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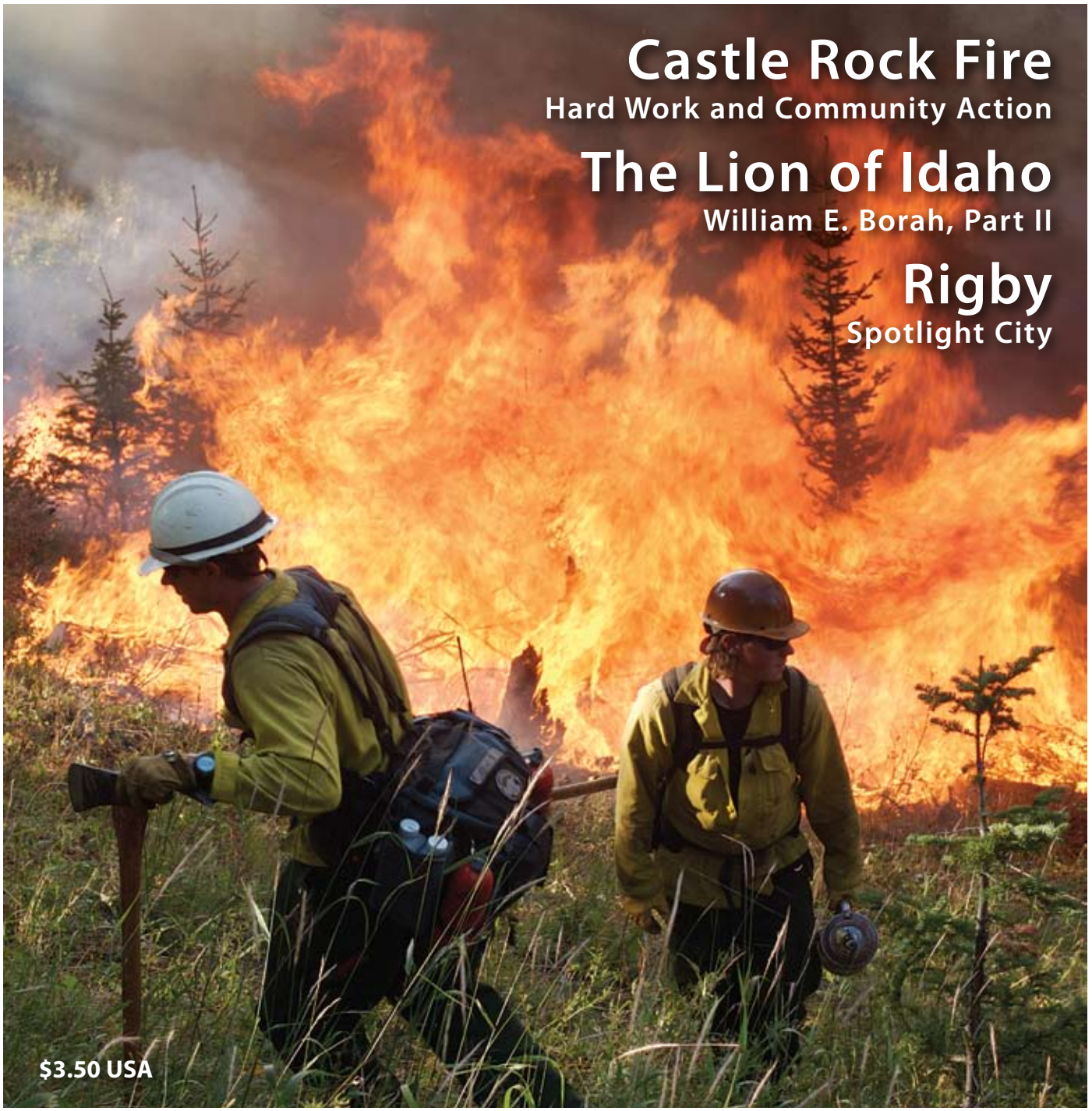

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F E A T U R E S

20 • William E. Borah
Part II

A US Senator for thirty-three years, William Borah was a significant and indispensible voice of reason throughout the chaotic first half of the 20th Century. From women's suffrage and the income tax to Prohibition and the Treaty of Versailles, Borah's influence helped to shape the modern world.

By Dene Oneida

32 • Rigby
Spotlight City

Founded on land that once seemed inhospitable, Rigby has always been a place where resourceful people have found new ways to make things happen. The hometown of Philo T. Farnsworth, inventor of the television, this small but vibrant town continues to grow and prosper.

By Linda Sandifer

50 • The Castle Rock Fire

Over the course of several weeks this past fall, a number of huge fires spread through the forests of Idaho, bringing firefighters in from throughout the country and endangering communities in the surrounding areas. None were more affected by fire than the residents immediately around Ketchum. This is an account of how the town survived the fire with grace, courage, and a strong sense of community.

By Karen Bossick

Dear Readers:

Who doesn't love the holiday season? Snow is collecting on the heights, our resident ski guru (Elliott) is counting the days until the slopes open, and the rest of us spend a lot of time thinking about presents, parties, and the things we will do with our loved ones. Personally, I find myself playing four or five movies over and over again, remembering where I was when I first saw them, who I was with, and the times and places they bring to mind.

Christmas is also a time for taking stock and looking to the future. With 2008 around the corner and a presidential election year beginning to take shape, there is much to consider in the days, weeks, and months ahead. Idaho is changing with the influx of population, with technology, and with the passing of our elders. It is a portrait in motion.

And so it is here at *IDAHO magazine*. We wish you and yours a very merry Christmas and a Happy Hanukkah!

Dene Oneida
Managing Editor

departments

cover photo

Pictured: Boise smokejumper Dray Thompson (L) and Alaska smokejumper Kris Dudley conduct a burn operation, August 2007.

Photographer: Mike McMillan

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The Slippery Santa

By Connie Otteson

As the holidays of 1979 approached, relentless snowstorms overwhelmed shoppers, while nighttime temperatures hovered near zero. Every Idaho Falls street became an icy menace.

The Sunday before Christmas, I stopped after church to visit with Julie, a newly-divorced young mother. She wore a faded denim skirt and threadbare blouse, and her ancient parka was tattered and soiled. Julie, too, looked worn out in spite of the fact that she was only in her late twenties. Though we were barely acquainted, she needed to share with someone the desperate straits of her young family.

Struggling to hold back tears, she explained that each of her three kids had a different father. The latest ex-husband was out of work and couldn't pay child support; the other two men had long-since disappeared. With scarcely enough to cover rent and utilities, Julie had no money to buy Christmas presents for her two daughters and young son.

That night over dinner, I retold Julie's story to my family. Our four children couldn't believe that three little kids in our congregation would not be visited by Santa on Christmas Eve. My husband suggested action. We agreed to sacrifice two gifts from each of our lists and buy a modest Christmas for Julie's family.

That night, we drove through snow-clogged streets to the old Grand Central, one of our town's early department stores. We decided to split up. The girls and I went to find gifts for Julie's daughters, and our sons teamed with Dad in search of something for the seven-year-old boy. The assignment was to buy each child a school outfit, a pair of warm pajamas, and two special toys. Giddy with the excitement of doing something special for someone else, the girls and I loaded our basket with treasures for the four and six-year-old girls. We didn't want Julie to feel left out, so we chose gifts for her as well.

...just three days before Christmas. It was a unanimous decision to place the gifts on the doorstep and then do the "ring the doorbell and run" trick.

As we drove home, happy chatter filled the car. We sorted the gifts on the family room floor where everything was wrapped in festive paper and then marked "From Santa." We packed it all in a huge cardboard box, and then added candy, homemade cookies, and some fruit. We planned our delivery for the next night, just three days before Christmas. It was a unanimous decision to place the gifts on the doorstep and then do the "ring the doorbell and run" trick.

After dark, we piled in our car again and slowly drove down Julie's street. The lights in her front room glowed dimly, and her beat-up Ford sat in the driveway. We chose Jim, our high school sophomore and cross-country runner, to place the giant box on her porch. He was to ring the bell and then dash to our hiding spot—behind the bushes near a darkened house, two doors up and across the street from Julie's.

Jim struggled with the awkward load, but managed to maintain his balance over icy mounds and jagged paths through the snow. The inky sky was clear for once, with vivid stars sparkling overhead. The air was lung-chillingly cold—our nostrils stuck together, and someone laughed with a muffled rumble, saying that her feet and fingers felt like dead lumps.

Puffing steam, we watched from our hideout and giggled nervously as Jim nearly went down twice, but each time managed to pull off a recovery. At last, he perched on the bottom stair, placed the box just so on the top one, and then readied for a hasty take-off. Our breathing and heartbeats froze with the night air as he pushed the button.

In an instant, our boy came dashing up the street to join us. We stared wide-eyed at the door, willing it to stay closed until he could get out of sight. Halfway across the glassy road, however, Jim lost his footing and fell flat on his belly—then slid at least ten yards. In horror, we snickered and stared, fearing the door would open before he could recover. Just in time, our hero made it to his knees and waddled behind a parked car as the light from Julie's opening door danced in a triangle across the icy street.

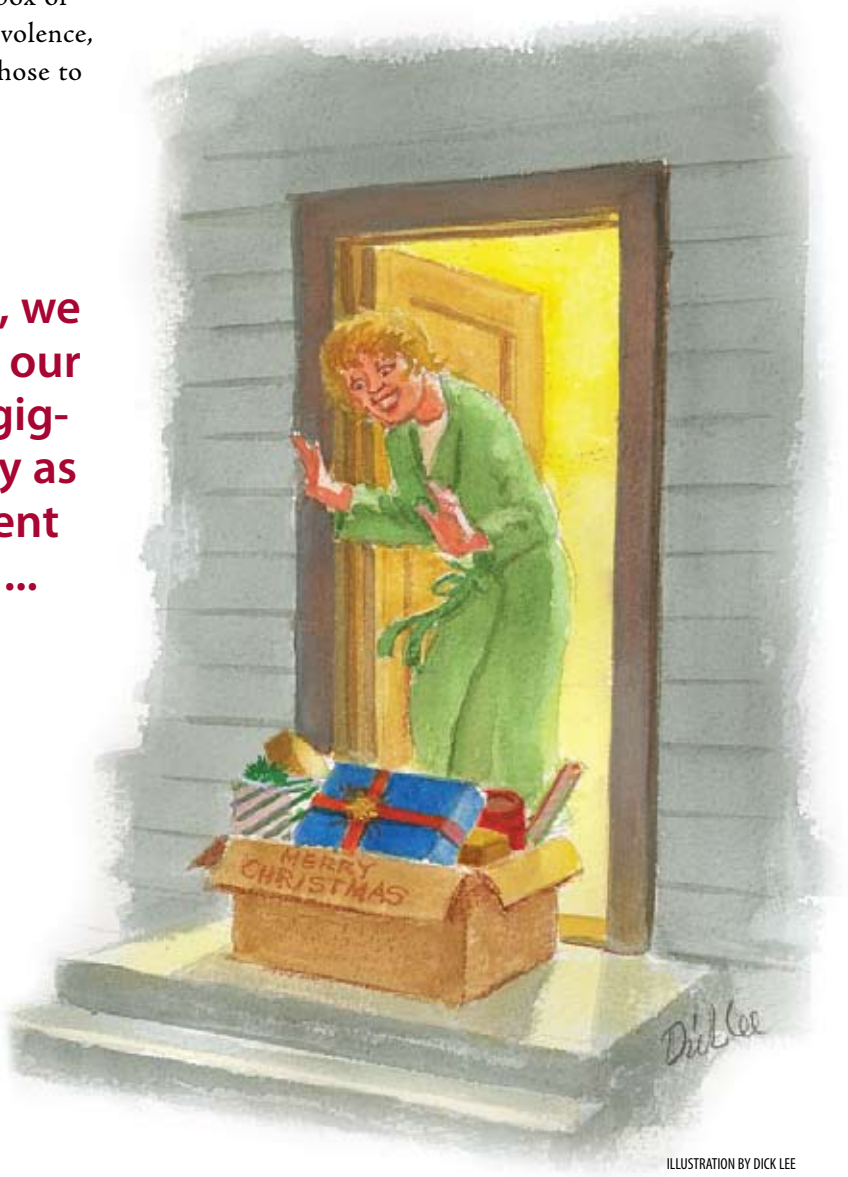
Puffing steam, we watched from our hideout and giggled nervously as Jim nearly went down twice ...

The look on her face that night left an imprint on our hearts forever. She glanced up and down the street, then stared at the box labeled in red and green markers, "Merry Christmas from Santa." She searched in vain again for someone to thank, then solemnly pulled the box inside her little house and slowly closed the door.

Ask anyone who's ever been on the receiving end. Feelings are tender and not everyone welcomes charity with a happy heart. Was Julie sincerely grateful—or humiliated and insulted that someone had guessed her destitution and need of a helping hand? We never heard another word about our Christmas mission that night.

But while we had no way of learning Julie's true feelings about our box of benevolence, we chose to imagine the struggling mother and her children as gratefully overwhelmed. After all, our offering was left with love and compassion, and our best intentions. And it was placed on her doorstep that Christmas season by our very own Slippery Santa.

Connie Otteson lives in Idaho Falls.



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Coming Home

Story and photos by Royce Williams

John Denver would not have written a song about it.

After seventeen years away, returning to Idaho looked more like someone coming back to life after barely surviving a bad bar fight.

Amtrak takes a break from its average speed of seventy-eight mph at Sandpoint. There's just enough time to wrestle the luggage through the cramped spaces. By the time a passenger's standing on the platform, the train's rolling on to Portland and Seattle.

Apparently, funding problems keep smaller train stations deserted during a large chunk of any given day, but there was a pay phone on the side of the station that an architect would be happy to spend a week inside. But the T for taxi page had been ripped from the phone book. Three hundred yards down the tracks, though, was one of those motel signs visible to satellites.

There was nothing to do but get a grip on three pieces of luggage and struggle down to the point where the fence between the tracks and the motel parking lot ends. There was still a brushy forty-five-degree embankment to negotiate, and it was covered in brush with sharp spines. At the bottom was a clump of cockleburs.

The motel desk clerk, working the midnight shift, wasn't put off by a man with red eyes from twenty-four hours without sleep, bleeding hands and ankles, unshaven, carrying ripped luggage and sprinkled liberally with cockleburs. She found a room with a bed, a reasonable substitute for heaven.

Maybe it has something to do with the wide open spaces and the threats that space holds for individuals, but westerners aren't put off by another human under attack.

This wasn't the first time this kind of thing had happened on the journey between Kentucky and Idaho. This passenger is unable to sleep on any conveyance, now including trains, and Amtrak had been kind enough to agree to a day and a half break in Fargo, N.D.

The rest stop was crucial, because travelers going anywhere today do not have fellow travelers to help make the time pass. The person in the seat next to you has a cell phone, and when

ABOVE: ***Quaking aspen***—*From a grove near Sun Valley.*

OPPOSITE, TOP TO BOTTOM: ***On the water***—*Payette Lake at sun-up;* ***Leaves in detail***—*Quakies in the sun.*

he or she isn't talking on that, they are plugged into their CD player. Traveling today does not include life stories and true confessions from strangers as it once so interestingly did.

A bed was not easy to find in Fargo. It was Big Iron Days – a show and tell by the manufacturers of huge farm machinery – and I had seen all day what those big machines did, creating oceans of corn and soybeans and wheat here on the edge of the prairie. Farmers and equipment explainers had booked very room.

... returning to Idaho looked more like someone coming back to life after barely surviving a bad bar fight

By chance, Jeff Dodd, who runs the aptly named Lucky 7 Taxi service, answered the phone. A former fix-it man on water pipes, Dodd left that job. Too much wading in freezing water in Fargo's intense winters. His fleet of Lincoln Towncars and drivers dressed in tuxedoes set him apart from the everyday cab service.

Starting about three a.m., Todd was determined to find a very tired train passenger a room in a city that appeared to be without one. It took until 5:30 a.m., but several cell phone calls from his Lincoln paid off. One farmer didn't show for his reservation. I was in luck.

In the past seventeen years,

FAR LEFT: ***From shore***— *Redfish Lake, late summer.*

LEFT: ***Overhanging foliage***— *Looking upstream along the Big Wood River.*

OPPOSITE: ***At lowering dawn***— *Early morning at Payette Lake.*

Sandpoint has lost some of its rustic Western charm. The cowboy trappings have left most public places, replaced with potted ferns or wave petunias, artwork and posters that look slightly unfinished, and prices that signify an upscale attitude.

The same can be said for nearly every town on the long road to Boise. All of them have roughly doubled in size. (Where are these people coming from? What are they doing? Where will Idaho find the water it needs?) According to *The Idaho Statesman*, Boise is the "place to be" this year. In the story, local economists, as they always do, foresaw a downturn, and a follow-up story a few days later took the point of view of the city's workers – living here was too expensive for most of them, given their salaries. (Where do these people go? What will they do there? And where will the folks in million-dollar-plus homes find the people to care for and maintain those houses?)

I can sympathize. The place I'm renting in Kentucky goes for three hundred a month. But in Boise, the same space and features go for eight-hundred a month.

At Redfish Lodge, the bar was occupied one entire afternoon by about twenty women from a knitting club. The knitting was getting done, margaritas were being swilled, fun was being had. The only reminder of the old cowboy bar was the baby sweater that ended up on someone's head, but there were just pictures to liven up the next meeting. There would be no night in jail to sleep it off as would once have been the cowboy way.

... the scent of sagebrush coming into your face with an early morning wind says Idaho, says home.

Main Street in every town north to south is close to being overrun with real estate offices. The things folks, especially travelers, need – a sandwich shop, a hardware store – have been pushed back to Second Street or closed down. Finding a place for breakfast or lunch isn't as easy as it once was. And I didn't see huckleberry pancakes on the breakfast menu at what used to be the Shore Lodge in McCall. This is a larger loss than it seems.

When an eatery is found, the talk at surrounding tables is land prices, pros and cons of the home on that land, the best location. The current epidemic of foreclosures gets mentioned in passing and is met with silence and a fleeting worried look.

