

# Santa visits air museum

## Local children outline wishes for Christmas

By Beckie Ferguson  
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NAMPA — Treasure Valley children got a chance to share their Christmas wishes with St. Nick on Saturday at Nampa's Warhawk Air Museum.

Santa Claus' two-hour visit was the highlight of a day filled with caroling by the Nampa High School choir, face-painting, games, storytelling and children's arts and crafts projects. But the spotlight was on Santa and what he may leave under Christmas trees this year.

Six-year-old Dalton Currin of Meridian mixed up a batch of "reindeer snacks" in hopes of luring Santa's sleigh on

Christmas Eve.

"You pour it on the lawn so they can eat them," he said. "They like oatmeal and sugar and colored sprinkles. I think Santa Claus is going to go to my grandma's house, so I'm going to throw it on her lawn."

Colin Moeser, 6, of Meridian said he plans to put out the reindeer mix and to leave a snack for Santa.

"His favorite is chocolate-chip cookies cause he's hungry after his journey," Colin, who is hoping for a two-wheeled scooter, an Air Force base, a boat and Army airplanes, said. "He leaves lots and lots of presents."

At first, Griffin Rice, 5, of Eagle appeared easy to please.

"I just want you to get stuff for me cause I don't know what I want," he told Santa.

But after thinking a minute,

Griffin came up with a couple of ideas.

"I want new pajamas," he said. "Ones with cement trucks on them. And can you make a police outfit? Have the elves make me a police outfit."

Three-year-old Alec Miller, of Nampa, got an early Christmas present when his baby sister, Riley, was born Friday. Grandpa Mark Miller of Boise said he was babysitting his grandson Saturday for Alec's parents, Hal and Kelda Miller of Nampa.

Alec told Santa Claus he wants airplanes, trucks and fireworks for Christmas.

Santa, aka Boise Fire Department Capt. Parker Sheehan, had a Christmas wish of his own.

"All Santa really wants for Christmas is to be with his family — and I will be," he said.

# Pearl Harbor: A day to remember

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As with only a few other transcendent events in a lifetime — the assassination of John Kennedy, perhaps man landing on the moon, now the terrorist attacks — people remember where they were and what they were doing.

"There aren't many days in your life you can do that," said Alf Jacobson, 77, of New London, N.H., who counts Pearl Harbor, high school graduation, his wedding day and JFK's death among them.

Dec. 7, 1941, was a lazy Sunday — a day for God and football on the radio. Ralph LaPerche, then 19, played pinochle with a buddy in Rhode Island. Joe Conners was at a Savannah, Ga., movie house with his dad.

"I was at a tea party, dressed in my pretty dancing clothes when we got the news," says Elizabeth Estelle of Phoenix. "I thought, 'They're going to kill all our eligible young men.'" (She found one, John, and they wed shortly before he went overseas to fight in 1943.)

Many of those who can still remember that awful day were children then, of an age that allowed only the barest comprehension of what had taken place. Warner Bartlett, then 6, recently interviewed while waiting for a bingo hall to open in Las Vegas, said he did not know what a harbor was, much less Pearl Harbor.

Like the children of Sept. 11, they drew pictures of American flags and planes going up in flames.

Unlike many children today, they had close-knit communities to embrace them — World War I veterans on the block who could tell them about sacrifice, streets where kids in the guise of "junior commandos" could roam freely, picking up scrap for the war effort.

"There were no crisis counselors called in," said David Wright, who was growing up in Shrewsbury, Mass., in 1941, and now lives in Tuftonboro, N.H. "My father was in the Navy, the guy up the street got gassed in the Marine Corps, a couple of

guys had been in the Army.

"The old-timers were perfectly willing to talk about it."

In Pittsburgh's Polish Hill neighborhood, priests walked the neighborhood, offering solace, recalls Kitty Dlugonski, now 84. "Everyone felt sorry for each other."

At the White House, President Roosevelt had just finished his lunch when he got a call at 1:40 p.m. about the assault in Hawaii, where it was morning.

Similarly, many families had barely risen from their noon-time Sunday meal — then the special meal of the week — when they found out, too.

The attack killed 2,390 Americans and drew the nation into a world war that would claim more than 405,000 U.S. lives.

"It made our generation grow up really fast," said Jean Davis, 75, of Denver, who had gone to the movies that day in her native Spokane, Wash. "We were all adults in our teens."