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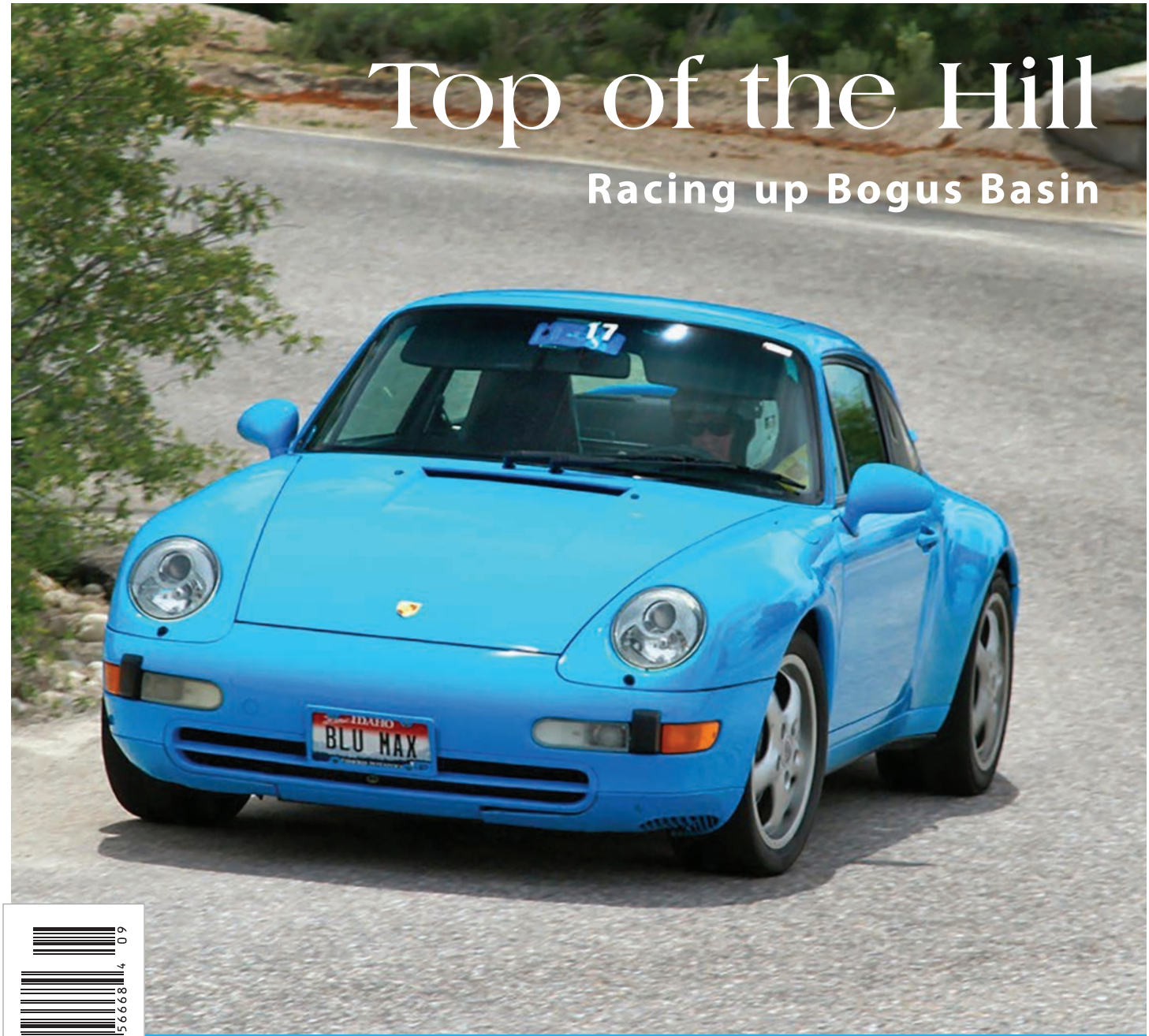

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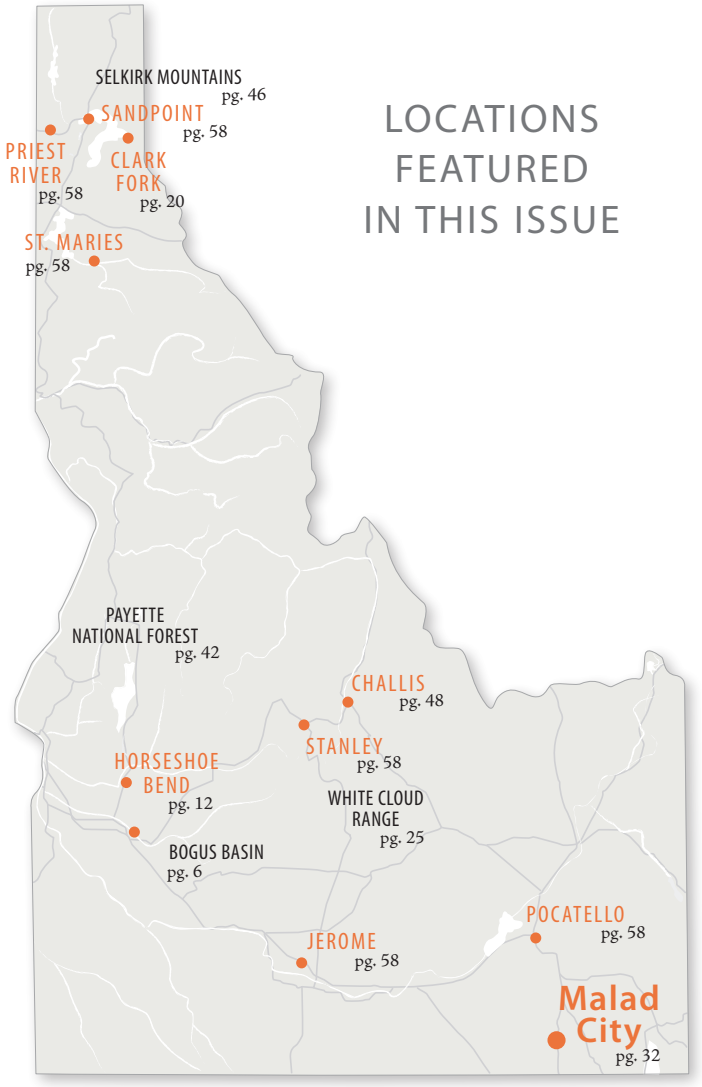
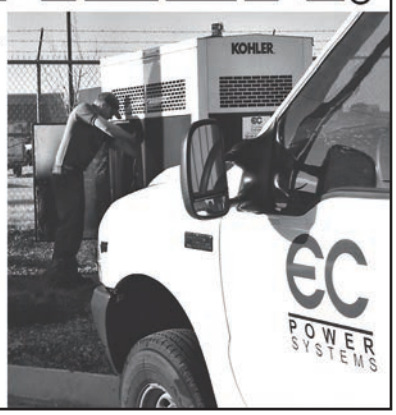


COVER PHOTO

Kitty Fleischman takes her Porsche around a corner during the June 2016 Bogus Basin Bacchanalia.

Photo by Gary Gelson.



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In the early Seventies, when the Perrine Bridge was a work in progress.

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Kenneth Upton I was the superintendent on this bridge. It brings back a lot of memories.

DANA JACOBSEN

Top of the Hill

Racing the Ghosts on the Corners

BY KITTY DELOREY FLEISCHMAN

There's just something about cars and speed. It's always been part of my psyche. I liked it when Dad drove, because he'd pass other cars.

Mom almost never passed anyone—even on two-lane roads before the days of Interstates. When Dad would pass, she'd draw in her breath and say, "Oh, Don," and gently touch his forearm. I never saw Dad do anything unsafe or impatient, so I had no qualms when he was at the wheel.

My own fascination with driving fast started in drivers' ed in 1964 when Mr. Heim, our instructor, would allow me to drive only in second gear the entire time, telling me I had a lead foot. My daughter called me a lead-foot too, although I rarely had cars with enough power to challenge the speed limits, and many of my roads were dirt or gravel, which didn't lend themselves to much speed.

All of that changed around 1988 after I'd been diagnosed with polycythemia vera, a chronic leukemia that was considered incurable. Apparently I'd had it for some time when it was caught before a blood donation. Looking at the sample under the microscope, the nurse said, "It looks funny." That simple statement led to months of tests through my family doc and specialists, who tried to find out why it looked funny. Chasing up a lot of dead ends, they finally figured it out, and I was the first patient with polycythemia vera diagnosed in

ABOVE: The author on Bogus Basin's Sky Corner.

Idaho. For several years, it was treated with phlebotomies, where blood is drawn off to remove the extra cells, then is discarded. (One of the nurses gave me a wink and told me it had her roses thriving.) As the blood was drawn off, however, my marrow decided I needed yet more red blood cells and started making them even faster. By the time my blood looked like bad motor oil, thick and gunky, my doctor wanted to give me chemo, adding that an extremely high dosage was required, which wouldn't cure it, but would slow down the progression of the disease—once. I refused, preferring quality of life over quantity. (Interestingly, later research suggested that the disease does not mutate to acute leukemia, but that chemotherapy may cause the mutation.)

Life went along for more than a year with the doctor telling me that he didn't know how long I had left, but if there were things I wanted to do, to do them now, as he could guarantee I'd never see fifty.

One day as Gerry and I were going for an anniversary lunch, we saw a little red '67 Porsche on the corner of 27th and Main in Boise with a "For Sale" sign on the windshield. "Mark it SOLD!" Gerry didn't quite share my enthusiasm, but it was exactly what I never knew I wanted, yet did. Whatever I was thinking, somehow we were able to spread the cost over three credit cards, and it was mine.

A friend owned an auto accessories shop, and he suggested I go up to watch the Bogus Basin Bacchanalia (BBB), an annual event when the Silver Sage Porsche Club runs the hill at Bogus Basin. I didn't really want to go, but he talked us into it. Sitting in our lawn chairs in a corner of the parking lot, I knew it was exactly what I wanted to do.

Gerry said I couldn't do a hillclimb unless I learned to autocross, and I definitely didn't want to do that. Those are the races with a bazillion cones in a parking lot, and you have to find your way through the cones to the finish line. But I did want to do the hillclimb, so I determined to do it.

After I refused the chemo, Beverly Mountain, who raced with us in the Porsche Club, told me about seeing an article in *Family Circle* magazine about someone who researched clinical studies on various cancers. That lead took me to a clinical study at Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle using interferon, and I became part of that study. Within weeks, polycythemia vera started to seem like more

KNOWLES GALLERY

STACEY KEMPER

of an annoyance than a death sentence. But the medication turned my brain into Swiss cheese, and I didn't know how I could ever find my way through the cones. Eventually I did decide to do it, testing the patience of everyone, and my first autocross was at Sun Valley. I was being coached by Henry Watts, who wrote the book, *Solo Racing.* We both thought my little twenty-five-year-old car was pretty special, and I came in third place against an astonished group of veteran drivers from Salt Lake City.

But the interferon treatments began to feel brutal. Injections with the *E. coli* witches' brew three times weekly were taking their toll. Some days I felt lost in a fog, although I got through the summer promising myself little rewards along the way: an autocross, a swim at Idaho City, a movie pick, a nap on Saturdays, a ride on a sunny Sunday afternoon.

I raced as often as possible, surprising myself as I flew through the cones, looking to get faster with each run. I always did well. To someone standing back and watching, it may not look like the cars are going very fast, but when you start going around 90-degree, or sharper, corners at 35 mph, it feels like you're whipping along at top speed. My little red car was dubbed Lillian Redrocket Fleischman, and we had a number of great races together.

Meanwhile, my blood counts went back down to normal and I adjusted to life on interferon. The disease went into remission and never came back. Twenty-plus years later, interferon is the preferred treatment for it.

The first time I drove Bogus Basin was 1993, a few years after being diagnosed with "incurable" leukemia. I set a new Porsche record for my class on the hill, and was over the moon. My dad had flown out from Michigan to be there, and he'd spent the pre-race hours begging me not to do the race. Once I'd done the first run and had the new record, Dad was more at ease, and he jumped up and down cheering at the top

ABOVE: Sunrise near Bogus Basin.

INSET: Kitty with her 2016 BBB Queen of the Hill trophy.

of the hill as I drove up.

We've done a lot of autocrosses since that first one in 1993, and I've done a lot of hillclimbs along the way. In 1996 I had a chance to get my dream car, a Riviera Blue Porsche 993 ("swimming pool blue" is the easiest way to describe it) that I call BLU MAX.

Weeks after the Boise Parade in 2002, BLU MAX and I were T-boned at the corner of 10th and Jefferson by a kid running a red light at high speed in a car that belonged to a "friend of a friend." We were spun backward, knocked across three lanes, and ended up thirty feet beyond the intersection. It was fortunate his car couldn't be moved, because he had tried to flee the scene. My heart was breaking, but BLU MAX and I kept driving together until an ongoing parade of heart problems took me off the hill in 2006.

In September 2013, I had a crushed vertebrae and was paralyzed for about eight days before the doctors decided to do surgery. For more than a year, I couldn't even operate the clutch. In October 2014, I had a heart attack, and in October 2015, I had open-heart surgery to replace the bad aortic valve. BLU MAX and I had both been through a lot, and I thought our racing days were finished. But I completed cardio rehabilitation this spring and was feeling great again, except for gout that attacked my feet and won't seem to go away. The cardio therapy team told me I had another good ten years. What kind of years would they be without racing? Reading about the upcoming Bogus Basin Bacchanalia, I began to get the urge to drive again, and Gerry, as he always does, backed me up.

Bogus in 2016 marked my thirtieth race at the hill, but it was the first time since 2006. Ten years is a lot of rust to overcome. I needed help to get into my five-point harnesses—although I was so slow, I probably didn't even need them. Gerry had bought the five-point belts for me for the Teton Hillclimb in 1998 when I'd gotten to where I couldn't snap the regular inertia seat belt tight enough to hold on corners, and I loved them. With the belts snugging me into the seat, I was Queen of the Hill at the Teton Hillclimb that year.

At BBB this year, a slender, handsome young man walked up to me, stretched out his hand, and introduced himself. As a sixty-eight-year-old great-grandmother, that in itself was a thrill, but then he said, "It's great to see you here. When I was a little kid, I used to come up here to watch the race, and I loved to watch you race in BLU MAX. Then for years you weren't here, and I was disappointed. I'm so glad you're back. This is like the return of a legend." It really doesn't get any better than that.

My first few runs were extremely shaky, and I could hear my little racing teddy bear laughing at me and taunting me from the back seat. I couldn't have that, so I got on it a little harder with each run. As I sat at the bottom of the hill, waiting for my signal to go, I again felt the same old excitement.

The signal comes, I dump the clutch, and I'm off. Corner 1, Deer Point, is a simple hairpin. Corner 2, the Wall, is an inside

GARY GELSON

ABOVE: Gerry Fleischman, the author's husband, steps on the gas during the hillclimb.

corner with a wall of rock on the outside of the turn. Here you'll want to stay a little bit away from the fastest route and give yourself some slack. Corner 3, Horseshoe, is another simple hairpin, and you're off for Corner 4, the Esses. Corner 4 is probably the most deceptive one on the course. It looks like nothing, but you can get your car sashaying back and forth until you're in a spin. I've done it. So have lots of others, and it happens before you know it's coming.

Corner 5, Sky Corner, might be the most visually intimidating, but it's not that hard to drive. It's the longest straightaway on the course, so you're carrying the most speed into the corner and as you go up to it, all you see is sky. You have to trust that the road is still there. It's steep getting out, so you downshift and are off for Corner 6, The Rocks, another tricky one. If the road was about a foot wider, you could almost go straight through. But it isn't, and you'd better give it due respect. More than one car has gone off that edge or crashed into the rocks for which the corner is named. Corner 7 is Silver Queen, a decreasing-radius corner that gets tighter as you go into it. With a rear-engine Porsche, you can't lift in the corner. If you go in too fast, you just keep your foot in it and keep going.

As I was starting to get fast, I once went into Corner 7 with too much speed and found myself drifting toward the edge. I kept telling myself out loud, "Don't let up . . . don't let up . . . don't let up," as every fiber of my being wanted to let up and hit the brakes. I kept my foot in it, though, and didn't let up, brought it back on the right line, and took it around Corner 8, Caretaker Corner. Woo-hooo!

My final time in 2016 was sixteen seconds slower than my best-ever time, but I was happy to have improved by almost eight seconds over the course of the day. And it was quick enough to bring home the Queen of the Hill trophy for the fastest women's time.

I'll be out autocrossing again this year, and if I can, I'll be back for 2017—despite the ghosts on the corners. Over the years, I spun out once in Corner 4 and once almost went off the edge at Corner 7.

