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FALL 2007

sun valley GUIDE

a cowboy's calling

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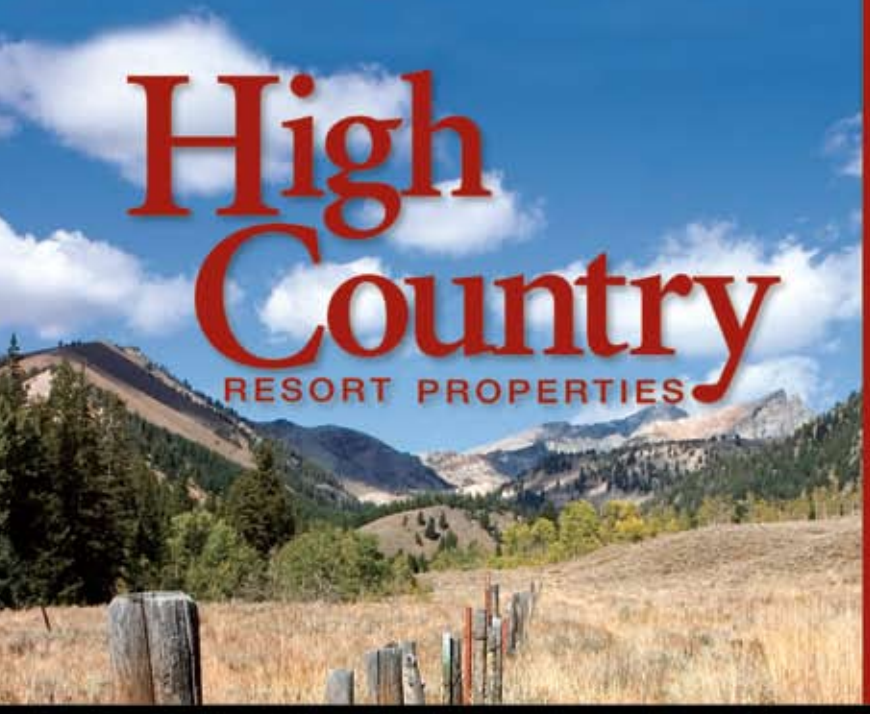

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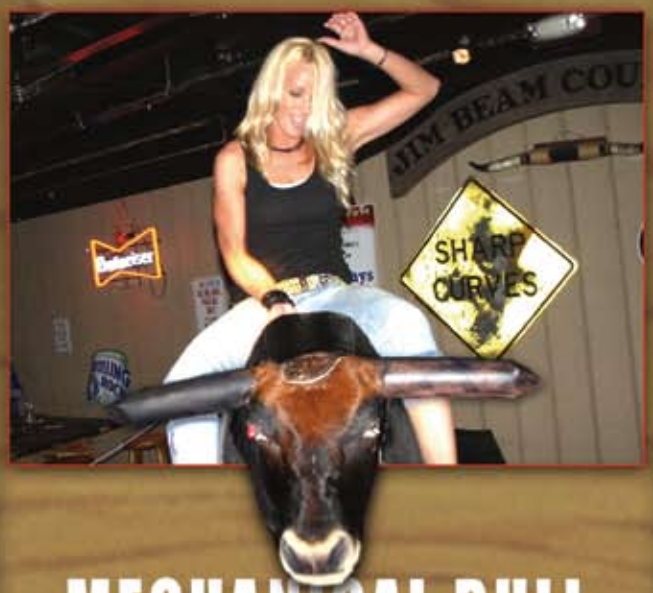

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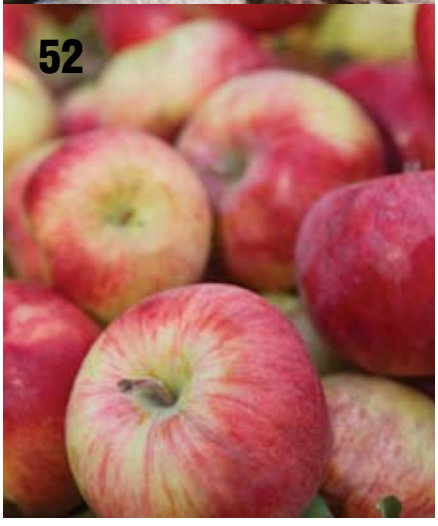

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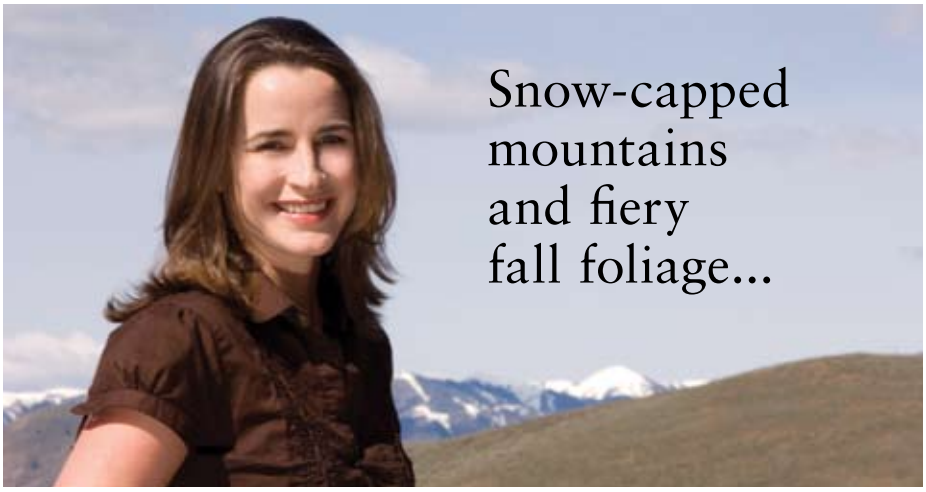

PHOTO BY PAULETTE PHLIPOT

Such words conjure images of the quintessential fall season in Sun Valley. Indisputably the local's favorite off-season, fall is celebrated in this issue of the *Sun Valley Guide* through stories for and about the vibrant local population of our valley.

In honor of Breast Cancer Awareness Month this October, join us in celebrating four local women and their inspiring tales of survival. Then, take a ride into the backcountry with Boone Campbell. Hailey born and bred, this taciturn young man embodies the myth of the Western cowboy. Unearth the truth about how Idaho really became the potato state (hint: it's all about McDonald's), and investigate the reality of slack in Sun Valley: Is it a real misery or is its existence becoming a myth?

We also explore the importance of art in our mountain communities. In Hailey, the encouragement of the arts is becoming a boon to the city's economy. And in Ketchum, the proliferation of serene sculptures, paintings and murals in public places is bringing balance and joy to life's everyday moments.

So, let the *Sun Valley Guide* be your guide to real life in this valley. From the personalities to the places and everything in between.

Jennifer Tuohy

contributors

Van Gordon Sauter was executive vice president of the CBS Broadcast Group and chairman of the California Boxing Commission. He abhors horses but stands in awe of those who ride them for a living. Sauter's favorite mode of transport is his '57 Chevy Apache pickup.

Matt Furber is a freelance writer learning the language of the farm while roaming the earth. Potatoes, an economical and nutritious food, including roasted, new potatoes, the occasional baker, and loads of French fries, have sustained his study of the Idaho spud.

Dana DuGan, a Hailey resident, is a staff writer for the *Idaho Mountain Express* newspaper. When not producing stories for this magazine and the paper, she is the wary mother of two wildly wicked and wonderful girls, a gardener, sometime actor and co-producer of the Back Alley Party.

DISCOVER MOUNTAIN LIFE FALL 2007
sun valley GUIDE

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Cover: Boone Campbell by Todd Kaplan

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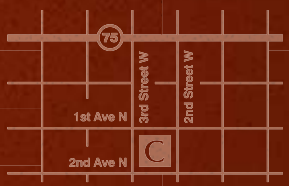


CHILALI

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A COWBOY

Boone Campbell, graduate of Silver Creek Alternative School, has faced some tough choices. The most important one, however, was made a long time ago.

Van Gordon Sauter steps into the taciturn world of a tried and true cowboy. Photos by Todd Kaplan.

It is a scene from a Clint Eastwood movie: a deceptively quiet high-country tableau, revealing a creek of snowmelt racing through a forest toward flat country and bone-dry homesteaders. On both sides of the stream is a chaotic gauntlet of river rocks, focusing the stream's path and separating it from a first growth of sturdy, straight trees.

And then, before any intrusion of noise, the roosting birds suddenly take flight. Deep in the stream, sensing the rapidly escalating reverberations, the trout break into frantic motion, diving for cover. The small creatures, the voles and squirrels, move away from what is now the thudding sound of hooves pounding along a narrow dirt path through the forest.

Then the horses burst from the trees, leaning forward, dashing into the stream, throwing up showers of water, welcoming the chill. Behind them is a tall man riding easily on a sturdy bay, a white hat low on his forehead, a long coat lifting in his wake. He whistles and shouts, urging the animals through the stream and into the trees. Barely slowed by the water, the horses churn onto the far bank and disappear into the forest.

Boone, 22, has choices. He could go to college. Or service the tourists who pour into the gilded towns of the Wood River Valley, becoming a central casting cowboy for awestruck boys usually preoccupied with handheld games.

Boone Campbell, cowboy, takes his time fording the stream, allowing his horse an extra ration of coolness. It is miles to the high camp and in the stretches above the trees; it will be a challenge keeping the horses together. Boone, wrangler for a big-game hunting outfit, is high in the Soldier Mountains, north of the Camas Prairie, west of the resort towns of Ketchum and Sun Valley.

Boone, 22, has choices. He could go to college. Or service the tourists who pour into the gilded towns of the Wood River Valley, becoming a central casting cowboy for awestruck boys usually preoccupied with handheld games.

But Boone, who was raised in Hailey, where his father and paternal grandparents still live, rejected both, throwing in his lot with the life and dusty romance of the calloused, hardscrabble cowboy. And so he lives, amidst the wonderful isolation and beauty of daunting mountain ranges that most people see only from scenic highways or jets, from which those arrowhead granite peaks give way to impenetrable forests with the blue veins of water coursing toward magical waterways such as the Snake and the Boise and the Big Wood and the Clearwater—waterways writ large with history and romance. And blood.

Boone goes to work wearing a sidearm and a knife of near-bayonet proportions.

Boone is tall and strapping. Appropriate to his calling, he is quiet. He defines taciturn. And he is innately gentle, though one senses the strength that muscles a recalcitrant horse or field dresses an elk or instills confidence in a greenhorn on his first bear hunt. For all its drama and occasional tumult, his life is simple—to someone outside it, painfully simple.

"Every once and a while I think about college," he says. "I probably ought to go. Then I figure out I really like what I do." His home during a recent hunting season was a dug-out log cabin, sort of a dirt basement with shallow walls and a flimsy roof, adjacent to the corrals and supply sheds of the base camp. One takes two steep steps down into the old cabin, where Boone's wide-brimmed hat has clearance of a fraction of an inch. It is dark with a damp earthy aroma.

"Don't spend time here," Boone says, explaining why the primitive accommodations are irrelevant. When he is there, he reads by the light of a dusty oil lantern. A mentor, from the Silver Creek Alternative School from which he graduated, brings him the great books about young men moving through that abrupt and treacherous transition between callow youth and serious, field-tested adulthood—the decisive young men of Ernest Hemingway and Jack London and Zane Gray. Boone has made that journey and is comfortable in his newly acquired adulthood, and the righteousness of his choices.

There is no room in this shallow residence, let alone the daily challenges of his calling, for tales of overtly sensitive young men in pricey Italian suits struggling with urban neuroses. Boone goes to work wearing a sidearm and a knife of near-bayonet proportions.

Self-sufficiency is the skill set at the top of his qualifications. Boone's world changes when the snows come to the high country—which is early. One recent winter, he left the outfitter's world to wrangle huge draft horses ("Clydes and Belgians and shires," he says) that pull sleds loaded with tourists from an elegant resort across fields of deep snow to a rustic cabin where they enjoy dinner and entertainment.

"Pretty intelligent horses," Boone said admiringly. "Like to work." No such compliment was extended to some of the young people dragooned into taking the ride by their doting parents. "Spoiled. Quite a number of them. But then, quite a few of them enjoyed the horses." But resort life wasn't for Boone. Too many cars. Too many people. Too many people who don't understand the West, at least the West that Boone inhabits in his mind and his lifestyle.

Another time, Boone worked a ranch near Paisley, Oregon, a small town far to the southeast of Portland. A symbol of Paisley's remoteness is that the town holds an annual mosquito festival. This is hardly the Oregon of mini breweries or beaches or gin-clear trout streams. This is cow country.

Boone and three other hands worked sections of a massive ranch. His best buddy worked another section, in some places a couple of hours away on ranch

roads. They might have seen each other once a week.

Boone pulled 12-hour shifts, marshalling his section, sometimes on a horse, sometimes in a truck, always on the lookout for cows in trouble, particularly those having difficulty calving. Some shifts he helped deliver five or six calves; others, just one.

But it's shift upon shift. A break in the routine might be a traveling minister visiting one of the area ranches. Boone tries to make the makeshift services. "We don't have TV here," he says. "Anyway, I'm just fine not being part of that world."

Boone senses that some people are stunned by the simplicity and yet the incredible texture of his life. "I like the freedom," he explains. "You're not tied down. You can just pack up and move on when you feel like it. I like open country.

"It's not a good place unless you like working with horses. With cows. And you gotta love learning. There is so much to learn out here. Never ends." Neither does the vulnerability.

This past winter, a horse fell on Boone, breaking his leg in two places. A broken leg is treacherous on a ski mountain. On a remote ranch, in the backcountry, it can be fatal. Fortunately, he was working with another cowhand, who constructed a splint out of some large wrenches wrapped in canvas. He loaded Boone—no easy task in itself—into the back of a truck and drove him 40 miles to the nearest hospital. He was then airlifted to a more sophisticated hospital. Boone recovered on a ranch near the Oregon town of Adel, working as an apprentice to an area artisan who weaves very elaborate horsehair-and-rawhide bracelets and hatbands. Boone is now back in the saddle, working cows.

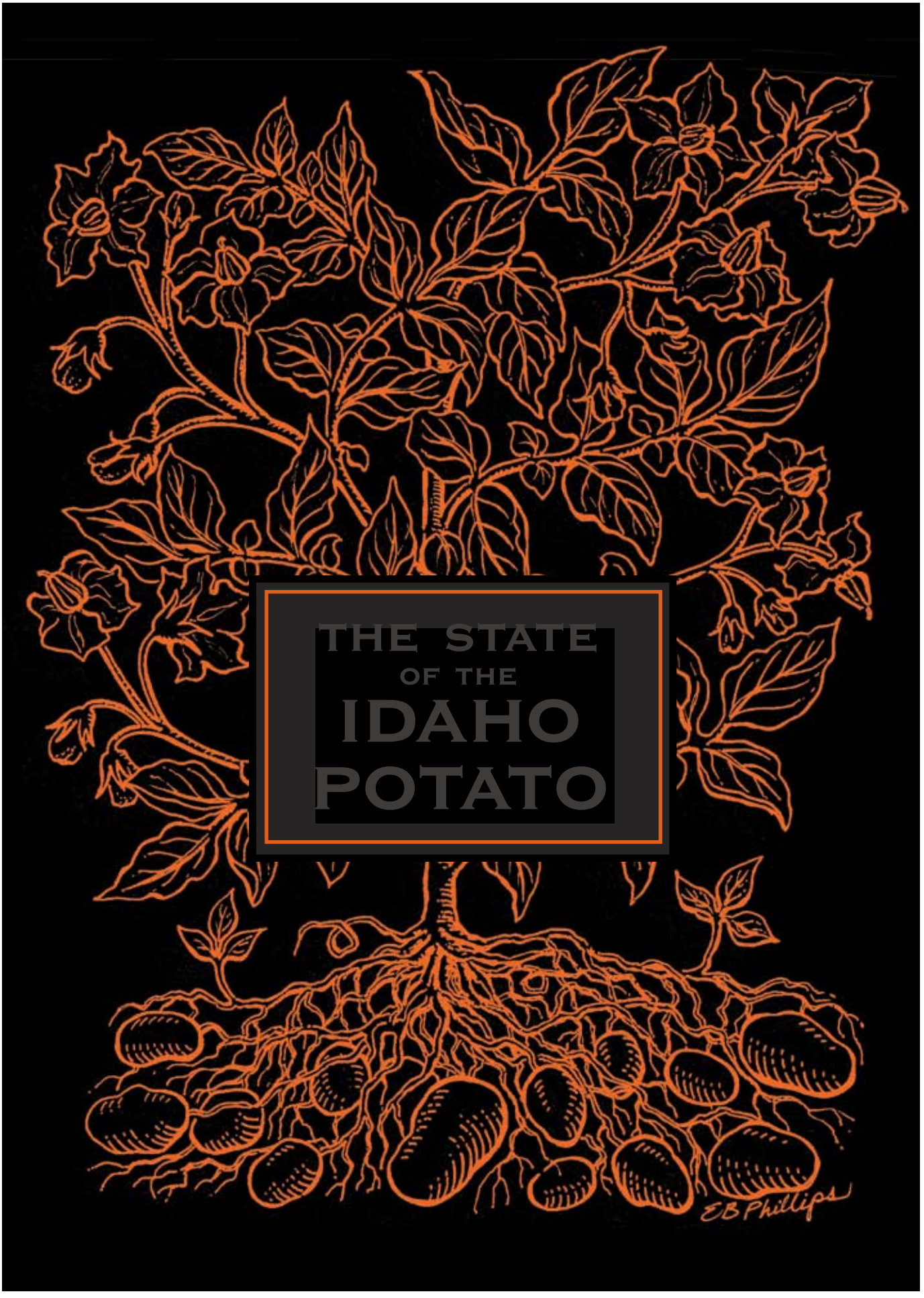
What does the future hold for Boone?

