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is out there*



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IN THIS ISSUE



Adventure is out there

Close your eyes, feel the breeze and smell the scent of pine trees in the air — didn't work? That's OK. Adventure can be a little elusive, whether you're in the wilderness or concrete jungle, but trust us, adventure is out there.

From Moscow Mountain to prehistoric monsters in the Snake River, we are surrounded by things to do and see outside. One half-ass clone and thousands of petrified butterflies call our campus home. Both promise adventure, but the latter is considerably more people-friendly. Mike Stewart's school of taxidermy isn't at the University of Idaho, but its founder never cared much for convention.

Living outside traditional standards is more difficult when it actually means living outside. Every month is an adventure for enterprising artists and dedicated mothers, but it's not a pleasure stroll.

Kitchen exploits are risky in their own way, but home-brewed beer and dorm-baked pastries are worth the venture.

Adventure stories are laced with imagination and courage so put on explorer gear and start the journey. — MM & VH

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Photo

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The fine print

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A PASSION FOR BEAUTY

The beautiful science of butterflies by Elisa Eiguren, Photography by Amrah Canul

■ Aristotle named the butterfly “psyche,” which means “soul” in Greek.

Butterflies are a metaphor in many cultures to describe the separation of the soul and body in death. People have been fascinated with this delicate insect’s beauty since ancient times — a beauty that intrigued one University of Idaho professor’s artistic sensitivity and became a passion.

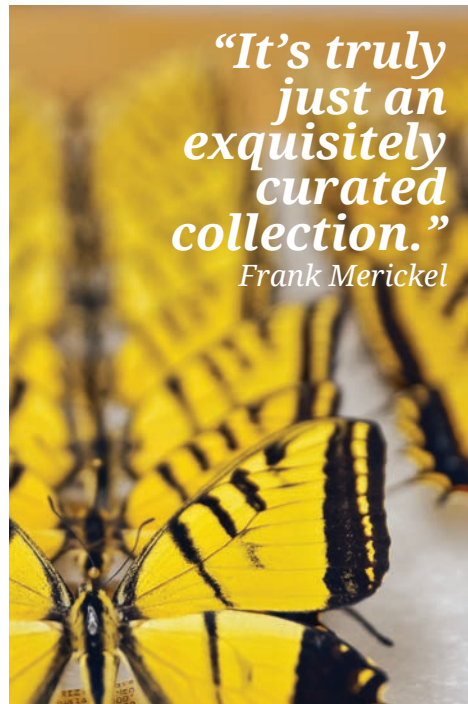
Nelson Curtis, former UI Professor Emeritus of Art, started collecting butterflies in Idaho in the early ‘70s during his free time. Although it began as an appreciation of beauty, Curtis’ self-taught hobby progressed into a collection of more than 17,000 specimens.

Upon his death in October 2011, Curtis’ widow directed the collection to UI’s William F. Barr Entomology Museum, a collection museum curator Frank Merickel said the university is fortunate to have.

“It’s truly just an exquisitely curated collection,” Merickel said. “It’s just stunning I think.”

Merickel said Curtis’ collection, which he spent more than 30 years amassing, probably contains all of the butterfly species in Idaho, and 90 percent of species in the Pacific Northwest. The detailed field notes Curtis wrote and the time he spent labeling each specimen are what make the collection so valuable. Merickel said the information revealed by the collection will most likely be made into a compendium, or volume, documenting the occurrences of butterfly species in Idaho and become a source of baseline data for species identification.

A successful butterfly catcher must understand the habits of butterflies and know when they are “on the wing” — the time of day and year when butterflies are active. Factors like which flowers a particular species is “nectaring” on must also be taken into consideration. Most butterflies tend to stay close to the host plants where they lay eggs, but some, like the Parnassius butterfly, venture out to steep-sided slopes, Merickel said.

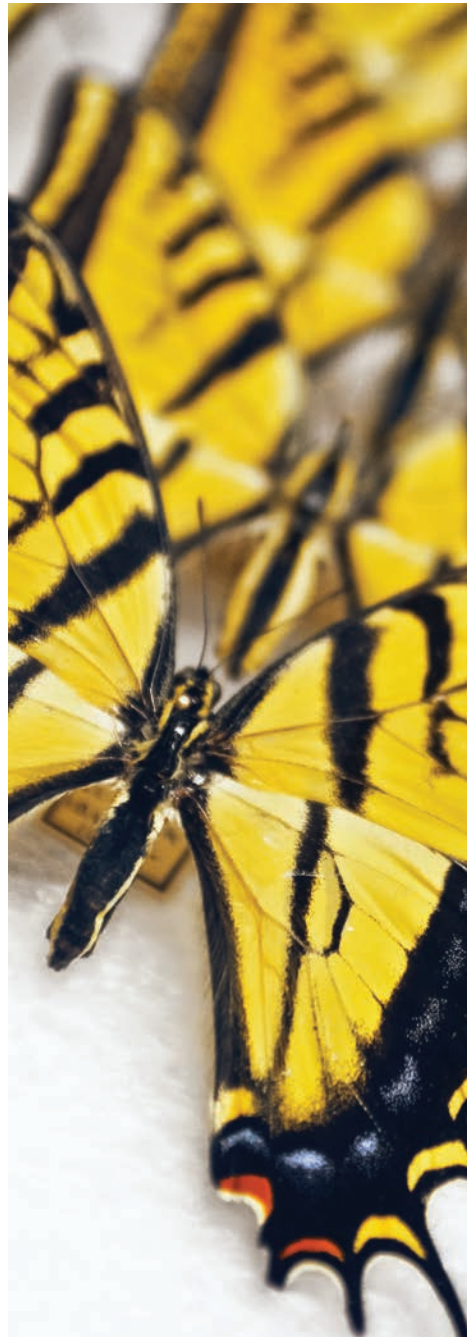


“It’s truly just an exquisitely curated collection.”

Frank Merickel



More than 17,000 butterfly specimens are part of the University of Idaho's William F. Barr Entomology Museum. Nelson Curtis, former UI Professor Emeritus of Art, started collecting butterflies in Idaho in the 1970s during his free time and upon his death, Curtis' widow directed the collection to the university.



