

SPRING INTO SPRING!

April 23-24, Spring Fellowship (And Work) Weekend You're Invited!

Step Lively! Now you're going to have two times a year where you can meet and enjoy the fellowship of your OKKPA brothers and sisters. We've expanded the Spring work weekend in April to include some exciting social activities. We hope you'll come to Hardy on Friday afternoon (4/22) and stay through Sunday (4/24). If you can't make the whole weekend, then come for what you can.

Here's the plan. On Friday night we'll have a Chili-Fest Buffet with a huge hot pot of Chili and tons of cornbread and real butter. This will be going on throughout Friday evening to accommodate the different arrival schedules of our brothers and sisters.



Providing the entertainment will be **YOU!**

We're asking all of our musically talented members to bring their guitars, banjos, ukuleles, harmonicas, grand pianos etc, and we'll have a spontaneous



"OKK Music-Thing / Sing Along"



to accompany the Chili. Bring your best OKK and KKSr funny tales and let's have a blast together on Friday night. Let's fill those cabins up this weekend.

On Saturday, we'll have a number of projects aimed at prepping the camp for 2005. Projects will vary to accommodate everyone's physical condition. After a fabulous supper on Saturday night, we'll have a full-blown OKK campfire in the campfire ring. Ray and Roy, the OKK resident armadillos are the special invited guests as usual.

On Sunday, people will be leaving at different times depending on their schedules. We're going to have a brunch followed by a briefing by your OKKPA officers on what's new for camping season 2005, what the outcome of the April 21-22 board meeting was and a look at the site of the new **Ralph and Martha Jane Young Chapel in the Wildwood**. Then there'll be a show-a-thon of OKK history. Several members are already planning to bring their collections of OKK and KKSr photos. We encourage you to bring yours. This will be a lot of fun.

PLAN TO BE THERE!

So WE can plan, please RSVP as follows:

1--If you received this by **email**, send an **RSVP email** back to steve.demster@oldkiakima.org and indicate your name, and how many will be coming, and whether you want a cabin reservation or you'll make your own reservation at a local hotel. Days Inn, Hardy = 1-800-325-2525.

2--If you received this by **US Mail**, fill out and return the enclosed **postcard** to Dan McGuire, our Corresponding Secretary.

SEE YOU THERE!

Smoke Signals Inside

- ! A Feather & Brothers: The Hawk
- ! A Cache Caper: Hunted Down
By The Cops
- ! Next Month: The Flying Men
Of Old Kia Kima

A Feather & Brothers

This is a story about a feather and brothers of the South Fork River.

The feather presented itself to us mid-morning September 19, 1994 while canoeing about two miles down river from Saddle, Arkansas. There it was, appearing as a mysterious object, resting high and dry in the quiet of the soft currents atop a small partially submerged log next to a cut bank on the South Fork's north bank.

At first we did not know what it was. As we slowly eased the canoe bow-first toward the log, Scotty, a former sea-going ship's captain finally identified it as a feather, a hawk's feather. The challenge was navigating the canoe bow beneath the overhanging limbs; but, Scotty, the bowman, could not reach it. Finally, with the seasoned skills of the determined sternman, David backed into the area to retrieve the treasured feather.

It was welcomed aboard.

We must wonder about the hawk that blessed us with this gift. What had it seen as it soared above the South Fork and its environs? Had it been looking upon us in the years 1950 to 1958 when we were Boy Scout campers and counselors of our beloved and original Kamp Kia Kima? Did it watch our Thunderbird Lodge and cozy cabins begin to crumble into the earth from where they came? Was our beautiful waterfront, now deserted and reclaimed by nature, among its feeding places? Did it provide us with the feathers to construct our arrows placed into the quiver to symbolize our contributions and presence each camping season?

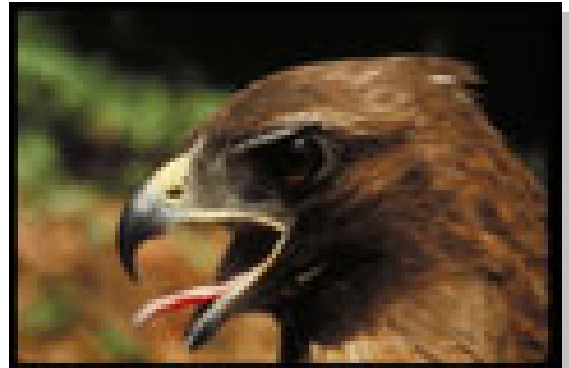
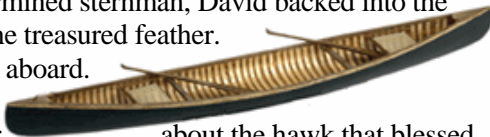
Was our hawk dismayed to hear the sounds of David's bugle and the voices of the *Penthouse Four* quartet (Frank "Simon" Simonton, Perry "Gatemouth" Gaither, Gordon "Stick"/ "Scotty" Monteath, and David Fleming "White Ghost Captain")? Did it retreat from the roar of John Hurt's truck and Roy Riddick's cry to "Save the world for the boy!"?

