THE IDAHO MAGAZINE

JUNE 2022 ISSUE IS GENEROUSLY SPONSORED BY COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT HOTEL.

Home of the only million-dollar jackpot winners in the Inland Northwest.

Coeur d'Alene Casino offers nearly 1,200 video gaming machines, giving you the most variety of games in the Inland Northwest. Try out the latest innovative games in the all-new Discovery Den gaming area. Add to that an award-winning spa, acclaimed dining, championship golf course and affordably elegant hotel, and Coeur d'Alene Casino is your ultimate escape from the everyday. Why play anywhere else?

COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT • HOTEL

WELCOME HOME.




CASINO | HOTEL | DINING | SPA | CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF

37914 SOUTH NUKWALQW • WORLEY, IDAHO 83876 • 1 800-523-2464 • CDACASINO.COM

- Courier's Distinguished Dozen, 2019 & 2020

★★★★★

"2019-2020 Tribal Destination of the Year."

Book Your Cultural Tour Today.

We invite you to experience the land that the Coeur d'Alene Tribe has called home for thousands of years. Immerse yourself in the traditions, stories, and culture of our native people through events such as the Eagle Aviary Tour, Create & Paint Workshop, Authentic Cultural Dinner, and many more cultural experiences!

Tickets are available at cdacasino.com, CDA Casino app or the casino box office. For group bookings or more information, please call 1-800-523-2464 x7415.

COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT • HOTEL

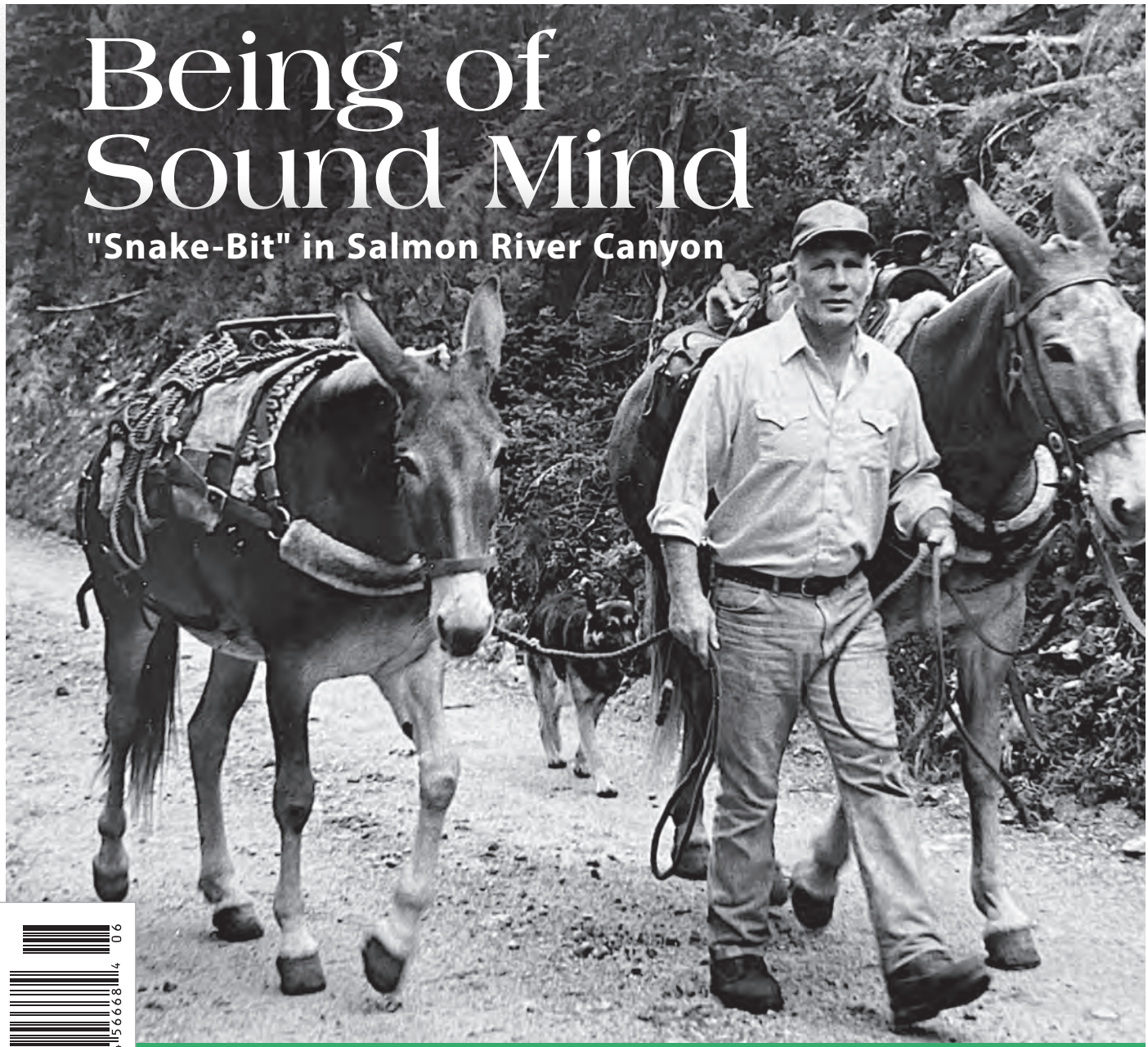
WELCOME HOME.

CASINO | HOTEL | DINING | SPA | CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF

37914 SOUTH NUKWALQW • WORLEY, IDAHO 83876 • 1 800-523-2464 • CDACASINO.COM

IDAHO magazine

JUNE 2022 | VOL. 21, NO. 9



Being of Sound Mind

"Snake-Bit" in Salmon River Canyon

The Monster Leapt
In Hells Canyon

Rockford
Spotlight City

Ironclad Cuisine
Cast-Iron Cookware

US $3.95

What's the cost of living in Idaho? Pretty darn reasonable, when you live through the pages of ***IDAHO magazine***. Improve your quality of life. Subscribe now.

IDAHO magazine

Buy 5 Subscriptions Get one FREE!

SHIP TO: ☐ 1-year $40.65 + 6% ID sales tax = $43.09
☐ 2-year $68.15 + 6% ID sales tax = $72.24

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (_____) _____ Email _____

SHIP TO: ☐ 1-year $40.65 + 6% ID sales tax = $43.09
☐ 2-year $68.15 + 6% ID sales tax = $72.24

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (_____) _____ Email _____

SHIP TO: ☐ 1-year $40.65 + 6% ID sales tax = $43.09
☐ 2-year $68.15 + 6% ID sales tax = $72.24

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (_____) _____ Email _____

SHIP TO: ☐ 1-year $40.65 + 6% ID sales tax = $43.09
☐ 2-year $68.15 + 6% ID sales tax = $72.24

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (_____) _____ Email _____

SHIP TO: ☐ 1-year $40.65 + 6% ID sales tax = $43.09
☐ 2-year $68.15 + 6% ID sales tax = $72.24

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (_____) _____ Email _____

THIS ONE'S FREE!

SHIP TO:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (_____) _____ Email _____

A gift they'll enjoy each month.

GIFT FROM:

☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ CHECK

Visa or MC # _____ Expires _____
Cardholder's Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (_____) _____ Email _____

MAIL TO: P.O. Box 586
Boise, ID 83701

ONLINE: IDAHOmagazine.com

PHONE: (208) 336.0653

IDAHO magazine

2023 FICTION WRITING CONTEST

WANTED: IMAGINATIVE, WELL-DEVELOPED STORIES WITH INTERESTING CHARACTERS, EMOTIONAL PUNCH, AND A DISTINCTLY IDAHO FLAVOR.

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE: PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED. PLEASE REMEMBER THIS IS FICTION AND NOT SCIENCE FICTION.

2,500 WORD MAXIMUM

CATEGORIES & PRIZES:

> **Open to all ages**	$100	1st Place
	$50	2nd Place
	$25	3rd Place

ENTRY FEES:

> **Open to all ages**	$10 First entry
	$5 each additional

ENTRY GUIDELINES:

Send a cover letter containing your name, address, phone, email, category, word count, and story title. DO NOT place your name on any page of your entry. You must include four copies of your story. Unlimited entries accepted.

SEND ENTRIES AND FEES TO:

IDAHO magazine Fiction Contest
P.O. Box 586, Boise, ID 83701

QUESTIONS?

Call us at (208) 336.0653
IDAHOmagazine.com

Read winning stories online at
idahomagazine.com/contests/fiction-writing-contest

SPONSORED BY:

REDISCOVERED BOOKS

Boise:
(208) 376.4229
180 N. 8th St.
Boise, ID 83702

Caldwell:
(208) 459.2716
802 Arthur St.
Caldwell, ID 83605

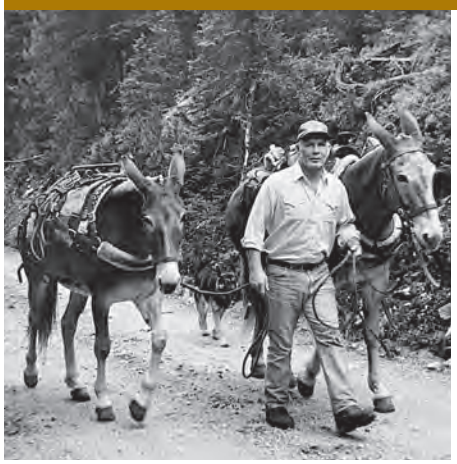
Once and Future Books:
(208) 336.2230
1310 W. State St.
Boise, ID 83702

DEADLINE:
JANUARY 31, 2023

CONTENTS

LOCATIONS FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

COVER PHOTO



Bill McHenry walks his mules near Dixie with his dog Casey.

Photo by Gary Oberbillig.

TWIN BRIDGES
ACROSS CHESAPEAKE BAY

Lyrical illustration by:

Dick Lee

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN
208-342-5578 | E-mail: DickLeeArt@cableone.net

IDAHO magazine

JUNE 2022 | VOL. 21, NO. 9

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

IDAHO magazine considers unsolicited manuscripts and letters for publication.

Editorial Submissions:
email: sbunk@idahomagazine.com
mail to: P.O. Box 586, Boise, ID 83701-0586
phone: (208) 336.0653

Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not email complete manuscripts. Send Facebook photos to: idahomagazine@idahomagazine on Facebook.

IDAHO magazine (ISSN 1552-6240) is published monthly by IDAHO magazine, Inc., a corporation in the state of Idaho, owned by Idahoans.

Idaho Magazine
Liked • 20 hours ago

Reflections of McGowan Peak, Sawtooths

Photo by Linda Lantzy

Readers: do you have a great photo to share? For maximum exposure, send it to the IDAHO magazine *Facebook page, through Fb Messages.*

BECOME PART OF THE CONVERSATION
FOLLOW *IDAHO magazine.*

Like • Comment • Share

IDAHO magazine Facebook Statistics
Likes: 80,605
Reach: 26,742
Reach of This Post: 10,520
Reactions to This Post: 261

THE Monster Leapt

A Girl and a Giant

By Kendra Nemeth

Do you have a place that you have experienced so deeply it has become a part of your makeup? Like, if someone were to study your bones, they would find it there? The Snake River's Hells Canyon is that for me. It isn't just the particular hue of green water you see, the sky-scraping walls of rock, the sound of the chuckers' call echoing through the air, the taste of freedom found in the wilderness, or the smell of exhaust mixed with mists of spray that hits your face as you bounce along the rough water in a jet boat. These features, combined with numerous memories along the thirty-three-mile stretch of water from Pittsburg Landing to Hells Canyon Dam, have marked me like waypoints in my heart. They etch a path of love, adventure, and family.

ABOVE: Hells Canyon

NAN PALERMO

RIGHT: Gary Swift drives through Wild Sheep Rapids in Hells Canyon.

OPPOSITE ABOVE: Gary (right) and a friend land a white sturgeon, 1980.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Gary and Kendra fishing at Hells Canyon, 1995.

Hells Canyon is the deepest river-cut gorge in North America, deeper than the Grand Canyon. This section of the Snake River, managed by the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest of the USDA Forest Service, is found along the borders of Idaho and Oregon. Peoples of long ago left their fingerprints on the history of its banks in the form of ancient rock art, some of them members of the Shoshone and Nez Perce Tribes. This area, designated a National Wild and Scenic River, includes a long stretch that is accessible only by trail or boat. The river boasts Class IV rapids, the most famous of which are Granite Creek and Wild Sheep. It is also home to the prehistoric river monster, the white sturgeon, the largest freshwater fish of North America, which reaches lengths of more than ten feet and can exceed one hundred years old. Those facts have inspired wonder and intrigue in me since I was a little girl.

My history in Hells Canyon started with my Great-Great-Grandpa Davis, who took my grandpa, Gary Swift, fishing for catfish and sturgeon along its banks when he was a teenager and young adult. Grandpa Davis was a colorful character and a man who passed on his love for hunting, fishing, and Idaho's outdoors to his grandsons, much as my grandpa did for me. On these trips, the two of them would load their fishing gear into Grandpa Davis's moss-colored pickup, bring some jerky and candy bars, and leave Riggins in the afternoon of a hot summer's day. They'd make their way to Upper Pittsburg Landing on the graveled switchbacks of Deer Creek Road. From there they would walk upstream about two miles to Drift-Fence Hole and make themselves comfortable amid the rocks. They fished throughout the night and at daylight, they took their haul home and slept off the previous night's adventures.

