland. Financial guarantees are required in case the developer fails in these tasks. Some developing entities don't have the time, expertise, or ability to do this. So they turn to a wetland bank, which is a big piece of property where such work has already been done elsewhere. The wetland bank has a ledger of lots (officially called credits) for sale, and developers can purchase credits to compensate for the acres they've unavoidably destroyed.

Because purchasing credits is a transaction between the developer and the owner of the wetland bank and

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ABOVE: A blue heron fishing.



ABOVE MIDDLE: A second-grade class takes a tour.



ABOVE RIGHT: Tundra swans.

because the credits may have different values, the price of each credit is negotiated. As credits are sold, that amount is subtracted from the wetland bank's total until no more are available for sale. The wetland bank owner retains ownership of the property, but is required to protect and maintain it.

Wetland biologists conduct an intricate assessment to determine the credits a wetland bank owner will receive, based on the property's size, structural diversity, wildlife habitat, fish habitat, habitat for endangered, threatened, and rare species, and flood attenuation, among other criteria. Destroyed wetlands go through the same evaluation procedure.

Donna had a rough idea about the process and what needed to be done, but just how she was going to raise this phoenix from the ashes was a bit daunting. Getting from an abandoned sawmill site to a water wonderland would require a lot of time and effort. Restoring a wetland isn't as simple as digging a few holes and filling them with water, not to mention the perseverance it takes to work with several regulatory agencies. However, she was fortunate to have a supportive group of investors and Will Welker, her smart-as-a-whip son, to help her with restoring her

burnt-to-a-crisp phoenix.

Several requirements must be fulfilled before credits can be sold. Details are hammered out in a document developed by the proponent of the wetland bank in cooperation with an interagency review team. This document spells out performance standards, monitoring and management requirements, the terms of bank credit approval, the geographic service area, and who will hold the required conservation easement. The geographic service area determines where developments are whose owners may buy credits from a particular wetland bank. In Donna's case, it covers developments that destroyed wetlands within Idaho's seven northern counties.

Donna recalled the initial nerve-wracking meetings: "I started the process of putting together the documentation to create the mitigation banking instrument that would govern our activities. We began to meet with the interagency review team. Some of them seemed to believe we were the worst polluters who had ever infested their fine state. I was confused, but determined."

The interagency review team would provide oversight of the project as it progressed.

VALENCIA IS A BOON FOR A VARIETY OF

WILDLIFE

Restoring this property was a tall order, even for a small army of people, and as a biologist on the project, I was skeptical. However, as we went along I learned that Donna is one very determined lady, and even more important than that, her heart was in the project. She, Will, and her team were sincere about restoring the property to a high-quality, functioning wetland.

In 2002, the mitigation efforts began in earnest. As with most old wood mill sites, a section of ground was contaminated with fuel products that had been spilled over the years, and the Idaho Department of Environmental Quality required a thorough cleanup of that area. Truckload after truckload removed “piles of rusty saw blades, old tires, cables, mysterious machinery, you name it,” as Donna said. I think if I would have seen this property in 2002 instead of 2004, I would have said to myself, “You have got to be kidding me. There is absolutely no way this is going to happen.”

Hauling out the seemingly endless debris took years. Contractors took away piles of broken asphalt and the rock that filled the original wetlands. This rock was screened to retain the topsoil, some of which was used to build a noise-reduction berm along the highway to benefit wildlife. Planting willows, tree seedlings, and a seed-mix of wetland grasses was a daily activity, as was spraying noxious weeds. Donna photographed the habitat improvements as well as wildlife.

“Partly as therapy to balance out the stress of getting regulatory approval, I started to document the wildlife that was there with my camera,” she explained.

Even though it was slow going, Nature was paying attention and started to positively respond. In 2006, after four years of cleaning up, sowing seeds, and working through the regulatory challenges, Donna received final approval to open Valencia Wetland Mitigation Bank, the first and

still the largest wetland bank in the state. As if to acknowledge final approval and the monumental effort it took to get here, a large flock of migrating tundra swans stopped to feed before continuing to their northern nesting grounds. The swans have been stopping there every spring since their initial visit.

Valencia is a boon for a variety of wildlife species that are oblivious to the business aspect of this water-world. Donna has sold many credits but has more to sell, which would be expected with such a large, high-quality wetland bank. Developers who purchase credits from Valencia know they are replacing the acres of wetland their projects destroyed with acres of quality wetland in which migrating waterfowl and other water-loving birds thrive, as well as amphibians, reptiles, and a variety of mammals.

Donna’s therapeutic camera safaris documented a great blue heron rookery that was established in 2009. In 2011, a bald eagle nest appeared that has produced eaglets for several years. Bird species such as hooded mergansers and Wilson’s phalaropes, which are at risk in Idaho, have been nesting here annually.

“We now have a variety of waterfowl that I would never have imagined,” she said.

Donna is the current chairwoman of the National Environmental Banking Association, which represents businesses nationwide that are involved in restoration of wetlands and other natural habitats. At home she continues to work with clients wanting to purchase mitigation credits, visits classrooms, and conducts field trips for students from schools around the region.

I’m impressed by what she and her team accomplished with very little outside help, and I love visiting Valencia, which indeed is like walking through a looking glass to see a phoenix arisen from the ashes. ■



RICHMOND THROMALAS/AMNY

Things That Go Bump And Can Fly

BY SUSAN HATCH

I wake the way you do when you've gone to sleep in a place you've never been before. I look out the second-story window from the pitch blackness of our mountain cabin at silhouettes of trees against the starry nighttime sky and think how lucky we are to have found this diamond in the rough. Cascade Reservoir lies two hundred feet away. The moon shines down on her, casting a silvery light on the placid water.

I'm tempted to tiptoe downstairs, go out onto the deck, and immerse myself in the magic of the nocturnal forest, but my eyes are heavy and the thought of disturbing friends who are asleep downstairs causes me to settle under the blankets and enjoy the view from here. My

pillow is soft, the blankets warm, and I begin to feel the gentle pulling away of consciousness as my eyes close and my view of diamonds in the sky above me gives way to slumber.

Weight on the pillow behind my head heightens my senses. Something moves. It touches my hair and scurries or flutters away, I'm unsure sure which.

My husband springs from the bed in a panic, fumbles for a flashlight, and makes his way across the room to the light switch. We spend the next twenty minutes crawling around, looking for the mouse. Although I'm not surprised, my heart pounds in my chest like a jackhammer. I'm fully awake now. I knew mice would be part of mountain living but

ABOVE: "The Dark Knight Rises."

having one on my pillow unnerves me. I'm desperate to get it out of my room.

We can't find it. We listen for movement, but it's gone. He goes downstairs to the bathroom, I look at the clock; 3:20 a.m. Should I try to go back to sleep or should I brew a cup of coffee, go out to the deck, and enjoy that rendezvous with nature? No doubt our friends are awake now.

The question still lingers in my thoughts when a shadow catches my eye and I am bombarded by pointy black leathery wings belonging to a creature I swear is as big as a house cat. It darts around me and dashes in sporadic circles. It flies past my head toward the window, dives low, right into my pillow. It recovers and flits up to the ceiling, then out into the room across the hall.

A minute later, my husband reaches the top of the stairs and finds me upright in the bed with the sheets pulled over my head.

"It wasn't a mouse," I manage to squeak through dry lips.

"What?"

Before I can shape the word with my mouth I hear him curse, then curse again.

"We have bats," I say.

The words fall from my mouth in a confession of utter disgust, as if I have a shameful disease.

I pull the sheet from my head, but only enough to see my brave husband standing in the center of the room in his underwear, pale and confused,. He turns timidly and peers into the hall as the giant bat

darts past his face, only this time there are two. He removes the screen from the window while dodging their sonic frenzy and I quickly take refuge under the sheet again. He spends the next thirty minutes corralling the two bats out the window while a scourge of mosquitoes rush in.

"We'll laugh about this someday," I say from under the sheet, but I know it won't be any time soon.

BELOW: Townsend's big-eared bats are found in Idaho.



ANN FROCHAUEN, USFWS



CREEPY HALLOWEEN IMAGES

Morning comes and after a frantic phone call, Cody from a wildlife and pest solutions company examines our cabin and the guano we thought were mice droppings. He explains how bats live, what they eat, and I pick up a certain sympathetic vibe as he tells us about the local colonies of bats.

"They're not aggressive and actually not bad to have around," he says. "Well, not in your house, of course."

He looks inside the cabin and discovers how they've gained access into the house from their living space in the attic through an unfinished chimney access we decide to repair that day.

Later, he inspects the outside of our cabin again, only now he seals every crack and crevice except one. There, he hangs a plastic funnel.

"They have to come out to feed," he explains, "but they won't be able to get back in."

He tells us how they feed on wasps, mosquitoes, moths, scorpions, pine beetles and other insects. And how our small acreage in the

forest would be unbearably overrun with pests if not for the (much smaller than a house cat) flying furry creatures. His reference to scorpions hangs in the air.

His tone of voice is telltale of his compassion and respect for the bats as he points to where they've roosted under the eaves. It almost seems as if he thinks they should be allowed to stay. I wonder if he's right.

In the end we are persuaded to give them a home. In fact, we invite them to bring friends and reproduce in bat houses we've purchased and placed strategically where we can watch them from a distance around the perimeter of our property.

And so, while we're busy keeping mice and ants out of the house by day, the bats are out there at night scarfing up the riffraff, making our cabin in the forest near the lake a little nicer, safer, and more comfortable for us.

Bless the bats. ■

ABOVE: Flying furry creatures.

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GEORGETOWN



DOWN

BIG GAME, EARTHQUAKES,
AND HUMMINGBIRDS

STORY AND PHOTOS BY BRUCE BASH

On the other end of the line, he said hello in the same strong voice I remembered from more than three decades earlier.

“Hi, Jim. This is Bruce. How are you doing?”

There was a short pause, as if he were gathering his thoughts, and then he said, “Well, I picked out my coffin yesterday.”

His words caught me off guard. Was he serious? I knew Jim had a few years under his belt, but a coffin? I quickly changed the subject.

Jim Weber and I had actually spoken twice the previous summer. I had wanted to drive down to Georgetown and pay him a visit in the fall when the trees were full of color and summertime temperatures had faded into cooler autumn days. But family challenges, planned and unplanned, had gotten in the way and before I could act, Old Man Winter had blown all the leaves from the trees.

I left Idaho Falls early on a sunny morning last June, hoping to complete the two-plus-hour drive to Georgetown and meet up with Jim by 10 A.M. I passed a number of cities on the way: Blackfoot, Pocatello, Soda Springs, and smaller towns such as Inkom, McCammon, and Lava Hot Springs. I often wonder about the cities and towns I pass. I’m always curious about how they got their start. All communities have a history, all have a story to tell, and all six of these have been Spotlight Cities in previous issues of *IDAHO magazine*.

