

# A PIECE OF LaROCQUE

by Tom  
LaRocque

## Hailey needs an official city song

New York City has its own song. So does Chicago. Los Angeles, the center of the nation's recording industry, undoubtedly has something besides "When Do You Say L.A.?" Gary, Indiana, has probably the best city song, which it deserves, since it has nothing else going for it. What about Hailey?

Incredibly, Hailey does not have an official city song. It is a thriving city, a county seat, a city with its own annual music festival, yet it does not have a song of its own. While people elsewhere can break into verse when they feel inspired about their home town, Hailey residents can only hum or whistle.

This must be changed. Readers of this column are invited to enter the Official Hailey City Song Contest. I hope this contest will produce an anthem which someday will be on the lips of Frank Sinatra himself, and on every radio in the country.

For the sake of inspiration, I have composed some of my own songs, consisting of no more than a few verses each. None of them is very good, and each is followed by an explanation of why it would be unacceptable as the official Hailey song. The first one is to be sung to the tune of "Down in the Valley."

*South of Sun Valley  
Twelve miles or so,  
Lies my home Hailey,  
In Idaho.*

*There we have restaurants,  
Bars and motels,  
There we have potholes,  
Deeper than wells...*

The trouble with this one is that it starts right off reminding us of Sun Valley. Contestants should avoid the temptation to use "world-famous Sun Valley" as a hook. A great city should be

able to stand on its own reputation. Songs about New York don't make reference like, "Just east of Newark where the Hudson meets the sea."

The next one has the melody of the old Mickey Mouse Club song.

*It's the town of Ezra Pound,  
Not Edgar Allen Poe.  
H-A-I-L-E-Y,  
Hailey, Idaho...*

Honoring Ezra Pound, a native son of Hailey, is a fine intention, especially with the famous poet's 100th birthday fast approaching. But somehow it seems inappropriate to commemorate a giant literary figure with a tune from the Mickey Mouse Club. Furthermore, the lyrics seem forced. "Not Edgar Allen Poe?" Come on.

The next one can be sung to the tune of "It's A Beautiful Day for a Ballgame."

*It's a beautiful day here in Hailey,  
Here in Hailey today,  
The City Council has a meeting at 8,  
So haul the kids to City Hall  
And don't you be late...*

Again, the best of intentions are at work here. Stirring interest in civic matters is an admirable, if misguided, purpose for an official city song. Besides, let's face it, on a beautiful day there are better things to do than attend a meeting of the Hailey City Council.

The next one shares its melody with La Boheme, the Italian opera.

*It you're sitting down in Fairfield,  
And you're feeling like a fool,  
Come on up to Hailey  
For some urban renewal.*

*It's bigger than Bellevue,  
And it's better than Buhl.  
It's summertime now,  
So it's hot, as a rule.*

*But there's a place to go,  
If you want to keep cool,  
Take yourself swimming*

*In the new Aquatic Center.*

*It's located next to  
Wood River High School.  
If you don't drop by,  
You're as stubborn as a mule...*

This one had possibilities, but it has to be discarded because of the troublesome rhyme scheme in the third verse. The last song is to be sung to the tune of "Memphis," which was made famous by singer Johnny Rivers in the sixties.

*Long distance information  
Give me Hailey, Idaho.  
Help me reach the girl  
Where all those famous taters grow.*

*Her home is out in Woodside  
Where the homes all look the same,  
And I'd tell you how to spell it  
But I can't recall her name...*

This one's main flaw is that it is based on a song from another city. People would think of Memphis every time they heard it. It's fine for a city song to be reminiscent of baseball, opera, or even Mickey Mouse, but not another city.

The contest's rules shall be simple. Anyone may enter, regardless of residency in Hailey. Compositions which are written to the melodies of familiar songs, as mine are, may be submitted on paper. Those with original melodies should be recorded and submitted on standard cassette tapes.

All entries must be submitted to the *Wood River Journal* by midnight, Aug. 29. The winner will be announced in this column the following week. Entries will be judged on the basis of whatever strikes my fancy at the time. The winning entry will be recorded by a professional band and subsequently offered to the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Insti-

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tion, and KSKI radio. The winner will receive one ticket to the Oregon State Lottery, making him eligible to win millions of dollars in cash.

In some circles it is believed that what makes a "major league city," to the chagrin of Denver and Miami, is the presence of a major league baseball team. I disagree. What puts a town in the big league is its own official song.