Those fishing trips in the 1950s set the hook in my grandpa for his love of all the river had to offer. He spent the 1960s learning to traverse the dangers of the river and in 1975 he became a part of an elite group of men who were the first to navigate Granite Creek and Wild Sheep Rapids by powerboat. The 1970s were the beginning of his owning and operating a successful outfitting business, Swift's Dam Trips, which offered fishing,

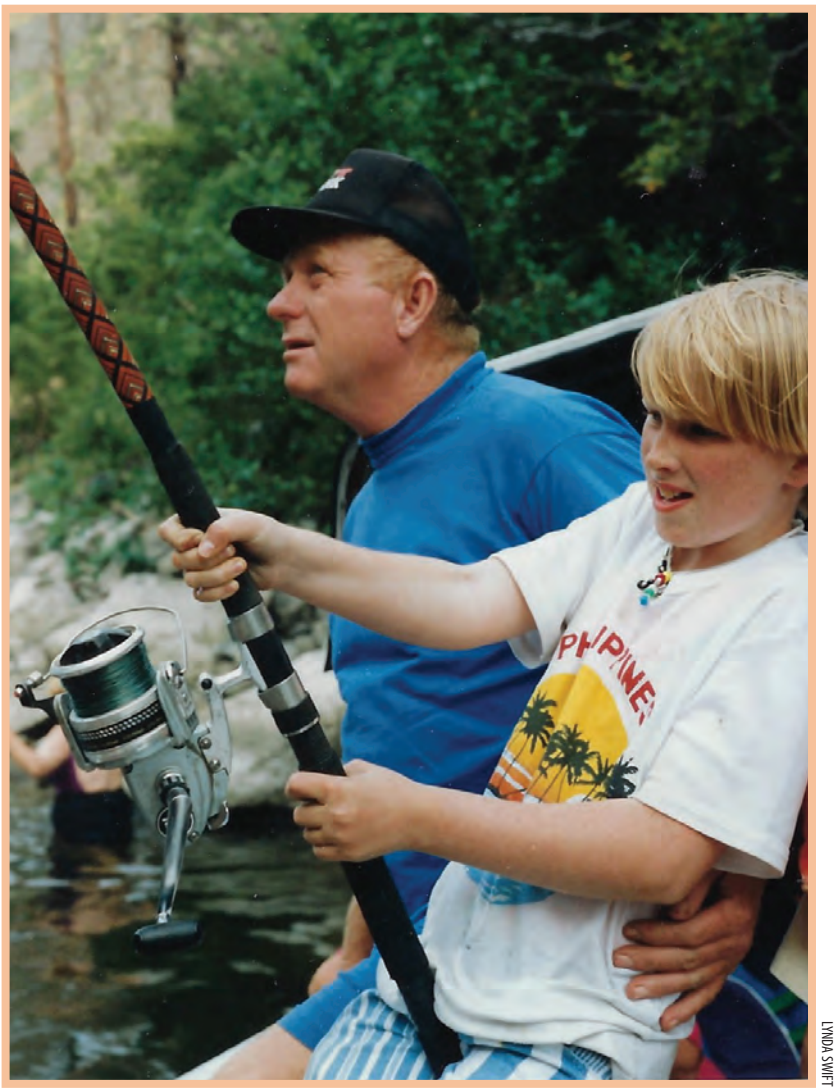
LYNDA SWIFT

bird hunting, and scenic opportunities to its customers. In the 1980s, he sold the business, and around then I, his first grandchild, was born.

I don't remember my first trip up the river. I was about two years old. In my mind, I had spent hot summer days since the beginning of time on its water, fishing, swimming, exploring, and laughing. A trip up the river began with great anticipation. We counted down the days until my grandparents, their three daughters, their husbands, and kids would all caravan to the Pittsburg Landing boat ramp. I imagine for the adults, preparation for our long weekends on the river was quite extensive, as they packed the food, clothing, camping, and fishing gear. But for us kids it was a time of emancipation, a treasured time when we had freedom to run wild.

The real fun began when those boat engines would roar to life with a plume of exhaust and a spray of water. I loved sitting on the floor with my arm in the wake, breathing in the peaceful

LYNDA SWIFT



LYNDA SWIFT

remoteness of this Idaho wilderness, with its unique and familiar landscapes. My heart would pick up speed as Sturgeon Rock came into view and I wondered if Grandpa would race through the path between the two rocks, leaving only what seemed like a few inches of clearance. The other moments when tensions rose within the boat were when we idled below Granite and Wild Sheep, in preparation for picking our way through the big rocky whitewater. With nervousness, the adults cinched themselves and us kids into life jackets, which I never really understood, because Grandpa exuded the confidence that he easily could navigate these treacherous waters, his hat on sideways and his tongue sticking out the side of his mouth.

My favorite moments in Hells Canyon were not ones of deep conversation or pre-planned activities. They were spontaneous moments of togetherness, punctuated by the love we had for each other and for this special place. They were moments of watching my grandparents in joy and laughter, dancing the jitterbug on the beach. The fun of feeling dizzy after Grandpa had sped downriver and "flipped a cookie," which made the boat rock so hard it almost capsized us. The surprise of an ice cream cake on my thirteenth birthday. Eating river food in camp and wondering if another rattlesnake would join us for this meal. Experiencing the freshness and quiet of the river as the land woke up in the morning, the sand cold on our feet and sleep still in our eyes as we awaited the sun's appearance above the canyon's towering walls. Fishing from the cliffs for trout in the glory hole above Granite. Swimming and sunning ourselves until our skin was red, dry, and windburned. Laughing at each other and at whatever dumb thing we had just done. Jumping off the cliffs into the water and letting the tiny air bubbles tickle our skin as we rose to the surface. Successfully making it through the rapids at Rhino Rock wearing just our lifejackets, only to be

NAN PALEREMO

turbulently forced underwater by Grandpa's jets as he pretended to extract us from the current. We kids staying up way too late in the night playing card games like Phase 10 and Spoons, watching the bats hunt, seeing the stars, and tracking the moon across the sky as it disappeared behind the other side of the canyon. And, of course, on this list are the times we fought those fascinating creatures, the sturgeon.

Every good sturgeon experience started with catching rainbow trout. We would cut the heads off, leaving some guts attached, and then would secure this bait onto our barbless seven-ought hook. The hook was then tied to a few feet of forty-pound line that was attached to a three-way swivel. Next to the hook line, we had another section of a couple of feet connected to chain links that served as our sinker, to keep the bait on the floor of the river, where the sturgeon feed and lie. It was very important to tie knots along this line, because if the chains got snagged in the rocks, the knots would prevent the mainline from breaking off and would keep the fish hooked. This assembly ran back to a spinner reel connected to the biggest fishing pole I had ever seen. After we had our rig set, we would sling the bait out into the middle of the river with a mighty cast, let the line out, and the bait would flow downstream until it came to rest on the bottom. When the bait hit its resting place, we put the pole in the holder and reeled in a bit to tighten the line. Next came listening to the wind blow through that tight line as we waited for the exciting bounce of the tip of the pole that signaled a bite.

One of my most thrilling sturgeon fishing experiences was the first one I caught on my own when I was sixteen. We had spent the day upriver fishing with not much luck in the sturgeon department. I have never been one who easily accepts defeat, so when we got back to camp I baited the hook, cast, and waited patiently. About an hour into waiting, the tip of the pole gave a good bounce. I jumped into action by cautiously reeling, ready to give a mighty jerk when he bit again. As he

LYNDA SWIFT

OPPOSITE: Rapids.

LEFT: The river in the canyon.

came back around to my bait, I set the hook. Pulling up on that pole with a giant fish on the end of the line was pure exhilaration, especially when he decided to move the fight off our home turf and began to run downriver, at which we fired up the engines and chased after him. This made me wonder about the fishing trips my grandpa had taken with his grandpa. How did they manage the chase from the bank on foot? There is nothing like keeping a line tight while staying balanced on the back of a boat racing along choppy water, feeling the weight and strength of the fish as it tries to drag you in.

When the sturgeon decided to stay put, we tied up on the bank a quarter mile or so downriver. That's when the grueling fight began. Using all my might to pull up on the fish and then reeling down, over and over, I would gain some line as my arms, back, and groin (where I kept the butt of the pole, because I didn't believe in using fighting belts) burned. When I thought I was making good progress, the monster would rally and head out some more, taking the line I had fought so hard to gain. This went on for what seemed like hours. But the surprise came when the angle of the line changed dramatically and the giant flew out of the water, shaking his head in what seemed like an effort to spit out my bait. The sturgeon came down with a big splash and our boat erupted in exclamations at the sight of such a wonder. Not long after, the grinding fight came to an end as the sturgeon finally let out bubbles of defeat and rolled over, showing his brilliant white belly. I dragged him to the bank where the hook was taken out of his vacuum-like mouth. He measured at more than six feet. There aren't many things in life as fulfilling as overcoming the prowess of a somewhat mythical beast and then putting your hands on his slimy yet powerful body. After we admired my catch, we released him into the river to live another day.

I'm now a Connecticut resident and mother of three boys, and I haven't been in Hells Canyon for more than ten years, yet it remains the one place that defines my life. When I needed to relax through the labor and delivery of my first son, I mentally transported myself there. At gatherings of my natal family, it continues to be the center of our conversations. It is where I fortified my ability to swim, where I fell in love with fishing, and where the bonds of our family were greatly deepened and strengthened. It is the major backdrop of my youth, and I am forever grateful to my Great-Great-Grandpa Davis, a man I never met, for taking the time and patience to pass Hells Canyon on to his grandson, who then passed it on to me. As for the fifth generation, my boys will pilgrimage to Hells Canyon when the time comes. We will experience together the wonder of this magnificent place, and our family love of it will live on in them. ■

An Interlude

After All the Changes

BY AISHA MARIE

Death has nothing to do with going away.
The sun sets, the moon sets, but they are
not gone.
~ Rumi

Mom and I didn't have the closest of relationships. At least, it seemed that way to me when I was young. I felt terribly isolated, and terribly lonely.

I was only eleven when my father passed away. I was beyond heartbroken. I was crushed. But even before my father had died, he and my mother had already divorced. My mother, Barbara, remarried, and she and I went to live with my stepfather, Earl. The change was massive. One day I was living in a little house near Canyon—about a mile before the weigh station at the foot of Fourth of July Pass—with my father, my mother, my sister and my brother, a dog, two ponies, a cow whose back I would nap on, and a dozen or more chickens. There were meadows to wander in and mountains to climb. Seemingly the next day I was in a tiny apartment to the southeast in Cataldo. At ten years old, I didn't even realize there were words—sad, confused, lonely—to describe what I was feeling.

But this isn't a story of regrets.

Earl wasn't perfect. He had an awful lot of faults, the truth be known. He drank too much (which, ironically, was the reason my mother had left my father). And he lacked stability. We moved often and I had to adjust to a new school every other year. After a short time in the apartment in Cataldo, we moved to Athol for a year. Then Pierce for two. Later we went as far as Thompson Falls, Montana, for two years, and then back to Cataldo. I attended Kellogg High School for grade ten until my graduation, a full three years, mainly because when Mom and Earl moved from Cataldo to Rose Lake, I refused to change schools yet again and went to live for a time with my sister Sandi up the North Fork of the Coeur d'Alene River beyond Enaville, visiting Mom and Earl only on weekends.

Although Earl had decent work in the beginning, he had a dream to make big money: his plan was to strike it rich panning gold. However, when he began to put more time into panning than into actual work, the drinking got heavier and the houses we lived in got shabbier. Yet despite his faults, Earl was there throughout my teen years. And I certainly had faults of my own. After I grew up and went to college, I got married and moved away. Far away. I was living in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, when I received the news that Earl had died. I felt bad for Mom, knowing how much she would miss him, but that wasn't enough to get me to return home.

Following Earl's death, Mom moved to be near my sister Sharon. By that time I had moved again and was living eight thousand miles away in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, when Sharon gave me the devastating news that my mother had cancer. I dropped everything and flew home to spend time with her. I had already been living overseas for fifteen years by then, and had made only two trips back during that time to see my family.

We like to think that cancer will never touch us personally. We know it exists all around us, but we look away, avoiding acknowledgement, afraid of somehow attracting it into our lives. It was early in the year 2000 when lung cancer sneaked up and caught my mother completely unaware. She was there to meet me at the airport, and I was surprised to see that although she showed her age a bit more than when I had seen her nine years previously, she didn't look unhealthy at all. Robust, in fact. I suppose I had imagined her to be frail and gaunt. She smiled and took me into her arms and held me tight. Her baby, at long last, was home for a visit, and in that moment she was happy.

By the time I arrived, Mom was already well into an aggressive treatment campaign to wage war with the cancer which had traveled beyond the borders of her

OPPOSITE TOP INSET: The author's mother Barbara.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM INSET: Rose Lake.

OPPOSITE: Mountains near Cataldo.

COURTESY OF ASHA MARIE

GOOGLE MAPS

IDAHO

liver and was invading her body. Chemo and radiation are notoriously rough on cancer patients, often causing fatigue, nausea, and vomiting, blisters, peeling skin, and more. Yet other than losing a bit of her hair, she seemed unaffected. Sharon and I would take her to the hospital for her treatment, and when she was finished, she would ask, "Where should we go have lunch today?" Tacos were her favorite, followed closely by fish and chips. Her appetite was better than mine.

Spending what can only be described as a gloriously uneventful three weeks with my mother, albeit with the menace of her cancer looming in the shadows, I stayed with her in the little apartment that she had decorated with dozens of hummingbirds, bells, and small pieces she had collected or crafted over the course of many years. Each morning I woke to the smell of freshly brewed coffee. Later we ate toast and eggs for breakfast while deciding if we wanted to spend the afternoon making crafts or if we would rather run out to buy more craft supplies, stopping to get a chocolate-dipped ice cream cone on the way. My mother was a world-class crafter and had hot glue sticks enough to last three lifetimes—but ice cream won out more often than not.

Evenings were quiet and cozy. Mom lit vanilla-scented candles while I made tea. Then we would sit and watch a movie together. One evening she hesitantly mentioned Earl, who had passed away years earlier.

"He was a pretty good guy, wasn't he? Didn't you think so?"

What she was really asking was if I had been unhappy with her decision to divorce my father when I was a child, and I could sense her apprehension over what my answer might be. We don't always have to be in agreement with those near us in order to love them. Her tension dissipated into the air as I responded, "I always thought he was a good guy, and he treated me well."

The night before I was to return to Kuala Lumpur, I sat on the floor in front of my mother's chair while she massaged away my pre-flight tension, her hands gently kneading my shoulders and the back of my neck. Though I feared tiring her, I understood that she needed this physical contact, knowing in her heart that this would be our final visit. The next morning, with tears in my eyes, I hugged my mother and told her goodbye.

Cancer was the final victor, as it is for roughly six hundred thousand people each year in the US. I lost my mother in February 2001, exactly one week before my birthday. I still miss her terribly, but the pain has softened with time, and I am grateful for that three-week interlude, which provided the opportunity to get closer to her, and to say goodbye. ■

RIGHT: North Fork Coeur d'Alene River above Enaville.

LIBERTY LAKE ANNE

STEVE SHOCK

WATER ARCHIVES

Berry Me
On the Family Farm

BY DAVID E. METCALF

"How many strawberries have you eaten already?" my brother Loren inquired.

"None," I said, and tried to cover the stains around my mouth.

When I was a toddler in the early 1960s, my family grew more than five acres of strawberries near Homedale. Compared to the Pacific Coast states, Idaho isn't known for growing strawberries, but my parents discovered a brand of strawberry plant that would grow well here, as it could survive the harsher winter climate to produce delicious mid-sized berries each June.

During winter they browsed through nursery catalogs while we stayed warm by the oil stove in the living room, usually with a cat snuggled up in somebody's lap. Outside it was foggy, with several inches of snow on the ground and icicles hanging from our shingle roof, which had no rain gutter. Breaking off icicles and throwing them like spears was a popular winter pastime, but the family looked forward to the warmer weather of spring and the gardening season.

A few years of experimenting with different types of strawberry plants led to my parents' adoption of the most successful one as their mainstay, and our small patch grew. For the first plantings of what became our five productive acres, the original plants arrived in the mail in early spring, packed in newspapers, their roots wrapped in a little wet mud. Planted two feet apart in neatly lined rows, with corrugations in between them for watering, the plants thrived in their new home. Their roots strengthened, they added leaves, and produced the buds and flowers that would turn into berries. That first year, my parents picked off the buds to allow the plants to channel all their energy into stems, leaves, and runners that filled up the ground. This resulted in a second-year crop much larger and of better quality than it otherwise would have been.