When people aren't talking about real estate, they're discussing the latest invasion of Senator Larry Craig's private life. The conversations require a second look at that table, because the talk sounds exactly like a radio talk show, making these times among the few when one wishes for a commercial to interrupt.

But one thing about Idaho hasn't changed that much. Despite a drought and a disastrous fire season, the natural beauty of the place is intact. Lake Pend Oreille and Coeur d'Alene Lake maintain their blue to green casts, still reflect an entire storm system instead of one slice of the system as is true in Kentucky. The water still makes diamonds in the sun, gem stones anybody can afford. Just as the smell of chalk dust

reminds everyone of school, the scent of sagebrush coming into your face with an early morning wind says Idaho—says home.

Groves of aspen take on the same shimmering gold that sometimes runs into strawberry red, depending on the soil. When the sun goes behind the mountains, the water surface of the Salmon River reflects and refracts light, making a river of melted gold instead of cold blue-green. The river still smoothes and polishes every rough gem the ice and water carries to it from the Sawtooths. The Palouse still looks like a giant's wife spreading a yellow quilt over a bed.

Lewiston Hill… Whitebird Hill… Mores Creek Summit… Galena Summit… All of them have more curves than I remember. But then, what's on the other side would make anybody forget the hairpins in thin air. The cottonwoods along the Big Wood River, at least some of them, match the Palouse. Cottonwood trees are the original individualists. Two of them standing side by side will rarely change color at the same time in the fall.

Others understand this natural attraction, some of them I would never have expected to understand or openly appreciate it. Boise Cascade's headquarters isn't called that anymore. It's now called a Plaza, and there's a yellow aspen leaf added. It doesn't exactly say timber, but it says tree, and that's friendlier toward what matters to me.

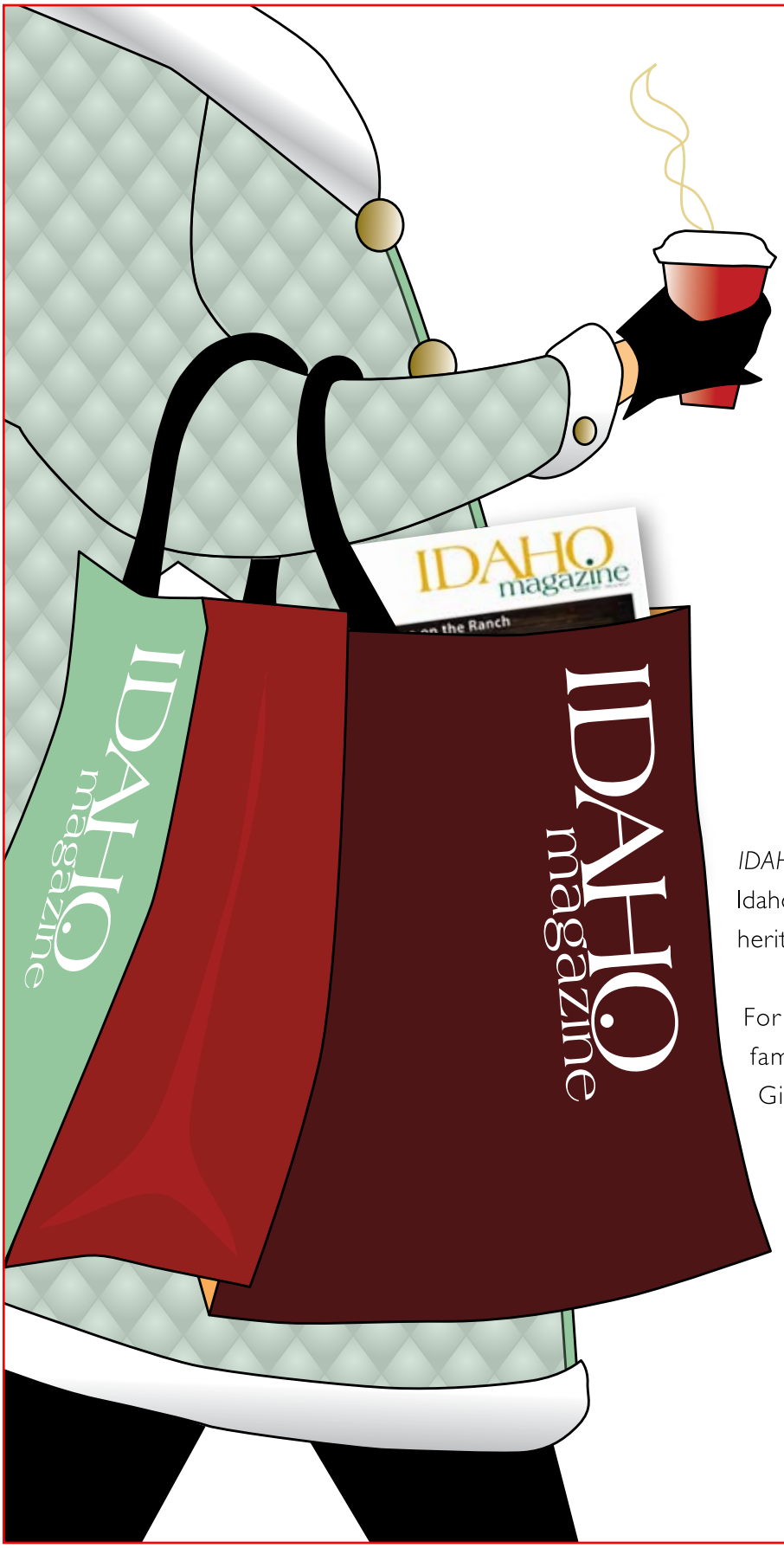
When somebody comes back home, there is a confluence of time and space when it all falls into place. It happened to me at Redfish Lake.

Trying not to wake anyone, I went down the creaky old stairs at the lodge and out into the early morning. The water softened the outlines of a harvest moon, and a gray fox followed me for a time, unaccustomed to seeing a human about at that hour.

As I sat on a log, the moon slipped behind the charcoal sketch of the Sawtooths. Then the morning sun hit the water. It came through a break in clouds, turning them and the water into every rich and full color that fall can bring to a place like Idaho. Even though I'd seen it hundreds of times in hundreds of wild places, it was something new squeezed from things ancient.

Yes, this is home again.

Royce Williams lives in Boise.



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On the edge of the blaze—Smokejumpers spend much of their time cutting firebreaks and working to stop fire in its tracks.

PHOTO BY ERIC WALKER

Earth, Wind and Fire

Smokejumpers battle challenging elements in managing Idaho wildfires

By Jason Chatraw

Frank Goodson looks like he belongs here. Relaxing near his stall in the locker room, the chiseled smokejumping veteran leaks a wry smile when asked to explain how he entered the world of wildfire fighting.

When Goodson was in the sixth grade living in northern California, a neighbor's house sat squarely in the line of a rapidly approaching brush fire. With the professional fire fighters hours away from arriving on the scene, the self-proclaimed pyromaniac ("I was always trying to burn trash in a big drum in our backyard," Goodson quips) wasted no time in volunteering.

"It was so exciting," Goodson says. "We used garden hoses and wet blankets, anything we could find to keep the fire from reaching the house. When I got home, I smelled of smoke and my shoes were covered in black soot." They also succeeded at holding the fire at bay—and Goodson was hooked.

Goodson is one of eighty-two men and women who serve as smokejumpers at the National Interagency Fire Center base in Boise for the Bureau of Land Management (BLM). But these aren't just thrill seekers looking for a unique way to earn a paycheck—they are the best of the best in wildfire fighting. If smokejumping is the big leagues in wildfire fighting, the Boise base is comprised of the All Stars.

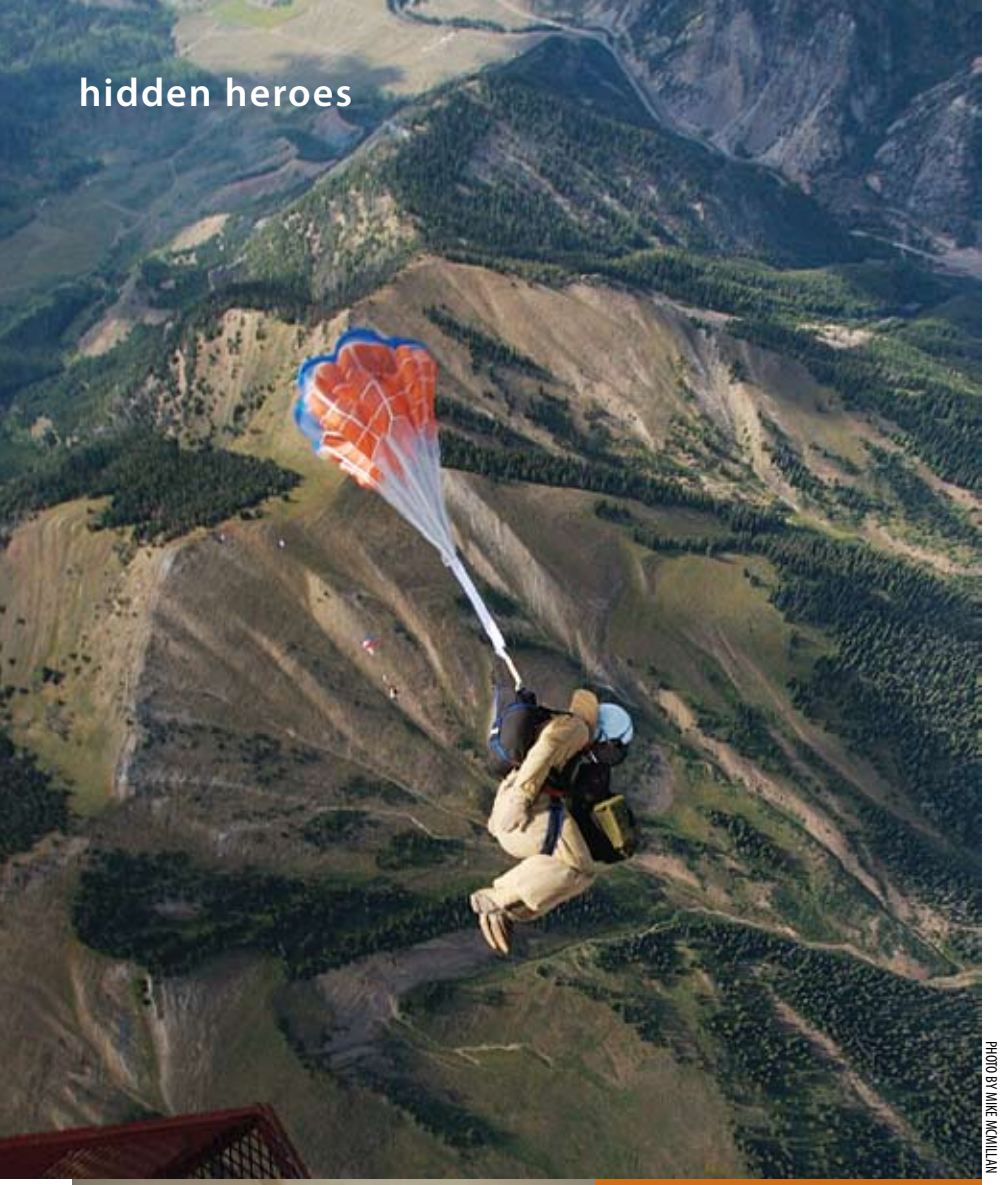

PHOTO BY MIKE MCMILLAN

PHOTO BY MIKE MCMILLAN

ABOVE: ***And they're out***—*A line of parachutes signifies the insertion of smokejumpers into a trouble spot.*

LEFT: ***Timing is everything***—*Boise smokejumper spotter Tim Schaeffer briefs the smokejumpers as they prepare to exit the Twin-Otter jumpship. Jumping at the wrong time can leave the smokejumper miles away from where he or she needs to be.*

Earning a Spot

When the Aerial Fire Control Experimental Project led by David Godwin was developed in the mid-1930s, they began looking for anyone crazy enough to jump out of a plane near a wildfire when the parachute portion of the project began in earnest in 1939. Today, this experiment has evolved into a fully-viable program, viewed as one of the most effective ways to respond quickly to burgeoning wildfires. And BLM can't keep away the applicants.

Paul Hohn, the base's assistant operations supervisor, says the Boise base is competitive because its mission extends beyond smokejumping. "Only the best of the best in wildfire fighting get hired here because our smokejumpers are the ones who provide leadership on the ground and help coordinate with other fire fighting agencies," Hohn says. "Every fire is different and each one calls for strong leadership to contain the fire quickly and efficiently."

Last year, the Boise base (the BLM has its only other base in Fairbanks, Alaska) received more than two hundred applicants and twelve candidates were accepted. Only eight passed the grueling five-week training course.

"It's fun to be part of an organization that is providing this type of leadership in wildfire fighting," Hohn says. "But it takes a lot more than being able to jump out of an airplane and digging lines."

Inside Smokejumping

For the smokejumpers who survive training, their jobs are much more than simply jumping out of airplanes. They must mix the talents of special forces troops, lumber jacks, survival guides, field generals and conservationists—and mix them well.

During the height of wildfire season (mid-May to mid-September in most years), smokejumpers are dispatched with planes and supplies to various field bases scattered about the Northwest. At the center in Boise, operations directs each team's mission, employing the National Weather Service's (NWS) daily fire prediction report. Relying on weather pattern information and daily weather prediction, the NWS can predict the areas most likely to develop a wildfire. Once a wildfire is identified, smokejumping teams are dispatched to the location, parachuting onto the scene and assessing the situation.

As many as eight smokejumpers or as few as two begin working on the scene once they hit the ground and the supplies are then air dropped as well. Once the smokejumpers assess the fire (much of this work is done in the air as the plane circles the fire), they begin cutting down trees and cutting lines by digging large swaths into the ground that removes all flammable debris intended to halt the fire's advancement.

But wildfires don't always cooperate. "You can cut some big lines and think you've got the fire contained," Hohn says. "But then you wake up in the morning only to find that some sparks from a tree spewed into the air and jumped the line, starting a fire on the other side. And away you go."

Oftentimes, smokejumpers will order a "hot shot" team, a group of as many as twenty rapid responders who help cut lines. "Working on a hot shot crew is fun, but you're basically taking orders the whole time," says first-year smokejumper Justin Reedy. "Smokejumpers have the opportunity to give input and help lead the fire fighting."

Reedy should know. He served on a hot shot crew for four years, which is often considered the training ground for smokejumpers. "It's a lot of sixteen-hour

PHOTO BY MIKE MCMILLAN

days of cutting away on lines," Reedy says.

However, Reedy's first summer on the job as a smokejumper has been just as exhausting. While Goodson, a twelve-year veteran, made just one jump his first fire season as a smokejumper (he has one hundred ten under his belt now), Reedy made eighteen.

"Everybody tells me it isn't usually this busy," says Reedy, revealing with his hesitant facial expression that he's not so sure this is the way wildfire fighting has become in this era. "But I still really enjoyed my first year. Every day is different and you have no idea when you wake up in the morning where you'll end up by that afternoon."

Expect More Fires

While Reedy was busy this season, the demand for wildfire fighters and smokejumpers may only increase as wildfires continue to grow each year. In 2002, the U.S. Department of Agriculture and Interior implemented a new management policy called "Healthy Forests," which calls for prescribed burnings. The idea behind this policy is to reduce the amount of "dead fuel" on the forest floor so that future fires are more manageable. However, some scientists believe climate change is also partly to blame in the increased numbers of wildfires.

Anthony L. Westerling, a researcher with the Sierra Nevada Research Institute, believes that climate change—shorter winters and longer summers—is a major contributing factor in the increase of wildfires. A report by Westerling in last year's *Science* magazine revealed that "in the thirty-four years studied, years with early snowmelt (and hence a longer dry summer period) had five times as many wildfires as years with late snowmelt." And while that seems to make sense, the frequency of these longer summers is increasing, creating

optimum conditions for more wildfires.

Goodson has also noticed the increase. "I'm not a scientist, but I've definitely noticed an increase in the number of wildfires and intensity of them as well," he says. "When you combine global warming with a large amount of fuel lying on the forest floor because we've prevented nature from running its course like it used to, you're going to have more intense fires."

"Sometimes fires are healthy," Hohn says. "But when they're not is when they're bearing down on your house. As wildfires are increasing in number and intensity each year, it presents a real challenge to us as firefighters. We're having to be creative about the way we approach getting them under control."

PHOTO BY ERIC WALKER

OPPOSITE: ***Supply drop***—*After the smokejumpers are on the ground and setting up shop, their Twin-Otter jumpship delivers paracargo of supplies and tools.*

ABOVE: ***Easier said than done***—*Smokejumpers often do not get a clear drop zone, and so they must know how to maneuver into tight spaces, or get down out of trees, if necessary.*

PHOTO BY MIKE MCMILLAN

PHOTO BY ERIC WALKER

ABOVE: ***Wearing specialized gear***—*Boise smokejumper Ben Oakleaf after a training jump near Pocatello, September 2007. He wears a fire-retardant jump suit and carries an assortment of equipment that will be useful upon landing.*

LEFT: ***Another day at the office***—*Riding a parachute to the front line, a Boise smokejumper, prepares to land.*

Expect the Unexpected

In facing the challenges of managing wildfires, smokejumpers will tell you that fire is of full of surprises—but so are smokejumpers. On a brief tour of the BLM smokejumpers base in Boise, there are a few things you would expect to see—an large area to inspect parachutes and other equipment, a tall shaft to test parachutes, and a bank of a dozen sewing machines. Sewing machines?

The physique of most smokejumpers is exactly what you would hope to see if you needed rescuing from a fire, but it's not what you would first think of when asked to conjure up a visual image of a master seamstress. But it's all part of the job.

"Most of our equipment is so specialized, you can't order it from a store," says Goodson. "They don't make this stuff anywhere, so we have to make it ourselves."

Lying on a cutting table appears to be a high-quality belt bag used for rock climbing. But it's not a modified bag from a sporting goods store—it's hand crafted by the smokejumpers. Precision double stitching and fire-retardant material makes the belts look like they belong in a high-end outdoors catalog.

