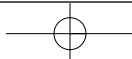
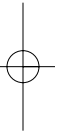
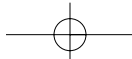


J.D. MACKIN

Half title





Mackin & Me

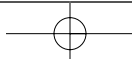
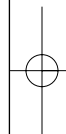
Two Mountain Men on the Road

Title

Subtitle

RICK URDAHL

Author



Copyright Page

ixXy

2

3

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J.D. MACKIN REMEMBERED

In lieu of formal dedication, I think this could go here since the book is a tribute to J.D.

J.D. was many things to many people. In his 32 years as an accomplished western artist he found friends and collectors throughout the world. He studied art as a boy and young man in Glacier park with Ace Powell. J.D. developed many unique acrylic techniques and shared them with anyone who would ask. His art will stand the test of time because he painted what he loved and knew. Collectors, friends and patrons will recognize his work from across the room without having to look at the signature. Artists will remember J.D. as a person who shared his ideas, interests and life with them.

Everyone will miss the mischievous sparkle in his eyes and his ability to laugh and make others laugh. J.D. was once asked how he could tell such great stories. His answer was "I often find myself surrounded by great characters, we go on an adventure (art show, fishing, hunting or to the bar) and then I just tell the truth. You can't make this stuff up, you know."

Fly fishermen will miss his knowledge and his innovative fly tying techniques. One of his greatest contributions to Madison River fly fishing was his Salmon fly imitation, the "Norwegian Nymph". He described it as big and ugly.

J.D. was a great husband, father and friend. J.D. left his wife Lola, sons Rocky and Mike and daughters Dandy, Susan, and Coleen, numerous grandchildren, great-grandchildren and thousands of friends Friday, March 23, 2001.

J.D. lived his life to the fullest and will be sorely missed. As we speak he is probably asking Pablo Picasso "What were you thinking?"

<i>Runninghead, folio (RH/FO):</i>	ixXy
11pt. BodoniAntSCTLig track 10, 3p from trim to top of running-head, Page numbers on outside of text page	2
<i>Drop Folio (DFO):</i>	3
2 lines below last regular text baseline.	4
<i>General Text (GT):</i>	5x
11/16 Bauer Bodoni OS figs. 3p3 from top of rh to first text baseline. Line long if necessary for page makeup	6
Gutter 4p6, text width 3p6 (outer margin 6p)	7
<i>Chapter Number (CN):</i>	8
96 pt. BodoniAntSC Reg changed to box with .5 pt frame and art insert for texture, track 10, fl inside on 5th text baseline	9
<i>Chapter Title (CT):</i>	10x
24/28 BauerBodoni Italic, flush inside to gutter, last line sinks to 10th text baseline	1
	2
<i>Chapter Opening Paragraph (CO):</i>	3
2-line BodoniAntSCT drop cap and first phrase in BodoniAntSCT track 10, no indent, sinks to 16th text baseline	4
<i>Half Title (HT):</i>	5
18 pt. BodoniAntSCT, flush left	6x
<i>Title (TI):</i>	7
48 pt Bodoni AntDemibold italic flush left on 5th text baseline	8
<i>Subtitle (STI):</i>	9
24 pt. BauerBodoniOS, flush left on 7th text baseline	10
<i>Author (AU):</i>	1
20 pt. BodoniAntSCT, flush left on 16th text baseline	2
<i>Dedication (DED):</i>	3
11/16 pt. Bauer Bodoni italic, justified on 2p2 indent, left and right. Sink to 10th text baseline. Use FMH for head, but indent 2p2 to match ded. Allow 4 pts additional space between paragraphs.	4
<i>Frontmatter head (FMH):</i>	5
18 pt. Bodoni Antique SC Regular weight, flush left, sink to 5th text line, allow 5 line spaces below	6
<i>Contents page (TOC):</i>	7
Frontmatter C1: 11/16 Bodoni italic, first C1 sinks to 10th text line. Set flush left on 2p2 indent.	8
Page number C5: 11 pt page numbers, set flush right on same line as heading; use periods for fill character.	9
Chapter titles C3: 11/16 Bodoni, 19 pts. between items. Flush left, aligned on decimal. One em space after number to Chapter title (titles align at 2p2 indent).	10
	1
	2
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<i>Art:</i>	4
Center art on text width, allow 3p space above and below to text. Sidebar text after art begins flush left, with first 3–5 words in 12 pt. BodoniAntSCT, regular weight, +20 units tracking	5xy

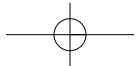


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10. Poppy, Cocks and Safeties 000

11. Fly Rods and Floating Cowboy Hats 000

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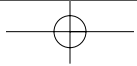
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PREFACE

FMH
(Frontmatter
head)

