

26 November 2002

Bud Lilly  
Cal Dunbar

Dear Bud:

Enclosed are copies of two articles I wrote about Don Martinez. Linda Caine, our Romsett cabin neighbor who came up with those flies from the late Henry Dinwoody's vacated locker at her condo complex, had never even heard of him. I'm sure you recall Henry Dinwoody. He and his tall wife always used to fish September every year. I think he belonged to the Flat Rock or North Fork club. As I recall you guided him on occasion.

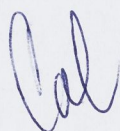
Besides helping Linda out for her generosity in giving those flies to the Museum of the Yellowstone fly-fishing corner, I also wanted to record my recollections before I become completely dotty.

You will notice that I cabbaged your great photo of Don and Mary. She was a knockout. Don't know where she is these days.

We go to Santa Cruz for a week in December to celebrate Cal2's fourth on 12/15 and my 78th on 12/16. Can you imagine! In 1944 I wasn't taking odds on my ever even voting.

You and Esther have a great holiday season. I hope you are feeling better these days.

Best,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Cal". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Cal

## Profile of Don Martinez

Don was born about 1903 or 1905 in Washington Green, CT, to an old New England family named Skillman on his mother's side. Don used the name Skillman as his trademark, an apt name. Martinez is Spanish as that side of the family came from New Orleans, he said. He attended Princeton, and somewhere along the line studied under Dr. Paul Needham the noted authority on limnology as well as studying entomology. My friend Eugene "Peg" Glenn who brought me first to Montana to fly-fish in 1941 and who had known Don in San Diego before Don came to Los Angeles always said: "Don knows insects!"

Don was briefly in the realty business in Chicago before heading west. He had fished the Michigan streams, had associated with the fly-fishing sport and was one of the founders of the Izaak Walton League.

He lived in San Diego for several years in the early 1930s where he had had a store, thought by the widow of my San Diego friend Glenn to be furniture, not fishing related.

When I first met him through his son in junior high school, about 1938, he was living on St Andrews Place, two blocks west of Western Avenue, in the block north of 8th Street, a couple of blocks south of Wilshire Boulevard. The house was a two-story clapboard on the west side of the street. By 1946 when I returned from the Marines and reestablished contact with him, he had moved to 111 N. Ridgewood Place, one block south of Beverly Blvd and one block east of Van Ness Avenue, on the west side of Ridgewood. This was about a mile and a half north of our house at Ninth and Bronson as had been the distance east to his previous house on St. Andrews.

The Martinez family consisted of Don, his wife of similar age Nola, a son David and a daughter Mary. Nola was a very attractive blonde who wore her hair in a bun. I heard that she had been a fashion model. David, called Stuffy by the family, was in my sister Bettie Lu's class so he was born in 1926. Mary, called Dinty by the family, was about a year or older than my sister Addie so would have been born about 1929. She was very attractive in a darkly Hispanic-looking way favoring Don while David was blond like his mother. Mary was an excellent fly-tier. I last saw her about 1951 when Addie and I ran into her at Dad's Jonathan Club in downtown LA. I lost track of family after 1946 when I went up to Berkeley. I think both children went to USC. Don must have come from some wealth because he was well educated, had the means to set up businesses, had time for fly-fishing, had good social contacts, lived well in a nice neighborhood and sent his children to an expensive private university. I recall my remark when my junior high classmate Walt Fieseler told me that Don was a professional fly-tier and that David had invited us to watch him tie: "You mean he raises that family and lives on St Andrews Place just by tying flies?" Little did I know about the flyfishing business.

My first contact with Don was when I was at John Burroughs Junior High School about 1938. My friend Fieseler, a classmate of David's, told me that David's father was a pro fly-tier and would assist us to learn to tie. Fieseler and I had gotten the flyfishing craze from someplace. Don invited us in and gave us material to tie the simple squirrel tail streamer, together with the materials: a piece of squirrel tail and some 3XL #8 hooks. I was just into fly-fishing, and about 1940 I sent to Hardy's in London for their fly catalog because I had seen their wonderful colored fly plates and wanted the pages. I received after some time a crudely sewing machine stitched-up series of pages of some of the color fly plates. England was in the Battle of Britain fighting for its life then. I am not proud of this selfish act of mine. I feel shame whenever I think of it.

Don's St Andrews house was a two-story clapboard facing east where the first floor living room had been converted into his tying room. It caught the sun until midday. Hanging by the rod tip guide from the ceiling valance around the walls of the room were his assembled bamboo rods. This was done in those days to prevent "setting", or warping, of the bamboo. The rods I saw were all first-rate made by Leonard, Payne and the like. His working area consisted of a bridge card table, an occasional chair with one-half of a square metal typewriter ribbon box glued onto the left wooden arm to provide a resting socket for the rubber tip of the handvise rod. The handvise, a Don development, consisted of a Thompson A visejaw on an eighteen-inch stainless steel rod with a rubber tip on the butt end. He had vises in two sizes to fit large and small hooks. The room had the slight aroma of the paradichlorobenzene moth balls used to protect the materials he had stored in file cabinets.

One time when I entered, he had several wash basins on the floor and was tying leaders with

the gut segments soaking in the glycerine water mixture. Finished tapered leaders were put in cellophane envelopes when tied. In those days the Spanish silkworm gut came in about 18-inch long bundles, like fascia, in various natural sizes. Individual strands were put to soak in basins then tied into taper when soft. Fine gut required for leaders below OX diameter was made by drawing the coarser gut through steel dies to proper diameter, making sure that gut was not damaged in the process. This was done abroad in Spain by skilled artisans of the gut manufacturers and was expensive due to the offshore labor and importation. I think the war conditions in Europe also affected the supply and cost. Nylon was a great boon, later replacing this difficult expensive gut that required constant soaking with each use in the field, let alone the degeneration of the natural gut.

Don usually sat at the card table in the occasional chair and tied. Sometimes he had a book open and apparently he could read sporadically as he tied. I saw him tie the floss-bodied Pink Lady pattern flies once. The difficult floss bodies were tapered, smooth and seamless. His macaw quill body on the quill body dry flies were always smooth and regular. As anyone who has ever tied knows, making soaked quill bodies lie down evenly is a real skill. His bodies always tapered just right. He made it look easy.

His method of tying was: He held the handvise in his left hand securely with the rod in his last two fingers. With his thumb and first fingers he spun the vise like a lathe. The hook in the visejaw had its shank parallel with the vise and rod. With his right hand he manipulated the tying silk, body materials and hackles. The materials were fed directly onto the hook from the spool and were cut only when each fly was tied. In this way no material was wasted. He did not have to rotate his hand around the hook but kept it stationary as the vise turned lathewise.

Originally he had put a pinvise on a piece of bamboo rod for the handle. Then he had the Thompson vise manufacturers make him the handvise with the steel rod and a Thompson A vise. It had a lever that folded against the rod to lock the jaws. Still later he had the visehead jaws open up by breaking the visehead at 90 degrees to the rod for hook insertion. When the hook was in the jaws the visehead was returned to the upright parallel position which locked the hook in the jaws. The vise that he loaned me in 1946 was the lever type while the vise he used personally was this later improved snap-open type.

The Martinez dry fly style of flytying is an offshoot of the Catskill School. That is, the style originated in the Catskill rivers area of New York. It involves long stiff hackles for the collar, slim tapered bodies and stiff supporting tails. It gives a delicate highfloating bouyant fly that mimics a natural, dancing on the water surface. Don told me one time that he thought that his friends the Darbys in the NY Catskills were really the best of flytiers. His flies are a lot like that NY Catskill type, beautiful quill or floss bodies, well tapered without any of the unsightly lumpy overlaps so often seen in less well-tied fly bodies.

As to Don's personality, he was a complicated person. He was a definite elitist who was affable to those he felt were really deserving fly fishermen but he could be very curt and brusque to those he felt were wasting his time. He had great friendships with prosperous clients who were into serious fly-fishing as his customers. He had a good grasp of aquatic insect entomology, took field samples and tried to match the naturals with his imitations. This was at a time that most trout flies were simply general patterns that might suggest a meal to feeding trout. He attempted to be specific about what was actually hatching. Bud Lilly says that he was "fifty years ahead of his time". He was an early conservationist actively helping form the Izaak Walton League which was the forerunner movement of such as Trout Unlimited and the Federation of Fly Fishers today. The late Rae Servatious said that he was always the conservationist.

He did drink a lot, sometimes having local boys hustle him a can of tomato juice to his shop in the morning to help him meet the coming day. This heavy drinking probably hastened his early death in his fifties. He liked to go on sprees with another Jackson Hole flyshop owner Bob Carmichael. Bud Lilly tells me that he and Carmichael had made a fishing sojourn to West Yellowstone in the mid 1950s where Bud had talked to them in his shop. Don was dead shortly thereafter.

Don's legacy is the fly patterns he developed well ahead of his time. His originals are definitely heirlooms. Among the patterns he is associated with are the currently highly-used Woolly Worm, which he did not actually originate but popularized, the Bradley M dry, which imitates the local brown drake, the Whitcraft dry, an Adams spinoff he named for his pal the-then superintendent of Grand Teton

National Park, and his Martinez Nymph, still a popular tackle shop item.

Some of his original dries were located in 2001 in Utah in the vacated locker of the late Henry Dinwoody whose family had owned the famous Salt Lake City furniture store for years. Dinwoody used to fish our area annually. Mrs Linda Caine-Fontenot resides in the Salt Lake condo complex, had wanted the locker, and when the custodian showed her the dry flies along with small pasteboard boxes bearing Don's LA address on Ridgewood Place, she contacted me who told her of their importance. The flies are readily recognized as Don's style. Linda has generously presented some to the Museum of the Yellowstone fly-fishing display.

To recount my relationship with Don:

I met him first about 1938 while I was still in junior high school. I used to visit his home to watch him tie and get pointers. I saw him in his shop in West Yellowstone on my trip here in September of 1941. I was gone from LA from 1943 until May 1946 in the Marines. Don saw a piece in the local weekly "Wilshire Press" telling of my experiences and safe return. He phoned me that he needed some wooly worms in a hurry. He loaned me a handvise and the materials whereon I tied some sixty dozen that summer for the Yellowstone Park stores, three patterns, green, black and yellow, on number eight extra long shank hooks (#8, 3XL). He remarked "Cal, those are good flies" when I presented him with the first batch. I asked him if there was any opportunity for me to be in West Yellowstone. He said not. Mary, who was at home, asked "Where would he live up there?" I replied that I was a Marine and could live anywhere. No deal. He paid me by the dozen for the flies. They were for the Yellowstone Park area trade (jobbed to the concessionaire Hamilton Stores by his local partner, the late Mrs. Rae Servatius of West Yellowstone whom I came to know here some fifteen years later.

I returned the vise and materials left over to Don in September when I was going back to college at Berkeley. He urged me to take the vise along. He would teach me how to tie dry flies and I could make some real money. "Dinty (Mary) just bought a Chevvy on her flytying". I told him that I had been in the Pacific for two years and intended to chase girls and drink beer in my spare time. I always regret I never took him up on his offer. Imagine, like Stradivarius wanting to teach you to make violins. I never saw him again. He died about 1955 or so.