"I knew that this would be part of the job," Goodson admits, smiling at how unlikely the task seems for him. "But it's actually fun making some of the things we make. Most guys are actually pretty good—you kind of have to be."

When your life depends on a safe parachute, you take sewing and patching up holes seriously.

Real Commitment

Reedy knows his first season on the job has been a busy one, but he's still glowing from the experience. Even the moderate amount of rookie tasks (all rookies make coffee in the morning out in the field) has helped Reedy feel right at home among people he has admired for quite some time.

"My first jump was with Al Seiler," Reedy recalls. "He's been around smokejumping forever. He's even got an award named after him at the Alaska smokejumpers base—The Iron Al Award. So on my first jump, I was a little nervous, but he put me at ease, telling me all these stories about his crazy adventures in smokejumping. Listening to some of the things he's done ..." Reedy trails off. But you know what he means. He respects his co-workers and the people who have become icons in the profession for their commitment to helping manage wildfires through the years.

All Idahoans should be just as grateful for the men and women committed to protecting our beautiful state from raging wildfires. Idaho wouldn't be the same without them.

Jason Chatraw is a freelance writer living in Boise.

RESEARCH

http://www.sciencemag.org/cgi/content/full/313/5789/927

http://www.blm.gov/nifc/st/en/prog/fire/fireops/people_in_fire/smokejumpers.html

The Lion of Idaho

William Edgar Borah

PART II

Without an unfettered press, without liberty of speech, all of the outward forms and structures of free institutions are a sham, a pretense–the sheerest mockery. If the press is not free; if speech is not independent and untrammeled; if the mind is shackled or made impotent through fear, it makes no difference under what form of government you live, you are a subject and not a citizen.

—William Edgar Borah

By Dene Oneida

In December 1907, a new legislator from Idaho took his seat in the United States Senate. From that point, in a career that spanned thirty-three years and saw seven presidents (including both Roosevelts), the war to end all wars, and the Great Depression, William E. Borah amassed a reputation for honesty, political courage, and resolute opposition to everything he considered to be wrong for the United States.

A Republican whose father was a staunch supporter of Abraham Lincoln, Borah nonetheless put together a unique voting record that had little to do with what his friends, or his party, had in mind. He was famous for following his conscience wherever it led politically, but he never suffered that before the people of Idaho. Despite the fact that the senator was often at odds with the state Republican Party, the citizens of the state returned him to Congress with majorities that consistently ran ahead of the rest of the party's slate.

This is the second part of a two part series, in which we examine the life of a man considered to be one of the most consequential public figures of his time. Part one (*IDAHO magazine*, October 2007) dealt with events prior to Borah's election as senator; this part will be focused squarely on the public figure he became.

***Resolute in action**—Pencil sketch by S. J. Woolf from his book* Drawn From Life *(c) 1932.*

PHOTO COURTESY THE IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PART TWO: *The Lion Ascendant*

Although Borah was elected to the Senate in 1906 and actually presented his credentials at the Capitol in early 1907, the various activities of that year, the Haywood trial and his own, kept him from moving east. In the end, Mary Borah moved to Washington that fall, and Borah himself followed permanently in December of 1907.

The Senate where he would make his political home was a very different place at the turn of the last century than it is today, but there were a number of striking similarities. Then, as now, the rich predominated. Lawyers were very prominent, and a number of families sequentially held seats in what was often referred to as "America's House of Lords." In that sense, the Senate was a profoundly conservative body that held deep suspicions about the labor movement and very definite ideas about the usefulness of industry. Theodore Roosevelt had contentious relations with the Senate, his Progressivism being antithetical to the nature of the Senate, but, nonetheless, he very often had his own way.

Because he arrived in Washington with the reputation of being a corporate attorney and a prosecutor fighting radical elements of the labor movement, Borah was given very good committee assignments for a freshman. While true, the estimation that both of these things revealed the nature of the man proved to be a mistake for his party's leaders in the Senate. Their perception that he would play ball with those interests was in error; upon election, Borah had, in fact, severed all ties with the companies he represented. Moreover, even though Senate rules at the time allowed attorneys to continue practicing law, in the end, Borah refused to take on clients as a lawyer. As Borah biographer Claudius O. Johnson explained, attorneys in Congress who continued to practice law were forbidden to represent clients in disputes with the executive departments; however, they were often retained by corporations to shepherd cases through the Federal courts, a seeming conflict of interest that was not against the law at that time. This often resulted in a member of Congress opposing in court a bill he had helped to pass. (Pg. 91)

After a great deal of consideration, Borah decided that one job was enough, and he could not "take care of one {job} without slighting the other. He chose his career in the Senate." (Johnson, pg. 93) With one short exception, he never worked as a lawyer again.

His first term in the Senate was largely taken up with the usual business of that body, although the election of 1908 occupied a great deal of time. Steadfastly for Theodore Roosevelt's hand-picked successor, William Howard Taft, Borah found himself campaigning across the country for the rotund Republican. His eloquence on the stump won him a great deal of credit in the bargain. His willingness to campaign for Taft bore fruit very soon thereafter when Borah, with the president's help, was able to secure a great deal of conservation, reclamation, and irrigation funding for Idaho. He also was part of an effort by Western senators to push through a significant change to the homesteading laws, assuring much more favorable terms for the small landholders.

The senator was noted throughout his career for taking care to address the concerns of Idahoans who contacted him for help at the Federal level, but his intellectual focus quickly moved to national and, later, international questions. This focus would result in some criticism from the state party, which would complain, sometimes with justification, that the senator gave strictly local concerns short shrift. The flip side, of course, was that Borah's burgeoning national reputation was fine publicity for Idaho.

In 1909, he joined battle on the first great crusades of his career. Congress had passed laws on several occasions seeking to tax income, and the laws were quickly overturned by the Supreme Court, citing the Constitution's bar to direct, or capitation taxes. In a series of speeches over the course of a year, the senator laid out the Constitutional arguments for the income tax. Borah contended that the main source of income at the time, tariffs and import duties, were regressive in nature, rode heaviest on those least able to afford them, and were, in any event, insufficient sources of income for a quickly-growing nation. Rather more emotionally, he later noted:

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

It is all unjust and unfair, tyrannical, and to my mind brutal, to hold onto a system of taxation which continues to put all the burden {of revenue for the government} upon what we must eat and upon what we must wear and nothing upon the great incomes which fools so often flaunt in the face of the poor. (Johnson, pg. 119)

Advocates of the income tax tried to include the language as part of a new tariff bill (later passed as the Payne-Aldrich act), but the senate was persuaded by President Taft to vote out the income tax authorization as a Constitutional amendment. As Johnson puts it, "The resolution for the amendment passed the senate without a dissenting vote on July 5 (1910)." (Pg. 119) The hope of those against the tax was that the state legislatures would fail to approve it, and the measure would die. According to biographer Marian McKenna:

To the surprise of conservatives and progressives alike, the income-tax amendment was ratified by one state legislature after another and became the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution on February 25, 1913. Of all the innovations during the reform era the graduated income tax was destined to have the most positive and enduring effect on the American economy. (Pg 108)

***On the stump**—The Senator speaking to an attentive crowd in Caldwell.*

The Progressive wave through the American government continued with renewed interest in the direct election of senators. It is useful to remember that members of the Senate at the time of Borah's first election were not directly chosen by popular vote. Instead, according to the Constitution, senators were elected by state legislatures using a variety of methods. The theory behind indirect election was that the Senate was intended to be a representative body that considered the interests of states vis a vis the national government, rather than being a political body particularly subject to the popular will of the people. In practice, it was actually nothing of the sort. It was discovered very early that the wealthy and vested interests within a state found it easier to persuade a hundred legislators to vote for "their" senator, as opposed to the several thousand citizens it would require in a direct election. Johnson noted: "the amendment resolution had passed the House of Representatives several times, and more than two-thirds of the states had declared for it, but the Senate refused to consider the proposition." (Pgs. 125-26) Matters came to a head, however, in 1909 when William Lorimer was elected to the Senate by the Illinois legislature, and strong evidence of corruption and bribery surfaced. Upon investigation and after Senate hearings, Lorimer's election was invalidated in July 1912. Advocates of direct election used the Lorimer case to push their cause. Borah, in particular, was avid to secure passage, and he presented the Judiciary Committee report favoring the amendment on January 11, 1911.

And yet the battle dragged on. Direct election was defeated in 1911, but as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Borah brought the amendment up again the following spring and it finally passed both Houses of Congress with a two-thirds majority. By May 1913, ratification was secured for the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The 1912 election found Borah in a quandary. President Taft was planning to run for re-election, and Borah, as we have seen, campaigned for him enthusiastically in 1908. The quandary arose when his friend and political benefactor, Theodore Roosevelt, the old Rough Rider, decided that Taft was squandering his legacy and decided to challenge the incumbent for the Republican nomination. Forced by circumstance to take sides, Borah chose TR and immediately began rounding up support in Idaho. However, as Johnson noted:

Back in Idaho the Statesman *was equally strong for the re-election of Taft and Borah. The Republican organization in that State was for the renomination of Taft, and, finding no weakness in Borah's armor which might make him vulnerable before the electorate, supported the renomination of the Senator also. (Pg. 137)*

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Early on, the senator had discussed a possible third party with Roosevelt, and Borah had been opposed to the idea. After the convention, in which Taft used the powers of his incumbency to retain the nomination, Roosevelt approached Borah about joining his third party effort to unseat Taft. The senator tried to talk Roosevelt out of the effort, and then refused to take part. Their friendship was over.

Borah would remain neutral through the 1912 election, unable to support the Bull Moose insurgency and unwilling to campaign for Taft. In the end, the split in the Republican Party secured the election of Democrat Woodrow Wilson.

Re-elected to the Senate, the next several years were devoted to large questions, such as women's suffrage (which he strongly supported), Prohibition (which he also supported), and the continuing haggling necessitated by trade and tariffs. In regard to the vote for women, he was against the idea of working towards a Constitutional Amendment, primarily because he believed that, as Johnson put it, "at least sixteen states" would refuse to ratify, based on their experience with the Fifteenth Amendment, compelling suffrage for black American men.

On the other hand, Borah strongly favored women's suffrage, believing that each state ought to settle the matter. His nuanced support was not popular among the suffragettes, who favored the amendment, and the senator was strongly denounced. He never changed his mind, which fell in with his general view of the responsibility of states and their continuing

***On the water**—Fishing was always one of Borah's favorite pursuits, and he went often, both in Washington and back home in Idaho.*

rights under the Constitution.

By the time of the 1916 election, there was some small groundswell for Borah as a presidential candidate, but in the end, he chose not to run. Wilson was re-elected, and the world lurched toward war in Europe.

Borah was no internationalist, preferring to adhere to Washington's injunction about avoiding foreign entanglements. And, as war heated up on the European Continent, Borah was content, for the most part, to reiterate America's neutrality and insist that International Law be adhered to by the belligerents. America continued to be drawn in, and when Wilson severed diplomatic relations with Germany, Borah insisted that this action "certainly did not mean that we were then on the side of the Allies." (Johnson, pg. 199)

Ultimately, it did not matter. Through a series of steps, small and large, America went to war, and Borah voted to authorize the effort, though, interestingly, he voted against conscription on principle. He also insisted that his vote for the war was because American rights had been abused. In a speech given July 26, 1917, Borah noted that the conflict was "an American war, to be carried on, prolonged, or ended according to our interests." (Johnson, pg 207) And when the Armistice came, Borah's strong preference was that the United States should resume its long-standing policy of neutrality.

Immediately after the war, Borah worked to free those jailed under the wartime espionage act. Men such as Eugene Debs served prison time for speaking out against American involvement in WWI, and Borah fought to release them. As adamant as he was on this question, he was more adamant when it came to one of his most significant battles, the defeat of Wilson's League of Nations.

The senator was one of many who believed that America had been drawn into the war in Europe, and he was intransigently opposed to the idea of international pacts of any sort that would subordinate the Constitution to the whims of foreign powers. He spoke against Wilson's treaty and League, bitterly complaining that the Senate was being asked to vote for something they had not yet seen, regardless of how often specific provisions were being mooted about. Borah believed that the United States, under the League, would be inevitably drawn into any future conflicts.

Wilson proved equally intransigent, refusing to allow any version of the Versailles Treaty, save his own, to be voted upon by the Senate. While out on a whistlestop tour promoting the League, Wilson suffered a debilitating stroke, effectively stilling his voice, and the Senate voted not to ratify the treaty, finally killing it after Wilson had left office.

Borah was not opposed to working towards reconciliation of hostilities, merely the form which the League took and the obligations America would have taken on. He was also deeply opposed to the retributive effect of the Versailles treaty:

To Borah and other liberals of his time, including the eminent economist John Maynard Keynes, it seemed an unsound, revengeful peace, above all disastrous in its unrealistic reparations policy. (McKenna, pg. 185)

Their analysis would prove to be prescient, as the treaty was a contributing cause to the hyperinflation in Germany and the eventual rise of the National Socialist Party.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

***Portrait in near profile**—Senator William E. Borah.*

Through the Twenties, Borah spent time on issues of disarmament, trade policy, and civil rights. Women's suffrage passed; Prohibition did as well, and the Roaring Twenties rolled on. Peacetime economic expansion was consistent, and the senator gave a great deal of attention to the needs of his constituents, as well as the wider world. It was during this time, in November 1924, that Borah became chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which was the zenith of his political powers. One of the major events of his tenure as chairman was his refusal to have the United States join the World Court, except under strict reservations of national interest. In the end, the senator succeeded in keeping the United States a neutral power, which, as events later developed, proved to be decidedly a mixed blessing.

One interesting personal sidelight from that time, long part of Washington rumor, apparently was confirmed in October of this year when a new biography about Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the brilliant and flamboyant first daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, was published. Written by Stacey Cordrey and titled "Alice," this book is based heavily on a diary and a collection of love letters belonging to Mrs. Longworth, which were provided to the author by Longworth's granddaughter, Joanna Sturm. Among other things, these document a relationship between the leonine sixty-year-old senator and the forty-one year-old socialite that resulted in the birth of her only child,

Paulina. Skeptics are invited to seek out a picture of Paulina Longworth, and compare her features with Borah's.

Borah lost his chairmanship along with the Republican majority during the wipeout election of 1932. Franklin Roosevelt swept to power, pledging to return the country to prosperity. At first an ally of sorts, Borah grew wary of the expansion of executive power under FDR. Interestingly, however:

William Edgar Borah was a lifelong Republican, but he got along better with a Democratic president…better than with any president from his own party. Borah fought FDR on many major issues, sometimes in a leading role, often from behind the scenes, but always maintained friendly personal relations with {the president}. (Hutchinson, pg. 25)

Through the Thirties, Borah's energy began to wane. Born in 1865, he was near retirement age when he was, again, drawn to action. In 1936, after discussion among the liberal wing of his party, he sought the Republican nomination for president. He ran in a number of primaries, energizing the progressive wing of the party, but in the end, the votes simply were not there. On the other hand, his support would be necessary if the eventual nominee, Governor Alf Landon of Kansas, was to have any chance against President Roosevelt. Borah's considerable influence shaped the platform Landon would run on, but it would do little good. Landon would be swept by more than ten million votes nationally, and the Electoral College would reflect a Roosevelt blowout, 523-8.

While the president dispatched Landon, the sitting Idaho governor, Ben Ross, was running against Borah. Johnson notes:

Borah was the lone GOP victor in the Gem State. He led Ross in the voting by two to one and even forged ahead of FDR's tremendous majority by four thousand. The extent of Borah's victory was not apparent until a final count revealed he polled 126,000 votes, almost double the Ross figure of 71,500 and more votes than any Idaho candidate had ever received (the total population was 445,000). (Pg. 341)

The final major fight of his career came when FDR, upset at the Supreme Court for nullifying law after law passed during his New Deal and citing the heavy workload experienced by the aged justices on the court, proposed the Judiciary Reorganization Bill of 1937, which would have allowed the president to increase the size of the court, essentially, by adding a new justice for every justice over the age of seventy. On a court split five to four on most major questions, even two new justices would tip the balance. Borah saw this as a president trying to tip the Constitutional balance against an independent judiciary, and he was not alone. Members of the president's own party were also up in arms. Republicans thought this might be the opening against Roosevelt they had been searching for. Instead, Borah, in consultation with the Democratic majority, undertook to let the Democrats defeat the plan. The Republicans, with only sixteen senators in the minority, would stay silent and let the majority carry the fight. He would work in the background against the bill, which eventually went down in a 70-20 Senate vote. It was one of the most resounding defeats of FDR's presidency.

The next few years saw war break out in Europe again, as Borah had feared, and he strongly hoped that the United States would remain neutral. The Senate debated changes to the Neutrality Act, and Borah was against the so-called cash and carry provisions of the amendments. He believed, as in WWI, that the British would work to assure American involvement in the wider European war. Borah continued to seek means of remaining a neutral in the conflict. In the end, he would not live to see American involvement.

On January 15, 1940, William E. Borah suffered a cerebral hemorrhage that left him in a four-day coma, broken by periods of brief consciousness. He died on January 19, and his funeral was held January 22, 1940 in the Senate chambers. The entirety of Washington government was there: the president, the Supreme Court, and both Houses of Congress. The one empty seat was the senator's desk, after thirty-three years, finally vacant, finally still.

The senator was laid to rest in Morris Hill Cemetery in Boise. His wife, Mary McConnell Borah, would survive him by thirty-six years. Born in 1870, she died in 1976, the nation's bicentennial.

Dene Oneida is managing editor of IDAHO magazine *and lives in Boise.*

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PHOTO BY MEGAN RIEGER

PHOTO COURTESY OF OPAL DICKSON

LEFT: ***A ride on her birthday***—*Opal Dickson (in the striped shirt) celebrates her one hundredth birthday with siblings Franklin and Velma.*

ABOVE: ***Ready for her first teaching position***—*Opal at the Ontario train station, September 1924, en route to the Big Creek School in the Pahsimeroi Valley.*

Opal Dickson

By Megan Rieger

Centenarian Opal Dickson is a retired teacher and longtime Gooding resident. Family profile: married for sixty-nine years; husband is deceased; three children, eight grandchildren, two great-grandchildren.