It brings to mind those old black-and-white Western movies in which the cowhand ultimately must decide between moving to town and courting the schoolmarm, or going on with the cattle drive to the Kansas City railhead.

It is not a simple choice. And one senses that in coming years the pressure of ranch life versus town life will fall heavily upon Boone. But one is inclined to believe that, say, five years from now, Boone will be working a dusty spread in Oregon or Idaho, perhaps his own, riding at dusk, looking out from a ridgeline at the lights of a distant town or an interstate highway, maybe a few vague glimpses of emblematic neon—the signs of the comfort and indulgences and companionship of town life. The line cabin where he probably spends the night has no electricity. No running water, nor, in the morning, the gentle presence of a caring woman and the aroma of bacon and flapjacks.

Again, the question.

But most likely he will pause only momentarily on that ridgeline, before turning his horse away, away from the flickering lights and seductive neon, back to the herd and the business of being a cowboy.


THE STATE
OF THE
IDAHO
POTATO
EB Phillips

For more than 70 years, Idaho and potato have been synonymous the world over. And, in spite of endless battles with fungi, worms and Dr. Atkins, the much-maligned spud is still the Gem State's best-known export. Matt Furber investigates the importance of the potato to Idaho.

Photos by Chris Pilaro and David N. Seelig.

Since 1928, when Idaho first put the spud on its license plates, Idaho and potato have been synonymous the world over.

The official ambassador for Idaho's favorite spud, the Russet Burbank, is named Spuddy Buddy. A bald, two-dimensional potato with an animated face, Spuddy has jauntily advocated for the Idaho potato around the globe for more than a decade now, promoting his "World Famous Potatoes." Considering he helped sell the 12 billion pounds of potatoes Idahoans wrestled from the desert last year, Spuddy is working at least as hard as the "Famous Potatoes" license plate.

The humble potato may have never asked for the job, but Spuddy is part of perhaps the greatest vegetable marketing campaign ever, next to Popeye's efforts to make children eat spinach.

Demand for organic produce is growing, benefiting Idaho's small number of organic potato farmers, such as Buhl farmer Mike Heath.

The architect of this campaign, the Idaho Potato Commission, is currently celebrating its 70th year of plugging the Idaho potato ("Idaho" and "potato" both being registered trademarks).

Today, Idaho collects more in agricultural revenues from dairy and livestock than it does from potatoes, but the vibrancy of Idaho's economy still has the spud to thank.

Potatoes accounted for $664 million, or 15 percent, of the $4.5 billion collected in agricultural tax revenues in 2006. Potato concerns altogether employ more than 40,000 people in the state.

The legacy of the potato in Idaho is apparent in many ways. The world's largest potato sculpture sits atop a flatbed truck between Victor and Driggs, Idaho, while J.R. Simplot Company's backing of Micron Technology Inc., the Ester Simplot Performing Arts Academy and countless other potato-sponsored events and organizations have been a boon to the citizens of Idaho.

But how did a land full of desert scrub brush become the most famous area in the nation for producing potatoes?

The soil of the Snake

As with many tales of the taming of the Wild West, water was central to the establishment of Idaho as the Potato State.

It all began with "Idaho Potato King" Joe Marshal and his impoundment and diversion of water flowing into the Snake River. In the early 1900s, the self-educated civil engineer and potato farmer was influential in much of the early irrigation development. Having worked with the Milner Brothers (who built the dam that precipitated agriculture on the Twin Falls plain), Marshal helped line up other dams and canals that watered crops initially by flood irrigation.

Consequently, Idaho potatoes are grown mostly in the southern half of the state along the Snake River. The heart of production is in southeastern Idaho, with most seed potatoes (new potato plants are not grown from traditional seeds but from pieces of potato known as seed potatoes) raised along cooler and typically more disease-resistant stretches of land near Ashton, at the head of the Snake River Plain.

The soil in the crescent of the Snake River Plain, along with its volcanic elements, is ideal for potatoes. "It has never been determined

exactly what the soil contains that makes an outstandingly successful potato crop," the Idaho Potato Commission states in its book *Aristocrat in Burlap: A History of the Potato in Idaho*.

"When new land is brought under cultivation after centuries of 'desert' conditions where sagebrush, bitterbrush and a variety of grasses and forbs have been its only production, the first year usually produces an exceptionally fine crop."

Even with continuing application of chemical fertilizers, continues the book, "it never seems possible to duplicate the first-year crop when the potatoes are planted for the first time in desert soil and all of the trace minerals and native organisms are present."

The fact remains that, although soils and temperatures in Idaho are good for potatoes—Idaho's climate of warm days and cool nights provides ideal conditions for the growing and production of potatoes—they don't make it on their own. Irrigation must be vigorously regulated and nutrients must be continually added for conventional potato farming to succeed.

About 30 potato varieties are grown in Idaho—whittled down over a century from more than 1,000 natural varieties—but they all get the same conventional mono-crop treatment from farm to farm. Some potatoes make better bakers and others are best for the huge diversity in processed potato products. The Russet Burbank is great for making chips and fries, and French fries make up about 60 percent of the Idaho potato market.

The J.R. Simplot Company—the most well known of the more than two dozen firms that produce, process, pack and ship potatoes in Idaho—stopped selling fresh, whole potatoes in the 1990s, but markets about 200 processed potato products. Although Simplot farms and ranches on much of its 300,000 privately owned acres, most of its potato supply comes from independent growers in the Northwest, who contract with the spud mogul.

Bellevue potato farmer Mark Johnson displays his seed potatoes. Potatoes are grown from potato pieces, such as these, not from traditional seeds.

It was with a handshake that, in 1967, Simplot cornered the McDonald's French-fry market, with its billions served. By the 1970s, the Pacific Northwest had overtaken the Northeast as the country's leading potato producer. In 1971, potato chip sales topped $1 billion, and the U.S. per capita consumption of processed potato products surpassed fresh potato demand.

The potato's downfall

Then disaster struck. In 1972, Dr. Robert Atkins introduced his low-carbohydrate, high-protein, high-fat diet. Potato sales bottomed out.

"The demand for fresh potatoes has gone like this," said Mark Johnson, tilting his arm

Chronology of the Idaho Spud

Information in this timeline was mostly gleaned from *A Potato Chronology* by Richard E. Tucker. Images courtesy Idaho Potato Commission.

1836 Idaho's first potato grower was not a farmer at all, but a Presbyterian missionary, Henry Spalding (right). He taught the Nez Perce Indians how to raise agricultural crops in the Lapwai area.

1840s "French fried" potatoes (pommes frites) appear in Paris, France, and begin to achieve popularity.

1871 Luther Burbank plants high yielding hybrid of Early Rose in his garden, later called Burbank.

1895 Potato chips are shipped in barrels, displayed in glass cases and sold in paper bags.

1903 The process for hydrogenation of fats (trans fats) is patented.

1909 January 4 John Richard (J.R.) Simplot (opposite page) is born in Iowa.

1914 Lon Sweet, a Colorado grower, selects a mutation of Burbank and calls it the Russet Burbank variety.

at a downward angle. "When was the last time you ate a fresh potato?" Johnson, co-owner of Silver Creek Seeds in Picabo, is the only potato farmer in the Wood River Valley.

However, with the help of Spuddy—who now promotes the plentiful health value of the potato, which has more vitamin C than a Florida orange—the potato is clawing back some of its lost ground. Consumer demand for processed potatoes is increasing, especially as companies such as Frito-Lay swear off trans fats to make potato snacks healthier. Brushing the soil off the eyes of a certified virus-free seed potato imported from Canada last spring, Johnson beamed as he said prices have gone up in the past two years, especially for dehydrated potatoes.

Restaurants still serve heaps of Idaho potatoes. One certainly doesn't need to travel very far to enjoy the potato and a bit of culture. Down the street from the J.R. Simplot Company headquarters in Boise, the chef at Bombay Grill on West Main Street makes his Aloo Gobi with the Russet Burbank. Sometimes all it takes is a little spice to give Spuddy a little flair.

Constant peaks and valleys in an ever-changing marketplace, such is the life of the Idaho potato. This fall, Johnson will harvest 600 acres of Russet Burbank, Ranger Russet, Shepody, Norcoda and Alturas seed potatoes in the Bellevue Triangle. The area is a good place to raise seed potatoes for three reasons. The fields are away from the disease, pest or fungal contamination that plagues most potato growers; they have a shorter growing season and cooler temperatures help control viruses, which is key to grower success.

Disease and pests have plagued the potato since it was first cultivated by the Incas in the Andes. The father of the Russet Burbank potato, Luther Burbank, was born in 1849, the year after late blight, *Phytophthora infestans*, destroyed the Irish potato crop. The progeny of Burbank's potatoes showed resistance to the pathogen in Idaho, but late blight was in the United States to stay by the 1980s, arriving in Idaho in 1997.

THE ORGANIC 1% OF POTATOES RAISED IN IDAHO THIS YEAR, WHICH DID NOT EVEN REGISTER ON THE STATE'S ECONOMIC RADAR SCREEN JUST FOUR YEARS AGO, COULD PROMISE THE FUTURE OF THE IDAHO POTATO.

The Colorado potato beetle, which made its way from North America to Europe (a parting legacy of World War I) also ruins potato crops. In addition to fungi, scabs, mildews and other pests and diseases that compromise the potato, late blight and the Colorado potato beetle are annual challenges all Idaho potato farmers face.

All but 1 percent of the state's potatoes are grown conventionally, with heaps of chemical fertilizers, pesticides, fungicides and herbicides applied according to integrated pest- and disease-management principles. The University of Idaho Extension Office will gladly sell you a 426-page, glossy book to help guide you through the puzzle of how and when to apply pesticides when Mother Nature unleashes her pestilence and disease.

1923 J.R. Simplot quits school and goes into business (raising hogs) at Declo, Idaho.

1928 Simplot and Lindsay Maggart buy an electric potato sorter, a "remarkable machine," to sort their tubers. Simplot buys potato sorter from Maggart and sets up Simplot Produce Co. He stops growing potatoes and instead begins buying, selling, sorting and shipping them.

1934 Idaho ships 466 carloads of potatoes to New York City for about 2 percent of the New York City market.

1937 The Idaho Fruit and Vegetable Advertising Commission (IFGAC), precursor to today's Idaho Potato Commission, is founded.

1942 The U.S. government declares potato chips to be an "essential food."

1942-45 Simplot furnishes over 50 million pounds of dehydrated potatoes to the U.S. Army. Germans study potential offensive uses of Colorado potato beetle against Great Britain. Simplot chemist Ray Dunlap begins experiments with freezing of potatoes for French frying.

1946 Simplot begins production of the first frozen French fries.

1948 Dick and Mac McDonald introduce milk shakes and French fries at their Los Angeles hamburger stand.

1950 East Germany accuses U.S. of scattering Colorado potato beetles over its potato crops.

Each year, industrial agriculture works to improve ways to grow potatoes. Most notorious was Monsanto's genetically modified New Leaf potato, engineered to resist the Colorado potato beetle. Though New Leaf potatoes were intended to resist pests, it was the fry industry and foreign, then domestic, consumers who were repelled.

"(In 2001) We did take the position that we would not accept GMO (genetically modified organism) potatoes," said Fred Zerza, Simplot vice president of public relations. "We met resistance from Japanese and European customers and to some extent in the United States."

GMO is not over for Simplot. It is currently exploring its own GMO research. However, Zerza added that anything that might result in a "better potato" or "green technology" is at least five years away. Until scientists can select genes for a potato that will be palatable to the consumer, have a better flavor, or be less susceptible to bruising—making it more suitable for processing—farmers continue to produce potatoes with conventional methods, which is increasingly harder on the environment.

A familiar sight along the highways of Idaho, potato trucks carry the state's most precious bounty to consumers nationwide.

An organic future?

Mike Heath, an organic farmer who sells his potatoes and other produce at farmers' markets in the Wood River Valley, is based in Buhl, southwest of Twin Falls. His M&M Farms is a collection of farming plots owned by people who want to see their land farmed organically.

Heath would like to start his potatoes from organic Idaho seed, but he hasn't found a dependable grower, and organic rules allow him to start with conventional seed. But both Heath and Johnson have their eyes on the future. "I would grow organic seed if I could find a market," Johnson said. For now, after dealing with regular problems such as fixing flat tractor tires and working around the weather, weeds and water, Johnson's challenge is simply to find relatively disease-free areas in which to raise seed potatoes.

While it seems there is no easy ride in the Idaho potato business, Heath has been successful in his bid to market potatoes as an organic farmer. He raises his potatoes on a seven-year rotation cycle that includes several years with potato fields planted in nitrogen-fixing alfalfa.

Continued on page 28

1952 Marilyn Monroe (left) wears a burlap potato bag for "You'd look good even in a potato sack" shoot.

1961 Production value of potatoes tops all other crops in Idaho.

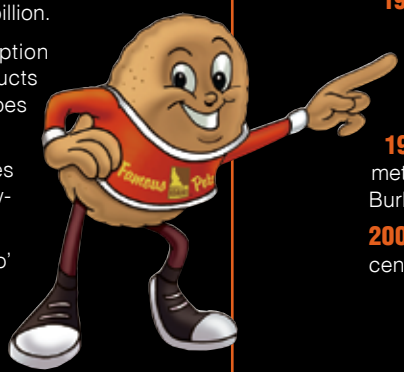
1967 Simplot and Ray Kroc agree to sole use of Simplot frozen French fries at McDonald's with a handshake.

1970 Potato chip sales top $1 billion.

1971 Per capita consumption of processed potato products surpasses that of fresh potatoes in the U.S.

1972 Dr. Robert Atkins introduces his high-protein, high-fat, low-carbohydrate diet program.

1976 The phrase 'couch-potato' is coined by a cartoonist.



1990 Northeast and Midwest farmers produce 29 percent of the U.S. potato crop. Pacific Northwest farmers produce 65 percent of the U.S. potato crop. Idaho Potato Exposition opens at Blackfoot, Idaho, as a museum to promote potato industry.

1992 Vice President Dan Quayle fails to correctly spell potato at a Trenton, NJ, elementary school.

1994 The character of Potato Buddy (left), later re-christened Spuddy Buddy, was created by the Idaho Potato Commission to help promote the Idaho potato.

1997 Idaho produces 5.6 million metric tons of potatoes, mostly Russet Burbanks.

2000 Russet Burbank represents 74 percent of Idaho's total potato production.

French fried Idaho pride

About 15 years before Lewis and Clark passed through Idaho on their exploration of the Louisiana Purchase, Thomas Jefferson was serving French fries in Washington, D.C.

The availability of inexpensive cooking oil in the late 1800s increased the popularity of the deep-fried dish. However, it was local potato magnate J.R. Simplot's refrigeration experiments with Ray Dunlap (a food technician at Simplot's Caldwell plant) during World War II, and a 1967 handshake with McDonald's fast-food entrepreneur Ray Kroc, that firmly connected Idaho with the potato.

Simplot's agreement was for the sole use of his pre-cut frozen French fries at the fast-food chain. The ease of shipping, storing and cooking the pre-packaged frozen fries at home or in restaurants fueled a subsequent increase in popularity of French fries around the world, skyrocketing the Idaho company's profits.

In 1990, the U.S. consumption of frozen potato products per capita surpassed fresh potato demand. As the fast-food trend expanded with drive-thru service, so did the standard American waistline.

The cooking method, using the process of hydrogenation of fats (trans fats) patented in 1903, gave the fries that distinct, flavorful taste. But it would be almost a century before a mounting cadre of processed potato producers would abandon use of those risky fats for healthier methods. In 2004, J.R. Simplot Company introduced the Infinity Fry; a zero-grams-of-trans-fat frozen French fry.

An unwelcome guest

A strain of the worm-like organisms that feast on the nutrients taken up by potato root tips found a new home in Idaho in 2006.

Last spring, 1,000 acres were fumigated with methyl bromide in an effort to eradicate potato cyst nematode (PCN), a species of nematode that has followed the potato on its centuries–long migration from Peru to Europe and finally to North America. The nematode does not harm humans, but it is devastating to potato crops.

