

RADIO OKANOGAN



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" I like your zip code with the 680 and your Box number with the 151 "

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OMAK, WASHINGTON

December 8 1977
Omak, Washington

Hi Dave:

Nice hearing from you. I came here on March 5th 1968 and have been morning man and engineer since. Don't remember a guy by the name of Springer but will ask. I was born in Davenport which is about 100 miles from here. I like this country. I like to fish, hike, and camp. I could care less about hunting. I like to make pets of them instead of kill them. As a kid I had a pet Crow for 3 years and he was every bit as much of a pet as a dog. ^{he} Didn't want to be alone and liked to bathe in the tub with a small amount of water in it in the winter, and liked to have his beak shined with simonize. We clipped his wings because dad wanted to let him go back to nature then. He stayed around town for about 6 months just soaring around and ate grain from the elevators.

Your flat just have ^{might} been a good thing because you did get to stay up in a place that was nice. Did you make it up to Conconully? It is up out of Omak in the mountains about 15 miles. The nicest people live there also. In fact if you wouldn't mind and would like it I could tell you of a poem that was written about Conconully (cōn-cā-nēly) by a woman that has a summer cabin on lower Conconully lake. Here it is .

• You can tell it better on KOMW every day •



" WHEN SUMMER'S GONE IN CONCONULLY"
(pictures inclosed)

by Nita Galler
Omak.

There's chill in the air and the days are short,
Summer has long reached her crest.
The grass and earth sparkle in the frosty night air,
Little leaves have laid down to rest.
There's a storm cloud arising out of the north,
Cold winds shake the fir and the pine,
and there's a white, lacy ice at the edge of the
Stream, It's time for all to recline.
Soon Mother nature will tuck them away,
where she'll ~~sleep~~^{keep} them out of the storm,
Under her blanket of fluffy, white snow,
There they'll be safe and warm.
How they needed a rest from those carefree days,
where they played in the wind and the sun,
Flaunting their colors, each in it's own way,
Hardly stopping when day was done.
Now, Peacefully they sleep, and their dreams are sweet,
as they think of days to come,
When she'll take off their white blanket,
and warm the tired earth, and they'll play again in the sun.....

Sincerely
Jerry Robinson
KOMW Radio