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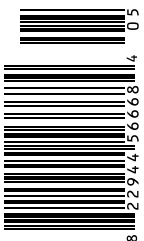
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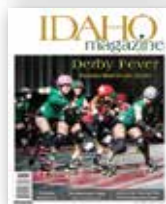
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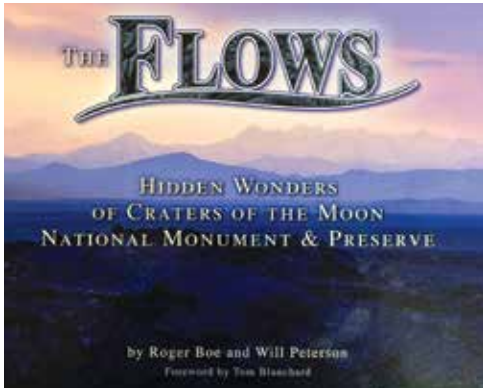
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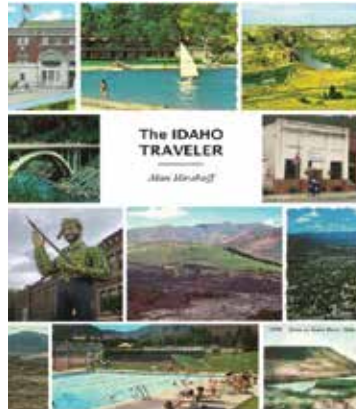
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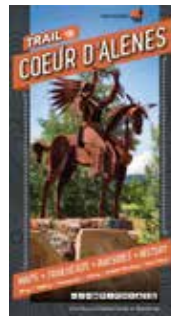
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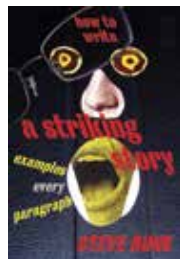


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CONTENTS

6



10



18



26



28



32



49



5 • COMMENTS

River of No Return, Salmon

6 • BOISE

Hunkered Down, by Kim Steinberg

10 • Trail-Blasters

In the 1960s, a group of teenagers was hired to blast out and build some of Idaho's most iconic wilderness trails.

By Dan Eaton

18 • The 12 Junipers of Wapi

The author leads a few doubting friends deep into the Craters of the Moon in search of an eerie scene.

By Will Peterson

26 • HAYDEN

Small West, by Keith Knight

28 • BEAR LAKE

Beloved Trumpeter, by Paige Miller

32 • Irwin — SPOTLIGHT CITY

The only town in Swan Valley with a post office has drawn an eclectic mix of oldtimers and titans of industry.

By Daryl Hunter

40 • SAWTOOTH AND WHITE CLOUDS

Secret Places, by Margaret Fuller

45 • DWORSHAK DAM

What Lies Beneath, by Richard Thorum

49 • BURLEY

The Idaho Regatta, by Scott Kunau

54 • IDAHO AT LARGE

Minority Rapport, by Marylyn Cork

56 • RECIPES

Furlough Flatbread;
Quarantine Caramels

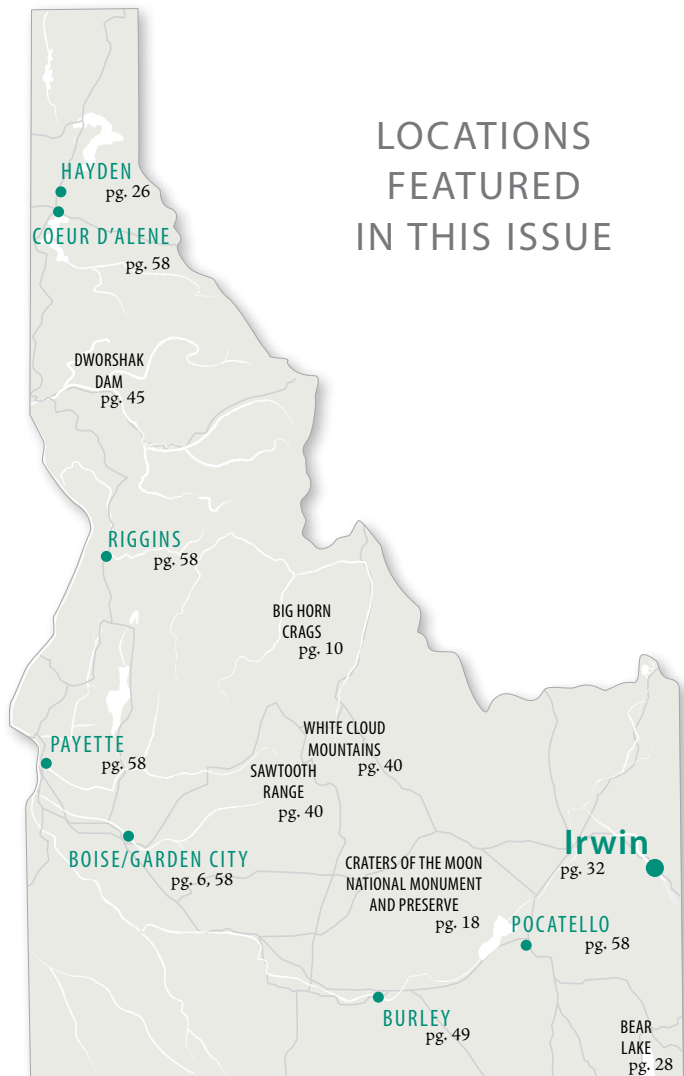
58 • CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Greek Food Festival, Boise

64 • CONTRIBUTORS

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COVER PHOTO



Waterborne fire fighters attack a blazing church in Swan Valley.

Photo Daryl Hunter

CORRECTION

A photo on page 25 of the March 2020 issue was incorrectly identified as a postcard of Elk River. The postcard actually shows Elk City Hot Springs. Our apologies.

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TWIN BRIDGES ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

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COMMENTS



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A bird's eye view of the River of No Return near Salmon.

~ Photo by Lisa Sullivan

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Hunkered Down

BY KIM STEINBERG

I am not isolating, quarantining, or sheltering in place. I am hunkering down. My world, near the Boise foothills, has shrunk to a pearl in the jewelry box. I still walk the hills, though the trails are not six feet across. I step off to widen the distance when hikers and bikers pass. I hold my breath until they are six feet away. But the spring desert breeze is fresh.

The dogs run free on Dry Creek Trail, five miles into the hills. The creek below is not dry. It gurgles down the gully amidst dogwood and saltbush. I had hoped for isolation, but families, couples, and young people who are hiking alone share the trail with my husband Si and me. Our dogs have fluffy, friendly faces that invite smiles and pets. Can dogs carry the virus? I don't know.

"We need a sign around their necks that says, 'Please don't pet,'" I tell Si. "You can't keep wiping them down with disinfectant after hikes, they'll get poisoned."

I lean on a boulder through a narrow section. Do boulders carry the virus?

"I forgot the hand sanitizer," says Si. "Don't touch your face." His hair is too long and his eyebrows are bushy.

I hike in front of him so he can catch me if I stumble. As we pass



BLAN DODD

people, they say, “Have a good one,” or “Beautiful day,” or “Your dogs are so cute.”

“The pups haven’t learned social distancing,” jokes Si.

An hour later, at the car, I grab the hand sanitizer. I look at the bottle. Wait, I touched it and then sanitized. Does that mean the bottle might still carry the virus? Am I supposed to sanitize the hand sanitizer bottle, too? I decide that’s going too far, and then change my mind.

I return home, wash my hands with soap and water while I sing “Happy Birthday” twice, and watch the sky lighten as the sun creeps down the hillside, scattering the shadows. The firs and lodgepole pines are still green. The sky is still powder blue. Spring has arrived.

Two young men dressed in khakis, dark coats, and backpacks blow leaves in the common area. Why do we need leaf blowers in March? Since October, maple leaves have carpeted the ground like rose petals. Industrial leaf blowers sound like a hundred million bees buzzing all at once: obnoxious, ear-shattering, concentration-fracturing. I’m glad the guys still have jobs, but the vibration bleeds through the walls. I want to go outside and scream at them.

My writing group has been canceled, my haircut postponed, the massage rescheduled. Last night my forty-year-old neighbor, Sam, called a hello from her driveway. Her long sandy brown hair was ponytailed, a few strands blowing in the brisk wind. I stood on the second-story porch, plenty of distance between us.

“How are you? I’m starved for human contact,” I said. We chatted for a few minutes. She said, “I’m not high risk. If you need anything at the store, I’ll pick it up for you.”

“We can have it delivered,” I said.

I considered the chain of hands who might touch my purchase. The manufacturer, the assembly line, the stock boy, the packer, the delivery truck driver.

I tried to order groceries online. The system crashed from the weight of the demand. I called my young friend, Lindsey, who offered days ago to pick up groceries. She refused to accept gas money or a delivery fee, but did accept three rolls of toilet paper.

The buzzing stops momentarily, giving me hope. False hope. The sound pulses up and down, rises to a crescendo, and then subsides. Leaves fly into the air, drift like thistle, and settle into a pile.

OPPOSITE: A jog with the dogs in the Boise foothills.

BELOW: A leaf blower at its noisy work.



PETE PHOTO




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My husband chants Hebrew in the next room. It comforts him.

My twenty-three-year old daughter is ill: cough, fever, shortness of breath.

My son graduated with a doctorate in physics this month. "Mom, there's a hiring freeze," he says. "I'm going to keep my job at the university for now. It's the responsible thing."

My hands are raw and chapped, my spirits are low, and my dread is alive. Will my loved ones fall into this yawning pit and be lost to me?

I call my seventy-five-year old mother. How is her diabetes? How is her heart? How is she doing?

She says, "I went to the dollar store, the pharmacy, and a physical therapy appointment. Got a lot done today."

I yell at her. "Are you insane, what are you thinking, do you have a death wish?"

"I'm getting my hair cut tomorrow," she says.

I check my IRA balance and a little red line with an arrow says, "You are not on track for retirement."

I attempt to join an online writing group, can't figure out how to sign in, and give up after fifteen minutes. Tears well in my eyes. Stop it, I tell myself. It's no big deal. Try again next week.

The buzzing continues. I want to stomp out there with the shotgun I've never fired, pump it, and shoot the leaf-blowing machine. Is this what they mean by "stir crazy"?

I think of my friend, Janet, in Port Townsend. In her seventies, she has short white hair, a friendly round face, and a cookie basket of a belly.

"I have a stomach bug," she says on the phone, "but my breathing is fine so



BLIM IDAHO



KELLY SKIKIMA

ABOVE: Alone on a Boise trail.

LEFT: A familiar task nowadays.

far." Janet grasps for words when she talks. "Chemo brain," she calls it. Her last bout of chemotherapy was a year ago. Lung cancer.

"My days are numbered, anyway," she says.

I think of community spread and I think of how the disease uses our love for one another to find a host, passing from one person to the next through a hug, a handshake, a hello.

The buzzing finally stops, the leaves having been moved. A few strays float on the wind. The morning sun is high in the sky. I think of coffee, and of owls flying across the moon, and of sisters, mothers, and lovers.

I think of Janet's smiling brown eyes, the touch of her hand, her welcoming embrace. I reach out to my children, my husband, my friends. And our distance becomes connection.

Two weeks later, I shop during senior hour. A

grizzled man in a blue baseball cap says, "I don't need no six feet of distance, I'm a native."

The other nine people, spaced evenly apart, stare silently at him with a mixture of fear and disapproval, until he says, "But I respect it. I respect it."

The aisles are a gauntlet of fast carts and silent shoppers. Fear fills the air.

I sit outside at home and there's a feeling I have, now that morning has come: of life, of loving, of wanting for nothing. Children laugh in the distance, my dog groans as she rolls over, neighbors garden in their yards. These are the sounds of fullness. Inside is a breakfast waiting to be cooked, a cup waiting to be filled, a day waiting to be born.

I sense that it is only the beginning, and this could be our finest hour. ■

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TRAIL-BLASTERS

When you read the logs of backcountry trips in the Big Horn Crag area of the Salmon River Mountains, they describe Beaver Slide Trail as beautiful but hazardous in non-summer months because of ice. I guess the good news is that more than a half-century after we built the trail, it's still worthy to travel on. In the 1960s, when my brother, three cousins, and I were in high school and college-aged, our trail-building partnership had a number of challenging wilderness jobs—but Beaver Slide was a beast. The work started on top of a ridge at nine thousand feet elevation, and we had to cling to the side of a granite chute. The trail was actually a reconstruction project, because a previous trail that had linked the Beaver Slide chute with Harbor Lake had been built on the chute's loose shale, which meant it required

constant maintenance to combat the effects of winter snowfall and runoff. Our job was to cut a new trail through solid rock around the slide area.

The residential camp was on the non-working side of the ridge, which required a hike to the site each morning of four hundred feet in elevation, straight up. We used dynamite to blast the first five hundred feet of the trail out of a granite wall, which required scaling down the face with safety ropes to drill holes and place the charges. The rest of the 5,600-foot trail had to be cut out of a granite side slope ranging from ten to forty-five degrees.

Shortly after we started our assault on the first five hundred feet, we came face-to-face with three bighorn sheep licking salt from the newly dynamited rock. The rock was sheer above and below the trail, providing no clear escape route for men nor sheep. After a brief stare-down, the sheep turned and went straight up the wall,

Beaver Slide



TEENAGERS WHO FORGED OUR WILDERNESS HIKES

BY DAN EATON

PHOTOS COURTESY OF DAN EATON

displaying amazing footwork.

During the work, my dad visited to see how we were doing. One day, he slipped off a rock and tumbled down the steep side of the mountain, bouncing from one rock to the next, followed closely by a large boulder. It caught up with him but miraculously bounced up just as he was going down, and went right over him. Many times, my cousin Dennis has looked back on our trail-building experiences and thought we must have had a guardian angel nearby.

One of his most frightening experiences happened that summer, when he took a chain saw to town for repairs. He drove Old Yeller (our 1953 pickup) on a road that had a deep ravine on one side and a steep mountain wall on the other. He hit a pothole and the pickup took an immediate right turn, hit the wall, and bounced about ten feet, its back wheels stopping about two feet way from the ravine's edge. He took a deep

breath, thought about that guardian angel, and got the pickup out of trouble. But the radiator was leaking. He walked down the road and came to a path that held several houses. In what seemed to him like a scene from *Deliverance*, a young man came out and challenged him. But after Dennis explained the situation, the young man towed Old Yeller back to his shop and welded the radiator. It took two hours but, surprisingly, he would accept no payment. Dennis learned a great lesson from that experience about prejudging people.

One of my most dangerous stunts that summer was when I was preparing to blast rock but didn't have any electric blasting caps left. I found a fuse blasting cap and igniter cord, but had no crimping pliers to affix the cap to the cord. So I went John Wayne-style: I carefully measured the cap depth, inserted the cord into it, and secured it with my teeth. Later, I realized that technique was too dangerous.

ABOVE: The yellow pin at the top marks the location of Beaver Slide in the Big Horn Crag, and the red line shows the trail.

ABOVE INSET (from left): Bill Eaton, Jerry Nielson and Dennis Nielson at Beaver Slide Trail.



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Bill Eaton pauses from breaking boulders; Beaver Slide Trail can be seen in this aerial shot; Jerry and the author carry a jackhammer out of the Beaver Slide project.

We started work on Beaver Slide in the summer of 1966, our third year in business. What we were doing was made possible by a significant increase in U.S. Forest Service funding, primarily to upgrade roads but also to a lesser degree for trails in national forests and wilderness areas. For example, Congress authorized a funding increase in 1967 for forest service road and trail construction from \$85 million to \$170 million.

It all started for us when my father, Jim Eaton, and my uncle, Earl Nielson, accidentally got into the trail-building boom. They owned a family business in Wendell called C. B. Eaton's and Sons. During the 1960s, the company primarily drilled wells, sold and serviced pumps, developed irrigation land, and constructed small roads. Jim and Earl were keen on giving us boys work during the summers, as they wanted us to earn our way through college.

In the summer of 1963, their company was approached by several acquaintances to partner in building wilderness trails. Our dads provided the construction bonding and working capital, while their partners bid on trail construction projects that summer. The caveat was if a bid was won by the company, then we boys would be part of the crew. That fall, the company was awarded several trail construction contracts, which meant we had employment for the summer of 1964.

In reality, we built trails for the next six summers, encamped in wilderness areas in Idaho and California from mid-June through Labor Day. When we started, Jerry Nielson was eighteen, while Dennis Nielson and I were sixteen. My brother Bill joined us in 1966, when he was fourteen. Larry Nielson became part of the team

when he returned from the Army in 1967. The last construction job we completed was in the summer of 1969.

Beaver Slide was the first job of the new team that we owned and operated, Eaton and Nielson Trail Construction, which went into partnership with our dads' company after they dissolved their earlier partnerships. By then, we were getting proficient at trail-building techniques. I think our dads also saw it as a way to keep their teenaged boys out of mischief in the summers—and it worked.

