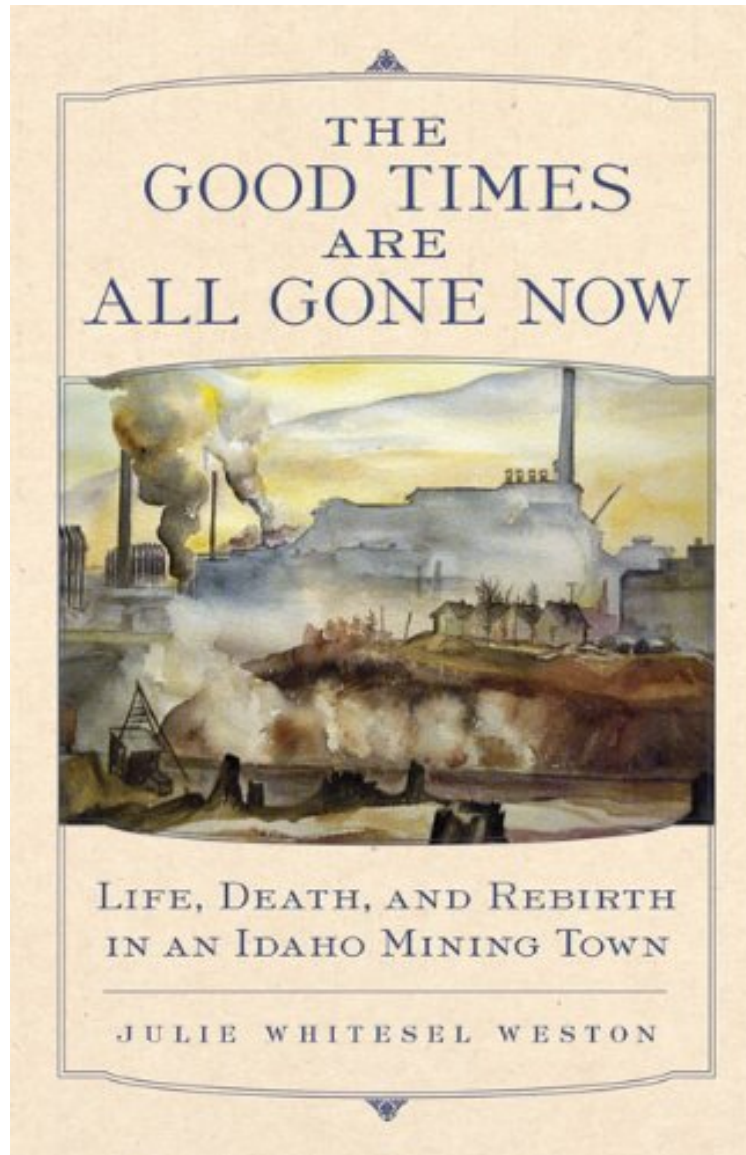


(Get free) The Good Times Are All Gone Now: Life, Death, and Rebirth in an Idaho Mining Town

The Good Times Are All Gone Now: Life, Death, and Rebirth in an Idaho Mining Town

Julie Whitesel Weston

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Julie Whitesel Weston : The Good Times Are All Gone Now: Life, Death, and Rebirth in an Idaho Mining Town before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Good Times Are All Gone Now: Life, Death, and Rebirth in an Idaho Mining Town:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Interesting, A Vivid Picture of Kellogg, But PolarizingBy Rabid ReaderDisclaimer: I call Kellogg home. I fully believe that what you can't grow for people, you have to take out of the