"This is a bad nematode," said Frank Muir, president of the Idaho Potato Commission, explaining that the PCN infestation in Idaho is the first time this particular nematode species has been found in the United States. Researchers found PCN in one sample out of 3,000, ultimately discovering that seven fields near Shelley, Idaho, were contaminated.

"We were very forthright in communicating this thing," Muir said. "Even though four countries shut their doors to us, it was us telling them, not them telling us."

Mexico and Canada are again accepting fresh Idaho potatoes, but Japan and South Korea still have a ban on them. It may be four years or more before sterilized fields can be nourished again for potato crops.

2001 Per capita utilization of frozen potato products in U.S. is estimated at 29.4 pounds per person.

2002 McDonald's USA announces plan to reduce trans fat from French fries. U.S. is fourth behind China, Russia, and India in potato production with 21,011,030 metric tons.

2004 The low-carbohydrate diet vilifying the consumption of potatoes, promoted by Dr. Robert Atkins, peaks. J.R. Simplot Co. introduces Infinity Fry™, a zero-grams trans fat frozen French fry.

2006 Canada, Korea, Mexico ban Idaho potatoes and soils after potato cyst nematode (PCN) is found at an Idaho grading plant.

2007 J.R. Simplot, 97, crashes scooter at Boise State University football game in Phoenix, Arizona, but recovers after surgery.

Battling the beast in our breasts

In honor of Breast Cancer Awareness Month this October, Dana DuGan reveals the life-affirming stories behind four women's struggles with the disease. Photos by Kirsten Shultz.

When cancer strikes, any kind of cancer, it is death knocking on the door. It changes your life. It becomes all about survival.

Thankfully, helping hands exist. In the Wood River Valley, Expedition Inspiration for Breast Cancer Research, a Ketchum-based nonprofit, brings some of the most renowned researchers and oncologists from across the country to meet in Sun Valley each spring. The event includes a public symposium at which people can pose questions to the experts. Awareness is also advanced by such promotions as National Breast Cancer Month, observed each October.

In the United States, breast cancer is diagnosed in more than 200,000 women annually. In their search for its cause, researchers have focused on a number of variables including environmental factors, diet, exercise, age of first menstrual period, age at childbirth, breast feeding, smoking, family history and age at menopause.

Despite the increasing beneficial research, being an advocate for one's health is still the best form of preventative medicine. Pap smears, which can detect ovarian and cervical cancer, become a yearly necessity for women of, and over, child-bearing years. As a woman reaches 40, an annual mammogram should be a required chore, just as renewing insurance and changing batteries in the smoke detector is.

According to the U.S. Census, in 2005 roughly a quarter of the 21,000 residents of Blaine County were women over the age of 18. According to the Idaho Hospital Association, 15 breast cancer diagnoses were made that year in Blaine County. Put another way, approximately three out of every 1,000 women in the county were diagnosed with breast cancer in 2005.

St. Luke's Wood River Medical Center provides 1,800 to 2,000 mammograms per year. In 2008, the hospital will provide digital mammography, with an expectation of more early cancer diagnoses.

Each woman's experience with the disease is different. Yet similar strains of hope and life affirmation run through their stories. Being a breast cancer survivor is a club one doesn't want to join, but as survivor and Ketchum resident Renata Beguin put it, "It's helped me remember to be grateful every day, to be thankful for my totally blessed life and look for the grace in everything."

Prue Hemmings

CANCER DOESN'T DIMINISH YOUR LIFE— IT ALIGNS YOU MORE CORRECTLY IN YOUR LIFE.

As the millennium began, Prue Hemmings, art director, mother and, at the time, businesswoman, was diagnosed with Stage II metastatic breast cancer. She was 52, a prime age for a woman to contract breast cancer.

"I hadn't had a mammogram for 10 years," she said. "I had no insurance at the time and I saw something in the paper about a free mammogram and a nurse found it. I was going through a divorce and didn't have much money. I hadn't been feeling well, sort of a low-grade illness. I was working very, very hard.

"I don't know what caused it, but I had a cyst on my breast after William (her youngest of four children) was born," continued Hemmings. "We (she and her ex-husband, the late British actor David Hemmings) were filming in Tunisia. I was on antibiotics and had to stop breast-feeding. That may have caused a weakness in that milk duct. The tumor was in that exact spot."

Fortunately, her tumor, which had spread into her lymph nodes, was slow-growing.

"They told me I had to have chemo and radiation. I have four children, and I wanted the best possible chance to survive. I needed it out that week. I had a partial mastectomy in California, and I had chemo in Twin Falls every three weeks while still working at That's Entertainment (a Ketchum party rental business). That was followed by seven weeks of radiation. I wore wigs for a while, but finally said, 'Oh, the hell with it.'

"After my treatment, I told my partner in That's Entertainment, Janet (Fleming), that my values had changed. The pressure was too much, so I gave up my job. I was re-evaluating my life and didn't want to work every day. I wanted to see my children, to read and write. I made a list of things I wanted to do in my life.

"Just making money was not what I wanted to be doing. I wanted to work every day for something fulfilling that validates my life, which is why I am now working for a nonprofit (Ketchum's nexStage Theatre). I wanted to make sure my kids got through college, and they have, amazingly.

"I wanted to be financially secure again and buy a house; and I did. I bought a house in Fairfield, and I commute. It was just because of the positiveness of the whole thing. What changed was my whole perception. I was just more aware of my true value and started enjoying myself. Cancer doesn't diminish your life—it aligns you more correctly in your life.

"I feel very confident now. I'm one year cancer-free. That's huge. It's such a blessing. Such a feeling to know I'll be here to enjoy the rest of this incredible life. It sharpens your ability to enjoy things. It's amazing how much I can enjoy waking up to birds singing. I love my life. It's brilliant."

Carol Tessier

In 1999, when Carol Tessier's young son Connor was still crawling, she found a lump in her breast. At age 36, she'd yet to have a mammogram. Shortly thereafter, she was diagnosed with breast cancer.

"First, I felt shock," Tessier said. "Second of all, I had a small child. I had to do everything I could. He was only a year old. I went right into survival mode."

A lumpectomy, two rounds of chemotherapy and seven weeks of radiation in Twin Falls followed, ending in spring 2000. Not long after, Tessier's marriage also ended. "It's really tough on the husbands," she said. "It changes the relationship dynamics. You're thinking of surviving. It's way bigger."

Fortunately, Tessier had a good job managing The Galleria in Ketchum, where she was not only needed, but cherished. "I had the most awesome friends and employers—I never drove myself to Twin. Someone drove me every day, five days a week."

But, because her surgical scars didn't heal properly, the journey continued and the fear remained. "It hurt, so I kept after the doctors. Finally, Dr. Alice Police realized it needed to be re-excised. It was done three separate times and each time proved to be scar tissue.

"You are your only advocate," she continued. "Doctors don't have time. That's not their job. If you have a feeling something's wrong, you need to go with your gut. You need to keep on it."

More than anything, Tessier's cancer clarified issues in her life.

"I have the best friends. I'm much healthier. I exercise a lot, and I make better life choices. I don't live the disease. I don't want to, and I'm not going there again."

As for her diet, she said she eats lean proteins, vegetables and no wheat. She exercises regularly and can be found at the gym every day of the week. "I try to lower my stress. That's my focus."

In November, she will participate in the 60-mile, Susan B. Komen Breast Cancer 3-Day Walk in San Diego. In order to simplify her life, Tessier also recently opened her own business in Ketchum, Carol's Bookkeeping. Her cozy office is sunny and plant-filled, a place that's quiet and, yes, stress free.

"IT'S REALLY TOUGH ON THE HUSBANDS. IT CHANGES THE RELATIONSHIP DYNAMICS. "YOU'RE THINKING OF SURVIVING. IT'S WAY BIGGER."

Karen Rossi

"I WAS SCARED TO DEATH AT FIRST, BUT I DIDN'T LET IT GET ME DOWN."

Bellevue resident Karen Rossi was 42, and the mother of two young children, when she found a hard, pea-sized lump in her left breast.

"It was a small tumor," she said. "I had my yearly mammogram in October 1998; in January I went to Dr. Kathryn Woods for a check up. And in May I found the lump. That's how fast it was."

Dr. Alice Police, who now works in California, did the lumpectomy at the former Moritz Hospital in Sun Valley. Based on several recommendations from doctors, in and out of state, Rossi opted for radiation only. For five years following, she took the estrogen-blocking drug tamoxifen. Nine years later, Rossi is the picture of health: fit, busy and happy. She's never had a recurrence and said she barely thinks about it.

When Dr. Police told Karen her about her diagnosis, her reaction was, "I have a four- and a six-year-old. I can't have cancer."

Tracing the genetic source of her cancer was difficult. "I have no family history," she said. "I tell my daughter, 'We don't have a family tree. We're a limb.'" Her late mother had always refused to speak about her past to Karen.

She said her now-former husband found the situation difficult. "He was scared he would lose the mother of his children–communication was a factor."

But she never let the situation depress her. "My mental attitude was good. In cancer terms it all went well. I'd done my homework. You have to do it. You get *Dr. Susan Love's Breast Book*, and when I went into the oncologists I had a huge file with me."

After her surgery, Rossi made a daily trip to Magic Valley Regional Medical Center 70 miles away in Twin Falls for "one minute on the table for radiation," she said with a laugh. "I was the oncology department's poster child. They said they wished everyone did as well as I did."

A hairstylist, Rossi worked every morning and quit at noon to drive to Twin Falls. "Sure, I was tired," she said. "I was scared to death at first, but I didn't let it get me down. I entertained (the oncology nurses), but that's my nature.

"My cancer is in my past; it really is. I still have my breasts, my hair and my period," she said with a laugh. "It's been a pretty simple go of it. Where we live makes such a difference. People are in shape. They're fit. If you're not healthy to begin with, it's harder to recover from this. The other day in my salon, there were four women, and we were all survivors. There's an overall awareness here, and it's easier to get help."

Shelley Kuder

Shelley Kuder, 50, has lived in the Wood River Valley since 1975. Unlike most people hereabouts, she's next to a native, having been born and raised in Jerome. Her father was a logger in Stanley, and her mother lived in Jerome with her eight brothers and sisters. Ketchum was their meeting place.

Last summer, Kuder felt a lump the size of a quarter and thought, "Something is going on here." She called a doctor in Boise, who could not see her for two weeks, and even then would only do a consultation at that time.

"I wanted it out, so I called Dr. Ralph Campanale at St. Luke's Wood River Medical Center. He removed it two days later right there in his office. It was triple negative metastasized breast cancer. It couldn't be treated with hormone therapy such as tamoxifen. Two weeks later, Campanale removed lymph nodes and the sentinel node that proved free of cancerous cells."

Kuder, who is a single mother to one son, Sam, was determined not to submit herself to chemotherapy or radiation. So, she found an alternative treatment center nearby, with naturopath Harold Klassen, who runs a biomechanics clinic in Aberdeen, Idaho ("of all places," said Kuder).

He put her on a strict diet of herbs, minerals, vitamins, chelation and essiac tea. She cut her hair off, which was down to her back, and had it sent to Locks of Love, a program that uses donated hair to make hair pieces for people with cancer.

"I lost 30 pounds and felt great," she said. But at the urging of her family she went to Boise oncologist Dr. Norman Zuckerman. "They call him Stormin' Norman. He talked to me about being there for little Sam. He said, 'Why not do all three—alternative, radiation and chemotherapy.' It's a metastatic disease; you have to do everything you can. You don't know if a little teeny cancer cell got away."

Her family agreed. With Klassen's approval, and the approval to continue her alternative treatment, she began a four-month course of chemotherapy in Meridian, followed by radiation in Twin Falls. She finished her treatment in June.

"I've really had to rely on my faith. I'd get my Bible out and read. It seemed those verses were written for me."

"I am 99.9 percent convinced that I'm done with it. The chemo wasn't too bad, I think because I was so healthy from the alternative stuff. But I had my chemo days, when you get up and vomit and are tired and don't want to see anyone. I had a lot of help between my family and my church, the Life Church. Sam really came through and helped me; he's very independent."

For Kuder, the hardest aspect of the entire ordeal was dealing with insurance. She is a bookkeeper with her own business and had a healthy-person type of plan through Regence Blue Shield.

"It's not for people with breast cancer," she said. "Wood River Insurance called me and said I could switch back to my earlier program, which was a better policy. From July to December 2006, I was still on my old plan. But I was racking up doctor bills. There was something like $20,000 that insurance didn't cover. People assume things."

She called her life insurance policyholder and found that they would pay disability because she was unable to work full time.

"Call people. Talk to your insurance company. You have to make sure your insurance will cover things. There were travel costs, food, hotels when I was getting chemo, $120 a week in gas. I did get a donation from the church, but the financial burden is so great. You think, 'Oh my gosh, how am I going to get through this?' I've really had to rely on my faith. I'd get my Bible out and read. It seemed those verses were written for me."

This past summer, a benefit was held for her by friends in the valley to help defray the reminder of her medical bills, which were close to $60,000.

"It's amazing, once again, how people will offer help," she continued. "Our community has brought forth people that are very caring. I'm grateful to have the friends I have in this valley, to have my son who's been a trooper, and my church, who I call the prayers of the saints. That's what gave me the courage to go on.

"I'm not glad I got breast cancer, but I'm grateful I got to go on this journey. You have to live your life everyday as best you can."

The state of the Idaho Potato
from page 20

"I took my time learning, which the conventional farmer can't do," Heath said, explaining that his operation is expanding with the help of consumer demand for organics. "We're not 'crazy' anymore."

Dale Butler, who farms near Nampa, said an order for 240 acres worth of organic potatoes fell through in February, so he decided to plant the field in conventional pinto beans instead. Butler said that for organics, he is going to try to raise some seed potatoes on a more isolated plot of land in Nevada.

Butler, Johnson and Heath all agree there are great risks to growing organic in areas surrounded by conventional farms. If something happens, such as pest or disease infestation, the organic farmer can be held responsible. Conversely, the organic farmer's produce can be contaminated by conventional over-spray. Even government-regulated spraying for problems like West Nile virus could be a problem. Heath said it is becoming important to establish organic management zones that would be protected from chemicals that disqualify farmers from organic certification. The Idaho State Department of Agriculture has designated some farmland as seed potato management areas, which are supposed to help control viruses that harm Johnson's seed crop, for example.

"I like organic," said Butler, describing what he feeds his own family. "I have four little people who call me daddy and they like to eat. I believe organic is best for the land."

In the face of promising biotechnologies, organic farmers and some scientists are looking at sustainable farming practices and the promotion of diversity, both for gastronomic interest and for economic vitality. The organic 1 percent of potatoes grown last year, which did not even register on the state's economic radar screen four years ago, could promise the future of the Idaho potato. "I am encouraging (farmers) to raise more reds, yellows, fingerlings and other premium price potatoes," said Frank Muir, president of the Idaho Potato Commission, adding that the Commission's Russet Burbank ambassador would not be offended. "Spuddy is 100 percent supportive. He's willing to share the wealth with his cousins."

a slack state of mind?

Signs, such as this one outside Buffalo Bites restaurant, telling patrons why the business is closed, decorate the somewhat desolate landscape of downtown Ketchum during the two slack seasons.

Twice each year a hushed silence falls over Sun Valley and the surrounding communities. In local parlance, these economic valleys are called slack. Longtime local writer Greg Stahl explores the echoing recesses of these seasons between seasons. Photos by David N. Seelig.

Local merchants depend on the surrounding mountains to bring them customers, but it's the peaks and valleys of tourist seasons that determine whether businesses live or die. In mountain towns throughout North America, the summer and winter tourist seasons are the peaks. Spring and fall are the valleys.

They are the seasons between seasons, and they're called slack for a reason.

Rob Santa, owner of outdoor equipment stores Sturtevants and Sturtos, said the seasonal nature of selling goods to tourists is his biggest obstacle as a business owner. What was formerly known as fall slack, he said, has turned into a fair business season. His businesses always do well in summer. Winter depends on Mother Nature and how much snow she brings, but spring slack continues to be a very bad business season.

Despite a history of dismal spring numbers, Santa has seen a slight increase in April, May and June over the past eight years. He simultaneously suspects his increasing comfort with the spring season is an exception to the rule.

"I've not heard many people jumping up and down with enthusiasm coming out of the second quarter of 2007," he said. "Spring is always going to be tough. Normally spring is mud season, and there can be some modest events taking place, but I just think it's a cross that we have to bear to a large extent."

During spring slack, a person could literally lie in the street for a while without much concern. Tourists don't come, and locals close up shop to travel.

No one goes here. The seasons of spring and fall are characterized by empty sidewalks and car-free streets throughout the cities of Ketchum and Sun Valley. The up-side? Many local residents are happy to reclaim their town during these slower periods, delighting in the lack of lines at the checkout counters and the excellent incentives offered by local shops and restaurants.