A full-sized piano boasts eighty-eight keys. If each of those keys represented a year of piano playing, Opal Dickson would need an extra twelve. Her first notes were played on a pump organ in the little white plank board house where she grew up. Her father had built the little house – with three rooms and a porch – on ten acres of land in Fruitland when Opal was a little girl.

Even though they were poor, Opal's mother was adamant her children learned to play piano. When the family made trips to Ontario, Oregon to see movies, Opal admired the pianist who provided sound effects for the silent movies. She aspired to play at the theater herself one day, but by the time she was old enough, "talkies" had made that job obsolete.

Opal describes her father as a hard-working man who preached the benefits of farm diversity. The family of six raised all their fruit and vegetables, and practically all the meat. The fruits of their labor gave them collateral to acquire the items they couldn't make themselves. "We'd take twelve dozen eggs to the grocery store every Saturday and trade it for something else we needed, like sugar," Dickson said. "It was very important at the end of the week to have all those eggs."

Her father's occupation of farming exempted him from the service during World War I. But then the family received a notice from the draft board – the exemption had been dropped. "That meant they were setting aside the necessity of farmers producing food for every-

one," Dickson said. "The world just dropped away from me because I couldn't imagine life without my dad."

Before her father could be drafted, the newspaper announced the signing of the Armistice. Twelve-year-old Opal and her family joined the caravan of farmers who streamed in from neighboring towns to celebrate on Main Street in Payette. "They built bonfires and burned effigies of the Kaiser and all the bands marched," Dickson recalls. "It was a wonderful, wonderful thing to be able to burn up those draft cards."

Opal began high school in the wake of the Roaring '20s, when even the largely migrant farming community of Fruitland experienced a cultural shift. "When the war was over, there was such a slackening of tension," Dickson said. "People just cut loose and did what came naturally. Girls who had dresses halfway to the ankles moved the hem up to knee length. And all the girls bobbed their hair." All the girls that is, except Opal herself – she didn't want to make her father angry.

During graduation week of her senior year, Opal gave in to the trend and got her first-ever barbershop haircut. She said it was also the first time she dared defy her father. "When I went out to the barn to show him what I'd done, he just said, 'humph.' I thought – that wasn't so bad after all."

After graduating from Fruitland High in the largest class up to that point (twenty-nine in all), Opal sent out one hundred applications for a teaching position, but didn't secure a job assignment until about ten days before school started. She would teach at Big Creek School, one of a half dozen country schools located halfway between Challis and Salmon in the Pahsimeroi Valley. From Fruitland, her teaching post was about one hundred seventy-five miles away as the crow flies, or a six hour drive today. Traveling to the backcountry in 1924, however, required more patience and ingenuity.

On her roundabout road trip, Opal first took a train from Ontario to Pocatello, where she stayed overnight at the depot. The next morning, she departed as the only passenger on a train to Blackfoot, which took her to the end of the line at Mackay. From Mackay, she boarded a bus to Challis. She arrived in Challis, expecting to catch another bus to take her to the post office in May. At the little Challis bus depot, Opal heard unwelcome news: a law had recently passed requiring bus companies take out a bond before they could transport passengers – guaranteeing passengers' safely. They didn't get

enough business to make buying a bond worthwhile, so they could not take her any farther.

Opal spent a sleepless night at the Challis hotel, wondering how she was going to travel the remaining fifty miles to the house where she would board. "I was no cowgirl, so I didn't even think of trying to ride it," she said. The next morning, the bus company employees found a creative, if not entirely legal, solution to her problem: they would bill Opal as freight. "They asked me how much I weighed, and I said one hundred pounds, so I was billed as one hundred pounds of freight to get over to May," she said. Her "bus" was a little Ford Roadster with missing floorboards. "Every once in a while, we hit a mud puddle and splashed water up into the cab. So I was pretty worried I wasn't going to be presentable when I got there."

At the Big Creek School, she had charge of sixteen first through eighth graders in a twenty-two by twenty-four-foot log school house. The building was heated by a big wood stove and had a shed nearby where the students put their horses during bad weather. Even though some of the children wore the same clothes every day and had meager lunches, they never came dirty. "A lot of them knew that they wouldn't get any more education than the eighth grade, so they tried to get the most out of it as possible. That made teaching a pleasure," Dickson said. The young teacher also took pleasure in the school's lantern-lit singing programs, when she accompanied students on the piano.

At lunch time, the children weren't the only ones running off their energy.

PHOTO COURTESY OF OPAL DICKSON

***Country schoolkids**—Big Creek School was located between Salmon and Challis. She taught there one year, and later taught in Fruitland, Gooding, Challis, and Wendell.*

Opal, who stands just over five feet, often hitched up her knee-length dress and raced against two teens who were taller than her. "The big boys thought it was quite something for their little teacher to outrun them," she said.

The next year, Opal taught junior high in Fruitland, where during the peak of apple-picking season, she taught as many as fifty sixth graders in one room. "I was young, I was dedicated and I wanted to succeed," she said. "The children were well-behaved and I worked like the dickens myself."

Opal continued to teach over the next four and a half decades, taking time off to raise her three daughters. In addition to Fruitland, Opal also taught in Gooding, Challis and Wendell. She retired from teaching in 1972, but continued to pass on a musical legacy by teaching piano lessons until age ninety-two.

For the past sixty-nine years, Dickson has lived in the same house in Gooding. The high attendance at her one hundredth birthday party attests to the pillar she is to the community. "I don't know when Gooding has had five hundred people at a birthday party," she said. According to Opal, the best part about living so long is continuing to see family and friends.

Even though Opal lost her sight due to macular degeneration, she continues to play from memory at age one hundred one. Her century-spanning memory holds the notes to hundreds of songs, and numerous stories from her past.

Old music sometimes gets forgotten or tuned out by the latest hit. Too often in our daily bustling, we don't listen to the older folks in our lives, but when we do; their notes reverberate for years to come.

Megan Rieger lives in Boise.

** Special thanks to Judy Mooney at the Talking Book Service, a service of Idaho Commission for Libraries. The Talking Book Service provides free books and magazines (including each issue of* IDAHO magazine*) in cassette format for people unable to read standard printed material. Dickson is one of their patrons.*

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Spotlight City

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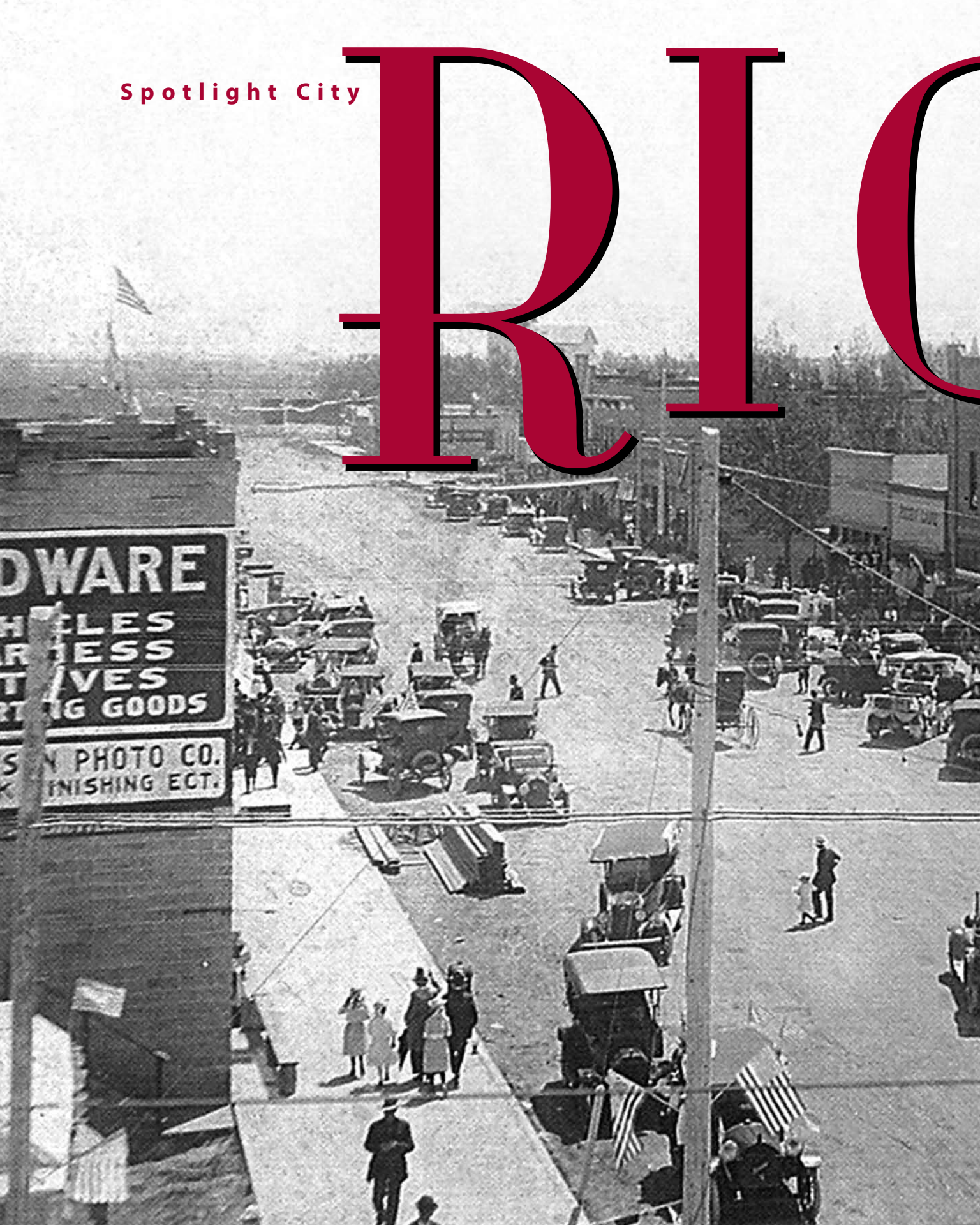

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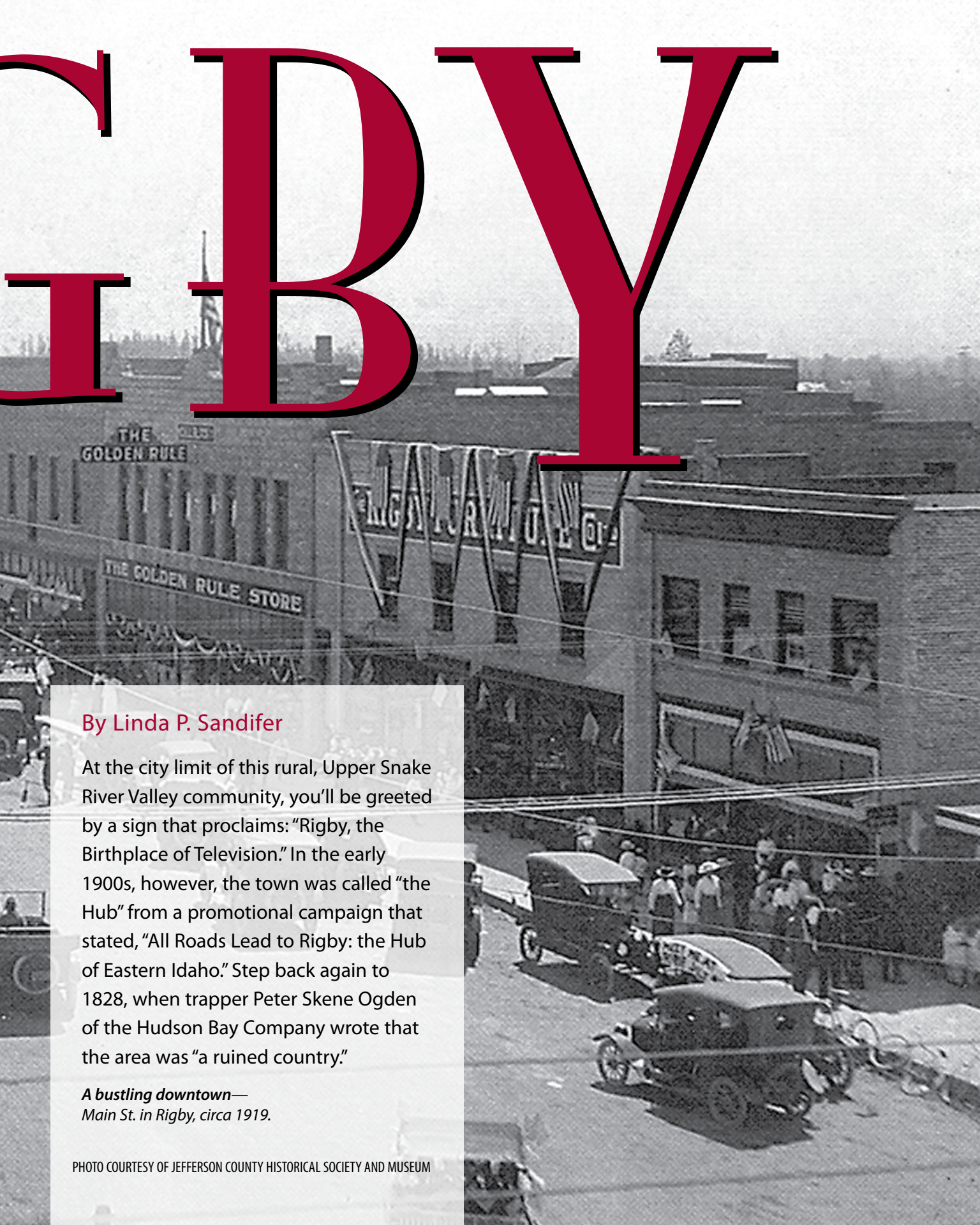

By Linda P. Sandifer

At the city limit of this rural, Upper Snake River Valley community, you'll be greeted by a sign that proclaims: "Rigby, the Birthplace of Television." In the early 1900s, however, the town was called "the Hub" from a promotional campaign that stated, "All Roads Lead to Rigby: the Hub of Eastern Idaho." Step back again to 1828, when trapper Peter Skene Ogden of the Hudson Bay Company wrote that the area was "a ruined country."

A bustling downtown—
Main St. in Rigby, circa 1919.

PHOTO COURTESY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

PHOTO COURTESY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

Indeed, Ogden's inhospitable country would be overlooked for decades while he and other trappers nearly obliterated the beaver, and while men and women raced across it to reach the far blue mountains of Oregon or the rich gold fields of California. It wasn't until gold was discovered in Idaho Territory in 1860 that men stopped to take a second look.

By 1863, the Gold Road that ran from Salt Lake City to Virginia City, Montana, had brought thousands of people seeking quick fortunes, but a few men of vision saw another kind of fortune. They realized that this vast wilderness was prime grazing land capable of supporting great herds of cattle and sheep. In 1869, Professor Sterling Hayden's geological party explored the Snake River Valley and reported that, with water, the high desert soil also had great agricultural potential.

Settlement of Rigby was something of an accident, but its success was a planned and determined effort by hard-working people who had a vision for it to become a metropolis that would rival Eagle Rock (present-day Idaho Falls), whose population at that time was six hundred seventy.

As word spread of the area's agricultural potential, groups of men from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Utah came to locate homestead claims. In the fall of 1883, Josiah Call, along with his cousins and brother-in-law, selected land across the Snake River north of Rigby. When they returned the following spring, however, high water in the dry bed channel of the Snake forced them to stay on the south side of the river until it receded. They ended up establishing a community that was later named after settler William F. Rigby.

There were also many non-Mormons who homesteaded in the area, and men were not the only ones to file on land. One of the early women pioneers was fifty-six-year-old widow Margaret D. Prophet who moved from Utah with several of her children and homesteaded one hundred sixty acres east of town.

In some places the sagebrush grew as tall as a man. It was said that the settlers could lose sight of their livestock when turned loose in the brush to graze. It wasn't a simple job of plowing it under; it had to be ripped from the ground using teams of horses.

Water was the lifeblood of this country, and collecting it for both human and domestic animal consumption was a never-ending chore. Until wells were dug, water had to be hauled miles from the Snake River or creeks. In winter, blocks of ice were cut and hauled in wagons and then laboriously melted.

In 1886, the Rigby Canal and Irrigation Company began work on a canal system that would bring water from the upper reaches of the Snake

River to the farms. A series of headgates was constructed, enabling them to divert the water into a single large canal that became known as the Great Feeder. Smaller canals branched off the Great Feeder. Teams of horses pulling slip scrapers broke the ground. Rocks, sand, and gravel were hauled away by iron-tired wagons that also brought cement to build the headgates and diversion dams.

In 1885, the settlers collected twenty dollars to purchase a quarter section of land for a townsite from another settler. Everyone donated their time to help develop the site, but overall progress was slow while they worked their own farms and built the canals. Four years later, the settlers were taken aback when one of the area's first settlers, John Robinson, claimed squatter's rights to this quarter section and moved into the church-school with his family. With rifle in hand, he wouldn't budge.

Rather than resort to violence, the settlers sought a legal remedy to the situation but discovered that the Townsite Act required one hundred people to reside on the townsite, which none of them had done. Fortunately, there was a loophole if they could convince Mr. Robinson to leave. First, they had to relinquish all claim to the townsite. Then Josiah Call, whose homestead bordered the townsite, filed on it under the Desert Entry Act with the agreement that he would turn it back over to the settlers for the townsite. As a community, they raised twenty-five dollars and borrowed $475 from the Anderson Brothers' Bank in Eagle Rock. With $250 as an enticement, Mr. Robinson vacated. The remaining money was used for town development.

The settlers were barely getting their homesteads into a workable condition when the winter of 1888-1889 brought deep snows and temperatures that plummeted to forty-seven degrees below zero for three weeks. Livestock froze to death while standing up. Ten to twenty percent of their cattle died. Still, they persevered.

During the 1890s, a voting precinct and school district were established. The first store opened, which also housed the first telephone line to the area in 1899. A frame schoolhouse was completed and a general store and blacksmith shop opened for business. The Rigby LDS Ward Chapel and the Presbyterian Church were both completed in 1902.

