

# “Keeping In Touch”

Quarterly Newsletter by/for  
Fish & Game Retirees/Families and  
Interested Former Employees

April 2012, Vol. 8, No. 2

## Dates to Remember

**Retiree Luncheon  
Schedule  
Golden Corral  
on Emerald in Boise  
11:30 a.m.**

**2012  
May 10<sup>th</sup>  
July 12  
September 13  
November 8**

**Mark Your Calendars!**



## Poachers Club Honors

### Robert “Bob” Salter

On March 3, the Poachers Club held a memorial wake to honor **Robert “Bob” Salter** who passed away Nov. 7, 2011. (For you younger folks, Bob was the Assistant Director for many, many years.) The members prepared a delicious luncheon, a video tape that was put together years ago by former employee **Bill Mullins** for Bob’s retirement was shown, and lots of wonderful comments by the members really let you know how much Bob was liked and will be missed.

**Lorrie Parrish** and I were honored to be asked to attend (by former **Director Joe Greenley**) since the Poachers Club is for male members only. Thanks so much for letting us be present to remember such a grand guy! (I hope to get a copy of the *Poachers members and history book* in the near future from retired **Director Steve Huffaker**. Then, for those of us who are not up to date on why and when the Club began, I will be able to summarize it for you in a future issue.)

\* \* \*

## Kate Bethke’s 90<sup>th</sup>

### Surprise Birthday Party

After attending Bob Salter’s wake, **Lorrie Parrish, Joe Greenley** and I hurried to attend a surprise birthday party for **Kate Bethke’s** (Walt’s widow) 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. Kate was still in a state of shock at the surprise party when we arrived. Friends of Kate and Walt’s came from near and far to surprise her. **Bud and Carol Ainsworth** and **Brad and Julie Christensen** were present and it was great to visit with everyone. The party was arranged by Kate’s daughter, **Eileen Webber**, and was held at St. Mark’s Catholic Church on Northview in Boise.

## Welcome New Retirees!

The following folks are retired/retiring and we wish to welcome you all. **Jim Lau**, Financial Executive Officer, retired February 29 after 8 years service. **Richard Holman, Sr.** Conservation Officer, retired March 17 after 31 years. **Robert Esselmann**, Regional Fishery Biologist, retired March 18 after 27 years. **Mark Taylor**, Panhandle Regional Wildlife Biologist, retired March 16 after 29 years. **Michael Stoddard**, Magic Valley Conservation Officer, retired March 30 after 32 years.

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 IDFG Retirees/Families  
 and  
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 Retiree Committee

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**All donations should be  
 made payable to  
 IDF&G Retirees and  
 sent to the above address.**

### **Thank You, Thank You!**

Many thanks to you generous people who donated to keep the newsletter/functions going. **Bill Goodnight, Jim Keating, Herb Pollard, Bud Ainsworth and Martin Luther** were extremely generous with their money! It will be put to good use, I assure you!

### **Mike Stoddard's Retirement Party**

For those of you who do not have e-mail, I am including this announcement for your information. **Mike Stoddard's** retirement party will be at the Turf Club in Twin Falls on May 19<sup>th</sup> at 6:30 p.m. Please RSVP (send money for dinner) by May 11<sup>th</sup>.

Send money and scrapbook items to: **Sally Rose**, IDFG, 324 S. 417 E., Suite 1, Jerome, ID 83338. Please make checks payable to Sally Rose. Send your name; if attending the dinner, enclose \$20.00 per person and indicate the amount for Mike's gift. If you are unable to attend but want to send a gift, let Sally know.

### **Retiree Updates**

Recently, I received an e-mail from **Wayne Melquist**; guess where from? Yup! Hong Kong, China! Wayne and **Ted Chu** were waiting at the Hong Kong airport for a flight to Kota Kinabalu, Malaysia, on the island of Borneo for a five-day wild-

life trip. From there they were to fly to Bali where **Don Wright** and others were to join them to spend six days on a boat visiting islands that have the Komodo dragon. Then, from there, they were to fly to Vietnam for a week of birding. He promised me he would send a summary of their trip for the newsletter!

