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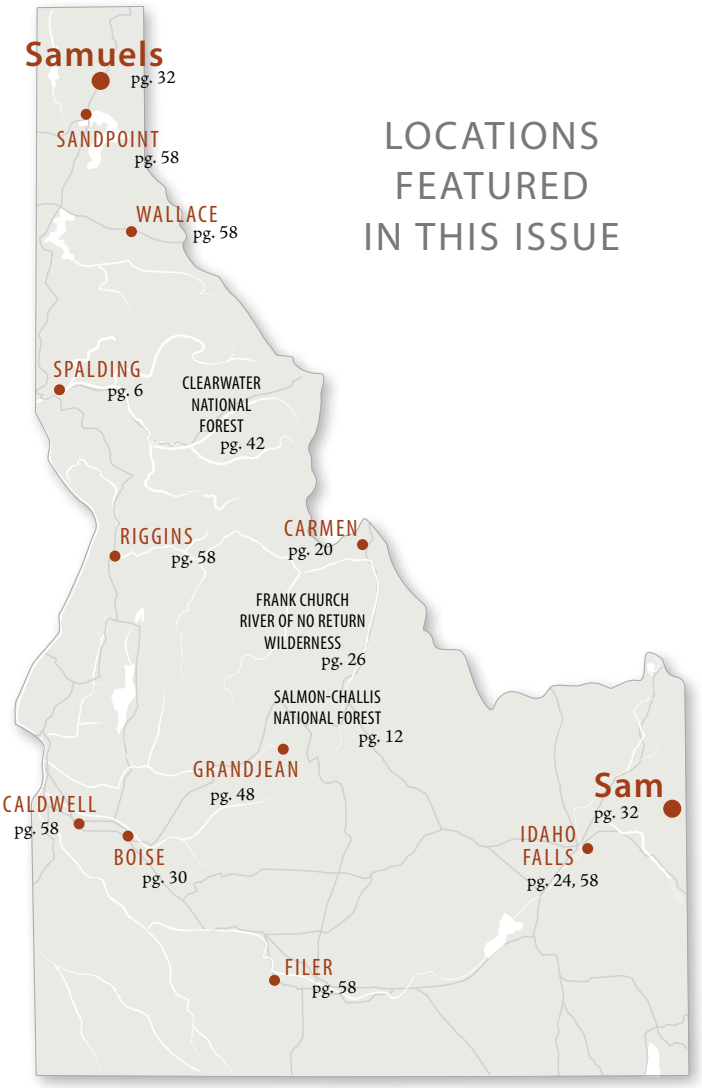

LOCATIONS FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

COVER PHOTO

Nakia Williamson-Cloud at the *Wetxuuwíitin'* collection naming ceremony last June in Spalding.

Photo by Elizabeth Chilton

CORRECTION

In the September issue, the Spotlight City feature on Leslie incorrectly stated that it is a few miles south of Darlington. It is actually northwest of Darlington. We apologize for this editing error.

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Kitty Delorey Fleischman
PUBLISHER & EDITOR
kfleisch@idahomagazine.com

(RIGHT: Bud Fleischman, no email available.)

Ann Hottinger
ART DIRECTOR
ahottinger@idahomagazine.com

Steve Bunk
MANAGING EDITOR
sbunk@idahomagazine.com

Brenda Leap
CIRCULATION
COORDINATOR
bleap@idahomagazine.com

Les Tanner
COPY EDITOR and
CALENDAR EDITOR
calendar@idahomagazine.com

Steve Carr
COLUMNIST

Gerry Fleischman
SALES ASSOCIATE
gfleisch@idahomagazine.com

Dick Lee
ILLUSTRATOR

Marylyn Cork
COLUMNIST

J. Ernest Monroe
LOGO DESIGN

Change of Address: **email:** bleap@idahomagazine.com

IDAHO magazine considers unsolicited manuscripts and letters for publication.

Editorial Submissions:
email: sbunk@idahomagazine.com
mail to: P.O. Box 586, Boise, ID 83701-0586
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Idaho's life in the shadow of the Grand Teton.

~Photo by Matt Collett

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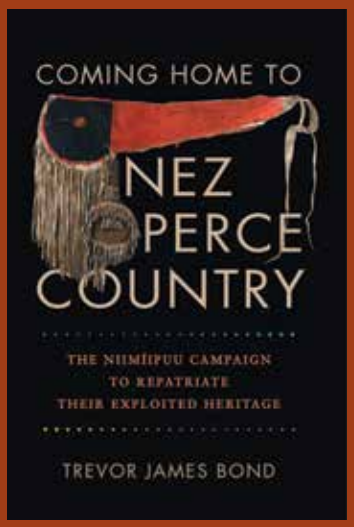


In a new book, Coming Home to Nez Perce Country: The Niimíipuu Campaign to Repatriate Their Exploited Heritage *(Washington State University Press), librarian and historian Trevor James Bond describes an invaluable ethnographic collection and an astonishing campaign to bring it back to its rightful owners. Here, the author summarizes that story from his perspective.*

On Saturday, June 27, during a Nez Perce *(Niimíipuu)* ceremony in Spalding that included a horse parade, drumming, singing, and speeches, my wife Robin and I were left in tears. We had just witnessed a celebration of the renaming of the most remarkable ethnographic collection in Idaho, which had been taken from the tribe 174 years earlier.

In 1847, the missionary Henry Spalding shipped an array of Nez Perce items to a friend and benefactor in Ohio. It remained in that state for more than 130 years, when most of it returned to Nez Perce country on loan. And then in 1996, the Nez Perce Tribe mounted a sophisticated fundraising campaign that garnered $608,100 to enable the purchase of the collection from an Ohio museum. Finally, on this day in June, after careful deliberation, the tribe had commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of buying back the Spalding-Allen Collection by renaming it *Wetxuuwíitin'*, which translates to "returned after period of captivity."

Nakia Williamson-Cloud, director of the Nez Perce cultural resources program, said at the event, "The renaming of this collection is a step to reclaiming ownership of one of the most significant ethnographic collections in existence. More importantly, renaming helps us in rejecting colonialism and its impacts on our way of life."

Wetxuuwíitin' was one among thousands of such collections that were shipped away great distances—but it was unusual, because most of it eventually came back on loan. The vast majority of the other collections assembled by government officials, soldiers, and missionaries have never returned to their home communities, and remain stored in museums and private collections.

When I first heard about the collection at the start of my postgraduate studies in history, I was surprised to learn that the tribe had raised such a staggering sum to buy it back. And I wondered, why did they have to pay for it in the first place? The fact that one of my favorite bands, Pearl Jam, played a small role in the fundraising effort was also intriguing. I began to research the story, and discovered that *Wetxuuwíitin'* was the largest and earliest documented surviving collection of Nez Perce cultural material. It included beautifully made dresses and shirts with elaborate decorative elements. The items were not only in exquisite condition and extremely rare but they also served as an important bridge between contemporary Nez Perce culture and how the Nez Perce lived during early contact with white people.

Two barrels of "Indian curiosities" had been shipped in 1847 by Henry Spalding to Dr. Dudley Allen in Kinsman, Ohio. The barrels contained exquisite Nez Perce shirts, dresses,




RETURN OF THE CAPTIVES

HOW THE NEZ PERCE RALLIED AMERICA AND RESCUED THEIR HERITAGE

BY TREVOR JAMES BOND

baskets, and horse regalia—some decorated with porcupine quills and others with precious dentalium shells and rare elk teeth. Donated to Oberlin College in 1893 and transferred in 1942 to the Ohio Historical Society (OHS, now called the Ohio History Connection), the collection languished in storage until Nez Perce National Historic Park curators rediscovered it in 1976. The OHS loaned most of the artifacts to the National Park Service, where they received conservation treatment and were displayed in climate-controlled cases in Spalding. Nez Perce cultural specialist Josiah Pinkham told me the collection embodies "the earliest and greatest centralization of ethnographic objects for the Nez Perce people. You don't have a collection of this size, this age, anywhere else in the world."

Twelve years later, the OHS abruptly recalled the collection. Years of public pressure and negotiations followed, until the group agreed to sell the articles to the Nez Perce at their full appraised value of $608,100. The OHS gave only a six-month deadline to pay in full. The tribe formed the Nez Perce Heritage Quest Alliance and mounted a brilliant grassroots fundraising campaign. One day before the deadline, in June 1996, they met their goal.

My research made me realize that I saw the collection differently from the *Niimíipuu* experts I interviewed. Like them, I admired the designs and condition of the artifacts and their documented age. However, as I dug deeper during interviews with curators and members of the tribe, I came to appreciate that they viewed these items not only as museum pieces but as examples of techniques that gave them an opportunity to repatriate skills and ways that their ancestors lived. In particular, the use of decorative porcupine quillwork—present in the collection—was replaced by beads during sustained Euro-American exchange, when beads could be readily attained. The collection's examples of quill decorations revealed how these materials were processed and sewn onto the garments, thereby providing inspiration to contemporary Nez Perce artists.

Henry Spalding did not directly tell how he acquired most of the goods or talk about the individuals who made them. Nor did he elaborate on the medium of exchange. "The frustrating thing," retired Nez Perce National Historical Park curator Bob Chenoweth told me, "is that given all that Spalding wrote, he didn't write down where

ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Articles from the *Wetxuuwíitin'* collection include a man's shirt, a cradleboard, painted rawhide fenders on a woman's saddle, a woman's dress, and another cradleboard.

ZACH MAZUR PHOTOS

ELIZABETH CHILTON

ELIZABETH CHILTON

LEFT: Nakia Williamson-Cloud and Stacia Morfin during the naming ceremony.

RIGHT: Nakia WIliamson-Cloud and his son Nakia Cloud approach the naming ceremony site.

any of this stuff came from— who gave it to him. And I don't believe that the Indian people themselves that gave up their things understood that they were going to be preserved."

Former Nez Perce Tribal Executive Committee member Bill Picard drew a distinction for me between the goods the Nez Perce traded and the regalia made for their families. "These items that were taken [by Spalding] weren't made to be bought and sold." He explained that his community travelled along the Columbia River and bartered goods such as beadwork, buckskin, and elk hides. "These were the things that were materialistic, that were basically like money, to be bought or bartered with. But the items that they created for their regalia…it wasn't…to be bought and sold. It was material to be heirlooms, to be sacred, to be kept so that your children enjoyed these same things."

Any monetary valuation of Nez Perce material culture is problematic. "You can't put a value on somebody's necklaces or eagle feathers or beaded dresses or ribbon shirt," Bill said. "You can't put a value on it, because…these items are handed down through generations." Furthermore, he pointed out, Nez Perce regalia provides connections between the Nez Perce and their ancestors. "If I was wearing the regalia and I went to Pendleton, they would look and say, 'I remember his grandfather used to wear that.' Or, you know, 'His grandfather received that from this person or that person.'" To sell regalia was an abhorrent thought. Such a sale, Bill explained, would be like "selling part of your body."

Weeks into the campaign to buy back the collection, help came from Idaho schoolchildren. On February 9, 1996, the Nez Perce Tribal Executive Committee (NPTEC) issued a press release honoring fourth-grade students at Frontier Elementary School in Boise who had initiated fundraising activities in response to learning in the classroom about the tribe's campaign. Students worked with their teachers to contact all fourth-graders in the state, and a three-hundred-dollar grant from the school's Parent Teacher Organization provided the funds to cover the bulk mail donation requests. Their teacher, Susan Hutchinson, said after she told her students about the collection "their reaction was 'the Nez Perce are part of our state's heritage. We've got to do something. There's things we can do as kids.'"

Student Kelsey Hawes suggested popcorn sales. Classmate Carley Packard said, "Idaho's people should keep the artifacts, because the Nez Perce live here, and it is the Nez Perce Tribe that made them." Nez Perce chairman Samuel Penney recognized the initiative of the Frontier Elementary students by issuing certificates of appreciation presented by a tribal representative and by sending a group of Nez Perce drummers and dancers to the school.

Thousands of students contributed to the campaign. In Caldwell, eight hundred students donated change. In Blackfoot, they collected aluminum cans and sold cupcakes. In Boise, they made pizza bread. In Prosser, Washington, the students washed cars, sold baked goods, and hosted a dunking booth. According to history teacher Dean Smith, "The kids like the idea of being part of something. This is a tangible thing,

something they can touch and feel." Marcella Gibson, a teacher at Jefferson Junior High School in Caldwell, said the sale of the collection by the OHS "kind of incensed me. The kids said that's not right, they shouldn't be doing that." As of April 7, 1996, the Nez Perce Tribe had raised nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

Acknowledging the energy behind schools collecting money led the Heritage Quest Alliance to launch a coordinated plan to ask schools to contribute $57.90, a symbolic amount that was based on Spalding's estimate of the value of the collection in a letter he wrote to Allen. Tribal member Richard Ellenwood motivated students around the country when he said, "Schoolchildren all over Idaho have shown their concern by helping us raise funds. We now call upon the children of America to join us and protect our past."

Tribal chairman Samuel Penney told the press, "We hope all Americans, especially our children, will join us. Their reward will include the feeling of joy when some day they visit the collection here in Spalding knowing that they helped bring it home."

Students at Jefferson Junior High in Caldwell competed with Jefferson Junior High in Columbia, Missouri, to see who could collect the most money. The Caldwell kids contributed $1,320 through candy and cookie sales, car washes, and donations from the community. At Housel Middle School in Prosser, Washington, students raised money through bake sales, car washes, and a dunking booth. Students at Lena Whitmore Elementary School in Moscow recycled cans. Schoolchildren sent in pictures, cards, and letters in support of the efforts. All of these gifts were matched up to fifty thousand dollars by an anonymous donor.

In addition to the money donated by schoolchildren, something far more significant occurred. The students studied Nez Perce culture and saw the connection between the contemporary Nez Perce Tribe and their 19th-Century ancestors. To Bill Picard, the campaign "was not only to ask for donations, but also to raise awareness of what the tribe's culture is, and…what the tribe does. And that we're not just a culture that's read about in a book but that we're actual people. That we're here and that we do practice, continue to practice, our culture." He told me, "These kids felt that urgency…the tribe went out to enhance the knowledge of local people as to what the tribe is and what it does. And that continues today."

National Public Radio (NPR) broadcast a story on the collection campaign on their *Morning Edition* program, which flooded the tribe with calls of support. After hearing the NPR story, listener Brian Colona mailed a donation from San

ZACH MAZUR

ELIZABETH CHILTON

LEFT: Detail of a woman's dress.

RIGHT: Nakia and Trevor James Bond at the ceremony.

Diego to the Heritage Quest Alliance. He included a note: "I was appalled at the greed of the museum in Ohio for requiring payment for your artifacts. Once again, I feel shame for being a white American. I hope my donation helps you reach your goal and deadline."

Fundraiser Tom Hudson said, "We're getting calls from all over the U.S.—from Hoboken, New Jersey to Columbia, Missouri to Missoula, Montana, to Prosser, Washington." Nationwide, sentiment was strong that the collection should remain in Idaho, he said. Tribal historian Allen Slickpoo, Sr. reflected, "Our people saved the Lewis and Clark Expedition. It is fitting that two hundred years later, all Americans have the opportunity to honor this act."

Major rock bands joined the schoolchildren in pledging $57.90. These included Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Alice in Chains, Pete Droge, and the Presidents of the United States. The bands also lent their support through announcements on the cable music channel MTV. Four hundred rock radio stations spread the word of the campaign. The members of Alice in Chains signed drumheads, and Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder sent a signed platinum CD to Kerri-Ann Andrews of Lewiston, who sold the items as part of a benefit auction and concert that yielded $2,960.14. Tom Hudson described the bands as "really enthusiastic about it." He reflected, "I think that our younger people will hear from the celebrities that are important in their lives that this is an important cause. It's telling our country that this is a cause for everyone."

After months of intense effort, the Nez Perce nearly had enough money to purchase the collection. On May 30, they were $45,000 short of the required $608,100. Tom Hudson warned there would be no flexibility in meeting the full price required by OHS. "We must have the full amount on time." As many small gifts continued to arrive by mail, Hudson arranged a fifty-thousand-dollar matching pledge from Tom Redmond, the founder of a hair products company. Feeling optimistic that the collection would not have to be sent back to Ohio, Tom Hudson said, "At this point, I would have to say, 'Over my dead body.' I don't often say something like that, but I am absolutely convinced we will succeed." On May 31, one day before the deadline imposed by OHS, the tribe achieved its goal of raising the full $608,100. Potlatch Corporation donated twenty-five-thousand dollars, which, when combined with other smaller donations, put them over the mark. Boise's Frontier Elementary School, which had alerted all the state's fourth-graders, sent a check for twenty-five-hundred dollars.

Chairman Penney framed his remarks broadly when he spoke of the campaign's success. "This purchase officially ends a 150-year odyssey for an extraordinary part of our heritage. Our people and supporters all over the U.S. will celebrate the homecoming of the Spalding-Allen Collection." A press release said support came from more than two thousand donors and fifty schools that contributed the symbolic amount of $57.90. Donations also came from Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Japan. At the

height of the campaign, Tom Hudson and his fundraising assistant Pam Palmer received thirty to fifty calls a day, at all hours of the day and night. "The people of the United States have demonstrated that they value our Native American heritage," Chairman Penny said.

"This historic event should not be seen as an acquisition of museum artifacts. It is a restoration of an important part of the Nez Perce culture," he added in a story published the next day. "We found partners and friends when we did not expect them. And we have seen a light of respect and compassion which suggests a greater future for our United States."