Thanks to everyone who helped me get sticky tires this year at the eleventh hour, thanks for all of the kindness and encouragement from everybody on the hill. Thanks especially to Gerry for letting me know he still believed in me to get to the top and, as always, for making me laugh. When I was grousing about my times, he pointed out that I was the only one on the hill with racing numbers AND a handicap placard on my car. ■

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IDAHO TOURISM

OVER **HORSESHOE BEND** IN A **SAILPLANE**

BY PETER D. MCQUADE

The man standing on the front-porch steps of the saloon pointed toward a dirt road that snaked along a creek bed before rising out of sight behind a towering sagebrush hill. "Up there, a mile or so. That's where them glider guys have their setup."

Dad and Mom thanked him and the four of us piled into the family car and backed out of the parking lot bordering Idaho Highway 55. My brother Will smiled eagerly. I knew his heart was pounding as hard as mine was. In June of 1968, he was thirteen, I'd just turned fourteen, and we were about to take our second glider-flying lesson. The first had been six months earlier at Bradley Field, a private-plane airport in Garden

ARING

BENJAMIN CHODROFF

City. It had been an "orientation" flight, each of us getting his own fifteen-minute, up-and-down flight in the front seat of a two-seat Schweizer SGU 22-2E utility/training glider with Dean Wilson, a seasoned instructor pilot, crop-duster, airplane builder, and restoration expert of antique aircraft [see, "When Dreams Take Wing," by Kitty Fleischman, *IDAHO magazine*, June 2002].

That brief experience had fired our imaginations and made us crave more. We imagined soaring high among the clouds for hours, riding the powerful updrafts called thermals to great heights, just like in the magazines. So after graduating from eighth grade at the end of May, I called Mr. Wilson.

"How about this Saturday, around noon?" he said, in an easy-going Northwestern drawl. "That would be great, thanks." I could hardly contain my excitement.

"It'll be in Horseshoe Bend. I'll be giving lessons there that day. You'll see the airstrip from the highway."

Now here we were, our car climbing to the hilltop. We rounded a bend, and there it was: a narrow strip of bulldozed dirt hugging the slope, not much wider than a two-lane road. There were no structures of any kind. At the north end, the ground dropped sharply away into the valley cut by a tree-lined creek. Were it not for the three aircraft perched tentatively at the far end, near a small

ABOVE: A sailplane aloft.

OPPOSITE: Payette River and the canyon near Horseshoe Bend.

ABOVE: A sailplane gets a tow from a biplane.

group of people, no one could have imagined this was an airfield.

Two of the aircraft were gliders, or more poetically, "sailplanes." One was a Schweizer 1-26B, a sleek white-and-red single-seater, low to the ground on a short unicycle-type wheel. One tip of the forty-foot wingspan was raised a few feet in the air while the other rested on the ground, weighted down by an old tire. The top of its bulbous cockpit canopy was not much higher than my waist. Behind the 1-26 was the boxy, high-winged two-seater Schweizer that Will and I had ridden the previous autumn. Standing behind them was a large white biplane, a World War II-era trainer with a hulking radial piston engine and shiny metal propeller. We instantly recognized it as Dean's WACO (an acronym pronounced "Wah-ko" that originally stood for the Weaver Aircraft Company of Ohio) UMF, an airplane type often used for crop-dusting. This one's job was to tow the sailplanes off the ground on the end of a two-hundred-foot rope, lugging them to majestic heights.

The late spring sky was dappled with high, watery-gray clouds amid patches of almost-summer blue. The tow pilot, Carol Jarvis, was inspecting some detail of the WACO. An athletically built man with dark hair and dressed in a plaid shirt, blue jeans, and cowboy boots, he could have passed for either a cowhand or a movie star. Finishing his inspection, he raised a boot onto the lower wing's walkway, hoisted himself over the side of the open cockpit and settled in, as though in a stallion's saddle. A few minutes later, he called out, "Clear!" With a groan, a cough, and a belch of smoke, the engine caught and soon settled into a guttural, sputtering idle.

A young fellow had just strapped himself into the single-seat 1-26 sailplane. He told us he had recently flown his first solo and was eager to accumulate more flight time. He pulled the hinged canopy down and locked himself in. The WACO gingerly rumbled and waddled its way along the dirt runway, pulling the slack out of the tow-rope that lay in serpentine folds on the ground. A boy

raised the right wingtip waist high. Standing next to us, the tall, slender, wavy-haired Dean observed the proceedings with quiet contemplation.

At the sailplane's tail, the rudder wagged back and forth, signaling that the pilot was ready. The WACO's rudder replied and its engine erupted into a full-bellied roar. A small whirlwind of brown dust blew back towards the sailplane, which began moving as the wingtip runner walked, then trotted, then ran. Finally, he let go. After a hundred yards, the wings grabbed the air and the 1-26 rose from the dirt and skimmed along, a few feet high. The tow plane was still earth-borne, straining toward its higher takeoff speed.

Finally, the WACO 's nose rose and both aircraft were airborne. A moment later they were out over the valley, clawing for altitude. The plan was to fly in a large racetrack pattern until they reached two thousand feet in altitude. Then the sailplane pilot would release his end of the towline and fly free while the WACO would turn and dive away, trailing the flailing tow-rope, and return to the airstrip, where it would drop the rope before coming around again for a landing.

After a minute or so, with airplane and glider barely five hundred feet up, the glider suddenly nosed down a little and abruptly turned to the right. The now-free end of the rope shot forward, waving like an angry snake. The sailplane began to circle, its wings banking steeply.

"What's wrong?" someone gasped.

"I don't think the rope broke," Dean said. "Maybe he found a thermal already." He paused. "He's pretty low for that."

The 1-26 gained a little height. The circling tightened as the pilot struggled against gravity. Then the sailplane began gliding in a shallow downward spiral.

"He's too low to make it back to the runway," Dean said.

The pilot's options were rapidly disappearing. Landing in the tree-strewn canyon below would be a catastrophe. The surrounding rugged hills weren't much better. There was no place to land in the town of Horseshoe Bend, if he could even reach it.

The young pilot kept his wits and picked the only sensible choice—a short stretch of hillside that was somewhat smooth but sloped, resembling a tilted tabletop covered with wild grass and sagebrush. Not much larger than a football field, it lay a half mile away, on the far side of the creek canyon.

Dean watched the 1-26 line up for its landing, which would be running up the slope. The pilot had to get it right the first time. If he misjudged the touchdown point, he'd either plow into the rougher uphill area or hit short and slide backward into the canyon. Even the "smooth" area might be hiding glider-smashing rocks or ruts in its tall grass. With impressive skill, the pilot set the 1-26 down at just the right point and the sailplane bumped and rolled a short distance, caught a wingtip on the grass, and slid to a stop.

Finally, the canopy opened and the pilot emerged, unhurt. We all sighed. The sailplane also appeared to be undamaged. Now Dean faced a quandary. Although the pilot could easily hike back across the canyon, getting the 1-26 back was another matter.

Carol set the WACO down on the airstrip, taxied over, and shut down the engine. Dean met him and they conversed, Carol still sitting in the open cockpit, his goggles resting atop his head. Soon they switched places and Dean fired up the WACO and took off. Carol joined us and explained, "He's going to see if he can land over there."

"And tow the glider out?" one of the helpers asked.

"Yeah."

We were stunned. That slanted field was even less hospitable to the faster, heavier WACO than to the lightweight glider. Furthermore, the 1-26 was already occupying part of the scanty landing space. I couldn't even envision what a successful landing might look like.

The WACO's roaring echoes chased themselves back and forth through the canyon as Dean swooped down and buzzed the sloped field, a few feet high, peering over the side of the cockpit, sizing up the landscape and searching for rocks and other hazards. With a crop-duster's precision, he banked into a tight wingover and skimmed the field again from the other direction, charging downhill, scanning the scene like a professional golfer studying the green before attempting the tournament-deciding putt.

After another pass, Dean lined up with the field, the old biplane slowing to just above stall speed, the engine throttled back to a low hum. He cleared the canyon wall and the floating three-point landing was so smooth, only the sudden slowing indicated the airplane had touched down. He braked to a stop just before running out of room, pulled up next to the sailplane and shut down the engine. Carol Jarvis nodded at us then set out on foot, carrying a coiled

PEG OWEN, IDAHO TOURISM

ABOVE: Landscape near where the author took his glider piloting lesson.

length of much-shorter tow-rope.

A short time later, the scene was set. The WACO sat idling, Carol now at the controls, abreast of the sailplane, both backed up to the farthest uphill reach of the tiny field. The student pilot was holding the 1-26's wingtip. I held my breath. Mom squeezed Dad's hand.

The glider's rudder wagged, and several heartbeats later, the canyon erupted with the WACO's full-throttled roar. Nothing moved. When the reverberating thunder had become almost deafening, Carol released the brakes and accelerated. When the slackened rope pulled tight, the pair of aircraft slid downhill as one, like a piece of ice slipping down a rooftop. In no time, the WACO dropped off the edge and dove toward the bottom of the canyon as the glider sling-shotted along the field, rushing toward the abyss. Just before it reached the edge, it rose from the weeds and was airborne, with Dean at the controls.

The WACO reached flying speed and leveled off. They followed the creek toward Horseshoe Bend, slowly gaining height. Ten minutes later, both aircraft were parked at the airstrip. The student pilot soon joined us, having hiked back. He, Dean, and Carol exchanged handshakes and broad smiles. The young pilot meekly admitted that early in the tow he had been fooled by what he thought was an irresistibly strong thermal. It was just a gust of wind. No words of reprimand parted Dean's lips. He just seemed glad no one was hurt and both aircraft were back safely. Time to get back to work.

He approached us. "Well," he said calmly, "who wants the first lesson?"

I stood open-mouthed, expecting some momentous ceremony to mark the drama we'd just witnessed. Surely nobody would be emotionally prepared to fly now. Will, with his characteristic fearlessness, immediately raised his hand. Mom looked like she was about to protest, but then clasped her hands and mouthed, "All right." Dad's eyebrows were raised in his expression of, "I won't stop you."

"Okay," Dean replied, "let's push the 2-22 over here." Carol headed back to the WACO. The helpers wrestled the 1-26 off to the side of the strip.

Soon Will was strapped into the narrow front seat and Dean had settled into the higher back seat, just under the high-set, strut-braced wing. The canopy closed with a drum-like thrrrump that echoed in the glider's taut fabric skin. Will tried out the control stick and rudder pedals, pushing them back and forth. A few minutes later, the 2-22 was being dragged down the airstrip by the WACO. Then they were airborne.

Several minutes later, the sailplane released and turned away, slowing to its 40 mph cruise speed. They flew in a succession of straight lines and turns, some for a full circle or more. After only about fifteen minutes of gliding, they landed and rolled to a stop, one wingtip gently settling to the ground. The canopy opened and Will clambered out. Though it had been a short flight, you couldn't tell it from the width of his grin.

"Okay, your turn," Dean called to me from the cockpit.

A few minutes later, the canopy closed over my head as the helper connected the tow-rope's ring to the hook under the 2-22's nose, a few feet in front of me. The shoulder harnesses and seat belt were cinched tightly across my lanky frame, making it hard to move. The instrument panel was spare. Just six instruments: airspeed indicator, altimeter, clock, compass, variometer (for indicating whether the sailplane was descending in a glide or ascending in a thermal) and a vertical speed indicator, to give the rate of descent or ascent. There were no engine instruments, no electrical system, no radio or lights, and no blind-flying instruments. This glider was for daylight flying in good weather only. Basic, lightweight simplicity of flight. Like a hawk.

My pulse pounded in my ears as I sat contemplating the incident with the 1-26. Will looked at me like, "What's taking so long?" Dean spoke softly, "Ready?"

Finally, I jammed the left rudder pedal and then the right one, and repeated the see-saw motion. Seventy yards ahead, the WACO's rudder replied. I clenched the control stick in a death grip as we began to move.

"Hold it steady . . . right there," Dean said, easing his interconnected stick to just the right position. "Not so tight. Relax."

I glanced out to the side. The tip runner was no longer there. The sailplane's single rear tire rumbled and moaned in

D. MILLER

ABOVE: A later model by the same maker of the sailplane the author first flew.

its open well, just below and behind Dean's seat. "Keep the wings level. Watch the airspeed. When we get to 45, pull back on the stick a little to break ground. Then level off. That'll reduce our drag and help the tow plane get up to speed."

We were airborne. Just when I thought the WACO was about to run out of runway, daylight appeared beneath its wheels. "Just follow him," Dean said. "Stay in just this position relative to him." We passed by the little field where he had rescued the 1-26. "Keep your eye on the tow plane."

We followed the biplane in a wide arc to the left as we strove for speed and altitude. The 75 mph wind rushing over the wings and around the fuselage drowned out the roar of the engine at the other end of the rope, which now hung with a slight bow in the middle.

"That's just right," Dean said. "Don't turn inside him or it'll slacken the line too much."

We climbed into the sky, the hilltops sliding along below. We could now see the silver sweeping hook of the Payette River that gave Horseshoe Bend its name. The Boise Ridge stood eight miles to the east, its peaks high above our altitude.

"Check the altimeter," he said. "We're almost at two thousand feet."

A moment later, I pulled hard on the bright-red knob below the instrument panel. A startling bang rattled the cockpit and the end of the tow-rope shot forward. We banked to the right and climbed to slow down, as the WACO turned left and swooped downward. In front of me, the airspeed indicator needle quickly wound down to 40 mph and the air noise settled to that inside a car on the highway. The ground below us seemed to have come to a standstill, as though we were hanging in midair.

"Okay," he said. "Let's try a circle to the right."

Just as with Will's flight, there was no thermal or soaring to great heights. Instead, we slowly, steadily descended for a total flight time of about a quarter hour. Nevertheless, the exhilarating sensations of silent, floating flight provided their own subtler thrill. We landed long before I was ready for it to be over. As we prepared to leave, we settled accounts with Dean: five dollars each—a jaw-dropping bargain, even in those days.

We returned to the dirt airstrip three more times that summer. On my second flight there, raindrops pelted the windshield as we passed through a small storm cell. The 2-22 had no windshield wipers, so we momentarily flew with a blurry view of earth and sky until the wind blew the streaks away. As we circled to gain altitude in a small, weak thermal, Dean tapped my shoulder and pointed.

"We've got company."

Not far above us, a red-tailed hawk was working the same thermal, its majestic wings spread proudly as it wheeled in soaring formation with us, eyeing us warily. The anemic thermal didn't take us very high, and we were back on the ground after about twenty-five minutes.

The same day, after releasing a sailplane, Carol Jarvis put on a spectacular display of aerial acrobatics, looping and rolling the WACO through the sky, to the delight of everyone on the ground.

So far, the flying lessons had been fascinating and challenging but consisted mainly of gentle maneuvers while gliding down from tow-release altitude. Neither Will nor I had yet experienced our dream of real soaring in a big thermal.

On the fourth outing at Horseshoe Bend, it happened, in sun-drenched skies dotted with cotton-ball clouds. A few minutes after release, I felt a momentary upward bump that made my stomach tingle. Then smooth air. We turned to the right. Another bump.

"Tighten the circle," Dean said.

A minute later, we had hitched onto a monster thermal that shoved the 2-22 upward like the express elevator in a skyscraper. The vertical speed indicator said we were climbing at nearly a thousand feet per minute. We banked over hard, turning tightly to stay in the narrow, bumpy column of lift. Soon we were at a giddy height, the dirt airstrip below appearing as a tiny scratch on the hillside.

"A great day for soaring!" Dean said. "You're doing a good job. Keep your airspeed up. With lift like this, we can fly for hours."

I battled with my nagging thoughts and finally yelled over my shoulder, "I'm sorry, but I have to get home soon, for my driver's training lesson."

"Are you sure?"

No, I wasn't sure. But my conscience tugged at me. Duty called. "Yes, I'm sure." More than half of me wished I'd kept my mouth shut.

He chuckled. "All right, then. We've got to kill off a lot of altitude, so let's do some aerobatics, okay?"

The most exhilarating of our maneuvers was a whip stall. It began with a dive to gain speed, then a pull-up into a vertical climb. I was lying on the seatback, my toes pointing to the sky. As we slowed, the airspeed indicator wound down toward zero and then unnervingly into the realm of negative airspeed as the 2-22 began a tail slide. Dean held the stick firmly back and the glider's nose suddenly snapped downward so we were staring straight at the ground. As we hung motionless, I shuddered at the thought I might somehow tumble through the windshield. We began a headlong rush toward the earth, the air noise winding up to a shrill whine.

"We've got to pull up carefully," he said. "And we can't exceed 90 miles an hour—placard speed."

