

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Sweet Thunder & Bartender's List holding strong on the indies**
Date: December 19, 2013 6:39:42 AM PST
To: "Koufopoulos, Michelle M" <Michelle.Koufopoulos@us.penguinroup.com>



Michelle, good morning--What a nice early Christmas gift, the PNBA lift of Thunder and the Bartender. And thanks for shooting the news along so promptly--it made our day, around here.

Best,
Ivan

On Dec 18, 2013, at 7:56 AM, Koufopoulos, Michelle M wrote:

Hi Ivan and Carol,

I wanted to let you know that Sweet Thunder and Bartender's Tale are both doing wonderfully on the indies – Sweet Thunder came in at #3 in HC Fiction this week on the Pacific Northwest list and Bartender's Tale came in at #9 for TP Fiction also on the Pacific Northwest list. Thanks, and hope all is well!

Warmly,
Michelle

Eight Regional Indie Bestseller Lists for the sales week ended Sunday, December 15, 2013 may be accessed by clicking on the links below:

New England Independent Booksellers Association (NEIBA):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218ne.txt

Southern Independent Booksellers Alliance (SIBA):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218si.txt

Mountains & Plains Independent Booksellers Association (MPIBA):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218mp.txt

Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association (PNBA):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218pn.txt

The Heartland Independent Bestseller List (GLIBA and MBA combined):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218mw.txt

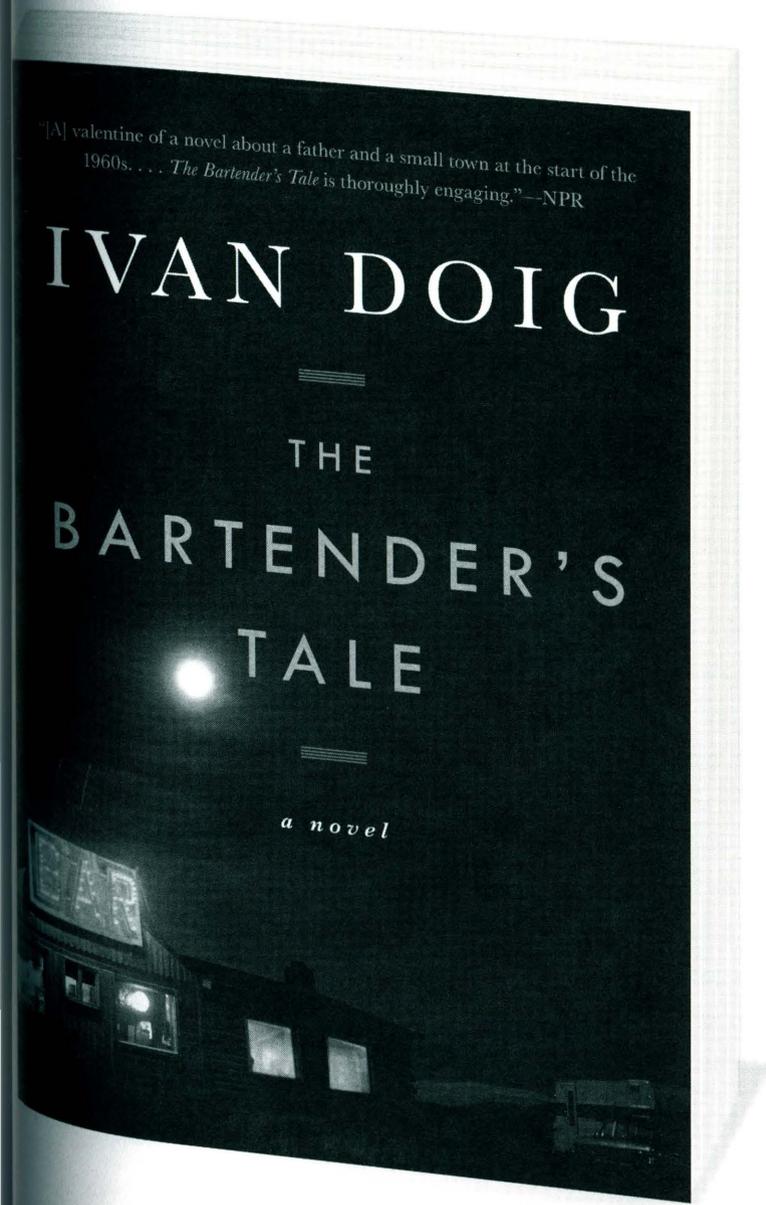
Southern California Independent Booksellers Association (SCIBA):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218sc.txt

Northern California Independent Booksellers Association (NCIBA):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218nc.txt

New Atlantic Independent Booksellers Association (NAIBA):
http://www.bookweb.org/sites/default/files/regional_bestseller/131218na.txt

Michelle Koufopoulos
Editorial Assistant
Riverhead Books

national bestseller, the story of “a boy’s
st days of youth and a history his father
an’t leave behind” (*The Daily Beast*).



AUGUST

Trade Paperback

ISBN 978-1-59463-148-1

\$16.00 (\$17.00 CAN)

Fiction

5 1/8 x 8

432 pages

Carton: 36

Export Rights: E30

Publishing History:

Riverhead Hardcover

ISBN 978-1-59448-735-4

(8/21/12)

Previous Book:

Work Song

ISBN 978-1-59448-520-6 (7/11)

On sale August 6, 2013

MARKETING

- Pacific Northwest in-store author events and media
- Regional radio and NPR interviews
- Print features and reviews
- Readers Guide available online
- Book club outreach
- “New in Paperback” mentions
- ivandoig.com

RIGHTS

Other: Liz Darhansoff,

Darhansoff, Verrill & Feldman

236 West 26th Street, Suite 802

New York, NY 10001-6736

ALSO AVAILABLE

Work Song

ISBN 978-1-59448-520-6

@ \$15.00 (\$17.50 CAN)

WHY I TYPE: AN ESSAY

By Ivan Doig

When my folks presented me with a mail-order Olympia portable for my eighteenth birthday, the typewriter became for me what the saddle horse was for my father at that age, the means of getting somewhere in life. Almost as if it were already creating sentences, the gift bespoke that I was on my way out of our lariat proletariat life as hired hands on Montana livestock ranches, and off I went, with the Olympia snug in its leatherette traveling case, to Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism. Without it to practice on, I shudder to think how I would have fared in writing courses taught by hundred-word-a-minute ex-newsmen. Several years of freelance magazine work found me pounding out articles on a succession of sturdy manual Royals, and when I turned to books and fiction, the typewriter was always right there, often in the story itself.

I regard my rough drafts as a way of feeling the shape each sentence aspires to be, just as sculptors ever since Michelangelo have run an inquiring hand over a promising piece of stone to find the form waiting within. For me, employing typewriter keys and ragged lines instead of hammer and chisel is not so much mystical as merely practical,

although there is a touch of mystery to the process. "Getting it in the fingers," as a jazz musician friend calls his noodling with the notes until they arrange themselves with automatic fluency, and as a sculptor friend has described, in virtually the same words, how he cups a hand to stone's texture to find the direction for his next chisel stroke—and as I rely on my questing digits for combinations of words I didn't know I knew until they are coaxed up onto the white field of paper in front of me.

There is a word for this seemingly unaccountable instantaneous leap of ideas from the forehead out to the very ends of the arms: *fingerspitzengefühl*, roughly "intuition in the fingertips" (the Germans are good with those triple-deckers). Great generals and explorers are said to have it when they trace across a map and translate the flow of battle or an unnavigated river, the great pianists tell their students to concentrate at their tips and their tops and music will fill in between. Down here in the lesser ranks, I can only claim some kind of instinctive deftness at the end of the hand when my whacking keys feel their way along the language.

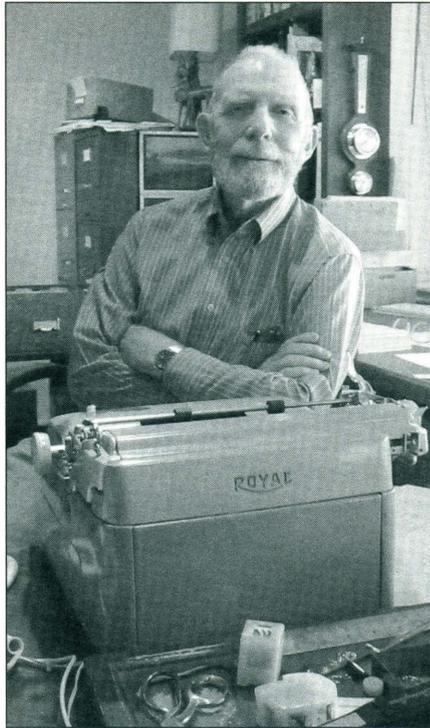


Photo courtesy of the author

R

R I V E R H E A D B O O K S

Ivan -

Here's the summer catalog, with the Bartender's paperback on p. 62. The cover and quote will change as publication approaches. As always, call with anything you need or any questions.



Marginal Thinking

One way to measure a year's worth of reading is to look back at the books you've read. And everything you scribbled in their pages in response.

In the very first Riff column, way back in 2011, Sam Anderson wrote about marginalia as "a way to not just passively read but to fully enter a text, to collaborate with it, to mingle with an author on some kind of primary textual plane." Here are select examples of Anderson's notes from 2012.

(Wow: still just turning 27) — I AM SO LAZY!!!!??

Blackguards and Brigands 1837-1839 101

me out of heart and spirits . . . I do most solemnly declare that morally, before God and man, I hold myself released from such hard bargains as these, after I have done so much for those who drove them. This net that has been wound about me, so chafes me, so exas-

"Charles Dickens: A Life,"
by Claire Tomalin

pened, everything is gone!

And as soon as she had said it, the expression on her face suddenly softened. Anna raised Dolly's dry, thin hand, kissed it and said: 'But, Dolly, what's to be done, what's to be done? What's the best way to act in this terrible situation? — that's what we must think about.'

'Everything's over, that's all,' said Dolly. 'And the worst of it, understand, is that I can't leave him. There are the children, I'm t And I can't live with him, it pains me to see him.'

'Dolly, darling, he told me, but I want to hear it from you, tell me everything.'

key phrase of all (CIA Russian lit?)

"Anna Karenina,"
by Leo Tolstoy

"The Stones of Florence,"
by Mary McCarthy

committed in Pistoia, during the struggles of the factions, are said to have surpassed those committed in Florence, and the practice of 'planting' traitors, that is, of burying them alive, upside down, in the soil, was general in medieval Tuscany.

The wars and insurrections and factional frays that occasioned these barbarities were often marked, too, by touches of poetic beauty and by a sense of fair play. Count

McPhee
SELF-
PORTRAIT?

He does it all with a floating economy of motion and a beguiling offhandedness that appeal to the imagination. Many basketball players, outstanding ones included, have a tendency to be rather tastelessly rococo in their style, and Bradley stands out in contrast to them because he adorns nothing that he does. When a game is won beyond doubt, and Bradley leaves the court with three or four minutes to go, the coach of

"A Sense of Where You Are: A Profile of Bill Bradley at Princeton,"
by John McPhee

In ten the children, I say.

"Good," she says. "Also, you need Mr. Clean and Windex."

"Thank you, Maria."

OK — THIS IS WHERE I STOP READING THIS BOOK.

Mo

"May We Be Forgiven,"
by A.M. Homes

outside the house, a white truck with a

"The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test,"
by Tom Wolfe

(It's like he's daring us to find the line b/t self-indulgent/boring/repetitive + new/poetic/mimetic of a world never captured in prose before — and I keep swinging back + forth.)

Intersubjectivity!

... Sandy himself wheeling the bus through dour Rosebud South Dakota with cold shadows sweeping over the green and golden grasslands. No sea of flames now, just a green and gold sea, serene, coming from out of the stream of the Northlands themselves—and sleep means nothing, because there is no time, only Now, a perfect experience in the perfect momentum set per-

It's like he's daring us to find the line b/t self-indulgent / boring / repetitive + new / poetic / mimetic of a world never captured in prose before — and I keep

der, perched up funny-sounding in Prankster des she doesn't look described to the peer on down th Next down to

swinging back + forth.

"Every Love Story Is a Ghost Story: A Life of David Foster Wallace,"
by D. T. Max

his days on his high school tennis team.

Wallace had been exuberant in his praise of *The Twenty-Seventh City*.

Now Franzen wrote Wallace after reading the galleys of *Girl with Curious Hair* to tell him that he thought he'd written half of a great book. He particularly loved, he wrote the author, "Here and There," the story of the young man who begins by trying to reinvent literature and ends up failing to fix his uncle and aunt's old stove; and he particularly hated "Westward," which he felt provided none of the nourishment of good fiction. For him

oh Franzen

"The Noonday Demon: An Atlas of Depression,"
by Andrew Solomon

smells disgusting. My face comes apart in the mirror. I k there."

!?

By the time I was three, I had decided I wanted to be a novelist. Ever since, I had been looking forward to publishing a novel. When I was thirty, my first novel was published, and I had scheduled a reading tour

Looking Back from Hill

7 - ... "excepting myself."

8 - "You name it" (& I've done it.)

15 - model to ride stear

- 'Unholy 3

24 - cloak room

25 - hillside black w/ men @ shift change

26 - Merry Widow hats

30 - shift boys & women

- get it on top of yr head

- Chinese Laundry (hat)

- wad - 'mever

32 - mice

- when your number comes (up)

34 - pick handles for weapons

- smoke so thick, bells on teams

37 - matulias in various mines;

Frans did timber

Looking Back from Hill

58-9 Syrian women selling doors to door

60 - soldering

- trails of men (miners)

62 doing 'boarders' washing

68 - green cow in hair

70 - wake deserts

76 - IWW took over(?)

80 - street car barns

86 - as smart as they made them.

"I like a man who savvies brass knuckles." (The Highliner to Morrie?)

Morrie, in this context or some other: I do? I mean, what makes you think so?

...adjusting the matter by a hemisphere or so.

...what the hell is a welkin (anyway)?

You look like some kind of professor.

Kind of a willie wisp.

--You are utterly mistaken. (totally?)

Trusting a quivery eyelid, I winked.

... 'cause that's asking for trouble.

He sneered at me and turned around to leer at Grace, only to find himself looking into the barrel of a silvery pistol....Our assailant ran off muttering imprecations about Yankee she-devils.

I felt so small you could have put me through an eyedropper.

Anton Checkoff

Sandison?--That's a Russian scribbler for you.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Act IV, Scene II, starting w/ line 116(?):

Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons:

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear...
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

Morrie:...the commotion before the fruitful rain. The storm before the calm.

Zoe
Rin Farina

thin as a cracker

How would you like a permanent siesta?

(108 trip)
general Butte terms

mine dump

glory hole (pit)

dumb as an onion

• stools (stool pigeons)

fine place to find a job but few kept them

Morrie mannerism

"Never fear" is occasionally switched to "Have no fear" (maybe just once in the book)

Later, in some crisis: "I fear..."

26 Dec. '12

Becky, hi--

Just something real quick here, before I lose track of the thought. You asked about my newspaper career, and the best description I have is these few pages from This House of Sky. I have some yarns to add to it, natch, but I think you'll see I've always been lucky in unforgettable editors, present company included.

Best,

P. 263-266

Becky, hi--

A quick grab of a few stray thoughts:

--Belatedly it occurred to me I didn't put "to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable," which I noticed you checkmarked in the ms, into the catalogue essay. If there's room, maybe we could flesh out the final line with it this way:

That he, like me, becomes an editorial writer with blazing speed and a burning penchant for comforting the afflicted and afflicting the comfortable is simply, well, something extra.

If you're dealing with the essay today and want to talk about anything, give a call--we're in today (rained in; been pouring for 30-some hours straight so far) except for the usual early morn walk around the neighborhood between about 10:30 and 11:15 your time.

--Author photo: let's stick with the one we used for *The Bartender's Tale*, which people seem to like wildly better than the fancy one once done by Marion Ettinger or any other that've been on my books. Go figure; Carol should have gone into the business.

-- Author bio, on the flap and I guess the catalogue: again I think we should stick with the tried and true, merely changing "thirteen previous books" to fourteen, although I maybe don't mind if you want to substitute *The Bartender's Tale* for *The Whistling Season*. Or better yet, just add it? There was room for one more in the *Bartender's Tale* flap bio. Hey, three "bestselling novels" are a better hand to deal than two, right?

All for now. Thanks for tending to my words, my books, my money, my writerly soul. I got up this morning thinking this has been a pretty damn good year.

Best and happy holidays,

p.s. You'll notice David Laskin, he who was foully stolen from right from under your nose, is one of my dedicatees. I'd like it to be a surprise to him when the book comes out, although I don't know if that can hold in a building where his daughter Sarah is working in the rights dept., but anyway, I'd appreciate it if you'd keep it under your hat.



17277 15th Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

20 Dec. '12

two-page **fax** to Lily Rudd, Riverhead Books

Lily, hi--

You rightly ask about *Sweet Thunder* acknowledgments (nope) and dedication (yup). I'd like the dedication set up something like this, italics for the couplet and all, although the spacing between lines etc. can be up to the keen eye of the designer:

*And we worked at the writer's trade
Many a magical book we made*

To my writing buddies

David Laskin
David Williams

And their muses

Kate O'Neill
Marjorie Kittle

And would you please pass to Becky the second page. Happy holidays if we don't talk again before the the big X-mas.

Best,

BLACK AND WHITE AND READ ALL OVER

An essay by Ivan Doig

Five or six of us from the editorial page were bunched for lunch in Rango's Bar and Grill, virtually an annex of our downstate Illinois newspaper, the Decatur Herald & Review. Keeping with tradition, we'd crowded into the corner booth where we liked to squeeze interviews out of political candidates, and conversation ricocheted in usual directions--civil rights marches, graft in the statehouse, the strike at a local factory--until one of us caught the words from the TV behind the bar: "Dallas... shots fired..."

The scramble back to the office and the rush to put out an extra about the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, that November day in 1963, were my initiation into newspapering at its most vital, as the first draft of history. I was fresh from Montana bunkhouses and the U.S. Air Force, and the job as an editorial writer was my first in journalism. I gave it all I had, blazing away at the typewriter in that grandest of inklinger's goals, to write faster than anyone who was better and better than anyone who was faster. Not even the big stories that tended to break on my Saturday night stints as wire editor--the Valdez earthquake in Alaska, and the death of Pope John XXIII, yards of copy unendingly unfolding out of a row of teletype machines, did me in, quite.

As it turned out, my newspapering career did not go on--a magazine job and a woman named Carol lured me to Chicago, and a lasting change in my writing life--but I never lost touch with newspapers themselves, those blessed black-and-white-and-read-all-over repositories of history, and sometimes even literature, on the run. In my time as a freelance writer my byline appeared in the *New York Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Denver Post*, and *Los Angeles Times*, as well as the Seattle dailies here where Carol and I settled in our journalism-related careers. Perhaps it is small wonder, then, that my character Morrie Morgan in *Sweet Thunder*, as ever seeking his destiny and employment worthy of his talents, is drawn to a newspaper job in the rough-and-tumble mining city of Butte. That he, like me, becomes an editorial writer with blazing speed at the typewriter is merely, well, something extra.

A
penchant
for
com/its
affected
&
affected
com/its

From: "Rudd, Lily N" <lily.rudd@us.penguingroup.com>
Subject: **dedication and acknowledgments**
Date: December 19, 2012 3:03:33 PM PST
To: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>

Hi Ivan,

One quick question regarding the material we received today: do you intend to write a dedication or acknowledgments?

Many thanks!
Lily

Lily Rudd
Riverhead Books
375 Hudson Street
New York, NY 10014
(212) 366-2454

From: "Saletan, Rebecca" <Rebecca.Saletan@us.penguin.com>
Subject: RE: ms coming
Date: December 19, 2012 3:37:06 PM PST
To: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>

Got it all, converted the floppies, thanks for everything. Will look at the extra tomorrow.

-----Original Message-----

From: carol doig [mailto:cddoig@comcast.net]
Sent: Monday, December 17, 2012 12:05 PM
To: Saletan, Rebecca
Subject: ms coming

Becky, hi. Your pencil has lost none of its magic. Kudos again for a splendid job of line editing, and with so little to tinker with, we turned around the ms over the weekend and it will reach you Wednesday morning. We were impelled further by the threat of a power outage during the latest storm. That didn't happen but we got the work done.

Once again, the ms is on a floppy disk formatted for a Mac -- a 3.5" 2HD diskette.

Glad to hear that the jacket design will be more poetic, less documentary. I agree the oldtime newspaper stuff might be something to work with. Can we have the same genius who did *The Bartender's Tale* solve this for us?

Looking ahead a little, to copyediting. I really, really want as light a touch as possible this time. By now the ms has been worked over by three people who know what they're doing with the language -- you, me and Carol -- and while I'm OK with fact-checking and fixing of punctuation where it's needed, I firmly believe our sentence structures, colloquialisms, was/were usages, and dialogue should be left alone. Otherwise I'm faced with undoing overzealous changes, which in the case of *The Bartender's Tale*, took me damn near a week.

Well, that's it from here. We seem to have the makings of a book.

Happy holidays
Ivan

Dear Liz and Becky--

So here we have what I hope and believe is the worthy successor to *Work Song*, with a distinctive tang and romping narrative all its own. Once again a Morrie tale, with our narrator a natty pilgrim in a conflicted America roaring into the Twenties with Gilded Age antagonisms and Red Scare jitters still on its mind, this is a story of identity, of our hero and those around him coming to grips with who they are and wish to be. Along the way, Morrie encounters enough outsize characters and precipitous situations to, well, fill a book. In sum, if wit (Morrie's and mine) and inventive language (ditto) can carry the day, we should have here a humorous novel--I come back to that word "romp"--that casts a serious shadow. Better marketing minds than mine will be at work on this, but I wonder if we might do well to characterize *Sweet Thunder* as in the lineage of Twain and Welty (of "Why I Live at the P.O." and "Powerhouse" etc.)--entertainment seriously done.

You'll notice this doesn't have the numbered chapters of *Work Song* and *The Whistling Season*. Instead I've let it move scene by scene with indicative initial caps to keep things galloping along, until there's a real change of time or mood, and then I've indicated new-chapter pages. The spacing between scenes is rough here in the ms, for flexibility when I was giving it a final go-through, and of course that can be tidied up in the final.

The only other surprises I can think to mention are a few deliberate genre touches--this is the third Morrie book, after all--such as the recurrence of the Purity Cafeteria where dramatic things happen, characters from before who have some familiar shtick, a lost trunk again playing a McGuffin role--and, oh yes, Morrie once in a while performing the literary equivalent of breaking the fourth wall in the theater, by toying with his identity there on the page in thoughts directed at the reader. Invention by an old hand is not necessarily post-modern; it was Tolstoy who put us in the mind of Levin's hunting dog in *Anna Karenina* in 1876, remember. In any case, I hope Morrie's jaunt through parlous times tickles in the right places.

All best,

Thunder review, Sept. '12

- 13 - Agor; Conan Doyle?
- 16 - His Nibs; repeat?
- 25 FIND dit
- 29 - granted; FIND - too many

genre
+unk

191 - bks

ch. pages 60 85 109 122 158 172 197 222 262
296 312

- Robertson Davies?
- Warrn Irving?
- Vonnegut?
- Wells?

outsized characters

distinctive lang

- 4, bottom - produced was not a gun
- 21 - snuffly
- 40 - " on Sentinel 55 - Mornie; wardrobe 7 names ^{reprinted}
- ? 75 - snuffly
- 75 - Sniddle, as is ^{replaced} Shorty/Punby
- 77 - James is
- 85 - Robbie - scamp of a poet
- ? 95 - mid-p. off, not of
- 100 - barked ...
- 102 - 2 mans; Q's "M old fellow" S's "laggard" ^{slangpotter}
- 125 - G + Espec; Tale of Two Cities
- 146 - 7 lines from bottom, from, not from
- 149 - Zebbie, was, not a
- 121 - snuff; rough
- 147 - , 2 Int @ Parity
- 169 - line 3, I 2
- 170 - unimportantly

Thunder re-read cont.

~~186~~ 4 from bot, of not a

→ ~~187~~ - change weather → reprinted 187-8

→ ~~189~~ - Larkin: Italian reprinted

~~209~~ - mid-p Prof 2

~~270~~ - by grass, by yr (concrete?) NO OK

~~216~~ - perfume

~~220~~ - bullet holes

~~222~~ - ~~so~~ ~~bad~~ ~~books~~ ~~going~~ ~~god~~ ~~blame~~

~~245~~ - w/a grunt 2

→ ~~236~~ - mist (earlier) ^{redone} Amanda has to rein in poems on 4th

~~245~~ - damn / started thing

~~248~~ - Bon - Sun?

→ ~~252~~ - adjust poems reprinted 258-9

~~262~~ - Morgan 2

~~263~~ - "

~~265~~ - line 3 from bot, sandy?

~~266~~ - " 3 " " Morgan 2 / reamp ^{Wronelunter}

~~267~~ - mid-p, Prof 2

~~277~~ - Cos la # No worry?

~~280~~ - fut? OK? like what? I am? Me?

I think so? redone & reprinted

~~282~~ - gravy w/ pasty?

~~284~~ - line 3 from bot, Morgan 2

~~285~~ - a napkin

~~287~~ - repeat of 2 reprinted

" - slowly losing ground?

~~292~~ - old nails for?

" - Prof 2

~~305~~ - 2nd of, of will

Montanans Take a Stand

NYT Nov. 17 '12

Montanans overwhelmingly approved Initiative 166 on Election Day. The measure requires the state's congressional delegation to propose an amendment to the United States Constitution that would prohibit corporate contributions and expenditures in Montana elections. Even in Montana, it is unlikely that voters believe this will happen anytime soon. But the law is an expression of outrage about harmful intervention in the state's campaign system.

The United States Supreme Court in June struck down the state's Corrupt Practices Act, passed by initiative in 1912. The statute banned corporations from making political expenditures out of their general treasuries. It kept Montana politics free of big money and meddling by outsiders. The conservatives on the court applied their 2010 ruling in the Citizens United case to toss out the law, so corporations can now make unlimited independent expenditures in Montana.

In October, a Federal District Court struck down all of Montana's political campaign contribution limits, though a federal appeals court soon reinstated the limits.

The big money affecting many state races that most vexes Montanans came from a group of outsiders called American Tradition Partnership, a tax-exempt organization that describes itself as "fighting the radical environmentalist agenda" and refuses to disclose its donors. It brought the lawsuit that led the Supreme Court to strike down the state's anti-corruption law.

The group has brought another lawsuit in Montana to strike down the state's campaign contribution disclosure law, scheduled to go to trial next year. Its deeply flawed theory is that the more money there is in politics, the freer the exchange of ideas, and that disclosure inhibits that exchange.

Initiative 166 gave voters the chance to say they want to control how political campaigns are run in their state. As Gov. Brian Schweitzer summed it up, Montanans are saying loudly enough for the Supreme Court to hear, "Now it's up to Congress to pass a constitutional amendment to get the dirty, secret, corporate, foreign money out of our elections for good."

From: "Saletan, Rebecca" <Rebecca.Saletan@us.penguin.com>
Subject: RE: catalogue essay
Date: October 18, 2012 10:05:53 PM PDT
To: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>

Dear Ivan,
We should be able to issue both the paperback and the new hardcover in August.
All best,
Becky

-----Original Message-----

From: carol doig [mailto:cddoig@comcast.net]
Sent: Tuesday, October 02, 2012 12:34 PM
To: Saletan, Rebecca
Subject: Re: catalogue essay

Becky, hi. Sure, the extract is fine. Spring/Summer catalog already? What's the pub date on the paperback and can it be coordinated with the new hardback?

Best,
Ivan

On Oct 2, 2012, at 8:12 AM, Saletan, Rebecca wrote:

Hi Ivan,
We'd like to include this extract from your "Key Characters" essay in the spring/summer 2013 catalogue, where the paperback of Bartender's Tale will appear, along with the photo of the Royal. Take a look at the attached and see if OK by you - it can be altered but it can't be longer than this.