Nakia Williamson-Cloud recalled that many people responded to the campaign and "realized that this is where these things belong, here in this land. And so I think in that way it was a good thing. And I think our leaders that at that time, our elders that were alive at that time…were making good decisions." He reflected, "I guess we're always asking ourselves what are we doing, and are we doing the right thing? I think we can walk away and say what was done and what was accomplished was a good thing for us. Not only for us but, again, for this land and for the people that now live here."

The items in the collection "needed to be home," according to Bill Picard. "They needed to be with the family… They were lost in Ohio." He said, "It was like reconnecting with your elders. Reconnecting with maybe your great-great-grandfather, who you've only seen in pictures. Or maybe only heard about in oral history. Only heard about in stories. But here's some items that belonged to him. So there's a reconnection between you and those that made these items." Nez Perce artist Kevin Peters remembered that before the fundraising goal was met, the boxes were ready to pack up the collection and ship it back to Ohio. He asked himself why the tribe had to purchase these things, and gave himself an answer. "It's not necessarily 'we' [the Nez Perce Tribe]. It is the American people. Because we had people from all over. We had kids, you know, with jars of pennies. And it was an amazing, an amazing event in the end." Kevin recalled, "When it finally came through, it was like, hurray! Now we can burn the boxes."

The cause to repatriate the collection resonated with the American public. "It became an American phenomenon," said Tom Hudson. "It became an American cause. An entire nation came forward to help a tribe. This may be unprecedented."

The Wetxuuwíitin' *Collection is currently on display at the Nez Perce National Historical Park in Spalding, Monday-Sunday 8:30-4 P.M. A selection curated by Nez Perce experts also can be viewed online: plateauportal.libraries.wsu.edu/collection/wetxuuwiitin-formerly-spalding-allen-collection-nez-perce* ■

ESCAPE FROM PINYON PEAK

WIND CHANGES EVERYTHING

STORY AND PHOTOS BY MAC TIPPINS

Trees snapped like matchsticks. It sounded like a firefight in Vietnam. I tightened my grip on the steering wheel of the old pickup, cringing at the specter of falling snags. Among wildland firefighters it is said that wind changes everything, and we were running the gauntlet of a blowdown event.

The Ramshorn fire crew, which had come to Pinyon Peak out of their base at the Yankee Fork Guard Station, was a half mile or so ahead of me in a Forest Service utility vehicle (UTV). What if a snag blew down between us? I pushed my truck a little harder. We traversed dense sections of burned trees, the standing dead among them guarding old fire scars.

Almost as if we were a tag team, the Ramshorn crew would stop and clear blowdown that blocked the road, which allowed me to catch up in my pickup truck. It was quick hand-saw work and they would speed off again, ahead of me. We had about eight miles of fire scars and avalanche chutes to traverse on an incredibly rough road.

I caught up with the fire crew again at the Seafoam-Pinyon Peak road junction. They were loading the UTV onto a trailer. "Get on out of here," the crew boss yelled to me. "It's getting worse. This wind and blowdown can kill you!"

A few hours earlier, the wind had started picking up on Pinyon Peak, elevation 9,945 feet. Several members of the Ramshorn crew arrived at the fire lookout around noon to help me close up for the 2020 fire season. My supervisor had called me shortly after I went on duty at 9:30 a.m. that day, September 7, Labor Day, with the news: my fire season was over and I was ordered to pack up and get out of the wilderness, immediately, ahead of the forecasted windstorm.

By the time the Ramshorn crew arrived in the UTV, I had already loaded my truck with personal gear. There was a large propane tank to load onto the government utility vehicle for backhaul, and the shutters of the lookout had to be dropped and locked. I helped, knowing from Aerodynamics 101 that the rapidly increasing wind speed would soon make working with the big shutters impossible. It was cold, and the temperature was dropping.

When the lookout was secured and the backhaul gear loaded on the utility vehicle, the fire crew departed Pinyon Peak ahead of me. I knew they would traverse the wilderness corridor (FS-172 road) much faster in the UTV than I could in my pickup truck.

"Don't get too far ahead," I said. "There will probably be blowdown, and the wind is getting worse."

TOP: Wildfire at Bear Creek.

BOTTOM LEFT: The Ramshorn crew clear blowdown from the Pinyon Peak road.

BOTTOM RIGHT: The fire-finder tool in the lookout.

LEFT: Mac chops wood at the lookout.

MIDDLE: Crew members help with the splitting.

I didn't see the Ramshorn crew again for an interminable thirty or forty minutes. They were ahead of me but how far? I drove as fast as I dared from Pinyon Peak to Feltham Creek Point. That nine-mile section of the FS-172 road, built on ridges with steep drop-offs, along contour lines averaging about nine thousand feet in elevation, has been called "the most dangerous road in Idaho." The road forks at Feltham Creek Point, with a rougher, totally broken road leading uphill to the derelict Feltham Creek Lookout. There the rugged "main" road drops off steeply into the Beaver Creek drainage. Within a half mile or so the wilderness corridor enters an area of old fire scars, with thick stands of long-dead trees.

I rounded a blind curve on the eroded two-track road and there was the Ramshorn crew, sawing a blown-down snag that blocked the FS-172 road. That would not be the last time they cleared the road as we made our way out. And I knew, all too well, that if trees were coming down in front of us, they were coming down behind us, too. At this point, there was no easy way to turn back. We were deep inside the Frank Church–River of No Return Wilderness, and the "no return" weighed heavily on our minds.

* * * * *

High-flying jets, "pulling tails" as we old-timers used to say of jet contrails, are intriguing. There is something romantic about a glint of silver in the stratosphere, especially just after the sun has slipped below the horizon: a brightly reflective diamond pulling a long, fading condensation trail across the darkening sky. Is it the non-stop from Seoul? A Learjet racing a heart to a transplant surgery in Houston? Maybe an air-freight hauler to Kuala Lumpur, with a stop at Subic Bay?

In the rarified air above Pinyon Peak, one of the highest-elevation lookouts in the country, jet contrails are ubiquitous. For me, the sight of a contrail can induce pleasant reminiscences of my days piloting Boeing 737s and MD-80s—or, perhaps, intrusive memories of missions over the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos or the Ia Drang Valley in Vietnam. Nostalgia and 'Namstalgia.

High-sky vistas were partially what drew me to airplanes and later to lookouts. The two came together, serendipitously, during a trip I flew in the late-1980s. We were westbound from Charlotte to Los Angeles, flying a Boeing 737-300LR. Somewhere over Texas, we diverted

around a long east-west line of thunderstorms. Lightning dominated the sky to the north of us, from Dalhart to Shiprock and beyond. Spidery filaments of electrical plasma danced from cloud top to cloud top, for miles and miles and miles.

"Man, that's incredible!" I exclaimed, as a bright blue flash of distant lightning illuminated a gigantic thunderhead.

"You ain't seen nothing," the captain replied, and pulled out a folder of photo prints from his flight bag. It was a collection of high-quality night images that he had shot from a fire lookout tower during a lightning storm. The previous summer he had taken a western vacation and rented several fire lookouts, staying a few days at a time in each.

Fire lookout towers became the main topic of conversation on our trips for the rest of that month. The hook was set.

* * * * *

A few years after I retired from my dream job as an airline captain, I landed my second dream job: wilderness fire lookout. I had my choice of several primo lookouts in the Pacific Northwest and chose East Butte Lookout in the Deschutes National Forest of central Oregon. After five seasons at East Butte, the total time away from my home in South Carolina averaged almost six months. In 2013, I reluctantly began the search for a lookout posting with a shorter fire season.

I had read that high elevation lookouts in Idaho have relatively short fire seasons, mainly because of accessibility issues (late snows in the spring and early snows in the fall). Later I found this

to be very true. Pinyon Peak Fire Lookout, in the Salmon–Challis National Forest of central Idaho, went on my 2014 shortlist for a number of reasons. For one, it reminded me of Jack Kerouac's storied Desolation Peak Lookout in California, which he staffed in 1956. Actually, the historic Pinyon Peak building was erected in 1930, two years before the lookout on Desolation Peak.

However, at that time there were no Idaho lookout vacancies which met my criteria. I ended up in Arizona for the 2014 fire season and two years later, after eight seasons in fire lookouts, I took a break. It was not until 2020 that I landed the assignment to Pinyon Peak Lookout.

* * * * *

In early August that year, before the choking drift-smoke rolled in from California and Oregon, I had an interesting visitor at Pinyon Peak. Most visitors to the lookout were good folks but a few were … let's just say ill-mannered.

At Pinyon Peak I saw all and knew all. Well, maybe I didn't know much but I could see almost anything approaching the lookout from miles away, whether by road, trail, or air. I could accurately estimate the ETA of different types of vehicles from various points on all road approaches to the lookout. When anyone came up the road, I'd usually say, "I've been expecting you."

The interesting visitor appeared to be middle-aged and was dressed in an outdoorsy fashion. He hiked briskly up the short trail to the lookout and I stepped onto the catwalk, the fire lookout's equivalent of a wraparound veranda. The visitor mentioned the Vietnam Veteran license plate on my truck and thanked me for my service. We talked about the fire lookout life.

"What did you do in Vietnam?"

"I was an Army pilot," I answered.

He remarked, somewhat offhandedly, "I had an uncle who flew A-1E Skyraiders over there."

"Ooo," I said, "my favorite airplane." It was true then and is today.

"Yeah. My uncle landed on a dirt airstrip and picked up his wingman, who had been shot down."

"Oh, my gosh! Bernie Fisher. Medal of Honor. It was March 1966 … your uncle rescued 'Jump' Meyer at Ta Bat in the A Shau Valley. I have photos of the Ta Bat airstrip."

The late Bernie Fisher, a son of Idaho, is a true American hero. His story is indelible in my memory.

* * * * *

You might be expecting stories from my fire season on Pinyon Peak of lightning, smoke columns, and the dramatic wildland fires shown on TV. After all, this was sixty-two days on the top of the world, spotting fires in the heart of the Idaho backcountry wilderness. But the truth is there were no smokes, no fires, and not one single false alarm. For me, it was still an absorbing summer, highlighted by our race down the mountain against the wind and the clock in a hair-raising escape from the wilderness. But the antithesis of everything that made it memorable was the lead-up to my stint on Pinyon Peak.

For almost three weeks before I was able to get up to the mountaintop, I waited with two other lookouts at the Challis-Yankee Fork Ranger Station. We completed the USFS mandatory training curriculum, a baker's dozen of topics, the latest addition to which was COVID-19 protocols. We assembled three large piles of wilderness gear for each of the three lookouts. We filled cubies, or boxed plastic bags, with almost forty-five gallons each of potable water, and neatly stacked these forty-three-pound boxes for transport to the lookouts.

We sat in the firehouse, drinking gallons of coffee, waiting for the high-elevation snow to melt. While we waited, there were war stories, partly truth and partly fiction. There were long BS sessions, mostly fiction. There was exquisite tedium laced with mind-numbing ennui. Our pre-season interlude was like watching air leak from a tire—it was akin to watching snow melt on the peaks.

In late June, as we waited, yet another storm dumped an additional eighteen inches of snow in the high country. The other two lookouts, assigned to Ruffneck Peak and Twin Peaks, were veterans of fire-watch duty in the Salmon–Challis National Forest. I was the newbie in these parts. They had watched tires leak air before, and snow melt.

When the backcountry snows finally went away and a helicopter recon reported all blowdown cleared from the wilderness corridor, I launched from Challis for Pinyon Peak. It was July 8. Lookouts in Oregon had been up for almost two months and some Arizona lookouts were preparing for the end of their season.

* * * * *

Prior to entering the wilderness corridor, I rendezvoused with my Forest Service supervisor at the Cape Horn Guard Station for a road-condition briefing. After I got the green light, the drive up the FS-172 road was painfully slow. It took me more than two hours to drive eighteen miles between the Seafoam road junction and Pinyon Peak Lookout. I arrived at the top of the peak at about noon. While waiting for the fire crew that was heading up in the UTV with the heavy supplies, I carried a few lightweight items up the trail to the lookout. The crew would later help me with my heavier gear: generator, power inverter, cooler, ham radio gear, solar panels, and provisions.

The trail from the road's end up to the lookout is about one hundred yards long. After two trips up and down the steep and rocky path at that high elevation, I was totally winded. I sat in the shade of the lookout catwalk and waited for the Forest Service UTV and crew.

Viewed from the trail, the Pinyon Peak Lookout is rather shabby. For a facility listed on the National Register of Historic Lookouts, that should not be acceptable. The lookout needs major renovation work, but … that costs money. Many visitors notice the degenerated state of the fifteen-by-fifteen-foot building. Most comments are gracious and/or constructive. A few are not.

TOP: The Ramshorn crew on the peak.

ABOVE: The lookout at dawn.

BELOW: Alight at night.

BOTTOM: Moon over the Salmon-Challis National Forest.

One day, an ill-mannered visitor to Pinyon Peak provided a case in point of what to never say to a lookout about her or his building. It was mid-season, and a group of about ten side-by-side off-road vehicles came roaring up the access road, kicking up clouds of dust. Most of the vehicles had long antenna-like whips with message pennants. The drivers parked, some very close to my truck, and a few others crowded a sandwich-board sign that stated the U.S. Forest Service's unequivocal rules for COVID-19 protection.

The off-roaders were couples; elderly gray-hairs (I can say that because I am elderly and have white hair). They milled around their vehicles aimlessly, perhaps unsure if they could come up the trail to the lookout. Finally, one man started up the trail alone. A take-charge guy—there is one in every group. As is my wont, I walked out on the catwalk and waved a greeting.

He yelled up at me from about twenty yards away, "Hey! Hey!" (As in, "Hey, you!") "We're coming up and having our lunch in your shack."

Oh, my stars, that was so wrong on so many levels.

My first and final answer before I pivoted smartly and decamped the catwalk into the fire lookout, was, "No."

* * * * *

Summer nights are very cold on a ten-thousand-foot peak, as are cloudy or foggy days. The propane heater in the lookout did not work, not that I would have used it (I had a carbon monoxide incident at East Butte lookout in 2010). But Pinyon had a wonderful wood stove, which I used for heating and cooking. There is absolutely nothing like the smell of white-bark pine in a wood stove at dawn, the heat taking the chill off of a thirty-four-degree August morning, with coffee brewing and bacon frying.

The first few days in any lookout are filled with map study and equipment familiarization. The Osborne Firefinder, the centerpiece (literally) of all fire lookouts, must be cleaned and aligned. The brass rear sight will probably need brass cleaner and the front sight of the firefinder might need new horsehair.

A lookout must learn all peaks and drainages within the area of responsibility, and should be able to identify places where most of the human-caused fires occur, including roads, trails, corrals, and camping areas. Public Land Survey System designations such as Township, Range, Section,

Quarter Section, and Quarter-of-the-Quarter (the proverbial forty acres, but without the mule) should be familiar at the main points of interest.

The generic lookout is a "glass house on a ridge," to borrow the phrase from poet Philip Whalen. Windows must be washed frequently. Pinyon Peak has very old wavy glass windows, just like my 115-year-old house in South Carolina. It made me feel right at home.

A big part of the fire lookout's life is cooking and eating with basic ingredients in a primitive kitchen that uses minimal utensils. A prerequisite for lookout cooking could be titled *High-Altitude Thermodynamics with Applied Differential Calculus for the Wilderness Chef*. Ever tried to cook rice at ten thousand feet? Read the book.

Early in the fire season I photographed some of my simple yet elegant meals from Casa del Piñón: spinach and feta omelet with bacon and sliced tomatoes; farfalle with a mushroom-sausage marinara over wilted spinach; flatiron steak seared on a red-hot wood stove, with a sherry-vinegar reduction, rosemary potatoes, and a spinach salad with gorgonzola and pine nuts. That was during the first half of the fire season. The second half of the season was usually dried beans, canned sardines, dried beans, stale saltines, dried beans, and packets of Meals Ready to Eat from the Department of Defense. Such were eats on the peak.

Nights on Pinyon Peak defy description. A full moon rising or setting is quintessentially spectacular. Although a full moon in the night sky washes out many of the stars, the mountains of the Idaho wilderness are illuminated in a soft light sufficient for photography set at a high ISO to add brightness. I took hundreds of photos of Pinyon Peak lookout in moonlight, sometimes with a red or yellow low-light flare on the firefinder pedestal for a subtle glow inside the lookout.

The major attraction in the Idaho night sky during the summer of 2020 was the comet NEOWISE (Near-Earth Object Wide-field Infrared Survey Explorer). One of my personal goals for the Idaho fire season was to learn the basics of astrophotography. Pinyon Peak seemed like a perfect place for shooting the night sky in general, and the comet in particular. Disappointingly, I lost nearly a week of night photo shooting because of high winds. There were incredibly beautiful night skies, with NEOWISE in near-perfect position for photographing in context with the lookout but time was lost because of the winds. Every night they blew at thirty-five to forty knots, with higher gusts. One night, the wind finally abated a bit and I was able to shelter on the catwalk. I managed to get just one good shot before fast-moving high clouds obscured the comet. As they say, wind changes everything.

* * * * *

Some are drawn to the fire lookout life by its poetic and literary affiliations. Beat poets Phillip Whalen and Gary Snyder worked fire lookouts in the upper Cascade Range prior to Kerouac's 1956 stint on Desolation Peak. Like Kerouac, Whalen and Snyder used the lookout life as an opportunity for meditation and contemplation, intangibles that helped to refine their prose and poetry. Then came Edward Abbey, among others, and now Phillip Connors. Peak-dwelling poets and writers are inextricable from the fire lookout life.

Others are drawn to lookouts by the overpowering call of the wilderness. For me, the prose and poetry of a wilderness fire lookout itself are alluring.

