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Fourth Annual Club Ride

Don't forget to reserve September 2-5, 2011 for our Fourth Annual IAMC Club Ride. Our base camp for this year's annual club ride will be the Ridgeview Unit at the Cascade Lake State Park (see map below) in Cascade. The club has reserved several RV units, many of which have been spoken for by club members. There are still a few left; so if you want one, please contact Craig Olsen at 208-343-7995. Two of the larger reserved RV units are being designated for tent campers, but you need to sign up to insure that you have a spot.

Fishing, boating and swimming activities are available for you and family members. Just bring your pole, boat and swim suit if you want to participate. Several rides will be planned for each day, and these rides will take in about 15 of the Challenge 2011 Sites.



We look forward to seeing you there!

Edge of Hells Canyon

by Jason Abbott

“Closed is closed” is all she would tell me.

I knew Falls Point Road (443) was officially closed because of a slide but called the Red River Ranger Station wondering, “do you think a motorcycle with camping gear could get around it?”

I am still tempted to try but if we can't get from Elk City to the Selway River we face a long highway detour. Many mountain roads have been made impassable by slides or snow left to linger by an unusually cold spring.

I have had my heart set on the Selway, “Idaho's most private Wild and Scenic river” (VisitIdaho.org) but it seems hope of forest camping while riding north to my twenty-year high school reunion requires a different route.

I play with permutations and settle on the western edge of Hells Canyon. It was reconnoitered a few weeks ago by local club riders Ryan, Phil and Mark so I know it will be passable.

When I decided to make this an overnight trip I put up a note to see if anyone cared to join the ride. Ben, who I rode with once before, took the bait and we've arranged to begin with breakfast at the Star Country Café. “I used to live just a block over that way,” he gestures as we meet in the parking lot.



Inside, we sit on worn bench seats and watch over hot plates of eggs and hash browns as our lone waitress gets grouchy about the flood of customers. I push my empty cup to the edge of the table and catch her eye more than once but nothing happens. “I don't think she likes us,” I suggest.



Finally I walk to the front and smile as I hand her my cup. "Sorry," she says as she fills it with coffee. That's better. Now I can ride alert.

Ben and I follow the meandering highway to Emmett then Payette and north. Our motorcycles, a KLR and GS, are fairly comfortable on asphalt or off. Traffic is light as we rumble over hills separating the small towns along Highway 95. We could follow more dirt but I have an afternoon appointment tomorrow and want to get some distance behind us.



At Cambridge we turn west toward Brownlee Reservoir and Hells Canyon. Highway 71 is an enjoyable series of predictable curves—lean, accelerate, lean, accelerate.

In the middle of one fast turn I am surprised by a doe standing at the road's edge. I pass feet from her before I can react. My mind races for a means of alerting Ben, maybe ten seconds behind me, but we're both safely past before I think of anything.

That polite reminder of mortality is reiterated just a few curves later by a black half-helmet balanced atop a flower festooned cross. The makeshift memorial is an ironic invitation to share the same fate as I momentarily fixate on it, requiring a mid-turn steering correction.

Unhindered by traffic, we quickly reach the canyon. At the bottom of the grade, we turn into Woodhead Park and spend a few minutes hiking to a promontory overlooking the reservoir.

This is what I enjoy most about riding: how much you experience flying in the open air a few feet above the road—sights, sounds, smells, subtle changes of temperature—and how easy it is to follow a whim to stop and experience still more, to connect with a place.



The last of Highway 71 is entwined with ridges and inlets along the reservoir. We slowly twist and turn the five miles to the dam then cross the river below into Oregon onto the straighter Brownlee-Oxbow Highway.



Above Oxbow I turn where I think we can view the dam there but a gate keeps us from going far. We step off and look



around the power station but aren't motivated to walk the mile to the dam itself, hidden around the bend.

Down the hill in Oxbow we pull up to a picnic table in Copperfield Park to eat the lunches we packed. It is humid and temperatures have risen to the mid-90s. Neither of us is especially chatty. We eat without much comment, eager to be back in the wind.

As we follow the gravel Homestead Road north of town we pass several pull-outs and camp sites along the river. I wish we would have had our lunch there. I bicycle to work along the Boise River and know it can be ten degrees cooler at the water's edge.



Hess, which climbs quickly from the river to above the canyon, is one of those roads that becomes impassable with rain or snow. "Anyone know if Hess is open?" is typical springtime club conversation. Today it is smooth and dry. Ben and I easily zigzag up with views and wildflowers growing grander with elevation.



I stop for a picture at the crest of a hill where flowers stand at the edge of the road like colorful spectators to our motorcycle parade. Lucky that I do since only then do I notice Ben's KLR

lying in the road behind. It was a slow tip over and everything is fine but he isn't pleased. "I'm so mad at myself for that," he says.