Different color patterns exemplify the sexual and seasonal variations of butterflies. Color patterns even vary between butterflies of the same species that live in different geographic regions. It is necessary to collect a large number of specimens to represent the many variations between species, and collections should include dorsal and ventral mounts to display the back and front sides of the wings. Merickel said collections of insects like Curtis' are invaluable in terms of studying the earth and learning about the creatures that occupy it.

The musculature of a butterfly that has just been caught is very pliable, Merickel said. The specimen is then mounted, or pinned, and the wings moved into an upright position. After several days the muscles dry and become rigid, and the wings maintain their shape. Merickel said although chemicals are sometimes used to humanely kill the insects, no preservatives are used in curating a specimen. A butterfly's exquisite beauty is as natural and perfect in death as in life. ■

STUCK ON YOU

Story by Lindsey Treffry

■ People have always fallen down the stairs, bashed their knees or sliced their fingers. The concept of bandaging these wounds has been around since the beginning of time, but the mother-approved Band-Aid didn't stick until 1920, when Earle Dickson of New Jersey was fed up.

Earle constantly bandaged the burns and cuts of his wife, Josephine, which she sustained doing housework. He was in a sticky financial situation as a cotton buyer at Johnson & Johnson, and had to cut pieces of adhesive tape and cotton gauze to make a bandage for each of her wounds.

From this remedy, an idea was born.

Earle created a ready-made bandage of cotton gauze squares evenly spaced over adhesive strips, covered in crinoline (stiff cotton used for lining).

All Josephine had to do was cut off a strip between the cotton intervals and wrap it around her cuts. Earle shared the idea with his boss at Johnson & Johnson, and the adhesive bandages were produced soon after.

People like Josephine will always draw blood in one way or another, and the Band-Aid gives seemingly graceless people something to adhere to. ■

LEARN TO STOP WORRYING

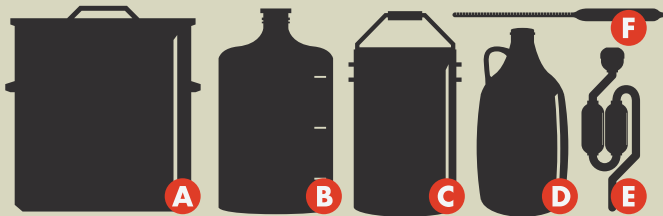
BUILD A BREW WORKSHOP

AND LOVE HOMEBREW

BY DYLAN BROWN, ILLUSTRATION BY AVERY WORRELL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEX AGUIRRE




TOOLS OF THE TRADE:



- A** Kettle
- B** Carboy
- C** Fermenter
- D** Container
- E** Air Lock
- F** Hydrometer

INGREDIENTS: Barley. Hops. Water. Yeast. It's gonna be that easy.

 Vandals have a reputation for loving their beer.

But despite the stereotypical Keystone “inebriated” football fan, there are the aficionados toiling away in their closets, kitchens, and basements, over their own “home brews.”

Since ancient Egypt, fermented beverages have been a staple across the world, but the process has remained fundamentally the same. While it is complex science, involving intricate metabolic processes, anybody with a love of the finished product can make their own brews.

Jeff Greene had found a quick way to a beer-loving Vandal’s heart: He named his lightest, most drinkable ale Idaho Gold. The problem was the name was already taken by the infamous that-one-time freshman-year, bottom-shelf tequila.

Greene solved the problem and kept the name, thanks to a UI chemistry graduate student. By simply using the atomic symbol for gold, Au, Greene could keep his Idaho Au.

Passion for the process and product is the key to great beer, Greene said, because making beer is a tough way to make a buck.

“If you are getting into brewing to make money, you are in the wrong business,” Greene said.

For beer makers large and small, the love of beer and the endless possibilities it presents — different ingredients, processes, etc. — keeps them brewing.

Behind the bar at his tasting room in Pullman, Greene has a map scatter-plotted with foreign currency visitors have left. Beer, Greene said, is a universal language.



Jeff Greene, co-owner of Palouse Falls Brewing Company, explains each step of the commercial brewing process.

LEARN TO STOP WORRYING

FIVE STEPS TO HOMEBREW HEAVEN

AND LOVE HOMEBREW




MALTING

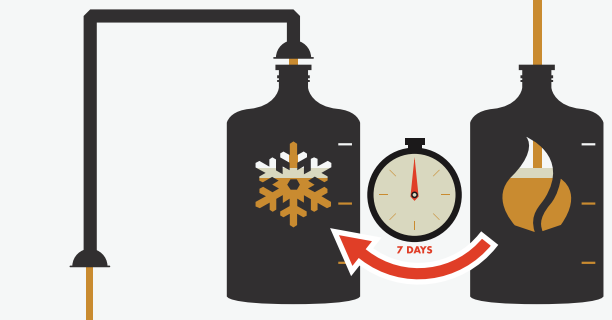
In giant vats, water is poured over a starchy grain. Traditionally, barley is used, but wheat and rice are also common. The subsequent soaking causes the barley to soften and sprout, after which the cracked barley is dried. Drying effects color and “maltiness” of the beer — the drier the grain, the darker the beer. The dried barley is then milled into a fine powder.

MASHING

This is where most home brewers start the process, by buying pre-milled barley. The pre-milled grain is mixed with water and heated. Inside the kettle, enzymes in the barley go to work breaking down the starches into digestible sugars. The mash is then separated into residual grains and sugar water, or wort. The wort is then brought to a boil to sanitize the liquid, eliminating anything that will affect fermentation. At this stage hops are traditionally added. (Hops can be added at other stages depending on brewer preference.)



Pro tip **Make sure your beer is kept somewhere that isn't vulnerable to significant temperature changes and is warm enough for the yeast to continue to do its work.**



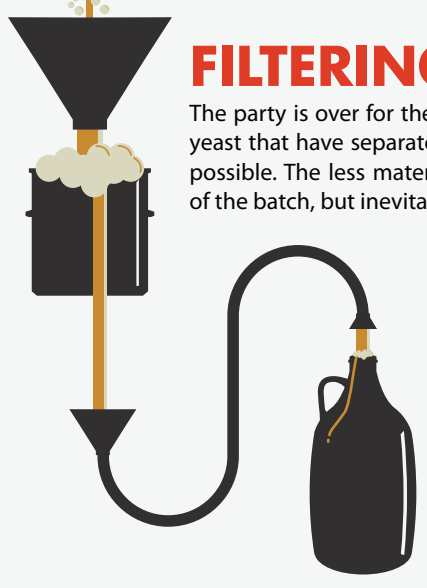
FERMENTING

The wort is cooled and placed in another container, the carboy for home brewers. Yeast is added and the fungus goes to work converting the sugars into carbon dioxide, creating alcohol and carbonation. The process takes approximately a week. The longer the yeast is allowed to feast, the more alcoholic the beverage becomes. Extra carbon dioxide is usually introduced into commercial beer before consumption.