One of my earliest recollections, from when I wasn't yet old enough to pick berries, is of a large bullsnake slithering down a strawberry row. I recall my siblings were wary of picking berries in the presence of snakes, but they were assured that the garter snakes and bullsnakes common to the area were harmless. Rattlesnakes used to be common but had been driven out of the fields by humans and had retreated to the nearby foothills.

By the time I was old enough to pick strawberries, my parents had sold some of our land

ABOVE: Postcard, circa1910.

INSET: Novelty photo of the "big Idaho strawberry," 1908.

BELOW LEFT: Boxed Idaho strawberries.

BELOW RIGHT: A strawberry farm in Emmett, circa 1915.

OPPOSITE: Strawberries ripening.

and we had downsized to about an acre of berries. The new owner turned the land into a pasture and was happy to give us cow pies as fertilizer for our garden and strawberry patch. Our sandy soil along the Snake River had good drainage but was lacking in nutrients, which we provided with compost and the cow pies. We let them dry a bit, shoveled them into the dirt around the plants, and enjoyed our home-grown produce.

Our remaining acre of strawberries became an annual money-maker for me as a young lad. Each June, the patch produced several hundred crates of berries. Back then, we called them "crates" rather than "flats," the word commonly used today, which still makes me want to correct someone when they say it. Each summer from the late-1960s to early-1970s, I picked fifty or more crates of berries. I earned a dollar or two per crate for my labor, good spending money at the time.

My older brothers and sisters were very good strawberry-pickers. A brother-in-law who also was named David bragged about the strawberry-picking ability of my sister Merrilee. He said she could pick faster than the rest of us with her eyes closed, which I somehow believed to be true. Picking strawberries is fun but it's also hard work. You spend hours crouching down or on your knees, frog-walking your way up and down the rows. It takes a while to fill up twelve cups of square plastic or wood fiber that fit into the crates, six on each side. I had to fill each cup all the way and, at the end, I'd dump two or three extra cups on top to create a heaping crateful of gleaming red strawberries.

Of course, I never ate berries while picking, because my objective was to fill up the cups and crates as quickly as possible. During all those years, I never ate a single berry until I was finished picking and, by the way, I have land in Idaho to sell with a perfect view of the Pacific Ocean.

When I spied rotten or bird-pecked berries, I was careful to pick them off and toss them just in front of where my brother and sister were picking. Invariably, they would kneel or sit on them, which was even more satisfying when their jeans had holes in them. I always kept an eye on the ground in front of me, as two could play this game.

I didn't trim my fingernails, the better to pick berries with their stems on, which kept them fresh longer. But big berries can have very thick stems. Once, when my brother Loren found a huge berry—more than three inches wide and fan-shaped—he had to use a chain saw to cut off the stem.

When I was first learning, I liked to pick berries

EVAN TRAVELER

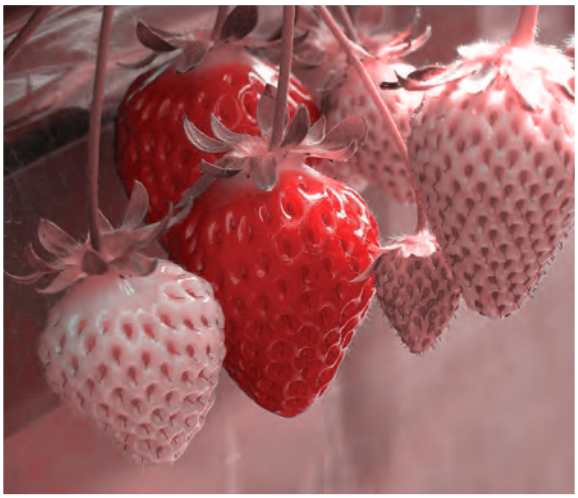
WATER ARCHIVES

with green and white colorations still on them. A customer who came by to purchase a crate of berries compared my brother's crateful of red fruit to mine, which held a variety of beautiful pinks, greens, reds, and whites. The outcome of that sale taught me to pick ripe berries.

One thing I didn't do was squish the berries, because only annoying people squish berries. I tried to not even touch them, to touch only the stem. They had to be perfect and beautiful to look at, until the customers took them home and crammed them in their mouths or smashed them to make jam. Only the customer got to squish the berries.

Another thing I learned was if I picked berries right after it rained, the fruit would have dirt and sand on it. The only sort of person to whom strawberries coated in dirt or sand tastes good is a kid. For adults, the only coating on berries I advise eating is chocolate.

I remember those days fondly. School was out for the summer in late May, just in time for strawberry season. Being outside on a warm, sunny June morning—as the meadowlarks whistled their flute-like song on the fence posts, and goldfinches undulated through the air, going from telephone wires to cottonwood trees while singing their sweet tunes, and ring-necked pheasants chucked and beat their feathers to make a drum-like sound—all that was good for the soul. And when our labors were finished, there was a strawberry treat. My favorite: angel food cake with fresh strawberries and whipped cream. ■



Gone Mad

An Old West Murder and Escape

BY RAY BROOKS

When I was a youngster in 1963, my family was inspired by the incredible antique bottle collection of our neighbor, Whitey Hirschman. He had lived in Fallon, Nevada, where he had been part of collector's club that dug up a lot of 1860s-vintage bottles at historic Virginia City, Nevada. Whitey owned a saloon in Ketchum where many of the artifacts he collected are still displayed. We had plenty of old mining areas to explore near Ketchum, and with instructions on how to dig for pre-1900 bottles from Whitey and another mentor, I had a new hobby. To a young teenager, it seemed the next best thing to hunting for gold, and it had a much higher probability of success.

That summer we had a visit from my brother's college roommate, Bob Caski, with whom we dug for bottles at a high mine near Hailey. Bob, whose family lived near Mackay, had already dug some 1890s bottles at the one-time town of Houston, just south of Mackay. His mother was pressuring him to give them to someone before she hauled them to the dump. I was aware of Houston from a sixth-grade Idaho history class, because it was the major town in the Lost River Valley in the 1890s. Soon, I was the happy recipient of about twenty of Bob's Houston bottles, and I've managed to hang onto a few for the last fifty-nine years. Most of the five hundred or so bottles our family found in the mid-1960s have been sold or given away but I still have a few of the best. By the time I went off to college, I was done digging for bottles, which is an

FRONTIER TIMES

LEFT: Paul P. Lawson in 1893, when he was in the Idaho Legislature.

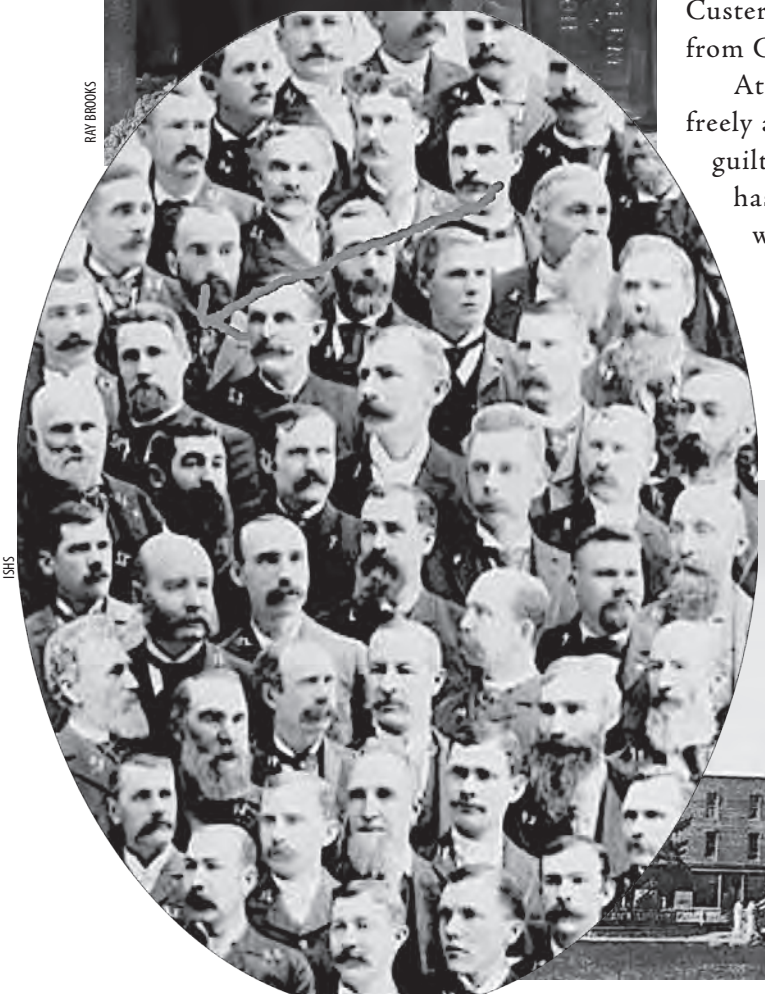
incredible amount of work and is now illegal on public lands. I cherished those ancient Idaho bottles we had retrieved with so much effort and, happily, my parents never hauled them to the county dump, which I suspect is the fate of many Idaho artifact collections.

Although I don't take anything home from old mines these days other than an occasional mineral specimen, my interest in Idaho mining history has turned into a retirement occupation. This winter, while perusing my 1950 edition of George McLeod's *History of Blaine and Alturas Counties, Idaho*, I noticed a short newspaper article about a 1895 escape from Hailey's Blaine County Jail. It inspired me to start an internet search of the Library of Congress's digital collection of old Idaho newspapers. After a few hours, I found most of the rest of the story, which amounts to an enduring Idaho mystery.

The *Challis Silver Messenger's* May 21, 1895 issue explains the details of the murder of George Watson by Paul P. Lawson in the central Idaho town of Houston. In addition to the particulars that he was sixty years old, five-foot-nine, and weighed 225 pounds, Paul Lawson was a rancher, an ex-Idaho legislator, and a respected man in central Idaho. Before he killed George Watson in Houston there was bad blood between them but it might be that what led a decent man like Lawson to commit murder was temporary insanity.

George Watson, who was described as a large and strong man, showed up in 1894 in the thriving mining and ranch supply town of Houston on Big Lost River, three miles southwest of where Mackay would later be established. Watson soon married a young widow who lived in Houston. During an argument over the custody of her child, who had been living with the widow's parents, the first unfriendly encounter occurred between George Watson and Paul Lawson. Lawson pointed a shotgun at Watson and ordered him to leave the premises without the child. A month later, the two men met on a street in Houston and Watson knocked him down. In what was described as "a rough and tumble fight," he kicked Lawson in the face. Lawson's teenaged son heard the fighting, grabbed a gun, and took two

RAY BROOKS



ISHS

shots at Watson without hitting him, but that ended the short altercation. Lawson had "sundry bruises about the face and head." His son fled to Montana ahead of an arrest warrant, but returned to Houston in 1895.

On May 15, 1895, Watson was walking down a road beside the home of the Miller family, a half-mile below Houston, when Lawson sprang from the house with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot and slugs. He shot Watson in the back, knocking him down. Watson regained his feet, exclaimed, "You murderous SOB," and ran away. As he was climbing over a nearby fence, Lawson shot him in the back again, and his victim soon expired.

Lawson was so agitated that he stood guard over Watson's body for fourteen hours, allowing no one to touch him, cursing all who tried. His friends attempted to justify the murder but Lawson was arrested the next day by the Custer County sheriff, who had ridden fifty-seven miles from Challis.

At Lawson's murder trial in Challis on June 14, 1895, he freely admitted to the deed but nevertheless pleaded not guilty. The *Messenger* reported: "It appears that Lawson has been upon Watson's trail ever since last November with a rifle or shotgun, and on May 14, Lawson imagined that Watson was about to leave the county and he followed him for some distance with a shotgun, as was testified to by himself and others. But on the next day, Watson returned and was in the public highway nearly opposite the Miller place, unarmed, when Lawson shot him down in a most cowardly manner."

COURTESY OF RAY BROOKS

On June 18, 1895, Lawson was convicted of murder in the first-degree and was sentenced to death by hanging on July 26, the first death sentence in Custer

County's fourteen-year history.

The June 29, 1895 edition of the *Ketchum Keystone* newspaper noted that Sheriff Hosford of Challis visited Ketchum the day before, en route to the jail at Hailey's Blaine County Courthouse, with Lawson in his custody, "the jail at Challis not being deemed sufficiently safe to hold the prisoner."

Although he had been sentenced to hang, legal appeals kept him in the secure Blaine County Jail until September 6. Because of Lawson's advanced age and status in the community, he was allowed to spend days and evenings in a locked corridor at the jail, furnished with a table and chair, where he wrote letters to the outside world, which apparently were not examined by the sheriff. At 10 P.M. on September 6, Sheriff Fenton was about to unlock the courthouse door that led down to the basement jail and lock Lawson in his cell for the night when two armed men thrust pistols in his face. They confiscated his keys and led him to the cell that awaited Lawson, thrust him inside it, locked the door, and dashed out with the prisoner. A third accomplice waited outside with four horses, and the four men made a clean escape.

Although Sheriff Fenton created sufficient noise to soon be released, by the time he assembled a posse, there was no finding the escapee and his cronies. Wanted notices and rewards were notably lacking from Custer County officials, but Idaho state personnel soon offered a $2,500 reward for the apprehension of Paul Lawson and his three fellow desperados.

The editor of the *Messenger* was at his satirical best when he described Lawson's escape. "Lost, strayed, or stolen: one Paul Lawson from the Blaine County Jail, costing Custer County over five thousand dollars. Anybody knowing the whereabouts of said Paul P. Lawson will please return him to the Blaine County Sheriff, who was too kind to the harmless (?) old murderer."

Rumors of Paul Lawson's whereabouts were often printed in the Challis newspaper. First, it was said that he and two younger men had been encountered twenty miles north of Weiser on October 14 by a couple of woodcutters. Then he was rumored to be hiding in the Seven Devils Mountains, and then in Mexico. In February 1896, the lawman who had allowed his escape showed up in Challis. He was no longer the sheriff of Blaine County, but was still a deputy sheriff. He asserted that Lawson had been located in Mexico, and the rumor went around Challis that the deputy was there to collect the papers necessary for him to seek Lawson's arrest across the border.

In June 1897, the *Messenger* reprinted an article from Boise's *Idaho Democrat* newspaper that asserted Lawson had taken passage to Cuba and was now a colonel in a regiment of Texas and Idaho cowboys who were fighting with Cuban revolutionaries against Spain. "He now is titled Colonel Paulia Pai D'Lausanea, and when Cuba is freed, he will be their minister to the United States," the account declared. My research showed that although Cuba was liberated in what became the Spanish American War, the US was not officially involved until April 1898, and I found no mention of Colonel Paulia Pai D'Lausanea or Paul Lawson in that war or later. Even so, perhaps he did perish during Cuba's liberation by United States forces. Yellow fever and other diseases of the time, as well as Spanish bullets, killed many people.