**Jack McNeel** is still keeping very busy! As you know, he is a freelance writer and photographer who prepares 70-80 stories a year. He is also very active in Northwest Outdoor Writers Association, plus membership in a couple of outdoor and travel organizations. (*Good to hear from you, Jack! Keep up the good work.*)

Author **Tony Latham** is about to release his second book. It is titled, "Trafficking: A Memoir of An Undercover Game Warden." And retired former **Director Jerry Conley** is being mentioned. We will let you know when it is released so you can run down and get it ASAP! (*Hope it will be available for my Kindle!!*)

Thank you to **Martin Luther** for your very generous donation and the kind words. Martin says, "Not much to report here . . . except the unusually cold weather (down to 26 degrees again last night — highs in the

*See: Updates, cont. on page 3*

### Updates, cont. from page 2

30's/40's). We continue to keep in touch with *Les Trout, John and Mabel Smith*, but most of our IDFG friends are gone (such is life). I first worked for the department in August 1948 under *Russ Anderson* (Herman's son) at Star Lake WMA, Dietrich, Idaho.

"We continue to spend time at our old family farm, a mile west of Gooding; visit a son, Mark, and family in N. Dakota; and son Carl and family in Mesa, AZ. Our daughter, Sara, lives in Seattle and we are able to see her and Josh often. Best wishes, Marty"

Was just thumbing through the Sunday real estate ads (*just curious*) and read where *Pat Cudmore*, an agent for Keller Williams, was included in their 2011 Circle of Excellent Awards. (*Just remember, if you have any real estate problems/questions, give Pat a call. His office phone is 466-1010 and e-mail is: pat@patcudmore.com.*)

### Health Updates

Am happy to report that former *Director Jerry Conley* is doing okay. He and Janet had a great Christmas. "We had lots of family around with four grandkids running all over the place — lots of love and laughter. He loved that! (*January report*)

And from the February report: "We did go to a BSU basketball game . . . with the Meiers (former IDFG *Commissioner Richard Meiers*). We ran into *Bill Goodnight and Jim Keating* and I know he was glad to see them. We also go to grandson Ben's band concerts . . . We're glad for the nice winter we're having so he can get out more." Also, we are glad to report that Janet has caregiver help and she and her sister spent several days in Lewiston visiting their 92-year-old dad.

Now (March) Jerry is looking forward to his brother's visit and the Easter weekend with his family. (*Janet, thank you so much for your e-mail updates. It is much appreciated.*)

Since he doesn't like to make a big deal out of it, *Jack Trueblood* really didn't want me to send out the report that he had spinal fusion surgery on Feb. 3. Joan says, "it hasn't been a lot of fun, but he is progressing during the six-week initial recovery period. Then it's three more months of being very careful not to lift, twist, etc. And another three months of being careful. He should be back in shape by the bird hunting season." Hope things are going well for you, Jack!

Retired *Director Steve Huffaker* said his wife *Glenda* underwent knee replacement surgery recently (March 21).

He says, "they won't be able to make the next May luncheon because if Glenda is healed enough, they will be on the Kona Coast that day." (*Oh, I wish I could I stow away! — jif*)

### In Memoriam

**Bertha Anna Mackenzie**  
(Dec. 2, 1914 - March 3, 2012)  
Funeral services were held March 8 at the Eckersell Memorial Chapel in Rigby for *Bertha A. Mackenzie* (widow of Kenneth Mackenzie who passed away Sept. 22, 2008). She is survived by her daughter (Ben) Layton of Lorenzo; son, Aldon (Kay) Robinson of Texas; 7 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

### A Different

#### Lay-Away Plan

(*The following article was submitted by Royce Williams. We know you don't like to think about these things, but he thought it was good information for us.*)

Her name was Nancy, and she was guiding me through something that was not much fun to do but was pretty funny anyway — a funeral plan.

It is something everybody needs to do while you still have your wits about you and can make sure that some ne'er-do-well in-

See: Plan, cont. on Page 4

**Plan, cont. from Page 3**

law doesn't get the family grub-stake. This I didn't have to worry about for I used the grub-stake long ago, but almost daily I'm minus another survivor who only remembers the month of my birthday, not the day itself (or pleads innocence to avoid spending a few bucks on a gift, which, I suppose, is just as well, since I would not use it and it would sell for a quarter in the yard estate sale).

