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The Great Pasty Debate
Copper Harbor, Mich. By John Willoughby

From the mid-1960s until my mother died in 2003, I visited Copper Harbor, a little town at the tip of Michigan’s Upper Peninsula, nearly every summer. If you’ve been to this part of the country, you know pasties — a sort of beef stew in a pastry shell that originated in Cornwall and came to the area with Cornish miners in the late 1800s. Back then the Upper Peninsula was the site of a copper boom. By 1900, Calumet, the nearest city to Copper Harbor, had a 16,000-volume library and an elaborate opera house where Sarah Bernhardt performed, and eight foreign-language newspapers. But the copper ran out and the Depression came, and today Calumet is a village of some 700 people in a region of ghost towns and abandoned mines.

As is so often the case, food is the last tradition left from those glory days, and I returned to Copper Harbor this summer in search of pasties (properly pronounced with a soft “a”). The dish inspires a fair amount of passion there, and I heard the first pasty argument as I walked out of the airport. Potatoes and onions are a given, but carrots are controversial, and a particularly fierce squabble concerns turnips versus rutabagas. There’s also the question of whose are best this year. (A current favorite is found on Fridays at the Mohawk Superette.) After sampling at least a dozen versions — some with thick, soggy pastry, others with gormy meat, yet others drenched with (apoastasy!) gravy — I’m partial to those from Tomi’s Country Kitchen in Laurium, Calumet’s sister village.

Eric Frimodig, the folksy, genial guy who has owned and run the place since 1982, is a third-generation pastry expert. He eschews carrots and comes down firmly on the side of rutabagas because, “they’re sweeter than turnips, and they’ve got that nice orange color so everything isn’t white and brown.” When you fork through it, a bit of steam comes drifting out, bringing with it the rich aroma of root vegetables and meat and onion, a smell that tugs at the taste memory of anyone raised on hearty European-derived food. It instantly brings you back to real copper country.

Copper Country Pasties
This recipe was adapted by the author’s great-aunt from the Copper Harbor Improvement Association. Time: About 1 ½ hours, not including resting time.

1 double-crust pie dough, preferably made with shortening
1¼ pounds coarsely ground sirloin, flank or chuck steak (or you may chop into ¼-inch dice)
2 russet potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced
1 large onion, halved and thinly sliced
1 medium rutabaga, peeled and thinly sliced
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tablespoons butter.

1. Divide the pie dough into 6 equal portions, press each into a flat disc, then stack them on a plate, cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate for 1 hour.
2. Preheat the oven to 400. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper.
3. Combine all the filling ingredients in a large bowl (be liberal with the salt and pepper) and mix well.
4. Roll out each dough disc into a 9-inch circle and brush edges with water. Place about ½ of meat-vegetable mixture off-center on each circle, topping each with ¼ of the butter. Fold the large side of the dough over the filling, then crimp the edges to seal. Place on the prepared pan and cut several slits in the tops.
5. Bake about 15 minutes, then reduce heat to 350 and continue to bake (20 to 30 minutes) until the tip is golden brown. Serve with plenty of ketchup.

Yield: 6 pasties.

The Unmentionables
Under a train station, Tokyo By Mario Batali

The last time I was in Tokyo, I took an early-evening constitutional to the mythic Yakitori Alley, tucked under train tracks near Yurakucho Station and spilling out onto the street. It was everything I dreamed of: lopsided makeshift stalls, low tables with backless stools, dudes in suits and, of course, smoky grills operated by very focused chefs. The menus were long and filled with all kinds of delicacies — everything from pork tongue to more-challenging items like pork uterus.

I went to a disheveled stand with five or six people waiting, assuming it was the best. The menu was almost all pork, chicken and vegetables, but the chicken was divided into very, very specific subcategories. There were recognizable items like skin, gizzards, wings and thighs, but also unique items like inner thighs, breast plate and cartilage.

I love every part of the chicken: the pope’s nose, the oysters hidden along the center of the back bone, the liver, the heart, the gizzards and the odd pieces on the underside of the rib cage. My favorite of all, though, is the pristine cartilage attached to the lower-leg-thigh connection — basically, the kneecaps.

Discovering a place that serves a chicken kneecap is exciting. Discovering a place that serves a bunch of them — carefully lined along a wooden skewer, grilled over hardwood charcoal and

---

[Diagram of a chicken]
Looking for a Fight

At the turn of the 20th century, Theodore Roosevelt set out to transform the United States into a major world power.

BY CANDICE MILLARD

WHAT is striking about “Honor in the Dust,” Gregg Jones’s fascinating new book about the Philippines–American War, is not how much war has changed in more than a century, but how little. On nearly every page, there is a scene that feels as if it could have taken place during the Bush and Obama administrations rather than through those of McKinley and Roosevelt. American troops are greeted on foreign soil as saviors and then quickly despised as occupiers. The United States triumphantly declares a victorious end to the war, even as bitter fighting continues. Allegations of torture fill the newspapers, horrifying and transforming the country.

Nowhere will this book resonate more profoundly with modern readers, however, than in the opening episode, which is as difficult to read as it is jarringly familiar. Jones describes the use of an interrogation technique whose name alone instantly brings to mind a recent, highly contentious tactic: To force information from a Filipino mayor believed to have been covertly helping insurgents, American soldiers resort to what they call the “water cure.” After tying the mayor’s hands behind his back and forcing him to lie beneath a large water tank, they pour water on him until he is submerged, hold it in place with a stick and then turn on the spigot. When his stomach is full to bursting, the soldiers begin pounding on it with their fists, stopping only after the water, now mixed with gastric juices, has poured from his mouth and nose. Then they turn on the spigot again. The technique, which was perfected during the Spanish Inquisition, produced in its victims the “simultaneous sensations of drowning and of being burned or cut as internal organs stretched against their own flesh.”

Jones, who was once a correspondent in Manila and whose first book, “Red Revolution,” took readers inside the New People’s Army, has a thorough understanding of the Philippines. But it is on the United States that “Honor in the Dust” casts the brightest light, and at times harshest, light. After America first entered the Philippines in 1898, during the course of the Spanish–American War, President William McKinley insisted that it was the Filipinos’ “liberty and not our power, their welfare and not our gain, we are seeking to enhance.” The American people, however, flush with victory, had started to dream of expansion, even empire, and pressure mounted on McKinley not just to free Spanish colonies but also to lay claim to them. By 1900, an election year, McKinley had begun to give in, arguing that “territory sometimes comes to us when we go to war in a holy cause.” Addressing a campaign crowd in Nebraska, he asked, “Shall we deny to ourselves what the rest of the world so freely and justly accords to us?” The answer, as he knew it would be, was an instantaneous and uproarious “No!”

There was within the United States a strong and vocal anti-imperialist movement, which included former President Grover Cleveland, Andrew Carnegie and Mark Twain, but it struggled to tamp down the country’s growing expansionist zeal, and to compete with the energy, tenacity and bulldog ambition of one man in particular: Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt, who in the course of his meteoric six-year rise from New York City police commissioner to president, nurtured a deep and unshakable contempt for what he called the “unintelligent, cowardly chatter of ‘peace at any price.’” Not only had the “clamor of the peace faction” left him unmoved, Roosevelt wrote, it had served to strengthen his conviction that “this country needs a war.”

To Roosevelt’s great frustration, McKinley was as reluctant to go to war as Roosevelt was eager. McKinley, who had been commended for his bravery during the battle of Antietam, wanted to be re-elected, but he wanted nothing to do with war. “I have been through one war,” he said. “I have seen the dead piled up, and I do not desire expansion war.” So when Henry Cabot Lodge recommended Roosevelt for assistant secretary of the Navy, McKinley made the appointment hesitantly, guessing, rightly, that the young man would not give him a minute’s peace until he sent troops into battle. “I want peace,” he told another Roosevelt supporter, “and I am told that your friend Theodore . . . is always getting into rows with everybody.”

ALTHOUGH Roosevelt moves in and out of Jones’s narrative, disappearing for long stretches, he still manages to steal the spotlight, just as he does in every book in which he appears. When McKinley dragged his feet before sending troops to Cuba, Roosevelt sneered that the president had “no more backbone than a chocolate éclair.” In the Department of the Navy, Roosevelt gleefully took over while his boss was on summer vacation, anointing himself the “hot weather secretary” and crowing to a friend that he was having “immense fun running the Navy.” In Cuba, after choosing his regiment of Rough Riders from 23,000 applicants, he ordered his famous charge up Kettle Hill wearing a custom-made fawn-colored Brooks Brothers uniform with canary-yellow trim.

By the time Roosevelt became McKinley’s running mate in 1900, he had all but moved into the White House. “Tis Tiddy alone that’s a-rummin’,” the political humorist Finley Peter Dunne wrote, “an’ he ain’t runnin’, he’s gallopin’.” It was as president, however, that Roosevelt’s hunger for expansion was finally tempered. When he suddenly found himself at the helm after McKinley’s assassination — an event Jones mentions almost in passing, his eyes fixed on Roosevelt — the national mood had already begun to shift. Stories of American soldiers torturing Filipino insurgents and slaughtering civilians had become too prevalent, and too convincing, to ignore. “There have been lies, yes, but they were told in a good cause,” Twain wrote, ridiculing the government with his acidic satire. “We have been treacherous, but that was only in order that real good might come out of apparent evil.”

The American people were finally beginning to realize that pacification of the Philippines was not going to be a replay of the Spanish-American War. The Filipinos were poor, but they were not unsophisticated. They developed shadow governments, used an underground system to finance their insurgency — collecting donations and even taxes — and repeatedly surprised American troops with guerrilla attacks, killing a few men at a time and leaving the rest in a constant, exhausting state of vigilance. Enraged, the soldiers responded by employing the same tactics for which they had so recently criticized the Spanish. They burned whole villages, executed suspected guerrillas and felt justified in using any interrogation technique at hand, including the water cure.