Lilly told me that he did not buy Don's shop but bought the Trout Shop about 1955 from the Billings owner who had bought the shop previously from George Grant who had operated it for several years. According to Lilly, Don had lost the lease on the shop on Yellowstone Ave he rented from Walt Stuart (the one I had met him in in 1941) about 1946. Pat Barnes, who had been a summer guide for Don, took it over. Eventually Bob Jacklin bought out Barnes. The late David Bascom, the San Francisco advertising man who was a summer resident into fly fishing, tells in an article he published in his now-defunct local newsheet "The Wretched Mess News" that Don had had a shop in the Totem Cafe at one time, but he was on Yellowstone Avenue, east of Eagle's Store, in the ultimate Barnes shop, in 1941 when I was up here. We do not know the details of why he left this Stuart location, but Don gave up that store. Rae Servatius had run W.Y. store in 1943 for two years but did not like retail end of it and went into wholesale only. She sold to the seven Hamilton Stores in Yellowstone Park. She continued to run her business into the 1960s, having others tie flies after Don's death. Don had also operated a shop in Jackson Hole from 1943 for a couple of years before he closed it. He didn't like Jackson Hole.

Wally Eagle tells me that he played with David (Stuffy) and that Don had given Wally a pinvise which he still has. Wally never tied flies for Don nor worked with him other than running to the store to get him tomato juice for his hangover some mornings. Wally did fish with Stuffy on occasion on the Madison River at the highway bridge to which they rode their bikes.

Don Martinez is not well-known to the proliferation of flyfishers who haunt these environs every summer now, but he deserves to be recognized.

The display of his dry flies at the Museum of the Yellowstone is a step in the proper direction toward this long overdue recognition of his contribution to the sport.

Calvin Dunbar  
PO Box 368  
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Don and Mary Martinez, probably about 1949.

## Flies of Don Martinez

The dry flies found by Linda Fontenot in the locker of the late Henry Dinwoody are rare indeed. It is just lucky that the custodian told Linda about the flies when he was vacating that locker for her at the condo. Linda phoned us in W.Y. about these flies that had several small cardboard boxes labelled "Skillman Flies, Don Martinez, 111 N. Ridgewood Place, Los Angeles, Cal". I told Linda that she had just "hit the jackpot and to hold on to those flies!". She later generously gave me some and donated several to the Yellowstone Historical Museum flyfishing display in town. Skillman was Don's middle name and an apt tradename which he used for his flies.

The late Henry Dinwoody was one of the SLC Dinwoody brothers who owned the longtime Dinwoody's furniture store business. Henry and his wife were ardent flyfishers who used to come every year to the West Yellowstone area. He belonged either to the North Fork Club or the Flat Rock Club on the Henry's Fork at Macks Inn. Obviously he had bought these flies from Don about 1945 or 1950 when I know Don was living on Ridgewood.

Don was a friend of mine in LA as his two children were in the schools my sisters and I attended. The son David (nicknamed Stuff by the family) was a year or so younger than I in my sister Bettie Lu's class. Mary (Dinty) was a year or so behind him and a class ahead of my sister Addie. David had told us in junior high (c 1938) that his dad was a flytier who could help a flyfishing enthusiast classmate of mine and me to tie flies. We were interested and spent many hours at his-then house on St. Andrews Place and Eighth Street watching him tie. This went on sporadically for several years into my high school days.

I saw him in his shop in W.Y. on Yellowstone Avenue just east of Eagle's in September 1941 when a lifelong friend of my family from San Diego brought me to West Yellowstone to flyfish. Luckily my Dad let me out of LAHS to go for about ten days.

From 1943 until 1946 I was busy in the Marines. When I returned to LA in May 1946 I received a phone call from Don who had seen the notice of my return in the local press. He needed some flies tied. He had me tie the simple wooly worm wet fly in three patterns, lending me one of his handvises, hooks and materials. I think I tied some sixty dozen that summer. In September I went back to college at Berkeley. He told me to take the vise and things and that he would show me how to tie fancier dry flies wherein I could make some real money (as his daughter was doing). I declined as I wanted to get back to college, "date girls and drink beer" after two years in the Pacific. I always regret passing up his offer to learn his art. I never saw him again, although Addie and I ran into Mary at Dad's Jonathan Club about 1953. Don died about 1955, his life shortened by his lifelong heavy drinking habit.

Don was born in Connecticut about 1903 and well educated in the east, passed through Chicago and ended up in San Diego where he lived for a while and became a friend of my family friend who had brought me to Montana in 1941. Don had been active in the forming of the Izaak Walton League, the forerunner of fishing conservation, like today's Trout Unlimited and Federation of Fly Fishers. He became recognized as one of America's really gifted flytiers. Don had had shops in both West Yellowstone and Jackson Hole at various times.

He was unique in using the handvise which he had developed originally from the simple pinvise mounted on a bamboo rod segment. Later he had a refined steel vise and rod made for him by the Thompson fly vise people. This particular handvise is still unique as everyone today uses the deskbound stationary vise. I have never heard of the handvise being used by any of the present day tiers. The handvise permits the hook to be rotated like a lathe and evenly lays on the material and the hackles. It also saves material as one takes the tinsel or whatever off of the spool directly rather than cut pieces of which one might have worthless ends remaining. This is a vise on a forearm length rod with the vise-head at the end parallel to the rod shaft so that the vise is rotated when the holding hand spins it.

To describe how your flies were tied:

They are dry flies, which means that they float on the surface to imitate an emergent adult fly.

First, the hook is placed in the vise jaws. Then the hook is wrapped with the tying thread along the shank and the tail tied in. The body material (here probably muskrat fur) is spun on the tying thread and wrapped forward creating a tapered body as with the natural insect. Next the wings are tied on.

On these dry flies they are the extreme ends of two hackles. Finally several neck hackle feathers are wrapped around the hook shank. Each is wrapped and tied down and then the next one., in succession. The hackles may be of a single color, say brown, or they may be mixed feathers, say from brown and grizzly hackle necks. They are wrapped around the hook in front and behind the wings to form the hackle collar which will float the fly and then each hackle end is tied down. With these hackles wrapped and secured, the head is formed by wrapping the tying thread smoothly, tied off and sealed with a liquid cement drop or two. Don's favorite hackle collars were mixed brown and grizzly hackle feathers. He thought this was the best combination for insect imitation. He was an Adams pattern fan, the dubbed grey fur body with the mixed brown and grizzly hackles over upright hackle-tip wings.

Don's flies are easily recognized. He tied according to what is known as the Catskill School (after the tiers of the NY Catskill rivers area). This means a graceful long tail, a slender beautifully tapered body, long stiff hackles to support the fly well off of the surface and dainty graceful wings. The minimal-bodied fly is supported by the tail and the hackles with a bouyancy imitating the natural. It is a fly of exquisite grace and delicacy. This style of dry fly is called the variant: long stiff hackle collar, long tail, slender body with or without wings, usually, if winged, delicate hackle tips. Even Don's flies that are not strictly variants because they have shorter hackles follow the delicate style of the true long-hackled variant.

You have a wonderful and rare piece of flyfishing Americana by one of our true master tiers. He was "way ahead of his time", as my friend Bud Lilly says.

Don had studied entomolgy in college and was always developing patterns imitating the specific local insects in an era where the usual patterns were simply of a very general trout-food nature imitating no insect in particular. For example, his Bradley M pattern imitates the Brown Drake mayfly of our area and his Whitcraft which is simply his beloved Adams pattern modified with a quill body instead of the regular grey fur body. He named this dry fly he developed after his flyfishing friend who was then superintendent of Grand Teton National Park of the Jackson Hole area.

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PO Box 368  
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Dec. 2000 Prime Time News

## HERE'S THE CHURCH, HERE'S

In 1988 while Yellowstone was on fire all over the sky day after day, we were all too busy to pay much attention to the things that moved like dinosaurs up and down the old pot-holes, making sidewalks out of chaos. That event made lots of changes over the town. It was the up side of the grim disaster of events. Some wondered if we would eventually ride on smooth streets among the ruins.

Even so, there were those die-hards who complained that the new streets spoiled the singular ambiance of our town. "I liked it when we had the bumpy streets," or "It was such a quaint little town. Now it looks ordinary." Well, as Cal put it, "Sort of like folks riding along in the Club Car, looking out the window at us peasants who are standing among the pot-holes. Quaint, but the peasants don't think it is such great shakes." One man's progress is another man's regret, perhaps.

Among the changes in this new-found dignity is the resurgence of church-going around here. For a town that used to be considered a honky-tonk escape from down-home restraints, the rubber tomahawk center of the world, West has taken on a respectability that surprises some of the old timers. "Where can I go to church around here?" now gets a response: "Which one?" Within the last year, two and one-half churches have been built, the one-half being a new extension of the local L.D.S. chapel (or is it Stake House, the term which baffles some of the uninitiated?). The "two" are the new Church of Christ and the new Community Protestant Church, both in the Madison Addition residential section attached to the north side of "Old Town." Our Lady of the Pines Catholic Church has had considerable repair and redecorating done, stained glass windows adding to its rustic charm, new roof, new façade, lots of shoring-up. On Yellowstone Avenue, the relatively new Baptist Church holds forth as it has for some twenty years. There are still plenty of folks sleeping in on Sunday mornings, but in a town of about a thousand people, five churches flourish.

Of course, it wasn't always that way. Church building was not always a viable activity in these parts, later providing some dedicated people many challenges.

Bonnie Thompson Porter, whose parents had "The Hillside Dairy" where Diamond P Ranch is today, the former Murray ranch of "pre-history," tells of her mother's special ability as a seamstress. Though the girls went barefoot during the week in warm weather, they had shoes and pretty dresses for the Sundays when Albertina Rahn picked them up, taking them the eight miles into West to church. Albertina was a homesteader on Henry's Lake Flat, so this sortie made a thirty-mile round trip for her. She was the teacher in the Sunday school as well, meeting as they did in the school house. Separation of church and state was an unknown in those days, I gather.

Some more  
reading matter,

Jan



## HERE'S THE CHURCH, HERE'S THE STEEPLE...

In 1988 while Yellowstone was on fire all over the place, while the smoke filled the sky day after day, we were all too busy to pay much attention to the heavy equipment that moved like dinosaurs up and down the old pot-holes, creating smooth streets and making sidewalks out of chaos. That event made lots of dust even as the smoke settled over the town. It was the up side of the grim disaster-mode, a remarkably optimistic turn of events. Some wondered if we would eventually ride up and down Yellowstone Avenue on smooth streets among the ruins.

Even so, there were those die-hards who complained that the new streets spoiled the singular ambiance of our town. "I liked it when we had the bumpy streets," or "It was such a quaint little town. Now it looks ordinary." Well, as Cal put it, "Sort of like folks riding along in the Club Car, looking out the window at us peasants who are standing among the pot-holes. Quaint, but the peasants don't think it is such great shakes." One man's progress is another man's regret, perhaps.

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One of our more zealous neighbors at Romsett used to gather up as many kids as her Chrysler Airflow would hold, and, with liverwurst, bread and pickles in tow, take us to The Little Church in the Pines at Mack's Inn, built by Dad Mack as a non-denominational church in the early forties. I've forgotten the service, but I recall the original "trunk picnic" in the campground at Coffee Pot Rapids very well. Liverwurst has never tasted that good since.

At some point during those years, a man of unusual religious bent, Reverend Stubbs, built a beautiful log building on Firehole Avenue (the highway), an edifice which still serves as the Sweetheart Bread warehouse, a garage door replacing the altar area within, allowing the bread to be loaded into the trucks expeditiously. (Does that make it "Panis Angelicus?") I visited this "Rainbow Tabernacle" several times in the forties, mostly to see the dim-lit interior where one could imagine various kinds of holy or occult services, where one was invited to drop money into a tin can for upkeep, but where I was never privileged to see a regular service. Rumors abounded. The two sons of the good reverend were said to be unusual; one was a "child of the flesh," the other a "child of the spirit." As far as I know, both of them were equally successful in their possibly mundane adult lives.