All best,
Becky

Why I Type

An Essay by Ivan Doig

When my folks presented me with a mail-order Olympia portable for my eighteenth birthday, the typewriter became for me what the saddle horse was for my father at that age, the means of getting somewhere in life. Almost as if it were already creating sentences, the gift bespoke that I was on my way out of our lariat proletariat life as hired hands on Montana livestock ranches, and off I went, with the Olympia snug in its leatherette traveling case, to Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism. Without it to practice on, I shudder to think how I would have fared in writing courses taught by hundred-word-a-minute

ex-newsmen. Several years of freelance magazine work found me pounding out articles on a succession of sturdy manual Royals, and when I turned to books and fiction, the typewriter was always right there, often in the story itself.

I regard my rough drafts as a way of feeling the shape each sentence aspires to be, just as sculptors ever since Michelangelo have run an inquiring hand over a promising piece of stone to find the form waiting within. For me, employing typewriter keys and ragged lines instead of hammer and chisel is not so much mystical as merely practical, although there is a touch of mystery to the process. "Getting it in the fingers," as a jazz musician friend calls his noodling with the notes until they arrange themselves with automatic fluency, and as a sculptor friend has described, in virtually the same words, how he cups a hand to stone's texture to find the direction for his next chisel stroke -- and as I rely on my questing digits for combinations of words I didn't know I knew until they are coaxed up onto the white field of paper in front of me.

There is a word for this seemingly unaccountable instantaneous leap of ideas from the forehead out to the very ends of the arms: *fingerspitzengefühl*, roughly "intuition in the fingertips" (the Germans are good with those triple-deckers). Great generals and explorers are said to have it when they trace across a map and translate the flow of battle or an unnavigated river, the great pianists tell their students to concentrate at their tips and their tops and music will fill in between. Down here in the lesser ranks, I can only claim some kind of instinctive deftness at the end of the hand when my whacking keys feel their way along the language.

Rebecca Saletan
Editorial Director
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From: "Saletan, Rebecca" <Rebecca.Saletan@us.penguingroup.com>
Subject: **Just wanted to say**
Date: October 18, 2012 12:41:41 PM PDT
To: cdoig@comcast.net

How happy I am to be on The Dog Bus with you.

From: David Laskin <laskin.david@gmail.com>
Subject: **Re: una domanda molto "picky"**
Date: October 30, 2012 11:54:51 AM PDT
To: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>

Ivan,
Geoduck -- yes -- I do love it goocy -- and the garden is breathing a sigh of relief. Planted grass in the shell craters left by mole -- so the lawn should be flawless shortly.
"Is he bother you, mizzus" is inspired.
As for "at your call." In Italian it would be "Al suo servizio" (formal) or Al tuo servizio (informal) -- pronounced ser-VIT-zio. So maybe "At your service" could work better? But don't sweat it -- at your call is fine too and I can guarantee you that not a reader in the world will object.
80 pages to go until I hit SEND. Then I will be al tuo servizio -- David

On Tue, Oct 30, 2012 at 10:47 AM, carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net> wrote:

David, mio amico--wow, man, doing my research for me in Italian! Molto impressive or something. Your info--grazie, I guess, to your Italian teacher too-- made me refocus getting this Genoese powderman in the Butte mines to speak his two lines phonetically some way, or my names isn't Luigi--oops, Ivan. Here's another stab at it, how's it sound to you:

In an Italian baritone, he asked: "Is he bother you, mizzus?"
"Nothing to worry about, Giorgio, thank you."
Giving me a sharp look that took inches off my height, he turned back up the stairwell. "I am at your call."

What think? Just off the mark of English enough, or had I better mull some more?

You ought to be happy as a geoduck with this weather.

Best, Ivan

On Oct 29, 2012, at 5:07 PM, David Laskin wrote:

Ivan, Here's your response.

Rough translation: If the person is reading he would say EVERITING OCCHEI because he would pronounce every letter he sees. If he mimicking a bit the oral pronunciation of the people around him, he would say EVRITING OCCHEI". I know, we are a people difficult to understand.

Ciao -- mi devi una coppia gratis -- you owe me a free copy! David

----- Forwarded message -----

From: Cecilia Strettoi <cestrettoi@hotmail.com>
Date: 2012/10/29
Subject: Re: una domanda molto "picky"
To: David Laskin <laskin.david@gmail.com>

Caro David,
mmmm, allora se la persona stesse leggendo direbbe "EVERITING OCCHEI", perche' pronuncerebbe ogni lettera che vede.

Se invece la persona "copiasse" un po' la pronuncia orale di chi gli sta intorno, direbbe "EVRITING OCCHEI"

Lo so, siamo un popolo difficile da capire.

A sabato.
CS

From: David Laskin <laskin.david@gmail.com>
Subject: Fwd: una domanda molto "picky"
Date: October 29, 2012 5:07:31 PM PDT
To: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>

Ivan, Here's your response.

Rough translation: If the person is reading he would say EVERITING OCCHEI because he would pronounce every letter he sees. If he mimicking a bit the oral pronounciation of the people around him, he would say EVRITING OCCHEI". I know, we are a people difficult to understand.

Ciao -- mi devi una coppia gratis -- you owe me a free copy! David

----- Forwarded message -----
From: Cecilia Strettoi <cstrettoi@hotmail.com>
Date: 2012/10/29
Subject: Re: una domanda molto "picky"
To: David Laskin <laskin.david@gmail.com>

Caro David,
mmmm, allora se la persona stesse leggendo direbbe "EVERITING OCCHEI",
perche' pronuncerebbe ogni lettera che vede.

Se invece la persona "copiasse" un po' la pronuncia orale di chi gli
sta intorno, direbbe "EVRITING OCCHEI"

Lo so, siamo un popolo difficile da capire.

A sabato.
CS

From: David Laskin
Sent: Monday, October 29, 2012 3:51 PM
To: Cecilia Strettoi
Subject: una domanda molto "picky"

Cara Cecilia, Mio amico Ivan Doig sta scrivendo un romanzo in cui c'e' un
personaggio dall' italia. Mi ha domandato come un italiano (che parla
inglese rotto -- "broken English") pronuncerebbe questa frase:
"Everything ok?" La
domanda tratta del "everything": every-zing? every-ting? ever-ting?
Che ne pensi? Potresti scrivere foneticamente come come un italiano
illetterato pronuncerebbe "everything."

Grazie mille. Il corso va benissimo! Grazie per tutto il tuo lavoro.

A presto. David



Language Professors Hate Him

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By [Elaine Lemm](#), About.com Guide

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A Cornish Pasty

Photo © Elaine Lemm

The Cornish pasty is known and loved throughout Great Britain and Ireland and not surprisingly when a Cornish pasty recipe is so simple and easy.

The pasty evolved for Cornish tin miners, who, unable to return to the surface at lunchtime had a hearty, easy to hold and eat, lunch dish. With their hands often dirty from a mornings work, the pasty could be held by the thick [pastry](#) crust without contaminating the contents.

The Cornish Pasty is great for a lunch box but also makes a great main course dish when served with fresh vegetables.

In 2011 Cornish Pasties were given a [PDO Status](#) and so though my recipe is not *exactly* made to their criteria, it is nonetheless a great pasty. [Watch My Video on How to Make Cornish Pasties](#)

Prep Time: 25 minutes

Cook Time: 45 minutes

Total Time: 1 hour, 10 minutes

Ingredients:

- For the Pastry
- 4 oz/110g all purpose/plain flour
- Pinch of salt
- 2oz/ 55g butter, cubed
- 2-3 tbsp cold water
- For the Filling
- ¼ cup/50g onion, finely chopped
- ½ cup /110g potato, cut into 1/4 inch /5 mm dice
- ½ cup /110g , cut swede into 1/4 inch /5 mm dice
- 4oz /110g rump steak, cut into small cubes
- Salt and pepper
- 1 egg, lightly beaten

Preparation:

Makes 2 pasties

Pre-heat oven to 425 °F /220 °C/ Gas 7.

First make the [shortcrust pastry](#).

- Place the flour, butter and salt into a large clean bowl.
- Rub the butter into the flour with your fingertips until the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs, working as quickly as possible to prevent the dough becoming warm.
- Add the water to the mixture and using a cold knife stir until the dough binds together, add more cold water a teaspoon at a time if the mixture is too dry,
- Wrap the dough in Saran wrap/Clingfilm and chill for a minimum of 15 minutes, up to 30 minutes.

The dough can also be made in a food processor by mixing the flour, butter and salt in the bowl of the processor on a pulse setting. When the mixture

From: Jmmaloof@aol.com
Subject: **Re: Help!**
Date: August 23, 2012 2:45:40 PM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Ivan,
"Alles" is correct. However, I wonder about "liebchen". It is much more used for females (song and poetry) How about "Jungchen" from "Junge" boy + "chen" diminutive (endearment)? But if you have heard it used in Montana for boys, I'll say no more.
Katharina

In a message dated 8/23/2012 8:48:34 A.M. Pacific Daylight Time, cddoig@comcast.net writes:

Katharina, hi again. This is your pesky author humbly asking for a bit of help, once again, with the German language. Here's the scene I'm trying to write:

It takes place in Butte, where a newsstand is run by Blind Heinie -- his name is Heinrich, but they never heard of political correctness back there in 1921. He has a fond, joking relationship with the newsboy who delivers papers to his newsstand. One day the boy makes some kind of mistake, and I'd like Blind Heinie to say in a mix of German and broken English, "Alles forgive, liebchen" (or some other word of fondness). Would this usage of alles be correct and natural? I'm trying to set up with this a later somewhat punning usage by an English speaker who absolves the boy by saying, "All is forgive."

What do you think? Can I do it, or is there a better way?

Thanks immensely, one more time. Hi to John.

Best,
Ivan=

Rough Riders

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The **Rough Riders** is the name bestowed on the **1st United States Volunteer Cavalry**, one of three such regiments raised in 1898 for the Spanish-American War and the only one of the three to see action. The United States Army was weakened and left with little manpower after the American Civil War roughly thirty years prior. As a result, President William McKinley called upon 1,250 volunteers to assist in the war efforts.^[1] It was also called "Wood's Weary Walkers" after its first commander, Colonel Leonard Wood, as an acknowledgment of the fact that despite being a cavalry unit they ended up fighting on foot as infantry. Wood's second in command was former assistant secretary of the United States Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, a man who had pushed for American involvement in Cuban independence. When Colonel Wood became commander of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, the Rough Riders then became "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." That term was familiar in 1898, from Buffalo Bill who called his famous western show "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World." The Rough Riders were mostly made of native Americans, college athletes, cowboys, and ranchers.

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1st United States Volunteer Cavalry



Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders atop San Juan Hill, 1898

Active	1898
Country	 United States of America
Branch	 United States Army
Type	Cavalry
Nickname	Rough Riders
Engagements	Spanish-American War <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Battle of Las Guasimas ■ Battle of San Juan Hill
Commanders	
Notable commanders	Leonard Wood Theodore Roosevelt

Formation and early history

The volunteers were gathered in four areas: Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. They were gathered mainly from the southwest because the hot climate region that the men were used to was similar to that of Cuba where they would be fighting. "The difficulty in organizing was not in selecting, but in rejecting men."^[2] The allowed limit set for the volunteer cavalry men was promptly met. They gathered a diverse bunch of men consisting of cowboys, gold or mining prospectors, hunters, gamblers, Native Americans and college boys; all of whom were able-bodied and capable on horseback and in shooting. Among these men were also police officers and military veterans who wished to see action again. Men who had served in the normal army during campaigns against Indians or served in the Civil War had been gathered to serve as higher ranking officers in the cavalry.^[3] In this regard they possessed the knowledge and experience to lead and train the men well. As a whole, the unit would not be entirely inexperienced. Leonard Wood, a doctor who served as the medical advisor for both the President and secretary of war, was appointed the position of Colonel of The Rough Riders with Roosevelt serving as Lieutenant-Colonel.^[4] Volunteers were also gathered in San Antonio, Texas at the Menger Hotel Bar.

Equipment

Before training began, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt used his political influence gained as Assistant Secretary of the Navy to ensure that 'his' volunteer cavalry regiment would be properly equipped to serve as any regular unit of the U.S. Army. For private soldiers and noncommissioned officers, this meant the M1892/98 Springfield (Krag) bolt action rifle in .30 Army (.30-40) caliber: "They succeeded in getting their cartridges, revolvers (Colt .45), clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear ... and in getting the regiment armed with the Krag-Jorgensen carbine used by the regular cavalry."^[5] Officers of the regiment each received a new lever-action M1895 Winchester rifle, also in .30 Army. The Rough Riders also used Bowie Hunter knives. A last minute gift from a wealthy donor were a pair of modern tripod mounted, gas-operated M1895 Colt-Browning machine guns in 7mm Mauser caliber.

In contrast, the uniforms of the regiment were designed to set the unit apart: "The Rough Rider uniform was a



US Postage Stamp, 1948 issue, commemorating 50th anniversary of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders.



Col. Roosevelt in Rider uniform.
October 26, 1898

slouch hat, blue flannel shirt, brown trousers, leggings, and boots, with handkerchiefs knotted loosely around their necks. They looked exactly as a body of cowboy cavalry should look."^[6] It was the 'rough and tumble' appearance and charisma that contributed to earning them the title of The Rough Riders.

Training

Training was very standard, even for a cavalry unit. They worked on basic military drills, protocol, and habits involving conduct, obedience and etiquette. The men proved to be eager to learn what was necessary and the training went smoothly. It was decided that the men would not be trained to use the saber as other cavalries often used, because they had no prior experience with that combat skill. Instead, they chose to have the men stick to the use of their carbines and revolvers as primary and secondary weapons. Although the men, for the most part, were already experienced horsemen, the officers refined their techniques in riding, shooting from horseback, and practicing in formations and in skirmishes. Along with this the high-ranking men heavily studied books filled with tactics and drills to better themselves in leading the others. During times which physical drills could not be run, either because of confinement on board the train, ship, or during times where space was inadequate, there were some books that were read further as to leave no time wasted in preparation for war. The competent training that the volunteer men received prepared them best as possible for their duty. They were not simply handed weapons and given vague directions to engage in a disorderly brawl.^[7]

Departure from the United States

On May 29, 1898, 1060 Rough Riders and 1258 of their horses and mules made their way to the Southern Pacific railroad to travel to Tampa, Florida where they would set off for Cuba. The lot awaited orders for departure from Major General William Rufus Shafter. Under heavy prompting from Washington D.C., General Shafter gave the order to dispatch the troops early before sufficient traveling storage was available. Due to this problem, only eight of the twelve companies of The Rough Riders were permitted to leave Tampa to engage in the war. The many horses and mules were almost entirely left behind on United States soil. Aside from Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt's first hand mention of deep, heartfelt sorrow from the men left behind; this situation resulted in a premature weakening of the men. Approximately one fourth of them who received training had already been lost, most dying of malaria and yellow fever. This sent the remaining troops into Cuba with a significant loss in men and morale.^[8]

Upon arrival on Cuban shores, the men promptly unloaded themselves and the small amount of equipment they carried with them. Camp was set up nearby and the men were to remain there until further orders had been given to advance. Further supplies were unloaded from the ships over the next day including the very few horses that were allowed on the journey. "The great shortcoming throughout the campaign was the utterly inadequate transportation. If they had been allowed to take our mule-train, they could have kept the whole cavalry division supplied."^[9] Each man was only able to carry a few days worth of food which had to last them longer and fuel their bodies for rigorous tasks. Even after only seventy-five percent of the total number of cavalry men was allowed to embark into Cuba they were still without most all of the horses that they had so heavily been trained and accustomed to using. They were not trained as infantry and were not conditioned to doing heavy marching, especially long distance in hot, humid, and dense jungle conditions. This ultimately served as a severe disadvantage to the men who had yet to see combat.^[9]

Assault on Las Guasimas

Main article: Battle of Las Guasimas

Within another day of camp being established, men were sent forward into the jungle for reconnaissance purposes, and before too long they returned with news of a Spanish outpost, Las Guasimas. By afternoon, The Rough Riders were given the command to begin marching towards Las Guasimas, to eliminate opposition and secure the area which stood in the path of further military advancement. Upon arrival at their relative destination, the men slept through the night in a crude encampment nearby the Spanish outpost they would attack early the next morning.^[10]

The enemy held an advantage over the Americans by knowing their way through the complicated trails in the area of combat. They predicted where the Americans would be traveling on foot and exactly what positions to fire on. They also were able to utilize the land and cover in such a way that they were difficult to spot. Along with this, their guns used smokeless powder which did not give away their immediate position upon firing as other gun powders would have. This increased the difficulty of finding the opposition for the U.S. soldiers. In some locations the jungle was too thick to see very far.^[10]

General Young, who was in command of the regulars and cavalry, began the attack in the early morning. Using long-range, large-caliber Hotchkiss guns he fired at the opposition, who were reportedly concealed along trenches, roads, ridges, and jungle cover. Colonel Wood's men, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, were not yet in the same vicinity as the other men at the start of the battle. They had a more difficult path to travel around the time the battle began, and at first they had to make their way up a very steep hill. "Many of the men, footsore and weary from their march of the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men."^[11] Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt became aware that there were countless opportunities for any man to fall out of formation and resign from battle without notice as the jungle was often too thick in places to see through. This was yet another event that left the group with fewer men than they had at the start. Regardless, The Rough Riders pushed forward towards the outpost along with the regulars. Using careful observation, the officers were able to locate where the opposition was hidden in the brush and entrenchments and they were able to target their men properly to overcome them. Towards the end of the battle, Edward Marshall, a newspaper writer, was inspired by the men around him in the heat of battle to pick up a rifle and begin fighting alongside them. When he suffered a gunshot wound in the spine from one of the Spaniards another soldier mistook him as Colonel Wood from afar and ran back from the front line to report his death. Due to this misconception, Roosevelt temporarily took command as Colonel and gathered the troops together with his leadership charisma. The battle lasted an hour and a half from beginning to end with The Rough Riders suffering only 8 dead and 31 wounded, including Captain Allyn K. Capron, Jr. Roosevelt came across Colonel Wood in full health after the battle finished and stepped down from his position to Lieutenant-Colonel.^[12]

The United States had full control of this Spanish outpost on the road to Santiago by the end of the battle. General Shafter had the men hold position for six days while additional supplies were brought ashore. During this time The Rough Riders ate, slept, cared for the wounded, and buried the dead from both sides. During the six day encampment, some men died from fever. Among those stricken by illness was General Joseph Wheeler. Brigadier General Samuel Sumner assumed command of the cavalry and Wood took the second brigade as

Brigadier General. This left Roosevelt as Colonel of The Rough Riders.^[8]

Assault on Kettle Hill and San Juan Heights

Main article: Battle of San Juan Hill

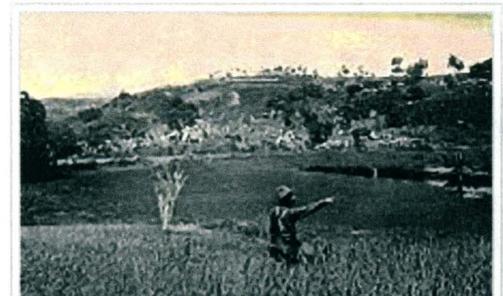
The order was given for the men to march the eight miles along the road to Santiago from the outpost they had been holding. Originally, Colonel Roosevelt had no specific orders for himself and his men. They were simply to march to San Juan Heights where over one-thousand Spanish soldiers held the area and hold position. It was decided that Brigadier General Henry Lawton's division would be the main fighters in the battle while taking El Caney, a Spanish stronghold, a few miles away. The cavalry was to simply serve as a distraction while artillery and battery struck the Spanish from afar. Lawton's infantry would begin the battle and The Rough Riders were to march and meet with them mid-battle. In this way, The Rough Riders were not seen as a critical tool to the United States Army in this battle.^[13]

San Juan Hill and another hill were separated by a small valley and pond; the river ran near the foot of both. Together, this geography formed San Juan Heights. Colonel Roosevelt and The Rough Riders made their way to the foot of what was dubbed Kettle Hill because of the old sugar refinement cauldrons that lay along it.^[8] The battle of San Juan Heights began with the firing of the artillery and battery at the enemy location. Soon after battery-fire was returned and The Rough Riders, standing at the position of the friendly artillery, had to promptly move to avoid shells. The men moved down from their position and began making their way through and along the San Juan River towards the base of Kettle Hill. There they took cover along the riverbank and in the tall grass to avoid sniper and artillery fire that was being directed towards their position, however they were left vulnerable and pinned down. The Spanish regular guns were able to discharge eight rounds in the twenty seconds it took for the United States regular guns to fire one round. In this way they had a strong advantage over the Americans. The rounds they fired were 7mm Mauser bullets which moved at a high velocity and inflicted small, clean wounds. Some of the men were hit, but few were mortally wounded or killed.^[14]

Colonel Roosevelt, deeply dissatisfied with General Shafter's inaction with sending men out for reconnaissance and failure to issue more direct orders, became uneasy with the idea of leaving himself and his men sitting in the line of fire. He sent messengers to seek out one of the generals to try and coax orders from them to advance from their position. Finally, the Rough Riders received orders to assist the regulars in their assault on the hill's front. Roosevelt, riding on horseback, got his men onto their feet and into position to begin making their way up the hill. He claimed that he wished to fight on foot as he did at Las Guasimas; however he would have found it difficult to move up and down the hill to supervise his men in a quick and efficient manner on foot. He also recognized that he could see his men better from the



US Army encampment, 1st Volunteer Cavalry, Rough Riders, at the base of Kettle Hill about July 4, 1898. San Juan Hill and block houses are in back ground.



US Army photo taken near the base of Kettle Hill about July 4, 1898. The soldier is pointing up to the top of Kettle Hill. In the background you can

elevated horseback, and they could see him better as well.^[15] Roosevelt chided his own men to not leave him alone in a charge up the hill, and drawing his sidearm promised nearby black soldiers separated from their own units that he would fire at them if they turned back, warning them he keeps his promises. His Rough Riders chanted (likely in jest) "Oh he always does, he always does!" The soldiers, laughing, fell in with the volunteers to prepare for the assault.^[16]

see the block houses on San Juan Hill and the American encampment.

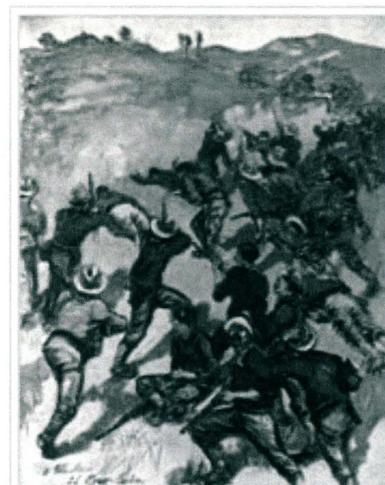
As the troops of the various units began slowly creeping up the hill, firing their rifles at the opposition as they climbed, Roosevelt went to the captain of the platoons in back and had a word with him. He stated that it was his opinion that they could not effectively take the hill due to a sufficient ability to effectively return fire, and that the solution was to charge it full-on. The captain reiterated his colonel's orders to hold position. Roosevelt, recognizing the absence of the other Colonel, declared himself the ranking officer and ordered a charge up Kettle Hill. The captain stood hesitant, and Colonel Roosevelt rode off on his horse, Texas, leading his own men uphill while waving his hat in the air and cheering. The Rough Riders followed him with enthusiasm and obedience without hesitation. By then, the other men from the different units on the hill became stirred by this event and began bolting up the hill alongside their countrymen. The 'charge' was actually a series of short rushes by mixed groups of regulars and Rough Riders. Within twenty minutes Kettle Hill was taken, though casualties were heavy. The rest of San Juan Heights was taken within the hour following.

The Rough Riders' charge on Kettle Hill was facilitated by a hail of covering fire from three Gatling Guns commanded by Lt. John H. Parker, which fired some 18,000 .30 Army rounds into the Spanish trenches atop the crest of both hills. Col. Roosevelt noted that the hammering sound of the Gatling guns visibly raised the spirits of his men: "There suddenly smote on our ears a peculiar drumming sound. One or two of the men cried out, "The Spanish machine guns!" but, after listening a moment, I leaped to my feet and called, "It's the Gatlings, men! Our Gatlings!" Immediately the troopers began to cheer lustily, for the sound was most inspiring."^{[17][18]}

Trooper Jesse D. Langdon of the 1st Volunteer Infantry, who accompanied Col. Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders in their assault on Kettle Hill, reported:

"We were exposed to the Spanish fire, but there was very little because just before we started, why, the Gatling guns opened up at the bottom of the hill, and everybody yelled, "The Gatlings! The Gatlings!" and away we went. The Gatlings just enfiladed the top of those trenches. We'd never have been able to take Kettle Hill if it hadn't been for Parker's Gatling guns."^[19]

A Spanish counterattack on Kettle Hill by some 600 infantry was quickly decimated by one of Lt. Parker's Gatling guns recently emplaced on the summit of San Juan Hill, which killed all but forty of the attackers before they had closed to within 250 yards of the Americans on Kettle Hill.^[20] Col. Roosevelt was so impressed by the actions of Lt. Parker and his men that he placed his regiment's two 7mm Colt-Browning machine guns and the volunteers manning them under Parker, who immediately emplaced them - along with 10,000 rounds of captured 7mm Mauser ammunition - at tactical firing points in the American



The Fight for Santiago. The "Rough Riders" charging up the San Juan Hill, July 1st, and driving the Spanish from their intrenchments [sic]. Illustration from McClure's,

line.^[21]

October 1898

Colonel Roosevelt's example of valor and fearlessness in the face of danger served as motivation to his men to promptly follow his command and spring into the fray. Had it been another leader with less charisma and spunk, the order to charge may not have been given and the cavalry may not have had the same enthusiasm in their charge uphill.^[22] As for Roosevelt himself, he gave most of the credit to Lt. Parker and his Gatling Gun Detachment:

"I think Parker deserved rather more credit than any other one man in the entire campaign...he had the rare good judgment and foresight to see the possibilities of the machine-guns..He then, by his own exertions, got it to the front and proved that it could do invaluable work on the field of battle, as much in attack as in defence."^[23]



Original title: "Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders at the top of the hill which they captured, Battle of San Juan Hill." US Army victors on Kettle Hill about July 3, 1898 after the battle of "San Juan Hill(s)." Left to right is 3rd US Cavalry, 1st Volunteer Cavalry (Col. Theodore Roosevelt center) and 10th US Cavalry. A second similar picture is often shown cropping out all but the 1st Vol Cav and TR.