In 1899, the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company announced intentions to lay line from Idaho Falls to West Yellowstone. Rigby citizens wanted the line to pass through their community, but the railroad preferred the larger communities of Lewisville and Menan. Settlers there, however, feared the evil influence that the railroad was sure to bring, and they refused to grant right of way. With the guidance of William F. Rigby, and a unified effort by the community, right of way was granted and passage of the railroad through Rigby was secured.

The line was completed in 1901, and word spread like wildfire about the availability of land in southeastern Idaho. The railroad offered cheap fares from Salt Lake City, and that fall the first trainload of a new field crop—potatoes—was shipped from Rigby.

In 1903, Rigby was incorporated as a village. Along with many new businesses and the town's first newspaper in 1905, a new school was completed in 1906 to

PHOTO COURTESY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

PHOTO COURTESY JEFFERSON CTY HIST SCTY & MUSEUM

OPPOSITE: ***Water to dry land***—*Great Feeder Canal construction, 1886.*

LEFT: ***Dry goods***—*Wagon machine store, 1919.*

ABOVE: ***Political gathering***—*Rigby town hall, during 1913 campaign.*

accommodate two hundred forty students. The school district provided transportation for the students, being one of the first in the Inter-mountain West to do so. These early buses were horse-drawn wagons with canvas sides attached to hard tops. In winter, the wheels were changed to runners. Some of the children had more than an hour's ride on the bus. To keep their feet and hands warm in the winter, they heated rocks or bricks in the oven each morning and wrapped them in bags to take on the bus.

Rigby was not without its outlaw element. During the early years, there were numerous attempts to rob the bank or local businesses, which often escalated to a shoot-out between the robbers and citizens. One bank robbery attempt in 1913 could have come from a classic Western movie. A bank robber held up the cashier and his assistant and locked them in the vault. It was a considerable length of time before anyone heard their shouts and came to release them. A car posse was organized, but after a tip that the outlaw had fled to Gray's Lake, they abandoned the cars and formed a mounted posse. Sheriff Ed Harrop led the posse, driving a light buggy. They rode all night and reached Gray's Lake at daylight, but there was no sign of the robber who had apparently doubled back to Firth, hopped a train, and was never found.

A more serious event took place in 1911 at a saloon in Monida, Montana. Two men robbed the saloon, killed three people, and headed south toward Rigby. At Rube Scott's home, they demanded a hot meal, a place to sleep for the night and fresh horses in the morning--all after shooting off one of Mr. Scott's fingers. A hundred men in the Rigby area set off after them with bloodhounds, but the outlaws had vanished. Forty years later, Hugh Whitney turned himself in for the crime. His brother, who had been an accomplice, was no longer alive. They'd been living in the Teton Valley the entire time.

The citizens were concerned about the saloons and their "attendant evils." In 1910, they voted for prohibition, hoping to do away with the bad element. Three years later, the city fathers, worried about their young people's morals, unanimously passed a resolution that denounced "Rag Dancing" and the "Turkey Trot." Since there is no record of violators, the law was apparently heeded—at least in public.

After a hot political campaign, Rigby was voted the new county seat in November 1913 and officially declared a city in 1914. Three years later, an eleven-year-old boy named Philo T. Farnsworth moved with his parents from Utah to Rigby, and set a course for himself that would attach his name to this community forever. Referred to as "the hayloft inventor," this poor farm boy was obsessed with electricity and "radiovision." While attending Rigby High School, he was confident he could produce television with no moving parts but by the use of manipulated electrons. He realized how this could be done while he was harrowing the field with a horse-drawn disc. Looking back over the long, even rows he had just made, it dawned on him that he

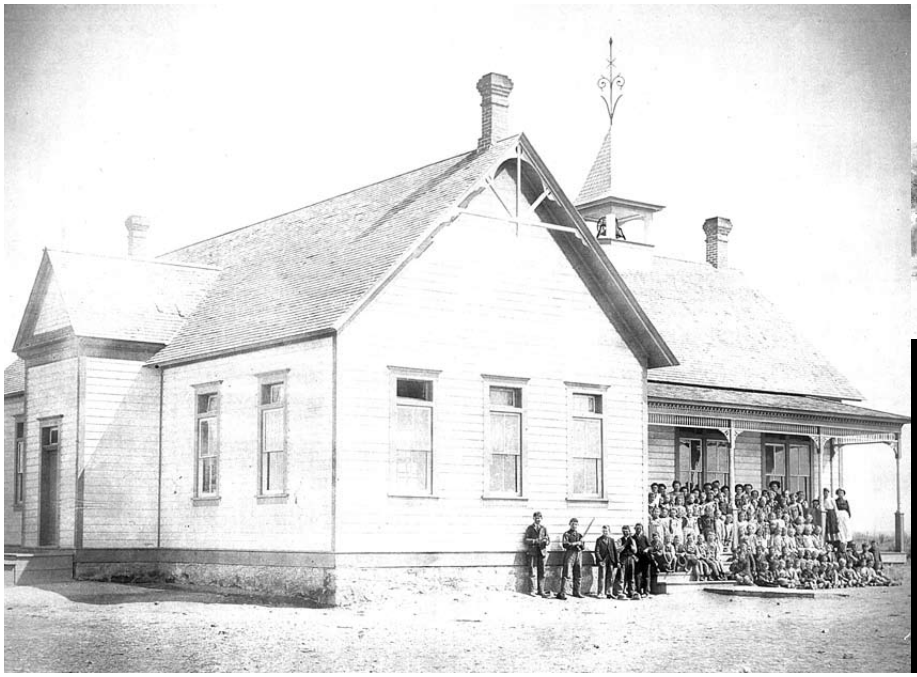

PHOTO COURTESY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

PHOTO COURTESY JEFFERSON CTY HIST SCTY & MUSEUM

LEFT: ***Outside the schoolhouse***—
Second Rigby school, circa 1910.

ABOVE: ***Small town celebration***—
Old Folks day, 1913.

OPPOSITE: ***No paving yet***—
View down Main Street, circa 1914.

PHOTO COURTESY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

could scan an optical image row after row, from left to right, and then convert it into an electron image. He went on to develop the first electronic television set and transmit the first TV broadcast.

During the years of 1915 to 1919, a series of events began that would put Rigby's growth on hold. On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war against Germany. Many of the area's young men marched off to war. The local boys serving in the 116th Engineer Battalion of the Idaho National Guard also were called to duty, as they would be in every subsequent war the nation would fight.

Idaho farmers had been enjoying inflated prices during the war, but prices plummeted after the federal government removed price supports on farm products. By 1921, an agricultural depression descended over the area. Farmers went out of business, banks failed, along with other businesses that relied heavily on the farm community for survival. Rigby's population declined by nine percent.

As the agricultural depression began lifting, the Great Depression hit the entire nation. Farm prices plunged to new lows. Despite the effects of the Great Depression, the Thirties had its own unique pleasures and memories. When a dime could be had, people entertained themselves at one of Rigby's two movie theaters, or joined the dancing every Friday and Saturday night at the popular Riverside Gardens Dance Pavilion north of town. Others gathered in homes or stores. Anybody who could play an instrument joined the "band," and dancing went on all night.

A number of people also had a lively time sidestepping prohibition by making their own liquor, a pastime that kept local law enforcement and the "G-men" from becoming too idle. There were whiskey stills in people's cellars, bathtubs, the surrounding mountains, and just about anywhere that bootleggers could hide one. In 1934, Sheriff Ed Fillmore and a federal agent set out to destroy whiskey barrels of mash in the dry bed of the river north of town along with an abandoned still they'd found in a nearby dugout. They poured gasoline on the barrels and Fillmore tossed in a lighted match. The resulting explosion sent his hat flying and nearly blew him off his feet. He walked away, but with a scorched face, hair and eyebrows.

About this time, native-born Idaho writer Vardis Fisher was gaining national recognition. Born in 1895 in Annis just north of Rigby, he grew up in a cabin along the Snake River. He attended schools in Annis, Poplar, and Rigby.

PHOTO BY EMILY SANDIFER

MIDDLE AND RIGHT: PHOTO BY EMILY SANDIFER

LEFT: ***A view down the street***—*Main Street Rigby, 2007.*

ABOVE LEFT: ***History of the box***—*The Rigby TV Museum.*

ABOVE RIGHT: ***At State and Main***—*Me n' Stans and the Community Center.*

OPPOSITE: ***Canoeing on a summer day***—*Out on Rigby Lake.*

Before his death in 1968, he wrote thirty-six books, including *Mountain Man*, which was made into the movie, *Jeremiah Johnson*, starring Robert Redford. Fisher claimed to have loathed the wild land of his childhood, yet it played a dominant role in his literary works.

By 1940, the country was climbing out of the Depression, only to be plunged into World War II. Many people left the community to find work in war industries. Farm labor was scarce. Laborers from the South, as well as German prisoners of war, were brought in to work the fields.

From 1944 to 1950, fifteen hundred babies were born at Rigby's McKee Hospital. Still, as super highways and fast cars made transportation easier, many people left for larger cities that offered better jobs and more amenities. Students graduated, went off to college, and didn't return. At home, school children lined up for polio vaccines to stem an epidemic sweeping the country. The area's young men were called to serve in the Korean and Vietnam Wars. (See *IDAHO magazine* article "Nothing To Prove" from May 2002 about Jimmy Nakayama, a Rigby native whose service was featured in Joe Galloway's book *We Were Soldiers Once and Young* and in the movie *We Were Soldiers*.)

During the last decades of the 20th century, many of Rigby's old buildings were destroyed. Businesses that had been icons closed their doors. Others changed hands while new businesses tried to gain a foothold. The town received a facelift, but despite the renovations, Rigby seemed to be in a holding pattern until the turn of the century. Over the past few years, there has been a resurgence and the town's population has grown by ten percent. County growth has increased by seventeen percent. Presently, the city struggles to keep up with the unprecedented growth while simultaneously making plans for new prosperity and opportunities.

Once again the land beckons as people set out to forge new beginnings. Like the railroad that had brought a rush in the early 1900s, new highways and interchanges have once again placed Rigby in the right place at the right time.

The town and surrounding area offer an array of activities. Whether you're a long-time resident or a visitor, a must-see is the Jefferson County Museum, owned by the city and run by the Rigby Historical Society. If you want to play around, go to the Rigby Community Park where you'll find tennis and basketball courts, shelters, picnic tables, a playground, and a soccer and baseball field. Prefer golf? Spend an afternoon at the Jefferson Hills eighteen-hole golf course two miles north of town. Kids will enjoy miniature golf, go karts, bumper boats, and a rock climbing wall at the Riot Zone. If summer heat gets you down, take a swim in the Rigby Lake, have a picnic, or paddle around the lake in a canoe. Many area residents enjoy the one-mile walking path around the lake through the cottonwoods.

The biggest annual event in Rigby is Stampede Days in June, where residents can attend or participate in the rodeo and parade. The Rigby Fair and Rodeo

PHOTO BY EMILY SANDIFER

Grounds is also the site for many other events throughout the year, including District Posse meets, the county fair, amateur rodeos, barrel racing, stock shows, 4-H shows, and chariot races in the winter.

Rigby is ideally situated for camping, hiking, fishing, hunting, and winter sports activities. The South Fork of the Snake River, Ririe Reservoir, Heise Hot Springs, Kelly Canyon Ski Resort, Yellowstone and Harriman Park—to name a few—are all a short drive away.

Contemporary events have mirrored those of a hundred years ago. There have been droughts, hard winters, poor prices for farm and ranch products, more wars that have taken the local boys off to fight, increased crime and new forms of "attendant evils," but like those pioneers who took a gray wasteland and made it green, the people of this small town exhibit the same kind of perseverance that will keep their community thriving.

The history of Rigby is rich, but its future is brighter than ever. It is doubtful that, even in their wildest dreams, those early pioneers could have envisioned the one hundred twenty-five years of events and progress that have been a direct result of their hard work, fortitude, and simple dreams. From all indications, this tenacious little town could very well be on its way to reclaim the title, "the Hub of Eastern Idaho."

Linda P. Sandifer lives in Iona.

RIGBY

Calendar of Events

ABOVE: ***Uneasy rider***—*Bull riding it at the Stampede Days Rodeo.*

December
- Lighted Parade with Santa

March
- Farmers & Merchants Banquet

April
- Easter Egg Hunt

June
- Stampede Days
- Rotary Breakfast

July
- Lions 4th of July Celebration

August
- Jefferson County Fair
- West Jefferson County Fair

October
- Snowmobile Swap Meet

November - March
- Cutter Races

2008 IDAHO magazine Recipe Contest!

Rod Jessick, executive chef at the five-star Coeur d'Alene Resort, and a panel of top Idaho chefs will judge the entries. We're awarding cold, hard cash plus an assortment of top-notch products from The Pampered Chef to the winning entrants. Overall grand prize for the best recipe (from any category) is $100 plus $150 in Pampered Chef products!

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When sending your entry please include your name, address, phone, and recipe title, and **make certain to name the brands of the Idaho Preferred™ products you used.** Don't forget your entry fee!

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Thanks for participating!

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$ 5 each additional entry
Nonsubscribers: $10 / entry

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Call (208) 336.0653 with any questions
For full rules visit www.idahomagazine.com

PHOTO BY BILL STUDEBAKER

PHOTO BY BILL STUDEBAKER

LEFT: ***Little Creek***—*Hauntingly beautiful landscape near Twin Falls.*

INSET ABOVE: ***Poetry co-conspirator***—*Photographer Russ Hepworth comfortable behind the wheel.*

Hunter By Day, Poet By Night

By William Studebaker

I started writing poetry, not prose, in the Sixties, and free-verse was blossoming like camas in a spring meadow.

"Make it new," said Ezra Pound in his worthy book, *The ABCs of Writing*.

And "only slightly elevate your language," said western poet William Stafford.

And you'd think because of the times, I would have written protest poetry, doing the "angry young man" thing. Or maybe, you'd think, I would have written hippie-driven, life-style-changing, peace-loving poetry.

Well, I was sampling life at the time, and I read an article by poetry critic Donald Hall.

Hall wrote that good poetry is written by people who "write close to home." By close to home, he meant that (good) poets write about that which they know, that which can subliminally fill the empty spaces between words.

In 1967, Haight Ashbury was hip, but it wasn't close to my home.

For me, Idaho was home, and, in particular, the high desert.

The high desert of Idaho is a large reach of hills and canyons, stretching from Bear Lake in the east to Idaho's western border, where little desert fingers jut up into the mountains, fingers like the Big Wood, Little Wood, Birch Creek, and Big and Little Lost valleys.

Lots of land. Lots of ups and downs. Lots of sagebrush and fence lizards. Lots of elk, eagles, and troubled salmon. Lots of breathtaking, wide-open space.

These lands I called home. And if I have written life-style changing, peace-loving poetry, it was for the wildflowers.

I started climbing Mount Borah one Saturday afternoon. I'd left Salmon with friends, Mike Mason and Vern Blalack. Vern's family, wife Judy and son George Diogenes, came along. Judy would hang out and wait for us, while little George played in the creek and wandered about.

Early in the afternoon, we headed for the south ridge that leads to the 12,662 foot peak. Because of the late start, we planned to spend the night around 11,000 feet, just below Chicken Out.

Three hours later, we hit the ridge. By then, I knew I'd chosen the wrong boots for the climb. My well-fitting, all-leather Justin cowboy boots were getting trashed. (You see, I was truly working close to home.)

And then a series of mishaps occurred. We chose a slab of rock so hard we couldn't sleep. We began to climb early in the morning too tired to enjoy the view. We chose to go down the north side instead of retracing our steps.

The north side of Borah has ice and snowfields even in July. We slipped. We fell. We crashed. I lost the heels off both of my cowboy boots, and the toes were curling like elf shoes.

We were six hours later getting back to camp than we'd figured. It was dark. Judy let lunch and dinner go stale. However, with some confidence in us, she had settled in again and was building a campfire when we arrived. But she was noticeably worried, a worry that quickly turned to vexation.

I don't know what she said to Vern. I was eager to get what was left of my cowboy boots off my feet. My feet were sore and bruised, so I went to the creek and dangled them in the cold water.

I never asked Vern what Judy said. I just took what I knew of the hike and melded it into my poetry. Some of the poems influenced by Borah are in *Travelers in an Antique Land*, a "coffee-table book" with wild western pictures by Russell Hepworth.

Another, and perhaps unlikely, activity that produced the impetus for numerous poems was trailing bird dogs through the deserts and fields of Idaho.

A friend, Bill Hood, gave me a German Shorthaired Pointer pup. I was smitten by her. So it was that Heidi hunted and I followed along. I followed her over thousands of acres of open land, up a hundred canyons, and across a dozen mountain ranges. Every smell, every flitter of life, and every shot at grouse, chukar, dove, or quail was news.

I understood where I stood, and I began to write poetry that combined a sense of place with a sense of spirit. And that made it new.

The Seventies went by without me poetizing the protests and riots against Vietnam. My protests were in favor of saving public lands for hunting, hiking, biking, horseback riding, and so on. These lands I called home. And if I have written life-style-changing, peace-loving poetry, it was for the wildflowers.

So it came to pass that I was a hunter by day and a poet by night. I have tried to turn hikes, hunts, local histories, mountains, deserts, coyotes, creeks, and rivers into poems in an elevated language as free as an Owyhee wind.

William Studebaker lives in Twin Falls.

PHOTO BY DAN STRAWN

***High on a hilltop**—Ida with a broad vista open behind her.*

Why I Love Idaho

By Dan Strawn

Most people who love Idaho love it for reasons of place or particular things. You know, places like the Sawtooth Mountains, Sun Valley ski slopes, and a thousand or so pristine lakes, most of which carry intriguing names of French or Indian origin; or things like Kamloops trout, baked russets, goose-egg agates, and the reality of rich silver deposits. My love affair with Idaho has nothing to do with the Idaho issues of thing or place, or of being born there. It has everything to do with how Idaho makes me feel. Consider these: at various and sundry times, Idaho has made me feel happy, young, spiritual, proud, on occasion mad, and once or twice, even sad. The Idaho I love is not a piece of geography; the Idaho I love is a twenty-month-old Border Collie.

