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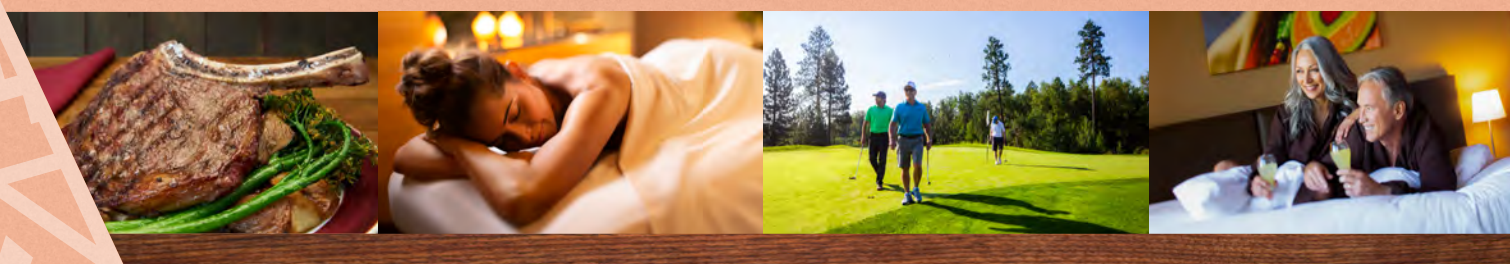

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IDAHO magazine

MAY 2022 | VOL. 21, NO. 8

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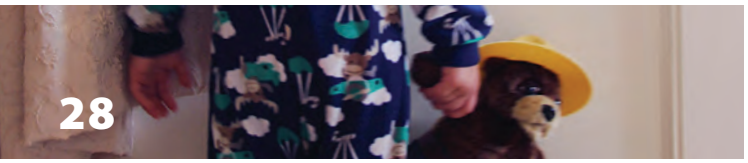

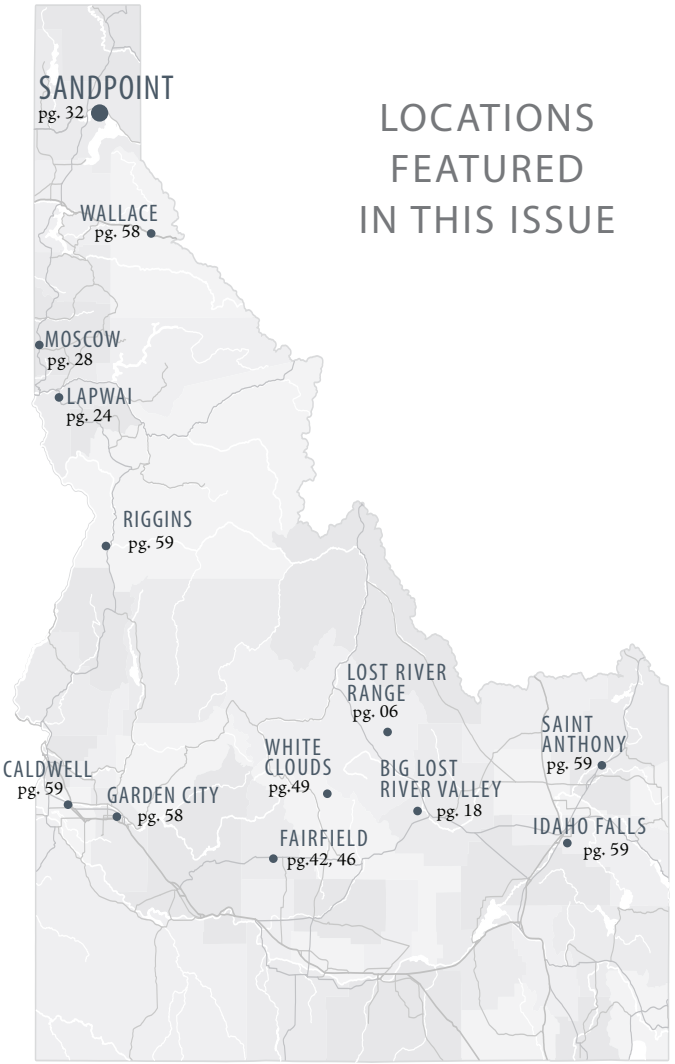

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A PEAK FOR THE FERGUSONS

IN HONOR OF EVERYMAN CLIMBERS

STORY AND PHOTOS BY STEVE GRANTHAM

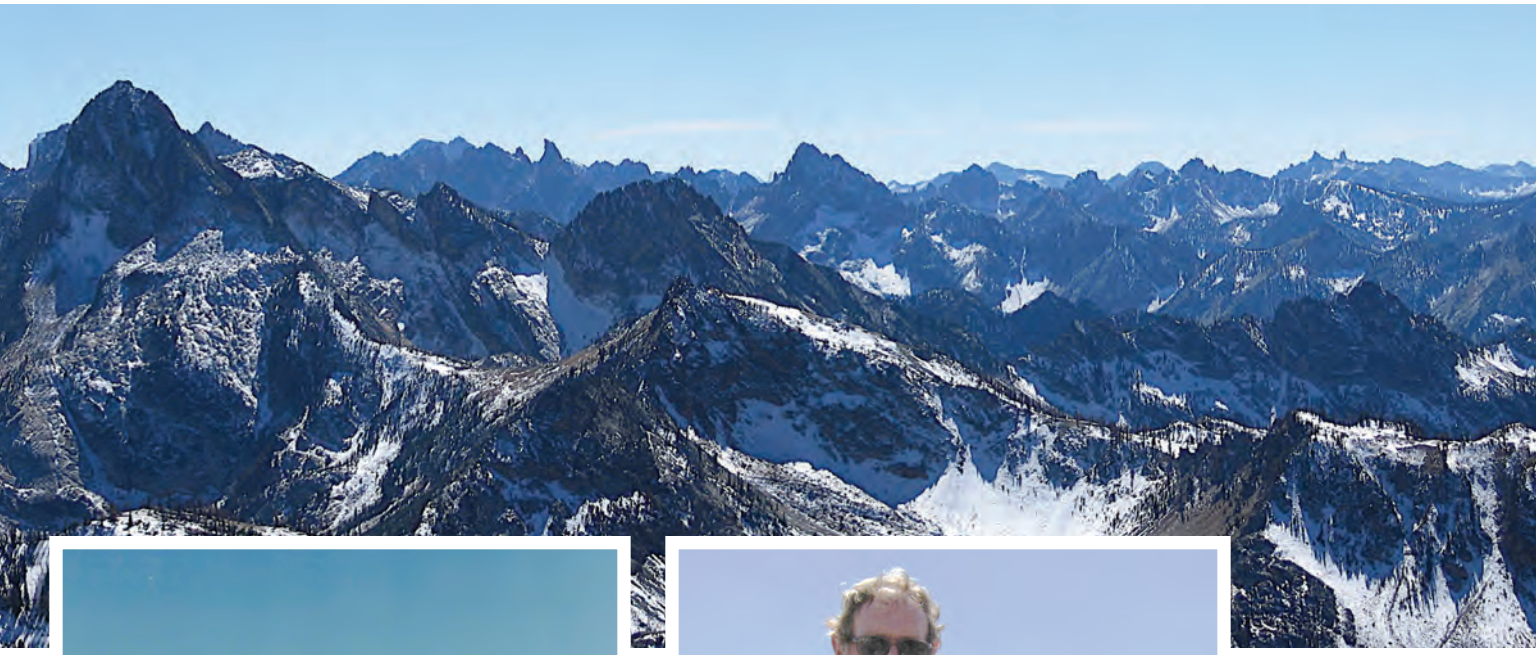
ABOVE: The Sawtooth Range.

OPPOSITE LEFT: Chuck Ferguson on Mount Idaho, Lost River Range.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: Dave Ferguson on Gabriels Horn, Pioneers.

The history of Idaho mountaineering is full of illustrious names, but it also includes hundreds of other men and women who explored the state's mountain ranges to little or no fanfare. Two such climbers I had the privilege to know were the Ferguson brothers, Chuck (1940–1998) and Dave (1939–2020), the latter of whom was one of my closest friends for almost four decades. I would like to share some memories of these quintessentially Everyman climbers.

Dave and Chuck were born in Illinois but moved to a farm in Idaho in 1948. They both had an affinity for mathematics. Chuck taught math in middle school in Idaho Falls, while Dave joined the Mathematics Department at Boise State in 1970, having earned his PhD from the University of Idaho. Farming also was central to Dave, who lived on a farm his entire



life and relished both the physical work and the practical ingenuity it required. Even though he was a good mathematician and a gifted teacher, he preferred to describe himself as a farmer who happened to teach mathematics.

Dave and Chuck both began climbing Idaho mountains in the 1970s, often together. Dave had married Sharon in 1960 while still an undergraduate student, an event he always described as the luckiest day of his life. They soon had two children: Tammy, born in 1961 and Ken, who came along in 1963. He loved taking the whole family on mountain adventures that most people would never consider, with equipment that could best be described as primitive. For example, in those early days he carried one foam pad about eight feet square and four inches thick for the whole family to sleep on. On the family's first trip up Mount Borah in 1976, for some reason he

decided to camp on the ridge partway up the mountain. A couple of years later, when he took the family up the very impressive Warbonnet Peak in the Sawtooth Range, which is technically challenging and has a summit pitch that's airy, or exposed to space, he told Ken to be the lead climber. "We didn't know any better," Dave often said. "We thought that's what everyone did."

His students, colleagues, and friends were also frequent climbing companions. Dave was particularly fond of Mount Borah, which he climbed more than three dozen times, in almost every month of the year, often as a way to introduce novice climbers to the stark beauty of his beloved Lost River Range. Chuck was equally fond of Borah, which he climbed about twenty-five times during his life. In 1998, Chuck and Dave had just finished ascending all fifty-four of the Colorado 14ers (the first Idahoans known to have summited each of these peaks that are taller than fourteen thousand feet), and they were hiking in to climb Granite Peak, the highest point in Montana, when Chuck began to experience chest pains. They retreated to Billings, where Chuck underwent emergency angioplasty. The procedure seemed to have been successful but a few weeks later he suffered a fatal heart attack at his home in Boise, where he and his wife Rosalie had just moved after Chuck retired from his teaching career in Idaho Falls. The brothers both loved puzzles of all types, so it was fitting that Chuck died while working on a crossword puzzle.

My long friendship with Dave began when I joined the BSU math department in the fall of 1982, after completing my PhD at the University of Colorado. A year later, I went on my first trip with him, which was a climb of Warbonnet, with Ken once again leading the summit pitch. I carried not only a flashlight but

a backpacking stove on that trip, which astonished Dave and the other members of the party. Clearly, I did not share their minimalist approach and a couple of years later I appalled Dave even further during a five-day backpacking trip in the Sawtooths, when my friend Mike Christ and I ended up carrying out as much food as Dave and Ken carried in. Still, we agreed it was a great trip, with climbs of Tohobit, Reward, and Horstmann Peaks.

I first met Chuck in the fall of 1984, when he joined Dave, Ken, and me to climb the Lost River Range peaks now known as Mount Church and Donaldson, two of the nine in Idaho that are higher than twelve thousand feet in elevation. Those names had not yet been proposed back then, so Dave came up with some names that made perfect sense to us math nerds. The two peaks lie just north of Mount Breitenbach, which is named for Jake Breitenbach, who was killed in the Khumbu icefall during the first successful American expedition to Mount Everest in 1963. Douglas Hofstadter's Pulitzer prize-winning 1979 book *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, which explores aspects of

ABOVE: Dave with wife Sharon and their children, Ken and Tammy, on the approach to Mount Borah, 1976. The orange object is their family sleeping pad.

cognitive science including mathematics, was still popular in 1984, so Dave proposed the names BreitenGödel and BreitenEscher for the two peaks. Alas, that proposal never went beyond our little group. We found a primitive register on Mount Church/BreitenGödel, placed there by the family of Ken Williams, a young Idaho climber who had died in a car accident, so we ended up calling it "Ken Williams Peak" until the name Mount Church (in honor of the late senator Frank Church) came into use several years later.

Comparatively few of the tens of thousands of mountains in the western U.S. are officially named and often little, if anything, is known about when and by whom the first ascent of any given peak was made. By "officially named," I mean the name has been approved by the U.S. Board on Geographic Names (USBGN) and appears on officially published maps, such as those produced by the U.S. Geological Survey or the Forest Service. Many peaks have unofficial names that are widely used by climbers and appear in guidebooks and elsewhere. Often these names are taken from nearby creeks, lakes, or other features and sometimes they honor climbers or other distinguished people. Citizens can apply to have features officially named, although the process is long and complicated—even the name Mount Church is still not official. It's not uncommon in Idaho to reach a summit and find no evidence of previous human visitation—no benchmark, register, rock cairn, lumber, wire, litter, or other clues. In such a case, it's impossible to know if you have made the first ascent or if your predecessors left no evidence. The longer and more difficult the climb, the more likely it seems that there have been no previous ascents, but you can rarely be certain.

One of Chuck's early solo climbs was a spectacular helmet-shaped peak in the Lost River Range that is not officially named but towers impressively over its surrounding drainages, Dry Creek and Long Lost Creek. At 11,509 feet, this mountain is tied for forty-seventh tallest in Idaho. Interestingly, the other Idaho peak with the same elevation,

OPPOSITE ABOVE: Ferguson Peak from the north.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Dave on the peak's ridge.

Cleft Peak, is directly across Dry Creek—which, typically for Idaho place names, is anything but dry—about two miles to the northwest. Chuck tore the label off a tiny German sausage can and left it on the helmet-shaped peak as a makeshift summit register. He tucked it inside the can after writing on it, "Climbed from Swauger Lakes 2 hrs 10 mins June 29, 1978 Charles R. Ferguson Idaho Falls." At the time, Chuck mentioned this climb to Dave and a few others, but he made no big deal of it.

Fifteen years later, on August 15, 1993, Rick Baugher, also of Idaho Falls, climbed the same peak via a different route and found Chuck's note. Rick is another one of those almost anonymous Everyman mountaineers, although he's perhaps a bit less anonymous than most, simply because of the huge number of Idaho peaks he has climbed—nearly two thousand as of this writing. Many of Rick's efforts are probable first ascents and many are unnamed peaks for which he has proposed unofficial names. By 1993, Rick had known Chuck for many years from his work with the Idaho Falls YMCA organizing fun runs, in which Chuck almost always participated. But surprisingly, he hadn't known that Chuck was a mountain climber until finding his register on that peak. Rick called to compare notes on their respective routes and was impressed not only at the speed with which Chuck had climbed a challenging route, but at how many years earlier he had done so. Chuck's ascent is certainly the first known one, and considering the remoteness and strenuousness of the climb, it seems quite likely to have been the first.