Edging up on that forbidden speed added a surge of adrenaline to an already overwhelming moment. As we pulled up against the vice-like press of g-force, I thought my backside might punch right through the seat. My face was distorted, and talking was a strain. An involuntary groan was all I could manage. We slowly returned to level flight and to our serene 40 mph cruise.

Ninety minutes later, I was behind the wheel of a driver's training car, plodding along a sleepy, tree-shadowed street in Boise's North End. But my heart was still thousands of feet above the hills of Horseshoe Bend, circling tightly in the turbulence of the great thermal, playing among the clouds and soaring with the hawks.

For many years afterward, the remnants of the bulldozed strip that had once been an airfield were still visible from a rerouted Highway 55. It has since given way to a housing development.

Dean Wilson, renowned pilot, flying instructor to many, and designer of famous airplanes like the Eagle Aircraft DW.1 crop duster and the award-winning Avid Flyer light kit-plane, lives with his wife Rose in Clarkston, Washington. Even now, at the age of eighty, he's building a new plane of his own design for a customer. In 2014, he was inducted into the Idaho Aviation Hall of Fame. The Schweizer SGU 2-22E that we flew, known to the FAA as N9943J and now a half-century old, has changed owners, probably several times.

The trusty old bird is still alive and flying in Texas. ■

COURTESY OF CLARK FORK JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

ABOVE: Clark Fork student Evan Howland-Goodwin works on a chalkboard during a field trip.

The Learning Track

A Tiny School Does "Something Crazy"

BY MIKE TURNLUND

Bonner County in northern Idaho still has not fully recovered from the Great Recession of December 2007 to June 2009, and in the small town of Clark Fork, the school was hit hard.

Clark Fork Junior-Senior High School (CFHS), which combines grades seven through twelve, had 140 students in 2005 but just eighty-four students ten years later, a level not seen since the 1950s. Last year, the school might have mustered 110 students if all of them showed up on picture day, but typically for rural Idaho schools, a significant minority of the student population is transient. CFHS's population waxes and wanes, generally because of the same social factor that plagues much of non-urban Idaho: joblessness.

The teaching staff has been trimmed to the absolute minimum of

eight-and-a-half. In 2016 the school graduated thirteen seniors, a fairly typical number. The boys play eight-man football rather than the usual eleven-man sport, because the school couldn't field a traditional-sized football team if it wanted to. The track team might fill a dozen pairs of cleats in a typical season, urged on by the school's Wampus Cat mascot, a legendary creature associated with the American Deep South more often than the Northern Rockies. During evening football games, when early snow frosts the neighboring heights and the moon is full, the school's natural beauty borders on the sublime. But a gorgeous environment does little to generate good-paying jobs.

Clark Fork is named for a river that mostly flows in the neighboring state of Montana, reaching Idaho only in the last few miles of its course before it fills the beautiful Lake Pend Oreille. The river's mouth lies near the little town that shares its name. As a community, Clark Fork is unremarkable, although the folks who live here might beg to differ. It's home to us, including two competing gas stations, a small market, and a sandwich shop. But what defines this little mountain town, what serves as its heart and soul—like so many other similar communities throughout the state—is its high school.

When I came to teach social studies at CFHS in 2006, the sudden decline of the school's population was never a thought, let alone a concern. But while its actual closure because of declining population was never formally proposed, the fear weighed heavily on the school's staff and the community. CFHS functions as an independent entity within the Lake Pend Oreille School District centered in Sandpoint. Our entire student body would fit into two school buses with room to spare, which means it could be shipped conveniently and cost-effectively twenty-six miles west to Sandpoint.

And yet, in spite of all this, I've witnessed a decade during which the school has developed into something of an academic powerhouse. For a school of such small size, we've been turning out an inordinately large number of very successful university graduates. The school has become a perennial medal winner in *US News and World Report's* "Best Schools in America" rankings. And it sits at the top of the state's metrics for student success. It would seem that spinning silk purses out of sows' ears has become the typical school year at CFHS.

But the staff was not satisfied. We knew that we could

COURTESY OF CLARK FORK JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

COURTESY OF CLARK FORK JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

FAR ABOVE: Lael Purnell cuts tubing.

ABOVE: Students on the Culinary Arts track learn to make nettle tea.

do better, yet only by doing something different, something out of the ordinary. Last year, we instituted a new academic program of "experiential learning," which might very well serve as a model for high schools across the nation.

Teaching was a career change for me, and I never anticipated spending ten years of my life teaching history at this little school. I was introduced to CFHS through a stint as a student teacher but in the middle of the school year, an opportunity presented itself: the school needed a foreign-language instructor. Although certified as a social studies teacher and with a less-than-perfect ability in the Spanish language, I was able to pass the required certification examinations to become accredited to teach high school Spanish. I had a job! But the adventure was only beginning. I soon learned that teachers at CFHS wear many hats and teach many subjects—never the same subject more than once in a day. Five periods equals five different content areas, five different preps. Busy and never boring.

In addition, because of the principal's policy of shared leadership, teachers helped to man the rudder in steering our little ship. That meant each member assumed additional responsibilities. The staff has developed a fluency in working as a team, with a single-mindedness to make CFHS into the finest academic institution it can become. And I think the results show.

What led the drive to generate a new academic model last year for CFHS was a simple survey conducted by the school's principal of the past twelve years, Phil Kemink. He asked the students a succinct, open-ended question: "What classes would you like to be offered at school?" Small as the student population is, it remains as proportionally diverse in needs, ideas, and dreams as any other school. When asked what they wanted, they gave answers that spanned the academic gamut: woodshop, auto shop, computer programming, cooking classes, drafting, and so on.

No such courses were offered at CFHS and, worse, they probably never would be offered. There simply were not enough teachers, let alone a budget to create such specialty courses, no matter the level of interest in them. What to do? What more could our small staff offer over the course of a six-period day? After the required courses were slotted in, there were precious few opportunities for compelling electives. If we wanted change, something different had to be done. The district's superintendent, Shawn Woodward, encouraged us.

"Do something crazy!" he said.

During the hard economic times, members of the school's Leadership Team had looked at ways to save money. One of the team's proposals had been to implement a four-day school week, as had been done elsewhere in the state. But now something better was devised: how about superimposing a four-day school week over a five-day school week? Then use the Friday from each week to "do something crazy."

The Experiential-Learning Track Program was born. Every Friday, students step out of the classroom and into a world of their own desires and interests. Here there are no grades given or credits earned—it is all about learning through hands-on experience. What do you want to do? Rebuild an engine? Okay. Learn how to paint with watercolors? That's fine. Explore how to become a professional chef? That's doable, too.

What we call the "track program" consists of two types of learning opportunities: formal tracks and independent tracks.

Formal tracks are led by either teachers or community members. Currently, there are four: the Great Outdoors Track, the Arts Track, the Tech Track, and the Culinary Arts Track. These tracks not only provide students with opportunities to experience

specific activities, but to explore related careers and discover what education will be necessary to prepare for those careers.

The Great Outdoors Track is led by social studies teacher K.C. MacDonald. In this track, the students spend every Friday outdoors. They might ski or snowshoe at Schweitzer Mountain, or learn about soils, water conservation, or forestry with local experts in the surrounding forests. This track has particularly benefited from the resources and interest of the Kaniksu Land Trust, a land use and conservation organization that strongly advocates outdoor education, getting students into nature.

"Helping to engage the next generation with our abundant natural resources, and to build an appreciation of their value and fragility, is vital to conserving the special landscapes of north Idaho into the future," I was told by Regan Plumb, a land protection specialist with the organization. "We are very grateful to Clark Fork High School for the opportunity to get outside and learn together."

The Arts Track is led by Becca Palmer, who has worked as a college instructor in drama, and Nellie Lutzwolf, a professional artist. Students are exposed to varieties of experience in both the visual and performing arts. Last year, they even participated in their own juried art show, installed at a local bank in downtown Sandpoint. In the upcoming year, local professional artists will serve as artists-in-residence for a month at a time in the Arts Track, offering students deeply immersive experiences in different media. They also will serve as mentors to students who are interested in art as a career. Future plans include development of a dedicated Drama Track.

The Culinary Arts Track is about more than simply cooking, although students do a lot of that—much to the delight of the other students and staff, who often get to enjoy eating the creative outcomes of these weekly culinary experiences. In keeping with the career-exploration component of each track, the Culinary Arts Track is loosely aligned with the Culinary Arts program at North Idaho College in Coeur d'Alene. Students work with food professionals, restaurateurs, chefs, and nutritionists to learn about food preparation as both a vocation and an avocation. The Culinary Arts Track is led by Darlene Harms, who also serves as the school's special education instructor.

COURTESY OF CLARK FORK JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

ABOVE (from left): : Levi Servis, Derek Lowry, and teacher Marty Jones, who leads the Tech Track, evacuate a chamber for a Farnsworth-Hirsch Fusor.

Of particular note is the Tech Track, led by the exquisitely talented Marty Jones, a former science teacher at the school, who earlier in his life was both a marine engineer and the owner of a tugboat company. This track is basically a collection of independent tracks whose only commonality is sharing the same workspace. Last year, the student projects were diverse and creative, reflecting the Tech Track's emphasis on STEM (science, technology, engineering, and math). Projects ranged from converting a four-wheel-drive into an expeditionary off-road vehicle (including rebuilding its engine), to computer programming, working with 3D printers, making or rebuilding electric vehicles, experimenting with rocketry, building a remotely piloted underwater vehicle (for an upcoming competition), and even constructing an electrostatic inertial fusion generator, a.k.a, a Farnsworth-Hirsch Fusor. The Tech Track is so compelling that the school has enjoyed many visitors from around the state wanting to see it in action.

Students also are encouraged to develop "independent tracks" of their own designs. They find mentors in the community to help them explore whatever interests them. Indeed, the intent of the track program is to develop opportunities for all the school's juniors and seniors to begin narrowing their post-secondary interests. The program also provides some students with leadership opportunities in the formal tracks.

By design, the track program is student-centric, student-driven, and student-assessed. They own their learning experiences. Interestingly and notably, what has proven to be the most invaluable learning outcomes have been the development of those evasive and hard-to-define "soft skills"—such things as teamwork, initiative, problem solving, and using failure as a stepping stone toward later success—the very skills most valued by 21st Century employers.

"When I had a major disagreement with my group member about our collaborative project," one Arts Track student told me, "this took a lot of negotiating and understanding of where the other person was coming from. Eventually we came to a compromise that worked for both of us."

The track program also has a strong writing component, aligned with both Common Core standards and the school district's writing improvement goals. After each track day, students reflect on their learning experiences in writing journals, which later are assessed by the track leaders.

Looks are deceiving. To many people passing along Highway 200, Clark Fork is just another podunk Idaho town. But community members understand that they harbor something unique and precious. No matter how unremarkable this mountain hamlet may seem to outsiders, within its high school, we're defying convention through a powerful educational program. In the middle of nowhere, great things are happening. ■

Woman in White

A Solo Anniversary

BY KRIS MILLGATE

It's my fifteenth wedding anniversary. I lay my fly line on the East Fork of the Salmon River at sunset. I help cook dinner on my truck's tailgate-turned-table. I mingle with every man in camp, but not my husband. He's not even here. I'm on the road, heading into the White Clouds. It's not exactly the anniversary I had in mind, but it will do.

The White Clouds are Idaho's newest wilderness. President Obama declared the area to be worthy of that status in 2015, along with the Hemingway-Boulders Wilderness and the Jim McClure-Jerry Peak Wilderness. Decades of debate went into what should become of the coveted 431 square miles in central Idaho. There was more talk than walk. By that I mean, many people have heard talk of the White Clouds, but most haven't walked its ridges. Few know what the prominent peaks look like through their own eyes. That's why I'm giving up my anniversary. It's my job to capture

BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT

MATTHEW PINTAR

ABOVE: A white pine in the White Clouds Range.

LEFT: Castle and Merriam Peaks, White Clouds.

JESS JOHNSON

BRUCE REICHERT/IDAHO PUBLIC TELEVISION

ABOVE: View of the White Clouds terrain.

LEFT: The author take a scenic shot.

photos and video of Idaho's newest wilderness, so other Idahoans can see what all the fuss is about.

This will be my first time in the White Clouds and I'm more than ready. I've floated the Middle Fork and chased salmon close by. I'm in shape on water and on ground. I carry my fair share of weight while I work. I'm the only woman on the production crew but gender (and anniversaries) are beside the point. My husband doesn't like it, but he gets it. So I said "I do" to the trip, met the crew for dinner at Little Boulder Creek trailhead, and we started hiking the next morning.

The first few miles are treeless and steep. It's hot and dusty. I quickly realize the White Clouds kick the endurance right out of you. The elevation, the distance, the bugs. All three try my patience, but I don't give in easily.

The terrain changes about mile four. It's still hot and buggy, but trees start shading our trek and the ground is meadow-green instead of desert-brown. I'm studying the changes in the landscape when I spot the Cloud's crown jewel—Castle Peak rising almost twelve thousand feet in elevation.

Castle Peak looks like home. I always point myself homeward when I feel lost, so I give myself a moment to stare at "home." Castle Peak doesn't sidle up on you with a shy introduction. It shoots out of the ground with a look-at-me presence, just like Utah's Wasatch Mountains, the playground of my childhood. The tug on my heart is instant. I wouldn't trade the Snake River for the Wasatch, but I relish seeing peaks that look like home. That's a comforting feeling when you're the lone woman on a crew.

Throughout the day, as I become familiar with Castle Peak and neighboring Merriam Peak, I feel less alone. It's in the way the clouds hug the top. The way the sun and shadows trade blankets of coverage over the pale-peach stone. The way the meadow and the pond at the base of both peaks lean toward their towering presence, just like I do when the sun goes down.

At dark I realize that I'm seven unlit miles from the trailhead. This is a planned overnighter, but I grow uneasy in the darkness. There's no quick out, so I give myself a pep talk and crawl into my tent. As I prepare for a solo sleep in pitch dark, I'm thinking of home. I don't like the dark. Mother Nature must know that, because she distracts me with a twelve-hour thunderstorm. Lightning illuminates the fabric walls of my tent, rain pours, hail piles, but I stay dry with eyes wide open and limbs unmoving until the White Clouds and its castle come calling at daybreak.

The White Clouds kick the endurance right out of you. The elevation, the distance, the bugs. All three try my patience.

I emerge from a soggy tent with bed head and bad breath. The bed head stays. The bad breath is brushed away, as talk of the day brews like camp coffee. I'm grateful it rained during the dark hours. Now that the sun is up, the White Clouds glisten with potential.

Climbing closer to Castle Peak, I mentally wish my husband a happy anniversary. It's a good thing he doesn't mind me spending our wedding anniversary in the woods with seven other men. I decide we should spend an anniversary in the White Clouds together. He needs to see peaks that look like home, too. ■

Arrows across Idaho

Navigating through History

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ROSS V. WALKER

I've been camping with the same two friends, Bruce Gregory and Stephen Johnson, for thirty-five years in a row, and now that they are in California and I am in Idaho, we keep in touch daily by email. We are all interested in American history, and a few years ago one of them sent me an article he had found about mysterious giant arrows.

Since then, we all have been looking for them, and I have photographed nine, including three in Idaho.

You might come across one of these giant, concrete arrows in a field, or a ghost town, or maybe at a rural Idaho airport. Or spot one on Google Earth. They're scattered across the country, but most of them are found here in the West. Why were they made?

Imagine what it must have been like to be one of the first airmail pilots, crossing Idaho in a primitive Swallow biplane owned by Varney Air Lines of Boise. Walter Varney had the contract to fly the airmail route between Pasco,

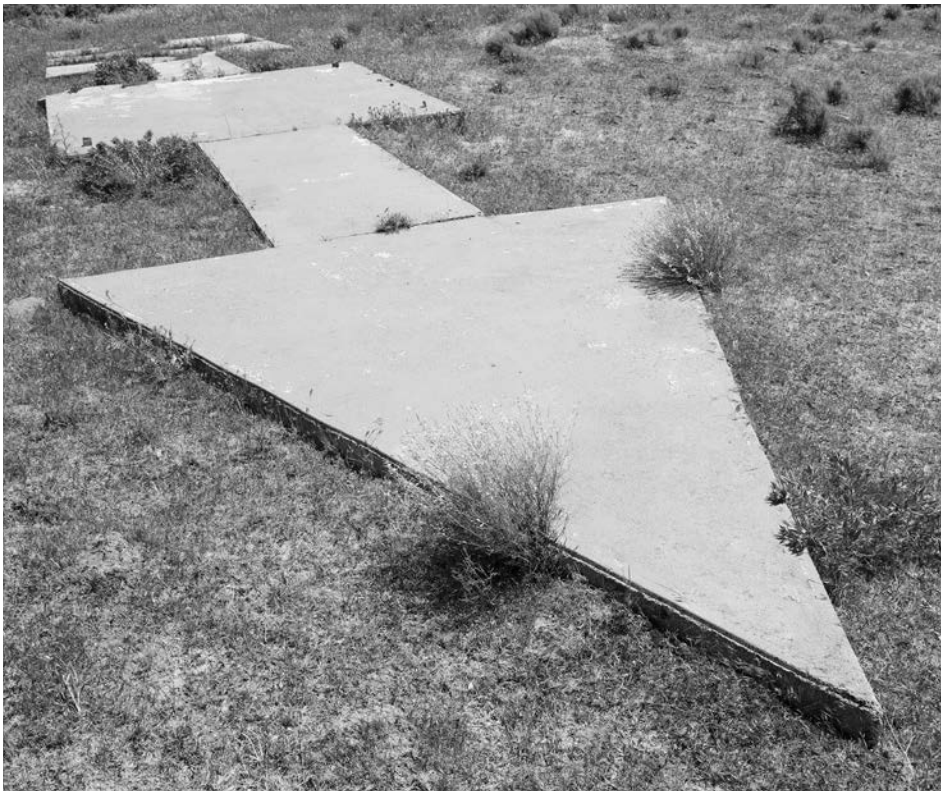
ABOVE: An old aerial navigation arrow east of Boise.