Aftermath

Colonel Roosevelt played a key role in the outcome of the Spanish-American war by serving as the catalyst for the brave charge that promptly took down the Spanish defenders at San Juan Heights. The ultimate goal of capturing that strategic position was to then move downhill and take Santiago de Cuba, a strong point for the Spanish army. There, they had a fleet of their cruisers in port. By taking areas around Santiago and consequently moving in on the city from many sides, the United States hoped to scare the Spanish cruisers into

leaving port out to sea where they would encounter the United States Navy. This, in fact, was the exact result. Only a couple of days after the battle on San Juan Heights, the Spanish cruiser fleet was quickly sunk. This took a tremendous toll on the Spanish army due to the fact that a large portion of a nation's military power lies upon their naval capabilities.^[24]

However, the sinking of the Spanish cruisers did not mean the end of the war. Battles continued in and around Santiago. By July 17, 1898, the Spanish forces in Santiago surrendered to General Shafter and the United States military. Various battles in the region continued on and the United States was continuously victorious. On August 12, 1898, the Spanish Government surrendered to the United States and agreed to an armistice that relinquished their control of Cuba. The armistice also gained the United States the territories of Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines. This was an enormous turning point for America which had been wounded by civil war for over thirty years. Gaining such a large mass of land all at once brought the United States up on the ladder of world powers. The Spanish-American War also began a trend of United States intervention in foreign affairs which has lasted to present day.^[24]

Return home

On August 14, the Rough Riders landed at Montauk Point in Long Island, New York. There, they met up with the other four companies that had been unfortunately left behind in Tampa. Colonel Roosevelt made note of how very many of the men who were left behind felt guilty for not serving in Cuba with the others. However, he also stated that "those who stayed had done their duty precisely as did those who went, for the question of glory was not to be considered in comparison to the faithful performance of whatever was ordered."^[25] During the first portion of the month that the men stayed in Montauk they received hospital care. Many of the men were stricken with Malarial fever (described at the time as "Cuban fever") and died in Cuba, while some were brought back to the United States on board the ship in makeshift quarantine. "One of the distressing features of the Malaria which had been ravaging the troops was that it was recurrent and persistent. Some of the men died after reaching home, and many were very sick."^[26] Aside from malaria, there were cases of yellow fever, dysentery and other illnesses. Many of the men suffered from general exhaustion and were in poor condition upon returning home, some twenty pounds lighter. Everyone received fresh food and most were nourished back to their normal health.^[26]

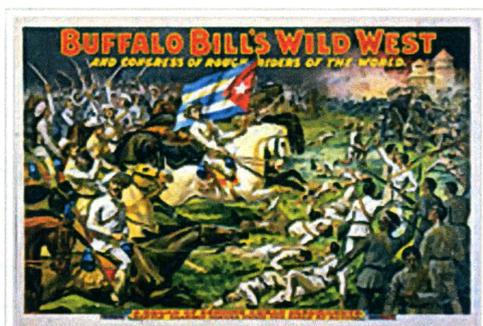
The rest of the month in Montauk, New York was spent in celebration of victory among the troops. The regiment was presented with three different mascots that represented the Rough Riders: a mountain lion by the name of Josephine that was brought to Tampa by some troops from Arizona, a war eagle named in Colonel Roosevelt's honor brought in by some New Mexican troops, and lastly a small dog by the name of Cuba who had been brought along on the journey overseas. Accompanying the presented mascots was a young boy who had stowed away on the ship before it embarked to Cuba. He was discovered with a rifle and boxes of ammunition and was, of course, sent ashore before departure from the United States. He was taken in by the regiment that was left behind, given a small Rough Riders uniform, and made an honorary member. The men also made sure to honor their colonel in return for his stellar leadership and service. They presented him with a small bronze statue of Remington's "The Bronco-buster" which portrayed a cowboy riding a violently bucking horse. "There could have been no more appropriate gift from such a regiment ... most of them looked upon the bronze with the critical eyes of professionals. I doubt if there was any regiment in the world which contained so large a number of men able to ride the wildest and most dangerous horses."^[27] After the turning over of their

gift, each and every man in the regiment walked by and shook Colonel Roosevelt's hand and bid him a good-bye.^[27]

Disbandment

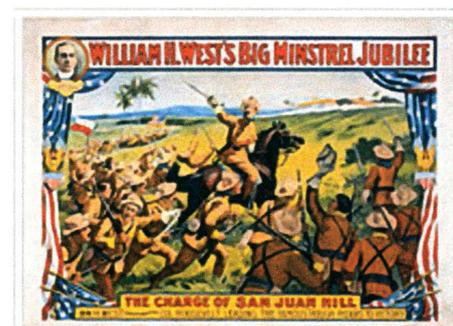
On the morning of September 15, 1898, the regimental property including all equipment, firearms and horses were turned back over to the United States government. The soldiers said one last good-bye to each other and the United States First Volunteer Cavalry, Roosevelt's Rough Riders, was disbanded at last. Before they all returned to their respective homes across the country, Colonel Roosevelt gave them a short speech that commended their efforts in the war, expressed his profound pride and reminded them that, although heroes, they would have to integrate back into normal society and work as hard as everyone else. Many of the men were unable to gain their jobs back from when they lost them before leaving for war. Some, due to illness or injury, were unable to work for a long time. Money was donated by a number of wealthier supporters of the regiment and used to supplement the wellbeing of the needy veterans, many of whom were too proud to accept the help.^[28]

Theatrical productions



Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, ca. 1898

Col. Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders were popularly portrayed in Wild West Shows such as *Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World* and in Minstrel shows such as William H. West's *Big Minstrel Jubilee*. More than anyone else, William Frederick Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, can be credited with helping to create and preserve the dramatic myth of the



West minstrel jubilee, Rough Riders

Rough Riders and American Old West. His extravaganzas glamorized it into an appealing show for Eastern U.S. audiences and helped permanently preserve the legends.

Last survivors

The last two surviving veterans of the regiment were Frank C. Brito and Jesse Langdon.

Brito, from Las Cruces, New Mexico, whose father was a Yaqui Indian stagecoach operator, was 21 when he enlisted with his brother in May 1898. He never made it to Cuba, having been a member of H Troop, one of the four left behind in Tampa. He later became a mining engineer and lawyer. He died 22 April 1973, at the age of 96.

Langdon, born 1881 in what is now North Dakota, "hoboed" his way to Washington, D.C., and called on

Roosevelt at the Navy Department, reminding him that his father, a veterinarian, had treated Roosevelt's cattle at his Dakota ranch during his ranching days. Roosevelt arranged a railroad ticket for him to San Antonio, where Langdon enlisted in the Rough Riders at age 16. He was the last surviving member of the regiment and the only one to attend the final two reunions, in 1967 and 1968. He died June 29, 1975 at the age of 94, twenty-six months after Brito.

World War I

Just after the United States entered the war against the Central Powers, the U.S. Congress gave Roosevelt the authority to raise up to four divisions similar to the *Rough Riders*. Roosevelt immediately selected eighteen officers (including: Seth Bullock, Frederick Russell Burnham, and James Rudolph Garfield) to raise a volunteer infantry division, and began corresponding with Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. After several months, many more men joined Roosevelt's World War I volunteers, but Baker refused to offer any assistance or guidance to the new unit. Frustrated, Roosevelt telegraphed President Woodrow Wilson requesting his assistance; however, as Commander-in-chief, Wilson refused to make use of the volunteers and Roosevelt disbanded the unit.^[29]

Muster roll

- Mustered In:

Officers: 456
Enlisted Men: 994

- Mustered Out:

Officers: 76
Enlisted Men: 1,090

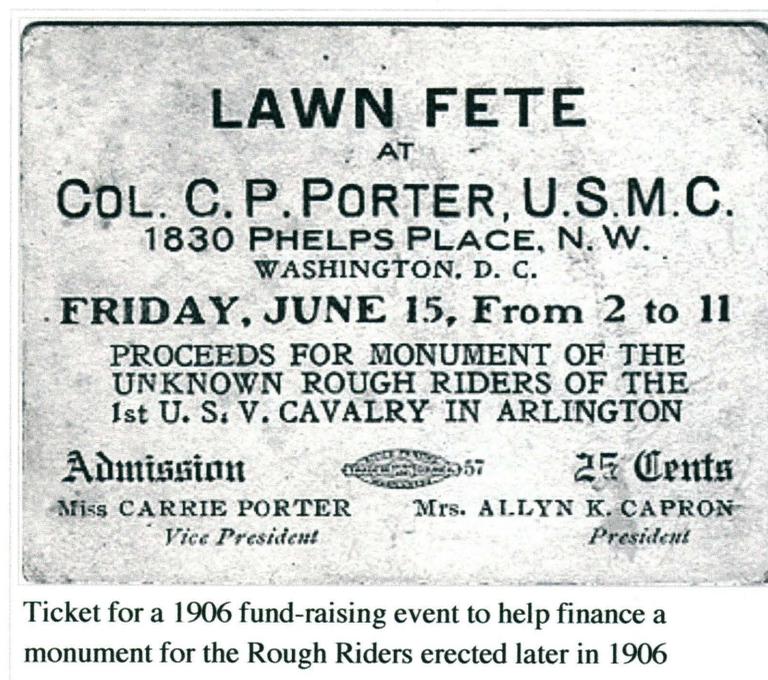
- Total Number Accounted for on Muster Out Roll:

Officers: 52
Enlisted Men: 1,185

- Losses While in Service:

- Officers:

Promoted or Transferred: 0
Resigned or Discharged: 2
Dismissed: 0
Killed in Action: 2
Died of Wounds: 0
Died of Disease: 1
Died of Accident: 0



Ticket for a 1906 fund-raising event to help finance a monument for the Rough Riders erected later in 1906

Drowned: 0
 Suicide: 0
 Murdered: 0
 Total Officer losses: 5

- Enlisted Men:

Transferred: 0
 Discharged for Disability: 9
 Discharged by General Court Martial: 0
 Discharged by Order: 31
 Killed in Action: 21
 Died of Wounds Received in Action: 3
 Died of Disease: 19
 Died of Accident: 0
 Drowned: 0
 Suicide: 14
 Murdered or Homicide: 0
 Deserted: 12
 Total enlisted Losses: 95

- Wounded:

Officers: 7
 Enlisted Men: 97

- (Source: The Adjutant General's Office, **Statistical Exhibit of Strength of Volunteer Forces Called Into Service During the War With Spain; with Losses From All Causes.** (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1899) As presented in an Electronic Edition by the US Army Center of Military History)

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1. ^ Paul Mathingham Hutton, "T.R. takes charge," *American History* 33.n3 (August, 1998), 30(11).
2. ^ Theodore D. Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders* (New York, 1899), 5.
3. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 10.
4. ^ David S. Pierson, "What the Rough Riders lacked in military discipline, they made up for with patriotic fervor and courage," *Military History*, XV (June, 1899), 10.
5. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 5.
6. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 22.
7. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 1-22.
8. ^ *a b c* Hutton, "T.R. takes charge," 30(11).
9. ^ *a b* Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 45.
10. ^ *a b* Pierson, "What the Rough Riders lacked ... ," 10.
11. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 50.
12. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 49-60.
13. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 69-70.
14. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 70-80.
15. ^ Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, 75.

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18. ^ Roosevelt, Theodore, *The Rough Riders*, Scribner's Magazine, Vol. 25, May 1899, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, p. 568
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21. ^ Parker, John H. (Lt.), *History of the Gatling Gun Detachment*, Kansas City, MO: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co. (1898), pp. 160-161
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23. ^ Roosevelt, Theodore (Col.), *The Rough Riders*, Scribner's Magazine, p. 568
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25. ^ Roosevelt, The Rough Riders, 130.
26. ^ *a b* Roosevelt, The Rough Riders, 129.
27. ^ *a b* Roosevelt, The Rough Riders, 133.
28. ^ Roosevelt, The Rough Riders, 134-138.
29. ^ Roosevelt, Theodore (1917). *The Foes of Our Own Household*. New York: George H. Doran company. pp. 347. LCCN 17025965.

External links

- *The Rough Riders* (<http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/13000>) at Project Gutenberg
- Roosevelt's personal recollections of the campaign (<http://www.bartleby.com/51/>)
- Rough Riders Memorial Collection: (<http://www.lasvegasmuseum.org/exhibitions.html>)

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American military personnel of the Spanish–American War | Military history of the United States

Theodore Roosevelt | History of New Mexico

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"Know your enemy" and "People are greedy and stupid"

By Anonymous, in 'English to Latin Translation', Nov 6, 2006.



Anonymous Guest

Thanks for reading this message. I appreciate you guys are busy and having people randomly tapping your expertise can be tiresome, so I love that you are taking the time to help me out.

I would really appreciate some translation of the following two phrases:

"know your enemy"
and
"people are greedy and stupid"

These are for mottos I want to have engraved.

Any help would be gratefully received.

All the best

Phil

Anonymous, Nov 6, 2006

#1



Cato Consularis

"know your enemy"
and
"people are greedy and stupid"

I see two possibilities for the first phrase: *Nosce hostem tuum* and *Nosce inimicum tuum*. The first is better if you are talking about an enemy in the military sense, the second if you are talking about a personal enemy. ←

The format for the second is fairly straightforward: *Populus est X et Y*; the question now is what to put for X - "greedy" and Y - "stupid", as there are numerous choices; I'll summarize my own feelings on the various words below:

Greedy: *cupidus* (more like "desirous, eager"; I would not recommend this one), *avidus* (more like "avid" or "ardent" in the lustful sense; I don't think this is right either), *avarus* (more like "stingy, covetous", cf. the English cognate "avarice"), *edax* (more like "rapacious, consuming"). I think the last two are the only plausible choices here, and it depends on whether you want to emphasize the selfishness of greed (use *avarus*) or its belligerence (use *edax*).

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Full question
Best answer
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Resolved - 5 total answers - Published Aug 29, 2006
Aug 29, 2006 · Best Answer: There are two words for "**enemy**" in **Latin** - inimicus & hostis. The former relates to a personal **enemy** ...

["Know thy self, know thy enemy. A thousand battles, a thousand ...](#)

thinkexist.com/quotation/know_thy_self-know_thy_enemy-a_thousand...
Sun Tzu **Know thy self, know thy enemy. A thousand battles, a thousand victories.**

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en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Know_thyself
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Stupid: *Stultus* is the first word that popped in my mind, but *ignarus* (more like "unaware") and *inscitus* (more like "uninformed, unskilled") are possibilities. *Imprudens*, which emphasized foolishness, is another possibility.

My final verdict: *Populus est avarus et stultus*, mainly because even a person who knows no Latin might puzzle this one out from English cognates.

I welcome other thoughts on this one...

Like Latin? Check out my blog: [Latin Language](#).

Cato, Nov 6, 2006

#2



lynx
Consularis

Rather than *populus*, which might be read as "the people", how about *homines*:

Homines avari sunt stultique.

?

Seeking a translation? Please review our [Disclaimer](#).
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lynx, Nov 6, 2006

#3



Cato
Consularis

lynx dixit:

Rather than *populus*, which might be read as "the people", how about *homines*:

Homines avari sunt stultique.

?

I'd buy that.

Like Latin? Check out my blog: [Latin Language](#).

Cato, Nov 6, 2006

#4

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Labor spies

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Labor spies are persons recruited or employed for the purpose of gathering intelligence, committing sabotage, sowing dissent, or engaging in other similar activities, typically within the context of an employer/labor organization relationship.

Some of the statistics cited by researchers suggest that, historically, trade unions have been the frequent targets of orchestrated campaigns^[1] employing labor spies, indicating that such actions against labor organizations are often the result of strategic considerations.

Labor spying is most typically used by companies or their agents, and such activity often complements union busting. In some cases — apparently much less common, according to resources — labor spies have acted in support of union goals, against company interests, or against the company's hired agents. Unions may also utilize labor spies to spy upon other unions, or upon their own members. In at least one case, an employer hired labor spies to spy not only upon strikers, but also upon strikebreakers that he had hired.^[2]

Within the field of labor relations, union busters make the largest salaries. In 1993, there were 7,000 attorneys and consultants in the United States who made their living busting unions. The war against unions is a \$1 billion-plus industry.^[3] Labor spying is one of the most formidable tools of the union busters.

Sidney Howard observed that the labor spy, "often unknown to the very employer who retains him through his agency, is in a position of immense strength. There is no power to hold him to truth-telling."^[4] Because the labor spy operates in secret, "all [co-workers] are suspected, and intense bitterness is aroused against employers, the innocent and the guilty alike."^[5]

Historically, one of the most incriminating indictments of the labor spy business may have been the testimony of Albert Balanow (some sources list the name as Ballin or Blanow) during an investigation of the detective agencies' roles during the Red Scare. Albert Balanow had worked with both the Burns Detective Agency and the Thiel Detective Agency. Balanow testified that the Red Scare was all about shaking down businessmen for protection money. "If there is no conspiracy, you've got to make a conspiracy in order to hold your job."^{[6][7][8]}

The sudden exposure of labor spies has driven workers "to violence and unreason", including at least one shooting war.^{[9][10]}

Contents

- 1 Who are labor spies?
- 2 Labor spy agencies
- 3 Labor spy techniques
 - 3.1 Intelligence
 - 3.2 Missionary work



English ↔ Latin

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Translations 1 - 20 of 20

ENGLISH	LATIN
enough and more than enough (i.e., enough and some to spare)	satis superque (est)
(+ dat.) to control, use with moderation, spare	tempero
(+inf.: to forbear to), avoid, spare, keep oneself from	parco
(with dative) to spare, refrain from injuring	parco
avoid, spare, keep oneself from	parco
believe me, the gods spare the afflicted, and do not always oppress those who are unfortunate (Ovid)	crede mihi, miseris cœlestia numina parcunt; nec semper læsos, et sine fine, premunt
boy, spare the whip and grasp the reins more firmly (Ovid)	parce, puer, stimulis et fortius utere loris
he has a wisp of hay on his horn, flee far from him; if only he raise a laugh for himself, there is no friend he would spare (Horace)	foenum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo risum excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcit amico
it has been, and ever will be, lawful to spare the individual and to attack the vice	licuit semperque licebit parcere personis, dicere de vitiis
left over, to spare, extra, superfluous	susicivus
neither spare nor scorn	ne parcas nec spernas
o control, use with moderation, spare	tempero
O you, who are a greater madman, spare me, I pray, who am not so far gone (Horace)	O major tandem, parcas, insane, minori
spare me, spare me, I pray	parce, parce, precor
spare the paper that is fated to perish (adapted from Juvenal)	perituræ parcite chartæ
these shall be your arts, to set forth the law of peace, to spare the conquered, and to subdue the proud (Virgil)	hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem, parcere subjectis et debellare superbos
to spare persons, to condemn crimes (Martial)	parcere personis, dicere de vitiis
to spare the vanquished and subdue the	

Alphabetic List

end, farthest part
 end, limit, boundary, purpose
 enduring, bearable,
 sufferable
 endure this evil lest a greater
 come upon you (Phædrus)
 enemies carry a report in a
 form different from the
 original (Plautus)
 Enemy of the human race
 energetic idleness (Horace)
 energy, get up and go
 enmities unavowed and
 concealed are more to be
 feared than when open and
 declared (Cicero)
 Enough
**enough and more than
 enough (i.e., enough and
 some to spare)**
 enough eloquence, not
 enough wisdom (i.e., those
 who speak well do not
 always think well) (Sallust)
 Enough for a wise man.
 (Plautus)
 enough for the wise (Plautus)
 enough of words (i.e.,
 enough said)
 enough, sufficient, sufficiently
 ensnare, trap, beguile,
 deceive
 ensnared, entrapped,
 entangled
 ensuing, following
 entangles, hindered
 /embarrassed, prevented
 entangle, ensnare, obstruct,
 surround, hinder, prevent

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De mortuis nil nisi bonum

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The Latin phrase *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum* (Of the dead, nothing unless good), indicates that it is socially inappropriate to speak ill of the dead. The mortuary aphorism derives from the Latin sentence *De mortuis nil nisi bonum dicendum est* (Of the dead I say nothing, but good), which also is abbreviated as *Nil nisi bonum*. In English usage, freer translations are the aphoristic phrases “Speak no ill of the dead”, “Of the dead, speak no evil”, and “Do not speak ill of the dead”.



Chilon of Sparta coined the phrase *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*. (ca. 600 BC)



The Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers, by Diogenes Laërtius (1594 edition)

The first recorded use of the phrase of mortuary respect, dates from the 4th century, published in the *Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers* (ca. AD 300), by Diogenes Laërtius, wherein the Greek aphorism τὸν τεθνηκότα μὴ κακολογεῖν (Don't badmouth a dead man) is attributed to Chilon of Sparta (ca. 600 BC), one of the Seven Sages of Greece. In the 15th century, during the Italian Renaissance, the humanist monk Ambrogio Traversari translated Diogenes's Greek book into Latin, as *Laertii Diogenis vitae et sententiae eorum qui in philosophia probati fuerunt* (1433), and so popularized *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*, the Latin aphorism advising respect for the dead.^[1]

Contents

- 1 Usages
 - 1.1 Literary
 - 1.2 Poetic
 - 1.3 Theatrical
 - 1.4 Cinematic
- 2 Notes

over the same wires that carried the voice signals. Late in the century, wireless handsets brought a revival of local battery power.

The earliest telephones had only one wire for both transmitting and receiving of audio, and used a ground return path, as was found in telegraph systems. The earliest dynamic telephones also had only one opening for sound, and the user alternately listened and spoke (rather, shouted) into the same hole. Sometimes the instruments were operated in pairs at each end, making conversation more convenient but also more expensive.

At first, the benefits of a *switchboard* exchange were not exploited. Instead, telephones were leased in pairs to the subscriber, for example one for his home and one for his shop, who must arrange with telegraph contractors to construct a line between them. Users who wanted the ability to speak to three or four different shops, suppliers etc. would obtain and set up three or four pairs of telephones. Western Union, already using telegraph exchanges, quickly extended the principle to its telephones in New York City and San Francisco, and Bell was not slow in appreciating the potential.

Signaling began in an appropriately primitive manner. The user alerted the other end, or the exchange operator, by whistling into the transmitter. Exchange operation soon resulted in telephones being equipped with a bell, first operated over a second wire and later with the same wire using a condenser. Telephones connected to the earliest Strowger automatic exchanges had seven wires, one for the knife switch, one for each telegraph key, one for the bell, one for the push button and two for speaking.

Rural and other telephones that were not on a common battery exchange had hand cranked "magneto" generator to produce a high voltage alternating signal to ring the bells of other telephones on the line and to alert the exchange operator.

In 1877 and 1878, Edison invented and developed the carbon microphone used in all telephones along with the Bell receiver until the 1980s. After protracted patent litigation, a federal court ruled in 1892 that Edison and not Emile Berliner was the inventor of the carbon microphone. The carbon microphone was also used in radio broadcasting and public address work through the 1920s.

In the 1890s a new smaller style of telephone was introduced, packaged in three parts. The transmitter stood on a stand, known as a "candlestick" for its shape. When not in use, the receiver hung on a hook with a switch in it, known as a "switchhook." Previous telephones required the user to operate a separate switch to connect either the voice or the bell. With the new kind, the user was less likely to leave the phone "off the hook". In phones connected to magneto exchanges, the bell, induction coil, battery and magneto were in a separate bell box called a "ringer box." In phones connected to common battery exchanges, the ringer box was installed under a desk, or other out of the way place, since it did not need a battery or magneto.

Cradle designs were also used at this time, having a handle with the receiver and transmitter attached, separate from the cradle base that housed the magneto crank and other parts. They were larger than the "candlestick" and more popular.

Disadvantages of single wire operation such as crosstalk and hum from nearby AC power wires had already led to the use of twisted pairs and, for long distance telephones, four-wire circuits. Users at the beginning of the 20th century did not place long distance calls from their own telephones but made an appointment to use a special sound proofed long distance telephone booth furnished with the latest technology.

Around 1893, the country leading the world in telephones per 100 persons (teledensity) was Sweden with 0.55 in the whole country but 4 in Stockholm (10,000 out of a total of 27,658 subscribers).^[4] This compares with 0.4 in USA for that year.^[5] Telephone service in Sweden developed through a variety of institutional forms: the International Bell Telephone Company (a U.S. multinational), town and village co-operatives, the General Telephone Company of Stockholm (a Swedish private company), and the Swedish Telegraph Department (part of the Swedish government). Since Stockholm consists of islands, telephone service offered relatively large advantages, but had to use submarine cables extensively. Competition between Bell Telephone and General Telephone, and later between General Telephone and the Swedish Telegraph Dept., was intense.

In 1893, the U.S. was considerably behind Sweden, New Zealand, Switzerland, and Norway in teledensity. The U.S. rose to world leadership in teledensity with the rise of many independent telephone companies after the Bell patents expired in 1893 and 1894.

20th century developments

By 1904 there were over three million phones in the US,^[6] still connected by manual switchboard exchanges. By 1914, the U.S. was the world leader in teledensity and had more than twice the teledensity of Sweden, New Zealand, Switzerland, and Norway. The relative good performance of the U.S. occurred despite competing telephone networks not interconnecting.^[7]

What turned out to be the most popular and longest lasting physical style of telephone was introduced in the early 20th century, including Bell's Model 102. A carbon granule transmitter and electromagnetic receiver were united in a single molded plastic handle, which when not in use sat in a cradle in the base unit. The circuit diagram (<http://www.porticus.org/bell/images/we-102.jpg>) of the Model 102 shows the direct connection of the receiver to the line, while the transmitter was induction coupled, with energy supplied by a local battery. The coupling transformer, battery, and ringer were in a separate enclosure. The dial switch in the base interrupted the line current by repeatedly but very briefly disconnecting the line 1-10 times for each digit, and the hook switch (in the center of the circuit diagram) permanently disconnected the line and the transmitter battery while the handset was on the cradle.

After the 1930s, the base of the telephone also enclosed its bell and induction coil, obviating the old separate ringer box. Power was supplied to each subscriber line by central office batteries instead of the user's local battery which required periodic service. For the next half century, the network behind the telephone grew progressively larger and much more efficient, and after the rotary dial was added the instrument itself changed little until *touch-tone* signaling started replacing the rotary dial in the 1960s.

The *history of mobile phones* can be traced back to two-way radios permanently installed in vehicles such as taxicabs, police cruisers, railroad trains, and the like. Later versions such as the so-called transportables or "bag phones" were equipped with a cigarette lighter plug so that they could also be carried, and thus could be used as either mobile two-way radios or as portable phones by being patched into the telephone network.

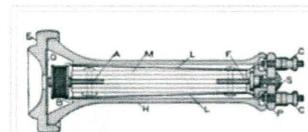
In December 1947, Bell Labs engineers Douglas H. Ring and W. Rae Young proposed hexagonal cell transmissions for mobile phones.^[8] Philip T. Porter, also of Bell Labs,



Historical marker commemorating the first telephone central office in New York State (1878)



1896 Telephone (Sweden)



Old Receiver schematic, c.1906



A German rotary telephone, the W48

Ides of March

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The **Ides of March** (Latin: *Idus Martii* or *Idus Martiae*) is the name of the 15th day of March in the Roman calendar.

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- 1 Etymology
- 2 Julius Caesar
- 3 References
- 4 External links



Vincenzo Camuccini, *Mort de César*, 1798

Etymology

The word Ides comes from the Latin word "idus", a word that was used widely in the Roman calendar indicating the approximate day that was the middle of the month. The term *ides* was used for the 15th day of the months of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th day of the other months.^[1] The Ides of March was a festive day dedicated to the god Mars and a military parade was usually held.

Julius Caesar

In modern times, the term *Ides of March* is best known as the date on which Julius Caesar was killed in 44 B.C. Caesar was stabbed (23 times) to death in the Roman Senate by a group of conspirators led by Marcus Junius Brutus and Gaius Cassius Longinus. The group included 60 other co-conspirators according to Plutarch. Another point which arises is Shakespeare's use of the Ides of March and (the lack of doubt in) Marcus Brutus' decision to assassinate Caesar to portray an atmosphere of madness, pleasure, and pandemonium. It is said that on ides of March the sea succumbs to chaos and the full moon brings high tides. All these points give the Ides of March a very mysterious quality.^[2]

According to Plutarch, a seer had foreseen that Caesar would be harmed not later than the Ides of March; and on his way to the Theatre of Pompey (where he would be assassinated), Caesar met the seer and joked, "The ides of March have come", meaning to say that the prophecy had not been fulfilled, to which the seer replied "Aye, Caesar; but not gone."^[2] This meeting is famously dramatised in William Shakespeare's play *Julius Caesar*, when Caesar is warned by the soothsayer to "beware the Ides of March."^{[3][4]}

Furthermore, Suetonius writes that the haruspex Spurinna warns Caesar of his death which will come "not beyond the Ides of March" as he is crossing the river Rubicon.

Scaramouche

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Scaramuccia, also known as **Scaramouche**, is a roguish clown character of the Italian commedia dell'arte who wears a black mask and, sometimes, glasses. He entertains the audience by his "grimaces and affected language". Salvator Rosa says that Coviello (like Scaramouche) is "sly, adroit, supple, and conceited". In Molière's *The Bourgeois Gentleman*, Coviello disguises his master as a Turk and pretends to speak Turkish. Both Scaramouche and Coviello can be clever or stupid—as the actor sees fit to portray him.

The name was that of a stock character in 17th-century Italian farce, *Scaramuccia* (literally "skirmish"), who, attired usually in a black Spanish dress, burlesquing a don, was beaten by Harlequin for his boasting and cowardice.

Scaramouche is one of the iconic characters in the Punch and Judy puppet shows (a performative art with roots in commedia dell'arte). In some scenarios, he is the owner of The Dog, another stock character. During performances, Punch frequently strikes Scaramouche, causing his head to come off his shoulders. Because of this, the term *scaramouche* has become associated with a class of puppets with extendable necks.