In any case, Chuck and Rick soon began to team up in the mountains, climbing over a dozen peaks together during the remaining five years of Chuck's life. Dave joined them on several of those trips. One challenging pinnacle the three of them ascended together in 1994 was Brocky Peak in the Pioneer Mountains, which at 11,839 feet is the twenty-second-highest in Idaho. Theirs was the first known ascent of that mountain, and finding a route was quite a challenge. Near the summit, Rick proposed a direct but difficult route, which Chuck and Dave managed to climb, but Rick was not as technically skilled as the brothers, so he backtracked and found another, longer but easier way to reach the summit. The same year, Chuck and Rick also climbed another unnamed peak in the Pioneers, the twenty-ninth highest in Idaho at 11,736 feet, for which Rick proposed the name "Pegasus Peak." Though not as difficult as Brocky Peak, this was again the first known ascent.

In 1990, Tom Lopez published *Exploring Idaho's Mountains*, the first book that attempted to provide a reasonably comprehensive guide to the major peaks in all of Idaho's many ranges. Ten years later, which was two years after Chuck's death, Tom published its sequel, now titled *Idaho: A Climbing Guide*. It was greatly expanded and much of the new material was contributed by Rick Baugher. Among the many unofficial names Rick proposed in the book was "Ferguson Peak" for the 11,509-foot helmet-shaped peak Chuck had climbed in 1978. That name is now widely accepted in the Idaho climbing community but it has not yet been submitted to the USBGN for official approval.

I climbed a few other peaks with Chuck, including Leatherman, the second-highest in Idaho, in 1987 and Mount Rainier in 1990. On Rainier, the party included Chuck, Dave, Ken, and Alex Feldman, who had joined the Boise State math department in 1988 after completing his PhD at the University of Wisconsin. Alex and I had become friends while attending Harvey Mudd College (yes, it's a real college) and had already done a lot of hiking and peakbagging together. Once he

> **“The accomplishments in the mountains of Dave and Chuck may have been modest in comparison to truly elite climbers who made their mark in Idaho, but to most of us Everyman mountaineers, they were substantial.”**

moved to Boise, Alex, Dave, and I teamed up in various combinations on many memorable peaks and hikes. But Dave also continued to do many solo climbs over the years, during which he could put in long, fast days unimpeded by potential wimpiness on the part of companions.

One May day, Dave did a solo climb in the Pioneer Mountains of a peak called The Box. He then decided to try making a high traverse to McIntyre Peak. Somewhere along the way he encountered a very soft, deep patch of snow and fell through up to his armpits. For a while, he was seriously convinced he would die there, but somehow he eventually managed to extricate himself and descend. When I climbed The Box several years later, I found the plastic 35 mm film can, inside of which was a note that Dave had left as a summit register. I decided to bring it back down and present it to Dave as a memento of that adventure but before I gave it to him, I asked Alex if he thought Dave would approve of me having removed it from the mountain. He replied, “Yes, Dave will say that those 35 mm film cans are getting hard to find anymore.”

Dave seemed as indifferent to pain as to danger. In 2007, at age sixty-eight, he climbed 103 peaks with a total elevation gain of almost 220,000 feet but he badly sprained an ankle on Devils Bedstead West in the Pioneers. Undeterred, for his final few dozen climbs that year he simply wore an air cast, or pneumatic splint, on the ankle. I had the privilege of accompanying him on several climbs that year. We summited seven substantial peaks in the Lost River Range over three days on the Fourth of July weekend, and I joined him on his last two peaks of the year, in the northern Sawtooths. The panoramic photo I took from one of those peaks is among my favorite possessions, because of both the subject matter and the memories of Dave it evokes.

A year later, he finally decided to have hip replacement surgery to deal with a childhood injury on the farm, which had been untreated because he hadn’t dared to tell his parents about it, but which left one leg shorter than the other. His surgeon asked, “Doesn’t that hip cause you terrible pain?” Dave said, “No, not really.” His surgeon countered, “Well, would you know if it did?” About three days before the surgery, Dave, Alex and I climbed Perfect Peak in the Sawtooths, another fairly long day. As we were nearing the trailhead on the return, Dave said, “Hey, if we jog a little, we can probably make it back to the car by seven.” He took off running, which led me to conclude that he wanted to be absolutely sure he got his money’s worth from the surgery by making sure his hip was completely used up.

Dave and Chuck were also avid distance runners. They had T-shirts printed up with a

Latin motto adapted from Descartes: *Curso, ergo sum* (I run, therefore I am). When a woman in a grocery store asked Chuck what it meant, he replied, with his trademark wry humor, "Swear before adding." Chuck and Dave both ran many marathons—Chuck ran more than one hundred in his lifetime, with an average time of less than three hours—but those were the short races. What they really loved were ultra-marathons—fifty miles, a hundred kilometers, a hundred miles—with many thousands of feet in elevation gain. The wear and tear from all those miles forced Dave to give up distance running in his early fifties, whereupon Alex became his protégé. In 1992-93, Alex metamorphosed from overweight and out of shape to posting excellent times in his first marathon and first fifty-miler. Meanwhile, Dave continued to do plenty of long hikes and he eventually completed both the Pacific Crest Trail and the Idaho Centennial Trail, although in segments, not as through-hikes.

After Chuck died, Dave scattered some of his ashes on Mount Borah and some on Queen's Crown, a small peak just outside of the town of Carey that was an easy enough hike for all Chuck's friends and family members to make. But he saved the last portion of ashes to carry up Ferguson Peak. On July 9, 2005, Alex and I had the honor of accompanying Dave on his climb of the peak. We followed essentially the same route Chuck had taken twenty-seven years earlier, though we were not nearly as fast. We all agreed it was a long day, with plenty of the tedious, exhausting talus for which the Lost River Range is infamous, and a few sketchy stretches. As best I recall, only a handful of other climbers had signed in during the twelve years since Rick's second ascent. We also decided to retrieve Chuck's original summit

RIGHT: The note Chuck left on what became Ferguson Peak.

BELOW: Dave makes his way along Gabriels Horn.

CENTER INSET: Alex Feldman enters the slot shortcut on the descent of Ferguson Peak.

OPPOSITE: Dave with the author and his now-wife Chris Elrod atop Borah, 2008.

note for preservation, since it had become fragile over the years.

Dave continued enthusiastically climbing peaks for the rest of the decade, often with Alex and/or me, unfazed by injuries and surgeries. On August 16, 2008, he accompanied Chris Elrod (now my wife) and me up Mount Borah. I believe that was his thirty-eighth time up the peak, but as best I recall it was not his last. In July 2009, Dave and I climbed Gabriels Horn, 11,641 feet, a little north of Brocky Peak. Despite his deteriorating balance, Dave had no problem with the challenging summit ridge, but near the end of the day he took a fall in much easier, forested terrain and hurt his shoulder pretty badly. In typical fashion, he didn't bother to seek medical attention for it until the next spring, by which time it was too late to treat it. Finally, in September 2010, Alex and I accompanied Dave on what was to be his last climb: Basil's Peak, 10,414 feet high in the Boulder Mountains.

For the remaining decade of his life, Dave stayed active. He put in long days of work on the farm and did intense workouts at the gym. Only a few years before his death he complained to me that he felt he was getting weak, because he was having trouble dead-lifting three hundred pounds. He and Sharon also did quite a bit of international traveling, often to the southern hemisphere to escape the gray Idaho winters. When Dave was still in his sixties he was diagnosed as having early stages

of cognitive impairment, although he seemed as sharp as ever to me and could still discuss advanced mathematics quite coherently. But in his last few years he did develop full blown dementia. I last saw him at his eightieth birthday party in May 2019, by which time his conversation had become difficult to follow. But he was still cheerful, recognized the guests, and participated in the sing-along of traditional songs at the end of the party.

Dave died at home on his farm on August 27, 2020, with Sharon and Tammy at his side. Ken was able to arrive the next day. Sharon decided to wait until July 2021 to have a celebration of life for Dave, which was attended by dozens of friends, colleagues, fellow farmers, and relatives. Alex and I had told Sharon we wanted to take some of Dave's ashes back up Ferguson Peak, and several of Dave's relatives at the celebration expressed interest in joining us. We settled on Labor Day weekend for the "Ferguson Peak Memorial Climb."

The group included Tammy and her husband Bill, Ken and his son Kyle, Chuck's stepson Sean, Alex, and me. Tom Lopez joined us at camp the night before and on the first part of the hike, after which he diverged to climb a nearby peak called The Moat, since he had climbed Ferguson just two years earlier.

We kept in touch with him via walkie-talkie the whole day, which turned out to be useful, because his recollection of the route up Ferguson Peak was much fresher than Alex's and mine, and he relayed valuable advice.

After a steep but straightforward initial ascent, we paused for a midmorning break at a broad grassy saddle about 10,200 feet high. Tammy chose to head back to camp

BELOW: Ferguson Peak summit ridge.

from that point, while the rest of us ascended the next slope to the beginning of the interminable south ridge at about eleven thousand feet. Although the summit is only five hundred
feet higher, the ridge runs for nearly two miles with several dips and false summits along the way, lots of talus, and several sections with significant exposure, which means steep drop-offs. Bill and Sean didn't like the look of these exposed sections, so they elected to pause at that point and eventually headed down from there, getting only slightly lost on the way. After negotiating the endless talus and very steep, loose slopes, we remaining four finally reached the summit, where we scattered
Dave's ashes and gave the register a new home in a festive cookie tin. There were more names in the register than in 2005, but still only a couple dozen. We left a small memorial to Chuck and Dave and shared a few remembrances of their full, rich lives. And then we headed down.

Before dementia overcame him Dave wrote his own obituary, which included a borrowing from Churchill: "My sometimes modest demeanor was well-deserved, since I had much to be modest about." The accomplishments in the mountains of Dave and Chuck may have been modest in comparison to truly elite climbers who made their mark in Idaho, but to most of us Everyman mountaineers, they were substantial. Perhaps the most compelling sentence in Dave's obituary was, "Throughout my life, my childlike exuberance for understanding the world and how things work has never waned." I believe the same was true for Chuck. The legacy of the brothers' enthusiasm, their dry humor, and their caring personalities endures and is enshrined in the Lost River Range peak that bears their name. ■

BROOK TROUT IN UNUSUAL WATER

When Mount Borah Quaked

Story and Photos by Nick Ballenger

On a late October morning in 1983, my Boise apartment shook me awake. I tried to reason through the strange sensation with the thought, I'm hung over and still a little drunk. But something rolled off a table and a suspended houseplant was swinging from my ceiling. As a geology student who had recently learned about the P and S waves of earthquakes, I realized we were in one. I rushed out my back door to look down the railroad tracks, trying to discern if they were snaking in the waves, but didn't see anything unusual.

My backpack was already loaded for a weekend field trip. There was no time for coffee. I put the pack on and marched south across the Boise River footbridge and through campus to the geology department's parking lot. We had been scheduled to visit some mines in Nevada, but I learned that we were going to the epicenter. "You don't want to miss this," my professor, Spencer Wood, said with enthusiasm as he helped the students load backpacks into the back of a van. He moved with a sense of urgency.

This was always my favorite time in a college course: riding in a rattling old van with a seasoned geologist at the wheel. Spencer waved and pointed as he explained how the parts of the planet that we could see had formed. On this trip, his impromptu lecture included comments about the once-in-a-hundred-lifetimes opportunity ahead of us. We budding geologists leaned forward to better hear Spencer over the road noise as we bore down on an earthquake. To me, this trip had the air of our destiny.

In the small town of Arco, we turned north up the Big Lost River drainage. At the next little town, Mackay, we slowed to look down its main street, where a stone

LEFT: The students examine earthquake scarps on Double Springs Road near Mount Borah.

storefront crumbled to the sidewalk. This would be our last chance to get coffee and I wanted to stop but didn't speak up. I also had a question about the trip that I suppressed for fear of sounding stupid: "There was an earthquake. The ground shook. But now it's over. Just what is it we're in such a hurry to get to?"

Spencer turned onto a small road built on fill that crossed the width of the valley floor. The van stopped at a nondescript bridge over a small tributary to the Big Lost River. When the side door slid open, something didn't feel right, didn't fit. I heard the roar of rushing water but in late October these mountain streams were normally down to a trickle or they already were dry beds.

We crowded around the small bridge for better views. I was dumbfounded by the implausibly gushing stream, its height nearly up to the underside of the bridge beams. Over the sound of rushing water, Spencer said, "I need a tool, a hammer, or even a heavy wrench." He was obviously improvising. Someone offered him a shovel. Using the heels of his boots as skid brakes, he slid on his hip down the steep, wet embankment to the dangerous current. He gave the concrete bridge abutment an awkward-looking whack with the shovel and then repeated the assault with shovel jabs better-aimed at the water level. He paused to stare where his blows had marked the concrete and said, "That'll do." Then he called up to us, "Somebody write down the time." Carolyn pulled a small notebook out of her pocket and jotted notes, as if this were her usual job. Other students scrambled to dig notebooks out of their packed bags. I don't think anyone there was sure just what we should be doing, but carrying a notebook had already proven its merit. I was catching on to one goal of this weekend outing: to gather data on the unusual water before it disappeared.

Someone spotted an oddity out on the valley floor, so we stepped over a barbed wire fence to investigate. There was a new hole in the ground big enough to drop a car into. The perimeter edge of the hole had been raised about a foot above the original ground level by a ring of clear yellow sand that looked out of place resting on the topsoil. The sand was clean, like had just been washed and sifted to be used in plaster or cement. This new layer of sand tapered down several feet away from the hole to the original ground level, spotted with field vegetation.

The walls of the cavity displayed a profile of dark brown soil that graded down into river gravel at the bottom of the hole, but the soil was completely missing. Spencer explained that the hole had been formed by ground water erupting out of the earth. Apparently, the soil had been washed away, down valley. The sand had been raised out of the hole and then deposited around its perimeter. The gravel had been too heavy to be flushed out of the hole, so after a good washing, the loose gravel settled back to the bottom of the hole.