FILTERING

The party is over for the yeast as all the dreg, sediment, hops and yeast that have separated are filtered out. The filters are as fine as possible. The less material in the beer, the better the consistency of the batch, but inevitably in home brewing — some will be left.

Pro tip **Avoid explosions: Getting all the air out of the bottle relieves pent up pressure caused by yeast continuing to metabolize.**



BOTTLING

For most home brewers this is another expense, but a critical part of maintaining quality. Air left in the bottle can provide oxygen to the organisms still converting sugars and changing the beer's flavor.

HALF-ASS CLONE NOT HALF-ASSED

Story by Lindsey Treffry,

Photo by Amrah Canul

■ This equine may be stubborn, but he's not your average mule.

Utah Pioneer is a clone — an echo of his brother Idaho Gem and predecessor of his brother Idaho Star — born in 2003 as a product of University of Idaho and Utah State University research. He is the only clone still living on UI's campus.

The mules were created to mirror Taz, an award-winning racing mule owned by Idaho businessman Don Jacklin, who partially funded the clone research.

"Jacklin wanted a clone as close to Taz as you could get," said Bill Loftus, UI journalism professor and science writer.

Loftus said Utah began as a mare's unfertilized egg.

Genetic material was removed from the egg, and mule fetus skin cells produced by Taz's parents were inserted into the egg, placed in a dish and electrically shocked. Once the cells divided, the mule embryo was inserted into Idaho Rose, Utah's surrogate mother. Nearly 360 days later, Utah was born.

But Utah and his brothers took more than five years to get right. Loftus said embryo transfers are difficult, especially when mares only produce one foal a year.

"(The embryo clones) didn't have enough horsepower to follow through like a normal embryo would," Loftus said.

After three years of trying, there



Utah Pioneer grazes in his on-campus pasture April 4. Pioneer shares living grounds with three cows and three horses.

had been no success.

So in order to "rev" up the embryos, UI researchers used a broth-like calcium substance. By 2002, Loftus said there had been three pregnancies within 90 days, although most pregnancies were lost at 60 days. Finally, researchers got just the right amount of calcium concentration and a mule was born the next year.

It was off to the races and training to be the next Taz began. Idaho Gem and Idaho Star won

their first races in June 2006, while Utah was left in the dust after a training injury.

"The training method didn't agree with his personality," Loftus said.

Since the genetically-identical brothers were not equal athletes, the question of nature or nurture arose. Loftus said it is unclear whether Utah's cloned DNA prevented his racing success or if the parenting of surrogate mother, Idaho Rose, made him a racing adversary.

"Utah Pioneer is ornery," said Stacey Doumit, Horse Science and Management instructor. "Not all mules are like that."

Doumit said Utah and Rose would have been together for three to six months during his infancy. Although she has not seen "learned meanness" in foals, she said foals mimic their mothers.

But just like humans, Doumit said each foal has its own personality.

Utah remains at pasture with four other horses and will remain a university attraction throughout his retirement.

Although racing didn't turn out to be Utah's gift, he is still a one-of-a ... wait ... three-of-a-kind mule. ■

CLONE FOR THE CURE

Calcium research didn't just jump-start embryo production, but was a main theme of the cloning process.

During the cloning, researcher Gordon Woods focused on the lack of cancer in horses. Loftus said prostate cancer is non-existent in stallions and skin cancer in white horses doesn't metastasize. Woods found horses have one-third the calcium of humans, which is the fuel for cancer cells. Horses bodies have elevated amounts of cadmium, a calcium suppressor, and low quantities of calcium overall. Humans — especially those practicing the Western diet — are quite the opposite with high concentrations of calcium from diets full of dairy and red meat. Humans may be far from being cloned, but cloning equines may be the right step toward human development.



STUFF IT

The Mike Stewart approach to taxidermy — it works for him


By Kaitlyn Krasselt,
Photography by Tony
Marcolina

Mike Stewart, a retired mail carrier from Lewiston, began practicing taxidermy when he was in junior high — 47 years ago.

Stewart's interest in taxidermy was sparked by his love for hunting. A true Idaho outdoorsman, Stewart has been hunting nearly his whole life.

"I was born and raised in Lewiston. You could shoot one hen pheasant a day with two roosters," Stewart said. "You could shoot anything you wanted — just throw them on the horse."

Stewart mounted his first animal, a feral pigeon that hung in his daughter's room for 18 years, during junior high.



“... The one thing you want to know about my taxidermy training, I have zero. I literally taught myself how to do everything I do. I’ve never had any training of any kind.” *Mike Stewart*



Stuffed game animals adorn the wall in Mike Stewart's garage. Stewart has been practicing taxidermy for 47 years.

"We had this little tiny booklet, just a piece of junk, but that's how we learned," Stewart said, "... The one thing you want to know about my taxidermy training, I have zero. I literally taught myself how to do everything I do. I've never had any training of any kind."

Stewart turned his taxidermy interest into a business 30 years ago, but still claims it is just a hobby.

"Carrying mail, that was work," Stewart said.

Stewart can preserve bear rugs, deer and elk shoulder mounts, flying turkey and water fowl.

"Everything I do is the Mike Stewart Process cause I don't know any other way. I have no idea how other people do stuff," Stewart said.

The first step in Stewart's process is the arrival of the animal.

"I end up with a dead animal coming out of the back of somebody's pickup generally, or out of someone's freezer," Stewart said. "It has to be skinned out, fleshed and salted, washed, shampooed — you know, cleaned up — and then I tan it."