Scaramuccia in 1860

Surrada mulla in popular culture

- The hero of Rafael Sabatini's historical novel *Scaramouche*, and its film adaptations, is a similar swashbuckling character who goes incognito in the theatrical role of Scaramouche.
- Several films were named Scaramouche, including: "The Scaramouches" (1810), silent movie, by Lewin Fitzhamon; "Scaramouche" (1923), silent movie, by Rex Ingram; "Scaramouche" directed by George Sidney in 1932; among other post films and TV series.
- *Scaramouche* is the name of a suite by the French composer Darius Milhaud for saxophone and cabaret orchestra (also in an arrangement for two pianos). Milhaud first composed the piece for theatre.
- In the opening chapter of the book *Phule's Company* by Robert Asprin, the main character Willard Phule uses Scaramouche as his alias.^[*citation needed*]
- In Tom Stoppard's *On the Razzle*, Scaramouche is the nom de plume used by sales clerk Weinberl in his letters while answering "lonely hearts advertisements".^[*citation needed*]
- In the 1975 recording "Bohemian Rhapsody", by Queen, Scaramouche is asked to do the Fandango.
- Inspired by "Bohemian Rhapsody", Scaramouche is the name of the lead female role in the jukebox musical *We Will Rock You*.

References

Retrieved from "http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Scaramouche&oldid=498404188"

laughter, or about 10 laughs per hour.

The court considered four issues over three days, each apparently funnier than the last. "It was interesting to see the level of humor ramp up," Mr. Malphurs said, with "10 instances in the first oral argument, 13 in the second, 16 in the third, and 24 in the fourth. They may have been grown giddy from oral argument overload."

There came a point, shortly after Justice Antonin Scalia invoked the comedian Jack Benny in the last argument, that Chief Justice John G. Roberts Jr.

Collectively, the justices spoke for 162 minutes, or 43 percent of the time.

stepped in. "That's enough frivolity for a while," he said.

The justices knew they were under extraordinary scrutiny, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg said on June 15, in freewheeling remarks to the American Constitution Society, a liberal legal

group.

"Some have described this controversy as unprecedented," she said. "They may be right if they mean the number of press conferences, prayer circles, protests and counterprotests going on outside the court while oral argument was under way inside."

"No contest since the court invited new briefs and arguments in Citizens United," Justice Ginsburg added, "has attracted more attention in the press, the academy and the ticket line outside the Supreme Court, a line that formed three days before the oral

arguments commenced."

The justices' reaction to all of that attention was to conduct business as usual, starting two of the arguments with the announcement of inconsequential decisions and then conducting the arguments themselves in characteristically informal fashion.

Justice Scalia spoke more often than any other member of the court, but in shorter bursts, for a total of 21 minutes. That put him in third place, behind Justices Breyer and Sotomayor.

Chief Justice Roberts and Jus-

ice Ginsburg tied for fourth, down to the second. They each spoke for 1,169 seconds, or a little more than 19 minutes apiece. A review of the audio recording with the aid of a stopwatch also revealed that Justice Clarence Thomas spoke, as is his custom, for zero seconds.

Justice Scalia was responsible for 26 laughs, easily outpacing his colleagues. Justice Ginsburg, who noted in her recent remarks that she has been called the least funny justice who talks, was good for two laughs.

Justice Ginsburg suggested

alive." Justice Ginsburg said. "They got their just deserts. They learned, from the only decision announced from the bench that day, that section 8(b) of the Real Estate Settlement Procedures Act does not prohibit all unearned fees."

There was, actually, a second decision announced that day. But who's counting?

Court Declines to Revisit Its Citizens United Decision

By ADAM LIPTAK

WASHINGTON — In a brief unsigned decision, the Supreme Court on Monday declined to have another look at its blockbuster 2010 campaign finance decision, Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission.

In the 5-to-4 ruling on Monday, the court summarily reversed a decision of the Montana Supreme Court that had upheld a state law limiting independent political spending by corporations. That decision, the United States Supreme Court said, was flatly at odds with Citizens United, which said the First Amendment allows corporations and unions to spend as much as they like to support or oppose political candidates.

"The question presented in this case is whether the holding of Citizens United applies to the Montana state law," the opinion said. "There can be no serious doubt that it does." Montana's arguments, the opinion continued, "either were already rejected in Citizens United, or fail to meaningfully distinguish that case."

The four members of the court's liberal wing dissented in an opinion by Justice Stephen G. Breyer, who said that Citizens United itself had been a mistake.

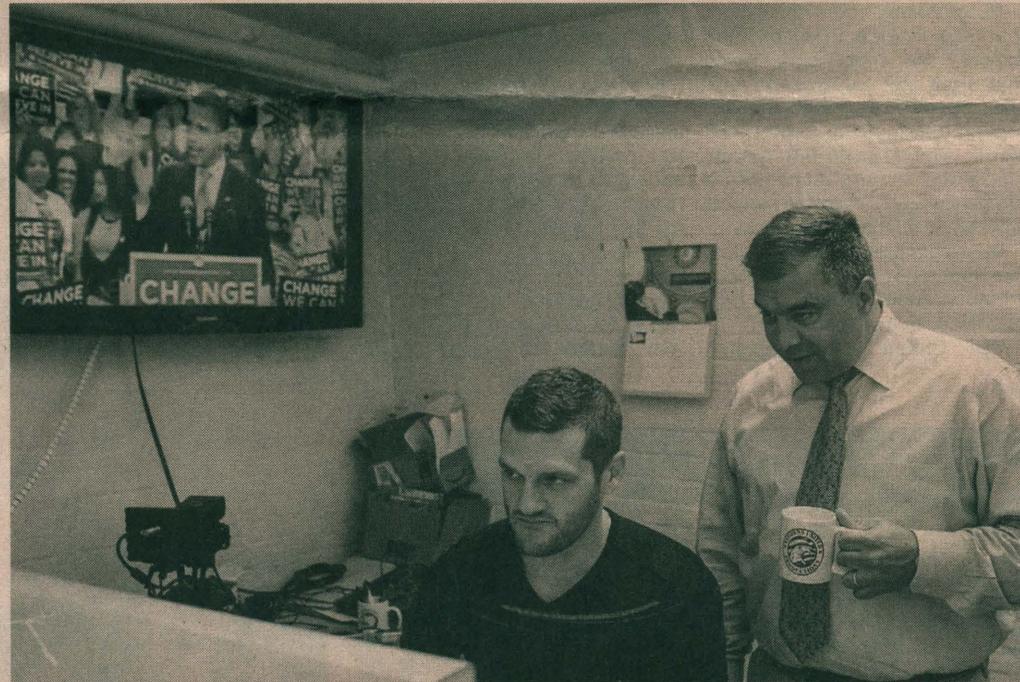
Nicholas Confessore contributed reporting from New York.

"Even if I were to accept Citizens United," Justice Breyer continued, "this court's legal conclusion should not bar the Montana Supreme Court's finding, made on the record before it, that independent expenditures by corporations did in fact lead to corruption or the appearance of corruption in Montana. Given the history and political landscape in Montana, that court concluded that the state had a compelling interest in limiting independent expenditures by corporations."

Justice Breyer added, "Montana's experience, like considerable experience elsewhere since the court's decision in Citizens United, casts grave doubt on the court's supposition that independent expenditures do not corrupt or appear to do so."

Critics of the Supreme Court's campaign finance rulings attacked Monday's decision, saying Citizens United had led to unprecedented levels of outside money pouring into the presidential campaign and races for the House and Senate — the vast majority of it raised not from corporations but from wealthy individuals and spent by "super PACs" and other independent groups.

Democrats in Congress have proposed measures to rein in campaign spending, strengthen disclosure requirements and



BRENDAN HOFFMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

David Bossie, right, head of Citizens United, with Kasey Kirby at the group's office on Monday.

even amend the Constitution to reverse Citizens United.

In Montana, the State Supreme Court had ruled that the state's distinctive history and characteristics warranted a departure from the principles announced in Citizens United.

Chief Justice Mike McGrath of the Montana Supreme Court, writing for the majority in its 5-to-2 ruling, stressed that the state's experience of having its political system corrupted by cor-

porate interests early in the 20th century justified the ruling.

"At that time," Chief Justice McGrath wrote, "the state of Montana and its government were operating under a mere shell of legal authority, and the real social and political power was wielded by powerful corporate managers to further their own business interests. The voters had more than enough of the corrupt practices and heavy-handed influence asserted by the

special interests controlling Montana's political institutions."

This year, by coincidence, in a hotly contested election for a United States Senate seat in Montana, Senator Jon Tester, the incumbent Democrat, has been the target of \$2.6 million in spending by outside groups. On Monday, he said that the Supreme Court decision had "rolled back Montana 100 years, back to the time literally when millionaires and billionaires bought elections,

Denying Montana limits on corporate political spending.

and they did it under the guise of free speech, which is crazy."

In February, two of the dissenters in Citizens United — Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, joined by Justice Breyer — issued a statement explaining that "lower courts are bound to follow this court's decisions until they are withdrawn or modified."

They added, though, that the United States Supreme Court should use the Montana case to consider the aftermath of Citizens United. The case, they wrote, was "an opportunity to consider whether, in light of the huge sums deployed to buy candidates' allegiance, Citizens United should continue to hold sway."

A spokesman for President Obama, Eric Schultz, said, "We are disappointed that the Supreme Court did not take the opportunity presented by the Montana case to revisit its decision in Citizens United."

Mr. Schultz said that since that decision in 2010, "we have seen unprecedented amounts of campaign spending, often by groups that won't disclose their donors. Citizens United was wrong when it was decided, and as two Supreme Court Justices have observed since, independent expenditures by corporations are threatening the health of our democracy."

Mining for Influence in Montana

By Brian Schweitzer

HELENA, Mont.

IN Montana's frontier days, we learned a hard lesson about money in politics, one that's shaped our campaign-finance laws for a century and made our political system one of the country's most transparent.

Those laws, and our political way of life, are now being threatened by the Supreme Court — which is why I recently signed a petition for a federal constitutional amendment to ban corporate money from all elections.

Montana's approach to campaign law began when a miner named William A. Clark came upon a massive copper vein near Butte. It was the largest deposit on earth, and overnight he became one of the wealthiest men in the world. He bought up half the state of Montana, and if he needed favors from politicians, he bought those as well.

In 1899 he decided he wanted to become a United States senator. The State Legislature appointed United States senators in those days, so Clark simply gave each corruptible state legislator \$10,000 in cash, the equivalent of \$250,000 today.

Clark "won" the "election," but when the Senate learned about the bribes, it kicked him out. "I never bought a man who wasn't for sale," Clark complained as he headed back to Montana.

Nevertheless, this type of corruption continued until 1912, when the people of Montana approved a ballot initiative banning corporate money from campaigns (with limited exceptions). We later banned large individual donations, too. Candidates in Montana may not take more than a few hundred dollars from an individual donor per election; a state legislator can't take more than \$160. And everything must be disclosed.

These laws have nurtured a rare, pure form of democracy. There's very little money in Montana politics. Legislators are basically volunteers: they are ranchers, teachers, carpenters and all else, who put their professions on hold to serve a 90-day session, every odd year, for \$80 a day.

And since money can't be used to gain access, public contact with politicians is expected and rarely denied. A person who wants to visit with a public official, even the governor, can pretty much just walk into the Capitol and say hello. All

The threat to our campaign-finance laws.

meetings with officials are open to the public. So are all documents — even my own handwritten notes and e-mails.

All this is in jeopardy, though, thanks to the Supreme Court and its infamous Citizens United ruling. In February the court notified the office of Montana's commissioner of political practices, which oversees state campaigns, that until further notice, we may no longer enforce our anti-corruption statute, specifically our restriction on corporate money.

The court, which will make a formal ruling on the law soon, cited in the 2010 Citizens United case that corporations are people, too, and told us that our 110-year effort to prevent corruption in Montana had likely been unconstitutional. Who knew?

The effects of the court's stay are already being felt here. The ink wasn't even dry when corporate front groups started funneling lots of corporate cash into our legislative races. Many of the backers have remained anonymous by taking advantage of other loopholes in federal law.

But it's easy to figure out who they are: every industry that wants to change the laws so that more profit can be made and more citizens can be shortchanged.

I know this because I've started receiving bills on my desk that have been ghostwritten by a host of industries looking to weaken state laws, including gold mining companies that want to overturn a state ban on the use of cyanide to mine gold, and developers who want to build condos right on the edge of our legendary trout streams.

In the absence of strict rules governing campaign money, these big players will eventually get what they seek. I vetoed these bills, but future governors might sign them if they have been bribed by the same type of money that is now corrupting our State Legislature.

This will mean, sadly, that the Washington model of corruption — where corporations legally bribe members of Congress by bankrolling their campaigns

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This will mean, sadly, that the Washington model of corruption — where corporations legally bribe members of Congress by bankrolling their campaigns with so-called independent expenditures, and get whatever they need in return — will have infected Montana.

That's why, in the event we don't win in the court, I'm also supporting a federal constitutional amendment that would enshrine the right of a state to ban corporate money from political campaigns. I'm hoping the rest of Montana will join me — indeed, the petition will be presented to voters in November.

It's not much, but it's a start. If other states get into the act, maybe we can start a prairie fire that will burn all the way to Washington. In the meantime, we will see whether the court decides to blow the stink of Washington into Montana, or whether we can preserve our fresh mountain air. □

Brian Schweitzer, a Democrat, is the governor of Montana.

construct and the moral calculus it implies. For the past several centuries, most Westerners would have identified themselves fundamentally as Depraved Sinners. In this construct, sin is something you fight like a recurring cancer — part of a daily battle against evil.

But these days, people are more likely to believe in their essential goodness. People who live by the Good Person Construct try to balance their virtuous self-image with their selfish desires. They try to manage the moral pluses and minuses and keep their overall record in positive territory. In this construct, moral life is more like dieting: I give myself permission to have a few cookies because I had salads for lunch and dinner. I give myself permission to cheat a little because, when I look at my overall life, I see that I'm still a good person.

The Good Person isn't shooting for perfection any more than most dieters are following their diet 100 percent. It's enough to be workably suboptimal, a tolerant, harmless sinner and a generally good guy.

Obviously, though, there's a measurement problem. You can buy a weight scale to get an objective measure of your diet. But you can't buy a scale of virtues to put on the bathroom floor. And given our awesome capacities for rationalization and self-deception, most of us are going to measure ourselves leniently: I was honest with that blind passenger because I'm a wonderful person. I cheated the sighted one because she probably has too much money anyway.

The key job in the Good Person Construct is to manage your rationalizations and self-deceptions to keep them from getting egregious. Ariely suggests you reset your moral gauge from time to time. Your moral standards will gradually slip as you become more and more comfortable with your own rationalizations. So step back. Break your patterns and begin anew. This is what Yom Kippur and confessionals are for.

Next time you feel tempted by something, recite the Ten Commandments. A small triggering nudge at the moment of temptation, Ariely argues, is more effective than an epic sermon meant to permanently transform your whole soul.

I'd add that you really shouldn't shoot for goodness, which is so vague and forgiving. You should shoot for rectitude. We're mostly unqualified to judge our own moral performances, so attach yourself to some exterior or social standards.

Ariely is doing social science experiments and trying to measure behavior. But I thought his book was an outstanding encapsulation of the good-hearted and easygoing moral climate of the age. A final thought occurred to me. As we go about doing our Good Person moral calculations, it might be worth asking: Is this good enough? Is this life of minor transgressions refreshingly realistic, given our natures, or is it settling for mediocrity? □

about 19 years after age 20, the victim has no recourse.

Yet young adults, particularly men, who suffer the aftereffects of abuse are rarely in an emotional state to bring charges. Given what we now know about why it takes victims so long to come for-

Richard B. Gartner is a psychologist and psychoanalyst and the author of "Beyond Betrayal: Taking Charge of Your Life After Boyhood Sexual Abuse."

Bad News for the Badlands

By Edmund Morris

I HAVE good news and bad news from the Badlands of North Dakota, one of our loveliest and most fragile wildernesses. And even the good news is mostly bad: The National Trust for Historic Preservation announced on Wednesday that Theodore Roosevelt's Elkhorn ranch beside the Little Missouri River, an exquisitely peaceful meadow revered as the cradle of conservation, is one of America's 11 most endangered historic places.

Roosevelt chose it as his Western retreat in 1884, after a personal catastrophe — the deaths of his young wife and mother, in the same house within hours of each other — made him give up a brilliant early career in politics and embrace the life of a rancher in what was then Dakota Territory. It was at Elkhorn that he began to observe the degradation of the landscape by unrestricted hunting, grazing and lumbering, and gathered material for his early and most eloquent writings on the subject of humanity's relationship to nature. In 1887, after returning to New York, he founded the Boone and Crockett Club, an association of hunter-conservationists that became a powerful lobbying force in the creation of Yellowstone and other national parks.

The log superstructure of his ranch house is long gone, but the foundation stones survive, and the beauty and silence of the spot are undisturbed — but only for the moment. North Dakota's thundering economic boom (when I was driving across the state last fall, almost all the local radio announcements seemed to be for help wanted) has revived plans to throw a bridge and oil-access highway across the river upstream from the site, now technically known as the Elkhorn Ranch Unit of Theodore Roosevelt National Park. And a prospector armed with mining rights threatens to excavate a gravel pit on a

Edmund Morris is the author of the biographies "The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt," "Theodore Rex" and "Colonel Roosevelt."

ridge across the river, overlooking Roosevelt's meadow, which park advocates have called "the Walden Pond of the American West."

The bad news is that the bridge builders and gravel diggers are not very likely to be stopped. After this month there are no further scheduled hearings for public comment on the damage — visual and audible and breathable — that the two projects will inflict upon a landscape so beautifully described by Roosevelt in his autobiography.

"In the long summer afternoons we would sometimes sit on the piazza, when there was no work to be done, for an hour or two at a time, watching the cattle on the sand-bars, and the sharply channeled and strangely carved amphitheater of cliffs across the bottom opposite; while the vultures wheeled overhead, their black shadows gliding across the glaring white of the river-

Why Obama must save Theodore Roosevelt's ranch in North Dakota.

bed," he wrote. "In the winter, in the days of iron cold, when everything was white under the snow, the river lay in its bed fixed and immovable as a bar of bent steel, and then at night wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it as if it had been a highway passing in front of the ranch house."

Unless Roosevelt's current successor in the White House does something, well, Rooseveltian to protect Elkhorn, an updated version of this description will soon have to include the not-so-far-away rumbling of great trucks full of smelly crude, plus unnatural carvings on the amphitheater rim and a highway slicing east to the Bakken oil wells, by no means convenient for wolves or lynxes. Only the vultures are likely to continue wheeling over the whole landscape.

What do I mean by "Rooseveltian" □

stronger under Reagan than under Clinton to the floor of the Senate, largely thanks to fierce lobbying by the Roman Catholic Church. Gov. Andrew M. Cuomo has yet to take a position on the bill.

The stories of abuse at Horace Mann and elsewhere are truly horrifying. But the victims will have done a great service if their actions persuade others to come forward — and the State Legislature to, at long last, set a realistic statute of limitations for going after their abusers. □

action, assuming President Obama would ever rise to it? Precisely, Roosevelt's oft-repeated, and always well-timed, use of executive power to declare such threatened places sacrosanct. By the time he left office in 1909, he had set aside for protection almost 230 million acres of woodlands, wildlife refuges, waterways and other public lands of aesthetic or historic significance — and this total does not even include the five national parks he created, with the often reluctant cooperation of Congress.

In February in the Oval Office, Tweed Roosevelt, a great-grandson of the 26th president, urged Mr. Obama to use the Antiquities Act of 1906 to designate 4,400 acres around Elkhorn as a national monument. This would, in one stroke, curtail development of the Little Missouri valley and protect it forever, just as Theodore Roosevelt saved the Grand Canyon in 1908.

Tweed Roosevelt says he got a courteous hearing, but so far there has been no follow-up — perhaps not surprising, given the extraordinarily complex clash of private, state and federal national rights around Elkhorn, with the National Park Service and the Forest Service, and organizations like the Friends of the Elkhorn Ranch, the Theodore Roosevelt Association and the Boone and Crockett Club, battling the local Billings County commissioners, land developers and oil interests.

One thing that distinguishes a great president is the ability to see through such legalistic thickets and discern the moral daylight beyond. That, and the will to do what is right for future generations of Americans. Our current raging thirst for oil, not to mention private appetites for gravel, will one day abate, either because of depletion or new technologies. Long before that, today's political issues, endlessly droned on the evening news, will become "dust in a windy street," to use one of Roosevelt's favorite metaphors. Unless Mr. Obama acts to preserve at least some threatened parts of our inventory of natural resources, he is not likely to be remembered, as Roosevelt is, as somebody who cared about how future generations live and breathe. □

rent slump? "Weaponized Keynesianism" — Reagan's big military buildup — played some role. But the big difference was real per capita spending at the state and local level, which continued to rise under Reagan but has fallen significantly this time around.

And this, in turn, reflects a changed political environment. For one thing, states and local governments used to benefit from revenue-sharing — automatic aid from the federal government, a program that Reagan eventually killed but only after the slump was past. More important, in the 1980s, anti-tax dogma hadn't taken effect to the same extent it has today, so state and local governments were much more willing than they are now to cover temporary deficits with temporary tax increases, thereby avoiding sharp spending cuts.

In short, if you want to see government responding to economic hard times with the "tax and spend" policies conservatives always denounce, you

What makes for a strong recovery?

should look to the Reagan era — not the Obama years.

So does the Reagan-era economic recovery demonstrate the superiority of Keynesian economics? Not exactly. For, as I said, the truth is that the slump of the 1980s — which was more or less deliberately caused by the Federal Reserve, as a way to bring down inflation — was very different from our current depression, which was brought on by private-sector excess: above all, the surge in household debt during the Bush years. The Reagan slump could be and was brought to a rapid end when the Fed decided to relent and cut interest rates, sparking a giant housing boom. That option isn't available now because rates are already close to zero.

As many economists have pointed out, America is currently suffering from a classic case of debt deflation: all across the economy people are trying to pay down debt by slashing spending, but, in so doing, they are causing a depression that makes their debt problems even worse. This is exactly the situation in which government spending should temporarily rise to offset the slump in private spending and give the private sector time to repair its finances. Yet that's not happening.

The point, then, is that we'd be in much better shape if we were following Reagan-style Keynesianism. Reagan may have preached small government, but in practice he presided over a lot of spending growth — and right now that's exactly what America needs. □

| FILM |

Real Reporters On the Screen? Get Me Rewrite!



UNITED ARTISTS

By DAN BARRY

BACK when paper and ink still mattered, I fell into a job as a nightside reporter at The Providence Journal, in the habitually newsworthy state of Rhode Island. This was many years ago, before exercise, sobriety and good hygiene had ruined the misanthropic bonhomie of the typical newsroom — or so the romanticizing journalist in me likes to think.

Here was the tough-guy cop reporter who owned a bar called Hope's, named in honor of the proprietor of the dead-end saloon in "The Iceman Cometh." Here, in the newspaper's library, was a file for Charlie Zabluski, who for years provided eyewitness accounts of various fires and accidents, even though he had sprung fully formed from the fevered imagination of a reporter in need one day of a pithy quote.

And here was a challenge among some reporters to slip a deliciously nonsensical phrase — "As if by the wave of an occult hand" — into the newspaper. We wondered whether the harried editors would ever notice if, say, a story began: "As if by the wave of an occult hand, the Woonsocket zoning commission voted last night to. . ."

This is what I tend to remember, all those stock characters and inside jokes that made for great storytelling at Hope's after the last deadline and before the last call. What I choose to forget, of course, are the less than thrilling ways in which I spent the other 98 percent of my time: telephoning, photocopying, typing.

Lots and lots of typing. And trust me: the tap of each key did not echo like gunfire aimed at a corrupt Mr. Big. It was decidedly less cinematic than rat-a-tat-tat. More like: Tap. Tap. Backspace. Tap.

This goes a long way toward explaining why reporters and editors love movies

Clockwise from far left: Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster in "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957); Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant in "His Girl Friday" (1940); Robert Redford, near right, and Dustin Hoffman in "All the President's Men" (1976).



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



WARNER BROTHERS PICTURES/PHOTOFEST

about themselves. The films tend to add style to their khakis and wit to their whining. Their ordinary workday world suddenly seems so exciting, so glamorous and, very often, so unreal.

Denizens of newsrooms past and present, then, may well be among those attending All the News That's Fit to Screen, a free weekly series of movies about journalism that runs through June 28 at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts. On Thursday, for example, the program will present "Sweet Smell of Suc-

cess" (1957), starring Burt Lancaster as a gossip columnist whose name is pronounced Hunsecker but spelled W-I-N-C-H-E-L-L.

Now that actual newspapers are beginning to flicker and fade, like the tail ends of old movie reels, these films may one day define how the newsroom culture is remembered — from the kill-for-a-story obsession of the reporter Kirk Douglas in "Ace in the Hole" (1951) to the closing words of the editor Humphrey Bogart in that stop-the-presses classic from 1952,

"Deadline U.S.A.":

"That's the press, baby. The press! And there's nothing you can do about it. Nothing!"

The closest I ever heard an editor say anything like this was: "Get me a coffee! Black! No sugar!" But what journalist's heart does not beat faster at the sound of Bogart's corny declaration, and at the sight of thousands of newspapers with a gotcha headline rumbling off those gritty, beautiful presses.

Gritty, beautiful presses? Better get me rewrite, since I can't stop romanticizing.

Hollywood has never tried too hard to convey a typical reporter's work life because so much of it involves bearing witness to the actions of others. This may include trying to stay alive on a battlefield, of course, but a reporter is more often trying to remain conscious during that zoning commission meeting in Woonsocket.

Imagine the pitch to producers:

A reporter in khaki pants and a white shirt is working on an investigation that could blow the lid off this town. But his editor keeps sending him to cover daily news events: a house fire, a court hearing, the unveiling of the new sewage-treatment plant. This is how it goes, day in, day out. And every night he cracks a beer and reassures himself that Hemingway started this way. The end.

Too romantic?

Reporters and editors who study and collect newspaper movies will argue about the truest, the best, the worst. And some will surely complain that I didn't mention their favorite. ("The Paper," 1994. Happy now? Or is it "While the City Sleeps,"

Continued on Page 19

ONLINE: VIDEO

Clips and trailers from newspaper movies:

nytimes.com/movies

Real Reporters? Get Me Rewrite!

From Page 14

1956?) They will dismiss "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Clark Gable playing a cocky reporter, as peripheral to newspapers and question whether a self-respecting journalist would ever behave like Sally Field in "Absence of Malice" (1981). They will take delight in citing the genre's lesser-known films, from "Five Star Final" (1931), with Boris Karloff as the worst kind of reporter, to "30-" (1959), with Jack Webb playing — Jack Webb. They will debate the exact but fleeting moment when Hollywood elevated the job of reporter from everyday gig to sacred calling (1976: "All the President's Men").

And they will invoke the name of the barely remembered actor Lee Tracy, whose film work in the early 1930s all but cemented the cinematic model for the fast-talking, anything-for-a-story newsman. "I'm running this column, and I'm taking orders from nobody, see!" he snarls in "Blessed Event" (1932). "Go on, blow."

I have never said this; I have never even thought it. Still, I recognize the bits of newsroom truth in "Blessed Event" and other newspaper movies. After all, plenty of newsroom escapees found refuge in Hollywood, including Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the authors of "The Front Page," the 1928 Broadway play that spawned several movie



PHOTOFEST

Lee Tracy as a newsman in "Blessed Event" (1932).

adaptations.

Few newspaper reporters have written articles that led to the exoneration of a wrongfully convicted man. But all reporters understand the tedious legwork and weary irritation of Jimmy Stewart as he trudges through a grudging re-examination of an old murder case in "Call Northside 777" (1948).

Fewer still have worked on a story on which nothing is riding except the freedom of the press and maybe the future of the country, as Jason Robards Jr., channeling the Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee, says in "All the

Journalists love films about themselves. The movies add wit to their whining.

President's Men" (1976). But all reporters recognize certain experiences of Woodward/Redford and Bernstein/Hoffman: the door slams, the telephone hang-ups, the interviews that turn out to have nothing to do with anything.