A tape measure materialized and some students went to work documenting the new crater. Moved by a sense of discovery, students milled about the wet muddy cow pasture. The area troubled my senses. This was familiar Idaho high desert. It was a calm day with a warming sun in a clear blue sky. Yet the air was heavy with humidity and the ground was saturated with water or was still under water. Everything was wet, trying to dry out and get back to normal. The mixed grasses and wilted flowers had been pushed down flat by the morning's deluge. In areas where the water had receded, plants lay on the mud, their tops uniformly pointing down the valley, as if the valley floor had been combed in one direction. Where the shallow water was still sheeting over the pasture, the plants gently waved back and forth in the water, as if winding down into their winter beds.

Another student named Chuck and I were attracted to a pasture upon which irregular shallow sheets of water still moved. We found that by placing our boots over clumps of grass that lay in the water we wouldn't sink as fast in the mud. The long grasses distributed our weight over a larger area, similar to the way snowshoes work. Wide-eyed cows watched us as they held the high ground. Hooves-to-belly, their legs were covered with drying mud. Some of them had rumps or ribs coated in mud, probably from struggling to get unstuck. They had just been through a very rough morning of violent ground-shaking, explosive flooding, treacherous mud, and now, strangers were sloshing around them. They stood

still, seemingly reluctant to move. Perhaps they were haggard or maybe they feared the ground around them. The soggiest areas were potholed where some of them had labored through deep mud, probably to find drier refuge. Our boots made elongated potholes that looked novel among the herds' round hoof-made holes.

We followed the most prominent water, which favored a bare trail worn through the ground vegetation. This narrow path, probably made by daily walks to feedings, trended up the valley. The slow water flowed around or just over the toes of our boots. We waded past new sand sprinkles highlighting the sides of linear splits in the submerged soil. Most of the ruptures were closed now, just black lines across the ground, but a few of these laceration lips were still parting and then slowly closing again, which indicated a lingering artesian flow into the surface water.

The trail passed through an area of old hay wagons and rusting tractor implements. Ahead of us the ground elevated slightly to a drier surface. As we got closer to the source of the unusual water, it became increasingly difficult to keep moving. If we slowed our pace too much, we sank to a depth in sucking mud that sapped our energy as we struggled to get back on top of the mire. It went against my common sense to continue. Our classmates were out of shouting range. The closer we got to the source of the water, the more it felt like this unusual terrain wasn't for people. The vegetation was a bit heavier just alongside the trail. I placed my soggy boots on the biggest clumps of grass that waved in the flow on either side of the path.

The water source was a roundish hole maybe four feet across, a little too wide to step over. The steady current rolled softly,

OPPOSITE TOP TO BOTTOM: The students construct a weir on a new stream that emerged from the earthquake; water fills the weir; a student digs a measuring instrument into the ground.

LEFT ABOVE: One of the new craters, also called sand boils, blowouts, and fissure eruptions. Spencer Wood carries the pole.

LEFT BELOW: A crater with Mount Borah in the background.

pushing up no higher than a couple inches above ground level. It was like a garden hose turned on low with the open end held straight up, only this hose was four feet wide. I was mesmerized. The only sound was the low rolling rumble of a lot of moving water trying to get quiet. Just a couple steps ahead, some rare ancient force was alive, revealing itself to human eyes. The water was crystal clear but the pool was dark, indicating substantial depth. This hole's perimeter had not been embellished with new sand like the larger hole we had just explored. Perhaps this artesian flow had the amperage to wash away the lighter soil but not the voltage to blow out sand.

I carefully stepped to the hole's edge to gaze down into it. The entire pool, even at depths that I hadn't yet been able to ascertain, shimmered in brilliant flashes of bright streaking colors. I froze. Chuck's gasp confirmed I hadn't just seen something that didn't happen. What kind of mysterious earth-water magic was this? I had a good visual vantage with good sunlight overhead. But like a big closed eye that had just opened momentarily, the entire pool had again become a hole full of dark water.

Like a little boy poking an anthill, I swung a waterlogged, booted foot through the pool. It erupted! Frantic brook trout glistening with fluorescent orange dots encircled with light blue rings exploded in the water, their bright colors arching through the sun's sparkles on the splashes. The fish flipped about like uncovered corn kernels popping in hot oil. Some launched themselves out of the pool. Some bounced off my feet. Some flopped and wiggled back into the deep water and others started their long journey down the valley, backsides out of the water as they snaked over the mud and wet grasses. The pond, and the water emanating from it, turned muddy. The cow trail became a racetrack for the lead brookies. Bending back and forth to push with their tails, they moved along surprisingly well in very shallow water or even on the wet mud with no measurable surface water. Their entire backsides were dark green to almost black with subtle wormy patterns, maybe camouflage for predators looking down on them. Their colorful sides, usually only seen by each other, glittered and flashed in the sunlight.

I wondered how so many fish could have been in the small pool. Their path of least resistance, water within the vegetation-free cow trail, had been quickly muddied by the front-runners, and those that followed often swam-snaked out of the trail, as much as down it, into the vegetation. They were able to adjust their position and bearing by flip-flopping about to re-enable their slithering. The muddy water must have impaired their vision but they all kept crawling in the same general direction, down-grade, to the safety of familiar habitat. Maybe they could see above the dirty water or could guide themselves by the bright sun overhead. Maybe they were following the water's slow direction of flow or maybe they made use of a combination of navigational senses. Moved by fisherman opportunism and being very fond of this pink trout meat, I scooped a couple of the brooks to drier ground. I had my pocket knife. Dinner! But I realized (or Chuck may have reminded me) that we didn't even know

where we were going to spend the night. I moved the captured brooks back to wetter ground that was more suitable for their slithery locomotion.

While we slogged our way back to our classmates, we watched the fish consistently adjust their course to deeper water, sliding less and swimming more as they went along. None of them beached themselves permanently, which led me to wonder if this wet trekking was something they were accustomed to. And then they disappeared.

Why did the speckled trout congregate in this transient artesian pool? Were they attracted to the minerals in the water, freshly squeezed from subterranean depths? I wouldn't think it would be the oxygen level or the feed. Perhaps it was a basic instinct to get upstream close to the source of ground water. Brook trout are fond of the highest waters. Did we ruin an ancient brook trout ritual? Did our intrusion save them from death by subsiding water? This unusual event may have had them tricked but after witnessing their remarkable relocation, I wonder if brook trout may be accustomed to flip-flopping down sections of hills and valleys, as the seasonal high spring waters recede. I suspect they can out-slither cutthroats or rainbows.

The class camped a few miles north at the new end to the seldom-used Double Spring Pass dirt road, which had now been truncated by ground fault scarps. This area, at the base of Mount Borah, was Spencer's best guess of the epicenter's location. Our homework that night, working by candle or flashlight, was to draw to-scale profiles of the broken foothills next to our tents. That evening we swayed through a couple of aftershocks. A pot of water on the campfire gyrated to the ground's movement. I swore that I heard, maybe even felt, low growls coming from below. I thought about deep rock grinding into new positions. But none of my classmates mentioned the sound. And I was a bit sensitive after noticing disbelieving looks in response to my fish story, so I said nothing about the earth's growling.

Our campsite later became a public interpretive park where the earthquake was described. Spencer landed a National Science Foundation grant that funded a two-year water study. My classmate Carolyn and I were fortunate to obtain a couple years of intermittent employment measuring the area's waters.

At the conclusion of my work on the water study, now nearly forty years ago, I gave Spencer my field notebook. He opened a large graph that I had folded into the back of the book. It showed a curved trajectory of penciled dots indicating the gradual rise of water in one of the streams. He asked what I used to guide my pencil in drawing a long smooth curve through the dots. I answered, "A fly rod." I like to think he held onto my notebook.

The author dedicates this story with respect to the memory of Spencer H. Wood. For results from the NSF funding, see "The Borah Peak, Idaho Earthquake of October 28, 1983—Hydrologic Effects," Spencer Wood et al., Earthquake Spectra, 1985. ■

OPPOSITE: Students and a tourist look at the fault scarps.

CENTER: Evidence of what the quake wrought.

BELOW: Students measure flow in a stream that normally would be a trickle in late fall.

Amends

Twenty-Five Years Later

BY TREVOR JAMES BOND
WITH NAKIA WILLIAMSON-CLOUD

RIGHT: Nez Perce tribal members on their way to a *Wetxuuwi'tin'* collection ceremony.

BELOW: Royalty of the Nez Perce Chief Joseph Foundation, 2021.

OPPOSITE: *Tel-lik-leen,* or horseriding in traditional garb, honors the tribe's ancestry.

There was snow on the Palouse and rain in Lapwai on a morning last November 23, when Nakia Williamson-Cloud and I climbed into his SUV. Our ride was short, from his office at the Nez Perce Tribe's Cultural Resources Program to the chamber rooms of the tribe's executive committee. At the entrance, we checked our temperatures in deference to COVID-19 issues and then waited, full of anticipation, to be called into a room where a delegation from Ohio was about to do something unprecedented: return $608,100 to the tribe.

This was the amount the Nez Perce had paid to the Ohio Historical Society in 1996 for the *Wetxuuwi'tin'* collection (formerly known as Spalding-Allen Collection), the oldest, best-preserved, largest, and most-documented assembly of Nez Perce *(Niimíipuu)* material culture anywhere in the world. [See "Return of the Captives," *IDAHO magazine*, October 2021.]

I felt nervous and excited. Nakia had invited me to join him for this momentous occasion the week before. I'm a librarian at Washington State University and last year the university's press published my PhD dissertation, *Coming Home to Nez Perce Country: The* Niimíipuu *Campaign to Repatriate Their Exploited Heritage*. In writing it, I had collaborated with Nakia and his program and with National Park Service curators to tell the story of *Wetxuuwi'tin'*. The book concludes with the renaming ceremony in 2021, but this was a new chapter in the life of the collection, and I was grateful to be part of it. I never had entertained the thought that the Nez Perce Tribe would see

ANGELIKA URSULA DIETRICH-GAROUTTE, WILD HORSES MEDIA PRODUCTIONS

ANGELIKA URSULA DIETRICH-GAROUTTE, WILD HORSES MEDIA PRODUCTIONS

the unjust price they paid for the collection refunded.

We received word to come into the committee chambers and found seats behind the delegation from the Ohio History Connection (OHC), formerly known as the Ohio Historical Society (OHS). The group included CEO Burt Logan, board member Billy Friend, who is chief of the Wyandotte Nation, and Alex Wesaw, director of tribal relations, who is a member of the Pokagon Band of Potawatomi.

"For me to say I understand and comprehend what your tribe has suffered would be a lie," Burt Logan said. "But I do know something about fundraising. What you accomplished twenty-five years ago is a case study in fundraising. In a different way and at a different time you, like your ancestors, exhibited bravery, courage, and determination to reclaim an important part your cultural heritage.

"I have the greatest respect and admiration for what you accomplished in 1996. At the same time, I deeply regret that you had to expend the time, energy, and resources required to raise $608,100. If *Wetxuuwi'tin'* was in the possession


KAYELONI SCOTT

of the Ohio History Connection today—and I intentionally say 'possession,' not 'ownership,' because ownership of these items always resided here with your tribe—we would freely and joyfully return these items to their rightful home …We cannot undo what happened, but we can return the money you worked so hard to raise."

This historic moment had its roots back in the 1840s, when the first missionary to the Nez Perce Tribe, Henry Harmon Spalding, packed a collection of stunning shirts, dresses, and other items and shipped them to a supporter, Dr. Allen, in Ohio. The collection passed to Allen's son, who then donated the materials to Oberlin College. The college loaned the collection to the OHS in 1942, where it remained until 1979. In consultation with the Nez Perce Tribe, the National Park Service borrowed the collection but after thirteen years, the OHS recalled it. After two years of intense negotiations, the Nez Perce Tribe offered to purchase the collection for $608,100 with a six-month deadline to pay in full. The tribe launched a brilliant fundraising campaign and met the goal one day before the deadline. More than two thousand individuals sent in donations in affirmation that it was wrong for the tribe to have to pay for their own belongings.

ANGELIKA URSULA DIETRICH-GAROUTTE, WILD HORSES MEDIA

A group of volunteers was charged by the tribe to select an appropriate Nez Perce name for the collection. Nakia, who was a member of the renaming committee, told me that tribal historian Allen Paul Slickpoo, Sr. had first mentioned back in 1996 that the collection needed to be renamed, but to achieve the goal took time. In 2021, after careful consultation with elders, the committee decided upon the name *Wetxuuwi'tin*, which means "returning home after being far away."


KAYELONI SCOTT

Ann McCormack, who is the tribe's economic development planner and was chair of the renaming committee, told me a main goal was to demonstrate to tribal members, especially children, that the collection had been saved for them. "It is part of their legacy and they are the stewards of the collection. It belongs to them." Ann said the committee invited both the OHC and church leaders to the renaming ceremony, because "nothing stays the same and over time change is bound to happen."

This invitation took OHC officials by surprise. When I spoke with Alex Wesaw, he said the invitation was the first time he and Burt Logan had heard about the sale of the artifacts to the tribe. "We asked everyone who we thought might know something about it, and no one knew anything. So it was pretty shocking," Alex told me. "I could tell he [Burt] was very frustrated. He did not believe it was right."


KAYELONI SCOTT

"We were unanimous," said Chief Billy Friend. "We felt like we ought to give the money back to them, because it was the right thing to do."

This represented a dramatic change in OHC over the years. A board member at the time of the sale, when the group was the OHS, told me he thought they "could have done better with the selling price. I was upset that they did not get enough."

Nakia thinks this change in stance came, in part, because tribal people now represent the OHC. He told me they "saw with their own eyes and felt with their own heart what was going on." Reflecting on the renaming ceremony, he said, "The *tel-lik-leen*, when we ride around on horses, it's a way in which we remember and memorialize our past people. And that's why we wear our best [regalia], those things that were passed down."

I asked Nakia about his reaction when he received a call from Billy Friend, who told him the OHC planned to return the money. "Initially, I was pretty surprised," he replied, "but when I thought about it, I wasn't that surprised. I think what it does is illustrate that institutions can change."

Nez Perce Tribe Chairman Samuel Penny confided, "For me personally, it was quite a difference from the current Ohio History Connection and the former Ohio Historical Society, in changing their view towards the collection."

Ann McCormack told me about her elation when she first heard the money would be returned. "What a wonderful act of healing for the *Niimíipuu* people! I thought to myself, when has there ever been such a happy ending to a story like this?"

Chief Friend felt the same way. "It was definitely one of the highlights of my time as a tribal leader, to be a part of that ceremony and that check presentation," he said. "That was an almost insurmountable task to raise that money in [1996]. It just shows you how important those artifacts were to the Nez Perce."