Stewart cuts the skin up the back of the neck and over to the base of the antlers. Once the skin is removed, Stewart uses a double handled knife to scrape the flesh off the inside of the skin and salts the hide.

"Let's say it's just fleshed and salted and it's still real dirty, bloody, bullet holes, knife holes, anything you can imagine," Stewart said.

After shampooing the hide, Stewart rehydrates it in salt-water so the real tanning process can begin.

"Now, it's still a green skin," Stewart said. "It's green until it's tan. Those are the only two things you can have. Once it's tan you don't have skin anymore. That's leather."

For rugs, Stewart uses a commercial tan that breaks the fibers in the skin and leaves it soft and pliable. For all other mounts, Stewart does the tanning process himself by soaking the hide in a number of chemicals.

After the tanning process, Stewart soaks the hide in cold water to bring it back to its original size. He then trims the hide and sews up any holes.

While the tanning process is taking place, Stewart prepares a polyurethane plastic

mold for the mount. All big game animals and turkeys are mounted on a plastic mold, and rugs require a head mold.

Hunters determine the pose of their animal, which Stewart then recreates.

To prepare the plastic molds, Stewart mounts the skull plate with antlers, sculpts the eyebrows, and mounts glass eyes and plastic ear liners to give the animal its personality.

For birds, Stewart creates the body from wire, excelsior (wood wool), and string.

"Birds is another deal. I make all the bodies. I make all the muscles, replace everything in those birds. Birds is just a pile of feathers. That's all it is," Stewart said.

Stewart then sews the hide onto the form and uses pins and cardboard to help the hide lay right while it dries.

"When I put them together they're soaking wet. The hide is totally hydrated and all of that moisture has to come out and Mother Nature has such a great system of keeping body heat in," Stewart said. "I play Hell getting all of that moisture out. Because of

all the hair and feathers ... It's such a good insulator."

After the hide is dry, Stewart brushes and smooths the hide and sprays bug repellent to keep moths out.

"The only thing that can hurt an animal like that, other than dropping it, is moths," Stewart said. "If a guy has a deer head today, his great-grandchildren should get it, just like it is there today. Once it's dry, it'll be like that forever."

The final step is to apply an epoxy coat around the animal's eyes, nose, and lips, and paint the skin.

Bird feet and bills have to be painted, and in big game animals the noses are painted black. Stewart said everything in the finished product is real except the eyes. Whiskers, eyelashes and toenails are all part of the original hide.

From start to finish, Stewart's taxidermy projects involve eight to 10 man-hours of work and several weeks of tanning and drying time.

Stewart said the easiest and most profitable

animals to mount are bucks, but birds will always be his favorite.

"Birds are just what I like to hunt. There's so many species, once you start collecting them, you become fanatical," Stewart said.

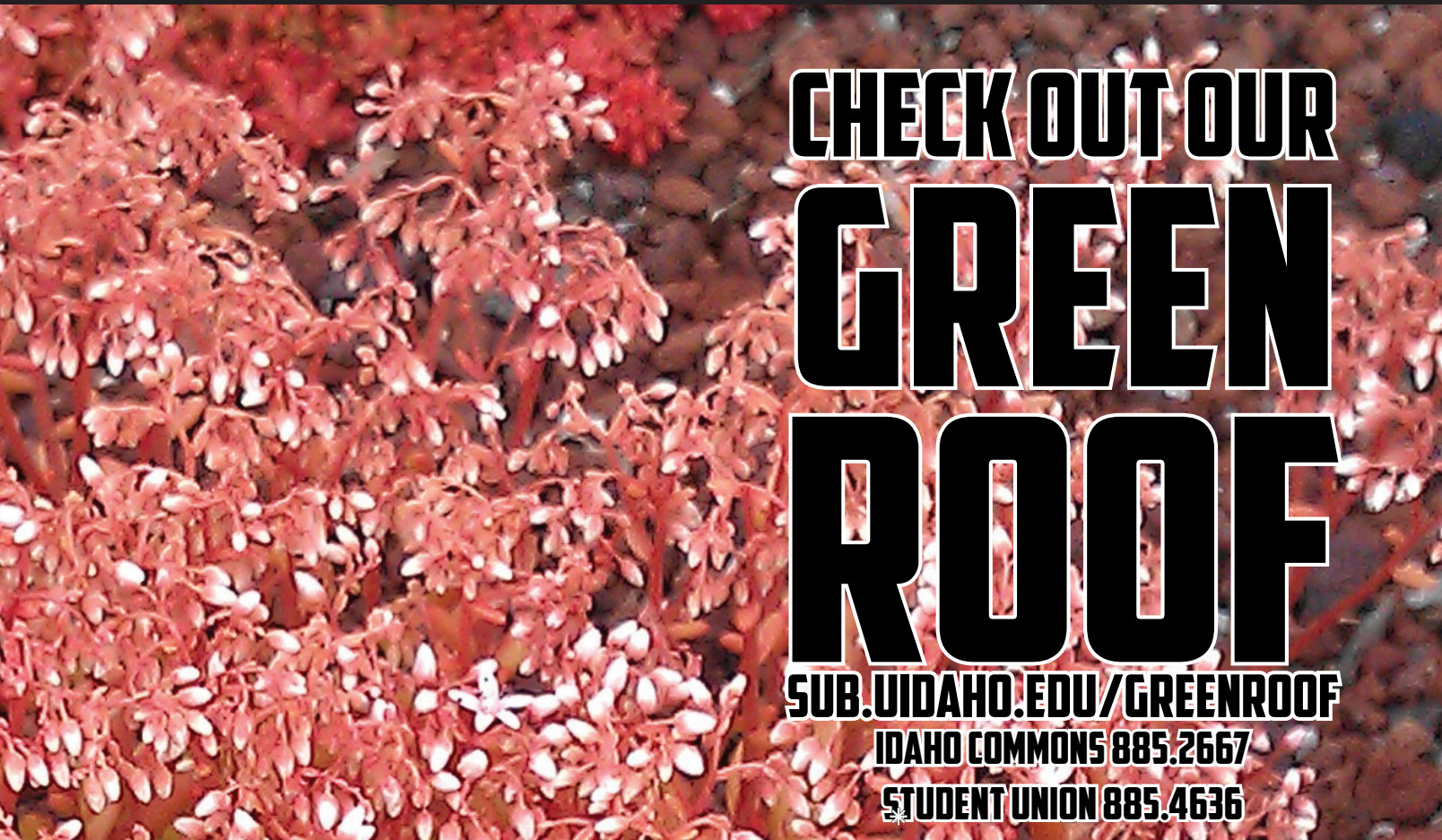
Taxidermy may be his business and his hobby, but hunting is his first love, Stewart said.