So, I did the math and came to the conclusion that I had less time left than I'd already used up, and having no children, it was up to me to get something done. The other option was to have friends and family (all two of them) show up at a totally uncoordinated Chinese fire drill of a funeral and say things about me that were only guesses.

Nancy, who works at the hometown funeral parlor, was up-front about the two choices. She said cremation was definitely cheaper, but I said I couldn't do that because it went against my parents' firmly expressed wishes. Dad, having been in World War I (he was older when I was born) remembered the new weapon-of-the-day in that war, the flame-thrower and its effects.

Also, my parents had two sons in World War II and were inundated with news of the ovens at concentration camps. And being good Baptists, they figured hell lasted long enough, so there was no sense in starting early. I didn't know that the Bible's rule about honoring your father and mother would cost quite as much as it did.

The big item, of course, is the casket, and Nancy led me into a gym-sized room full of them.

"Would you like a painting on the lid of the casket?" she asked. The one she showed me had sea gulls soaring above a deserted beach.

"No," I said, "I don't think I'll be able to look at it, and even if I could, I'd have to be buried with a flashlight and there would be batteries . . ." I got a look that was similar to the one I got from a grade school teacher when I asked her what a bitch was.

"Don't you want to lie down in it?" Nancy asked coolly. "It's pretty comfortable."

"No need to rush the thing," I said.

I ended up with a stainless steel bronze number that has little fins on the corners. It reminds me a bit of a 1959 Mercury.

"What about clothes?" Nancy asked. "Yes, I want them," I said. Don't want people crushing each other as they run from the chapel when the viewing starts." Nancy isn't laughing, but she plows on. "I mean do you want a suit and tie or do you want casual dress?"

"A suit and tie," I said, although I knew that hardly anyone had ever seen me in a suit since we rounded up those two witnesses on a Jackson Hole, Wyoming street for my wedding.

"Shoes or no?" Nancy asked.

"Shoes certainly," I said, "and I want warm socks; my feet have been cold nearly all my life!"

This goes on and on. You tell them if you want to wear glasses; what color hair dye, if any; what color tie; rings and watches or not; any other jewelry; bla-bla-bla-bla-bla . . . She said it might be best to will my rock collection to some nephew or other.

Then things got a bit uneasy. I'm not sure about the laws in Idaho, but in my home state you are required by law to buy a vault for the casket. The state Funeral Directors got together, I believe, and lobbied the legislature to get the law passed. Before the law, a vault was

**See: Plan, cont. on Page 5**

**Plan, cont. from Page 4**

about \$75 and it was just sold to people afraid of dripping water, but by the time I got there that price tag was 15 times that, and you have to buy the thing! Mine is called the Wilbert Monticello model — has an Italian flair to it. I think the legislature that passed the law thought the casket wasn't enough to protect the ground water, but I think that whatever germs you have die with you. From dust to dust is true, after all. Anyway, look for these kinds of surprises.

And Nancy had a lot more questions:

Any military service? Where will the funeral be? Favorite song or hymn? Memorial donation or flowers? Memorials to whom? Where will the burial be? Who are pallbearers? Memberships and honors? Hobbies? Education? Family members and their birthdays? Obituary written? Who are the friends who will help your family by notifying friends, handling phone calls, running errands, helping with out-of-town guests. Do you want pictures, videos? If so, get them together. Minister or not and who? What kind of headstone do you want and what do you want on it? Mine says this: "Writing abides; the spoken

word flies off never to be recalled." Quickly gaining in popularity is artwork on the tombstone, but his is costly.

I thought for a short instant about putting "Gone but not forgotten" on it, but when I was working on the family genealogy, I had to chop through brush, briars and thick vines to old, moldy tombstones only to find those words carved in the stone. Don't put a lie on your tombstone. (The best one I've ever seen: "Told you I was sick" and the best one I've never seen" "Death -- the only diet that works.")

Then there was Bobby, who was in charge of the church cemetery. He worries a lot about roots. When I asked for a plot under the post oak at the back of the cemetery, he looked at me strangely and said: "Well, what about the roots ..."

"What roots?"

Tree roots, he said. "They'll be comin' down toward you, I reckon."