What was intended, in McKinley’s mind at least, as an effort to help the Filipinos, ended up igniting a deep hatred of Americans. In the spring of 1902, Senator George Frisbie Hoar, who had argued against the war from the beginning, delivered an excoriating three-hour speech on the Senate floor that left the nation stunned and Roosevelt fuming. “You have wasted 600 millions of treasure. You have sacrificed nearly 10,000 American lives — the flower of our youth. You have devastated provinces. You have slain uncounted thousands of the people you desire to benefit,” he said. “Your practical statesmanship has succeeded in converting a people who three years ago were ready to kiss the hem of the garment of the American and to welcome him as liberator . . . into sullen and irreconcilable enemies, possessed of a hatred which centuries cannot eradicate.”

In the end, “Honor in the Dust” is less about the freedom of the Philippines than the soul of the United States. This is the story of what happened when a powerful young country and its zealous young president were forced to face the high cost of their ambitions. There finally came a point, Jones writes, when even Theodore Roosevelt realized that “America’s dream of empire had passed.”
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The Beasts Without and Within

A Show About Creatures as Human Inspirations and Reflections

When Odysseus, disguised as a beggar, returned home after 20 years of war and wandering, his aged dog, Argo, knew him instantly. "Identified with ticks, half dead with neglect," and lacking the strength even to drag himself toward his master, Argo thumped his tail, barked low, and dropped his ears in grateful recognition. Then the "dark shadow of death closed down on Argo's eyes."

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
EXHIBITION REVIEW

That is one of the encounters evoked at an enchanting exhibition at the Morgan Library & Museum that opened on Friday. It was also one of the examples that an assistant curator at the Morgan, Clara Drummond, said inspired her to comb through the Morgan's collection for other moments of recognition and interaction between animals and humans. The show she created, "In the Company of Animals: Art, Literature, and Music at the Morgan," is so intricate and gracious that you don't immediately realize just how startling its objects are and how haunting its theme is. And its range really is as wide as the Morgan's collection, examining how artists, writers and composers "used animals to think and create."

Here are drawings by Rubens and Delaforce; a watercolor of the famous 18th-century giraffe, Zarafa (who walked 50 miles, from Marseille to Paris); a Peanuts cartoon strip by Charles M. Schulz; a 18th-century children's board game; a Mesopotamian cylindrical seal from the fourth millennium B.C.; a prize by Haydn and Debussy; and a 18th-century image of the zodiac. And though the exhibition is roughly divided into categories—animals as muses, symbols, companions, talking creatures and moral teachers—nothing is served from the start by a quote from Jorge Luis Borges: There is "no classification of the Universe that is not arbitrary and full of connotations." So, here too, all categories, we are assured, are "fluid."

That particularly applies to the human and the animal. We cannot help seeing one as a reflection of the other. A female elephant named Hansel that had been taken to Amsterdam in 1837 was probably one sketched here by Rembrandt, whose black chalk image rippled folds of flesh over the erotic creature. But the alert expression of the elephant's eye, as it stared by some sudden thought, could also have come from one of Rembrandt's portraits; the el

Continued on Page 7
The Beasts Without and Within, Across Centuries and Cultures

**From First Art Page**

phant has glints of the human about her. Fauves, we read, may have even had some experi-
ence in impersonation: she was trained to dance in circles, fence with a sword and put on a hat and take it off.

Another kind of human senti-
ment — tender, melancholic, vul-
nerable — can be found in the
eyes of a young rabbit in one of
John James Audubon's studies
here. On the drawing's verso, we
are told, Audubon wrote that
he created the work "during one of
the days of deepest sorrow I have
felt in my life." That morning, his
dughter-in-law Elia had died.

This projection of the human into
the animal — or is it more a
discovery? — becomes more ap-
parent in taking animals who are,
as the text points out, "crea-
tures in the original sense of
the word, marvellous creations
of the human imagination." This
includes Nick Broom from "A Mid-
summer Night’s Dream," who
was magically given a donkey’s
head; he is shown here in a char-
coal image by Otho Redon.

In the case of Bahar (the sub-
ject of a previous Morgan exhibi-
tion) or Winnie-the-Pooh, the
combination of human character
and animal body evokes the state
of childhood, where aspects of
both worlds merge with bewil-
dering, shape-shifting ease.

There is a charming drawing here by E. H. Shepard, the Eng-
lish illustrator of "Winnie-the-
Pooh" and "Wind in the Willows,"
who sent in tribute to the American
actress Ruth Draper after a 1949
performance. Pooh lends his fel-
low creatures (including Eeyore, Tigger, and Kanga) to the actress’s
door with a declaration of "admi-
rashun." Could such a delega-
tion of uncertainty ever be in doubt?

Sometimes, in such images, we read innocence into the animal
world, almost as if we were glimping creatures cavorting in Eden before the Fall. Except that
these simulacra of animal-like
childhood also show just how far
away from paradise we really are. Schulz’s Snoopy may be a
dog, but he is often the most
lovable of the comic strip’s char-
acters and is seen here on his
doghouse roof with a typewriter
working on his novel. (Each draft begins with the words, "It was a
dark and stormy night," which
we are informed, were "taken
from Edward Bulwer-Lytton’s 1833 novel Paul Clifford.")

The show will not permit us
to simply embrace a Romantic
pastoral landscape full of peace-
ful creatures far more natural.

"In the Company of Animals" is
on view through May 20 at the
Morgan Library & Museum, 225
Madison Avenue, at 36th Street;
themorgan.org.

**Anthropomorphism, from ‘The Raven’ to Snoopy as novelist.**

An installation view of "In the Company of Animals: Art, Literature, and Music at the Morgan," which spans the museum’s collections, from ancient to modern.

**ONLINE: SLIDE SHOW**

More images from the
exhibition:
nytimes.com/arts

parrot. So animals as humans? Humans with animal failings? Nature as brutish and as pasto-
ral? Aspects of all of these come together in the peculiarity human preoccupation with pets, which
probably would not be as intense if it weren’t for the mixture of fear and recognition, selfishness
and devotion in the relationship. In 1843 Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s "Dog-Fish" (to whom she wrote a near-eve poem) was ab ducted and held for ransom. She writes of his return, "Oh, and if you had seen him, when he came home & threw himself into my arms... in that dumb inartic-
ulate ecstasy which is so affect-
ing."

A cynic about such ecstasy might respond with another exam-
ple here: the 18th-century

**British statesman Horace Wal-
pole, who, it is pointed out, may
have "felt more affection for his
cats than for many of his
friends."

"He cat Selina, spotting a gold-
fish in a Chinese porcelain tub,
reached down to catch it and
drowned. Thomas Gray wrote an
elegant tribute in a 1757 manus-
cript on display, "On the Death
of a Favourite Cat, Drown’d in a
China-Tub of Gold-Fish." Gray
even provided a moral: "Not all 
those who tempt your wondering eyes And heedless hearts, is lawful SPICE; Nor all that glisters gold: But much here is, elegantly providing insight and pleasure."

As we see, in its fine print, that
the show has practiced what it
preached, embodying what it dis-
plays. "The exhibition," we read,"is supported by a generous gift from
Tina Santi Fishbey in honor of
her faithful companions: Jackie, a
white Labrador retriever, and
Scarlet, a King Charles spaniel."

**From left, Maria Sibylla Merian’s Black Tegu Lizard; the parrot-headed pupils and donkey-headed teacher in “Les Météamorphoses du Jour,” by J. J. Grandville; and “Royal Tiger,” by Delacroix.**

**ARTS**

**By Emily Jane Thomas**

**For Study Page**

**THE MORGAN LIBRARY & MUSEUM, PURCHASED ON THE JOINT-COMMISSION’S FUND FROM J.S. HODGSON, 1885.**

From left, Maria Sibylla Merian’s Black Tegu Lizard; the parrot-headed pupils and donkey-headed teacher in "Les Météamorphoses du Jour," by J. J. Grandville; and "Royal Tiger," by Delacroix.
The Scarlet Pimpernel

(Redirected from Scarlet Pimpernel)

The Scarlet Pimpernel is a play and adventure novel by Baroness Emmuska Orczy, set during the Reign of Terror following the start of the French Revolution. The story is a precursor to the "disguised superhero" tales such as Zorro and Batman.

The play was produced and adapted by Julia Neilson and Fred Terry. It first opened on 15 October 1903 at Nottingham's Theatre Royal; it was not a success. Terry, however, had confidence in the play and, with a rewritten last act, took it to London where it opened at the New Theatre on 5 January 1905. The premiere of the London production was enthusiastically received by the audience, but critics considered the play 'old-fashioned.' In spite of negative reviews, the play became a popular success, running 122 performances and enjoying numerous revivals. The Scarlet Pimpernel became a favourite of London audiences, playing more than 2,000 performances and becoming one of the most popular shows staged in England to that date.[citation needed]

The novel was published soon after the play's opening and was an immediate success. Orczy gained a following of readers in Britain and throughout the world. The popularity of the novel encouraged her to write a number of sequels for her "reckless daredevil" over the next 35 years. The play was performed to great acclaim in France, Italy, Germany and Spain, while the novel was translated into 16 languages. Subsequently, the story has been adapted for television, film, a musical and other media.

The international success of The Scarlet Pimpernel allowed Orczy and her husband to live out their lives in luxury. Over the years, they lived on an estate in Kent, a bustling London home and an opulent villa in Monte Carlo. Orczy wrote in her autobiography, Links in the Chain of Life:

"I have so often been asked the question: "But how did you come to think of The Scarlet Pimpernel?" And my answer has always been: "It was God's will that I should." And to you moderns, who perhaps do not believe as I do, I will say, "In the chain of my life, there were so many links, all of which tended towards bringing me to the fulfillment of my destiny."

Plot
The Scarlet Pimpernel is set in 1792, during the early stages of the French Revolution. Marguerite St. Just, a beautiful Frenchwoman, is the wife of wealthy English fop Sir Percy Blakeney, a baronet. Before their marriage, Marguerite took revenge upon the Marquis de St. Cyr, who had ordered her brother to be beaten for his romantic interest in the Marquis' daughter, with the unintended consequence of the Marquis and his sons being sent to the guillotine. When Percy found out, he became estranged from his wife. Marguerite, for her part, became disillusioned with Percy's shallow, dandyish lifestyle.