Chairman Penney and Ann told me the returned money will be divided into two endowments. Three hundred thousand dollars will go into a *Wetxuuwíitin'* investment fund and, starting in 2026, a committee will award two scholarships for Nez Perce students pursuing graduate studies. "The second category is arts acquisition," the chairman said. "A little over three hundred thousand will be placed in an investment fund for the purpose of acquiring or reacquiring cultural items of significance to the Nez Perce Tribe." The remaining $8,100 will be used for a cultural event.

Ann expressed hope that the story of the *Wetxuuwi'tin'* collection can be "a shining example to other individuals and organizations about doing the right thing and returning items that belong to tribes."

Nakia reflected, "Our language, the land, the resources, these things that we call material culture, they're all really one thing. In order to make that whole again, all these pieces have to come together." He added, "Let's all be clear that Spalding never intended for these items to come back to us. But ultimately, what happened was a testament not only to our resilience, but to other people's acknowledgement of basic humanity. Although Spalding's removal of the collection at the time was a hostile action that was never intended to serve our people and our community, it nevertheless ultimately preserved one of the oldest [American tribal] collections ever documented. And all his letters added documentation and provenance to something that otherwise would have been totally lost."

Items from Wetxuuwi'tin' *are on display at the Nez Perce National Historical Park in Spalding. To see additional information on the collection, including lesson plans, visit https://nezperce.org/renaming/ For cultural interpretations and images of the collection, visit the Plateau Peoples' Web Portal. Donations to the nonprofit arm of the Nez Perce Tribe may be made at www.thenezperceway.org.* ■

OPPOSITE TOP TO BOTTOM: Members of the Ohio delegation display gifts of blue Pendleton blankets designed by Nakia Williamson-Cloud; Nakia speaks at last year's naming ceremony, flanked by Nez Perce scholar Allen Pinkham, Sr.; Nez Perce committee chairman Samuel Penney (center), receives the check from Burt Logan (left) and Chief Billy Friend; the Nez Perce Tribe Executive Committee.

Smokey and I

The Bear Facts

STORY AND PHOTOS BY JIM FAZIO

In 1984, when I was a professor of wildland recreation management at the University of Idaho, I spent a week in Boise at the Interagency Fire Center. We had a contract to help prepare Forest Service personnel to serve as information officers on large fires. My teaching partner was Richard (Dick) Johnson, a retired information specialist with decades of experience in that field. His work included fielding questions from the public about the forests' most famous figure, Smokey Bear. To respond to inquiries about where Smokey memorabilia could be purchased, he used a mimeographed list of companies licensed by the Forest Service to create and sell products that bore Smokey's image. When he retired, Dick decided to create a mail order business for Smokey Bear items.

Over a beer in Boise after one of the workshop sessions, Dick said he was thinking of really retiring and getting rid of his home-based work. I piped up that when that day came, I might be interested in taking it over. Little did I know that he would phone a couple months later and offer the chance to buy his business. Nor did I know this would change my life, help put our two kids through college, and make Moscow the distribution center of the widest variety of Smokey Bear products in the world.

Before then, my only personal connection with Smokey was when I was a young forester on the Angeles National Forest in Southern California. Information and

OPPOSITE: The author's wife Dawn shows off her customized license plate.

OPPOSITE INSET: A familiar figure.

LEFT: Education can start early.

BELOW: Moving Smokey from Moscow to McCall.

education was one of my duties, so when an organization of women professionals asked if Smokey could go on a tour of schools in the San Fernando Valley, I talked one of our firemen into donning the costume. Since Forest Service regulations prohibit the costumed icon to speak (or dress or undress in public), I went along to do the talking and make sure my companion didn't trip over any kids. It was a very hot day and the costume didn't allow much aeration, so it wasn't a whole lot of fun for Smokey but we visited about three thousand wide-eyed youngsters and, who knows, perhaps prevented a fire or two.

As Smokey approaches his eightieth birthday in 2024, he has taken some heat (pun intended). He is sometimes blamed for the forest fuel buildup that makes wildfires so ferocious. In his defense, there are a couple of important things to keep in mind. First is that the largest fire in Idaho's history, the Big Burn of 1910, happened decades before Smokey began to urge fire prevention. Second, Smokey's messages do not disparage all fires in our forests. One of the better changes brought about by Forest Service edict was to adjust his slogan from "Prevent Forest Fires," to "Prevent Wildfires." Slash burning and prescribed fires are forest management tools and, like natural fires in wilderness areas, are quite different from fires caused by careless campers, trash burners, or any actions by the public that are poorly timed and/or on sites where fire is not wanted.

My wife Dawn and I certainly were not worried about Smokey Bear's public image when Dick's phone call came about his business. At that time, Dawn had given up her teaching job and was a home-bound mom expecting our second child. The idea of having extra income from a job we could do from the house was very appealing. We used our meager life savings for the investment and I set up a place in our basement for

storage, packing, and processing orders. A few weeks later, UPS brought us eight boxes of merchandise, a postage scale, and a mailing list with six thousand names we could print on labels and laboriously apply to catalogs.

A dozen years later, Smokey had pretty much taken over our house. The basement, hallways and garage where filled with boxes of inventory and the neighbors were getting a bit edgy about delivery trucks coming and going. We again dipped into our savings and this time put a down payment on a converted gas station in downtown Moscow and rented out part of it to help pay off the mortgage. It had plenty of space, so we added a walk-in portion of the business and then a museum to house Smokey Bear and other fire prevention items. Cabinets and interpretive displays were created by our part-time employees when they were not filling orders. It was a wonderful little museum, and a big flop. Moscow is not a tourist town and visitors were few and far between.

In 2010, we donated the entire collection to the Central Idaho Historical Museum in McCall. We filled a large truck and sadly hauled our collection and exhibit cases to McCall, where we hoped they would be well-cared for and made available to

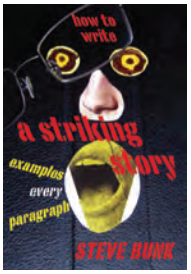
LEFT: Time to hibernate.

a larger number of visitors. Eventually, we sold the Moscow building to one of our tenants, Habitat for Humanity, and now rent a portion of it to continue our business.

Our journey with Smokey has been interesting, rewarding, and sometimes frustrating. By federal law, all products with Smokey's image must be approved by the U. S. Forest Service office in Washington, D.C., and royalties need to be carefully tracked and paid quarterly. Over the years, we've gone through several licensing agencies and numerous Smokey Bear managers, some of them helpful, others not so much. One day, a decision was made in Washington to prohibit the use of Smokey the Bear and sanction only Smokey Bear. After all, it is not "Santa the Claus," we were told. Then there was a period when his image could not be associated with matches, so pins, posters, and other art that showed matches had to be discontinued. In recent years the situation has improved considerably and we feel more like partners in the national wildfire prevention campaign.

Smokey is only a symbol, but to me and nearly three hundred other members of the Smokey Bear Association, he is more than that. The association feels so strongly about his role in preventing wildfires that their stated mission is to preserve his past through collections and historical documents, promote his present, and protect his future. Importantly, the latter includes introducing him to children, monitoring illegal uses of this national symbol, and urging the Forest Service to prosecute violators. To all of us, Smokey evokes pleasant memories and represents a cause worth promoting.

Smokey Bear was inspired by a real animal that for many years was the most popular inhabitant of the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. Today he rests under a large rock memorial at Smokey Bear Historical Park near the place of his birth in Capitan, New Mexico. But his image and message extend from Idaho to all parts of the country and even to places as far away as Europe and Australia. Dawn and I are proud to be helping the famous bear teach children and remind adults that, "Only you can prevent wildfires." ■



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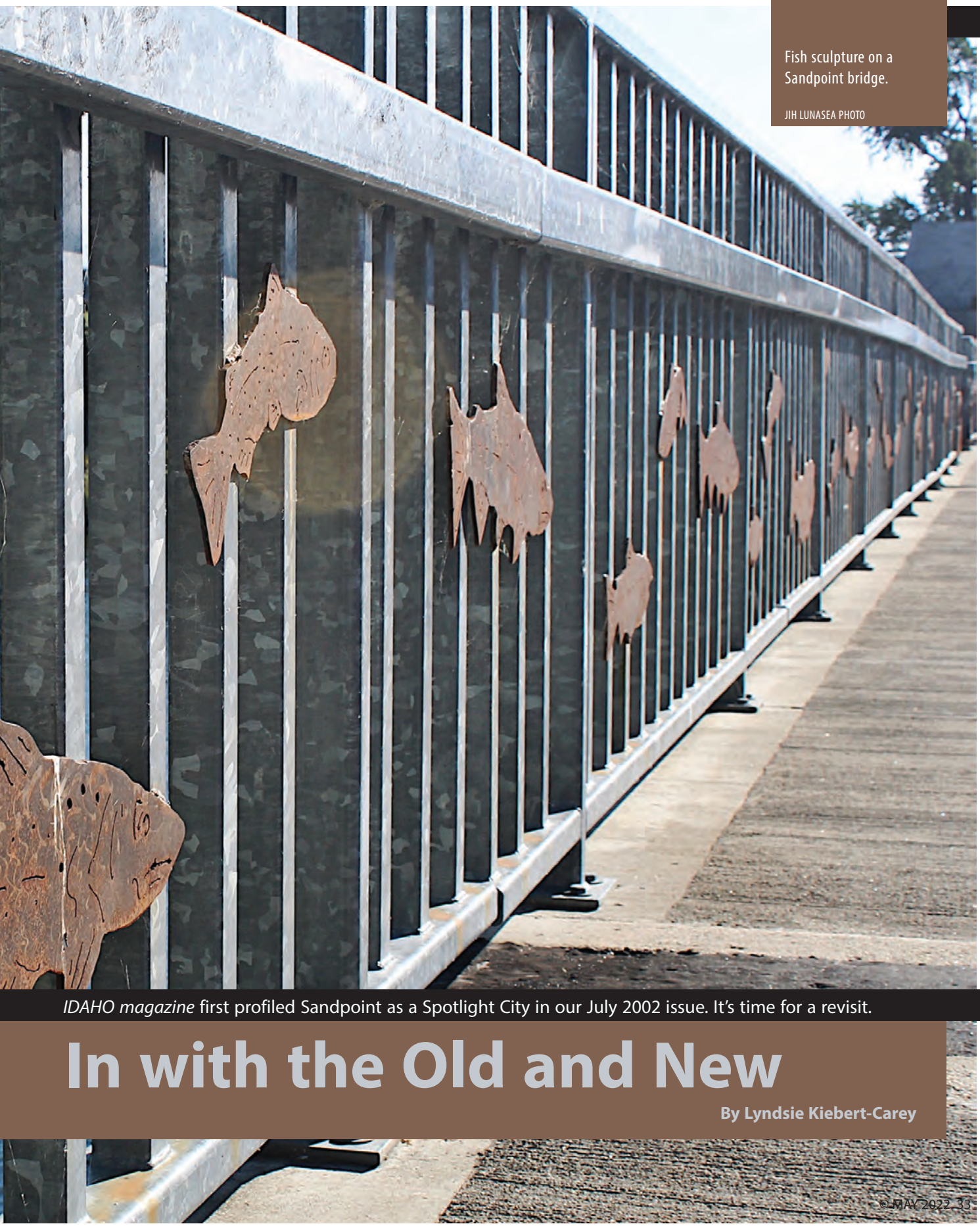
Sandpoint



Fish sculpture on a Sandpoint bridge.

JIH LUNASEA PHOTO

IDAHO magazine first profiled Sandpoint as a Spotlight City in our July 2002 issue. It's time for a revisit.

In with the Old and New

By Lyndsie Kiebert-Carey

On a clear blue day in the summer of 2018, I peered out the windows of a building in downtown Sandpoint and saw the city for the first time—metaphorically, that is. I grew up thirty minutes from Sandpoint in Hope, which is reached by a winding, cliff-lined drive along the northern shore of Lake Pend Oreille. In my childhood, Sandpoint was "town," the land of grocery stores and movie theaters, dentist visits and ballet classes. It was a major city in the mind of a kid from a town with maybe two hundred year-round residents. When I was a child, the population of Sandpoint was around eight thousand.

I went to Hope Elementary and Clark Fork Junior-Senior High School, graduated among a class of only twenty students, and attended the University of Idaho in Moscow. When I came home to Bonner County in 2017, I turned my journalism degree into a career at an alternative weekly covering the arts and culture of the state's panhandle, the *Sandpoint Reader*, where I now serve as news editor.

With me on that day in 2018 was the

newspaper's publisher, Ben Olson. Our office is in the towering Farmin Building, raised in 1909, a stone structure of vaulted ceilings and creaking wooden floors. We stood at one of the room's gigantic windows, looking down on construction in the streets as part of the city's downtown revitalization project, which brought widened sidewalks, extended curbs, and a heightened sense of tourist-friendly pedestrian safety to the shopping district. From our perch, Ben and I could see many of the components that define the county seat: bustling streets peppered with businesses old and new; green mountains, including the beloved (and still partially secret) ski resort on Schweitzer Mountain; and just a slice of Lake Pend Oreille—northern Idaho's beating blue heart.

Having wrapped up my first year as a full-fledged reporter, I'd only begun to memorize the street names of this town, which had not belonged to me for my entire life. Sandpoint was where kids from my part of the county went to school for "more opportunities," it was said—a place of commerce and necessity, not my home. But on that day in 2018, something inside me began to shift. I recognized that Sandpoint had a place for me in it.

It's funny to think about now: a born-and-raised Idaho kid capable of pointing out my office window at Bonner General Hospital and stating, "I was born right there," yet feeling somehow unworthy of Sandpoint. It's especially strange because the past few years have been marked by radical growth in the city, which has become home to people ready and willing to claim it as their refuge and destiny—maybe even their right. Sandpoint now teeters on the precipice of a booming future, as it wrestles with a rising population and an attendant housing crisis of overwhelming proportions, which have occurred at gut-wrenching speed. As such, the city is a case study of the rural gentrification that rages across the American West.

Every day at work, I'm tasked with writing the first draft of the city's most recent history, and I feel the excitement and urgency of it. I have a newfound sense of responsibility toward Sandpoint, yet neither can I escape the angst of being a fifth-generation Idahoan in a time of transfiguring change. Such thoughts swirled in my head in February 2022, when I confessed to *Reader* editor Zach Hagadone that I was concerned about the immense task of writing an adequate story for *IDAHO magazine* on contemporary Sandpoint.