In a half-mile we're onto the paved Wallowa Loop Road [part of the Hells Canyon Scenic Byway. We breeze past crowding conifers a few miles then detour to see the Hells Canyon Overlook. It starts to rain as we wind our way up the short road past departing cars.

The overlook is mostly evacuated when we pull up by the benches at the head of the footpath. I can't tell if the clouds will pass or get serious. Whatever they do won't change our plans so I guess it doesn't matter.

The geologic story of Hells Canyon National Area is a tale of fire and water ... of molten lava erupted from volcanoes and oozed through cracks in the earth ... of rushing water, erosion and sedimentation ... of building up and wearing down ... of folding and faulting and tremendous pressure under the earth's crust (Forest Service signboard, ellipses in original).

We stroll by blue, yellow, red and white wildflowers while looking across the great canyon, the deepest in North America at 7,993 feet, to sheets of rain hung above the Seven Devil Mountains beyond. It's spectacular.



As the clouds begin to break up, I sit on a bench, stretch my legs in front, close my eyes and listen. This sure feels nice after the heat in the canyon. I hear trees sigh in the breeze, the buzz of insects and chatter of birds—a serene symphony.

Then I hear cars and think for a second people have been drawn out by the sunshine but of course that isn't possible. It's too far for anyone to have driven in the last five minutes.

"How are you guys doing?" asks an approaching park ranger, clipboard in hand.

"Just great," we answer.

"Where you headed?"

We explain our intention to go next to Hat Point, maybe Buckhorn Lookout, and camp wherever.

"Hat Point just opened yesterday," she says. It's good news but she looks troubled. "Where are you guys coming from?"

"Boise, up Hess," I tell her.

"Oh, if you made it up Hess you'll have no problem." She glances at our motorcycles. "We don't see many bikes like that." I am so used to adventure rides, where *all* the bikes are like that, her statement strikes me funny. "Enjoy your trip," she says before moving on.

While she was talking, an 80's era cruiser loaded with hodgepodge camping gear pulled up nearby. A fellow steps off who looks to be about our age. "That's a *nice* bike," he says, walking our way and nodding to Ben's KLR.

We chat a few minutes about our comings and goings. Ben and I mention the brevity of our trip and the fellow says, "I've got all the time in the world." His woeful tone makes me think of the movie *One Week* about a man who, against the wishes of family and fiancée, sets off riding cross country following a cancer diagnosis.

Riding—no doubt like rock climbing, hang gliding, deep sea diving—turns our attention inside-out. Were we to stay inside our head, thinking about the issues of last week, the plans for next, we'd likely end up with our own roadside memorial. A good ride brings tranquility even when the trail is turbulent.

Part of me envies the freedom of the other rider but even more so, I'm excited for my destination, the company of friends and family. "Solitude is a sublime mistress but an intolerable wife" (Ralph Waldo Emerson, *The Life and Letters of John Muir*, ch. 7).

Ben and I descend from the Hells Canyon Overlook back to Wallowa Loop Road, that nice ribbon of asphalt wrapping through Eastern Oregon forests around foothills and creeks. The air is refreshing, the ride exhilarating.

After a few miles, we leave the pavement to continue following the Imnaha River on gravel. We're in a beautiful valley of quaint farms surrounded by small pastures and hay fields. The smell of cut grass and occasional cows fills the air.

I feel wistful looking at decades old machinery and modest homes. They remind of my early childhood on the small farm in Troy, Idaho—drafty barns of white weathered wood tinged with smells of old tractor grease and animal habitation. Sometimes I miss that simple life but I've come to enjoy the amenities of town, the many diverse people to ride with and places I can get to from Boise.



The town of Imnaha is a few squat buildings and a cluster of homes in a grove of trees along the river. "Need anything?" I yell through my helmet as we stop at main street.

"Nope," Ben answers.



Signs warning of hazardous travel lead me to expect (and hope for) challenges but Hat Point Road is 22 miles of easy-going gravel. Grand vistas of gorges, knife ridges and jagged peaks, both east and west, make the ride pass quickly.

Hat Point, 6,982 feet high, and balanced on the west edge of Hells Canyon, overlooks the deepest gorge in North America. The Snake River, elevation 1,276 feet, and Idaho's Seven Devils Mountains, over 9,000 feet in elevation, are both visible from the vantage of Hat Point.

The name Hat Point originated from a cowboy losing his hat in the brush while riding an unruly horse. The hat hung in the brush for some time and the stream, Hat Creek, was named for it. This high point near the headwaters of Hat Creek was also named after it (*Great Outdoor Recreation Pages*).



The view from the Hat Point lookout tower is vast and awesome. From here the Snake River and Seven Devil Mountains are infinitely far, above and below, and yet infinitely close. I feel as if I can reach out and touch them.