LEFT: Georgetown Park.

BELOW: Victoria and Jim Weber.





ABOVE LEFT: The town's curfew bell from 1909.



ABOVE RIGHT: Hummingbird at one of Victoria's feeders.

At a few minutes before ten, I pulled into the driveway of a modest one-story home surrounded by scattered trees and a well-kept lawn. An elderly, white-haired gentleman was walking around the yard. "Stay where you are," Jim called out as he approached my pickup. "I'll let you know when I can see you."

Isn't it odd, I thought, how we expect people we knew so many years ago to look exactly the same as the day we last saw them?

When we crossed the front lawn a steady stream of hummingbirds zipped overhead as they aimed for a feeder a few feet left of the front door. Twice I felt an urge to duck to keep from getting hit. Apparently a whole lot of hummingbirds spend their summers around Georgetown raising

their young and enjoying the warm sunny days. Or perhaps they were simply on vacation.

Driving into Georgetown, you won't see any high-rise apartment buildings or bustling shopping malls. It's a quiet farming community and the homes have plenty of space between them. The townsite was laid out in a "T" shape with the top of the "T" paralleling both sides of State Highway 30 and the leg running perpendicularly up Stringtown Road. The townsite was surveyed in 1871 by Joseph C. Rich, the future Bear Lake County surveyor, and included a land area of just ten acres.

From its early beginning as a village in 1908 through its status change to a city in 1967 and up to today, the population of Georgetown has

remained much the same. The 2000 U.S. census recorded a city population of 476 people, ninety-five percent white and sixty-eight percent married. More than forty percent of the townsfolk back then were at least forty-five years old. In 1910, the village's population stood at 410. The largest census population ever recorded was in 1990, when 558 people called Georgetown home. I imagine the high valley elevation (6,043 feet), the surrounding mountains—which create snowy winters and short growing seasons—and limited employment opportunities have had an impact on Georgetown's ability to increase its population.

Jim and Victoria welcomed me into their window-lined living room, where I soon learned about hummingbirds. Victoria told me four species frequent the Georgetown area: black-chinned, rufous, calliope (which is the smallest U.S. hummer), and broad-tailed. She has five feeders in her front and back yards, which she fills once or twice each day to satisfy her colorful visitors. This constant replenishment of the feeders, Victoria's labor of love, requires 150 to 200 pounds of sugar each season. She explained that rufous hummingbirds are the most territorial and often chase away the other hummers. The rufous are autumn migrants to the valley and stay around for only a short time, three to four weeks. Their presence is given away by a loud whining sound caused by air moving through their feathers when the birds fly high and then rapidly check their descents.

In early times, traveling bands of Shoshone, Ute, and Bannock hunted in the Bear Lake Valley. With ample water available and high mountain ranges on each side, the Preuss Mountain Range on the east and Bear River Range on the west,

the valley provided a corridor for wildlife travel and excellent forage for moose, elk, and deer.

The first white men to come to the valley were trappers, including Donald McKenzie of the North West Company. McKenzie is credited with naming the river, valley, and Bear Lake itself in 1819. Bear Lake is located twenty-five miles south of Georgetown by crow, a little farther by road, and was originally called Black Bear Lake. Years later, in about 1842, John C. Fremont's expedition traveled through the valley. Fremont named many of the surrounding peaks, canyons, and streams.

Although travelers by the thousands followed the Oregon Trail through the Bear Lake Valley between 1849 and 1870, early settlers didn't stop to establish colonies along the way. Instead they hurried toward the Oregon Territory and other destinations before harsh winter conditions and heavy snowfall could block their access and perhaps strand them for the winter. In the fall of 1870 Brigham Young, a Mormon Church leader, arranged for six people to leave Farmington, Utah, with instructions to start a settlement somewhere between Soda Springs and Montpelier. These pioneers arrived in the valley, selected a favorable

BELOW: The creamery, 1926.



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ABOVE: Exhibits in the pioneer museum.

site near two forks of a rushing creek, and named the settlement "Twin Creeks." Two years later Brigham Young visited the settlement and asked that the name be changed to Georgetown in honor of his traveling companion, George Q. Cannon.

It didn't take residents long to put down roots in the new colony. Although sources differ somewhat on the year, in about 1872 townsfolk built the first public building in Georgetown, a log and wood frame structure that is still standing today. The building served as a church, school, and public meeting hall. For many years the building belonged to the Georgetown Relief Society before being given to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. The original building has since been moved into town a half-block west of Main Street, where it

now serves as a pioneer museum. The building was formally listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1998.

The year 1884 saw a number of changes in the small Georgetown settlement (population 134 in 1880). A railroad was constructed two miles west of the community by the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company. Soon after, a depot was built within easy access of the new village. The main purpose of the depot was to supply water to the company's steam locomotives but having a railroad so close provided Georgetown with passenger service, mail delivery, and a means to ship farm crops to market. The depot fell out of use in the mid-1950s, when the advent of diesel-powered engines eliminated the need for trains to stop and

take on water.

My friends Jim and Victoria moved to Georgetown in 1976, when they fell in love with the mountains, the clean clear air, and plentiful wildlife. The move increased Jim's commute to his management job at the phosphate mines northeast of Soda Springs, but the couple never doubted their decision.

Between 1906-'07, sixteen placer mining claims were located on phosphate deposits in Georgetown Canyon about seven miles east of Georgetown. Underground mining began in 1909 with the construction of two mine tunnels, one over a hundred feet long. Although all sixteen mining claims were patented (conveyed from the Federal government into private ownership) between 1912 and 1916, sources mention little about the mining progress until 1955, when the patented claims were sold to the Central Farmers Fertilizer Company (CFFC), a large farm cooperative. By 1957 construction was underway to complete a \$7.5 million processing plant in Georgetown Canyon and a spur railroad track to the processing site. In the summer of 1958 an open pit mine began operation.

A bit over a year later all underground phosphate mining was abandoned and strip mining became the norm. Sources state that overheating train brakes was a constant problem for engineers during the hauling of heavy loads down the steep railroad grade. By 1964 all mining production ended in Georgetown Canyon and part of the processing plant was hauled to a new facility being built at nearby Conda by a new owner.

While Jim worked at the mines, Victoria spent nineteen years driving Highway 30 to Montpelier and back to teach third grade. Winters were severe some years and driving the icy roads while avoiding wintering big game animals was often a white-knuckled challenge.

Jim told me about the winters he and other mining company employees fed hundreds of deer at the mouth of Georgetown Canyon. After working their shifts at the mines and before commuting to their homes in Georgetown and Montpelier, as many as ten volunteers would gather near the Webers' house. Every night from December to mid-April, in fair weather and in blizzards, the hardy volunteers hauled up to nine hundred pounds of pellets to feeding sites along

BELOW LEFT:
Georgetown's first
public building is now
a pioneer museum.

BELOW RIGHT: VerJean
and Dennis Turner in
front of the museum.





ABOVE: Georgetown Elementary School.

OPPOSITE: The cemetery.

the Georgetown Canyon road. At first they tried filling a half-dozen feeding troughs with pellets purchased by the Idaho Fish and Game Department from a feed mill in Montpelier. But the deer fought so savagely at the troughs, the men found it necessary to make scores of scattered small depressions in the snow on the hillsides, which they filled with the tasty pellets. Jim said the men had to work quickly, for if they tarried too long, the hungry deer would sneak over to the stacks of pellets and chew through the bags.

People living in Georgetown and the surrounding countryside generally enjoy a quiet, laid-back community. But folks have had to adjust to an unsettling force that sometimes rumbles and shakes their homes: earthquakes. In September and October 2017 dozens of small temblors shook the Bear Lake Valley, although little damage was reported. In January 2018 three earthquakes

rattled the landscape between Soda Springs and Georgetown within a twenty-four-hour period, the largest quake measuring 4.3 magnitude. Jim and Victoria said pictures have fallen from their walls during a quake as the chandelier rattled. They suspect the cracks in their back patio were caused by earthquakes. USGS experts have predicted that within the next fifty years, the “Big One” could rattle and roll through southeast Idaho along the Bear Lake Fault.

At one time Georgetown had a gas station, small café, grocery store, several sawmills, a creamery, and a combination post office and hardware store. A number of small dairy farms in the area supplied milk to the creamery. Today the city houses a repair business, a post office, a grade school, and a church. A mayor and four council members take care of city business and ensure city services are in order and well maintained. School

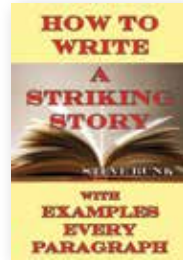
IDAHO magazine BOOKSHELF

kids in sixth through twelfth grades must travel to Montpelier to attend school. Agriculture is still a cornerstone of the valley's economy. To some extent the city is a bedroom community for the much larger cities of Montpelier to the south and Soda Springs to the north and for locals who work in the phosphate mining industry.

With two massive mountains keeping watch over the valley—Meade Peak at 9,957 feet on the east and Mount Sherman at 9,682 feet on the west—and the Georgetown Summit Wildlife Management Area nearby, the mountains and countryside around Georgetown are popular for recreation, including backpacking, mountain climbing, wildlife viewing, and photography. In winter a flow of snowmobilers and a smaller number of backcountry skiers access the mountains through Georgetown Canyon. Winter users are also drawn to their favorite mountains on the west side of the valley.

Before leaving town I visited with Dennis and VerJean Turner at the pioneer museum. VerJean is a true native of Georgetown, born and raised there. The Turners and other volunteers take care of the museum and all the donated relics inside. They help plan the city's summer celebration, "Twin Creek Days," which includes a community breakfast, bike rides and games for the kids, and a program/band night. VerJean told me a little about the 1909 "curfew bell" displayed in the city park at the center of town. In the early days a town resident was paid \$2.50 per month to ring the bell at exactly 9:00 p.m. to remind children to head for home. She also rang the bell to announce church services.

Georgetown has a long and interesting history. It also has a lot of space for newcomers who would like to live in a quiet rural setting. Summers are relatively mild, the view of the mountains is inspirational and wildlife is abundant, including hummingbirds! Grocery stores, doctors, and other services are readily available a short drive away in Montpelier and Soda Springs. Winters in the valley can be challenging, as they can be most anywhere in Idaho. Anyone considering a move to Georgetown should be mindful of one thing: every now and then, folks might wake to a bit of shaking, thanks to ever-changing stress on the Bear Lake fault zone a few miles northeast of the city. But as Jim and Victoria made clear to me during my visit, they wouldn't choose to live anywhere else. ■



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ABOVE: Youth Conservation Corps members land in the Nez Perce–Clearwater National Forests.

FAR LEFT: Before the arrival of wildfire smoke, the mountains are clear.

LEFT: The lookout and radio tower after fuels mitigation.