The original Community Protestant Church was constructed on Canyon Street by volunteer labor in 1950-51, and I do mean "on" Canyon Street. That is the highway, and in its narrow two-lane days, encroachment was an unknown. The stairs to the church rose from the right-hand lane of Highway 191, making it a lively entrance experience, particularly in winter, a sort of "drive-up" church, a challenge at best and made more so by evening services which, in winter meant "in the dark." The earliest part-time pastor, after the church was adopted as a mission by the Presbytery of the Yellowstone, cared for four churches: Ennis, Pony, Harrison, and West Yellowstone. West and Harrison are separated by one hundred interesting miles, and Reverend McKinney often turned up in snow-buried West in the dark of a Sunday night, returning to Ennis like Dan McGrew into the Klondike. For some years, the "Big" church in Louisville sent us an assortment of outstanding seasonal ministers. In 1964, a year among others when some illustrious professors of theology from Louisville Seminary pastored in West because of the proximity to Yellowstone Park, Dr. A. B. Rhodes and family lived in the tiny manse that was an old school building attached to the small church. Although a mighty heavy gun in Louisville, this remarkable man with so common a touch recalled his backwoods youth in Kentucky, and fell into the rural aspects of our community very easily. I was a helper in the vacation bible school that summer, and found him a total amusement as well as an inspiration.

One morning during a heavy rain, someone left the front door of the church ajar. That door was the infamous one that spilled worshippers immediately onto the highway. Suddenly the benign professor, the soul of patience and humor, rose from his seat with fire in his eyes. "Put the door to! Put the door to!" I was seated near said door, but had never heard such an expression. Finally I got the picture. He meant "Shut the Door!" in no uncertain terms lest we lose a youngster to a truck possibly swerving too near the front door. Not until 1971 was the church remodeled, the front entrance prudently placed to

the rear of the building, the trucks still shaking the church but the precipitous stairs gone forever.

Another of those outstanding interim adventurers was Dr. Henry Mobley. He reveled in the Yellowstone area, and told me one day, "I love the West. This is the first time I have preached north of the Mason-Dixon Line. I am a real Southerner, you know. Why, my father was really put out with me because I went 'north' to Memphis to college."

Ah, the ghosts that abound in the little deserted church now that the congregation worships in a newer part of town! At one time, the small group of LDS folks in town had no church, so they met in CPC on Sunday afternoons. One well-heeled Texas summer visitor in the protestant congregation had given the church an organ. It was a small model, but for years, when organs were the name of the game, it was the only such luxury in town. This lady, rest her bigoted soul, had reservations about this ecumenical diversity.. "Fine. Let them use the church as long as they don't play the organ." By 1961, a distinctive chapel had been built by the LDS Church, one which The Salt Lake Tribune described as having "striking architecture and tasteful use of native building materials," on Firehole Avenue, an unusual building soon outgrown, and left to become employee housing for a new owner while that congregation moved across the street to a more adequate space.

Another heart-warming story is the inception of "Our Lady of the Pines' Catholic Church, built in 1950. For some years, no Mass was read in West Yellowstone with any kind of regularity. In the 30's and 40's, Mass was held in private homes and in public halls. "We had Mass in our home, and the priest used our big oak sideboard as an altar," said Alice Hansen, for thirty years the postmaster in West. Her house, a small log cabin still seen behind "Bullwinkle's" on Madison, attests to the meager number in the congregation. But such circumstances were not a thing to squelch "Aunt Alice." As she told it, "I made a pledge that if my two boys came home from WWII, I would see that a Catholic Church was built." They did and she did. Patricia Reiter told the story of Alice, as postmaster, watching for bills mailed to the church. She held them out, paying the charges herself, then asked for donations as members came to collect their mail. No wonder Father O'Neill always referred to her as "The Abbess." Alice died in 1983, and was buried from the church she helped so much.

Fortunately an ecumenical stance has replaced the selfish attitudes of former days. When the new pews for Community Church failed to arrive for the first worship service in the new church, Oct. 1 of this year, the people of the new Church of Christ, almost across the street, lent a number of their pews for use until the crisis was over. None of this, "You can use the pews; just don't sit on them!" Perhaps something more gracious than one would expect is afoot in our town. There obviously is plenty to do on Sunday morning.

West Yellowstone  
Sunday, July 8, 2007

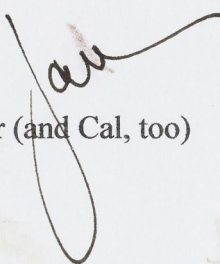
Dear Esther and Bud,

I have let an entire week of being granny go by without writing this note, so it is old news. Well, I'm old too, so I suppose that is expected.

I wanted to let you know how much we enjoyed spending that rare evening with the two of you at the FFF regional event here in West Yellowstone. Of course, we were not surprised that Bud's talk would be heart-warming, funny, witty, entertaining, and some of it even true! Much of it seemed like old times. I have had few opportunities to visit with Esther, and it was a rare but warm pleasure. We grit our teeth through one more auction together, and she saved the day for me.

We are among the many who thank you for the effort, the long miles, but mostly for the distinct pleasure you each brought to that evening. It was great! ("Hey, how come you have that goofy fish on your catalog?" )

Love,

  
Jan Dunbar (and Cal, too)

Prime Time: June 2002  
"The West Side"

Jan

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

One of Alice Hansen's employees in the post office quotes her as saying, "Refer to me as the postmaster because of my service to the United States government." That may give you a clue as to why I made a comment on how things have changed since then.

Alice Van Overstraeten Hansen died June 4, 1983, at the Madison Valley Rest Home in Ennis, MT. She was 87 years old. No earthquake hit West Yellowstone; no new Northern Lights lit the sky; no windows fell out of Our Lady of the Pines Catholic Church, but if you knew Alice, you knew it was no ordinary day. A unique lady had left us. Of course, she had left us in a way when she retired as postmaster in 1963 after 27 years, 11 months in that capacity. The only good thing about her resignation was that she had (according to a letter I have from Sam ("Bud") Eagle) accumulated over 1500 hours of sick-pay, so she received quite a nice termination check. Her term as Postmaster began in 1935 after she had put in two interesting years as matron in the Union Pacific Depot, 1934-5. Now, most of us don't remember matrons in the dressing rooms at train stations, but a matron was one who handed towels to the ladies, helped with dressing if necessary, and behaved as a cross between a maid and a hostess. Ladies often changed ensembles there as they scaled down for the park (dusters and the like) or scaled up to return to "civilization" on the train. By the way, these dressing rooms have been restored to their 1920's grandeur as part of the U. P. Depot's new career as The Museum of the Yellowstone. I can imagine Alice, perhaps the world's most entertaining matron, holding forth for an appreciative audience in those mahogany corridors.

At retirement, she moved to the Bannock Hotel in Pocatello, Idaho, a town where she had gone as a "war bride" in 1921. She met Norman Hansen, a Pocatello boy who was in the army during WWI. Alice was from Hartford, Connecticut, but was working in Washington D. C. at the War Risk Insurance Bureau, later the Veteran's Bureau, and Norman was there at the time having returned from overseas. This eastern beauty moved to Idaho with the sense of adventure with which she faced most of the events in her long life. She was a devout Catholic who married an LDS man, and it took much doing for her to justify that fact. She did, though, in her own inimitable ways.

Norman had a career as an engineer with Union Pacific Railroad. The family moved to Lima, Idaho, Norman working on the run between there and Butte, MT. It was a good assignment, said Alice, but misfortune struck. During WWI, Norman had served in Russia, and due to severe winter weather in Murmansk, he developed chronic sinusitis that eventually caused progressive deafness. He was taken off the run. The family moved to Salt Lake City where he was treated for one winter, but when spring came, it became apparent that his condition was irremediable, and thus he could not return to his former position. Alice reports that it was a bleak time for them, but the railroad eventually came

Bud —

5/24/07

Just for fun  
from one Historian  
to another.

Jau D

Prime Time: June 2002  
"The West Side"

Jan Dunbar

### FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ALICE

One of Alice Hansen's employees in the post office, West Yellowstone 1951, quotes her as saying, "Refer to me as the postmaster because there are no mistresses in the United States government." That may give you a clue to her personality besides being a comment on how things have changed since then.

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up with a summer job for him in West Yellowstone. He was to be a stationary engineer for the large complex that operated during the tourist season there. This "large complex" is today the Oregon Short Line Terminus Historic District, what we commonly call "The Union Pacific Buildings."

How do I know all this? Alice was a good friend in the 50's and 60's of Dave Bascom of *Wretched Mess News* fame. It was a publication based on laughs, and if there was anything Alice liked to do it was laugh. Something wonderful happened for me shortly before Dave died in 1985. Alice had given Dave copies of some episodic memoirs she had typed, probably in the Pocatello-retirement years after Norman died. Dave shared them with me. I knew Alice and her family, and after we moved to Montana in 1961, she became our true friend. Cal heard her say one day, "Never be supercilious about small places." And he, having come from Los Angeles, never forgot it even though he admits to having had to run home and look up "supercilious."

I don't know how many short vignettes Alice wrote, but if they were book-size, they would be a delightful and salty record of her early years here. I'll quote part of one. "When 1928 came around, we became natives of West Yellowstone. ... The railroad had a row of cabins stretched along the Wye that was called 'Railroad Row,' and the employees lived in them during the tourist season. Norman's assignment came too late to procure one of these cabins so we were assigned a boxcar which was spotted at the end of the Wye. Next to it was a cook car presided over by a Mrs. "Humpy" Baker. She cooked for the various maintenance crews who got the buildings and tracks in shape for the summer trade.

Our car was divided into three sections—the one with the little cast iron stove was used for our combination living, dining room and kitchen. It also contained a sort of trestle table, sawhorses with planks on it and an oilcloth cover with two long benches on each side. Geraniums were planted in tin cans, a couple of rocking chairs and some other chairs for the crew that always congregated there in the evening when the coffee pot was brewing on the iron stove, and then there were the orange crates. They served as kitchen cabinets...A step-ladder was in front for an entrance. The next two rooms served as bedrooms with the springs on the floor...it was homey and comfortable.

The one necessity of life it lacked was, as the Irish put it, a 'necessary.' There was one behind each two cabins along Railroad Row, but these cabins were located some distance from the tracks, and if you got short taken at night and having only a flashlight to guide you in the dark, it would be questionable if you could make it...and then there were bears, and it would be a critical time to be frightened by them. The maintenance crew decided they would make it their project. They chose a site on the other side of the tracks near the park line. They got the facility up on good time. They kept it rustic by keeping the bark on the planks, and discreetly faced the back to the road. When it was finished, I inspected it and was dumbfounded to find it had only three sides. I asked the builders, 'How come?' and they said, 'Well, the opening is facing the park. The view is beautiful so why spoil it. Besides we are pulling out in the morning.' So that was that. It was quite an experience to patronize this gem. Your soul got uplifted by the magnificent

view, your lungs got exercised because one always sang while meditating to scare away the wild beasts, so you had a job well done.”

The Hansens had some colorful neighbors during those long snowed-in winters. Where the “School Trail” ended was the big Smith house. Beyond were two singular abodes, one that looked like a railroad car occupied (squatter’s rights) by Dutch Fred Koermer. He had fashioned it from scrap lumber he got from the loggers. Alice goes on to say: “The other domicile was something else again. It was occupied by the Scandinavians who worked as loggers during the summer. This place was called ‘The Mad House.’ The lights were never out at night. They had numerous accordions and would play and sing loudly in their own language, dance some sort of reel, sometimes out in the snow, other times in the house but would leave the door wide open so any passerby could be entertained. Much of their exuberance was the result of their plentiful supply of pure mountain dew. They didn’t fraternize with the townspeople with the exception of one whom we all called Pinochle. Three bars stayed open during the “snowed in” winters and served as our social halls. Most everyone would drop in at one of them, kids and all, to have a drink, get warm, play cards or gab. Once in a while Pinochle would burst in, sometimes decorated in pine bows around his head, or a set of red long Johns over his clothes or in his ordinary logging outfit. He would greet us all by hollering on the top of his lungs: ‘Hoodely, Hoodely, Yaysses Chraist I no see you for a long time,’ then he would do an acrobatic dance around the floor, sometimes joined by some of the lighter-hearted men. ‘Hoodely, Hoodely’ became the old college yell for many an old timer.”