When I unlocked the door and walked into the Pinyon Peak Lookout for the first time, I felt as if I had entered an atelier on top of the world. It was an answer to the call of the wild—maybe not Hemingway's Key West or Faulkner's Rowan Oak, but most certainly a room with a view.

I quickly spotted a yellowed copy of a Gary Snyder poem. It appeared that a previous denizen of Pinyon Peak had copied the poem in a delicate copperplate-like handwriting and tacked it to a window frame in the lookout. Whenever I looked at it, I liked to imagine that the tattered scrap of notepaper bearing Snyder's poem had once carried the faint scent of drift-smoke. ■

Meadowlarks and Memories

Invitations to Soar

STORY AND PHOTOS BY MELINDA STILES

Each winter my husband and I leave our beloved, frozen Idaho and migrate to the warmth of Arizona. Each spring I am rabid for our return. By April I have had my fill of heat, dust, yapping Chihuahuas, and wailing sirens. The litter tossed by humans onto neighborhood streets has me pining for my walk in pristine Idaho. Here, I am surrounded by mountains so close I can nearly touch them and air so sweet and pure that each inhale is a rejuvenation.

On my first walk each spring near our home at Carmen, I eagerly anticipate the notes of the season's loveliest harbinger, the western meadowlark. The call is unmistakable—melodious, resonant in timber and tone—a full throated joie de vivre. My *Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds* describes the call as saying, "Hip, hip, hurrah, boys! Three cheers! Oh, yes, I am a pretty little bird." While I can't attest to having heard that repertoire, I have imagined the call to say, "Rejoice! It's spring. Welcome home!"

I am serenaded in surround sound during my five-mile walk. A call on one side of the road is echoed by one on the opposite side. Soon, the entire meadowlark orchestra is tuned up: right, left, above, back, front.

In early spring the meadowlark is covert. I can stand in front of a ponderosa pine from which the call emanates, look up and down its branches, and never see the elusive bird.

In a few days I spot her in flight, leaving as I advance on her domain. I catch a glimpse of the

telltale yellow breast and the white stripe on the tail feathers as she wings it far from me, singing all the while, "Human on the road, take flight!" In her wake, deep in pine boughs, I hear the song of her sisters who haven't found me quite as terrifying. Perhaps I'm seeing males. Both sexes look alike, unlike many other bird species whose males flamboyantly outshine the females. The meadowlark has no need for flashy feathers. Its song is beauty enough.

In a few more days, my feathered friends have advanced to their, "I won't fly away but I'm staying up high," phase. If I look long and high enough, I see them in the ponderosa, on a telephone wire, on a power pole. They appear in silhouette, heads tilted back with their melodious song exploding from their throats.

Soon, they'll descend to fences level with me. This past spring, three meadowlarks were in the same place every morning for weeks. I liked thinking they had grown accustomed to me and understood that I presented no imminent threat. I wish they knew how in awe of them I am, how deeply grateful for their serenade, how hearing them transports me to a walk down Memory Lane.

I grew up watching my dad watch birds. Audubon bird books lay open on tables and field glasses hung on a hook next to the picture window in the family room. Binoculars were mandatory on our Sunday drives to our favorite destination, a bird sanctuary in Michigan. It was there I met an overly friendly goose and where Dad had the presence of mind to preserve the

ABOVE: A perfect backdrop near Carmen for a meadowlark serenade.

MIDDLE: Meadowlark on a wire.

RIGHT: The author's walking companion waits for her to find that bird.

moment for posterity. Dad told me how once, during the heart of winter, he'd trekked to his feeder with sunflower seeds. Chickadees, ravenous for the morsels, alighted on his shoulder as he filled the feeder. I wanted birds on my shoulder. At a young age, I was hooked.

On Sunday rides in the country, Dad would stop the car and let us kids out so he could teach us about the birds. I remember the first time I heard the meadowlark.

"Listen," he said. "That's a meadowlark. You'll start hearing it in early spring. There it is on the fence post. You can see its yellow breast."

"I like its song," I said.

"Prettiest on the block, I think."

Decades later, after Dad moved to Florida, I went to visit and we found ourselves on yet another birdwatching ride. We stopped and heard a familiar song.

"You know what that is?" he asked.

"A meadowlark, of course. I've never forgotten hearing my first one."

The meadowlark graces all who will hear her with the beauty of her song. She's a far cry from the northern shrike, who has the rather unsettling habit of impaling his meal on a barbed wire fence. Dad introduced me to this guy on that same Florida visit as it was sticking a tiny bird on a barb.

"Why would it do that?"

"Sometimes he'll eat it right away. Mostly, he'll keep it on the wire to eat later."

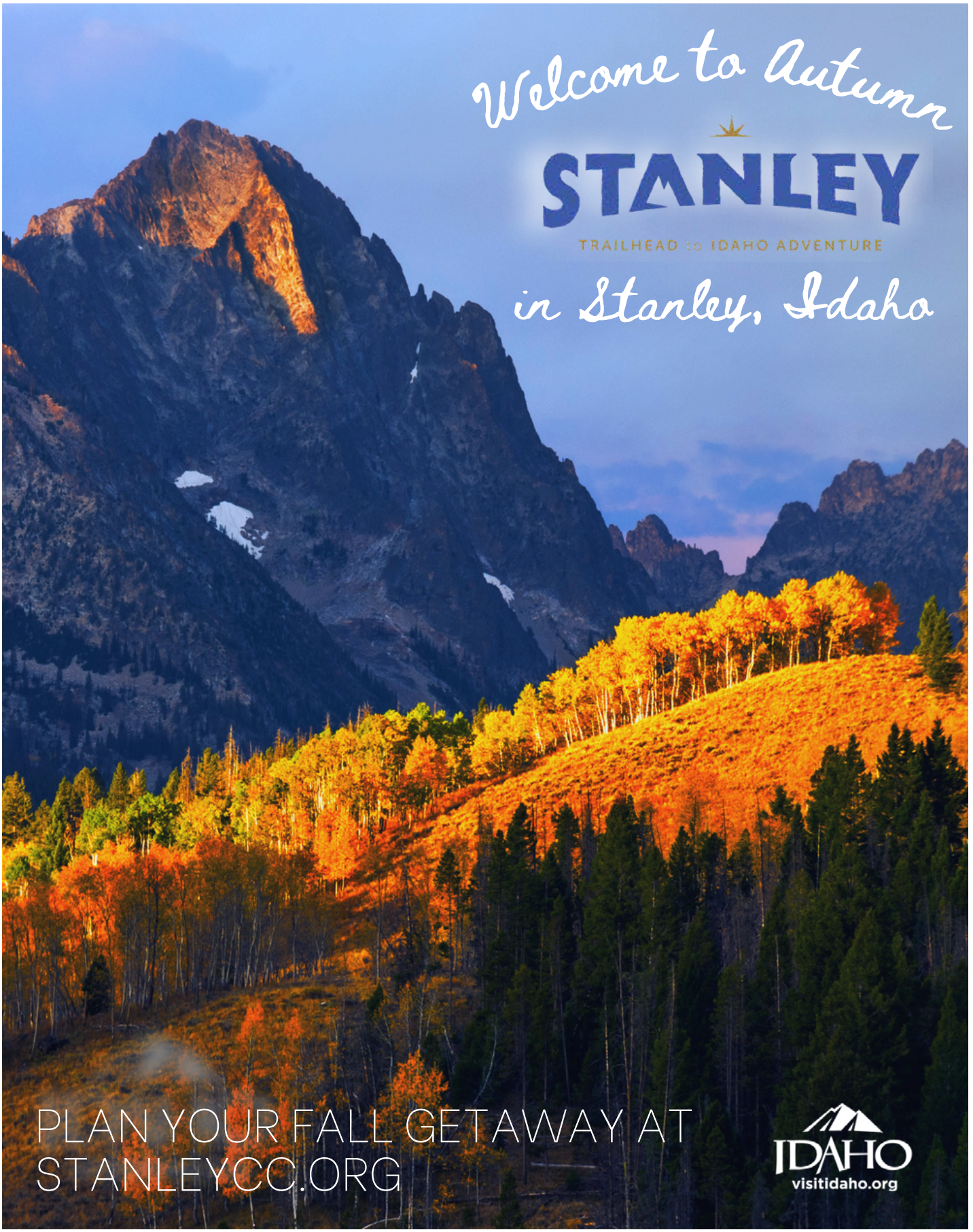
"Oh, for goodness sake. Why can't he just sing a pretty song?"

The meadowlark is also a far cry from the bellicose flicker who I imagine flapping his chest as his cacophonous cry raises in decibels. He is ubiquitous, raucous, and a rampant destroyer of the cedar-sided shop at our place. Each spring as we drive onto the property from Arizona, we see the tufts of pink insulation the flicker has strewn everywhere in his frenzied attack on the shop. It's not like he doesn't have acres of trees in which to bore his holes. Nope, only the shop will do.

I'm deeply grateful for all my time in Idaho, where a morning walk in birdsong allows me to take flight from the ordinary and to soar in beauty. The meadowlark's song reminds me to greet each day as she does—soulfully, with zest and gusto—a pure and melodic celebration of being alive in the present. ■

LEFT: Scene in early spring.

ABOVE: Where the flicker attacks.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Star Turn

Watch Out for the Cops

BY ED FISCHER

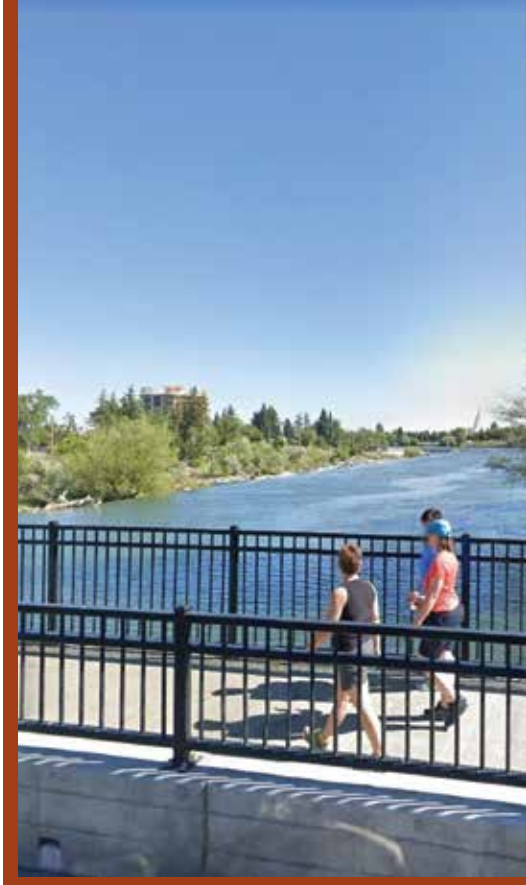
Two days after a sixteen-hour marathon climb of Wyoming's Middle Teton in the summer of 2004, my buddy Aric and I were still too whipped to do any hiking, so we decided to take a drive over to Idaho. Neither of us Connecticut natives had ever been in the state we knew best for its top-of-the-line potatoes. From our motel in Jackson we made the easy day trip west to Victor, down through Swan Valley, and into Idaho Falls. There we entertained ourselves in a cellar the size of a football field chock-full of metallic junk for sale, and then outside at a lively flea market. But the prize attraction on this splendid afternoon was a gathering of kids—mostly high-schoolers and a few younger ones—at a road bridge in town that spans the Snake River.

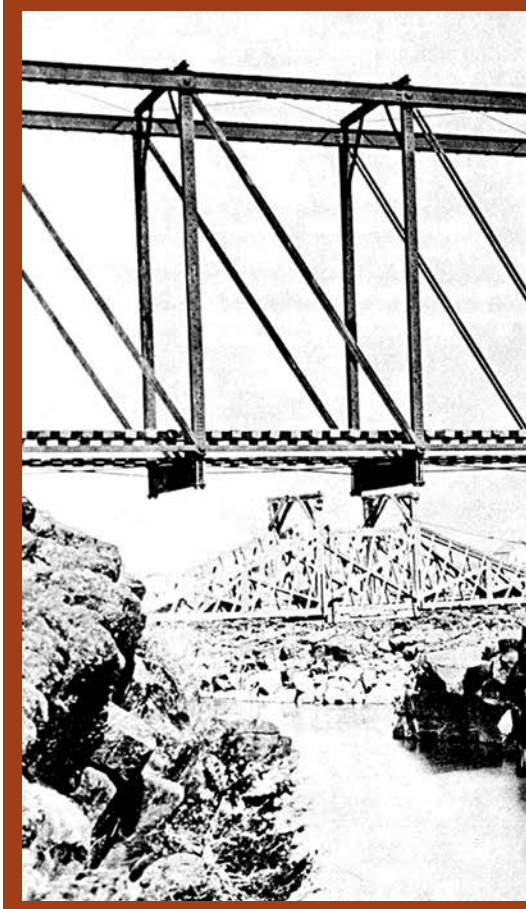
The water below the bridge forms deep pools—deep enough, evidently, for the school kids to hazard leaps from on high. I say school kids, yet there was one older guy, a townie who looked to be his mid-thirties and had lots of teeth missing. Aric remarked that he appeared to have had a hard life and now seemed intent on clinging to his fading youth. He was an outlier to be jumping with this way-more-juvenile gang. He told us that members of the party took turns as watchdogs, positioned at each end of the bridge, looking out for cops. Condescendingly, he addressed me as "Pop," which gave Aric a chortle (I was creeping up on seventy at the time).

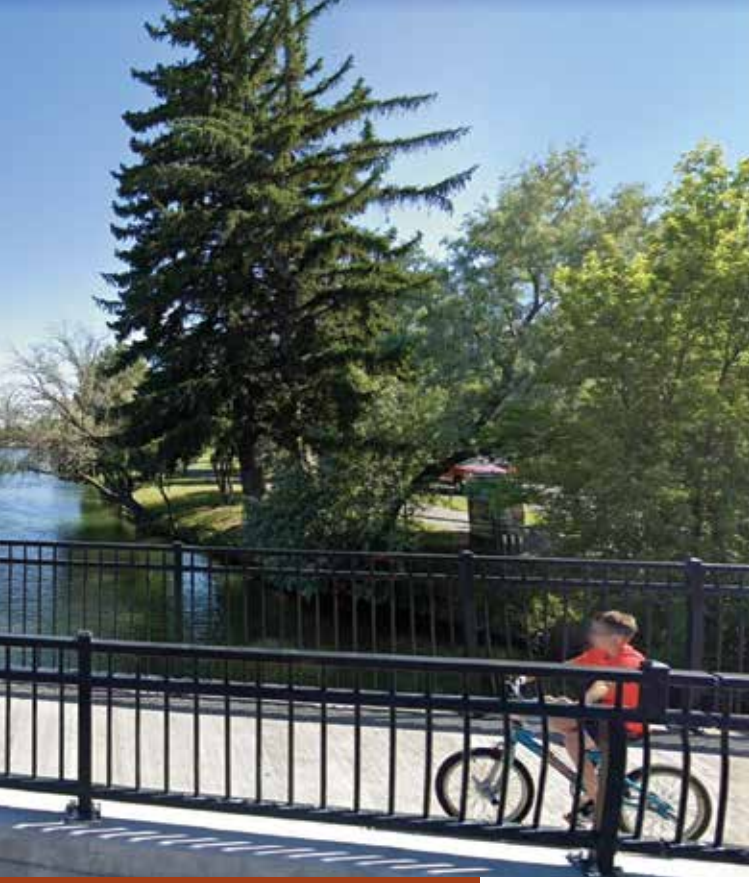
"Pop, if you wanna give it a try, we got an extra bathing suit over there. You could change in them bushes."

Maybe if I had taken him up on it, he would have been more at ease with his own age discrepancy vis-à-vis the kids. He also pointed out one of the girls and made unsavory implications, not the sort of welcome for tourists that the town's Rotarians and chamber of commerce would have applauded.

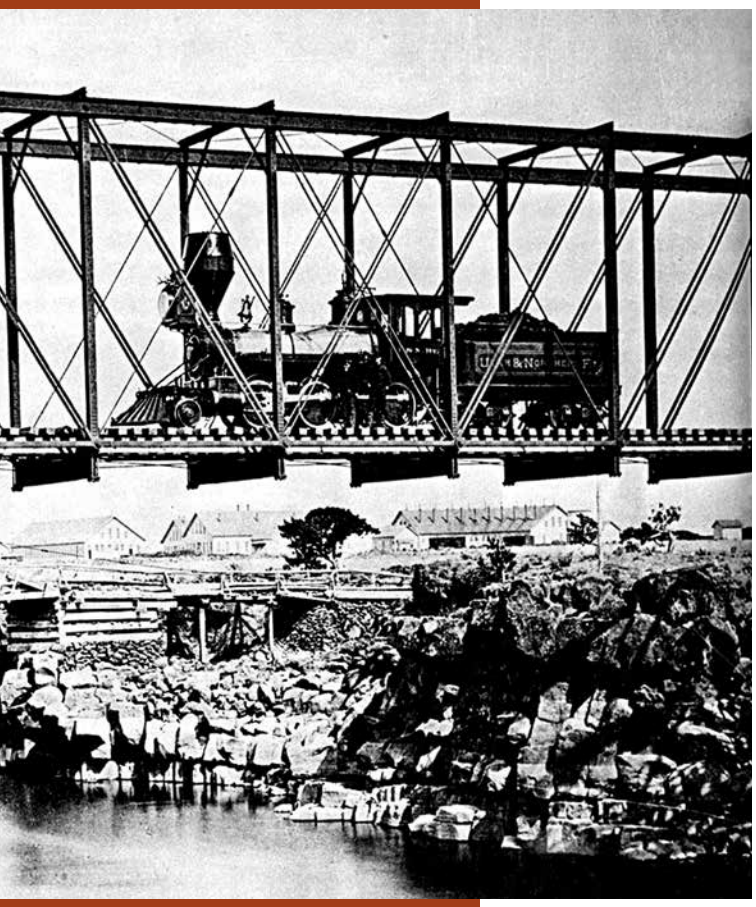
The kids climbed over and then jumped from the lip of the outer wall—a height equal to that of a two- or three-story building—into a frothy green pool. The girls often hesitated at the outer lip and sometimes were pushed off screaming. And then the bridge-jumpers all stopped to watch two other boys as they approached an old railway bridge a little way up-falls from the car bridge. Perhaps for anyone brave or foolish enough to try jumping from the top







GOOGLE MAPS



WIKIPEDIA

of that metal structure, the pools swirling beneath it were even deeper.