Ben and I stand on the lower then upper lookout deck quietly watching the overcast afternoon play out to the golden light and growing shadows of evening. A tradition beginning indeterminate decades ago decorates the hill below—brown rocks arranged into large letters, words, messages of love and being, legible only from our position high above.

How boundless the day seems as we revel in these storm-beaten sky gardens amid so vast a congregation of on looking mountains! Strange and admirable it is that the more savage and chilly and storm-chafed the mountains, the finer the glow on their faces and the finer the plants they bear (*Meditations of John Muir*, sec. 34).



Once our senses are sated with splendor, we backtrack the few miles to Saddle Creek Campground and begin setting up camp in the one spot with an open view to the canyon and mountains. “Wow,” I remark, “this is the most scenic campsite I’ve ever stayed at.” Ben agrees.



Growing gusts and a broad line of dark clouds marching menacingly from the west make me anxious to have my tent up and gear inside. I unroll, flatten, attach poles ... now where are the stakes? I can’t find them anywhere. Did the kids borrow them? My wife? I’ve known them to do such things. Oh, that makes me grouchy. I really need to stake the tent down in this wind.

I get the knife and Sven-Saw from my bag and begin making six stakes out of tree branches. “I can’t find my stakes,” I explain to Ben when I scout near his tent for good branches. He just looks at me quizzically.



I work quickly with the energy of agitation and soon have the tent staked out. Ben comes over to the picnic table to join me in making some dinner and sees what I’ve been up to. “Oh, you don’t have your *stakes*,” he realizes. “I thought you forgot your *stakes*, your dinner.”

I laugh. “No, it’s not meat I’m missing. I still have my dinner—just noodles.”

I pour a little scotch from its shatterproof bottle and recline with my spicy, just-add-hot-water noodles by the fire. A stiff wind works the flames into a frenzy. “Glad it’s been raining,” Ben comments on the far flying sparks.

The sunset behind us is golden, then orange. Billowing clouds above the high mountains ahead turn pink then purple and flash with occasional lightning. A bright gibbous moon peeks shyly from behind pine boughs that wreath the heaven above. I can but smile in awe as we sit and watch this world turn dark.

How grandly do the great logs and branches of your campfire give forth the heat and light that during their long century-lives they have so slowly gathered from the sun, storing it away in beautiful dotted cells and beads of amber gum! (*Meditations of John Muir*, sec. 43)



We stay up late for the full effect of darkness, bright stars and slumbering mountain silhouettes. Remembering last year's near perfect record of overnight camping storms, I caution Ben, "it's probably going to rain tonight."

Bright sun filters in through the plastic window I arranged to face the canyon and mountains. I think I would sleep a couple more hours if not for that glare. I look at my watch: 4:30. Hmm. Well, I *did* want to see the sunrise.

I slip on my rain gear and hat against the morning cold and begin gathering wood for a fire. It's calm and doesn't look like it rained any more last night. I cajole a mound of damp twigs to produce a tiny troupe of dancing flames. Without the evening's quickening winds, larger pieces just smoke and smolder.



With that begun, I walk to Ben's tent and say in a low voice, "sunrise if you want." Imagining rock faces made brilliant and forests cast in stark relief by the horizontal rays of morning, I asked him last night to wake me if he was up for sunrise. Since I'm up first, I offer the same.

I settle in with a notepad by the fire and face the rising sun to jot down observations, quotes and ideas to help journal the

experience. My mind this morning is like those reluctant lumps of wood at my feet—not a lot of fire. Stymied, I trade notepad for sips of scalding coffee, allowing my mind to go blank in the white light washing over the earth.

Ben rises a short time later and we slowly prepare our breakfasts then begin packing up. As I stuff my tent in its sack and begin folding its footprint I notice a little something nestled in the dirt below: a small bag of aluminum stakes. Oops. "I'll have to apologize to my wife for being mad at her," I tell Ben sheepishly.

The prominent spur off the road, a couple miles down from camp, piques my curiosity. We turn from Hat Point Road through trees to Granny View Point overlooking the deeply incised Imnaha River Valley and soaring Eagle Cap Wilderness beyond. It's over by those snow-capped mountains that I'll be spending next weekend with my family, mom and brothers for our annual reunion at Wallowa Lake.



Ben and I walk down the short footpath to elaborately constructed viewing platforms. Constellations of flowers erupt all around from lichened lumps of stone, their small petals inscrutably bright against the morning sun. Before us, rumpled earth yawns and flexes to far horizons.

As we resume our descent from epicurean heights, I'm glad for the mix of singable (to me) songs I added to my player before leaving yesterday. I thrill to forest beauty and a swift ridge road, voicing loud song of country roads that take me home, hurricanes that rock me, bricks in the wall, country peaches and more. Volume and velocity rise together.