All the trails we built were in wilderness areas of national forests. The contracts were either for reconstruction of existing trails, which probably had been created by the Civilian Conservation Corps, or for new construction. Generally, the specifications required a grade of no more than ten percent, a minimum tread width of thirty inches, and provisions for draining water from the trail to reduce erosion. Trees and brush had to be cleared for ease of pack animals' use of the trail. And since each trail was in wilderness, no heavy equipment was allowed. Hand-held, gasoline-powered chain saws and jackhammers ruled the day.

When we started in the summer of 1964, Jerry had just graduated from Wendell High School. He was assigned to help a team rebuild the Welcome Lake to Reflection Lake section of the Puddin Mountain Trail in the Salmon National Forest. Dennis and I, who had just completed our sophomore year at Wendell High, went with a team to construct the Barney Lake Trail out of Mono Village, California.

We all were new to this type of work, so there



GOOGLE EARTH



was a lot of learning over the ensuing two summers, such as chain saw and jackhammer maintenance, and the art of using a crowbar to pry big rocks out of a trail. The five-pound sledgehammer was a favorite tool, as was the grub hoe. Then there was the use of dynamite and other explosives products.

The Barney Lake Trail was designed to cut through a boulder patch about a half-mile long, after which dirt would be wheelbarrowed in to cover the trail pad. The boulders were the size of trucks: ten to fifteen feet in both height and length. At that point, our teenaged crew had never handled explosives before. We had to do a lot of experimentation to finally find the right combination of drill hole placement and level of dynamite charges to efficiently create the trail pad through the boulder patch.

The supply line from the outside world into the wilderness area work site was always critical. Local hunting outfitters and guides usually acted as packers to make sure the supply chain functioned properly, because a lack of resources could cost valuable construction time during the limited summer season. For example, in July 1964, our team working out of Bridgeport, California sent several jackhammers into San Francisco for repairs, with instructions to ship them back via bus. The repaired hammers didn't arrive until the first week of September: they had been sent to the wrong Bridgeport, in Connecticut.

In 1965, the second year of our trail-construction work, we completed the picturesque Imogene Lake Trail out of the Stanley Basin area of the Sawtooth National Forest, which connects to Hell Roaring Lake Trail.

In 1966, Dennis and I graduated from Wendell High School, and Jerry had just completed his sophomore year of engineering at the University of Idaho. Bill was an eighth-grader who would start at Wendell High in the fall. Hard-rock trail construction had become our specialty, so we

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ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Twin Lakes near Mount Snowyside in the Sawtooth National Forest, 1968; the Beaver Slide ridge can be seen plainly in this image; (from left): Jerry, Dennis, Bill, and Dan load gear for a work trip into the Big Horn Crag.

bought two new jackhammers and a lifesaving portable generator-powered electric jackhammer that would run for days without a break.

Provisioned with camping gear, fuel for the drills and chain saws, other equipment, food, and explosives, we headed out to the Big Horn Crag in June to start work on Beaver Slide. Albert Lamper, a local legend as an outfitter and guide, ran the pack horse supply line for the summer. The trail site was accessible by a gravel road that went approximately sixty miles northwest of Challis to the Big Horn Crag Campground, and then we hiked six miles into the wilderness area. Needless to say, there weren't many trips to town that summer.

The crew always worked sixty-five-hour weeks with Sunday afternoons off. We cousins took turns cooking, and the daily menu was basically the same for all six summers. Breakfast consisted of hot cakes, eggs, bacon, or ham and an orange-flavored drink. Lunch was usually either Spam or corned beef sandwiches along with canned fruit and Kool-Aid made from fresh creek water. We stirred up the Kool-Aid in our hard hats. Dinner was steak and potatoes. The meat was stored in a snowbank during the night and then wrapped in canvas and hung in a tree during the daytime. When green mold started to grow on the meat, we simply cut it off to preserve the remaining meat.

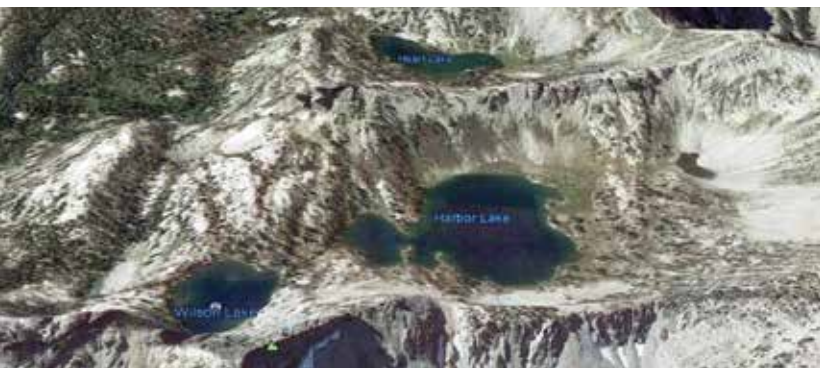
As the summer proceeded, drill bits wore out and the drills themselves were in need of repair. By mid-July, the bits had been sharpened so many times there wasn't much left of them. When Albert arrived with his weekly pack train, we sent

out a request to order more bits and repair parts. The order was to be air-freighted to Twin Falls, but it turned out that on July 6, the airline industry's machinist union had gone on strike, which grounded sixty percent of U.S. commercial air traffic for forty-five days. The parts were shipped by bus instead, which slowed down construction by about three weeks.

After being encamped for six straight weeks with no drill bits left, our team faced a progress engineering review by the Forest Service's managing engineer at the end of July. We decided it was time to get back to civilization for a few days in Wendell. After a good weekend in town, we headed back to the construction site with a few new parts and supplies.

About thirty miles outside Challis on an isolated gravel road, Jerry's car got a flat tire. We jacked it up but while we were changing the tire, the vehicle fell off the jack. We improvised to get the tire changed but a few more miles down the road, someone noticed the back seat was getting very warm. Then the back seat was on fire. We started a bucket brigade with our hard hats to get water from a nearby creek and put out the fire. Afterwards, we realized the car's rear axle had broken.

Jerry and I hitchhiked to the Big Horn Crag Campground to meet the managing engineer. Dennis and Bill hitchhiked to Challis to get a tow truck. When they finally made it to town that evening, they discovered they had only five dollars between them. So they bought a bag of chips and some cookies for dinner and slept under a park bench. Their breakfast and lunch were meager the



GOOGLE EARTH



PHOTO CREDIT

next day, but the car was recovered and a few days later it was fixed.

I guess you could say the rest of the summer had a happy ending, because what else could go wrong? We completed two-thirds of the trail and finished it the following summer.

Prior to the start of the 1967 construction season, Jim and I located some crates of World War II surplus TNT blocks in the Kuna area. Not knowing what to expect, we carefully loaded the crates in the pickup and returned to Wendell. Each block had a warning in red: "DO NOT ATTACH TO YOUR HELMET."

We used the TNT for several summers as an alternative to wrestling big rocks out of the trail with crowbars or drilling and blasting with dynamite. We'd place a TNT block on top of a boulder and ignite it, which would result in an explosion that reduced the rock to rubble.

That year, Larry joined the team after his return from the Army, and we cousins headed back to Beaver Slide to finish the final two thousand feet of trail. We started early in the season, since the winter's snowfall had been light and the summer was dry. But these weather conditions also created an abundance of unfriendly bear activity at the encampment.

After one busy day of rock drilling and blasting, Bill went down to camp to start dinner. Before we knew it, he had scaled back up the four-hundred-foot rise to the ridgetop, his eyes as big as silver dollars. He stuttered that a bear was in the camp. Startled, we all quit early to check it out. By the time we got there, the bear had ransacked the supply tent and punctured

cans but, luckily, it had not reached the stash of beef, bacon, and ham we had tied in a canvas ball in a tree. A couple of days later, when we arrived at work on top of the ridge, we found that a bear had torn through our explosives tent, scattering its contents.

The battle with the bears continued until mid-August, when a bear came into camp early on a Sunday morning and brushed against our sleeping tent. A bear paw pushed down the corner of the tent next to where Jerry slept. Slowly, we passed a .30-30 rifle from one person to the next, and finally to the person at the tent flap. The bear moved down the tent, brushing against the tent ropes. Shots were fired, but the bear escaped that gunfight. About a week later, he was back in camp, again setting off alarms. This time, we got the better of the situation. Mr. Bear became a bear rug.

Later that summer, the team bid on and won the contract to rebuild the Toxaway Lake Trail, now famous as the Toxaway-Twin Lakes Loop Trail in the Sawtooth National Forest. We hired some of our friends and split up construction crews for the rest of the summer.

Meanwhile, the end of the Beaver Slide Trail job was coming into sight, but we determined that more dynamite was needed. We sent out word to the explosives supplier, and it was arranged that the product would be picked up at the Cobalt Mine in Cobalt. Greg, a new arrival on the crew, was dispatched to hike the six miles to Old Yeller, try to get it started, and then go to the Cobalt Mine.

When he arrived, he just said, "I'm here to



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: (from left): Earl Nielson and Bob Jones on Sand Mountain Pass, 1968; contour map of the Craggs area; (from left): Jerry, Dennis, Dan, Dutch the horse, and Larry at Sand Mountain Pass.

pick up the dynamite,” and no questions were asked. Then he met up with Albert to pack it in by horse. My, how times have changed!

Our team had become very proficient at drilling twenty-five-foot to thirty-foot sections of the sloped granite rock and getting the perfect results for laying down the dirt trail pad. We successfully completed the two-year Beaver Slide Trail job at the end of August 1967.

During the next two years, we built three more trails, two in the Sawtooth National Forest and the third in the Salmon National Forest. My dad made an arrangement with a local rancher in Stanley Basin that allowed us to use one of his old pack horses for shuttles in the summer of 1968. So our new best friend was an aging white horse named Dutch, who had a mind of his own.

On August 16, a big snowstorm hit the construction camp and Dutch abandoned the team to head for town. We looked for him for several days, but he remained MIA until Thanksgiving of that year, when he showed up at his ranch. Later, the rancher told my dad he was surprised the team was working that late in the fall, but he appreciated they had kept Dutch in such good shape. No more was said—for good reason.

After we completed the Toxaway Lake Trail, we went on a bidding inspection trip to the Sand Mountain Pass Trail that now ties into the Toxaway-Twin Lakes Trail. These trails are described in Lynne Stone’s 1990 book, *Adventures in Idaho’s Sawtooth Country*, as the number one weekend backpacking loop in the Sawtooth Range.

We gathered for the inspection trip with

other prospective Sand Mountain Pass Trail contractors and a Forest Service engineer. The other parties all had horses, but our team walked the whole twenty-six miles that day. Of course, this gave us a big advantage, because the other bidders couldn’t ride their horses where the new trail was to go. We saw that twenty-six switchbacks, plus blasting of solid rock outcroppings, would be required for this project. At the end of the day, some of the others bidders were not able to fully evaluate the job, so we shared our views of these difficulties. Naturally, we talked up the hard work that would be required. Our crew won that bid and started construction in the summer of 1968. We almost finished before everyone had to return to school. Red Wilson, the Sawtooth National Forest engineer in the Stanley Basin, said he wanted the trail to be completed that fall—so Bill volunteered to hike in for several weekends during the high school year to get it done.

Our team’s final job, in the summer of 1969, was a 3.5-mile portion of the Waterfall Trail to the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. The trail started at Terrace Lakes and headed towards the river, about seven miles away. Today, hiking guides often speak of how memorable it is to hike the Waterfall Trail to the Middle Fork.

One evening on that trail, Larry and Dennis stayed late to finish the last boulder-clearing explosions of the day. They placed a TNT block on a rock but failed to consider a fifty-foot spruce tree on the uphill side of the rock. When the TNT exploded, a flash flame shot straight up and caught the tree on fire. Larry ran the quarter-mile back to camp and yelled, “Fire!” We grabbed



buckets, chain saws, and grub hoes and sprinted to the site. As we rounded the hill, we found Dennis sitting under the smouldering tree, sweating from exertion, but grinning ear to ear. Disaster had been dodged.

We seldom had outside company, but once after a heavy rainstorm, a party visited in deep distress. One of them had fallen into a creek, and the group couldn't get a fire started to warm themselves up. It was so humid, we couldn't get our stick matches to strike, but Jerry had a plan. We filled an empty food can with two-cycle gas, disconnected the spark plug from the jackhammer, held it just above the level of the gas, and pulled the jackhammer's cord. A spark emerged to ignite the gas and soon we had a nice bonfire for the hikers to warm themselves.

Another unforgettable event happened that summer. Albert, our packer, showed up with a big smile on his face. He handed us a copy of *Life* magazine, where we read about the moon landing.

Thinking back on those days, I believe the key to our success was our youth, which helped us to work sixty-five-hour weeks throughout each summer. We enjoyed the great outdoors so much that Dennis, Jerry, and I even scaled the 11,386-foot Crown Point in Yosemite National Park, while Larry and Jerry scaled the 10,600-foot Snowside Peak in the Sawtooth National Forest. Another key factor was that whenever our luck seemed to have run its course, we improvised.

By 1970, Dennis, Larry, Jerry, and I had graduated from college and had begun to pursue our professional careers. Bill finished Wendell High School and started college at Idaho State University. Dutch never left his owner's ranch again, and we cousins shied away from camping, as our summers in tents seemed like enough for a lifetime!

More than fifty years later, our trail-building stories are still family favorites. ■

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THE TWELVE JUNIPERS OF WAPI

LOOK

BUT DON'T MOVE

BY WILL PETERSON

PHOTOS BY ROGER BOE

Twenty years ago, the Craters of the Moon National Monument, so long confined to forty-five thousand acres, was extended by executive order to 750,000. It was the Big Lonely: elk, deer, pronghorn. A wolf or two. Wild birds from all over North America. And if you went in May and June, the wildflowers were going crazy. Bitterroot bloomed like a prom girl's orchid. Rivers of scarlet monkey flowers flowed between the cinder cones.

In 2005, when the Great Rift Science Symposium was held at the Idaho Museum of Natural History, I convinced historian Tom Blanchard, who had helped organize it, and photographers Tim Frazier and Roger Boe, who had contributed photographs to it, that it was a positive loss if they had not seen the Old Junipers. The Rocky Mountain juniper that grows under Old Juniper Kipuka (a Hawaiian word related to "tabu," so I use that spelling instead of "kapuka") in the very heart of the intimidating Wapi Lava Flow is the oldest and tallest in the known universe.

On the day we went, meteorologists forecasted light wind for the Snake River Plain, but that's a variable concept, like forecasting waves in the North Atlantic. When we rendezvoused at the southeast entrance, the wind was blowing tumbleweeds past us. The information kiosk advised water, food, a full tank of gas, and high-clearance vehicles with 4WD. It didn't mention steel-belted radials but should have: lava rock along the road into Wapi Park can shred tires. A two-track veered south towards Wapi Volcano. We climbed over three-foot-tall lava tubes only to dive into alkali washouts. Like riding a mechanical bull. I glanced in the mirror to see a pickup

pitching and yawing behind me, as if at sea. I cracked the pull-tab on an India pale ale and the jeep staggered up another lava tube. The wild brush danced around me. After an hour, the cinder cones of Wapi Park loomed ahead. The road got worse.

It rose between two rock knolls and then descended on the other side, where aspen lined the surrounding lava flow. The aspens were applauding, because they were happy to see us. They hadn't seen anybody this year. I knew that, because knee-high grass and wildflowers flourished in the two-track. I led my faithful followers to the end of the cul-de-sac, where the Wapi Flow towered around us on three sides with the ancient cinder cones of Wapi Park at our backs. The wind wasn't blowing that hard now. It kept playfully trying to take our tents to Wyoming—me doing the Marx Brothers routine where you put a rod in one side of the tent only to have the wind tear out the stakes on the other—when I heard Tom's wife shout.

Snake!

What?

Snake.

What kind?

A rattler.

I went over.

Never pitch a tent next to the rocks, Florence.

She snarled, You're a little late.

Where is it?

She pointed at a flat, lichen-mottled lava rock.

There. I was pounding a stake when it was right at my wrist.

Where did you say it was?

There. Are you blind?

LEFT: A rattler on the trail to Wapi.

I bent over, staring at the rock. I am, Florence.
Half, actually.

Suddenly, out of the pattern of lichen, a coiled Great Basin rattlesnake took shape and dimension. I jumped back, doing the Rattlesnake Two-step. There were no more around that I could see. Roger, Tim, and then-girlfriend Kathy drifted over. The little rattlesnake coiled sullenly on the rock, eyes half shut.

Tim said, The warm days must've drawn them out. They're too cold to even rattle.

A comforting thought.

I said, You might want to keep the tent flaps zippered.

Florence was pulling up stakes. Thank you for your counsel.

Tim glanced at Kathy. I think we'll sleep in the truck.

Florence turned to me. So you're half blind and you're our guide?

I said, You wanted a leader that knows where he's going, Florence?