"This is what I did in Idaho as a kid. I hunted a lot of birds," Stewart said. "I did real good in high school, junior high. That's all we did. We didn't even know what girls were. We hunted. That's what we did."

Other demands forced Stewart to take a break from bird hunting, but after retiring from carrying mail six years ago he spends his time hunting and working on animals in his basement workshop.

"I did a lot when I was a kid, then I got married, went to college, raised kids. So for 20 years I didn't shoot a duck, and now I'm just shooting the crap out of them."

Stewart plans to travel to Manitoba, B.C., in the fall to hunt five species of birds that can only be found in the Midwest. ■



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LOVE

AT FIRST BITE

The story of fishermen and the bond they have with their quarry Story and photography by Joseph Engle

■ There are dragons in Hells Canyon. Ten feet long and plated in armor, they have been prowling the river bottom since the days of the dinosaurs. Every year, Dan Bruce descends into the canyon to battle the monsters.

A Moscow resident, Bruce has been fishing for sturgeon for 20 years. He can still remember the first time he saw one. He was driving along the river and saw some men on the bank fighting a fish. He stopped to watch them, and when they finally hauled the fish into the shallows, it was Bruce who was hooked.



“IT'S AMAZING WHEN YOU ARE GOING UP THE RIVER THAT THERE ARE FISH 7 OR 8 FEET LONG IN THERE.”

JOE DUPONT

“I was amazed at how beautiful it was, how magnificent,” Bruce said.

It is a unique bond, fishermen and their fish. The people who fight the fish, even to kill and eat them, often have the deepest understanding and respect for them.

At a record length of 20 feet and weight of 1,800 pounds, white sturgeons are the largest fish in North America. Some can live to be more than 100 years old — one of the longest lifespans on earth.

Sport fishermen converge on the Snake and Columbia rivers to pit their wits and muscle against the behemoths of the deep.

“You just would not believe the power that an 8-and-a-half-foot sturgeon has,” Bruce said. “I’ve described it as hooking a freight train. The fish makes you feel so helpless.”

Most sport fishermen target fish that are actually too big to keep — more than 4.5 feet. These fishermen aren’t catching sturgeon to put food on the table, but for the thrill of the battle.

And battle they do. Sometimes it can take upward of two hours to land a sturgeon. Sometimes a sturgeon will play out several hundred yards of line, reach the end of the spool and just keep on going, too big and too strong to be caught.

When Bruce first started fishing for sturgeon, he picked up a few bargain reels at garage sales and got a fishing rod as a gift. Fishing with 40-pound monofilament line, light-duty reels and a hand-me-down pole can be equated to towing a car with dental floss — it proved problematic for the inexperienced Bruce.

“The first fish I ever hooked pulled so hard it burned up the drag system on my reel,” he said. “I decided that if I was going to go sturgeon fishing, I should buy some gear that would handle it.”

An adult steelhead hangs in the air for a moment after being hauled out of the water at the Dworshak Hatchery Complex in Ahsahka. Steelhead are rainbow trout that live at sea and then return to the river to spawn. Adult steelhead are caught in weirs on the North Fork and Clearwater rivers and kept at the hatchery until after they have spawned. The return to fresh water compromises the immune systems of the saltwater fish and they inevitably die in the process. A portion of the fish are given to food banks and the rest are returned to the river where they will continue to be a linchpin of the ecosystem even in death.

These days, his gear is all heavy duty. Better reel, stronger rod, and 130-pound Dacron line. The heavier the gear, the quicker you can land the fish, Bruce said. While some might relish the thought of grappling with a sturgeon for hours, Bruce said coming to grips with the fish quickly is his first priority.

"With sturgeon, there is plenty of fight. After 20 minutes, the fun is out of it. You just want to land the fish and release it. If you can land them faster, it is better for the fish," Bruce said.

Above all, Bruce said he respects sturgeon.

A similar admiration for sturgeon has fellow fisherman Joe DuPont tackling a barbed question.

"Over the years, we've found dead sturgeon," DuPont said. "When we autopsied them, we found a bunch of hooks inside them."

As the Clearwater Region Fishery Manager for the Idaho Department of Fish and Game, it is DuPont's job to figure out if those ingested hooks slew the fish.

After about two years of catching, X-raying, weighing and tagging fish and comparing the results, the preliminary data seems to suggest a trend. Sturgeons that were carrying metal in their bellies tended to be skinnier than those that were not.

While the acid in a sturgeon's stomach will eventually break down metal, DuPont has been investigating whether a different type of hook is less likely to "deep hook" a sturgeon — that is, get swallowed by the fish.

He has compared two common types of hooks used in sturgeon fishing: A "j" hook and a "circle" hook. So far, the results seem to indicate that while j hooks are more likely to successfully hook a sturgeon, they are also much more likely to deep hook it. In this case, what is good for fishermen might not be good for fish.

However, DuPont said he is not convinced that fishermen deep hooking sturgeon is the problem.

"What looks like is happening, is that (the hooks) are getting sucked up from the bottom," DuPont said. "Sturgeon are like vacuum cleaners sucking up any food they encounter, so when they encounter a hook with bait on it, they suck it up."

But it's not all bad news for sturgeon in the Snake River. By most estimates, the population is large, self-sustaining and stable. Also, DuPont said, there is no direct evidence that sturgeon are dying because

they are swallowing hooks. Some are able to survive the experience.

"The fish that had the most hooks in it the first year we did the study had 12 hooks in it. I thought it was going to die in the winter. It was very skinny, sores all over it," DuPont said. "But when we re-captured it last year, it had five hooks in it and it actually looked better."

DuPont plans to continue researching the effects of hooks on sturgeon.

"I think they are one of the coolest fish we have," DuPont said. "It's amazing when you are going up the river that there are fish 7 or 8 feet long in there."