We will go our separate ways today, Ben and I, me to my high school reunion up north, him to his brother's farther west. Paths merge and diverge in this fluxing, ephemeral web of life. Therein, I think, is much joy—traveling unpredictable paths. The circumstances of my life today are not what I expected twenty years ago. I hope twenty years hence is just as surprising, that adventure continues.



Roger Williams and Syd Tate hiking in the Bruneau Desert

At the starting point on the Nevada border, they followed the West Fork of Bruneau Canyon. As Williams and Tate continued on their trip, they had to average about fourteen miles of hiking each day in order to make it to the Canadian border in three months. Wives and friends provided the duo with logistical support throughout their journey, re-supplying them a dozen times during the long trek. For 86 days the pair hiked through the Idaho backcountry, traipsing through parts of the state seldom seen by others.

Ride Destination: The Idaho Centennial Trail

by Craig O. Olsen

The Idaho Centennial Trail (ICT) winds for hundreds of miles through some of the most remote country Idaho has to offer – lonely sagebrush plains, imposing mountain ranges, stark river canyons, and rain soaked forests. All of this and more can be found along Idaho's Centennial Trail. Running the length of the state the trail showcases an amazing variety of terrains and carries the traveler through the stunning beauty of Idaho.

The origins of this trail go back nearly three decades when Roger Williams and Syd Tate came up with the idea for an official Idaho trail, after completing a marathon hike through the state. Their trek was five years in the planning, and in June 1986 Williams and Tate walked twelve hundred miles over the entire length of Idaho from the Nevada to the Canadian border – a feat that took them three months to complete.



Roger Williams and Syd Tate arrive at the end of the trail at the Canadian Border

After completing their monumental trek, Williams and Tate wanted to share it with others and decided the next logical step was to work on an official north-south trail through Idaho. They worked with the Idaho Trails Council, the Lasting Legacy Committee of the Idaho Centennial Commission, the Idaho Department of Parks and Recreation, the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. In 1990, just in time for the state's one hundred year celebration, the official trail route was approved...the ICT was born. Over the years that followed, the Trail has become a lasting legacy for scores of outdoor adventurers who are looking for a new and challenging way to see the state. Not many, however, have completed the trip in its entirety.[1-2]



I first heard about the motorized version of the ICT from Sam Stone and Ryan Cantrell in the spring of 2008 when they gave a presentation on it to our club (Idaho Adventure Motorcycle Club).[3] Presently, it stretches approximately 1,200 miles from its beginning point on the Idaho-Nevada border to its official end near the Idaho-Canadian border.[3]



Sam Stone's map of the motorized version of the ICT displayed for some time at Happy Trails

Because the original ICT traverses three wilderness areas (Sawtooth National Wilderness, FrankChurch River of No Return Wilderness and Selway Bitterroot Wilderness), Sam based his route from the first verbal description of the motorized version of the ICT given by Marty Morache early in 2007. Marty's description of the route is contained in an addendum at the end of this article.

In July 2009 I, along with several others, some of whom are members of our club, rode the ICT in its entirety from south to north.[4] The official start of the ICT begins on the Idaho-Nevada border 4-5 miles southeast of Murphy Hot Springs, located in southern Owyhee County.



The Nevada Border, the Southern Terminus to the ICT

To get there you can take State Highway 51 southeast of Grand View to Grasmere then left onto the Roland Road to McDonald Creek Road and then County Road (CR) 750 (Elko County, Nevada) and CR 751 into Jarbidge, Nevada. From Jarbidge it is about 14 miles north on CR 748 to Murphy Hot Springs, Idaho. There is camping both at Jarbidge and Murphy Hot Springs. There is a rustic motel and restaurant in Jarbidge (Outdoor Inn, Jarbidge, Nevada – 775-488-2311; Jack & Dot Creechley owners) if you are not into camping.



Outdoor Inn in Jarbidge, Nevada

An alternative route to Murphy Hot Springs is to take the Hot Springs Road southeast out of Bruneau, Idaho, to Clover-Three Creek Road to the Three Creek Highway that ends just south of the Murphy Hot Springs Airstrip, about two miles northwest of the official start of the ICT.

The ICT then follows the east side of the Jarbidge and Bruneau River Canyons into Winter Camp on the East Fork of the Bruneau River and then on to the Brueau Canyon Scenic Viewpoint. From the overlook it is about 17-18 miles into Hammett.



Winter Camp



Brueau Canyon Overlook

This is by far the most difficult section of the ICT due to rough, rocky and rutted two track trails. Due to the extreme heat, it is probably better to run this section of the ICT in the Spring or early summer or late fall. Avoid the rainy season because these trails turn to slick goeey mud very quickly. The sheer remoteness of the area contributes to getting lost very easily. Good maps (Benchmark or BLM) and reliable GPS are helpful. From place to place you will find carsonite sign markers reassuring that you are on the right trail, but by no means should you rely solely on them.