The April 5, 1897 issue of the *Messenger* reported a court hearing for Paul Lawson for a mortgage default on a loan for $1,100. The

OPPOSITE TOP: Some of Ray's Houston bottles from the 1890s. From left: champagne, unmarked medicine, whiskey, and sewing machine oil.

OPPOSITE MIDDLE: The gray arrow points to Paul Lawson with fellow members of Idaho's 1893 legislature.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Hailey's Alturas Hotel, near the courthouse and jail, 1907.

BELOW TOP LEFT: An 1895 map shows Houston prominently.

BELOW BOTTOM LEFT: Houston students and their teacher, 1890.

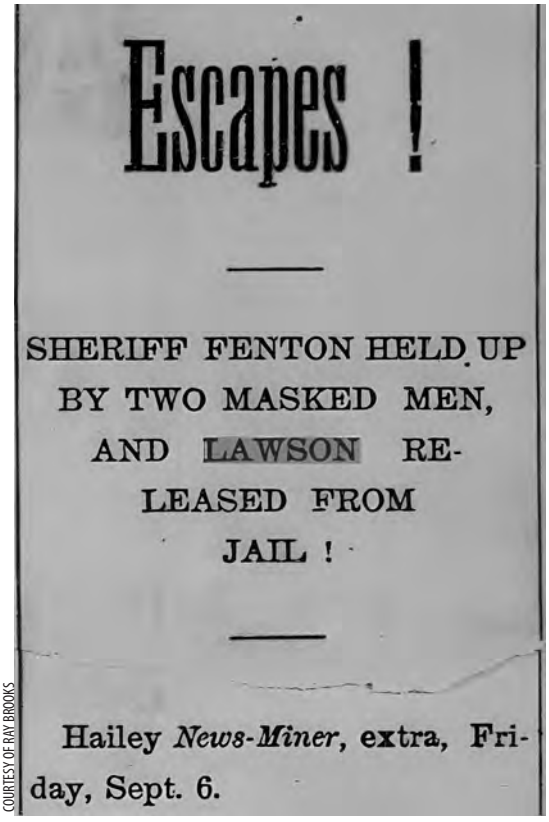
BELOW RIGHT: Newspaper headline of Paul Lawson's escape.-

property in default was not described, but it was likely Lawson's ranch near Houston. That town continued to boom until 1901, when the Oregon Short Line railroad opened a station three miles away. It was named Mackay for mining financier John Mackay, who had just bought numerous nearby mines and who arranged for the railway to build a line across the desert from Blackfoot. The two stores, restaurant, boarding house, four saloons, and Methodist church in Houston soon moved to Mackay, and Houston joined the ranks of Idaho ghost towns.

I searched Idaho newspaper archives in the Library of Congress all the way up to 1925, when Paul Lawson would have been in his nineties, but found no further mention of his rumored whereabouts. However, I did turn up this tidbit in an October 1905 edition of the *Messenger*: "Frank Clements was arrested in Mackay for rustling thirty horses in the Island Park area. In court, he mentioned he was paid two thousand dollars ten years ago to help Lawson escape the Blaine County Jail." A search of folks interred in the Houston Cemetery does not show any Lawsons, but the remains of George Watson rest there. Thus, Paul P. Lawson enters Wild West history as an escaped murderer who thwarted justice.

COURTESY OF RAY BROOKS

COURTESY OF KAREN MCKELVEY HAMES



Escapes !

SHERIFF FENTON HELD UP BY TWO MASKED MEN, AND LAWSON RE-LEASED FROM JAIL !

Hailey *News-Miner*, extra, Friday, Sept. 6.

COURTESY OF RAY BROOKS

After I completed writing the above, I conducted a final internet search for any historical details I might have missed. Eureka! Someone else had found the story of Paul Lawson worth writing about. I located a slightly expensive, mildewed copy of the July 1965 issue of *Frontier Times* at an online sales site. *Frontier Times* featured Old West tales, and in "Riding the Shale Rock Trail," a writer told the story of two young Nevada cowboys who in 1895 searched for a stolen stagecoach strongbox in what is now Craters of the Moon National Monument. After giving up that search, they were arrested by a sheriff's posse near Hailey and endured a short stay in the same jail where Paul Lawson was incarcerated. The cowboys were soon deemed harmless and released.

The author then moved into Lawson's story, which differed slightly from what newspapers had reported. He contended that Lawson and the man he murdered both pursued a relationship with a "Brazilian trollop" who lived in Ketchum, which was the closest large town to Houston. But his story then drifted from published facts. On the other hand, he provided a photo of Paul Lawson during his service in the 1893 Idaho Legislature, which he credited to the Idaho Historical Society. Interestingly, he contended that after Lawson's escape, the Nevada cowboys guided him to Gooding's City of Rocks for an initial hideout. They later conducted him across the Owyhee Desert and on to Nevada, which is as far as that writer took us. Coupled with what I discovered, it is perhaps as far as the saga of Paul P. Lawson can go. ■

The Johnny Appleseed Effect

To Plant and Replant

BY MATHEW PURTEE

RIGHT: Purtee family members on their property planted with white pine (from left): Charlene, David, Karen, and Mathew Purtee.

My parents, who worked hard their entire lives and raised three children, decided in 2012 to retire on twenty acres in the middle of northern Idaho. My eldest sister purchased a connecting five acres. In the late-1800s, the property had been covered in thick forest but settlers cleared the trees and converted it to agricultural land. From 1948 to 1972, it was used to raise cattle. I offered to pay for planting trees on these twenty-five acres, so long as my family didn't harvest the timber in their lifetimes. For years, my dream had been to purchase a property, clean up the environmental damage that others before me had created, plant trees, and then fence off the area. I felt that I had consumed so much in this world from Mother Nature that I wanted to give back a small piece of it. This wouldn't be much compared to what I had taken over a lifetime but I figured at least I could think on my death bed that I had done a little something. My stipulation, which was that the family should not chop down the trees, was an attempt at gaining lawful insurance that humans would not profit from them in the near-term. That way, even if

KAREN PURTEE

they eventually were harvested, at least they would have a good twenty-five to fifty years of growth, during which they could produce oxygen, contribute to the habitat of other plants and critters, and rejuvenate the soil.

In the end, we split the cost of the trees, which we planted in sections from 2012 to 2019. We turned that acreage into a forest of fully fledged western white pine, the native tree best suited for the area's climate. Minus two acres for building two houses, we returned to Mother Nature what humans had taken away about 150 years earlier. The total cost was a little more than ten thousand dollars, and the success rate of saplings in the planted sections was fifty percent to eighty-five percent.

However celebratory this is, twenty-five acres are nevertheless nothing compared to the resources a single human being consumes in a lifetime. For me, the planting was a compromise after years of trying to do something more significant, only to be tied up by red tape. I was born in Moscow, which my family also considers to be home, and although I've traveled the world in the military, nothing compares for me with the beautiful evergreens of the Pacific Northwest, including my favorites of western red cedar, Douglas fir, and western hemlock. Sometimes I think it wouldn't be bad if the rest of the world looked like Idaho's majestic rivers, mountains, forests, and plains. Anyway, I became devoted to the idea of creating a privatized version of a state or national park on substantial acreage that had previously been developed. I would fund and manage the property, which would be fenced, kept clean, and patrolled by me, to ensure that the trees were properly

KAREN PURTEE

LEFT: The saplings at sunset.

planted and replanted. My dream was to own this land until I died, and then will it to a trust fund or perhaps to a national agency, rather than a state or local one, to help ensure it would not be redeveloped.

There are three categories of urban planning property: greenfield, greyfield, and brownfield. Greenfields have strong potential to serve city or rural areas for development. Brownfields have some sort of environmental contamination or hazard that needs governmental restriction. Greyfields have been previously developed but their properties have become outdated and have depreciated over time. Greyfields are what interest me most. The term "greyfield" conjures a landscape of concrete and emptiness: think of an abandoned warehouse in the wrong part of town or, on a larger scale, a depressed neighborhood in a big city where all the houses have been condemned. If anyone cared about these properties, someone would have done something with them. My notion was to bulldoze the houses, dig up the piping and waste found in the ground, recycle what I

"Sometimes I think it wouldn't be bad if the rest of the world looked like Idaho's majestic rivers, mountains, forests, and plains"

could, fence the area off, and plant a bunch of trees. In time the trees would grow, other foliage and animals would return, and it would become the bountiful forest it was two hundred years ago. I envisioned building a small house on the edge of the property, from which I could patrol the land in my elderly years to provide its security.

Thus inspired, I researched, advertised, and explained to many others what I hoped to do, but in my search for the perfect property, I faced two frustrating responses. The first was, "Yeah, you could make a lot of money. . ."

"OK, stop," I'd reply. "You're not listening. I'm not doing this for money."

Every representative of a property or government official to whom I talked gave me perplexed looks and couldn't seem to understand why I would attempt to do something that did not have the goal of making money.

The second response I got was, "We'll cooperate with you, but is has to be open to the public."

"OK, stop," I'd say again. "That would destroy the purpose of rehabilitating the location. The whole point is to return to Nature what man has thrown away. Opening a forest up to human use would be counterproductive. We already have plenty of those lands anyway."

By the rules of government and commerce, what I wanted to do was not seen as cost-effective. No agency would cooperate, and after years of unsuccessful effort, I developed a new strategy: to save misplaced baby trees wherever I see them.

Wherever I travel or have lived, I've often seen sapling volunteers growing in a landscape where they are doomed to die: for example, one that grew out of the side of a building. It would certainly be removed by the owner and even if was overlooked for awhile, as it grew bigger, it would threaten the building's foundation and would have to go. So I grabbed it and replanted it where it had the potential to grow big and strong. Another time, I was impressed by the sight of a sapling that had sprouted in the middle of a concrete back road. Of course, it was doomed to be run over, so I moved it to a safer location.

KAREN PURTEE

LEFT: Mathew's parents on the land.

A sapling of less than an inch tall is like a large blade of grass. Often I can do such transplanting with my bare hands. I might move the plant to a friend's property, or to a forest or park—but I transplant only native trees that are comfortable with the temperate zone. I place it where it has room to grow but will not interfere in the future with power lines, underground piping, or construction. I imagine the plant reaching full size and give it room to grow. Many times, I've visited properties whose trees tower over houses. A Douglas fir can grow to more than three hundred feet tall. Such a giant can do great damage if it falls on a building compared to say, an evergreen dwarf, which will grow to maybe a dozen feet tall. But humans living side-by-side with Nature is possible. If a sapling I transplanted survived and was cut down in the future, I figured that at least it had a chance to live, and in the interim it had produced oxygen and provided nutrients to the soil. Bonuses of this strategy are that it doesn't cost anything and doesn't take long to do.

Like most of us, I live in a house, drive a car, and eat quality food, none of which things

we could do without industry, and I support what we need to do to create a good quality of life. My message is simply that there can be a better balance of trees living next to suburbia. I learned that to create my own park with its own rules was not cost-effective and would be thwarted by governmental agencies and business concerns, but my fallback plan has been rewarding. I haven't kept track of the number of individual trees I've rescued and transplanted to other areas over the past ten years, but my estimate is about five hundred. Large-scale efforts have accomplished great things, but I also think if each of us plants a tree, we can collectively make a huge difference. We don't even need to plan or set aside time for it. I simply make a mental note whenever I notice a baby volunteer in a bad place, and if I'm ever back in that area, I put it a better spot. Our lives are busy, but I think if we could set aside five minutes once or twice a year to this cost-free task, the results would go a long way. ■

KAREN PURTEE

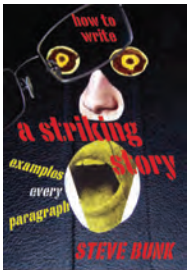
KAREN PURTEE

ABOVE: Moose on the property.

RIGHT: The landscape in winter.

Corrections

In the April 2022 story, "The Revitalizers," a photo of gourds was incorrectly identified as from Nigeria. They actually were handcrafted by Violet Simpson, with embellishments by Charles Simpson. Also in that issue, the caption of the cover photo incorrectly stated the year of the depicted Chief Joseph Foundation Royalty as 2001. It should have been 2021.



How to Write A Striking Story

With Examples Every Paragraph

BY STEVE BUNK

Available from **amazon.com**

The Bluebird Will Sing Tomorrow

Memoirs of Velma V. Morrison

BY KITTY DELOREY FLEISCHMAN

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

Promote your book here!

For information call (208) 336-0653 or (800) 655-0653 or email kfleisch@idahomagazine.com

SPOTLIGHT CITY

Big Southern Butte in the Rockford area.

JAMES NEELY

On the River's Far Side

By Alice Elison

GOOGLE MAPS

GOOGLE MAPS

Speeding east along Highway 39 in the early hours of Sunday, June 17, 1979, we entered Rockford, which was fewer than fifteen minutes to our final destination of Blackfoot. My husband and I were singing along to "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" on the radio. In the middle of a "weeoh aweem away," I felt a savage contraction, and in the midst of my Lamaze breathing, my only thought was, "Please don't let this baby be born in Rockford."

The place itself didn't worry me so much as getting to a hospital. When I think of Rockford it's usually the community that comes to mind rather than the town—although it is both—because farming dominates the region. The area, which has a current population of about 230, is not lavishly endowed with amenities. Rockford doesn't even require traffic to slow within the city limits. We rushed right through, crossed the Snake River, and made it to the hospital. The child who arrived on that warm June morning has Blackfoot listed on his birth certificate and currently serves as the forward deck officer with the *USS Idaho* submarine that is under construction in Groton, Connecticut.

I have a long association with towns in this central section of Bingham County. For twenty years we lived in Moreland along Highway 26 adjoining Riverside west of the Snake, where we raised our children. In 2006, we moved to Wapello, which is about six miles north of Blackfoot on Highway 91. For many years, a small shack on Liberty Road in Rockford was my home throughout each October, where I worked for the Amalgamated Sugar Company. Actually, I slept in my own house, but for fourteen hours a day I was in the shack. I did computerized tasks and lab prep, and helped to pile the beets that went directly from the field into processing-ready rows or into storage. Aside from that job, my only other option to working the harvest was to drive the large ten-wheeler trucks, which I hated, so I kept coming back to the shack, where I liked my coworkers and the money.

Sugar beets are only one of the crops produced in volume in this part of the state. Bingham County yields more potatoes than any other county in the United States, according to the Idaho Farm Bureau Federation, but it also is a prolific producer of wheat, barley, hay, and beef cattle. Yet it wasn't always that way.

The sage-strewn desert of the eastern Snake River Plain was harsh land for potential settlers, who at first were deterred by lack of water in these lands west of the Snake River. The major landmark, about thirty-four miles northwest of Rockford, is emblematic of the landscape's challenges: just across the county line, the volcanic dome of Big Southern Butte rises 7,550 feet from a sea of basalt.