But slack in the Wood River Valley is less conspicuous than it once was, and that is in large part due to a handful of new events, most of which have been around for less than a decade.

Last spring, the Sun Valley-Ketchum Chamber & Visitors Bureau launched what it hopes will become an annual event, the Sun Valley Food & Wine Festival. Spring also welcomes the Sun Valley Wellness Festival, a celebration of all things holistic. In the fall, events such as the Ernest Hemingway Festival—now in its third year honoring Ketchum's most famous resident, The Trailing of the Sheep Festival, and the 18-years-and-running Swing 'n' Dixie Jazz Jamboree all help shore up these seasons between seasons.

"Really, our goal is to get people here who wouldn't necessarily have come during that time of year," said Carrie Westergard, marketing director for the Chamber & Visitors Bureau. "We're intentionally aiming events at the shoulder seasons. We wanted to give people a reason why they should come during that time of year."

Longtime Ketchum real estate agent Dick Fenton said there are also increasing numbers of second-home owners who are sticking around during slack. More people are living here for larger blocks of time. "Slack is really noticeable, but it's not as pronounced as it used to be," Fenton said.

Historically, slack was a time when a hushed silence fell over the area as skiers quietly waxed their boards or cyclists tuned-up their bikes. The majority of the businesses closed—a trend that has been slowly reversing over the last decade.

"It used to be that dogs were lying in the street in front of the Pioneer," Fenton said of a local eatery on Ketchum's Main Street. "And that was one of the only businesses that stayed open."

For those uninitiated to resort-town living, the gist of slack is that the times of highest retail sales coincide with the times when the most people are visiting the area.

Lodging statistics provided by the Chamber & Visitors Bureau show that tourist occupancy has held steady since 2001. It is clear, however, that three months of the year are more challenging than others: November, just before Bald Mountain opens for the ski season, and April and May, just after the mountain closes to skiing but before the weather stabilizes for other outdoor activities. In 2005-2006 those three months saw 34, 36 and 35 percent occupancy rates, respectively. That compares with 66 percent in July, 67 percent in August and 60 percent in February, the three most occupied months.

The significance is that when the rooms are full of visitors attending local events and enjoying the outdoor recreation offerings, there are people shopping, eating out and quaffing at local watering holes. When rooms are empty, so are the businesses and restaurants. There is a direct correlation between tourism and the local economy.

A look at sales tax receipts from Ketchum and Sun Valley is also revealing. Retail sales are strong in December, February and March. They are also strong in July and August. The weakest three months of the year are, as with lodging, November, April and May, followed only by September and October. It's a trend that's changed little over the years, even though the valleys of these slack seasons aren't as deep as they once were.

"If you look at the numbers from 25 years ago, our shoulder seasons now have four or five times the business they used to," said Jack Sibbach, Sun Valley Company's marketing and public relations director. "But it's still less business than we used to do in the peak seasons. We're talking hotel rooms here, but that trickles down to all the other businesses in the valley. There's less people, less money to trickle through the valley."

The other side of the coin, however, is that local residents can use slack as an opportunity to go on vacations to far-away locations. Many residents are employed in tourism or tourism-dependent industries. When the tourists stop coming to town, local residents become tourists. So perhaps the most outwardly obvious symptom of slack is the relative calm that settles over the Wood River Valley. No people, no business, no stress.

"You've got to like it because you get your town back for a few months," Fenton said.

The quiet slack seasons might be a welcome change of pace for some area residents, but the core of the conundrum remains that business owners watch their bottom lines slip near, or into, the red. Many choose to close for weeks, or even months, when slack settles over Sun Valley.

During one previous spring slack season, the sign in the front door of (the now closed) Expressions in Gold on Main Street in Ketchum proclaimed: "Gone Fishin' Opening June 10th, Cya." Similar signs can be found in the windows of many local businesses, particularly during the slower spring season. For businesses that don't choose to close up and lock their doors, special slack hours are often instituted. The Coffee Grinder and Gallery in Ketchum, as one example, operates on reduced hours during the slack seasons.

Another important distinction is that slack is more of a North Valley phenomenon, affecting Ketchum and Sun Valley.

"Hailey isn't affected as much because we're not exactly a tourist destination," said Hailey City Administrator Jim Spinelli, who is also the former director of the Hailey Chamber of Commerce.

"The majority of the population in the Wood River Valley lives in Hailey. So our little cottage industry here is to support the home residences in the South Valley."

Nonetheless, Spinelli said, the effects of slack are apparent in Hailey, too. The ripple effect of tourism throughout the entire valley is unmistakable. "Commonsensically, I know that if we're not skiing, we're going to have less traffic in here."

Perhaps the most outwardly obvious symptom of slack is the relative calm that settles over the Wood River Valley. No people, no business, no stress.

There is a difference between spring and fall, acknowledged Carol Waller, Sun Valley-Ketchum Chamber & Visitors Bureau executive director. "Fall has a few advantages. The weather is good. It is good for meetings and conferences, and it is enhanced by special events. The Trailing of the Sheep, Sun Valley Jazz and Ernest Hemingway festivals have economically and culturally revitalized our fall slack season."

In the spring, there is still relatively little to do, Waller said. The Wellness Festival is "very successful," but the chamber generally

Continued on page 36

the girls of summer

Sun Valley Community School graduate Lexi duPont left behind her privileged lifestyle to work with girls at risk in the slums of Cambodia.
Text by **Jon Duval**. Photos by **Emilie duPont**

Sun Valley resident Lexi duPont (top center) and her sister Emilie (far left) worked with young girls at M'Lop Tapang, a center for street children in Sihanoukville, all of whom are considered at risk of resorting to prostitution to feed themselves and their families.

Lexi duPont was in an enviable position.

The middle daughter of an affluent family, she had an excellent education—attending The Community School, a private school in Sun Valley. She was afforded the chance to pursue extracurricular activities usually restricted to the realm of the privileged: ski racing in the winter and sailing in the summer. Like the surrounding mountains that cut off the Wood River Valley from the rest of the world, she enjoyed a protective insulation created by family, teachers and friends.

DuPont is no longer sure she's in an enviable position.

These advantages have an inherent caveat: Complacency leads to an absence of self-discovery. This she found out after spending five weeks in Sihanoukville, a city on the southern coast of Cambodia, described by one travel guide as "a charmless town." Alongside the requisite tourist beaches, Sihanoukville's primary "attractions" are large trash-covered slums and rampant drug use.

"Here in Sun Valley we don't have real problems," said duPont a month after her return to the United States. "We're not worrying about where our next meal is going to come from, worrying if you have AIDS because your parents have AIDS, or have four–year–olds taking care of babies because their parents are doing drugs."

The paradox of her situation is not lost on the 18-year-old. The absolute dearth of privation in her upbringing is responsible for both her inexperience and the means to her enlightenment.

"It's hard to convince them that they have a chance for a better life, when you can hardly convince yourself that they have a chance."

Lexi duPont

For her senior project, duPont, accompanied by her sister, Emilie (a 2001 Community School graduate), volunteered at M'Lop Tapang, a center for street children in Sihanoukville. The center, founded in 2003 by British traveler Maggie Eno, has an ambitious goal. With approximately two million Cambodians killed by Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge during the last half of the 1970s, roughly 40 percent of the population is under the age of 15.

This dramatically imbalanced age demographic, combined with a Third World economy, has led to a dire situation in which children are forced to work and live on the streets to support their families or themselves. Since it opened four years ago with four children, M'Lop Tapang has grown to serve 600. Children aged two to 18 attend.

During duPont's stay, her tasks ranged from teaching English to passing out books from a mobile library as she visited small villages outside the city. However, the true revelations came when working with girls at risk—a group of five girls between the ages of 15 and 18 who face the daily temptation of turning to prostitution.

Large, trash-covered slums (top) litter the streets of the Cambodian city where duPont spent a summer working with street children. Her duties included manning the M'Lop Tapang center's mobile library (bottom left) as she visited small villages outside of Sihanoukville.

Because the girls help support their families, it is a continual struggle to keep them off the street. At the center, they create clothing and accessories to sell to tourists, earning $15 a month. While this seems a preferable alternative to entering the sex trade, it's impossible to deny the lure of the red-light district, where employment can garner $15 a night.

Because only one of the five could speak any English, duPont had to find a way around both culture and language barriers. "We tried to change their outlooks by helping them have fun and realize they can still be kids instead of working all the time," said duPont, sitting in the sun outside a Ketchum coffee shop, her face still dark from the intense tropical sun. "We were the first people to spend a lot of time with them, not as teachers, but as friends."

Despite the uplifting fact that the girls continued to return to the center day after day, duPont harbored no delusions about the opportunities available to them. Their naïveté saddened her. "When you ask them what they want to be and they say doctor or teacher, you're supposed to inspire them to reach that goal. But it's hard considering they aren't able to read or write. It's hard to convince them that they have a chance for a better life, when you can hardly convince yourself that they have a chance."

DuPont plans to return to Sihanoukville next summer, after her first year of college. However, she will not see the girls from the program again; they are allowed only six more months there. Their final farewell was heartbreaking because she knew it was just that—final.

While she is uncertain of her impact on the girls, and if it will have any lasting effect, duPont is well aware of the lessons they imparted. "They were smiling all the time even though they have nothing. I realized how happy you can be with nothing, living only on the necessities."

Back in Sun Valley, duPont readies herself for Endicott, a small, private school in Massachusetts, and is excited for the chance to sail competitively against the likes of Harvard. She admits that the powerful emotion she felt during her first week home has become diluted by the flow of regular life. But others who know her noticed a distinct change.

"The experience helped her understand her privilege and the responsibilities that come with being born into a family that values education and service," said Ryan Waterfield, duPont's English teacher. "Lexi's world-view has shifted and I don't imagine she'll take her position in this world for granted again."

Slack
from page 31

resorts to marketing shopping and weekend getaways.

Westergard pointed out that during the annual fall jazz festival, the Chamber & Visitors Bureau sells 7,500 attendance badges. Assuming people stay for five to seven days and spend an average of $75 per person per day, that equals nearly $3 million pumped into the local economy during a season that otherwise is relatively slow.

"Yes, we do have a cyclical economy, and spring is the worst," said Waller. "But we're also fortunate. A lot of ski areas, when they hit the close of ski season, they have a nine-month slack. We're one of the lucky ones."

Sibbach remembered that the summer season used to be the Fourth of July through Labor Day, "and that was it." He agreed, too, that the events have been successful. "I'm all for these events. I think the chamber does a good job with them, and I think we'd like to support them as much as we can. They bring people into the valley. They're a lot of work. But the jazz festival is a great example of how we can extend. Twenty-five years ago, we made a commitment to extend our seasons. We've been reasonably successful."

> "A lot of ski areas, when they hit the close of ski season, they have a nine-month slack. We're one of the lucky ones."
>
> *Carol Waller, Sun Valley-Ketchum Chamber & Visitors Bureau executive director*

That said, Sibbach also cautioned that slack is not going away. "It's still a shoulder season, a slower time of the year for everybody," he said. "There's always room to improve, but I don't think we'll ever eliminate the slower times of the year completely."

let art lead the way

Hailey is ensuring its future through encouraging arts in the community.

Text by **Sabina Dana Plasse**.
Photos by **David N. Seelig**.

Art Alley, a street in the Hailey Market, offers local artists a place to display their work. Hailey artists Chris and Melissa Brown's booth (right) features his colorful woodwork and her large-scale tree paintings.

Hailey is quickly growing into a bona-fide arts destination, a distinction once reserved locally for Sun Valley and Ketchum. While not yet at the level of its North Valley neighbors, the fast-blossoming art scene in Hailey is a sign of good things to come.

With the Sun Valley Center for the Arts creating a new space, and North Valley artists and gallery owners opening locations in Hailey, added to the hugely popular Artists' Market, opportunities are booming for local and visiting artists to display their works.

What brought about this sudden attention to Hailey's once-struggling art scene? In 2006, the Idaho Commission on the Arts awarded the city a $5,425 grant for public art in Hailey's new Woodside Park. This first step united local arts advocates and led to the creation of the Hailey Arts Commission.

The establishment of an arts commission has motivated city officials to view art as an important business entity; prompting much-needed planning for public art and arts education.

"Now we are looking at what role the city should be playing to support the arts," said City Councilperson Carol Brown. City officials reviewed national studies demonstrating that support for the arts is good for economic development. Modeling itself after successful arts commissions in Boise, Jerome and McCall, Hailey has learned that "a vibrant arts community helps businesses to thrive," Brown said.

The Hailey Arts Commission's aim is to enhance the culture of the community by providing leadership, advocacy and support for the arts. Ideas generated so far include artist walks with business sponsors and the integration of art in new city buildings, which is a common practice nationwide, said Brown. The commission will fund projects through grants and tax incentives.

"Arts have been cultivated here for a long time, and as people move into the area they are naturally exposed to it," said Mark Johnstone, a member of the Arts Commission. In addition, parents want to participate in activities and events with their children. "They want to take the whole family," he said. Alongside the family-friendly Back Alley Parties at the Wicked Spud, the emergence of the Artists' Market last year provided such an opportunity.

"Things are exploding, and it's a domino effect," said Artists' Market Director, Alissa McGonigal. "Area artists were underrepresented, Hailey needed it."

In under a year, the Artists' Market

> "Things are exploding, and it's a domino effect. Area artists were underrepresented, Hailey needed it."
>
> *Alissa McGonigal, Artists' Market Director*

The Sun Valley Center for the Arts' new Hailey location, poet Ezra Pound's childhood home, affords much-needed space for art exhibitions, as well as a classroom for after-school art programs.

has established itself as a vital part of the arts scene. Featuring a rotating roster of artists and craftsman from in and around Blaine County, including Hailey-based fine artist Melissa Graves Brown, jewelry designer Heidi Mexia and Bellevue river rock artist Mike Baldwin, the market encourages participation from one and all.

In June, it merged with the Hailey Farmers' Market to create the Hailey Market, which offers 44 booths at a new location, next to the Bank of America on Main Street. The event, held every Thursday from June through September, also showcases musicians and offers face-painting for children.

"There are so many talented people in the valley, and they are excited about being in Hailey," McGonigal said.

While it is based in Ketchum, the Sun Valley Center for the Arts long ago foresaw the need for a South Valley presence. The Center found the perfect location at the childhood home of poet Ezra Pound, on Second Avenue in Hailey.

"It's really exciting," said Kristin Poole, The Center's artistic director. "In the last three years Hailey is the place to be. We saw it coming some years ago."

The Center in Hailey provides space for professional exhibitions and public classes, as well as convenient housing for artists in residence.

"We are rooted here and more people are living here," Poole said. "We showed a Hemingway film earlier this summer, and half the people came on foot or bike. Programming happening in town is a sign of a healthy community."

The Center also provides an office for the Wood River Arts Alliance, which encompasses all arts entities in the valley. It plans to host an arts festival in Hailey next January. The festival will focus on the performing arts, featuring live music and the opportunity for classes and presentations.

With the creation of its arts commission, Hailey has the means to promote and encourage community support for all types of cultural ventures, which in turn will attract businesses that are inspired to support the arts. In the meantime, The Center and the success of the Artists' Market enhance the development of Hailey as a viable arts destination.

serenity in surprising places

Artist and gallery director Deb Gelet explores the streets of Ketchum, discovering a bounty of beautiful art in some surprising places. Photos by David N. Seelig.

Sjer Jacobs' welcoming statue *Girl Looking Up,* is one of a selection from local galleries that adorns Ketchum's new Fourth Street Heritage Corridor. Permanent and temporary art will be a fixture on Fourth Street as the renovation moves forward over the next three years. Jacobs' work is on loan from Gallery DeNovo.

It is our human nature to surround ourselves with things we love: wildflowers, an interesting rock found on a hike, high ridgelines, vast open spaces—and art.

No matter how long you've lived here, or how many times you have visited, it's worth taking a closer look at this town. Treasures are everywhere, and more are quietly added without much fanfare. Art adorns the markets, bookstores, cafes, salons, parks, schools, churches, hospital, open space in front and behind galleries, at the Sawtooth Botanical Gardens, along the highway and, now, along the newly designed Heritage Corridor on Fourth Street in Ketchum.

Just as we express ourselves individually in the way we dress, in what we drive and how we create our homes, we express ourselves as a community, and share our communal narrative, by placing art in our shared spaces.

Some locations are more predictable, such as sculpture installed in front of a fine art gallery. But other settings are not as obvious as residents rush through their days. The historical murals in Atkinsons' markets may be easily overlooked in the frenzy of stopping for a few quick dinner items after work.

Idaho has a surprising amount of art in public places, most of it reflecting the history and heritage of the state. Logically, most of this art is in the more populated areas of southwest and southeast Idaho. But many pieces are found tucked among tiny sagebrush- or pine-enveloped towns of a few hundred people.

Consider the little town of Leadore in the high-desert plains east of here near the Lost River Range. Murals abound, faded and chipped, but they adorn nearly every building there. On a wind-blown cold and desolate day, it seems there are more murals than residents.