The wind took her answer away, but it went down as the sun swung low. The photographers got out their cameras. We climbed into the towering lava. Oh, it was nice out there. As nice as you'd ever see a place with the sun scarlet on the flows. Wildflowers blazed amid the coiling lava: scarlet paintbrush, scorpion flowers, dwarf buckwheat with their pink-and-white tumbrels. To our left, the volcanic sequence called Pillar Butte turned reddish black. Magma had poured down its slopes in a hundred fiery rivers, plunging and rising and eddying in whirlpools. We jumped a crevasse or two and then returned to camp. Built a fire that would've gotten us arrested up north. I seem to recall, too, a fifth of single malt that Tim brought from Scotland. The stories and genealogies got better. Stars came out bigtime. Song dogs began singing on their return to the Wapi.

Meadowlarks began whistling at four. One was perched atop my tent. I gave up the fight and crawled out to make coffee. Roger, already up, grinned at me.

He said, I should get my camera.

I growled, And what would be the theme?

He said, An allegorical composition. Death at the Campfire.

I said, No coffee for you, Roger.

The fire brought the others out, the women brushing their hair, the men staggering somewhat. The songs of local birds and neo-tropical birds became general: meadowlarks, homed larks, Brewer's blackbirds. sparrows of all kinds had pinned their hopes on the safety of the flows. As I poured coffee, Florence looked at the campfire.

She said, I thought you were going to make breakfast.

I said, No. Dinner when we get back.

That did not make her happy. I sympathized: there was nothing like a hearty breakfast before a death march. If you did not camp at Old Juniper, you had eight hours to get in and out. Because there are no trails. Nor landforms like creeks or ridges. Nor water. The lava rock you put your hand against to get your balance has the texture of broken glass—something invented to shred flesh. Blister ridges rise up as long and tall as city blocks, the summits of which are cut by a jagged crevasse maybe four feet wide and twelve deep that you could jump but really, why? Your average speed is one-quarter m.p.h. People have died out here not knowing that. The horizon you head for gets no closer. I knew a falconer who lost a bird here. One of those high-altitude guys who used a telemeter and just let the falcon fly. One day, she chased something out on the Wapi. He went after her. Tripped and twisted a knee. Crawled out on his hands and knees. He'd bought a house in Pingree to be near the Big Desert, but he never went back.

I gave my leadership speech: If you want to look at something, do not move your feet, okay? It's a rule. Plant those boots if you want to look around.

And stay together, said Tom. We stay together all the time.

Absolutely, I agreed.

When the wind blows out here, you could be in an alley and not hear somebody hollering ten yards away. It's spooky. And no fun.

So we were a nice little troupe climbing single-file into the flow. The beauty took your breath away. The wildflowers all lit up, the pinnacles and bridges, the stairways and sunken tidepools flowing with the sinuousness of water. Lava shields upraised, covered

with yellow-orange lichen as if with honor. Having cooled atop rivers of fire, they were shoved up like slabs of ice. Beauty everywhere, I walk in beauty. The sun slowly made its way past Pillar Butte. Now in silhouette, it crouched like a lioness with head raised, looking at her domain. The morning passed by. But the horizon—a wide low curve of tumbled rock and ravine—seemed to get no closer. We would top one crest just to look at another. With each view, we went deeper into wilderness. It was hard hiking but even with a hangover, I was exultant. The birds that startled up from a grove of curl-leaf mahogany had not seen people here. There was no other side. We were the other side.

Florence said, So where is it, Will?

What?

Old Juniper Kipuka.

Oh.

I looked at the dark mile of Pillar Butte on my left.

I said, Once we get about halfway along Pillar Butte, we'll have crested the Axial Volcanic Zone. Then we'll see it.

Tim said, But the Axial Volcanic Zone is north of us.

I said, It's analogical, Tim.

He laughed. We kept hiking. The six of us now scattered here and there among the pressure ridges, each finding his way. The path of least resistance. Up, down, back, and around. In the lava flows you had the instinct to find the flattest route even if it meant retracing steps. As if conserving energy could mean life instead of death. It didn't in our situation—our trucks were waiting for us at Wapi Park—but the flows did that to you. You became primitive. Studious. And at every turn a wildflower display bloomed

spectacularly. So everyone was in their dreamworld—half aesthetic, half deadly serious—when Kathy shouted, Snake! We looked over. Looked around us.

In a matter of minutes, we were a neat little troop again, filing single-file toward the horizon. Finally, imperceptibly, we crossed the divide: the southern Wapi opened up beyond us, with the Snake River gleaming like a sword at the far boundary.

Florence said, Okay, where is it?

I swung my gaze across ten miles of rumpled lava. All the way back to my right, Split Butte rose up like a turreted castle.

I can't see it.

You said we'd be able to see it by now.

I know, but it all looks the same.

Well, what does it look like?

It looks like two green breasts.

She pointed at one-thirty with her walking stick. Suddenly, out of the unreal landscape, two faint green mounds appeared. From our vantage they were not tall enough to occlude the flows behind them.

I said, That's it. Old Juniper Kipuka.

Old Juniper, an extremely old phreatic crater (an explosion caused by steam from groundwater), seemed to get no closer the longer you went toward it. Blame it on foreshortening. Blame it on the fact you needed lunch. Blame it on the fact that magma becomes tumultuous when it encounters a landform. But even now—as the hike turned into just-get-the-hell-where-you're-headed—the wildflowers kept coming. Wild tribes of birds kept rising unexpectedly into the sky. The lava forms—tumuli, staircases, balustrades, perched patios—kept rising before you, decorated with wildflowers. Finally, the sun had swung west. We stood at the foot of the Old Juniper cinder cone.

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Looking at it, I said, Just to let you know? The biggest rattlesnake in the country is waiting for you up there.

Did he rattle?

He didn't have to, Kathy. Coming on him from below, as I was, we met eye to eye. It was strictly business.

The slope was covered with bunchgrass but was composed of loose red cinder that gave way under your boots. As I neared the rim, I picked a route equidistant between the two gates. No rattlesnakes. Now I saw the crater below. The others followed. Tim and Roger carried cameras and tripods.

So where are these junipers?

I said, They're below the south rim. At the edge of the lava. I nodded at the far rim. When we get there you'll see them.

Tim looked into the bowl of the crater. You been down there?

I shook my head. More work than I want, Tim. But you go ahead.

The ladies were looking at the seating in the spatter ramparts. I said, I'd stay away from the rocks if I were you.

We took a break on the interior rim of the crater. It was easy enough to see how it was built: igneous extrusion with phreatic deposition. Then when the water table was exhausted, spurting magma built the ramparts. Much older than the craters to the north, Old Juniper was the southernmost phreatic cone in the national monument.

I hitched on the backpack and made my way along the eastern rampart. Beautiful brick-red-and-pink ceramic clotted to a height of six feet. I could look over at it as I went: the lava flows streaming south from Wapi Butte. After a quarter hour, we stood at the rim taking in the winsome scene: the dark romantic trees with turbulent branches at the edge of the last lava flow. And over the vast plain, dark anvil clouds floated here and there. A magma flow subsequent to the cinder fall had torn out the lower slope, so I angled left down toward a little prairie of tall grass. Making my way across it, I

heard Tom's dry observation.

Snake . . . and another one there.

He was behind me, so I'd stepped right over it. Eeek. And there she was: coiled and unmoving, like the one in camp. Her chin rested on her front coil, her eyes sullen and half-closed. It was too cold for the little darlings: they wouldn't even rattle for us.

Florence said, There's another one.

I looked sadly at the fifty yards of tall grass I would have to cross to get to the safety of the lava at the base of the cinder cone. If you wanted antivenom, it would be four hours to the truck and two more to Harms Hospital in American Falls. Rattlesnake venom is a clever blend of neurotoxins and anti-coagulants. The neurotoxins interfere with heart function and the anti-coagulant thickens your blood. As your heart beat increases, your blood pressure goes up. Heart attack or stroke? Whichever comes first. Not to mention the primitive toxins that destroy tissue as it's drawn to the heart. A very competent blend, especially if you try to walk out after being nipped. So you can imagine my emotion when—with what happiness, with what joy—I covered the last yard of tall grass and jumped onto naked lava.

Now, as from a patio, we looked across the depression where the magma had stopped when it hit the footing of the cinder cone. The junipers—twelve of them—had flourished in that hydrological opportunity. Four with wind-twisted branches towered above the others. Wind and aeolian sand had stripped the trunks, which were five feet in diameter. Others under the protection of the giants were of varying size: a slender sapling perhaps only a hundred years old. It was such a sacred place. I crossed the depression and put my arms around the Mother Tree. Stared up into her swirling upper branches. Eight hundred years ago, Beowulf was being composed in England. The Petersons of Norway were taking their first counsel from the the Lord Jesus Christ. Roger and Tim set up their tripods. Got a shot or two of the old junipers but at ten yards there was no way you could capture their magnificence.

RIGHT: A squall over Wapi.

BELOW: Ancient juniper.



Kathy and Florence called us over to a collapsed lava tube. In the basin below, a fern glowed bright green. It had positioned itself perfectly to receive the light of the passing sun. Depth, a little aeolian dirt: everything had to be right.

Entranced by the sacredness of the place, we were lollygagging around when a gust of wind shook the branches. It was suddenly dark. The anvil cloud we had seen to the southwest had swung north and was coming fast. The thought of traversing the lava in the rain got my size fourteens moving.

I said, I'm out of here, guys.

I started angling up the cinder cone toward the west rim.

You don't want to go the way we came? Along the base?

I glanced over my shoulder at the grass we had come through and asked myself, did this discussion really deserve my participation? I kept climbing. Florence gave Tom a look.

Tom said, We stay together.

Up that hill, higher into the storm. Wind and rain lashed at us. You could feel the storm exchanging ions with the cinder cone that was mostly iron and, why be arbitrary, include magnetite. As I stumbled along, the landscape flickered with incandescence. I felt pulses of AC\DC current.

Kathy laughed, This is brilliant, Will! Leading us up an exposed ridge in a lightning storm.

So you say!

The storm increased in violence, the spatter rock glistening. The cinders were slippery under our boots. From above, booming came from the anvil cloud. Oh, for a photo in black-and-white of the six of us strung out in silhouette along the ridge, like the final shot in *The Seventh Seal*.

Kathy was now using her Emmy Lou voice: Stung by lightning! Burned by a snake!

That's a winner, Kathy. What's the rhyme?

She said, When I think of it, you can have the royalties. If we get out of here.

We did, stumbling and sliding down the slope to the lava flow below. Instantly it was calmer.

Neither incandescence, rain, nor wind. But when we looked back at the summit from whence we had come, it was still wreathed in roiling cloud and flashes of lightning. As if it had gathered all the energy of the storm and was going to hold it as long as we stayed.

Tim said, Something didn't want us there.

I said, I'm a believer.

Roger said, No plans to camp overnight?


Tim said, We'll pass.

We turned our backs on Old Juniper Kipuka and began the hike up the flow toward Wapi Park. No rain to make the foot-and-hand-holds treacherous. Nor wind to buffet us. It was easier to ascend, too, because from below you saw the structures as you would from beneath a rapid. We were a diligent little troop, winding up and around and down and up again. Wapi Park was out of sight for a long time but Pillar Butte accompanied us. You just had to stay a mile west of it to be on course. Finally, we crested the ridge. Far to the north, the jagged Pioneer Mountains stood brilliantly white behind the green hills of Wapi Park. After two hours, we arrived atop the leading edge of the flow. Our trucks waited faithfully below.

BELOW: Craters in an alluring mood.

The first order of business after shucking the backpack was to hydrate with a cold Idaho ale. Light the fire and let it settle. Lay strips of bacon in the Dutch oven with potatoes, jalapenos, onions, and plenty of tomatoes. Drop on the lid. Already, you could smell the fragrance. Nothing to do now but climb up into the lava. Do the antique dance Theseus taught the Athenians when he returned from the labyrinth. The intricate steps were perilous in the lava: one step forward, two steps back. Turn away from your partner and come right back. The variations were yours to make. From below, the ladies side-eyed me. They did not appreciate how hard I had worked on the steps and how many trips I had made into the flows in order to perfect them.

Florence returned with the best poem. You also can read it engraved in a paving stone in the sidewalk at 310 West Clark in Old Pocatello:



BUT I JUST WANT TO
TASTE THE BITTERBRUSH
GULP BLUE SKY AND
SCARLET PAINTBRUSH
FILTER AEOLIAN DUST THROUGH MY LUNGS
SUCK THE LAVA INTO MY BONES

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Small West

History in Wood and Nails

BY KEITH KNIGHT

PHOTOS BY LILLIAN BAUMGART

A neighbor stopped by for a visit at my home shop in Hayden one afternoon and as we sat around shooting the breeze, he mentioned that one of his other friends did some remarkable things with miniature western buildings in his shop. Rather puzzled, I inquired if he meant dollhouses.

"Nope," he said, "not even close."

He suggested we head over there the next day and I agreed.

If I'd had preconceived ideas about what these buildings could be, they evaporated in one jaw-dropping second. As soon as I walked into Paul Baumgart's shop, I was floored. These weren't just incredible buildings, but also derricks, covered bridges, huge replicas of railroad trestles, and all of them with details—such detail that even the details had detail. I was so impressed with his craftsmanship that I had to know the whole story.

He said his interest in building small replicas started about thirty years ago, when he was an ironworker in Seattle. During an extended illness, he had to take time off, and needed something to do, so he began making wooden trucks. He showed me a couple of the trucks in the office of his shop, and they were just as well done and detailed as his buildings. Around that time, a relative of his made a small replica of a western-style building, and Paul figured he could do better. That was when he began to build miniature historical structures.

Paul was raised in Walla Walla and his family originally farmed around Lind, Washington. "I was interested in history from the time I was a kid," he said. "I think every family has one who is."

About twenty years ago, when Paul was in his early sixties, he retired as an ironworker and moved to Idaho. He and his wife Lil have a great place, with a large shop



KEITH KNIGHT



that is jammed—and I mean jammed—with every western-style historical structure you can think of. He says he finds inspiration everywhere. He can't watch a western without pausing the film to take notes and make sketches of the buildings on the sets. He and his wife have traveled around the West to just about every ghost town: Nevada City, Bodie in California, and Garnet in Montana, to name just a few. His inspiration for a large trestle he built came from the area around Grangeville and Winchester, where there are many railroad trestles.

When he first started working on buildings, he spent a lot of time planning and sketching before he began, but now he's been doing it for so long that it pretty much can go from head to hand on its own. Many early mornings he can be found in the shop, busy creating.

"If I can't sleep, then I just get up and start

where I left off."

"How many buildings do you think you've done over the years?" I asked.

"Well, including both the outside and inside buildings, I would guess probably two hundred to three hundred," he said. "It takes me more time on the inside buildings because of the detail."

"How long does it take to make one?"

"I would say, depending on the building, it can be anywhere between fifty to two hundred-plus hours to finish all the details."

He showed me how the roof of a building can be removed for better access to the furniture and small replicas inside. He adds light to the interiors with small, old fashioned- looking six-watt incandescent bulbs.

It was easy to see the love he has for both the history and the work—and I sensed that this special combination is what keeps him inspired. ■

OPPOSITE TOP: Paul Baumgart in his workshop.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM AND THIS PAGE: Examples of Paul's creations.





Beloved Trumpeter

The Swans' Resurgence Sparks Research

STORY AND PHOTOS BY PAIGE MILLER

On a late May morning in the heart of Bear Lake Valley, I sat in the passenger seat of a pickup truck while a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service biologist slowly drove around looping dirt roads between open marshes. He stopped periodically to orient me on our current location, while I scribbled in a tiny notebook in my lap. A breeze that carried the smell of soil and greenery flowed over our faces as we peered through the truck's open windows. Binoculars in hand, we glanced over miles of tall vegetation and open waters as we searched for our needle in a haystack.

"I see a white bird!" someone in the truck exclaimed.

We all lurched forward in our seats as the

driver hit the brakes. It wasn't long before I saw her as well, sticking out of the bulrushes like a sore thumb. She sat in the center of a carefully-constructed nest. An impressively large bird: plump body, toothpick neck, feathers white as snow. A trumpeter swan.

"That's Rainbow," the biologists said as I watched her through my binoculars.

Like many Idaho birds, trumpeter swans often return to their preferred nesting spots year after year. Rainbow was given her nickname because she nests every summer in the Rainbow Unit of the Bear Lake National Wildlife Refuge. Apparently, Rainbow is also Idaho's greatest hide-and-go-seek player, because for years she has evaded biologists' efforts to capture her and put an identification collar on her. Fortunately, we can



OPPOSITE: A swan takes a recess from nesting.

ABOVE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Kayaking through the marsh; trumpeter swan cygnets; remote parts of the research area had to be accessed by ATV; a hollowed-out egg implanted with a thermometer in a nest.

still learn a lot about trumpeters without having to catch them.

"How would you feel about me putting a camera on her nest?" I asked.

As part of my graduate research at Idaho State University, I devoted most of last summer to setting up and maintaining video camera systems on trumpeter swan nests in southeastern Idaho. The cameras allowed me to observe the swans' nesting behavior.