The bond between Brett Jenkins and his fish is even more unique and contradictory.

Jenkins is a fisherman, but the University of Idaho graduate is also a fish culturalist at the Clearwater Fish Hatchery in Ahsahka. Jenkins was in charge of last year's chinook brood at the hatchery. This makes him something of a surrogate father to the 1.3 million chinook smolt making their way tail-first downriver to the ocean.

He has been with these fish since their parents left saltwater behind to come upstream to spawn and were trapped by the hatchery. The hatchery genetically tracks each spawning female's eggs. For 18 months, the young fish were under Jenkins' care until they were released in March.

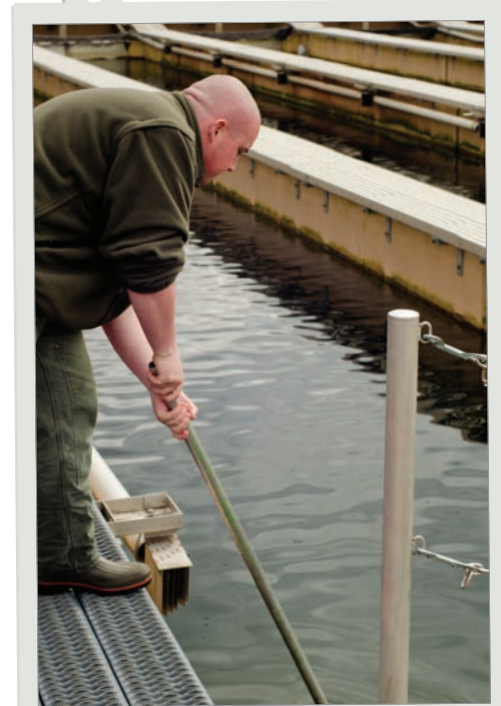
"(The hatchery) wants you to have a personal investment, taking (the fish) all the way through their life cycle," Jenkins said. "Eventually, I could be back through the rotation, to trap these same adults when they return."

Jenkins said his relationship with the fish and the river is a rewarding one.

"It's one of those jobs where you can see the outcome of your work," he said. "You feel like you are definitely making a contribution to the fishery, making a difference."

For Bruce, being on the river with friends is reward enough. It's not just the thrill of the fight, but the act of sharing. For those on the boat with him, it's the remarkable experience they have together. Between Bruce and the sturgeon, sharing comes down to a single, simple instant.

"When you turn him loose and he swims back to deep water," Bruce said. "It's just a majestic moment. You look out over the river and you wonder how many more are out there, and have I caught this fish before?" ■



Brett Jenkins attempts to net chinook smolt March 30 at Clearwater Fish Hatchery. Hatchery chinook make up most of the population in the Clearwater River.

TURN IT UP

Moscow craftsman turns his last name, true love into livelihood

Story by Victoria Hart,
photography by Alex Aguirre



■ Leaning close over a sparking, spinning metal sharpener, Ben Carpenter readies a gouge to rough turn his latest creation. Hanging lights glint off his large glasses and he tests the tip before pressing it against the octagonal hunk of maple fastened in the lathe.

Legs splayed on either side of the lathe and curly, brown hair full of maple shavings, the 30-year-old flashes a crooked smile. He's thin and dressed in thrift store clothes, which he began wearing after his trust fund ran out three years ago.

Carpenter learned woodturning 15 years ago from his former elementary school principal Jim Christiansen. Sculpting drew his interest from the start, but push came to financial shove and Carpenter had to turn his hobby into a profitable way of life.

"I decided it was time to see if I could make a living on my own," Carpenter said.

He began producing high-quality, hand-turned wooden bowls out of scavenged wood to sell at the Moscow Farmers Market several years ago. Yes, he said, at least four people remind him every Saturday that his name is also his job title. The market's drawback is that it only lasts half the year, so Carpenter lives through the winter on summer savings.

"Right now I'm just scraping the bottom of the barrel," he said in March.

He lived in a modified short bus for a year in Portland and another in Moscow, and after five years of driving it, said the looks he gets from passersby still justify getting eight miles to the gallon. These days, he uses the bus to haul maple, walnut and oak logs to a shared shop in Christiansen's backyard.

Christiansen, a 68-year-old educator, said several people make use of his shop daily, and estimated he's tutored about 25 serious woodturners.

"Now in the Moscow area we have quite a few who are 'world class,'" he said.

Carpenter scaled back his sculpting in favor of more marketable products.

"I sold three sculptures and more than a hundred bowls last season," Carpenter said.

His father was a general contractor who worked in construction and built furniture while he was growing up. His whittling habit started early and with an entrepreneurial twist.





**“I CARVED
WOOD STICKS
WHEN I WAS
LIKE 8 YEARS
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UP SHOP ON A
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THEY DIDN'T
SELL.”**

Ben Carpenter

Ben Carpenter selects a piece of wood, sharpens his gouge and shapes the bowl. The transformation from hunk of green wood to completed bowl is speedy, seamless and beautiful to watch. After making substantial process turning a new bowl on his lathe, Carpenter shows off some of his most time consuming pieces, which he stores in his Moscow home.

“I carved wooden sticks when I was like 8 years old and set up shop on a sidewalk,” Carpenter said. “They didn’t sell.”

Later, he and a classmate fashioned wooden yo-yos to sell for a junior high project that were more fiscally successful. Soon after, he saw woodturning on TV and his parents directed him across the block to “Dr. C,” who mentored him as part of the gifted and talented enrichment/exploration learning program at Moscow Junior High.

Carpenter still does most of his work in the shared shop across from the house he grew up in. He said working in a communal shop has its challenges, but he’s made a series of improvements with salvaged items: A University of Idaho projector screen can be pulled down to contain wood shavings, a Habitat for Humanity oven vent sucks toxic fumes from the small shop, a dining room tabletop from Carpenter’s childhood is repurposed to a desktop, and a vacuum system crafted from Moscow-Pullman Daily News tubing hangs at the ready.

Carpenter likes to keep his work close to home, and is reluctant to ship pieces to galleries or far-off boutiques.

“The market is great,” Carpenter said. “I can make stuff every week and people buy it. It’s super motivating.”