The Rockford region was originally named Burrell Basin after pioneer freighter Preston Burrell. It was first homesteaded around 1895 by Everett T. Malcome, and farmers soon began joking that they had difficulty getting sufficient water to grow enough crops for the jackrabbits. The only access from these remote reaches to the outside world was by ferry going east across the river.

My friend Marty Ellis's dad, Thomas Williams, wrote a seven-hundred-page book in 1957 called *Miracle of the Desert*, in which he compiled information about early pioneers in the communities west of Blackfoot. "It took the united efforts of a large group of people to harness the raging river and pour its life-giving water out on the thirsty soil," he wrote. One man could not dig a ditch or canal sufficient to bring water from the river. The work required communities. After the Aberdeen Springfield Canal brought water right past Rockford, another canal was built to channel water from it to other parched lands in the area. Fittingly, it was named the People's Canal.

In 1909, when a rail shipping point was completed, the residents gathered to celebrate and select a name for the town. Rockford was

OPPOSITE ABOVE: Rockford has only a few shops.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Highway 39 heading into town.

considered descriptive of the terrain and the name was adopted after that of Rockford, Illinois, according to *Miracle of the Desert*. The town already was producing potatoes and had a sugar beet dump, or receiving station. In the early days, beets were loaded onto railcars or stacked to await transportation by rail to a processor. The railroad also was a boon to potato farmers in widening their market reach.

In 1914, a grocery store was started up in Rockford, followed by a pool hall, barber shop, blacksmith, garage, and lumber yard. A grain elevator that stands to the west of town came much later.

In 1902, a petition for a school in the Basin (soon to be named Rockford) was granted. A six-hundred-dollar loan was obtained and a one-room school was built. Educational opportunities grew with the community and in the late-1920s, a new school was built in Rockford. Students on the west side of the Snake River were compelled to attend high school outside the area for education beyond the eighth grade but in the 1920s, the communities of Moreland and Thomas built high schools. Rockford students attended Thomas High School. In 1948, the five school districts across the river from Blackfoot—Rockford, Thomas, Pingree, Riverside, and Moreland—consolidated to form the Snake River School District.

Martha Jane Williams Ellis, my friend Marty, attended Rockford School. "My mother taught school in Rockford in 1928," she told me. "She was from Provo, Utah, and took the train to Blackfoot for her new job. When she arrived, she tried to hire a taxi to take her to Rockford. As if such thing existed in Blackfoot. She was a city girl."

The school board chairman eventually arrived with a horse and wagon to take her to Rockford. She lived with his family the year she taught. That same year, Marty's mother, whose name was Rita Davis, met Marty's dad, who lived in the neighboring community of Thomas. He proposed marriage on the Tilden Bridge. They were married at the end of the school year.

"It was a two-story building with a basement," Marty recalled of Rockford School. "Every Friday we were allowed to bring a little money to school so we could cross the road to the grocery store and buy candy." She said a hill that had been created from the school's furnace

cinders was a favorite place on the playground. Marty followed in her mother's footsteps, and become a longtime elementary teacher in the Snake River School District.

As much as the school situation has improved over the years, the dynamics can still be a bit confusing. Rockford's current grade school is less than a mile from the town but elementary students attend three different


GOOGLE MAPS

GOOGLE MAPS


GOOGLE MAPS

LEFT: Farming is still a principal occupation.

MIDDLE: The grain elevator.

BELOW: The elementary school.

OPPOSITE ABOVE LEFT: A fossil of shark tooth impressions from the desert around Rockford.

OPPOSITE ABOVE RIGHT: A contemporary denizen of the desert, a pygmy short-horned lizard.

OPPOSITE BELOW: Bingham County cowgirl and her steed.

schools before reaching junior high, because most of the elementary schools handle only two grades.

Vickie Watt, who came to Rockford more than fifty years ago, said her children attended the town's new school when it was home to third- and fourth-grade students in the Thomas, Pingree, and Rockford areas. Pingree School took care of the first and second grades, while grades five and six attended Thomas School. The Pingree School closed a few years ago and Rockford now houses elementary students from kindergarten through fourth grade. Snake River Junior High and High School are side-by-side schools, technically in Thomas.

"I went to the old two-story Rockford School to vote on the bond to build the present school," Vickie said. "It was needed!"

She told me she met her husband Ron at Ricks College, after she slipped and fell into a fountain. He responded by asking her out on a date. "The rest was history," she said. Vickie has lived on Liberty Road since her marriage, and each move to a new home has brought her closer to the town.

"Rockford was a culture shock. I was a farm girl raised in Lewiston, Utah." She said she could ride her bike to the store when she was a child but in Rockford, "We lived seven miles farther out on the desert than we live now on Liberty Road." She described her first year in the Rockford area as "rough." Her husband drove their one car to Idaho State University each day to continue his education. She had no close neighbors, no vehicle, no television, and suffered morning sickness with her first child.

She eventually finished her education and taught elementary school in Blackfoot for twenty-one years. "I drove the thirty-mile round trip every day," she told me. Often her own children would be out of school for severe weather conditions in Rockford but, "Blackfoot never closed for weather." She drove a SUV through the snowdrifts and often bundled in snowmobile clothing to stay warm during the drive.

Vickie recalled that Rockford's former grocery store became a popular furniture store for a while. Over the years the town also had a café, a gas station, a welder, and an airport, she said. She raised six children on the family farm, which has grown potatoes, grains, cattle, hay, and sugar beets.

Not surprisingly for an area with challenging agricultural conditions, farmers have worked at conservation practices over the decades. When the Central Bingham Soil Conservation District was formed in 1955, farmers were interested in getting advice on land leveling, installation of irrigation systems, watering, and drainage. Very soon, a tillage demonstration was staged that showed farmers around Rockford and Moreland how the stubble produced when wheat or barley was grown on newly developed land could be handled by equipment instead of burning it.

Today, areas with water below the surface have been converted to pasture, while shallow soils along the Snake River have been planted with perennial crops such as hay. About seventy-four percent of central Bingham County is now rangeland. The next-highest use, at fourteen percent, is irrigated cropland. Urban and rural properties comprise only two percent of the region's approximately 786,000 acres. Yet as urban impacts increase on agricultural areas, as farms of five acres or less proliferate, and as drought conditions continue to recur, the conservation district's principal focus nowadays is on water quality.

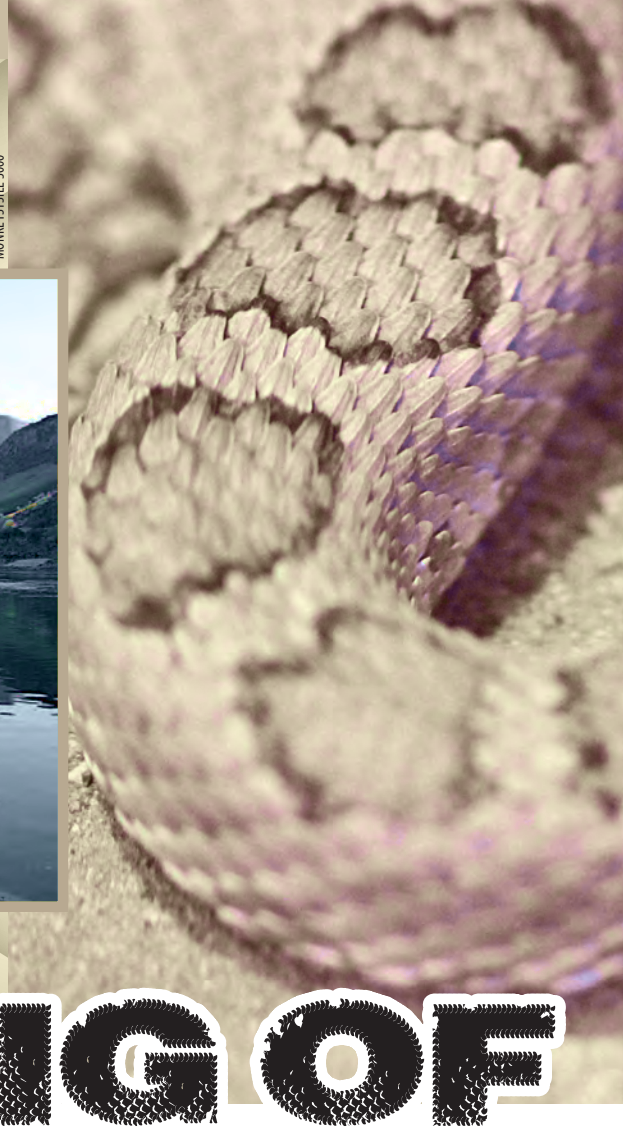
"Living in Rockford has been awesome," Vickie told me. "The longer I live here, the more I like it. It was a great place to raise kids and I've had the best friends and neighbors."■

JAMES ST. JOHN

CHUCK PETERSON

BLM

BLM



MONKEYSTILE 3000

BEING OF

ABOVE LEFT: Lower Snake River Canyon.

ABOVE RIGHT: Great Snake River Basin rattlesnake.

Bill was scooping moss aside to get his German shepherd a drink from a seep of water along the trail when the rattlesnake struck without warning. He looked aghast and in disbelief at the two small punctures on the outside of his palm, trying to wish them away. The snake, no doubt seeking the cool water for relief from boiling August temperatures along the Salmon River Canyon and blind after shedding its skin, had found a comfortable spot under the moss. Even though old scales covered the snake's eyes, it was able to detect a human presence with its forked tongue and the heat-sensing pits on the sides of its triangular snout.

It likely was a Great Basin rattlesnake, which is the most common to central and southern Idaho. This subspecies of the western rattlesnake shows considerable variation in overall color and has irregular squarish patterns on its back rather than the diamond patterns associated with the more familiar western diamondback rattler. Some subspecies of the western are more poisonous than others, with different toxic components in their venom, but all are sufficiently bad if you are miles from medical help.

At any rate, the encounter was bad luck for both of them, as Bill instinctively drew his .357 revolver loaded with snake-load cartridges, which are like

SOUND MIND

And Recently 'Rattlesnake-Bit'

By Gary Oberbillig

minature shotgun shells. A year after this happened, when I heard the story, I asked how long the snake was and he indicated six-inch sections after he had blown it into pieces, which of course didn't help me much.

Bill's dog Murphy, unaccustomed to the ear-splitting blasts of the revolver, yelped and ran off. Alone with a rattlesnake bite and without even the moral support a dog can give, Bill was at least eight miles from help and high on the rim of the canyon.

It's said that when disaster strikes a combination of things go wrong, not just one. In Bill's case, he was there in pursuit of a mule that on a prior trip had wandered down the canyon trail near Dixie. Bill and his lifelong friend and muleskinner partner, Don Esslinger, had joined forces to take hay into the elk hunting camps of a Dixie outfitter in preparation for the approaching hunting season. I suspect that trip was as much recreation as anything, although also a chance to do some work with the mules.

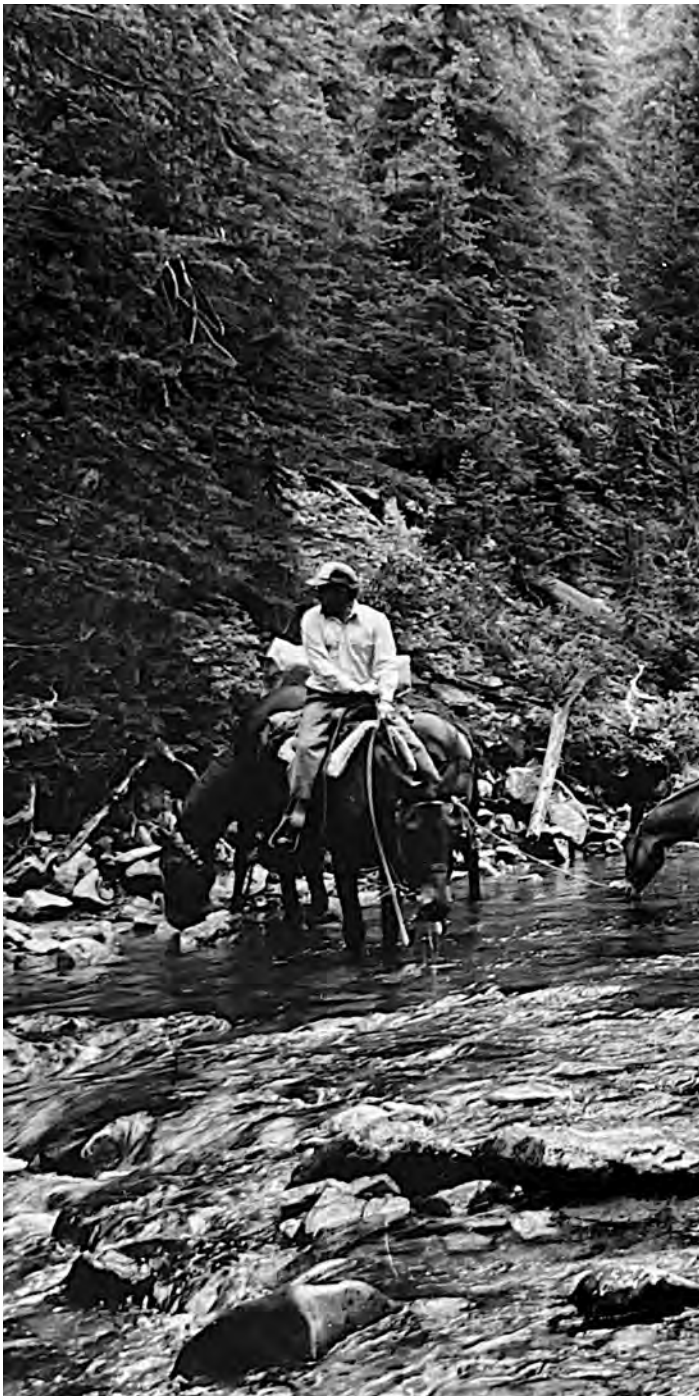
Help now for Bill would be available from riverside settlers at the bottom of the canyon, but just how to get there without risking multiple broken bones or death in a fall was the question. Plus, there was the snake venom coursing up his arm. His training and profession were in engineering rather

than driving mules, and he approached the problem as any engineer might: he had noticed that many elk trails traversed the canyon wall in zigzag fashion, and he followed these ready-made paths to help.

By now, he knew for certain that he had not received a dry bite, in which the snake injects no venom. About one-third of rattlesnake bites are dry, and only about one in six hundred prove to be fatal, but medical attention is always called for, as the envenomed bites have the potential for extreme tissue damage. After all, the bite is intended to partially digest the unlucky rat or other prey on its way to the snake's stomach.