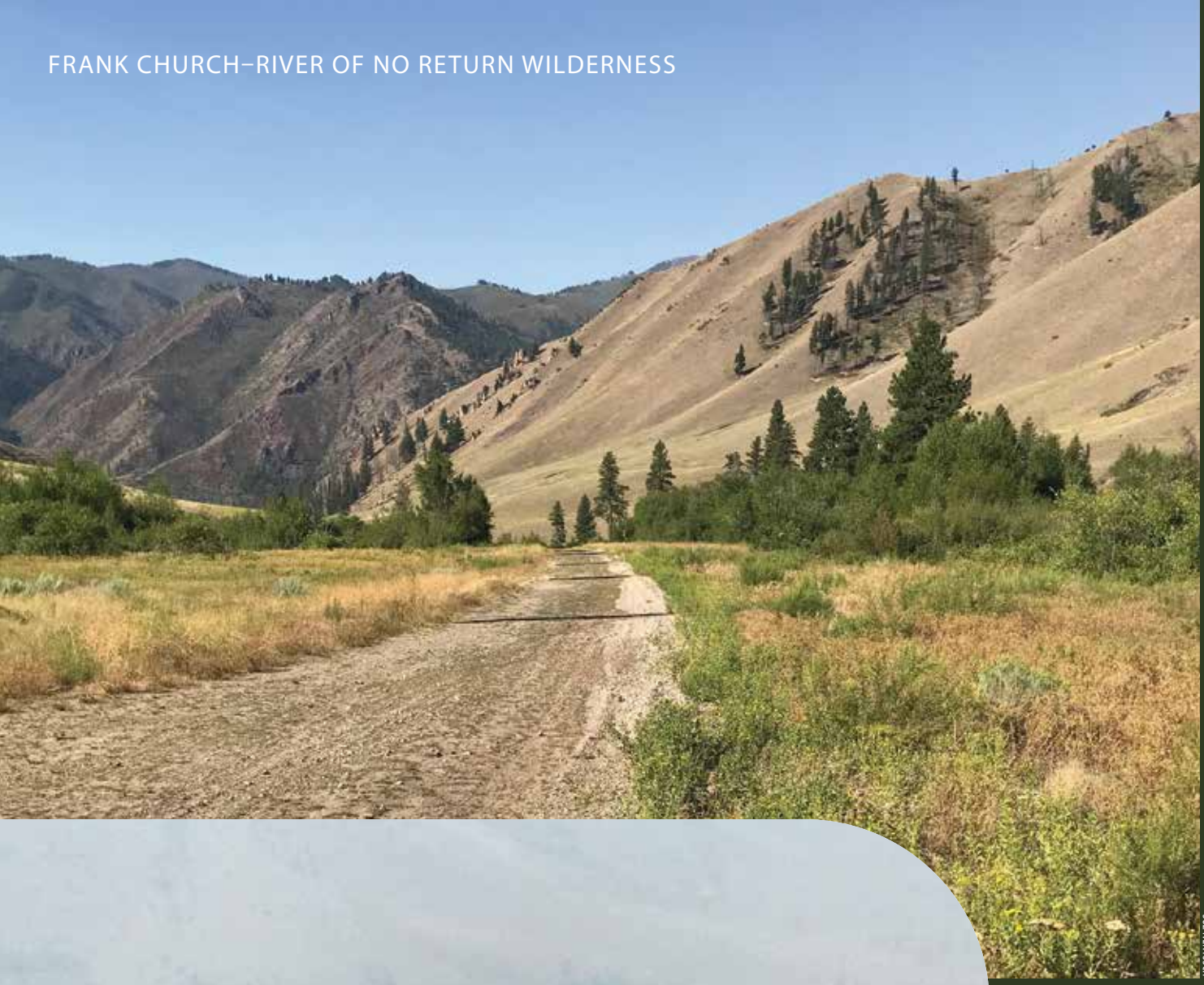
These two guys at the train bridge were the stars, you could tell. They clambered up the trestle and when they reached the flat top beam of the truss, they stood erect and seemingly calm at that height, much higher than the road bridge. They walked smoothly and confidently to the center of the beam, which looked to be about a foot wide, as graceful as a pair of trapeze artists. They might have been brothers. I could imagine one of them as the varsity quarterback on the high school football team and the other his junior wide receiver. As they stood in the center of the overhead beam, facing their audience, all the other kids' eyes turned to the heroes, their own jumping neglected for the main event. They watched and waited for the pair to step off. And then they did.

First the senior man went, his form flawless, and then his brother took flight before the other even hit water. The elder boy joined his feet, flexed down, and sliced straight into the depths like a plunged knife. The brother did the same and submerged six feet to the older boy's right.

It's likely the others had seen these two perform before. Still, we all knew we'd witnessed something special. For Aric and me, that finale alone was well worth our day trip to Idaho Falls. ■

TOP: The road bridge at Idaho Falls.

BELOW: The train bridge, 1888.



SUZ IVENTOSCH

ARI IVENTOSCH

ABOVE: The airstrip at Cabin Creek on a clear day.

LEFT: The plane is visible from a hill on the day of the event.

SOS

Rough Landing at Cabin Creek

BY SUZ AND IVEN IVENTOSCH

SUZ'S STORY

"We'll be back for lunch," my husband, Iven, said as he and our two sons headed out for a morning of flying and fly fishing at Cabin Creek, a U.S. Forest Service dirt airstrip in the Frank Church–River of No Return Wilderness.

That meant he'd be back by 1 or 2 p.m., since we have a slightly European dining schedule. My parents were visiting us from Arizona and we had a full morning of conversation, cooking, and chores to get done before lunch. We all went about our day. As it neared lunchtime, I began to pull a salad together and thought I should be hearing from Iven soon. He always calls me when he lands back in McCall to let me know he's safe and sound, and what time he'll begin the forty-five-minute drive to our cabin. He's always true to his word and is never late, so when one o'clock passed, I began to get a little nervous. I tried to keep cool around my parents to avoid worrying them but my stomach was churning at dreadful thoughts of what could go wrong in a single-engine Cessna in the craggy mountains of Idaho's backcountry. Also, I'd been to Cabin Creek before with my husband and sons and almost jumped from the plane when I heard them say, "This is the point of no return," as they "turned final" toward the dirt landing strip.

By 1:30, it dawned on me that I didn't even know the tail number on our plane, so I called Iven's backcountry flight instructor to get the number (with no idea what I was going to do once I got it) and to tell her I had a strange feeling something had gone wrong. At 2 p.m., I called her back and said something terrible must have happened, since he was never, ever late. I felt certain we'd lost all three of them.

She said she would contact the Forest Service to see if they would swing by Cabin Creek, since they were already out on a training flight anyway. Meanwhile, I confessed to my parents and began packing my bags, convinced that I'd soon be on search-and-rescue mission to identify their remains. All I could think of to ask of my parents was not to say anything yet to our daughter, who was living New York City at the time.

I was almost hysterical, thinking of what life would be like without my three boys, when the phone rang at 2:30 and my husband said, "Suz!" With unmitigated anger and overwhelming relief, I burst out, "Where the hell have you been?"

IVEN'S STORY

It was a routine flight to Cabin Creek, a beautiful—if challenging—dirt airstrip in the heart of the Frank Church Wilderness. Our turbo-charged Cessna 206, a backcountry favorite, had plenty of fuel, and with just my two sons and me, a fairly light load. We intended to hike up Big Creek for what promised to be a morning of great fly fishing. The runway is just fifteen feet wide and fifteen-hundred feet long, so once we got into the "pattern," it was all business. We flew our standard figure-eight over the airstrip to check the windsock and make sure there weren't any deer, elk, or other game animals loitering on or about the runway. It was a smoky day but all looked good. As we turned up Big Creek, in front of us loomed a giant rock outcropping: the point of no return. If things didn't look good, we could continue up Big Creek and try again. Once we turned to final, game on.

My son Joel, an aspiring pilot, called out the airspeeds as we glided toward the runway. I kept our speed at fifty-five knots and the perfect "angle of attack" for a smooth, safe landing. And that's exactly what it was. We landed in the first one hundred feet of the runway and glided to a quick stop. That's when things got interesting.

As I added a bit of power to taxi up the steep runway to the parking area, the plane didn't seem to want to go. My oldest son, Ari, said from the back seat, "Dad, I think you have a flat tire." My reply was, "No, I think we're just in a bit of a rut."

Given how rough the Cabin Creek runway is, that seemed like a reasonable assumption. Only it wasn't. Sure enough, on our "perfect" landing, we had struck one of the thousands of rocks that dot the runway. It took all the power I could apply to get our stricken plane off the runway and safely out of harm's way. Then it got even more interesting.

Because we didn't have a satellite phone or other communication device (now rectified, needless to say), I had no way of letting Suz know we were stuck in the backcountry. We pondered the situation and after a few minutes, I decided to get back in the plane, fire up the radios, and hope another plane would fly over the top of us and perhaps be able to relay our predicament to someone who could help. A few minutes later, a plane flew right over the runway, a thousand feet or so above us. I knew we didn't have much time before he'd be out of range, so I quickly gave him my tail number and asked him to contact Dougie Dew of Dew Aviation and let him know we had a flat tire and needed him to come to Cabin Creek to help us. I tried to add "and please call my wife at ..." but he was gone. Not good.

At this point, we were hoping that our Good Samaritan pilot would contact Dougie and he would drop everything and somehow get to Cabin Creek. Dougie is an amazing mechanic but not currently flying, so he'd need to get someone to give him a ride. Oh, and he'd need to have a spare tire, a tank of air, and I wasn't even sure what else to do a tire change in the backcountry.

Meanwhile, anticipating the potential hysteria taking place thirty or so miles to the south, which might as well have been across the world, the boys and I hiked about a thousand feet up the nearest mountain. Our hope was to phone home once we got to the top. No luck. No service.

We hiked back down to the plane, and while I contemplated my future on the living room couch for the next several months, the boys decided to do what we came to do. They hiked down to Big Creek and started hooking beautiful native cutthroats. When they heard a

ARI IVENTOSCH

ABOVE: The aircraft's flat at Cabin Creek.

plane overhead, they hightailed it back up to the runway.

Sure enough, Dougie found a friend with a plane and showed up with everything he needed to repair the tire and get us back on our way. Forty-five minutes later, our aircraft was like new and ready to go. I thanked Dougie profusely and didn't have to remind myself why I chose this remarkable guy to be my mechanic. Knowing we needed to get a hold of Suz as quickly as possible, we did a brief but thorough "run up" and launched down the runway. Ten minutes later, once we were three thousand feet above the ground, I fired up my cell phone and called home. She answered on the first ring. From her response, it sounded like I would end up on the couch for sure. But at least she knew her boys were alive.

Suz told me a Forest Service helicopter was doing some work in the area and would be looking for us. Sure enough, coming my way a mile ahead was a helicopter. I reached them on the backcountry radio frequency and asked if they might be looking for an idiot in a 206. They said yes, I called them off, and we hurried toward our home airport in McCall. ■

Hollywood Halloween

A Cinematic Interlude

BY DEAN WORBOIS

During the glory days of Halloween seven decades ago, about the time my sisters and I were cast out to knock on doors without a parent trailing us, our home in Boise became a candy-night event for the neighborhood kids. My dad had talked himself into buying a movie camera and projector to watch 16mm films. Because he was a man, he could not get a simple home projector made for our simple, silent, and short recordings of swinging on swings and falling on skis. Instead we ended up with a commercial-grade Bell and Howell projector with a large speaker box to put under the screen. It was the same setup used by schools to show movies to assemblies during the 1950s and '60s.

BELOW: Dean's family had this projector model, made from 1949-1951.

OPPOSITE: The Worbois home in 1952.

PAUL'S 16MM FILM COLLECTING PAGES

Our place was on 29th Street, not far from downtown but south of State Street near the quarry ponds along the river. The city did not consider the neighborhood fancy enough to annex, so we kids—who were plentiful—became accustomed to dirt streets and modest housing. Being in the county rather than the city was good for my parents' tractor and trailer rental business, and was why our home, a large cinderblock structure, was half machine shop and half house.

Our home was large enough to hold a crowd of kids and Dad had a new ability to show movies, so my folks decided to treat the 1950 tricksters to something special. I went with him to a mysterious place called the state library, where he picked up several round cans of different sizes that turned out to hold films.

On the big night, when trick-or-treaters came to our door demanding payola or else, Mom explained we were doing something different.

"Go to all the other houses and get your candy, then come back after dark and we'll show movies while you sit on the floor and eat as much of your candy as you want."

By the next Halloween, the kids didn't bother coming to our house until it was good and dark and their snack sacks were bulging. Then we all sat yelling, stuffing our faces, and enjoying a sugar high while leaving small colorful papers all over the floor. Dad threaded

COURTESY DEAN WORBOIS

the films, turned off the lights, and flipped the switch on cartoons and cowboy shoot-'em-ups. I think he sneaked in a bit of moving-picture education about Idaho wonders as well.

I can still smell the chemical aroma of the screen as it unrolled and the hot odor of vacuum tubes heating the vinyl and plastics in the speaker, while a bright bulb super-heated the projector. And certainly I'm not the only one who remembers the sound of 16mm film snapping over a beam of light.

Our Halloween treat of watching movies did not last long. I was seven when TV came to Boise, which would have been 1952. Giant neon "TV" signs sprang into the windows of every furniture store, radio shop, and hotel in town, not to mention a few tire shops. Chimneys sprouted antennas like spring fields sprout corn. That Halloween, a few kids came early to ask for treats.

"We have TV," they said. "We can watch movies anytime."

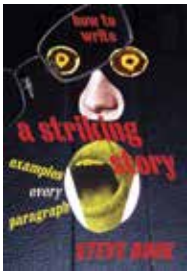
The following year, the saturation of television ownership was complete. My folks set out a big bowlful of candy.

The author thanks Paul's 16mm Film Collecting Pages for the photograph of a Bell and Howell projector, and he advises checking out Paul's website for a fun education in 16mm films, equipment, and titles. ■

Human Performance Handbook

BY TIM DELOREY

Available from **amazon.com** and **barnesandnoble.com**



How to Write A Striking Story

With Examples Every Paragraph

BY STEVE BUNK

Available from **amazon.com**

The Bluebird Will Sing Tomorrow

Memoirs of Velma V. Morrison

BY KITTY DELOREY FLEISCHMAN

Available from **amazon.com** and *IDAHO magazine,* (208) 336-0653, 800-655-0653 x100

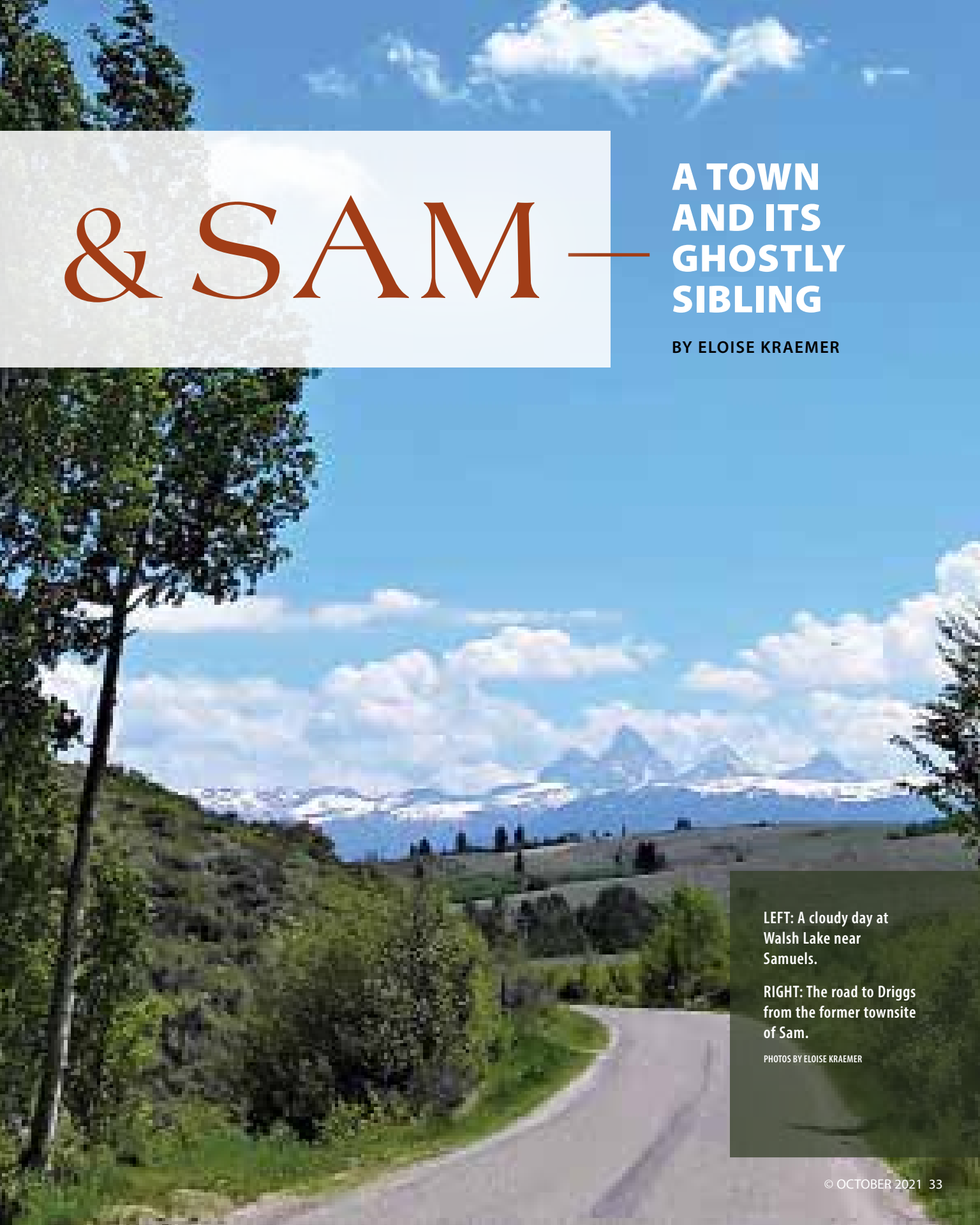
SAMUELS

I have a long association with Samuels and Sam, two sibling communities that are namesakes of the same man. My mother was born and raised in Sandpoint, and for most of my life I've been aware of Samuels, a picturesque residential area about twelve miles north of Sandpoint and just north of Ponderay in Bonner County in the mountains of the Idaho panhandle. At 2,152 feet above sea level, it lies in a panoramic valley at the foot of the mighty Selkirk Mountains. Sam, on the other hand, is a ghost town at 6,493 feet above sea level in the equally scenic Teton Valley foothills along the state's southeastern border. My husband Douglas and I first met Sam when we were camping in the area, back in the summer of 1979. The two places are connected by a founding father, Henry Floyd "H.F." Samuels II. Over time, I've learned a few things about him and his two towns.