Washington, and Elko, Nevada, with a stop in Boise. The route started in 1926 and was called CAM-5 (Contract Air Mail Route 5). In those days, planes had no radar or other electronic navigation aids, so pilots were pretty much on their own to figure out their routes using landmarks.

In 1924, the Postal Service had started building a nationwide system of navigation aids for airmail routes. The Department of Commerce took over in 1926, and continued building these aids until 1929, including many in Idaho for the new CAM-5 Route. This system included beacons on towers placed on concrete foundations shaped like giant arrows and painted yellow. Each arrow had a square in the middle for the tower and a rectangle in the back for a beacon control room. They were constructed about ten miles apart. The pilots could see the red or green beacon from a distance, fly over it from the tail of the arrow, and look down to see where the arrow was pointing so they could

ABOVE LEFT: The author's friends and fellow photographers, Stephen Johnson and Bruce Gregory, at the Strevell arrow.

ABOVE: The Dubois Airport's arrow and beacon.



fly to the next beacon. A system of emergency airfields was built along the routes about every twenty-five miles.

Over time, Varney Air Lines merged with other companies to become United Airlines. Aircraft improved, and by 1933 Varney was flying Boeing 247 airplanes. More air routes were added, including one across Idaho to Salt Lake City. Finally, modern navigation equipment made the beacons and arrows obsolete. During World War II, most of the beacons and towers were dismantled and the steel used in the war effort, but a few can still be found across the state, usually at rural airports. Many arrows were left in place, but largely were forgotten.

In Idaho, arrows can still be found in varying states of disrepair. Many aren't much more than concrete remnants. I found the first of the three I've photographed so far through an Internet search, which turned up the location of Strevell, but no photos. With another friend, Bill Parslow, I went to the ghost town, which lies south of Malta about a mile north of the Utah border. I found the arrow at the old site of one of the emergency airfields, which no longer exists. East of Boise, I later found another arrow that someone had painted orange. The big prize so far was a nearly complete arrow, its beacon and control shack intact, which I came upon at the airport in Dubois. I have heard that this is one of only two complete beacon systems still in their original locations.

So, if you are out for a hike and discover the remains of a giant concrete arrow, now you will know that you have found a part of Idaho's early aviation history. ■

LEFT: Beacon and control shack at Dubois.

ABOVE: Close-up of the Boise arrow.

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MALAD

AN EARLY ENTRY TO THE TERRITORY

I grew up on a farm about ten miles south of Malad City. With an older sister and brother and a younger sister and brother, I was smack dab in the middle of our family. When I was young in the early 1950s, we went to town once a week to shop for groceries and run other errands. If I was with my mother, we almost always would go to one of the three clothing stores, my favorite of which was J.C. Penney, because I enjoyed watching the zip line. When a sale was made, the clerk wrote a ticket and sent it with the money by a mechani-

CITY

BY JOAN HAWKINS

cal device to a financial clerk on the upper floor. She then sent back any change and the receipt.

On special occasions, Mom and Dad would take all four of us children (my baby brother wasn't born until 1956) to a local store that had a huge candy counter, where we would spend what seemed like hours trying to decide what penny candy to buy. We went to the movies at the old Aldea Theater until the Star Theater was built, both of which are now gone.

LEFT: Malad's first car, owned by D.L. Evans (back seat, left).

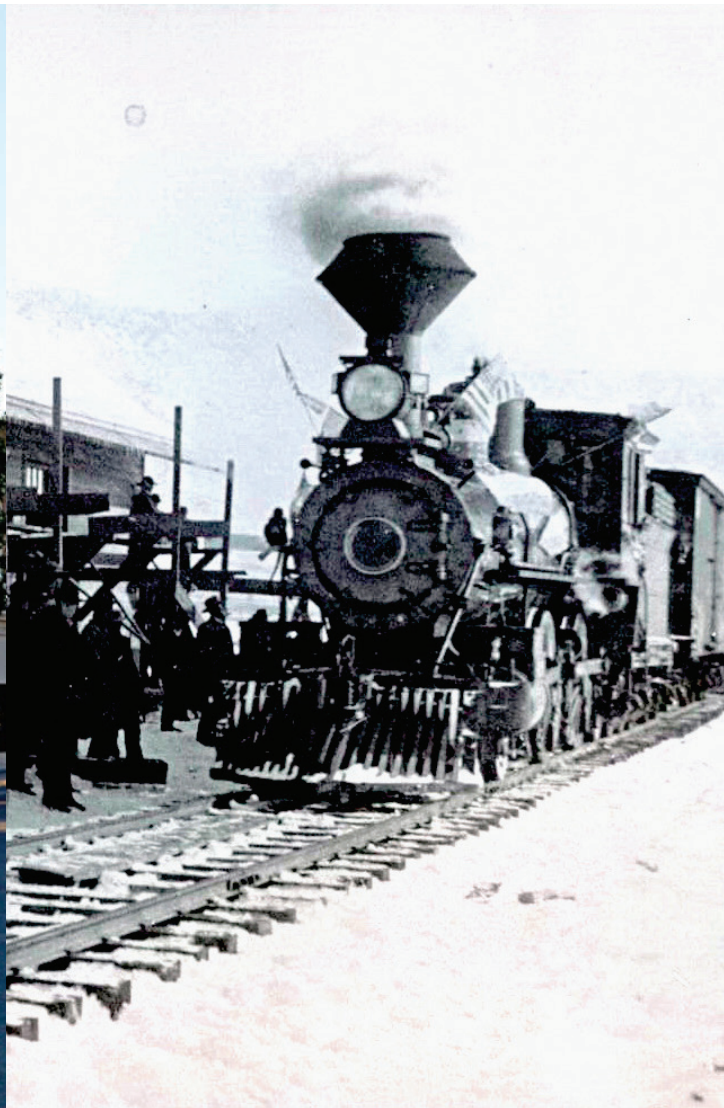
ONEIDA PIONEER MUSEUM

MIDDLE: Downtown corner of Bannock and North Main.

JOAN HAWKINS

RIGHT: First train arrives in Malad, 1906.

ONEIDA PIONEER MUSEUM



JOAN HAWKINS

ABOVE:
Contemporary
Malad City.

A real treat was to accompany my grandmother, Nellie Parry Ward, when she visited town. We always stopped at the drug store to have a soda or ice cream, while Grandma received a supply of discarded crossword puzzle books. Her friends who worked in other stores always joked with her, and she seemed to brighten their day. I remember when I went once with my dad to the barbershop, he didn't make an appointment. The men just went in and waited for their turn, reading magazines or visiting with others.

When I grew older, I took piano lessons every Friday, and my mother started doing her shopping on that day, so she could take me home after my lesson. When I was a teenager, if my girlfriends and I were lucky enough to get access to a car, we would visit the Malad Drive In, and then drive up Main Street and over to 100 West, where there was a stoplight (it's now a four-way stop), and then we'd go down Bannock Street and up Main again: cruisin' Malad.

A favorite sight for me over the holidays was the town's huge Christmas tree, usually donated by a citizen from his or her own yard and placed at the Main and Bannock Street junction. Over Christmastime, we'd visit the department stores, the co-op, the hardware store and the auto parts store—all of which carried a lot of toys.

Despite these and other warm memories, when I left my hometown after graduation, I hoped to never come back. At that age, Malad seemed stifling to me, and I wanted to live in a

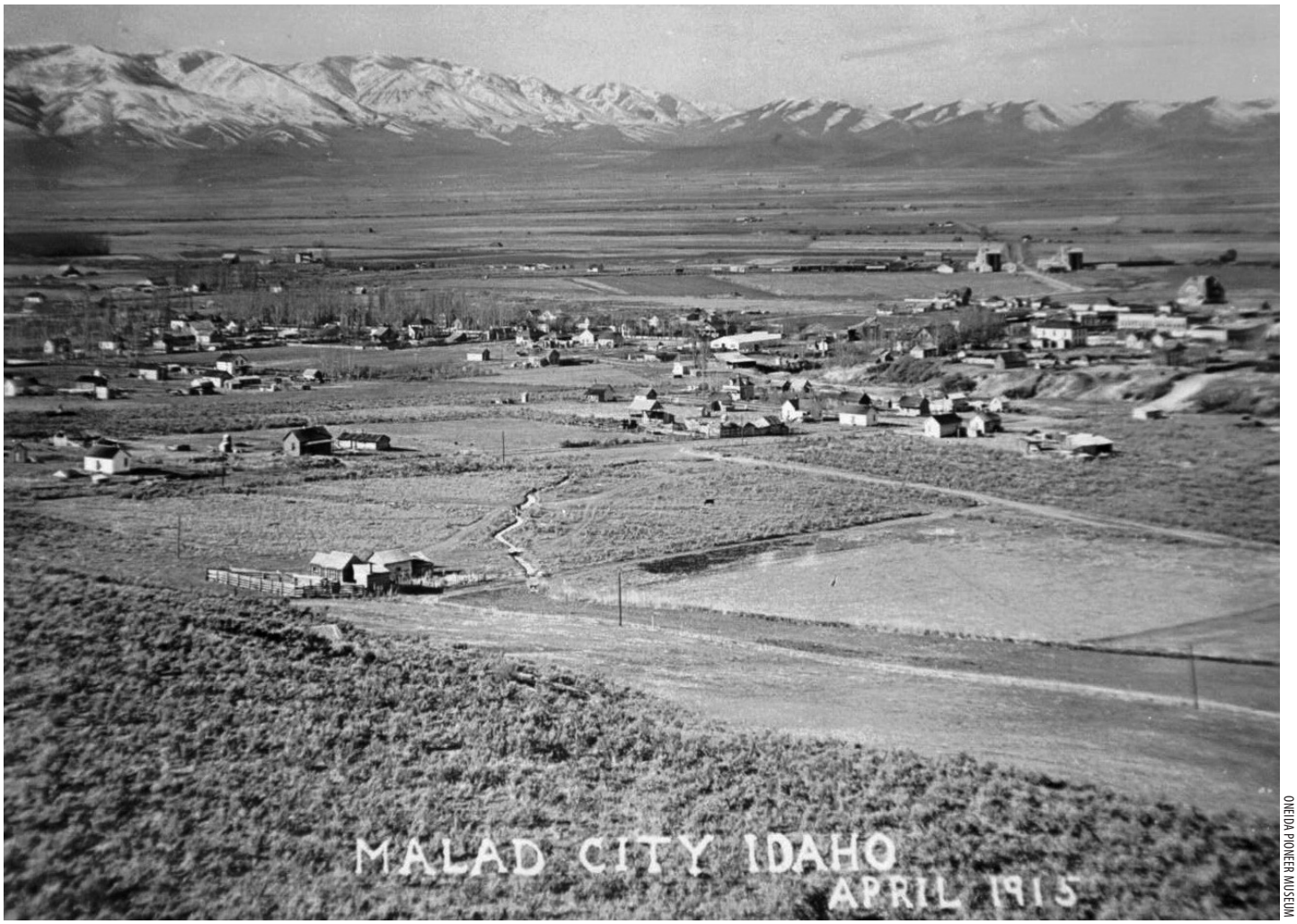
more exciting place. After I was married, when my husband wanted to return to live and work in Malad, I agreed, and now I can't imagine living anywhere else. I live in the best of two worlds—right on the edge of town, where I can walk into the country in less than five minutes. If I walk much in town, people constantly stop to ask if I need a ride, but in the country, with no other place to go, they figure I really do just want to walk.

I worked for more than thirty years in a business that allowed me one-on-one interchange with people. I was happy when I retired, yet I missed the interaction. Now I work for the weekly newspaper, where I have learned the history of my hometown and my people. When I was a little girl, I typed histories for my Grandmother Ward, who was a historian herself and a people person. She loved to visit with others, and she was a great storyteller. After I started working at the newspaper, the memories of her stories and the family histories came back to me.

In 2014, when Malad City and Oneida County celebrated their sesquicentennial—150 years since Malad City was first settled and Oneida County was organized, on January 22,1864—I was honored, as a member of the

BELOW: First Oneida County Courthouse, built in 1874 and razed in 1939 to make way for the current courthouse.

ONEIDA PIONEER MUSEUM



ONEIDA PIONEER MUSEUM

ABOVE:Scene from the town's east bench, 1915.

OPPOSITE TOP: R.B. Davis Band practicing downtown for a July 4 parade.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Malad City Park nowadays.

Malad City Council, to chair the city-wide celebration. But what I enjoyed most that year was searching for historical stories to print in the newspaper. Even if no one else learned the history of our city and county, I would!

One story I've heard since I was a little girl is how Malad got its name. The valley was visited between 1818 and 1821 by French-Canadian Donald McKenzie and his party of Northwest Company trappers. According to legend, the trappers called the largest waterway in the valley *La Malade,* which refers to sickness or disease, either because they were made ill by drinking the alkaline water or because they ate beaver that lived in the river. The name translated to the "Malad River" and the city and valley were named "Malad" after the river.

It is believed that in 1832, Jim Bridger of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company may have passed through the valley as a guide to Captain Benjamin Bonneville. In 1854, the Waldron family, Latter Day Saints converts from England, settled the lower Malad Valley, and probably helped to build the old Malad Fort before Indian hostilities drove them back to Utah around 1860. No further attempt to colonize was made until the spring of 1864, when a small company of men came to the Malad Valley in search of native grass to fill a contract for hay for the horses of the Holliday Stage route, which ran through the valley from Salt Lake City to Butte, Montana. Accounts vary, but it is believed the men were Henry Peck, William Gaulter (or Goulter), Jim McAllaster, William Williams, Benjamin Thomas,

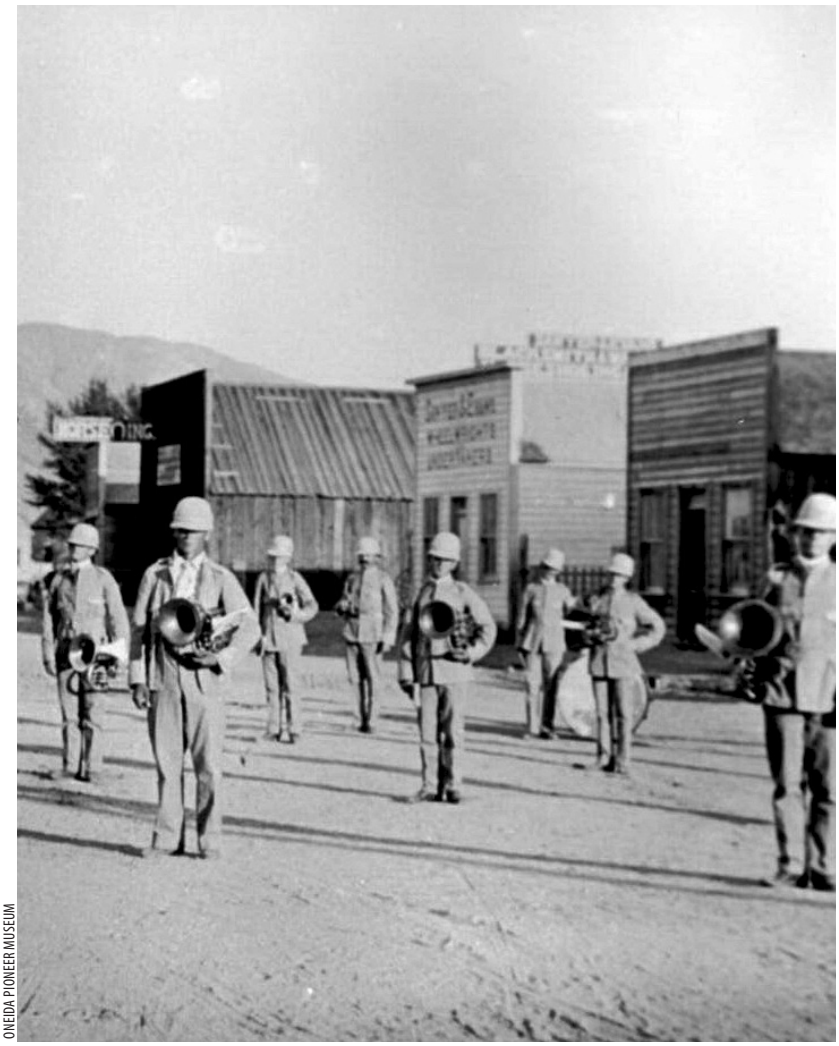
and two of Peck's sons, Dwight and Fred.