Nearly forty years since Alice left us, but she is quoted as often as W. C. Fields or Winston Churchill. Someone gave me an article written by Clare Hafferman, a lady whom I do not know, published in 1977, entitled “Characters like Alice are few and far between.” It captures the remarkable essence. “I walked through the back door of the little log building which served as the post office in June 1951...My future boss met me over the mail sacks in the back porch. I was facing a largish woman who wore a loose-fitting dress and stuffed her feet into carpet slippers. On top of her head was a big knot of grayish black hair from which I could see two pencils protruding...When you worked for Alice she figured you were a dumb kid who needed educating (in this respect she was right)...One of the funnier things Alice did concerned her dog who was called, ‘Mr. Rupert’ because he originated in Rupert, Idaho. Mr. Rupert, a golden retriever who liked to investigate things, had a penchant for porcupines. The first time he got a muzzle full of quills, he came into the post office and laid by my feet moaning. I kicked at him and said, ‘Mr. Rupert, get out of here!’ then I glanced down and here was this miserable animal with a face resembling a pincushion. Alice was handy. There was no vet in West, but she sent mail to an M.D. staying at the Stagecoach Inn. She called and entreated him to come look at a patient whom she identified (rightly) as a Mr. Rupert who had the misfortune to tangle with a porcupine and was really suffering. The doc walked in the back part of the post office where the patient was laid out on the mail sacks, and said, ‘My God! It’s a dog!’ ‘Certainly,’ said the owner. Alice was a big lady. She sat on her pet, slanchwise, and the doctor withdrew the quills... Whenever Alice had something she wanted to tell you in confidence, she drew you to the back porch, fixed you with her beady little black eyes, and got serious. ‘All right, Clarabelle’ she said ...’I want you to know that whatever



goes on in this office, as to who gets mail and from whom and from where, is never discussed outside of here.' She took a pencil out of the knot and pointed it at me. 'Is that understood?' 'Big deal,' I thought. On the day Alice's lesson came home to rest I was delivering mail to a young lady's box when one of the married gentlemen in town opened the box, looked me right in the eye and removed the letters. Since I thought that was verboten, I went back to tell Alice that Mr. So and So was taking Miss So and So's letters. She replied, 'And that's not all he's taking, but you remember what I told you, Clarabelle!'

What did I learn from my two summers with Alice?" writes Clare Hafferman, "that if you serve the public you should do it cheerfully and forgive what Alice used to call their 'idiot-sincracies,' and that if you have a good boss, you should be grateful. Last of all, if you work for a real character, appreciate it. They are few and far between." Ah, Clarabelle, wherever you are, how right you are !

### HERE'S THE CHURCH, HERE'S THE STEEPLE...

In 1988 while Yellowstone was on fire all over the place, while the smoke filled the sky day after day, we were all too busy to pay much attention to the heavy equipment that moved like dinosaurs up and down the old pot-holes, creating smooth streets and making sidewalks out of chaos. That event made lots of dust even as the smoke settled over the town. It was the up side of the grim disaster-mode, a remarkably optimistic turn of events. Some wondered if we would eventually ride up and down Yellowstone Avenue on smooth streets among the ruins.

Even so, there were those die-hards who complained that the new streets spoiled the singular ambiance of our town. "I liked it when we had the bumpy streets," or "It was such a quaint little town. Now it looks ordinary." Well, as Cal put it, "Sort of like folks riding along in the Club Car, looking out the window at us peasants who are standing among the pot-holes. Quaint, but the peasants don't think it is such great shakes." One man's progress is another man's regret, perhaps.

Among the changes in this new-found dignity is the resurgence of church-going around here. For a town that used to be considered a honky-tonk escape from down-home restraints, the rubber tomahawk center of the world, West has taken on a respectability that surprises some of the old timers. "Where can I go to church around here?" now gets a response: "Which one?" Within the last year, two and one-half churches have been built, the one-half being a new extension of the local L.D.S. chapel (or is it Stake House, the term which baffles some of the uninitiated?). The "two" are the new Church of Christ and the new Community Protestant Church, both in the Madison Addition residential section attached to the north side of "Old Town." Our Lady of the Pines Catholic Church has had considerable repair and redecorating done, stained glass windows adding to its rustic charm, new roof, new façade, lots of shoring-up. On Yellowstone Avenue, the relatively new Baptist Church holds forth as it has for some twenty years. There are still plenty of folks sleeping in on Sunday mornings, but in a town of about a thousand people, five churches flourish.

Of course, it wasn't always that way. Church building was not always a viable activity in these parts, later providing some dedicated people many challenges.

Bonnie Thompson Porter, whose parents had "The Hillside Dairy" where Diamond P Ranch is today, the former Murray ranch of "pre-history," tells of her mother's special ability as a seamstress. Though the girls went barefoot during the week in warm weather, they had shoes and pretty dresses for the Sundays when Albertina Rahn picked them up, taking them the eight miles into West to church. Albertina was a homesteader on Henry's Lake Flat, so this sortie made a thirty-mile round trip for her. She was the teacher in the Sunday school as well, meeting as they did in the school house. Separation of church and state was an unknown in those days, I gather.

One of our more zealous neighbors at Romsett used to gather up as many kids as her Chrysler Airflow would hold, and, with liverwurst, bread and pickles in tow, take us to The Little Church in the Pines at Mack's Inn, built by Dad Mack as a non-denominational church in the early forties. I've forgotten the service, but I recall the original "trunk picnic" in the campground at Coffee Pot Rapids very well. Liverwurst has never tasted that good since.

At some point during those years, a man of unusual religious bent, Reverend Stubbs, built a beautiful log building on Firehole Avenue (the highway), an edifice which still serves as the Sweetheart Bread warehouse, a garage door replacing the altar area within, allowing the bread to be loaded into the trucks expeditiously. (Does that make it "Panis Angelicus?") I visited this "Rainbow Tabernacle" several times in the forties, mostly to see the dim-lit interior where one could imagine various kinds of holy or occult services, where one was invited to drop money into a tin can for upkeep, but where I was never privileged to see a regular service. Rumors abounded. The two sons of the good reverend were said to be unusual; one was a "child of the flesh," the other a "child of the spirit." As far as I know, both of them were equally successful in their possibly mundane adult lives.

The original Community Protestant Church was constructed on Canyon Street by volunteer labor in 1950-51, and I do mean "on" Canyon Street. That is the highway, and in its narrow two-lane days, encroachment was an unknown. The stairs to the church rose from the right-hand lane of Highway 191, making it a lively entrance experience, particularly in winter, a sort of "drive-up" church, a challenge at best and made more so by evening services which, in winter meant "in the dark." The earliest part-time pastor, after the church was adopted as a mission by the Presbytery of the Yellowstone, cared for four churches: Ennis, Pony, Harrison, and West Yellowstone. West and Harrison are separated by one hundred interesting miles, and Reverend McKinney often turned up in snow-buried West in the dark of a Sunday night, returning to Ennis like Dan McGrew into the Klondike. For some years, the "Big" church in Louisville sent us an assortment of outstanding seasonal ministers. In 1964, a year among others when some illustrious professors of theology from Louisville Seminary pastored in West because of the proximity to Yellowstone Park, Dr. A. B. Rhodes and family lived in the tiny manse that was an old school building attached to the small church. Although a mighty heavy gun in Louisville, this remarkable man with so common a touch recalled his backwoods youth in Kentucky, and fell into the rural aspects of our community very easily. I was a helper in the vacation bible school that summer, and found him a total amusement as well as an inspiration.

One morning during a heavy rain, someone left the front door of the church ajar. That door was the infamous one that spilled worshippers immediately onto the highway. Suddenly the benign professor, the soul of patience and humor, rose from his seat with fire in his eyes. "Put the door to! Put the door to!" I was seated near said door, but had never heard such an expression. Finally I got the picture. He meant "Shut the Door!" in no uncertain terms lest we lose a youngster to a truck possibly swerving too near the front door. Not until 1971 was the church remodeled, the front entrance prudently placed to

gone now

the rear of the building, the trucks still shaking the church but the precipitous stairs gone forever.

Another of those outstanding interim adventurers was Dr. Henry Mobley. He reveled in the Yellowstone area, and told me one day, "I love the West. This is the first time I have preached north of the Mason-Dixon Line. I am a real Southerner, you know. Why, my father was really put out with me because I went 'north' to Memphis to college."

Ah, the ghosts that abound in the little deserted church now that the congregation worships in a newer part of town! At one time, the small group of LDS folks in town had no church, so they met in CPC on Sunday afternoons. One well-heeled Texas summer visitor in the protestant congregation had given the church an organ. It was a small model, but for years, when organs were the name of the game, it was the only such luxury in town. This lady, rest her bigoted soul, had reservations about this ecumenical diversity.. "Fine. Let them use the church as long as they don't play the organ." By 1961, a distinctive chapel had been built by the LDS Church, one which The Salt Lake Tribune described as having "striking architecture and tasteful use of native building materials," Gibbon Avenue, an unusual building soon outgrown, and left to become employee housing for a new owner while that congregation moved across the street to a more adequate space.

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Alice

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Prime Time News  
July 2002  
"The West Side"

## BROTHER JOHN

A big fan of Alice's

A few years ago a friend gave me a Woolrich woolen coat fashioned to look like those worn by some of the mountain men in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. It is natural-white with stripes of green, yellow, and red circling the lower part, and a hood nestling around the shoulders. Since Woolrich was established in 1830, I am wondering if this style was developed from on-site mountain men wearing Hudson's Bay blankets-turned-coat. Such a coat appears on the cover of Leroy R. Hafen's book, *Trappers of the Far West*, (paperback), 1983, a painting entitled "Free Trapper" by John Clymer, courtesy of the Buffalo Bill Historical Museum. Over the years I've seen other illustrations of various mountain men wearing such coats. The primary colors also appear in many of the paintings of the Blackfeet by Winold Reiss, made popular by The Great Northern Railroad, bold reds, yellows and blues in contrast to the mahogany faces of the Indians. My mother had two blankets of a similar pattern at our cabin. She called them her Hudson's Bay blankets.

When I wear that coat I am reminded of Father John Kirsch, that unforgettable priest who lived among us for many years and who cared for Our Lady of the Pines Catholic Church, becoming a local legend. John had a coat like that, but his was made by a friend. He also had a pointed soft-fabric cap with a tassel that he wore with a jaunty abandon. My dictionary tells me that a tassel is an ornamental tuft of threads etc. hanging loosely from a knob. Such was the red cap, and given John's demeanor, his huge waffle-stomper hiking boots, his aggressive walk, he could very well have been the reincarnation of Peter Skene Ogden, John Work, or any number of immortal Hudson Bay Company mountain men.

John Kirsch died recently in a Missoula hospital, but his home for the last few years had been Sheridan, Montana. For reasons that I believe were health-oriented, he left us for the softer winters of Sheridan, and thus a certain style has been missing on Madison Avenue and in the bookstores uptown. John usually stood while he perused a book, absorbed in an almost childlike way, his face letting his response be known. He was an avid reader, and he sometimes gave me books. One is *The Meadow* by John Galvin, a favorite of his, and of course, we talked at length about the writing of Annie Dillard, the lady who, John told me, "prayed with her eyes open." I think he read every biography ever written in English about Pierre de Smet. A friend gave John a "Xerox" copy of Hyrum Chittenden's four-volume biography of de Smet. He said he read it in one week. "What I like about him...he liked the Indians. They liked him. He respected the Indians. He was not too judgmental," said John. These writers held a special place in John's thinking, the place where nature and God meet. His was an adamant position, but his big voice was soft and of a gentle persuasion. Another writer we "shared" was Teilhard de Chardin, the great Jesuit archaeologist, discoverer of Peking Man in the thirties while in a kind of exile in China. His work estranged him from Rome, and he was

never free to publish his work nor even to return to his native France for many years. Even so, he remained loyal to his calling, his order, his vows. "Till the very end of time, matter will always remain young, exuberant, sparkling, new-born for those who are willing," he wrote. "Throughout my whole life, during every minute of it, the world has been gradually lighting up and blazing before my eyes until it has come to surround me, entirely lit up from within." No wonder John found him such a friend!