Enough time has passed. I am able to recount some of the highlights of my friendship with J.D. Mackin. Friendship seems a weak descriptor for the relationship we had for the last 22 years of his life. We shared hotel rooms, art show rooms, Motor Homes, Cocktails, fine and not so fine food. We shared fishing rods, flies, favorite fishing holes, guides and boats. We discovered many new favorite fishing spots as well. These “special spots” were, by definition, snake free. We both shared a heart racing, profuse sweating, noxious fear of snakes. We shared art customers, friends and poker machines. We shared our fears, our joys, our sadness and our politics. We became each others psychologists. His kids became my very good friends and my kids became part of his family. His dog ,Poppy, and I shared a bed on long road trips. I am writing this tribute to J.D. both as a thank you to him for his friendship and to give the reader an insight into a man that was as intense about his art as he was about life.

Frontmatter
chapter open-
ing (FMCO)

J.D. had very dark, almost black, crackling eyes. These eyes projected a mischievous “I know a lot of stuff and theres only some I can share ” look. His eyes were the kind of eyes an eight year old kid with a frog in his pocket might have as he enters his sisters room. The twinkle and crackle matched his wives eyes. A zest for life could be read in their demonstrative eyes.

J.D. Mackin was as educated as a man could be. His formal education began in a 1 room school house in Apgar MT. and ended after a short stint at Gonzaga University in Spokane, WA. His continuing education lasted the rest of his life. His hobbies included, but were not limited to, Gold Panning, Fly fishing, Fly tying, Hunting, Horticulture, and the study of U.S. history. Weekly he and his wife Lola would scour garage sales to find books about any or all of these subjects. They were all read. “Avid reader” is not an appropriate moniker. Voracious reader is closer. The information was retained. I was fortunate enough to have

1

One Way to Pick a Partner

Chapter
Title on
Right
Hand page

IN THE FALL OF 1979 I had made a last minute decision to attend an Art Show in Missoula, MT. The show was held in the Rivers Edge Red Lion Motel. It was to open at 10 a.m. on Friday. I arrived about 2:00 p.m local time on Thursday. As I checked in, I noticed that a few semi-familiar faces were holding court in the lounge. There were 2 young slender cowboys sitting with a couple. From across the lobby I could tell that this couple had a very special relationship. The couple had twinkly eyes and were easy to laugh. I observed the interaction for a while. The skinny cowboys were half sitting on bar stools and half leaning on them. The couple were seated at a table for six. All were relaxed and comfortable. As the not so skinny, bearded, big cowboy hatted, part of the couple began to describe an incident from his past, or tell a joke, the skinny pair leaned forward so as to not miss a word. A few short seconds later they were standing fully erect with heads tilted backward. They were laughing the full genuine laugh that is reserved for something truly funny. The twinkly eyed, beautiful part of the couple was exclaiming “Oh Jerry” as she playfully took a swipe at her husbands shoulder.

I got registered, grabbed the room key and began to assemble my display room. With each trip from my 1974 Chevy Station Wagon I noticed the noise level in the lounge was rising. Each trip seemed to find a few more storytellers and a few more listeners. The group dynamic seemed to favor the short stocky bearded fella as the courts judge. I decided I had to hurry so I wouldn't miss much

Chapter
Opening

1

Drop Folio—
appears only
on chapter
opening pages

more of the goin's on. I hung my last piece of art and damn near sprinted back to the lounge. Major disappointment awaited there. It was empty but for the bartender who was busy clearing the multiple Oly cans and Schnapps glasses. He must have sensed my plight. He motioned toward the door that led out to the deck and eventually the Clark Fork river.

The group had gathered at the rivers edge and seemed to be negotiating some sort of contest rules. The two slim cowboys had removed their boots, placed their valuables in their hats, and were getting ready for dip in the river. The river's temperature had to be frigid as the region had dealt with its first snow fall only days before. The air temperature could not have been more than 35 degrees . Dip no. Race yes. The first cowboy to reach the old snag in the middle of the river and return would be the winner. The rules negotiations must have forgotten to mention wrestling. As someone yelled "GO!!!," a violent push sent one of the skinny cowboys into the river. He regrouped quickly and put a move on his advisory that would make an Olympic free style wrestler proud. While holding his pal's head under water he used it to push off toward the snag. The language. The epitaphs. The thrashing. The current. The seldom swimming cowboys had forgotten to factor in the current when they plotted their course. Olympic swimmers would not have been proud. Fifteen minutes later the contestants were a quarter mile downstream. The loud discussion about who cheated whom and who got cheated was followed by the declaring of a draw. They made it back to their clothes,teeth chattering....color blue. The contestants and the amused group of race fans made their way back to the lounge. I glanced back at the river and noticed the instigating ,happy couple were at the river. They were upstream from the commotion. The guy she called Jerry was eloquently casting a fly toward the river as the gal with the infectious laugh sat on a boulder. The sun went down.