Ketchum may be a little different in its approach to expressing itself. (No surprise there.) History and heritage artwork mixing with pieces simply about beautiful form is common. Sometimes, artists are just having a little fun, such as with those beloved painted Labrador retriever sculptures scattered all over town. The fiberglass dogs were purchased by individuals and organizations, decorated by local artists and auctioned as a community fundraiser. Though the auction was six years ago, the painted canines still deliver smiles throughout the valley.

Art in public spaces is not a new idea, of course. Murals have been painted on the sides of buildings here throughout history. More recent works, though, have been wisely placed in the safer environs of building interiors. A visit to Atkinsons' Market in Ketchum or Hailey is nicely enhanced by Tom Teitge's depictions of local historical scenes, such as the harrowing journey of the ore wagons barreling over Trail Creek Summit. For Teitge's more esoteric view of our spiritual presence, see his mural over the counter in Akasha Organics, located at the back of Chapter One Books on Main Street in Ketchum.

Inside the St. Luke's Wood River Medical Center chapel, local artist Martine Drackett has brushed graceful murals of serene mountain scenes, framed by arching aspen boughs in shapes suggesting church windows. The scenes are peaceful and nondenominational.

As historic murals in the valley are lost (except in photographs) to demolition, new murals are applied. Local painter Ralph Harris recently reapplied his brush to the exterior wall of the Blaine County Historical Museum in Hailey after the original mural depicting historical scenes was destroyed during a remodel. And, while it may be a stretch to call it art, the sign restoration on the back exterior wall of the Mercantile Building (now Starbucks) on Ketchum's Main Street, admonishing us to "Eat More Lamb" was vigorously supported by Millie Wiggins, local fashion maven, until her death this past spring.

Gallery Walk, a popular almost-monthly event in Ketchum, keeps outdoor sculpture revolving with so many fine pieces luring strollers inside local galleries. Other pieces are sprinkled throughout parks, courtyards and gardens. Perhaps the most subtle is the bronze replica of Jim Cimino's

Local residents Mark Johnstone (front) and Teagan McAvoy enjoy the serenity offered by artist Martine Drackett's murals of mountain scenes, framed by arching aspen boughs in shapes suggesting church windows, tucked inside the St. Luke's Wood River Medical Center's non-denominational chapel.

Idaho has a surprising amount of art in public places, most of it reflecting the history and heritage of the state.

Serene spaces abound in Ketchum, many accentuated by art. A paver-maze beside St. Luke's (above) provides a place for visitors to calm themselves, while a bronze replica of Jim Cimino's hat (right) hangs on a bench in the reflective Memory Park. A rainbow-colored biplane (far right) soars endlessly over Hemingway Elementary school's green hills, in memory of student Barrette Admire.

hat hanging on a bench in Memory Park, dedicated in part to his late wife Barbara, at Main and Sixth streets, quietly noting the Cimino Foundation's gift of open space in downtown Ketchum.

Remembrance and thoughtfulness often bring art to our daily lives. The children at Hemingway Elementary School enjoy a rainbow-colored biplane soaring atop a column of appliquéd bronze animal silhouettes created in memory of classmate Barrette Admire, who died in a car accident in 2005. The sculpture was created by local artist Larry Meyers and Barrette's mother, Lisa Admire. The pocket park across from Ketchum City Hall displays Michael Zapponi's leaping fish sculpture, originally commissioned by Jack Thornton for his former Evergreen Restaurant.

We express ourselves as a community—and share our communal narrative—by placing art in our shared spaces.

On a more whimsical note, a giant wine bottle made of steel, commissioned by The Sun Valley Wine Company, is enjoyed by passers-by on Leadville Avenue. Artists Larry Meyers and Michael Zapponi (previously known as "2 Wild Guys") had so much fun with that project they added a surprise in the windows above the Wine Company's entrance. From a vantage point across the street, sharp eyes notice a small band of thieves absconding with their favorite bounty.

Larger collections of art open to the public hang inside St. Luke's hospital and decorate Ketchum's newly designed Heritage Corridor on Fourth Street. Also, the Presbyterian Church of the Big Wood on Warm Springs

Road in Ketchum offers a revolving collection of art by local artists in all media. These installations are possible through the goodwill of artists, collectors, galleries and volunteer workers. The collection at St. Luke's is extensive, now numbering nearly 300 pieces of art in permanent and rotating exhibitions.

The essence of life in this valley is anchored by its natural beauty. It follows that the members of this community have developed a strong inclination to share with one another a different kind of beauty, one of self and communal expression. It is the mark of a strong and vibrant community. We couldn't be luckier.

art galleries

"Crow Warriors" 18 x 24 Jim Norton

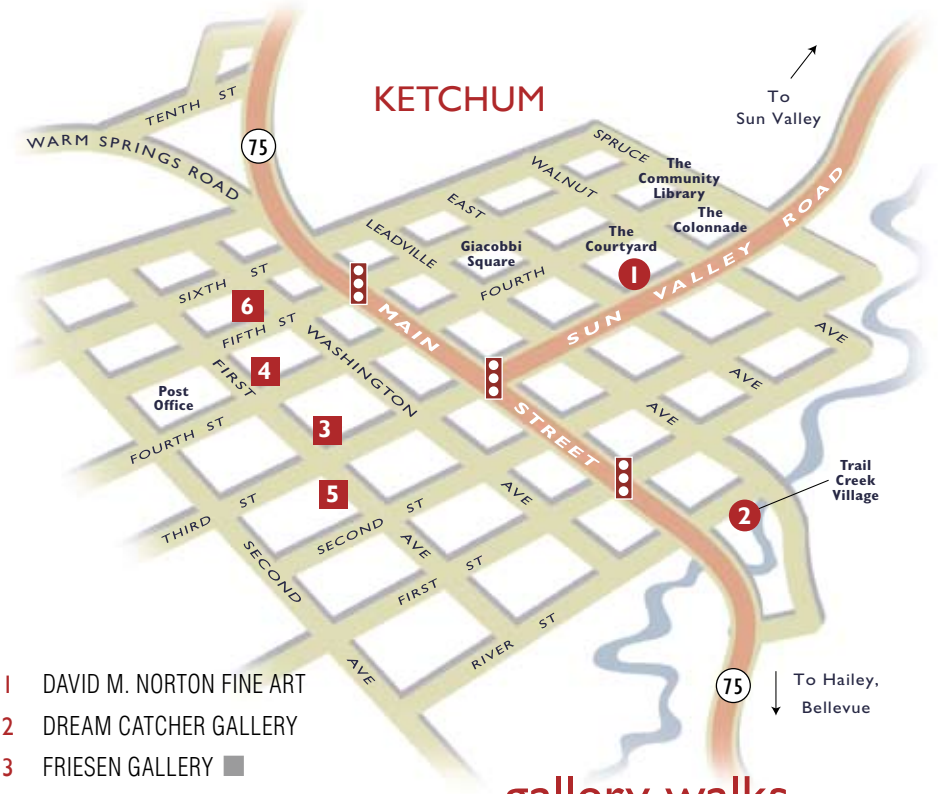
DAVID M. NORTON FINE ART

Fine American Art and Collectibles... David M. Norton Gallery has specialized in American paintings, photographs and prints for over 30 years. Currently featuring Jim Nortion CAA, Maynard Dixon, J.H.Sharp, Carl Oscar Borg, plus photography by Robert Dawson and E.S Curtis. 511 Sun Valley Road, lower level of Sheepskin Coat Factory, Ketchum, 726-3588.

Linda Luccero Fraglia
"Jemez Storyteller Doll"

THE DREAM CATCHER GALLERY

A collection of fine Native American art and craft work including pottery, fetishes, paintings, traditional and contemporary jewelry, storytellers and ceremonial pieces of museum quality. Hand-carved, custom furniture, books for collectors and children. Member IACA. 200 S. Main, Trail Creek Village, Ketchum. 726-1305. dreamcatchergallery@hotmail.com, www.dreamcatchergallery.com.



1 DAVID M. NORTON FINE ART
2 DREAM CATCHER GALLERY
3 FRIESEN GALLERY ■
4 GAIL SEVERN GALLERY ■
5 KNEELAND GALLERY ■
6 SUN VALLEY CENTER FOR THE ARTS ■

■ Indicates member of the Sun Valley Gallery Association

gallery walks

FALL 2007

- FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12
- FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23

Lino Tagliapietra "ORGOGLIO" (the amber object)
"Foca" (the yellow object)

■ FRIESEN GALLERY

Friesen Gallery exhibits contemporary paintings, glass, and sculpture by internationally and nationally recognized artists Jeanne Brennan, Christopher Brown, Ford Crull, Matthew Dennison, Ron Ehrlich, Enrico Embroli, Dennis Evans, Gregory Grenon, Steve Jensen, Ann Mallory, Nancy Mee, William Morris, Trinh Nguyen, Jenny Pohlman & Sabrina Knowles, Jane Rosen, James Shay, Catherine Eaton Skinner, and Lino Tagliapietra among others. Sun Valley Road at First Avenue, Ketchum. 726-4174, Seattle: 1200 Second Ave. friesen@friesengallery.com, www.friesengallery.com

Jack Spencer, *Snow Ponies,*
Mixed media photograph 26½" x 39¾".

■ GAIL SEVERN GALLERY

30 years exhibiting contemporary painting, sculpture, photography, including Victoria Adams, Jan Aronson, Bo Bartlett, Tony Berlant, Squeak Carnwath, James Cook, Kris Cox, David deVillier, Woods Davy, David Giese, Morris Graves, Michael Gregory, Michelle Haglund, Rod Kagan, Jun Kaneko, Judith Kindler, Gary Komarin, Lynda Lowe, Robert McCauley, Cole Morgan, Gwynn Murrill, Ed Musante, Marcia Myers, Gary Nisbet, Deborah Oropallo, Luis González Palma, Christopher Reilly, Rene Rickabaugh, Sandra Sallin, David Secrest, Julie Speidel, Jack Spencer, Mark Stasz, Therman Statom, Allison Stewart, Theodore Waddell. Also featuring a 2 acre sculpture garden. Framing and installation services. 400 First Avenue North, Ketchum. 726-5079. www.gailseverngallery.com. See our ad on page 28.

Dave McGary, *The Honor Dress*, bronze, ed. of 40

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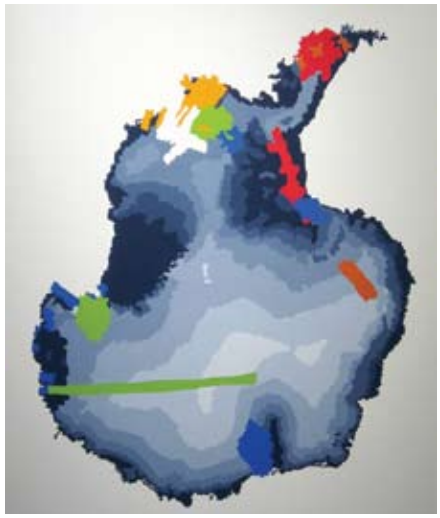
Exhibiting paintings and sculpture by artists living and working in the West. Artists include Steven Lee Adams, Ovanes Berberian, Jineen Griffith, Jennifer Lowe, Dave McGary, Robert Moore, Jean Richardson, Thom Ross, Carl Rowe, Linda St. Clair, Sherry Salari Sander and Andrzej Skorut.
271 First Avenue North, Ketchum
P.O. Box 2070, Sun Valley, ID 83353
726-5512 fax 726-3490
art@kneelandgallery.com
www.kneelandgallery.com



Dan Mills, *USAntarctica*, 2005
Courtesy Zolla Lieberman Gallery, Chicago

SUN VALLEY CENTER FOR THE ARTS

The Center brings the arts into our community by presenting exhibitions, concerts, lectures and art classes. This fall The Center presents two exhibitions: *What We Keep* and *Lines in the Earth.* Plus, Cowboy Poetry on September 11; lectures with Rob Satloff, Gregg Olsen and Mary Oliver; performances with Zum, Perla Batalla, and Ensemble Galilei featuring Neal Conan.
191 Fifth St. E, Ketchum
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See our ad on Page 38.

all about the 1

Unicyclist Jared Stoltzfus explores the valley's narrow trails on one wheel. Jason Kauffman joins him on his hair-raising exploits. Photos by Craig Wolfrom.

Riding the Wood River Valley's back-country trails can be a challenging, hair-raising adventure—just ask Hailey's Jared Stoltzfus.

On any given ride, the 18-year-old may come across hidden tree roots, formidable rock gardens, loose sand and gravel, steep switchbacks and errant canines. Any one or a combination thereof has the potential to send the tall, lanky rider spinning out of control.

It's a risky obstacle course for any rider—but especially so for a rider minus one wheel. You see, for Jared, mountain biking apparently isn't challenging enough—he travels the valley's single-track trails on a unicycle.

On a recent ride with Jared out Adams Gulch, the young adventure seeker gave me a glimpse into his one-wheeling passion.

For nearly two hours, I rode second in line behind Jared. Whether it was the steep, rocky stretches, the downhill, winding switchbacks or foot-deep creek crossings, he skillfully negotiated each impediment on his beefed up, off-road unicycle as easy as you please.

A 2006 Wood River High School graduate, Jared has been unicycling since he was 11. His father, Joe Stoltzfus, has been a unicyclist for nearly 40 years, and it was he who got the junior Stoltzfus into this challenging, albeit relatively unknown, sport. Still, beyond his father's influence, Jared likes to ride on one wheel for another more personal reason.

"It's very cathartic," he said.

Jared says he doesn't focus well on other organized sports such as baseball, but excels at the intense focus required for unicycling. Simply put, lose your focus while riding a unicycle and you'll quickly fall flat on your face.

"I can ride some really difficult rocky downhill, and I'll get to a level road and I'll just fall because I've lost my focus," he explained.

Unicycling is an individualistic sport, Jared said, while we rested for a moment at the top of Sunnyside Trail mid-way through our ride.

"It's all about the one," he quipped.

A decidedly less-technical affair than regular bicycles, unicycles have no brakes, gears or controls beyond those your hips and core strength naturally provide. On Jared's mountain unicycle, a 26-inch tall, three-inch wide knobby tire designed for downhill mountain bikes provides the traction, while the simple contraption's padded hourglass-shaped seat and small wooden handle underneath gives the leverage needed to negotiate rough, winding trails.

Slowing down is achieved by pushing back on the pedals and cranks, which are directly connected to the specially made unicycle hub. Because of the direct crank-to-hub connection, there's also no coasting. Think the constantly rotating pedals of a fixed-gear bicycle.

Despite his eye-popping, one-wheeling skills, Stoltzfus says he's pretty good at falling. "I tell people falling is my real hobby," he said.

But don't let his modesty fool you. From what I could gather during our ride, he doesn't fall all that often.

Out on the trail, Jared's presence often attracts inquisitive stares as well as humorous remarks. "The most common is people asking me if I've lost a wheel," he said. "If I'm unicycling with somebody who's in front of me I can tell the passerby that they stole it."

Watching Jared mature as a unicyclist, since he began the sport as an 11-year-old, has been enjoyable, his mother, Judy Stoltzfus, said. "I was really proud of him."

For the past eight years, the Stoltzfus family has attended the Moab MUni Fest (www.moabmunifest.homestead.com), an annual get-together of mountain unicyclists in Moab, Utah.

Judy said that in its first year, only 11 people showed up at the event. Today, more than 200 mountain unicyclists typically attend, a significant number given their individualistic tendencies.

"Someone once said it's like herding cats," said Judy. "They're pretty interesting people."


a very
big
adventure

Last fall, Hailey's Scott Douglas joined a group of friends from the Wood River Valley to embark on the trip of a lifetime: 18 days kayaking the mighty Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. Battling wild turkeys and wilder rapids, he emerged with a keener sense of place in the American West. Photos by Chris Pilaro.

There's been a lot of water under the bridge since I applied for my permit to run the Grand Canyon 13 years ago. Inspired by my first trip down the Colorado River, in 1993, I committed my name to the lengthy waiting list. In hindsight, it was the first long-term commitment I'd ever made. Where would I be in the decade-plus when my number came up? I did not ask. The only thing that mattered was getting back to that wonderful place.

November 11, 2006, was our designated launch date. Sixteen of us (10 from the Wood River Valley) had rendezvoused at Lee's Ferry the previous day to rig the expedition. About a hundred miles north of Flagstaff, Arizona, and just south of the Utah border, Lee's Ferry was the last point of road access before the river plunged into the mile-deep chasm of the Grand. It was 226 river miles to our take-out at Diamond Creek, not far from Las Vegas.

Side by side on the beach, our five rafts were buoyant under their loads. Lashed on board were provisions for 18 days. Beside them, six kayaks were lined up ready for takeoff.