I met John about 1980 when he and I and some others served on the first West Yellowstone Public Library board. We squeezed into the small spaces of what is now the city court, part of the Union Pacific Dining Lodge. The library has since moved three times within that building. He loved to talk about books, and our meetings were more often a discussion than of a business bent. It was more fun that way. He came to dinner a few times, and we began going to Our Lady from time to time, special occasions like Christmas Eve Mass and The Feast of St. Francis. John laughed and called Cal "a closet Catholic." John's huge golden retriever relaxed across the carpet before the altar, and John, in his habit but wearing the ever-present hiking boots, managed to dodge around the dog with ease. I am sure not all of his "flock" appreciated the dog, but there were several things about John that the orthodox had reservations about.. His career did not fit the usual pattern. An example of how ecumenical he was is this: I'm a Presbyterian. The first Seder meal I ever attended was at John's table, an event for about a dozen of us. I recall that Mrs. Patrick Hemingway provided the lamb. And of course, the Seder itself is a Jewish event. We were all there together. The dog, too. That was just how John liked it.

One day in October 1993, I invited John to our house for lunch. At that time he was on a strict diet, having been diagnosed with severe heart trouble. I tempted him off the diet a bit by providing a bottle of red wine to go along with our healthy salad, fruit, and French bread. Under the table was my cumbersome tape recorder. I told him I wanted to record our conversation. At first he was a bit reticent, not shy but careful, and then the wine kicked in. We talked for three hours, two ninety-minute tapes. I spent three hours with the tapes last week, and treasure every minute.

The particulars of John's life are a study of eras. He was one of a large family in Williamsville, New York. Times were hard, and in the 30's, John joined the Civilian Conservation Corps, (CCC). From '41-'45, he was in the Army Air Corps, serving in such dramatic places as Burma and India. Later he traveled through Montana by train, and after discharge in 1945, he determined to live in the west and to become a rancher. Eventually he bought a few acres on Trail Creek near Bozeman, working alone with the help of one horse to build a log home. "I cut those logs by myself, hauled them to the site, and I thought I was building my home for the next hundred years." He said these were the happiest of his life, but he was unable to make a financial go of the ranch, and sold it in 1955 for \$7500.00. "It was like getting a divorce. What do you think I did with the money?" he asked. "I suppose you went on a cruise around the world," I said. "No, I owed my mother some money. I paid her back, and I bought a half-ton GMC pickup truck, and I traveled. I decided to get into wildlife. I decided to go to school. One professor at M.S.U. told me I was too old to go to school, but I did it. I worked part-time on Paul Boylan's ranch, and I graduated six years later, in 1962. I worked summers for

the Fish and Game, places like Billings, Roundup, Grass Range, Lavina, and Jordan. I had always bonded with the land, but now I began to bond with the animals. After I graduated, one of my former bosses hired me to work in the Big Hole for the Fish and Game. We called it 'The valley of ten-thousand stacks.' It was a mystique. Bob Cooney in Helena said, 'You better get a horse. You pull up there with a trailer and a load of horse, and those people will accept you.' So I got me a Morgan horse in Townsend. They are a great horse. You can plow with them all week and race 'em on Sunday." He told of his affinity for the Centennial Valley, "The Big Lonesome," he called it. "It used to have about 2000 people, but now they just graze cattle and put up a little hay. There are some new houses, but that is another story. We would fly around in the winter counting elk in planes owned by Stradley Flying Service. I liked that work. Now I think we are studying animals to death. I did my thesis on elk, and it is a book now. And then, I knew I had a call. It's like my retreats. It's the process of getting to the mountain top; the journey."

John left that career and took up a new one. Just before age 50, he left his beloved Big Hole and Centennial valleys. "I was a conservative Catholic. Others know about the law. I went to seminary with the idea that you could be a better person. I talked to Bishop Hunthausen. I went to Pope John the XXIII Seminary in Boston, and I had a mystical experience. I was there four years, and I picked up on a lot of Tailhard, the Jesuit writer. I picked up with a lot of Jesuits. No, I am not a Jesuit. The idea was, it was within. You don't have to be a priest to save yourself. So the idea inside of me, it is a free will. I accepted everything that came along. I just let go. I was finally ordained in Bozeman in 1969. I've been at Carroll College, MSU, Libby, Three Forks, Ennis, and here, in West Yellowstone. I'm going to write a book."

We closed our discussion with a long exchange about his Vision Quest retreats, a remarkable individual effort on John's part to introduce seekers to the experience of God in nature. That's where those hiking boots came in. He must have worn out a dozen pair taking people for a day, a few days, or a week into such wilderness as Hilgard Mountains, Gravelly Mountains, Hell Roaring and Rock Creeks to what he called "The Source," Bridger Range, The Bear Tooth, and of course, the Centennial (Red Rocks), and many others, saying "My ecological niche is here. I do 'Kirsching' in this place." Of late years, the trips became less arduous and less lengthy, but his enthusiasm never waned though sometimes it was easy to see that John was getting tired. He never stopped looking for the legendary soft stone that Pierre de Smet carved on July 23, 1840, commemorating his view at the source of the great Missouri River at the uppermost point, a spot John thought was Squaw Pass where one can view both Mosquito Lake and Henry's Lake.

The book he wrote (*I Drink The Living Water*) was in partial manuscript last October and was being edited by John's good friend, Pat Feldsien. He sent me a work-in-progress. I have read that there is an effort to collect his works for publication and distribution.

He never found the stone.

Calvin W. Dunbar  
PO Box 368  
West Yellowstone, MT 59758



522-9600

Bud Lilly  
13013 Frontage Road  
Manhattan, MT  
59741

59741#8026





27 December 2005

Cal – W.Y.  
Bud – Manhattan

Dear Bud:

Thanks for the clipping on Schwiebert from Schullery. Jacklin had told me he had died and gave me a copy of the speech he made to the FFF conclave in August. I presume you did not attend. The only reason I went to the one the year before was because it was here. At that, I only went to the opening banquet where it was light and no ponderous speeches by the anointed. They had a portion where they showed slides of notables and one guessed who they were. I helped them out on some of the lesser-knowns such as Howard Bach whom I doubt if many even knew who he was. The same for Don Martinez.

I do not plan to attend any conclaves if not here. The FFF has degenerated from a meeting of solid fly fishing club delegates into a trade exposition where everyone is hawking his wares and themselves. I can stand it for one banquet to see some old hands – who are becoming very scarce these days.

About Schwiebert:

He was not too bad a guy personally. He and Jack Hemingway used to stay at the Hitching Post across the street and take our BBQ chickens daily down to the Henry's Fork with a slug of wine, apparently. I chatted with him quite a bit. He was telling me that Jack's younger daughter, then about 13, was going to be a great movie star someday. I thought this was somewhat arrogant. I was wrong. Mariel made the big time briefly in such movies as *Personal Best* and another with older sister Margeaux (sp), the name of which escapes me. One day Ernie was elated because son Eric, then about 12, had made the *20/20 club* on a dry on the HF.

One FFF he and Puyans told me that they were getting a beer while Lee Wulff made his presentation on Atlantic salmon fishing at Portland Creek. (Wulff and Schwiebert were vying to be the expert) I invited them down to the house for a beer. Ernie politely inscribed my books of his with apropos sayings in his beautiful architectural cursive script. He looked up at the large gluelam beam in our front room and I told him we had *snow*. He laughed and said; "Not that much!".

I first heard of him when I saw his *Matching the Hatch* at the Orinda library and checked it out. It had just been printed.

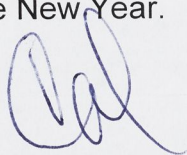
He had a sensitive ego. When the TU dinner was held at the Executive Inn years ago he gave a slide presentation wearing his dark blue blazer and *Princeton Tiger* rep tie. That nut the photographer Red McCoy was standing in front of Phil Wright's wife Joan at her table and Phil requested he move so she could see. Red told Phil to have HER move in an impolite manner. Phil pushed Red who punched back. Red ended up on the floor with Will Godfrey's knee on his sternum ( I heard a distinct crunching sound). Jacklin's buddy Bob Heinie of the Ozark Outfitters joined Will in dealing with Red. The cops came and eased Red away, eventually to Ashton where they examined his cracked ribs.

The next year Ernie was sitting in the old Gusher with Puyans and Inks when I kidded him about the last time I saw his eyes (always bulging, anyway) peering out from under the slide machine table as the fracas ensued. I thought it funny. He did not, saying "I was never hiding under the table". I vowed never to kid Schwiebert again as he had an huge ego. I never did.

Well, they are going. Hardly any of the original FFF gang is around. The present FFFers probably do not even know who Strickland, Anderegg, Gingrich, Muller or Nelson were. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, as Cicero might have said.

We did get Christmas card from Jean Young in Seattle. She really misses Gordy and recalls the fun they had at the FFFs here. Her handwriting is somewhat shaky but legible. You can tell she has aged.

Best to you and Esther for the New Year.



Cal (and Jan)

Box 368  
West Yellowstone  
January 30, 2004

Dear Bud and Esther,

So here comes February. That means that somewhere it might be spring. It does snow and snow, right, and that means Cal can ski on it, and Hebgen might just be full in July. We went to the Griz Discovery Center last night to hear a program on bison, and the wind nearly blew us home from the parking lot, missing McDonald's by a hair.

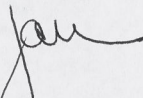
Denise Zdansky, the YHC business manager, is on the ball (literally) and getting our board revved up for July 31 as if certain that we can get into the dining lodge by then. Naturally, it is the chore of those of us on the board to ask for (deductable) gifts for our auction. I am sure you could form a club of those who ask you for money, but, of course, being OUR group, this is different. (Yeh. Sure). In any event, here I am with hat in hand to ask you for an auction gift.

This year, since Cal and I also have a small "inn" or "cabin" next door which we offer short-term to the likes of fishermen, etc., it occurred to me that perhaps you two would be willing to let us offer your Angler's Retreat for a couple of nights as an auction item, the time at your discretion. Would that be possible? We plan to offer ours, but of course, it doesn't have nearly the appeal yours does! My idea is that I would contact the Sacajawea for a dinner, and perhaps another at a place you might suggest, not to be a charge to you, of course. It would be a knockout as an item, using as it would the complete charm of the place, but mostly the magic of your name.

I am enclosing the packet the YHC has put together. And, while I am at it, it would be such a joy to have you attend the ball! What we are projecting there along the train track, even recognizing it as a myth, is so exciting. Who knows? Perhaps sometime soon we shall hear the old whistle tell us that it is morning and the train is coming. We like to dream big, and I know you do, too.

Thanks for all you have done for us.

As ever,



Jan Dunbar



9/29/96

Best Bud:

Here is Priceill's shot of us that day.

Famous again!

(I hope) Lots of luffs - more to come

See the W.D. lab is underway. Should be a big step in the proper direction.

We are off to Fruits Co to see Dusty next week for 10 days or so.

My fish the Grand Mesa and the Gunnison. Not MT but not that bad either.

Had a fun 'gulper' season on Heben in my boat.