Red Sunset

And a Cougar on the Prowl

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ROWAN BROWN

Flying over the Rockies last summer was the first glimpse I got of how different the West truly is from my old, low mountains of South Carolina. I had come to Idaho to work for the Forest Service, having applied for a Youth Conservation Corps crew in the Nez Perce–Clearwater National Forests. I grew up playing in the foothills of the Appalachians, and though I love my school in a small South Carolina city, it keeps me out of the woods for the most part, and I miss that terribly. In looking for a summer job, I was looking for mountains. The Rockies seemed so foreign, so much younger and so different than my mountains. Before this trip, I had never seen the West and part of me wasn't sure it was still there. Stories about the hills and creeks and people and animals that lived within them were terrifying and a little unbelievable.

From the plane, these serrated peaks already seemed dangerous. Touching down on the ground was no different. The gas stations and pawn shops in small towns near the national forest looked similar to what we had at home but here they were often situated on steep, rocky ground unlike anything I had ever seen. Almost immediately, I missed my deciduous trees. The conifer forests all around me were beautiful, but they were a stark change from the poplars and oaks I had at home. Comparatively, the western forests looked sparse and concise.

The first week was a lot of driving to remote sites around the North Fork of the Clearwater River to do water samples. It was an amazing way to see the country, but it also was disorienting. Everyone on my crew was from the East Coast,

and though a few of us had seen the West before, none of us had ever been anywhere this rugged or remote. We were thrown directly into a new world of crumbling cliffs and illegal gold mines. Animals were a threat instead of an abstraction out here. The land around us continually collapsed into rockslides. Even something as simple as a bee sting could be dangerous in the backcountry. Though it took us a few days to adjust, we got used to the new risks and were able to just watch the jagged mountains and soft, green meadows pass by our window.

The second week was much less passive. We were told we would be helping out the North Fork fire crew with fuels mitigation, and to get to the work site we'd ride in a helicopter. All of us were elated and looked ridiculous in our oversized flame-resistant suits. The helicopter flew like it was buoyant: we simply rose up until we were at the height of the mountaintops. As we flew over our little canyon, I saw roads leading out that followed the three branches of the river. It looked like the maps on the wall of the Kelly Forks Visitors' Center and, for the first time, I was able to truly orient myself.

The view of the mountains from the air was spectacular: dark green tinged with purple and pink. Smoke from Washington fires turned the landscape a little redder than I was used to. When we landed, we East Coast five walked through the scrub until we found that view again. This time, the colors of the ranges around us were complemented by the pink and purple of ground pine and asters.

The firefighters were unfazed by the view. They were there to work and didn't seem to look



FAR LEFT: A crew member admires the mountains on the first day.

LEFT: The evening stretch circle.

BELOW: Exercising with the firefighters.



up once. While we were gazing at the scenery, they began building tables and benches and chopping trees to make space for a mess tent.

The first few days were a culture shock. In the mornings, ten or fifteen saws were at work and people called out trees falling all along the mountain. The sawyers felled tree after tree, and then bucked them into pieces. We scampered around swamping as fast as we could: hoisting the branches and logs into neat piles to be burned without affecting a radio tower in the center of the clearing. Fire season wasn't supposed to start for another two weeks, but smoke from fires in Washington already was starting to drift across the horizon, adding a sense of urgency. In the evening, there were stories and rough fire talk over our MRE (meal, ready-to-eat) dinners. Late one night, a cougar that had wandered into camp screamed and our station foreman screamed back as she chased it with her axe.

All of this was wildly different than our indoor, East Coast lifestyles. We were at about the same altitude as the tallest peak east of the Mississippi, and the firefighters referred to it as a hill. Here, the noise of ten saws gave me dreams of nothing but the sound of saws going down the entire mountain. I'm told we have cougars in our forests at home, but they're so rare they're more like a myth. I know people who've heard a scream or seen a shadow, but never anything tangible. Here, they were a clear and present danger, running past tents and hammocks.

As we adjusted to the work and the people, we learned more and more about the nuances of wildlands firefighting and the removal of fuels or combustible vegetation. People told us about different methods used and tradeoffs of damage caused for the good done to the landscape. We thought about why the cougar came through the camp, and it began to be more than just a fun story or something to fear. Since we were demolishing the area, principles of leave-no-trace often fell by the wayside. Also, we probably had set up camp in the middle of her territory. In making this clearing,

we may have been taking away her hunting ground or even where she lived.

On the other hand, we were doing all this to prepare for a prescribed burn in an area that hadn't seen fire in many years. We were protecting a radio tower that allowed the forest to function. If it burned, then the research and recreation that went on in the national forest would be reduced. And above all other reasons, we had a job to do for a superior officer giving orders.

Working hard alongside the firefighters, we cleared a huge swath of trees around the tower in four days. It was an incredible sense of accomplishment to realize we had reduced this towering forest to neat, triangular piles. Yet as we completed the project, we also saw the destruction we had brought down on the mountaintop. We had leveled something hundreds of years in the making to get it to conform to our small human needs.

As I looked around and thought about this, I realized the view was back. Our clearing had enabled us to see the beautiful, purple land in almost every direction. At this point in the week, even the firefighters paused on occasion to appreciate the mountains around us. In the evening, we gathered on the helipad to talk and stretch. We cleansed ourselves of as much grime as we could and tried to coax our joints to forget the day's work. The mountains grew fainter as smoke set in. The sunset blazed pinker than I had ever seen, a beautiful consequence of these western fires.

On the flight home, the mountains were covered in haze. It was a bittersweet wrap-up. The faraway fires made the landscape softer and bluer. The mountains, tamed by smoke, almost looked like my old, low Appalachians. For the first time, I had a pang of homesickness. I thought back to my arrival by air, when the mountains seemed craggy and dangerous. They looked much more black and white then. Now, amid the settling smoke, things were grayer and gentler. More room to see. More room to think. ■

An Unfished River

When the Road Was Being Built

BY MAX JENKINS

W e had just sat down for dinner in Grangeville one evening in 1950 when Dad casually asked, “Son, would you be interested in riding a pack mule down a mountain to fish the Lochsa River next summer?”

I was twelve years old. Beaming, I answered in a near-shout, “That would be fantastic!”

“To get there,” he continued, “we’ll be driving about seventy miles on the ridgeline of the Bitterroots, which they call the Lolo Trail.”

“Lewis and Clark traveled the Lolo Trail in 1805 and 1806,” I interrupted. “We’ve been studying Lewis and Clark and the Lolo Trail in our Idaho history class.”

The Lochsa River flows in a gorge below the Lolo Trail. Today the Lewis and Clark Highway follows the river to connect west-central Montana with central Idaho. But the highway wasn’t completed until 1962. Construction of the historic road began from both the Montana and the Idaho sides, ultimately meeting in the middle.

My dad, Wes Jenkins, was part-owner of Jordan’s Motors in

Grangeville, the seat of Idaho County, which is the state’s largest county, approximately the size of Massachusetts and slightly larger than New Jersey. Dad had sold a pickup to a backwoodsman nicknamed Sugarloaf, who spun a story of an exceptional fishing trip on the Lochsa. For us to take that excursion would require traveling on the Lolo Trail, a dirt road, for seventy or so miles to Sugarloaf’s packing camp, where he kept twenty or so mules and horses. His plan was to prepare supper for us, after which we’d sleep at his camp and then pack down to the river on mules and horses the following morning. We would be on the river in between the two construction areas originating in Montana and Idaho, which amounted to a fisherman’s dream: a crystal-clear unfished river.

Dad did some fact-checking with Oliver McConnell, a friend who was then Idaho’s Commissioner of Fish and Game. He confirmed Sugarloaf’s story. “This is the real deal. I know Sugarloaf, and he has found the only way to fish that unfished area of the Lochsa. And he’s a fun guy with lots of stories. In fact, I’d like to go with you



on the trip. I'll organize the outing if you'd like me to."

Dad immediately accepted Oliver's offer and started inviting friends to come fish the Lochsa's unfished waters. The river's headwaters are located near Powell Ranger Station a few miles from the Montana border. The river flows west between two mountains for

about a hundred miles before joining with the Selway River at Lowell to form the Middle Fork of the Clearwater River. Today, Lowell has two restaurants and some rustic cabins. The settlement's fifteen minutes of fame was in August 1995, when then-President Bill Clinton, Hillary, and Chelsea were vacationing



MAX JENKINS



MAX JENKINS

LEFT: Cutthroat from the Clearwater River, whose Middle Fork is formed by the confluence of the Lochsa and Selway Rivers at Lowell.

FAR ABOVE: The Clearwater River and the end of the Lolo Trail are in the gorge between these mountains, as seen from the edge of Weippe Prairie.

ABOVE: Welcome to Lowell.

VISIT IDAHO

in the West and stayed in Cabin 4 at Lowell's Three River Resort.

On our trip there were about fifteen fishermen, as I recall, all riding in 4WD pickup trucks. Oliver's pickup was in the lead as we headed toward Kamiah. We turned off the Clearwater Highway up the mountain on County Road 100 to the Lolo Trail. Most of the steep road was lined with beautiful firs. When we finally arrived at Sugarloaf's treeless camp, there was evidence of a recent forest fire. We could see the Lochsa River below us, but there was a steep decline before we could stand on its bank. Scores of Z-shaped switchback trails descended gradually, crisscrossing the mountain face until they reached the river. To our right, we saw two corrals full of the mules and horses we would be riding in the morning down the switchbacks to the river.

Sugarloaf welcomed us with backwoods humor, announcing he would feed us steaks tonight but warning, "It's your responsibility to catch fish, or you won't eat for the rest of the week." His swagger and cowboy lingo were endearing. You couldn't help but like him.

The T-bone steak was huge and served with corn on the cob. Dessert was homemade ice cream with chocolate syrup. Sugarloaf had a fire permit and after we finished our supper he built a bonfire as darkness settled over the mountain. He laid out the plan for the packing trip down the hill the next morning and for the rest of the week. When Oliver and

Sugarloaf presented the rules for the week, the last directive got everyone's attention: "Release all trout less than sixteen inches."

There was a loud gasp. Oliver responded, "Don't worry, I guarantee you'll catch plenty of fish over sixteen inches."

Now everyone was excited.

In the morning, the mules and horses seemed surefooted as we negotiated the mountain, although several guys were apprehensive. My pack mule slipped a couple of times on the steeper switchbacks but always recovered quickly.

When at last we reached the banks of the Lochsa, I dismounted, handed the reins of my mule to Dad, and raced to the river. Stepping out on boulders, I looked into a deep pool and saw many, many long fish rapidly swimming from one spot to another. "Wow, Oliver and Sugarloaf were right," I thought. "This is going to be a great experience."