"Well, Bobby, haven't you ever seen a blow-down?" I asked. "The roots are just a big pan and they don't go down more than two feet, and I'll be six feet down in a stainless steel casket with a lock-sealed Wilbert Monticello vault . . .

Besides, I kind of like fertilizing an oak tree."

"It's up to you; I'll take a check."

They charge a non-member three times more than they charge a church member (\$300), but I suppose they have to get their tithes any way they can.

You can have a religious service or just a party (within limits; nothing that requires a police presence or a permit). One thing I suggest you not do is leave time in the service for others to speak. There's always somebody who shows up and goes on for 30 minutes about what a rotten person you were. You only have to get on the Internet to find out how often this happens and how ratty the resumes can become. If you do leave time, be sure to list the people who will speak, and make sure they like you? RIP — *Royce Williams*



### **April Birthdays**

Linn French\*, April 1  
Dan Dugagan, April 5  
Dale Turnipseed, April 7

### **May Birthdays**

Don Wright, May 1  
Jerry Mallet, May 5  
Stanley (Bob) Moore, May 6  
Corinne Barlow, May 7  
Alice Cannaday, May 9  
Frank Smith, May 13  
Ray Greene, May 21  
Eric Stansbury\*, May 23  
Paul Hanna, May 25  
Milt Williams, May 26  
Ruth Stemper, May 27  
Bill Goodnight, May 29  
Russ Kozacek, May 31

### **June Birthdays**

Larry Smith, June 6  
Terry Williams, June 7  
Walt Arms, June 9  
Al Kiler, June 13 (92 years)  
Bob Bell, June 13  
Dexter Pitman, June 16  
Roger Olson, June 17  
Jack Trueblood, June 18  
Steve Huffaker, June 22  
Carl Anderson, June 23  
Joan Trueblood, June 27  
Vaughn Brauer, June 27  
Larry Miller, June 27  
Don Stucker, June 27

\*Current Employee

### **Anniversaries**

Rod & Lanore Parker,  
47 years, May 8  
Jody & George Taylor,  
47 years, May 15  
Bob & Betty Jane Royce,  
46 years, May 27

***Congratulations  
to You All!***

## Dual Sport Motorcycling Unparalleled

*By Martel Morache*

(This ride occurred in 1992 and became very popular. It has been repeated several times over the last 20 years. Subsequent extended rides have (1) circled the Frank Church wilderness, (2) a loop across southern Idaho from Jordan Valley to Afton, Wyoming and back, (3) three loops out of Copper Basin, (4) and primitive two-track route paralleling Roger Williams' Centennial Trail from Nevada to Canada, and (5) most recently, a 2011 ride that started in Boise and ran north around Pend Oreille Lake and back to Boise via primitive two-track and back country State Highways.)

*Space limitations require this article to appear in two parts. Part 2 will be in the July issue. — JJJ*

### Part 1

Idaho is an incomparable topographic mosaic embracing some 53-million acres of magnificent canyons, forested mountain ranges, sage/juniper uplands, rain forests, rivers and streams, lowland lakes, high-mountain lakes, and man-made reservoirs.

There are 81 named mountain ranges with 52 peaks above 10,000 feet elevation. An estimated 15,000 miles of rivers and principle streams are dominated by the mighty Snake River that drains 87 percent of Idaho and over 2,000 high-mountain lakes dot the various mountain ranges. Two-thirds of the state is public land (20 million acres under U. S. Forest Service (USFS) management and 12 million controlled by the Bureau of Land Management).

All of this spectacular country contains a single-track trail and primitive two-track vehicle road network that boggles the mind of the casual motor-cyclist, let alone the dedicated back coun-

try cycle buff. Some of us have been riding Idaho's back country for over 30 years and still haven't been able to see it all. We are talking both trails and primitive roads encompassing several thousand miles. So be it outstanding trail cycling or dual-sport riding, the opportunity to see history unfold along with the unmatched beauty of Idaho awaits those willing to seize the moment.

The state has a rich history involving Indian cultures, early-day mining ventures, forest management activities, hunting and fishing, domestic livestock operations, dry-land farming and including the edifices of contemporary man. This historic array can be compressed in time by using the modern motorcycle. Case in point brings to mind a recent memorable three-day 630-mile dual-sport loop trip that would have taken early day settlers using horses a month or more. This ride circled the awesome vistas of the Hells Canyon National Recreation

Area (HCNRA) which is bisected by the deepest gorge in North America. We purposely selected the closest network of primitive two-track roads around the area, patched occasionally by paved roads. Here the Snake River is the boundary between Idaho, Oregon and Washington. So half the ride was in Oregon and Washington, as approximately two-thirds of the HCNRA is in Oregon.