Carsonite markers found along the entire ICT

Hammett on the Snake River is the one of the two lowest places in elevation along the entire ICT – crossing the Salmon River is the other one. You gain and lose elevation as you head north into the mountainous portion of the ICT. From Hammett you continue north into Featherville. It is then east out of Featherville on the Baumgartner Road (FR 227) over Dollarjide Summit into Ketchum. Indian Head Rock is an interesting natural formation that you will encounter along Little Smokey Creek just before you come to Worwick Hot Springs prior to ascending Dollarhide Mountain.



Indian Head Rock on FS 227 near Worwick Hot Springs

Heading north out of Ketchum on Highway 75, you will go over Galena Summit, which has a spectacular view of the Sawtooth Valley.



View of the Sawtooth Valley seen from Galena Summit

In Lower Stanley you will take a series of forest roads paralleling Highway 21 and crossing Valley Creek in the process, one of my favorite water crossings. The key to this crossing is to stay to the down-stream side where it is shallower. There is a deceptive four-foot deep hole towards the up-stream side into which more than one rider has tipped over or flooded their air box and engine with water.



Valley Creek water crossing along Highway 21 near Stanley

You then take the Landmark-Stanley Road (FR 579) all the way to Landmark, and then continue north on FR 413 into Yellow Pine with an official population of 32 in 2010, but swelling to between 2-3 thousand occupants (musicians and fans) during the annual harmonica festival, which has been held routinely the first weekend of August for the past 23 years.



Welcome sign in Yellow Pine

One of the stranger sites I encountered on the ICT is located on the descent from Elk Summit into Warren. It is a pair of stacked boulders on two 20-25 foot tree stumps. There is nothing to indicate why they are there or who stacked them.



Strange man made formation on FR 340 between Elk Summit and Warren

Warren is the fifth oldest town in Idaho and was once the county seat for Idaho County. It currently has a year round population of 12-16 people that grows to 45-60 during the summer months. When gold was discovered here in 1862, the population was 660 and swelled to approximately 5,000 during the boon years. Forest fires have threatened several times (1989, 2000 and 2007) resulting in the surrounding area becoming a haven for hunting morel mushrooms.



Winter Inn in Warren

From Warren it is a short ride westward to Burgdorf hot springs named after the original owner, Fred Burgdorf, who owned it in 1862 and turned it into a resort used by loggers and miners to refresh themselves over 100 years ago. In 1920, Fred sold the property to James Harris who named the

resort after its previous owner, and it has remained in the Harris family for over 80 years. Today, the original primitive cabins and lodging facilities are part of the charm of this popular attraction. The Main Attraction is the large 75x50, 5 feet deep natural hot spring complete with sandy bottom and log sides. There is also a child's pool that is slightly cooler and only 2 feet deep.



Hot springs pool at Burgdorf

Not far north from Burgdorf is Edmundson Cabin built in 1900 by a man named Edmundson who lived there with his family until 1930.



Edmundson Cabin

It was a popular freight stop along the French Creek Road that descends gradually via several hairpin turn switchbacks down the steep mountainside to the Salmon River. It is one of my favorite portions of the ICT.



French Creek switch-backs

Climbing north up out of the Salmon River Canyon, the ICT passes near the ghost town of Florence, which was originally settled as a mining camp in the winter of 1863. It grew rapidly as miners flocked there to open claims. It receded as quickly when the claims ran out. Currently, it consists only of a cemetery and the foundations of a few buildings, but is very worthwhile seeing.





Grave markers in Florence Cemetery

The graves of Chinese miners were exhumed and reinterred in their home of China.

Continuing north to Highway 14 and then east, you will come to Elk City, the gateway to the Magruder Corridor, which was covered as a destination ride in the February 2011 issue of this newsletter.



Hotel in Elk City

Like many other mining towns in Idaho, Elk City seemingly sprang up overnight in 1861 when gold was discovered in the

area. Between 1890 and 1915 Elk City reached its zenith with a population around 5,000 and boasted four hotels. Most of the town was consumed in the fire of 1930. Electricity did not come to Elk City until 1960 and the last 18 miles of Highway 14 into Elk City were not paved until 1980. Currently, the population is about 200 and there is only one hotel (more of a motel with thirteen rooms).

From Elk City it is north on FR 443 to the Selway River, which has boulders in it the size of two story houses that are submerged by the incredible flows during the spring run-offs.



If you are there during the spring run-off, you can actually feel the ground shaking.

Following the Selway until it joins the Lochsa to become the Middle Fork of the Clearwater, you will find yourself at Lowell. From Lowell it is a short 40 mile ride east on Highway 12 to Grave Creek Road (FR 107) where you proceed north to the Lolo Trail (FR 500) at Saddle Camp, then east to Cayuse Junction.