Bill was sure that he was not among the lucky thirty-three-percent, for in addition to the pain, swelling, and nausea, he was conscious of starting to hallucinate as he inched down the sheer canyon wall. "I was stumbling down the hillside," he told me, "but I was walking six inches above the ground!" His visual problems, combined with the steep, uncertain footing, created the chance for yet another disaster but far below he could see a small clump of green trees next to the river. Please, if I can just reach that, he thought, I can sit down and rest, and write my wife a note. Because he was starting to feel very queasy from the venom in his swollen arm and the heart-pounding exertion of the scramble down the canyon, he thought this might be a farewell note.

At last, he slid down the final stretch of hillside to the river and lay down on his belly to get a drink. He washed his face in the welcome icy water of the river and crawled back to sit down in the shade. Perhaps it was the benefits of these refreshments that made him feel much better. He fumbled for his note pad and pondered over what to write. How could he say all the things that need saying at such a moment? I've never seen the note, but I can



RIGHT: Don Esslinger (left) and Bill McHenry water their mules.

GARY OBERBILLIG

OPPOSITE: Frances Zaunmiller Wisner in 1984.

INSET: A curled-up Great Basin rattlesnake.

only think it might have contained word of all the years the couple had spent together. He closed the notebook, stuffed it in his shirt pocket, and snapped the pocket shut to make sure it would be found. Having taken care of all that he was capable of, and feeling better because of it, he decided to continue to try to reach someone for help.

He levered himself upright, found a good stick for support, collected all his resolve, and started shambling down the trail, his need desperate. He had gone most of the distance toward Campbell's Ferry when that his bad luck turned remarkably better, for approaching him was his partner Don, with the mules in tow. Startled by Bill's stumbling gait and appearance, Don hollered "What's wrong?"

Bill said, "Snake bite. Got to keep goin'."

Don rushed forward. "Here, I'll put you on a mule."

"I can't sit on a mule without falling off," Bill replied.

His partner jumped forward and grabbed him by the belt and a shoulder to support his wobbling gait. They proceeded down the trail in this fashion, followed by the string of mules, which are claimed by mule men to be much smarter and personable than horses, despite the gratuitous and accurate kicks they bestow.

Presently the parade of mules and men neared the home of Frances Zaunmiller Wisner, where they hoped to find the help they so urgently needed. I've never spent any time on that part of the main Salmon and never met the woman myself, but I've heard family stories of her independent and sometimes quirky nature, and how she has a rather legendary status of her own. I know she was a long-time friend of my aunt and uncle, Billie and Don Oberbillig, who owned and maintained a radio service that extended into the backcountry.

Frances had the reputation of meeting any strangers with her rifle in hand, so the two started yelling "snakebite" and "help" as they came closer. As soon as she understood the situation, she put down her rifle and yelled back: "Well, just bring him in here and lay him down on the couch, for pity's sake!"

Once on the couch and with the renewed possibility of help, Bill should have felt much better but instead felt worse, the exertion of the scramble down the canyon wall and along the river trail having hastened the progress of the snake venom through his system. He noticed a manual typewriter near a window, and it may be that he knew Frances was the long-time Salmon River correspondent for the Grangeville paper, the *Idaho County Free Press,* which today is the oldest paper still publishing in Idaho. In any case, he once again felt that he might not survive, and now was the time for a last will and testament. He asked Frances to write out the necessary words for him to sign while he still could.

Even though her writing, which usually was about her solitary daily life along the river, was very different than the legal framing of a will, she was willing to try her best. Her opening sentence got right down to it:

"I, William Chalmers McHenry, being of sound mind and recently rattlesnake-bit..."

Immediately after Frances wrote out the brief will, she was on the radio to try to raise anyone who could get him to a proper hospital. But the only responses to her frantic calls were buzzes and dead air. It's a tradition that all the backcountry folks with radios shut them down after five in the afternoon to save their batteries, and it was just past that hour. But once again, the elusive, crooked grin of good fortune renewed Bill's hopes for survival. A secretary working late at the airport in McCall still had her radio on.

Frances filled her in on Bill's plight and the secretary immediately connected her with medical help in Boise. At first, the hospital staff considered a helicopter for the rescue, but Frances had deep familarity with the evening winds along the canyon and she lobbied for a fixed-wing plane to negotiate the challenges of her sloping airstrip. A woman of strong convictions, she made her case in no uncertain

COURTESY CAMPBELL'S FERRY HISTORIC HOMESTEAD

MONKEYSSTILLE3000

terms. Her local knowledge and forceful delivery prevailed and it was agreed that a small plane was the answer. The only paramedic authorized to administer snake anti-venom in the field was contacted and agreed to go. Now the biggest remaining problem was to somehow get a pilot who would and could take the paramedic by small plane into the darkening canyon, land on Frances' uphill strip, and return to the hospital with everyone intact.

I heard from my crop-duster friend, Rusty Larkin, that his brother Jim had a hand in designing Frances's landing strip, and that an uphill grade had been the only solution for the available space. In addition to designing a number of small landing strips in the Idaho backcountry, Jim once flew McCall smokejumpers to fires and is still recognized as one of Idaho's premier bush pilots (see " Up O'er the Wire," February 2013).

Here we come to an anomaly in the story: Bill's son Mike and his mom contend that a rescue helicopter arrived to take Bill to the hospital, but I heard the saga from Bill of how Frances Zaunmiller demanded that a fixed-wing plane should use her sloping landing strip for his tense trip to Boise. I could conjecture that it was both—a plane to McCall and a rescue helicopter from McCall to Boise—but in the last analysis, it's secondary importance. Bill made it out, even though the paramedic told him he would probably not live to reach the hospital. Tough talk, and certainly not the most reassuring bedside manner.

When Frances heard the buzz of the approaching aircraft and the crackle on the radio, she was immediately back on the mic to direct the pilot in for a successful approach. On landing, the paramedic injected Bill with antivenom and they soon took off for the hop back to Boise. Bill had one more crisis when he finally reached the hospital, for he had a violent reaction to the horse serum that is the basis of the rattlesnake antitoxin. He told me he really thought that he was going to die from that. Even after he got home from the hospital, he had another severe reaction. Mike said his father's body broke out in "baseball-sized hives" and he was doubled over with the pain. Mike got him into their pickup cab and roared down the country road at a hundred miles an hour to get him to the hospital. Between gritted teeth, Bill said, "For God's sake, slow down now or you're going to kill me in a car crash."

And what happened to Bill's traumatized dog, Murphy, and the wandering mule that was the occasion for Bill's hike along the canyon that day? Both were eventually found safe from their wilderness adventures, although I imagine Murphy was very hungry. Always concerned about his animals, Bill and his wife made a trip back to Dixie to retrieve them.

Ironically, Frances Zaunmiller Wisner, that quirky, resilient newspaper correspondent of the Salmon River, was on her last go-round herself. She died in December of that same year. Who knows how Bill's story might have ended if she, Bill's partner Don, the secretary in McCall, the paramedics, the pilot, and all the hospital folks hadn't been there to play their roles in his rescue flight. From what I've seen, it's characteristic of Idaho folks that when help is desperately needed, they'll step forward to give it.

In the spring of 1986, I missed a chance to see Bill McHenry at an old-time horse-plowing event in Colfax, Washington, but I heard the full story the next year and learned that the venom had settled in the underside of his upper arm, and the tissue damage there was severe. "The whole arm turned coal-black," Mike said. And the part of the arm where the tissue had been digested by the venom was terribly shrunken. Bill spent most of the following year pumping iron in rehab to try to rebuild his snake-shriveled arm so he could continue to work with his much-loved mules. In October 2019, he passed on—in his old age rather than in his middle years, when he had his run-in with the rattler that didn't rattle. ■

Ironclad Cuisine

Tradition Restored

STORY AND PHOTOS BY KEN NEELY

ABOVE: The Neelys' home display of some of their cast-iron cookware.

"This is gonna take a while," I mused after several minutes of scraping and chipping. I was working on a nasty buildup of carbonized food residue on a cast-iron muffin pan we bought at a Boise estate sale. The rarity of such a pan, paired with the price of only a couple dollars, was too good to pass up. But it came needing a lot of elbow grease to get it looking good again.

The pan had eleven shallow baking cells arranged in three rows with four cells on the outer rows and three cells in the middle row. It also had ten small triangular openings along the edges of the baking cells. Two larger openings on each end of the pan, along with a piece of metal connecting the outer baking cells, served as handles. All fourteen of these openings were crusted with the hard gunk, some of them almost entirely blocked by years of accumulations.

Back to chipping and scraping I went, removing the black deposits with an old screwdriver. After a while, I hit pay dirt when silvery metallic streaks left by the screwdriver revealed that I had reached the cast iron. More chipping and scraping, followed by wire brushing and the use of a wire wheel attached to an electric power drill, finally resulted in a clean muffin pan. I then seasoned it with a coating of cooking oil and baked it in our oven. This was our biggest restoration project for a large piece of cast iron cookware up to that time. The muffin pan has been a favorite of ours over the years, producing delicious and evenly-cooked cornbread, brownies, and banana bread topped with strawberries, almonds, chocolate chips, and coconut.

My wife Nancy and I love cooking with cast iron for several reasons. First and foremost, the cookware provides an even-temperature cooking environment, which produces tasty results. We like the look and feel of cast iron, which gives the cookware an earthy nature. And when we use the pieces on a camping trip over an open fire or on charcoal, we bring some of the outdoors woodsmoke

smells back home when cooking in our kitchen.

We already owned three other cast-iron cookware pieces, which were standard, name-brand, camping Dutch ovens that we had purchased new and that required only seasoning. We've used these casts over the years on camping trips and for in-home cooking, either on our natural gas stovetop or in the oven for baking. We did, however, have another unusual piece that was given to Nancy when she was doing some cleaning work for a friend. It's a fourteen-inch diameter griddle that I've affectionately named Gertie the Great Griddle. The restoration for Gertie was nothing more than a good cleaning and seasoning. Gertie the Great cooks pancakes, naan bread, and tortillas especially well.

Many years went by and many meals were cooked with those five cast-iron cookware pieces, and then two things happened that piqued new interest for me in cast iron. First, we remodeled the kitchen of our Boise home, removing the upper cabinets and installing open shelves. This allowed creative displays of dishes and various family keepsakes. The remodel also provided open wall space, which became the perfect place for mounting some of our cast. Second, I started noticing cast-iron pieces in thrift and antique stores that were in need of tender loving care. Boise has a lot of thrift stores, all of them have a cookware section, and some of them regularly rotate many items through the store. At these stores, I sometimes spy a lonesome cast iron piece sitting by itself or under a stack of non-cast skillets and pans. More often than not, it becomes ours.

One of my favorite finds was a huge and heavy skillet that is almost sixteen inches in diameter and two-and-a-half inches deep. I noticed the skillet sitting on the counter a short distance from the cash register. I'm not sure why it was on the checkout counter—maybe someone thought it would sell faster there, or maybe it just hadn't been moved to the cookware shelf yet. It was as rusty as an old handsaw that someone had left absentmindedly in

their backyard for a winter. That's probably why no one had taken it home yet.

The price was thirty dollars, which was more than I like to pay for cast that's in need of serious restoration. But the skillet's remarkable size and weight intrigued me. I wondered if maybe it had been used many years ago on cattle drives to cook up a big meal for hard-working cowhands. I grabbed it before anyone else had a chance and toted it around the store, looking for Nancy, to see if she approved of the purchase. She did, and another unique cast piece, which I dubbed Bubba Cattle Drive Skillet, was added to our collection. Before the restoration process, its name could have been Bubba Rust. After Bubba was de-rusted and seasoned, the first meal cooked in it was chicken enchiladas for our daughter Rachel's birthday. The skillet is large enough for the enchiladas to be arranged in it like the spokes on a wagon wheel.

A few years ago, we discovered an antiques store in Ketchum that was another great place to look for cast-iron cookware pieces. We picked up a small oval skillet there that needed just a little cleaning and fresh seasoning. The pan, which measures nine by six inches, is just right for frying eggs and small servings of veggies or meat.

Back in the Boise thrift stores, we found more cast-iron skillets that were smaller than the Cattle Drive Skillet but perfect for everyday use in the kitchen. Over time we picked up three skillets with nine-inch diameters and two-inch depths. They were great bargains, because they were not stamped with brand names and were in need of restoration. Now that they've been cleaned and seasoned, these no-name pans function every bit as well as the more expensive brand-name versions. We kept two of the restored skillets and gave the third one to a neighbor as a college graduation present.

I've learned a lot about restoring cast iron since the first days of chipping and scraping. First off, I don't even chip or scrape anymore unless

OPPOSITE TOP: Bubba Cattle Drive Skillet full of chicken enchiladas.

OPPOSITE BELOW: The muffin pan is favored for baking brownies.

LEFT ABOVE: Getting ready for breakfast.

LEFT MIDDLE: Ken cooks pancakes with Gertie the Great Griddle.

LEFT BELOW: The Neelys find that cast-iron cooks evenly.

BELOW (clockwise from top left): their cast-iron wok before and after restoration; scars from scraping will heal but Ken found a gentler way to restore cast iron; the Neelys bought this old nine-inch skillet for five dollars; restored skillets after curing in the oven.

absolutely necessary, because those methods can leave scratches on the cast iron. So can wire brushes and wire wheels attached to electric power drills. The scratches do fade with time and will disappear after a few seasoning sessions and numerous cooking events, but I found there are much gentler ways of restoring neglected cast iron that are very effective.

Internet videos and articles really helped me with restoration techniques for cast iron. I learned that a mix of vinegar and water works great for removing heavy rust deposits. I fill up a cast iron, let it soak for a while, and then scrub it with a scouring pad. Sometimes it takes a few vinegar-water soakings to rid completely rid it of rust. I also discovered that baking soda is not good for rust removal but is excellent for food buildups on the cast. I make a paste of baking soda and water, and go to work with a scouring pad. After a few rounds of these efforts, the bare metal appears.

I have found that seasoning with flax oil results in the best blackened finish. After wiping flax oil over the entire cast, inside and outside, I put it in a cold oven, crank the temperature to 350 degrees, bake it for an hour and fifteen minutes, turn off the oven, and remove the pan after a few hours, when the oven and the cookware are cooled. The result is a completely restored piece of cast iron cookware.

A trip to Ketchum last year didn't net any cast-iron pieces, although there were plenty to pick from. I just couldn't find an exceptional one for the right price, so I branched out into other cooking pieces. I found a steel wok and an old crab pot basket, both rusted and without any prices. After an inquiry to the store owner, we walked away with these two pieces for twenty dollars plus tax. A vinegar treatment followed by seasoning with regular cooking oil put the wok back in tiptop working order. As for the crab boil basket, it's still unrestored and has become a home decoration until we can find a pan with a diameter large enough to allow the basket, filled with crabs, to be submerged.