& SAM

A TOWN AND ITS GHOSTLY SIBLING

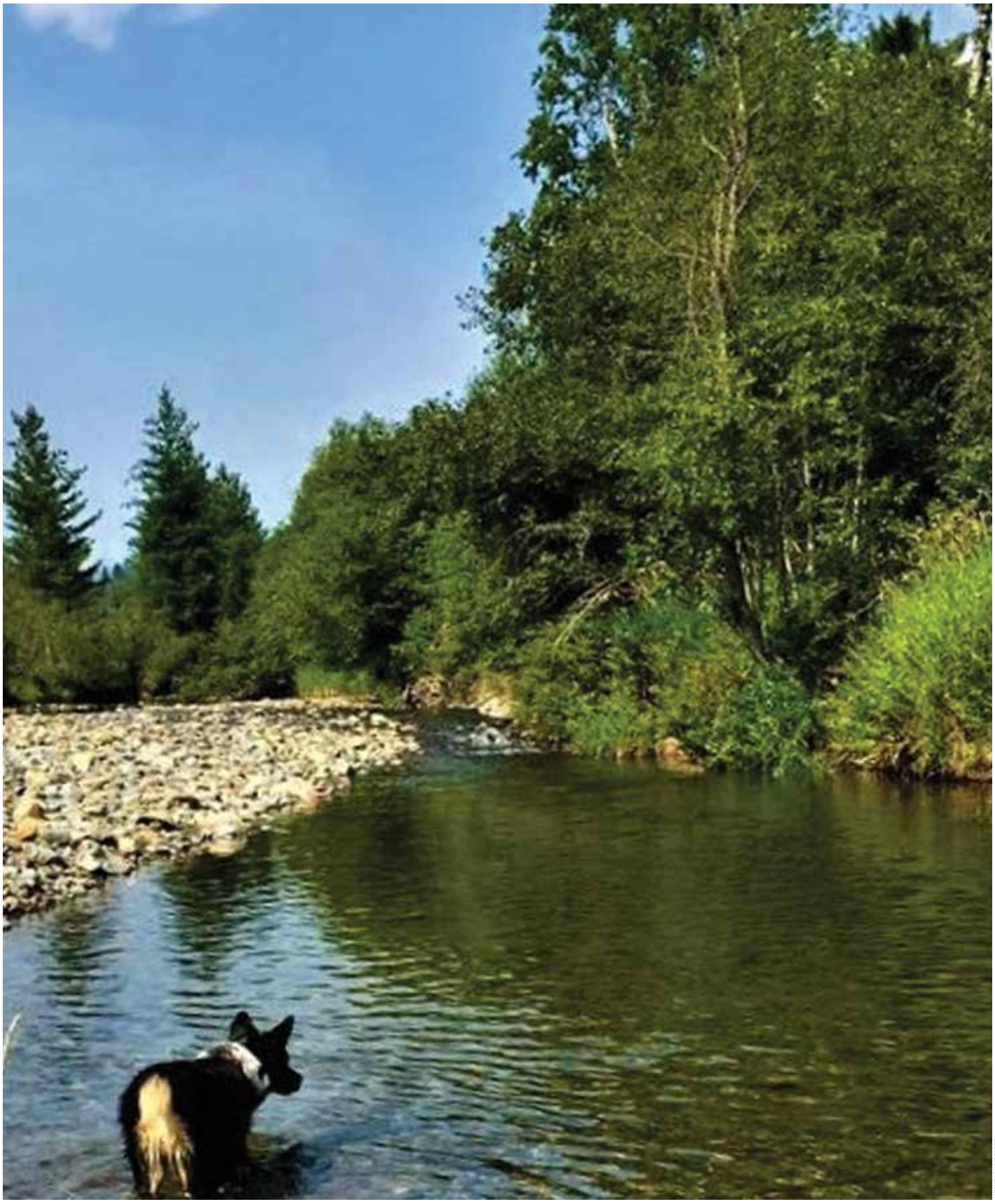
BY ELOISE KRAEMER



LEFT: A cloudy day at Walsh Lake near Samuels.

RIGHT: The road to Driggs from the former townsite of Sam.

PHOTOS BY ELOISE KRAEMER



ELOISE KRAEMER

SAMUELS

As a child, I spent many holidays at the Sandpoint farm of my grandparents, Nana and Pop Burt, so I was familiar with nearby Samuels. When I was a young adult, I would gas up my car at the Samuels truck stop on my way to my aunt and uncle's house in Clark Fork. When my husband and I decided to build our home in Cataldo a few years back, we found a charming log cabin to rent for the summer on Upper Samuels Road in Samuels. It was then that my education on the town and on H.F. Samuels really began.

On the day of our move, we followed U.S. 95 north past Sandpoint and Ponderay, past the deep waters of shining Pend Oreille Lake, and crossed over the headwaters of the mighty Pack River to enter the sparsely populated Samuels area. Increasingly, we became aware of a feeling of being only a small part of a large and magnificent setting. Schweitzer Basin ski area, part of the Selkirk Range, lay off to the west. Up north towards Canada, larger guardians of the same mountain chain began to rise up, as if to challenge our entrance into their domain. The sun began to set as we turned onto Samuels Road. Colors of orange and gold sunset played with lingering cumulous clouds and mountain shadows to the west, while birch trees waved their greeting to the northeast, where our cabin lay.

It was pretty basic, but we were ripe for a summer adventure. Cold running water was piped from Sand Creek, which flows into the headwaters of the Pack River. If we wanted hot water, all we had to do was heat it on the hot plate. We had an indoor toilet of the composting variety. We also had an outdoor toilet if we wished to use it, of the two-holed variety. We took baths in the sun on our porch in the sunshine in a tub that had running water, in a manner of speaking. We filled a bucket, ran, and poured it in. We could have a hot bath if we ran really fast and poured while the water was still hot.

BONNER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TETON VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

We did not consider that we lacked conveniences. We had a microwave, phone, and internet service. Samuels proper has a gas station, convenience store, and a very nice café with awesome views and a state-operated large-truck weigh station. It also boasts a western guest ranch, great fishing, canoeing, and rafting. The town's current population is a little tricky to determine. According to the Samuels Post Office, there are eighty boxes on Samuels Road. Based on the U.S. Census Bureau figures of roughly 2.4 people per household in Bonner County, that would make the population of Samuels about 192. This figure doesn't include anyone on the other side of the road, over by Walsh Lake, who might identify as a Samuels resident, or the houses on Upper

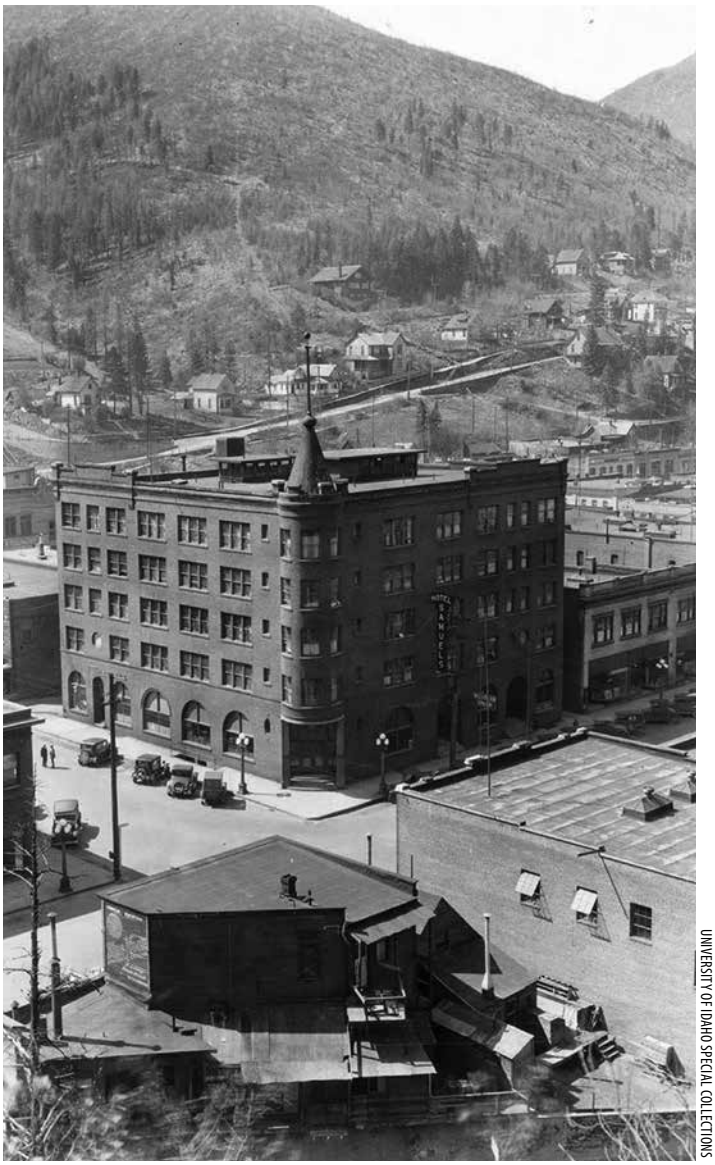
OPPOSITE: Swimming hole on the Pack River in northern Idaho.

TOP: The Samuels mansion, which burned down.

ABOVE: H.F. Samuels (left) and his son (seated).

ELOISE KRAEMER

ELOISE KRAEMER



UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

LEFT TOP: Bridge over the Pack River south of Samuels.

LEFT ABOVE: Horses graze near Samuels.

RIGHT: The Samuels Hotel in Wallace, circa 1930.

Samuels Road where mail is not delivered, some of which are summer cabins.

Trains still pass through town regularly. In the summer of 2015, I often woke to the lonesome wail at the Samuels road crossing and then heard the click-clack on the rails as a train passed in the valley below at its closest point to our cabin. The sounds would jar fond childhood memories of cold Thanksgiving evenings spent sleeping nestled between Nana and Pop in their big soft bed, listening to the trains as they passed by their farm.

Our daily walks included frequent sightings of deer, fox, cougar, raccoons, chipmunks, quail, wild turkey, and other birds, from chickadee and hummingbird to osprey and heron. At night, we watched awesome displays of the northern lights and listened to owls hoot while coyotes and foxes yipped at the full moon. In the fall, we were lucky to sight a small black bear as it ran for the river. Early one morning as we headed for Samuels Store, a cougar meandered across the road.

The mornings were chilly even in the heat of the summer, which always gave us a chance to cool off the cabin. When the leaves started turning, the frost came, and then the snow was quick to follow. We left our rustic but cozy cabin in quiet little Samuels one frosty morning in early October, to return again only for sentimental visits from time

to time. It is a place I wouldn't mind staying forever, if only I didn't have so many other places to go during my short time on earth.

The founder or father of this little community was H.F. Samuels II, born in Washington County, Mississippi in 1869. In the spring of 1892, H.F. settled in Medimont, where he practiced as an attorney but he did not find many clients and ended up teaching school in St. Maries that winter. The same year, he met and married his first wife, Iona Snyder of Medimont. The following spring, H.F. and his new bride moved to Grangeville, where he opened a law office. By 1898 he was the first prosecuting attorney for Shoshone County and lived in Wallace. He was one of the original investors in the Hercules Mine.

This adventurous entrepreneur sold his interest in the Hercules Mine in 1905. That spring, he married for the second time. His bride was Ada Jenkins of Denver, Colorado. In June, he purchased an interest in the Granite Mine, which was thought to be worked out. H.F. continued to develop the mine and struck ore at a lower level. The ore was extremely heavy in zinc. The mine's name was changed to Success. After extensive research, H.F. came up with a method to separate the zinc from the other ores. It proved to be profitable and he patented the method. H.F. was the principal owner, president, and general manager of the Success Mine until he sold it in the spring of 1915. Because of his formula for the successful and profitable separation of zinc from other ores, histories and articles describe him as "the father of Idaho's zinc industry."

In 1907, H.F. erected the Samuels Hotel in Wallace, a five-story, 120-room building with a restaurant. Within two years, it was one of the foremost hotels in Idaho. It was finally demolished in 1975 and the site became a park. In January 1908, H.F. purchased a controlling interest in the Wallace Bank and Trust Company. Three months later he changed its name to the Wallace National Bank.

In 1910, one of history's greatest forest fires struck Wallace. In a historical account by H.F. Samuels III of his father, which I found at the Bonner County Museum in Sandpoint, his son wrote: "H.F. Samuels, in the face of unimaginable disaster, stayed with his hotel and saved it, which in turn held a major portion of the fire line that saved the larger part of Wallace."

In 1911, H.F. sold his controlling interest in the banking business to a new directorate led by Harry L. Day. H.F. already had his eyes on a new goal: he and his wife had decided they wanted to live on a ranch and build their dream home. In October of 1912, the couple purchased the first eight thousand acres of what was to be a thirteen-thousand-acre cattle ranch in what is now part of Samuels. By 1918, they had finished their dream home, which they hoped had been made fireproof with the use of stone, stucco, and a slate roof Considered a mansion by friends and neighbors, it had thirty-one rooms with a grand entrance and all the amenities of the day.

While H.F. was busy building his ranch, he also became extremely interested in Idaho politics. He was a candidate for governor in 1918, 1922, and 1924. All three bids were unsuccessful but that didn't stop him for making a run for the U.S. Senate in 1926, which also failed.

These setbacks were followed by another one in the winter of 1929, when the magnificent mansion he and his wife had built of supposedly fireproof material burned to the ground. The firefighters were hindered by the cold, which was so extreme that hoses extending from the creek to pump water froze. The family moved into another residence on their land, which had been rented by a neighboring rancher, William Albertson, who then built a home on his own land.

In the area of the Samuels ranch, a small settlement developed over the years, with a store and post office, as more loggers and farmers tried their hand at farming along the Pack River. The area also became a popular hunting and fishing spot. The name of Samuels seemed to grow even as the area did.

BARNARD STOCKBRIDGE MUSEUM AND WALLACE DISTRICT MINING MUSEUM

SAM

In the 1970s, my family lived in Idaho Falls and spent most summer weekends camping in the Teton Valley with our pickup and camper, two children, and two dogs. Dusty file boxes in my mind still hold brightly colored photographs of those idyllic days in the shadows of the majestic Teton peaks, green meadows, and rippling mountain streams.

Recently, we visited our old home in Idaho Falls and treated ourselves to another trip to the Teton Range. As we came through Swan Valley and entered Victor in the Teton Valley (the western or "quiet side" of the mountains), I was struck by a strong and dear memory. There is a long curve as you come down the grade into the valley. It is basically like a curtain that opens up to the full view. I remember so many times coming around that curve and thinking, "We should build a home here and live here the rest of our lives in the greatness of the meadows and mountains." We didn't, of course. There were too many other things that needed to be done.

On this day, though, I enjoyed the excitement of seeing how much the valley had changed in the last forty-two years. The towns of Victor, Driggs, and Tetonia had all grown.

There were many new homes and businesses, and definitely more traffic filled the roads. There weren't as many signs for Forest Service campgrounds or as much Forest Service signage in general.

But some things never change, such as the incredible beauty of the towering Tetons reaching toward the sky to an elevation of 13,770 feet. Below the peaks lie the breathtaking views of Teton Valley's lush green alpine meadows, through which the icy, clear waters of the sixty-four-mile-long Teton River flow toward the Henry's Fork of the Snake River.