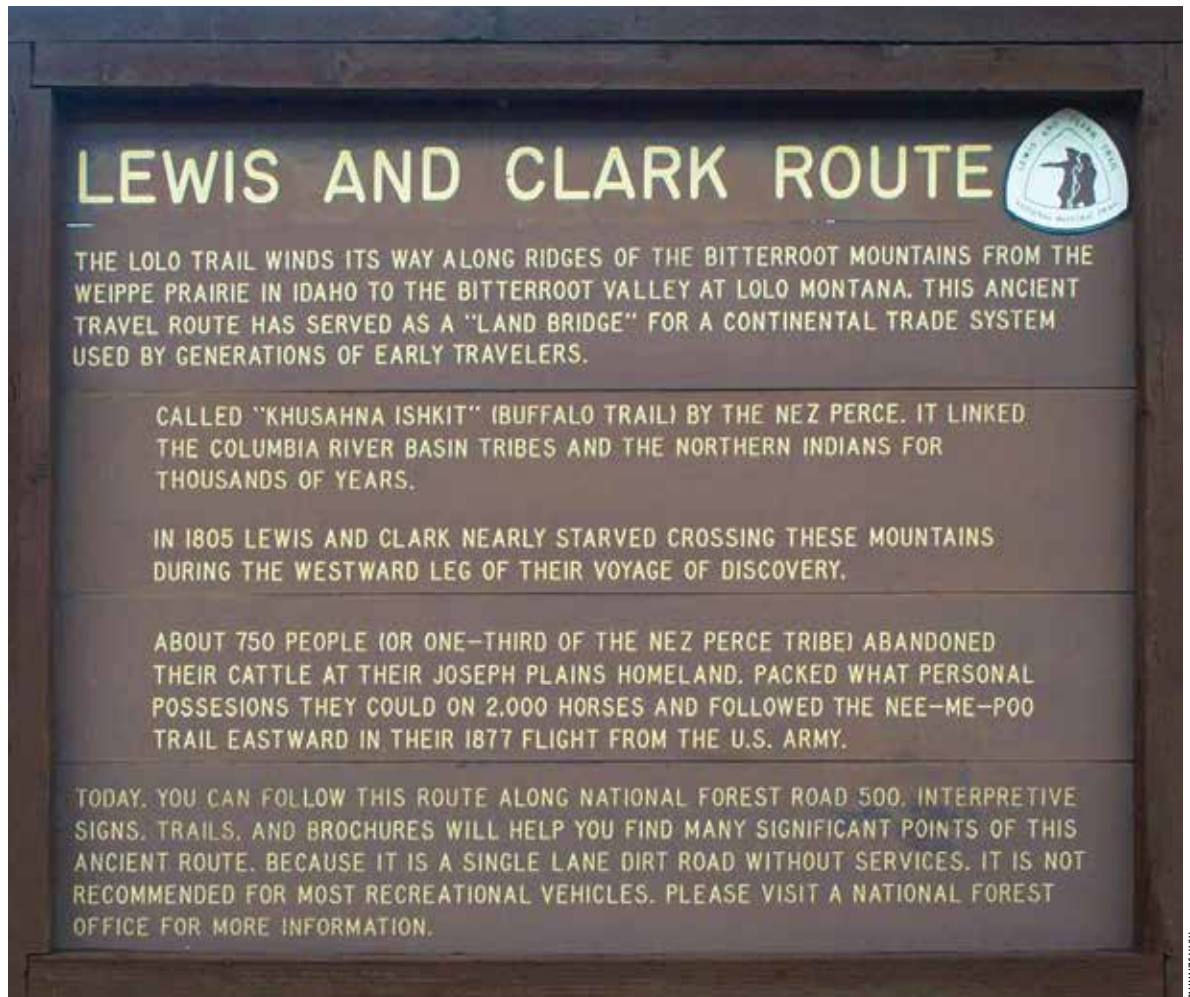
My favorite type of fishing was river-casting. I thought casting the lure as far as possible was fun even if you didn't catch a fish. But on this trip, I caught trout on nearly every cast, which caused an unusual problem: countless ten- and twelve-inch trout were snagged by my lures, requiring precious time to reel them in and release them. It was irritating!

Even as a youngster, I knew the trip would be a memory for a lifetime, and it was, yet I didn't fully understand the significance of it. Now that I do, I realize how truly blessed I was to have a loving and great father. ■





ROGER PETERSON, USFS



MAX JENKINS



VISIT IDAHO

FAR LEFT: Lolo Motorway, Nez Perce National Historic Trail.

ABOVE: Historical information about the Lolo Trail.

LEFT: The fishing's still good in the area.



Another Life

With a New “Family” in Assisted Living

BY KITTY WIDNER

PHOTOS BY LYNDA HUDDLESTON

On a chilly, seemingly ordinary day in January 2018, my husband Dude (a childhood nickname) took our little dog for a walk.

Dude had a history of stomach problems, including two operations. That particular evening, the pain was so severe that we took him to the emergency room and from there he went to the hospital where he spent three nights, quietly slipping away on the fourth night.

It's true that life is what happens when we are making other plans. My life took a 180-degree turn. Bereft and shocked, I was left wondering how I would survive. Just six months earlier, we had lost our daughter to lung cancer and we were still grieving for her. The two people I had loved so much and depended on were gone. Fortunately

for me, the younger relatives on both sides of our families circled the wagons, making decisions to help me. Since I am ninety-one years old and partially crippled from arthritis, their help and support was like a gift from God.

After fifty-one years of an especially happy marriage, there were many decisions for me to make. Dude always took care of business affairs and paperwork. I can't say I jumped into that responsibility. Rather, I fell into it. One of his nephews, Rick Rothwell, took on the job of assisting me.

This merry-go-round phase of my life began with a search for an assisted living home near my niece, Jeanne Helmich Combest. I've had friends and relatives in various nursing or assisted living facilities, so I had a good idea of what was out

ABOVE LEFT: One of the author's fellow residents, Kay Gandee.

ABOVE RIGHT: Bob Barnes, ninety-four, and Shirley Noland, ninety-two, on their wedding day.

there and what would work for me.

Our antiques from the South were given to my sister's children and the Widner family antiques went to my stepson, Rocky Widner. Soon the house was prepared for selling the remainder of my possessions. Two nieces, Floy Helmich Hester and Terrie Helmich, spent days preparing for the big sale. The beautiful home into which Dude and I poured so much love and care now belonged to someone else, and I needed to adapt to a different life.

I wanted a place that was homey. Less than a mile from Jeanne's home, we found the perfect place for me. It was built in 2011. The director, Kimberly Clark, who laughs at her own name, has been in charge of this mid-sized complex since it opened. With fifty-two residents, each person gets plenty of attention from the staff of thirty-three. The food is good, with two choices for each day's three meals.

Every month, the calendar of events is surprisingly full. When I moved in with twelve of my paintings, I was asked if I would allow an art show. Thinking it would not occur in the near future, of course, I agreed. The third week I was here, I was center stage with my paintings. That and my writings helped me to adjust.

Whenever I ask residents how they feel about being here, the answer is always, "It's the people that I like." The aides here are remarkable—always cheerful, kind, caring, and with an ability to make me feel comfortable. I have visited facilities where the staff displayed cold behavior, making one wonder if they were angry. It's debatable whether the climate of an establishment comes from the top down or from the bottom up. Bernice, an aide who has been here for years, and her co-worker Heather told me the important thing to them is the residents, whom they are here to help. "People here are like family," they said.

Each resident is assigned a table with four people. The advantage of this arrangement is that

it has a family feel. We get to know our table-mates well and are supportive of each other. At my table, there are three other women and one man: Betty Murdock, Betty Bookerstate, Wyonna Hopkins, and Duane "Dewey" Freeman.

Everyone here has interesting stories to tell. They've all lived full lives, with the joys and sorrows typical of longevity. I'm honored to share a few of those stories with you.

We consider Dewey one of our celebrities, because he played professional baseball in the St. Louis Cardinals organization. Two baseball bats hang on his wall in shadow boxes. One bat was given by a bat-making company to a player most likely to make it to the big leagues. The second bat, presented by Hall of Famer Joe "Ducky" Medwick, was for the Most Valuable Player in spring training, an award Dewey won twice.

Dewey's athletic ability led him to play football as well as baseball. As a senior in high school, he was awarded a football scholarship at the University of Utah, where he majored in physical education, recreation, and health, as well as taking a number of sociology classes. As a senior, he concentrated on baseball and then was drafted by the Cardinals. After he decided to quit baseball, he coached football and baseball at a rural school in California and later became athletic director at a large high school in San



COURTESY OF DUANE "DEWEY" FREEMAN



FAR ABOVE: Dewey Freeman as a young ballplayer.

ABOVE MIDDLE: Dewey as Minnie Pearl from *Hee Haw* during a performance at the Boise Center.

ABOVE BOTTOM: Merle Bramhall (seated) celebrating his hundredth birthday. He's now 101.

Diego. As a fellow educator, it gladdens me to think of the example he was to innumerable young people during his thirty years in education.

Every summer for many years, his family piled into their motorhome and headed to the Stanley area. They bought property with a view and everyone worked at building a log cabin. It was heated with wood, and many years of cutting and carrying firewood eventually took a toll on Dewey's back, resulting in spinal stenosis. Physical therapy has helped and he now spends much time assisting others. Recently, he agreed to play Minnie Pearl in a hilarious take on the old TV show *Hee Haw*. The ladies in charge had a dress fashioned for him and a flowery hat. On his large frame, it was very funny. He keeps us laughing, and that's his goal.

Another of our celebrities is Ron Hinson, a retired Idaho State University (ISU) professor and artist. Ron started drawing and painting as a child, dreaming of someday being an artist. He realized that childhood dream in a big way, not only through thirty years as a professor of art but with a studio away from teaching responsibilities, where he could create as he chose.

Born in Ohio, Ron started his working career in New York as a commercial artist in advertising. He worked his way westward, teaching at Union College in Kentucky for four years, followed by eight years at Eastern Illinois University. He then moved to Pocatello, where he taught at ISU for thirteen years. He quit teaching for four years and then moved farther west, teaching part-time at Puget Sound Community College in Spokane and Evergreen State College in Olympia. His work hangs in thirteen schools, among many other places.

Unfortunately, this talented man has met with much adversity. Always active, he rode a bike to work, but was hit by cars and hospitalized four times, which led him to our community here. In 1977 he lost his young wife, the mother of three



children, to cancer.

Ron is highly respected by all the residents and staff. He gives generously of his time through art appreciation lectures, sharing his work, and the work of others. Ron has a cochlear implant and he said daily strolls with his walker improve his hearing. A shining example of how a person can turn adversity into opportunity, he often receives cards or calls from former students. His lovely, shy smile and the light in his eyes speak volumes.