Cobia is getting shut up this week. Best to Foster + 211.

Cal -

11/9/05

Bud: (from Carl)

FYI. Don't know if  
Bruce sent you a copy.

Puyans I knew barely.

He was very much into  
the Henrys Fork set which  
never included me.

I talked with him years  
ago in the old (Dutch's)  
Gusher. He had a shop in  
Concord at the time, with Jules.

## Michel Puyans (1935-2005)

tor, Fly-Tier and Fly-Fisher Extraordinaire

enthusiastic and generous fly-fisher. But recently his  
to par. Cancer was first verified in his body last July  
on. Its progress had advanced to the point that this  
py. This invasion did not prevent him from conducting  
Creek Ranch during July. For years the school has  
t he loved so well: teaching fly-fishing to others. Now  
is new summer home a few miles south in Last  
Chance. The home, just hundreds of yards east of the Henry's Fork, fulfilled a long-time  
dream, and it now served as a "base of operations" for conducting that famed school, for  
participating in our Eastern Idaho Fly-Tying and Fly-Fishing Expo, for fishing the South  
Fork and most of all for fishing and being near the river he loved the most: the Henry's  
Fork. Andy was a fly-fisher of utmost fame and ability, being revered throughout fly-  
fishing and its industry. Many firms within this industry sought his endorsement for their  
products. For example, and another of his attachments to eastern Idaho, he was a member  
of the Rio Products Pro Staff. He relished all aspects of fly-fishing. He operated Creative  
Sports Enterprises for many years in Walnut Creek, California. His ability to locate fish,  
select the proper fly for the occasion and then present it with utmost effect was legendary.  
He had few peers when it came to fly-tying. He was a renowned fly-tying instructor with  
skills that easily satisfied beginner and expert tier alike. Those that could call him their  
teacher number in the many thousands. No one was excluded from his generosity and  
attention. He was a superb judge of quality and usefulness in fly-tying materials. So  
wonderful were his skills, creativity, and generosity that he was the recipient of the  
Federation of Flyfishers' Buz Buszek Memorial Award bestowed for fly-tying ability and  
for contributions to the art. Perhaps best known of his tying contributions was the correct  
and most effective tying method for mounting loop-wings. The year of bestowing for  
Andy was 1977. He was the eighth recipient tier joining such legends as Dave Whitlock,  
George Grant, and Polly Rosborough. True, he gained most of the fame while living in  
California and fly-fishing around the world, but in the fly-fishing sense much of his heart  
was in eastern Idaho. And by the turn of the century residence there was becoming a  
reality as he and his beloved Jannifer planned then built their summer home in Island  
Park. Here with hearty generosity they greeted visitors by the score, relived experiences,  
and philosophized on the art of fly-tying and on the gentle sport. Andy made several  
appearances at our Expo, and while doing so expressed respect for those who conducted  
it and appreciation for its accomplishments and purpose. He came to love our Expo and  
was a part of the 2005 version last April. Then the illness worsened in October and  
sapped his strength. He was moved from his beloved Last Chance home to the Eastern  
Idaho Regional Medical Center in Idaho Falls just after the middle of the month. While  
in the Center, it was revealed that Andy had recently suffered a stroke. With Jannifer at  
his side, he received and said farewell to friends and admirers for a few days. He passed  
away during the evening of Tuesday, October 25th. He will be sorely missed, but he will  
reside in a special place in the minds of all who loved him. He will forever be a major  
part of all fly-fishing heritage, but he holds a unique niche in the eastern Idaho fly-fishing

## **Andre' Michel Puyans (1935-2005)**

### **Beloved Friend and Mentor, Fly-Tier and Fly-Fisher Extraordinaire**

For decades Andy had been a most enthusiastic and generous fly-fisher. But recently his physical wellness had not been up to par. Cancer was first verified in his body last July through results of a prostate resection. Its progress had advanced to the point that this summer he underwent chemotherapy. This invasion did not prevent him from conducting his annual fly-fishing school at Elk Creek Ranch during July. For years the school has been his special expression of what he loved so well: teaching fly-fishing to others. Now he was doing this while living in his new summer home a few miles south in Last Chance. The home, just hundreds of yards east of the Henry's Fork, fulfilled a long-time dream, and it now served as a "base of operations" for conducting that famed school, for participating in our Eastern Idaho Fly-Tying and Fly-Fishing Expo, for fishing the South Fork and most of all for fishing and being near the river he loved the most: the Henry's Fork. Andy was a fly-fisher of utmost fame and ability, being revered throughout fly-fishing and its industry. Many firms within this industry sought his endorsement for their products. For example, and another of his attachments to eastern Idaho, he was a member of the Rio Products Pro Staff. He relished all aspects of fly-fishing. He operated Creative Sports Enterprises for many years in Walnut Creek, California. His ability to locate fish, select the proper fly for the occasion and then present it with utmost effect was legendary. He had few peers when it came to fly-tying. He was a renowned fly-tying instructor with skills that easily satisfied beginner and expert tier alike. Those that could call him their teacher number in the many thousands. No one was excluded from his generosity and attention. He was a superb judge of quality and usefulness in fly-tying materials. So wonderful were his skills, creativity, and generosity that he was the recipient of the Federation of Flyfishers' Buz Buszek Memorial Award bestowed for fly-tying ability and for contributions to the art. Perhaps best known of his tying contributions was the correct and most effective tying method for mounting loop-wings. The year of bestowing for Andy was 1977. He was the eighth recipient tier joining such legends as Dave Whitlock, George Grant, and Polly Rosborough. True, he gained most of the fame while living in California and fly-fishing around the world, but in the fly-fishing sense much of his heart was in eastern Idaho. And by the turn of the century residence there was becoming a reality as he and his beloved Jannifer planned then built their summer home in Island Park. Here with hearty generosity they greeted visitors by the score, relived experiences, and philosophized on the art of fly-tying and on the gentle sport. Andy made several appearances at our Expo, and while doing so expressed respect for those who conducted it and appreciation for its accomplishments and purpose. He came to love our Expo and was a part of the 2005 version last April. Then the illness worsened in October and sapped his strength. He was moved from his beloved Last Chance home to the Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center in Idaho Falls just after the middle of the month. While in the Center, it was revealed that Andy had recently suffered a stroke. With Jannifer at his side, he received and said farewell to friends and admirers for a few days. He passed away during the evening of Tuesday, October 25th. He will be sorely missed, but he will reside in a special place in the minds of all who loved him. He will forever be a major part of all fly-fishing heritage, but he holds a unique niche in the eastern Idaho fly-fishing

heritage. We in eastern Idaho will honor him as such, and we urge that all fly-fishers honor Andy in manners that he deserves for he has given us all so much.

Bruce Staples,  
Buz Buszek Memorial Award Recipient, 2001  
Friday, October 28, 2005



Cal Dunbar  
Box 368  
West Yellowstone, MT  
59758-0368

18 January 2003

Paul Schullery  
Box 184  
Yellowstone Park, WY 82190

Dear Paul:

Thanks for the very complimentary and enthusiastic letter about the Don Martinez profile.

I don't pretend to be an expert on Don Martinez. I merely recorded the things I know about him from my own experience. Jan said that I had better get this stuff down before I get really dotty. Hence the piece.

Now if you want to use it in any way this is fine with me. I simply wanted to tell what I knew of Don before history forgets him. Bud got a copy because we were always rehashing Don. Particularly I was telling him what a looker his daughter was. Don was a greater force for fly fishing and fly tying than is apparently recognized by the cognoscenti these days. I see very few references to him in the prolific literature on fly fishing of late. The current extensive crop of latter day gurus simply seem to be oblivious of him and his impact. A pity and a real oversight. Of course his personality left poseurs and false experts a target for his biting wit but he was never anything but kind and extremely patient with me. My patron who brought me to Yellowstone in 1941, a friend of our family, had known Don well in San Diego and had told me that Don could be short with fly fishers who postured or lacked his idea of the proper attitude. I never saw this myself.

I read the letters. I was at that St. Andrews residence often at that time but of course I had never even heard of Preston Jennings then. I had heard of Ray Bergman because his "Trout" was given me by my parents for Christmas in 1940. I did meet Bergman on my 1941 West Yellowstone trip as he was staying in our same motel, Stevenson's Cabins, the site of the current Sam Radan's Coachman Condos just west of the Stagecoach on Madison Avenue.

Aleck Mc Donald was that wealthy Pasadena fellow who had a place on the Henry's Fork. Bud Morris, who used to own the Parade Rest guest ranch here, has spoken to me of him. He was "Uncle Aleck" to Morris as a kid. He was a prominent member of the limited fly fishing milieu of prosperous individuals in that era, apparently.

I vaguely recall meeting that Maynard Reynolds who owned Sierra Tackle in L.A. and was an executive with Union Oil. I was at an Ethyl Corporation oil industry get-together at the Ethyl building in LA in 1953. I recall talking with him about Matinez and the wooly worm. I worked for Ethyl as an account man for almost ten years before I left SF to come here in 1961. The catalytic muffler and the EPA put the quietus on leaded gasoline a few years thereafter.

Jan had included Rae Servatius in one of her "Prime Time" articles which she does monthly gratis for that Gallatin County seniors newspaper. Enclosed is the copy for your edification.

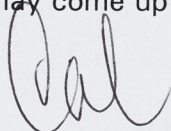
Yes, Alice Wondrak is a fine lady. She and her folks here are friends of ours. Bryan is also a dandy.

I think that you know the ropes on this fly fishing history writing matter, have the

proper contacts and are the proper one to make whatever use of the Don Martinez story in the better way that you see. Go ahead, feel free. I certainly never wrote it for any monetary purpose. If the museum wants it, fine. I know I gave George Grant some input on that article he wrote for the museum, which copy you included. I told Lilly that I was pretty frank about Don's drinking but facts are facts. I had heard that all over but I never had firsthand knowledge. (Maybe if I had been of age we would have lifted a few. I'm known to do that).

Lilly has landed in a spot where he can be the resident guru and sort of the "Frank Sawyer of the Greater Manhattan Spring Creek." I have yet to see the set-up but they have the right guy and I hope it will work out well for him. As I told him about the MSU degree: "Now you can grow a beard!".

Let me know what you may come up with or if there is anything further I might do.  
Best,



Cal

cc: Lilly ✓

*Groward + Upward!*

Jane Dunbar  
Prime Time 2/98

54 The Revolving Door

West Yellowstone has a revolving door. People come in, spend some time, leave again, sometimes shortly, sometimes after a while, occasionally after a lifetime. Getting on in years here requires major adjustment. We have the little bus which goes to Bozeman twice a week which has a driver who willingly takes one around to offices, hospital, court house, or the cricket store (some people keep lizards). We have our own clinic, sometimes two, in fact. But it does get cold here. It's a long time between sunbaths and strolling. Logs get heavier for the stoves, snow is more ornery about being moved, and sometimes an epidemic of cabin fever happens. So the revolving door eventually shows signs that the premises are vacated.

To illustrate how folks leave and then come back for the rites of passage if they can, a while ago a number of old-timers returned to town for the memorial service at Fir Ridge for Walt Stuart. Walt was the first white baby to be born in West, at least the only one we know of. Walt was married to a Smith. I heard once that if you talked about a Smith or a Whitman unkindly, you were in trouble with half the town. Their family trees were more like vines. All of them who could move, even with lots of help, showed up at Fir Ridge, and by that time, most of them lived somewhere else. It was a major revolving door event like a clan gathering, and they had all lived here at one time or another.

Sometimes the business sells, sometimes the business goes broke, sometimes the teacher doesn't get tenure, and the superintendent goes away for a better job or a worse one. Forest service and park service folks get transfers. Sometimes a few spend hard time in various incarceration accommodations. Sometimes, all too often in fact, the family breaks up, they give the dog away, take the cat and/or the kids, and go.