Carpenter said the solitary nature of his profession is tough, but the pay-off for discipline is dinner. Since his practical ventures bolstered his bank account, Carpenter has begun enterprising again. He introduced lamp bases at a winter market, and plans to get into furniture building or blacksmithing. Although household items pay most of his bills, art is still part of his business.

Carpenter’s sculptures were recently featured in the first One World Cafe art show. Sarah Hultin, OWC art coordinator, said Carpenter was an easy choice for the exhibition. A variety of media adorned the coffee shop’s walls in February, and Carpenter’s were the only sculptures. He was also the only artist of 75 who responded to Hultin’s call for submissions in person.



“He walked in with a piece of wood on his back,” Hultin said. “It was a memorable first impression.”

Most of Carpenter’s traits are a little out of the ordinary, from his ride to his work, and he’s made a business out of singularity.

“I started with art, then the bowls and now I’m getting into furniture,” Carpenter said. “I guess that’s a little opposite of how most people do it.”

Opposite or otherwise, Carpenter fulfills the legacy of his surname as an artist and entrepreneur. ■



HOME SWEET

HOME

Story by Katy Sword, photo by Amrah Canul

■ Shelly Shaw has been fighting for months — fighting to recover and rebuild. But most importantly she is fighting for her children.

After an accidental grease fire destroyed parts of her trailer, Shaw had to send her children to live with their fathers. What was meant to be a temporary situation shifted into a battle with Child Protective Services, and Shaw has acquired a lawyer so she can legally bring her children home.

“The CPS case is closed and they want nothing to do with the court case with the dads,” Shaw said. “When I have the kids on a day when they are supposed to have them, they take them back. And

I’m trying to not cause drama in the kids’ lives by taking them from school on my days so they don’t have to deal with that.”

Shaw’s eyes redden and fill with tears, and her soft features twinge as she speaks of her past.

In addition to the ongoing struggle to get her children back, Shaw was homeless for seven months — until she found housing at the Sojourner’s Alliance.

“I was at my breaking point when Christmas came around and I called two days before and they said they had an opening,” Shaw said. “It’s so nice to have my own place.”

The unit’s clean, white walls surround two small bedrooms, a hall-

way-esque kitchen and a humble living room with furniture spread throughout. Shaw said everything is provided by the alliance, and though it may be simple, Shaw said it is a definite step-up from where she was a few months before.

Shaw’s story and experience may sound unusual for a close-knit community like Moscow, but homelessness is not a stranger in this city.

“The invisibility of poverty and homelessness is immense,” said Steve Bonnar, director of the Sojourner’s Alliance. “Poverty in Idaho is at 14 percent. It’s 29 percent in Moscow.”

Bonnar said the Sojourner’s Al-

“I WOULD WALK TO ROTARY PARK AND SLEEP IN THE BATHROOM BECAUSE IT’S HEATED AND HAS WATER FOR YOUR WATER BOTTLE AND TOILET PAPER.”

SHELLY SHAW

liance has been running at full capacity for three years, housing up to 23 people at a time and turning away between seven and 15 families a week.

“We had an opening, just filled it like that,” Bonnar said.

The Sojourner’s Alliance provides housing for homeless people in Moscow and an expansive surrounding area.

“We take people from eastern Washington, we get people from Whitman, Garfield, and the five counties in Idaho,” Bonnar said.

The lack of shelters and housing options nearby leads people to Moscow in hopes of finding a room. But the alliance is always full.

“The only place we refer them to is Spokane or Coeur d’Alene,” Bonnar said. “But the one in Coeur d’Alene is like us, and they run full too.”

Shaw said she was lucky to get a space, especially a family unit, of which there are only two.

“I was literally sitting with my knees to my chest in every blanket I had in the one empty seat in my van, and there were still boxes at my feet,” Shaw said. “There were a lot of tears, a lot of giving up. I would walk to Rotary Park and sleep in the bathroom because it’s heated and has water for your water bottle and toilet paper.”

Shaw said sleeping in a bathroom

was humiliating, but at least it was warm.

Despite her painful past, Shaw is optimistic about the opportunity she has living at the Sojourner’s Alliance.

“It gives you a huge chance to save up,” Shaw said. “It gives you a comfort and makes you feel like you can take a deep breath and move on.”

Newfound stability in her living situation allows Shaw to see her eldest daughter twice a month, but she is still fighting for more visitations of her youngest two, whom she has only seen a few times during the past six months.

“Once I get my kids we will be OK,” Shaw said.

During her time of transition, Shaw said she utilized all the resources Moscow had to offer, which includes food stamps and donations from the food bank like food, toiletries and clothing items.

Bonnar said utilizing Moscow’s resources is one of the first steps the Sojourner’s Alliance discusses with potential clients or those they must turn away.

“We will refer them to the food banks. If they don’t have food stamps we refer them to that,” Bonnar said. “If we don’t have an opening, we tell them to call back every week and if a space opens up we hold it for them until they call



Shelly Shaw and her eldest daughter, Meika Schmidt, watch “Footloose” March 30 in Shaw’s family unit at Sojourner’s Alliance. Due to an ongoing battle with Child Protective Services, Shaw sees Meika only twice a month.

that week.”

Shaw’s biggest barrier is getting her children back. She said once that happens, everything else will fall into place.

“I am looking forward to getting on my feet and

being stable and so self-sufficient and never, ever, ever depending on a government check or a man or anyone else for that matter,” Shaw said. “I just want to be a strong, amazing woman and the best mom in the world.” ■

EXTREME CHEF: *Dorm Edition*

Microwaves, mini-fridges inspire creativity by Kaitlyn Krasselt, photography by Philip Vukelich

■ The stereotypical college diet is characterized by ramen noodles, mac 'n' cheese and dining hall takeout. As students, we forget how much we miss home until we no longer have our mommies to cook for us and are forced to consume, day-in and day-out, the dining hall dishes that often lack variety and are sometimes unidentifiable. A home-cooked meal sounds like the greatest gift in the world, and with a little creativity, might not be too far out of reach for dorm-based culinary adventurers.

Cooking in a dorm room is a lot less difficult than it sounds as most rooms on the University of Idaho campus are equipped with a microwave and mini-fridge. When cooking in a dorm, it is important to have an open mind, look for microwave-compatible recipes and avoid thinking about the possible radiation poisoning one might sustain from microwavable corned beef. Yes, it is possible to microwave something for 80 minutes, and no, you probably won't die.