According to *Who Is Really Who in Malad City,* an unpublished manuscript by Margaret Logan, the group camped at what was known as the Deep Creek Junction, where the stage route divided with one road (now Bannock Street) going west to join the Oregon Trail and the other (now Main Street) going north to Butte. Logan states that these men were apparently so impressed with the valley that they went back home to Willard, Utah, and talked a group of Welsh settlers into moving to the valley.

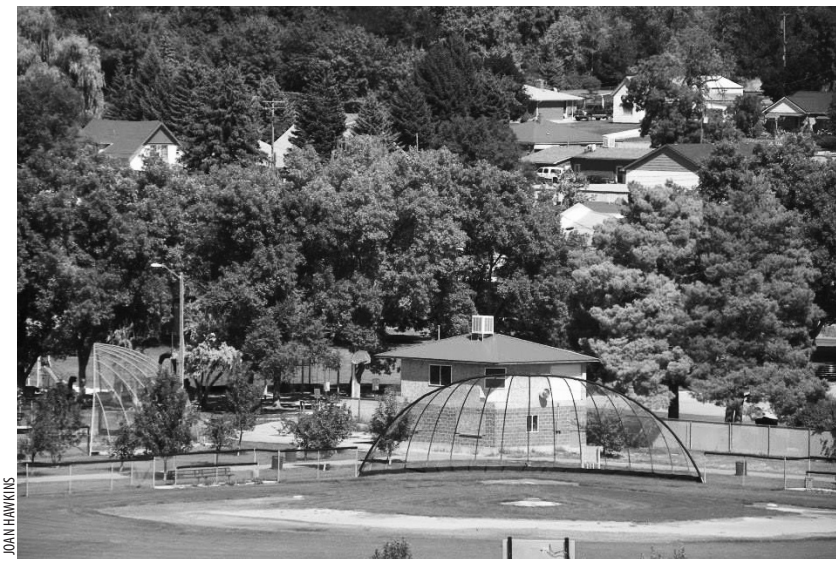
An account in the May 19, 1938, edition of *The Idaho Enterprise* indicates that Chief Pocatello, who had signed a peace treaty in 1863, was camped with his band when Peck's party arrived in 1864. Peck staked a claim where the present city of Malad is now located, while the others claimed different parts of the valley. Their timing was good: the Territory of Idaho had been formed in 1863, and on January 22, 1864, Oneida County—one of the first counties in Idaho—was created, with Soda Springs as the county seat.

In the book, *Malad 1888-1988,* printed for the Malad Idaho LDS Stake Centennial in 1988, Hubert Gleed contributed a "Brief History of Malad Valley and Oneida County," in which he writes, "The first crops planted in May [1864] consisted of wheat, oats, melons, potatoes, and a few garden vegetables. Benjamin Thomas immediately began building a home where he could bring his family. It was located on Bannock Street at what is now 367 West 200 North. This pioneer home was made of braided willows and mud, with a roof of poles and wheat grass. In June 1864, he moved his family to their new home, and on September 30, 1864, Susan, [his wife], gave birth to a baby boy, David R. Thomas, the first white boy born in Malad, making nine children in the family. [The first baby girl in Malad City, Laura McAllister, also was born in 1864.]

"During the hard winter of 1864-65, they

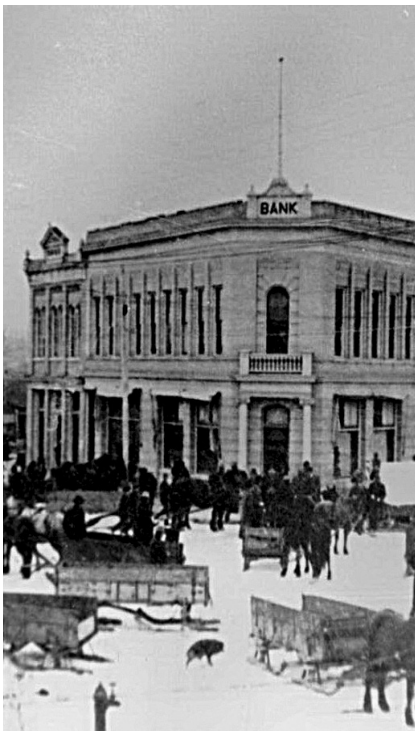


ONEIDA PIONEER MUSEUM



JOAN HAWKINS

ONEIDA PIONEER MUSEUM



ONEIDA PIONEER MUSEUM

ABOVE: The community's first brick school building, erected in 1900, now gone.

ABOVE RIGHT: In 1910, at the junction of Bannock Mountain Road, (now Bannock Street), and the freight route, (now N. Main Street), going north to Butte, Montana.

built another willow room onto their rude shelter. Later, they built a warm log house on the northwest corner of 400 West and 445 North. In an interview given years later, Henry Peck's son Fred said, 'There were only three families here in the summer and fall of 1864: the Gaulter family, the Williams family, and the Benjamin Thomas family.'

"Also during the summer of 1864, another pioneer was busy building another home on land he had claimed farther north. John J. Williams had passed through the valley earlier when he was looking for scrap iron to use in his blacksmith shop. Impressed with the rich, fertile soil and the sparkling streams of clear, cool water, he thought this would be a good place to settle. He had been asked by [LDS] church leader, Brigham Young, to take his family and move to St. George to help colonize that area. His aged parents were living with him at that time, and he was afraid to try to move them that far. He talked to President Young about it and offered to come to Malad instead and was granted permission to move his family to Malad in the spring of 1865. He built a blacksmith shop and provided urgently needed services for settlers in the area, making and repairing tools and farm implements.

"That same year, Henry Peck built a house of aspen logs just northwest of the Deep Creek crossing. He brought his family to live there in he spring of 1865, and staked out a land claim, which is now downtown Malad City."

The Gleed account indicates that at a meeting held at Peck's home, "a crude map was made and owners' names written on their chosen plots. The minutes were kept in both English and Welsh, as were all of the later meetings of a business nature." This is when the name "Malad" was chosen for the settlement. According to Logan, other families who followed those of Peck and his colleagues to the valley included Edward J. Evans, Thomas Daniels, Richard Thomas, William Leigh, Richard Jones, Ben Jones, Jedd Jones, Bill Jones, Morgan P. Jones, and Benjamin Thomas's widow and her eight children. All were of Welsh descent and their claims were laid out in a pattern that resembled the spokes of a wheel.

By 1866, fifty more families had moved here and the Idaho Territorial Legislature, which met at Lewiston, moved the county seat

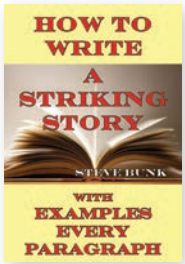
from Soda Springs to Malad. At the time, the county embraced nine thousand square miles, including what now are Oneida, Bear Lake, Franklin, Madison, Caribou, Teton, almost all of Bannock and parts of Clark, Fremont, Jefferson, Power, Bingham and Bonneville Counties. In ensuing years, numerous changes were made, with other counties organized from the original boundaries of Oneida County. The story is that Soda Springs was reluctant to give up the county books and records, but Henry Peck made a trip there by team and sleigh in the winter of 1866-67 and brought the materials to Malad.

"He built the first sawmill, water-powered by Deep Creek and located near where the Presbyterian Church now stands," the Henry account says of Peck. "Later, he and his wife, Julia, built and operated a small store and stage station." Peck also built the first hotel in Malad.

Following a survey of the townsite in 1867 by Steven Wight from Brigham City, Utah, plans were made to build three churches. The first schoolhouse, built by Peck, had six pupils. A teacher, Al Bundy, was hired for $10 per month plus room and board. In 1870 the Presbyterian congregation opened a school in their log cabin. In 1899 a three-story elementary school was built on the site where the present elementary school building stands. In 1910, the first high school was built.

Before the railroad came to the valley, a freighting business was started up that included Malad on the route between Corinne, Utah, and Butte, Montana, which became big business for the town. An early freight road crossed the Malad Valley going to Bannock Valley, but after settlement began, the Portneuf route was used by way of Marsh Valley. Much traffic still continued to cross Malad Valley. One of the best-known routes was the Oneida Wagon Road from Malad to Blackfoot, which was operated on a toll basis by William Murphy and later by H.O. Harkness.

For a number of years, the increase in wealth and population was rapid. The Ben Holliday Stage made daily trips through the valley, and Malad's status as the county seat brought much business. But then, for about fifteen years the county was beset by an infestation of grasshoppers and crickets so severe that raising crops was impossible. The men of the community sought employment



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JON WARD

JOAN HAWKINS

ABOVE: View from the west showing "M Mountain."

ABOVE RIGHT: The current county courthouse, built as a WPA project in 1939.

elsewhere, some going to the mines at Butte and others to work for the railroad.

In 1879, the Utah Northern Railroad was completed and it came to Malad in 1906, putting an end to the freighting industry. By then, the grasshoppers and crickets had disappeared, and it was at this time that the agriculture and livestock business in Oneida County began to develop in the valley.

In 1884, *The Idaho Enterprise* was brought from nearby Oxford to Malad City, where it has been published ever since. By 1886, Malad City was the fastest-growing village in eastern Idaho. In 1893, its first bank was established by J.N. Ireland & Company. In 1898, the village was incorporated into a city. The councilmen were Peter Fredrickson, D.J. Reynolds, J.R. Thomas, and D.L. Evans, founder of the bank that still bears his name. In 1899, the first public school was erected, and in 1906, the first electric power was turned on.

There are many legends and stories about bandits who repeatedly robbed the stage of its gold being shipped to Salt Lake City from the mines in Montana. One of those stories is about Charley Phelps, a stage driver who was killed near Robber's Roost and is buried in the Malad City Cemetery. The following inscription is engraved on his headstone:

"In memory of Charles Phelps, of St. Lawrence County, New York. Driver on the Overland Stage Line, who was mortally wounded, July 16, 1873, in an attack on his coach by highwaymen, in Portneuf Canyon, Idaho, and died on the following day. Age 43 years. He fell, as all true heroes fall, while answering to his duty's call. This stone is erected by his friends and companions, who loved and respected him, and sincerely mourn his death."

To this day, people still put flowers on the grave of Charley Phelps.

In 1920, James Henry Hawley reported in *History of Idaho: the Gem of the Mountains* that in 1910 the population of Oneida County was 15,170 and the population of Malad City was estimated at 1,303. Last year, the U.S. Census Bureau's estimate of Oneida County's population was 4,281 (the actual population in the 2010 census was 4,286) and of Malad City was 2,050 (in the 2010 census, 2,095).

Compared to the early days of the city and especially of the county, it might be described now as a sleepy place, except when the "Utah lottery" is going on. (OK, that's a local joke. Utah doesn't have the lottery, so the jest goes that Idaho border towns are inundated with Utah residents whenever the lottery payout is

high.) Locals are considered lucky if they can nab a job in Malad and don't have to travel outside it to work. Despite trying, the city has never been able to attract a lot of industry. The biggest industries are still farming and ranching, the same things that brought those early settlers to the valley. One contemporary company, headquartered at Malad Industrial Park, mines and processes pumice deposits located in the mountains northwest of town. Another growing industry uses that processed pumice to make stone veneer. Other large employers in the county are the hospital and nursing home and the school district.

Among notable people born in Malad was bank founder D.L. Evans's grandson, John V. Evans, a mayor who later served as Idaho's twenty-seventh governor, from 1977 to 1987.

In 2002, I was appointed to the city council upon the resignation of a previous councilperson. I served until December 2014, when Mayor E. Spence Horsley resigned and the council appointed me to complete the last year of his term. I then ran for the office in November 2015 and was elected to a four-year term. When I was growing up on the farm, I was a very shy girl who never dreamed that one day she would be the city's mayor.

I love this little city and the good people who live here. I love knowing about my pioneer heritage, which includes members of my family and others who built up Malad City into the fine small city it now is. And I hope that the modest contributions I can make as mayor will leave the community better than when I became responsible for its governance. ■

BELOW: The county's veterans' memorial site is in the center of Main Street downtown.

JOAN HAWKINS

MIGUEL VIERRA

The Perfect Campsite

It Can't Be Far Now

BY KARLENE BAYOK EDWARDS

I can't remember much about that week-long trip we took in 1983, other than the deer eating our soap.

It was just dusk, we were gathered around the fire roasting marshmallows, when suddenly four deer—two does and two yearlings—edged so close we could almost touch them. Not moving, almost forgetting to blink, we watched until they disappeared into the aspen and pine surrounding our campsite.

While I don't remember much about the camping, I do remember the hours my father searched for a very special campsite he remembered—a campsite so perfect that no other would do.

Our journey began Friday morning (not nearly as early as Dad wanted) when Mother, Dad, my husband, and I left Boise in a campervan, headed for the Payette National Forest. We climbed steadily, following the curves of the snowmelt-swollen Payette River, until abruptly the engine quit, leaving Dad with just enough power to find a wide spot in the road to pull over.

My father could do anything with wood, horses,

ABOVE: Spruce in Payette National Forest.

On country roads, he drove as if on horseback, pointing the car in the general direction he wanted to go and correcting course only when necessary.

and gardens, but knew little about engines. He didn't even learn to drive until after the war, when he was thirty-three years old. On country roads, he drove as if on horseback, pointing the car in the general direction he wanted to go and correcting course only when necessary. Meanwhile, he watched for wildlife.

My sister Barb, her husband, and their three young children had planned to meet us in Cascade, where we would turn east off Highway 55 to begin the back road part of our journey. Luckily they also started late, were traveling behind us, and recognized the camper. My brother-in-law Bob, who repaired their family's cars and traveled with tools, went to work. Time passed. Mother made sandwiches.

Finally, Bob asked my folks if they had any kind of tubing he could use—for what, I have no idea. Mother, always prepared, got a glint in her eye and brought out her enema kit. It worked.

By late afternoon we were headed up Warm Lake Road toward Summit Creek. The campervan climbed the tortuous curves slowly but continuously, until Mother decided it was long past dinnertime and Barb's youngsters must eat. Dad was clearly anxious to find the campsite rather than stop, but he parked the motor home and Bob followed suit. Mother cooked a hot meal. Dad paced. Dusk fell.

A third vehicle carrying my brother Ron, his wife, and their six-month old son caught up with us and

COURTESY OF KARLENE BAYOK EDWARDS

ABOVE: On the trip, six-month-old Josh Bayok was a happy camper.

MIGUEL VIEIRA

ABOVE: Payette National Forest seen from Jughandle Mountain.

pulled over to find out why we had stopped. They joined us for dinner.

My husband Mike, not the most patient of men, asked no questions, gave no advice, and refrained from mentioning the threatening clouds.

It was now fully dark—you haven't seen dark unless you've been out in the middle of cloudy nowhere at night—as our caravan of cars trekked deeper into the mountains toward a series of campgrounds, one of them containing, surely, the special site that Dad was so determined to find for us. Each time a campground appeared, the caravan would stop while Dad hiked over with a big flashlight to check if this was the special one.

It was now fully dark—you haven't seen dark unless you've been out in the middle of cloudy nowhere at night—as our caravan trekked deeper into the mountains.

Each time, it wasn't. Each time he said, "I'm sure it's just a ways farther."

Hours passed.

I should mention that I get carsick easily. Most times if I focus on the horizon, breathe deeply, swallow often, I can rise above it. But the dark provided no horizon and I clung tightly to the arms of my chair in the middle of the motor home, swaying as we rounded every curve, dinner rising to the back of my throat. I kept swallowing and said nothing—it was so important to my father that we reach this perfect campground. We persevered,

We awakened to a beautiful campground. No one mentioned looking for Dad's special campsite, including Dad, who already had gone fishing.

campground after campground.