The gracious Eddie Ipsen introduced herself to me by saying, "I'm Eddie, the fifth girl, so I got a boy's name." She was one of the first people to welcome me and as we became friends, we shared stories. Here, in her own words, is her account of witnessing the 9/11 attack:

"We flew to Washington, D.C., on Sunday September 9 [2001], so my husband, Idaho State Senator Grant Ipsen, could receive an award for his work in adoptions. They picked 120 people out of the nation to receive this award and they were called "Angels in Adoption." Little did we

ABOVE: Ron Hinson, a retired university art professor and artist, sketches a portrait of a resident.

know at the time how close we would come to being literal angels. Tuesday morning, September 11, we walked down the Capitol Mall to the White House. Our thirty- to forty-minute tour began at 8:30. Afterwards we walked about a block to a restaurant for breakfast. The fire engines, police cars, and motorcycles were all over and the noise was deafening.

"People were coming out of buildings and telling us we didn't want to be there. The buildings were being evacuated. We began walking toward the Mall area. As we approached the park, we could see smoke pouring out of the Pentagon. People were frantic. You could see the horror in their eyes as they told us about the New York towers and the Pentagon. I don't think I will ever forget that look. We walked back to the center, but by then the streets were literally filled with cars, bumper to bumper. The police cars were driving on the sidewalks.

"All night long you could hear the helicopters cruising around the Capitol area. Wednesday it was eerie walking around that area, with many police cars and no people. Finding a flight home was impossible. Friday we were able to rent a car, drove twelve hundred miles to Minneapolis, and were able to get a flight home to Boise."

Earlier, the couple had spent three years in Denmark on an LDS mission, where Grant presided over the Denmark and Iceland missionaries. Eddie says she learned much there, even a little of the language. She has parented five children and has been an inspiration to many more. Now she inspires the people here, including myself.

"Positive Mind, Positive Values, Positive Life" reads a sign just inside the door of Irene Harris's room. She displayed such a positive attitude that I was shocked when I discovered she had just one leg. A victim three years ago of carcinoma, she was told the only way to save her life was to

remove the leg. Irene, a farm girl from a family of ten children, told me, "I am a survivor." Always well groomed, she's a very attractive survivor, too. Irene began a career in a flower shop at the age of nineteen. In addition to marriage and four children, she managed two flower shops in Idaho Falls for fifty-two years.

Irene's skill in floral arrangements was on show the second week I was here, when she helped with the decorations for a wedding. The couple, who married on March 24, 2018, were two of the residents, Shirley Noland and Bob Barnes. Shirley is another of our artists, a pretty lady with a big smile. She's ninety-two years old. Her groom, who pushed his bride in her wheelchair for the ceremony, appeared hardy at the age of ninety-four. The activity center was filled with 175 family members, friends, and residents who enjoyed punch and wedding cake made by Shirley's daughter.

Birthdays are made special here with everyone having a decorated place at the table, a crown, and a birthday cake made by one of the residents, Lynn Blacker. Lynn makes all the cakes, cupcakes, and cookies for special occasions, and each is exquisitely decorated.

When two of our other residents, Arnie and Mina McKean, were married sixty-three years ago,



FAR ABOVE:
Eddie Ipsen.

ABOVE MIDDLE: Arnie
McKean and Helen
Duggan ham it up.

ABOVE BOTTOM: Irene
Harris puckers.

she informed him, "I don't believe in divorce. Murder doesn't bother me at all." She smiled when she told me this and added, "It worked."

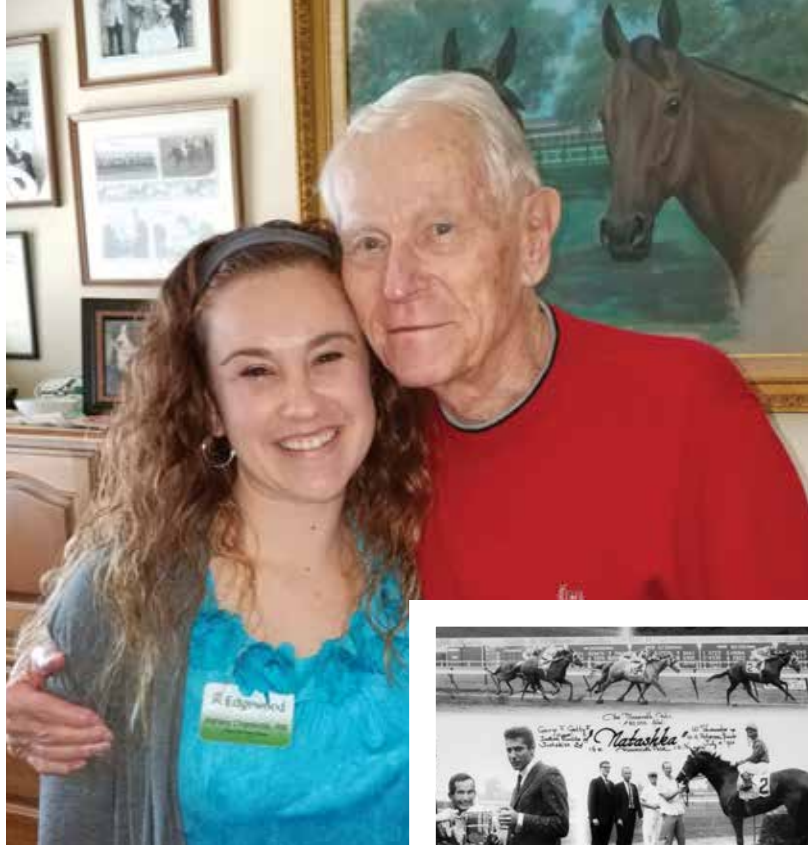
The couple said their goal in life is to be helpful to others, giving encouragement and support. This is a good place to do that. They began teaching careers but were not happy, so they started a cleaning service where they could be independent. Arnie was in the Army Reserve for twenty-five years. They have found many ways to serve others, especially here.

With pride, a sweet little lady in her wheelchair said to me, "I'll be a hundred years old in October." Her name is Alice Bledsoe. She likes to tell people she has lived in several assisted living homes and where she is now is the best of them. I teased the manager here by asking if she paid Alice to sit in the lobby and tell people that.

Alice, who has a good mind and a pleasant personality, worked for many years as a lab auditor for the J.R. Simplot Company, in addition to roles as a wife and mother. Travel has been one of her greatest joys in life, and she especially loves Hawaii.

Merle Bramhall, a proud 101 years old, looks to be in his seventies and is sharp as a tack. He'll sometimes talk about building the ALCAN Highway when he was in the US. Army Corp of Engineers during World War II. Born in 1917, he grew up in Ridgefield, Washington, and spent most of his life there working in a plywood factory. The ALCAN Highway, now called the Alaska Highway, was built as a military supply route during the war at a cost of \$140 million. At 1,220 miles long, it's the only highway connecting Alaska with Canada and the Lower Forty-Eight. Merle drove a truck during its construction, which averaged one mile per day of highway built. The truck protected him from swarms of mosquitos, which added to many difficulties everyone faced.

Pete Peterson of Renton, Washington, is an Army veteran who had a unique career as a race horse trainer. After spending three years in the



Army in Germany, he returned home and trained horses for fifty years. He handled many winners, but is especially proud of Natashka, a horse owned by J. Paul Getty's son. It won the Alabama Stakes in Saratoga Springs, New York, in 1966 and was selected the best filly in the United States. A large oil painting of this beautiful horse hangs in Pete's room. The horses he trained took him to many places, perhaps most often to Santa Anita Park in California. It's no wonder he's proud of a career he loved.

Another couple from Seattle who fell in love with Boise are Gene and Jackie Pease. In Washington, Gene worked as a purchasing agent for Boeing Aircraft. In 1973 he moved to Boise to do the same type of work for Trus Joist. Jackie has worked in offices at Boise State University, Albertsons, and the American Red Cross. Both have overcome insurmountable obstacles but they have displayed good recuperative powers. Jackie praises the sunshine she loves in Idaho.

If awards were given for those who started from the longest distance away before arriving at this facility, Margaret Lithander of Vienna,

ABOVE: RN Ashlee Checketts with Pete Peterson.

INSERT: Famed jockey Willie Shoemaker (left) with NFL star Joe Namath and a horse Pete trained, Natashka, selected as the nation's best filly in 1966.

Austria, would probably win. She met her Air Force husband in Austria during World War II. Whenever he came to town he would have her cut his hair at the salon she worked at in Vienna. They had a short engagement and married in Austria. Her wedding dress was made out of a silk parachute, because fabrics were hard to come by during that time. Her honeymoon was at sea while on a ship headed to America. The marriage lasted sixty-four years. After her husband died, Margaret was brought out from Illinois to live with family in Idaho.

Several women here have lived all over the world, as their husbands were in the military, including Gloria Waldstrom and Margaret Seely. Two others are native New Yorkers, who both say we talk funny in Idaho: Helen Duggan from the Bronx, who arrived here by way of Florida, and Barbara Sheets from Poughkeepsie, who came via California. Like others, they have children living in this state.

Marilyn Crawford is from Utah but her husband's work as an electro-magnetic engineer took the family to Brazil, India, and to many European countries. She considers Switzerland and Germany her favorites. Because of diabetes, Marilyn needs dialysis three times a week, but her positive outlook and acceptance of this discomfort are typical of the elderly among us.

A native Idahoan here is LaVonne Watson, a Meridian farm girl whose family still lives in the area. She worked for twelve years for the Hot Lunch Program in Meridian schools, mostly in management. Rosemary Baker, originally from Chicago, met and later married a handsome serviceman who occupied the seat next to hers on an airplane. A teacher who still hears from her students, she's also a self-taught artist and poet. Roberta Willis of Oklahoma is among our newest residents. She loves geckos, being in the sun, and she offers great ideas to the community service committee we both serve on.

I would be remiss to not mention Kay Gandee, a spirited lady who struggles with daily tasks, displaying courage and determination. She has had innumerable setbacks, both physically and emotionally, including the loss of both her children at early ages to tragic circumstances. Her singing voice, developed from early church choir days in Nampa, soars above everyone. Kay is loved and appreciated by all.

There are so many people in this place with interesting stories that I regret being unable to share all of them. The people I've mentioned were mostly recommended by word of mouth. I think it's unfortunate that so many articles about the elderly and assisted living homes are negative, sometimes even scary. I hope this story provides insight into good places that are available.

"I believe that being in assisted living does not mean we stop living, laughing, and loving," our activities director, Lynda Huddleston, told me. "My goal is to encourage and inspire everyone to keep being the beautiful souls they always have been. In return, I have been rewarded beyond measure. My heart is full."

With such encouragement, I think we elderly can do what the character Pickles used to say in the comics: "A wise man once said, 'You can't direct the wind—but you can adjust your sails.'" ■

The author thanks Eddie Ipsen for editing and other assistance that made it possible to complete this story.



FAR ABOVE: Margaret Lithander taking care of the flowers.

ABOVE: Residents as Hee Haw characters.