An alternative is to go west on Highway 12 to Syringa then north on FR 101 to the beginning of the Lolo Trail (FR 500), and continue on it to Cayuse Junction. The Lolo Trail is covered in the February 2011 Issue of this newsletter.

At Cayuse Junction, you again turn north over Toboggan Ridge (FR 581) eventually crossing the North Fork of the Clearwater River to the St. Joe River, which you will follow into the small, unincorporated town of Avery that today has a population of 57. From 1909 to 1980 it was a division point on the Milwaukee Road Railroad's "Pacific Extension." It was also once the western terminus for electric operations (1914-74) on this route all the way to Harlowton, located in central Montana. At Avery, steam or diesel locomotives were changed or hooked up to electric locomotives as depicted on the murals of the only lodging in Avery, Sheffy's Motel. The



town was nearly destroyed during the Great Fire of 1910.



Scheffy's Motel in Avery with accompanying railroad murals.

The town of Wallace located on the South Fork of the Coeur D' Alene River is a short distance northwest of Avery on FR 456. You will pass through some tunnels to get there. Wallace is a historic mining town known as the "Silver Capital of the World." Every building downtown is on the National Register of Historic Places. While mining is still a big part of Wallace's economy, it is also a favorite tourist attraction with two ski resorts, multiple bike paths and alpine lakes. It is also easily accessible from east or west by Interstate 90. One third of Wallace was also destroyed in the Great Fire of 1910.

From Wallace you travel mostly northwest to Clark Fork and Sandpoint, and from there it is mostly west and a little north to the south end of Priest Lake. You will travel up the east side of Priest Lake and take FR 655 and FR 1013 to the official end of the Idaho Centennial Trail that now terminates by a large downed tree and road blockade about one and a half miles due south of the Canadian border at the beginning of a Grizzly bear sanctuary.



The trail continues past the barrier along an old jeep or ATV trail for another 4-5 miles in a northeast direction to the Canadian border where the second picture in this article of Roger Williams and Syd Tate at the Canadian border marker was taken, but the trail beyond the barrier is now heavily overgrown with tall bushes in Grizzly habitat making passage unsafe and unwise.

Gas and food are available about every 100-200 miles or less along the way. There are plenty of campsites if you wish to camp. Credit card camping at motels in many of the towns mentioned is also an option.

This is a picture of our group taken on August 2, 2009, at the official end of the Idaho Centennial Trail.



Standing left to right: Carl Beavers, Dave Roylance, Jerry Stadstad, Craig Olsen, Dale Voris, Ward Buckingham, and Mike Voris. Seated in front is Jim Carney.

Addendum:

Motorized Route On or Paralleling the Idaho Centennial Trail

(Nevada Border to Canadian Border)
by Marty Morache

This route is a series of BLM two-track ways to Indian Cove, then county roads to Highway #20. The rest of the route is a combination of primary forest roads (PFS), low maintenance forest service roads (FS), county roads and stretches of State Highways. There are several high-elevation mountain passes. The entire route should not be attempted before July. Motorcycles should have a cruise range approaching 200 miles.

The trail begins at the Nevada border just south of Jarbidge Grade, continues along the west edge of the airstrip and parallel to the Jarbidge River, proceeding downstream, crosses Poison Creek then crosses the East Fork Bruneau River; then intercepts the main Clover/Three Creek Road, runs north on it a few miles; then a left turn on a two-track paralleling the Bruneau Canyon, to the Bruneau Canyon Overlook; then proceeds north crossing the Clover/Three Creek Road, north down Brown's Creek, to Indian Cove, to Jct. Highway #78; then crossing the Snake River and north over the overpass on the interstate at Hammet. There should be carsonite signs along the entire route.

Proceed north on Hammet Hill Road to intercept the Bennett Creek Road. Turn left then travel approximately 200 yards north to Rye Grass Road, then right to intercept the Rye Grass Cutoff Road, then northeast on Steens Road, then left to Alkalai Road, then left on Bennett Mountain Road, then north to Highway #20. At the west base of Cat Creek Summit turn left on Highway #20 to (FR 152), Castle Rock

Road, turn right, running east to (PFR 61), continue north to Pine and Featherville. Turn right on (FR 227) up the South Fork Boise River to Little Smokey (FR 227), up Carrier Creek and over Dollarhide Summit, down Warm Springs Creek to Ketchum, turn north on Highway #75, over Galena Summit, down to valley floor; turn right on (FR 215) 1.25 miles to (FR 194) north to mouth of Fourth of July Creek back to Highway #75. Go north ½ mile and turn left on (FR 210); go across the Salmon River to continue north just short of Redfish Lake Road. Take Highway #21 to Lower Stanley.