One winter our son and his wife were here for several months, (a reverse revolving event), renting a cozy log cabin, deluxe with pellet stove and dishwasher, on the north edge of town. When people ask where they were living, Cal said, "In Rae Servatius' house," (now called euphemistically, "Whispering Pines"). Few recall who she was, though one old-timer said, "Oh, yes. Rae Servicious." She and husband Fred, a salesman of ladies' hats, came to West in the thirties, owned the little log cabin camp, living in the cabin which now sports the dishwasher before there was plumbing of any sort. Seems Rae put the money into cabin bathrooms, she and Fred using the

facilities in an unused unit. Well, to each his own thrift, I suppose. Rae was a flybroker, delivering wet and dry flies to guide and flyshops throughout the area, becoming well known to the shops in Yellowstone Park through Ed Daley at Hamilton Stores, and known as a busy business women in West at shops like Don Martinez', who rented space from the Stuarts where later Pat Barnes got his start. In 1951, Bud Lilly bought the inventory of expert flies done by Martinez as well as his popular maps of fishing in the area, renting space in the Eagle complex on Canyon St. Rae sold flies to Verna Johnson where Guy Hanson worked across the street. Hear that revolving door? Rae loved to fish, and reports are that she was good at it.

Fred died in the 60's. Rae stayed on summers for some years, one of her brothers from Iowa helping out. Her cabins were across the highway from Community Church. The summer Dr. A. B. Rhodes resided there as a guest minister from Louisville Seminary (1964), a man of renown and vision, one of his projects was raising the large bell to the small bell tower on the peaked roof of the church, the bell having been acquired from the old Basin School House at the Murray Ranch, now Diamond P. (Considering that the manse attached to the church had been hauled to town from the homestead next door to Diamond P, it was a fortuitous reunion). The sonorous peal that Sunday morning in August when the bell clanged out its age-old message for the first time in town was a shock to Rae Servatius. It disturbed her guests at the cabin camp, and she did not then, nor ever, suffer fools lightly, LLD or not. It was war. One young man locally had dubbed her "Mrs. Ferocious," and it was not a bad choice. Fortunately Dr. Rhodes left at Labor Day, the bell clanged every Sunday (as it still does, except occasionally when frozen in the tower), and Rae went to Las Vegas through the revolving door for the winter.

One summer while Cal was on the town council, Rae marched into the store with a determination everyone recognized. Mrs. Servatius was about to become ferocious. This time it was her strawberry patch. "Mr. Dunbar, you do something about that raccoon!" (Actually it was a coatimundi. For us uninitiated, that is a Central and South American carnivore resembling a raccoon and sporting a long snout). "That raccoon is eating up all my strawberries!" and something like steam came out of her ears. Cal thought briefly of his few alternatives, looked her in the eye, and said, "Mrs. Servatius, ...how are you?" and with that, she burst out laughing. The coatimundi was duly tethered for the rest of the season, and something like peace reigned. Rae didn't seem to spend much time at the church to my

knowledge, before or after the bell arrived, but guess what? When she died, she left a sizable legacy to the church, and with no stipulations as to bell removal.

The old Gusher was a small sandwich, beer, and pizza house located at Canyon and Madison, the busy corner where the chamber annually puts the Christmas Tree. It was a hub if ever there was one. (The new Gusher is in a more spacious building a block away). One could sit inside its small confines and view the known world in all four directions, seemingly situated in the middle of the intersection. One summer, shortly after the Viet Nam war, a couple of young army boys arrived in town, their worldly possessions in a Volkswagon, after meeting as parachute packers at Fort Benning, one from New York City, the other from Baker, Oregon. They were headed for Baker and a new life. They came through the revolving door at The Gusher and stayed on, one for twenty years, one still here as we speak. The beer was not extraordinary at The Gusher, but the view was, and they both, after a short assessment of the young ladies strolling among the surrounding shops, decided that there was nothing in Baker which West Yellowstone didn't have more of, and that was that.

A small motel near us has changed hands about ten times since we moved here. Many owners in and out. Built by a construction person of skill, it was run by his wife and daughters, enough family workers to spread the chores around. Then the daughters moved and married, the wife got tired, and the motel was sold to another couple, becoming a "Mom and Pop" establishment, as the jargon goes. The scenario is common: the couple saves enough from jobs elsewhere to make a down payment, the idea being that he will tend to the plumbing and parking lot, she will clean the rooms and tend the desk, which, if you stop to think about it, makes her job more demanding than caring for a new baby. She is indentured in every sense of the word. Within a year or two, they are out through the revolving door, leaving the motel to another mom and pop who see this as a fine prospect for entering the self-owned business field. Mark my words. By spring, the motel is owned by another couple. We've seen them from Minneapolis, Broadus, Billings, and points elsewhere, making perhaps a few thousand dollars for their efforts and happy to move out.

So it goes with growing pains. There are six or seven new motels, too big for Mom and Pop, but full of hope for those owners who counted the town on July Fourth and forgot about April and November. Those months

4

keep the revolving door whirling around at high speed. New truck next door.  
I wonder who's moving in?

# Society of Mayflower Descendants

IN THE STATE OF



No. 48

NEWSLETTER

11/24/95  
Dear Bud:  
Hope you got a good piece of the bird.  
I did.  
Enclosed is latest news letter for MT society, Myronie Clark designed the page. Thought you might like to see it. The Quarterly hat's magazine is 2/96. I'll get you one. Best - Cal



40TH ANNUAL MEETING - AUGUST 20, 1995

Bud Lilly, Guest Speaker; Cal W. Dunbar, Governor, Marjorie Clark, DGG; and Bob Bradford, Surgeon

Shirley Ferris, Historian; Eleanor Mest, Secretary, Earl Bradford, Captain; and Douglas Clark, Deputy Governor

### BUD LILLY SPEAKS AT THE MONTANA SOCIETY MEETING

World famed fly fisherman and Montana Historian, Bud Lilly honored the Montana Society when he presented an outstanding historical program, "Three Forks, Montana - Historic Area", relating accounts of early pioneers and the historical development of Montana, when the Montana Society met on August 20, 1995 at the Sacajawea Inn in Three Forks for their 40th Annual Meeting.

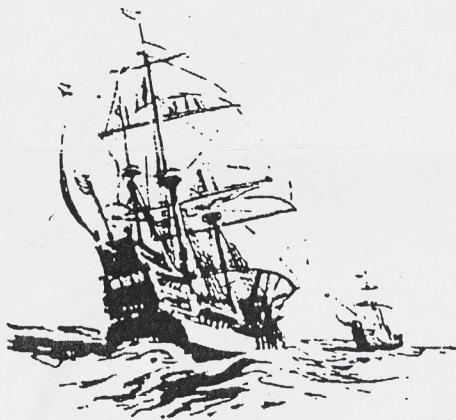
The 375th Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims was observed and a delicious turkey dinner with all the trimmings was served to members and guests.

CAL W. DUNBAR, GOVERNOR

### THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Brian F. King

**W**H Lord, with humble hearts we pray  
Thy blessing this Thanksgiving Day,  
And ask that at each table place  
Where grateful folk say works of grace,  
That Thou will come to share the yield  
Thy bounty gave to farm and field.  
We pray Thy love will bless, oh Lord,  
Each hearth, each home, each festive board;  
And that Thy peace will come to stay  
When candles glow . . . Thanksgiving Day.



The Landing of the Pilgrims

# Society of Mayflower Descendants

IN THE STATE



OF MONTANA

No. 48

NEWSLETTER

Fall 1995



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*The Landing of the Pilgrims*



## MINUTES OF ANNUAL MEETING AUGUST 20, 1995

We gathered at the Sacajawea Inn in Three Forks on August 20, 1995 between noon and one P.M. for a social hour and registration. This was our 40th Annual Meeting of Montana Mayflower Descendants. Governor Cal Dunbar called the business meeting to order shortly before One P. M. Elder Marjorie Clark gave the opening prayer.

Cal then introduced each of the 8 members and 17 guests around the table. The Ship Roster was read and members stood at the announcement of their ancestor. The Secretaries report was read and accepted as read with a motion by Bob and a second by Earl.

At this point a lovely turkey dinner was served. After eating dinner the business meeting was continued. Treasurer, Doug Clark passed out the financial statement which showed a total balance as of August 12, 1995 of \$4,868.36. Bob moved we accept this report and Earl seconded. Motion carried.

Doug made a motion to make our annual donation of \$25.00 to the Five Generation Project. Shirley seconded and motion carried.

Shirley Ferris, Historian, gave her report showing five new members since our last meeting.

Bud Lilly presented a delightful program on the early history of the Three Forks area.

Marjorie had our charter with the original signers on display and also the 1973 Award that had been presented to Virginia Tabor for getting the highest percentage of any state in new members.

After the meeting we toured Bud Lilly's Hotel which his Mother ran and he has restored.

Respectfully submitted,

*Eleanor Mest*

Eleanor Mest, Secretary

ANNUAL MEETING ATTENDANCE  
SACAJAWEA INN, THREE FORKS, MONTANA  
AUGUST 20, 1995

GOV. CAL & JAN DUNBAR	W. YELLOWSTONE, MT
BETTIE LU THORN (GUEST)	SAN DIEGO, CA
DGG. MARJORIE C. CLARK & FRANK S. CLARK	BILLINGS, MT
BOB & LOUISE BRADFORD	BOZEMAN, MT
EARL & ALICE BRADFORD	BOZEMAN, MT
TOM, GINI, CORI & BRAD NYQUIST	BOZEMAN, MT
TOM, CINDY & ERIN HOGG	LIVINGSTON, MT
JOHN & ELEANOR MEST	MANHATTAN, MT
SHIRLEY & CHARLES FERRIS	STEVENSVILLE, MT
MARGARET & HAROLD EAGLE	HELENA, MT
DOUGLAS M. CLARK	BILLINGS, MT
JACK GARTSIDE (GUEST)	BOSTON, MA
BUD LILLY (GUEST SPEAKER)	THREE FORKS, MT

THANK YOU VERY MUCH ELEANOR AND JOHN MEST FOR HOSTING THE MEETING IN THREE FORKS.

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There are two freedoms: the false where a man is free to do what he likes;  
the true where a man is free to do what he ought. - Charles Kingsley

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5 December 2002

Bud Lilly  
Cal Dunbar

Dear Bud:

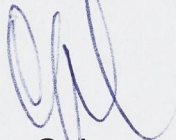
Enclosed is a copy of the announcing article on Rom's new venture that appeared in the Santa Cruz Sentinel.

I thought it would be of interest to you and Esther, particularly Esther.

"Cheese" has come some way since the Trout Shop. He told me about his first day selling there. He fixed some fellow up with some of the flies you had told him were good. He was really nervous as he did not know beans about their real effectiveness. Next day the fellow reappeared. He told Rom he had done "Great!"; that Rom's recommendations were just the ticket. Rom said he silently breathed a sigh of relief.

Onward and upward!

Best,



Cal



Dan Coyo/Sentinel photos

**ABOVE:** Romney Dunbar, at left in the balcony, with real estate agent Lauren Greene, survey a home on the market in La Selva Beach for the show 'Your Next Home.' Shooting video at far left is Rigo Torkos. 'Your Next Home' is one of several projects in Dunbar's new production company venture.  
**BELOW:** Dunbar interviews Greene while Torkos gets it all on camera for 'Your Next Home.'

# LIGHTS, CAMERA

## Dunbar takes reins of production company which features 'Your Next Home'

# ... NEW HOME

By **KIRSTEN FAIRCHILD**  
 SENTINEL CORRESPONDENT

SANTA CRUZ — Romney Dunbar walked out of the television station KCBA Fox 35 in Salinas with no regrets.