"You couldn't ask for a better place to write that story," he said, and we looked around the Farmin Building. We sat at our desks, facing one another, the wall heater doing its best to combat the wintery draft that came through the structure's single-pane windows. I realized Zach was right. In the constant comparison of Old Sandpoint to New Sandpoint, the Farmin Building firmly occupies the former category, yet is part of the latter as well. It's among fifteen other downtown buildings in the federally recognized Sandpoint Historic District, but it also houses offices and a restaurant.

Zach cast his gaze out the window, past current-day downtown and back into the early days of Sandpoint. "The wood in this room, it was probably milled right there," he said. He meant the Humbird Lumber Mill, which in his mind's eye was likely still on the shore of the lake. "These doors, the trim, everything. Most of this is probably original."

Sandpoint's history is well-documented and well-loved. The exhibits at the Bonner County History Museum reflect that pride, telling us stories of loggers, miners, school teachers, and businessmen who staked their claims on early northern Idaho. The City of Sandpoint's website offers a nod to a part of history nearly forgotten amid the bustle of white settlement during the 18th and 19th Centuries when it notes that Sandpoint occupies ancestral lands of the Kalispel Tribe, who lived in the region of Lake Pend Oreille prior to the westward expansion of the pioneers.

The broad strokes of the region's history would be incomplete without a mention of David Thompson, the British-Canadian explorer who established the Kullyspell House fur trading post on the lake's Hope Peninsula in 1809. The story goes

OPPOSITE: Wall art in artsy Sandpoint.

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that he made a note in his journal about visiting a "point of sand" during his travels. The railroads arrived in the 1880s, and with them, more permanent settlers, including L.D. and Ella Mae Farmin (does the surname sound familiar?), who bought acreage and established the village of Sandpoint, which was declared a city in 1907. For decades it was a timber town, home not only to the booming Humbird Lumber Company but to others in that industry. Over time, the economy evolved into its current configuration, which is still based largely on natural resources that now include its physical beauty and recreational opportunities. As a tourist destination, Sandpoint has been rightly called a vacation paradise, and it's an entirely different place depending on whether you visit in July or January.

It is a town of art, anchored by the Panida Theater, which was built in Spanish Colonial Revival style in 1927 and still stands on First Avenue, and the Festival at Sandpoint, a world-class, two-week music event held on the lake each summer. The city teems with nonprofit ventures that support everything from local education to mental health to conservation.

Long before the Farmins set foot in Sandpoint, way before the town gained its name or before I was capable of existential crises while looking out the windows of the Sandpoint Reader office, the area was transformed into the geographical marvel it is today. The story of the last Ice Age—and the floods that came with it—is "a perplexing scientific puzzle still being solved," according to the Ice Age Floods Institute of Eastern Washington University. Clues appear in the glacial

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OPPOSITE: Classy old buildings still adorn the city center.

LEFT: The historic Panida Theater is a downtown landmark.

JIH LUNASEA

striations on northern Idaho's mountains and in the depth and breadth of Lake Pend Oreille. To make a long old story short: about fifteen thousand years ago, a massive ice dam blocked the Clark Fork River, forming Glacial Lake Missoula. When the dam finally broke, the floodwaters that burst from the mouth of the Clark Fork represented a cataclysmic force of change that carved the Inland Northwest we know today. As the torrent spread across what are now the barren ravines and flatlands of Washington and Oregon and into the Pacific Ocean, it eventually left behind the green ridges and deep lake bowls characteristic of the Idaho Panhandle.

Of course, this landscape is the main driver of today's migration to Sandpoint. As much as we locals would like to think our charm and hospitality draw people, any interpersonal relationships we're able to foster pale in comparison to the relationships people can forge with the pristine scenery and rugged terrain, charms that don't exist just anywhere. It seems that when the coronavirus pandemic arrived in 2020 and suddenly work could be done almost anyplace, that place became Sandpoint. Some people entered early retirement, fatigued by city living and ready for a daily dose of northern Idaho air. U.S. Census data show that Sandpoint's population grew

about seventeen percent between 2010 and 2020, but many people will bet those figures don't reflect the influx of remote workers and retirees who decided to make the city their home in the time since the shutdown.

Sandpoint's abundant natural resources and open spaces, along with this flood of new residents, occupy the center of a heightening debate that as a reporter I'm all too familiar with: responsible development. Efforts to prioritize workforce housing and promote new developments in already dense areas compete with a steady stream of proposals for subdivisions in far-flung reaches of the county. These subdivisions draw vocal pushback from neighbors during hours-long public hearings full of comments about rural character and the importance of Bonner County's agricultural and forestry-driven past—a not-so-distant past that nevertheless feels more distant with

OPPOSITE: The waterfront dominates.

LEFT: Some folks live on the lake.

BELOW: A bridge to a beach.

JIH LUNASEA

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each season and with each pointed finger. Many locals want a villain to blame for the rapid change but the reality is more complex than that. It's also true that many locals are looking for solutions and symbiotic relationships. I aim to be one of them.

On an early spring day, as I leave the Farmin Building to grab lunch from one of my favorite local eateries, children beg their mother to take their photo by the colorful public art, which includes a massive teal caribou visible from the corner of Cedar Street and Second Avenue. Their shrieks in the middle of a weekday remind me that spring break has arrived for much of the broader region, and families are vacationing. The revitalization work on Cedar and First Avenue—where I run most of my errands —is now complete, and no doubt friendlier to these families and others who will enjoy downtown Sandpoint in the months and years to come.

I smell change in the air: the mixed scents of lakebed and cement, both warmed under the spring sun, carry across Sandpoint on a cool breeze that reminds me there is still snow in the mountains that needs to come down. And then

JIH LUNASEA

OPPOSITE: Cedar Street Bridge Public Market.

BELOW: The Kalispel Tribe are the area's original inhabitants.

JIH LUNASEA

will come glorious summer, with its excitements like the famous Long Bridge Swim across Lake Pend Oreille, to be held on Aug. 6 this year. I make my way past the bakery, the massage studio, and the clothing store that's been there since the early days of the town. I pass countless real estate offices that showcase beautiful properties (and exorbitant prices) in their windows. I smile at passersby on my way to lunch, and some unfamiliar faces smile back in a polite, sometimes surprised, way. Other more familiar faces smile back in

a knowing way, seeming to convey, "Hi, I'm also a local, and I see you."

The conflict of Old vs. New Sandpoint is apparent almost anywhere you look. It exists in microcosm in our newspaper office, where Ben, Zach, and I—each of us capable of pointing at the hospital and saying, "I was born right there"—grapples with telling the story of Sandpoint's present while seated within the walls of the city's past, where we face a future hurtling toward us at startling speed.

The emerging story of Sandpoint, at least as witnessed from an outside perspective, is one of a discovered place, a new home, a chance to live the "good life." But some of us know that the real story of Sandpoint is more than a century old, featuring a cast of loggers, hippies, and those who came long before them, all laboring to forge and protect a life between the rocky, windswept lakeshore and the great green expanse of panhandle mountains.

That story continues to this day . ■

Men in a Burrow

Snowed-In with a Vengeance

STORY AND PHOTOS BY CLELL G. BALLARD

RIGHT: The Sawtooths ghost town of Carrietown, 1964.

OPPOSITE ABOVE: A two-foot-long section of stove pipe.

OPPOSITE BELOW LEFT: This frigid temperature is common on winter nights in Camas County.

OPPOSITE BELOW RIGHT: Typical shot of getting the author's vehicle out of his driveway, 1993.

My late father, Claude Ballard, became postmaster in Fairfield, the seat of Camas County, in 1934. In our extremely small community, he knew everyone who received mail at the post office. Even today, you can ask the postmaster to hold your mail for a while when you'll be away for some reason. In the 1930s, such a hold request was made by two individuals who planned on staying all winter in the old mining town of Carrietown, which is approximately twenty miles north as the crow flies, high in the Sawtooth Mountains. That was unusual, because it was well known that winter conditions in the mountains were much more extreme than in Fairfield.

This isn't to say the winters in my part of Idaho are mild, which is due in large part to our geographical setting. Our valley in Camas County, fifteen miles long and about five miles wide, is often referred to as the Little Camas Prairie, to differentiate it from the larger Camas Prairie in northern Idaho. It lies parallel to the Snake River Plain, in the middle of the state, on the northern edge and just south of what now is the Sawtooth National Forest. The valley is flanked by mountains on the north and south, and its floor has an elevation of five thousand feet. One thing that makes our valley unique is it runs east-west, while all other land forms that extend from the Snake River Plain run north-south.

Most of southern Idaho is on the Snake River Plain. That great expanse is the location of the agricultural heart of the state. The elevation varies from place to place, but mostly it's around three thousand feet. The weather is generally favorable for farming and an amazing number of irrigation projects have helped much of what is otherwise semi-desert to bloom. Most of Idaho's population can be found there.

Before Congress made a large mountainous swath of the state off-limits to settlement through the creation of the Idaho Primitive Area, isolated pockets of population were found north of the plains area. Mining, lumbering, small farms, and communities were scattered throughout this region, where the weather could be quite oppressive. Many of those communities are now ghost towns, including Carrietown, and today, it's the Camas Valley that has among the most extreme weather conditions of any populated place in the state. Winters always bring a lot of snow, usually about three feet deep on the flat, which remains from late November through late March. Winter temperatures are extremely low and summers are short. Some years, we have freezing temperatures every month. Because of these conditions,


20
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100
-40
120
-60
140

RIGHT: Aaron Fox uses a snowblower on the roof in Fairfield.

BELOW LEFT: Clearing a roof the old-fashioned way.

BELOW CENTER: The author's snowed-in house in the 2000s.

BELOW OPPOSITE: Clell uncovers his woodpile.

our population understandably is sparse. All this helps to explain why my father couldn't believe his eyes when the two people who had gone to Carrietown came back to Fairfield in the middle of the winter.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

Incredibly, their explanation was that they had snowshoed all the way, which had taken several days. The distance covered was considerably greater than as the crow flies, because they had to climb several mountains in the process. Carrietown is at the bottom of a valley surrounded by mountains. It was almost unbelievable that such a trip could have been made.

"Why did you do it?"

The pair explained to my father that they hadn't had a choice. As winter progressed and the snow got deeper, they added additional stovepipe sections to the stove in their cabin to keep the outlet high enough so it could draw. They had a supply of ten stovepipe sections at the beginning of the winter, each of which was two feet long. But the snow had gotten twenty feet deep, which meant they either had to go get more stovepipe pieces or chance another big snow storm that would snuff out their stove and probably suffocate them. They explained all this matter-of-factly. They got their mail, stocked up on supplies, and bought several stovepipe sections. The metal was thin, lightweight, and packaged flat for easy portability. Later it could be reformed to make pipes six inches in diameter. They began their trip back by snowshoes and didn't return to the post office again until late spring.

My father, born on an isolated cattle ranch in 1906, experienced events in his life that we of a later generation find hard to believe. His father died in the winter when he was nine and his widowed mother and four younger siblings had to survive and care for the cattle with no one to help them. My dad was of a hardier generation than we are but he was amazed that these two guys from Carrietown were able to do what they did.

I admire such men, whose stories should be preserved. Those of us who live in the harsh climate of Camas County experience weather situations that we take in stride as simply part of our lives. Other Idahoans may marvel at them but back in the 1930s, individuals faced much more difficult problems and nevertheless developed the ability to handle them. I don't know what it was like to live in a small cabin in Carrietown under twenty feet or more of snow. I wonder if it would be like a rabbit living in a burrow. Dark, I suppose, and who knows, maybe cozy. ■

A Prairie Homecoming

To Harvest the Camas

BY GARY OBERBILLIG

OPPOSITE LEFT: Sunrise over Camas Prairie.

OPPOSITE RIGHT: A Camas lily.

OPPOSITE BELOW LEFT: The courthouse in Fairfield.

OPPOSITE INSET: Chief Tendoy's Lemhi Shoshone people traveled in spring to the prairie for the camas.

OPPOSITE BELOW RIGHT: Centennial Marsh at sunrise.

Fairfield people have considerable respect in their voices when they say, "That's one of the original families around here." The pioneer families of Camas Prairie have more than 125 years of farming and ranching tenure on the land, yet others have been here far longer than that.

It's a story familiar all around the West. I once attended a public hearing on a controversial land use project during which each person who rose to speak emphasized how early their own family had arrived in the area. "During the nineteen-twenties," said one. "At the turn of the century," said another. "Our family arrived when the state was still just a territory," a third person claimed. Clearly, these folks felt that to underscore their family history would give further weight and dignity to their testimony. One of the last people to approach the microphone said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm a fisheries biologist who works for Native-American tribes around here, and I'm not even going to attempt to tell you how long they've been here." With that, the tense room dissolved into laughter.

The word "camas" or "quamash" comes from the Nez Perce words *qém'es*, for the delicate blue-flowered lilies that once covered the wetter valley floors throughout the Intermountain West. The flowers, however beautiful, are merely the visible indicators of succulent bulbs that grow underground. For the Shoshone and Bannock people and other tribes in the region, camas was an eagerly anticipated summer treat after the deprivations of winter. The people let nature do the planting, but they tended it. As soon as the camas flowered, they would search the meadows carefully to pull out any plants with white flowers, because those plants are poisonous.

When the tribes looked at the Camas Prairie around present day Fairfield, I imagine they visualized the camas lilies growing in profusion into the future but when the new settlers looked at the land, they saw the promise of wheatfields and financial prosperity. As their plows broke the soil and churned out the camas bulbs, the farmers' pigs followed behind to eat this new treat. Herds of pigs being driven through to the high country gold camps also rooted as they passed over the prairie, leaving little behind.

The Shoshone-Bannock Tribes and others saw the end coming to their camas harvests but they were caught in the trap of a treaty that failed to ratify their rights to a summer reservation on the prairie. Either by mistake or design, the wording in the treaty misidentified the region, calling it the "Kansas Prairie." Tragically, but not surprisingly, the tribes went to war in 1878 to try to protect their resource.

"Very sporadic camas digging continued over the years after the Shoshone-Bannock War ended," I was told by lifelong Camas Prairie resident Hugh Koonce. "A few families from the Fort Hall Reservation continued to make the long trek to dig bulbs after the camas flowered each spring, but not many."