Here are a few recipes for a delectable evening of dorm cooking.

TIPS *from a* DORMIE

SHOP IN BULK

Buying 3 ounces of flour is a whole lot cheaper than buying a 4-pound bag.

BE CREATIVE

Don't be afraid to try new things. If nothing else, you'll end up with some great stories for your dorm buddies.

SCRAMBLE SOME EGGS

It may sound sketchy, but mix them with cheese and milk and they taste just like the ones from the stove-top.

FROZEN GRAPES

They're just like candy. Promise.

Make Your Own MONGOLIAN



YOU'LL NEED

1 package of ramen noodles (any flavor)
Frozen vegetables

THEN WHAT?

Place vegetables in covered microwave-safe container with water and microwave according to the directions on the package. Drain excess water and allow to cool.

Cook ramen noodles according to microwave instructions on package. Drain excess water from noodles.

Add vegetables and ramen flavor packet.

BE A SAUCE BOSS

To really spice up your noodles skip the soy and mix up an easy peanut sauce.

1/2 cup crunchy peanut butter
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon sugar
2 drops hot sauce
1 clove garlic, minced
1/2 cup water

Stir first five ingredients together. Add water until smooth.

Five-minute Microwave MUG CAKE



YOU'LL NEED

4 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons cocoa
1 egg
3 tablespoons milk
3 tablespoons oil
3 tablespoons chocolate chips (optional)
A small splash of vanilla extract
1 large coffee mug (Microwave Safe)

THEN WHAT?

Add dry ingredients to mug and mix well.

Add the egg and mix.

Pour in the milk and oil and mix well.

Add the chocolate chips (if using) and vanilla extract. Mix again.

Put your mug in the microwave and cook for 4 minutes at 1000 watts.

The cake will rise over the top of the mug.

Allow to cool a little, and tip out onto a plate if desired.

Try it with ice cream



WHAT TO DO WHEN WHERE TO GO IS GONE

Story by John Sonnen

Photography by Philip Vukelich



■ If you've lived in Moscow longer than a month, chances are you've come to terms with certain truths about the area. For example, this town is small. This has advantages — low crime rates and living costs, a strong sense of community — but it also means there is not much to explore. Moscow is utterly knowable.

This characteristic may register as a benefit for many people, and I'll admit the existence of a certain charming comfortableness absent from larger cities. But what about the part of my soul untamed by small-town complacency? That wicked bit in me that does not hesitate to fall, depraved, into wild, unknown regions? Can *that* be satisfied in a place like Moscow?


These days, I know everything. I know what I will be doing when I get out of class. I know everything about where I will be going. There is nothing to wonder about my bedroom. The mysteries of my kitchen are limited to the ingredients I can afford. Every year around this time I begin to feel trapped, claustrophobic, a victim of cabin fever a la Jack Torrance in "The Shining."

Thankfully, the editors of Blot heeded my frustration and sent me to explore the wilderness of the Palouse on Moscow Mountain. I was sent to spend the night, to put my survival skills to the test, and return with an account of my experience.

I bought supplies at Winco: Two cans of tuna, a loaf of stale Ciabatta bread from the bakery, a pair of oranges, a gallon jug of water, and a single serving of Healthy Choice Chicken Soup with Rice in a tin can. I don't have a flashlight so I borrowed one from a friend. I brought an extra pair of wool socks and a backup sweater. My housemates loaned me a tent, which I stuffed into the trunk of my Saturn after they had shared the most direct route to adventure.

I had three options of roads to take from the edge of town and I tried them in the order in which they presented themselves. The first right I encountered was an extension of Moscow Mountain Road. It only took driving over one small hill to forget I had been in a city just five minutes before; all I could see were fields and farmhouses. Signs arced over every other driveway to notate the name of some ranch. A brood of five or six hens lined up roosting on the top rail of someone's wooden fence. Suddenly the success of the University's agriculture program made sense.

When I arrived near the base of the mountain, the road ended in a small lot decked out in threatening hand-painted "No Trespassing" warnings, and though several roads stemmed from the dead-end, each was gated off. I backtracked past the country estates to find the next option, West Twin Road. West Twin was not as nice a drive as Moscow Mountain Road, partly because it cul-de-sacs nowhere near the mountain I was trying to reach, and partly because the road is laid over a series of obstructive slopes. The patchwork of the rolling Palouse looks great from a distance, but it's lousy to drive on.



"I wasn't experiencing anything unknown, but I was enjoying myself."

The last road I tried was Idler's Rest Road. I was reluctant because the road brings you to Idler's Rest, a day-use hiking area, so I knew I would be allowed to explore, but the purpose of the trip was to bring me closer to the unknown, to see if I could find adventure outside a widely-used recreation area. Hopes dashed, I parked my car behind a Toyota 4Runner near a sign with a list of rules about the use of the recreation area.

Idler's Rest turned out to be a trail through the woods shorter than a mile long. My hike took less than 10 minutes. I came out of the tiny forest at the road where I began and



peeled an orange by my car, bummed out. I thought about this sorry excuse for wilderness. It was clear I wouldn't be able to stay the night, but maybe I was missing something. I decided to hike the trail again, but to pay closer attention. Maybe I could make the trail interesting.

I noticed more the second time. A gnawed decaying deer-leg lay in the snow to one side of the trail, fetid evidence that the old rules of the food chain are still at play. I saw several signs explaining the reason for the growth of certain varieties of plant life and not others. When I strayed from the trail a ways and came out from under the canopy, I saw the mountain rising to my right, and, to my left, an idyllic pond with a wood fishing dock below a snug, single-room cabin.

I wasn't experiencing anything unknown, but I was enjoying myself. I let my mind go. Instead of expecting the trail to be interesting to me, I let myself be interested in the trail.

I couldn't get lost because everything has already been explored, purchased or used-up. But this has been happening all over the world for centuries as a side effect of civilization. Adventure is enhanced when we break the rules, but we risk punishment that far outweighs the potential reward. Still, each of us has a mind.

The cure to boredom lies in the advice my parents would give when I complained about being bored as a kid on days home from school: Use your imagination. ■

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