After a 20-year career as a news anchor, producer and reporter for several stations on the Central Coast, the 44-year-old Dunbar anchored his final broadcast on the evening of Sept. 11.

The next day, Dunbar signed his first contract as the owner of Dunbar Productions, a video production company he created to produce news magazine-style paid programming.

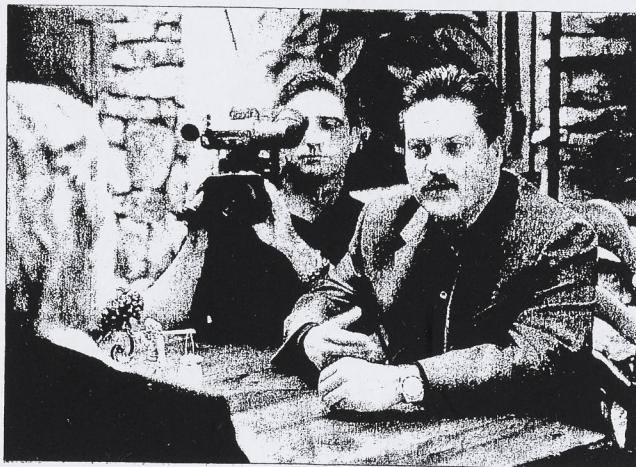
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"It really got to the point where I wanted more control," Dunbar said. "It was frustrating to try and get some of my ideas to fit into a news format. I love making television stories to fit my lifestyle and the only way to do that was to be independent."

Dunbar's co-worker at KCBA, Rigo Torkos, also had a yen to produce content longer than the two to three minutes traditionally allotted per story for newscasts.

A Santa Cruz native, the 29-year-old Torkos is officially Dunbar Productions' sole employee, although Dunbar

Please see **DUNBAR** on Page E2



## Dunbar

Continued from Page E1

said he considers the pairing more of a partnership.

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"News can be so controversial and have such sad events — it wasn't that rewarding for me," said Torkos, who began working in television news in the mid-1990s as a technical director and then became both a videographer and a general assignment reporter.

"I got tired of running to five accidents a day and wallpapering them onto the newscast," Torkos said. "Romney and I worked together as a crew for three years, and we were doing some feature-style shows at the end. Those were the kind of stories that really intrigued me."

"Your Next Home" is the first show produced by Dunbar Productions. The series is the result of the Sept. 12 contract that Dunbar signed with David Lyng, the broker/owner of David Lyng Real Estate who hired the production company to produce a show featuring homes listed with the agency.

With Dunbar as the host, the half-hour show includes agents taking Dunbar through a tour of several Santa Cruz County homes.

Not only does the affable Dunbar prompt the well-prepared agents to thoroughly describe the properties, but he also asks them questions

## Dunbar Productions

**OWNER:** Romney Dunbar.

**WHAT:** A video production company specializing in news magazine-style paid programming.

**LOCATION:** Santa Cruz.

**PHONE:** 469-8142.

**E-MAIL:** dunbar@skyhighway.com.

about themselves — allowing the viewer an opportunity to learn more about the agent.

"We're selling the agents as well as the properties," said Dunbar, who is quick to point out that he does not have a real estate agent's license. "It's a chance to get to know the people at

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**'I had always dreamed of having my own studio to work in, but it was always cost-prohibitive, even just three or four years ago.'**

ROMNEY DUNBAR, FORMER NEWS ANCHORMAN AND CURRENT TELEVISION SHOW PRODUCER

## Boutell

Continued from Page E1

buyers can qualify for more expensive homes. The conforming loan amount is set at the end of each year for the following year and is based on a percentage of the price of the average home sold nationwide in October. Although this increase represents a significant rise in home prices between

Hawaii and Alaska, the conforming loan amounts are 50 percent higher there. If California were included in that same "expensive home" category (as it should be), home loans would be even cheaper for thousands of California homeowners.

*Peter Boutell is a mortgage consultant with a local mortgage company.*

The entire shoot lasted a little more than an hour. Ware's property will be one of seven homes featured on an upcoming show. Dunbar plans to produce two shows a month and has a six-month contract with David Lyng Real Estate.

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"I had always dreamed of having



Dan Coyro/Sentinel

Romney Dunbar, center, and cameraman Rigo Torkos, right, discuss a scene for the television show 'Your Next Home' with real estate agent Lauren Greene. Dunbar gave up a newscasting job in order to do something that would give him the artistic freedom he couldn't consistently achieve in television news.

my own studio to work in, but it was always cost-prohibitive, even just three or four years ago," said Dunbar, who also worked for KSBW 8 for five years in the 1990s before landing at KCBA in 1998.

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Santa Cruz. "Local stations are owned by huge corporations with bottom lines, and they tend to purchase rather than produce content."

"Rigo and I realized we could make it and provide that content and still be in television. We haven't quit television — we've just broadened our possibilities."

Contact Kirsten Fairchilds at [jcopeland@santa-cruz.com](mailto:jcopeland@santa-cruz.com)

## Fannie, Freddie increase size of standard mortgage

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK — Government-sponsored enterprises Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac have raised by 7.3 percent the size of a home loan considered a conventional mortgage.

Under rules announced this week, homeowners can borrow as much as \$99,000 more, or up to \$299,700, while

in national home prices as reported by the Federal Housing Finance Board, which determines the maximum amount the GSEs can boost the size of conventional mortgages.

Jumbo loans, or those larger than the limit set by Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, can cost anywhere from 0.25 to 0.75 percentage points more than a con-

lenders begin to roll out the new up-sized conventional mortgages.

### Bank releases COFI rate

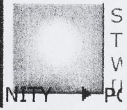
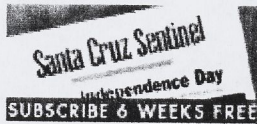
SAN FRANCISCO — The Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco announced November 29, 2002, that the monthly weighted average Cost of Funds Index (COFI) for 11th District

by savings institutions in Arizona, California, and Nevada on their various sources of mortgage money. Changes in interest rates on adjustable rate mortgage loans offered by many financial institutions are tied to changes in the COFI.

Although the Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco reasonably

**Dunbar**

**From:** Priscilla <priscila@cruzio.com>  
**To:** Dunbar <cjdunbar@wyellowstone.com>  
**Sent:** Sunday, December 01, 2002 11:32 AM  
**Subject:** Former newscaster takes reins of production company By KIRSTENFAIRCHILDS SENTI



▶ NEWS ▶ CLASSIFIED ▶ ENTERTAINMENT ▶ MARKETPLACE ▶ TRAVEL ▶ COMMUNITY ▶ PC

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December 1, 2002

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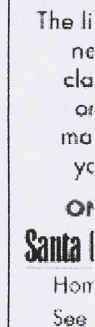
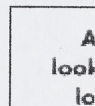
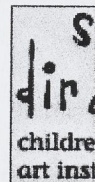
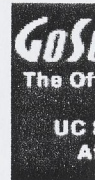
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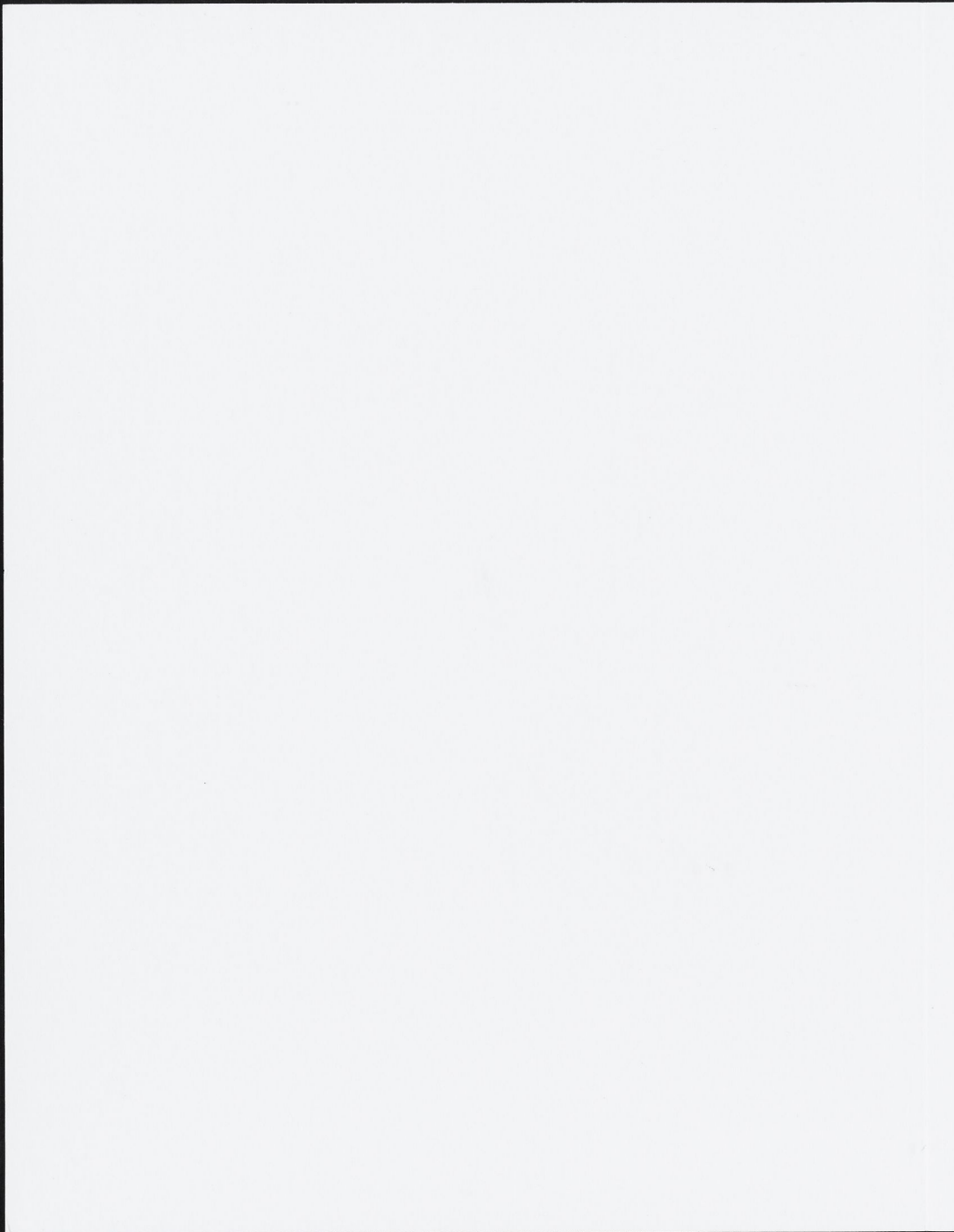


Like rare vintage wine,  
you just get better every year!

Happy Birthday

Best wishes,

Jane and Cal



---



Oak Lane Gallery™

---

"Che Simpatico Paesano!"

by Mike Scovel

Oil, 20" x 16"

Millions of people are already familiar with the sad-eyed, swaybacked horses and gaptoothed, bowlegged cowboys Mike Scovel has painted for more than twenty years. His pioneering style is a distinctive hybrid, endowed with the satirical bite of comic strips, yet rendered with fine art technique. The appeal of Scovel's work reaches far beyond the American West, as his down-home subjects are often caught in situations that people everywhere can relate to. While his serious sculpture and paintings have won many national awards, it is the humorous work that keeps him going. "I like knowing that my paintings make people laugh," he says. "We could all stand to laugh a lot more!" Scovel divides his time between homes in northern Wyoming and the Texas Hill Country.

LEANIN'  TREE.


visit us online at  
[leanintree.com](http://leanintree.com)



250 USA 350 Canada BDG9589

Original art by  
Mike Scovel ©1993

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Printed on Recycled Paper 

ISBN 1-59131-086-5

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Jim Lambert