What Are They Doing in There?

Or What Is Black and White and Read All Over?*

BY STEVE CARR

For those of us who live and work in eastern Idaho and are not affiliated with the Idaho National Laboratory, what happens there (despite their claims of being an open book) has always been a riddle.

Like most, I enjoy the occasional clever riddle but I've never spent much time working out the solutions. After all, aren't the answers supposed to be printed upside down on the bottom of the same page? Despite the numerous top-secret Q clearance holders and musclebound, swat-team-front-gate-greeters, the Idaho National Lab doesn't really have a cloak-and-dagger vibe (as fun as that would be). No, it's just an accepted enigma to the locals of eastern Idaho.

For those of you on the other side of the state or beyond, "The Site" is a decades-old, imprecise yet ubiquitous term we use here to refer not only to the restricted area in the desert that houses the nuclear reactors and their affiliated business, but also, for most of us, the various offices and labs in town.

Many years ago we were asked each year to fill out forms with our parents' names and their employment. We were vaguely aware someone in authority was counting children whose parents worked at The Site. The third-grade hallway scuttlebutt had it on good authority that if we were at least fifty percent Site children we'd get chocolate milk on Fridays. (I think a

few forms were altered that year.)

When asked at recess what my dad did, I'd proclaim, "He's a doctor." Then we'd raise our brightly colored pocket tees and proudly show each other our appendix scars. One friend's father owned a clothing store. We all knew we would one day buy our letterman jackets there. My best friend's father was a chemical engineer. I didn't know that until I went to college. I'm not sure my friend knew either. If asked where his father worked, he'd simply say, "He works at The Site." We all nodded, as if knowingly.

Even today, although The Site and its affiliated firms together are the largest employers in the region, the whole shebang remains clouded in obscurity to those of us in regular-job households. Occasionally there is a modest story in the newspaper. One headline read, "Site provides vision for the future." That's rather obvious I think, no new information there.

Other times we've been riddled with more intriguing headlines. My favorite: "High speed train to arrive in Idaho Falls in ten years." As I recall, the concept train would shuttle folks to and from The Site in the desert. It's been several years since I read that article. That fast train ought to arrive any day.

Then there was the time the newspaper created a modest buzz with a report that The Site might house the nation's first private rocket

launch terminal for otherworldly destinations: from Craters of the Moon to the real Moon, how exciting. We the "UnSited" didn't cancel the high school homecoming prom in anticipation of a groundbreaking. To my knowledge there is no rocket launch site west of town today, but then I don't have a security clearance either.

The latest big news is, "Small modular nuclear reactor clears biggest hurdle yet." Apparently, construction and operation of a SMNR will bring more high-paid folks to town. I'm not in charge, but I'm thinking The Site people ought to consider leveraging this. They could sell tickets. After all, we sell out the "Monster Truck Throw Down" every year. A small reactor jumping a big hurdle, the largest hurdle ever—well, you get the picture.

The UnSited enjoy reading about growth and high-paying jobs but we've learned to not hold our collective breath. In the meantime, whatever goes on at The Site continues going on. Jobs there keep the stores and restaurants busy. What happens in the desert generally stays in the desert, but who really gives a darn as long as my friend's dad's clothing store, now run by my friend, can continue to sell letterman jackets and homecoming prom dresses for generations to come. ■

*Steve Carr, scarr@Prodigy.net
And you thought it was
"The Site" or the newspaper.

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Goodbye Cowboy Casserole

INGREDIENTS

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef	1 (1.25 oz.) packet taco seasoning	1/2 c. sour cream
1 (10 oz.) can fire-roasted diced tomatoes with green chilies	2 1/2 c. biscuit mix	1/2 c. mayonnaise
1 (4 oz.) can diced green chilies	1 3/4 c. sharp cheddar cheese, shredded, divided	1 tsp. garlic powder
1 can sweet kernel corn, well-drained	1 red or yellow bell pepper, diced	salt and freshly ground pepper, to taste,
	1/2 yellow or sweet onion, diced	(optional: crushed red pepper flakes)
	1 c. water or milk	

PREPARATION

- > Preheat oven to 350° F. Prep a 9x13-inch pan with non-stick spray.
- > Set ground beef, onion and peppers in a large pan or skillet over medium-high heat, remain on heat until meat and veggies appear cooked through. Drain off grease and set aside.
- > Stir in taco seasoning packet and salt and pepper, (with crushed red pepper, if desired), as needed.
- > Whisk together sour cream, mayonnaise, 1 cup cheddar cheese, green chiles and garlic powder in a medium bowl.
- > In a separate bowl, combine biscuit mix with 1 c. water (adding a little more water as needed) and mix together until a soft dough forms. Press dough into the bottom of prepared baking dish, then bake for 5-7 minutes, or until lightly browned.
- > Take baking dish from oven and spread beef mixture over biscuit layer, then top with layer of diced tomatoes, (and/or corn, and/or black beans, if desired). Spread sour cream mixture over tomatoes, then cover with remaining cheddar cheese.

Return baking dish to oven and cook for 30 minutes, or until warmed through.

Remove from oven, serve and inhale.

Other ingredients you can add into this dish: black beans, pepper jack cheese, chopped jalapenos.

NOTE: The elongated shadows across the yard mean Fall is in full swing. Though I love the season, it means the definite end of summer. Some may feel a bit cheated this year, since the days have been either too hot or too smoky to get to play full-steam. I know I felt gypped, like the equivalent of a bad breakup that's not our fault. Melancholy can easily beset those wishing for more camping, fishing, hiking, and time spent outdoors, which means...bring on the comfort food.

Layers of cheese, meat, and even more cheese explains why this one's been dubbed "The Ultimate Comfort Food" by several recipe sites. It's also been described as "satisfying" and "beyond delicious". Originally called the "John Wayne Casserole", this recipe has been remixed and remade over and over again. I located it under "Cattle Drive Casserole", and added a few changes of my own.

*adapted from 12Tomatoes.com

Chocolate Shortbread Comfort Cookies

INGREDIENTS AND PREPARATION

2 sticks unsalted butter, at room temp

$\frac{3}{4}$ c. light brown sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

1 c. old fashioned or quick cooking oats

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. all-purpose flour

4 oz. semisweet or bittersweet chocolate

(optional: pinch of cinnamon, to be dusted over top)

PREPARATION

- > Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Line an 8 inch by 8 inch square baking pan with parchment paper or foil, leaving some hanging over the sides.
- > Put all ingredients but the chocolate into a food processor bowl, process all until a softness and sticky dough is created.
- > Press that dough evenly into the prepared pan. Bake for approximately 25 minutes, or until a light golden brown to set. Let recipe cool completely before removing sheet of shortbread from pan.
- > Cut into squares with a large, sharp knife, and then cut each square into fun little triangles.
- > Microwave the chocolate in a microwave safe bowl for 45 seconds. Stir, and keep heating it up in 30-second intervals until the chocolate is melted and smooth.
- > Dip each triangle cookie into the chocolate, let extra drip off.
- > Place on a parchment paper-lined baking sheet and allow chocolate to harden before you serve or store it. These scrumptious cookies will last in an airtight container for up to 5 days.

NOTE: It's everything good. Dancing to Abba, rooftop serenades, riding in a Mustang while singing along to classic rock. Friday night football games where you yell your voice hoarse, walks through the neighborhood to the edge that bumps up to the farmer's field, just in time to watch the lingering sunset.

Take a bite of these, and see if you don't agree.

*adapted from handletheheat.com, originally named "Chocolate Dipped Shortbread Cookies"



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



JAMES



LEONARD BENTLEY



IDAHO FALLS GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY

5-6

GREAT PUMPKIN FESTIVAL & PORTNEUF VALLEY FARMERS MARKET, Pocatello

This two day celebration is a wonderful way to prepare for the coming holidays. Carved pumpkins will be on display throughout Old Town, and you can vote for your favorites. There will be prizes in several categories and age groups. On Saturday, the Portneuf Valley Farmers Market will move to Main Street and a variety of new vendors will be on hand with items for holiday decorating and gift giving. There will be face painting, music, food and lots of fun for the entire family! It's free, of course, and takes place from 9:00 AM to 3:00 PM in the 200 and 300 blocks of North Main Street and at the Old Town Pavilion.

Information: oldtownpocatello.com/do/events-calendar

5-6

HARVEST FESTIVAL & STREET FAIR, Emmett

One of the many blessings of a rural lifestyle is harvest time, and the 29th annual version of this event celebrates the hard work involved with growing and harvesting the area's crops. The Festival features music, movies, activities for the family, and of course, plenty of delicious food to feast on. This FREE event is full of wonderful food vendors, arts and craft vendors, and entertainment! There will be hayrides, drawings, dancing, a farmer's market, and sidewalk sales. To add to the fun, local orchards will be available for picking too!

Information: chamber@emmettidaho.com

6

ROCK, GEM & JEWELRY SALE, Idaho Falls

This is the 8th occurrence of this annual event, which is sponsored by the Idaho Falls Gem and Mineral Society. It provides folks from the community the opportunity to shop for items crafted by the members of the Society, such as unique jewelry; unusual rough and polished rocks, slabs, minerals and fossils specimens; handcrafted artisan items; gemstones; jewelry making supplies and beads. There will be no commercial vendors, just booths set up by the members of the Society. The sale takes place from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM, at the Pinecrest Event Center, 560 East Anderson Street. Admission is \$3.00, with children 12 and younger, free.

Information: bar@srv.net; or (208)524.0139



JITZE COUPEROUS



DOUG ATWOOD



CHRIS PETERS

6-7

IDAHO CITY DAYS, Idaho City

This annual fall event celebrates the past, present, and future of this little mountain town northeast of Boise. The open-air festival provides visitors of all ages and interests with the opportunity to meet a growing number of artists, crafters, antique dealers and other vendors, plus shopping opportunities with the local businesses. There is always an array of amusements, performances, wonderful food and activities for the entire family. The 2018 event will include a Fun Run, Amusements, 50/50 Raffle, Beer Garden, Street Dance, Sunday Church Services, Volunteer Firefighters Breakfast and More. Many historical buildings will be open, as well. There is genuinely something for everyone.

Information: idahocitychamber.org/2018-idaho-city-days-information.html

13-14

RAILSHOW 2018, Idaho Falls

Railroads have always been part of the scene in Idaho and the West, and here's your chance to see some of it—in miniature. You will find a building full of things relating to the trains that have plied the rails in our state. There will be multiple scale model railroads, LEGO trains, portable layouts from the Hostlers and the Rocky Mountain Hirailers, a swap meet, and commercial dealers. The Eagle Rock Railroad Historical Society model railroad layout will be displayed in basement (not handicapped accessible), as well. The show takes place in the Idaho Falls Recreation Center, 520 Memorial Drive. Hours: 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM on Saturday, and 10:00 AM to 2:00 PM on Sunday. Admission: \$4.00 per person over 10 (\$3 with food donations for local food bank), and free for those 10 and younger.