In Lower Stanley turn left on Nip and Tuck Road (FR 633) to Jct. (FR 653), then left about ½ mile to the Valley Creek Road (FR 682) and go west to Highway #21 near blind summit. Proceed two miles west on Highway #21 to Jct. with Capehorn Road (FR 203); turn right, continue west to intersection with (FR 003); cross March Creek back to Highway #21. Continue southwest to Landmark-Stanley Road (FR 579). Proceed west across Bear Valley to Jct. with Deadwood River Road; then north up Deadwood River Road (FR 579) over Deadwood Summit and on to Landmark. Continue north on (FR 413) down Johnson Creek to Yellow Pine. Go up East Fork of South Fork of Salmon River to Jct. with Profile Creek (FR 340). Take (FR 340) north over Profile Summit and down Big Creek to Jct. with Government Creek (FR 340); turn left, go over Elk Summit, down Elk Creek Road and across South Fork Salmon River, up over Warren Summit to Warren.

From Warren take (FR 21) west to Steamboat Summit, turn right on (FR 335) to War Eagle Mountain; then (FR 325) past California Lake to Jct. with Lake Creek Road (FR 318), turn left to Jct. with (FR 246) and go north down French Creek Grade to Main Salmon River. Turn left down main river road (FR 1614) to Alison Creek Road (FR 221); turn north on (FR 221) to Little Slate Creek Saddle, staying on (FR 221), continue across Little Slate Basin to Jct. with (FR 309); then north on Hungry Ridge Road (FR 309) to the South Fork Clearwater River and Jct. with Highway #14. Turn right and go to Elk City.

From Elk City take County Road #1854 north to Jct. with (PFR 443); then north to Jct. with (FR 443). Turn right, down to Selway Falls, then down Selway River Road to Lowell; then right on Highway #12, east some 40 miles, to Jct. with Grave Creek Road (FR 107); turn left and proceed north to Jct. with Lolo Trail (FR 500) at Saddle Camp; turn right and travel east to Cayuse Jct.; turn left, going north, on (FR 581), crossing Cayuse Creek twice, and over East Saddle and down to Kelly Creek. Take (FR 255) north to Jct. With North Fork Clearwater River (FR 250) at The Cedars Campground; turn right on (FR 250) north to Jct. with (FR 720); turn left on Birch Ridge, past Fly Hill Road (FR 720) to Jct. with Gospel Hill Road (FR 715); go north on (FR 715) to bridge across St. Joe River. Turn left on (FR 320) and proceed down (FR 320) to the Red Ives Ranger Station; then down to Avery. Turn north on North Fork St. Joe River Road (PFR 456) at Avery, over Moon Pass, down Placer Creek, north to Wallace.



Take (FR 456) north from Wallace, on Nine Mile Creek Road, to Dobson Pass, down beaver Creek, on (PFR 456) to Babins Jct. on Coeur d'Alene River; then north on (FR 9) to Prichard; then (FR 208) to Jct. with Shoshone Creek Road (FR 412), up (FR 412) to Jordan Saddle, then (FR 992) to ID/MT line; then north on Stateline Road (FR 430) to (FR 332); then down Dry Creek Road (FR 203) to county road near Cabinet Gorge Fish Hatchery on Clark Fork River; then left across the river to Clark Fork. Proceed west on Highway #200 to Sandpoint; then west on Baldy Road, over Happy Fork Gap and down Happy Fork to the Big Creek Road and west to the Jct. with the East Side Road; then north on East Side Road to Coolin, along the east side of Priest Lake to Priest Lake State Park. Go up Caribou Creek Road; then left on Bugle Creek Road, approximately 3 miles; turn left toward Caribou Hill, staying left on through roads approximately 6 mile to (FR 655), to Jct. with (FR 1013); turn right and stay on (FR 1013) to road barrier (Grizzly Bear Sanctuary), within 3 miles of Canadian border. That's it—the end of motorized travel.

(Transcribed 3/17/07)

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<http://www.advrider.com/forums/showthread.php?t=174895>
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<http://www.advrider.com/forums/showthread.php?t=217928>
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Tips for Riding Two-up in Tough Terrain

by Jason Abbott

Floating effortlessly over ruts, sticks, rocks and bumps is like riding a magic carpet through the forest.

The neighbor kid on the next Palouse Hill over and I whiled away our youth exploring the countryside on our succession of second-hand motorcycles. When one of our bikes broke down we had no compunction riding two-up while waiting for the fix.

Far from being unpleasant, riding behind Brett down single track trails through the woods behind our houses and up into the mountains was a lot of fun. I sat back on the soft suspension while he did all the work of picking a line and keeping us balanced.