The modern dual-sport motorcycle, with a cruising range approaching 300 miles, capable of negotiating the most primitive two-track ways, gravel-surfaced country roads, or modern highways, was the vehicle that made this caper possible. Loaded with tents, sleeping bags, rain gear, utensils and food, these cycles still have the clearance, power and maneuverability to handle the toughest terrain.

The first day out was a real test for man and cycle. Leaving Council, Idaho in early August, nine of us headed west up Hor-

net Creek to Upper Crooked River, then across Lick Creek flat and Bear Creek to the Indian Creek road near Cuprum. There are remnants of a very large old historic barn associated with an early 1900's sheep ranch at the junction. Upper Indian Creek was associated with the 1899-1910 mining boom. There was a settlement called Landore on upper Indian Creek with a population of 1,000. Ore was shipped to Weiser and to the Snake River via the Klienschmidt Grade. Klienschmidt is no place for the timid rider as it winds its way off the breaks of the Snake River to the backwaters of Hells Canyon Dam.

It was 100 degrees F. when we crossed the Snake just under Oxbow Dam. We shaded up here for awhile then took the dirt road down the Oregon side of Hells Canyon seven miles to the mouth of Ballard Creek. A primitive two-track follows a power line up to the Imnaha-Snake Divide. It was an oppressively hot climb up the switch-backs, but the cycles took it in stride as we fried until we hit about the 5,000-foot level. We picked up the highway to Joseph at the summit and made the six-mile run to the Imnaha River road. About three miles down the highway from the summit a road runs out to the McGraw Creek Overlook. The south end of the Seven Devils can be seen from this vantage point.

The run 35 miles down the dirt road on the Imnaha Canyon to the Imnaha store passes through typical ranching country and a dude ranch or two for deer and elk hunting. The Imnaha store is a social center for the ranch families up and down the Imnaha. Speaking of local color, there was a score sheet on the wall of the store that indicated which residents had killed the most rattlesnakes for their annual wild game feed. The temperature was still crowding 100 degrees F. as three of us climbed east out of the Imnaha Canyon to the Snake Divide. Our timing was impeccable as the USFS was working on the road surface on top. Riding a loaded KLR-650 across rocks the size of oranges and grapefruit on loose soil was comparable to a rocky ford on a stream where you can't see the bottom. But we got lucky and prevailed. You learn fast to keep these big cycles moving.

The road leads to a spectacular overlook of Hells Canyon and the Seven Devils straight across on the Idaho side. We were just under 7,000 feet elevation at the Hat Point Lookout tower and the peaks in the Devils are over 9,000 feet with the He Devil at 9,393 feet. The canyon in between is awesome. In only 2.2 airline miles the elevation plummets from 7,828 feet at Dry Diggins Lookout on the northwest corner of the Devils

to 1,408 feet at the river. And if you have the courage to climb the Hat Point tower (about 100-feet high), you can see forever on a clear day, including Montana. A primitive two-track continues north along the Oregon rim 20-odd miles to Lords Flat. This road has a few pucker places that will challenge the dual-sport rider.

There is a real neat campground right on the rim at which we dearly wanted to stay but the rest of the group was in Joseph. So, it was back through the road construction (much better this time) and down the switchbacks to the Imnaha store. It was still mighty hot as we pressed on up Little Sheep Creek to Joseph but cooled down as we gained elevation. There was a cutoff road, just out of the store, up Trail Creek that would have intersected the Zumwalt road for the next day's start, but we were committed to Joseph and needed a gas stop. There is no gas at the Imnaha store. Incidentally, it is a beautiful ride on down the Imnaha and over the Divide to Dug Bar on the Snake River. This is where Chief Joseph swam the Snake River with horses, cattle, women and children on his epic journey to Montana trying to evade the U. S. military. The Nez Perce people summered in and around the vicinity of Joseph, Oregon and the Imnaha drainage.