Had the hawk faithfully watched and protected Buddy Keltner as year-after-year he explored and hunted those hills, long after we left our youth behind us? The questions are endless, but the memories remain firm in conscious and unconscious awareness

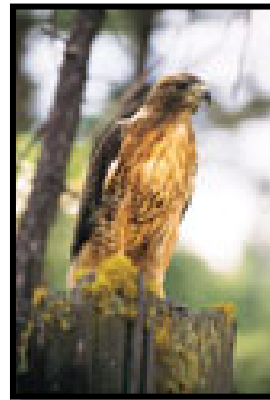
Thirty seven years have passed since we became brothers. Time and distance came between us, but did not separate us in the spirit of brotherhood. We have vowed to annually reunite with our fellow Scouts.

Our reunions will certainly rekindle often spoken-of memories, revive those long hidden, and provide ample opportunity to embellish both. What is equally important is the present and future bonding of brothers who have prospered mightily from the skies, hills and waters of the South Fork. Thank you, Hawk, for your bonding and loving gift of this feather.

*November 14, 1994
For Brother Scotty's 58th birthday
from his Blood Brother, David
(The feather was presented in a frame
with this story on the reverse side)*



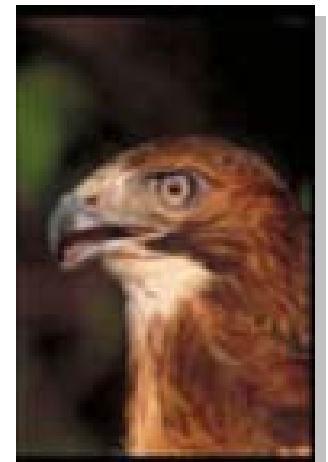
My Feathers...My Brothers



*"I am a Red-Tailed Hawk
(Buteo jamaicensis)
I am the most common
and widespread hawk in
North America.*

*I am a raptor, a bird of prey,
with powerful wings.
I live in swamps, taigas,
deserts, and a variety of
biomes, including the
Ozark Mountains of*

*North Central Arkansas...where I share my feathers with
my brothers of the South Fork."*



A Cache Caper: Hunted Down By The Cops



Ron Tate & Brooks Gooch

From about ten yards away, in a wooded area, came a noticeably stern inquiry, "Any of you carrying any weapons?" The man and two companions, all dressed in black from head-to-toe, were armed to the teeth with side arms, automatic weapons...and beady eyes.

Being questioned were Brooks "Robinhood" Gooch, his son, Bryan and Ron Tate. The three must surely have looked like cats wondering if someone had moved their litter box to an undisclosed location.

The armed trio turned out to be a SWAT team from Collierville, Tennessee, called by someone in the neighborhood to check out the three strangers who had been seen entering the woods adjacent to their homes. With weapons, no less.

As we began to explain that we were looking for "cache," at least two of the super cops seemed to increase the intensity of their beady eyes. Could they have been thinking... "Yeah, uh-huh...pretty nice homes around here...probably some cash, too"

The Cache

Brooks had called me the day before to tell me about GeoCache. **Brooks' account:** "Bryan had checked on a link on Garmin's web site and found, <http://www.geocaching.com>. On this site you can sign in and enter a zip code and a list of "GeoCaches" within 100 miles will be displayed. Click on any one of them and that particular cache information will be displayed. Latitude and Longitude from this display is then entered into your GPS unit and saved as a waypoint. Enter as many caches as you wish.

"When you are in the area of the cache, select the cache's waypoint as the "go to" location and follow the GPS instructions to the cache.

"There are various types of caches. The Troop 59 #2 cache in this account is a regular cache. The container is a Boy Scout Popcorn Tin. In the tin was: logbook, pen, 2- one dollar bills, tape measure, Star Scout patch, tennis ball, golf ball, Chickasaw Council shoulder patch, small super ball, I don't remember what the red and blue item was, and a **We Survived Camping in Freezing Weather** patch. From regular caches containing various items you may take something and leave something, in addition to



logging the find in book provided. On our day, the temperature was in the high twenties to low thirties on January 23rd, so we took the "We Survived Camping in Freezing Weather patch" and left an OKK Heritage Trek patch.