Day eight: mile 89—Located in the heart of the Canyon, at the hub of trails accessing both north and south rims, Phantom Ranch is the place to leave or join a river trip in progress. Today, we were swapping four for four. My wife, Carrie, Anne Marie Gardner, and two others were leaving. Pam Street, Eric Boyer, Gary Boyer and Peter Boice were slated to arrive on the beach by 11 a.m. Those leaving would return to Hailey in the same vehicle the newcomers had arrived in. Beyond this, I'd left the details to them, and basic questions such as which trail, vehicle location, type and where to hide the key were not addressed.

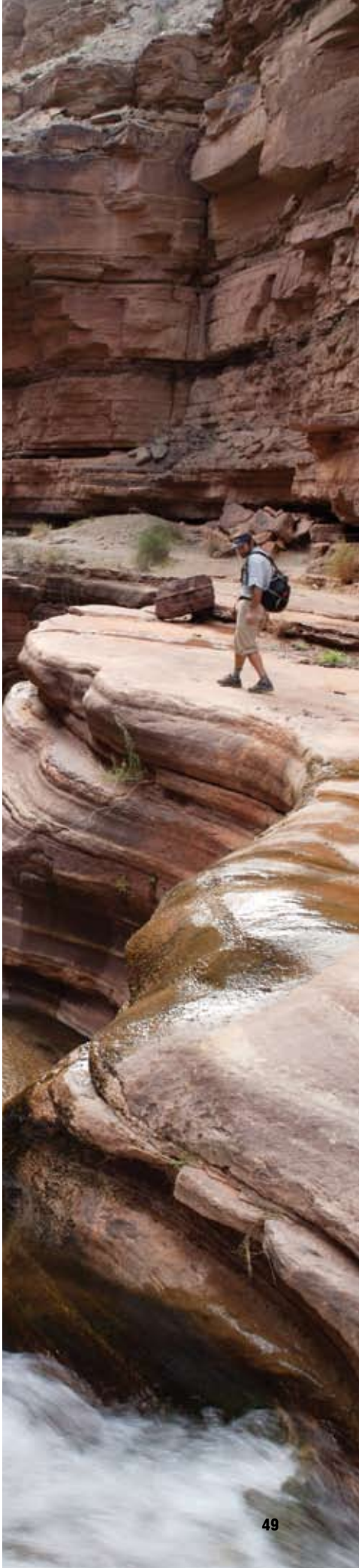
That was my first mistake.

We hit the beach ahead of the incoming crew, and Carrie and Anne Marie (reluctant to leave yet eager to return to their young children in Hailey) wanted to get a jump on the 5,000-foot climb to the south rim. Assuming they chose the same trail, they could meet en route and get the info they needed to get home. If not, I reasoned, they would recognize the vehicle and know where to find the key. I walked the first mile of the Bright Angel Trail with them before saying goodbye. Then, on my way back to the river, I was attacked by a couple of turkeys.

> The birds worked as a team to cut off my escape. I kicked and flailed, hoping there were no witnesses, as they pecked my shins.

The birds worked as a team to cut off my escape. I kicked and flailed, hoping there were no witnesses, as they pecked my shins. Resisting the urge to cry out, I opted to run, thinking I could get away, but every time I looked over my shoulder, the turkeys sped up, so I kept running all the way back to the beach.

Sweating and flustered, I sat down with the guidebook to plot our next moves, opening to a blurb on John Wesley Powell.



Using wooden boats, Powell led trips down the Green and Colorado rivers in 1869 and 1871, through the heart of terra incognita. His grasp of the western climate and geography, with particular respect to water, was unpopular and prophetic. In the face of expansionist boomers insisting that rain followed the plow, Powell's sober analysis of the arid region won him few friends in Washington, D.C. But despite powerful rivals, he went on to be a founding director of the U.S. Geological Survey, and is remembered for his bold explorations and scientific integrity.

Something was wrong. The car keys dangling from an outstretched finger made no sense. If the car was parked on the rim, what were the keys doing down here by the river? Carrie and Anne Marie were long gone. There was no way to communicate with them. I ran a series of laps back and forth to the Phantom Ranch canteen to troubleshoot the problem. Was there a mule train heading to the south rim anytime soon? No. Could we camp on the beach while we sent runners up and back? No. Could we contact someone on the rim and have them paged? Maybe. Finally, a sympathetic ranger agreed to let us camp so we could run the keys out ourselves. The 5,000-foot, up-and-down, 20-mile roundtrip could be accomplished by midnight if we got moving right away.

Mark had a good entry. He knew all the lines and rarely missed his. But Lava can turn around the best-oriented boater.

Mark and Aaron volunteered to accompany me. We stuffed packs with water, snacks, headlamps and extra layers, and put on our running shoes. Mistakes aside, the net positive was a stunningly beautiful walk. We ascended the Kaibab Trail, the most direct route out, pausing only to gasp at the views.

Vishnu Temple, Shiva Temple, Zoroaster's Pinnacle, Wotan's Throne…the Canyon's most dramatic features spread out in dizzying array. Under Powell's tutelage, Clarence Dutton wrote the first detailed description of Grand Canyon geology in 1873. Taken by what he saw, Dutton aptly named many prominent features for the deities of world religions. Jacked-up on endorphins during our speedy ascent, the Canyon expanded in multi-dimensional form and scale until we were euphoric.

We found Carrie and Anne Marie in the visitor's center bar in Grand Canyon Village. After more hugs, apologies and farewells, they hit the road, and we ordered beers and burgers to fortify

ourselves for the long walk back to the river. We dropped below the rim at sunset. The canyon turned orange, violet and indigo before falling into shadow and darkness. Opting to descend the longer, less-steep Bright Angel Trail, we got back to the boats at 11 p.m., grateful that the turkeys were asleep.

Day 15: mile 179—Though 99 percent scenic float, the Grand Canyon is famous for its whitewater. The rapids form at the mouths of side canyons, where flood debris shoots into the river, obstructing the flow. The result is a damming effect, producing flat water and horizon lines above the drops, and, given the heavy volume and deep, constricted channel, big waves and hydraulics. A classic test piece, it combines powerful features with mostly good run-outs. Success depends on setup, the ability to pivot and square your craft, and luck. There are lots of places to flip a raft in the canyon. We managed it three times. Two of those involved our smallest raft. At 14 feet, it had the least margin for error. The third flip occurred in Lava to a seasoned Grand Canyon boatman, who would be the first to say the rest of the river is a warm up for Lava Falls.

The result of igneous boulders at the mouth of Senate Creek, Lava Falls is what remains of a flow that once dammed the Colorado back to the confluence of the Green, near Moab, Utah. It drops 37 feet, double the other big ones in half the distance. The approach is terrifying. The river disappears over the horizon line, its only evidence the puffs of mist shot up by the waves and holes exploding below. There is no sneak at this level, so kayaks and rafts cue off the burble line on the rapid's tongue, and run the meat. There is no other way through. You take your blows, and a good entry guarantees nothing.

Mark had a good entry. He knew all the lines and rarely missed his. But Lava can turn around the best-oriented boater. I was right behind him on the tongue, and saw him swept broadside.

The first wave he was slightly off square, the second a little more and the third one flipped him like a pancake, hard into the whitewater maw. I did my best to shut out Mark's predicament and row. Unable to see beyond the next wave crest, I didn't know he was still trapped under his boat. I pulled through, my crew drenched, to see Mark swimming next to his boat in the tail waves with his lips turning blue.

With help from Peter Boice in his kayak and a couple of spare paddles, we got the upside-down boat to shore above the next rapids. I've known Mark a long time and, though he's excitable, I've never seen him overly traumatized by an experience. Still, I had to insist he get out of the river and warm up. For the rest of the day he stared into the middle distance, having seen his elephant in Lava Falls.

Alive below Lava, we drifted in silence and awe, the landscape cooked and cooled into shiny black formations radiating heat and drying us out.

To experience such a ride was a gift, the sun warm on the white sand at the river's edge, barrel cacti and bighorn sheep dotting the hillsides. Kayakers came on board the rafts to lounge and join the party of old friends. In three days we'd return to our separate lives. A convoy of two trucks overflowing with people and gear would drive north to Idaho, where the beauty of home would help ease the pain of reentry.

Idaho's forbidden fruit

Each autumn, cider presses are rescued from Wood River Valley cobwebs as neighbors gather for a seasonal tradition that has fallen casualty to modern life in most of America. Photographer **Paulette Phlipot** captures the sights while **Michael Ames** hunts the meaning of the modern American apple, right here in Idaho.

Driving Idaho's interstates, you are unlikely to spot a single apple tree. Dairy farms, yes. Sod-covered potato huts rising out of flat farmland. Silver irrigation pivots, spraying arcs of water high over green crops. Tumbleweed. All this you will see from a window, riding along the Snake River Plain at 80 miles per hour.

Apple country, this is not.

Now take a meandering course through the cottonwood-thick ravines and up-valley farms of Idaho's gem towns. Here, in the valley walls' half-day shadows, between a fence and a sidewalk, or just in somebody's yard, are apple trees.

There are apples here because people have lived in these valleys for generations. More than old ranch stockades, more than gray, splintered ghost-town remains, apple trees mark human territory.

In his book, *The Botany of Desire*, Michael Pollan retraces the steps of John Chapman, aka Johnny Appleseed. Pollan learned that the inspiration for this storybook character was a real (eccentric) man whose traveling apple seed business helped transform large swaths of the Midwest in the early 19th century. This was the western frontier, and Chapman was instrumental in its "taming."

In that country at that time, Pollan reports, the law required settlers to plant "at least 50 apple or pear trees" on purchased land. "Since a standard apple tree normally took ten years to fruit, an orchard was a mark of lasting settlement."

At some point in the spread of Americans over their land, the question "Where will we plant our fruit trees?" ceased to arise. Maybe it was the upkeep, all those mushy, rotting red and brown blemishes on an otherwise manicured yard. Or maybe evangelism: What good Christian wants a constant reminder of the fall from grace?

But as the country grew, so did apple demand. Turns out, we didn't stop planting trees—we consolidated. Neighborhood orchards begat regional farms that in turn yielded to corporate apple distributors.

Global food distribution helps feed millions, but consolidation has its price. Pollan notes a shrinking roster of apple breeds. Whereas past generations had their pick among Pippins, Russets and varying shades of Delicious, today's supermarket aisles are dominated by a handful of hardy breeds.

In his 1922 book *The Apple Tree*, noted American horticulturalist Liberty Hyde Bailey made an impassioned plea for fruit diversity. "Why do we need so many kinds of apples?" he wrote. "Because there are so many folks… There is merit in variety itself. It provides more contact with life and leads away from uniformity and monotony."

It is doubtful Bailey could have predicted that by the end of the century, Americans would drift away from the apple. And yet, between 1996 and 2001, the U.S. Apple Association reported "significant losses" due, in part, to "stagnant domestic consumption."

Here in the Wood River Valley, Kaz Thea works in her own small way to reverse the tasteless trend of travel-weary fruit. Manager of the Hailey Farmers' Market and founder of the Idaho's Bounty program, Thea is a poster-child for locally grown food. She planted two apple trees (Pink Lady, Macintosh) beside her vegetable garden, and harvests bushels from unclaimed fruit trees on the streets of Hailey.

In *The Botany of Desire* Pollan explains the evolution of the apple as a tale of human tinkering. Without us to domesticate and breed tasty specimens, the apple may have fizzled out as an ugly little berry, dropping ignominiously to forest floors in Kazakhstan, the wild fruit's indigenous home.

Indeed, the modern apple tree as we know it (*MALUS DOMESTICA*) wouldn't exist without the ingenuity of the ancient Chinese, who invented the technique of tree-grafting, or the likes of "Granny" Ann Smith, whose tart green Australian apple became an institution.

Or, as Pollan also suggests, it's the apples that are using us. Were it not for our predictable predilections ("Ooh look, a sweet shiny round red thing!") the genetic code written into the best apple seeds might have been lost. But by enlisting animals in the cause—bees to cross-pollinate, critters to spread the seeds, and crafty humans to choose and replicate the choicest offspring—the apple has done quite well for itself.

In her pilgrimage to Hailey's orphaned trees and in the annual farmers' market cider press she organizes, Thea makes her own contribution to the apple's cause. As do all those folks pressing cider this time of year, or letting that cider ferment to applejack, or on to apple cider vinegar.

The forbidden fruit may have designs grander than we know. After all, the apple wormed its way into a pastry so quintessentially American that the pie stands hand in hand with Mom as a national emblem. In muffins and cobblers too, the apple redefines itself, determined to sit steaming under a frost-kissed windowpane, a piece of our own domestication.

Full Moon flair: grilled halibut

Caterers and restaurateurs Brian and Sue Ahern embrace the versatility of fish.
Text by **Molly Kukachka**.
Photos by **Paulette Phlipot**.

Pushing the envelope is what keeps Sue and Brian Ahern, owners of The Full Moon Steakhouse & Catering in Bellevue, loving the chaotic and busy food business. These local food gurus, who met in culinary school in Philadelphia, revel in the fact that there is so much more to food than eating. For them, food evokes emotions and creates fond memories as it is created, cooked and consumed.

After years of practice as private chefs, caterers and restaurant owners, the Aherns push the envelope with flair, whether they are preparing American cuisine, Indian specialties, French pastries or anything in between.

Fish is a favorite choice with these chefs. Whether pan seared, crusted, baked or grilled, it is always a treat. Brian's forte is the preparation of seafood, something he gained an appreciation for while serving an apprenticeship after culinary school.

Fish is a healthy choice and is generally an easy dish to make; grilling is possibly the simplest method, explained Brian. And, unlike baking, "which is like chemistry," the simplicity of the grill allows room for error and more time for whipping up some complementary sides, such as a mango salsa or possibly a mint-and-olive-oil couscous.

"It is the new chicken," Brian said. "Everyone eats fish." And for those who still have a prejudice for the omega 3 and nutrient-rich food, Brian says, "If you don't like fish, you have never had good fish." With so many types and endless ways to prepare it, Brian feels it is almost impossible to dislike all fish.

Grabbing a pineapple and peeling it with a few brisk swipes of a knife, Brian expertly transforms the prickly fruit into bite-size cubes in moments. Oranges, cilantro, ginger and jalapeño quickly join the pineapple creating a tasty salsa in a large silver bowl. Next, the chef moves to the grill. After lightly oiling it with extra virgin olive oil, a slab of halibut is laid on the hot slats.

While the fish sizzles, Sue and Brian toss out some hard-earned tips. It doesn't require $500 skillets or lessons from Wolfgang Puck to be able to create flavorful meals, the creative couple assures novices. True to most everything, practice in the kitchen will determine success.

- "Eat a lot and experiment. Most people who like to cook also like to eat. When eating out, order something new and take the time to savor and analyze the different tastes, textures and smells of the dish. Learn what can be combined to create a tantalizing dish."
- "Use recipes as a starting point and add and subtract ingredients. Cooking solely from a recipe is boring and constricting. Tweaking a recipe provides excitement and the discovery of new tastes."
- "Develop a basic skill set. Imagine doing a cake decorating 'throw down' with Bobby Flay. Not ready? Any type of cooking requires practice and study. Cook, read and eat. Learn the lingo, practice different techniques, and sample, sample, sample!"
- "Don't be afraid to make mistakes. It is through their mistakes that good cooks learn what will work. Don't make dishes for the first time when entertaining. Planning to serve an elaborate new recipe for the mother-in-law's 80th birthday party? Give it one or two goes before the big day."
- "Be organized. Create an orderly process when cooking. With so many things going at once, it is possible that, without organization, something may not turn out as planned. Have a plan of action and know how long each item requires to prepare and cook—and, have a backup plan."
- "Most importantly, have fun! Food is a joy. Cooking should be also. Allow time to enjoy the process of creating a wonderful meal."