Information: errhsi@gmail.com; or (208) 681.7383

27-28

GOURD FESTIVAL, Boise

The 19th Annual Gourd Festival and Gourd Sale celebrates the beauty and versatility of hard shelled gourds and gourd art in Idaho. This year's theme is Wings, Flowers and Leaves. You will be amazed at what crafts people and artists can do with these simple fruits. There will be a Gourd Art Competition, a Silent Auction, and many Demonstrations. Gourd Tools & Art Supplies will be for sale, and Original Gourd Art will be on display and for purchase, as well as Holiday Gift Items. Included will be Make & Take Activities for kids & adults—plus much, much more. The Festival takes place at The Clubhouse Event Center, 7311 W. Potomac Drive. Admission: \$4.00, (kids 9 and under FREE!) Hours: Saturday, 9:00 AM - 5:00 PM; Sunday, 1:00 AM - 4:00 PM.

Information: idahogourdsociety.org/2018-festival

OCTOBER 2018

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

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| <p>1 Beekeeping for New-Bees: Learn the basics of beekeeping and how you can get started. Ages 18+. 6:30-7:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>1-29 Souper Supper: MONDAYS. Weekly hot meal served for Free - Open for all, St. Charles Catholic Church, Hailey</p> <p>1-29 Storytime: MONDAYS, Stories for ages 0-2. 10:30 and 11:00 AM. Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>1-29 BINGO: MONDAYS. 7:00-8:00 PM, Senior Center, Weiser</p> <p>1-31 Lincoln County Crossroads Farmers Market, Shoshone</p> <p>1-31 "Discover Steampunk": A visually stunning exhibit featuring great thinkers of the 19th century, such as Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, and Charles Babbage, and the "futuristic" innovations they envisioned. Museum of Eastern Idaho, Idaho Falls</p> <p>1-31 Scarecrow Stroll: Members and guests of all ages can join in on the fun by voting on their favorite scarecrow. 9:00 AM-7:00 PM, Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise</p> <p>2 Project LINUS: A local group that makes blankets and quilts for children in crisis in the Pocatello area. 1:00-4:00PM, First Presbyterian Church, Pocatello</p> <p>2 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa</p> <p>2 Young Readers: Ages 6-10. Book discussions and activities. Parents are welcome to attend with their child, but not required. 4-5:00pm, Book People, Moscow</p> <p>2 Art Endeavor: Interested in learning and doing more about art? All ages welcome. 4:30-6:00 PM, Public Library, Nampa</p> <p>2-31 Storytime: TUESDAYS and WEDNESDAYS, stories for ages 2-5. 10:30 AM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>3 Birding Series: Free program for experienced and novice birders alike. Tips on birds in the Boise area and beyond! Bird books and binoculars are available to borrow. 9:00-10:00 AM. Foothills Learning Center, Boise</p> <p>3 Toddler Wednesday: Children ages 2-3 with an adult are invited to explore art media related to Boise Art Museum's exhibitions. Dress for mess!</p> | <p>Free with the price of admission. Members FREE, Boise Art Museum, Boise</p> <p>3 The Club: For teens with disabilities. Music, crafts, games, movies, and more. 2:30-3:30 PM, Public Library, Nampa</p> <p>3-31 Chess Club: Meets WEDNESDAYS after school at 5:30 PM at the Community Campus, Hailey</p> <p>3-31 Music and Movement: WEDNESDAYS. Activities for ages 2-5. 11:15 AM, Public Library, Caldwell</p> <p>3-31 Story Time: WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS. Free. Books and crafts designated for children ages of 2- 4 will be available during story time. All ages are welcome. 10:30 AM- 12:30 PM, Public Library, Hailey</p> <p>4 Farmers Market: 1:00PM, Soda Springs</p> <p>4 Light the Night: This walk funds treatments that are saving the lives of patients today. Friends, families and coworkers form teams to raise money to support the mission of the Leukemia & Lymphoma Society. 7:30 PM, Cecil D. Andrus Park, Boise</p> <p>4 Gallery Walk: See art by regional and national artists, as well as to enjoy demonstrations, live music, and refreshments. 5:00-8:00 PM, downtown Idaho Falls</p> <p>4 First Thursday, 5:00 PM, Downtown Boise</p> <p>4 Evening Book Club: 6:00-7:30 PM at the Well Read Moose, 2048 N. Main, Coeur d'Alene</p> <p>4,18 Bingo Night: 6:30-9:00 PM, Lincoln County Community Center, Shoshone</p> <p>4-25 TNT for Teens: THURSDAYS. Kids 10 and up meet to play video games. 4:00-5:00 PM, Public Library, Hailey</p> <p>5-6 Harvest Festival and Street Fair, Emmett</p> <p>5-7 Fall for History Festival, Wallace</p> <p>5-7 Canyon County Fall Home Show: More than 100 companies, local professionals, home improvement specialists. Free admission and parking. Fri 5pm-9pm, Sat 11am-6pm, Sun 11am-5pm, Idaho Center, Nampa</p> <p>6 Grange Annual Chili Feed, Clearwater</p> <p>6 See Spot Walk: An Idaho Humane Society fundraiser. There will be vendors, contests, demonstrations, food and more! 9:00AM to 1:00PM, Julia Davis Park, Boise</p> <p>6 Fall Harvest Celebration: Vendor and Craft Fair, Meridian</p> |
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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:

LEAD TIME:

NEXT DEADLINE:

SEND DETAILS TO:

The fifteenth of each month.

Two issues.

October 15 for the December issue.

calendar@idahomagazine.com

- 6 Long Camp Farmer’s Market; Kamiah/Kooskia
- 6 Train Depot Open House; 12:00 Noon, Caldwell
- 6 Rock, Gem & Jewelry Sale, Idaho Falls
- 6 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. David Douglass, VP of Academic Affairs: “Status of the College”. O.J. Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 6 Walk to End Alzheimer’s: Registration: 10:00AM, Walk begins at 11:30AM, Kleiner Park, Meridian
- 6 The Great Pumpkin Festival: This new festival on Main Street features the Portneuf Valley Farmers Market, apple pie baking contest, pumpkin painting, antiques, crafts, jewelry, food, music and more. Old Town Pocatello
- 6 Wildflower Walk: Free, rain or shine. Bring appropriate outerwear, sturdy walking shoes, water, sunscreen, hat, and lunch. 8:30 AM, Sawtooth Botanical Garden, Ketchum
- 6 Eagle Rock Outlaws Fast Draw Competition: 1800’s style fast draw shooting. Free to spectators. 10 a.m.–3 p.m., 10648 N. 25th E., Idaho Falls
- 6-7 Health and Fitness Fair, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 6-7 Fall Harvest Festival: This family-friendly event celebrates the changing season with live music, food vendors, the Scarecrow Stroll, and kids’ activities. 12:00 Noon–6:00 PM, Idaho Botanical Garden, Boise
- 6-7 Annual Salmon River Fall Art Show, Riggins
- 6-7 Oktoberfest Celebration, Lava Hot Springs
- 6-7 Idaho City Days, Idaho City
- 6-27 Farmers Market; SATURDAYS. 8:00AM–1:00PM, Main Street, Moscow
- 6-27 Downtown Farmers Market: SATURDAYS, Authentic Idaho Goods, Neighborhood Nourishment, Mama’s Best Bakery, Grain and Sand, Wood River Naturals, Ballard Family Dairy and Cheese, The Wandering Wagon, Kula Kids

- Yoga, Muddy Moose and many more! 9am–1 pm, Main Street, Twin Falls
- 6-28 “Fall Flights”: FRIDAYS–SATURDAYS–SUNDAYS. Experience the majesty of raptors in free flight, witnessing the aerial prowess of a wide array of raptors. Starts promptly at 3 pm and lasts 30–45 minutes. Seating is limited. \$10 adults, \$8 seniors, \$5 youth 4–16, free to members and children 3 and younger. World Center for Birds of Prey, Boise
- 7 Soup and Song: A Challis Arts Council event, Challis
- 7 Magic Valley Symphony Concert: 4:00 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls
- 7 Porsche Car Show, The Village at Meridian, Meridian
- 9 Middle-Grade Readers: Ages 9–14. Book discussions and activities. Parents are welcome to attend with their child, but not required. 4–5:00pm, Book People, Moscow
- 9 Indianhead Flyfishers Meeting, 7:00 PM, Idaho Pizza, Weiser
- 9 Make It! Craft Club: Get crafty and make something cool to take home. Materials provided. Ages 16+. 7:00–8:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 10 Morning Book Club: 10:00–11:30 PM, at the Well Read Moose, Coeur d’Alene
- 10,24 Adulting 101: Workshops for ages 14+ which focus on the skills and resources necessary for successful adulthood. October 10: Personal Safety; October 24: Internet Safety. 6:30–7:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 10-14 Trailing of the Sheep Festival, Ketchum
- 11 Thursday Afternoon Read: Discussions of the book of the month, Ages 18+. 2:00–3:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 11-13 Book Sale, Marshall Public Library, Pocatello
- 11-14 Treasure Valley Dog Show: Free. Hours 8:00 AM–7:00 PM, Expo Idaho, Garden City