"Since the run-in with Collierville's finest, Bryan (No Bags) and I (R'hood) have found 3 caches in the area of Old Kia Kima."

As we left the area, we came to an open field, bordered on the right by a tree line and more woods. Walking along the edge, we spotted a "blue light special" parked about 300 yards ahead. No big deal. Neighborhood cop. Probably a nice guy. However, after we had closed the distance about halfway, Bryan said, "We probably ought to cut back through the woods so we can come out the other side where we're parked."

Not much imagination required here as to what the squad car guy was thinking when he observed us ducking back into the woods...let's say...attempting to escape. In the time it took us to get through the stand of trees, there to face off with the trio-in-black and arguably a third of Collierville's finest waiting in the wings, we also observed no less than six other blue lights. All working just fine. There they were...all lined up. Well...like a lineup.

This account has to end somewhere, so let's head in that direction. Bryan later commented that once we had explained our search for cache, one of the officers appeared to be rather disappointed that he was not required to fully exercise his extensive training for SWATting bad guys. The group leader informed us that the probable reason for the neighborhood call was that if they told the police the strangers were armed, the officers would respond quickly. They did. All of them. Collierville must have had no discernable protection left in town, except maybe a desk sergeant who was monitoring the dispersal of his comrades to the scene of in-progress criminal activity. Exciting stuff for our neighbors to the east.

As we left the woods, the air of congeniality between cops and cache hunters must have befuddled every neighbor, behind every window of every home, behind every pair of rear window binoculars taking in the whole affair. What they saw had to look like a bunch of long lost pals... laughing...talking about Scouting and the great outdoors...shaking hands. Festive, no less. Likewise, one can also assume that the neighbors were most likely thinking, "What the hell was that all about? You'd think these guys, civilians and cops...were headed for a company picnic." **Moral: Never look like you're searching for cold cache when the cops are in the vicinity.**

Acquiring and Leaving A Legacy

OKKPA's newest Heritage Committee (HC) is expanding the earlier Committee's work of defining our heritage and ways to leave our legacy. If you haven't already visited the Heritage section of the OKKPA web page, please do www.oldkiakima.org/okkpa/okkpa_main.htm.

There you will read, "...what has come to be known as the Kia Kima *Spirit*, is not easy to express in words." Although not an easy task, together we can do it—as we have so often done before—through story telling, songs, campfires, photographs, artifacts, and camping experiences of yesteryear and today.

Since conceiving the idea of reclaiming and restoring Old Kia Kima, we of the 1948-1963 camping seasons have been pleasantly surprised to learn that the Kia Kima *Spirit* remained active and vibrant as the new Kia Kima Scout Reservation came to life. The Old Kia Kima *Spirit* remained intact when the camp moved up-stream. That same *Spirit* involved the South Fork of the Spring River and other places, including Old Kamp Kiwani, Camp Miramechee, Rio Vista, Hardy, and the Sitting Bull. Knowing there is a collective *Spirit* among us, the HC will call on representatives from different eras of OKK and OKKPA to collect and piece together a story and a lasting legacy that will continue to expand.

Our goal is to *leave a legacy of the Kia Kima Spirit*. Among the objectives are to:

- record our memories and traditions via audio and video interviews and photo albums;
- preserve recorded memories in books, albums, videos (DVD), and other electronic devices;
- preserve or re-create artifacts together with the background stories explaining the origins and uses during camping seasons (e.g., coup sticks, arrows, left-handed screws drivers, sky hooks);
- create and expand activities, including the recently developed Heritage Trail, aquatics, nature pit, ax yard, rope yard; and
- build on the newer memories and values instilled through OKKPA, its restoration and youth group usage since OKK was restored.

This broad outline of "to-do's" is to preserve, build on, and pass on a worthy legacy of the Kia Kima Spirit. It calls for the sharing of your memories, photographs, and artifacts. Please join with us in making this happen sooner than later. Volunteer for a personal interview and offer your written memories, biographies, photographs and whatever else images come to mind that inspired the Kia Kima Spirit in you.

When the embers of our youth are re-ignited with the fresh breeze of memories, the fire starts all over again and spreads with the accumulation of experience. That re-ignited fire is fueled with the vigor and intelligence that comes with this thing we call *aging*, not *burnout*. The absence of flames might give the impression of "burnout", but the embers (memories) are searing hot. I personally view burnout as an illusion, and the embers as memories awaiting only a small breeze. I came to know OKK more clearly when I arrived again in 1993, after a 33-year absence from that beloved and spirited place along and *High Above the South Fork Waters*.

David Fleming, Heritage Committee Chair 3/8/05

Have
A
Very Nice Day!