I had fallen in love with swans a few years earlier. Part of my drive to and from work paralleled several acres of farmers' fields, and I would see hundreds of swans gathered in those fields as they fattened up on leftover grain and potato tubers after the fall harvest. I had no idea back then that I would be working so closely with swans now.

The most incredible thing about trumpeter swans is their success story. During early European settlement of North America, trumpeters were hunted extensively for use of

their skins in powder puffs and feathers in ladies' hats. This unregulated market hunting drove them nearly to extinction. Despite a subsequent hunting ban, by the early decades of the 20th Century, the disappearance of trumpeters seemed inevitable. In 1935, fewer than one hundred breeding trumpeters showed up in a tally of the entire United States, most living in the Greater Yellowstone area. That same year, the federal government designated forty thousand acres of southwestern Montana marsh as a swan refuge. Miraculously, the combination of a refuge and a hunting ban worked. Nowadays, there are tens of thousands of trumpeters.

Because they were critically endangered for so long, biologists haven't had many opportunities to study them. Now that trumpeters have started to recover, we can begin conducting detailed studies that will inform future swan management and conservation decisions.

That's where my research comes in. The survival of bird populations depends largely on the ability of the birds to successfully hatch eggs and raise offspring. So it's important to understand elements that lead to the survival or death of the birds' offspring. Video monitoring provides me with a unique ability to observe nesting swans around the clock. It's like sitting in a blind right next to the nest.

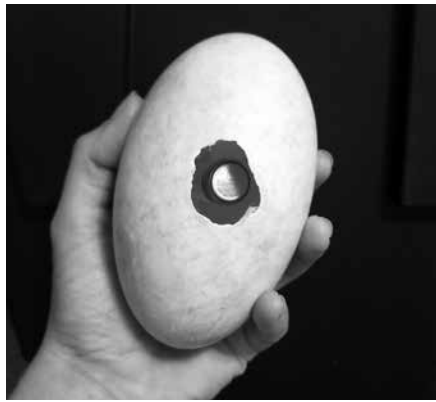
When I watch the video footage, one behavior I observe is incubation constancy—the amount of time swans actually sit on their eggs. During incubation, swan mothers spread their huge webbed feet over their eggs, which helps to keep them at the right temperature. But the incubation of eggs is hard work. Once in a while, swans need to take breaks to feed themselves and

freshen up before incubating again. These breaks are called nest recesses. And it's the timing of those nest recesses that has sparked the curiosity of my collaborators and me. Swans take one recess in the morning and one in the afternoon. This means they sit on their eggs during the hottest and coldest parts of the day. And most of the time when they leave their nests, they cover the eggs with vegetation to keep them out of the sun and wind. It looks like they're doing everything they can to prevent their eggs from getting too hot or too cold.

Cutting-edge technology allows me to see what swan eggs experience during incubation. Captive trumpeter breeders from the Wyoming Wetlands Society gave me infertile swan eggs, into which I drilled holes to clean out the innards. Inside the hollowed-out eggs, I placed small thermometers called iButtons. They're about the size of a nickel and can be programmed to record temperature throughout the day. These devices make research that was previously impossible, possible. We can't go into the places where these devices go.

I tested my temperature-logging eggs after the swans hatched their eggs and left the nests with their cygnets (baby swans). I buried some of the eggs in the nest vegetation and left others exposed to the elements. I found that the exposed temperature-logging eggs went through huge temperature fluxes. If they were real eggs, they probably would have perished. The temperature-logging eggs that were buried in the nest vegetation didn't get too hot or cold. This may explain why swans cover their eggs during nest recess.

One of the most rewarding things about research is described extremely well by a colleague of mine, who says the moment when you see a breakthrough result for the first time, and you are the only person in the world who knows that information, is humbling. You then have the



DAVID BUSH

opportunity to share your newfound knowledge with the world.

This is only the beginning of my efforts to understand trumpeter swan nesting.

The most valuable thing my work with swans has taught me is how much people love them. Often, I see small crowds gathered along the shorelines of the marshes to watch the swans and their newly-hatched cygnets. Some people hold the finest cameras and lenses money can buy. Others have just their eyes and their curiosity. The most important thing we can do to protect our favorite wildlife is to protect our wild areas. Wetlands, like a lot of our wild areas, are under pressure to be developed for agricultural and urban use. Obviously, we need those things. We need food, houses to live in, and highways to travel on. But we shouldn't let those needs stop us from enjoying the wildlife and wild areas that make Idaho as dynamic as it is. The challenge is figuring out how we can have our necessities and still conserve wild areas.

Last July, I returned to Rainbow's nest to remove the equipment I had set up. Far in the distance, white dots bobbed in a line along the surface of the water. I lifted my binoculars, adjusted the focus, and there they were: Rainbow, her mate, and right in tow behind them, six cygnets. They glided along the water effortlessly, swanlike, of course. Occasionally, one of the parents would dip its head into the water, searching for food. And the cygnets would follow, learning from their elders.

I'm so glad to know them. ■

ABOVE LEFT:
Thermometer inside
an empty eggshell.

ABOVE RIGHT: A swan
pair takes flight.

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IRWIN

A SOCIO-ECONOMIC STEW IN SWAN VALLEY

**STORY AND PHOTOS
BY DARYL HUNTER**

Hidden in the valley of Swan is a tiny burg called Irwin. Before moving to Irwin in 1993, the first place I landed in the Rocky Mountains was Jackson Hole, Wyoming, a short distance away. My photography business often took me west and, as with all road trips, the journey home to Jackson seemed to grow exponentially farther as the day grew longer. Whenever I traveled east from Idaho Falls, I'd leave potato land behind, enter the beautiful rolling barley fields of Antelope Flats, and then drop down Conant Hill where, lickity-split, the landscape changed from agricultural ambience to alpine splendor. I'd still be seventy miles from my destination when I descended this grade, but I felt as if I were already home. Home isn't a house; it is a state of mind. Long ago, my heart had told my mind that home was the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem, and Conant Hill dropped me right into it, at Swan Valley. Irwin was just a few miles down the road.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Moon over Palisades Lake; harvesting grain in Swan Valley; a young mountain biker; rainstorm in the valley.





CLOCKWISE FROM
TOP LEFT: A barn
under Mount Baldy;
autumn cattle drive;
fly fishing at Fall
Creek Falls; eagles
in the nest; girls go
for a gallop in the
valley; old panel
truck in front of
the store.

In pre-Columbian times, the Shoshone and Bannock Tribes began spending time in the valley during summer but, clearly wiser than us, they headed to lower elevations at the first storms of autumn. Around 1810, American trappers joined them, but they were preceded by French trappers. Conant Valley, which is actually the northwest end of Swan Valley, was named after trapper Charles Conant. By 1899, the trappers were mostly gone, although there was one still here, named Bill Wolf, who lived at the confluence of Dry Creek and the Snake River. People still trap today but their objective is just to make a few extra bucks while revisiting the past.

The valley is narrow. At the northwest end is a well-appointed cattle ranch and soon the first fishing lodge appears on the bank of the Snake River's South Fork. You cross the river and the valley opens up into a pleasant mix of homes, farms, and ranches. To the east, the Snake River Range's Baldy Mountain dominates the landscape, diminishing the taller Mount Baird miles beyond it. To the south, the Caribou Range owns the skyline, a fine string of alpine splendor with no peak trying to outdo the others.

The town of Swan Valley is at the junction of Highways 26 and 31. Its heart is a nice cluster of businesses where people can fill their ice chests, grab a meal, a room, or just enjoy an ice cream cone. Those who go north on Highway 31 will wind their way toward Victor, a short journey that passes a series of rolling hills, barley fields, and cattle to end at Pine Creek Canyon, where access to the Big Hole Mountains begins. Those who continue south from the town of Swan Valley will soon arrive in Irwin.

A few prospectors found a bit of gold in the valley but not enough to stake claims. In 1885, prospector Joseph Irwin claimed to have found some decent gold up Falls Creek, but it was thought this was an investment scam. Irwin's declaration seemed believable enough, since there had been a rich gold strike on Caribou Mountain forty miles away, the likely source of

the fine-grained "flour gold" placer in the river.

Before settlers arrived and homesteading commenced, the valley was free range, used for summer grazing by open-range ranchers, rustlers, and horse thieves. Around 1879, two open-rangers named Charles and George Ross kept a couple hundred horses of questionable origin in the valley, as did the Irwin brothers. They all left after the valley was homesteaded, likely cussing the homesteaders as squatters.

The Irwin Post Office, the school, a cluster of homes, a fly shop, a medical clinic, and hair salon are in Irwin, about four miles from Swan Valley, and then in the blink of an eye, the landscape is rural again, until you get to the Palisades section part of Irwin, which has a convenience store, a fishing lodge, and an odds-and-ends shop. This south end of the valley hosts Palisades Reservoir, the biggest attraction of Irwin.

There is debate about who Irwin was named after. Some contend it was the 1880s prospector Joseph Irwin, who is said to have squatted here. But I think it was more likely named after a man named Charles Irwin, because he was a friend of Willard Weeks, who laid out the town.

Irwin's posted population is 108, but it really isn't much more than a suburb of the adjoining municipality of bustling Swan Valley, whose population is 240. The greater Swan Valley's population is estimated at around seven hundred (see *IDAHO magazine*, October 2012, "Podunk Perfect: The Swan Valley Life"). I have always thought it was a waste of government money not to share a post office because of the valley's paucity of people, although I'm thrilled to not be a part of the neighboring municipality's more restrictive mandates. We prefer our metropolises small around here.

Few have ever heard of Irwin, so when telling anyone where I live, I just say Swan Valley, as this beautiful valley is known by many.

I'm a newcomer to the valley, since I've been here only since being priced out of the Beverly Hills of Wyoming more than a quarter-century ago. Some say you will never be a local unless you



were born here. By this standard, one of my sons is a local and the rest of the family is not. But most folks are welcoming, so long as you don't join the city council and try to change the place into the one you left behind.

The first homesteaders, Charles Dixon and Charles and Joseph Higham, arrived around 1883. Dixon moved here from mining operations in Colorado, where he witnessed the shooting of John Ford, who killed Jesse James. While Dixon was trying to get his homestead up and running, he worked for the Ross brothers before they departed. The Higham brothers and William Hyde built the first ferry in 1885, when the first sawmill was started. The valley was ready to grow.

Many of the early homesteaders didn't make it and moved on. Sam Weeks arrived in 1891, and there seem to be four Weeks clans in the valley now, all claiming not to be related to the other. It sounds unlikely but I'll take their word for it. Area resident Trellis Fleming's family, the Denials, arrived in 1891. Her husband Larry's family showed up in 1903. Today, Larry is the valley's historian, and he helped guide me through its history. A few families who who arrived early and whose descendants are still around include: the Jacobsons, Weeks, Ricks, Traughbers, Hincks, Cromwells, Lundquists, Highams, Winterfields, and Kopps.

The community is evolving, as are all pretty mountain valleys of the West. Most people here work fifty miles away in Idaho Falls or sixty miles away in Jackson Hole. A lucky few have carved a niche in tourism or the growing construction industry, building homes for blue-collar commuters or luxury homes by the river or on the

hilltop. Some write code and email it to Silicon Valley, or trade stocks until 2 p.m., when the market closes, and then go fishing for the rest of the day. There is a growing retirement community who came here to fish and found a place they felt compelled to retire in.

Much is different from when Robert Oakden, a prolific log home craftsman and miller, was the first postmaster in 1894. He always seemed to be selling his last homestead for a new one to build and then sell.

The first Mormons to homestead were the Michael Yeaman family in 1890. Many soon followed as the religion grew and expanded both north and south of Salt Lake Valley. The first ward was established in 1893. Today, half the valley's populace is Mormon. A large LDS church was built but in 1948, but I was horrified to stand among other townfolks in 2015 and watch this structure of so many memories burn to the ground, even as some remembered their fathers who had helped to build it. A bigger one has taken its place, and I'll wager it won't be long before this one has the heart the other one had. Since the valley's beginning, people of other denominations met at town halls and schools to worship, until the Chapel in the Valley was built in 1966.

The ranching and farming heritage is still alive and well in Swan Valley. The local cowboys and farmers often double as fishing or hunting guides, because working the land can fall short of profitable. The closest city, Idaho Falls, had the highest percentage of PhDs of any population center in the nation when the nearby Idaho National Laboratory was established, which built



the nation's first nuclear power plant. Many INL employees have chosen to live in this mountain valley instead of the grain and potato fields of Idaho Falls. The valley is quite the eclectic socio-economic stew, where titans of industry mix comfortably with trout bums and commuters, and we all become friends.

Palisades Reservoir nestles between the Snake River Range and the Caribou Range. Formed by Palisades Dam, which was started in 1953 and completed in 1957, it is one of the largest earth dams ever built in the USA. They say it is impossible to break, and I often hope they are right. The lake is eighteen miles long and when full covers 16,100 acres, with seventy miles of limited-access shoreline. It backs up water all the way to the three-way confluence of the Snake, Greys, and Salt Rivers in Alpine, Wyoming. The building of the dam changed the character of the valley. Many construction workers moved here, and businesses sprouted up and thrived until a given job was over, which is why today there are still skeleton remains of many buildings around Irwin. The acres of water displaced dozens of farms and ranches in an area known as Grand Valley—and that's a lot of people for one community to lose. Some relocated in the valley, while some moved on.

For decades, Swan Valley's South Fork of the Snake River was a secret fly-fisherman's nirvana. The lunker brown trout population and the uncommonly large cutthroat trout were only whispered about, from one aficionado to another. And then, much to the chagrin of the locals, a fly-fishing outfitter whispered it rather loudly to a fly-fishing magazine, and the fly-fishing outfitters

blossomed like dandelions on a warm spring day. Idaho Fish and Game soon had to limit the daily allowance of outfitters' permits and guides. The legendary lunkers disappeared. But every sword is double-edged: the demise of the lunkers was balanced by new jobs in the valley.

Fly-fishing's popularity was exacerbated upon the release of the movie, *A River Runs Through It*. Thousands made reservations on fly-fishing rivers all over the West, apparently so they could look like Brad Pitt casting to the far side of the river for trout that couldn't be hooked, because forty yards of line has too much slack to set a hook—even if it were possible to see a trout take a fly at that distance. No matter: cinematic magic was made and unrealistic expectations were created.

Still, the fishing here remains excellent by today's standards compared to elsewhere. On my first visit to the river's edge, in no time at all I had a writhing three-pound rainbow tail-dancing across an eddy, as it tried for the fast water a short distance away. Ah, ha! I had heard the South Fork was a better fishery than Jackson Hole's upper Snake, but had never bothered to try it. The fish wasn't the only one hooked. For the next four years, I was a fly-fishing addict. And I joined the army of fly-fishing guides.

The South Fork is said to be the third best trout fishery in the Lower Forty-Eight, after the Bighorn in Montana and the second-place Green River at Flaming Gorge, Utah. One superlative the South Fork can claim is as the best "wild trout" fishery in the Lower Forty-Eight. All its fish spawn in the mountains, whereas most of the fish in the Bighorn and Green are hatchery fish, which

ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: A fall view in the Swan Valley area; Palisades Lake; a ranch scene; cowboy fathers and their kids.

don't fight as well. Superlatives are subjective, but the outfitters around here stand by this one.

As a beneficiary of attention deficit disorder, one of my many bifurcations of interest has been horses. On horseback, I've explored deep in the mountains surrounding the valley, all of which have streams flush with fish. This is where the trout of the South Fork spawn, a heaven on earth for the hunter, trailrider, and hiker. Lacking the fame of the nearby Teton Range, these mountains offer many trails you can have nearly to yourself, and I love this alpine solitude. In the last decade, grizzlies have been repopulating the Snake River Range, while wolves have repopulated all the surrounding mountains. I bumped into my first Snake River Range grizzly up there in 2011 (which is why I always pack bear spray).

Autumn in Swan Valley has a splash of color many mountain valleys lack, and that is because of this region's mountain maple. Although not much of a tree, during autumn the mountain maple lights up in that indescribable glowing burgundy, crimson and scarlet, like its cousins in the eastern U.S. When we're lucky, the mountain maple's color change overlaps with that of the golden aspens, which usually change a bit later. During a perfect autumn, the mountain maples are red when the aspens are gold, and the reservoir is accented by a light early snow.

Like nearly every mountain range in Idaho, the Big Hole Mountains, the Snake River Range, and the Caribou Mountains that crown the valley views from Irwin are prodigious hunting grounds. These mountains have been providing meat for the region for a century and a half, and a few outfitters make their living out of them with hunting trips in the autumn and pack trips in the summer.

Within fifteen minutes of my home, I can launch a drift boat on the river, a ski boat on the lake, or be at any number of fantastic trailheads. In winter, we have four ski resorts within an hour's drive. But I can imagine our rural setting didn't help in certain domestic scenarios. Plenty of

times, a man who tried the river's world-class fishing must have decided this was the place for him and started shopping for real estate. After finding the place of his dreams, he would have brought his wife to Idaho. When she had a good look around, her response may well have been, "What a fantastic place (no pause) where's the grocery store?" His reply: "There's a good one twenty-five miles to the south, a better one thirty miles north, and a superstore fifty miles to the northwest." And that would have been the death of many a fisherman's dreams.