Grilled halibut with fruit salsa

Ingredients—serves 4

4 halibut fillets, 6-8 oz each, 1-inch thick with skin removed
2 Tbsp. olive oil
Salt and pepper to taste

Salsa

1 small, ripe pineapple, diced
2 large navel oranges, sectioned and diced
1 bunch fresh cilantro, washed thoroughly, dried then finely chopped
2 Tbsp. fresh ginger, minced
1 tsp. fresh jalapeno, minced
2 Tbsp. honey
2 Tbsp. rice wine vinegar

Directions

To prepare the salsa, cut the top and bottom off the pineapple. Sit the pineapple upright and remove the skin by using long knife strokes following the shape of the fruit. Cut fruit off from around the core in 1/4-inch slabs. Stack the slabs and dice. Peel the oranges in the same manner. Remove sections with a sharp paring knife by slicing between the membranes and popping the segments out into a bowl. Dice. Place fruit, ginger, cilantro and jalapeno into a bowl. In another bowl, dissolve the honey into the vinegar then toss with the fruit mixture, set aside. Drizzle the halibut with the oil and season with salt and pepper to taste. Grill on a hot, clean, oiled grilled for 3 to 4 minutes each side or until fish starts to flake. Do not overcook! Remove halibut to plate and spoon the salsa over the top. Serve with a garnish of an orange circle and a sprig of cilantro. Wine-pairing recommendation: Sauvignon Blanc—it is light and bright and complements the richness of the fish.

dining guide

RESTAURANT	CUISINE	TELEPHONE	LOCATION
GOURMET & FINE DINING			
Chandler's Restaurant	World class dining served in a warm, rustic atmosphere	726-1776	200 S. Main St., Trail Cr. Village, Ketchum
CK's Real Food	Eclectic, organic cuisine. Book online at cksrealfood.com	788-1223	Corner of Pine & Main Street, Hailey
Felix's Hillside Restaurant	Mediterranean cuisine. Fish, veal, steak & great wines	726-1166	380 1st Avenue N., Ketchum
Globus	Casually elegant gourmet Asian fare with an eclectic wine list	726-1301	291 6th St. and Main Street, Ketchum
Il Naso	Wine bar. Fine dining. Urban atmosphere	726-7776	5th & Washington, Ketchum
Ketchum Grill	Contemporary American cuisine with Idaho flavors	726-4660	520 East Avenue, Ketchum
Knob Hill Inn Restaurant	Alpine cuisine and French country specialties	726-8004	960 N. Main St., Ketchum
Michel's Christiania	Traditional French cuisine with a full-service Olympic Bar	726-3388	Sun Valley Rd. & Walnut Ave., Ketchum
Riccabona's	Mediterranean cuisine. Fish, veal, steak & great wines	726-1166	380 1st Avenue N., Ketchum
The Sawtooth Club	Mesquite grilled meats, seafood, pastas & salads	726-5233	231 N. Main Street, Ketchum
STEAK & SEAFOOD			
Pioneer Saloon	If you haven't been to the Pio, you haven't been to Ketchum	726-3139	320 N. Main Street, Ketchum
The Roosevelt Tavern	Grilled meats & seafood plus interpretations of comfort foods	726-0051	280 N. Main Street, Ketchum
The Sawtooth Club	Mesquite grilled meats, seafood, pastas & salads	726-5233	231 N. Main Street, Ketchum
ITALIAN & PIZZA			
Baci Italian Cafe	Italian café & wine bar. Casual fine dining at its best!	726-8384	200 S. Main St., Trail Cr. Village, Ketchum
Il Naso	Fresh, all natural Italian Cuisine, Wine bar	726-7776	5th & Washington, Ketchum
MEXICAN			
Desperado's	Classic Mexican cuisine, fresh fish specials daily	726-3068	211 4th Street, Ketchum
Mama Inez	Southwestern cuisine. Daily and Weekly specials	788-4211	200 S. Main, Bellevue
ASIAN			
Osaka Sushi	Japanese sushi cuisine, daily specials	726-6999	The Courtyard, East Avenue, Ketchum
Sushi on Second	The best restaurant for fresh seafood & sushi. Nightly specials	726-5181	260 Second Street, Ketchum
Shanghai Palace	Authentic Chinese cuisine. Lunch buffet	726-2688	531 N. Main Street, Ketchum
ORGANIC & SPECIALTY			
Akasha Organics	Organic food, produce and supplements	726-4777	Chapter One Bookstore, Main St., Ketchum
Ketchum Grill	Contemporary American cuisine with Idaho flavors	726-4660	520 East Avenue, Ketchum
CAFÉ & DELI & BAKERY			
Ciro Market & Wine Merchants	Don't cook tonight. Meals to go, wine, cheese & specialty items	622-4400	Walnut Avenue Mall, Ketchum
Cristina's Restaurant & Bakery	Simple...good...organic...civilized food	726-4499	520 2nd Street, Ketchum
Perry's	Great breakfasts, soup, sandwiches & grill selections. All to go!	726-7703	4th Street and First Avenue, Ketchum
BURGERS			
Lefty's Bar & Grill	Killer burgers, hot sandwiches, salads and cold beer.	726-2744	231 6th Street E., Ketchum

we recommend

Discover an authentic taste of Japan on Ketchum's East Avenue. The valley's only Japanese owned and operated sushi restaurant, Osaka boasts the best and most affordable sushi in town. Be sure to try their great lunch specials and wide selection of beer, wine and sake. The restaurant also offers an assortment of teriyaki dishes. Open seven days a week (lunch Mon-Fri only). Take out and catering available. **726-6999.**

PRICE	Deck Dining	Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner	Cocktails	Beer-Wine	Entertainment	Catering	Reservations	Take-out	Credit Cards
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$.....entrées $10 & under
$$....entrées $11 – 20
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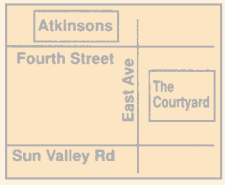

LUNCH: Mon-Fri, 11:30-2:30
DINNER: Sun-Thu, 5:00-10:00
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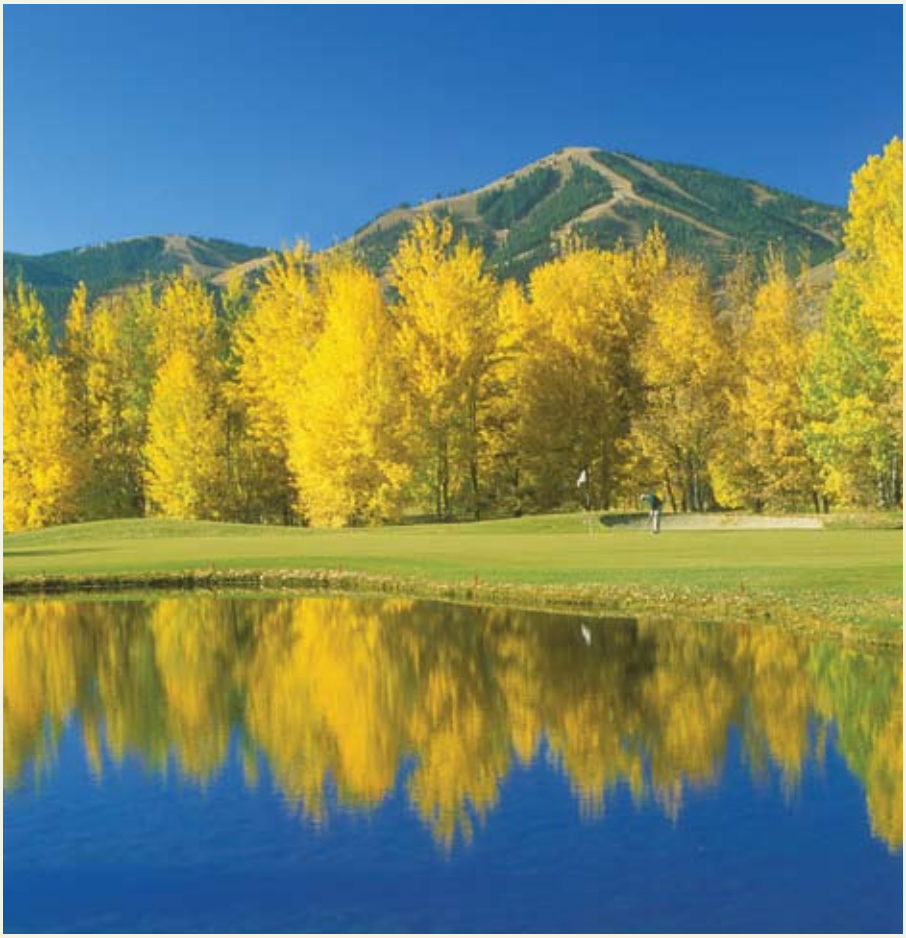


PHOTO BY STEVE PLATZER

calendar

AUGUST

Exhibit: *What We Keep: An Exhibition on Books and Memory*—A multidisciplinary project at the Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Ketchum, through Sept. 28. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Exhibit: *Silver Lining: Pass Mine Artists' Books*—At the Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey, through Oct. 11. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Play: *Much Ado About Nothing*—Presented by Sun Valley Shakespeare Festival, Sun Valley Festival Meadows, Sun Valley Road, 6 p.m., Aug. 23 through Sept. 2. Details: 726-9124/nexstage.org

Sun Valley Shakespeare Festival's Renaissance Faire—Featuring jousting, archery, games, feasting, medieval vendors, music, dance and skits, Sun Valley Festival Meadow. $8 for adults, $5 for seniors/students, children free. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Aug. 25 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Aug. 26. Details: 726-9124/nexstage.org

Antiques Fairs—Bill Summers Antique Show at the nexStage Theatre, Ketchum. Aug. 30&31 and Sept. 1&2. Details: 726-9124. Ketchum Art & Antique Show—Ketchum's Forest Service Park Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Details: (303) 570-6763. Hailey's Antique Market—Roberta McKercher Park, Hailey. Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Details: 788-9292.

Ketchum Crit and Coors Light Basecamp Music Experience—Ketchum Plaza, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Aug. 31 Michael Franti & Spearhead, Sept. 1 Matisyahu, Sept. 2 Chris Isaak. Tickets: Atkinsons' Markets, (866) 468-7624/ Ticketweb.com. Details: www.theskitour.com

Atkinsons' Market Ketchum Crit—The Ski Tour & Sawtooth Velo Cycling Club, features cycling stars from across the Northwest, purse of $10,000. Race is Sept. 2, noon to 1 p.m. Start/finish on Sun Valley Road. Details: theskitour.com

SEPTEMBER

Wagon Days Celebration—Annual Labor Day celebration honoring the area's mining heritage, featuring the largest non-motorized parade in the Northwest, at various locations in Ketchum. Aug. 31-Sept. 3. Featured events include: Wagon Days Papoose Club Flapjack Breakfast—Giacobbi Square, Sept. 1&2, Wagon Days Big Hitch Parade—Sept. 1 at 1 p.m. begins on Sun Valley Road. Wagon Days Blackjack Shoot-Out—Sept. 1 at 7 p.m.

Main Street, Ketchum.
Details: (866) 305-9899/wagondays.com

Wagon Days Duck Race—Rotary Park, Warm Springs Rd., party from 1-4 p.m., river race starts at 3 p.m., Sept. 2.
Details: 720-8618/rotaryduckrace.org

Annual Sun Valley Collector Car Auction—Sun Valley Resort Sept. 1&2.
Details: (800)-255-4485 or (509) 326-4485

Bellevue Labor Day Parade and Jazz Festival—Sept. 2&3.

Salmon Symposium—Screening of *Smoke Signals,* 6 p.m., Sept. 4 at the Community Library, Ketchum. Free donations accepted.
Details: 726-3493/thecommunitylibrary.org

Sawtooth Botanical Garden Fall Garden Workshop—Sept. 8 from 3-5 p.m. $7 for members and $10 for non-members.
Details: 726-9358/sbgarden.org

Howard Preserve Picnic—Wood River Land Trust celebrates community members Sept. 8, 4-7 p.m., Howard Preserve, Bellevue.
Details: 788-3947

Concert: Spudapalooza—Live music with Farmdog, 812 band and Red Headed Fiddler as well as raffle, games and more all day long. Wicked Spud, Main St., Hailey, Sept. 8.
Details: figgleafproductions.com

Cowboy Poetry Event—*A Sense of Place* with world renowned cowboy poets, Wally McRae and Paul Zarzyski, nexStage Theatre, Ketchum, 7 p.m., Sept. 11.
Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

ACT II—Acting classes for ages 62 and up, from Company of Fools, Liberty Theatre, Hailey, 1-3 p.m., Sept. 11, 18, 25 and Oct. 2, 9 and 16.
Details: 788-6250/companyoffools.org

Exhibit: David Edwards Slide Show and Photographs—Community Library in Ketchum, 6 p.m., Sept. 13. Free.
Details: 726-3493/thecommunitylibrary.org

Sawtooth Botanical Garden Master Gardener Program—Every Thursday, Sept. 13 to Nov. 15, 1-4 p.m. $150. Details: 324-7578

23rd Sawtooth Quilt Festival—Stanley Community Center, Sept. 14-16. $3 general admission, children under 12 free.
Details: (208) 774-2165

Sun Valley Spiritual Film Festival—A diverse collection of films from around the world that celebrate and explore different spiritual traditions through film. Sept. 14-16, Sun Valley Opera House, Sun Valley Resort and Liberty Theatre, Hailey.
Details: svspiritualfilmfestival.org.

Workshop: Travel Sketching in Watercolor with Susan Perin—Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sept. 15.
Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Fly Girls Fly-Fishing School—Sept. 15-16.
Details: 726-4501

Concert: Caritas Chorale—*It's a Grand Night for Singing* fund raising dinner, Sept. 16 at 6:30 p.m. Details: caritaschorale.org

Exhibit: *The Art of Mixing It All Up*—Mixed Media/Collage workshop with Inez Storer, Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sept. 18-20.
Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Lecture: *The Boy Who Would Be Tsar: The Art of Prince Andrew Romanoff*—Andrew Romanoff discusses his work at the Community Library, Ketchum, 6 p.m., Sept. 20. Free, donations accepted.
Details: 726-3493/thecommunitylibrary.org

Ernest Hemingway Festival—The theme of the third annual Ernest Hemingway Festival is Hemingway in Paris. Activities include lectures, a book fair, guided tours of Hemingway hangouts and the opportunity to have dinner in Hemingway's last home. Sept. 20-23, Ketchum, various locations. Featured events include: Hemingway's grandson, John Hemingway, keynote address "Hemingway in Paris: The Crazy Years," 7 p.m., Sept. 20, Carol's Dollar Mountain Lodge. Book reading and signing with Ben Fountain, author of *Brief Encounters with Che Guevara*, 7 p.m., Sept. 22, Community Library, Ketchum.
Details: ernesthemingwayfestival.org

Stanley Firefighters' Ball—Redfish Lake Lodge, Sept. 22. Details: (208) 774-3512

Workshop: Favorite Family Photos Family Day—Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey from 3-5 p.m. Sept. 23.
Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Lecture: Gregg Olsen—Book discussion on *The Deep Dark* explores the human toll of Idaho's worst disaster; a 1972 fire in a mine in Kellogg, Idaho, which killed 91. Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey, 7 p.m., Sept. 27.
Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Lecture: Arion Press Andrew Hoyem—Hoyem discusses Arion Press' aims to match the finest contemporary art with the finest literature past and present, 6 p.m., Sept. 27, Community Library, Ketchum. Free.
Details: 726-3493/thecommunitylibrary.org

Crosstoberfest 2007—Featuring 2007 Idaho State Championships for Cyclocross. Live music, Bavarian food and drink, ski and clothing sales and bike demos, Sept. 29-30, River Run Plaza, near Ketchum.

Workshop: Encaustic Painting with Eve-Marie Bergren—Two-day workshop at Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sept. 29-30.
Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

OCTOBER

On the Spot Improv Class—Presented by Company of Fools, Liberty Theater, Hailey, Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 and Nov. 5 from 6:30-8:30 p.m. for ages 16 and up.
Details: 788-6520/companyoffools.org

ACT II—Acting classes for ages 62 and up, Company of Fools, Liberty Theatre, Hailey from 1-3 p.m. Oct. 2, 9 and 16.
Details: 788-6250/companyoffools.org

Exhibit: *Lines in the Earth*—A multidisciplinary project at the Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Ketchum, Oct. 5 through Dec. 7.
Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Workshop: Lampwork Glass Beads with Mike Ausman—Teen workshop, Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey, 3-5 p.m., Oct. 5. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Sawtooth Botanical Garden Fall Bulb Sale—Featuring unique and hardy bulbs not usually available that grow well in the Wood River Valley, Oct. 6. Details: 726-9358/sbgarden.org

Community School Garage Sale—Sagewillow Barn, Elkhorn, Oct. 6.

Workshop: Lampwork Glass with Mike Ausman—At the Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey from 4-7 p.m., Oct. 9&11. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Lecture: Rob Satloff—Executive director of The Washington Institute for Near East Policy speaks at 7 p.m., Oct. 11, nexStage Theatre, Ketchum. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Trailing of the Sheep Festival—Featuring a Folk-life Fair, with sheep shearing and herding demonstrations, as well as music, dancing, food and games. The Grand Finale is a sheep parade down Ketchum's Main Street. Oct. 12 through 14. Details: trailingofthesheep.org

St. Luke's Medical Center Autumn Gala—Dining, dancing, entertainment by Five Guys Named Moe, silent auction and raffle. Limelight Room, Sun Valley Inn, Oct. 13. Details: 727-8406

Concert: Zum—Eastern European gypsy fiddle music with the hot-blooded passion of Argentinian Tango, 7:30 p.m., Oct. 14., Presbyterian Church of the Big Wood, Ketchum. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Workshop: Oil Painting with Connie Borup—A week-long workshop exploring the oil painting medium, 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Oct. 15-19, Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Hailey, Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

18th Annual Swing and Dixie Jazz Jamboree—The music flows at venues throughout Sun Valley and Ketchum, featuring more than 40 acclaimed musicians from across the United States and Canada. Oct. 17 through 21. Free community concert, 7 p.m., Oct. 16, Sun Valley Ice Rink. Details: (877) 478-5277/sunvalleyjazz.com

Play: *Doubt*—2005 Pulitzer Prize Winner presented by the Company of Fools, Oct. 17 through Nov. 4 at The Liberty Theatre, Hailey. Details: 788-6520/companyoffools.org

Lecture: Duncan Hill on Uganda—Presents a film and talk, 6 p.m., Oct. 18, Community Library, Ketchum. Free. Details: 726-3493/thecommunitylibrary.org

Sawtooth Botanical Garden Fall Harvest Festival—Oct. 21 from 2-6 p.m. Details: 726-9358/sbgarden.org

Workshop: *Folding Memories*—With Gay Weake, 5:30-7:30 p.m., Oct. 23, Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Ketchum. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Hemingway Halloween Kids Party—Oct. 28 from 1-3 p.m., sponsored by the Ketchum Police Department and YMCA.