And, of course, the exhilaration from unearthing a startling fact

that just may lead to another startling fact, and another.

But for all these glimpses of authenticity one of the very best movies about newspapers — the 1940 classic "His Girl Friday," a twist on the Hecht and MacArthur play — could not be further from the truth. Its newsroom re-sounds with lightning-quick banter. Its editor, Cary Grant, is suave and handsome. Its reporter, Rosalind Russell, is bright and beautiful. Everyone is witty, well groomed and dressed to the nines.

As if. As if by the wave of an occult hand.



20TH CENTURY FOX VIA NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Humphrey Bogart, center, portrays a crusading editor in "Deadline U.S.A." (1952): "That's the press, baby. The press!"

ROLLING STONE

"Hilarious & Heartfelt!"

An enchanted ride of a movie. A dream cast. Writer/Director Wes Anderson links the everyday and the extraordinary with virtuoso artistry. 'Moonrise Kingdom' reminds us how to be alive."

PETER TRAVERS

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

★★★★★!

"Dreamlike perfection!"

AMY BIANCOLLI

THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Wondrously Beautiful."

One of Wes Anderson's supreme achievements."

MANOHLA DARGIS

Bruce Willis Edward Norton Bill Murray Frances McDormand
Tilda Swinton Jason Schwartzman Bob Balaban

Moonrise Kingdom

A Film by Wes Anderson



Focus Features and Indian
an American

**THE SUMMER'S
BEST REVIEWED MOVIE!**

"PURE JOY"

- Krista Smith, Vanity Fair

"I've never in my 12 years of coming (to Sundance) heard an audience shout, gasp and cheer — the sounds of an audience getting on board with a film — like they did during the climax."

- James Rocchi, MSN.com

"AWESOME"

A smart, immensely entertaining film."

- Alex Billington, firstshowing.net

"A vintage-style Sundance crossover hit."

Every once in a while it sure is nice to see something that just makes you feel good about things."

- Chris Bumbray, JoBlo.com

WANTED: Someone to go back in time with me. This is not a joke. You'll get paid after we get back. Must bring your own weapons. I have only done this once before. SAFETY NOT GUARANTEED

"The premiere was like a rock concert."

"A MUST-SEE"

- Marc Malkin, E! Online

Oliver Cromwell

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Oliver Cromwell (25 April 1599 – 3 September 1658) was an English military and political leader who was part of the joint republican, military and parliamentary effort that overthrew the Stuart monarchy as a result of the English Civil War, and was subsequently invited by his fellow leaders to assume a head of state role in 1653. As such, Cromwell ruled as "Lord Protector" for a five-year segment (1653–58) of the 11-year period of republican Commonwealth and protectorate rule of England, and nominally of Ireland, Wales and Scotland.^[1] As one of the commanders of the New Model Army, he played an important role in the defeat of the King's forces, the royalists in the English Civil War. After the execution of King Charles I in 1649, Cromwell dominated the short-lived Commonwealth of England, conquered Ireland and Scotland, ruling as Lord Protector from 1653 until his death in 1658.

Cromwell was born into the ranks of the middle gentry, and remained relatively obscure for the first 40 years of his life. Along with his brother, Henry, he kept a small holding of chickens and sheep, selling eggs and wool to support himself. His lifestyle resembled that of a yeoman farmer until he received an inheritance from his uncle. After undergoing a religious conversion during the same decade, Cromwell made an independent style of puritanism an essential part of his life. He took a generally (but not completely) tolerant view towards the many Protestant sects of his period.^[2] As a ruler he executed an aggressive and effective foreign policy and did as much as any English leader to shape the future of the land he governed. But his Commonwealth collapsed after his death and the royal family was restored in 1660. An intensely religious man—a self-styled Puritan Moses — he fervently believed God was guiding his victories.

He was elected Member of Parliament for Huntingdon in 1628 and for Cambridge in the Short (1640) and Long (1640–49) Parliaments. He entered the English Civil War on the side of the "Roundheads" or Parliamentarians and became a key military leader. Nicknamed "Old Ironsides", he was quickly promoted from leading a single cavalry troop to become one of the principal commanders of the army. In 1649 he was one of the signatories of Charles I's death warrant and was a member of the Rump Parliament (1649–1653), which selected him to take command of the English campaign in Ireland during 1649–50. He led a campaign against the Scottish army between 1650 and 1651. On 20 April 1653 he dismissed the Rump Parliament by force, setting up a short-lived nominated assembly known as the Barebones Parliament, before being made

Oliver Cromwell



Portrait of Oliver Cromwell by Samuel Cooper
1st Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland

In office

16 December 1653 – 3 September 1658
 (4 years, 261 days)

Preceded by Council of State

Succeeded by Richard Cromwell

Member of Parliament for Huntingdon

In office

1628–1629

Monarch Charles I

Member of Parliament for Cambridge

In office

1640–1649

Monarch Charles I

Personal details

Born 25 April 1599

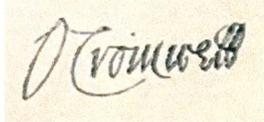
Died 3 September 1658 (aged 59)
 Whitehall, London

Lord Protector of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland on 16 December 1653. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. After the Royalists returned to power, they had his corpse dug up, hung in chains, and beheaded.

Cromwell has been one of the most controversial figures in the history of the British Isles—considered a regicidal dictator by some historians such as David Hume and Christopher Hill as quoted by David Sharp,^{[3][4]} he was considered a hero of liberty by others such as Thomas Carlyle and Samuel Rawson Gardiner. In a 2002 BBC poll in Britain, Cromwell was elected as one of the Top 10 Britons of all time.^[5] His measures against Catholics in Scotland and Ireland have been characterised as genocidal or near-genocidal.^[6] In Ireland his record is harshly criticised.^[7]

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Resting place	Tyburn, London
Nationality	English
Spouse(s)	Elizabeth Bourchier
Relations	Robert Cromwell (father) Elizabeth Steward (mother)
Children	Robert Cromwell Oliver Cromwell Bridget Cromwell Richard Cromwell, Lord Protector Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy of Ireland Elizabeth Cromwell Mary Cromwell Frances Cromwell
Alma mater	Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge
Occupation	Farmer; Parliamentarian; Military commander.
Religion	Puritan (Independent)
Signature	
	Military service
Nickname(s)	Old Ironsides
Allegiance	Roundhead
Service/branch	Eastern Association (1643–1645); New Model Army (1645–1646)
Years of service	1643–51
Rank	Colonel (1643 – bef. 1644); Lieutenant-General of Horse (bef. 1644–45); Lieutenant-General of Cavalry (1645–46)
Commands	Cambridgeshire Ironsides (1643 – bef. 1644); Eastern Association (bef. 1644–45); New Model Army (1645–46)
Battles/wars	Gainsborough; Marston Moor; Newbury II; Naseby; Langport;

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Preston; Dunbar; Worcester

Early years

He was born at Cromwell House in Huntingdon on 25 April 1599,^[8] to Robert Cromwell and Elizabeth Steward. He was descended from Katherine Cromwell (born c. 1482), an elder sister of Tudor statesman Thomas Cromwell (c. 1485–1540), a minister of Henry VIII, whose family acquired considerable wealth by taking over monastery property during the Reformation. Katherine was married to Morgan ap William, son of William ap Yevan of Wales. The family line continued through Richard Williams, alias Cromwell, (c. 1500–1544), Henry Williams, alias Cromwell, (c. 1524–6 January 1604),^[9] then to Oliver's father Robert Cromwell (c. 1560–1617), who married Elizabeth Steward (c. 1564–1654) on the day of Oliver Cromwell's birth. Thomas thus was Oliver's great-great-great-uncle.^[10]

At the time of Oliver's birth his grandfather, Sir Henry Williams, was one of the two wealthiest landowners in Huntingdonshire. Oliver's father Robert was of modest means but still inside the gentry class. As a younger son with many siblings, Robert's inheritance was limited to a house at Huntingdon and a small amount of land. This land would have generated an income of up to £300 a year, near the bottom of the range of gentry incomes.^[11] Cromwell himself in 1654 said "I was by birth a gentleman, living neither in considerable height, nor yet in obscurity".^[12]

Records survive of Cromwell's baptism on 29 April 1599 at St. John's Church,^[13] and his attendance at Huntingdon Grammar School. He went on to study at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, which was then a recently founded college with a strong Puritan ethos. He left in June 1617 without taking a degree, immediately after the death of his father.^[14] Early biographers claim he then attended Lincoln's Inn, but there is no record of him in the Inn's archives. Fraser (1973) concludes he likely did train at one of the London Inns of Court during this time. His grandfather, his father, and two of his uncles had attended Lincoln's Inn, and Cromwell sent his son Richard there in 1647.^[15]

Cromwell probably returned home to Huntingdon after his father's death, for his mother was widowed and his seven sisters were unmarried, and he, therefore, was needed at home to help his family.^[16]

Marriage and family

On 22 August 1620 at St Giles-without-Cripplegate, London,^[13] Cromwell married Elizabeth Bourchier (1598–1665). They had 9 children.

- Robert (1621–1639), died while away at school.
- Oliver (1622–1644), died of typhoid fever while serving as a Parliamentarian officer.
- Bridget (1624–1662), married (1) Henry Ireton, (2) Charles Fleetwood.
- Richard (1626–1712), his father's successor as Lord Protector.^[17]

- Henry (1628–1674), later Lord Deputy of Ireland.
- Elizabeth (1629–1658), married John Claypole.
- James (b. & d. 1632), died in infancy.
- Mary (1637–1713), married Thomas Belasyse, 1st Earl Fauconberg.
- Frances (1638–1720), married (1) Robert Rich, 3rd Earl of Warwick, (2) Sir John Russell, 3rd Baronet.

Elizabeth's father, Sir James Bouchier, was a London leather merchant who owned extensive land in Essex and had strong connections with puritan gentry families there. The marriage brought Cromwell into contact with Oliver St John and with leading members of the London merchant community, and behind them the influence of the earls of Warwick and Holland. A place in this influential network would prove crucial to Cromwell's military and political career.

Crisis and recovery

At this stage, though, there is little evidence of Cromwell's own religion. His letter in 1626 to Henry Downhall, an Arminian minister, suggests that Cromwell had yet to be influenced by radical puritanism.^[18] However, there is evidence that Cromwell went through a period of personal crisis during the late 1620s and early 1630s. He sought treatment for *valde melancolicus* (depression) from London doctor Theodore de Mayerne in 1628. He was also caught up in a fight among the gentry of Huntingdon over a new charter for the town, as a result of which he was called before the Privy Council in 1630.^[19]

In 1631 Cromwell sold most of his properties in Huntingdon—probably as a result of the dispute—and moved to a farmstead in St Ives. This was a major step down in society compared with his previous position, and seems to have had a significant emotional and spiritual impact. A 1638 letter survives from Cromwell to his cousin, the wife of Oliver St John, and gives an account of his spiritual awakening. The letter outlines how, having been "the chief of sinners", Cromwell had been called to be among "the congregation of the firstborn".^[18] The language of this letter, which is saturated with biblical quotations and which represents Cromwell as having been saved from sin by God's mercy, places his faith firmly within the Independent beliefs that the Reformation had not gone far enough, that much of England was still living in sin, and that Catholic beliefs and practices needed to be fully removed from the church.

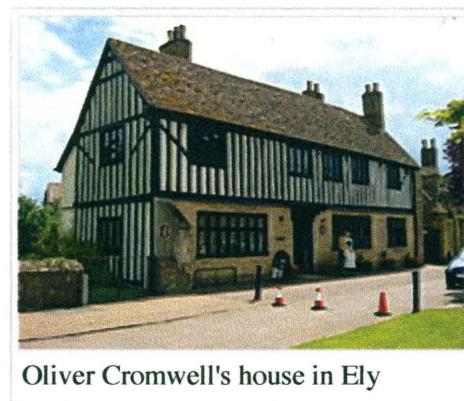
In 1636 Cromwell inherited control of various properties in Ely from his uncle on his mother's side, as well as his uncle's job as tithe collector for Ely Cathedral. As a result, his income is likely to have risen to around £300–400 per year;^[20] by the end of the 1630s Cromwell had returned to the ranks of acknowledged gentry. He had become a committed puritan and had established important family links to leading families in London and Essex.

Member of Parliament: 1628–29 and 1640–42

Cromwell became the Member of Parliament for Huntingdon in the Parliament of 1628–1629, as a client of the Montagus. He made little impression: records for the Parliament show only one speech (against the Arminian Bishop Richard Neile), which was poorly received.^[21] After dissolving this Parliament, Charles I ruled without a Parliament for the next eleven years. When Charles faced



Miniature of Cromwell's wife Elizabeth Bouchier, painted by Samuel Cooper



Oliver Cromwell's house in Ely

the Scottish rebellion known as the Bishops' Wars, shortage of funds forced him to call a Parliament again in 1640. Cromwell was returned to this Parliament as member for Cambridge, but it lasted for only three weeks and became known as the Short Parliament. Cromwell moved his family from Ely to London in 1640.^[22]

A second Parliament was called later the same year, and became known as the Long Parliament. Cromwell was again returned as member for Cambridge. As with the Parliament of 1628–29, it is likely that Cromwell owed his position to the patronage of others, which might explain why in the first week of the Parliament he was in charge of presenting a petition for the release of John Lilburne, who had become a puritan martyr after his arrest for importing religious tracts from Holland. For the first two years of the Long Parliament Cromwell was linked to the godly group of aristocrats in the House of Lords and Members of the House of Commons with whom he had established familial and religious links in the 1630s, such as the Earls of Essex, Warwick and Bedford, Oliver St John, and Viscount Saye and Sele.^[23] At this stage, the group had an agenda of godly reformation: the executive checked by regular parliaments, and the moderate extension of liberty of conscience. Cromwell appears to have taken a role in some of this group's political manoeuvres. In May 1641, for example, it was Cromwell who put forward the second reading of the Annual Parliaments Bill and later took a role in drafting the Root and Branch Bill for the abolition of episcopacy.^[24]

Military commander: 1642–46

English Civil War begins

Main article: First English Civil War

Failure to resolve the issues before the Long Parliament led to armed conflict between Parliament and Charles I in the autumn of 1642, the beginning of the English Civil War. Before joining Parliament's forces Cromwell's only military experience was in the trained bands, the local county militia. He recruited a cavalry troop in Cambridgeshire after blocking a valuable shipment of silver plate from Cambridge colleges that was meant for the king. Cromwell and his troop then rode to, but arrived too late to take part in the indecisive Battle of Edgehill on 23 October 1642. The troop was recruited to be a full regiment in the winter of 1642 and 1643, making up part of the Eastern Association under the Earl of Manchester. Cromwell gained experience in a number of successful actions in East Anglia in 1643, notably at the Battle of Gainsborough on 28 July.^[25] He was subsequently appointed governor of Ely and a colonel in the Eastern Association.

Marston Moor

By the time of the Battle of Marston Moor in July 1644, Cromwell had risen to the rank of Lieutenant General of horse in Manchester's army. The success of his cavalry in breaking the ranks of the Royalist cavalry and then attacking their infantry from the rear at Marston Moor was a major factor in the Parliamentary victory. Cromwell fought at the head of his troops in the battle and was slightly wounded in the neck, stepping away briefly to receive treatment during the battle but returning to help force the victory.^[26] After Cromwell's nephew was killed at Marston Moor he wrote a famous letter to his brother-in-law. Marston Moor secured the north of England for the Parliamentarians, but failed to end Royalist resistance.

The indecisive outcome of the Second Battle of Newbury in October meant that by the end of 1644 the war still showed no signs of ending. Cromwell's experience at Newbury, where Manchester had let the King's army slip out of an encircling manoeuvre, led to a serious dispute with Manchester, whom he believed to be less than enthusiastic in his conduct of the war. Manchester later accused Cromwell of recruiting men of "low birth" as officers in the army, to

which he replied: "If you choose godly honest men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them ... I would rather have a plain russet-coated captain who knows what he fights for and loves what he knows than that which you call a gentleman and is nothing else".^[27] At this time, Cromwell also fell into dispute with Major-General Lawrence Crawford, a Scottish Covenanter Presbyterian attached to Manchester's army, who objected to Cromwell's encouragement of unorthodox Independents and Anabaptists.^[28] Cromwell's differences with the Scots, then allies of the Parliament, developed into outright enmity in 1648 and in 1650–51.



Oliver Cromwell c. 1649 by Robert Walker

New Model Army

Partly in response to the failure to capitalise on their victory at Marston Moor, Parliament passed the Self-Denying Ordinance in early 1645. This forced members of the House of Commons and the Lords, such as Manchester, to choose between civil office and military command. All of them—except for Cromwell, whose commission was given continued extensions and was allowed to remain in parliament—chose to renounce their military positions. The Ordinance also decreed that the army be "remodelled" on a national basis, replacing the old county associations; Cromwell contributed significantly to these military reforms. In April 1645 the New Model Army finally took to the field, with Sir Thomas Fairfax in command and Cromwell as Lieutenant-General of cavalry, and second-in-command. By this time, the Parliamentarians' field army outnumbered the King's by roughly two to one.

In the New Model Army, Oliver Cromwell wanted the men who fought in this war to be strong believers of the church like himself. The men did not have to be from a higher class; they just had to have ability. Cromwell gave his men proper military training and hoped they would be a strong enough army to beat

the king.

Battle of Naseby

At the critical Battle of Naseby in June 1645, the New Model Army smashed the king's major army. Cromwell led his wing with great success at Naseby, again routing the Royalist cavalry. At the Battle of Langport on 10 July, Cromwell participated in the defeat of the last sizeable Royalist field army. Naseby and Langport effectively ended the King's hopes of victory, and the subsequent Parliamentary campaigns involved taking the remaining fortified Royalist positions in the west of England. In October 1645, Cromwell besieged and took the wealthy and formidable Catholic fortress Basing House, later to be accused of killing one hundred of its three-hundred-man Royalist garrison there after its surrender.^[29] Cromwell also took part in successful sieges at Bridgwater, Sherborne, Bristol, Devizes, and Winchester, then spent the first half of 1646 mopping up resistance in Devon and Cornwall. Charles I surrendered to the Scots on 5 May 1646, effectively ending the First English Civil War. Cromwell and Fairfax took the formal surrender of the Royalists at Oxford in June

Cromwell's military style

Cromwell had no formal training in military tactics, and followed the common practice of ranging his cavalry in three ranks and pressing forward, relying on impact rather than firepower. His strengths were an instinctive ability to lead and train his men, and his moral authority. In a war fought mostly by amateurs, these strengths were significant and are likely to have contributed to the discipline of his cavalry.^[30]

Cromwell also introduced close-order cavalry formations, with troopers riding knee to knee; this was an innovation in England at the time, and was a major factor in his success. He kept his troops close together following skirmishes where they had gained superiority, rather than allowing them to chase opponents off the battlefield. This facilitated further engagements in short order, which allowed greater intensity and quick reaction to battle developments. This style of command was decisive at both Marston Moor and Naseby.^[31]

Politics: 1647–49

In February 1647 Cromwell suffered from an illness that kept him out of political life for over a month. By the time he had recovered, the Parliamentarians were split over the issue of the king. A majority in both Houses pushed for a settlement that would pay off the Scottish army, disband much of the New Model Army, and restore Charles I in return for a Presbyterian settlement of the Church. Cromwell rejected the Scottish model of Presbyterianism, which threatened to replace one authoritarian hierarchy with another. The New Model Army, radicalised by the failure of the Parliament to pay the wages it was owed, petitioned against these changes, but the Commons declared the petition unlawful. In May 1647 Cromwell was sent to the army's headquarters in Saffron Walden to negotiate with them, but failed to agree.

In June 1647, a troop of cavalry under Cornet George Joyce seized the king from Parliament's imprisonment. After the King was in arm's reach of Cromwell, he was eager to find out what conditions the king would be willing to compromise on if his authority was restored. The king appeared to be willing to compromise, so Cromwell employed his son in law, Henry Ireton to draw up proposals for a constitutional settlement. Proposals were drafted multiple times with different changes until finally the "Head of the Proposals" pleased Cromwell in principle and would allow for further negotiations.^[32] It was designed to check the powers of the executive, to set up regularly elected parliaments, and to restore a non-compulsory Episcopalian settlement.^[33]

Many in the army, such as the Levellers led by John Lilburne, thought this was not enough and demanded full political equality for all men, leading to tense debates in Putney during the autumn of 1647 between Fairfax, Cromwell and Ireton on the one hand, and radical Levellers like Colonel Rainsborough on the other. The Putney Debates ultimately broke up without reaching a resolution.^[34] The debates, and the escape of Charles I from Hampton Court on 12 November, are likely to have hardened Cromwell's resolve against the king.

Second Civil War

The failure to conclude a political agreement with the king led eventually to the outbreak of the Second English Civil War in 1648, when the King tried to regain power by force of arms. Cromwell first put down a Royalist uprising in south Wales led by Rowland Laugharne, winning back Chepstow Castle on 25 May and six days later forcing the surrender of Tenby. The castle at Carmarthen was destroyed by burning. The much stronger castle at Pembroke, however, fell only after a siege of eight weeks. Cromwell dealt leniently with the ex-royalist soldiers, but less so with those who had previously been members of the parliamentary army, John Poyer eventually being executed in London after the drawing of lots.^[35]

Cromwell then marched north to deal with a pro-Royalist Scottish army (the Engagers) who had invaded England. At Preston, Cromwell, in sole command for the first time and with an army of 9,000, won a brilliant victory against an army twice as large.^[36]

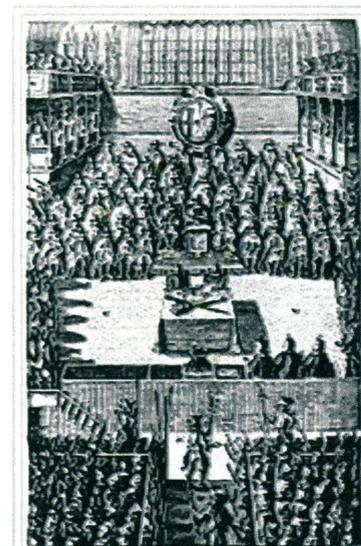
During 1648, Cromwell's letters and speeches started to become heavily based on biblical imagery, many of them meditations on the meaning of particular passages. For example, after the battle of Preston, study of Psalms 17 and 105

led him to tell Parliament that "they that are implacable and will not leave troubling the land may be speedily destroyed out of the land". A letter to Oliver St John in September 1648 urged him to read Isaiah 8, in which the kingdom falls and only the godly survive. This letter suggests that it was Cromwell's faith, rather than a commitment to radical politics, coupled with Parliament's decision to engage in negotiations with the king at the Treaty of Newport, that convinced him that God had spoken against both the king and Parliament as lawful authorities. For Cromwell, the army was now God's chosen instrument.^[37] The episode shows Cromwell's firm belief in "Providentialism"—that God was actively directing the affairs of the world, through the actions of "chosen people" (whom God had "provided" for such purposes). Cromwell believed, during the Civil Wars, that he was one of these people, and he interpreted victories as indications of God's approval of his actions, and defeats as signs that God was directing him in another direction.

King tried and executed

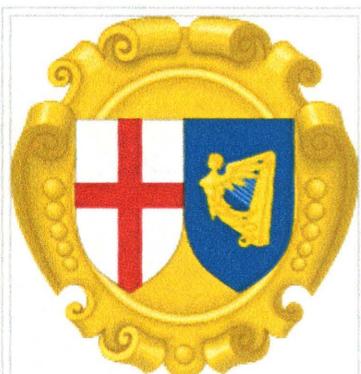
Main article: High Court of Justice for the trial of Charles I

In December 1648, those members of parliament who wished to continue negotiations with the king were prevented from sitting for parliament by a troop of soldiers headed by Colonel Thomas Pride, an episode soon to be known as Pride's Purge. Thus weakened, the remaining body of MPs, known as the Rump, agreed that Charles should be tried on a charge of treason. Cromwell was still in the north of England, dealing with Royalist resistance, when these events took place, but then returned to London. On the day after Pride's Purge, he became a determined supporter of those pushing for the king's trial and execution, believing that killing Charles was the only way to end the civil wars. Cromwell approved Thomas Brook's address to the House of Commons, which justified the trial and execution of the king on the basis of the Book of Numbers, chapter 35 and particularly verse 33. The death warrant for Charles was eventually signed by 59 of the trying court's members, including Cromwell (who was the third to sign it); Fairfax conspicuously refused to sign. Charles I was executed on 30 January 1649.



The trial of Charles I on 4 January 1649.

Establishment of the Commonwealth: 1649



Commonwealth Coat of Arms, 1649–1653

After the execution of the King, a republic was declared, known as the Commonwealth of England. The Rump Parliament exercised both executive and legislative powers, with a smaller Council of State also having some executive functions. Cromwell remained a member of the Rump and was appointed a member of the Council. In the early months after the execution of Charles I, Cromwell tried but failed to unite the original group of 'Royal Independents' centred around St John and Saye and Sele, which had fractured during 1648. Cromwell had been connected to this group since before the outbreak of war in 1642 and had been closely associated with them during the 1640s. However, only St John was persuaded to retain his seat in Parliament. The Royalists, meanwhile, had regrouped in Ireland, having signed a treaty with the Irish Confederate Catholics. In March, Cromwell was chosen by the Rump to command a campaign against them. Preparations for an invasion of Ireland occupied Cromwell in the subsequent months. In the latter part of the 1640s, Cromwell came across political dissidence in his New Model Army. The "Leveller," or "Agitator," movement was a

political movement that emphasized popular sovereignty, extended suffrage, equality before the law, and religious

Henry Faulds

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Henry Faulds (1 June 1843 – 19 March 1930) was a Scottish physician, missionary and scientist who is noted for the development of fingerprinting.



Contents

- 1 Early life
- 2 Life in Japan
- 3 Return to Britain
- 4 Legacy
- 5 Notes
- 6 External links

Early life

Faulds was born in Beith, Ayrshire, into a family of modest means. Aged 13, he was forced to leave school, and went to Glasgow to work as a clerk to help support his family; at 21 he decided to enroll at the Faculty of Arts at Glasgow University, where he studied mathematics, logic and the classics. He later studied medicine at Anderson's College, and graduated with a physician's licence.

Following graduation, Faulds then became a medical missionary for the Church of Scotland. In 1871, he was sent to British India, where he worked for two years in Darjeeling at a hospital for the poor.

On 23 July 1873, he received a letter of appointment from the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland to establish a medical mission in Japan. He married Isabella Wilson that September, and the newlyweds departed for Japan in December.

Life in Japan

Faulds established the first Scottish mission in Japan in 1874, with a hospital and a teaching facility for Japanese medical students. He helped introduce Dr. Joseph Lister's antiseptic methods to Japanese surgeons. In 1875, he helped found the Rakuzenkai, Japan's first society for the blind, and set up lifeguard stations to prevent drowning in nearby canals. He halted a rabies epidemic that killed small children who played with infected mice, and he helped stop the spread of cholera in Japan. He even cured a plague infecting the local fishmonger's stock of carp. In 1880 he helped found a school for the blind. By 1882, his Tsukiji Hospital in Tokyo treated 15,000 patients annually. Faulds became fluent in Japanese, and in addition to his full-time work as a doctor, he wrote two books on travel in the Far East, many academic articles, and started three magazines.

Whilst accompanying a friend (American archeologist, Edward S. Morse) to an archaeological dig he noticed

how the delicate impressions left by craftsmen could be discerned in ancient clay fragments. Examining his own fingertips and those of friends, he became convinced that the pattern of ridges was unique to each individual.

Shortly after these observations his hospital was broken into. The local police arrested a member of staff whom Faulds believed to be innocent. Determined to exonerate the man, he compared the fingerprints left behind at the crime scene to those of the suspect and found them to be different. On the strength of this evidence the police agreed to release the suspect.

In an attempt to promote the idea of fingerprint identification he sought the help of the noted naturalist Charles Darwin. Darwin declined to work on the idea, but passed it on to his relative Francis Galton, who forwarded it to the Anthropological Society of London. When Galton returned to the topic some eight years later, he paid little attention to Faulds' letter. As a result of this interchange some controversy has arisen about the inventor of modern forensic fingerprinting. However, there can be no doubt that Faulds' first paper on the subject was published in the scientific journal *Nature* in 1880; all parties conceded this.