- 12 ArtWalk, 5:00-8:00 PM, Downtown, Coeur d'Alene
- 12-14, 19-21 SpookTacular: Merry-not-scary Halloween Fun-Fest! Explore the zoo at night, displays, special entertainment, activities, and a few animal encounters all designed for families. Hours are 6:00pm-9:00pm on Fridays and Saturdays and 5:30pm-8:00pm on Sundays, Zoo Boise, Boise.
- 13 Apple Tasting History Tour: Tim Steury, owner of Steury Orchards in Potlatch, will guide a historical tasting tour of a selection of some of the 160 varieties he grows, such as the Roxbury Russet, the oldest variety bred in the United States. Admission: \$15/person or \$25/Family. Contact: 208-883-7084. 1:00-3:00 PM, Hamilton Indoor Rec Center, Moscow
- 13 Eagle Saturday Market and Harvest Festival: Free and Family Friendly. Pumpkin Decorating, Live Music. 10:00 AM to 2:00 PM, Heritage Park, Eagle
- 13 Harvest Fest. Sandpoint Farmers Market closes out the season with entertainment, food booths, activities, displays at Farmin Park, Sandpoint
- 13-14 RailShow 2018, Recreation Center, Idaho Falls
- 16 Free Food Pantry: 5:50-7:30 PM, Wilcox Fresh Warehouse, Thornton
- 18 Wild and Scenic Film Festival, ISU, Pocatello
- 19 Crafter's Club: Work on your favorite project-knit, crochet, embroider, you name it-with other crafters. Ages 18+. 2:00-3:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 19 "Art of Building a Community", Karcher Mall, Nampa
- 20 Walk About Boise, 11:00 AM. Meet at the bench in front of the Basque Museum, Boise
- 20 "Paranormal Investigations": Real-life ghost stories, Panoptic Paranormal Investigators. All ages. 2:00-3:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 20 Fall Festival! Create festive Fall-themed arts and crafts, like Pumpkin painting, explore the exhibit hall and take a silly harvest photo! Meet some live reptiles in the theater with Reptile Adventures! Finally, take a fun hay ride tour on the outskirts of the water renewal facility to learn what happens when you flush: 10:15, 11:00, 11:45 and 12:30. Tours limited to first 25 people, weather-permitting. Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise
- 20 Fall Craft Mall: This is a vendor event, a fundraiser for the KJ DYW committee. Lunch from 11:00am - 2:00pm as well as pie. Get your Christmas shopping started early. 9am-2pm, Kendrick High School, Kendrick
- 20 Funtober Fest, Rec Center, Nampa
- 20 Golden Years Lifetime Expo: A Health, Activity, & Planning Expo for Baby Boomers and Seniors living in Idaho. This one-day expo is open to all ages. FREE admission for all attendees! 9:00 AM to 4:00 PM, Center Expo, Expo Idaho
- 20 Community Breakfast: Sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars District #8; \$5.00 donations, kids under 12, free. 8:00 - 11:00 AM, VFW Hall, Rexburg
- 20 Fall Craft Show: Free admission. Hours: 10am-6pm. Red Lion Hotel, Pocatello
- 20-21 October 20 & 21, 2018, Annual Show, Hells Canyon Gem Club, Lewiston
- 20-21 Treasure Valley Flea Market: You never know what you're going to find at a flea market. Bring home a new old thing to love. Sat 9am-5pm, Sun 10am-4pm. Admission: \$2; seniors \$1, children 12 and under are free. South Expo, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 21 Pumpkin Carving at Riverfront Park, Kamiah
- 21 American Legion Breakfast, Challis
- 25 Music Adventures with Paige Moore; 6:00 PM, Meridian Library District, Meridian
- 25 Home School Day: For children ages 3-12. HAYRIDE and HIBERNATORS. Take a hayride tour of the water renewal facility and explore how animals get ready for winter. Pre-registration required at least a week in advance: email BW@cityofboise.org. Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise
- 25 Trunk or Treat: Downtown Meridian becomes a festival of costumes as more than 100 businesses create mini-other worlds. Each and every one them has a treat for the kids! 6:00-9:00 PM, Downtown Meridian
- 26 Fourth Friday: Live entertainment, giveaways, local businesses, arts and crafts, family friendly activities and much more. Free admission.. Hours: 3:30pm-7:30pm. Spokane Valley Mall, Coeur d'Alene
- 26 Adult eARTHworks: Learn about the different varieties of trees represented in our beautiful city. Work with a local artist to create and fashion a handmade shadow lantern, using local leaves. Pre-Registration is required: 208-608-7300. 6:00 - 9:00 PM, Boise WaterShed, 11818 W. Joplin Road, Boise
- 26 Baked Potato Bar Dinner Fundraiser, 4:30-6:00 PM, Lake City Center, Coeur d'Alene
- 26 Trunk or Treat so KIDS CAN EAT! Fundraiser to help local schools alleviate school lunch debt. 5:00 PM, 13900 West Wainwright Drive, Ste 103, Boise
- 26-28 Boise Fall Home Show, Expo Idaho, Garden City

- 27 Boo at the Zoo: 10:00 AM-5:00 PM, Zoo Boise, Boise
- 27 Lucky Peak Dam Behind-the-Scenes Tour: An "invitation only" behind-the-scenes tour of Lucky Peak Reservoir, as guests of the Army Corps of Engineers. 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. Learn history, flood control, fish and wildlife habitat, irrigation and recreation opportunities. Wear comfortable shoes and dress for the weather. Background checks required for all participants. Pre-registration is required, \$10 per person. Light refreshments provided. Questions: (208) 608-7300 or email bw@cityofboise.org, Boise
- 27 Halloween Dodgeball Tournament, Rec Center, Nampa
- 27 Snakes, Lizards, and Spiders: Meet and greet some of our reptile and arachnid friends, courtesy of the Idaho Herpetological Society. Ages 5+. 1:00-3:00 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 27 Zoo Boo: 10:00 AM, Zoo Idaho, Pocatello
- 27 Halloween Family Concert: The Idaho State Civic Symphony brings fun and some fright with its

- annual family concert that's quite a delight. 10:00 AM - 12:00 Noon, Stephens Performing Arts Center, ISU, Pocatello
- 27-28 Idaho Gourd Society's 19th annual festival, Boise
- 27-28 Vintage Show and Artisan Market: Artisan handcrafts, antiques, handmade furniture, signs, jewelry, rustic, upcycled and reclaimed, repurposed and vintage items. Admission \$7, kids under 12 are free. Sat 9am-6pm; Sun 10am-4pm, Ford Idaho Center, Nampa
- 31 Chamber of Commerce "October Costume Contest", Kamiah
- 31 Trick-or-Treat the Old Town Streets, Old Town Pocatello
- 31 The Life Center "Trunk-or-Treat", Kamiah
- 31 Trunk or Treat: This is a big deal and fun for the whole family. Judging for best decorated trunks will be done by the Chamber of Commerce and prizes will be awarded. Trunk or Treating will begin at 6:00 at North Fremont High School, Ashton

NOVEMBER 2018

SNEAK PEEK

- 1 First Thursday, 5:00 PM, Downtown Boise
- 1 Evening Book Club: 6:00-7:30 PM at the Well Read Moose, 2048 N. Main, Coeur d'Alene
- 1-2 Youth Art: Bring your imagination and dress for a mess! Ages 6-10; Member \$12, Non-Member \$15. 11am-12pm, Rec Center, Nampa
- 2 Civic Symphony Concert: Features winners of the Young Artist Competition. 7:30-10:00 PM, Stephens Performing Arts Center, ISU Campus, Pocatello
- 2-3 Veterans Appreciation Bazaar & Raffle: 100% of proceeds go to Boise Veteran's Commission. Free hot chocolate & coffee. 3-8pm Friday, 9-4pm Saturday. Elks Lodge, 6608 W. Fairview Ave, Boise
- 2-4 Ski & Snowboard Swap: Admission: Friday - \$5.00; Saturday - \$3.00; Sunday - free with canned food donation (for the Boise Rescue Mission) \$3.00 without a donation. Friday, 3 pm-10 pm; Saturday, 10 am - 8 pm; Sunday, 10 am- 3 pm. Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 3 "Christmas In the Pines": Arts & Craft Show and Soup Kitchen, Winchester
- 3 29th Annual Craft Fair, Harpster
- 3 Museum Work Day: 8:00AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Dr. Eric Yensen, "Why Rodents Matter: Ecological Roles of Shrub-Steppe Rodents". Location: the O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 6 Project LINUS: A local group that makes blankets and quilts for children in crisis. 1:00-4:00PM, First

- Presbyterian Church, Pocatello
- 6 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10:00-12:00 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Free coffee and breakfast treats. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 7 Birding Series: Free program. Tips on birds in the Boise area and beyond! Bird books and binoculars are available to borrow. 9:00-10:00 AM. Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 7 Sunset Lecture, "Birding Ghana": Ornithologist Terry Rich will cover not only the birds but the fascinating landscapes and people of Ghana. Free. 7:00-10:00 PM, Foothills Learning Center, Boise
- 9 Veteran's Day Memorial Ceremony: Patriotic music, laying of wreaths, local veterans honored, 21 gun salute and taps. 12:00 Noon, Madison High School Gymnasium, Rexburg.
- 10 Daughters of the Nile Fashion Show, 11:00 AM, El Korah Shrine, Boise
- 10 Kids Discovery Expo: Children explore, create and discover through hands-on exhibits. Activities for ages 0-13 include petting zoo, jump house, sports activities, face painting, bubble soccer and more. Admission \$3. Kids 12 & Under Free. Cash Only. Sat 9-3pm, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 10-11 Treasure Valley Flea Market: Sat 9am-5pm, Sun 10am-4pm. Admission:\$2; seniors \$1, children 12 and under are free. Expo Idaho, Garden City



Bruce Bash

has had articles, stories, rebuses, and poems published in more than three dozen magazines. A transplant from Ohio, he earned a Range Resources degree from the University of Idaho and bounced around several western states before settling in Idaho Falls. He and his wife Mary enjoy the outdoors, especially with their grandchildren.



Diana Braskich

has lived in Idaho her entire life. A mother, student, and aspiring writer, she is prone to fits of nostalgia and is surprisingly indoorsy for an Idaho native, preferring superhero movies, outdated sitcoms, and books of all shapes and sizes to outdoor recreation. She lives with her family in Coeur d'Alene.



Rowan Brown

worked in Idaho the summer of

2018 and hopes to return as soon as she can. She's now a senior at the South Carolina Governor's School for the Arts and Humanities, where she studies writing.



Susan Hatch

is an award-winning writer of short stories and upmarket fiction. She recently completed her first novel and is currently making plans for her next. She makes her home in Twin Falls along the Snake River Canyon which, to her, is the perfect venue for a developing artist.



Max Jenkins

holds degrees in pharmacy and law and is retired from a business career that included the vice presidency of marketing for a nationwide wholesaler and CEO and president of a Nasdaq-listed company in New York. He also was the non-paid executive director of the Rochester, New York, Habitat for Humanity affiliate for six years. Max lives in Meridian.



Dan Noakes

is an animator by trade who runs an animation shop called Motifize in McCall with his wife Michelle. He creates animated videos for businesses of all kinds.



Les Tanner

is shown here with his late wife, Ruby, to whom he was married for more than sixty years, and who also was on the staff of *IDAHO magazine*. When Les, a retired teacher, isn't proofreading, working on the magazine's calendar, fishing, writing, playing pickleball, or pulling weeds, he's out looking for Jimmy the cat.



Mary Terra-Berns

is a freelance writer and biologist with a Masters degree in fish and wildlife sciences. She has worked with rare species such

as wolverines, Canada lynx, red-cockaded woodpeckers, and many not-so-rare species. An Idaho native, Mary enjoys hiking, fly-fishing, running, skiing, snow shoeing, and traveling.



Kitty Widner

is a retired teacher, counselor, director of parent education, and adjunct professor, with degrees from Boise State University, College of Idaho, and Brigham Young University. Kitty now paints, gardens, reads, writes, and enjoys her family and friends.



IDAHO magazine

- Connects you to eyewitnesses to our history.
- Provides a jumping-off point for research.
- Gives thought-provoking views of our heritage.
- Explains background to events you may have missed.
- Demonstrates who we are and where we are going.

Find out why teachers, students, writers, photographers and historians get involved with what we are doing.

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