NOVEMBER

YMCA Grand Opening—Nov. 3, Details: 726-6260/woodriverymca.org

Business Showcase—Sponsored by SVK-CVB, Nov. 8, 5-7 p.m. Details: 725-2105

Workshop: Card-Making—5:30-7:30 p.m., Nov. 13, Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Ketchum. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Reading: Mary Oliver—Award-wining poet reads at 7 p.m., Nov. 15, St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Ketchum. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Heart of the Valley Contest Submission Deadline—Nov. 16. Share your photographs and short writings about the Wood River Valley in Wood River Land Trust's Fourth Annual Heart of the Valley Contest. Details: 788-3947/woodriverlandtrust.org.

Lecture: Ensemble Galilei with Neal Conan—*First Person: Stories from the Edge of the World,* collaboration between National Geographic, National Public Radio's Neal Conan and Ensemble Galilei. Presbyterian Church of the Big Wood, Ketchum, Nov. 17. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Galena Lodge opening day—The winter season and ski school opening Nov. 17, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (weather depending). Details: 788-2117.

DECEMBER

Galena Lodge Nordic Demo Days—10 a.m., Dec. 1. Details: 788-2117

Papoose Club Holiday Bazaar—Shop for gifts Dec. 1&2 at Hemingway Elementary School, Ketchum. Details: 726-6642.

Galena Lodge Wednesday Workouts—Dec. 5, 3:30-5 p.m. Ski clinics, $15 per person, offer a different focus each week. Details: 788-2117

Film: Austrian Ski Legacy Ian Scully—6 p.m., Dec. 6, the Community Library, Ketchum. Free, donations accepted. Details: 726-3493/thecommunitylibrary.org

Play: *The Little Mermaid*—Presented by the Sun Valley Ballet School, Dec. 7-9 at nexStage Theatre, Ketchum. Details: 726-9876/directors@sunvalleyballet.com

Reading: Judith Freeman—Book reading and signing, 6 p.m., Dec. 13., The Community Library, Ketchum. Free. Details: 726-3493/thecommunitylibrary.org

Learn to ski clinic—Free clinic for skate and classic skiing. Participants must have a trail pass. Galena Lodge, 1 p.m., Dec. 15. Details: 788-2117

Ski Free Day—North Valley Trails, Dec. 15. Details: 788-2117

Concert: Perla Batalla—Grammy nominated vocalist, composer, and arranger performs at Presbyterian Church of the Big Wood, Ketchum, 7:30 p.m., Dec. 15. Details: 726-9491/sunvalleycenter.org

Play: *Snowflake*—By and starring Gale LaJoyce, Dec. 19 through 30, at the Liberty

Theatre, Hailey.
Details: 578-9122/companyoffools.org

Christmas Eve in Sun Valley—Sun Valley Resort celebrates Christmas Eve with an ice skating exhibition, torchlight skiing parade, visit from Santa and fireworks, Dec. 24. Details: 622-2097.

Concert: Paul Tillotson Trio—Traditional jazz music with the Paul Tillotson Trio, Dec. 26 through Jan. 5, 4-7 p.m., at the Duchin Room, Sun Valley Lodge.
Details: sunvalley.com

Winter Holidays Antique Show—10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Dec. 28-30, nexStage Theatre, Ketchum. Details: 720-5547

ONGOING

Gallery Walks—Sun Valley Gallery Association members and others stay open 6-9 p.m., serving wine and snacks on Friday, Aug. 31, Oct. 12, Nov. 23 and Dec. 28. Details: svgalleries.org

Summer Lift Rides—River Run Lodge in Ketchum from 9 a.m. to 3:15 p.m. through Sept. 3. Details: 622-6136/sunvalley.com.

Sun Valley Ice Shows—Aug. 25, Sept. 1 (Sasha Cohen) and Sept. 15. Dusk, Sun Valley Outdoor Ice Rink. $29 to $55, buffet $67 to $92. Details: 622-2135/sunvalley.com.

Wood River Farmers' Market—Locally grown produce, 4th St., Ketchum. Tuesdays, 2:30-6 p.m. through Oct. 10.

Wood River Farmers' Market/Artists' Market—Locally grown produce and handcrafted art work, Main Street, Hailey, Thursdays through Sept. 27 from 2:30-6:30 p.m. Details: 788-7052

Dinners at Galena— Galena Lodge Thanksgiving Dinner, 7 p.m., Nov. 23. Full Moon dinners, 7 p.m., Nov. 30-Dec. 3. Wine Dinners—Dec. 14&15. Holiday Dinners—7 p.m. Dec. 23 through 31. Details: 788-2117

Community Library—Stop by the Library at 3 p.m. every Thursday for a tour with Executive Director Colleen Daly. Story Time at the Children's Library, Saturdays at 10 a.m. Science Time at the Children's Library Tuesdays at 11 a.m. Details: 726.3493 ex. 116

Business After Hours—Meet and greet with local business people. 5-7 p.m., Sept. 13 at Hawley Graphics, Hailey. Sept. 27 at High Country Resorts, Ketchum. Oct. 11 at Friedman Memorial Airport, Hailey. Oct. 25 at Sun Valley Shutters & Shades, Ketchum. December, at The Answering Service, Ketchum. Details: 725-2105

View the calendar online at svguide.com

All submissions for the Winter 2007 calendar should be sent to calendar@mtexpress.com or 726-8060.
Deadline: October 12, 2007

a year in the West

Boston transplant Jon Duval reveals the perils of life in the Wood River Valley. Illustration by Gavin McNeil.

Growing up in Massachusetts, you come to take certain things as indelible facts of life: You will sweat profusely in summertime, even if your most strenuous activity is opening the top of a cooler. Drivers have the unassailable right to cut you off then give you a one-fingered salute for getting in their way. A powder day consists of three inches of laboriously heavy snow lying on a three-foot sheet of ice. It's perfectly acceptable to wear a blazer over a button-down shirt to breakfast. And, unless your license plate reads "Live Free or Die," a gun rack is not a suitable accessory for your car.

So it is not a surprise that when I moved to Ketchum last August in search of my own manifest destiny, I experienced a good deal of culture shock, often at the expense of my pride. Within my first six months of Idaho residency I suffered more public humiliations than Paris Hilton.

Being altruistic, or perhaps impertinent, by nature, I believe I have a moral obligation to share my hard-earned knowledge as a way of sparing fellow East Coast transplants and visitors similar tribulations.

While I cannot guarantee to keep locals from laughing at your pronunciation of "Rivah Run," I do have a few suggestions that should at least earn you a modicum of respect: Start sleeping in a hyperbaric chamber. Find the number to Floyd Landis' pharmacist. Trade in silk ties and supple leather loafers for tight-fitting shorts and Gore-Tex hiking boots.

While the elevation of the Wood River Valley differs slightly from, say, Machu Picchu, the effects of oxygen deprivation on those arriving from sea level are noticeable. Walk down Main Street hoping to catch a glimpse of Demi or the Governator and you'll feel fit as a fiddle. Hike up to Pioneer Cabin and you'll start wondering if it's possible for your heart to jump out of your chest like that alien from the movie, um, *Alien*.

I moved to the mountains a mere two months after having completed the Boston Marathon and working as a bicycle messenger. I was indisputably in the best shape of my life. Imagine my disconcert when grade-school children bounded past me with smiles on their faces as I sat by the side of the trail, pretending to admire the surrounding beauty while sucking wind like a sumo wrestler playing double Dutch.

Compounding the adverse effect of the oxygen-impoverished air is the fact that residents of the area tend to regard athletic pursuits the way Rain Man felt about watching Wapner—fanatical.

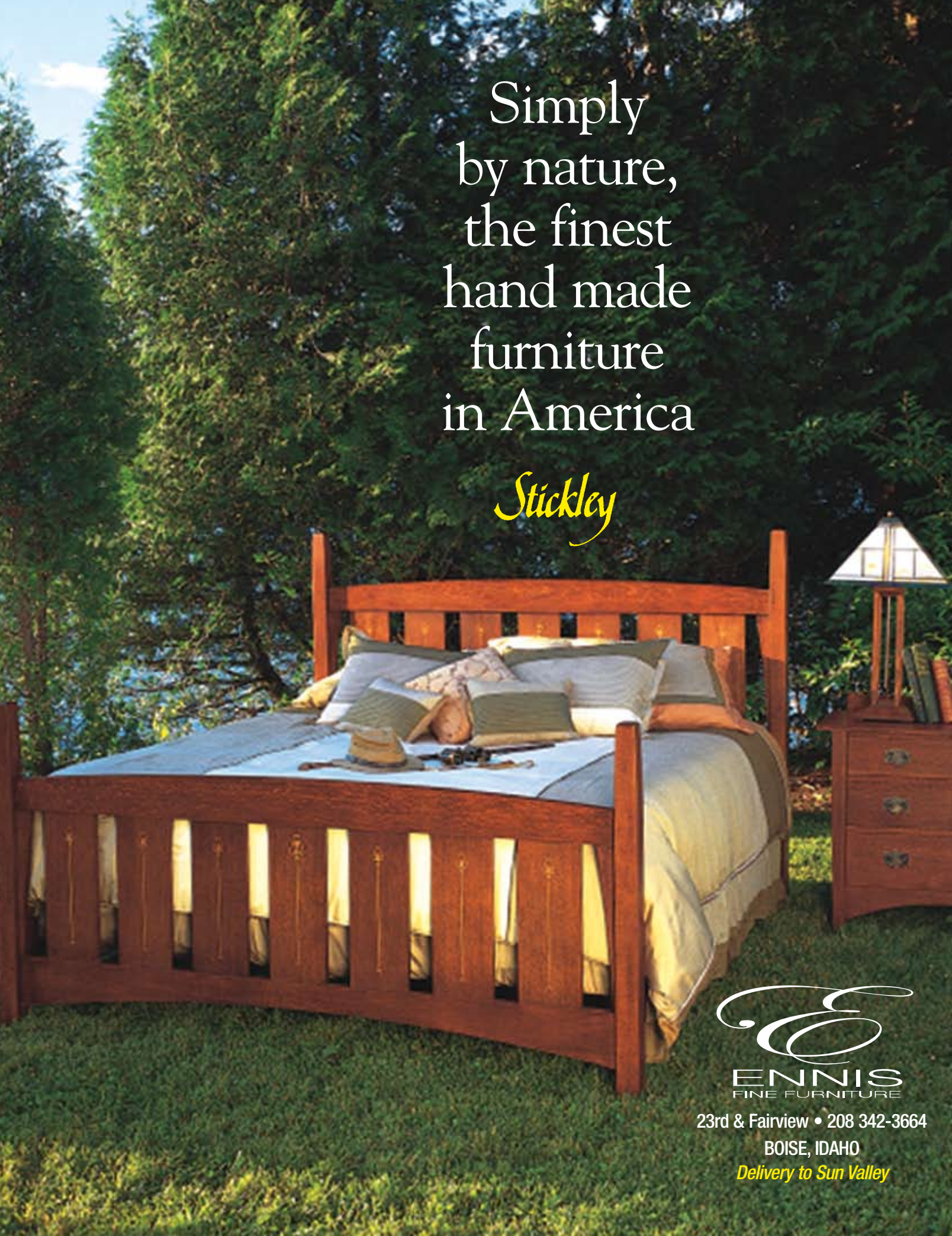
Regardless of efforts to the contrary, city living has a way of forcing indolence upon inhabitants. Those accustomed to subways and elevators have little hope of keeping up with people who willingly hike up a ski mountain when there's a perfectly good chairlift in plain view.

> "Tragically, I've given up all hope of ever feeling comfortable in cowboy boots."

I routinely floundered like a bad vaudevillian actor in a 1920s silent film in both waist-deep powder—searching for buried skis—and placid pond water—trying to flip a kayak to the decidedly preferable oxygenated side. I'm on the verge of contracting carpal tunnel as a result of clutching the brake levers on my mountain bike too tightly. And, tragically, I've given up all hope of ever feeling comfortable in cowboy boots.

Please, prior to arrival make every attempt to gain some semblance of proficiency for any athletic undertaking you might engage in here—get on a bike, grab a paddle or get to the nearest gun range—perhaps you'll leave with your ego, and hopefully your bones, intact.

However, it may be this treacherously steep, bruise-inducing learning curve that keeps me here, spending the majority of every meager paycheck on new ways of inviting serious bodily and mental injury. And some day, maybe I will be the one lithely passing a hyperventilating young man lying in a crestfallen heap, wearing a tattered Red Sox shirt.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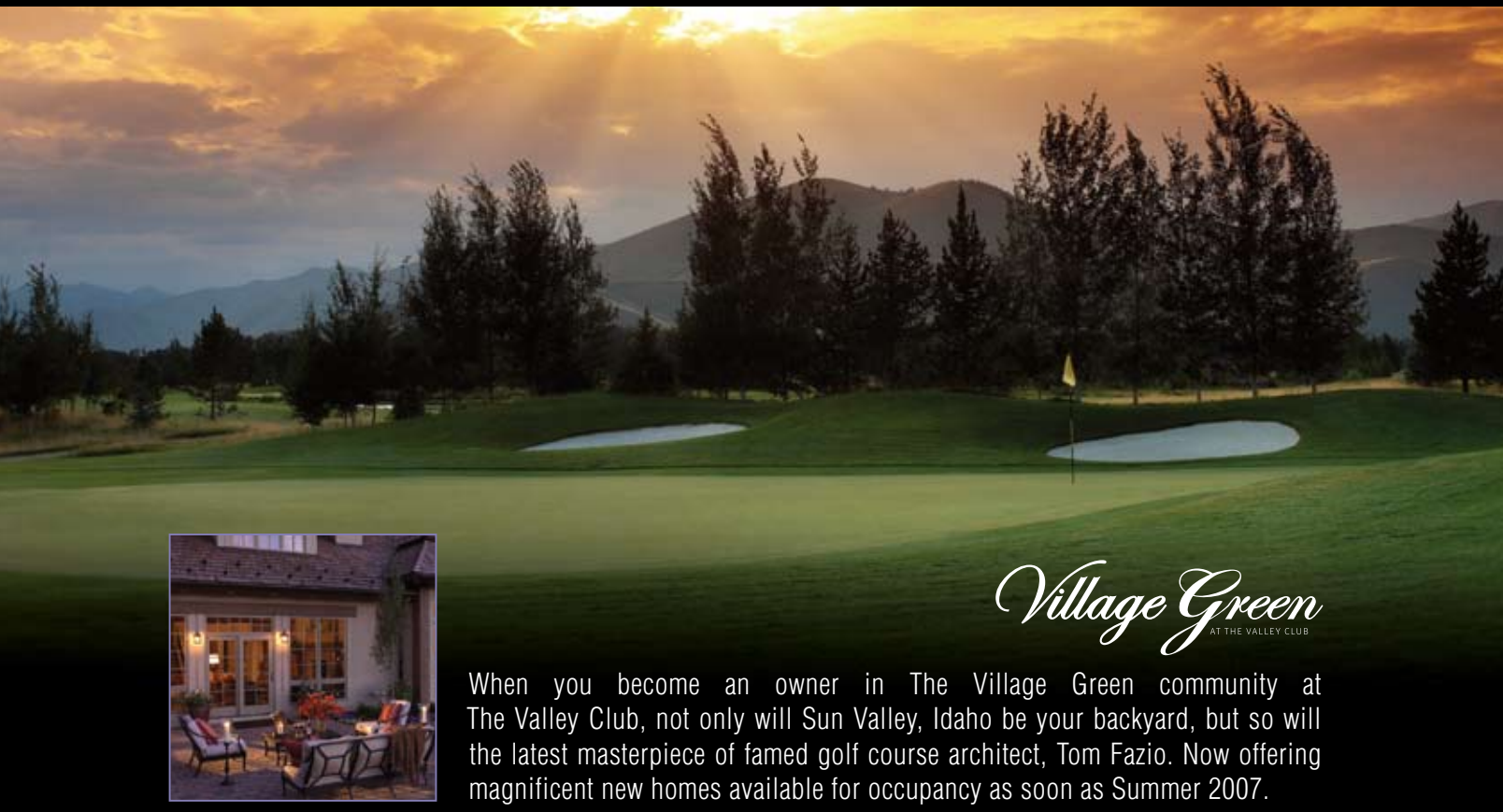

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