And so back to the thrift stores and antique shops we go, looking for more cast iron and steel cookware treasures that just need a little restoring to get them back on the job. Maybe we'll see you there doing the same. ■

KEN LUND

Go to the Customers

A Backwoods Strategy

BY MAX JENKINS

When I was a kid, I liked to listen to my dad while he was on the telephone, because it was always entertaining. He was the county agent of Idaho County in the late 1940s. It was the state's biggest county, yet he seemed to know most everyone, certainly the farmers, ranchers, and loggers. He was a great communicator, adept on the phone. Let's say he was trying to reach Jack Thompson, who lived on a ranch outside Riggins, but Jack wasn't picking up. Dad's next call would be to Betty, the Riggins area operator. Nowadays, by the way, a café on the south side of Riggins displays the town's telephone party-line board and accessories that were used in the 1940s and '50s by Betty and the other operators in that building.

"Hi, Betty, how's your sick horse?" Dad might say. "Aw, that's too bad, you'd better call the vet. Hey, do you know what Jack's doing today?"

"No, I haven't heard from him," she'd say, "but I'll check around. Will you be at your office?"

"Yes, I'm leaving pretty soon, and I'll be at the office until noon. Betty, you're a great friend."

Before he even got out of the house, Betty would call back. "I found Jack. I plugged into the south Riggins party line, and Jessie's son is running over to Jack's barn to tell him to call you."

"Betty," Dad would say kiddingly, "I'm going to send you a dozen red roses."

"Sure," she'd say, "when hell freezes over."

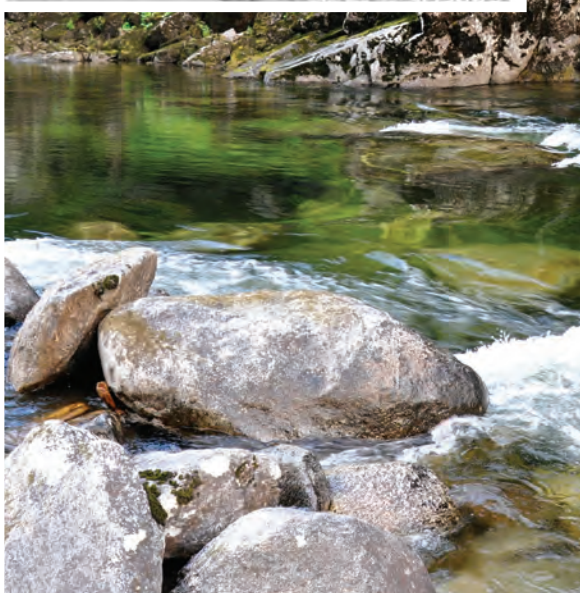
That sort of conversation happened all the time, with operators in Ferdinand, or Stites, or Grangeville. In 1948, when Dad and a partner purchased a car and truck dealership in Grangeville, his communication skills became even more valuable. As a young boy, I often was included in his conversations on the sales floor, where I learned about how to take kidding and give it back.

Dad loved the backcountry, and during the

ABOVE: Approaching Grangeville on Highway 95.

WATER ARCHIVES

COURTESY OF MAX JENKINS



summers he would call me at home. "Max, get ready and I'll pick you up. We're going to Crooked Creek," or some other place in the woods. The backcountry was full of road work during summer in the 1950s and '60s, and dynamiting was often required, which meant the Highway Department would close roads for maybe two to four hours. We seemed to always get caught by these closures on our outings, but it wasn't a problem, because we sat on logs and kidded and laughed with the interesting people we met. Dad was always at the center of it.

Sooner or later, one of the guys would ask, "Wes, can you get me a good deal on a pickup?"

"Jim, since you laughed at my jokes, I'll get you a great deal," Dad would say. He and the prospective customer would then go over to Dad's pickup to look at brochures and other materials, and to make arrangements.

AARON

Those summer excursions continued until I started working at Grangeville's drug store at age twelve, but it wasn't until I sold advertising for the Idaho State College annual and newspaper that I began to study sales concepts. That's when it hit me: those backcountry trips were one of Dad's selling techniques. Summers were the bread-and-butter months for ranchers and loggers, and they didn't have time to drive to Grangeville or to any other place. A smart salesman went where the customers were.

On one visit to my parents, I asked Dad about this clever strategy.

"That's right," he confirmed, "it was a very successful and very profitable concept." And he explained why we had kept running into road closures: he had scouted them out ahead of time. He knew these beautiful and relaxing settings were perfect for sales, and he was proud that most of the county's loggers bought their rigs from his dealership.

Even in his elderly years, when he had health issues and couldn't drive, Dad had several widows that he "took care of," to use my mother's phrase. I witnessed this during visits to see my folks. The phone next to his lounge chair would ring.

"Hi, Greta. Sure, I'll handle that for you." Then he'd make another call and ask someone to take care of the issue. He also asked me to do errands for his widows whenever I was visiting. No matter what was needed, I was happy to comply.

Each weekday morning no later than 5:10, I leave my Boise home in rain, shine, or snow for my run. When I reach the road, the first thing I do is thank heaven for good health and good knees. After that, I give thanks for meeting my wife of sixty-three years in 1956, and for being born to Wes and Orpha Jenkins, who raised me in Grangeville. Even though I was born in 1938, I still hear my dad's advice to do the right thing. He's been my life-long teacher and the shaper of my conscience. ■

OPPOSITE TOP: CCC-built road near Crevice Dam above Riggins, 1935.

OPPOSITE BELOW: The author's parents, Orpha and Wes Jenkins.

BELOW: Selway River. One of its tributaries, Crooked Creek, was a haunt of the author and his dad.

Stagecoach Summers

After School, the Pictures

BY STEVE CARR

I still think of the last day of school as the first day of summer, not that I know, nor have I known, our schools' schedules for years. Carefree memories of my fortunate youth, so vividly happy, are indelibly etched in my increasingly muddled brain. The summer of my twelfth year shines.

On the last day of school, parole day, we traded four bits for a string of movie tickets. Every Tuesday, all summer long, hundreds of T-shirted ruffians tumbled into the town's ornate, once-vaudeville theater to watch *Flubber, Son of Flubber,* or a show about a Volkswagen Bug that could talk. How wonderful was that? But our favorites were the Westerns, and our hardscrabble heroes like the Lone Ranger and Zorro. The masked men lived double lives that encouraged our burgeoning virility.

Hours before showtime, I'd locate my bike on a neighbor's lawn and commence the trek to town. My sidekick would meet me at the intersection and we'd ride on to the zoo at Tautphaus Park in Idaho Falls. Our posse grew as more riders joined at the monkey house, where we paused to watch the cigarette-smoking chimpanzee and squeeze our skinny arms inside the popcorn machine for a handful on the house. Chipmunk-cheeked with stale popcorn, we'd proceed along the canal to 17th Street. The balance of the journey depended upon what activities we espied along the way. Sometimes a sandlot ball game behind Hawthorne School distracted us. Other times, reported sightings of high school girls sunbathing would find us steering through alleys and peeping through knotholes.

The last stop was always Fogg Drug, next to the theater, where we provisioned up on penny candy. Our bikes were left in a heap, where they rested untethered until the last movie villain fell in his own heap outside a saloon on a wagon wheel-rutted street.

The season finale was John Wayne as the eye-patched Rooster Cogburn: first-run movie for a dime's admission. We almost missed it. Our own numbskulled but resolute Rooster Cogburn was last in line to reach deep inside the popcorn machine, where his arm promptly wedged into place. We ignored his initial entreaties for assistance while we interrogated the macaws, who shared a cell in the monkey house, and whose language was as irreverent as Cogburn's. It wasn't until we realized we might miss The Three Stooges, who always preceded the main feature, that we turned to his rescue. We could see his fist through the glass, periscoping through mounds of popcorn, within inches of the yellow light bulb, his fingers on broil. We pulled, we bent, we twisted—all to no avail.

We told him we were going to have to cut off his arm with one of our scout knives. We just needed to agree on whose knife would get the honor. When it dawned on me that we might miss *True Grit* altogether if we started sawing, I suggested that if he released the popcorn in his fist, his arm might slip free. He did and it did. We raced on our Schwinn stallions, arriving just in time to see the stagecoach deliver a cloud of dust onto the silver screen. And then we sat bug-eyed for two hours, reloading on grit before the adventure home.

Find Steve this summer, stubbornly helmetless yet on the approved bike path, reliving his youth, or at scarr@prodigy.net

■

MANY THANKS TO OUR ONLINE ISSUE SPONSORS

Coeur d'Alene Tribe
Volney Fleischman
Anonymous

Banner Bank
Boise Legacy Constructors
Coeur d'Alene Casino Resort Hotel

Owyhee Avalanche
Darko & Carol Volarich/ Northwest Printing
Idaho Community Foundation
Roger & Bonnie Dobson Brazier
Bettie J. Ferguson
Katherine Hanna
Marie and Chris Kantarian, M.D.
Ruby Tanner
Earline R. Reid
Judyth Roberts
Rod Jessick

Ruth M. Ness
Patti & Tom Appleby
Kathy Jo Doramus
Carl & Joan Latona
Tom, Kay & Tim Kelley
Runberg Architecture Group
Emily Sullivan
Bill Corbett
Jayne Black
Meighan Perry
Craig Durstewitz
Troy Bagley

Call us about sponsorship opportunities.

We work with 501(c)(3) organizations if you would like your contribution to be tax deductible.

Kitty Fleischman, Publisher/ Editor
kfleisch@idahomagazine.com

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

S.AVE O.UR S.TORIES

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

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

TITLE SPONSOR LEVELS

1 ISSUE	**$3,850**
2-4 ISSUES	**$3,080/ISSUE**
5+ ISSUES	**$2,530/ISSUE**

As a full "Title" sponsor you can fill the first two pages of the issue with your own story, your town's story, your business, or to memorialize a loved one. Once online, the sponsored issue can be read, downloaded, printed out or linked to your website – and it's **permanent!** This price is less than one cent per student currently enrolled in Idaho's schools. Amortize it over future years, and you've made the best bargain since Seward bought Alaska for two cents an acre.

Invest in Idaho

Read sponsored issues at IDAHOmagazine.com

BC AND AMY DEE'S MUSHROOM BAKE

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. cubed and seared tenderloin
1/2 package bacon, cut into one inch lengths, cooked
4 Tbsp. cooking oil
5 c. quartered button mushrooms, sautéed
1 c. sour cream
1 purple or yellow onion, chopped and sautéed
1 serrano pepper, diced and sautéed (optional)
1 jalapeño pepper, sliced and sautéed
1 c. shredded Gouda cheese
1 c. crumbled bleu cheese
1 Tbsp. gourmet mustard
1 tsp. soy sauce for depth
1 tsp. minced garlic
1 tsp. powdered garlic
1 tsp. onion powder
Salt and pepper to taste

PREPARATION OF FILLING

> Combine all cooked and sautéed ingredients, (drain mushrooms after cooking).

> In a separate bowl, mix sour cream with mustard and spices, add to vegetables and meats, add crumbled bleu cheese, and spoon into a baking dish. Layer with Gouda cheese.

> Bake uncovered at 425 degrees for 15 minutes. You might broil for a minute or two to brown the cheese on top.

Note: What began as an otherwise plain recipe became simply insane when my friend Wild River Bill and I began adding ingredients: "I know, bacon!" Or, "Oh, my gosh, crumbled bleu cheese." The above recipe was the recent result of our Dutch oven effort. Our campfire's smell and taste added to the flavor and appeal of the dish. Careful, it's filling, and very addictive.

SPICED HONEY CARROTS

INGREDIENTS

1 bag baby carrots, steamed
1/3 c. butter
2 Tbsp. honey
1 tsp. ginger
Sprinkle of cardamom to taste
Nutmeg to taste
Coarsely ground black pepper to taste
Powdered garlic to taste, optional

PREPARATION

> Steam the carrots and when they're hot, add the other ingredients and let the butter melt while very gently stirring.

Note: This side dish has been a go-to in our family for years.

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.

EZUME IMAGES

JUNE 2022

JON BUTTERWORTH (UNSPLASH)

IBL EVENTS

U.S.ARMY CORPS OF ENG.

1-30

"SUE", THE T-REX EXPERIENCE, Boise

SUE the T. rex is the most complete, best-preserved Tyrannosaurus rex ever discovered. This exhibition features the latest scientific discoveries about this incredible fossil. Visitors will get to explore the sights, sounds, and smells of SUE's world, see casts of real dinosaur fossils, and come face to face with an exact cast of SUE's skeleton, which measures 40 feet long and 13 feet tall. Visitors will also see new interactives and digital technologies, highlighting the latest scientific discoveries and showing people what SUE's world was like. Admission: Ages 18+, $20; 65 and over, $19; 2-17, $13; Children under 2 and DCI members, free. Hours and location: 10 AM-4:30 PM at the Discovery Center of Idaho.

Information: https://www.dcidaho.org/sue-the-t-rex-experience

4

FAMILY SUMMER PALOOZA, Garden City

Idaho is a place like no other on Earth. Unplug for a day and reconnect with your kiddos at the Family Summer Palooza! The day is packed full of entertainment and fun for the whole family. Your kids will love the interactive zones designed for tots, kids and tweens. The endless recreation will keep the kids moving all day long while families explore exhibits featuring the best products, services, resources and entertainment the Treasure Valley has to offer. Give your kids a day they'll always remember and let yourself unwind at one of the Treasure Valley's favorite family events. Single Ticket, $5; Family pass (2 Adults and up to 4 Kids), $20. 10 AM to 4 PM, Center Expo building at Idaho Expo in Garden City.

Information: 208-376-0464; or https://www.iblevents.com/family-summerpalooza;

4-5

CAMAS LILY DAYS, Fairfield

This free family event celebrates the historic harvesting of camas bulbs by the Shoshone-Bannock tribes in the lands that are now part of Camas County. The tribes dug for the bulbs as an important food source when they lived freely in the southern Idaho area. Family activities during the festival include a town breakfast, a 5K Fun Run, and a volleyball tourney. A kids fishing derby (ages 0-13) takes place Saturday morning (sign-up 7 AM-8 AM, derby 8 AM -11 AM). It's a wonderful event, so bring your young fisher-kids; equipment will be provided, if necessary. There will also be arts and crafts, food vendors, live music (Colt Angell on Saturday, 7 PM - 9 PM)—and, subject to the approval of tribal elders, Shoshone-Bannock tribal members will perform traditional dances

Information: clerkfairfield@frontier.com; or 208-764-2333

SONDER QUEST (UNSPLASH)

15-18

CHERRY FESTIVAL, Emmett

Each June since the 1930s, this family friendly hometown tradition has celebrated the abundance of Emmett and all of Gem County. The traditional Cherry Festival events, concerts and carnival all happen in the Emmett City Park, while other celebrations and events take place throughout the community. during the week of the Festival, as well. Besides the fact that there is no cost to enter, no admission, no gate fees, there is the abundance of free family-friendly activities, including daily entertainment and nightly concerts, a big parade, a children's parade, and free entry in to all contests. Bring your family and friends to join in the fun, which happens at Emmett's City Park, located on East Main Street

Information:
https://www.emmettcherryfestival.com/

KHALIELA WRIGHT

18

BOOKS & BREWS, Moscow

This is a family-friendly book fair where members of the community can meet with regional authors and get their books autographed. This year's line-up includes everything from children book writers to authors of horror and romance, so there is something for everyone. The event is free and open to the public, and the "brews" include soft drinks. For more information and to see a list of participating authors, check the Web site below. The twenty-five participating authors and illustrators listed have their work appearing in over one-hundred titles. The book fair is free and takes place from 5 PM to 8 PM at the 1912 Center, 412 E 3rd Street in Moscow.