The following month Sir William Herschel, a British civil servant based in India, wrote to *Nature* saying that he had been using fingerprints (as a form of bar code) to identify criminals since 1860. However, Herschel did not mention their potential for forensic use. Over the years, Faulds conducted a bitter controversy with Herschel over the use of fingerprints, demanding proof in 1894 that Herschel had ever used fingerprints officially, which Herschel duly provided, and then writing a series of books and pamphlets many years later containing variations of the argument that he had been cheated his due credit (see^[1] for complete facsimiles of these and other fundamental works on fingerprinting, and the Herschel/Faulds letters). These books were published from 1905 onward, long after fingerprinting had come into widespread use.

Return to Britain

Returning to Britain in 1886, after a quarrel with the missionary society which ran his hospital in Japan, Faulds offered the concept of fingerprint identification to Scotland Yard but he was dismissed, most likely because he did not present the extensive evidence required to show that prints are durable, unique and practically classifiable. Subsequently, Faulds returned to the life of a police surgeon, at first in London, and then in the Stoke-on-Trent town of Fenton. In 1922 he sold his practice and moved to nearby Wolstanton where he died in March 1930 aged 86, bitter at the lack of recognition he had received for his work. In 2007 a plaque acknowledging Faulds' work was put in place at the head offices of Castle Comfort Stairlifts near to Wolstanton's St Margaret's churchyard where his grave can be seen.

Legacy

The method of identifying criminals by their fingerprints had been introduced in the 1860s by Sir William James Herschel in India, and their potential use in forensic work was first proposed by Dr Henry Faulds in 1880. Galton, following the idea written by Faulds, which he failed to credit, was the first to place the study on a scientific footing, which assisted its acceptance by the courts (Bulmer 2003, p. 35). The Japanese police officially adopted the fingerprinting system in 1911.

Notes

1. ^ <http://galton.org/fingerprints/books/index.htm>

External links

- Complete facsimiles of major works on fingerprinting by Herschel, Henry and Faulds (<http://galton.org/fingerprints/books/index.htm>)
- Francis Galton's complete works on fingerprints (<http://galton.org/fingerprinter.html>)
- Overview of the Faulds/Herschel/Galton controversy with extensive primary materials (<http://galton.org/fingerprints/faulds.htm>)
- The Faulds Memorial in Japan (http://www.oninonin.com/fp/faulds_memorial.html)
- The Faulds Memorial in Scotland (<http://www.clpex.com/Articles/TheDetail/100-199/TheDetail173.htm>)
- Papers relating to Dr Henry Faulds (<http://archiveshub.ac.uk/data/gb250rcpsg13>)

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Categories: [1843 births](#) | [1930 deaths](#) | [Scottish scientists](#) | [Forensic scientists](#) | [People from North Ayrshire](#) | [Scottish expatriates in Japan](#) | [Christian missionaries in Japan](#) | [19th-century Scottish people](#) | [Scottish Christian missionaries](#) | [Scottish inventors](#) | [Alumni of the University of Strathclyde](#) | [Alumni of the University of Glasgow](#) | [Scottish medical doctors](#) | [Scottish people of the British Empire](#) | [Scottish Presbyterians](#) | [Scottish educators](#) | [Scottish travel writers](#) | [Scottish scholars and academics](#)

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Pig Latin

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Pig Latin is a language game of alterations played in English. To form the Pig Latin form of an English word the first consonant (or consonant cluster) is moved to the end of the word and an *ay* is affixed (for example, *pig* yields *igpay* and *computer* yields *omputercay* or *truancy* yields *uancytray*). The object is to conceal the meaning of the words from others not familiar with the rules. The reference to Latin is a deliberate misnomer, as it is simply a form of jargon, used only for its English connotations as a "strange and foreign-sounding language."

Contents

- 1 Origins
- 2 Use
- 3 Rules and variations
- 4 Similar language games
 - 4.1 In English
- 5 In other languages
- 6 Pop Culture References
- 7 Notes
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Origins

The origins of Pig Latin are unknown. One early mention of the name was in *Putnam's Magazine* in May 1869: "I had plenty of ammunition in reserve, to say nothing, Tom, of our pig Latin. 'Hoggibus, piggibus et shotam damnabile grunto,' and all that sort of thing," although the language cited is not modern Pig Latin, but rather what would be called today Dog Latin. *The Atlantic* January 1895 also included a mention of the subject: "They all spoke a queer jargon which they themselves had invented. It was something like the well-known 'pig Latin' that all sorts of children like to play with." Thomas Jefferson wrote letters to friends in Pig Latin. (see Hailman in the references below)

Use

Pig Latin is mostly used by people for amusement or to converse in perceived privacy from other persons. A

Pig Latin

Igpay Atinlay

Spoken in United States, Canada, United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, Ireland, Singapore

Classification Pig Latin

Spoken with English

See also: Language games

few Pig Latin words, such as *ixnay*^[1] (nix), *amscray*^[2] (scram), and *upidstay* (stupid), have been incorporated into American English slang.

It is used in the popular Disney movie "The Lion King". Zazu says to Simba "ixnay on the upidstay" and in response Banzai the Hyena says "Who you calling upidstay?"

Pig Latin is also spoken by many characters in the multi-platform game Rayman: Origins.

Rules and variations

The usual rules for changing standard English into Pig Latin are as follows:

1. In words that begin with consonant sounds, the initial consonant or consonant cluster is moved to the end of the word, and "ay" is added, as in the following examples:
 - *happy* → *appy-hay*
 - *question* → *estion-quay*
2. In words that begin with vowel sounds or silent consonants, the syllable "way" is simply added to the end of the word. In some variants, the syllable "ay" is added, without the "w" in front. Sometimes the vowel will be moved and followed by the syllable "hay."
 - *another* → *another-way*, *another-ay*, *nother-ahay*
 - *about* → *about-way*, *about-ay*, *bout-ahay*
3. In compound words or words with two distinct syllables, each component word or syllable is sometimes transcribed separately. For example: birdhouse would be ird-bay-ouse-hay.

Transcription varies. A hyphen or apostrophe is sometimes used to facilitate translation back into English. *Ayspray*, for instance, is ambiguous, but *ay-spray* means "spray" whereas *ays-pray* means "prays."

Similar language games

See also: Language games

In English

Similar languages to Pig Latin are Opish, in which "op" is added to each consonant (thus, "cat" becomes "copatop"); Turkey Irish, in which "ab" is added before each vowel (thus, "run" becomes "rabun"), and Double Dutch, in which each consonant is replaced with a different consonant cluster (thus, "how are you" becomes "*hutchowash aruge yubou*")^[1] (<http://www.factmonster.com/ipka/A0769354.html>)^[3]

In other languages

In Bernese German, a variety of Pig Latin called *Mattenenglisch* was used in the *Matte*, the traditional working class neighborhood. Though it has fallen out of use since mid 20th century, it is still cultivated by voluntary associations. A characteristic of the *Mattenenglisch* Pig Latin is the complete substitution of the first vowel by *i*, in addition to the usual moving of the initial consonant cluster and the adding of *ee*.

The Swedish equivalent of Pig Latin is Allspråket, which uses the same or similar rules but with the suffix "-all." Additionally, the Swedish language game Fikonspråket ("Fig language") is similar to Pig Latin.

French has the *loucherbem* (or *louchébem*) coded language, which supposedly was originally used by butchers (*boucher* in French).^[*citation needed*] In *loucherbem*, the leading consonant cluster is moved to the end of the word (as in Pig Latin) and replaced by an *l*, and then a suffix is added at the end of the word (*-oche*, *-em*, *-oque*, depending on the word). ex: fou (crazy) = loufoque. A similar coded language is *largonji*.^[4]

Pop Culture References

In an episode of *Saved by the Bell* A.C. Slater sees Kelly and her new boyfriend at the same theater they are at with Zach. He says to Screech "Ontiday etlay AchZay eessay emthey" which Screech fails to understand.

In the D-12 song "Rap Game" Eminem states "excuse my igpay atinlay but uckFay it get paid".

In the film *Gold Diggers of 1933*, Ginger Rogers sings part of the opening song, *We're In The Money*, in ordinary English, then in pig Latin.

Notes

- [^] "Definition of ixnay" (<http://www.allwords.com/query.php?SearchType=3&Keyword=ixnay&goquery=Find+it%21&Language=ENG>) . Allwords.com. <http://www.allwords.com/query.php?SearchType=3&Keyword=ixnay&goquery=Find+it%21&Language=ENG>. Retrieved 2011-06-18.
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- [^] Herbert S. Zim, *Codes and Secret Writing* (Morrow, 1948), pages 109-111.
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For search options, see [Help:Searching](#).

Did you mean: translate *crest scientia vita excalibur*

[Content pages](#)[Multimedia](#)[Help and Project pages](#)[EverythingAdvanced](#)

Results **1–3** of **3** for **translate crescat scientia vita excolatur**

The page "Translate crescat scientia vita excolatur" does not exist. You can ask for it to be created, but consider checking the search results below to see whether the topic is already covered.

For search help, please visit [Help:Searching](#).

List of university mottos

University of Chicago | **Crescat scientia; vita excolatur** Latin | Let knowledge grow from more to more; and so be human life enriched | ...

[84 KB \(9,098 words\) - 19:11, 8 April 2012](#)

List of Latin phrases (C)

cross in the Latin **translation** of John 19:30. | ... **crescat scientia vita excolatur crescat scientia vita excolatur** | let knowledge grow, ...

[29 KB \(3,677 words\) - 13:44, 29 March 2012](#)

List of mottos

(rough **translation**) ... University of Chicago : **Crescat scientia; vita excolatur** (Latin: Let knowledge grow from more to more; and so be human ...

[58 KB \(7,655 words\) - 16:11, 3 April 2012](#)

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

University Emblems

Coat of Arms

The University Coat of Arms, a shield displaying the phoenix below and the book and motto above, was adopted by the Board of Trustees on August 16, 1910. The University motto *Crescat scientia; vita excolatur* was adopted by the Board on January 17, 1911 and added to the Coat of Arms on the pages of the open book.

The Coat of Arms was designed by Pierre de Chaignon la Rose, a heraldic specialist in Boston working under contract to the Board of Trustees. No surviving documents make clear precisely why the phoenix was adopted as the central element on the Coat of Arms, although several possibilities have been suggested. The phoenix may represent the "rebirth" of the University of Chicago; an earlier University of Chicago was founded in 1857 and closed due to bankruptcy in 1886, and the current University of Chicago was incorporated in 1890, so in an important sense the University was reborn as the current institution. The phoenix, of course, can also be seen as a symbol of the city of Chicago, which was seriously damaged by the great Chicago Fire of 1871 and then was successfully rebuilt, or reborn, within just a few years. But the most probable assumption is that the Board of Trustees intended the phoenix to represent the successful "rebirth" of the University of Chicago, that is, the rebirth of the institution rather than the rebirth of the city.

University Seal

The University Seal was a reworking in different form of the slightly earlier design of the Coat of Arms. The University Seal (a circular device with phoenix and book surrounded by bands bearing Latin phrases) was derived from the Coat of Arms and intended to be more easily used with an embossing tool for marking documents (diplomas, proclamations, etc.). The information in the University Archives is that the Seal was designed in 1912 by the Boston firm of John Evans & Co., architectural sculptors for Shepley, Ruten & Coolidge of Boston, the firm then serving as the architects for the University of Chicago.

All of this lively interest in coats of arms, mottos, and seals for the University was spurred by the design and construction of Harper Memorial Library during 1910-1912. Shepley, Ruten & Coolidge was the architect for this building. The University wanted to decorate the new library with the coats of arms of other great historic universities of Europe and America, a reference to the University's stature within the international academic community, but it was an awkward fact that the University itself, almost 20 years old, had not yet adopted its own official emblems. The Board of Trustees thus took action within a two-year period to acquire a proper academic coat of arms, motto, and official seal.

The University Seal has retained its original design since it was adopted. However, the Coat of Arms has been used as the basis for a variety of different modernized or graphically simplified versions of the phoenix, book, and motto. The University of Chicago Manual of Style in some editions carried different forms of the emblem for use in books published by the University of Chicago Press. The University of Chicago Bookstore has its own version of the emblem that it uses on mugs, jackets, and other memorabilia – the shield with phoenix, book, and motto is surrounded by a circular border with the words "The University of Chicago" and the date 1892 (the University Seal in contrast bears the date 1890, the year the University was incorporated, and the Shield itself bears no date at all). In some more recent versions of the emblem, the phoenix has been floating free of its shield, book, and motto and appears separately or enlarged and cropped in the foreground or background of a print or webpage layout.

University Mace

Commissioned for the 500th Convocation in October 2009, the University Mace is made entirely of sterling silver and bears both the University Seal and the Coat of Arms, the Latin motto *Crescat scientia; vita excolatur*, and the date of the University's incorporation in 1890. Handcrafted by Henry Powell Hopkins, Jr., a third-generation silversmith in Baltimore, Maryland, the mace is approximately **four feet in length** and is carried by the University Marshal at all Convocations and other occasions of high ceremony.

Coat of Arms

University Seal

University Mace

Battle of San Juan Hill

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The **Battle of San Juan Hill** (July 1, 1898), also known as the battle for the **San Juan Heights**, was a decisive battle of the Spanish-American War. The San Juan heights was a north-south running elevation about two kilometers east of Santiago de Cuba. The names San Juan Hill and Kettle Hill were names given by the Americans. This fight for the heights was the bloodiest and most famous battle of the War. It was also the location of the greatest victory for the Rough Riders as claimed by the press and its new commander, the future Vice-President and later President, Theodore Roosevelt, who was (posthumously) awarded the Medal of Honor in 2001 for his actions in Cuba.^[2] Overlooked then by the American Press, much of the heaviest fighting was done by African-American troops.^[3]

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- 1 Background
- 2 Order of battle
 - 2.1 U.S.
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Background

760 Spanish Army regular troops were ordered to hold the "San Juan heights" against an American offensive on July 1, 1898. For unclear reasons, Spanish General Arsenio Linares failed to reinforce this position, choosing to hold nearly

Battle of San Juan Hill

Part of the Spanish–American War



Detail from *Charge of the 24th and 25th Colored Infantry at San Juan Hill, July 2, 1898* .

Date	July 1, 1898
Location	near Santiago, Cuba 20.0209106°N 75.7961154°W
Result	U.S./Cuban victory ^[1]

Belligerents

 United States	 Kingdom of Spain
 Republic of Cuba	

Commanders and leaders

 William Rufus Shafter	 Arsenio Linares
 Theodore Roosevelt	

Strength

15,000 infantry	800 infantry
4,000 guerrilleros	5 field guns
12 field guns	
4 Gatling guns	

Casualties and losses

205 dead	58 dead
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Thunder

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Thunder is the sound made by lightning. Depending on the nature of the lightning and distance of the listener, thunder can range from a sharp, loud crack to a long, low rumble (brontide). The sudden increase in pressure and temperature from lightning produces rapid expansion of the air surrounding and within a bolt of lightning. In turn, this expansion of air creates a sonic shock wave which produces the sound of thunder, often referred to as a *clap*, *crack*, or *peal of thunder*. The distance of the lightning can be calculated by the listener based on the time interval from when the lightning is seen to when the sound is heard.

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- 1 Cause
- 2 Etymology
- 3 Calculating distance
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Cause



Cumulonimbus clouds often form thunderstorms.

The cause of thunder has been the subject of centuries of speculation and scientific inquiry. The first recorded theory is attributed to the Greek philosopher Aristotle in the third century BC, and an early speculation was that it was caused by the collision of clouds. Subsequently, numerous other theories have been proposed. By the mid-19th century, the accepted theory was that lightning produced a vacuum. In the 20th century a consensus evolved that thunder must begin with a shock wave in the air due to the sudden thermal expansion of the

plasma in the lightning channel.^[1] The temperature inside the lightning channel, measured by spectral analysis, varies during its 50 μs existence, rising sharply from an initial temperature of about 20,000 K to about 30,000 K, then dropping away gradually to about 10,000 K. The average is about 20,400 K (20,100 °C; 36,300 °F).^[2] This heating causes it to expand outward, plowing into the surrounding cooler air at a speed faster than sound would travel in that cooler air. The outward-moving pulse that results is a shock wave,^[3] similar in principle to the shock wave formed by an explosion, or at the front of a supersonic aircraft. More recently, the consensus around the cause of the shock wave has been eroded by the observation that measured overpressures in simulated lightning are greater than could be achieved by the amount of heating

found. Alternative proposals rely on electrodynamic effects of the massive current acting on the plasma in the bolt of lightning.^[4] This shockwave is sufficient to cause injury, such as internal contusion, to individuals nearby.^[5]

Etymology

The *d* in Modern English *thunder* (from earlier Old English *þunor*) is epenthetic, and is now found as well in Modern Dutch *donder* (cp Middle Dutch *donre*, and Old Norse *þorr*, Old Frisian *þuner*, Old High German *donar* descended from Proto-Germanic **þunraz*). In Latin the term was *tonare* "to thunder". The name of the Germanic god Thor comes from the Old Norse word for thunder.^[6]

The shared Proto-Indo-European root is **tón-r̥* or **tar-*, also found Gaulish *Taranis* and Hittite *Tarhunt*.

Calculating distance

A flash of lightning, followed after some seconds by a rumble of thunder is, for many people, the first illustration of the fact that sound travels significantly slower than light. Using this difference, one can estimate how far away the bolt of lightning is by timing the interval between seeing the flash and hearing thunder. The speed of sound in dry air is approximately 343 m/s or 1,127 feet per second or 768 mph (1,236 km/h) at 20°C (68 °F).^[7] However, this figure can only be used as an approximation of the speed of a thunder-clap, as you are unlikely to find dry air in a thunderstorm.

The speed of light is high enough that it can be taken as infinite in this calculation because of the relatively small distance involved. Therefore, the lightning is approximately one kilometer distant for every 2.9 seconds that elapse between the visible flash and the first sound of thunder (or one mile for every 4.6 seconds). In the same five seconds, the light could have travelled the same distance as circling the globe 37 times. Thunder is seldom heard at distances over 20 kilometers (12 mi).^[3] A very bright flash of lightning and a simultaneous sharp "crack" of thunder, a *thundercrack*, therefore indicates that the lightning strike was very near.

See also

- Thunderstorm
- Thunderbolt
- Lightning
- ✓▪ Brontophobia (fear of thunder)
- ✓▪ Mistpuffers
- ✓▪ The Castle Thunder sound effect
- ✓▪ List of thunder gods
- ✓▪ Thursday (day of Thor)

References

1. ↑ Rakov, Vladimir A.; Uman, Martin A. (2007). *Lightning: Physics and Effects*. Cambridge, England: Cambridge

Thor

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

In Norse mythology, **Thor** (from Old Norse **Þórr**) is a hammer-wielding god associated with thunder, lightning, storms, oak trees, strength, the protection of mankind, and also hallowing, healing, and fertility. The cognate deity in wider Germanic mythology and paganism was known in Old English as **Punor** and in Old High German as **Donar** (runic **þonar**), stemming from a Common Germanic ***Þunraz** (meaning "thunder").

Ultimately stemming from Proto-Indo-European religion, Thor is a prominently mentioned god throughout the recorded history of the Germanic peoples, from the Roman occupation of regions of Germania, to the tribal expansions of the Migration Period, to his high popularity during the Viking Age, when, in the face of the process of the Christianization of Scandinavia, emblems of his hammer, Mjöllnir, were worn in defiance and Norse pagan personal names containing the name of the god bear witness to his popularity. Into the modern period, Thor continued to be acknowledged in rural folklore throughout Germanic regions. Thor is frequently referred to in place names, the day of the week Thursday ("Thor's day") bears his name, and names stemming from the pagan period containing his own continue to be used today.

In Norse mythology, largely recorded in Iceland from traditional material stemming from Scandinavia, numerous tales and information about Thor are provided. In these sources, Thor bears at least fourteen names, is the husband of the golden-haired goddess Sif, is the lover of the jötunn Járnsaxa, and is generally described as fierce-eyed, red-haired and red-bearded.^[1] With Sif, Thor fathered the goddess (and possible valkyrie) Þrúðr; with Járnsaxa, he fathered Magni; with a mother whose name is not recorded, he fathered Móði, and he is the stepfather of the god Ullr. The same sources list Thor as the son of the god Odin and the personified earth, Fjörgyn, and by way of Odin, Thor has numerous brothers. Thor has two servants, Þjálfi and Röskva, rides in a cart or chariot pulled by two goats, Tanngrisnir and Tanngnjóstr (that he eats and resurrects), and is ascribed three dwellings (Bilskirnir, Þrúðheimr, and Þrúðvangr). Thor wields the mountain-crushing hammer, Mjöllnir, wears the belt Megingjörð and the iron gloves Járngreipr, and owns the staff Gríðarvölr. Thor's exploits, including his relentless slaughter of his foes and fierce battles with the monstrous serpent Jörmungandr—and their foretold mutual deaths during the events of Ragnarök—are recorded throughout sources for Norse mythology.



Thor's Battle Against the Jötnar
(1872) by Mårten Eskil Winge

Contents

- 1 Name
- 2 Attestations
 - 2.1 Roman era
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 - 2.4.1 *Poetic Edda*
 - 2.4.2 *Prose Edda*, *Heimskringla*, and sagas
 - 2.5 Modern folklore
- 3 Archaeological record
 - 3.1 Runestone invocations and image stones
 - 3.2 Hammer pendants and Eyrarland Statue
 - 3.3 Swastikas
- 4 Eponymy and toponymy
- 5 Origin, theories, and interpretations
- 6 Modern influence
- 7 See also
- 8 Notes
- 9 References

Name

Old Norse *Þórr*, Old English *Punor* and Old High German *Donar* are cognates within Germanic, descending from a Common Germanic **þonaro-*^[2] or **þunraz*, meaning "thunder".^[3] The name of the Gaulish god of thunder, *Toran* or *Taran* and the Irish god Tuireann are also related.^[4]

Thor's name is the origin of the name Thursday. By employing a practice known as *interpretatio germanica* during the Roman Empire period, the Germanic peoples adopted the Roman weekly calendar, and replaced the names of Roman gods with their own. Latin *dies Iovis* ("day of Jupiter") was converted into Proto-Germanic **Ponares dagaz* ("Thor's day"), from which stems modern English "Thursday" and all other Germanic weekday cognates.^[5]

Beginning in the Viking Age, personal names containing the theonym *Thōrr* are recorded with great frequency. Prior to the Viking Age, no known examples are recorded. *Thōrr*-based names may have flourished during the Viking Age as a defiant response to attempts at Christianization, similar to the widescale Viking Age practice of wearing Thor's hammer pendants.^[6]

By way of Viking Age Scandinavian settlement in England, the name of the Old Norse form of the deity was introduced into Old English as *Þór*, apparently overtaking the native form of the deity's name, *Punor*. However, the modern spelling *Thor* is an anglicization of the Old Norse name by way of antiquarian interest in the Viking Age in the 17th century.^[7]



Lightning strikes in Germany

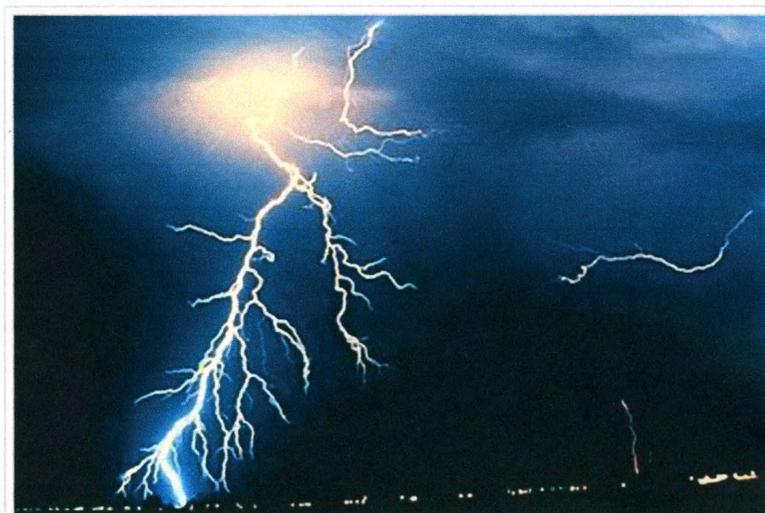
Astraphobia

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
(Redirected from Brontophobia)

Astraphobia, also known as **astrapophobia**, **brontophobia**, **keraunophobia**, or **tonitrophobia**, is an abnormal fear of thunder and lightning, a type of specific phobia. It is a treatable phobia that both humans and animals can develop. The term astraphobia derives from the Greek words ἀστραπή (astrape; lightning) and φόβος (phobos; fear). In Sanskrit, the word "astra" means weapon, referring to the mythological demi god Indra who uses lightning as his weapon to bring fear to life on earth.

Contents

- 1 Symptoms
- 2 Children
- 3 Treatment
- 4 Dogs and cats
- 5 In popular culture
- 6 See also
- 7 References



A bolt of lightning tearing through the sky (and the thunder that accompanies it) can scare someone with astraphobia.

Symptoms

A person with astraphobia will often feel anxious during a thunderstorm even when they understand that the threat to them is minimal. Some symptoms are those accompanied with many phobias, such as trembling, crying, sweating, panic attacks, the feeling of dread, and rapid heartbeat. However, there are some reactions that are unique to astraphobia. For instance, reassurance from other people is usually sought, and symptoms worsen when alone. Many people who have astraphobia will look for extra shelter from the storm.^[1] They might hide underneath a bed, under the covers, in a closet, in a basement, or any other space where they feel safer. Efforts are usually made to smother the sound of the thunder; the person may cover their ears or curtain the windows.

A sign that someone has astraphobia is a very heightened interest in weather forecasts. An astraphobic person will be alert for news of incoming storms. They may watch the weather on television constantly during rainy bouts and may even track thunderstorms online. This can become severe enough that the person may not go outside without checking the weather first. In very extreme cases, astraphobia can lead to agoraphobia, the fear of leaving the home.

Mistpouffers

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Mistpouffers are unexplained reports that sound like a cannon or a sonic boom. They have been heard in many waterfront communities around the world such as the banks of the river Ganges in India, the East Coast and inland Finger Lakes of the United States, as well as areas of the North Sea, Japan and Italy; and sometimes away from water.

Contents

- 1 Local names
- 2 Theories
- 3 See also
- 4 References
- 5 External links

Local names

Names (according to area) are:

- Bangladesh: Barisal Guns
- Italy: "**brontidi**" or "**marinas**"
- Japan: "**uminari**"
- Netherlands and Belgium: "**mistpoeffers**"
- Philippines: "**retumbos**"
- United States: "**Guns of the Seneca**" around Seneca Lake & Cayuga Lake, **Seneca guns** in the Southeast US, and "**Moodus noises**" in lower Connecticut valley.
- elsewhere: "**fog guns**"

They have been reported from: on an Adriatic island in 1824; Western Australia & Victoria in Australia; Belgium; frequently on calm summer days in the Bay of Fundy, Canada; Lough Neagh in Northern Ireland; Scotland; Passamaquoddy Bay, New Brunswick & Cedar Keys, Florida & Franklinville, New York in 1896 & in northern Georgia in the United States.^[1]

Their sound has been described as being like distant but inordinately loud thunder while no clouds are in the sky large enough to generate lightning. Those familiar with the sound of cannon fire say the sound is nearly identical. The booms occasionally cause shock waves that rattle plates. Early white settlers in North America were told by the native Haudenosaunee (Iroquois) that the booms were the sound of the Great Spirit continuing his work of shaping the earth.

The term "Seneca guns" is just a name, not an explanation. It does not tell us anything about what causes these noises and shakings. The name originated in a short story that James Fennimore Cooper wrote during the

Castle thunder (sound effect)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Castle thunder is a sound effect that consists of the sound of a loud thunderclap during a rainstorm. It was originally recorded for the 1931 film *Frankenstein*, and has since been used in dozens of movies, Disney and Hanna-Barbera cartoons, and TV series, and television commercials.