Midnight arrived. Mother put her foot down and said, "We're going to stop and make camp in the next campground. If it's not the right one, we'll find the right one in the morning and move camp." My father didn't answer. No one answered. He drove into the next campground just as large raindrops began to fall. With his flashlight, he selected a site and helped the others park nearby. I got out of the camper, found a convenient ditch, knelt down, and threw up. Immediately, I felt better.

Ron and his family moved into the motor home to sleep. His wife Ruth, no camper and no dummy, knew where beds were and bugs were not. Bob and my sister, who were experienced campers, quickly put up their tent, and their children helped with the bedrolls. In the dark and rain, by trial and error, my husband and I contrived to erect a borrowed, very old, canvas tent. Finally, all was quiet. We slept like the dead.

We awakened to a beautiful campground. No one mentioned looking for Dad's special campsite, including Dad, who already had gone fishing.

Months afterward, Mother secretly told me that Dad thought maybe the special campsite was on the road to Lowman, in altogether another part of Idaho. We never mentioned this to Dad.

More than thirty years later, Mike and I still laugh out loud, fondly, when we recall our journey and my father's loving gift to us. ■

MIGUEL VIERIRA

ABOVE: A columbine in the forest.

ABOVE: Harrison Peak, seen from Harrison Lake.

Pete Goes Climbing

But Never Again

STORY AND PHOTO
BY RAY BROOKS

In August 1973, the first summer I owned an outdoor shop in Moscow, I took a retail client and inexperienced climber named Pete on an overnight climbing trip into the Selkirk Mountains. I knew there were a few grizzlies in the range, and mentioned this to Pete—after we got there.

As a 1970s hippie, I wasn't packing a firearm and didn't even have an ice axe along, since it was late summer and almost all the snow in the range had melted.

At age twenty-three, I had spent hundreds of nights in the outdoors, but only a few nights in grizzly country. At age twenty-one, Pete had spent very few nights in

the outdoors, and it turned out he was apprehensive of grizzlies.

We backpacked a few miles to a lake under Harrison Peak, our climbing objective for the next day. We camped, ate dinner, and by dark had settled in for a good night's rest in my tent. I went to sleep. Pete apparently listened for bears. He woke me several times in the night to say he thought he heard something out there. The first time, I unzipped the tent and looked around the camp area with my headlamp. After that, I would just listen, hear nothing, and tell him to go to sleep.

The last time he woke me, his voice quavered when he said he could hear something big moving around near the tent. I listened and, indeed, did hear something big moving near the tent. I told him it was probably a deer, and not to worry, because we couldn't do anything about it.

He wondered if there wasn't something we could do, as the large creature made noises closer to us.

"Yeah," I said, "we can both yell on the count of three."

I counted quietly, we yelled, and I clearly heard a deer running away. I told him it was a deer and we didn't have a problem now.

"How do you know it was a deer?" he asked.

"Pete, if it had been a grizzly, it would have killed us for yelling at it."

I smiled and went back to sleep.

Poor fellow was awake all night.

Somehow, I got a very sleepy Pete to climb Harrison Peak with me the next morning. I knew of an easy hike up its east side, but I was looking for a roped climbing challenge. We wandered up Harrison's west ridge, until ledges took us out below the beautiful south face. I did one easy lead, and then found a steep jam-crack to follow on the next lead. Ten feet above a ledge, I didn't feel comfortable with trying a harder free-climbing move, so I slotted a big plastic nut into the jam-crack, clipped a sling to the nut, stepped up onto the sling, and started fishing for a good jam-hold above.

Suddenly, the nut popped out of the crack, and I flew into a fifteen-foot fall through space, luckily just avoiding a back-first landing on the ledge ten feet feet down. When the rope came tight, its elasticity bounced me back onto the ledge in a sitting position.

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "Glad I missed hitting this ledge on the way past!"

We are so clueless in our twenties.

Of course I led the climb again, using a metal nut this time, since I could clearly see a gouge-mark across the too-soft plastic nut where it had ripped out of the crack.

We made it the rest of the way to the summit without great difficulty. I think ours was a first ascent of a new route that eventually was named the South Face Route. Pete caught up on his missed night's sleep on the drive back to Moscow, and never went into the mountains with me again. ■

WILD LOVE

THE STORY BEHIND A PRESERVE FOR CENTRAL IDAHO'S WILD HORSES

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ANDREA MAKI

ASHLEY FARRINGTON

OPPOSITE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A wild Challis herd on the run; horses commingle; the author's work exhibited; a dust-up.

ABOVE: Andrea Maki with horses in Challis.

It happened in a split second. He felt the subtle release of his lead rope and was off. They screamed for me to let go, but I held on with all my might, in disbelief they wanted me to fall and determined to defy their demands as he ran with me in the saddle. In my four-year-old mind, I was going to make them proud by staying on his back, as my dad and uncle ran after us, yelling. But then, where pasture met woods, I was thrown with intention, landing on the forest floor. I looked up to see the underside of that horse over me, and even in that moment realized he could have stepped on me, but instead he placed his hoof just next to my side. He knew his surroundings, his parameters, and exactly what he was doing. He had thrown me at that point for the same reason my dad and uncle were yelling at me to let go. All three of them understood what my four-year-old self did not: the extreme danger of fast approaching, low hanging, branches in the dense forest. I still marvel at that horse's smarts and the lessons he impressed upon me, including my aunt's subsequent insistence that I immediately get back in the saddle.

If I were to select a single experience to exemplify my life's journey, that is it. While it was not for me to comprehend and appreciate at the time, that horse was gifting me life lessons in being and a glimpse into my future travels. I can still feel his larger-than-life presence standing over me, as a purposeful teacher and guide. I have absorbed his gifts of truth, awareness, and endurance, which shape me to this day, and are at the heart of Wild Love Preserve and my efforts to preserve Idaho wild horses on their home turf in central Idaho.

In 2010, I inadvertently founded Wild Love Preserve as a nonprofit with a goal of hammering out a collective new solution to the wild horse crisis, which, in reality, is a human relations issue. Wild horses are wild horses. The land is the land. Wildlife is wildlife. Two-leggeds, however, can be a tricky bunch.

Even though it was an inadvertent project start, after making a commitment to wild horses in central Idaho that I would do what I could to help them remain wild on their home turf, I've found myself on a purposeful detour over the last six years. Little did I know at the time that my offer to help would result in a monumental project, viewed as a paradigm shift and sourced as a pilot for other wild horse regions in the West.

I SAVOR THOSE MOMENTS WHEN THINGS COME TOGETHER AND "MAKE SENSE"

I've always believed that if you go in looking for a fight, you're going to get a fight. There is extreme adversity in the West as it relates to wild horse populations on our public lands, but my tactic has been that wild horses offer us a beautiful opportunity to come together, establish new and fluid communications, and coexist in a manner that benefits the wild horses, wildlife, environment, livestock where applicable, and all stakeholders. By design, Wild Love Preserve is a reflection of our humanity and is for all of us. My interest has been in listening to all sides, finding common ground within differing perspectives, and honoring our wild places in a way that engages and recognizes the heritage of surrounding communities.

For almost three decades now, my career has been that of a contemporary visual artist, with interrelated experience in project management and art directing. Loving horses, riding horses, drawing horses—I was a horse-crazy kid who grew up in the city and the larger contemporary art world because of my dad, sculptor Robert Maki. After I graduated from New York University in 1988 and came into my own as a professional visual artist, I began integrating wild horses into my mixed-media artwork as a conceptual element. From the time I can remember, animals, a thirst for truth, and accountability have been central to who I am. I was born an observer, but even as a quiet child, I was innately fierce with determination when it came to honesty and justness. Whether for myself or others, I wouldn't hesitate to speak out when necessary.

I find experiences in life are like breadcrumbs, leading the way to future destinations, and I savor those moments when things come together and "make sense." Wild Love Preserve is a culmination of many paths I have walked before and is not my first experience in working to benefit wild horses, wildlife, and the environment. Over the years, I have used my art and photographs as tools to spread awareness and garner support. In 1999, for a solo exhibition I produced a body of mixed-media work with wild horses I photographed in eastern Washington, and in 2005, I traveled to California to photograph wild horses for related artwork. However, that production was put on hold after I learned that a Montana senator had attached a rider to an appropriations bill in the wee hours, successfully undermining the 1971 Wild and Free Roaming Wild Horse and Burro Act. Without hesitation, I turned my efforts to saving wild horses in ways I could offer.

In April 2010, I traveled to Ketchum for my German shepherd, Kiowa, to have elbow surgery. Friends who were collectors of my art suggested the idea and offered a place to stay. After speaking with Dr. Randy Acker at Sun Valley Animal Hospital, I knew it was the right choice for us, and having spent time in the area skiing, and later art directing and styling for corporate clients, it was a familiar and comfortable trip to make from Seattle. I had a limited window of time to get Kiowa to Ketchum and I welcomed a brief respite from living in hospitals regarding my mom's well-being.

I called a friend and she flew up to help me with carrying Kiowa and for some wild horse adventure. My hope had been to photograph regional Challis wild horses on the range for artwork while Kiowa was recuperating, and possibly visit adopted Challis wild horses in the area that my friend learned about from a friend of hers with family roots in Ketchum. As it turned out, wild horses weren't in the cards, so I dropped my friend at the airport and loaded my truck. The next morning, Kiowa and I hit the road, but as we turned onto the highway, I received a game-changing phone call, thanks to my friend.

In my truck at the side of the highway, I had a lengthy phone

conversation and learned about the circumstances surrounding these adopted Challis wild mares from the Bureau of Land Management's 2009 Challis helicopter roundup, and was given permission and directions to visit them. My original interest had been in photography but this encounter was something else altogether. As I stood alone amidst these wild mares, their energy was all-consuming, and the message was clear: with the privilege of visiting came the responsibility to help. So, in that moment, eye-to-eye and heart-to-heart with these wild wonders, I made a commitment that I would do what I could to help them return to their home on the other side of the hills, which they gazed upon in the distance.

Wheels set in motion, I presumed my efforts would be brief. Determined to keep my promise to help these horses, I was immediately on the phone, researching names and places during the road trip back to Seattle. To my delight, stars were aligning in a surprising fashion and within a few weeks, I had connected with a pivotal property owner. Our first phone conversation led to an office meeting and then a unique deal to purchase his property as a wildlife preserve, because it was adjacent to the Challis Herd Management Area (HMA), and the existing home of two bands of Challis wild horses. The Challis HMA is a 154,150-acre expanse of multi-use public land and high desert wilderness, which not only is home to numerous bands of the Challis herd but is rich in other native wildlife and habitat, and also is used for outdoor recreation and livestock grazing. Buying a wildlife preserve hadn't been my initial intent, but I was following where steps were leading. The playing field was taking shape and my quick turnaround of help was replaced with concept modifications and a business plan. I found myself in regular communications with a highly respected mentor and was advised to create a non-profit corporation for raising funds for operations and land acquisitions.

This entire project has been shaped by asking questions, doing research, listening, and persevering. It has been most important to heed the advice of trusted supporters and listen to stakeholders on all sides, in an effort to better understand differing perspectives, find common ground and ways of working together. Many people told me it wouldn't be possible to bring these opposing sides together, but I've always believed such goals can be achieved through open communication, kindness, and mutual respect. Some thought me a traitor for working with the BLM and ranchers, but the fact is, our public lands are multi-use, which means we must work together and share.

For the first couple years of the project, I was under the radar, connecting dots, meeting face-to-face with folks in the community, building trust and working alliances. I had thought being an outsider would be a problem, but instead it seemed to work in my favor. I was not aligned with anyone or any group, which I discovered was imperative to bridging divides. I was simply representing the wild horses and asking stakeholders if they would be willing to share their stories and to work with me and Wild Love Preserve to create a new, inclusive model in regional wild horse management that would prove beneficial for the whole. In achieving this goal, diplomacy, patience and learning from one another shifted mind-sets.

Our wild mustangs are revered as an American icon, symbolizing unbridled freedom, power, determination, and the Wild West. This wildness is essential to our wholeness. Evolutionary studies have revealed that the North American continent is the original birthplace of the genus *Equus*. Wild horses are a native species, and most notable among them is Idaho's state fossil, the Hagerman Horse, a species of equid from the Pliocene and Pleistocene periods that first

appeared about 3.5 million years ago. Hagerman fossils, discovered in 1928 by an Idaho rancher, were reconstructed into twenty complete skeletons, which can be found in the Smithsonian and museums across the country, representing the oldest widely-accepted remains of the genus Equus.

Before the extinction of North American horses about ten thousand years ago, many wild horses had drifted across the Bering Land Bridge to Eurasia, which proved advantageous to man. The horse's return to indigenous soil came with European explorers by sea. The horse has been instrumental in humankind's survival and development, and I believe we owe great respect, gratitude, and debt to the horse.

As a two-part wildlife preserve, the objective of Wild Love Preserve is the protection and preservation of our native wild horses and their respective indigenous ecosystems as a balanced and interconnected whole. By walking new paths together and establishing fluid communications between stakeholders, we can achieve this goal. A cornerstone of our mission is that we are holistic, focusing on total range health on our public lands, and as a private wildlife preserve, we mirror this balanced co-existence, versus being a single-focused fenced wild horse sanctuary.

As it turned out, the wild mares that had set the ball rolling were moved to a sanctuary out of state. But by then, the project had grown to such a degree that there was no turning back. In addition to daily fundraising efforts, I was entrenched in multi-faceted logistics and negotiations in an effort to curtail the 2012 Challis helicopter roundup by offering the BLM a new collaborative option to wild horse population management that would engage and benefit the regional community while saving federal dollars.

We didn't succeed in curtailing the 2012 roundup, but we were present to monitor daily activities. The BLM removed 150 wild horses from the range and left an estimated 185 free-roaming, but they kept their word by leaving two specific bands of Challis wild horses untouched to be part of our joint pilot program in humane fertility control with Native PZP-1YR. This biodegradable fertility vaccine, designed by Dr. Jay F. Kirkpatrick, PhD, of the Science and Conservation Center in Billings, MT, has proven safe and effective for over a quarter century with the famous Assateague Island ponies, and by 2012 was being used successfully with a handful of wild horse herds in the West, such as McCullough Peaks in Wyoming and Little Book Cliffs in Colorado.

My goal was to be proactive in maintaining the population of the Challis herd after the 2012 roundup, in an effort to avert future roundups by addressing total range health and including all stakeholders. That same year, we trained five volunteers, including myself, at the Science and Conservation Center, and we purchased necessary equipment, thanks to grants and donations. Preparation is always key, and it was necessary that we became certified in remotely darting wild mares in the field. Since our pilot program commenced in 2014 with treating five wild mares, our collaborative efforts with the BLM have expanded annually, and we have demonstrated the positive effects of new working relations that benefit the wild horses, environment, community, and taxpayers.

During the 2012 roundup, my mind was spinning in regard to the wild horses that would be permanently removed. If they were to go through the usual BLM process of adoptions, with unadopted wild horses being shipped to long-term holding facilities out of state, we would have accomplished nothing. And therein lies another monumental shift in

WHILE I LOVE WILD HORSES, THIS PROJECT IS NOT MERELY PASSION-BASED

this project.

In addition to our collaborative work on the range with the BLM, Wild Love Preserve adopted all of the removed Challis wild horses the BLM made available, so that not one was shipped out of state to long-term holding at taxpayer expense. Instead, we set in motion our creation of a native wild expanse on home turf where they will remain a wild herd. Our mass adoption remains the second largest in BLM history, but the first of its kind in intent. Nowadays, we continue to pursue funding for acquisitions of our wildlands from private donors, not from federal coffers.

The term that best describes Wild Love Preserve is "organic evolution," because we have been shaped by responding to the array of logistics that arise at every turn. So far, we have adopted 136 wild horses, we work collaboratively on the range, and are creating a permanently protected wild expanse in the heart of Idaho wild horse country. We work with the BLM, cattle ranchers, environmentalists, wildlife biologists, wild horse advocates, youth employment groups and regional communities, and our mission is driven by kindness, mutual respect, science, and education, as we engage public and private lands to address all facets of regional wild horse conservation at home.

Since the 2012 Challis roundup, we have helped to ensure that no Idaho wild horse has been shipped to an out-of-state government holding facility. There are more than fifty thousand wild horses in long-term holding facilities, and an estimated forty thousand remain wild on public lands in ten western states. Government roundups, removals, transport, and long-term holding cost American taxpayers more than $77 million annually, while wild horses pay the ultimate price in capture, loss of freedom, family, and often, life. At the government's estimate of savings to taxpayers of fifty thousand dollars per lifetime for each wild horse, our programs, on and off the range, have saved American taxpayers $7.5 million dollars since 2013. By design, we have turned Challis wild horses into an asset for the local community, region, and state.