When I first drove through the valley in 1986, I not only marveled at the beauty of this wide spot in the road but wondered why it was so run down, with so many relics from the temporary population boom when Palisades Dam was built. After years of reflection, and after watching what happens to so many places after they get "discovered," I've come to realize that maybe leaving a place a little run down—or doing zoning that takes into consideration the working man and his grandchildren—can be a wise thing. I've lived in many resort towns and am attracted to them when they're small, quaint, and undiscovered. But it usually isn't long before word spreads about the town as the "next great place." In my experience, for a town to become the next great place can cost the community its heart and soul. I have come to dread new gingerbread buildings, and to value the relics of yesteryear.

Others will disagree, but I'm sad that a small grocery store is being built in the valley by a friend of mine. I've always believed that my twenty-five-mile drive to the store along the Palisades Lake shore beneath the Caribou Mountains and the Snake River Range was a small but beautiful penance to pay for the elbowroom of nowhereville. On the other hand, I don't begrudge my friend for facilitating the inevitable—better a founding family than someone else.

I guess what it comes down to is I fail to understand why anyone chooses to live in a city over a smaller community. But I'm glad most do. ■

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Secret Places

In Another Time

STORY AND PHOTOS BY MARGARET FULLER

After a family pack trip in early August 1971, I stayed up at our cabin in the Sawtooth Valley with the kids for a week. I wanted to go to a secret place our former neighbors, the Banks, had gone with their church group. They called it Shangri-La. They said it was like Yosemite, with a very high sheer rock wall above three lakes. Most people called the rock wall the Elephant's Perch. I'm not sure now if I got directions from them or just figured out how to reach Shangri-La from the then-new topographic maps available for part of the Sawtooths and White Clouds.

We finished our family pack trip on Friday. On Sunday, as soon as Wayne left the cabin for home, I got the kids ready to go look for the Shangri-La Lakes. I took food for lunch as well as dinner, to make sure the kids would have enough energy to get to the lakes, if we could find them. The shuttle boat on Redfish Lake took about fifteen minutes to reach the upper end, where we arrived at around 10:30 a.m.

From the dock, the children scampered out and started up the trail. I can't remember now who led, but Doug was especially eager to see Shangri-La. The boys wore white sailor hats their Uncle Tom had brought back from the Navy. Hilary and Leslie didn't want to wear sunbonnets anymore, so they just had crusher hats. I had boots but the kids wore sneakers. This was before running shoes were common.

I had gone to see the ranger, Ralph Cisco, who told me the route to the lakes started at a logjam on Redfish Creek beside a big campsite about two miles up the trail. We crossed the creek at the logjam but then had to wrestle through alder bushes to see where we were going. Just

above them was a little pile of rocks.

Pointing, four-year-old Stuart said, "Look, there's one of Grandpa's ducks!"

Hilary, six, scowled at him through her bangs. "Silly, Grandpa's in California. It's just a pile of rocks."

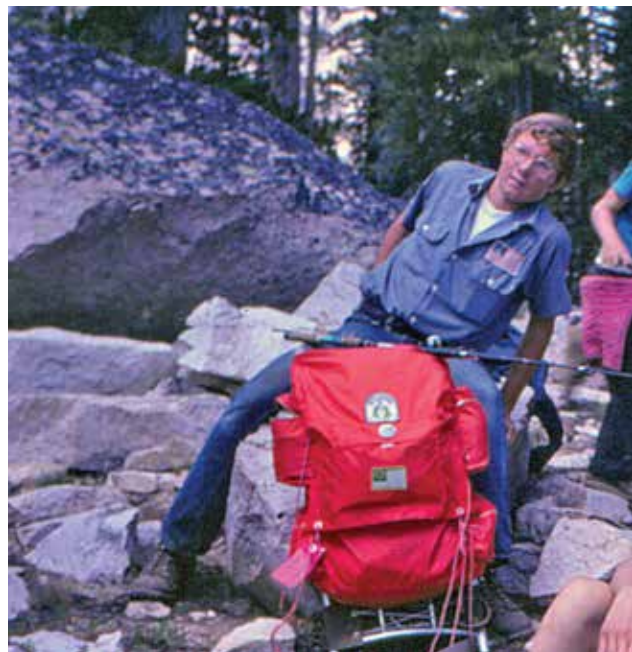
"It probably shows us which way to go," said Neal. "Look, there's another one up there."

Doug led off up the granite slabs, the rest of us trailing behind. Stuart walked just ahead of me at the end of the procession. He and I gradually got farther behind.

"How much farther is it?" he whined.

The kids stopped ahead to talk to two other hikers. When Stuart and I came up to the group, Doug asked them, "How long did it take you to get to the lakes?"

"Two-and-a-half hours. You better not try



to take your little ones up there. They'll never make it."

"Yes, they will," said Doug. "You don't know these kids."

"Come on," he said, taking Stuart by the hand. "You can find the ducks for us. Show us the right way to go."

That worked magic on Stuart. He literally ran to the next little pile of rocks, waited for us to reach it, and then scampered ahead.

Beyond the rock slabs, the cairns led us to a path alongside a thirty-foot rock wall that extended for several hundred yards. Beyond that wall, the path went up, and then went along and below the orange wall of the Elephant's Perch. From what the Banks had said about Shangri-La, I had a feeling there was a secret trail, and now we had found it.

Beyond Elephant's Perch, the path led up a steep gravelly slope, where I had to give Hilary a hand. Stuart still scampered up from rock pile to rock pile. Whenever he skidded and put a hand down to keep from sliding back, he just got up and went right ahead.

The path dropped down to the creek and crossed it. Leslie said, "It's lunchtime. Can we have lunch now?"

"I'm hungry," said Stuart.

We sat on boulders beside the creek and ate our sandwiches, pieces of apple, windmill cookies, and candy.

After lunch, it was only another couple hundred yards to a narrow pond, the first of the three lakes, right under the Elephant's Perch. It took only five minutes to follow the path to a second, much bigger lake. I looked at my watch. It had taken us only two hours to reach the lakes from the main trail. My four-year-old and six-year-old were faster than the men we had talked to.

After the kids went down to the shore and looked around, Doug and Leslie started fishing from a big granite outcrop that slanted down to the water. Hilary and Stuart began working on a village for the matchbox cars Stuart had hidden in his pack. Neal kept following the path as it continued around the lake, from granite outcrop to marshy bay and then to another outcrop.

LEFT: The Fuller children just below Shangri-La Lakes (from left): Doug, Hilary, Leslie, Neal, and Stuart.

RIGHT: Margaret at the Antz Basin divide.



I went after Neal to get him to stay put. I heard yelling from Leslie and Doug, but thought they could probably solve their own problem. When I caught up with Neal and told him to stop, he asked, "Can I go to the next lake? The map shows one more. Look!" He grabbed the map I had in my hand and pointed.

I said I'd go with him as soon as I found out if any of the other kids wanted to come. When I got back to the big outcrop, Doug was fishing but Leslie had disappeared. "She got her lure stuck in my hat, and I told her to go away." He pointed to the other side of the lake, where the little kids were playing happily. I then took Neal to the upper lake, but it was not as pretty, because the big orange wall was far away. When we got back to the granite slab where I had left the other kids, Doug was helping Stuart fish with his pole, while Hilary was playing with Stuart's two little cars in the miniature village the two of them had made.

By then it was 5 p.m. I had arranged for the boat to come back for us at 8:30. I built a fire, cooked macaroni dinner, and stirred up some

instant pudding. When it was ready, I went down to the shore and called to Leslie. When she finally noticed me pointing in the direction of Redfish, she came across the creek with a big grin and a string of eight fish. Doug saw the fish, scowled, and turned away. He had caught only one.

After dinner, we started down the path to the main trail. In spite of having eaten dinner, the kids were tired. They straggled to the logjam and down the main trail toward the inlet. By the time we neared the turnoff for the half-mile walk to the boat landing, it was 8:15. Afraid of being stranded with the kids and no equipment overnight, I sent Doug running ahead to be sure we didn't miss the boat. Then I picked up Stuart and carried him a few yards. Hilary, who had whined on the way up, seemed to go much faster on the way down, almost as if she could smell the ice cream at the lodge. The boat was late because of engine trouble, which worked out all right for us.

I felt very pleased that we had successfully reached our destination, but I soon found out

LEFT: Leslie with Doug and her fish at Shangri-La (Saddleback) Lakes.

RIGHT: The Elephant's Perch (the Saddleback).



that Shangri-La was its unofficial name. The Forest Service used its official name: Saddleback Lakes—and the Elephant's Perch was Saddleback. Still, the name Shangri-La had made it seem secret.

Later that week, I decided to take the kids to another place that might be hard to find and maybe had a secret trail. I got the idea from a topographic map of part of the White Clouds, which were across Sawtooth Valley from our cabin. The topo map showed a trail going north over a ten-thousand-foot divide. On one side was Fourth of July Lake and on the other side, a trail went down Warm Springs Creek all the way to the Salmon River. At the head of that creek was the tiny cluster of Born Lakes, but the map didn't show any trail to them. I set out with the kids to find Born Lakes. Years later, a historian researching mining claims in the White Clouds discovered the name of the miner for whom the lakes are named was really Boorn, not Born (see "The Born Lakes Identity," *IDAHO magazine*, June 2009).

The previous year, we had found Fourth of July Lake's trailhead across a small creek and up past a modern cabin to a parking area beside a tumbledown log cabin. Farther up the road stood three buildings that looked like railroad cars covered with silver paper. I later learned they were the home of a miner named Elmer Enderlin who had developed several mines and built most of the roads at and near Fourth of July Creek.

Driving up the Fourth of July road was just as rocky and scary as it had been a year earlier, but the mud had solidified and the puddles and tiny creeks had dried up, so we reached the trailhead without the worry of getting stuck. I was concerned only about flat tires. All around above us loomed gray peaks topped with cliffs and gullies. We got out and started walking, me in my sunbonnet, trailed by five kids in sneakers, scraggly hats, and dirt-streaked shirts. I always

wore a sunbonnet when hiking, in memory of my friend, Margaret Brown, who had been killed with her sister Carrie in a car crash in 1957. They had always worn sunbonnets when hiking. Doug carried our lunches and two ponchos to make a shelter in case of rain. We waded Fourth of July Creek, which was not as difficult as the last time, because the water was much lower now.

We straggled up the rocky trail under lodgepole pines and through muddy meadows until we reached a sign that said "Born Lakes 2-¾." We climbed a steep trail to a pond in the rocks and then up the ten-thousand-foot divide.

"Are we there yet?" Stuart and Hilary complained. And, "How far up are these lakes, anyway?"

I took Stuart by the hand. "Let's play Twenty Questions." The game took us up to the summit of the divide. On top, Hilary looked across the valley and pointed. "Look, Neal, your white mountains."

"Wow, there they are!"

Across the canyon rose a slanted wall of creamy white rock and gravel, decorated at the base with the dark green of trees. We took the trail down to a flat green meadow, labeled on the map as Antz Basin. I found out later it wasn't named for ants but for a man named Antz. In the grass, a sandy trail led off to the left and disappeared over the edge of the basin. A faint path led to the right toward the lakes and ended in the grass.

We went to the right, and after the path ended, we hiked downhill along a stream at the edge of a big bed of talus. Then we walked up the canyon along the lower edge of the talus. Soon, we came to two small lakes amid grass and lodgepoles in a basin surrounded by pale orange mountains with cliffs at their tops. Here Doug and Leslie and Neal began to fish while I got out the lunch. After we ate, Neal came with me to see if the third and largest lake had more or bigger

fish. We could see several big fish in it, so I left Neal there and went back to the first lakes to get the other kids.

We spent at least an hour at this upper lake as the three eldest kids fished. Nobody caught a fish until Neal threw some salmon eggs into the water. I told him this was illegal but the fish started biting. Still, they didn't stick onto the lures. Doug caught a grasshopper, which seemed to make a fish open its mouth wider, and he caught one about ten inches long. Seeing this, Hilary and Stuart started running around catching grasshoppers. By the time we left Doug, Leslie, and Neal had each caught a big fish and smaller ones. As I recall, the largest was sixteen inches. I had brought food for supper but had left it in the car, so about 5 p.m., I insisted we start back in spite of the fish bonanza.

None of us has ever caught such big fish, or so many fish, in Born Lakes since then.

On the way back, when we reached the steep slope above Antz Basin, Stuart sat down and said, "My feet hurt. Do we have to climb back up?"

"Yes. We didn't bring our sleeping bags."

I gave him some candy and he struggled up to the corner of the first switchback.

"I can't go any farther," he said, and sat down again.

So I picked him up and carried him to the top of the divide. This was hard to do, because by then he weighed forty-five pounds. By the time I got to the top of the divide, my back had developed small shooting pains.

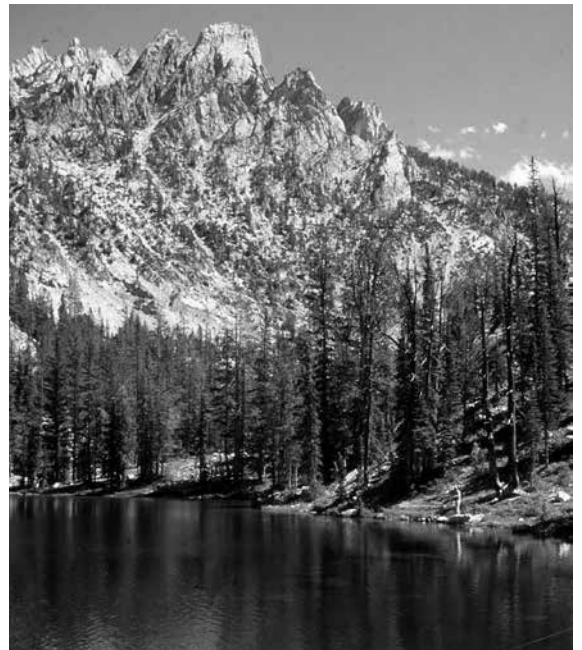
On the drive back to the cabin, I stopped at a campsite that lay below the steep part of the road, where I built a fire and cooked supper. That made all of them stop whining.

Because there was no path to Born Lakes except for a few feet in Antz Basin, I felt this was our secret place, and no one else's. My neighbors said their church group had never been into the White Clouds, let alone to Born Lakes.

Now, of course, it's different. The route along the side and base of the talus is well worn, and the main trail comes up Warm Springs Canyon to the first three lakes, and most of the White Clouds is within the Cecil D. Andrus—White Clouds Wilderness. ■

BELOW LEFT: The old Fourth of July Lakes Road.

BELOW RIGHT: The third Born (Boorn) Lake, where Margaret's kids caught a lot of fish.



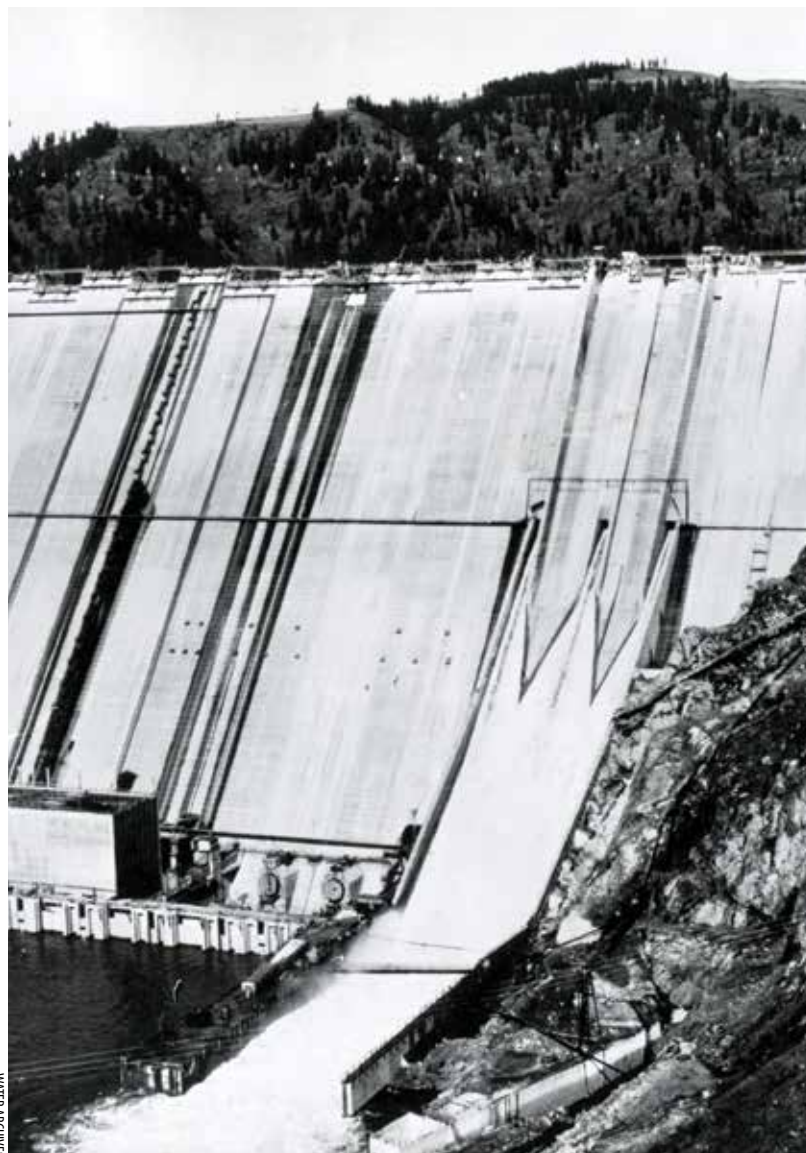
What Lies Beneath

Under, Around, and Before Dworshak Dam

BY RICHARD THORUM

In August 2017, when I took a job as a park ranger at Dworshak Dam south of Lewiston, I'd never journeyed in Idaho north of Boise. I grew up on the outskirts of the Great Salt Lake, in what was once called the Great American Desert, six hundred miles by road south of Dworshak. Most of my life had been spent in the red rock country around southern Utah and the Grand Canyon. The job offer came as a welcome surprise and challenge. I was sixty-six, and had left government work some time ago for other pursuits. (The following summer, *Ranger Magazine* published an article about my return at that age.) I must say, I was awestruck upon seeing the massive dam for the first time. Two other things also caught my eye: the seemingly endless forest around the lake and the abundance of ancient rocks.