Information: https://palousewritersguild.org/2022/03/books-and-brews/

COURTNEY KENADY (UNSPLASH)

18

PEBBLE CREEK'S WILDFLOWER CONCERT, Inkom

Wildflowers are normally at their peak for this annual event, which is a fund raiser for the Pebble Creek National Ski Patrol. Concert goers can nestle their lawn chairs and blankets in the wildflowers on the slope providing a perfect view of both the performers and the sunset. Live music on the deck will be performed by several local bands from 3 PM -5 PM, and the Pebble Creek Ski Patrol will be barbecuing a tasty menu of food on the deck, and beverages will be available as well. Vendors will be on site offering various local and handcrafted items. The location is the Pebble Creek Ski area, the hours are 1 PM-9 PM, and the admission is $10 per person.

Information:
https://pebblecreekskiarea.com/events/

JUNE 2022

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

Northern Idaho

5/27-6/3 NAIA Baseball World Series: Harris Field, **Lewiston**

2 Farmers Market: **Kooskia**

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

2 Outdoor Choir Concert: 4 PM, River City Middle School, **Post Falls**

2 Lapwai Home Fair: Information about home buying. 10 AM – 3 PM, **Lapwai**

3 North Idaho Young Life Dinner and Concert: 5 PM - 9 PM, Settler's Creek, **Coeur d' Alene**

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

4-5 Rock, Mineral, Gem, and Jewelry Show: 28 Dealers with minerals, rocks jewelry and rock related items. Displays, Kid's Corner, Hourly prize drawings, Silent Auction. Admission - $5; Children under 12 free with paid adult. Saturday 9 AM-5 PM; Sunday 10 AM - 4 PM. Jacklin Building , Kootenai County Fairgrounds, **Coeur d'Alene**

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**

15-18 Gyro Days: BBQs, a radiothon, a carnival with midway rides and concessions right smack in the middle of Wallace -- all capped off with the Lead Creek Derby Saturday afternoon. **Wallace**

16-19 Kootenai Classic Livestock Show: Kootenai County Fairgrounds, **Coeur d'Alene**

17 Iron Riders National Gathering and Monument Dedication: 11 AM - 2:30 PM, Wallace Visitor Center, **Wallace**

18 Common Tone Music Fest: 2 PM – 9 PM, Palouse-Clearwater Environmental Institute, 1040 Rodeo Dr., **Moscow**

18-19 White Bird Days & Rodeo: **Whitebird**

18-19 Clearwater River Rush Jet Boat Races Orofino-Kamiah: **Orofino/Kamiah**

18-19 Full Draw Archers 2022 Newsome Creek 3-D Shoot: **Grangeville**

18-19 CVRA Annual Rodeo "Biggest Little Rodeo In Idaho": **Kamiah**

25 Craigmont June Picnic: **Craigmont**

Southwestern Idaho

1-11 Idaho Shakespeare Festival: 5657 E Warm Springs Ave., **Boise**

1-29 After-school Fun: WEDNESDAYS. STEAM (Science, Technology, Engineering, Art, Mathematics) Activities. Ages 7-12. 3 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**

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

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

4 Neon Nights: 10K & 5K Fun Run: 5 PM - 9 PM, 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**

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: June 15 for the August issue.
SEND DETAILS TO: calendar@idahomagazine.com

4 Rattlesnake/Porcupine/Skunk Avoidance Training for Dogs: Training sessions take place from 9 AM - 2 PM, at Julia Davis Park. Experienced dog handlers (eTrainers) will work with your dog one-on-one and focus on your dog's reaction and body language to a snake, porcupine or skunk. Pricey but important. Information at https://www.eventbrite.com/e/2022-rattlesnake-porcupine-and-skunk-avoidance-training-for-dogs-workshop-tickets-255582733837. **Boise**

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

4-25 Schick-Ostolasa Farmstead: SATURDAYS. The Farmstead is an outstanding example of early homesteading in Idaho. It serves as an agricultural history learning center for the Dry Creek Valley through exhibits and site tours. 12:30 PM - 4:30 PM, 5006 W. Farm Court, **Boise**

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

7-28 Farm to Fork Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS. 5 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, **Caldwell**

7-28 Bilingual Storytime: TUESDAYS. Activities in both English and Spanish. Ages 2-6. 10:30 AM, Public Library, **Caldwell**

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

9 "The Squad": This is a group function for adults with disabilities. Join us for music, crafts, games and more. (Participants must be accompanied by a caregiver.) 1:30 PM - 2:30 PM., Public Library, **Nampa**

11 Caldwell Family Fun Day: 9 AM to Noon. Whittenberger Park and Rotary Pond, **Caldwell**

15 IJT Junior Golf Tournament: 8 AM – 8 PM, Purple Sage Golf Course (208-459-2223), **Caldwell**

14.28 Crochet & Knit: This class is open to ages 12 and up; beginners thru advanced are welcome. Participants should bring #4 worsted yarn, knitting needles (size 8 or 9 and/or crochet hooks size G or H). 1 PM - 3:30 PM, Public Library, **Nampa**

15 Jaialdi, A Celebration of Basque Culture: Jaialdi is the United States's largest Basque festival. **Boise**

15-18 Emmett Cherry Festival: City Park, E Main St, **Emmett**

16 Thursday Evening Read: Ages 18+. Discussion of the book of the month. 6:30 PM, Public Library, **Caldwell**

21-25 The National Oldtime Fiddlers' Contest & Festival: Details at https://www.fiddlecontest.org/ **Weiser**

21,28 Tuesdays at The Terrace: A new Summer Concert Series. Take in the view of Payette Lake while enjoying these FREE concerts. 6 PM - 8 PM, Ponderosa Center- The Ludwig Terrace, across from Legacy Park **McCall**

25 Boise Music Festival: 10 AM – 10 PM, Expo Idaho, **Garden City**

Southern Idaho

3-5 39th Annual Western Days: Food, fun, parade, mini-trains, car show, and more. City Park, **Twin Falls**

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**

11 10th Annual Live Butterfly Release Memorial Event: This special event begins at 10 AM at the Orton Botanical Garden, 867 Filer Ave W, **Twin Falls**

Central Idaho

4 Challis Classy Chassis Show N' Shine Car Show: 10 AM - 4 PM at the intersection of U.S. Highway 93 and Main Street, **Challis**

4 The Spank Martiny Memorial Broncs & Bulls: Riders entertain as they show off their talented skills in Bronc and Bull Riding. 5 PM - 9 PM, North Custer Rodeo Grounds, **Challis**

4-5 Camas Lily Days: A celebration of the historic harvesting of camas bulbs by the Shoshone-Bannock tribes. Family activities include a breakfast and a trout-fishing derby at the local "Kid Pond." There will be arts and crafts, food vendors, live music—and, subject to the approval of tribal elders (COVID concerns), Shopshone-Bannock tribal members will perform traditional dances. **Fairfield**

4-25 Community Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS. 10 AM-1 PM, City Park, **Challis**

Eastern Idaho

1-29 Revive @ 5 Summer Concert Series: WEDNESDAYS. Free event. 5 PM - 8 PM, Historic Downtown **Pocatello**

2 Opening Reception for CJ Gallery Artists: 11 AM - 2 PM, Willard Arts Center, **Idaho Falls**

2 Angler Experience – First Time Fishing: Rangers will teach kids all about trout fishing. Kids will learn about gear, the basics of fishing, including catching and cleaning or catching and releasing.. Ages 5 - 17. All equipment provided. Event is FREE. Register at 208-824-5910. 10 AM - 2 PM, Castle Rocks State Park, **Almo**

4 Pizza's Run Car Show: Custom Iron Works, **Soda Springs**

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

16-19 2022 AKC East Idaho Spring Classic Dog Shows: Eastern Idaho State Fair, **Blackfoot**

18 Pebble Music & Wildflower Festival: 1 PM - 9 PM, Pebble Creek Ski Area, **Inkom**

25-26 C & M Farms Summer Dressage Show: C & M Farm, 1352 Syphon Rd., **Pocatello**

Northern Idaho

2-4 West Wallace Flea Market: 9 AM-5 PM, **Wallace**

2-30 Long Camp Farmer's Market: SATURDAYS. **Kamiah**

3-4 Grangeville Border Days: **Grangeville**

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

8-9 Lapwai Days: **Lapwai**

9 Kiwanis Club 2nd Annual Poker Run & Bike Show: **Kamiah**

9 Clearwater Valley Aero Club "Kamiah Fly-In": **Kamiah**

9-10 Stites Days: **Stites**

Southwestern Idaho

2 Schick-Ostolasa Farmstead: The Farmstead serves as an agricultural history learning center for the Dry Creek Valley through exhibits and site tours. 12:30 PM - 4:30 PM, 5006 W. Farm Court, **Boise**

2-3 Fourth of July Festival: Watch the American Hero's Parade on Sherman Avenue, and enjoy music, food, a pie-eating contest and children's activities in City Park and a fireworks display over Lake Coeur d'Alene. **Coeur d'Alene**

4 Fun on the Fourth: Noon - 3 PM, Indian Creek Plaza, **Caldwell**

4 Demolition Derby: The Homedale Lions Club's annual 4th of July Demolition Derby takes place at the Owyhee County fairgrounds in Homedale. Fireworks after the derby and a live band will be performing. **Homedale**

4 Meridian City Independence Day: Spend Independence Day with the family at the Fourth of July Parade and other activities. 4 PM - 11 PM, Storey Park, **Meridian**

5 Tuesdays at The Terrace: A new Summer Concert Series. Take in the view of Payette Lake while enjoying these FREE concerts. 6 PM - 8 PM, Ponderosa Center- The Ludwig Terrace, across from Legacy Park **McCall**

5 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**

9 Museum Work Day: 8 AM. Volunteers welcome; Lunchtime Seminar (bring your own lunch): Paul Castrovillo. "Updates on some of my favorite Idaho butterflies". The O.J.Smith Museum of Natural History, Boone Hall, The College of Idaho, **Caldwell**

10 Annual 4J Butterfly Count: **Boise**

Southern Idaho

9 8th Annual Vietnam Veterans Commemorative Motorcycle Ride and BBQ: Registration is free and begins at 8 AM in the Twin Falls City Park. Kick stands up at 10 AM. **Twin Falls**

Central Idaho

7-10 Rally in the Pines: **Challis**

Eastern Idaho

2-3 Hometown 4th of July Celebration: **Malad**

4 4th of July Parade: 9:30 AM - Noon, **Pocatello**

4 Lava Independence Day Fireworks: 8 PM - 10 PM, **Lava Hot Springs**

6 Revive @ 5 Summer Concert Series: Free event. 5 PM - 8 PM, Historic Downtown **Pocatello**

8-11 Northwest Chapters Tour: Eagle Rock Indian Motorcycle, **Idaho Falls**

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

Alice Elison
is a fourth-generation Teton Valley native. A University of Idaho graduate, she married the cute guy in genetics class. She and Brent have four children and thirteen grandchildren. Alice has skied, fished, hiked, boated, and golfed throughout the state. A retired anatomy and physiology instructor, she is the Eastern Idaho State Fair Needlecraft Building superintendent.

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

Aisha Marie
is a native Idahoan turned world traveler who has journeyed through Asia, the Middle East, North Africa, Europe, and Australia. After living for twenty-five years in Saudi Arabia and Malaysia, she now turns a nostalgic hand to writing of travel, home, and family.

David E. Metcalf
was born and raised near Homedale and has raised a family with wife Darla in southwestern Idaho. The youngest of nine children, David enjoys writing stories about life in Idaho, childhood memories, and other inspirational topics. You can find him at davidsdocs.com and on Facebook.

Ken Neely
is a hydrogeologist who retired from the State of Idaho in 2019 after twenty-eight years and is now a part-time tech writer for hydrologic consulting companies. He has geoscience degrees from West Virginia University and the University of Idaho. Ken says, “After years of writing scientific water reports, I'm trying my hand at creative writing projects.” He and wife Nancy are Boise residents.

Kendra Nemeth
is an Idaho native who was born in McCall and was raised in New Meadows. She currently lives in Connecticut with her husband and three young sons, but her heart remains in the wilds of Idaho.

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."

Mathew Purtee
grew up in Moscow and in Olympia, Washington. After college, he joined the Air Force and subsequently has traveled in North and Central America, the Middle East, and Europe. He says, “Over time, I realized nothing beats the mountains, hills, rivers, and beaches of the Pacific Northwest.” Currently stationed in Tacoma, Washington, he intends to eventually return to Moscow.

IDAHO magazine

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

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

Join us on the Journey!

IDAHOmagazine.com
(208) 336.0653

PHONE: (208) 336.0653
MAIL: P. O. Box 586
Boise, ID 83701-0586
WEB: IDAHOmagazine.com

YES! I would like a subscription to *IDAHO magazine*

☐ **ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (12 ISSUES)** for $43.09 (shipping & tax included)
☐ **TWO-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (24 ISSUES)** for $72.24 (shipping & tax included)

Visa/MC/AmEx #: _____

Exp: Month _____ / Year _____ CVV #: _____

Cardholder's Name: _____

Billing address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

SUBSCRIPTION TO: _____

Delivery address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Email: _____

IDAHO magazine
1010 N. Orchard St., Suite 11
Boise, ID 83706

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Stay & Play

CALL 1 800-523-2464 TO BOOK YOUR PACKAGE TODAY

CIRCLING RAVEN
GOLF CLUB

PACKAGES FOR TWO STARTING AT

$323

Make your getaway this summer with our Stay & Play Golf Package.

You'll enjoy golf for two at our scenic championship golf course plus a one-night stay at our premier resort.

EPSON TOUR

4 NEWS NOW

HOME OF THE CIRCLING RAVEN CHAMPIONSHIP

PRESENTED BY KXLY 4 NEWS NOW

AUGUST 22ND – 28TH, 2022

All packages and offers subject to availability. All rooms incur a 7% Tribal tax. Stay & Play packages available throughout the season. The Coeur d'Alene Casino Resort reserves the right to modify or cancel this promotion at any time.

WELCOME HOME.

CASINO | HOTEL | DINING | SPA | CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF

37914 SOUTH NUKWALQW • WORLEY, IDAHO 83876 • 1 800-523-2464 • CDACASINO.COM

COEUR D'ALENE CASINO RESORT • HOTEL®