The blue, shaky, wet cowboys bought a round. They introduced themselves as Al & Andy- art dealers. The show promoter was introduced as Dale. I recognized Gary and Anita from both the Leavenworth show in the park and the Spokane shows that Gary had produced. It was Gary who had suggested that I participate in this Missoula Show. We told stories, had a few drinks and went to bed.

The next morning was greeted with the anticipation everyone feels when they are about to lay their heart and sole out there for friends , acquaintances and total strangers to poke at, admire and criticize. The show opened at 10 a.m.

Mountain Standard Time. Patrons were few and far between. By 1 p.m. the artists had grown weary. At 2 p.m. 6 or 8 artist were gathered in the corridor having a beer and telling art war stories. The stocky judge from the night before was not among us. I was disappointed. I didn't know why, but I was. One of the artists, Carlos, disappeared only to show up again, moments later, with a large sketch book and a coffee can filled with pastel chalk. He announced that we were going to exchange ideas using the instruments of our trade. The coffee can was passed and each person took a piece of chalk. Carlos started the experiment by quickly drawing a shape and handing the sketch pad to the next guy. One line, one shape, and the sketch book was passed. The Oly cold pack was also passed around, as needed, and frequent trips to the the convenience mart next door kept the supply up to speed. After a dozen trips around the group the piece we were forming in the sketch book began to take shape. I guess eclectic would best describe what was being created. Barns,geese, teepees,cattle, horses,cowboys and Indians. The great Wapiti also appeared. As the beer dwindled, the Indians roping geese and barns, the cowboys riding elk and barns, and the cattle riding cattle piece was complete. Al & Andy traded a case of Oly for it -only after we had all signed it.

 General Body
 text (GT). 11/16
 Bauer Bodoni

With the optimism of 12 year olds we announced that we had better get back to the display rooms for the evening rush. The evening rush consisted of about 6 couples. One couple was genuinely interested. Some patrons had brought their Sugar Daddy eating small children who loved to see their very own finger prints on the glass of a watercolor, and some couples were there only to humor their mate.

9:45 p.m. arrived. The show was to close at 10 p.m. No customers. No sales. Grouchiness. Right in the middle of a world class, poor me snivel, a gentleman appeared in the door way. He took one step into the room and wheeled 360 degrees on his right heel and left. He did not even acknowledge my presence or the art work. At this time I felt as though this was no way to treat a person. My response was "somewhat tacky."

"Nice Talkin' to ya asshole!!" sprang from mouth. Just as I realized the error of my ways the stocky ,bearded ,sparkly eyed guy (from the lounge the day before) appeared wearing a big gray cowboy hat. He entered the room grinning. He said, "I've been following that S.O.B. since he left my room. I have followed him through the whole show trying to decide if he should get educated. I heard what you had to say and I concur. My name is J.D. Mackin. How'd you like to

23

*Quick Draws
& Hoo-Rahs*

Left hand
page (verso)
Chapter
Opening

IN THE EARLY DAYS of J.D Mackins art career, or perhaps a bit before, a group of artists got together and formulated a plan to make sure that no matter what happened they would have a chance to make “get home money”. The idea was to get together any artists that wanted to participate and produce a piece of art in the half hour before the auction was to start. Their pieces would then be auctioned prior to start of the main auction. According to the original plan the artists were to get the entire proceeds to defer expenses. The idea was a tremendous success. Auction rooms would fill up. Patrons and artists had a wonderful time. The art created in that short time sold very well. It was not long before the show promoters started taking a small percentage. Some artists decided that just driving to the show to do a quick draw was a better business decision than to pay a show fee and show in a showroom for 3 or 4 days. The percentage the art show takes as a commission has steadily grown. Most now claim 50%. At least one takes it all and tells the artist how fortunate he or she is to be invited. This was a subject J.D. had a very clear opinion on. If they weren't fun I seriously doubt that he would have participated.

The first 18 years of our partnership found us in the front row participating in every quick draw at every show. The last 4 years we each had shows that we did not feel comfortable and one or both of us would not participate. We talked about quick draws and our love-hate attitude we had about them. We always conclud-

“I will... tonight”, I replied.

“Give me one of those”, Mitchy demanded.



—Art centered
with 3p space
above and
below—Do
you want a
border on the
art, Rick, as
shown?

J.D. AND LOLA were masters of the barter system. Over the years they traded for everything imaginable. They procured their first motor home with part trade, their lone property with part trade and enough beef and pork to feed themselves and their kid’s families. J.D., on one swing through Montana, traded for so much meat that he had to trade for another freezer. J.D. traded for horses and their feed. Cars, drift boats, custom fly rods, furniture, carpet, electronics and tires. They were able to fashion 3, and even 4, way trades. It was my good fortune to watch and learn the barter system from a master.

Text after
art—first
paragraph
no indent