On the North Fork of the Clearwater River, by the towns of Ahsahka and Orofino, Dworshak Dam has a structural height of 717 feet, which makes it the third-tallest dam in the United States. The 770-foot Oroville Dam in California is first and Hoover Dam is second at 726 feet. Dworshak also has the distinction of being the highest straight-axis dam in the western hemisphere. A straight-axis dam doesn't curve, it's straight across. At Dworshak, it's three-quarters of a mile across. Its concrete volume of 6.5 million cubic feet makes it by



WATER ARCHIVES

ABOVE: Dworshak Dam, 1972.

RIGHT: The dam in 2013.



ROBERT ASHWORTH

far the largest dam construction project the Corps of Engineers has ever completed.

When work on the dam began in 1966, I was still in public school. Two years earlier, my cousin and I hiked the Grand Canyon for the first time. That event changed my young life, and I've been hooked on the great outdoors ever since. Power came online at Dworshak in 1973. The following year, I received a degree in physical geography from the University of Utah and started my career with the government on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

I've been a hiker for as long as I can remember, probably stemming from my tenure at the Canyon and my involvement in backcountry treks and search and rescue operations. When I took the Dworshak Dam ranger job, I found that hiking the surrounding trails, especially the Ahsahka Ridge Trail System, was a good way to get away, relax, and recoup while I enjoyed the scenery and serenity. There are a number of hiking and equestrian trails and there's an area for ATVs.

The fifty-four-mile-long Dworshak Reservoir has a gross storage capacity of 3,468,000 acre-feet, which not only provides flood control but also enhances fishing, boating, camping and hunting for more than 130,000 visitors per year. Fishing includes smallmouth bass, kokanee salmon, rainbow and cutthroat trout, steelhead, and black crappie. Along the margins of the reservoir are more than seventy mini-camps available to boaters for camping or picnicking. There are also a number of campgrounds where people can pitch a tent, launch a boat, or park a trailer or motor home.

The statistics concerning the dam's powerhouse are impressive. It has two ninety-thousand-megawatt (146,000 horsepower) units. It also has a 220,000-mw (346,000 hp) unit, which is the largest hydro-electric generator in the United States Corps of Engineers inventory. Up

to 10,500 cubic feet per second of water can be released through the power plant at maximum capacity. Approximately 1.7 million megawatt hours are produced annually.

As one of about forty-five workers at the dam, who include electricians, engineers, and park rangers, I helped to manage the campgrounds and trails. My other duties included boat patrols, dealing with medical emergencies, and enforcing regulations. The rangers are the eyes on the ground, always willing to assist and inform the public.

The Dworshak area was long associated with the logging industry. From the late 1920s to 1971, log drives occurred on the North Fork of the Clearwater. Loggers would fell trees during the summer, fall, and winter and stack the logs next to the river, at times up to four stories high. They were released when the river swelled in the spring.

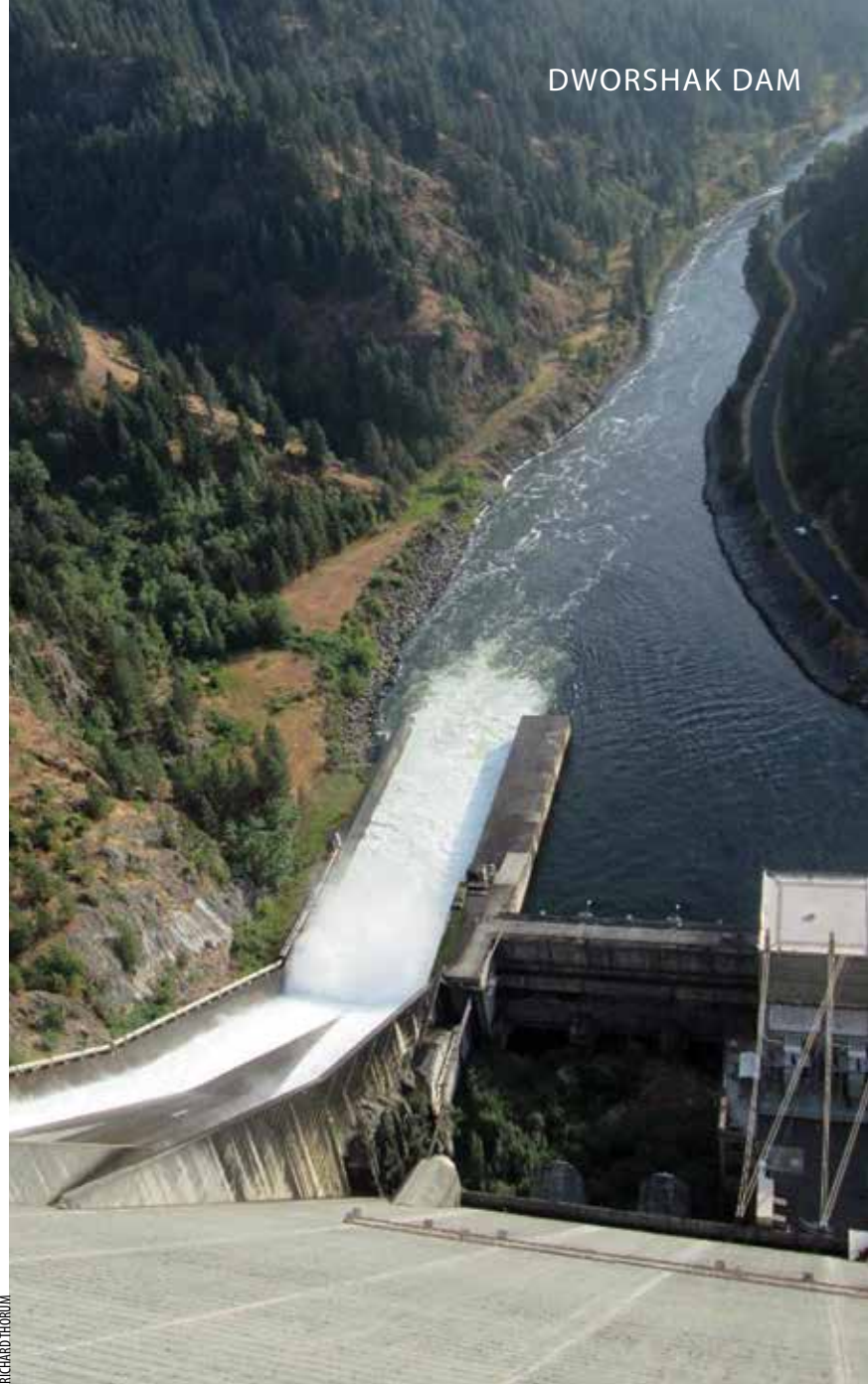
During those years, millions of board feet of timber were floated from the upper reaches of the Clearwater River to a sawmill in Lewiston. That ninety-mile adventure lasted about twenty-one days for crews that were as large as thirty-four men. The loggers had a floating camp called a wanigan that followed them on their journey. The wanigan included a bunkhouse, dining room, and cook house. This not only was a welcome home for the loggers, where they could warm up by a stove at the close of a long day, it also was the cheapest and most efficient way to move logs before heavy machinery became available to build roads, handle logs, and haul them great distances. For years, these log drives drew throngs of spectators, who would line the banks of the Clearwater from Ahsahka to Lewiston. With the construction of the dam, the last log river drive in the United States occurred in 1971, bringing to an end an exciting era in American history.

Occasionally, people would come to the dam's visitor center who either had been involved in the drives or knew people who were. I was fascinated

by a documentary on the last of the log drives shown at the visitor center and also available on YouTube. I've always enjoyed visitor centers, which are usually the first places I go when I enter national parks. Dworshak's visitor center contains three floors of exhibits on the area's natural history and culture, with an auditorium that shows various videos daily. At the moment, the staff is involved in a nascent oral history program. They're gathering and recording stories of what it was like before the dam and during its construction. Having managed and been involved in a couple of such programs, I know their value, and firmly believe we must gather the stories before they're lost forever.

Another fascinating history in the area, much longer than that of logging, is of the indigenous people. Ancestors of the current Nez Perce Tribe came to the area more than eight thousand years ago. At one time, they occupied more than a hundred villages in parts of present-day Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. The Appaloosa horse owes its introduction and longevity here to early husbandry practices of the Nez Perce. As a society of hunters and gatherers, fishing was an important ceremonial and commercial activity for them. Today the Nez Perce Tribe, which has a membership of more than thirty-five hundred, maintains an important presence in the area, including operation of the Nez Perce Tribal Fish Hatchery. It produces 1.4 million fall Chinook and 825,000 spring Chinook salmon annually.

Even older than the indigenous people's history here is the geological record. Whenever I look at the dam, I realize that the rock around it, and also part of the dam itself, is from long-ago mountains that once dominated the landscape. The area has an abundance of ancient, mostly igneous and metamorphic Precambrian rocks, such as granites and diorites. These rocks, some of them more than a billion years old, have been changed and altered, twisted and bent by



RICHARD THORUM

tremendous heat and pressure. They formed the core or base of ancient mountain ranges the size of the Sierras, the Rockies, and the Cascades, that have eroded away.

Exploration of the area's geology and planning for the dam began more than a decade before it was constructed. To determine if the bedrock would be able to support the dam, thirteen or so borings were drilled into the igneous rock (molten

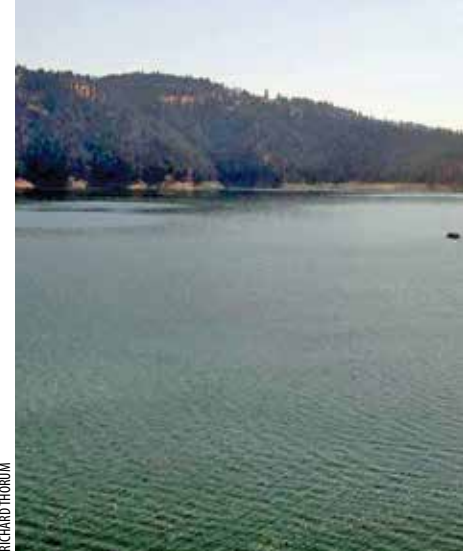
LEFT: The sluice at work.

DWORSHAK DAM

RIGHT: Two views
of the reservoir.



RICHARD THORUM



RICHARD THORUM

rock from deep within the earth that has cooled either inside the earth or on the surface) within two hundred feet of the dam's longitudinal axis. The borings varied in depth between 55 feet and 125 feet, and some had a diameter as large as three feet. Today, parts of these massive granite borings are on display at an overlook close to the dam's visitor center.

My degree in physical geography is one reason why I'm intrigued by the area's geology, which includes the Bitterroot Lobe of the huge Idaho Batholith. A batholith is a mass larger than forty-five square miles of intrusive igneous rock. This occurs when red-hot molten magma is cooled below the earth's surface, forming structures called diorites, pegmatites, and granites. If the magma reaches the surface of the earth, it is called "extrusive," which includes basalts, pumice, and scoria, all of which form on the crust of lava flows. The Idaho Bitterroot Batholith covers approximately ninety-seven-hundred square miles of central Idaho and Montana, with exposed rock millions of years old. Through time, erosion, and uplift, many layers that once were above the batholith disappeared, to expose what we see today.

Ancient diorites and granites make up the hillside behind the visitor center. Diorite, sometimes confused for granite, contains quartz, which is grey and shiny and forms veins

in the rock. Feldspar, which is either grey, white or pinkish, can also be seen, along with black mica or hornblende. If you look across the dam, you can see a rock quarry on the hillside, where rock was removed and crushed to make concrete for the dam.

Geologists call the land structure on which the dam is founded the Western Idaho Suture Zone. It includes long flat terraces that once bordered the Pacific Ocean. During the Cretaceous Period, which ended sixty-five million years ago, the area around the dam and the Clearwater River was the western edge of the North American continent. The current states of Oregon, Washington, and California were under water. This was a period of mild climate, which created numerous inland seas populated by many now-extinct marine reptiles and other ocean life. The end of the Cretaceous also saw the demise of the dinosaurs.

To look at this landscape gives me a feel for the vastness of geologic time, compared to the time we experience as humans. I marvel at how Earth's environments have changed through geologic time. To me, Dworshak is a stunningly beautiful area of the state. ■

Tours of the Dworshak Dam are available during the summer months. For information on the dam, tours, and visitor center, call (208) 476-1255.

The Idaho Regatta

Lured Back by the Roar

STORY AND PHOTOS BY SCOTT KUNAU

“You!” Ron “Mad Dog” Bolton barked at me during the Idaho Regatta’s Friday night test-and-tune in 1981. “Borrow that helmet and that racing life jacket, and come on. You’re going for a ride.”

The ride he meant was in the K-9 *Kelron Racing Special*—one of the hottest flatbottom, super-charged race boats ever to grace the regatta. That year, his boat went on to win the coveted Mink Coat for the time that is closest to, or surpasses, the world record for a racing class (his class was the K-Racing Runabout). I suited up, climbed into the boat and sat on the floor. Ron told me to brace my foot against the metal housing that held part of the propeller drive and hold on to the steering column. This was

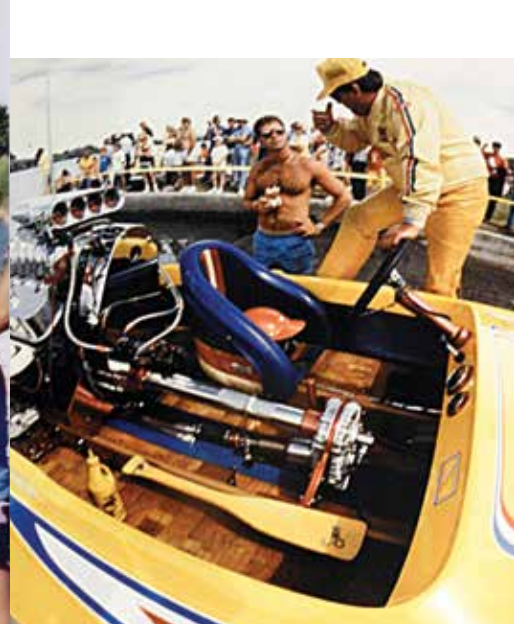
awkward, but at least I could still see all around me. He turned the key, the engine purred to a roar, and we were off. The ride lasted roughly three laps around the course. Going down the front and back straightaways, we hit near top speed of about 140 m.p.h. Ron backed off in the corners just like he would in a real race.

I think it’s likely I’m the only reporter who ever rode in a K-boat at race speed at the Idaho Regatta. It was one of the most exciting rides I’ve ever had and one that I wrote about in a boat racing magazine soon afterwards. After that ride with “Ronnie” (as he was known to many), I was hooked on boat racing, speed, loud engines, power, and even the smells of racing fuel. I wanted to buy, own, and drive a race boat—although I’m not sure that item will ever be ticked off my bucket list.

LEFT: Mike Stock-owned K-999 *El-Cid*, piloted by Ty Newton.

RIGHT: Engine builder and boat owner Glen Ward with K-751 *E.T. Special*.





ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Spectators during a "shoot out" race; Ron "Mad Dog" Bolton with K-9 *Kelron Racing Special*; K-95 *Silver Bullet* driver Ron Magrin wasn't hurt in this spectacular 1985 regatta K-boat crash.

Ron and his family came annually to Burley, the home of the Idaho Regatta, although they came twice in 1982, when the town hosted the American Powerboat Association's (APBA) National Flatbottom Championships. Each year, they traveled from Long Beach, California, with a group of K-boat racers, owners, and families. Many other race boats and their teams in different classes also arrived for the regatta, including Super Stock, Pro Stock, Sportsman Entry (SE), Grand National, Comp and Ski Jet, several hydroplane classes, Crackerbox, and even a few drag boats. A lot of these racers and their families became my friends, and I looked forward to each June, when the boat race invaded Burley for a weekend.