At the Teton Valley Museum in Driggs, I met attendants Kay and Ron Fullmer, who are intimately familiar with the valley, Horseshoe Canyon, Horseshoe Creek, and the late town of Sam. When Ron's grandfather entered the Teton Valley in 1898, he went fishing in the river and pulled out the largest cutthroat trout he had ever encountered. "Right there and then," Ron told me, "my grandfather decided he wanted to live there for the rest of his life. He homesteaded one hundred acres of farmland along the river and lived out his life. My wife and I live there still." They live in the Tetonia area of the valley.

While we looked at pictures and stories of Sam at the museum, Kay told me that as a child she lived in the mountains not far from Sam. She pointed out pictures of family members who were miners and lived in Sam. "This is my mother's brother, Uncle Will. He was a coal miner. I had five members of my family who were miners in Sam. It was a hard life but a good one."

I asked how we could get to Sam, and they said we should go back through town on the main street, turn right at the drug store, and "follow the road straight and you won't get lost." They emphasized "no turns as you cross the bridge at the park, and do not follow the road that goes left, keep going straight. If you come to a forest service sign, you are on the right road. You will cross a cattle guard and get to a place where only bicyclers go and then you're there."

As we headed out, we wondered if those directions would work, but after we passed the forest service sign, our destination became apparent. Ahead of us lay a magnificent canyon whose trees and bushes, shadowed by the snow-capped peaks, appeared to form a gateway. As we proceeded up the road, a breathtaking panoramic view unfolded. We had followed their directions and, true to their word, we had arrived.

I had learned at the Driggs museum that as early as 1901, mining of the coal bed began in the Horseshoe Canyon, where Sam would arise. The Brown Bear Mine, owned by William Hillman, opened in 1904. Several mining companies, including the Packsaddle Coal Association and the Idaho Fuel Company, shared the area at the time. During those early years, the miners also farmed the surrounding area. Wages were low, as was production, at about forty-five wagonloads per day through 1908.

ELOISE KRAEMER

TETON VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

OPPOSITE: Investors in Burke's Hercules Mine include H.F. Samuels (third from left), 1901.

TOP: Farms and rails still coexist near Samuels.

ABOVE: Brown Bear Mine tipple, where coal was dumped before loading on rail cars, at Sam, circa 1930s.

ELOISE KRAEMER

ABOVE: Teton Valley in spring.

RIGHT: The site of Sam today.

FAR RIGHT: Golden glow, commonly called the outhouse flower, at Samuels.

ELOISE KRAEMER

ELOISE KRAEMER

In 1912, a railroad spur was built into the Teton Valley, but no spur ran into Horseshoe Canyon yet for hauling out the coal. Not enough coal was being produced to make it worthwhile. In 1917, a shortage of labor for the Brown Bear worsened, as the war took away a great share of the young men in the area. The mine was sold to the Idaho Coal Mines Company out of Spokane, Washington. One of the owners was H.F. Samuels.

In 1918, a railroad spur was completed into Horseshoe Canyon, but the next few years were not as fruitful as expected. A community began to form even though the mines were still not productive. A coal vein being mined would disappear, or the vein would yield coal so tightly crushed by upheavals in the earth that it was fine instead of in large lumps, and therefore was unusable. The next few years were spent extending tunnels to much larger veins deeper into the mountainside. Finally, in the spring of 1926, the first Brown Bear large coal-bearing seam was reached. It would now be possible to ship coal out of Horseshoe Canyon in profitable loads.

Later that year, H.F. Samuels was instrumental in bringing the Oregon Short Line Railroad into Horseshoe Basin for shipment of coal. H.F. had a home at the town site, now called Sam, which had grown in the last few years and was a comfortable little community. He stayed there on regular visits from his other home in Samuels, where a farm manager ran the property in his absence. Most of the town's buildings were owned by the coal company, so it was not surprising that H.F. was the proprietor, solicitor, and mayor.

LaRue Ripplinger, a lifelong local, told me that in its heyday, Sam had a post office, schoolhouse, company store, bunkhouse, mess hall, cabins and a dance hall. She remembers her brother-in-law played the accordion at the dance hall as a young man.

By the mid-1940s, coal production began to drop again as World War II depleted the labor supply. LaRue recalls that the iron rails that made up the spur into Sam were sacrificed for the war effort. After the loss of the rail line for transport of the coal, it became harder for the mines to make a profit. In 1945, H.F.'s son, Henry Samuels III, took over as mine foreman. H.F. Samuels II, the father of four children, two towns, and the zinc industry in Idaho, died in May 1948 at age seventy-nine.

The Brown Bear Mine continued to run and employ locals into early 1949. LaRue said that by 1950 the large mines were closed, but some small ones stayed on. Her husband and brothers operated the Ripplinger Mine into the 1960s by wearing two hats, that of farmer and of miner. Their days were long, and their mine was the last one to close.

The pictures we'd seen at the museum were reflected in the shape of the canyon and mountains around this idyllic setting, but the resemblance stopped there. Not only were the buildings and railroad lines gone, also missing was any sign of mining. Nature had reclaimed the valley. I found myself wishing we had our bicycles with us, so we could continue on the trail into the mountains to see if any telltale signs remained of the life this canyon once lived. ■

The author wishes to thank: the Bonner County Historical Society and Museum in Sandpoint; the Wallace District Mining Museum and Barnard-Stockbridge Museum for pictures and research information on Samuels; the Teton County Historical Society and Museum in Driggs for pictures and research information on Sam; Ron and Kay Fullmer for their colorful accounts of the past and directions to Sam; and LaRue Ripplinger for her detailed accounts of life in Sam. All of you helped to bring these historic places to life for me.

Hosting

At the Old Lochsa Ranger Station

STORY AND PHOTOS BY JIM FAZIO

As I look around from the porch of what was once the alternate ranger's house at the Lochsa Historical Ranger Station, I have plenty of time to try to imagine these hills as a scene of blackened soil and smoldering snags. That was exactly what it looked like after the big fire of 1934, which I described in an earlier issue of this magazine ("Heroics on the Lochsa," December 2013). Today, the forest in front of me is tall and green. The cabin is now the visitor center and entry point for a glimpse into the lives of hard-working men and women at a time before there was a road into the heart of the Clearwater National Forest. Here at the station, there was only a trail until Highway 12 was pushed through in 1952.

My wife, Dawn, and I serve as hosts for one week each summer at the historic site. Between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. in that week, we sit on the porch across the narrow valley from the hills that rise to the very edge of the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness Area and watch the intermittent flow of highway traffic. As I sit here, a steady stream of lumber trucks carries cargo east. Later in the summer, grain trucks from Montana will roar past on their way to the ports in Lewiston and Clarkston.

We give a brief talk to travelers who stop by, and provide a self-guiding map of the grounds. This year we can say that it was one hundred years ago that the station got its start. It was actually a mile up the river when forest ranger J. H. Rubinson built a one-room log cabin near today's Wilderness Gateway Campground. Its name was Boulder Flat Ranger Station and it lasted there for only a few years. Then it was decided that the gently sloping hillside and alluvial flat at the mouth of Zion Creek would be a better location. So the intrepid rangers took the cabin apart, marked each log, and floated them down the river. At the new site, the logs were caught and then dragged by horses to where the cabin still stands today. It was re-named Zion Creek Ranger Station, and then changed to Lochsa Ranger Station in 1927 because the Forest Service thought they had too many ranger stations with "creek" in their names.

During the week we greet people who are literally from all over the world. Nature-lovers among the Europeans are especially fun to talk with. They are inevitably amazed at the hummingbirds that crowd around a feeder near our porch. This busy little bird is not part of the avian fauna across the pond. We watch and try to identify the different species, not only by the porch but also at a feeder by our host cabin where we sit at a picnic table for dinner and spend comfortable nights inside. Our cabin is a converted shower house and normally has all the comforts of home. It is truly off the grid, with no electricity, or cell phone coverage, or internet service—all of which we consider a blessing. It has just the right number of amenities, such as cozy beds, solar-powered lights, great drinking water, and, thanks to propane tanks, a refrigerator and hot water for showers. It is our reward for volunteer service as hosts.

LEFT: Gateway to the historic Lochsa Ranger Station.

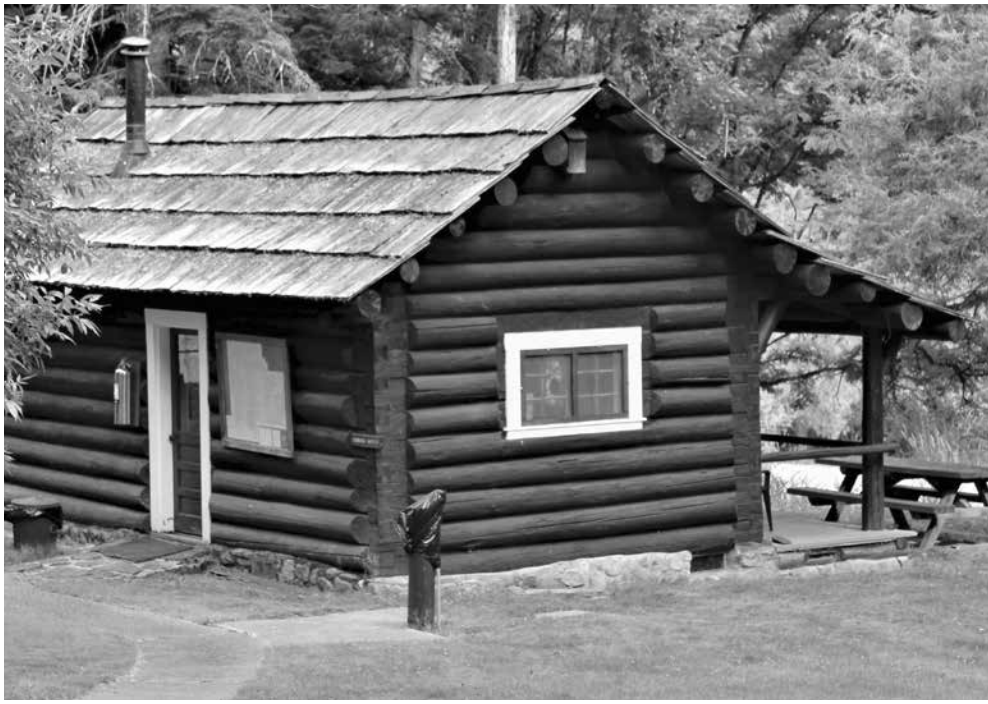
BELOW LEFT: The first station was dismantled elsewhere, floated log-by-log down the Lochsa River, and reconstructed.

BELOW RIGHT: Jim on the site.

Unfortunately, this year there are some bumps in the road. After the station was closed all of last year because of the COVID-19 pandemic, grant money was made available to do much-needed roof replacements and preservation work. It was decided to open only for a couple weeks this year, around Independence Day and Labor Day. Dawn and I were fortunate to be chosen for one of the open weeks, although at the last minute we learned that the well pump was broken and would not be repaired while we were in residence, and the solar system was out. We got to live a little more like the early residents! We hauled creek water to fill the toilet tank, read by dim, flickering propane lamps at night (Abe Lincoln can have his candlelight), and took sponge baths outside the cabin, rinsing with cold creek water.

Of the inconveniences, the baths were the most challenging. Dawn mastered the art of warming containers of water in the sun. She seemed to enjoy the experience but for me, it only brought back memories of a summer in 1963 on Medicine Point Lookout in Montana. Once a week I would heat bathwater on my wood-burning stove, mix it with water from a snowbank that lasted through the middle of August, and do my best to get clean on the catwalk. Besides the water being more cold than hot, there was the sensation of vulnerability standing naked in front of my world of thousands of acres.

This summer at the Lochsa gave us a different kind of vulnerable feeling. When we returned at dusk from a



LEFT: The assistant ranger's house is now the visitor center.

BELOW: The "combination building" of several cabins joined together includes the cook shed, ranger's office, and commissary.

drive upriver, we noticed car lights on the inside of the locked gate by the parking area. No one except us should have been on the property after 5 p.m. I put on my stern face and approached the car. I noticed it had no license plates, just paper placards advertising a car dealership. Out stepped the car's lone occupant: a young woman. She had gotten onto the property by driving through tall grass beyond the barrier boulders next to the gate. Clearly distraught, she told me she had been abused and had left, and she always had wanted to see this area. How much of that was true, I'll never know. She refused my offers to get help for her and was apologetic and grateful that instead of having her arrested, I opened the locked gate so she could leave.

Being alone at night in a remote place is a strange feeling for some of us town-dwellers, and this intrusion jolted our sense of security. Wildlife is another consideration, but we've never worried about it even though some of our colleagues have seen bears on the grounds, and a cougar was reported years ago. The only bears Dawn and I have ever encountered were during an evening hike up the little-used Split Creek Trail. We got a bit concerned when we looked back down the mountain and saw a mother bear and her cub on the trail. We needed to return down that trail soon, because night was coming on and it was the only way back. A lot of noise did the job. The poor bears are probably still running.

Birdwatching is a real bonus of hosting at the ranger station. This year, Dawn compiled a list of twenty species we saw or heard on the site. One year we watched each day from our picnic table as a Swainson's thrush foraged. Then early one morning we heard the birds making a huge fuss in the bushes. Dawn went out just in time to see a weasel climbing down from the nest. After all their work, the parents soon departed with no little ones to show for their efforts.

Among the visitors who come and go in our lives here, most are truly interested in the history, which they learn either from us or through the interpretive media at the various buildings. Virtually all are delighted with their visit and we are personally enriched by these quick encounters. Many bicycle riders are among our guests, some of whom have traveled from the East and are going all the way to Astoria, Oregon. I can't imagine it, but they seem to love it, especially the stretch along the Lochsa River.

One lone hiker was taking a break from following the Idaho Centennial Trail that passes nearby. He had started in the desert in southern Idaho and spent nights alone, sometimes listening to wolves howl in the Frank Church–River of No Return Wilderness. He said in his opinion, to hear their sound was worth far more than having them killed so that hunters can more easily locate elk to shoot.

Back in 1987, when I was a member of the Idaho Trails Council, fellow member Roger Williams had hiked from Nevada to Canada and proposed that his twelve-hundred-mile route be labeled on maps and branded as the Idaho Centennial Trail. I thought it was a nutty idea, and still do to some extent. But as long-distance

Birdwatching is a real bonus of hosting at the ranger station. This year, Dawn compiled a list of twenty species.

trails go, it is special. The route accommodates not only hikers but horseback riders and even motorized trail vehicles on some portions. It may never rival the Appalachian or Pacific Coast Trails in popularity, but our Lochsa visitor and a lot of other folks find Idaho's version the experience of a lifetime.

Hosting at the Lochsa provides the luxury of time to think and to reflect. The hiker brought back memories of my own wilderness antics. As one of several new graduate students at Colorado State University, two of my professors took our group on a marvelous, pre-semester backpack trip through Wyoming's Wind River Range. It was our good fortune to meet the legendary Paul Petzoldt, founder of the National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS). He accompanied us on the trip and taught us greenhorns the basics of low-impact camping. After graduating, I transported the pre-semester trip tradition to my new job in the Department of Wildland Recreation Management at the University of Idaho. With two of my colleagues, we indoctrinated our graduate students in practices such as not using soap in creeks, naturalizing camping spots before moving on, using wood fires sparingly and only with dead, downed wood, and other techniques that help keep the "wild" in wilderness. The annual hikes we took with the students were also a way for me to get better acquainted with tantalizing places on Idaho maps that I probably would not have visited on my own.

Once, for example, we camped at Big Creek on the west side of the Frank and hired a small fleet of backcountry planes to pick us up and fly us to Salmon. From there, a school bus driver took us to a trailhead on the east side of the wilderness area. We then hiked and camped our way through the Bighorn Crags and up Big Creek to the university's Taylor Ranch Wilderness Research Station. We left one of our students there with badly blistered feet to be flown out on the mail plane. The rest of us continued up Big Creek to our vehicles at the starting point. I'm not sure the safety gurus at the university would allow this today.

Motorcyclists are other frequent users of Highway 12 and some of them stop at the old ranger station. One day, more than a hundred of them roared down the highway. We learned there had been a rally of some kind in Montana and they were heading home. Whenever motocyclists stop in, we have a chance to see them not as Darth Vaders on noisy machines but as likeable men and women. We find they are in business, mechanics, teachers, military veterans, and others simply out to enjoy a hobby quite different than our own.

For us, hosting at the Lochsa Historical Ranger Station is an opportunity to serve others while at the same time meeting interesting people and learning about the fascinating history of life in the early Forest Service. Most of the volunteer hosts are retirees who spent all or part of their careers with the agency. Sometimes a visitor turns out to be a colleague from days on the job and it is like old home week. One showed up who saw my name badge and realized we had worked together on the Sula (Montana) Ranger District in 1963.

I have heard people say that one of the best things provided today by the Forest Service is the lookout and cabin rental program. You can access it through www.fs.usda.gov and find a place to stay for as little as thirty dollars per night. These old facilities not only offer unusual recreational opportunities, they preserve the traditions and history of the Forest Service. So it is at the Lochsa Historical Ranger Station where, with a little imagination, you can still see the pack horses being loaded, men eating in the cook shack, the ranger's wife tending her garden, and life moving along in a much different way and at a much different pace than today. ■

ABOVE: The author and wife Dawn at the station.

LEFT: The "misery whip" was used by two men to hand-saw boards.

RIGHT: The host cabin.

Ever Visitors

At the Edge of Wilderness

STORY AND PHOTOS BY KAIDI STROUD

Amid a string of one-hundred-degree days and smoke-filled air, we invite my sister and her family to Grandjean to spend a couple of nights in the cabins there. Northeast of Lowman at the edge of the Sawtooth Wilderness, the six miles of dusty, winding, washboard road into Grandjean are both an off- and on-ramp. It's the kind of road where you wave at everyone you pass, in part because one of you will have to inch as close as possible to the canyon wall or road's edge to allow the other by. As you descend farther into the canyon, the bars on your phone diminish to zero.