Some years ago, the town of Fairfield and other residents in the prairie region decided to get together with representatives of the Shoshone-Bannock Tribes to celebrate the blooming of the camas. They founded what then was called the Homecoming Festival, because it was intended to celebrate the yearly return of the Shoshone-Bannock people to this place of the ancestors, where visitors and townspeople could celebrate with them. This attempt to put things right was reminiscent of what Fairfield people had done during World War II, when they rallied around


KNOWLES GALLERY


KNOWLES GALLERY

resident Jimmy Yamamoto and his family to protect them from internment (see, "You're Not Taking Him," *IDAHO magazine*, June 2012).

Tribal members now return each June to dig camas bulbs at Centennial Marsh, southwest of town. A tribal group from the Fort Hall Reservation arrives several days in advance of the celebration to hold ceremonies at the marsh. The camas in the marsh grows right in the water, the lily stems reaching as long as three or four feet, much taller than those growing in drier meadows, although the actual bulbs are similar in size, about as big as a thumb.

The camas is definitely not fast food. When it is prepared in the traditional tribal fashion, the bulbs are baked in an earthern pit in the city park for three days before they are ready. Once the bulbs are unearthed, the digging crew shares them with townspeople and visitors who wish to sample this ancient food. I couldn't resist trying it, despite a slight allergy to lilies. After I peeled back the charred outer layer, the taste was a revelation. A little starchy, the bulbs taste to me like something between a pear and an onion, lightly

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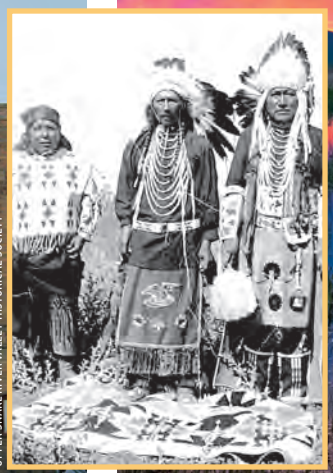

UPPER SNAKE RIVER VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY


KNOWLES GALLERY

BELOW LEFT: A house on the prairie.

INSET: An old farmhouse in the valley near Fairfield.

BELOW RIGHT: A pond near the marsh.

baked. But my lily allergy kicked in, for the two bulbs that I sampled apparently acted as a sleeping pill. I had to go back to the motel to sleep it off.

Almost a decade ago, when I attended the town's Homecoming Festival, a feeling of mutual respect and good humor was evident between the tribal elders and Fairfield town elder Wes Fields, who was in his eighties at that time. The hair on Wes's head had forsaken him some time back, leaving his shiny dome to resemble the camas bulbs that he celebrated each spring. He therefore sported an open-topped baseball cap with a wild shock of brilliantly colored synthetic hair. The tribal elders affectionately dubbed him "Curly," which stuck. At a Camas Chamber of Commerce meeting, Les made a tongue-in-cheek proposal that Fairfield's name should be changed to Hell. "Just think of it," he quipped, "you could say, 'I went to Hell and it wasn't near as bad as I thought it would be.'"

In addition to his role as principal jester and master of ceremonies for the Homecoming Festival, Les conferred with tribal representatives long before the annual celebration approached, and when it arrived, he provided the all-important firewood for the three-day baking of the camas bulbs. Les passed away in 2019. Those who knew him affirmed that he very much enjoyed his collaboration with friends in the Shoshone-Bannock Tribes. Some people credit him as founder of the Homecoming Festival, and he was certainly considered the foremost spokesman for it at the time, but the chamber of commerce had worked on it for a long while. The chamber was involved in combining it with an earlier festival, Camas Lily Days, which is the current name for the festival, held the first weekend in June.

Locals say the sky-blue fields of blooming camas often look like a distant lake. The shallow Cenntenial Marsh is alive with yellow-headed blackbirds that nest among the taller blooming camas stems, from where they raucously scold the world. The marsh has become a favorite spot for photogaphers to see all sorts of waterfowl, as well as to have encounters with less common critters. At dawn near the marsh, I spotted a far-off pronghorn doe and her fawn as they bounded across the prairie to find a less popular spot, free from nosy photographers and other early morning camas enthusiasts. The fastest of our North American land animals, their departure at more than sixty miles per hour was breathtaking.

Camas Lily Days will be held this year on the weekend of June 4-5. Several hundred people come each year for the family activities, which include a breakfast and a trout fishing derby at the "Kid Pond" near town. There are arts and crafts, food vendors, live music, and Shoshone-Bannock tribal members will perform traditional dances, subject to approval by elders because of COVID. For more information, contact the Camas Chamber of Commerce, camascochamber@gmail.com or 208-731-8628. ■

KNOWLES GALLERY

KNOWLES GALLERY

The Lake in the Photo

A Mystery Solved by Chance

STORY AND PHOTOS BY MIKE COTHERN

ABOVE: Vista along an alpine trail in the White Cloud Mountains.

"Just one more lake," I thought while dropping my backpack to the ground. The storm clouds that had been forecasted to bring precipitation in the form of rain and then snow looked like they might not let loose for a few more hours. My October trip was also the last chance of the season to push deep into the mountains—and it unfortunately held the distinction of being the first such hike. I felt compelled to make the most out of what time remained. Walking into any central Idaho mountain range is cause for celebration, and this basin perched high in the White Clouds had given me plenty of opportunity for that. How could I stand along the edge of an alpine lake beneath a crest of limestone peaks and not feel elevated? And in the last twenty-four hours that scene had unfolded not just once but six times.

Mountain outings often contain an extra reward when the setting enables me to relive a past trip shared with family. These lakes at the source of Big Boulder Creek were only a handful of miles away from another set I had visited with family in the 1970s and then partly retraced on a solo trip thirty years later (see "Surrounded in the Clouds," September 2012). But the motive for this trip, other than the pleasure of connecting with a wild landscape, came from a different place. I needed to escape. My eighty-nine-year-old mother had died a year earlier, and since that time my wife, a sister, and I had been immersed in the process of settling her estate. At best, the endeavor had been slow and tedious. Throw a family farm and a disruptive sibling into the mix, and the unfinished project had become something to flee from. So I did.

This time I chose not to return to a place shared with family but one explored solo a dozen years earlier. Even though incoming weather had reduced my time to portions of two days at elevations around nine thousand feet, I had counted on leaving my troubles down in the flatlands of the Magic Valley, or at least at the Livingston Mill trailhead.

I was wrong. The anxiety and frustration encountered down below seemed to cling to me. My pace quickened, which enabled me to cover more miles and see more lakes, but I could not shake free of my companions. My mind replayed the obstacles encountered since Mom's passing and conjured up more scenarios that might play out in the future. The only

reprieve came when I reached a lake, unfurled a fishing line from reel and rod, and sent an artificial fly airborne. The methodical swish of the fly line as it passed next to my right ear as I searched the water for rising fish became meditative. After the fly settled onto the water's surface, nothing else mattered as my focus narrowed to keep track of its location. On occasion, my predatory instinct was satisfied when a trout grabbed the fly, sparred with me for a few minutes, and was returned to the chilly water.

I hiked and fished with an intensity I'd rarely felt. When it was time to leave my mountain hideout, I gathered my gear and headed back down the trail to retrace the previous day's eight miles. Within an hour, however, I came to a junction that I'd given little attention during the ascent. Island Lake lay somewhere above me but in a different direction from where I had just come. Was there enough time to see and fish a final lake?

The question didn't prompt much debate, and I began to ascend. The desire to travel fast returned as I felt the excitement of being on a new trail. After a mile, I again found myself at the fringe of a cirque filled with sparkling liquid. I made a quick survey as to which side contained the fewest obstacles for casting and began to cross a cluster of logs and boulders at the outlet—and then suddenly stopped.

I had taken in this view before, and it hadn't been in person. But I knew why the scene was familiar.

After a series of a half-dozen hospital stays a couple of years ago, my mother was then fortunate to have a year-long run without making an overnight trip there. As she recovered from her difficult stretch and gained strength, she became increasingly motivated to sort through her stuff. And as a woman with a multitude of

interests, Mom had a lot of stuff.

Her love of history had inspired her to collect many antique objects, including furniture, books, inkwells, and much more. My mother was also an accomplished writer and photographer and the products of those endeavors, especially the photos, were scattered around the house she had lived in for more than sixty years. During that final year, she and I became interested in a black-and-white image of a high mountain lake. The scene contained a rugged peak in the background offset slightly to the right and a large cliff that rose vertically on the far side of the lake.

I'm not sure if the eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch photo was ever framed but its matted version had been on the fireplace mantle for the last several years. And as Mom went through her photos and other equipment, she found several smaller prints of the same picture that she had created in her basement darkroom. The place and photo had obviously moved her, but she and I were perplexed. Where had it been taken?

There was no note concerning its identity or location, but our best guess put the photo's creation back to the 1970s. I spent time looking at topographic maps that might have provided a clue given the unique cliff and a small impoundment that lay in front of the main lake. There was also a peninsula or maybe a small island partially visible to the left. But I came up with nothing. Too many possibilities existed. It seemed possible that she and my father and some of the rest of us had visited too many Idaho mountain lakes to keep them all straight.

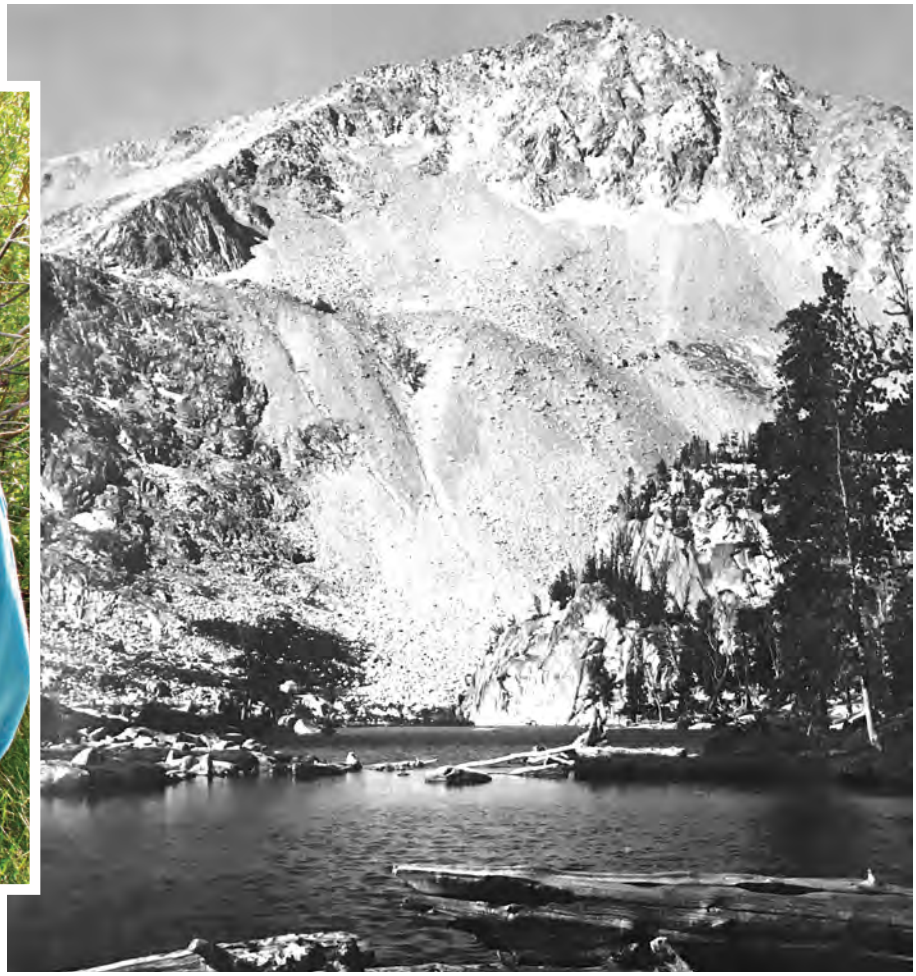
The photo stayed on the mantle. Mom and I would look at it on occasion, shrug our shoulders, and one of us would usually say, "I sure would like to know

OPPOSITE: One of many lakes in the White Clouds.

BELOW LEFT: The author and his mother on an Idaho outing.

BELOW RIGHT: The photo of Island Lake taken by Mike's mother, circa 1975.

LEAH COTHERN



where that lake is." It became our thing.

After she slipped from our grasp, the photo remained in place until the time came to clean out her house. When my sister showed me several stacks of photographs she had compiled, I ran across the unidentified image, took it home, and placed it in a heap of her belongings that had found refuge in my overflowing office. And there it stayed. I lost track of the photo amid the cleanup of her house and the farm and the family discord, but the scene itself was imprinted on my subconscious. That became obvious when I stumbled upon the actual lake and immediately recognized it.

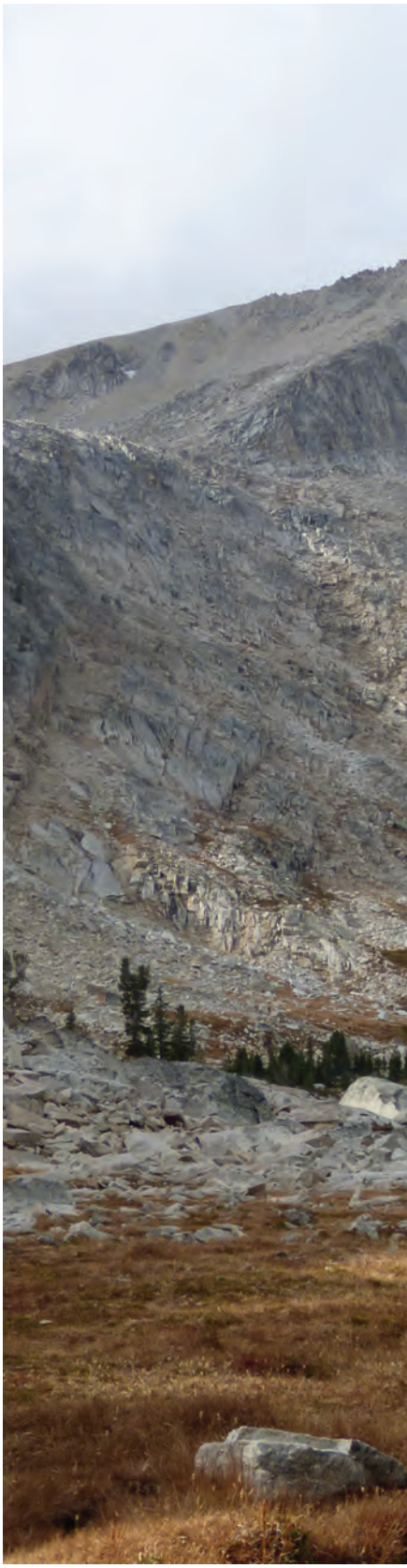
For the first time during my trip, I fell into a state of calm. Nothing reminded me of home or anything else that I was trying to run away from. I didn't need to hike or fish or distract myself in any manner. I had found the time and space to focus and reflect on the lake and my mother.