Bill and Marlene Faulkner of Utah became close regatta friends of mine in the early 1980s. Bill drove SS-70 *Hot Canary* to win two regatta Mink Coats. Like most of my racer friends back then, he would always lend a helping hand to a relatively new reporter at the races. Upon Bill's passing, Marlene created the Bill Faulkner Memorial Trophy, which bears the name of each Mink Coat winner.

Sadly, Ron and a number of my friends from that time have passed away, but others will be at the Burley Golf Course Marina this June for the regatta's forty-fifth annual running.

It all started in 1975, when two Burley residents who shared an interest in flatbottom jet-boat racing approached the mayor and city council for permission to use the marina and hold a race. The council approved the request, and the regatta began that summer. Both those founders, Don Moyle and Glen Dilworth, became my friends. When Don passed away early last year, the 2019 race was named the Don Moyle Memorial Idaho Regatta. In a moving tribute, his son Mark drove his Comp Jet race boat slowly around the course, scattering his father's ashes as he drove by the main spectator and boat launch area.

The regatta has been canceled twice over its history, both times because of high water in the Snake River. Neither race was rescheduled, but this one will still be called the forty-fifth annual regatta.

My first experience with the race was during its fourth running, in the summer of 1979. I was in high school, and it was my first summer working for the *South Idaho Press*, Burley's daily newspaper. I was tasked by the sports editor to take pictures and report on the event.

My introduction to newspaper work had begun the previous school year, when I attended a two-meeting class for the Boy Scouts' Journalism Merit Badge. Afterwards, editor Mike Feiler asked if I would be interested in becoming the paper's Burley High School correspondent. My job would



be to write stories about high school events and take a few pictures. I accepted the challenge, which set the stage for a class I took each day at the newspaper office, and for full-time work in the summers between my high school and college years. In 1985, I graduated from the University of Idaho with a degree in journalism, thanks to Mike Feiler, the *South Idaho Press*, and the Boy Scouts.

After reporting on the 1979 regatta, I was hooked. The excitement of the competition and, of course, the racers and families who traveled from all over the United States, made the event very special for me. I not only continued to cover the races, but also helped with publicity and worked extensively on race programs. For the 1982 APBA National Championship races, the *South Idaho Press* advertising and production staff and I created a multi-page program with color photos and descriptions of the race classes, course, and everything else a spectator would need to know for the race. I still have a box that includes all the “paste-up” sheets for this program, which I looked through in preparing to write this story of a trip down memory lane.

Interestingly, many people thought the APBA championships would draw few boats and teams willing to make a second trip to Burley that September, because the seventh annual regatta had been held in June. Others said the term “National”

would confuse race fans, and the spectator count would be down. Both ideas were far from what actually happened. More boats than ever before attended the annual race and the spectator areas were beyond capacity for the two-day event.

In 1985, when I was fresh out of college with my journalism degree, I bought a top-of-the-line camera with a six frames-per-second motor drive and a telephoto and wide-angle zoom lens. Little did I know that an amazing but catastrophic-looking boat crash sequence awaited my fast-shooting camera and sharp-focused lens as I stood near the starting line for the regatta’s K-boat finals.

It was a clear and hot Saturday afternoon. The races featured the top eight fastest boats in the two qualifying heats held earlier in the day. I positioned myself on the riverbank near the starting line. Looking through the camera viewfinder with both eyes open (which I always do when photographing), I saw all eight K-boats as they roared towards the starting line of the three-lap final race. Out of the corner of my left eye, I saw Ron Magrin’s K-95 Silver Bullet hit waves from other boats and begin to roll up on its side, which is called “chining.” It rolled up once, twice, and then blew over, starting to barrel-roll as the other boats zoomed by. I held the motor drive button down for the roughly three-second crash. Ron was thrown clear of the wreck and was not seriously injured.

“I got it!” I exclaimed, to no one in particular. Spectators gave me a quizzical look, wondering

“Native Idahoan.”

The state has changed so very much. This magazine lets us remember how Idaho used to be and how some of the parts are still the same that they’ve always been. — Sabina H., reader

IDAHO
magazine



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: K-39 *The Outlaw*; a boat readies for launch.

who this exuberant kid with the camera was. I couldn't wait to see the developed color slide film. The pictures of the crash sequence were spectacular, crystal clear. You could see Ron flying through the air. He spent only one precautionary night in the hospital but, as might be expected, his boat was destroyed.

The *South Idaho Press* put a three-shot sequence of Ron's crash on the Sunday morning front page. To this day, I have about twenty copies of that newspaper in a box. I also had nine of the photos printed and arranged on a large poster. I still have that poster in my office . . . more than thirty-five years later.

Typically, I would sit on the deck of one of the rescue boats at one corner or the other of the race course for a full heat on each of the regatta's two days. That's about four hours in the hot sun, but the view of the races close to the cornering was beyond spectacular. I recorded a number of multiple-boat cornering duels, and I was right on top of a few boats rolling over as they cornered too fast or in too much water turbulence. Fortunately, no driver was ever seriously hurt, but equipment, engines, and boats were damaged. Often, I didn't fare well in terms of sunburn, but the interesting angle photos taken for the newspaper and for magazines more than made up for it.

When I left Idaho for a job in Ohio, I missed a number of years of the regatta. After learning that more than twenty-two K-boats, along with dozens of other boats, invaded Burley in 1992, I wished I could have been in Idaho for that race. Race heats are limited to six or eight boats per class, which meant the number of races that year would have made the ticket price invaluable to me. I made it back to Burley for short summer vacations in the 1990s and 2000s and if the regatta was in town, I enjoyed the races and, more importantly, rekindled friendships with racers and their families.

My ninety-seven-year-old grandma accompanied me to a race in the late-1990s. I have photos of her standing in the pits watching the action. I'm not sure if she understood my passion but I know she had fun with me on that Sunday afternoon.

My family and I moved back to Idaho in mid-2016, but unfortunately we were too late for the regatta that year. I attended part of the race in 2017 and was surprised that some drivers and boat owners I knew from the 1980s were there to enjoy it. I found the race to be almost identical to years past: six boats launched at a time, race teams were strategically positioned across the entire marina parking lot, and the golf course driving range was completely full of cars, RVs, and tents



that had been set up at the far end of the range. The pit area walkways were marked off and spectators sat in lawn chairs or on the lawn to watch the action. Spectator numbers seemed to be fewer than for early regattas but the excitement level and enthusiasm were very similar.

During that 2017 event, I bumped into 1980s racer Jim Newton from Laveen, Arizona. Instead of driving an “unblown” flatbottom boat, he was there to help and support his son Ty, an expert-level driver in multiple race classes, including K-boats and unblown flatbottoms. Jim and I immediately began reminiscing about regattas of the 1980s. He told me he continues to come to Burley for the regatta because the people are so supportive of the event, and because they’re so friendly. Jim was at last year’s event and I expect he and Ty will and their team will be there this year.

Another race driver who has come to Burley to drive since the early 1980s is Duff Daley of Stuart, Florida. A decades-long racing veteran, he drives K-777 *War Eagle*, which is a K-boat owned and tuned by Boise-based race boat owner and engine manufacturer Mike Stock. Like Duff, Mike has been a regular attendee of the Idaho Regatta since the early 1980s. Ty Newton drives another of Stock’s K-boats, K-999 *El Cid*, along with his own SS/PS-80.

There is a race-within-a race called “The

Shootout.” The format for this special race includes eight boats from four classes (SE, Unblown Flat, SS, and K-boats). At the 2019 event, the four classes started fifteen seconds apart, with the K-boats forty-five seconds behind the SE class. The three-lap format saw Duff in *War Eagle* destroy the forty-five-second deficit to win by more than one-half of a lap—nearly ten seconds ahead of the next finisher.

I walked up to Duff as he was celebrating the win and said, “Sir, you have no fear.”

He smiled and said, “That was a fun one.”

Duff added that he enjoys racing at Burley because of the course, the facilities, the race organization, and the spectators.

One of SE boats drivers commented, “When *War Eagle* came up behind me and then moved around me, the vibration and noise were unlike anything I’ve ever felt or heard from a boat.”

After the 2017 race, I wondered how I could get reinvested in the regatta. I approached friends who knew committee members and asked them to drop my name. Even though I now live in the Boise area, I felt I could bring something to the regatta committee. Since I run an Idaho business, I asked about sponsorship of the race. Regatta chairman Louis Schindler explained the various levels of sponsorship and I decided to participate.

He invited me to join the committee, and I brought along my history of the regatta to help with sponsorship and publicity. One of my goals includes landing a national or global motor sports-friendly company to be a title sponsor. As with any racing event, the more sponsorships we get, the higher will be the payout of prizes to racers and their teams.

I’ll remain involved in coming years, because the friendships I’ve forged at the Idaho Regatta are irreplaceable. I want us all to enjoy a fiftieth annual race, and more. ■

A decision about whether to run the forty-fifth Idaho Regatta, scheduled for June 26-28, will be made on or before May 20, because of the pandemic. To check on plans, visit idahoregatta.org or find Idaho Regatta on Facebook.

Minority Rapport

A Chick Ducks In

BY MARYLYN CORK

The feed store owner scooped fifty sunshine-yellow chicks into a crate for me to take home to raise. Those leghorns were cute, yes. But my eye was caught by twenty-five peeping bits of fluff in varying shades of black and brown and white. Oh, the wee strangers! I was well and truly smitten.

“What breed are they? I asked.

“Them? They’re something new we just got in, a South American breed. They lay real colored eggs. Araucanas, they’re called.”

“Colored eggs, no fooling?”

“No joke,” he said. “They’re kind of expensive—sixty cents apiece. If you’re interested, I’ll throw in a couple cheap, seeing as how you’ve already bought so many.”

I cast another glance at the odd-colored little peepers. Real colored eggs, like at Easter? The kids would love that.

“Okay,” I agreed. “Give me a couple.”

Thus began my family’s life with “South American Chicken,” the only handle my kids ever gave to the one Araucana chick that survived to adulthood. She was a late arrival at that. One of the original two died almost immediately, and the feed store owner didn’t get in a replacement for quite a time. Soon after its arrival, an accident befell the other original, leaving us with just one little all-black chick.

Unfortunately, by that time, the leghorns were several weeks old, no longer sweet and accepting. We soon gave up any hope of being able to raise one black oddball in the same pen with the older, now white, chicks. They would not accept her—the first I’d known that animals harbor racial prejudice. Nothing else could explain the animosity of white toward black.

Flying into a rage at the very sight of her, the white chicks attacked the black baby mercilessly, drawing blood from the top of her tiny head to the base of her tail feathers. Each time, we had to bring her to the house and doctor her wounds with salve.

There was no help for it: we had to arrange separate accommodation.

The dilemma was solved by my eight-year-old son when he talked his grandmother into giving him four baby ducks. Introduced to South American Chicken, the ducklings, two of which were not exactly Caucasian themselves, had no interest in anything beyond the bread and milk they were fed for breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day.

In turn, South American chicken was not a bit put off by them, although there was puzzlement in every quirk of her head as she ingratiated herself among these odd pen-mates.

She could not understand their fondness for bread and milk. Day after day, she left her own dish of dry chick starter to sample the soggy mess the ducklings so plainly relished. One swallow of milk and she would back off, shaking her beak with a shudder. But she kept trying until finally she acquired a taste for bread and milk, perhaps reasoning that it must be good or they wouldn’t think so.

For the rest of her life, if she wasn’t penned, she would scuttle to any empty cat dish being filled in case it might contain a few drops of milk. If so, she would take a hearty gulp, then go on about her business.

As she grew, South American Chicken became almost convinced she was a duck. Certain habits of theirs, though, she never acquired. Splashing in the creek with them was one. While they happily indulged, she would run along the bank, obviously worried about their welfare. They, in turn, never took to roosting.

South American Chicken did, but not where we tried to train her to roost. Her choice was the kitchen window ledge, which was recessed just enough to make it possible.

Araucanas are no longer an uncommon breed, and they do lay colored eggs—but only one color per hen. Hers were green. I’ve seen pink ones, too.

We loved her until she died of old age, one of several hens over the years that became family pets. ■

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Furlough Flatbread

INGREDIENTS

2 c. flour
1-1/4 c. lukewarm water
1 Tbsp. baking powder
1 tsp. kosher salt
1 Tbsp. melted butter

Optional: powdered garlic or onion powder to taste for savory, or 2 Tbsp. sugar if sweetness desired

PREPARATION

- > Mix dry ingredients together, then add enough water, little by little, as you mix in, until dough is consistency of a pizza crust dough.
- > Knead for a few minutes, and let mixture set up in greased bowl for 30-60 minutes.
- > Divide mixture into six pieces, and roll each out until it is very flat.
- > Cook on a griddle until golden brown, flipping over to cook both sides.
- > Set on plate, separating each with a napkin or paper towel.

Note: (Makes 6) Can be kept frozen in heavy freezer bags for quite a while

This is adapted from a recipe by Brandon Johnson on Facebook

Quarantine Caramels

INGREDIENTS

2 c. sugar
2 c. light Karo™ syrup
1/2 c. butter
1/8 tsp. salt
2 c. heavy whipping cream or half-and-half
1 c. chopped or slivered nuts of your choice

PREPARATION

- > Heat first four ingredients in a saucepan, and then add heavy whipping cream or half-and-half.
- > Boil to “hard ball” stage.
- > Add nuts.
- > Pour out onto a buttered or grease prepped cookie sheet.
- > Allow to harden in refrigerator, and then cut into one-inch squares

Optional: Lightly sprinkle with coarse sea salt, or drizzle melted dark chocolate over top for a tasty garnishment.



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



MIKE BOWER



COURTESY OF SACRED SALMON CEREMONY



LEONARD BENTLEY

1-3

JURASSIC QUEST EXHIBIT, Garden City

Jurassic Quest is America's largest and most realistic dinosaur event, the only one that has true to life size dinosaurs. From the very small to the gigantic, sky-scraping dinosaurs that can only be seen at this event, Jurassic Quest has over 80 true-to-life size dinosaurs. Attendees will walk through the Cretaceous period, the Jurassic Period and The Triassic period and experience for themselves what it was like to be among dinosaurs of all kinds.

Information: jurassicquest.com/events/boise-id

9

20TH ANNUAL "SACRED SALMON CEREMONY & FRIENDSHIP POT LUCK", Riggins

This celebration is held in appreciation for the annual return of the Chinook salmon. It is conducted by one of the Nez Perce Elders, and is hosted by Salmon River rafting with Wapiti River Guides. It is free & open to all. Noon - 3 PM at Spring Bar (about 12 miles east of Riggins, up the Main Salmon River).

Information: rigginsidaho.com/event/sacred-salmon-ceremony

13-17

APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Payette

This is a fun filled week packed with various performers, contests, and a parade at Noon on Saturday followed by bands and vendors in Central Park and vendors and the Carnival in Kiwanis Park.

Information: (208) 642-6024



MATHIAS APPEL



CHRIS THOMAS



COURTESY OF NORTH IDAHO MINERAL CLUB

15

ENDANGERED SPECIES DAY AT THE ZOO, Pocatello

Come see the animals at the Zoo when the new babies are being born! Mothers will receive 50% off their admission when they are accompanied by a paid child. 10 AM. Zoo Idaho, 2900 S 2nd Ave, Pocatello

Information: zooidaho.org/events

29-30

39TH ANNUAL GREEK FOOD FESTIVAL, Boise

This popular "foodie" event is hosted by Saints Constantine & Helen Greek Orthodox Church. Enjoy authentic Greek cuisine and pastries, wine and beer. Live music and traditional Greek dancing – be prepared to give it a try! Tours of the lovely, historic church and Greek merchandise for sale, too. Admission: suggested \$2 donation (Kids under 12 free). 11 AM to 9 PM on both Friday and Saturday. Location: 2618 W. Bannock St., Boise

Info: facebook.com/BoiseGreekFoodFestival;
or boisegreekfoodfestival.com

30-31

ROCK, MINERAL, GEM, AND JEWELRY SHOW, Coeur d'Alene

This show is presented by the North Idaho Mineral Club. It will feature vendors, displays, demonstrations, kid's activities, and lots more. Admission is \$3 for one day or \$5 for both days. The show takes place in the Jacklin Building, on the Kootenai County Fairgrounds, with hours 9 AM to 5 PM on Saturday, and 10 AM to 4 PM on Sunday.