Our tradition during visits to Grandjean over the past several years has been to ride this stretch with the windows down. The fragrance of ponderosa pine, dirt, and river is rich and immediate. The dog and the children hang their heads out the windows, while the adults crack open road sodas and ponder why that fragrance can't accurately be captured in laundry detergent. And if it could, what should it be called? Idaho Dirt Road? Sawtooth Wild? Stinky Armpits and Tall Trees?

My young son reaches out the backseat window for my hand. We smile at each other in the rearview mirror as our fingers clasp, dangling over the dazzling flow of the Payette River.

What is it about this place?

Very few settlements in Idaho bear the name of a forest service official. Towns and cities more often reflect a history of fur trading, mining, prospecting, lumber, and ranching. Emil Grandjean, however, supervised the Boise, Sawtooth, and Payette National Forests from 1907-1920, a time when land designations and the role of the forest service were being defined and refined. As a student of forestry in his native Denmark, he was an easy pick for the task. What is now the Sawtooth Lodge was originally built as a ranger station for his work.

Before that, of course, the Nez Perce, Shoshone, Paiute and Bannock tribes, all of whom subsisted by seasonal migration up and down Idaho rivers and mountains, had their own names for the land that sustained them. And before that, it was just Nature enacting her own phenomena. The Sawtooth Range emerged through shifting tectonic plates, a product of the earth's hot magma core. Glacial melt and erosion gradually carved dramatic U-shapes beneath the jagged peaks. Meanwhile, the Payette wound its own path through the granite, smoothing little pieces of the riverbed along the way.

Grandjean's seasonally populated canyon now revolves around the hub of the lodge with a modest restaurant, a handful of rustic cabins, primitive and hosted campsites, natural and constructed geothermal pools, a horseback riding outfitter, nature trails and wilderness access.

In 1964, Idaho's beloved Senator Frank Church stood behind President Lyndon Johnson when he signed the Wilderness Act. It contained a concise and important definition: "A wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is hereby recognized as an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

OPPOSITE: The author's husband Matthew at the Payette River in Grandjean.

ABOVE (clockwise from top left): On the way, flora, and fauna.

As such,we will only ever be visitors.

On August 22, 1972, the Sawtooth Primitive Area was designated wilderness by law. To this day, what is now called the Sawtooth Wilderness is recognized as having some of the cleanest air in the nation, and as of 2017, it also became a Dark Sky Reserve, for which it is internationally acclaimed.

In past years, when we stayed at the Forest Service campground, we drove to the terminus of the dusty, winding washboard road and were greeted by long-time hosts Gretta and Darwin. They circled the loop on their four-wheeler, checking in guests and delivering firewood. Gretta carried a fanny pack of toys and lollipops for the kids.

The South Fork of the Payette borders the western curve of the grounds. A tall, thick grove of pines and a small creek hem in its northern and southern sides. A path along Trail Creek crosses a footbridge into wilderness territory on its eastern edge. Aside from the washboard road in, this is the only other way out. The self-reliance of such a location may not sound alluring for a family vacation. The lack of cell service may be troubling. One might even ask, "What do you do there?" The answer, surprisingly, is nothing.

Our children were five and six the first time we camped at Grandjean in 2017. Our tent site

BELOW: Wyatt builds with sticks.

OPPOSITE (clockwise from top left): the Stroud children in the river; a ripple; and a cairn.

was on a small cliffside nook where Trail Creek meets the Payette. A steep, sandy path cuts down to a rocky beach—which is where we spent most of our time.

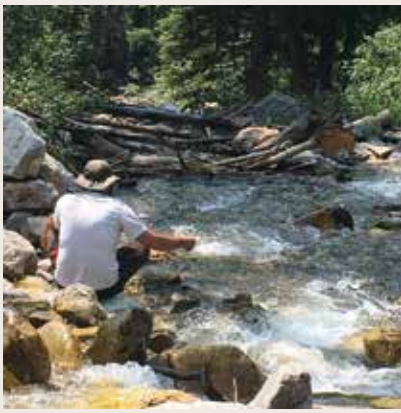
Without nudging, the children developed a fast and strong affinity for the natural environs. A collection of special rocks and sticks quickly grew on the shoreline. Later, the kids rearranged the large, smooth river stones at the water's edge and noticed how the current changed around their stacks. They tossed sticks into deeper waters and cheered for the ones that traveled farthest.

A version of myself outside of Grandjean would be antsy, feeling the need to take a hike or involve myself in the kids' play. Tucked into this scene was the first time I felt untrammeled by such compulsions.

On the trails, you may pass long-distance hikers with pack goats. Riders on horseback may be carrying guns and whiskey. You may have to bushwhack overgrown sections that are more remote and less-frequented by human foot traffic. There may be snow—or the low, rumbling groan of an earthquake. Yes, earthquakes have been audible in this range.

Delicate pink and yellow mountain columbine, fire-red Indian paintbrush and purple wild lupine color the meadows. If you're lucky, you may see signs of mountain goats, moose, elk, or mountain lion. Drop a pebble into Sawtooth Lake and concentric circles break the glass-like reflection of its surface: dolloped white peaks, ombre blue sky, no clouds.

In modern life, walking into woods with no purpose but to walk is a strange-sounding gift. To drink water from an alpine stream when you are thirsty or lie back and lose yourself in a dizzying glimmer of stars can shift your ego into a new perspective. It is a gift indeed to be in a place where the landscape dominates.



Upon our annual arrival this past summer, doing nothing at the river makes us eager to unload from the car. Except this time doing nothing in the river entices. We unpack suits and quickly change. With towels draped around our necks, we walk past the lodge, the lower meadow, and horse corral to the winding dirt nature path. We're shrouded in undergrowth and canopy, and the temperature begins to drop. Around a final bend, the trail opens up to a shallow stretch of riverbed. We wade across it, climbing over felled trees before we find a spot deep enough for a dip.

There, we each develop our own theories and methods of how to submerge our bodies. I don't know the actual temperature of the South Fork of the Payette, but I assure you, full immersion requires mental fortitude.

Ten-year-old Wyatt, followed by an enthusiastic border collie, opts for, "One, two, three jump!" He is first in and first out, swatting horseflies off his goosebumps while the rest of us stand by, summoning courage. Willa, seven, straps on a life vest and doggy paddles a few splashy circles in the eddy before shaking off and wrapping up in her dad's shirt.

My sister Heather and her husband Shawn, both middle-aged, with a sore hip and hamstring, respectively, choose the slow dip. Every few minutes, a step deeper numbs a new body part. My husband Matthew, also middle-aged, nursing two bum knees, and generally less patient than the rest of us, takes a hybrid approach: slow submerge to the privates, followed by a brisk head dunk.

Finally, I elect to test research that swearing loudly will more readily allow me to tolerate the cold water. Matthew points out that I really could yell anything but I warn the children to cover their ears and rattle off nonsense peppered with obscenities. By the time the water hits my belly button, I run out of dirty words. I stop there. This fork of the Payette reflects an indescribable color that is somehow clear to its depths. Maybe green? Maybe blue? In its flows, it looks gentle and shallow, but one step into the ripple and a wayward sandal zips down the current. One misstep and a knee might buckle. The water is surprisingly swift.

One year, we thought we could float from the campground to the lodge, and we sent our two young children downstream in a shoddy gas station raft without a paddle. I found myself bouncing on my rear end across the rocks to catch them before they got stuck in a strainer. But that was a different time, and a different spot on the river.

This year, two kids stand on the shore and watch as four forty-somethings quietly numb away their aches in an eddy on the edge of wilderness. Somehow, this little plot of earth is always what we need. ■

OPPOSITE: It's a dog's life.

ABOVE (clockwise from left): A wet perch, the Payette, and dad with kids.

Embrace Illogic

And Be a Winner

BY STEVE CARR

I was up early on a Saturday, a not wholly unpleasant phenomenon of middle age, and tiptoed outside to spy on a pairing of Jupiter with a crescent moon just before daybreak. While dancing on bare toes in wet grass and gazing through the trees to an illuminated sky, I considered that not a single lazy sleep-in morning could rival this moment.

At some point I noticed my robe had fallen open, introducing my hinterlands to one of the first frosts of the season. Perhaps my shivers were not a hundred percent Jupiter-inspired, but shivers they were. Wanting to share, I snapped a picture—of the sky. The result: a blue canvas with two dismally small yellow-white splotches. Social media would not capture the experience for those who stayed in bed.

Still looking up, I spied a bird swooping my way. I flinched at the house finch. Had you been there, my fear of the little bird may have made you wonder about my mental stability—as if the fact that I stood barefoot on the frosty lawn, open-robed, hadn't already established this diagnosis.

My reaction was a symptom. You see, I have what my wife has glibly called PTBED or post-traumatic bird excrement disorder. Not once, but twice recently, my head has served as a bird commode. The attacks were swift and precise. They were quite literally fly-by sh**tings.

I hustled inside to calm my heart and warm my feet on the still-sleeping backside of my long-suffering bride. (That will teach her to sleep past six on the weekend.) While in that safe place, I realized I needed to address my condition before it blossomed beyond reason and kept me indoors and under covers forever.

I emailed a physics professor friend, Christopher Cline, and asked about the odds of having a bird poop on one's head. He responded with questions about projectile dispersion, time spent outdoors, target size (my head is not that big!), atmospheric conditions, and the like. I didn't like. Don't burden me with logic and variables, work with me on this.

So I did what we all do now for answers that are clear, concise, and true. I scoured the internet. Apparently, no one has calculated the odds. Even so, my search brought a measure of peace as I learned it's considered good luck to be bird-bombed.

Now this part you won't believe, but believe me. After writing a draft of this column, I left my office. It's maybe a hundred feet to my car. Halfway there, bird doo-doo landed at my feet, missing my head by inches.

I drove straight to the convenience store and bought ten scratch lottery tickets.

My ten dollars returned three one-dollar winners. The back of the tickets said my odds of winning were one in four. I beat the odds. That makes me a winner.

Next Saturday I'll rise early and slip outside (most likely slipperless again) to enjoy Jupiter or the moon or a lumbering skunk headed back to his den. Autumn mornings in Idaho are Eden-like, and are even better now that I know how to enjoy nature and improve my luck at the same time. I'll do my part by standing under a tree, near a feeder. The finch will have to do the rest. ■

Find Steve at dawn in the bird refuge or at scarr@prodigy.net

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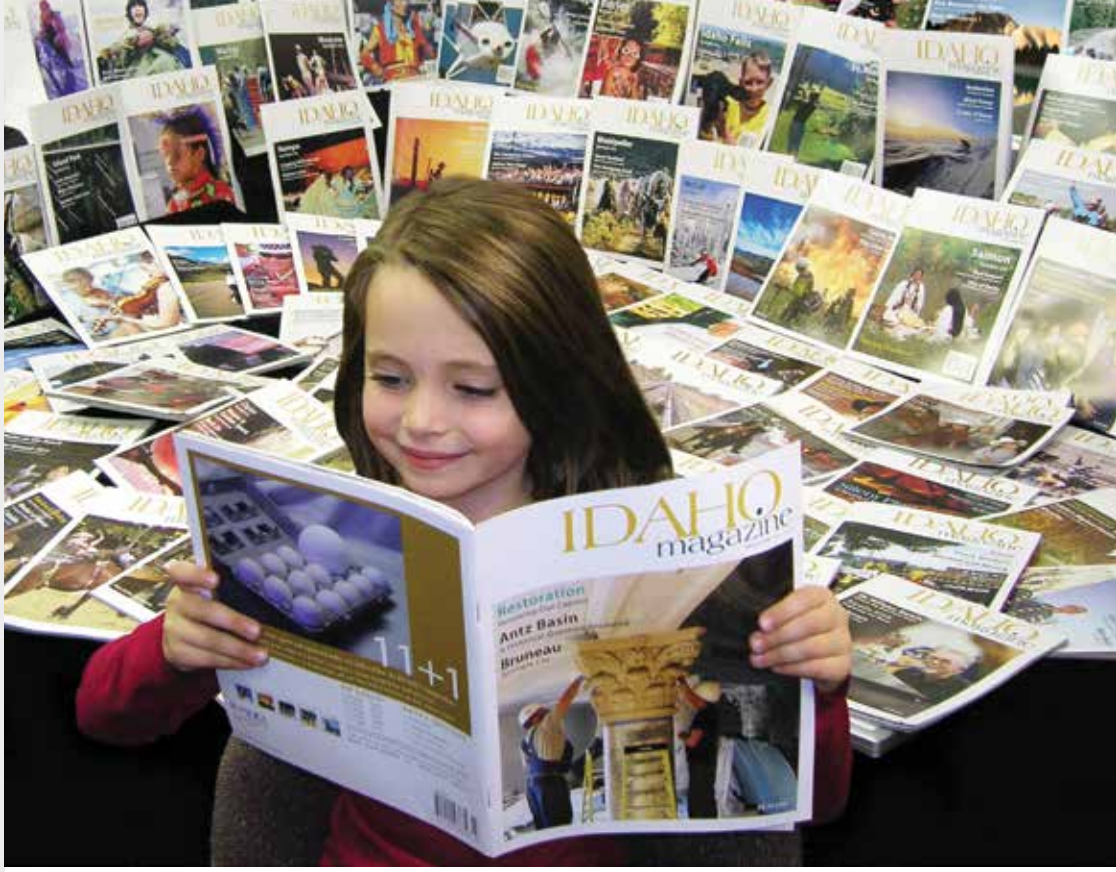
Kitty Fleischman,
Publisher/Editor
kfleisch@idahomagazine.com

(208) 336.0653
or (800) 655.0653
P. O. Box 586
Boise, ID 83701-0586
IDAHOmagazine.com



S.AVE O.UR S.TORIES

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

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Pear and Broccoli Soup

INGREDIENTS

2 heads broccoli, chopped finely
2 pears, diced
1/4 c. dried cranberries
1 onion, finely chopped
3-1/2 c. vegetable stock, hot
2 Tbsp. olive oil
1/4 c. chopped walnuts
3/4 c. bleu cheese, crumbled
Crumbled bacon, optional

PREPARATION

> Place all ingredients except cheese and bacon into crock pot. Let simmer for 4 hours, or until veggies are tender. May need to add more liquid. May blend all into a smooth soup, or leave pieces intact.

> Top with cheese and/or bacon, perhaps some parsley to brighten taste.

NOTE: When I visited Finland, I noticed they used pears as we would apples. They had pear drinks, gum, licorice, everything. This recipe is a nod to our Finnish population (have you visited Roseberry, near McCall?) and to the pears they seem to revere.

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.

KHLOE ARLEDGE

Stovetop Potpourri

INGREDIENTS

2-3 apples, small work best. You may also use apple peel.

Spices of your choosing, which may include: cinnamon, anise, allspice, cardamom, cloves, nutmeg, vanilla beans, apple pie or pumpkin pie spice

Citrus peel- lemon, orange, tangerine, or a combination

Water, enough to keep items off the bottom of your pot

PREPARATION

> Add all ingredients to a pot with enough water to cover, then simmer at low heat on stovetop and enjoy. Make sure to keep adding water—and never leave home with potpourri on the stove or leave it unattended.

NOTE: I've been studying the art of *hygge* lately. It's becoming a popular word and idea these days, although I heard it ages ago from Cathy O'Connell Iliff, the owner of the former La Belle Vie restaurant in Nampa. She told me I possessed this quality, and I had to go look it up. *Hygge* is a Danish/Norwegian word for a mood of coziness and comfortable conviviality, with feelings of wellness and contentment, and this potpourri reminds me of it.

TIMOTHY NEWMAN

OCTOBER 2021

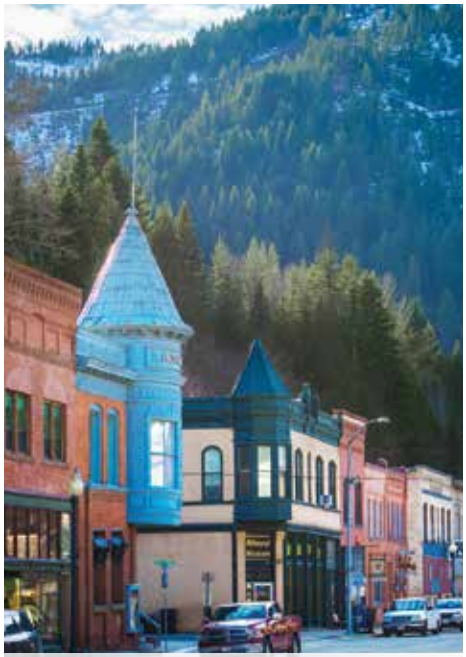
MATS HAGWALL

1-2

VINTAGE VIXENS MARKET/IDAHO MARKET DAYS, Filer

This Vintage-Inspired shopping event features three LARGE buildings packed full of One-of-a-Kind Vintage Goods, Antiques, Re-Purposed, Up-Cycled, and Re-Cycled Finds—and almost everything else. Live Music, Food Trucks, Homemade Goodies and more, too. The location is the Twin Falls County Fairgrounds in Filer, and the hours are 10 AM - 7 PM on Friday, and 10 AM - 5 PM on Saturday.