My wife and I bought Idaho when she was five months old from a farmer who owned her mama, a hard-working dog who earned her keep doing what border collies do—herding sheep. At the time, we didn't have sheep; we had a big backyard in a San Francisco Bay Area suburb. We've moved since then, and we still don't have sheep. What we do have is a smaller-than-Bay-Area backyard in Vancouver with lots of flies and yellow jackets, and close by grandkids who, for the moment at least, are pretty close to sheep sized.

Idaho (we call her Ida for short) has adjusted. She has taken it upon herself to herd every flying backyard intruder either over the fence and into the neighbors' yards or up into the clichéd wild blue yonder. The result: ours is the only backyard in the neighborhood free of both flies and yellow jackets. As for the grandkids—our four-footed, black and white shepherd, who figures that, in the absence of sheep, grandkids will do, routes them on a regular basis to places they really don't want to go.

My love affair with Idaho has nothing to do with the Idaho issues of place, or of being born there.

When the Sears man delivered our new refrigerator, he got the standard, Ida-version, ovine treatment. When he finished and turned to leave, it didn't matter that Ida couldn't talk; her body language was like a well-designed corporate mission statement: her purpose was clear. The fluffy tail that normally curls up and slightly towards her back, straightened out, then brushed the floor behind her hind legs. Her usually erect head jutted forward and down, along with her forelegs, until her black nose, etched in pink where her white facial hair doesn't quite grow, just missed the floor. Now, from bow to stern she was literally a hair's breadth from the floor. She became a lion on the prowl, a teleological missile ready to launch, a monomaniac on a mission. But she didn't strike like a rattler or a cruise missile chasing a terrorist down a cave. Rather, her move was quick but subtle—more like Gary-Cooper-style friendly persuasion: a couple of nips on the heel to get him headed in the right direction, followed by a well-placed nose nudge in the butt to get him moving faster when, in her mind, he was dogging it (pun intended).

"Whoa!" said the Sears man, "I think I'm supposed to go." Ida confirmed that notion with one more rump nudge that declared, "Yes, it was time to leave."

Soon after we brought Ida home, I concluded we needed help. She was taking us on three out of five challenges. At that rate, I figured winter would find my wife and me sleeping in the washroom while Ida slept in the queen-sized bed. So I put in a call to a friend of mine in the dog business. He tells me I'm in luck. The best dog trainer in the Bay Area is a lady in our town who teaches classes for a pittance, compared to the standard fee, as a part of the city's adult education program. So I signed Ida and me up for basic training with Donna. Donna knows her stuff. Ida loved her (who wouldn't love someone who told the whole class what a great dog you were every week). I feared her. Rumor had it that Donna's mother and father were both drill sergeants for the Marine Corps. The first night of class we learned three things: Donna was tough and lots of owners had quit, but she'd never lost a dog.

Apparently Ida's working-class mom had consorted with a high-bred show dog. The result was Ida and her siblings. Obedience class was where this show dog side of Ida's past revealed itself. After the first night, Donna and several of her assistants pulled me aside to tell me privately that my dog was a remarkable animal. They said they would be glad to take her off my hands if I ever felt I couldn't keep her. I went home feeling very lucky to have come by such a special dog.

Ida lived up to their expectations. During the week, when I worked with her, she did pretty much whatever she wanted. On school night, Ida reached down into

her daddy's gene pool and pulled out a blue-ribbon performance. She strutted, heeled, sat, downed, and released as if she were competing in world-class shows. Donna and her cohorts weren't fooled; they knew Ida's performance wasn't because of my diligence and attention during the week. Although they came just short of saying it, they implied very clearly that Ida would be in advanced training right now if the owner had even a smattering of Ida's intelligence and commitment.

It always bothered me how they referred to me in the third person – to be more accurate, in the non-person. I was just "the owner." Ida was Ida – not "the dog." I wasn't Dan, or even a second person "you" – I was always "the owner." The obedience school graduation was the final blow. Every dog/owner team was introduced as, for example, "Barfy, and his owner, Dilbert Gilbertson." Ida and I were introduced as "Ida, the dog the whole staff wants to take home, and her owner." Basic training humbled me, but I was happy for Ida.

What has all this got to do with love? I love Idaho because I respect her. She has character. She knows why she's here. Herding or obeying, it doesn't matter. She does what she does in a professional way – with attention to detail, regardless of what others may think.

What has all this got to do with love? I love Idaho because I respect her. She has character. She knows why she's here.

In addition, there are the standard, dime-a-dozen clichés about a dog and its loyalty to its master; however, I abhor clichés, so all I'm going to say is yes, Ida loves me unconditionally, wags her tail when I come home, rolls on her back so I can scratch her tummy, and licks me on the nose in gratitude. I love her for it.

All this attention to and from Ida did get me in trouble with my wife one day. To be fair, it was my mouth that got me in trouble. The whole thing started when I spent an inordinate part of the evening lying with Ida on the floor, playing with her, loving her, and generally telling her what a great dog she was. "Hey," said my wife, "I'm jealous. What do I have to do to get some of that attention?"

Now, my wife and I have been together for forty-three years. Surely, in all that time, I would know how to get on the good side of her and stay off the bad side. I

PHOTO BY DAN STRAWN

***Making a splash**—Ida at play in an Idaho stream.*

don't know what possessed me, but before I thought about it, I replied, "Well, come on over here, wag your tail, lick my nose, and I'll scratch your tummy."

Did I mention we bought Idaho in Washington? But, Clarkston is almost Idaho – nothing but the Snake River standing in the way, and we read about her in Moscow – that's in Idaho. Besides, Wash for a nickname just doesn't wear as well on a girl dog as Ida.

You can't imagine the confusion this naming thing caused when an official called us in California to verify her registration information. (Who cares anyway? we bought her for companionship, not a bloodline).

"Let's see," says the official, "she has a white nose, four white feet, a white tip on her tail, white throat and stomach; everything else is black. Her grandsire on the dam's side was Rexford I of Sussex, England. Her grandsire on the sire's side was Duncan of Firth. Is that all right?"

"That's what your registration papers say," I answered.

"Good," says the official. "Now comes the confusing part. Was she born in Idaho or Washington?"

"Washington," is my quick reply.

"Well, I'm glad we got that cleared up. Now, what's her name?"

"Idaho"

"Idaho – hmmm, I thought you said she was born in Washington."

"I did"

"Okay, huh –"

"Don't ask"

He doesn't.

Idaho, Washington – what's the difference? We call her just plain Ida. We love her. She loves us. What's the difference?

Dan Strawn is a native Idahoan now living in Vancouver, WA.

From Busking to a Record Deal

By Ryan Peck

There are many kids in the world who want to learn the drums or the guitar, but far fewer who want to play piano. Musician Eilen Jewell was one of the few. Jewell was seven when her dad packed up the family car for a road trip from Anchorage, Alaska, to Boise. It was on that trip that the young Jewell first heard Beethoven's piano sonatas. She was enthralled. After much pleading, her parents let her take piano lessons. Jewell's fascination with the ivories set the stage for what would later become her career.

It wasn't long after her first piano lesson that Jewell began writing songs. "When I was really little, I would write songs about the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus and stuff. You can say I have always sort of been a songwriter, but it just depends on when you think it counts," says Jewell. Though she began writing at a young age, Jewell contends that she really started composing songs later. "The first time I wrote a song I liked, I was in college."

Around age fifteen, Jewell learned to play the guitar. She had found some old Bob Dylan records stored away at her parent's house, and she wanted to be able to play the songs she was hearing. Jewell admits that she has stayed with the guitar because it is less expensive to own and play. "The piano was my first [instrument]. I don't get to play it as often," says Jewell.

It was in college when Jewell began performing, albeit in an unconventional manner—her first performances were as a busker (a street musician

PHOTO BY JENNIFER LUCEY-BRZOZA

Eilen (pronounced EE-lin) Jewell—*From Idaho to the national stage, Jewell is making distinctive music that has its roots in Americana, Folk, and the classic country sound.*

playing for tips). "I went to college in New Mexico, and that is kind of where I started to perform a little bit. On the street, not on the stage. Once I left college, I went to Venice Beach and busked there for a while," says Jewell. "It was just me, my guitar, and my harmonica."

When asked about busking now, Jewell admits that the idea of playing on the street terrifies her. She says with a laugh that, at the time, she thought it was a good segue to formal paid gigs. Busking also gave Jewell a chance to try her songs out for an audience, and it was during her time in New Mexico and Venice that she really became a songwriter. "Sometimes it is like [songs] come out of the sky," she said, "and my main goal is to just write fast enough. Other times I have to try a little harder." Jewell continued, "It gets harder and harder to be still enough to be inspired. There are a lot of distractions nowadays. There are bills to pay and all these things. Nowadays I have to be careful about scheduling in time to write and just be quiet."

... I left college, I went to Venice Beach and busked... It was just me, my guitar, and my harmonica.

And it is a bit harder for Jewell to be still these days—the past four years have been a bit of a whirlwind for her.

After her busking stint in Venice, California, Jewell moved back to Boise and, as she noted, "put the guitar down for a little bit." She took a job working as a substitute at a day care for "pennies an hour." After months of trying to lock down a better job, Jewell decided to pick her guitar back up and head east to Massachusetts. Her initial reason for going, however, was not music. A friend was preparing to have her first child, and Jewell wanted to be there for her.

"I felt drawn to the East," said Jewell. "I stayed in Western Massachusetts for about ten months. I really missed playing music." After her friend had her baby, Jewell decided to move to Boston—she wanted to start playing again. "A lot of people say Boston is great music town," says Jewell.

After arriving in Boston, Jewell got a band together and started playing gigs. It wasn't long before she began work on her first record. Unfortunately, it was an album that few folks ever got to hear—before the record was completed, it was lost in a studio fire.

The fire only increased Jewell's tenacity. She started picking up residencies at famed Boston folk clubs and worked even harder on her songwriting. Eventually, Jewell and her bandmates recorded her debut record in a renovated nineteenth century barn. Titled *Boundary County*, Jewell self-released the record to overwhelming reviews. "The album was heavily inspired by Idaho," says Jewell. Buoyed by Jewell's smooth soprano, the album was a touchstone for her many influences, including Hank Williams, Lucinda Williams, and a healthy dose of Jewell's favorite artist, Loretta Lynn. *Boundary County* was released in 2006 and quickly climbed the Americana and Folk charts. It wasn't long before record companies began to take notice.

Jewell signed with Massachusetts-based Signature Sounds, a label that is no stranger to Idahoans—it was the label where Moscow-native Josh Ritter first found success. "I didn't know he was from Idaho for the longest time. [I met him] before he took off in any big way. It has been fun to follow his career and think, 'well if I play my cards right,'" says Jewell. "And then I find out he is an Idahoan!"

In 2007, Jewell recorded her second full-length album, *Letters from Sinners and Strangers*. So far it has met with even more success.

"It has been a wild ride in just the past year. Just being on a label is amazing," said Jewell.

This past year, she shared the bill with her hero, Loretta Lynn. "Opening for Loretta was incredible. It was like my birthday. She signed my guitar," Jewell said. "We didn't think we were gonna get to meet her, it is kind of like meeting the president. We have a Loretta Lynn cover band back in Boston, so when we told her tour manager that, I think he was amused, so he let us meet her."

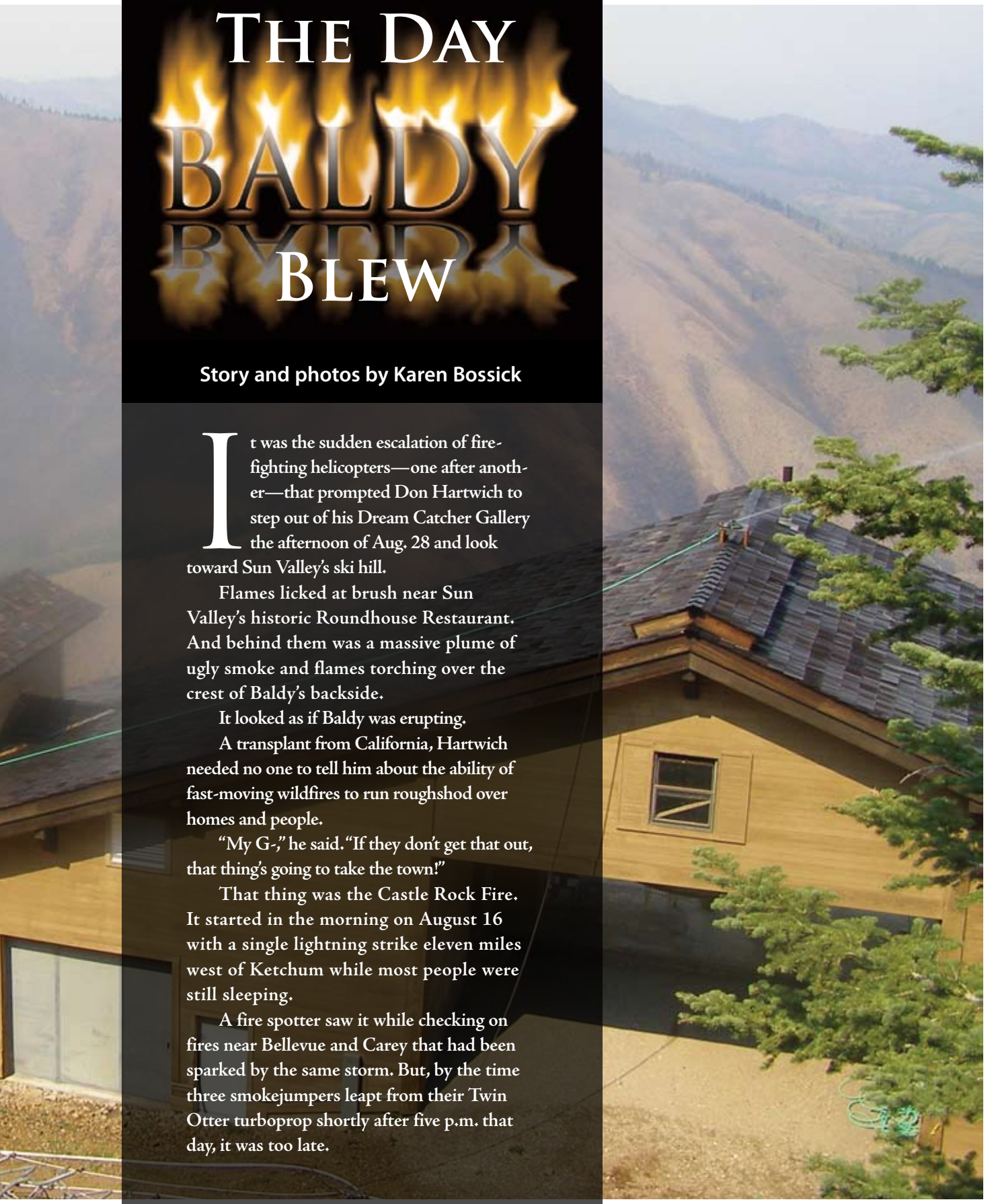
For future guidance, Jewell looks to a tattoo on her arm. Her tattoo symbolizes the Greek myth of Daedalus and his son, Icarus. Jewell says her tattoo "is about keeping balance and finding your own way. I like the idea of building your own wings. I am not trying to imitate. I feel like this is what I love, so this is what I do."

Ryan Peck lives in Boise.

***Staving off the fire**—Sprinklers atop the Flying Squirrel lift house keep embers at bay while the helicopter in the background goes to refuel.*

The Day Baldy Blew

Story and photos by Karen Bossick



It was the sudden escalation of fire-fighting helicopters—one after another—that prompted Don Hartwich to step out of his Dream Catcher Gallery the afternoon of Aug. 28 and look toward Sun Valley's ski hill.

Flames licked at brush near Sun Valley's historic Roundhouse Restaurant. And behind them was a massive plume of ugly smoke and flames torching over the crest of Baldy's backside.

It looked as if Baldy was erupting.

A transplant from California, Hartwich needed no one to tell him about the ability of fast-moving wildfires to run roughshod over homes and people.

"My G-," he said. "If they don't get that out, that thing's going to take the town!"

That thing was the Castle Rock Fire. It started in the morning on August 16 with a single lightning strike eleven miles west of Ketchum while most people were still sleeping.

A fire spotter saw it while checking on fires near Bellevue and Carey that had been sparked by the same storm. But, by the time three smokejumpers leapt from their Twin Otter turboprop shortly after five p.m. that day, it was too late.

Fanned by hot afternoon winds and fueled by the driest brush and timber on record, the fire took off, ballooning to five acres, then thirty.

Over the next three weeks, it would torch 48,520 acres.

It would force the mandatory evacuation of several thousand homes, prompt the voluntary evacuation of hundreds more, and threaten multi-million dollar ski lodges on Baldy.

It would cancel the first week of school in the valley, keep landscapers and builders from their jobs, and force the cancellation of the 48th annual Wagon Days celebration, prompting some Ketchum businesses to lose as much as ninety percent of their business during one of their busiest times of the year.

For the crowd gathered for the hundred-days-to-skiing party at Apple's Bar and Grill the day after the fire started, the then-one hundred fifty-acre fire was more of an annoyance than a big concern.

"I hope they get that out before it heads into the hiking trails at Adam's Gulch," said Sun Valley resident Jim Monger, as he munched on roast pig.

But a red flag warning forecast for the next day weighed heavily on the minds of some.

As Michael Hobbs left his home the next morning, a pungent blanket of smoke choked the valley. "Hopefully, the winds they're predicting won't materialize," he muttered, lacking conviction in his voice.

Up on Trail Creek Summit the sky was royal blue, the air clear, as he headed along a hiking trail to Moose Lake. But as Hobbs returned to his Subaru, he found himself enveloped in darkness,

even though it was still afternoon.