Information: NIMCshowchairman@gmail.com

DEAR READERS: Many cancellations or changes in these events are likely to occur because of concerns about the coronavirus disease Covid-19. We nevertheless show them here, because one goal of the magazine, including the Calendar, is to show what life in Idaho is about. Double-checking with event coordinators about the following locations, dates, and times is highly recommended. Details about many of the following events can be found at idahocalendar.com

NORTHERN IDAHO

- 1-2 Idaho Music Education Association State Solo & Ensemble Competition: Post Falls
- 1-29 Friday Movie Night at the Kroc Center: FRIDAYS. Free. 6 PM – 8 PM, Salvation Army Kroc Center Theatre, Coeur d'Alene
- 2 Disaster Preparedness Day: Activities and information furnished by service groups like Red Cross, Search and Rescue, Community Health, EMTs, Fire Dept., LifeFlight, and others. Pierce
- 2,6 Farmers Market: Fresh produce, artisan goods and live entertainment; Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings in Farmin Park, Sandpoint
- 2-30 Long Camp Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS: Kamiah
- 2-3 Riggins Rodeo: Sponsored by the Salmon River Cowboy Association. Rodeo at 1:30 PM each day. The traditional parade delights those of all ages on Sunday, at 11 AM down Main Street starting at the City Park. Riggins
- 2-3 Silverwood Theme Park Opens: Athol
- 3 Cowboy Breakfast: Sponsored by the Salmon River Chamber of Commerce. "Yummy Yummy Yummy Pancakes for your tummy!", 6 AM to 10 AM Riggins Community Center, and followed by the Rodeo Parade, Riggins
- 5 Hungry Heroes Breakfast: Complimentary Veterans Breakfast, 8 AM, Garden Plaza, Post Falls
- 6 Blood Drive: 8 AM – 2 PM, Vendome Event Center, Weiser
- 9 Northern Pacific Depot Day: Museum Festival and Classic Car Show, Downtown Wallace
- 9 20th Annual "Sacred Salmon Ceremony & Friendship Pot Luck": This celebration is held in appreciation of the annual return of the Chinook salmon and is conducted by one of the Nez Perce Elders and hosted by Salmon River rafting with Wapiti River Guides. It is free & open to all. Noon -3 PM at Spring Bar (about 12 miles east of Riggins, up the Main Salmon River), Riggins

- 10 CycloFemme de Sandpoint. Join the Greasy Fingers ladies, and the rest of the crew, to celebrate and encourage women of all ages to ride their bikes! This will be a casual group ride out the Dover bike path to the marina and back (around 8 miles round-trip), starting at 2 PM, Sandpoint
- 14-16 Lost in the '50s: Sandpoint's biggest party of the year, the weekend of fun includes hundreds of classic cars on parade and on show throughout downtown. Sandpoint
- 15-17 Mat'Alyma Root Festival & Powwow, Kamiah
- 22 Baked Potato Bar Dinner: \$6/Adult, \$4 for children under 8; 4:30 PM – 6 PM, Lake City Center Banquet Room, Coeur d'Alene
- 22-29 64th Annual NAIA World Series: Lewis-Clark State College Harris Field, Lewiston
- 23 20th Annual Retreat to Weippe, Weippe
- 29-30 Kamiah KOA "ISBA Bluegrass Super Jam", Kamiah
- 30 The Gathering: Fine Art and Artisan Craft Show. One day, seven artists, unlimited creativity. Everyone is welcome to attend. 10 AM to 4 PM, 1420 N. Center Valley Rd., Sandpoint
- 30 Run For 271: A fun family day which directly benefits the 11 elementary schools in Coeur d'Alene. The event has a fun 5K, 1 mile fun run, kids obstacle course, food, music, games for the kids, huge raffle, and much more. We have raised over \$125,000 for the schools. This is an event where the WHOLE family can be a part of. Help us raise money again this year by just being a part of it. 8 AM – 1 PM, McEuen Park, Coeur d'Alene

SOUTHWESTERN IDAHO

- 1 Stitchin Sisters: A friendly group of adult quilters. All experience levels welcome. 11 AM - 2 PM, Public Library, Nampa
- 1-3 Jurassic Quest: See over 80 True-To-Life Size Dinosaurs. Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 1,2,8,9 Star Gaze: 6:30 PM, Bruneau Dunes State Park Observatory, Mt. Home

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 fifteenth of each month.

LEAD TIME:

Two issues.

NEXT DEADLINE:

May 15 for the July 2020 issue.

SEND DETAILS TO: calendar@idahomagazine.com

- | | | | |
|-----------|---|-------|--|
| 2 | Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch), Speaker, Kaitlin Maguire: "Field Work in Mongolia and Tanzania". O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell | 7 | Teen Gaming Night: Gaming will include several consoles, big screens, Mario Kart, Smash Brothers and more. 4:30 - 6 PM, Public Library, Nampa |
| 2 | Pokemon Tournament: Ages 9-17. Check with library for rules, details, qualifications. 1 PM. Public Library, Caldwell | 8-9 | Summery Market 2020: Free & Open to Public, JUMP, Boise |
| 2 | Treasure Valley Catio Tour: The inaugural Treasure Valley Catio Tour (TVCT) presented in partnership by Golden Eagle Audubon Society and Operation Community Cats. A self-guided tour for interested community members to stop by, view and learn more about catios – cat patios that provide felines safety and enrichment outdoors. Information: ayrwolf123@aol.com 11 AM-4 PM, Boise | 9 | Mother's Day Vintage Market: Come celebrate Mother's Day at the vintage shopping event in Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell |
| 2 | Courageous Kids Climbing: "Climbing on Stuff and Race Cars". For up to twelve school age children who are legally blind. The children will be visiting Meridian Speedway, providing the opportunity for the kids to touch various race cars.. Information at Courageouskidsclimbing@gmail.com The event will run from 10 AM - Noon. Meridian | 9 | Susan G. Komen "Race for the Cure": 7 AM - 12 PM, Albertsons Headquarters, Boise |
| 2,9,16,30 | Schick-Ostolasa Farmstead Tours: 12:30 PM, Schick-Ostolasa Farmstead, Boise | 9 | Make It-Upcycling: Introductory course in "up"-cycling. Ages 13+. 2 PM, Public Library, Caldwell |
| 5 | Cinco de Mayo: Taco trucks, live entertainment, pinatas—and will be a party no one will forget. Admission to this event is free. 4 -9 PM. Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell | 9 | Foothills Family Day- Wildflower Festival: Celebrate spring! Explore the importance of wildflowers through science activities, crafts. FREE! 10 AM - 1 PM, Foothills Learning Center, 3188 Sunset Peak Rd, Boise |
| 5 | Clases Gratis de Ciudadania/Free Citizenship Classes: 6-8 PM Libreria Publica de Nampa | 10 | Mozart & Mahler: Mozart's Symphony No. 29 in A Major and Mahler's Symphony No. 1 in D Major. A celebratory season finale that strikes a balance between grace and energy. Tickets start at \$23.20, students 1/2 off ticket price: NNU, C of I, WSI and all Canyon County High school students have free admission w/student I.D. 3 - 5 PM, Brandt Center, Nampa |
| 5 | Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10 AM-Noon at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa | 11 | Paint Night: Paint along with an instructor. Ages 10+. Class size 25; first come, first served. 6:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell |
| | | 13 | Hiking Club Trash Clean-up: 5:30 - 6:30 PM, Foothills Learning Center 3188 Sunset Peak Road, Boise |
| | | 13-17 | Apple Blossom Festival: Payette |
| | | 15-17 | Rocky Mountain Pygmy Goat Show: Expo Idaho, Garden City |

- 15 Dance Through the Decades: Indian Creek Plaza comes alive with iconic music from decades past. This is a free, all-age, family-friendly event, complete with floor shows, dance competition, retro costume contest, and concessions. 7 PM, Dance Lesson; Dances, 8 – 10 PM. Caldwell
- 16 Family Fun Nights Kickoff: Free. Enjoy free range balls for kids, a bounce house, food, and lots of fun games. 3 - 6 PM, Ridgecrest Golf Club, Nampa
- 16 Idaho's Largest Garage Sale: West Parking Lot, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 17 Courageous Kids Climbing: Up to twenty children with special needs will be given the opportunity to go rock wall climbing. Local rock climbers are encouraged to support this event by serving as volunteer coaches and belayers. Information at Courageouskidsclimbing@gmail.com The event will run from 10 AM until noon. at Wings Center in Boise
- 19 Wild Walk! Exploring Marianne Williams Park: Celebrate World Migratory Bird Day with this activity, sponsored by The Nature Conservancy, the Golden Eagle Audubon Society and the City of Boise Parks and Recreation. It's family friendly, free, and open to all ages and abilities. Come explore with us and see the "wild" side of Boise. 6:30-7:30 PM. Please wear weather appropriate clothing and closed toe shoes. If you have binoculars, feel free to bring them. We will have some available to borrow. Park location: 3451 E Barber Valley Dr, Boise
- 23-24 SRRSCCA Auto Cross: West Parking Lot, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 25 Memorial Day Ceremony: Honors the men and women who were in the service for our country and many who have made the supreme sacrifice of giving their lives so that we might live in freedom. 10 AM - Noon, Veteran's Loop of Kohlerlawn Cemetery , Nampa
- 30 Courageous Kids Climbing: This provides an opportunity for twenty children with special needs to go climbing outdoors on boulders. Activities will also include a slack-line for the kids to try to walk across. Information at Courageouskidsclimbing@gmail.com . The event, which runs from 10 am until noon, takes place at Camp Pinewood in McCall
- 30 Hands-On Art Saturday: Come make art together!

Drop-in, designed for all ages. All children must be accompanied by an adult. Free with the price of admission. (Art Museum admission: \$6.00 or less.) BAM Members are FREE. Noon – 3 PM, Boise Art Museum, Boise

- 30 Summer Splashtacular: Kick off the 2020 Summer swim season with Nampa Parks & Recreation at Lakeview Waterpark or Lincoln Pool. FREE entry all afternoon with water safety educational booths and fun safe swimming activities. 1 - 4:45 PM, Nampa

SOUTHERN IDAHO

- 5 CSI Symphonic Band Concert: Free of charge, All Ages. 7:30 - 9 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, Twin Falls

CENTRAL IDAHO

- 2 Challis Area Health Center Health Fair: The Fair offers a variety of medical tests and services, including reduced cost blood tests, vision screening, and hearing screening. Many health care providers will be present to offer health counseling and information. 8 AM - Noon, Community Event Center, Challis
- 2,9,16 Silver Creek Preserve Work Parties: Join The Nature Conservancy for a volunteer work party to get the Preserve ready before opening day. We will be clearing trails, cleaning the visitor center, and replacing signs. Registration is required; contact nature.org/IdahoEvents . Ages 15+ welcome. Volunteers ages 17 and under must be accompanied by a parent or legal guardian. Must be able to carry 25 lbs and walk on uneven ground, Silver Creek Preserve, Picabo
- 7 Archeology Day: Land of Yankee Fork State Park, Challis
- 23 Opening Day at Silver Creek Preserve: Join us in celebrating the opening day of the 2020 fishing season. There will be a free BBQ at the Visitor Center from Noon - 2 PM. Come share your fishing stories and celebrate the start of the season. Please note: The Preserve is open to fly-fishing only, Memorial Day weekend through November. Dogs are not allowed on the Preserve, which is open sunrise to sunset year-round. Picabo

EASTERN IDAHO

- 1 Butterfly Haven Opening Day: Pingree

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| <p>2 Mile Twelve Concert: 7:30 PM, Blackfoot Performing Arts Center, Blackfoot</p> <p>3-31 Flat Track Horse Racing: SUNDAYS. Fast action at the Pocatello Downs. Bannock County Events Center, Pocatello</p> <p>9 International Migratory Bird Day: Join Snake River Audubon Society to learn more about why birds migrate and why they are so important. Enjoy bird-based activities focused on birds from 12-3pm. Event is FREE with paid zoo admission. Tautphaus Park, Idaho Falls</p> <p>10 Mother's Day at the Zoo: Zoo Idaho, Pocatello</p> <p>15 Endangered Species Day at the Zoo: 10 AM, Zoo Idaho, Pocatello</p> | <p>15-16 Monster Truck Insanity Tour: Sandy Downs Arena, Idaho Falls</p> <p>16 Armed Forces Day: Free admission to the Idaho Falls Zoo at Tautphaus Park for members of the military (with ID) and one guest. Idaho Falls</p> <p>23 Birding Festival: 9 AM, American Falls</p> <p>23 Pocatello Fun Fair & SRD's Motor Show: 10 AM, Mountain View Event Center, Pocatello</p> <p>23-25 2020 Field of Honor Memorial: The Memorial features 1,000 large US flags flying atop 8' poles in perfect rows leading uphill to the Vietnam War Memorial. 10 AM daily, Freeman Park, Idaho Falls</p> <p>29 Fisherman's Breakfast, St. Anthony</p> |
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JUNE 2020

SNEAK PEEK

NORTHERN IDAHO

- 2 Hungry Heroes Breakfast: Complimentary Veterans Breakfast, 8 am, Garden Plaza, Post Falls
- 4 Long Camp Annual "Classics on the Clearwater": Kamiah
- 6 "Big Water Blowout River Festival" Whitewater Event: Riggins

SOUTHWESTERN IDAHO

- 1 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: 10-12 at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum; FREE for ALL veterans and ALL veterans are welcome; Coffee and breakfast treats are served at no charge. No RSVP required - just show up; Nampa
- 1 Summer Reading Program Begins: Public Library, Caldwell
- 3 Adulting 101: Learn the basics of raising backyard farm animals. Ages 15+. 6:30 PM, Public Library, Caldwell
- 3,10 Summer Concert Series: Concerts start at 5pm and last until 8pm, and are free to attend. The Grove Plaza, Boise
- 6 Family Summer Palooza: 10 AM to 5 PM, Center Expo, Expo Idaho, Garden City

- 6 Museum Work Day: Volunteers welcome; 8AM; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch), Speaker, Bill Clark, "Biodiversity Survey in San Basilio Cal Sur, Mexico". O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, Caldwell
- 6 Silver Screen on the Green, "Frozen 2": 8:30 PM, Optimist Park, Nampa
- 6-7 SRRSCCA Auto Cross: West Parking Lot, Expo Idaho, Garden City
- 7 Art and Roses: This beautiful outdoor art event showcases Idaho's fine artists with all original work- no prints or crafts. A portion of all sales will benefit the Julia Davis Memorial Rose Garden. Show is produced by the Idaho Centennial Art Group in partnership with Boise Parks Department. Admission is free. Julia Davis Park near the Rose Garden. Boise

EASTERN IDAHO

- 6 XTREME Idaho: Trailers, boats, ATV's, backpacking, camping, hunting, paddle boards, kayak, fitness, cross country skiing, snowboarding, biking, dutch oven, photography, archery, food, bounce house, face painting, lots of demos and more! Free to attend. Pine Ridge Mall, Chubbuck

MAY CONTRIBUTORS



Dan Eaton

was born and raised in Wendell. He graduated from the University of Idaho in business and accounting, became a certified public accountant (CPA) and received a Masters in business administration from Boise State University. His finance and accounting career spanned a variety of assignments and industries. While in college, Dan met his wife Jacque (Law) of Culdesac. They live in the Portland, Oregon area, near kids and grandkids.



Margaret Fuller

is best known for her five Idaho hiking guidebooks such as *Trails of the Sawtooth and Boulder-White Cloud Mountains*, now in its sixth edition. She has lived in Idaho since 1957 and is married to retired district judge Wayne Fuller. They have five children and seven grandchildren.



Daryl L. Hunter

has published his photographs in *Audubon*, *Outside Magazine*, *Outdoor Life*, *Esquire Sports*, *USA Today*, *Mother Jones*, *International Wolf*, and *National Geographic*, among others. He publishes the *Greater Yellowstone Resource Guide* (greater-yellowstone.com) and sells his photos and blogs at daryl-hunter.net. He lives in the Swan Valley.



Keith Knight

and his wife Jackie moved to Coeur d'Alene from Minnesota in 1976 and stayed because they had found the perfect spot. They have three sons, all graduates of Idaho State University and former track athletes. Keith is a retired teacher with many interests, among them history, writing, and woodworking.



Scott Kunau

is a former newspaper reporter

and photographer and magazine editor. He lives in Star, and runs a nationwide information technology company, but he finds time to photograph boat racing and NHRA drag racing and to take care of his Saint Bernard. He is a member of the Idaho Regatta Committee.



Paige Miller

is a lifelong Idaho resident and a biology Masters student at Idaho State University with interests in wildlife research and bringing people closer to nature. In her spare time, she enjoys hiking, biking, bird-watching, paddle-boarding, and capturing the beauty of Idaho through her camera.



Will Peterson

is the author of five books of plainsong poetry. His novel, *Crawl on Your Belly Like a Man*, set firmly in Idaho, was published in 2012 and his book with Roger Boe, *The Flows: Hidden Wonders of Craters of the Moon National Monument and Preserve*, appeared in 2019. Will owns Walrus and Carpenter Books in Pocatello.



Kim Steinberg

has lived in Boise since 1981. Her work has been published in this magazine as well as *Writers in the Attic*, *The Cabin Anthology*, *Bewildering Stories*, *Shut Up and Write Zine*, and *Potato Soup Journal*. She is currently editing an around-the-world travel memoir.



Richard Thorum

is a retired park ranger who worked at Dworshak Dam, the Grand Canyon, and other sites around the West. He has a degree in physical geography from the University of Utah.



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