Meanwhile, the "League of the Scarlet Pimpernel", a secret society of 20 English aristocrats, "one to command, and nineteen to obey", is engaged in rescuing their French counterparts from the daily executions. Their leader, the mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel, takes his nickname from the drawing of a small red flower with which he signs his messages. Despite being the talk of London society, only his followers and possibly the Prince of Wales know the Pimpernel's true identity. Like many others, Marguerite is entranced by the Pimpernel's daring exploits.

We seek him here, we seek him there,  
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere.  
Is he in heaven?—Is he in hell?  
That demmed, elusive Pimpernel.

Sir Percy Blakeney (ch.12)

At a ball attended by the Blakeneys, Percy's verse about the "elusive Pimpernel" makes the rounds and
amuses the other guests. Meanwhile, Marguerite is blackmailed by the wily new French envoy to England, Citizen Chauvelin. Chauvelin's agents have stolen a letter incriminating her beloved brother Armand, proving that he is in league with the Pimpernel. Chauvelin offers to trade Armand's life for her help against the Pimpernel. Contemptuous of her seemingly witless and unloving husband, Marguerite does not go to him for help or advice. Instead, she passes along information which enables Chauvelin to learn the Pimpernel's true identity.

Later that night, Marguerite finally tells her husband of the terrible danger threatening her brother and pleads for his assistance. Percy promises to save him. After Percy unexpectedly leaves for France, Marguerite discovers to her horror that he is the Pimpernel. He had hidden behind the persona of a dull, slow-witted fop in order to deceive the world. He had not told Marguerite because of his worry that she might betray him, as she had the Marquis de St. Cyr. Desperate to save her husband, she pursues Percy to France to warn him that Chauvelin knows his identity and his purpose.

Percy openly approaches Chauvelin in a decrepit inn, but despite Chauvelin's best efforts, the Englishman manages to escape. Through a bold plan executed right under Chauvelin's nose, Percy rescues Marguerite's brother Armand and the Comte de Tournay, the father of a schoolfriend of Marguerite's. Marguerite pursues Percy right to the very end, resolute that she must either warn him or share his fate.

With Marguerite's love and courage amply proven, Percy's ardour is rekindled. Safely back on board their schooner, the Day Dream, the happily reconciled couple returns to England.

Sequels

Baroness Orczy wrote numerous sequels, none of which became as famous as The Scarlet Pimpernel. Many of the sequels revolve around French characters whom Sir Percy has met and is attempting to rescue. His followers, such as Lord Tony Dewhurst, Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, Lord Hastings and Armand St. Just (Marguerite's brother), also take their turn in major roles.

In addition to the direct sequels about Sir Percy and his league, Orczy's related books include The Laughing Cavalier (1914) and The First Sir Percy (1921), about an ancestor of the Pimpernel's; Pimpernel and Rosemary (1924), about a descendant; and The Scarlet Pimpernel Looks at the World (1933), a depiction of the 1930s world from the point of view of Sir Percy.

Some of her non-related Revolutionary-period novels reference the Scarlet Pimpernel or the League, most notably The Bronze Eagle (1915).

Members of the League

- The original nine League or founder members who formed the party on August 2, 1792: Sir Andrew
The Mask of Zorro

The Mask of Zorro is a 1998 American swashbuckler film based on the Zorro character created by Johnston McCully. It was directed by Martin Campbell and stars Antonio Banderas, Anthony Hopkins, and Catherine Zeta-Jones. The film was released in 2000, but failed to receive the overall positive reception of its predecessor, Zorro, a 1990s film starring Anthony Hopkins and directed by Campbell.

PLOT

In 1821, Don Diego de la Vega (Anthony Hopkins) fights against Spain in the Mexican War of Independence as Zorro, a mysteriousKr:ulikr.

Table of Contents

6 External links
8 References
7 Lawmi

- 6 Official media
- 6.3 Accolades
- 6.2 Box office
- 6.1 Critical response
- 5 Release
- 4 Historical references

- 3.1 Tracklist
- 3.3 Music
- 3.2 Financing
- 3.1 Development

- 2 Cast
- 1 Plot

Producer Steven Spielberg and Robert Kindleberger directed the film alongside Martin Campbell, who also portrays the film's own vendetta. Steven Spielberg, who also portrays the film's own vendetta, and Robert Kindleberger directed the film alongside Martin Campbell, who also portrays the film's own vendetta.
Black Star and his gang used "vapor bombs" and "vapor guns" which rendered their victims instantly unconscious. The story's hero, Black Star, is always seen in a black cloak and a black hood on which is emblazoned a red black star. The hero solves crimes and saves the world, and is invariably victorious, not losing a deal with anyone in any of his battles. Yet, despite any of his crimes to kill anyone, not even the police or his arch enemy, Roger Webster, he does not get caught or punished. Black Star was first featured in "The Black Star", a crime serial magazine published in 1916. Probably his second most popular character from the pulp was "The Black Star".

Black Star

Black Star was later featured in the Street & Smith pulp detective story magazine on March 1916.

Black Star

Black Star

Black Star in the New Magazine, and in the New Magazine, and in the New Magazine, and in the New Magazine, and in the New Magazine.

Black Star

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Black Star

Black Star
As the crowd arrives, Néda, consumed as Colombina, collects their money. She whispers a warning to Silvio:

ACT 2

Let hope to plan his costume and prepare to laugh. (Versi la güppa – pull on the costume.)

Prepare for the performance. Tonio tells Canno that his lover will surely give him the away at the play. Canno is prepared for his role, but he refuses. His love for Néda is his passion. Néda is his love, but Tonio is his, no. Canno whispers to them, "Beppe, insinuate that they never thought of her lover."

Canno changes Silvio but does not catch him and does not see his face. He demands that Néda tell him the name after him. "If I will always be yours."

So that he might catch Silvio and Néda together: Canno and Tonio return and, as Silvio escapes, Néda calls Néda. When he asks Canno and Beppe drinking, He asks Néda to stop with him after the performance. Néda, who is ahead of Canno, is in the behind. (Quel fiume che ne acqua, I am bribed by Canno's, was nebbiosa, in the behind.)

Néda, who is cleaning on Canno, is in the behind. Néda is left alone.

Néda whispers to Canno. He is well. He says no, and suddenly, she is in the behind. Canno whispers to him, "Néda, who is ahead of Canno, is in the behind."

When he asks Canno and Beppe to stop, Néda says behind the behind. Canno whispers to him, "Néda, who is ahead of Canno, is in the behind."

Beppe pulls his hand, and Canno pulls his hand, and she pulls his hand. The down from the car. Tonio offers his hand, and Canno pulls his hand, and Canno pulls his hand, and the villagers are left without a word. Canno pulls his hand, and the villagers are left without a word. Canno pulls his hand, and the villagers are left without a word.

Time: between 1865 and 1870.

Place: Calabria, near Montalbano, on the Feast of the Assumption.

Synopsis

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Characters of villagers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Silvio, Néda’s lover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arlecchino, Colombina’s lover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beppe, actor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mattio Acconcia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martore, who created the role of Tonio</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
and the crowd cheers as the play begins.

Colombina's husband Pagliaccio has gone away until morning, and Taddeo is at the market. She anxiously awaits her lover Arlecchino, who soon serenades her from beneath her window. Taddeo returns and confesses his love, but she mocks him and lets in Arlecchino through the window. He boxes Taddeo's ears and kicks him out of the room, and the audience laughs.

Arlecchino and Colombina dine, and he delivers a sleeping potion. When Pagliaccio returns, Colombina will drug him and elope with Arlecchino. Taddeo bursts in, warning that Pagliaccio is suspicious of his wife and is about to return. As Arlecchino escapes through the window, Colombina tells him, "I will always be yours!"

As Canio enters, he hears Nedda and exclaims "Name of God! Those same words!" He tries to continue the play, but loses control and demands to know her lover's name. Nedda, hoping to continue the play, calls Canio by his stage name "Pagliaccio" to remind him of the audience's presence. He answers with his arietta: No! Pagliaccio non son! and states that if his face is pale, it is not from the stage makeup but from the shame she has brought to him. The crowd, impressed by his emotional and very real performance, cheers him.

Nedda, trying again to continue the play, admits that she has been visited by the very innocent Arlecchino. Canio, furious and forgetting the play, demands the name of her lover. Nedda swears she will never tell him, and the crowd finally realizes they are not acting. Silvio begins to fight his way toward the stage. Canio, grabbing a knife from the table, stabs Nedda. As she dies she calls: "Help! Silvio!". Canio then stabs Silvio and declares: La Commedia è finita! - "The play is over!".

**Orchestration**

The orchestra consists of 2 flutes, 1 piccolo, 2 oboes, 1 cor anglais, 2 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 3 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 tuba, 2 harps, timpani, tubular bells, percussion (triangle, cymbals, bass drum, glockenspiel) and strings. Additionally, there is an onstage violin, oboe, trumpet, and bass drum. Also included in the final pages of the score is a part in the percussion section marked "T.T." (surprisingly not assigned in the instrumentation page at the beginning) which leads us to assume that it is actually a tam-tam (partly because Mascagni used one, although to much greater effect, at the final moments of Cavalleria rusticana). It is given three strokes right after Tonio/Canio announce[s] "The comedy is over".

**Recordings**

*Main article: Pagliacci discography*

In 1907, Pagliacci became the first entire opera to be recorded, with the Puerto Rican tenor Antonio Paoli as Canio and under Leoncavallo's personal supervision. In 1931, it became the first complete opera to be filmed with sound, in a now obscure version starring the tenor Fernando Bertini, in his only film, as Canio, and the San
A Dance Called America

Hi All,

I've just had this email.

=========
Hello I wonder if you could help me,
A friend and I have found that the Runrig song A dance called
America was
an actual dance supposedly danced on the Isle of Skye during
the times of
the clearances.
we would be greatful if you would be able to help us, we would
like to know
the steps to this dance but have so far be unsuccessful in
tracing them.
If you or someone you may know of have knowledge of these
steps, then
we would be greatful to have them .
==========

Now I suspect this is an urban myth, but I don't know for certain.
Can anyone answer categorically?

Thanks,

Ian Brockbank
Edinburgh, Scotland
Ian Brockbank wrote:

> Now I suspect this is an urban myth, but I don't know for certain.
> Can anyone answer categorically?