Information: tfcfair.com/events/2021/vintage-vixens;
or (208) 543.8619



WALLACE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

1-3

FALL FOR HISTORY FESTIVAL, Wallace

The theme for this year's festival is Mining, Our Legacy. It is a salute to Wallace's mining history, as well as to the city's unique designation as being entirely listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Among the activities are an open-mike event, "Mining: The Magnates and Mavericks"; a "hop on, hop off" trolley tour of Wallace museums; a "Claim Your Grubstake" Dinner and Program; a short presentation of "then and now" photos of historic Burke; and even a sermon by a circuit-riding preacher. Come help Wallace celebrate its colorful past in the most colorful time of the year.

Information: wallaceid.fun/wallace-events/wallace-fall-for-history-festival

SALMON RIVER ART GUILD

1-3

ART SHOW AND SALE, Riggins

The Salmon River Art Guild (SRAG) is looking forward to getting back to normal, one aspect of which is having its fall show and sale, and Artisan Gift Shop, this year after having to postpone the annual event last year. The show will have on exhibit, and for sale, the paintings, sculptures, and other art that has been produced by SRAG members. The show is judged and prizes will be awarded at the end of the show. Admission to the show, which is held at the Community Center in Riggins, is free, and the hours are: Friday, Noon - 5 PM; Saturday, 9 AM - 5 PM; and Sunday, 9 AM - 3 PM.

Information: srag.idaho@gmail.com

HUZEYFE TURAN

2

TASTE OF CALDWELL HARVEST FESTIVAL, Caldwell

Fresh picked corn. Vine ripe tomatoes. Boisterous pumpkins. Come over to Caldwell and experience all the great things Fall Harvest has to offer. Local produce and crafts. A nighttime celebration with chicken drop bingo while you sample the best of the best from our Idaho brewers and vintners. Local Idaho Chefs will be there to prepare you the perfect taste of Caldwell by using farm-fresh ingredients. Ample FREE parking abounds in downtown Caldwell in close proximity to Indian Creek Plaza. For quick and easy parking, check out Caldwell's free parking map before heading down to the Plaza. 5 - 8 PM, Indian Creek Plaza.

Information: indiancreekplaza.com

LANDON PARENTEAU

2-3

PANHANDLE PREPAREDNESS EXPO, Sandpoint

The focus of the expo is to provide the community with ideas and suggestions relating to being prepared for any kind of man-made or natural disaster. The event consists of two days of preparedness demonstrations, presentations and vendors. Among the many and varied topics are: Sheltering in place; Surviving at home when there are extended utility outages; Property fire mitigation; Wood gas, the other solar energy; Medicinal herbs; Soap making; Suturing; and Sprouting grains and seeds. The expo takes place at the Bonner County Fairgrounds. Admission: $3 per day, or $5 for both days. Hours are 9 AM - 5 PM on Saturday, and 9 AM - 3 PM Sunday.

Information: PanhandlePrep.org

IDAHO FALLS GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY

9

10TH ROCK, GEM AND JEWELRY SALE, Idaho Falls

This one day event, sponsored by the Idaho Falls Gem & Mineral Society, offers the community the opportunity to purchase, directly from members of the Society, their unique jewelry; unusual rough and polished rocks, slabs, minerals and fossils specimens; unusual handcrafted artisan items; gemstones; jewelry making supplies and beads; and used equipment. Because the sale items are offered only by the Society's members, the prices for things at this sale are very affordable and the quality is very good. The sale takes place from 9 AM - 5 PM at the Bonneville County Fairgrounds. $3 admission, with children 12 & under free.

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

Double-checking with event coordinators about the following locations, dates, and times is recommended.

NORTHERN IDAHO

9/30-10/3 Fall for History Festival: A gala celebration of Wallace's history and its designation as being entirely listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Speakers, historic home and museum tours, live theater re-enactments and more. Wallace

1-2 The Follies: Angels Over Sandpoint's annual wild 'n' wacky fundraiser at the Panida moves to autumn this year, with proceeds benefitting the charity's good deeds in the community. Sandpoint

1-3 Salmon River Art Guild Show and Sale: Friday, Noon to 5 PM; Saturday, 9 AM - 5 PM; Sunday, 9 AM - 3 PM. Admission is free. Community Center, Riggins

2 First Saturday at the Museum. Enjoy free admission to the Bonner County History Museum, 10 AM - 2 PM, Sandpoint

2-3 Panhandle Preparedness Expo: Two days of preparedness, demonstrations, presentations and vendors to help the community to prepare for any kind of man-made or natural disaster. Bonner County Fairgrounds, Sandpoint

2-30 Long Camp Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS, Kamiah/Kooskia

5 Auditorium Chamber Music Series: The Goldstein-Peled-Feterstein Trio. 7:30 – 8:30 PM, Auditorium, Administration Building, U of Idaho, Moscow

6 Fall Career Fair: Hundreds of employers will be on campus to network with, interview, and hire U of I students and alumni. 2 - 6 PM, Kibbie Dome, Moscow

7 The Well~Read Evening Book Club: 6 - 7:30 PM, The Well Read Moose, Coeur d'Alene

10 Ponderay Market: Live music, food vendors, and more! Free and open to the public. 10 AM - 3 PM, Bonner Mall Way, Ponderay

13 The Well~Read Morning Book Club: 10 - 11:30 AM, The Well-Read Moose, Coeur d'Alene

14 Concert Band & Wind Ensemble: 7:30 – 9 PM, Auditorium, Administration Building. $7 for adults, $5 for students and senior citizens. U of Idaho Campus, Moscow

16 Harvest Fest. Sandpoint Farmers Market closes out the season with entertainment, food booths, activities, displays at Farmin Park, Sandpoint.

19 Piano Concert: Pianist Roger McVey performing the music of Franz Liszt. 7:30 – 8:30 PM, Haddock Performance Hall, U of Idaho Campus. $7 for adults, $5 for students and senior citizens. Moscow

23-24 North Idaho Birth & Baby Fair: This event highlights Kootenai County's birth & baby businesses. There will be discussions, panels, and demonstrations from local professionals. 10 AM – 5 PM, Kootenai County Fairgrounds, Coeur d'Alene

25-27 Idaho Bach Festival: 7:30 – 8:30 PM, Auditorium, Administration Building, U of Idaho Campus. $7 for adults, $5 for students and senior citizens. Moscow

31 Tubaween: Tuba and Euphonium Concert. 4 – 5 PM, Haddock Performance Hall, U of Idaho Campus. Donations will be accepted at the door, with proceeds going toward future tuba/euphonium events and guest artists. Moscow

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: October 15 for the December 2021 issue.

SEND DETAILS TO: calendar@idahomagazine.com

SOUTHWEST IDAHO

1-3 Canyon County Fall Show: Visit with local experts, including the Canyon County Master Gardeners who will be on hand all weekend to answer your lawn and garden questions. Ford Idaho Center, Nampa

2 Taste of Caldwell Harvest Festival: Fresh picked corn, tomatoes, pumpkins and much more. Experience all the great things Fall Harvest in Caldwell has to offer, including a nighttime celebration. 5 - 8 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, Caldwell

2 Workday Seminar: (Seminars virtual until further notice.) Richard Salisbury, "New Discoveries in Marine Biology". Noon to 1 PM, O.J. Smith Museum of Natural History, College of Idaho, Caldwell

2 Kuna Fall Flea Market: SW Corner of Deer Flat & Linder Rd, Kuna

2 Eagle Saturday Market: 9 AM - 2 PM, Heritage Park, Eagle

2 Boat Races & Fireworks–Auto racing: Speed Tour Modifieds, Pro Late Model Series, Street Stocks and more. Gates Open: 4:45 PM, Racing Starts: 6:30 PM. Meridian Speedway, S. Main St., Meridian

5 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: The Coffee Klatch meets at 10 AM and is FREE to any and all veterans! The general public is also welcome; regular admission charges will apply. Coffee and doughnuts will be served. No RSVP required. We hope you will join us! Warhawk Air Museum, Nampa

7 Parenting with Love and Logic: This class provides a great opportunity for parents to learn simple and easy-to-use techniques that will help them have more fun and feel less stress while raising responsible kids. The class is free but registration is required. 6 - 8 PM, Public Library, Nampa

9 Kids Discovery Expo: Sat, 10 AM – 4 PM, Expo Idaho, 5610 N Glenwood St., Garden City

9 Eagle Harvest Fest: Handmade items, produce, and prepared food vendors only. 9 AM - 2 PM, Heritage Park, Eagle

9-10 Idaho Renaissance Fair: The Idaho Renaissance Faire revives after the Covid-19 pandemic! Come prepared for fun! Kuna Greenbelt, 301 W 2nd St, Kuna

12 Music History with Eric Collett: Eric Collett, CEO of A Mind For All Seasons, brings music history to life each month with narrative descriptions, musical samples, humor and a wealth of little known facts and tidbits. 4 – 5 PM, Salmon Creek Gracious Retirement Living, 4890 N Cloverdale Rd, Boise

22-24 Famous Motel Cowboys Reunion: Visual Arts Collective (VAC), 3638 Osage St.,Garden City

22-24 Boise Fall Home Show: This annual event features hundreds of beautiful displays, plus professional tips, remodeling ideas, landscaping, new products, expert advice and more. Expo Idaho, Garden City

29-31 Gem Fair: Expo Idaho, Garden City

31-11/1 Eat Pant Fest: Settlers Park, Meridian

SOUTHERN IDAHO

1-2 Vintage Vixens Market/Idaho Market Days: This Vintage-Inspired shopping event features three LARGE buildings packed full of One-of-a-Kind Vintage Goods, Antiques, Re-Purposed, Up-Cycled, Re-Cycled Finds and almost everything else. Live Music, Food Trucks, Homemade Goodies and more, too. Friday 10 AM - 7 PM, Saturday 10 AM - 5 PM. Twin Falls County Fair Grounds, Filer

CENTRAL IDAHO

2 Community Farmers Market: City Park, Challis

6-10 Trailing of the Sheep Festival, Hailey

EASTERN IDAHO

1 Pocatello Fall Friday Art Walk, Downtown Pocatello

2 Car Wash Party: Firehose Car Wash's One Year Anniversary, with free washes and other good stuff. Come and help us celebrate. 2 – 4 PM, 1269 E 17th St., Idaho Falls

2 The Great Pumpkin Festival and the Farmers Market Fall Festival: From 9 AM - 2 PM enjoy everything Fall! Decor, pumpkins, harvest produce, vendors with all types of items for the holiday season and more. Downtown Pocatello

9 10th Annual Rock, Gem and Jewelry Sale: 9 AM - 5 PM, Bonneville County Fairgrounds Idaho, Falls

15 Bach Festival: 3 – 7 PM, Riverside Studios, Rexburg

21 Open Gym and Preschool Open Gym: 11:30 AM – 12:30 PM, Flip & Twist Family Agility Training Centers, Ammon

23 Courageous Kids Climbing: This activity provides the opportunity for the participants aged 3 to 103 to enjoy an hour or two of rock climbing. For people with special needs, rock wall climbing has helped enhance focusing, refine problem-solving skills and improve coordination and builds confidence while lessening the fear of heights. 10 AM - Noon, Teton Rock Gym, Driggs

28 Boo at the Zoo: 5 PM, Tautphaus Park, Idaho Falls

30 Halloween Carnival: Come enjoy live music, great food, fun activities, and local product vendors. There will be raffles, a treasure hunt for all ages and more. 11 AM – 9 PM, Krupp Scout Hollow, Rigby

30 Zoo Boo: 10 AM – 3 PM, Zoo Idaho, Pocatello

NORTHERN IDAHO

9 Northwest Wind Quintet: Featuring Javier Rodriguez, Shawn Copeland, Teodora Proud, Jason Johnston and Leonard Garrison. 7:30 – 8:30 PM, Haddock Performance Hall, U of Idaho Campus. $7 for adults, $5 for students and senior citizens. Moscow

10 Well~Read Morning Book Club: 2 – 3:30 AM, Well-Read Moose, Coeur d'Alene

14 Ponderay Market: Live music, food vendors, and more! Free and open to the public. 10 AM - 3 PM, Bonner Mall Way, Ponderay

SOUTHWEST IDAHO

4 Albertson's Turkey Roundup: We will be collecting turkeys and other food items needed to provide Thanksgiving meals for our hungry nighbors. 10 AM – 5 PM, Albertsons Market Street, Meridian

6 Chili/Dutch Oven Cookoff: 10 AM - 4 PM, Camp River Run, Boise

6 Hollapalooza: Kick off the holiday season with a fun family friendly shopping event! Shop for your holiday gifts and décor by supporting your local businesses, and crafters! Admission: free. Meridian Senior Center, Meridian

7 Downtown Boise Litter Cleanup: Anyone is welcome to attend our pickups and we will provide all volunteers with trash bags, gloves, trash grabbers, and hand sanitizer. Sponsored by IDTrash Club, a Boise based nonprofit with the mission of keeping the Treasure Valley litter-free. 1 – 2:30 PM, The Grove Plaza, Boise

9 WAKE UP! & Smell the Coffee! Join us for lively conversation about politics, and updates from D15 and the rest of the Treasure Valley. BYOC. 10 AM – Noon, Boise Co-op in the Village, Meridian

SOUTHERN IDAHO

5-7 CSI Harvest Festival: The College of Southern Idaho, Twin Falls

6-7 Filer Gun Show: Twin Falls County Fairgrounds, Filer

CENTRAL IDAHO

3,5 Hailey Public Library Storytime: 10:30 – 11:30 AM, Public Library, Hailey

EASTERN IDAHO

4 Red Cross Blood Drive: 9 AM – 3 PM, BYU-Idaho Center, BYU-Idaho, Rexburg

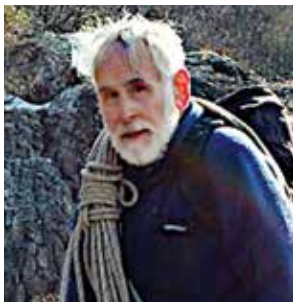
5-6 Idaho Winter Tip-Off Classic: Kids Basketball Tournament. All teams • Boys & Girls: 12th, 11th, 10th, 9th, 8th, 7th, 6th, 5th, 4th, 3rd. Mountain View Event Center, Pocatello

6 Paddington Bear's First Concert, Idaho Falls Symphony: 2 – 3 PM, Civic Center for the Performing Arts, Idaho Falls

6 3rd Annual Bar J Wranglers Teton County 4-H Fundraiser: Baked Potato Bar opens at 5:30 PM, Doors for auditorium open at 6:15 PM, Show starts at 7 PM. Teton High School, Driggs

Trevor James Bond
is director of Washington State University's Center for Arts and Humanities, co-director of the Center for Digital Scholarship and Curation, and associate dean for digital initiatives and special collections of the university's libraries. He holds a Ph.D. in history. *Coming Home to Nez Perce Country* is available through bookstores nationwide, from WSU Press at 800-354-7360, or online at wsupress.wsu.edu.

Jim Fazio
is professor emeritus in the University of Idaho College of Natural Resources and a freelance writer who has lived in Moscow for four decades. He is past president of the Lewis & Clark Trail Heritage Foundation and author of *Across the Snowy Ranges: The Lewis & Clark Expedition in Idaho and Western Montana.*



Ed Fischer
is a retired research psychologist who has lived most of his life in Connecticut. His nonfiction has appeared in newspapers and literary journals and now, in *IDAHO magazine*.

Suz Iventosch
is a regularly featured food columnist and writes a food and travel blog with her daughter Courtney. Suz and her husband Iven, who is a backcountry pilot, are outdoor adventurers and often fly into the Frank Church–River of No Return Wilderness from their summer home in McCall. They love traveling, cooking, hiking, cycling, fishing and whitewater rafting. For more information visit treksandbites.com

Eloise Kraemer
and her husband Douglas were born and raised in the Silver Valley. Her first book, *Across the Crooked Bridge*, was a historical biography. She also wrote *Idaho in Pictures and Poetry*, two teen books of historical fiction, and a children's story set in northern Idaho. Her latest book is *Beyond the Crooked Bridge*. She and Douglas live in the mountains near Boise. They enjoy hiking, kayaking, photography, snowshoeing with their three dogs, and spending time with their family.

Melinda Stiles
taught high school English in Wisconsin and Michigan, but after a trip to Idaho, she knew she'd have to retire here. She did, and now can't imagine a better place to live, write, read, walk, hike, ride horses, and share with visitors.

Kaidi Stroud
is a Boise-based educator and freelance writer. Her work has been featured in *Lonely Planet*, the *Idaho Statesman*, *Idaho Tribune*, *The Cabin's Writers in the Attic* and is forthcoming in the *Citron Review*. When she isn't wrangling words, children or pets, she enjoys the outdoors, live music, public libraries and good questions.

Mac Tippins
is a retired airline captain who has been a US Forest Service fire lookout for nine seasons. He also is an Emmy-winning photographer and videographer, an airline accident investigator, and an aviation writer and editor. Mac flew more than two hundred air combat missions in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. He studied at Auburn University and the Georgia Institute of Technology. He lives in South Carolina.

Dean Worbois
spent ten years pursuing an acting career and hitchhiking around the country during the 1960s before earning a degree from Boise State University. He taught stained glass at Boise State, wrote several books and pamphlets on historical subjects, and has contributed to *IDAHO magazine* over the years. He produced a weekly half-hour television show on Boise's public access channel, TVCTV, and has a blog of stories from his life at deansgreatwahoo.com.

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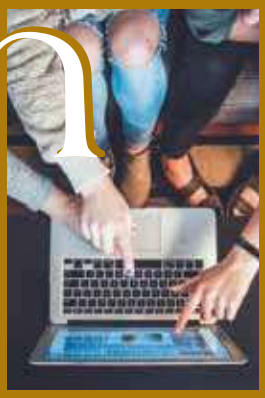






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