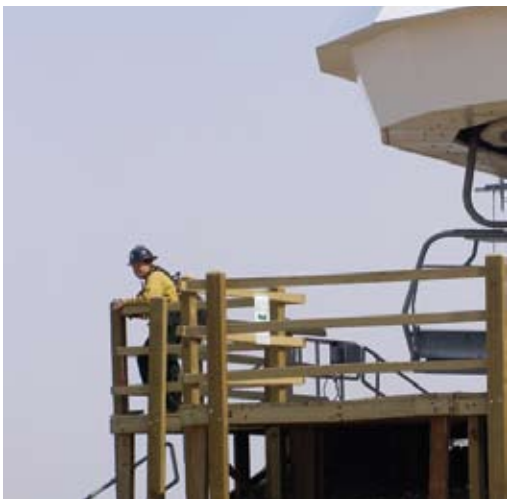
Hours earlier, wind gusts of thirty-five to forty-five miles per hour had pushed the fire toward an eclectic mix of rustic summer cabins and new multimillion dollar log homes clustered around Warfield Hot Springs, aka Frenchman's Bend. Then it had taken off up Rooks Creek into Eve's Gulch and the popular Adam's Gulch area.

Hobbs felt his throat tighten as he drove home, pausing momentarily at the stoplight at Saddle Road. From this point, he could see flames shooting two hundred feet high behind homes in Adam's Gulch and more flames up Warm Springs.

He gasped, "I'm looking into the Devil's oven!"

Tourists sipped cappuccino outside Tully's as they watched flames lick at the hills bordering the town. Residents watched the fire from their patios, ash falling into their wine glasses. A wedding photographer captured pictures of a bride swinging in the eerie orange glow that settled over the town.

As the fire burgeoned to seven thousand acres, authorities issued a voluntary evacuation alert for residents in Hulen Meadows and other neighborhoods north of Ketchum. Residents at



Warm Springs got mandatory evacuation notices.

Residents packed computers, prescription medicine, mountain bikes, and skis into their SUVs and headed for friends' houses. Realtors offered evacuees the keys to empty condos. Second-home owners invited evacuees to stay at their homes in their absence.

Rock star Steve Miller, beating a hasty retreat home after his concert in Wisconsin was cancelled by eleven inches of rain, looked down from his plane to see flames tearing through the woods a little more than a thousand feet from his home.

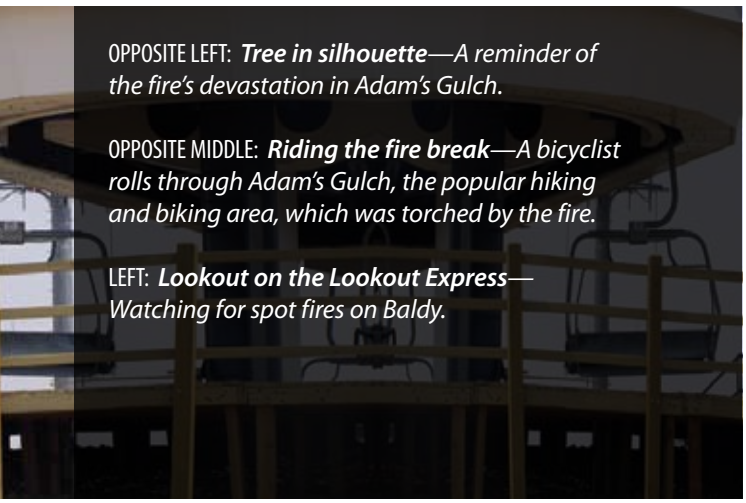
Advised to evacuate, he grabbed the hard drives containing his music and his first guitar—the one on which Les Paul had taught him his first chords.

"It was hard to leave a lot of the instruments and equipment. But I thought: I've got my doggies, my wife—it's amazing how quickly you don't care about the rest of it," said Miller, who has lived in Sun Valley for a quarter century.

Miller drove around town aiming his camera through the smoke and wondering how firefighters could possibly turn back the monster that had been unleashed.

"I mean—what can two hundred guys with shovels do?" he said.

And then he left town for another concert, thinking he might never see his home again. But, as he left, he noticed the



OPPOSITE LEFT: ***Tree in silhouette***—*A reminder of the fire's devastation in Adam's Gulch.*

OPPOSITE MIDDLE: ***Riding the fire break***—*A bicyclist rolls through Adam's Gulch, the popular hiking and biking area, which was torched by the fire.*

LEFT: ***Lookout on the Lookout Express***—*Watching for spot fires on Baldy.*

infusion of firefighters that had begun pouring in with the decision to prioritize the Castle Rock Fire as the number one fire in the nation.

"There must have been three hundred tents in the fields south of town. I went, 'Wow! When did they get here?" he recalled.

In fact, seventeen hundred firefighters would come to Ketchum from all over the country.

Firefighters from thirty-seven fire agencies around Idaho moved in to help local firefighters protect structures. And with them came private firefighters, sent by the New York-based AIG, to protect a dozen multi-million dollar homes that it was insuring—a story that caught the attention of the New York Times.

Firefighting officials led by Jeanne Pincha-Tulley moved into the River Run Lodge, pushing aside tables and chairs to make room for copy machines and portable radios.

A small city sprang up on the River Run parking lot, with portable shower facilities, a laundry with a twenty-four-hour turnaround, an office supply "store," medical clinic, a coffeehouse in a trailer, a mechanic's bay where each truck was washed off

and inspected before being sent out on the lines, and a mess hall mandated to serve firefighters eight thousand calories a day of lasagna, steak and other foods.

"This is palatial compared to what we're used to," said public information officer Rebeca Franco during one of the two-hour tours of the fire camp she led for valley residents. "The last fire I worked, the command unit was set up in a dusty field full of yellow star thistle.

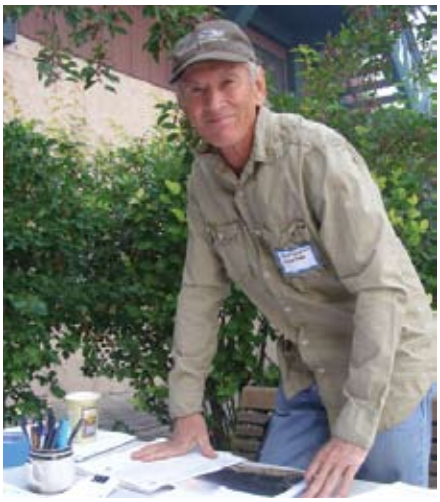
curator Kristin Poole and her staff meticulously disassembled an exhibit titled "What We Keep," moving hundreds of pieces south to Hailey for safe keeping.

A bevy of volunteers, including actor Scott Glenn, who has made his home in Ketchum for twenty-eight years, fielded phone calls from second-home owners who called two and three times a day to see if their homes were still standing. And other residents

straight out of the West blew the fire back the other way—right at Greenhorn Gulch, a popular mountain biking and hiking area on Baldy's southern flank.

If the fire crossed Greenhorn Road, firefighters predicted, there would be no stopping it. It would burn through homes on Greenhorn Road and the East Fork canyon, likely not stopping until it reached 12,009-foot Hyndman Peak.

Alarmed, firefighters issued a man-



We were covered with dust. Even our computers were dusty. For us to be in this location is luxury."

As firefighters dug firebreaks and an army of helicopters and fixed wing aircraft assembled in the fields north of Ketchum, Sun Valley's snowmaking manager Peter Stearns worked with York snow gun manufacturer to figure out how to trick Sun Valley's arsenal of snow guns to turn on, despite eighty-degree temperatures.

Gallery owner Gail Severn and her staff worked around the clock helping clients wrap irreplaceable Picassos, Renoirs, and outdoor sculptures in bed sheets, towels, blankets, even sofa cushions, trucking them to safety in moving vans and horse trailers.

And Sun Valley Center for the Arts

brought brownies and brie, cupcakes and caviar for the firefighters, as media from BBC, "Sixty Minutes" and CNN converged on the scene.

"The show of community support is amazing," said one long-time firefighter from Minnesota. "Often, people get pretty belligerent with us."

In fact, as Incident Commander Pincha-Tulley held her first town hall meeting at Hemingway Elementary School, she braced for the worst.

But, instead, she received a standing ovation—something that would be repeated over and over again in the weeks to come no matter how many people had been evacuated or how many back burns firefighters had set.

The next big test came the second weekend into the fire when a wind

datory evacuation along nearly five miles of Highway 75 in an area stretching from St. Luke's Wood River Medical Center to the north to the Ohio Gulch neighborhood in the south.

Cars jammed the highway as evacuees moved in with friends. Whole communities of evacuees sprang up in places like Redfish Lake.

Jenny Busdon and her husband, Nello, learned of the evacuation from a friend in Vancouver, B.C., who had been checking news of the fire on the computer. Minutes later, police drove through their neighborhood with a bullhorn.

And Jenny persuaded her husband to help her carry a trunk containing forty-eight diaries that she had been keeping since she was eighteen.

"I told him, I can leave everything

else," she said. "But I can't leave these. It tells how I met Nello. I wrote, 'I don't remember what his name is but I know it rhymes with Jell-O."

Ketchum Fire Chief Mike Elle, whose own home was in the line of fire, took his place on the rooftop of the hospital, which was eerily silent, its patients having been evacuated and its doctors and nurses told to stay home. His wife, Amy, meanwhile, wasted no time evacuating.

"I lost a home in a wildfire in Santa Barbara," she said. "I know how fast fire can move."

Ski instructor Charlie Webster, however, resisted the call to evacuate since he would not be allowed to return to his home once he left. He gathered his pets indoors, drew the blinds in his house and declined to talk to a police officer who came to the door.

Then he watched as the neighborhood became pitch black and completely silent.

Spot fires started up in Timber Gulch above Webster's house as fire crept down Cold Springs Canyon. Charred pine needles and pinecones fell in his neighborhood, followed by a blizzard of quarter-inch ash.

As the wind howled, Webster settled in for a night of hell.

"The smoke got so bad that it physically hurt to breathe. I've never had that much difficulty breathing in my life," he said. "I lay in bed wondering if I would live to see the next day. It was like Guantanamo Bay detainment camp with smoke torture."

The next day Flat Top Sheep Ranchers John and Diane Peavey talked National Guardsmen stationed at East Fork Road into letting them drive through the deserted neighborhoods along East Fork Road into Hyndman Basin.

There, they told a Peruvian sheepherder that he should head for a vast field of shale below the saddle of Hyndman Peak should the fire make it into the basin.

Rojas didn't seem perturbed.

No problem, he told them. If there is a problem, I will ride my horse down the hill and go to one of the houses and use the phone.

"No," Diane insisted. "There are no people there. Everyone is gone."

In Greenhorn Gulch, firefighters wrapped the historic Greenhorn Guard Station in a protective covering, as others dug firebreaks in the sagebrush. And on Baldy, Sun Valley workers turned snow guns toward Seattle Ridge Lodge, shooting one hundred fifty gallons of water at the 17,000-square-foot lodge, as firefighters cut trees near the lodge and turned their own hoses on it.

The next morning, residents of Hailey peered through the smoke to the north trying to see if the lodge had survived the night.

It had. The fire had roared up Baldy's south-facing slopes, erasing every last bit of sagebrush and grass in its path. Eight-foot flames had surrounded the communications tower a few hundred feet from the lodge, hitting firefighters with a blast of heat that instantly dried their soaked clothes.

But they had stopped the fire fifty feet from the lodge. And, thanks to winds that had gusted less strongly than predicted, they had also stopped the fire just fifty feet from homeowners' back doors in Greenhorn Gulch.

"It's pretty cool to be able to save such a gorgeous building," said Colorado firefighter Todd Abbott. "We've defended a lot of $400 trailers in the Georgia swamp, with all those alligators and bugs. But never a $12 million lodge."

The war was not over, though. And

OPPOSITE LEFT: ***Kicking ash***—*Steve Miller and Bruce Willis rock the house during the Kick Ash Bash.*

OPPOSITE MIDDLE: ***Homemade thanks***—*Wooden bears dressed in Fire Ts, thanking the firefighters.*

OPPOSITE RIGHT: ***Everyone played a part***—*Actor Scott Glenn helps man an information booth, while countless other volunteers fielded calls, worked ad hoc kitchens, moved valuable belongings, and provided housing to the displaced.*

LEFT: ***More thanks***—*Mannequins speak for everyone.*

the next test came just two days later—the day Baldy erupted like a volcano.

On the streets of Ketchum, gawkers huddled, some crying, as they watched flames that had raced up the backside of Baldy crest the mountaintop, flying embers starting spot fires on Limelight and Picabo ski runs.

"Like Armageddon," said dentist Aaron Blaser, who watched it all out the windows of his office.

Fortunately, there was no wind that day.

"If there had been any wind at all, it would have driven the fire straight toward Ketchum," said Fire Chief Elle. "We would have had an ember storm coming down on Ketchum that would have been a nightmare. We would have lost structure after structure."

Reluctantly, Ketchum Mayor Randy Hall cancelled the town's Wagon Days Celebration, which brings 10,000 people into the valley each Labor Day Weekend giving businesses a boost as they head into fall's slack season.

"Ketchum is not a good place to be right now," he said.

Store owners, stung by the lack of business, began closing early. Some didn't open at all.

Sun Valley Resort had lost little business during the first two weeks of the fire, thanks to the Danny Thompson Golf Tournament and conventions that went on as planned. But even the resort felt the loss of Labor Day visitors as just half its five hundred rooms were full.

"Today is typically my busiest day of the year," lamented one jeweler. "And I haven't sold a nickel's worth."

In the end, after darting north to Fox Creek and south to Greenhorn Gulch, the fire made its last stand where it started—in the Warm Springs area, where firefighters set a massive back burn to eradicate brush and other flammable fuel.

And a couple days after Labor Day, officials declared the fire officially contained. The only casualties—a few homes that sustained minor water damage because of all the water being poured on the back burn.

"We certainly spent some very anxious moments," said Jack Sibbach, marketing director for Sun Valley. "There certainly was the possibility of losing all the infrastructure on Baldy. I'm amazed at the way the firefighters managed to stop it. We got lucky."

Forest Service officials began reopening popular hiking and biking trails within a couple weeks of the fire's containment. And those who flocked to them were surprised to see how much had been spared versus how much had actually burnt.

Yellow aspen leaves looked stunningly beautiful against silhouettes of charred trees. And next year outdoor lovers will be wowed by an amazing display of lupine, fireweed and other plants, not to mention the mushrooms that always follow fires, predicted botanist Deb Taylor.

A grateful town celebrated the end of the fire by throwing a party—a Kick Ash Bash concert featuring Steve Miller, Carole King and Bruce Willis, all of whom have homes in the area.

And every firefighter who fought the fire was offered a free ticket.

"I've been on fires in Jackson Hole, over by Boise, elsewhere, and nobody has ever done anything like this for us," said Ed Krause, assistant chief for the Heyburn Fire Department.

Miller brought out two guitars that he had Boise guitarmaker John Bolin make for the concert. One depicted flames on one side and firefighters on the other. The other depicted firefighters and aircraft fighting the fire on Baldy.

"Those guys saved our bacon," said Miller.

Karen Bossick lives in Ketchum.

To Evacuate or Not to Evacuate

Your neighbor may not think too fondly of you should you resist a mandatory evacuation order and his house burns.

Evacuee holdouts change how firefighters protect fires because they're forced to put more resources towards protecting the people, rather than the structures, said Ketchum Fire Chief Mike Elle.

Typically, Elle said, one engine crew might be assigned for every couple houses with one or two engines acting as rovers to assist where the firefight is the heaviest.

But if someone has resisted evacuation, four engines would be assigned to that person, despite the admonishments that "you're on your own."

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK LEE

My Heart's Corral

By Evea Harrington Powers

Cuddy Mountain's snowcapped peak peers down on Crooked River, where a meadowlark warbles from a fencepost outside the wide expanse of coming summer pasture. The morning sun spreads its light on Coyote Ridge, and massive Ponderosas sway to and fro.

This is where I find peace with the world. This is the place where memories, family memories, flood back, and life is sweetened with love and tranquility. Where is it? It's here in Idaho, just twenty-one miles northwest of Council, where Dick Ross Creek joins Crooked River on its way toward the mighty Snake. Here the small streams join Bear Creek and then the Wild Horse River, merging into the Snake.

Early this spring, my husband, Harold, and I drove north of Boise to Council, veered northwest up Hornet Creek then northward to our picturesque retreat in the woods. Our one hundred sixty acres lay surrounded by a natural fence of Ponderosa pine, fir, and willows. Snow lay across the meadow, its depth twelve to fifteen inches, and sunlight turned the crusted blanket into glittering jewels like Mother Nature's own neon welcoming mat.

At a space among the pine trees, we noted elk tracks, freshly cut into the snow. "Why aren't these elk down on the Snake River on their winter feeding ground?" we questioned, and "Why are they running?" Soon the answer was obvious. Where the uneven snow had been disrupted, cougar sign was plainly visible. Well dug tracks in hot pursuit with long claws evident in the snow left no room for doubt. We crept forward evaluating overhanging limbs with cautious eyes. This was not the first sign of cougars.

Once when my mother, Clara Harrington, spotted a cougar emerging from under the Dick Ross Creek bridge, she pulled an antique rifle from behind the door and, pioneer woman that she was, her aim was remarkably accurate. The cougar, however, cleverly lost himself in the labyrinth of willows along the creek, where other cougar tracks followed the footprints of wild turkeys across the side road not far from the small cabin. The scream of a cougar is not something one forgets, and we had heard it twice before.

Beyond the meadow in the southwest corner lies the Old Corral, as we call it. The scent of evergreen mingles with fresh, pure air. A jet plane leaves its vapor trail across an azure sky, and a resounding sonic boom reminds us that the jet travels faster than the speed of sound. Still, memories of long ago return.

Red and white cattle once crowded their way into the Old Corral. I hear my father's voice urging his beloved, bawling Herefords into the corral as the dust rises upward. An empty vaccine bottle is half buried in the dirt. The hub of a wagon wheel, once used to swing the weight of an improvised gate, lies covered with debris. Poles, whitened with age, surround the corral. An old chute, unused for years, remains.