To get to the bottom of this you have to refer to James Boswell's _Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides_ (where he went in 1773 with the famous Dr Johnson).
This was published in 1785, and says in the entry for Saturday, the 2nd of October, 1773:

| In the evening the company danced as usual. We performed, with much activity, a dance which, I suppose, the emigration from Sky has occasioned. They call it 'America'. Each of the couples, after the common involutions and evolutions, successively whirls round in a circle, till all are in motion; and the dance seems intended to shew how emigration catches, till a whole neighbourhood is set afloat. |

This occurred when Boswell and Dr Johnson stayed in the house of one Sir Alexander MacDonald in Armadale (in the south of the Isle of Skye). There is a very nice web-based edition of Boswell's _Journal_ available from http://etext.library.adelaide.edu.au/b/boswell/james/b74t/.

_Dancing in Scotland_, by Flett and Flett, mentions this and cites (on p.155) an apparently more extensive version of the _Journal_ explaining the dance like this:

| A brisk reel is played. The first couple begin, and each sets to one--then |
each to another--then as they set to the next couple, the second and third
couples are setting; and so it goes on till all are set a-going, setting
and wheeling round each other, while each is making the tour of all in the
dance.

>From the modern point of view Boswell's description is evidently somewhat
lacking in detail, but I think that it is really the spirit of the dance that
counts, and so in true RSCDS tradition one should make up the
movements such
that they suit the spirit, whatever the historical precedent :^)

Anselm
--
Anselm Lingnau, Frankfurt, Germany ......................
anseml@strathspey.org
Don't accept your dog's admiration as conclusive evidence that you are
wonderful. -- Ann Landers

A Dance Called America

Message 47272 · Karin Ingram · 4 Dec 2006 13:48:42 · Top

I've just phoned Rory Macdonald of Runrig, who wrote "Dance called
America"
and he confirmed what I already knew, that the idea for the song came from
the written description of the dance to be found in Johnson and Boswell's
account of their trip to the Hebrides in 1773. A further description of the
dance (but no actual steps) can be found in Fletts' book on page 155:
"We made out five country squares without sitting down: and then we
performed with much alacrity a dance which I suppose the emigration from
Skye has occasioned. They call it 'America'. A brisk reel is played. The
first couple begin, and each sets to one - then each to another - then as
they set to the next couple, the second and third couples are setting;
and
so it goes on till all are set a-going, setting and wheeling round each
other, while each is making the tour of all in the dance. It shows how
emigration catches till all are set afloat...'
As Rory says, the dance as seen would have been performed by the
"toffs" in
Armadale. He’s interested to know if anyone ever finds the actual steps -
but advises you strongly never to attempt to dance it amongst the
common
people of the Hebrides!
Best wishes,
Karin Ingram
(Editor "Dance On!")
Scottish Borders
-----Original Message-----
From: strathspey-bounces-editor=boxandfiddle.com@strathspey.org
[mailto:strathspey-bounces-editor=boxandfiddle.com@strathspey.org] On
Behalf
Of Ian Brockbank
Sent: 04 December 2006 11:31
To: SCD news and discussion; scots_music@yahoogroups.com
Subject: FW: A Dance Called America

Hi All,

I've just had this email.

==========
Hello I wonder if you could help me,
A friend and l have found that the Runrig song A dance called
America was
an actual dance supposedly danced on the Isle of Skye during
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we would be greatful if you would be able to help us, we would
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If you or someone you may know of have knowledge of these
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Thanks,

Ian Brockbank
Edinburgh, Scotland
Traditional Scottish Children's Games

By Rosemary Gemmell, eHow Contributor

Related Searches: PSP Game Games Scottish Flag

Scottish streets and school playgrounds have seen their share of traditional children's games. From ball games to running and catching games, children were never still during play time. Although modern health and safety rules have put a stop to many of them in case of injury, they still play some of the games at clubs and organizations, as well as schoolyards.

Bools
Boys played games of bools in every Scottish playground, using colored marbles. Two boys played against each other, using their own collection of bools. One boy throws his first bool to land a few yards away. The next boy must hit it with one of his own, or land within a hand's span distance. If he is successful, he takes the opponent's bool. They play until the person who collects the most bools is the winner.

Plainy-Clappy
While boys played football, or "footie", Scottish girls bounced a small ball against a wall while singing a chant with actions. A normal bounce against the wall and catch was plainy. On the next bounce the girl clapped her hands before catching the ball, which was clappy. The rest of the rhyme had further instructions, such as turn-around, when the girl circled her hands before catching the ball.

Peever Beds
A kind of hopscotch, girls drew peever beds in chalk on the sidewalk, or ground, with
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• Todays deal - a completely daft one this. We already had these on at a pretty good price but for today only I'm... http://t.co/pSUD3QD9 2 days ago
• Ok its time for our 24 hour bargain of the day again. How about a clan crest mobile phone or spectacle soft case... http://t.co/OSXlHd9j 6 days ago

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Children's Games

quickfind:4653

Postings on this topic in the 'Miscellaneous: Totally Miscellaneous' chat forum

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children's games
from Margaret M: my favourite name is wee granny Mac (heatherbell) on Thu 08/04/10 07:58

✓
Do you remember the beds made with chalk on the sidewalks, and the peevers we played with , I remember going to the bomb sight at the butcher and finding bit of marble and rubbing them on the ground to make them round to use as peevers, until then we used old boot polish tins , those were the days!!

Re: children's games
from Jan S: Full of Scottish Pride! (roosterscot) on Fri 09/04/10 21:24
✓
We called it pawldys in Fife, we would use old shoe polish tins filled with dirt and stamped on heavily by our feet to give a bit of weight to the pawldy. If you were lucky you might get a much bigger tin which had contained lavender furniture polish from betterwear and these tins were a prize possession!

This topic's tags: bomb sights, children, games, marble, peevers, wee granny.

Would you like to chat about the clan?

increasing numbers in each box, or bed. The peever itself was a small empty round tin. Starting with the peever in box number one, the girl hops while trying to edge the tin into the next box. If the foot or tin touches the line around a box, the next player takes a turn.

**British Bulldog**

In British bulldog, a group of children stand to one side of the playground. The "bulldog" stands in the middle of the area. Children need to get to the other side without being caught by the bulldog. When the bulldog shouts "British Bulldog 1,2,3!" everyone runs. If someone is caught, he becomes a bulldog. More bulldogs make it more difficult to get across safely to the other side.

**What's the time Mr. Wolf?**

In What's the Time Mr. Wolf, children line up on one side of the street. One person acts as the wolf and stands with his back to them, half way across the street. The children call, "What's the time Mr. Wolf?" He shouts a random time, such as two o'clock. The children take that number of steps. They ask the time again, and take the steps, trying to get close to the wolf before he knows. When he calls "It's dinner time", he turns and tries to catch the children nearest to him.

**Related Searches**

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**References**

"Scottish Memories Magazine;" Child's Play; Andrina Connell; 1993

BBC News Magazine: The return of British Bulldog
Krazy Kat
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Krazy Kat is an American comic strip created by cartoonist George Herriman, published daily in newspapers between 1913 and 1944. It first appeared in the New York Evening Journal, whose owner, William Randolph Hearst, was a major booster for the strip throughout its run. The characters had been introduced previously in a side strip with Herriman's earlier creation, The Dingbat Family.[1] The phrase "Krazy Kat" originated there, said by the mouse by way of describing the cat. Set in a dreamlike portrayal of Herriman's vacation home of Coconino County, Arizona, Krazy Kat's mixture of offbeat surrealism, innocent playfulness and poetic, idiosyncratic language has made it a favorite of comics aficionados and art critics for more than 80 years.[2][3][4]

The strip focuses on the curious love triangle between its title character, a guileless, carefree, simple-minded cat of indeterminate gender (referred to as both "he" and "she"); the obsessive antagonist Ignatz Mouse; and the protective police dog, Offissa Bull Pupp. Krazy nurses an unrequited love for the mouse. However, Ignatz despises Krazy and constantly schemes to throw bricks at Krazy's head, which Krazy misinterprets as a sign of affection, uttering grateful replies such as "Li'l dollink, allus f'etful". Offissa Pupp, as Coconino County's administrator of law and order, makes it his unwavering mission to interfere with Ignatz's brick-tossing plans and lock the mouse in the county jail.

Despite the slapstick simplicity of the general premise, it was the detailed characterization, combined with Herriman's visual and verbal creativity, that made Krazy Kat one of the first comics to be widely praised by intellectuals and treated as "serious" art.[2] Art critic Gilbert Seldes wrote a lengthy panegyric to the strip in 1924, calling it "the most amusing and fantastic and satisfactory work of art produced in America today."

Poet E. E. Cummings, another Herriman admirer, wrote the introduction to the first collection of the strip in book form. Though only a modest success during its initial run, in more recent years, many modern cartoonists have cited Krazy Kat as a major influence.

Contents

- 1 Overview
- 2 Cast of characters
  - 2.1 Krazy Kat

The Landmark of Chicago Hospitality
Step inside the Congress Plaza Hotel and Convention Center and experience a living and breathing piece of American history during your next visit to Chicago. The hotel staff and management may have changed over the years, but a long-standing tradition of exceptional customer service and a unique ability to change with the times has kept this "Landmark of Chicago Hospitality" vital and prosperous for more than a century.

Early History
Originally constructed in 1893, the Congress Plaza Hotel featured cobbled streets, gaslights, and horse drawn carriages. The hotel was originally called the Auditorium Annex when it opened to house the throngs of visitors to the World’s Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The original conception was an annex with a façade designed to complement Louis Sullivan’s Auditorium Building across the street, at the time housing a remarkable hotel, theater and office complex.

The Auditorium Annex was built by famous hotel developer R.H. Southgate. The first section, or north tower, was designed by Clinton Warren, with Louis Sullivan and Dankmar Adler serving as consultants. “Peacock Alley,” a celebrated feature of the new hotel, was an underground marble passageway that connected the new annex with the Auditorium Hotel.

The south tower, constructed between 1902 and 1907, was designed by renowned architectural firm Holabird and Roche.