Contents

- 1 History
- 2 List of appearances
- 3 See also
- 4 References
- 5 External Links

History

After its 1931 use in *Frankenstein*, the effect was used in many films from the 1930s until it was mostly retired by 1988.

It was also heard on various Disney and Hanna-Barbera cartoons, particularly the original *Scooby-Doo* cartoons, while more recent *Scooby-Doo* series only used the thunder sound effect in a couple of episodes to make way for newer, digitally-recorded thunderclaps. With the exception of two made-for-video movies in 2003, nearly none of the made-for-video Scooby-Doo movies have used Castle Thunder.

The "castle thunder" effect has also been utilized as part of various sound "mixes" along with other sound effects to achieve a desired outcome. For example, in the 1974 film *Earthquake*, the effect is mixed with several others (including rumbling, cracking, waterfall, and glass breaking) to simulate the sound of a dam bursting. It was also used as the sound effect of the bombs dropped from a TIE Bomber in the video game *Star Wars: Rogue Squadron*, as well as on *The Powerpuff Girls* when the girls would zoom off in flight. Both the old and more recent version were used in the popular computer game *Oregon Trail II* when the player would encounter a thunderstorm.

It was also heard regularly on the TV series *Gilligan's Island* and in the opening credit scene of *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*. The sound effect is used in the Haunted Mansion at Disneyland within the Stretching Room, as well as on the Disney World version of the ride, though it is not used in the Stretching Room since the 2007 renovation (replaced with newer thunder sounds), but can still be heard in the Haunted Ballroom portion of the ride. It was also heard on a *Mike's Super Short Show* segment on Disney Channel advertising the movie based on the Haunted Mansion attraction.

The sound can be found on a few sound effects libraries distributed by Sound Ideas (such as the Network Sound

List of thunder gods

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Polytheistic peoples of many cultures have postulated a **Thunder God**, the personification or source of the forces of thunder and lightning; a lightning god does not have a typical depiction, and will vary based on the culture. Frequently, the Thunder God is known as the chief or king of the gods, e.g. Indra in Hinduism, Zeus in Greek mythology, and Perun in ancient Slavic religion; or a close relation thereof, e.g. Thor, son of Odin, in Norse mythology.

In Greek mythology, The Elysian Fields, or the Elysian Plains, the final resting places of the souls of the heroic and the virtuous, evolved from a designation of a place or person struck by lightning, *enelysion*, *enelysios*.^[1] This could be a reference to Zeus, the god of lightning/Jupiter, so "lightning-struck" could be saying that the person was blessed (struck) by Zeus (/lightning/fortune). Egyptologist Jan Assmann has also suggested that Greek *Elysion* may have instead been derived from the Egyptian term *ialu* (older *iaru*), meaning "reeds," with specific reference to the "Reed fields" (Egyptian: *sekhet iaru / ialu*), a paradisiacal land of plenty where the dead hoped to spend eternity.^[2]

Contents

- 1 List of thunder gods
 - 1.1 Ancient Near East
 - 1.2 Eurasia
 - 1.3 East Asia
 - 1.4 Americas
 - 1.5 Africa
 - 1.6 Oceania
 - 1.7 Australia
- 2 Literature
- 3 Video games
- 4 References
- 5 See also

List of thunder gods

Ancient Near East

- Teshub (Hurrian mythology)
- Adad, Ishkur, Marduk (Babylonian-Assyrian mythology)
- Hadad (Levantine mythology)

Eurasia

- Tarhunt (Hittite/Luwian mythology)
- Zeus (Greek Mythology)
- Brontes (Greek mythology)
- Jupiter, Summanus (Roman mythology)
- Taranis (Pan-Celtic); Ambisagrus, Leucetios, (Gaulish mythology)
- Punraz (Germanic mythology; Anglo-Saxon *Punor*, German *Donar*, Norse *Pórr*)
- Thor (Norse mythology)
- Perun (Slavic mythology)
- Perkunas (Baltic mythology)
- Perendi (Albanian mythology)
- Gebeleizis (Dacian mythology)
- Zibelthiurdos (Thracian mythology)
- Ukko or Perkele (Finnish mythology)
- Horagalles (Sami mythology)
- Indra, Parjanya (Hindu mythology)
- Aplu (Etruscan mythology)
- Atämshkai (Moksha mythology)

East Asia

- Lei Gong (Chinese mythology)
- Ajisukitakahikone, Raijin (Raiden-sama, Kaminari-sama), Tenjin (kami) (Japanese mythology)
- Susano (Japanese mythology)

Americas

- Thunderbird (Native American mythology)
- Xolotl (Aztec and Toltec mythology)
- Chaac (Maya mythology)
- Apocatequil (Incan mythology)
- Cocijo (Mexican mythology)
- Aktzin (Mexican mythology)
- Jasso (Mexican mythology)
- Haokah (Lakota mythology)
- Tupã (Guaraní mythology, Brazil)
- Tunupã, Thunupã (Bolivian and Peruvian mythology)
- Salar (Aztec mythology)

Africa

- Set (Egyptian mythology)
- Shango (Yorùbá mythology)
- Oya (goddess of hurricanes, consort of Shango Yoruba mythology)
- Azaka-Tonnerre (West African Vodun/Haitian Vodou)
- Mulungu
- Xevioso (alternately: Xewioso, Heviosso. Thunder god of the So region)

- Sango (Nigerian mythology)

Oceania

Polynesian mythology

- Haikili (Polynesian mythology)
- Tāwhaki (Polynesian mythology)
- Kaha'i (Polynesian mythology)
- Te Uira (Polynesian mythology)

Micronesian mythology

- Nan Sapwe (Pohnpeian mythology)

Australia

- Namarrkun (Aboriginal mythology)

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Video games

Raiden (Mortal Kombat)

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- ↑ Assmann, Jan (2001). *Death and Salvation in Ancient Egypt*. Cornell University Press. p. 392

See also

- Thunderbolt
- Donar's Oak
- Sky deity
- Nature worship

Retrieved from "http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=List_of_thunder_gods&oldid=475183645"

Categories: Thunder gods | Comparative mythology | Lists of deities

PERSONAL HEALTH | Jane E. Brody

Infinite Itch: Learning to Live With Hives

Bill Brancaccio inherited a sharp mind and a brawny physique from his Long Island family, and something more: a susceptibility to hives, itchy, red welts that can last for minutes or for days, sometimes recurring for weeks, months or even years.

Mr. Brancaccio's first attack occurred in his midteens. "I became allergic to cold water," he said. "I went swimming and developed hives all over my body. They went away in an hour or two, but recurred every time I swam."

When he was stung by a bee a year or so later, hives popped out over half his body and lasted about a day. Then, as a 21-year-old college senior taking several honors classes, he said, "All of a sudden, out of the blue, I had hives over my entire body. Only my face was spared."

Despite a series of treatments that did little more than add 40 pounds to his athletic frame, the attack lasted from March through August. He said his intensely itchy body "looked as if it had been burned."

To hide his terrible-looking skin and ease the itchiness somewhat, he wore long sleeves and long pants. But the itching kept him awake night after night. After not sleeping for two or three days, he said, he "would crash and sleep 12 hours straight."

He had to drop some classes but managed to graduate and get a job in finance in New York City. But doxepin, the drug that finally suppressed the hives, made him so sleepy that he repeatedly dozed off on a desk during six weeks of job training.

Mr. Brancaccio has a condition called chronic idiopathic urticaria, which dermatologists believe is an autoimmune disorder and which affects one in a thousand people in this country. It often runs in families.

Mr. Brancaccio's mother, Lydia Brancaccio, of Water Mill, N.Y., experienced her first episode of hives only recently. But, she said, "My mother, sister and daughter have them, and they can last for weeks."

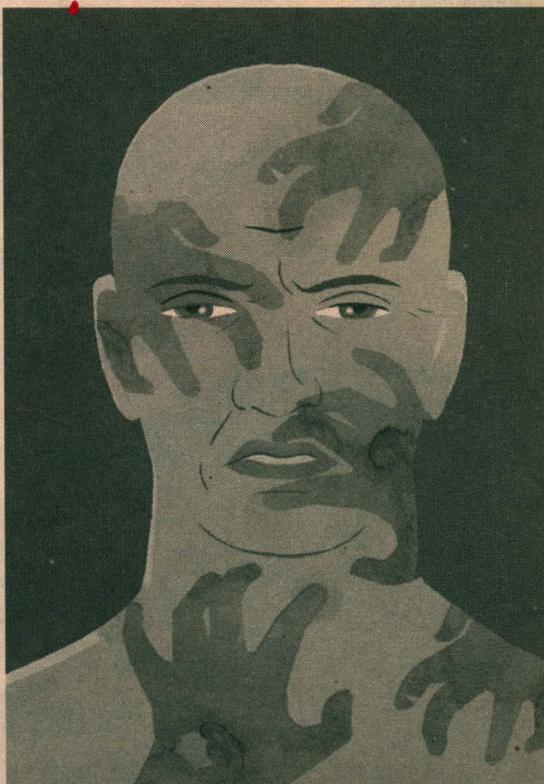
Her sister "reacts to sun and can't go anywhere on vacation where there's sun," Ms. Brancaccio added. "Even sun-blocking clothing doesn't help. She just gets covered with hives."

The disorder, Mr. Brancaccio said, "exposes you to the limits of modern medicine." The term "idiopathic" indicates that the cause is not known.

The name "makes it seem like the problem is solved," he said. "But you've still got hives."

Cause Unknown

Hives of one sort or another afflicts about one person in five at some time during their lives. For most, the problem is short-lived or "acute," lasting less than six weeks. A specific cause, or trigger, can usually be identified.



YVETTA FEDOROVA

Common triggers of acute urticaria include medications like antibiotics, aspirin and other NSAIDs (nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs), and opiates; foods like nuts, peanuts, fish and shellfish, wheat, eggs, milk and soybeans; infections of all kinds, including upper respiratory infections; insect stings, especially by bees and wasps; allergens like latex or pollen; and physical stimuli like cold, heat, exercise or sweat.

As I recall, a high school friend who was sensitive to cold air used to develop hives on her face going to and from school in winter. Dr. Vincent S. Beltrani, a dermatologist in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., noted that in patients whose symptoms have an identifiable cause, "the episode usually resolves spontaneously within hours after the trigger is removed."

But the likelihood of finding a cause for chronic urticaria "is quite small," Dr. Supriya Varadarajulu, allergist at the Park Nicollet Clinic in Minneapolis, said in an interview. In a few cases, a cause can be identified by taking a careful history, "but usually the condition remains idiopathic," Dr. Varadarajulu said.

Studies have indicated that up to 40 percent of patients with chronic urticaria, especially those more severely affected, have antibodies targeting the body's own tissues circulating in their blood. These patients or their blood relatives may have other autoimmune disorders, like thyroid disease, diabetes or lupus.

About a quarter of patients with chronic

urticaria have thyroid autoantibodies, and many of them are found to have thyroid dysfunction. Unfortunately, treating their thyroid condition does not eliminate the hives, Dr. Varadarajulu said.

Some people who get hives also have a related condition called angioedema, a swelling of tissues deep in the skin (hives develop at the skin's surface). Although angioedema usually doesn't cause itchiness, it can cause pain or a burning sensation.

It most often involves the lips, eyelids, face, arms and legs and genitalia. Dr. Varadarajulu said the swelling can show up suddenly and last for hours or days.

A friend of mine who had angioedema of the face occasionally needed emergency treatment when the swelling of her tongue threatened to cut off her airway.

Treating Outbreaks

The duration of chronic hives varies widely. According to Dr. Beltrani, it disappears in 3 to 12 months in up to half of patients, but persists for up to five years in 20 percent of patients and for 20 or more years in 1.5 percent. Half of patients will have recurrences from time to time.

He and Dr. Varadarajulu emphasized that there was no magic bullet, or even a standard treatment, for chronic idiopathic urticaria. Rather, a series of antihistamines are commonly tried, both singly and in combination.

Dr. Varadarajulu said one of the newer non-sedating oral antihistamines is the treatment of first choice, though patients often need twice the standard dose, taking the drug every 12 hours rather than once a day.

Sometimes Zantac or Tagamet is added; though normally prescribed for heartburn, these drugs have antihistamine properties.

Another option, doxepin (brand name Sinequan), the drug that finally helped Mr. Brancaccio, is an antidepressant with both antihistamine properties and potent anti-itch action. It causes severe sedation and dry mouth, however, and is used only if less debilitating therapies fail to bring relief.

Still, chronic urticaria remains a challenge because "the extreme itchiness can drive people crazy," Dr. Varadarajulu said, and no cause can be found in most cases.

Nonetheless, she said, "excellent disease control can be achieved with appropriate use of antihistamines until the disease spontaneously resolves over time."

Mr. Brancaccio had to take doxepin for many weeks after his hives abated to keep them from recurring.

Now 30, living and working in Manhattan, he has been in remission for years.

"I don't know why, but I no longer react to cold water or bee stings," he said.

Letters

Emergency Painkillers

To the Editor:

Re "E.R. Doctors Face Dilemma on Painkillers" (May 1): When I was a surgical intern at North Shore University Hospital, dental emergencies were under the domain of the surgery department. I spent a few months in the emergency department, so I was confronted with numerous patients with dental pain. I consulted a textbook and quickly learned about dental blocks. Such local anesthetic injections provided immediate pain relief that is sustained for many hours, most often obviating the need for narcotic prescriptions.

ANDREW SIEGEL, M.D.
Hackensack, N.J.

To the Editor:

The United States is facing a severe epidemic of addiction to opioid painkillers fueled by overprescribing. Overdoses now exceed car crashes as the leading cause of accidental death.

The article describes prescription drug monitoring databases as an underused tool to help identify "doctor-shoppers." But rather than using the database to kick drug seekers out of emergency rooms and doctors' offices, efforts must be made to link these individuals to addiction treatment. If we fail to do so, this epidemic will continue unabated.

ANDREW KOLODNY, M.D.
Brooklyn

Help for the Pregnant

To the Editor:

Re "Abuse of Opiates Soars in Pregnant Women" (May 1): Opiate dependence is a chronic medical condition that remains incurable but is treatable. Drug monitoring programs may help reduce supply, but will not reduce demand for these drugs. Nor will much be gained by urine testing pregnant women who are reluctant to disclose their drug use, because they fear — with cause — prosecution and/or loss of child custody. Indeed, it might make them more likely to avoid prenatal care or opt for abortion.

The most promising approach is to ensure prompt treatment availability for all who might benefit. For preg-

nant women in particular, the leading federal authority on drugs advises opiate-dependent women: "Methadone maintenance treatment can save your baby's life."

ROBERT G. NEWMAN, M.D.
Manhattan
SUSAN G. GEVERTZ
Valhalla, N.Y.

Early Thinkers

To the Editor:

I was dismayed that "From the Minds of Babes" (May 1) did not reference the groundbreaking contributions of the Swiss child psychologist Jean Piaget (1896-1980). For over 50 years, Piaget sought to answer the same epistemological questions posed by Dr. Elizabeth S. Spelke. Piaget's investigations into the origins of object permanence, number, geometry and time provide the foundations of Dr. Spelke's research.

In recent years, Piaget theory of cognitive stage development seems to have fallen out of favor. Thirty years ago, at any gathering of developmental or educational psychologists one would find numerous investigators presenting Piaget-based research papers. My last check of papers presented at recent American Psychological Association and the American Educational Research Association annual meetings found no mention of Piaget.

BARRY KAUFMAN
Oakland, Calif.

Preserving Marine Life

To the Editor:

"Life in the Sea Found Its Fate in a Paroxysm of Extinction" (May 1) explains that ocean acidification and other factors drove a mass extinction, wiping out 95 percent of marine species. It's even more startling that we're now changing ocean chemistry even faster.

Unless we reduce carbon dioxide emissions, ocean pH will change by 70 percent by 2050. Changing ocean chemistry is already hurting local economies. We must start now to avoid the next great extinction — the one set to begin in our lifetime.

ANDREW SHARPLESS
Washington

The writer is chief executive, Oceana.

Harriet Monroe 1860-1936

--founded Poetry in 1912

Wiki Pages & Files

VIEW EDIT

little magazines

last edited by PBworks 4 years ago

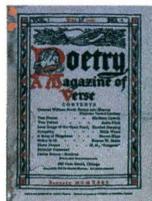
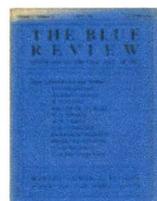
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Little Magazines

By Louie Marven

During the onset of American modernism, little magazines were an outlet for writers trying to grapple with the changing cultural climate of their time through experimental forms in writing and subversive subject matter. The magazines fueled modernism by providing this outlet, simultaneously helping movements like [imagism](#), [surrealism](#), [cubism](#), and [futurism](#) gain momentum in their early stages. For example, *View* magazine encouraged the American Surrealist movement (see [American Surrealism and View Magazine](#)). Oftentimes, little magazines provided a venue for European ideas, art, and movements to be brought to America, usually as a precursor to a movement happening in America; this happened not only in the case of Surrealism, but with other movements as well (Eggener 32). Churchill defines little magazines as "non-commercial enterprises founded by individuals or small groups intent upon publishing the experimental works or radical opinions of untried, unpopular, or under-represented writers" (3). One statistic that shows the importance of little magazines is "that 80 percent of a list of one hundred post-1912 writers were introduced by little magazines" (Test 190).

One of the earliest examples of a little magazine was *Germ*, an English magazine that began in 1850. Only four issues were printed before it folded for a lack of funding, a common shortcoming of early little magazines. In the form of modern little magazines, it accepted contributions from writers who worked outside the most mainstream literary movements and who could not find publication elsewhere (<http://memorial.library.wisc.edu/lttlmag.htm>)



[BLAST](#)
[POETRY MAGAZINE](#)
1914 - 1915
1912 - Present

[RHYTHM](#)
1911 - 1912

[THE OWL](#)
1915 - 1923

[THE BLUE REVIEW](#)
May 1913 - July 1913

Little magazines came out of a magazine industry that was becoming increasingly standardized and homogenized, and reacted to this by becoming increasingly intellectually sophisticated, making them less desirable on a mass scale. Because of their specialized nature, commercial gain was not an objective in their publication (<http://memorial.library.wisc.edu/lttlmag.htm>). Instead, they acted as a forum for open dialogue for a diverse audience of readers, who would frequently respond to work found in their favorite little magazines. As appealing as this sounds, the movement away from mass production resulted in magazines being generally short-lived;

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however, some little magazines (like [Poetry](#)) are still published today.



Harriet Monroe
(1860-1936)

Plenty of diversity existed within the little magazine phenomenon. While some were intended to uphold higher artistic standards, some used traditional or common forms of the early 20th century to challenge the conventional political wisdom and practice. *Poetry* was one such magazine that focused on the former. Founded in 1912 by Harriet Monroe, this magazine gave many influential voices their first opportunity to be heard; T.S. Eliot's "[The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock](#)" was first published in it. Monroe, with encouragement from Ezra [Pound](#), worked to create a poetic revolution in America in response to the changing artistic climate of Europe. She focused on publishing all quality American poetry, which early in the magazine's existence included the early work of Carl [Sandburg](#), Edgar Lee [Masters](#), Wallace [Stevens](#), William Carlos [Williams](#), and Robert [Frost](#). The magazine continues this tradition of Monroe's "open door policy."

A magazine called *The Messenger* started in 1917 and was more politically and ideologically driven than more [avant-garde](#) magazines like *Poetry*. *The Messenger* was founded and run by African-Americans and specifically existed for an African-American audience. Its mission statement notes,

Our aim is to appeal to reason, to lift our pens above the cringing demagoguery of the times, and above the cheap peanut politics of the old reactionary Negro leaders. Patriotism has no appeal to us; justice has. Party has no weight with us; principle has. Loyalty is meaningless; it depends on what one is loyal to. Prayer is not one of our remedies; it depends on what one is praying for. We consider prayer as nothing more than a fervent wish; consequently the merit and worth of a prayer depend upon what the fervent wish is.

The magazine worked with writers and movements associated with the [Harlem Renaissance](#), but also challenged contemporary African-American leaders who they deemed unhelpful to their movement (see [Wikipedia](#)).

The wide variety of poets involved in this one little magazine indicates the broad reach these magazines had in their influence on modern American literature. While Monroe became influential in developing American High Modernism -- exemplified in her close work with Pound, and, by extension, Eliot -- advocates of a more common, plain, specifically American poetry like Williams also spread their message with little magazines. [American expatriates](#) even found the opportunity to publish in little magazines, including *The Dial* and *The Little Review*, the latter of which published James [Joyce's](#) *Ulysses* in pieces before its publication as a novel.

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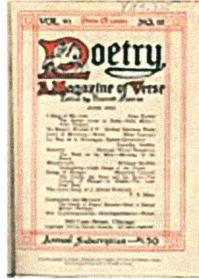
ENTRIES

M

Magazines

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Magazines



POETRY, 1915 (COVER)

The place of birth and death for thousands of magazine titles, Chicago has been home to influential publications such as the *Dial*, *JAMA*, *Poetry*, *Esquire*, *Ebony*, *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, *Playboy*, and *O*.

The oldest continuing magazine founded in Chicago is **Prairie Farmer**, started by agricultural reformer John S. Wright in January 1841. It relocated to Decatur in the 1970s and has become one of a number of allied publications with a combined circulation of over 600,000.

Other early Chicago magazines were short-lived, full of lofty aspirations for the new city, with titles such as *Garland of the West*, *Gem of the Prairie*, and *Free West*. The *Lakeside Monthly* (1869–1874), edited by Francis Fisher Browne, was the first magazine to portend Chicago's literary future. It was followed by the Browne-edited *Dial* (1880–1929), which encouraged modernist literary innovation and helped inspire the **Chicago literary renaissance**. The *Dial* was the arbiter of culture for Chicagoans until it moved to New York City in 1918.

Gilded Age Chicago was home to *Little Corporal* (1865–1875), the first widely read national children's magazine. *Carl Pretzel's National Weekly* (1872–1893) was a humorous magazine written in a German-English dialect that featured serious social and political commentary. The *Arkansaw Traveler*, born in Little Rock but published in Chicago from 1887 to 1916, was one of the most popular humor magazines in the country. The *Chap-Book* (1894–1898) was the first Chicago magazine to publish quality **poetry**. *American Field* began as a hunting and fishing magazine in 1874 before it turned to purebred sporting dogs.

Alliance (1873–1882) and *Ram's Horn* (1890–1910) were the most popular of hundreds of religious titles produced in the city. *Alarm; A Socialistic Weekly* (1878–1886), the leading English-language **anarchist** journal in the United States, was produced in Chicago by Albert R. Parsons, one of the **Haymarket** anarchists. Chicagoans also produced a variety of technical, industrial, and trade publications which remained in print, although many are published elsewhere, at the beginning of the twenty-first century, including *American Printer* (1883), *Railway Track and Structures* (1884), *Boxboard Containers* (1892), *Rock Products* (1896), and *Telephony* (1901).

Chicago has been home to some of the most influential professional magazines in the nation. The *Journal of the American Medical Association*, now *JAMA*, began in Chicago in 1883. From a monthly of official proceedings, it became the world's most-read medical journal. Other such Chicago-based journals have included *Archives of Dermatology* (1882), *Journal of the American Osteopathic Association* (1901), the American Library Association's *Booklist* (1905), and *Journal of the American Dental*

Association (1913).

In the twentieth century, the *International Socialist Review* (1900–1918), edited by A. M. Simons, published nearly all of the leading **socialists** during their heyday. The religious *Moody Monthly* began as the *Institute Tie* in 1900. Chicago's literary renaissance was inspired by at least three magazines. The *Friday Literary Review*

Morrie's voice

Work Song?

00 puffed her cheeks.

"It's only..."

"That's some 'only'."

words Morrie might use: toil, scoundrel

That ukase...

"You're a scrapper."

I resorted to...

Rose always said

, 00 elaborated.

A life is a contraption, more complicated than most.

"That's all to the good."

"Just getting rid of some wrinkled money."

Hic sunt dracones--Here be dragons.

as a hypocrite's Bible is said to smell of thumbs.

It was cause for reflection.

"I can imagine."

This was tricky (business).

My face went hot.

voice carried a tremor

I answered in kind

you're a pencil-pusher of some kind? (Sandison asks?)

I assisted the arithmetic. Write-offs. 00. That sort of thing.

...this recounting for history and the proper authorities, if they have the gumption to act on its facts. History's justice I have more confidence in.

I carry that in my head each time I... Not that much of a load, I suppose, but it adds up over years.

It galled me.

Fool that I have been.

In the skull vault is everything the mind has ever taken or been given. The 00 of 00 rests against 00, both compressed to dots of memory and so made intense.

Notions jittered in my mind like fancywear on a clothesline.

button-busting

Not for the first time in my life (nor probably the last), delay stood in for decision. Tonight, I told myself; that would have to be early enough. Or at least as early as I could muster the question.

"Only just barely."

"I know a little something about that. 00 years of 00."

I knew what she meant.

They had lost touch with hope.

"There's evidence of that."

yes, I know."

I stiffened.

This was dismal.

Matters kept turning themselves over in my mind.

I was not going to be a foot soldier for that idea.

"I'll do that," as soon as February has thirty days."

This was more like it.

All I could do was to try not to flinch away.

It seemed only right.

interrupted my slumber

I was not about to truckle to Anaconda's goons.

The meantime. Mean was the word for it, all right. Ever since...the time had been wicked.

I decided it was easier to stay mystified than to delve into it.

If the eye saw across time as it does distance

You can purify yourself out of existence little by little

"To the shores of the Himalayas."

I tried to wall out such thoughts with work.

It crossed my mind--all the time--that...

Something like this makes you wonder how well you know yourself.

Skepticism still was uppermost in me.

I don't say that I find myself in 00. But neither do I lose track of myself there.

I began to wish I had worn a breastplate.

This must not seem like a brag. It is more in the nature of anecdotal evidence.

To have electricity at the twitch of a switch was such a treat I practically bathed in it.

But that vaults me ahead of my story.

I demurred as civilly as I could.

00 was the culprit.

“Not many, if any,” I said.

To be sure,...

“Also,” I began...

I said to myself, Morgan Llewelyn, you...

What brings that thought was...

Put me down in the book of ignorance. I had no idea...

“Where is it you hail from?”

“Across the mountains there. Been around Kalispell for a considerable time.”

I was fairly sure I heard Missouri in his voice, as in so many men of Montana, but I asked anyway: “And before?”

“I’ve accumulated quite a bunch of before.” Meaning, he was not about to elaborate on any of them.

I might as well have told him I was the Thane of Glamis.

I could sit up in the middle of the night and recite it:

Never pick up a knife by its blade.

His voice flexed into speculation.

“Pertaining to--?”

His footfall was nearly mine.

We talked on, in the 00 parlor.

I seldom surprise myself. But I did now.

The world has put on new clothes without you even noticing the needle was threaded.

--that malady of hard swallowing, again--

It took him some seconds, Ben watching with interest, before the words would come out.

I felt as if part of me was gone, some wheel within my head had dropped off.

Neither of us will go on to sainthood from that episode.

I was of different minds about this.

Do I not know those tales.

I want to think I would do better with the moment if I had it over again.

“Spur of the moment sounds like a horse we can all bet on.”

No day since then have I not thought of Marias Coulee.

“00, there’s more vision in a blind man’s dark glasses than there is in you.”

“I am he.”

“Will miracles never de cease.”

I would not want to be on the receiving end of her wrath.

Prairie Nocturne leftovers:

Watching to see how she was taking this, he immediately upped the ante:
I’m like the fellow who only knew two tunes: ‘One is *It’s a Long Way to
Tipperary*, and the other isn’t, I think.’

“Grace, this tastes like chicken but not quite.

A hare out of place.

I had wondered that myself. Many times.

Ambition poked out all over him.

“Don’t preen yet,” she warned him.

“Do I have any say in this?”

“Are you asking for surefire death?”

Watching to see how she was taking this, he immediately upped the ante:
I’m like the fellow who only knew two tunes: ‘One is *It’s a Long Way to
Tipperary*, and the other isn’t, I think.’