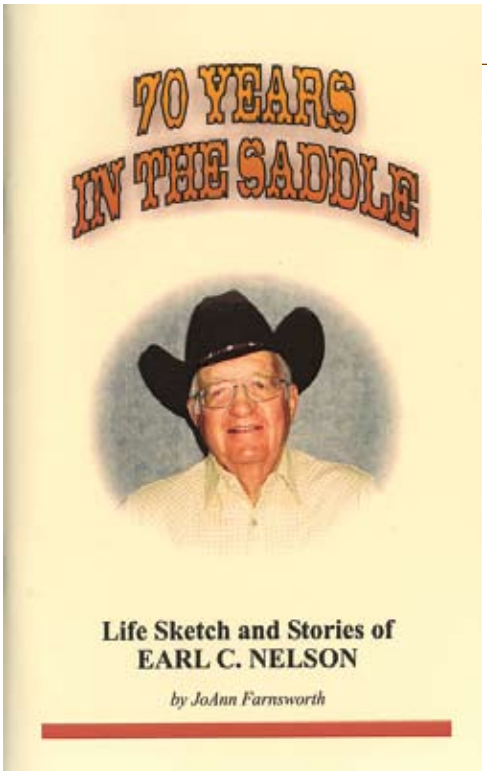
A coyote scurries from its hiding place and lopes across the meadow, its ears perked high. A branch of Crooked River has supplied water for irrigation trenches through the wild grass during the summer months since 1881. Tears fill my eyes as I recall the sacrifices, labor, and heart that have gone into making these wild acres the treasure they are today.

Across the meadow, old "snags" dot the spots where forgotten fires and tornado strength winds have left half-burned and limbless trees, their trunks bleached grey by passing decades. Yet today they still have purpose in offering habitats to feathered friends. "Welcome, bluebirds, woodpeckers, and pine squirrels. Build your nests here," they seem to say.

It's all part of Nature's plan. A red-splotched flicker flies away, followed by a chattering jay. Beyond the rush of Crooked River's spring run-off, a deer lifts its head and watches from the shadows. A "V" of geese fly overhead, and peace, like a blessing, settles over a green field dotted with yellow Johnny jump-ups, straight into my heart. This is where I belong.

This is Idaho at its finest.

Evea Harrington Powers lives in Emmett.



70 Years in the Saddle, Life Sketch and Stories of Earl C. Nelson

By JoAnn Farnsworth

Reviews by Sheila Winther

When I was growing up, one of my favorite pastimes was to sit in the corner quiet as a mouse and listen to my parents, friends and relatives talk about the "old days". There were many stories that I would ask them to tell over and over. I always wish I would have written them down. That is what JoAnn Farnsworth has done for us: captured some great "old days" stories straight from the storyteller.

Earl C. Nelson, born in 1934 in Montpelier, Idaho, grew up farming the old fashioned way, with a team of horses and a lot of sweat. He was drafted into the Army right out of high school and came home on his first leave to marry his high school sweetheart. He and his wife Gloria spent their life farming and raising 10 children. His stories, from rodeo bronco riding to ranching and his love for his horse teams will keep you entertained and amused.

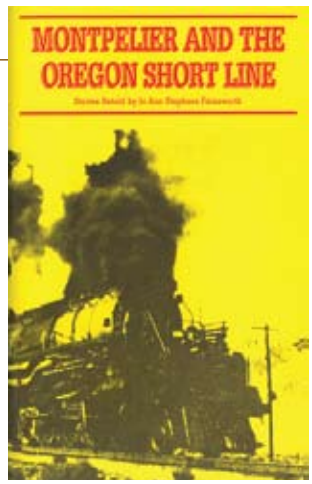
Farnsworth has done a very good job of not over editing, and allowing the stories to be told just as they were told to her. With humor and even a little sense of mischief, Earl's stories make you feel as if you are sitting around the kitchen table listening to Earl reminisce. With titles like "Mom Throwing Dad off the Porch" and "Driving a Car For Seven Miles While Sleeping," as soon as you finish one short tale, you will just have to read the next one.

Montpelier and the Oregon Short Line

By JoAnn Farnsworth

This is another collection of short recollections, both written and oral, from long time residents of the Montpelier area. With the Oregon Short Line Railroad at the center of these stories, we catch a glimpse of those early pioneers and their need for a way to get their crops to market. Although this book lacks the personality and humor of "70 years in the Saddle", it will be interesting to old railroad enthusiasts and local people who are familiar with the families of the area.

Sheila Winther lives in Boise.



Idaho Potato Rolls

By Mary Ann Merrick

INGREDIENTS

1/2 cup Idaho Potato Flakes©
1 1/2 cups warm water (105º to 115º F)
2 pkg. active dry yeast
1/2 cup sugar
1 Tbsp. salt
2 eggs
1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
6 1/2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
Melted butter, or 1 egg, beaten with 2 Tbsp. water
Sesame seeds
Idaho huckleberries (fresh or dried)
Muffin Pans, greased with cooking spray

PREPARATION

> Prepare Idaho Potato Flakes as package label directs for 1/2 cup, omitting salt and butter. First, rinse a large bowl in hot water and pour warm water into it. If possible, check temperature of warm water with a thermometer. The temperature should be no less than 105º F and no more than 115º F. Sprinkle the yeast over water. Add sugar and salt, stirring with wooden spoon until completely dissolved. Let stand a few minutes. The mixture will start to bubble slightly.

> Add two cups flour and knead dough with hands (I suggest using latex gloves). Add remaining 1 1/2 cups flour, mixing with hands until dough is smooth and elastic enough to rise. Place in clean dry bowl and allow to rise until double in size. After dough has risen, punch dough down and add 1 cup (I prefer dried) Idaho huckleberries, kneading into dough until smooth and elastic.

> Pinch dough into 1 1/2" balls and place two into each greased muffin pan cup. Cover with towel. Let the dough rise in a warm place (85º F) until doubled in bulk (about one hour.) Preheat oven to 400º F. Brush dough with butter, and bake twelve minutes or until golden. Serve warm and spread with butter. Makes thirty-six rolls.

Note: For an Idaho twist, instead of rolling dough into balls after first rising, roll it out 1/2" thick and use an Idaho shaped cookie cutter to cut out shapes. Place on a cookie sheet covered with parchment paper and allow to rise for thirty minutes, then cook as directed above.

Mary Ann Merrick lives in Boise.

Gruyere-Stuffed Beef Fillet

By Stacey Kemper

INGREDIENTS

4-5 lb beef fillet
salt
coarsely cracked black pepper
1/4 cup olive oil
1/2 lb. Gruyere cheese, sliced
12 whole cloves garlic, peeled
1 cup Indian Creek© red wine

PREPARATION

> Preheat oven to 500° F

> Carefully trim all fat and sinew from beef. Season to taste with salt and pepper, pressing it into the meat. Heat olive oil almost to the smoking point in a heavy, large skillet over medium high heat. Gently slip meat into the pan. Brown completely on all sides and ends. Remove from pan and let cool slightly. Make cuts into the top of the meat, forming pockets. Place cheese slices into pockets. Make smaller cuts throughout the meat and insert the whole garlic cloves.

> Place stuffed meat into a roasting pan. Pour wine over meat. Place in oven and immediately reduce heat to 350° F. Roast for about thirty minutes for rare, and thirty-five minutes for medium rare.

> Remove meat from pan and wrap in foil. Place roasting pan on medium high heat and reduce drippings slightly. Slice meat into six servings and pass the wine reduction at the table.

Stacey Kemper lives in Boise.

december 1 - january 1/2008 idaho calendar of events

dec.

tba	Parade of Lights, Malad
tba	Community Decorate the Park, White Bird
tba	Christmas Lights Parade, Montpelier
1-29	ArtMart, Idaho Falls
1-22	Trolley Rides & Visit with Santa, Idaho Falls
1-1/1	Resort Holiday Light Show, Coeur d'Alene
1-24	Little Girls Scrap 'n' Craft Holiday Bazaar, Boise
1-13	Student Art Show (Juried), Rexburg
3, 8.15	Chariot Racing Saturdays, Pocatello
1	Famous Potato Marathon, Boise
1	Light Parade & Celebration, Caldwell
1	Kiddie Jingle Parade, Kooskia
1	Fernwood Craft Show, Fernwood
1	Oak Ridge Boys, Idaho Falls
1	Winterland Parade, Meridian
1	Symphony Orchestra, Meridian
1	Christmas Craft Fair, Sandpoint
1	Tree Lighting & Crafts Fair, St. Anthony
1	Hayden Lights Celebration, Hayden
1	Christmas Showcase, Coeur d'Alene
1	Holiday Craft Bazaar, St. Maries
1	Wild Game Banquet & Auction, Priest Lake
1	Lighting Ceremony, Pinehurst
1	Yuletide Celebration, Wallace
1	Christmas in St. Maries, St. Maries
1-2	Carnitas Chorale, Sun Valley
1-2	Papoose Club Christmas Bazaar, Ketchum
1-3	Boise Christmas Show, Boise
1-3	Christmas in the Country Craft Bazaar, Boise
1-3	A Country Christmas Bazaar, Melba
1-24	Christmas in the City, Boise
1-31	Winter Garden Aglow, Boise
2	Yuletide Celebration, Wallace
2	Sons of Norway Bazaar, Boise
2	Ladies' Aide Silver Tea and Bazaar, Bruneau
2	Down Home Country Christmas, Kuna
2	Winterland Parade, Meridian
2	Columbia Village Holiday Bazaar, Boise
2	Melba Christmas Bazaar, Melba
2	Community Bazaar, Garden City
3	Children's Christmas Party on Main Street., Priest River
3	Light Up Downey, Downey
8	Taming of the Shrew, play, Rexburg
6	Tree Lighting & Caroling Party, Ketchum
6-8	Enchanted Village Craft Show, Chubbuck
6-9	Festival of Trees, Bonners Ferry
7	Tree Lighting & Parade, St. Maries
7	Acoustic Eidonlon, string music, Blackfoot
7-8	BYU-Idaho Symphony Orchestra, Rexburg
7-8	The Nutcracker, ballet, Idaho Falls
7-9	Fantasy of Lights, Cascade
8	Cantabiles Choir Christmas Concert, Rexburg
8-9	A Victorian Christmas Bazaar, Cascade
8-9	Idaho Open Archery Shoot, Pocatello
8-9	2nd Winter Carnival, Hayden
8-10	A Country Christmas Bazaar, Melba
9	Community Arts & Crafts Fair, Council
9	Christmas Festival & Tree Lighting, Bayview
9	Telemark Race Series, Sun Valley
9	Christmas Concert, Soda Springs
9-10	Thyme on Your Hands Gift Boutique, Boise
10-11	Fired Clay & Pottery Sale, Boise
12	The Nutcracker, Twin Falls
12	Free Admission Day, Lava Hot Springs
13	Ballet Idaho's The Nutcracker, Caldwell
13	Lunch & Look, Art Museum, Idaho Falls
13	Christmas Walk, Boise
13-14	Holiday Lights Tour, Pocatello
13-16	The Gift of the Magi, Coeur d'Alene
14	Art walk, Coeur d'Alene
14-15	Amahl and the Night Visitors, Opera, Idaho Falls
15	A Cappella Singers Holiday Dinner Show, Idaho Falls
15	Elves Workshop, museum, Idaho Falls
15	4th Christmas Luau Party, Stateline
15	Free Nordic Ski Day, Sun Valley
15	Perla Batalla in concert, Sun Valley
15-17	A Country Christmas Bazaar, Melba
16-17	Live Nativity, Blackfoot
17	A Kurt Bester Christmas, Idaho Falls
18	Babes in Toyland, Nampa
19-30	Snowflake, play, Sun Valley
20	Open Drawing Studio, Idaho Falls
21-22	The Promise, musical, Sun Valley
22	YMCA Christmas Run/Walk, Boise
22	Sites' Christmas Concert, Idaho Falls
22	The Nutcracker, ballet, Blackfoot
22	Tree Decorating Contest, St. Anthony
22-24	A Country Christmas Bazaar, Melba
24	Santa's Traditional Visit, Sandpoint
26-1/5	Paul Tillotson Trio, Sun Valley
28	Gallery Walk, Sun Valley
28	Holiday Parties, Area Resorts, Priest Lake
28-30	Winter Holidays Antique Show, Sun Valley
31	New Year's Eve Celebrations, Priest Lake
31	New Year's Eve Event, Sandpoint

jan.

tba	Winter Carnival, Sandpoint
tba	41st Winter Carnival & Snowmobile Poker Fun Run, Priest Lake
1	Bandanna's New Years Run/Walk, Boise
1	New Years Table Rock Run, Boise
1	Handicap Hangover Fun Run, Coeur d'Alene
1	Polar Bear Plunge, Coeur d'Alene
1-5	Winter Garden Aglow, Boise
1-31	Eagle Watching, Coeur d'Alene
3	First Thursday, Boise
5	Telemark Race Series, Sun Valley
5	Ironman Run, Boise
5	Robie Creek Half Marathon, Boise
5	Les Bois 10K, Boise
5	Famous Potato 5K, 10K, Half Marathon, Boise
5	Hornet 5K, Mad Hatter 5K, Boise
8-9	West Mountain Snowmobile Club Fun Run & Auction, Cascade
8-9	Festival of Wreaths & Fantasy of Lights, Cascade
8-12	Paul Tillotson Trio, Sun Valley
9-30	Wednesdays Winter Wildlife Snowshoe Walks, Sun Valley
10-31	Free Showshoe Walks with a Ranger, Thursdays, Sun Valley
10-31	Winter Carnival, Sandpoint

Do you have a special event in your town? Send us the vital information, and we'll make sure friends and neighbors across the street and across the state know about it. All functions must be free to the public or darn cheap. Events charging admission fees are welcome to purchase ad space.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: The first of the month, one month prior to date of publication. Example: Deadline for the June 2007 issue is May 1.

WRITE TO: IDAHO magazine Calendar of Events
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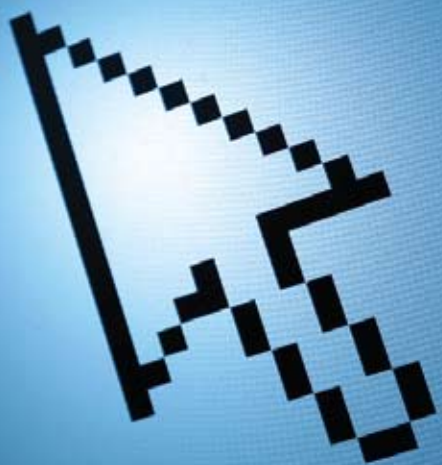

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december contributors

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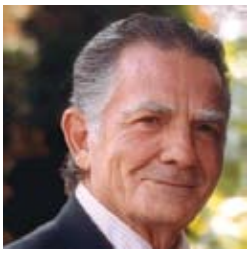
worked for the *Idaho Statesman* in Boise for twenty-three years before moving to Ketchum six years ago. She enjoys downhill and cross-country skiing, hiking, kayaking, pampering her pound hound, Banjo, and taking advantage of the cultural activities the Wood River Valley offers.

Jason Chatraw
is an author and freelance writer living in Boise. While he admires smokejumpers, he would never consider leaping from an airplane into a fire on his own free will.



Dick Lee
illustrates *IDAHO magazine*.
"I am still, and probably always will be looking for my 'voice' and trying to master the various media. My medium of preference…is drawing."

Dene Oneida
is managing editor of *IDAHO magazine*, and is a professional writer, editor, actor, and dramaturg. Dene lives in Boise and has three daughters.

Connie Otteson
lives in Idaho Falls, where she and husband, Dennis, raised their four kids. She was named Idaho Writers League's 2006 Writer of the Year, partly based on her nonfiction book, *Unsung Heroes and Settlers of Bonneville County, Idaho: a collection of stories of pioneers to Eagle Rock*. Presently, Connie is working on a read-along storybook to be used by fourth graders in Bonneville County as supplement in their studies of Idaho History.

Ryan Peck
Ryan Peck is a native Idahoan. His interests include songwriting, strumming on his guitar, mandolin, and banjo, attempting to break the speed of sound on his road bike, drinking hot chocolate, watching movies with his girlfriend, and enjoying Boise's foothills.

Evea Harrington Powers,
cowgirl poet, earned two degrees from the University of Idaho and spent 28 years teaching. She published four books, including *The Lost Sheepherder Mine*. Evea is a consistent Idaho Writers' League and Gem State Writers' Guild contest winner and was represented in the *Idaho Nuggets 1992* centennial volume.

Megan Rieger
is a freelance writer from Boise. She enjoys swing dancing, reading, listening to oldies and telling stories of the people and history of the Northwest.

Bill Ryan
is a Pocatello native and a graduate of Idaho State University, later earning a master's degree at Marquette University. He worked in radio in Idaho and Utah and in 1965 was hired as Idaho State's first fulltime alumni director. He later taught journalism courses at ISU. He moved his family to Texas to become a writer-editor for UPI. He is retired now and gets back to Idaho as often as possible.

Linda Sandifer
was born and raised in Rigby. She is the award-winning author of twelve novels and numerous short stories and articles. Her books have been published internationally. She and her husband live in the small community of Bone, outside of Idaho Falls.

Dan Strawn
is an Idaho native and a member of the NW Interpretive Assoc. and Nez Perce Trail Foundation. He is retired and now lives in Vancouver, WA, with wife, Sandi, and Border Collie, Idaho. Dan's work has been published in *Trail Blazer Magazine*. He has self-published *The TVidiot*, written by his son, *Lame Bird's Legacy*, his novel about the Nez Perce War of 1877, and *What War?*, Fred Benton's memoir of the Korean conflict.

William Studebaker
hangs around watching folks, kayaking, camping, and hunting upland birds. He is a partner in Idaho Whitewater Safety and Rescue, LLC. He was awarded the 2005 Outstanding Achievement in the Humanities Award for his contribution to Idaho literature.

Royce Williams
After seventeen years away from Idaho, where he edited *Idaho Wildlife* magazine and worked as a producer-scriptwriter for Idaho Public TV, Royce came back to the state (from his other home state, Kentucky) in late September. The trip was to see if Idaho still felt like home. It did, so he's moving back in 2008. Yes, you can go home again.

Sheila Winther
is Volunteer Services Coordinator for the Idaho Commission for Libraries in Boise and a member of the Idaho Book of the Year selection committee. Born in Lewiston, she makes an annual pilgrimage to the Clearwater River for "river therapy." Favorite pastimes include grandkids, gardening, scubadiving, camping and anything else in the great Idaho outdoors.

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