The South Tower construction included a magnificent banquet hall, now known as the Gold Room, which would become the first hotel ballroom in America to use air-conditioning. Another ballroom, called the Florentine Room, was added.

http://www.congressplazahotel.com/about-our-chicago-hotel/
to the North Tower in 1909. These two famous public rooms combined with the Elizabethan Room and the Pompeian Room to host Chicago's elite social events of the day.

Over The Years
Over the years, various owners have updated the hotel in continuous efforts to keep pace with the conveniences offered by modern accommodations properties. Even the name has been changed. By 1908, the hotel had created an identity of its own as it housed more than 1,000 guest rooms.

In order to differentiate the now successful hotel from its original form, the owners renamed it the Congress Hotel (derived from its location on Congress Street, across from the celebrated Congress Plaza section of Grant Park). The next 50 years brought a succession of owners and improvement programs to the Congress Hotel. A 1916-17 guestroom enhancement project altered the lighting scheme by substituting electrical outlets and desk lamps for cumbersome hanging chandeliers.

The original bathroom plumbing fixtures were replaced in a 1923-24 renovation. In the early 1930's, the former Elizabethan Room on the ground floor was transformed into a stylish night club featuring a revolving bandstand. Renamed the Joseph Urban Room, it would become the 1935-36 headquarters for an NBC Radio show featuring the legendary Benny Goodman. Following the outbreak of World War II, the Government purchased the Congress Hotel and used it as a headquarters for U.S. Army officers.

In 1945, a group of Chicagoans banded together to purchase the hotel and reopened it to the public. Five years later, Pick Hotel Corporation purchased the property and embarked on a multi-million dollar remodeling and modernization program. The 1950-52 renovation involved the creation of a mural-encircled lobby, new front desk, new corridors, new third floor public rooms, new Congressional and Presidential Suites, and a new supper club called the Glass Hat.

In the early 1960's, yet another modernization program included the construction of a new ballroom and the addition of escalators, a novelty for hotels during that era. Even through the hotel building boom of recent years, the Congress Plaza Hotel has retained its unique character by blending the old with the new. In contrast to many of the formulaic chains and property layouts, guest room and suites remain larger, ceilings higher, bathrooms bigger and window expanses wider.

The abundant public space, large lobby, and long corridors provide a freedom of movement rarely seen in the tighter confines of space-saving properties built for convenience rather than a true destination or getaway spot.

Home of Presidents
The Congress Plaza Hotel established itself as a unique destination with a touch of glamour appealing to stars of the political world, stage and screen.

Many famous people have stayed at the hotel, including several U.S. Presidents. In fact, the Congress Plaza Hotel was once known as the "Home of Presidents" among Chicago hotels.

Presidents Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Teddy Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren Harding, Calvin Coolidge, and Franklin Roosevelt all rallied their partisans to discuss campaign strategies in the heart of Chicago.

The Congress Plaza Hotel has played a prominent role in some of Chicago's most important and famous political conventions. Many memorable interviews, caucuses, and deliberations were staged here. In 1912, former President Teddy Roosevelt's comment to the local media coined the famous "Bull Moose" nickname for his newly created Progressive Party. In 1932, the hotel was back in the limelight serving as the command post for President-elect Franklin Roosevelt and the Democratic Party.
Montana puts Supreme Court’s corporate-cash ruling on notice

BY KIM MURPHY
Los Angeles Times

Montana has engaged in a long, slow dance between corporations and politicians through much of its history. The free-spending audacity of the copper kings during the early 20th century — when the Anaconda Co. controlled judges, legislators and newspapers, and business magnate W.A. Clark bought himself a seat in the U.S. Senate — are the stuff of Western lore.

Fighting back, Montana voters in 1912 passed an initiative barring direct corporate contributions to political candidates and parties, a law that like those in many states was undone by the U.S. Supreme Court’s controversial decision in 2010 that gave corporations the same First Amendment rights as citizens to spend their way into political debates.

But the Montana Supreme Court last week issued a forceful rebuke of the decision that has opened the door to game-changing, free-spending corporate contributions in the current election season. In a new opinion that draws on decades of Montana’s coal-mining and copper-mining history, the court upheld the state’s 1912-era corporate contribution limits, concluding, “The corporate power that can be exerted with unlimited political spending is still a vital interest to the people of Montana.”

The decision applies only to state elections. But, if appealed as expected, the case could provide the long-avoided vehicle critics have sought for the U.S. Supreme Court to revisit the issue of corporate contributions. The Citizens United case in 2010 struck down federal prohibitions on such donations, called into question corporate political expenditures in campaigns across the country — including the hotly contested U.S. Senate campaign in Montana.

In a 5-2 opinion, the state justices concluded Montana’s long history of well-funded natural-resource extractors, small population and historically inexpensive political campaigns allows it to demonstrate the kind of compelling government interest in regulating corporate financial muscle that the court said is allowable even under the U.S. Supreme Court’s broad First Amendment guarantees for corporations.

Indeed, even one justice who dissented — arguing the U.S. Supreme Court left no room for states to exempt themselves — argued forcefully against the broad corporate latitude encompassed in the Citizens United decision.

“Corporations are not persons. Human beings are persons, and it is an affront to the inviolable dignity of our species that courts have created a legal fiction which forces people — human beings — to share fundamental, natural rights with soulless creatures of government,” Justice James Nelson wrote in his concurrence. “Worse still, while corporations and human beings share many of the same rights under the law, they clearly are not bound equally to the same codes of good conduct, decency and morality, and they are not held equally accountable for their sins. Indeed, it is truly ironic that the death penalty and hell are reserved only to natural persons.”

The Montana case centered on a constitutional challenge by American Tradition Partnership, a group that has funneled large amounts of money in lobbying efforts to battle environmental regulations.

In a fundraising appeal cited by the court, the group’s website boasts of the anonymity it offers corporate donors. “No politician, no bureaucrats, and no radical environmentalist will ever know you helped make this program possible,” that appeal states.

Montana Attorney General Steve Bullock, a Democratic gubernatorial candidate who argued the case, said the state demonstrated that businesses in Montana easily can contribute through political-action committees with a minimum of regulatory hurdles.

At the same time, he said in an interview, the potential impact of unlimited corporate spending is disproportionately large in a state like Montana. “It doesn’t take a heck of a lot of money to wind up influencing a state election where our average legislator ends up winning I think on $17,000,” he said.

“Montana has a long history of corporate influence in elections,” he added, “and ultimately the citizens are saying no, that’s not how we want to run our elections.”

John Bonifaz of Free Speech for People, a national group that is pushing for a constitutional amendment to overturn Citizens United, called the Montana decision an “enormously significant ruling” that, if appealed as expected, could result in a new U.S. Supreme Court review of how state campaign laws are affected by the Citizens United decision.

“Even if the Supreme Court lets the Montana decision stand,” he said, “it would effectively open the door for every other state in the union to implement bans on corporate money and elections or to let stand their existing laws that have banned corporate money in state elections on the grounds that the Montana Supreme Court has used, which are that there are distinguishing constitutional interests that justify such laws.”

**Attack on Clinton started it all**

The Citizens United case began in 2007 when then-Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton said she was running for president. David Bossie, a longtime Clinton critic, set up Citizens United as a nonprofit and produced a DVD, “Hillary: The Movie,” a slashing attack on her as vicious and untrustworthy.

A federal court said the planned broadcast of the film violated the McCain-Feingold campaign-finance law because it was an electioneering communication aimed at voters within 30 days of a presidential primary. Bossie appealed, citing the First Amendment.

When his case reached the Supreme Court, the conservative justices voiced alarm that the government could restrict such a movie, or perhaps a book, simply because it was paid for with corporate money, and decided to broadly consider the issue of corporate-funded election ads.

Chief Justice John Roberts said he was convinced a broad, free-speech ruling was required. Otherwise, the law “would allow censorship not only of television and radio broadcasts, but of pamphlets, posters, the Internet and virtually any other medium that corporations and unions might find useful in expressing their views on matters of public concern.”
A labor historian informed by a factory floor background.

David Montgomery, 84, Dies; Challenged Life of Workers

By BRUCE WEBER

David Montgomery, a labor historian whose experience as a meatpacker and a factory worker inflected his influential writing about the culture of the mass labor that surrounded him, last Friday in Philadelphia. He was 84.

The cause was a brain hemorrhage, his daughter said.

Mr. Montgomery, who taught at the University of Pittsburgh and at Yale, wrote several books that explored the lives of workers, their rituals, their hierarchies, the power relationships among them and with their in- house and external audiences the communities they formed.


For most of the 1950s, Mr. Montgomery, a native of Minnesota, lived in New York and in both places he was a union organizer and a historian who, in the cross hairs of anti-Communist McCarthyism, was fired from the steel industry. By 1956, Mr. Montgomery was, in fact, a member of the Communist Party. He led the Soviet Union into the Hungarian revolution of 1956.

He entered academia at a time when labor studies was a field viewed largely in terms of economics. But along with other scholars, including the Englishman E.P. Thompson and the Americans David Brody and Herbert G. Gutman, Mr. Montgomery helped establish what became known as "new labor history," a branch of inquiry that re- oriented research away from its traditional focus on unions organizing, strikes and relations between companies and unions. Instead, it studied the generations of students through which he began seeing labor more in terms of social history.

"One of the signal achievements of Montgomery and his many energetic students," said Nelson Lichtenstein, writing about "The Fall of the House of Labor" in The New York Times Book Review in 1987, has been "to point out the centrality of working-class consciousness back into the struggles of labor, not just the struggles at Homestead and Ludlow, but also into the seemingly mundane conflicts over a change in work rules or a five-cent wage advance.

David Montgomery was born on Dec. 1, 1927, in Bryn Mawr, Pa.; his father was an insurance executive. He was educated in Pennsylvania as well, graduating from the Haverford School, and, after serving in the Army in Los Alamitos, N.M., as World War II was ending, Swarthmore College.

His first jobs were in factories in New York City and Minneapolis, and at the end of the McCarthy era he turned to academic life, earning an M.A. and a Ph.D., both in history, from the University of Minnesota. His dissertation became his first book, "Beyond Equality," published in 1967, and he became a close colleague of Mr. Thompson's.