Four years into this project, in 2014, I experienced a revelation that brought Wild Love Preserve full circle for me as a contemporary visual artist. The extended separation from my art and studio had me feeling very disjointed, but then, in a flash, everything coalesced and I realized this project is, in fact, a living, breathing and evolving embodiment of my conceptually based work. Suddenly I understood that I have been living within my own art—walking, talking, producing, and nurturing a three-dimensional environmental "installation" in real time, which will live on as a reflection of our enduring humanity.

This was pivotal for me, because my artwork always has centered on what I refer to as "the concept of one," which is to say, we are all of the same energy, simply in different packages, whether you or I, animals, birds, plants, trees, water, or wind. This awareness nurtures mutual respect, understanding, compassion, and action on behalf of our collective well-being, for one understands that to harm another is to harm oneself. This oneness is also the inspiration of Wild Love Preserve and the reason behind our name. Wild Love Preserve is rooted in two-legged accountability. I believe we have a responsibility to care for the whole. While I love wild horses and all wildlife, this project is not merely passion-based. Passion is wonderful, it is to be honored, respected, and nurtured, but this project speaks to cause and effect. Man-made conditions must be addressed in a responsible and all-encompassing manner. This is not someone else's problem to fix, it is ours, and it impacts all of us, whether one is aware of this fact or not. ■

Is That Sarcasm?

Or Nothing at All?

BY STEVE CARR

A wise friend told me my columns remind him of the *Seinfeld* show. "Very similar," he said, and my head swooned during his perfect pause. "It's true, just like the *Seinfeld* show, you write a lot about nothing."

"Thank you," I managed, uncertain how else to respond, not reading him well enough to know if it was subtle sarcasm.

Twenty years ago, I'd have assumed the remark was a challenge, and would have flung an ugly yet witty repartee his way. Middle age has an advantage over young, virile, and handsome: it takes more than getting cut off in traffic or being told your writing is "nothing" to get riled up.

Seinfeld was a staple in our house for years until the reruns were moved to late night. My young, virile, handsome son is able to recognize a favorite episode from the show's opening one-liners.

"Make no mistake about why these babies are here," Jerry Seinfeld's character said. "They're here to replace us."

I don't know if that's how the "Now That's a Baby" episode began or if it's from another, but I heard the line last week while warming a bottle for my granddaughter, who refused to eat dinner with the rest of us, and then decided she was hungry at 11 p.m. My granddaughter was spending the week with us, while her young handsome parents drove across the country to their new home and career.

On my way to the microwave, by the light of the flickering television, I slipped on a dirty diaper that somehow hadn't made it to the garbage. As I hopped on one foot while rinsing the other in the kitchen sink, I was reminded of a time long ago when my brother visited my mother and father with his young family. Several days after they had returned home, Dad wrote them a letter.

"Dear kids," he wrote, "I was about to send you a note and say, 'I give up, where did you put it?' when I found them: two diapers in the wastebasket by my desk. For days I hunted for a dead mouse, took innumerable showers, and sniffed when Grandma walked by. I discovered the diapers while rummaging in the wastebasket to see if I'd mistakenly thrown an unopened letter there. I inadvertently grabbed one, in the poor illumination, and I cannot scrub the odor from my hand. Bad as the odor is, I think the undulating motion of the little white worms was the most frightening."

Long after that episode, and quite inexplicably, my father was always the first to ask when the babies would be back for a visit.

My granddaughter's visit ended last week. She went home to her parents—no more late-night screams, no more stinky diapers, no more babysitting. I'm off to the golf course.

* * *

As my tee shot rolled, coming to an inauspicious rest in front of the women's tee box, my wise-guy friend said, "Your golf game reminds me of Jack Nicklaus. Yep, your shots are straight and true."

"Thanks," I replied, distracted, inexplicably missing my granddaughter—who, by the way, is here to replace me. ■

Find Steve straight in front of the ladies' tee or at scarr@prodigy.net

S.AVE O.UR S.TORIES

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

Now we're working on getting them on the Internet to share with Idaho students, teachers and the rest of the world. Become a part of our history project. Donations of $25 or more can be counted toward the project.

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INVEST IN IDAHO

Circus Cookie Balls

INGREDIENTS

12-oz package of frosted animal cracker cookies
4 oz of cream cheese
4 squares of vanilla bark
Colored candy sprinkles
Red or pink food coloring

PREPARATION

> Place cookies into a food processor and pulse to create fine crumbs. May require several batches. If no food processor available, put into a sealable plastic bag and crush.

> In a bowl, mix crumbs and softened cream cheese well. Roll into small balls and place on a baking sheet covered in wax paper. Put sheet into a refrigerator for ½ hour to cool.

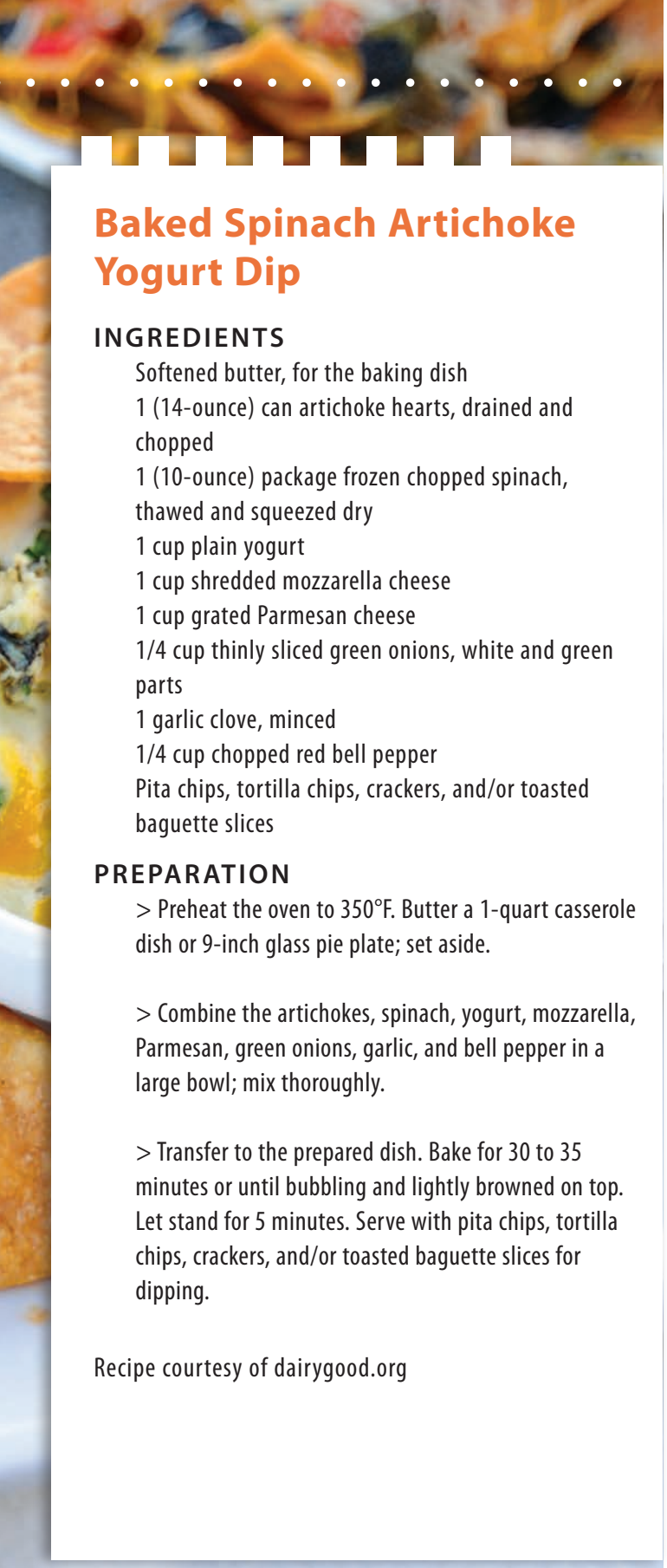
> After balls are well cooled and ready for dipping, melt vanilla bark in a bowl in the microwave, 30 seconds at a time until it is the right dipping consistency after stirring. Set aside half of the bark and put a few drops of food coloring, for both pink and white cookie balls.

> Roll balls into melted bark until covered, using forks to maneuver. Remove balls from bark, allowing excess to drip off, then replace balls onto wax paper. Garnish with sprinkles before the bark cools.

NOTE FROM AMY: Now that my kids are grown, this time of year brings back a lot of back-to-school nostalgia. The memories of Indian Summer road trips and camping. My children loved those candy-covered animal crackers with the sprinkles, which were ideal for the cooler late summer and fall months (and not so ideal for June and July, due to the melting/messy hands factor!) Each child had a favorite animal, and we sometimes doled the treats out accordingly.

This recipe is a new twist on an old favorite. Imagine having this waiting for family or friends when they walk through the door after a long school or work day!

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



MICHAEL SAECHANG

Baked Spinach Artichoke Yogurt Dip

INGREDIENTS

Softened butter, for the baking dish
1 (14-ounce) can artichoke hearts, drained and chopped
1 (10-ounce) package frozen chopped spinach, thawed and squeezed dry
1 cup plain yogurt
1 cup shredded mozzarella cheese
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1/4 cup thinly sliced green onions, white and green parts
1 garlic clove, minced
1/4 cup chopped red bell pepper
Pita chips, tortilla chips, crackers, and/or toasted baguette slices

PREPARATION

> Preheat the oven to 350°F. Butter a 1-quart casserole dish or 9-inch glass pie plate; set aside.

> Combine the artichokes, spinach, yogurt, mozzarella, Parmesan, green onions, garlic, and bell pepper in a large bowl; mix thoroughly.

> Transfer to the prepared dish. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes or until bubbling and lightly browned on top. Let stand for 5 minutes. Serve with pita chips, tortilla chips, crackers, and/or toasted baguette slices for dipping.

Recipe courtesy of dairygood.org

SEPTEMBER 2016

STIEHL BURROW

JEROME COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

2-3

STANLEY-SAWTOOTH COWBOY POETRY & MUSIC GATHERING, Stanley

The Sawtooth Mountain Mamas would like to invite everyone to celebrate the traditions of the American West and the working cowboys through poetry, tales, and music. This is a truly unique event that is right at home in the "Wild West" of Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains, bringing together true cowboys from all over the west to share their original poetry and music. Visitors can enjoy live performances and cowboy demonstrations all weekend at various locations throughout downtown Stanley. Hours are 1:00pm to 6:00pm both days. All events are free – but donations are requested. Check the Web site below for an event schedule.

Information: sawtoothmountainmamas.org

2-5

PAUL BUNYAN DAYS, St. Maries

Every Labor Day weekend, St. Maries comes alive with this exciting annual event, which promises four days of fun and excitement. Logger competitions, water events, food booths, carnival rides, music, games, a Car Club breakfast, an evening dance, parade, swim pool events, and much more highlight this family friendly send-off to summer. Sunday at dusk is one of the country's largest arena firework shows, and Monday morning is the Labor Day parade – bigger and better every year. Plan to shop St. Maries sidewalk sales for great bargains, too. There are two motels and numerous Bed & Breakfasts to stay the weekend, and there are ample camping opportunities along the town's two rivers, the St. Maries and the St. Joe. Come on up, over, or down to St. Maries fun family weekend!

Information: (208) 245.3563

10

LIVE HISTORY DAY, Jerome

This is the 33rd Annual Live History Day, which is presented and hosted by the Jerome County Historical Society. Visitors will see demonstrations of life in the Magic Valley as it was in the early 1900's, Civil War re-enactors, and an antique-tractor-pulling contest. There will be lots of other fun things to see and participate in, as well. Then on Sunday, there will be a non-denominational church service, followed by a bring-your-own lunch on the church grounds. Live History Day takes place at the Idaho Farm and Ranch Museum, just northeast of the Highway 93 and Interstate 84 interchange in Jerome. Admission: Children age 12 and under are free; all others $5.00. There is no entrance fee for Sunday.

Information: HistoricalJeromeCounty.com; or (208) 324.5641

POCATELLO ART CENTER

HOP REGATTA

NORTH IDAHO DRAFT HORSE & MULE ASSOC

11-12

SAGEBRUSH ARTS FEST, Pocatello

The Sagebrush Arts Fest, which is sponsored by the Pocatello Art Center, is an expanding, community-based event with particular emphasis on children's art activities and high quality fine arts and crafts. The event features a variety of artists and craftspeople from throughout Idaho and the surrounding states. One very special part of the event is a FREE "Children's Art Yard" where children can participate in hands-on activities and special art projects under the supervision of our capable volunteers. The Fest takes place on the lawn and under the trees at the corner of Fifth and Carter, on the campus of Idaho State University. There is no cost for folks to visit the Fest, which is open from 10:00AM to 5:00PM both days.

Information: pocatelloartctr.org; or pocartctr@ida.net

23-24

HEAD OF THE PEND OREILLE REGATTA, Priest River

The 6th annual Head of the Pend Oreille Regatta (HOP) is the only regatta that is held in Idaho. The activities begin with a 1K- sprint race at 4:30 PM Friday at the Priest River Yacht Club (PRYC). The race is followed by a BBQ at the PRYC from 5:00-8:00PM ($7 for ages 12 and under, $10 for all others); The Saturday Regatta start time is 8:30 AM. There will be rowers from Canada, Washington and Idaho, including representatives from WSU and Gonzaga, plus 6-9 Masters (post collegiate and over 18 rowers). The Regatta can be seen from the Merritt Brothers bridge on the Pend Oreille, Dufort Rd. and Bonner Park West, and from the Priest River bridge on Hwy 2 just east of Priest River.

Information: hopregatta.org; or headrace@netw.com

23-25

IDAHO DRAFT HORSE & MULE INTERNATIONAL SHOW, Sandpoint

This event, the Northwest's largest draft horse and mule expo, will be taking place at the Bonner County Fairgrounds in Sandpoint. Most folks are familiar with the Thoroughbred horses that run in races like the Kentucky Derby and the Breeder's Cup, and have watched broncs and cow ponies do their stuff at the rodeos. But there are other equines around who do a lot more than entertain. The event includes such things as log-skidding, farm team competitions, heavy and light weight pulls, ladies cart driving (both horse and mule), and junior events. And that doesn't begin to list all that will be going on. Schedules and costs are available at the Web site below

Information: idahodrafthorseshow.com ; or (208) 263.8414

SEPTEMBER 2016

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

8/31-9/5 Wagon Days: Ketchum celebrates Labor Day weekend with one of the largest non-motorized parades in the Pacific Northwest, Ketchum

1 Idaho Falls Gallery Walk: Enjoy works by artists from around the region and around the globe at ten community galleries and museums; free; no registration required; 5:00-8:00PM, downtown Idaho Falls

1 Story Trail Book-of-the-Month, "Jam & Honey": Stories are geared towards preschoolers and early elementary ages; The story is posted on ten child-height reading platforms along a ¼ mile self-guided trail; No registration required; 12:00 Noon; Foothills Learning Center; 188 Sunset Peak Road, Boise

1-3 Spirit of Boise Balloon Festival: It is a grand family experience to come watch all the balloons drifting into the morning sky above Boise; Free; Ann Morrison Park, Boise

1-4 Heart of the West Art Show: Coeur d'Alene Resort, Coeur d'Alene

1-5 Twin Falls County Fair, Filer

1-29 TNT Thursdays: THURSDAYS; From 4-5 PM; here kids 10 and up meet to play video games; Hailey Public Library, Hailey

1-29 12th Avenue Farmer's Martket: THURSDAYS, 2:00-7:00PM, Buhl

2 Revive @ 5 Summer Concert: 5:00-8:00PM, enjoy live music, different food each week at the Old Town Pavilion, Pocatello

2 Kamiah Senior Center Spaghetti Feed, Kamiah

2,3,9,10 Star Gaze: 6:30PM-Midnight; Bruneau Dunes State Park, Bruneau

2,9 Idaho Chariots Friday Night Cruise: 4:00PM, 1680 Westland, Boise

2-3 The Stanley-Sawtooth Cowboy Poetry and Music Gathering: Celebrate the traditions of the American West and the working cowboys through poetry, tales, and music; 1:00pm to 6:00pm both days; free – donations are requested, downtown Stanley

2-5 Hailey Antique Market, Hailey

2-5 Paul Bunyan Days: Four days of fun and excitement, including logger competitions, water events, food booths, carnival rides, music, and games, plus a Car Club breakfast and evening dance, parade, swim pool events, and a great fireworks show on Sunday night; downtown St. Maries

2-5 Teton Mountain Bike Festival: This is one of the biggest bike fests in the west; experience 4 full days of all things bike, including bike manufacturers, incredible group rides, live music, and clinics from renowned riders, Driggs/Teton Valley