Twenty-five years later, I enjoy sharing the same delights with my wife and kids. There are a few things to consider before taking a passenger off-road, beginning with the assumption that you're already comfortable carrying a passenger and confident on your own off-road.



Photo of my wife and me taken by Ryan William Cantrell

Be Safe



The first time you take a passenger out on the dirt, try to go with a group. My wife and I would love to join you, kids' schedules permitting. If you have standard supplies you carry, remember to double them. I had to tend to an injury once and used all our water. It was over 100°F and we were far from town. Also, show your passenger where your first-aid kit is and how to use your emergency locator beacon, if you have one.

Adjust Your Approach

The effects of a passenger on the bike's handling are more pronounced off-road than on. Steerability is often reduced with the center of mass shifted rearward, particularly up hills. If you can, adjust your suspension (more preload in back) to get some weight on the front wheel.

If you like to stand on the pegs while trail riding, consider how that will work with your passenger. Should the passenger stand with you? The right answer is whatever works best for the two of you. Either content yourself to remain seated or practice standing before you get to rough terrain.

Your ride will be easier if your passenger pays more attention to what's ahead than they might be used to on-road. If they can anticipate bumps and low branches, you'll both be more comfortable.

Set Expectations

I think it is important to let your passenger know that an occasional tip-over is a normal part of trail riding. I like to tell new passengers that "I might tell you to hop off if we start to tip." I reassure them that it would only be when we're stopped or going slow. It won't be a big deal.

Telling them in advance will keep them from freezing when you say "hop off!" while struggling to hold the bike up after you've just rolled to a stop and put your foot down in a hole. To make that idea possible, you'll want to avoid being physically tethered to your passenger such as with an intercom.

Explain to your passenger what you mean by "hold on tight." I've had passengers suddenly grab my shoulder in the middle of climbing a steep hill. It wasn't helpful.

Know Your Limits

If the terrain ahead is worrisome, either change routes or ask your passenger to walk. Even though I have a lot of experience, I always ask my passenger to walk past large loose rocks or snow. They've not only been glad but grateful to do so.

Be careful and have fun! I hope to see you out there.

Photography while Riding

by Jason Abbott

The best camera is the one you have with you, says an old aphorism. The expensive one sitting at home does nothing to help capture the scene in front of you.

We might tweak the saying a bit for the rider: the best camera is the one *you can reach*. Many of the most interesting ride images are those taken impromptu from the cockpit—that herd moving across the hill, the funny face your buddy is making.

If you would like to take your ride pictures up a notch, step one is to figure out the best compromise of image quality and convenience for the way you ride. I have a big, heavy camera in my tank bag. Others carry a compact on a lanyard.

Before moving on, let me explain that by *image quality* I mean clarity, sharpness and dynamic range—the ability to record scenes with both bright and dark areas without the bright areas (like the sky) turning white or dark areas turning black.

There are two advantages to the bigger camera, the first being better image quality from the larger sensor and better lens system and the second being speed. Once you have it in hand, a bigger camera is basically instantaneous to power on and shoot.

The advantage of a smaller camera is straightforward: it's easier to bring with and use. And for what most of us do with images these days—share them on the Internet—the quality is more than adequate.

With a camera selected, we can turn our attention to making more interesting images and maximizing the quality we've got. The easiest way to add interest requires only your feet: move! Crouch, climb, whatever, to avoid taking every picture at the same eye-level.

Changing perspective is another way to add interest. "Perspective" has a slightly technical meaning with photography. It's how much the lens is zoomed or in other terms, what focal length you're using. Zoomed all the way out to a wide angle makes foreground subjects appear very large



compared to the background. Noses look bigger and mountain ranges look very tiny when zoomed out.

Zoomed in to a longer focal length makes the background look bigger. Think of those shots where the moon looks positively huge above a ridge of trees. Combine zooming with using your feet for more interesting images. Zoom in and step back, for example, to make the background mountains appear larger behind your motorcycle.

One parting tip on interest: don't always center your subject. Imagine a tic-tac-toe grid overlaying your picture and position your subject on one of the intersections or lines.

The subject of quality involves a little homework with your camera manual. For compact cameras, the biggest detractor from quality is high ISO. Think of turning up the volume on a weak audio recording. It doesn't sound good. Similarly, high ISO images are mushy or speckled. Read your manual on how to keep the ISO setting as close to 100 as possible.

Another way to control quality is with exposure compensation. That's a fancy phrase for telling the camera to make its pictures a bit brighter or darker. Dramatic natural scenes tend to have a lot of dynamic range, noted above—maybe a sky of brilliant clouds and shadowy canyon below. The sky will hold a lot more detail and color when you tell your camera to shoot a little bit darker. Again, you'll have to refer to your manual on how to set exposure compensation. Usually it's very easy.

I hope these ideas help you make more satisfying images. Happy shooting!