Known as a shy and humble man who came alive behind a lectern or on a soapbox, Mr. Mont- gomery won teaching awards at both Pittsburgh and Yale, where he gained local fame for, among other things, actively supporting the campus clerical workers in their 1984 strike.

"He was part stump speaker, part academic, part public intellec- tual," said Shelton Stromquist, a professor of labor history at the University of Minnesota. "Mr. Montgomery's student at Pitt in the 1970s, "David was never shy and active in the relationship between his scholarship and activist commitment. The same is true of a lot of us," Mr. Montgomery, who lived in Kentuck Square, Pa., is survived by his wife, the former Martytikich, whom he married in 1957; a daughter, Daniel; a sister, Virginia Bally; two sons, Edward and Claude; and five grandchild- ren.

"A phrase he loved," Mr. Stromquist said, "was the friction of daily life, which he used to expand the notion of how class happens. To describe all kinds of ways in which workers have been strained and diminished. It was those frictions that produced a sense of being a member of a class being denied its full rights. His perception of life and work was so trenchant and accurate..."
Dear Chuck--Excuse the long silence, which was my finishing sprint (marathon?) on the next book. Thankfully, it’s done and is called *The Bartender’s Tale*, I hope, I hope. I had to shuck my original title, *Miss You When I’m Gone*, because last spring some inconsiderate SOB of a writer came out with *Miss Me When I’m Gone*, can you believe it? I actually like *Bartender’s Tale* better, and am waiting with fingers crossed to see if it gets past the sales and marketing people at the publisher. I can always throw a fit in defense of my own preference, but if they say people aren’t gonna buy a book with a title like that--well, God never told nobody to be stupid, right? It apparently will be late next year before publication, simply because the Penguin Group, of which my publisher Riverhead is something like a peninsula, kind of operates like the Red Army, massing its forces across the calendar, and my opusocus goes on their autumn list.

So, I’m now at what Carol refers to as the next next book, the sequel to *Work Song* which I think I’ve told you about, bringing Morrie back to Butte in 1921 to tackle Anaconda on the none-too-glamorous issue of taxation. Ah, he does it, though, as wordslinger for the new union newspaper, the Butte Thunder, and the editorial invective etc., with bootleggers on the fringes of the happenings, gives me some inventive room, it seems. Am not sure what song(s) might surface in this one, but they always seem to in my fiction. I hope I have thanked you up, down, and sideways for the music you’ve passed along periodically. I’m looking forward to having some of my lyrics actually sung, when a repertory theater here in Seattle, Book-It, stages my *Prairie Nocturne* (in Feb.). Damned if Carol and I aren’t going to be hanging around a few rehearsals and consorting with actors, which takes me back to NU days when I loved going to rehearsals over there in the speech building. Lots of lessons of craft that still stick with me. You may recall that formidable doyenne of the theater department, Elvina Krauss. When she directed an O’Dets play (Waiting for Lefty?), there’s a scene where the character played by Dick Benjamin comes onstage, says something like “Here’s the lox, Ma” and puts the paper sack in the refrigerator. Krauss made somebody go to The Hut for lox in that sack every time, no faking it whatsoever.

Well, that’s the main stuff from here. No travels in your direction nor much of any other in sight; the Santa Fe adventure is going to last us for awhile. Here’s hoping you and Francie have a sound and healthy new year.

All best,
Peering at me from the deepest recess(es) of the doorway was a muscular figure with a face that spelled trouble.

M tells G abt Butte mansion & going back. G:"you always wake up from a dream sooner or later."

I don't like guns. They can go off.

...hers once had fortified me (Sec 37)---but that's another story.

If Jared is assessor, there can be cross-current of him taxing mansions, such as Sandison/Morrie's. Morrie wd have to swallow hard on this.

J's initial letter can be on City of Butte official letterhead, but not mention his office. Morrie asks Bailey what it is; B slyly tells him to find out for himself. M in first meeting w/ J and Rab does a couple of guesses, inc. "Surely you are not the mayor?"
"Better than that."
I was out of guesses.
"Assessor."
I felt OO. "Am I to understand that you (brought me back) to undergo the taxes on a mansion I did not want in the first place?"
J frowned. "You've gotten awfully suspicious (in your travels). France will do that to a person." He tugged at an ear half shot off @ oo.

Morrie comes up with the idea: why not tax the tunnels?
---ACM doesn't even have a hq building, they're up there on the 6th flr of the Hen.
Morrie @ bootleggers': looking around for a map pointer, the only thing near at hand was a sawed-off shotgun. He picks it up by walnut handle, careful not to put a finger to the trigger, and points both barrels to Whiskey Gap.

The Highliner, later: "How'd you know about Whiskey Gap?"

M: "Osmosis?"
Thunder does so well Anaconda imports the most feared reporter/editor 00, (from Chicago?) (who broke the Black Sox story?); made his reputation at San Juan Hill (Morrie ultimately gets it on him--via Bailey--that his career-making dispatch was a fraud.)

-Thunder/Blunder

"I thought you went to--(ow) (Morrie steps on foot or spills drink to interrupt someone from mentioning U of Chicago.

Cartwright/Cutthroat

Sandison: "You call that a beard?"

I did not know this individual, but I recognized the species all too readily:
a window man. A hired operative...

Our ascension in life...

the magic carpet of money...fraying seriously, and I had been thinking midnight thoughts about (what to do next). (Grace having such a high time; our honeymoon had actually been a honey year...) A mansion is not a bad answer...

Golden Eggs Poultry Farm Our hens lay it on...

C rubbed his palms together in satisfaction.

Smitty. "I know we ain't supposed to know each oth'r's real names, not even yours. But I never got to meet you at Mr the big meeting back in '18, and I been wanting to shake yr hand ever since. Man, was you ever right/smarter.

-looks up and smiles - HR?"

spiraled up high note

My first try at utterance sounded like a choirboy's falsetto. Coughing to cover,

Grace: "I've seen London, I've seen France, I've seen you in your underpants"

After all, on our (trip), she was the one who carried a gun. And knew how to use it, wield it

(There was) That incident in Spain. (The Spanish incident.) Barcelona/ Gaudi
A footpad... Oh, please - numbers in her purse. He learned explicitly.

Chekhov: when a gun appears in a play, it must be fired. "What if it is like that in life?"

only to find himself looking into the barrel of a small silver pistol called a Lady's Special. He was sent off muttering to himself in Pgrese...
Nodding to each other, there was general agreement that was that. (or: They all saw the wisdom of that.)

...reworked it in my head and brought out:

"I have to scram."

"Boss? I know you send Mickey around at the end of the month for it, but you brought your satchel and all--don't you want the take? Save Mick the trip?" proudly "We had a good holiday season. Everybody in Butte was busy hoisting drinks on New Year's."

Memory of Black Sox bet. Grace and I could be in Seattle by this time tomorrow, and on an ocean liner to Hawaii, Siam, anywhere...I stood rooted, my 00 expression mistaken for quizzical. He went to the safe, knelt and spun the combination. Inside were stacks and stacks of currency.

It was so tempting it was paralyzing. Another fortune, sufficient to put Grace and me back on the high life. The whole roomful looked at it reverently.

"Let it sit on the nest and hatch out some more."

An appreciative laugh

advice?

I stroked my beard as if in Viennese consultation (or Freudianly). "Keep doing what you're doing."

An exhalation of awe

"Smitty?" He jumped. "Walk me to the corner."

"You don't know who the Highliner is? Morrie, do you go around with your head under a bushel basket?" Griff

Hoop provided, "Kind of a willie wisp."

I said one of the harder(est?) things I have ever uttered.
"Boss! We wasn’t expecting you. We’d heard you probly was in Great Falls about now, fixing the trouble with them Black Eagle speakeasies. You move fast."

"You’re--"I started to tell him he was mistaken, but got no further than...

"I’m Greevy! We ain’t met--I know, you don’t want us to use names, that’s why nobody knows yours."

"What a slick disguise, dressing up in fancy threads. People would think you’re a librarian."

He pulled out a pistol and yelled, "Watch out!"

shotgun blast; G fires back.

"It’s the 00 gang. Don’t worry, we’ll hijack a couple of their trucks and that’ll make them think things over."

"The police?"

"They don’t come nosing around here. If they do, we’ll tell them we were shooting gophers on the railroad bed." (snowshoe rabbits) "Come on in."

"Put away your artillery, boys. The Highliner is here."

From behind desks and file cabinets, men peeked, holding pistols like Greevy’s. At the back of the place was a fleet of trucks--Eggs, Meat; I particularly admired the one that read Hennessy’s Department Store. (Some read ACM)

"They couldn’t hit the broadside of the barn. You shoulda seen the boss—he never said a word." With overcoat on and winter felt hat, the beard the most prominent part.

"How’s"--my voice sounded high. I cleared my throat and made a face. "Butte air." They all laughed knowingly. "How’s business?"

"Terrific. But we got a problem, up at the border."...
I looked around the office. I spotted a roll-down map, such as had been in my Marias Coulee schoolroom. Stepping over to it, I yanked it down with a flourish, desperately hoping it was not a Mercator of the whole world.

I was in luck: the profile of Montana. Still not saying a word, I studied the map... Off to the west was what looked like wild country. The old advice “Go West” had not failed me yet. Silently I tapped my finger on a spot. (or: he seizes something to use as a pointer, a la classroom)

“I know that general neck of the woods, I’m from up toward there! Sometimes there’s an old Indian trail through a gap between the benchlands. I bet it would take trucks!”

I nodded wisely. “It’s Whiskey Gap now.“ (winked?)

Asked about the situation in Great Falls.

“We’ll,” thinks hard for phrase, “teach them not to suck eggs.”

Hears one mug in aside to another: “Didn’t I tell you the Highliner

“That’s that. I have to be going.”

“Boss? I know you send Mickey around at the end of the month for it, but you brought your satchel and all--don’t you want the take? Save Mick the trip?” proudly “We had a good holiday season. Everybody in Butte was busy hoisting drinks on New Year’s.”

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It was so tempting it was paralyzing. Another fortune, sufficient to put Grace and me back on the high life. The whole roomful looked at it reverently.