Eventually, I retrieved my camera from the daypack and simply tried to channel Mom. What had she thought or felt, lost in her own moment here? How many different perspectives caught her attention as she jockeyed for the best vantage point? Was she satisfied in capturing something worth keeping and sharing? Could I take a photo that might prove similar to hers, either in quality or perhaps from the same angle?

After making several attempts to compose something in her honor, I edged around the south side of lake to get a better look and to search for fish, since I already had put together my fly rod and reel. As I commenced casting, it struck me how close I was to another scene, this one just a few miles away, which offered a strong connection to my other parent. Unlike here, that trip hadn't unfolded with me accidentally finding my father's ghost—I had sought him out. Crater Lake, mentioned in one of his last letters sent to me while in college, held the claim as the final high-mountain gem he visited in 1980 before his death the next summer.

I packed into the lake a few years ago in recognition of that trip, but also as another step in a long journey to process the simultaneous loss of him and my brother in an airplane crash. In doing that, the setting became the place I was able to say goodbye, after nearly four decades, to the idolized version of my father. Looking back at that experience, along with the one at my mother's lake, filled me with gratitude for the magic possessed by this White Clouds country.

When storm clouds began to gather and dimple Island Lake's surface with rain drops, I decided it was time to depart. Before putting my camera away, I took a few more shots of the combination of water and rock and sky that had given me such a pleasant surprise. As I said goodbye to Mom for the time being, I looked forward to going home and comparing images of the past and present. Within me already was the urge to return someday with a smaller copy of her photo and hold it up against the actual scene. That way I might be able to determine exactly where she once stood as her finger tripped the camera's shutter. ■



OPPOSITE: The author's photo of Island Lake, 2021.

A Good Letter is Hard to Find

But Solicitations Aren't

BY MARYLYN CORK

I sit here and watch it rain. After a whole summer last year without any rain I vowed I would never complain about it again and I'm keeping that promise. So far this March, I have been able to spend three afternoons out of doors raking parts of my lawn—in blessed sunshine. There's still plenty of snow in view. The nights are so chilly, it's slow to go. But little is left on my south-facing slopes or the fields below. That's what's nice about my place in the spring.

If it's not the rain, what's the beef? It's the little things that bug me. Like the mail delivery. Mail has been trying my patience all winter, because it's been so unreliable. I'm kind of attached to my mail, although I'm not bothered by its occasional unreliability as much as I am by the petitions it delivers. They upset my blood pressure.

Solicitations for money make up most of my mail. People don't write letters anymore. I'm complaining, yes, but a friendly letter is rare. Online social chit-chat just doesn't do it for me—it's either frivolous or suspect. Telephones aren't to be trusted either. I don't have a cell phone. I have never liked spending time on the phone and especially not now, when the conversations are hearing-assisted. The captions are either slow to come up or whoever's putting them up for me to read cannot understand what's being said—and even if they can, I can't. It could be that part of the trouble is a phone line so old it most likely needs to be replaced. But my place is near the end of the road and all my neighbors have cell phones—not much incentive there for the phone company to lay a new line.

So the mail is important to me, and sometimes something comes that piques my interest. I say "sometimes" because what the mailman brings is seldom anything I want, just dozens of solicitations from charities asking for money. These letters come in batches, hardly ever just one or two. And sometimes "demanding" is a more appropriate description of their tone than "asking." Today there were five. I can't donate to all of them. The best I can do is to send a few dollars to those organizations that particularly appeal to me. Yes, I'd like to help all that are reputable, but I can't. I think being generous is why I rate so many pleas in the first place.

It started out small. A few requests came from causes I really had an interest in. Those organizations sold my name and address to other charities, an action that has always seemed to me to me a bit counterproductive. From there, it snowballed and there appears to be no end to it. During a given month, I may get two or three letters a day from the same organizations.

Don't let anybody tell you that you can write "Refused" on them and mail them back free. It doesn't work that way. You have to buy postage. If you write them a request to take you off the mailing list, that's fruitless, too.

When I asked about all this at the post office, the clerk said, "The only thing you can do is to toss them in the wastebasket. You aren't alone."

Fortunately, I have a daughter-in-law who works at an elementary school. I give the free address labels and stickers that are sometimes enclosed to her. I could never use them all up if I were to live forever. She says the teachers clip the artwork to acknowledge their students' diligence.

"The kids love them on their papers," she told me.

We all know that many charities do good things and need financial help. I just resent the way they hound people and never let up. At the very least, there should be a way to get off a mailing list you don't want to be on. ■

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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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TORTILLA BACON CHEESE-FILLED CONES

INGREDIENTS

Sugar cones
Tortillas, flour
Multiple slices of bacon
1 1/2 c. cream cheese
1 c. cheddar cheese
1/2 c. jalapeños
1 Tbsp. garlic powder
1/2 tsp. onion powder

PREPARATION

> Roll tortilla around the sugar cone, and then lay out several strips of bacon flat, enough to cover the tortilla, to roll and wrap around the tortilla cone.

> Bake all cones on a baking sheet for twenty minutes at 350 degrees.

PREPARATION OF FILLING

> Combine softened cream cheese, cheddar cheese, jalapeños, garlic powder, and onion powders. Scoop into cones placed in tall skinny glasses to hold them upright, until they're full.

> Place filled cones in glasses on baking sheet in oven for five minutes at 350 degrees.

> When bubbling and delicious, dip your chips, chicken strips, pretzels, celery, or carrot sticks into the mixture, and then devour the cones, too.

Recipe adapted from @alimppp on Tik Tok

TWO-INGREDIENT DONUTS

INGREDIENTS

2 c. self-rising flour
1 c. yogurt
Cooking oil

PREPARATION

> Combine well—the dough will be sticky. Put into a piping bag with a round tip, or cut a hole into the corner of a plastic baggie.

> Heat oil in pan to 330-330 degrees, drop small rounds of dough into pan. Dough will float when cooking. Brown all sides, and then remove with slotted spoon onto paper towels.

> As soon as possible, roll the donuts into powdered sugar, sugar and cinnamon, or plain sugar.

Enjoy!

This recipe is a variation of one from "emmymade" on YouTube.

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.

HANDMADEPICTURES

MAY 2022

YURIY YOSIPIV--UNSPLASH.

5

CINCO DE MAYO CELEBRATION, Caldwell

Cinco de Mayo commemorates the anniversary of Mexico's victory over the French Empire at the Battle of Puebla in 1862. Grab your friends and join us for some fiesta fun at Caldwell's commemorization of that historic event. Expect one of those fast-paced events that will have your sombrero flying off in a frenzy. There will be spicy food, energetic dancing, a burro, and bands. There will also be a taco taste-off competition so be sure to bring your taste buds. It takes place from 5 PM to 10 PM at the Indian Creek Plaza in downtown Caldwell.

Information: www.destinationcaldwell.com/events/

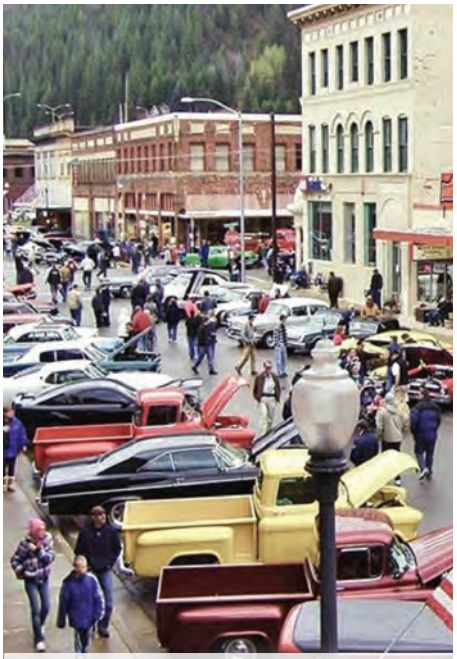
JAY MILLER--UNSPLASH

7

EXPERIENCE IDAHO EXPO, Garden City

Idaho is a place like no other on Earth, and this event highlights businesses right here in our home state. Guests explore the incredible local companies, people and products that make this a great place to call home. Experience Idaho Expo features ideas for recreation, entertainment, outdoor activities and home projects. Native Idahoans and Idaho Enthusiasts can shop local goods including Idaho apparel, arts and crafts, food and everything in between. It's a FREE full-day event which gives Idaho's companies to show their stuff. The show takes place from 10 AM - 4 PM at Idaho Expo in Garden City.

Information: https://www.iblevents.com/experience-idaho



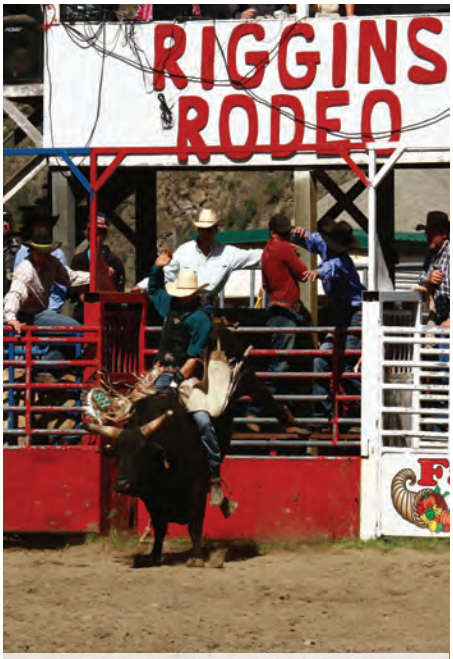
COURTESY WALLACE C OF C

7

DEPOT DAY, Wallace

This annual event, which takes place the day before Mothers Day, celebrates the anniversary of the Depot's 1986 move with the Depot Day Classic Car Show. The streets of Wallace are closed and filled with classic cars, and there will be live music, kids activities and more. Unique food booths and eclectic vendors will fill the Depot Lawn, too. It's a great time for all ages! The Depot Day Car Show is a major fundraiser for the Northern Pacific Depot Foundation, too. It all takes place in the ambiance of Wallace's National Register of Historic Places downtown commercial district. We hope you can come join the fun, look at the cars, and listen to some great music Time: 9 AM – 5 PM. Location: Northern Pacific Railroad Depot Museum in downtown Wallace.

Information: npdepot@gmail.com; or 208 752-0111



SALMON RIVER PHOTOS.COM

7-8

RIGGINS RODEO, Riggins

This rodeo is one of the earliest in Idaho, and whether or not you've been to a rodeo before, community rodeos like this are the real deal, with real cowboys doing what they do best, whether it be bronc riding, calf-roping, or bull riding. There is a $600 purse in 8 main events, with stock provided by King Cattle Co., Homedale; Boggan Ranches Calves, Riggins; and Rodeo Fever-Steers, Caldwell. The rodeo starts at 1:30 PM both days, and on Sunday, there will be a Cowboy Breakfast from 6 AM to 10 AM, at the Riggins Community Center, followed at 11 AM by the traditional parade down Main Street, and a Stick Horse Race at 12:30 PM, to the delight of all ages. Tickets: Adults: $10.00, 7-12: $5.00, 6 & under: Free.

Information: www.rigginsrodeo.com

THOMAS HOFF

20-21

IDAHO AVIATION EXPO, Idaho Falls

The Expo will take place in the 30,000 square foot Aero Mark XL hangar at the Idaho Falls airport. There exhibitor booths, wares, and aircraft can be under one roof, and at an airport where they belong, and where pilots can fly in. The Expo is open to the public, with admission $10/per day, or free for Idaho Aviation Association members. Students are free as well. The Expo is primarily an aviation trade show and educational event for aviators. There are no performers and it does not have a lot to offer for non-aviators. We do encourage participation from young adults though, as it's a great opportunity to learn about aviation careers and talk to those who work in all facets of aviation.

Information: thomas@aeromark.com; or 208-524-1202

MAE MU--UNSPLASH

27

FISHERMAN'S BREAKFAST, St. Anthony

After a hiatus of two years, the Fisherman's Breakfast is back! The annual event has traditionally been set for the Friday before Memorial Day weekend, and, in most of Idaho, the Saturday of that weekend is opening day of fishing season. This well-known annual event (it's been going on for 65 years!) is the kickoff to Idaho's general fishing season. The traditional breakfast, served by volunteers, includes sausage, eggs, pancakes and hashbrowns. Drinks such as juice and coffee will be provided during the event. Vendors will also set up informational booths throughout the park. This year, the C of C plans to provide family entertainment during the breakfast, such as the High School jazz band. The breakfast will be held from 6 AM. to 1 PM in St. Anthony's Keefer Park.