With the cottonwoods that rose old and tall along English Creek, the streetside
forestation produced almost a roof over the town. The businesses along Main

Street looked considerably better than they otherwise would have, somehow seemed to be trying not to disgrace the trees. The neighborhoods, with all that green over them as shelter from the sun and as a breeze-catcher whenever any air was moving, were wonderful for walking.

Besides the street columns of cottonwoods, a colossal old one with a trunk as big around as the wheel of a hay rake stood in the yard beside the front gate.

..., their gravestones matched humps of marble against the broad and lofty lines of the valley.

“It’ll be a humdinger if we can get it all,” 00 predicted. That is, if the rain didn’t resume and keep the hay too wet to stack, or if hail or a windstorm didn’t knock it flat.

A determined hum of “*Work, for the Night Is Coming*” to dismiss that.

Now as then, especially sharp translation was required.

Scotch Heaven was never for the fastidious.

The homestead, the one-room school--she had come from the equivalent of a birdnest.

Scotch Heaven was never for the fastidious.

He lifted his hands in surrender.

The mountains reared to the west, a wall at the end of the high plains stretching eastward to nobody knew where. They became like a wall to the Duffs, too--like the wall of a room, a familiar solidness and design. No matter where you were in the coulee maze of the North Fork valley, scramble high enough and the mountain wall would be there, gray-blue, tilted and pillaring.

...arched like stone rainbows, and the pot of treasure at their end mostly gravel. Montana's seasons declared themselves. They regulated life. (Susan's father did not like to be regulated by much else.) A giant winter--1886, 1919--would send the livestock industry to its knees. Farming wobbled with every dry summer.

his throat made a musical excursion now, its long low exploratory hum

the household out for an innocent evening of musical culture,

Speculation of more than one kind in his voice.

The mischief life dealt him was the same hand as hers: that troublesome sense of justice.

grin was thin enough to pass through a soup strainer.

Wes was not above shaping a line ahead of time.

as if it was all the encouragement in the world.

With critical eye and held breath, she came back to the sheets of paper there in the wash of light and read them over. There was movement of sound and aspiration on the page, and one definition of that was music.

This was an opening bid if there ever was one.

How, behind any one person, the others lingered. The past calved them, as surely as icebergs emanate from the glaciers of Greenland. Some certain skein of event changed what would come, what would be fixed into memory.

By all signs there was no hope of putting him at ease, so I put him to work.

“Now then. We’ll start easy.”

“I’m for that.”

As if anything that truly counted had a given time to it.

This, with Monty--it isn’t simply to...involve the two of us again, is it?
Tell me if it is.”

He wanted to reach for her. Which had not worked for the past four years, had it. “I wouldn’t say so.”

Susan could be seen weighing his words. The weak places in this elaborate man were where she had loved him. She told herself again once was enough.

“But it will take work.”

“Is that all?”

He stopped, seeing the resolve in her face.

He watched as she went in search of paper, and was surprised to see her come back with sheets lined for music. Was she always ready for whatever came along? She took down the words he had just sung and a couple of other recitations before curiosity got the best of her.

she could not wait to pounce

I folded my arms.

It galled him, the deadweight sitting on a song he wanted to come out of him

Spring was the disappointing time. (OK in Prairie FIND.) Other seasons would let you down in their own way: summer might be too rainy for good haying, autumn too brief or too cold, winter might be one blizzard after another. But spring had its special disappointments. With the cold clog of winter supposedly broken, you looked forward to warm weather and dry earth. Instead, there might be weeks of mud, every step outdoors taken in overshoes heavy with mud. Spring weather would be just warm enough to make you shed a winter coat, just cool enough to chill you into taking a cold. And a spring without rain or a late, wet snow meant the grass and hay would not be good when summer ever came. The melting snow...slush... The deep banks up the coulees could be watched shrinking, crusting into dirty iciness before finally vanishing.

“I’m catching hell about...”

“I was given a helping of that myself.”

Hawk weather, that had been, another oversize Two Medicine summer, when he had ridden this country up, down, and sideways in search of homestead land for himself and Rob.

I was supposedly a figure of learning. What were you left with? You teach generations of children, instill in them every facet of life you can think of, show them what stories are made of, drill the dancesteps of the language into them until they helplessly recite in their sleep, and even so, against all expectations of civilized outcome, people ride off the face of the earth without a trace.

It put him in mind of the time the youngest of the Peterson girls had happily brought her kaleidoscope to school to show it off, and when he popped in for a drink from the waterbucket from supervising recess, there sat Samuel Duff profoundly taking it apart. “*Jesus dancing Christ, lad!*” All teacherly restraint had flown from him as he descended on the intent boy. “*Ingrid Peterson’s whopping brothers will pound the both of us to paste!*” Curiosity nowhere near slaked, Samuel plucked out another shard of color and held it up to the light where it threw a ribbon of rainbow onto the wall. “*But I’ll put it back together, Mr. McCaskill, and then we’ll know how it works.*” Which was the case. The colors of this, a ray here, a startling tint there, Angus had turned over and over, and he lacked Samuel Duff’s confident calm now that he believed he saw their pattern.

Sweat rolled off him. *The Lord’s lubricant,*

My Viennese teacher, a fraud in every other way that counted, at least had been right about preparation: “*Before ve improvise, ve must rehearse.*”

She had unreservedly said back, "*They'll wear their hearts in their ears, I promise you.*"

No three words were ever more intense

She wondered how wakeful he was, here on this ranch where he, like Susan's father and others of the North Fork, had vowed never to set foot unless it was to kick a clod into the grave of the last Williamson.

From the very start, on that most distant day when she and Angus were wed, Adair had not known what to say when all at once a great unforgettable goose of a schoolgirl with the majestic neck she had not yet grown into and those sinewy Duff shoulders stood up tall and in the finest voice gave the one gift that, even then, Adair knew would last:

They were a raccoon-eyed household in the morning, all of them haggard except for Susan and she was edgy enough to strike blue aparks.

her head gave a fierce indication toward the adjoining room

with inconsequential clouds in the way of the sun but no promise of rain

Argument was the language she seemed to know best. Monty made himself give it all he had.

started to prowl in search of how this could be put into words

“He’ll be up here in a minute. I can be the one to put it to him, see where he wants to clear out to.”

He tried a smile that didn’t quite catch hold.

Samuel was plowed under here because he was Adam’s ilk.

For the first time in my life, I was eating a pasty--fortunately pronounced like *past*, not *paste*--a mean and potatoes cooked in pie crust dish that Cornish miners introduced to Butte, and it was one hundred percent delicious.

Let them think what they think.

I banked my anger.

Without thinking, I said:

fresh as the next heartbeat.

The belief that they’re silkier inside than the rest of us.

That could be a little or a lot.

You know, there’s always the chance that was meant to be funny.

A chill went from my soles up to my soul.

...as if the first pages of a book lay open.

a skein of feats like a tapestry hung through the mind

The geography of my life.

the wares of the world

with everything in me (i.e. wholehearted)

How much can a person dare and yet remain bound to the world -- not fly off in the mind beyond touch of all that is real?

“He, aw, you know.” Russian Famine vaguely put up his dukes.

took a vow of poetry -- and no, he didn't leave the v out of that word,
although it came to the same.

Nil desperandum (Never despair) -- Horace

I felt excavated.

...like a (floor)board you know is going to give way.

...there I was pocket-deep in it.

The university turned out to be a map I went across in zigs and zags and
loops of joy.

While I was at the university by the lakefront, going across the map of
knowledge in zigs and zags and loops of joy, Casper was taking on the world, fist
by fist.

I began to see.

The granite in that was...

"Practically that."

I struck 00 in the ribcage with the brass knuckles. He would not be able to
lift that right arm above 00 for weeks.

Everything was new once.

"A road runs both directions, Grace."

My life has not been saturated with schemes, like some.

"I can see so."

"It's not that unusual,"

It was too late to bell that cat.

Trying to teach an old dogma new tricks.

Forever and a day could go by, and I...

"Now that you mention it."

the proportion to touch and turn a life.

the zigzags of life

Life plunges on.

Yet the universals were there.

I tried to calm down into some semblance of a rational being.

We drew new assessments of one another.

It was one of those thoughts that came out of nowhere.

We each tend to think the pat has happened only to ourselves. That it is our marrow only, particular and specific; filling our bones a special way.

Words have shadows, just as surely as we do.

Sleep didn't come, although the recurrent dream that was memory did.

cast a look

At no fixed hour

It hurt all the way to the hear, to hear that the puddled settlements on the great prairie were drying up.

sadly lacking in...

The story I think is too trim to be true...

The 00 repeated the 00.

a smattering of...

Words don't stain me. Behavior is another matter.

the tines of love

in the bask of

an echo back from the wall of the grave

00 looked mortally offended.

Hell itself ought to weep, looking at this.

assiduous

There wasn't a semblance of...

By what divination...

Out of my own mullings

becoming (adj.)

Woodrow Wilson, that whited man...

To find the author of my sorrows, all I had to do was to look in the mirror.

sauced with

afterthought

“There’s hope, but not much.”

That sort of thing.

“The thing is,…”

“Correct me if I’m wrong.”

“Surely that’s a bit strong.”

“You mustn’t.”

He wasn’t going to fob that off on me.

This day, though,...

That was at odds with...

Tactics. Always the great question, those.

The only ammunition expended was the joking calibre.

As though he had caught a fever.

When did the world ever work like that?

When a heart breaks, it falls into no predictable pattern.

“The crannies of the cranium, yes.”

Which it is. I was born Morgan Llewellyn.

During my Australian excursion, I found occasional employment as what might be termed *chef de cuisine* of ledgers--which was to say, cook of the books--for certain imperiled mining firms. Numbers are an easy enough matter of manipulation for me, although unfortunately that facility tends to vanish around the

vicinity of my wallet. There among the would-be mining magnates Down Under, I heard a place spoken of as the 1849 argonauts must have talked of the California goldfields.

Tasmania, Montana, melancholia, absentia--the recent course of my life is compassed by locutions nominatively open at their far ends, I can't help but notice. Once a Latinist always a Latinist, I suppose.

I found employment of a sort as accountant for a mining firm. Numbers are an easy enough matter of mainpulation for me, although unfortunately that facility tends to vanish around the vicinity of my wallet. There among the miners I heard a place spoken of as the 1849 argonauts must have talked of the California goldfields. Its name was Butte.

My earlier adventure in Montana, cut short for reasons best not gone into here, lingered in me. I had a yearning, a yen, a positive homesickness for a place where I had spent only one short teaching year.

Whistling leftovers:

He went perfectly still.

“Can you go that far with me?”

“Rose will think--”

"I'll straighten it out with her. The crooked shall be made straight, Paul."

"I fear that for a woman to be married to me would be like holding a lightning rod."

"Do you know the saying about how an imminent hanging wonderfully concentrates a person's mind? Casper's fate had that effect on Rose as well as me. I dare say she will walk the straight and narrow, where your father is concerned. And you'll have a mother." He gave the wan smile again. "Although the Milliron household now may have to quit paying a housekeeper and hire a cook."

Can you go that far with me?"

"Rose will think--"

"I'll straighten it out with her. The crooked shall be made straight, Paul."

"I will be moving on, at the end of the school year."

He came and went like the comet, in our lives.

telegram. Tasmania. For the next few weeks I went down to the Westwater public library and read every newspaper. I never did find the story of a Tasmania-bound ship going down. I wondered if Father similarly was reading, with his finger.

Dreams are gatherings.

and stay in a way nothing else does

Dreams, episodes, fragments of lives...they add up to years, to having lived.

October, shapeshifting tenth month

The moon had the sky to itself then, and there just ahead of winter was the big harvest version. Outside the window as I tried to fend off sleep...

I am prepared to use all the political instincts and administrative wiles-- and, admittedly, the reverse--that have kept me in office all these terms. I don't have any doubt that I can carry the day. Only that the burden is worth it.

--a good many of them donated from his own lifelong collection, which not incidentally persuaded the city fathers to make him librarian--

There still were the shadows. Not every night-- was sheer tribulation.

I saw why the job of cryer was short-lived. I felt as if the interior of my head was being razed, gray cell by gray cell.

There is nothing like watching alcohol change a person before your eyes to learn about shades of character.

All right, I confess: money has always managed me more adroitly than I have managed it.

Lanky and shallow chested

and according to the slant of sunlight on the linoleum floor, most of the morning.

“Yes, isn’t it.”

Truth be told,

“I’ll lend an ear.”

I put a finger to my ear to indicate I had not heard fully.

Not an attractive option.

and I was more than ready.

I needed to get my footing under me, in a hurry.

“Skinner, don’t be tiresome.”

“Any lamebrain can make Dakota jokes.

He may have been dumb as an anvil, but...

when it was ruleless country

Murmur mutter cuss cuss

“You’re having yourself quite a day.”

He stepped over to the mounds of waiting books as if they were spread with a picnic.

OO at least knew when to keep a decent silence.

“Kiss yourself goodbye.”

The percentage of him between his ears may not have been much, but...

green as a magic forest

quickly I was as rapt as my grade-schoolers at Marias Coulee.

The Schoolchild's Big Book of Stories

The king had a voice the size of a dictionary. "Bring me my remembrancer!"..

. "If that is so, we'll soon overflow! Puddles of memory will follow us everywhere like shadows! Think of it all, rememberer! The taste of green when we thumb a summer pea from its pod. The icicle needles of winter. The whippetwee of the night bird. How can our poor heads hold the least little of all there is to remember? Tell me that, whoever can."

Sighing, I patted the page and closed the big book.

No, the comfortable storybook was essential, a schoolteacher's best friend, as I had found in my prairie classroom.

Among the items in my missing sea trunk were old favorite tomes, their murmurings now at the distance of memory.

No, Caesar's classic telling in its calm recognizable grandeur--*Omnia Gallia est divisa in tres partes* --was essential, a siren call to knowledge, as I had found with my prize pupil in my prairie classroom.

And found myself in a literary garden of delight.

Like earls chumming with field hands
pigeon-breasted

The holdings of the shelves

It couldn't be.

Oeuvres Completes de Buffon The leather spine and marbled cover with blues like fireworks. Inside, the steel engravings of beasts and birds, It is a trick only the finest illustrators can pull off, a bit of eggwhite mixed into the hand-coloring to give sheen. Holding my breath, I opened the book to the peacock: the colors practically rioted off the page.

Latin saying.

That found a seam in him. "You know Latin? How about Greek?"

gold-titled

had drawn strange glinting looks from Grace and Hooper as well, that supertime.

She nodded. From her expression, I could tell that there luckily was not more.

Butte never undernamed anything

Whatever trails us through life, however,

as if I was in on a conspiracy.

asked suspiciously

When we reached the high desk where Miss Runyon presided,

In little time, I was on a familiar basis

might sooner or later advance to *Morrie* and *Sam* or at least *Samuel*.

with a characteristic dip of doubt,

Thee and me, certainly, perhaps side by side.

Between us, he said not without reason, we had brains and brawn.

as if the boxing ring ropes were rungs on the ladder of wealth.

their distinctive leather pouches slung on them,

"Go chase yourselves.

It was not popular with him, but...

"The defalcation of the city treasurer last year, if you take my meaning."

It was clear enough to anyone with a nodding acquaintance of Latin: the root verb *defalcare*, to cut off, as with a sickle. Where public funds were the 00--it amounted to cut and run, with the money.

"Embezzlement, you are referring to."

“You are getting along with Sam Sandison?”

“Oh, you mean Sandy?” I said airily. “We’re like that.” I held up my first two fingers, crossed.

That is all another story for another time.

I did not like the particular intonation he gave it.

“Don’t you keep up?”

“You’re awfully thick with...”

“Ah, on that. I need to speak with you.”

“I value my sanity too much.”

with a set face.

This was uncomfortable.

What precipitated this?

gave me a look that took inches off my height.

“Not until there’s a pill for shrillness.”

in pulpits from there to Cardiff every seventh day.

said as if it had been on her mind throughout

“If we didn’t know he’s up to something, yeah.”

“The Windy City...”

“I know no more of that than a walrus does of the Gulf of Carpentaria.”

He rolled that around in his head a few times, glowering at me.

I would not say he put fear into them, but they turned wary.

He inspected me as if noticing my existence for the first time.

rough factions ready to do the fighting.

Just by being reasonably fastidious, I evidently stuck out like a Venice masquer to anyone capable of suspicion.

The midpoint of a man’s life--or perhaps more profoundly, a woman’s--

as if made for my pores

Griff and Hoop

“Hmm? Oh, just a joke

“In this life, it’s be on your tippytoes or flat on your backside.”

“Right straight down the line.”

Hoop objected. “That’s the dumbest thing since Little Nemo.”

Hoop: “These times are not them times.”

Hoop attested.

“Morrie, you’ve got a lot upstairs, but there are times when you don’t know your elbow from your other.”

“He has two speeds, that fellow--stand still and sit down.

“If we’d got twice as many as we did so far, we’d at least have one.”

although I was yet at the early point of acquaintanceship where I had to monitor to myself which was looking at which.

“It gets thought all to hell by the time...”

“Maybe it wasn’t such a bughouse idea.”

“Far as I’m concerned,...”

“Something like.”

“He’s awful learned.”

“Let’s give it a quit.”

“Same here.”

“Hell if I know.

Hoop described.

“One thing about you, Morrie, you have a good name.”

“So, what kind of wandering planet are you?”

“--Griff, you appear amused.”

All that gleams does not assay out as gold; copper has its own moneyed tint.

There are two other boarders, permanent as the roofbeams, scrawny old miners named Tom Griffith and Frank Hooper. with an uncertain number of teeth.

Griff and Hoop almost grinned their ears off.

Griff and Hoop were hopping busy.

...as bandy in their gait as...

“You can count those on the thumbs of one hand.”

“You just leave it to us to inkle that out.” or: “Hoop, we ought to be able to inkle that out, don’t you think?”

“That’s acey-deucey with us.”

Griff mannerism: , see,

“What in holy nelly for?”

walked me through the route--gimped me through it, more honestly, for between them they possessed barely two sound legs--to the neighborhood of that night's wake.

They tramped me through the streets until I felt as gimpy as the two of them.

OO hooked his cane in the back of his pants so that it hung down like a straight tail.

back in the day when they were underground whizzes

the banty figures of Griif and Hoop

"He needs to see it."

"Afraid so."

"That's where they done it."

"Where what was done?"

"They hung the Wob organizer, name of Frank Little. Roused him out of his hotel room in the middle of the night and strung him up from that trestle."

"Company goons, who else?"

like ancients who had heard it all before.

“The gallows frames are sure humming today.”

Griff’s pronunciation of it, as I was to find common in Butte, was *gallus*, like the old word for suspenders. Accordingly it took me a moment to realize the term meant suspension of quite another sort. “That’s rather a grim name for headframes, isn’t it?”

“Miner humor,” said Hoop, and to this day I cannot decide whether he deliberately meant *minor* as well.

Grace

Grace gave me an openmouthed look, then one at the satchel. "And you won," she said in a tone of wonder. "Arthur never won."

She reddened a bit at that emotion, although it may have been fury.

The red was back in her cheeks.

with that expression of sustained strain around her eyes, as if her braid was being tugged hard from behind.

then patted my arm comfortably

but the dimple did sly work of its own

"You'll get a hoot out of this."

"Horsefeathers!"

"House rules, Grace," Hoop chided.

"And I'm the Queen of Sheba."

"Hush, Morrie."

the dungeon of her silence.

grief drying her voice to a whisper.

I do not think of myself as weepy. Rose used to tell me I was built watertight. But when the vision of those miners trapped in flame 0000 feet beneath the ground...

pretty as a posy.

“A fact, is that?”

Rosettes of that were in her cheeks.

All vintages of the story agreed: the food was served there with more enthusiasm than skill.

Her hair was down, and the shawling effect on her shoulders was striking.

“You’d think it would be the same sky over the whole world.”

the black magic of love

“Are you sure your name isn’t Howie? As in, ‘Howie you going to aggravate me next?’”

She still felt like lathering herself in it--the fluid light at least as luxurious to her as the waters of any spa. Out in the 00 gulches and across the 00 prairies, kerosene lamps glowed yellow. The cups of light she had come from. (or use w/ Morrie, thinking of Marias Coulee?)

“None of us are what we could be.”

...needing to go, wanting to stay.

“You would, too, wouldn’t you. In spite of everything, you would.”

“I’ll do what I think is right. Surely it’s my turn at that.”

Under a widow moon

Always I have loved the sky.

The curtain of light

“Halley’s Comet. Where were you?”

She would not hear of...

“Well, if the wind blows that way...”

“I don’t care a teaspoon about that.”

“...some I could mention.”

“That’s on you, then.”

“Isn’t that always the way of it?”

“Why do you say that?”

“Just to see. Whether...”

“I have heard the ridiculous in my time, but that tops anything.”

and blam, another stick of pine into the reluctant stove.

rubbed her temples with her fingertips. "It's a shame we didn't meet when the world was young."

"Ingenious," said Grace.

She gathered herself back to present surroundings.

"You're saved, Hoop. Turkey has never been known to oink."

In turn she told me about herself...

"You have been around, haven't you."

"He was old-country Welsh.

"It pays the rent."

"Being a cryer is a far cry from bookkeeping."

I smiled. "Well said."

Grace notably was saying nothing.

"Perhaps--?" I made a supping motion to Grace.

"Oh, of course." She cut a thick slice of bread, put it on a place, and set it in front of Russian Famine. Pouring from the syrup can, she said: "Say when."

"I like it sogged it up."

"I run until they drop."

“You’re quite the runner then.” An idea was coming to me. “A quite employable one.”

“You’re cheerful this morning,” Grace observed

Hearing that dire report, I had to restrain myself from scratching.

Rab

“They’re not. Can you believe it, they’re not.”

Rab was young as springtime and equally as guileful.

I had pledged not to go back to Marias Coulee.

Running up and down the stairstep of eight grades like a lighthouse keeper
of minds

“I must take you into my confidence.”

As a schoolgirl, Rab was always ready for conspiracy.

“Rose and I had a falling out. A family matter.”

(Rab imagines a version.)

“I could not have put it better myself.”

She was not my sister; rather, my sister-in-law.

Rose went through a convulsion of love

a matrimonial pairing

Jared was the kind who could make waves in a birdbath.

Rab had a racehorse keenness about her.

“I’m betrothed. B-e-t-r-o-t-h-e-d,” she rattled off as if in one of Marias
Coulee’s spelling bees.

I grinned. “The lucky man is going to have his hands full.”

Rab swooped on that.

To be around Rab was to hear the patter of little ideas running through her
mind.

“Just for fun, let’s say you...”

“That is so typical.”

Morrie talking to her class about Australian songlines; realizes his audience of schoolkids doesn't know Wagga Wagga from Walla Walla.

Rab was onto that like a kitten finding cream.

That put a different light on the matter.

"Don't you know who Sandison is? He's the Strangler."

"String-'em-up Sam," Griff said as he passed the boiled potatoes to me.

"Figured you knew."

"She's live ammo, that girl," Hoop said in admiration.

"That hoyden."

"Petey, don't scratch so much," she bossed with natural authority. Eleven-year-old girls could put the word to rights if we would let them. Rabrab at that age very nearly had.

Slim and supple as anyone could be, just before the topography of womanhood began curving and thrusting. that sudden season of last childhood, spent trying to figure out how the truces of life are won or lost.

chunky boys and 00 girls.

Children as golden tan as honey.

Jared: tall, husky through the shoulders, mild blue eyes, black hair slicked back.

"Jared, I am old enough to be--" I calculated--"her older brother."

Rab, ajump with ideas

"You were putty when you came to me, at age what?"

onward, to call it that, into the trenches of death in France.

She poised for a moment before settling to the desk, in the attitude of a canny abbess.

She was not surprised at the knock of tongues that had followed her since she took up with Jared Evans.

It was like her,...

I sighed. "All right, Perseverance."

I thought of the Marias Coulee homesteaders. They had come from somewhere and that somewhere had not left them. (lingered in them)

I told him an Aussie survivor of Gallipoli had told him he felt the cupped hand of God around him in the war. "Putting aside for the moment the question of whether there is a Higher Intelligence--was it something like that with you?"

A heart-to-talk talk, the saying goes. But Rab's heart and mine were quite different ages, pumping different streams of experience, racing and fluttering to different excitements. Perhaps chin-to-chin is always the best that can be managed.

Rab was going to have a cat fit, but she'd just have to.

my prize pupil Paul Milliron, bright as a new coin

"Not until there's a pill for shrillness."

"You're fudging." "Rab, I am not fudging."

"This country is being run by men who can barely operate an umbrella."

Rab had to be handled like an opened jackknife. She sometimes jabbed just because she happened to know how.

This was Rab at her conspiratorial best.

the mood lashing in her

a chunk of a boy

the freckle epidemic

"I don't know what we'd do without your jawbone."

"You're the one to talk."

cinnamon eyes

“There, doesn’t that sound rosier?”

“A pigment of the imagination, Rab.”

Jared was not one to daub his life thick with philosophy.

a bothering child

“Don’t get me started on Anaconda.”

Russian Famine: “Could if I had to.”

“Vixen.”

“There’s been someone, hasn’t there.”

And even after ten years, I needed no reminding, I still was bound by the terms of that farewell.

Rab switched her tail and pounced.

“That will do, Sharp Ears.”

She already was making a big bet in choosing life with this soldier on the front lines of the miners’ union, I thought to myself.

Butte

on the rising ground

If the hill of copper was a horn of plenty, the miners had come out at the
little end.

Butte was a compressed world, thick as its geology. Streets were glaciers
of people when a shift changed at the mines--the Cornishmen flowing to the 00
neighborhood, the Welsh to 00...

Bunting looped down the announcer's perch (4th of July '19)

Montana found itself shackled instead of wed.

The white web of stars above the city

covering the hillside

Butte was not a place where pedigree was all, or even much.

Butte was a compressed world, thick as its geology. Streets were glaciers
of people when a shift changed at the mines--the Cornishmen flowing to the 00
neighborhood, the Welsh to 00...Slavs and Italians. Finns and Norwegians.

Italian and Serbian and

--actually on the rising ground of the Hill--undulated with the usual
commerce of an energetic city, but

The tall downtown buildings: made possible by the advent of elevators;
Morrie had seen Chicago rise.

But was as if Chicago's smaller skyscrapers had been crated west. (or
shrunk/

If ever there was a citywide factory turning the holdings of hard rock into
human gain, this looked like it.

"I grasp that Anaconda is very near almighty in this city."

the Constantinople of the Rockies

from their earlier recital of labor's struggles that the Anaconda Company
some time back had lowered miners' wages by a dollar a day, a sharp cut, and the
union leadership at the time had called a strike that shortly failed at the point of
bayonet.

"You're all so musically inclined," Betty was doing her part, "what do you
get when you drop a piano down a mineshaft?" Quinlan and McGlashan and the
others who had spent years underground cocked their heads in anticipation. She
delivered the punchline with relish. "A flat miner. I'd hope it was you, Quin."

Resounding hoots greeted that, and were washed down in tribute.

revised in ch. 1

A room that is not one's own has something missing, whatever its comforts. Trying to settle in until it was time for the evening meal, I felt that particular pang of a lodger even more than usual. The ten years since ^{had} I said goodbye to schoolteaching at the prairie haven of homesteads called Marias Coulee--that's another story--were a long corridor of rooms like this one, although seldom as well-kept. Time was catching up to me, I suppose, although who ever wants to admit that? Besides, if I needed any reminding that the world does not stand still even when I make the effort, it blared there in the headlines of the paper I had glanced at and cast aside. ATT'Y GENERAL WARNS OF DOMESTIC BOLSHEVIKS...BUTTE BREWERY SHUTTERED BY 'DRY' LAW...WILSON CALLS LEAGUE OF NATIONS BEST HOPE FOR LASTING PEACE...BOSTON POLICE THREATEN TO STRIKE... America in that agitated time; not merely a nation, but something like a continental nervous condition.

The country would have to fend for itself for the time being, I concluded darkly, I had my own mood to wrestle with. There was the overriding matter of my lost trunk. Favorite books, best clothes, keepsakes, all gone. Isolated in an anonymous room in a strange city, I was without belongings in all senses of the word. It made for a thoughtful first few hours in the Farraday boarding house, left as I was with only the contents of my head.