ground. I think that believing that we can have our fancy phones, tvs, medications, medical devices, etc, etc without having the environment pay some of the cost is delusional. A hippie pipe dream. Kellogg has already paid the price of endlessly developing technology. The most important aspect of Kellogg is its willingness to CONTINUE paying that price. More about that after the review. Review: I'm genuinely glad I read this book, but for the most part, I found this book polarizing. When it was good, it was great. At other times it was a LOT polarizing. Overall, I felt the tone was depressed and depressing. The nostalgia was thick in this book and that made me doubt plenty of the stories about the supposed good times that are gone. And are the good times gone? Or is it just that at 72 years old, the author has come to realize that the good times are being defined by a younger generation and the good times that were are over? The truth about the good times that were is that they are over the moment time slips into the future. There is really only the now. You can't recapture yesterday. You can't recapture 16, with your whole life in front of you. It's easy to say that's the good times are over when you decide that you are done, but hey.... for some of us, the best is yet to come. Anytime can be a good time. There are things about the depression my grandmother remembered fondly. So there are good times in almost all times and situations. Here's what I really liked about the book -- Her descriptions brought everything to life. I really liked finding out what Kellogg looked like before the freeway gored a nasty wound in the town. I liked knowing about the wild west that survived into the twentieth century -- bars and gambling and hookers, hookers, hookers. I am so terribly envious that someone got to live in the last vestige of the old west, got to know it the way Julie Whitesel did. But it bugs me that she doesn't seem to have appreciated how lucky she was, and how she was treated like she was special in a time when not everyone was special (that would come later with my generation and it's as obnoxious as no one being special.) I really liked her descriptions of the hospital and of being a free-range child in an era when one really could be. I liked her descriptions of small town politics and favors. I feel like she made her highschool experiences seem more normal. They didn't ring true, they felt like they were what she was supposed to say. Still, the idea of Kellogg truly buzzing with life the way I felt only the 1950s and 1960s could buzz with life isn't easy to imagine but it was nice to see it in my head with Whitesel's help. It's a sleepy town now. But it's not dead, and I resent the constant implications that it is just circling the drain, held artificially alive by false hopes of inhabitants and a slick cardealership. It's Kellogg and not Smithsville. There is a vibrancy just below the surface that you probably can't see on a single visit or a pass through town. But it is there. So, final word here. The author says that the best and worst thing for the town was when the mines left. But they can never come back. Too toxic, too dirty, too ugly, too dangerous. I'd like to address that. Many, many, many generations of people will live and die before this land is pristine again, if it ever is, because honestly, even if we hadn't mined the area, the mineralization would have gotten into the water. Just the way water, weathering and geology works. Like I said above, modern life has costs -- we have to mine what we cannot grow. We have to cut down some of the trees. In the last forty years since the smelter was shut down, we have developed much, much more sustainable methods of doing both. Kellogg still probably has over 50% of the minerals it started with before man saw fit to mine. That's decades, years, and maybe even another century or two of feasible work for thousands of people. Needed work. Just because we can move ugly resource extraction somewhere else doesn't mean it's not happening to power modern toys and tools. But also, Kellogg has a relationship with mining -- it knows the risks. It knows the rewards. It has been dealing with both for a long time. It's the BEST place to plop a modern smelter.. People will accept it. They will work with it. The US needs to in-source resource extraction eventually and the minerals aren't going anywhere -- the mine has to be where the mine is. And if the mine is going to be there and the people want the smelter, it ain't like other communities are signing up for the smelter. Might as well put it where it's wanted. The Good Times are All Gone Now. Well, that's one opinion. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I've waited too long. By Jan Maher I've waited too long to write this review. I read The Good Times Are All Gone Now when it first came out, bought multiple copies to give to friends and family, and vowed to write a review that captured all the grace, wisdom, nuance, and insight that Julie Weston packs into the book. Rather than wait any longer for a review crafted as well as the book itself, I'll just say it's a wise and beautiful book, and it's bound to resonate with many readers on many levels. Weston weaves together the story of her hometown and the story of her home life with consummate skill. The public/private contrasts for both are what drives the narrative: the author understands how things appear and how they really are behind the appearances, she understands the emotional, social, and political tensions that result, and she shares those understandings in a way that anyone who ever struggled to reconcile the complexities of life in small town America can appreciate. The Good Times Are All Gone Now is a memoir, an homage, a social history, and so much more. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Julie Weston hits a home-run. By Claude M. Pearson In baseball parlance a home run is a hit that covers all three bases of the diamond. In "The Good Times Are All Gone Now" this author covers in precious detail what life was like in Kellogg Utah, her home town in its great years. For second base she details all the factors that led to the death of her town and finally she completes the hit with the rebirth and hope for the future of her town. Among the high lights are her description of the terrible decline and death of many of the town's prostitutes. Their tragedy mirrors the tragedy of the town brought down by the unbridled lust for the riches that mining could produce. What it produced was death of her town. Its rebirth is full of hope. Julie Weston loves her town. This is a great read. Claude M. Pearson

Julie Whitesel Weston left her hometown of Kellogg, Idaho, but eventually it pulled her back. Only when she returned to this mining community in the Idaho Panhandle did she begin to see the paradoxes of the place where she grew up. Her book combines oral history, journalistic investigation, and personal reminiscence to take a fond but hard look at life in Kellogg during "the good times." Kellogg in the late 1940s and fifties was a typical American small town complete with high school football and basketball teams, marching band, and anti-Communist clubs; yet its bars, gambling dens, and brothels were entrenched holdovers from a rowdier frontier past. The Bunker Hill Mining Company, the largest employer, paid miners good wages for difficult, dangerous work, while the quest for lead, silver, and zinc denuded the mountainsides and laced the soil and water with contaminants. Weston researched the late-nineteenth-century founding of Kellogg and her family's five generations in Idaho. She interviewed friends she grew up with, their parents, and her own parents' friends—miners mostly, but also businesspeople, housewives, and professionals. Much of this memoir of place set during the Cold War and post-McCarthyism is told through their voices. But Weston also considers how certain people made a difference in her life, especially her band director, her ski coach, and an attorney she worked for during a major strike. She also explores her charged relationship with her father, a hardworking doctor revered in the community for his dedication but feared at home for his drinking and rages. *The Good Times Are All Gone Now* begins the day the smokestacks came down, and it reaches far back into collective and personal memory to understand a way of life now gone. The company town Weston knew is a different place, where "Uncle Bunker" is a Superfund site, and where the townspeople, as in previous hard times, have endured to reinvent Kellogg—not once, but twice.

This unflinching and beautifully written memoir of place, in which Weston recreates that hustle and bustle, draws a compelling portrait of the town she knew and the people who animated it, from miners and labor agitators to lawyers, women's clubs to whorehouses. -- Story Circle Book sFrom the Publisher "This is a book full of love and tragedy, told in beautiful, caring, heartbreaking language. It's also a book full of disturbing questions for readers who connect the dots between mining, money, and tourism." John Rember author of *Traplins: Coming Home to Sawtooth Valley* "In showing us the lost world of an Idaho mountain mining town, Weston doesn't take sides but reveals the life of Kellogg in all its horror and glory." Carolyn See author of *Dreaming: Hard Luck and Good Times in America* "Weston's book could have been subtitled "Growing Up in America": the high school proms, the ski trips, the Jantzen sweaters, all against a background of poison from one of the most notorious mining operations in the world. Weston's insights are unforgettable; her writing is wonderful." Mary Clearman Blew author of *Balsamroot: A Memoir* "An important portrait of the interior West--the true stuff, raw and gritty, honest to the bone." Craig Lesley author of *Winterkill* About the Author Julie Whitesel Weston practiced law for many years in Seattle, Washington. Her short stories and essays about Idaho, mining, skiing, and flyfishing have been published in *Idaho Magazine*, *the Threepenny*, *River Styx*, and other journals and in the anthology *Our Working Lives*. She and her husband now divide their year between Seattle and Hailey, Idaho.