“Let it grow.” (quotes a saying) “Let it sit on the next and hatch out some more.”
advice?

I stroked my beard as if in Viennese consultation. "Keep doing what you're doing."

"Walk me to the corner."

"You don't know who the Highliner is? Morrie, do you go around with your head under a bushel basket?" Griff

. But these ain't everyday circumstances, huh?"

Options as to why Bailey has been sicced onto M:

--The Senator is about to investigate Black Sox scandal, and along with it, fixed fights. At Sandison's suggestion, he wants M. back in Montana to help finagle taxation of Anaconda.

--Sandison has sent Bailey, similar to above, because Sandison has been named head of new tax commission.

--Dora S. has left Morrie and Grace the Butte mansion--but S. along with it. (or vice versa)
Bone Music prospectus:

“Morrie?” (1st line, from Grace, asking what’s caught his attention.

They’re on Nob Hill.)

“I thought I saw someone I recognized.”

“Someone from Butte? Then we should say hello.”

“No, no. I must have been mistaken. (He”s seen a window man. Makes
an excuse such as buying newspaper). I”ll see you in the room.”

Blind Tony is newspaper vendor on corner. Morrie always makes sure to
give him a silver dollar for the day’s papers: Sporting News, Chi Trib, and either
SF Call or Bulletin.

This time he gives Tony handful of dollars. “That old dollar seems to
have company, guv’nor.”

M. asks about anybody following him.

Tony thinks and says after M. passes, there’s always a set of leather soles
and catpaw heels.”

Here’s what I want you to do.”

He goes around corner toward hotel as usual, but duck back into the
vendor’s booth. When Bailey approaches, Tony calls him over and M. grabs him
by hecketie, flourishing brass knuckles in front of his nose.

Bailey manages to get his credentials out, Baily Private Investigative
Agency.

M. demands to know how B. tracked him down.

“There maybe aren’t too many Fancy Dans who pay off in Montana
cartwheels.”

I looked sharply at Blind Tony, who was communing with the heavens.

“His money is as good as yours, guv’nor.”

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[Morrie is in warehouse district down by railroad tracks, looking over a
place to stash rolls of newsprint, hard to get because Anaconda owns the state's
newspapers. It's winter, snowdrifts beside sidewalks, and to save his London
shoes as he heads back uptown, he picks his way past another warehouse, where
a truck with Gold Eggs Poultry Farms on its side is parked out front. He's going
past when his eye meets that of a tough-looking man in the warehouse doorway.]

He was on me like a wolf.

"Boss! We wasn't expecting you. We heard you'd be in Great Falls
about now, fixing the trouble with those Black Eagle speakeasies. Man oh man,
you move fast."

"You're--" My attempt to tell him this was a case of mistaken identity
didn't stand a chance as he rattled out: "Smitty."

He winked. "I know we ain't supposed to know each other's real names,
not even yours. But I never got to shake your hand at the big meeting back in
'18, and I been dying to ever since." My hand disappeared in his meaty one.

"Boss, was you ever clever! This is the best business ever." Eggs?

With overcoat on and winter felt hat, the beard the most prominent part.
My confidant stepped back in admiration. "What a slick disguise, dressing up in
fancy threads. You look like one of them Vienna professors."

He yanked out a pistol and yelled, "Watch out!"

shotgun blast: G fires back.

"It's the 00 gang. Don't worry, we'll hijack a couple of their trucks and
that'll make them think twice."

"The police?"

"Cops don't come nosing around here. If they do, we'll tell them we were
shooting snowshoe rabbits." He had me by the elbow. "Come on in."

"Put away your artillery, boys. The Highliner is here."

A shotgun, the dumb clucks--what'd they think, they're hunting ducks? Everybody
knows you can't reload a double-barreled real fast. He was alternately wiping
chunks of snow off my overcoat w/ the barrel of his gun and watching around the
fender of the truck.
From behind desks and file cabinets, men peeked, holding pistols like Smitty’s. At the back of the place was a fleet of trucks—Eggs, Meat; I particularly admired the one that read Hennessy’s Department Store. (Some read ACM) Boxes with 00-proof written on them

“They couldn’t hit the broadside of the barn. You shoulda seen the boss—he never said a word. Cool as a cucumber.”

“How’s”--My voice sounded high as a choirboy’s. I cleared my throat and made a face. “Butte air.” They all laughed knowingly. “How’s business?”

“Terrific. But we got a problem, up at the border.”...

expectancy

I looked around the office. I spotted a roll-down map, such as had been in my Marias Coulee schoolroom. Stepping over to it, I yanked it down with a flourish, desperately hoping it was not a Mercator of the whole world.

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“I know that general neck of the woods, I’m from up toward there! Sometimes there’s an old Indian trail through a gap between the benchlands. I bet it would take trucks!”

I nodded wisely. “It’s Whiskey Gap now.” (winked?) Asked about the situation in Great Falls.

“We’ll,” thinks hard for phrase, “teach them not to suck eggs.”

Hears one mug in aside to another: “Didn’t I tell you the Highliner...”

Smitty rubbed his palms together in satisfaction.

“That’s that.”
voice dripping and not with honey
My mind would not reach that far.
the polish of time (was starting to show on him)
the troublsome depths of the mirror
6 June '11 phone call: checked w/ her whether trip expenses (next year) could cover Carol too, she said the Gaelic bunch has been accommodating in the past, they're used to "spending a few bucks." I told Lee to try me again next year (my notion being that research in the archives might come in handy then while working on Sweet Thunder.)

May 24, 2011

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Your novel Work Song has been very popular in Butte, and we are excited about an upcoming author event that we would like you to consider participating in. Each year, the Montana Gaelic Cultural Society (MGCS) hosts "An Ri Ra," an Irish festival that celebrates Irish culture and heritage in Montana (mtgaelic.org). Held in historic Uptown Butte, the festival attracts people from throughout the world. One element of the festival is an author event/book signing hosted by the Butte-Silver Bow Public Archives. Some of the authors have a definite Irish link, but we like to provide a diversity of authors and subject matters. We have an erudite audience that appreciates a mix of authors and material.

The festival will be held on August 12, 13 and 14. The author event is held on August 12 and 13 in our newly renovated and constructed building. (See our website to view our building and learn what the Archives offers: buttearchives.org.) We hope to entice eight authors, each for an hour: speaking for about 40 minutes and signing books for 20 minutes. In addition, the Friends of the Butte Library is extremely interested in your visit and would like to schedule an event at the library with you. We intend to purchase books from the publisher and sell them as a fundraiser for the Friends of the Archives.

MGCS provides travel reimbursement and hotel rooms for out-of-town authors at the lovely, historic Finlen Hotel (www.finlen.com). In addition, all authors receive a pass (or passes) for the festival, a gift bag, and admission to a hospitality room for refreshments during the festival.

Please let us know by June 7 if you can join us and provide me with the best contact information for you so we can discuss the accommodations you would like. We also would like to hear from you by then if you cannot attend so we can make other arrangements. Our hope, however, is that you join us for this wonderful festival and author event.

Best regards,

Lee Whitney
Collections

The collections of the Butte Archives are rare, unique, and comprehensive, interrelated and provide dynamic insights into the history of Butte-Silver Bow.

- Polk City Directories from 1885-1990
  - Listing working people and businesses in Butte.
  - Entries include name, occupation, and residence.

- Cemetery Index from 1880-1980
  - Listing people buried in the cemetery by inscription of the headstone (date of birth, date of death).

- Mortuary Records 1901-1917
  - Listing of the deceased, entries include family name, cause of death, address, occupation, length of stay in Butte, funeral director, and cemetery.

- Coroners' Registers 1894-1973
  - Listing all deaths not witnessed by a physician and deaths by accident or crime.

- Birth Books 1906-1920
  - Entries include baby's name, parents name, nativity residence, mothers' maiden name, and father's occupation.

- School Census Records 1901 to 1975
  - Annual census listing parents/guardian and children's date of birth.

- Great Registers, 1885-1914
  - The official voting register for the City of Butte. Entries include individuals name, address, occupation, and place and date of naturalization.

- High School Annuals 1900-1989, listing students.

- Naturalization Records 1885-1975
  - Foreign born individuals who became citizens in Butte-Silver Bow District Courts.

- The Butte-Anaconda and Pacific Railroaod Personnel books 1890-1920.

- ACM personnel books 1912 to 1919.

  - The Butte Miner
  - Butte Daily Post
  - The Montana Standard
  - The Butte Intermountain
  - The Anaconda Standard
  - The Butte Evening News
  - Eye Opener
  - Copper Commando
  - Pink Reporter
  - Miners Voice

- Union records 1890-1970.

- Fraternal organization records 1880-1970.

- Census from 1880, 1900, and 1910.

- Government Records with indexes.

- Manuscript records for Many families and businesses

- Library Resources, including the Daughters of the American Revolution Library as a genealogy library.

http://www.buttearchives.org/collections.php
- Photo Collections, Maps and Miscellaneous collections.
Butte-Silver Bow Archives are open 9 to 5, M-F. If you want to work there, the following flight sked would work.

Wed., Aug. 10 to Bozeman
Horizon flt #2460, 1 hour 50 min.
Lv Sea 12:25 p.m. arr. 3:15 p.m.

Saturday, Aug. 13 return to Seattle
Horizon flt #2322
Lv Bozeman 2:50 p.m. arr Sea 3:43 p.m.

(There's that 7 a.m. flt we took from Bozeman last time, but too great a stretch from Butte.)

Very roughly total for two tickets would be $600, so they'd have to have $$$.

Car rental from Bozeman needed.

Food is not mentioned.

If you decide you'd like to do this, negotiations would follow. Maybe the archives could share some costs with Friends of the Library, or maybe the publisher could pitch in. Or maybe you could get an honorarium out of the Friends.

You could do Friends on Thursday, and the archives deal on Friday.
### Flights

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<th>Flight</th>
<th>Departs</th>
<th>Arrives</th>
<th>Total Price for 2 Travelers</th>
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<td>Missoula (MSO) 12:47 pm Wed, Aug 10</td>
<td>$590.80 including taxes &amp; fees</td>
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- **Fare and Baggage Rules**

### Total Due Now

- **$590.80 USD**

- **Currency Converter**

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Alo -

Sea Tac parking - Floors 3, 5, 8 @ $28 per 24 hrs. Circa $108.