2-30 Lewiston Public Market: FRIDAYS, 5:00-8:00PM, downtown Lewiston

3 Wooden Boat Poker Run: $15/boat; money is used for jackpot and prizes; Blue Diamond Marina, Priest Lake

3 Pine Featherville Arts & Crafts Show: 9:00AM-4:00PM, Pine

3 Historic Swan Falls Power House Open House: 10:00AM-4:00PM, Swan Falls/Murphy

3 Free Admission Day, Museum Of Eastern Idaho: 10:00AM-5:00PM, Idaho Falls

3-4 Coaster Classic Car Show: Silverwood Theme Park, Athol

3-5 Under the Freeway Flea Market, Wallace

3-5 "Art At The Lake": Special showings by Northwest artists, Entree Gallery (208-443-2001), Priest Lake

3-5 Schweitzer Fall Fest: Schweitzer Mountain, Sandpoint

3-5 Moto-X Races, Minidoka County Fairgrounds, Rupert

3-10 Eastern Idaho State Fair, Blackfoot

3-24 Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS, 9:00-1:00, Longbranch Parking Lot, downtown Nampa

3-24 Farmers Market: SATURDAYS, 8:00-1:00; located downtown on Main Street and in Friendship Square next to the Moscow Hotel, Moscow

3-24 Saturday Market Cartoons: SATURDAYS, 9:00-Noon; Free; shown at the Kenworthy Performing Arts Centre during the Farmers Market, Moscow

3-24 Meridian Youth Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS, 9:00-12:00; Perhaps the first of its kind in the US; Youth food, produce, arts and crafts and services vendors will peddle their wares at City Hall Plaza, Meridian

3-24 Long Camp Farmers Market: SATURDAYS, Kamiah/Kooski

3-24 Hot Rod Hangout: SATURDAYS; Burgers and shakes, hot rods, custom and classic cars, live oldies rock; Free; 6:00-9:00PM; Burger Time, 1273 South Orchard, Boise

4 Family Friendly Movie: 9:30PM, on the lawn at Elkins Resort, Priest Lake

4 CVRA Bull Bash, Kamiah

FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

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

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

4 Payette Lake Run: Three runs, three distances, three routes; 8:00AM; Depot Park (208-888-2122), McCall

4,11 Ste. Chapelle Summer Concerts: $10 members, $12 guests, free for ages 16 and younger; Ste. Chapelle Winery, (208)453-7840, 19348 Lowell Road, Caldwell

5 Japan Day 2016: Our special guest this year is Japanese Traditional Dancer, Grandmaster Fujima Shunojo from Chicago; also featuring Taiko, Aikido, Japanese harp, Calligraphy, Origami Flea Market, Onigiri (Japanese rice balls), Mochi cakes, Ennichi carnivals and much more, Basque Block, Boise

5 Music in the Park: Music and ice cream social; Free admission, Tower Park, Cambridge

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

7 Idaho Job & Career Fair: Free; 9:00AM - 4:00PM, Riverside Hotel, Boise

7 First Wednesday: Musicians, artists, merchants, business owners, non-profit groups, crafters, youth groups and more; 12:00 Noon, Emmett

7-10 Lewiston Roundup, Lewiston

7-28 Farmer's Market: WEDNESDAYS, 1:00-5:00 PM, Soda Springs

7-28 Pre-School Story Hour: WEDNESDAYS; Stories with a guest reader, plus a snack! Free; 10:00 AM, Public Library, Salmon

8-9 2016 Fall Fling: Bake sale and raffles; annual fundraiser; the public is welcome, with all proceeds going towards ongoing support of the Meridian Senior Center's day to day expenses; Senior Center, 1920 North Records Way, Meridian

8-9 Crafts in the Country 2016: All proceeds from the booth sales go to the Helping Kid's Fund; Twin Falls County Fairgrounds, Filer

9 Movie Under The Stars–"Zootopia": The fun begins at 7:00PM with free games for kids, provided by the Boise Parks & Recreation Mobile Recreation Van, and at dusk, the free family-friendly movie shown on a huge 30' inflatable movie screen; Hobble Creek Park, Boise

9-11 Art in the Park: This open-air festival provides visitors of all ages and interests with the opportunity to meet more than 200 artists and purchase their works; during the three-day event, Boise Art Museum presents a variety of contemporary arts and crafts along with an exceptional array of live entertainment, park performances, wonderful food and hands-on activities for children; Julia Davis Park, Boise

9-12 Lost Trail Bike Fest: The best Mountain Bike Party in Montana and Idaho; Singletrack, shuttles, music, food; Come and celebrate great friends and great trails, Salmon

9,30 Sound Downtown: Concerts held in conjunction with the Lewiston Public Market; 6:00-8:00 pm; bring your own chair or blanket for seating, downtown Lewiston

10 "Powered by the Past": Injectors car show, downtown Sandpoint

10 Salmon River Run: "A footrace along the beautiful Salmon River", Riggins

10 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Jared Armenta, Boise State University, "Genetic Mating System of the Western Burrowing Owl"; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell

10 Dry Creek Bass Tournament, 197 W Highway 30, Burley

10 River Sweep: Volunteers, students, and citizens are invited to help clean up the banks of the Boise River from Eagle to the confluence of the Snake River; register by September 7 at (208)327-7095 or michael.young@idfg.idaho.gov, Boise

10 Roundup Parade: 10:00AM-Noon, Lewiston

10 FormFest 2016 Import Car Show: Free for spectators; browse over 300 cars; 11:00AM-

SEPTEMBER 2016

5:00PM, Scentsy Commons, Meridian

10-11 Lewis & Clark Boise/Nampa Gun Show: 9:00AM, Ford Idaho Center, Nampa

10-11 Sagebrush Art Festival and Sagebrush Wildlife Film Festival: ISU campus, Pocatello

10-11 Autocross Racing: Autocross is a friendly, timed competition in which drivers navigate one at a time through a course defined by cones on a flat, sealed surface, placing demand on car handling and driver skill rather than on engine power and outright speed; admission free to spectators; west parking lot, Expo Idaho, Garden City

11 Grandparents Day at the Zoo Idaho, Pocatello

13 Blood Drive: 1:00-6:00PM, Veterans Hall, Glenns Ferry

13 Story Trail Book: "Jam & Honey": we invite you and your preschooler to join us as we walk the quarter-mile trail and read the book, then head into the Learning Center to do a story-related craft; for children between 3-1/2 and 6 years old and an adult companion;. $3.00 fee per student; to reserve a spot, call (208)608-768;10:00-11:00AM, Foothills Learning Center, Boise

14 Chinese Movie Night–"Go Lala Go": The University of Idaho Confucius Institute invites the public to attend its FREE monthly Chinese Movie; Each film will have a brief introduction by our visiting South China University of Technology instructor; 7:00-9:00PM, Kenworthy Performing Arts Centre, Moscow

14 Parent Play Date: Parents and 4 or 5 year olds; $6 first parent and child, $3 extra child (space is limited, must pre-register at artitorium@idahofallsarts.org), 11:00AM-Noon; ARTItorium, Idaho Falls

15 "Coffee & Coloring": Coloring materials will be provided, but you are welcome to bring your own pages; This is a free event--Come in a bit early to grab a drink and snack before doing some art; 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM; Barnes & Noble, Twin Falls

15-17 Idaho State University Bengal Roundup Rodeo at Bannock County Events Center in Pocatello

15-18 Latah County Fair: 4-H, Livestock Shows, Commercial Displays, BBQ/Food vendors, Open Class Exhibits, Live Concerts, Carnival, Tractor Pulls, and more. Hours: 10am-10pm; Latah County Fairgrounds, Moscow

15-18 Clearwater County Fair & Lumberjack Days, Orofino

15-18 End of Season RV sale: Admission, free; West parking lot, Expo Idaho, Garden City

16 Voice Male at the Bear Lake Middle School: Presented by the National Oregon/California Trail Center in Montpelier

16-18 Big Nasty Hill Climb: info at www.bignastyhillclimb.com/; Payette

17 32nd Annual Harvest Classic: The Harvest Classic Fun Run features an 8K run or wheelchair race, 2-mile run or walk, 1-mile non-competitive race, food, prizes, entertainment, vendor booths and a school competition; Proceeds benefit youth through the purchase of PE equipment for local schools, and the Nampa Parks and Recreation Department Scholarship Fund, which provides scholarships for youth, families and individuals to access recreational activities; Information 468-5858, Nampa

17 Felons and Fords: Classic Car Show; 10:00-5:00PM, Old Idaho Penitentiary, Boise

17 Rexburg Unplugged 2016: BYU-I students will have a chance to meet local businesses, mingle, dance, eat fantastic food and vote for your choice in the Battle of the BYU-I Bands; 1:00-5:00PM, Hemming Village, Rexburg

17 Magic Valley Rabbit Show, Minidoka County Fairgrounds, Rupert

17 Fun at the Farm: Did you know that the City of Boise owns a farm? Join us at the Twenty Mile South Farm (9560 West Nicholson Road in Kuna) to learn how the City of Boise utilizes the "solids" from your toilet flushes; Take a bus tour of the 4,200+ acre farm, visit the first net-zero commercial facility in Idaho, check out the awesome farm equipment, and play some fun fall carnival games; FREE but pre-registration is required; call (208)608-7300 by September 14th, Kuna

17-18 Idaho State Disc Golf Championships, (208-436-1258), Lake Walcott State Park, Rupert

17-18 Pocatello Pump (Rock Climbing Event) at Ross Park, Pocatello

17-18 Open House: 12 Noon-5:00 PM, Silver City

21-30 Wild Adventure Corn Maze: Noon to 11pm Fri & Sat, Closed Sundays; 135 West 450 North, Blackfoot

22 Send Off Summer: Food Truck Rally, Music, Vendor Booths & More; Entry is FREE with a suggested donation to the event benefactors, Meridian Food Bank and Meridian Chamber Community Fund; 5:00-8:30PM, City Hall Plaza, Meridian

22-23 FitOne Healthy Living Expo: Being fit is not a destination--it is a way of life, and FitOne inspires families to come to the starting line every September and encourages progressive steps in a healthy direction throughout the year; free;10am-8pm, Boise Centre, Boise

22-25 Idaho Mountain Festival: A climbing festival with workshops, trail running, and more; Hosted inside Castle Rocks State Park, Almo

22-25 Nez Perce County Fair: Fun for the entire family including children's activities, entertainment, music, rides, commercial vendors, a wide variety of food and attractions; Thu 10-9, Fri-Sat 10-10, Sun 10-5; Nez Perce County Fairgrounds, Lewiston

23-25 Idaho Draft Horse and Mule International Show: The Northwest's largest draft horse and mule expo; Bonner County Fairgrounds, Sandpoint

24 Treasure Valley Celtic Festival and Highland Games: All Kids under age 5 FREE; $7 for Kids ages 5-15, Seniors (60 and up) and active military; and $12 for all others; 9am-5pm, Expo Idaho, Garden City

24 Model Trains in the Park: Just what it says, and free to everyone; 9:00-4:00PM, Julia Davis Park, Boise

24 Family Fun Day: Community Animal Hospital is fun for the whole family, even the four legged ones, with a Petting zoo, Pet contests, Refreshments, Refreshments, Vendors, Prizes, Tours, Face painting, and Bounce house; and it's all free; 1:00-5:00PM, 833 North 12th Avenue, Pocatello

24 Crop Walk, Heyburn Riverside Park, Heyburn

29 Responsible Riders OHV Safety Classes: Visit parksandrecreation.idaho.gov for details and to register; Lewiston and Pocatello

29 Gazebo Concert & Night Market: A free concert sponsored by City of Eagle's Parks & Recreation and Eagle's Art Commission; 6:30-9:00PM, Heritage Park, Eagle

29-10/2 Lewis County Fair, Nezperce

30-10/1 Pro-West Finals: Cowboys are the world's finest rodeo athletes, and this event matches these athletes against some of the best and toughest rodeo livestock in the world; Kootenai County Fairgrounds, Coeur d'Alene

OCTOBER 2016

1 See Spot Walk: Idaho Humane Society Dog Walk and Festival, Boise

1 Free Admission Day, Museum Of Eastern Idaho: 10:00AM-5:00PM, Idaho Falls

1 Watershed Watch: From 10:00AM– 12:00 Noon, you can be a water quality scientist for a day and diagnose the health of the Boise River; All ages are welcome; Registration will open August 31st, Boise

1 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Professor Eric Yensen, The College of Idaho, on some topic involving ground squirrels; The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell

1,8 Farmers Market: 8:00-1:00; located downtown on Main Street and in Friendship Square next to the Moscow Hotel, Moscow

1,8 Long Camp Farmers Market, Kamiah/Kooskia

1-2 Autumn Photo Safari: Better than a photography class, the Autumn Photo Safari will be your ticket to the best secret locales for scenery and fall foliage photography; Beginners welcome; Follow park rangers to the hotspots for color; This event is free (Yes, free), but pre-registration is required (208-824-5901) and limited to 15 people; Castle Rocks State Park, Almo

1-2 Salmon River Art Show: Sponsored by the Salmon River Art Guild, Riggins

1-11/7 Wild Adventure Corn Maze, Blackfoot

1-31 Swore Farms Corn Maze and Pumpkin Patch, Pocatello

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

5 Story Time: Books and crafts designated for children ages of 2- 4 will be available during this time; all ages are welcome; 10:30AM-12:30PM, Hailey Public Library , Hailey

6 Idaho Falls Gallery Walk: Enjoy works by artists from around the region and around the globe at ten community galleries and museums; free; no registration required; 5:00-8:00PM, downtown Idaho Falls

7 Lewiston Public Market/Lewiston Art Walk: 5:00-8:00PM, downtown Lewiston

7-8 Professional Bull Riders, Ford Idaho Center, Nampa

7-9 Fall For History: A gala celebration of Wallace's history and designation as the only city in America entirely listed on the National Register of Historic Places; Speakers historic home, cemetery and museum tours; live theater re-enactments make-your-own-history workshops; and more, Wallace

8 Kids Discovery: Free admission, 1:00AM-5:00PM, South Expo Building, Expo Idaho, Garden City

10 Dog-A-Palooza: Lava Heat Aquatics and the Lava Hot Springs Foundation invite dogs and dog-lovers; Dogs are allowed to swim in the outdoor pool—although their humans need to stay on the deck—and play in the fully fenced lawn area; Open Swim for Dogs noon-4:00pm; (208)776-5500; Lava Hot Springs

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

Karlene Bayok Edwards
grew up in McCall. At the age of eight she began volunteering at the McCall Library, hence her thirty-four-year career as a school librarian. She met her husband in Arizona, where she earned degrees in English literature and library science. Now retired, she feels compelled to write from the vivid memories of her Idaho childhood and from the Idaho backcountry stories told by her parents, Joe and Marcella Bayok.

Kitty Delorey Fleischman
started her journalism career at the *Nome Nugget* in the 1970s, then went south. She worked in Anchorage for the *Great Lander*, UPI in Boise, then co-founded and published the *Idaho Business Review* from 1984 until selling to its current owners in 1999. In 2001, she started *IDAHO magazine*. Her conversations with Velma Morrison led her to write Velma's memoirs, *The Bluebird Will Sing Tomorrow*.

Joan Ward Hawkins
was born and attended school in Malad City, earned a business degree in Salt Lake City, and moved back to Malad in 1970. She has two sons, Charles D. (Chuck) Moon and Justin B. Moon, a daughter, Jenny Rae Hawkins, two grandchildren and a great-granddaughter. Part-owner of Scott's Land Title Company and a reporter for *The Idaho Enterprise*, Joan is active in many community and church groups, was long a member of the Malad City Council, and currently is the city's mayor.

Andrea Maki
was born in Seattle in 1966, and graduated from New York University in 1988 with a Bachelor of Science in painting. In 1989 she returned to the Northwest, where she resides. Her contemporary art career spans thirty years, exhibiting and in collections nationally, including the National Museum of Women in the Arts. In 2010, she founded Wild Love Preserve.

Peter D. McQuade
lives with his wife, Marilyn, in Colorado Springs, but his heart never left Boise, where he grew up. An aeronautical engineer, professor of astronautics and space systems engineering, and retired Air Force officer, he's an avid student of aviation history and loves to build and fly competition model gliders.

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

Mike Turnlund
has been a teacher at Clark Fork Jr/Sr High School since 2006. He can be reached at mike.turnlund@lposd.org

Ross V. Walker
was raised on an apple farm in Connecticut, worked as a systems analyst designing credit card processing systems in San Francisco, and retired to Montpelier in 1999. With his wife, Linda, he started the Sharp Shooters Camera Club and enjoys photographing out-of-the-way places throughout the West, including 208 ghost towns, so far.

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☐ FEB 2002	WALLACE
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☐ JUN 2002	KETCHUM
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