

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-

tice 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 with anticipation. There was a rumor, for instance, that the health care decisions would come down on May 24.

"Rumor followers attended the session anticipating announcement of the momentous decisions," 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.

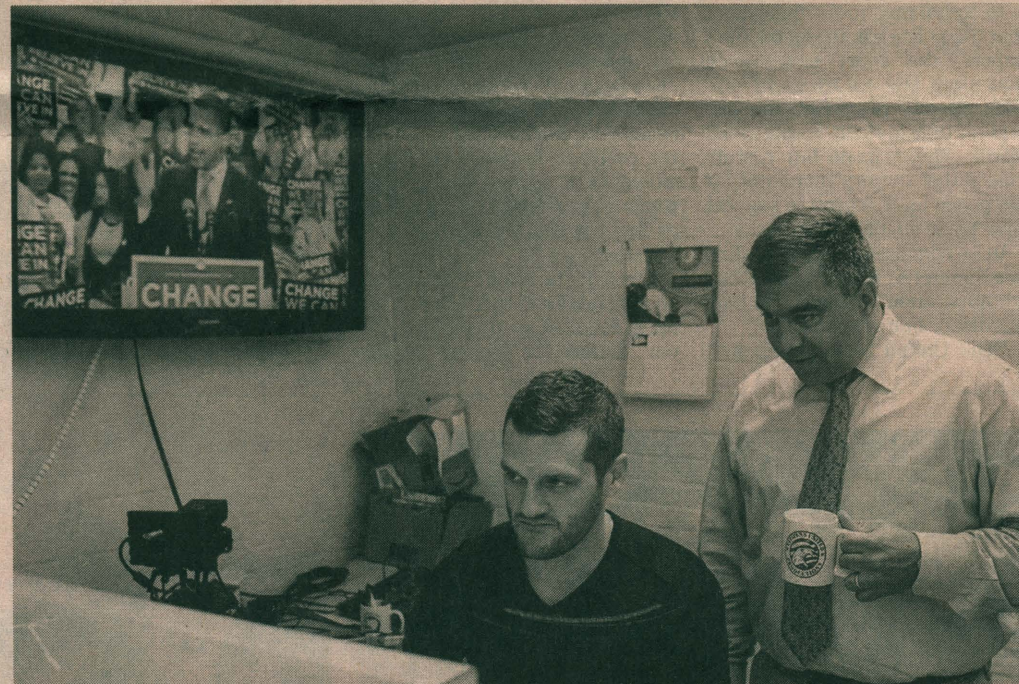
Nicholas Confessore contributed reporting from New York.

"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 plusses 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? □

On a rainy winter day, 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"

has consistently been blocked from coming 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

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!"

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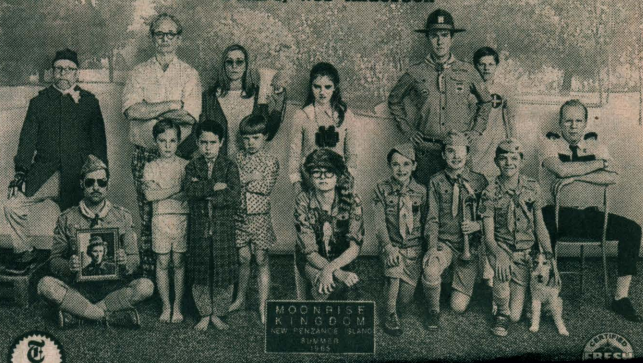
One of Wes Anderson's supreme achievements."

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!

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- 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

"A MUST-SEE"

- Marc Malkin, E! Online

"The premiere was like a rock concert."



PHOTOEST

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

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

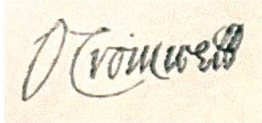
Died Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire
3 September 1658 (aged 59)
Whitehall, London

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]

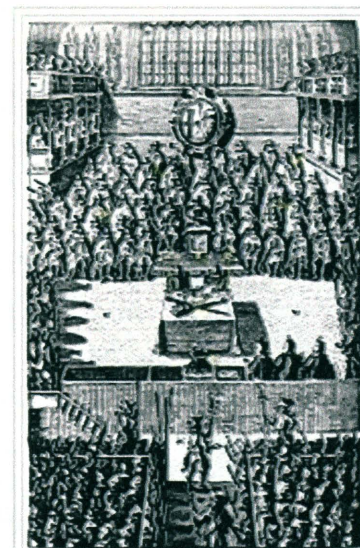
During 1648, Cromwell's letters and speeches started to become heavily based on biblical imagery, many of them meditations on the meaning of particular passages. For example, after the battle of Preston, study of Psalms 17 and 105

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

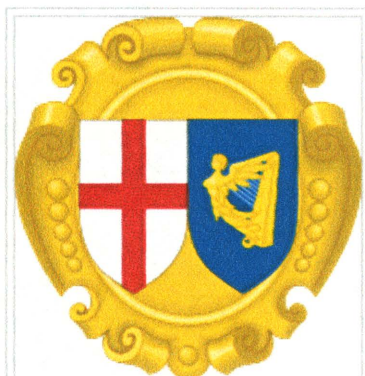
Main article: High Court of Justice for the trial of Charles I

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

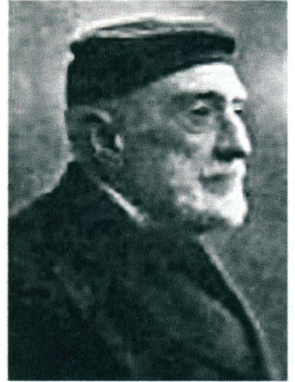
Henry Faulds

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
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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>)

Retrieved from "http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Henry_Faulds&oldid=488807001"

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."

