

Sunday Jam Sessions At KF Historical Center

by Peggy Mandin

At noon on the first Sunday of each month local musicians meet at the Kettle Falls Historical Center to play their instruments and have fun. The jam session was organized by Dan Kearney, who plays the fiddle and guitar. He stated that "anyone who plays an acoustic instrument is welcome", as well as spectators who might want to enjoy a toe-tapping afternoon that promotes a lot of smiling. If you want to come and sing along that is encouraged, too. All ages are welcome to participate; ages ranged from 16-70 on March 7. People have come from as far away as Chewelah, Curlew and Inchelium to join in the music; it is an ever changing group that gathers, although there are some core players who are there every week.

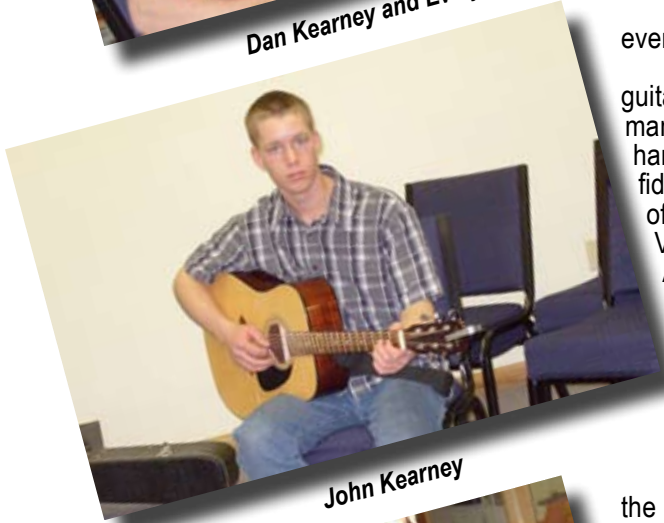
The musicians I met, besides Dan, were John Kearney on guitar; Evelyn Bolt on bass; Gene Catalda on accordion, guitar and mandolin; Grady Nelson on drums and djembe (a skin covered hand drum that originated in West Africa); Owen Thornbergh on fiddle, mandolin and guitar; and Howard Daily on guitar. Some of the American classics that I heard included: The Red River Valley, The Girl I Left Behind, Danny Boy, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, Old Joe Clark, The Tennessee Waltz, Turkey in the Straw, Triple Creek, You Are My Sunshine and Home On The Range. The group is striving to learn The Dill Pickle Rag.

The Kettle Falls Historical Center is located on Highway 395 and St. Paul's Mission Road. As you leave Kettle Falls heading northwest toward Barney's Junction the turnoff is before the bridge on the right.

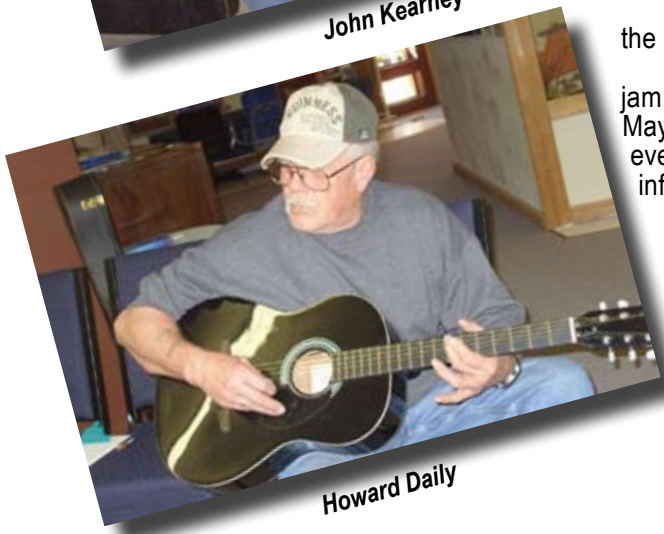
The first Sunday in April happens to be Easter, so there will no jam session that day. Please mark your calendars for the month of May. Jam sessions will continue throughout the summer months, even when the Historical Center is open to the public. For more information call Dan at 738-2311.



Dan Kearney and Evelyn Bolt



John Kearney



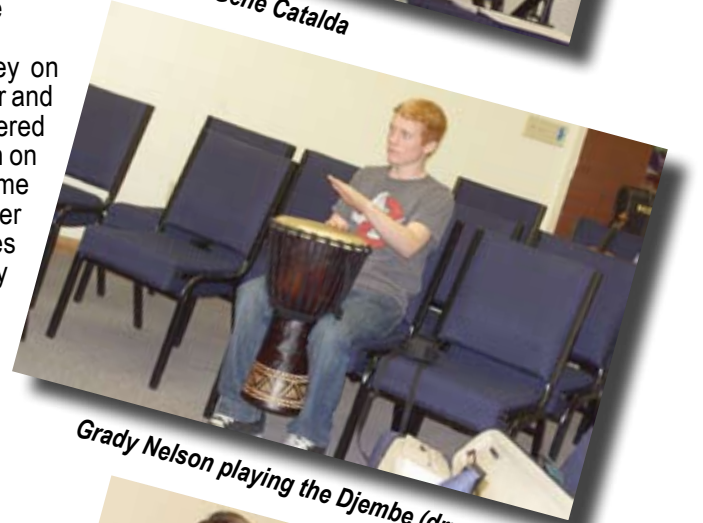
Howard Daily



Evelyn Bolt



Gene Catalda



Grady Nelson playing the Djembe (drum)



Owen Thornbergh and John Kearney

Spring Training

by Lynn Rigney Schott

The last of the birds has returned—
the bluebird, shy and flashy.
The bees carry fat baskets of pollen
From the alders around the pond.
The wasps in the attic venture downstairs,
where they congregate on warm windowpanes.
Every few days it rains.

This is my thirty-fifth spring;
still I am a novice at my work,
confused and frightened and angry.
Unlike me, the buds do not hesitate,
the hill are confident they will be
perfectly reflected
in the glass of the river.

I oiled my glove yesterday.
Half the season is over.
When will I be ready?

On my desk sits a black-and-white postcard picture
of my father—skinny, determined,
in a New York Giants uniform—
ears protruding, eyes riveted.
Handsome, single-minded, he looks ready.

Thirty-five years of warm-ups.
Like glancing down at the scorecard
in your lap for half a second
and when you look up it's done—
a long fly ball, moonlike,
into the night
over the fence,
way out of reach.

*Editor's note: This poem was first published in
The New Yorker.*



Thank You!

The family of Bill Wright would like to thank everyone for the out-pouring of kindness and sympathy during their time of loss. The hugs, the stories and all the donations of food were deeply appreciated.

BILL WRIGHT MEMORIAL & BENEFIT

There will be a memorial/benefit concert for Bill Wright on Saturday May 29th at the Colville Park.

A benefit auction will take place on that day. Anyone wishing to donate to that auction can call 684-4763.

More details in the May issue of the Kettle Falls Focus.