Information: www.stanthonychamber.com/membership/events/fishermans-breakfast

MAY 2022

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

North Idaho

3, 10, 17 Storytime: Seasonal stories, a letter of the day, songs, flannel boards, and lots of interactive activities specially designed to help preschoolers prepare for kindergarten. Geared to ages 3-5. 11:15 AM, **Post Falls**

4/30-5/1 Moscow Renaissance Fair: East City Park, 900 E 3rd St, **Moscow**

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

5-26 Storytime: THURSDAYS. 10:30 AM – 11 AM, Community Library Network, **Rathdrum**

6-7 "A Storybook Adventure", Live on Stage: 5 PM on Friday, 8 PM on Saturday. Kroc Center, **Coeur d'Alene**

7 Community-Wide Yard Sale: **Kamiah**

7 The Art of Wisescaping: This event includes a wide variety of opportunities to learn more about native planting, xeriscaping, and water saving techniques. Includes a tour of the U of I Arboretum's xeriscape garden. Noon - 3 PM, University of Idaho Arboretum, **Moscow**

7 Depot Day: Celebrate the anniversary of the Depot's 1986 move with the Depot Day Classic Car Show. Classic cars, unique food booths and eclectic vendors, plus live music, kids activities and more. 9 AM – 5 PM, Northern Pacific Railroad Depot Museum, **Wallace**

7 Elk City Wagon Road Museum "Dessert at the Museum": **Clearwater**

7 Lolo Trail Muzzleloader Club Spring Fling: 10 AM – 3 PM, **Orofino**

7-8 Riggins Annual Rodeo: The rodeo starts at 1:30 PM both days, and on Sunday, there will be a Cowboy Breakfast from 6 AM to 10 AM at the Riggins Community Center, followed at 11AM by the traditional parade down Main Street, and a Stick Horse Race at 12:30 PM, to the delight of all ages. **Riggins**

7-28 Long Camp Farmers Market: SATURDAYS. **Kamiah**

7-28 Sandpoint Farmers Market: SATURDAYS and WEDNESDAYS.. Shop for fresh produce and artisan goods. Saturday, 9 AM - 1 PM ; Wednesday, 3 PM - 5:30 PM Farmin Park, downtown **Sandpoint**

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

14 American Legion "Save The Hall" Benefit Auction; **Kamiah**

28 Opening Day: General fishing season, **Statewide**

28-29 Priest Lake Spring Festival: Parade floats, autos, contraptions, and good humor out for all to enjoy. Local artisans display their arts & crafts, and runners enjoy the competition and fun of Sunday's "Priest Lake Race". **Coolin**

Southwest Idaho

1-22 Contemporary Cuban Art Exhibit: History, Identity, and Materiality. Boise Art Museum, **Boise**

1-31 Live bird presentations: Every day but Monday. Four 20-minute bird presentations are conducted daily at 10:30 AM, Noon, 2 PM, and 3:30 PM. Please arrive at least 15 minutes before the presentation. Species you may encounter include: American Kestrel, Aplomado Falcon, Harris's Hawk, Peregrine Falcon, Swainson's Hawk, Verreaux's Eagle-owl, or Western Screech-owl. World Center for Birds of Prey, **Boise**

3 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: FREE to any and all veterans! The general public is welcome, but admission rates do apply. 10 AM - Noon, Warhawk Air Museum, **Nampa**

3 Bilingual Storytime: 10:30 AM – 11AM, Public Library, **Mountain Home**

3 Art Endeavor: All ages are invited to get inspired and make their own art creation. 4 PM - 5:30 PM, Public Library, **Nampa**

4/30-5/1 Idaho Renaissance Faire: Kuna Greenbelt, **Kuna**

5 First Thursday: 5 PM - 9 PM, Downtown **Boise**

5 Cinco de Mayo: Spicy food, energetic dancing, a burro, and bands - expect one of those fast-paced events that will have your sombrero flying off in a frenzy. Food, entertainment, and a taco taste-off competition. 5 PM - 10 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, **Caldwell**

FREE CALENDAR LISTINGS

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

DEADLINE: The fifteenth of each month.
LEAD TIME: Two issues.
NEXT DEADLINE: May 15 for the July issue.
SEND DETAILS TO: calendar@idahomagazine.com

7 Museum Work Day: 8 AM. Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Archaeology Month, Program TBD. The O.J. Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**

7 Experience Idaho Expo: Native Idahoans and Idaho Enthusiasts can shop local goods including Idaho apparel, arts and crafts, food and everything in between. Free. 10 AM - 4 PM, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

7 Community Days at BUGS: Welcome spring at the Boise Urban Garden School. The FREE event will bring you resources for the whole family, get you prepped for planting, and excited to embrace the growing season. This is a drop-in activity. Registration is not required. 11 AM -1 PM, 2995 N Five Mile Rd. **Boise**

7 Farmers Market: 9 AM – 1 PM, Lloyd Square - 13th &, Front St., **Nampa**

7 Girls Day Out Expo: Grab your mom, daughters, friends and coworkers, and join us. You'll enjoy a unique, intimate and festive shopping experience where you can sip, browse and shop for hours. Unwind and treat yourself at this FREE event. 10 AM - 5 PM, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

7 The Plaza - A Shopping Experience: 9 AM - 3 PM, **Emmett**

7-8 Autocross: SRRSCCA Events 5 and 6. Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

10 Music History with Eric Collett: 4 PM - 5 PM, Salmon Creek Gracious Retirement Living, **Boise**

12 The Squad: A group function for adults with disabilities. Join us for music, crafts, games and more. This program is held in the Multipurpose Room A from 1:30 PM - 2:30 PM. Public Library, **Nampa**

12-14 Rusty Barn Quilt, Craft and Sewing Festival: Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

12-14 Apple Blossom Festival: Free concerts in Central Park and a variety of family friendly activities, including one of the largest carnivals in the area, a parade on Saturday and fireworks Saturday at dusk. Payette Apple Blossom Festival, 1500 6th Ave S, **Payette**

14 Mustard Seed Spring Market & Vintage Car Show: 9 AM – 4 PM, 223 13th Ave S, **Nampa**

14 Boise Philharmonic Youth Orchestra: Spring Concert, 2 PM, Morrison Center, **Boise**

14 Famous Idaho Potato Marathon & Fun Run: 6 AM, 250 E Parkcenter Blvd, **Boise**

14-16 Class X Motocross: Skyline MX Park and Event Center, **Kuna**

15 Courageous Kids Climbing: A group of rock climbers volunteer to teach children with special needs (developmental and physical) how to rock climb in area gyms. There is no charge. Everything is FREE! 1 AM to Noon. Wings Center, **Boise**

17-31 Farm to Fork Farmer's Market: TUESDAYS. 5 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, **Caldwell**

20-6/11 Idaho Shakespeare Festival: Idaho Shakespeare Festival, 5657 E Warm Springs Ave, **Boise**

21 Idaho's Largest Garage Sale: 7 AM – 5 PM, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

21 Courageous Kids Climbing: A group of rock climbers volunteer to teach children with special needs (developmental and physical) how to rock climb in area gyms. There is no charge. Everything is FREE! 1 AM to Noon. Camp Pinewood, **McCall**

22 BOP Car Show: 6 AM – 2 PM, City Park, **Emmett**

22 Parent/Child Explore Nature: Ages 2-4. Join your child for an exploration in nature! We will go on a short hike and participate in a craft, game, or other activity at our outdoor facility. Children should dress for the weather and be accompanied by an adult. $7 fee includes child and parent/guardian. Register at 208-493-2530. Location: Foothills Learning Center 3188 Sunset Peak Rd, **Boise**

27-31 "Sue"; The T-Rex Experience: SUE the T. rex is the most complete, best-preserved Tyrannosaurus rex ever discovered. The Discovery Center of Idaho has partnered with the Micron Foundation to host this special exhibition. 10 AM - 4:30 PM. Discovery Center of Idaho, **Boise**

28 Opening Day: General fishing season, **Statewide**

28-29 Syringa Goat Show: Livestock Barn & Sheep Ring, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

30 HSB Veterans Memorial Dedication Ceremony: 11 AM, **Horseshoe Bend**

Southern Idaho

1 CSI Jazz Ensemble & Symphonic Band Spring Concert: Both the jazz ensemble and the symphonic band will be joined by the virtuoso Ryan Neilsen on Trumpet. 7:30 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, **Twin Falls**

4 The CSI Madrigal Ensemble presents MAD ABOUT 7:30 PM - 9 PM, Fine Arts Theatre, CSI Campus, **Twin Falls**

6 Centre Stage--Spring Recital: 5:30 PM – 9 PM, King Fine Arts Center, **Burley**

7 ARC--A SCI-FI Musical Adventure: The College of Southern Idaho's newest ensemble, Sci-Fi Jazz, will present a show with an original sci-fi story, visuals, and live music. The script and music were written by faculty member Ben Britton for a mix of professional and talented student musicians. 7:30 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, **Twin Falls**

11 BJHS & BHS--String Orchestra Concert: 8 AM – 5 PM, King Fine Arts Center, **Burley**

14 Courageous Kids Climbing: A group of rock climbers volunteer to teach children with special needs (developmental and physical) how to rock climb in area gyms. There is no charge. Everything is FREE! 1 PM to 3 PM., Gemstone Climbing, **Twin Falls**

14 Motorbike Safety Class: 1 PM - 4 PM, Rupert Motorcross Park, **Rupert**

17 Meow Meow: This post-post-modern diva enthralls and draws the audience in with her magnificent vocal prowess and hilarious story telling. 7:30 PM, CSI Fine Arts Auditorium, **Twin Falls**

28 Opening Day: General fishing season, **Statewide**

Central Idaho

1-13 Art Show: Members of the Challis Arts Council showcase their talents at the MadDog Gallery. **Challis**

3 "Don't Say We Didn't Warn You.": Hemingway Writer-In-Residence Ariel Delgado Dixon joins us to discuss her debut novel. Free event. 6 PM - 7 PM, The Community Library, **Ketchum**

21 Wood River Orchestra Spring 2022 Concert: 1050 Fox Acres Rd, **Hailey**

28 Opening Day: General fishing season, **Statewide**

Eastern Idaho

1-29 Flat Track Horse Races: SUNDAYS. Pocatello Downs, Bannock County Events Center, **Pocatello**

7 Portneuf Valley Farmers Market: 9 AM – 1 PM, 420 N Main St., **Pocatello**

7 Camping 101: This program, sponsored by the Department of Parks & Recreation, is designed for kids with little to no experience in camping. Kids will learn about Leave No Trace, camping gear, tent set-up/take down, fire building, catching/cleaning/cooking fish. Ages 5-10. Program is FREE. Register by calling 208-824-5910. 10 AM - 2 PM, Castle Rocks State Park, **Almo**

20-21 Idaho Aviation Expo: Aero Mark Inc, 1940 International Way #2, **Idaho Falls**

21 Angler Experience – First Time Fishing: Rangers will teach kids about gear, the basics of fishing, including catching and cleaning or catching and releasing. Sponsored by the Department of Parks & Recreation. All equipment provided. Ages 5 – 17. Event is FREE. Group Size: 8 kids. Call 208-824-5910 to register. 10 AM - 2 PM, Castle Rocks State Park, **Almo**

27 Fisherman's Breakfast: **St. Anthony**

28 Life on the Trail–Living History: Visit an emigrant camp along the California Trail. Learn about life in the 1850s while you stroll along the short trail at the Visitor Center. Demonstrations will include butter making, handkerchief dolls, gold panning, and candle making. This is a drop-in program. Noon - 4 PM, City of Rocks/Castle Rocks, **Almo**

28 Swimming Pools Open: Outdoor swimming pools open in several communities, such as Lava Hot Springs, Pocatello, Bear River Hot Springs near Preston, Indian Springs Resort, Malad, and Downata Hot Springs near Downey. **Southeastern Idaho**

28 Opening Day: General fishing season, **Statewide**

JUNE 2022

SNEAK PEEK

Northern Idaho

2 Farmers Market: **Kooskia**

4 Long Camp 5th Annual "Classics on the Clearwater"; **Kamiah**

4-25 Long Camp Saturday Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS. **Kamiah**

7 Bell Concert Series--Music Conservatory of Sandpoint: 1 PM - 2 PM, Lakeview Park, **Sandpoint**

Southwest Idaho

1-30 "Sue"; The T-Rex Experience: 10am-4:30pm, Discovery Center of Idaho, **Boise**

3-4 Music on the Water 2022: Free Event, Esther Simplot Park, **Boise**

4 Museum Work Day: 8 AM. Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Samuel P. Degrey: "Bristletails, Archaeognatha, and Microcoryphia, the living fossils hiding right under your nose.". The O.J. Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**

4-5 Summer Opener Horse Show: Idaho Horse Park, **Nampa**

5 31st Art and Roses: 10 AM - 5 PM, Julia Davis Park, **Boise**

7 Kilroy Coffee Klatch: FREE to any and all veterans! The general public is welcome, but admission rates do apply. 10 AM - Noon, Warhawk Air Museum, **Nampa**

7 Farm to Fork Farmer's Market: 5 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, **Caldwell**

8-11 Eagle Rodeo 2022: Eagle Rodeo Grounds, **Horseshoe Bend**

Southern Idaho

4 Malad Classic Car & Bike Show: All-year custom and restored vehicles along with pre-1977 vintage campers, trailers & unique vehicles for judging. Local vendors, food, raffle prizes, kids activities and rock n roll music with JC Hackett. 10 AM - 4 PM, N. Main St., **Malad**

10-7/2 Art & Soul of Magic Valley: City-wide art appreciation event featuring artists from across the country, under the guise of an art contest where the public determines the winners. Admission: free to the public. **Twin Falls**

Eastern Idaho

1.8 Revive @ 5 Summer Concert Series: 5 PM - 8 PM, Historic Downtown **Pocatello**

11 Summer Solstice 2022: Activities and things to do on Summer Solstice. 9 AM, Sandy Downs Arena, **Idaho Falls**

Clell G. Ballard
is a lifelong resident of Camas County. He taught at Camas County High School for thirty-five years. His first magazine article was published in 1969 and he has now had more than three hundred published, mainly on automotive and historical subjects. He writes regularly for *Farm Collector* magazine. Clell and his wife Marilyn have five grown children.

Nick Ballenger
is an Idaho native who early in life helped his father build a cabin in the Caribou National Forest. Nick, who earned a Masters degree from Boise State and was an Army medic, now turns his hobbies and interests into occupations. He currently is building a cabin in central Idaho.

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. Trevor's coauthor of this month's story, Nakia Williamson-Cloud, is director of the Nez Perce cultural resources program.

Mike Cothern
farmed for two decades before starting a second career with the Natural Resources Conservation Service. With more time available to explore wild landscapes, he also began documenting his observations as an outdoor correspondent for southern Idaho's *Times-News*, a stint that lasted fifteen years.

Jim Fazio
is professor emeritus in the University of Idaho College of Natural Resources and a freelance writer who has lived in Moscow for forty-eight years. He and his wife Dawn own Woodland Catalog and Jim is author of *Across the Snowy Ranges: The Lewis & Clark Expedition in Idaho and Western Montana.*

Steve Grantham
spent almost thirty years at Boise State University in a variety of roles and has been hiking and peakbagging in Idaho since 1982. In 2019 he finished climbing all 123 of the Idaho peaks taller than eleven thousand feet in elevation, becoming the eighth person known to do so.

Lyndsie Kiebert-Carey
is news editor of *The Sandpoint Reader,* an alternative weekly that covers northern Idaho. She has a degree in English and journalism from the University of Idaho. When she isn't writing, Lyndsie coaches volleyball and works as an elementary school teacher's aide. She lives in Hope with her husband and their beloved pets.

Gary Oberbillig
was born and raised in southern Idaho. He has been a college art teacher, photographer and writer. He says, "I've lived on Puget Sound for many years, but to re-establish my birthright, I go east of the mountains and take a good long whiff of sagebrush after a rain."

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