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

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

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.
- [^] "Definition of amscray" (<http://www.allwords.com/word-amscray.html>) . Allwords.com. 2007-04-04. <http://www.allwords.com/word-amscray.html>. Retrieved 2011-06-18.
- [^] Herbert S. Zim, *Codes and Secret Writing* (Morrow, 1948), pages 109-111.
- [^] Definition of largonji (in French) (<http://www.cnrtl.fr/definition/largonji>) Definition of louchébem (in French) (<http://www.cnrtl.fr/definition/louchébem>)

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Search results

For search options, see [Help:Searching](#).

Did you mean: translate *crest* scientia vita *excalibur*

[Content pages](#)
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[Everything](#)
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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

View (previous 20 | next 20) (20 | 50 | 100 | 250 | 500)

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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, Rutan & 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, Rutan & 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]

Contents

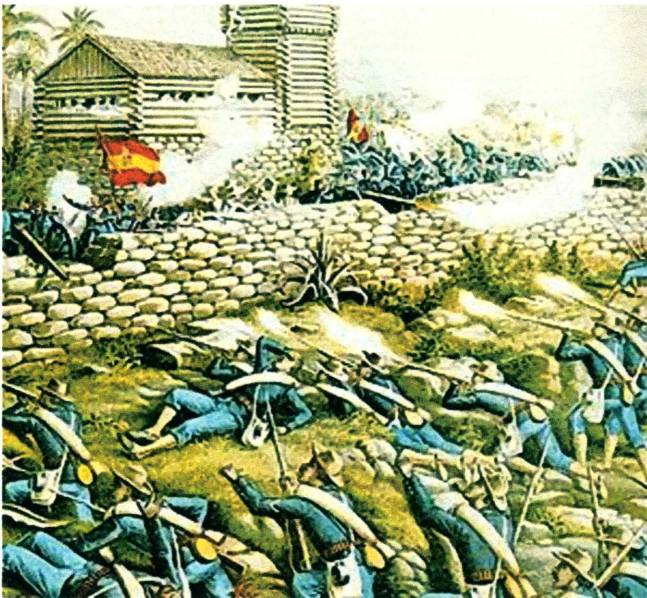
- 1 Background
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Background

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 <div>20.0209106°N 75.7961154°W</div>
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

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
- 4 See also
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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 μ s 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-r* 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)
- ✓ ■ Mistpouffers
- ✓ ■ The Castle Thunder sound effect
- ✓ ■ List of thunder gods
- ✓ ■ Thursday (day of Thor)

References

- ↑ 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.

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Name

Old Norse *Þórr*, Old English *Punor* and Old High German *Donar* are cognates within Germanic, descending from a Common Germanic **þonaroz*^[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]



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



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.

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- 1 Symptoms
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- 3 Treatment
- 4 Dogs and cats
- 5 In popular culture
- 6 See also
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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.

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- 1 Local names
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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.

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- 1 History
- 2 List of appearances
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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)
- Susanoo (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)

Literature

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Video games

Raiden (Mortal Kombat)

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See also

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

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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."

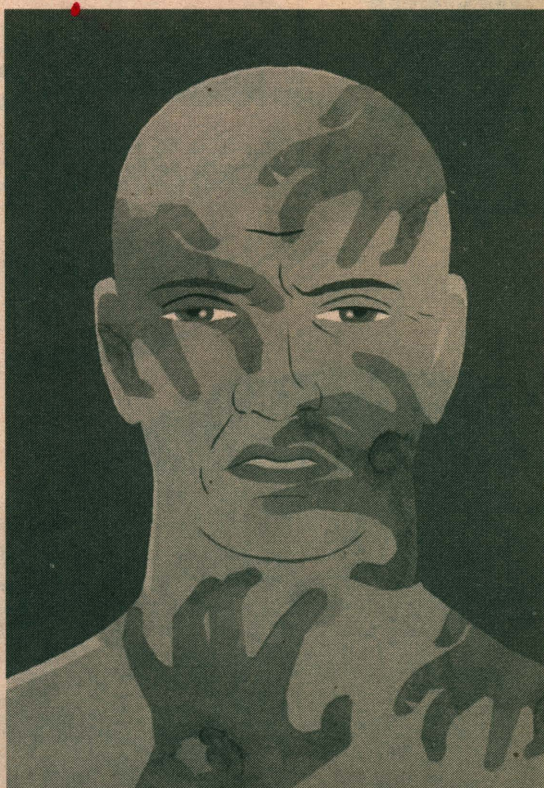
Her sister "reacts to sun and can't go anywhere on vacation where there's sun," Ms. Brancaccio added. "Even sun-blocking clothing doesn't help. She just gets covered with hives."

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

[VIEW](#) [EDIT](#)

little magazines

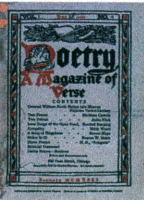
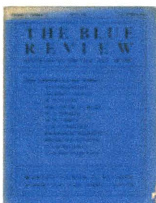
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Little Magazines

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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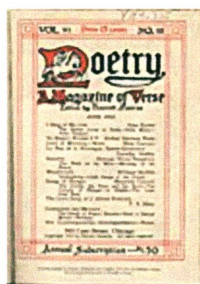
ENTRIES

M

Magazines

Next

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?

OO 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

, OO 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 befores.” 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 decease."

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 past 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 heart, 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 lest 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 suppertime.

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.

Bute 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.

removed 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.