Petrol - Circa 300 mi @ 25 mpg = 12 gal @ $4 = $48.

Meals - 3 days @ $85 per day for 2 = $255.

Car rental - Circa $358.

Budget at airport - 7% and taxes.

Limited mileage now?
## Cart: Itinerary and Price Summary

### Flights

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Flight</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Horizon</strong></td>
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<td>Bozeman (BZN)</td>
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<tr>
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Total Distance: 541 mi | 2 h 50 m

Up | Fare and Baggage Rules

### Total Due Now

$710.80 USD

[Currency Converter](https://www.alaskaair.com/shopping/cart/addflight)
2 July ‘10

six-page fax to Liz Darhansoff

Here ‘tis, my dear. As I mentioned on the phone, my hope is to hand in Miss You When I’m Gone next mid-year or late summer, and get going on this during the run-up to publication; on Work Song, that was a full year, and you know I’m not the kind who can just sit around idly waiting. By now I’m acquainted enough with Morrie’s voice and Butte’s persona that I think I could do this book in a couple of years beyond handing in Miss You in 2011, but to keep to the lucky margin of error we’ve had on delivery dates, we probably ought to make this one 2014, with every intention that I’ll be way ahead of that.

Anyway, that’s my thinking. Keen to hear yours.

Happy 4th.

p.s. I haven’t mentioned any of this to Becky at all.
Village books blog: Work Song, by Ivan Doig

I’ll be really surprised if someone doesn’t come up to me afterward at Village books and say “I’m from Butte,” their chin coming up an inch on the magic word. From the turn of the twentieth century when “the Richest Hill on Earth” was providing half of America’s copper and ten thousand hard-rock miners worked the maze of tunnels beneath the city’s streets until its struggling times of today, the diaspora of Butte’s Irish and Cornish and other descendants of the ethnically-mixed “Constantinople of the Rockies” has been a continuing story—from a population of nearly a hundred thousand in World War One to about thirty-five thousand today; dwarfed by, say, Missoula.

I’m from the other Montana, the one that Morrie in Work Song describes as “the Montana everyone thinks of, mile upon hypnotic mile of rolling prairie with snowcapped peaks in the distance”—while Butte was known to us when I was growing up as a place as crazily off the charts as, say, Las Vegas is today. Rough, tough, known for altitude and attitude, full of foreign accents and cosmopolitan vices, the mile-high city dominated by the copper bosses—who in turn dominated state politics and owned all of its daily papers but one—has always seemed to me a natural rich lode for a novel, and here it is.

For a long time I thought I got Butte out of my system in Ride with Me, Mariah Montana, when Jack McCaskill and Mariah and the take-no-prisoners columnist Riley Wright visit the place in 1989, doing a series on Montana’s first century of statehood. Riley’s strong take on Butte still looks pretty good to me:

They named the place Butte, in the way that the night sky’s button of light acquired the round sound of moon or the wind took to itself its inner sigh of vowel. Butte was echoingly what it was, an abrupt upshoot of earth, with the namesake city climbing out of its slopes.

Beneath Butte’s rind of sagebrush and rock lay copper ore.

That red earth of Butte held industrial magic: telephone lines, radio innards, the wire ganglia of stoves and refrigerators, everything that made America electric began there in copper.

The red copper earth drew other red to it. Bloody Butte, with its copper corpuscles. A dozen miners died underground in 1887, the early days of more muscle than machinery. In 1916, as the machine drill and the steam-hoisted shaft cage pressed the implacable power of technology against flesh and bone, Butte’s underground toll for the year was 65 miners. The next year, a fire in the Speculator Mine killed 164. All the while, the greater killer quietly destroyed men’s lungs: 675 dead of it between 1907 and 1913.

On its earth and its people of the mines, then, Butte’s history of scars. Badges of honor, too, as scars sometimes are? It depends on how much blood you mind having in your copper. Maybe less arguable is Butte’s history of chafe. “This beautiful copper collar, that the Company gave to me” became Butte’s—Montana’s—wyry anthem of life under the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, a.k.a. William Rockefeller and Henry Rogers and others of Wall Street. The Butte miner was consistently the best paid workman in Montana. The ACM Company also saw to it that he was the most harnessed. Strikebreakers and Company police. The Company-imposed “rustling card” you had to carry to rustle up a job in the mines. The Montana National Guard stationed in the streets of Butte after dynamite punctuated the labor struggle in 1914. In its streets and its wallets and its caskets, Butte was its own kind of example of how a copperwired society works.
Novelists of course love trouble, so when I began thinking of another chapter of life for Morrie Morgan, itinerant teacher and “walking encyclopedia” who lit up the pages of The Whistling Season, Butte came to mind, and specifically 1919. That was a tumultuous time in America (when isn’t?), but a year safely after World War One--having just refought World War Two in The Eleventh Man, I wanted a break from putting characters into military harm’s way. Besides, Morrie as a literary hero is not your dashing uniformed hero type and I feel in good company in keeping him so; Sherlock Holmes didn’t trot off to the Boer War, did he.

I’ll also be surprised at Bellingham and other stops on the Work Song booktour trail if I’m not asked how much of me is in Morrie. Not much at all, alas. Morrie is slicker than I am, more dapper, more roguish, more an intellectual jack-of-all-trades. And I don’t carry a set of brass knuckles.

So, Morrie is back with us (and a significant student from the one-room schoolhouse of The Whistling Season), and mythic Butte with its copper-red legacy is everlastingly with us, in a twofold tale of treasure--the earthheld kind and the literary sort. (As a writer, you always want to deal yourself a pair of aces whenever you can.) I’ll look forward to seeing old readers and new at Village Books on July 20. And I bet I’ll hear some Butte stories.

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The Buried Past

It's 1920 at the opening of A LONELY DEATH (Morrow/HarperCollins, $24.99), the latest of Charles Todd's masterly novels about England's slow and painful recovery from the Great War. Ian Rutledge, the Scotland Yard inspector at the center of this series, is one of the walking wounded who never speak of their experiences but share a silent bond. It's not entirely surprising, then, that Rutledge is so unnerved by the suicide of a friend, a despondent former artillery captain, that he packs a loaded service revolver when he makes his first return visit to the French battlefield where he was buried alive under the bodies of the soldiers he commanded.

The 12 young men who went off to war from Eastfield, a Sussex town so small it's "hardly more than a village that has outgrown itself," were typical of England's homegrown fighting companies. Two soldiers were killed in battle, and the 10 who survived came home profoundly changed, so circumspect about life in the trenches that a mother might actually believe that her son had slept on clean sheets every night. But when three of the survivors are garroted in deadly nocturnal attacks, Rutledge is dispatched from London to determine who murdered these unremarkable farmers and tradesmen, and left the military identity tags of other, unknown soldiers in their mouths.

While respectful of the resilient spirit of communities like Eastfield, Todd (the nom de plume of the mother-and-son writing team of Charles and Caroline Todd) doesn't shrink from challenging the assumptions about class and economic privilege that once sustained their insular way of life. Once again, Rutledge comes to realize that war changes everything. Just as a fearful lad might have found courage in the trenches, a schoolyard bully might have developed a taste for killing — or an unpopular boy, once resigned to being browbeaten, acquired the skills to avenge himself on his tormentors. As one English town learns to its sorrow, the boys who marched off to war never really returned.

"Law & Order" screenwriters aren't the only ones with a knack for ripping stories from the headlines. The Swedish writing team of Anders Roslund and Borge Hellstrom turned the social scourge — the sex trade in teenage girls from former Soviet bloc countries — into "Box 21," a taut thriller that introduced English-speaking readers to their gritty material and hyper-realistic style in THREE SECONDS (Silver Oak, $24.95), translated by Kari Dickson, they take on the organized drug traffic in Scandinavian prisons, a lucrative industry run by Polish "businessmen."

The authorities in Stockholm have a chance to disrupt the trade when Piet Hoffmann, an undercover police officer who has successfully infiltrated the Polish mafia, is put in charge of extending the mob's international franchise in Sweden. Once installed in a maximum security prison, where he's passing himself off as one bad dude, Hoffmann is cynically betrayed by the top police brass and maneuvered into a thrill-a-minute cat-and-mouse game with his merciless mob associates. In the real threat comes from an incorruptible police inspector whose unrelenting pursuit compromises the entire operation — even as this old-school cop supplies the only moral ballast in a grimly amoral tale.

Some fact-based novels, no matter how closely researched, read as if they were ripped from comic books. That applies to most of T. Jefferson Parker's Southern California thrillers, with their outlandish plots, frenetic action and outrageously insane characters. Like the previous books in this guilty-pleasure series featuring Charlie Hood, a Los Angeles sheriff's deputy who seems to be on permanent loan to the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives, THE BORDER LORDS (Dutton, $26.95) is solidly grounded in the rampant gun smuggling that powers the multibillion-dollar drug trade between Mexico and the United States. But once past the ultrarealistic massacre of three young pistoleros hiding out in a safe house, the narrative trips into hallucinatory territory. An undercover agent goes rogue and sets himself up as a faith healer; a crooked rookie cop turns unbearably heroic; and the savage war between Mexican drug cartels veers into farce. Parker is a connoisseur of the macabre, and even at their most absurd, his fantasies are always madly entertaining.

Ever since Sherlock Holmes put down his violin to inject himself with cocaine, it has become de rigueur for a private detective to have a distinguishing quirk or two. But the antihero of R. Scott Bakker's offbeat noir mystery, DISCIPLE OF THE DOG (Forge/Tom Doherty, $24.99), still defies all genre conventions. Disciple Manning (call him Diss) has hyperthymic syndrome, or total recall. ("The one thing you need to remember about me is that I don't forget. Anything. Ever.") And while it does seem to be driving him crazy, explaining his addiction to a number of unhealthy habits, this uncommon affliction has also made him uncommonly philosophical. The missing-person case that takes Diss to a Rust Belt town in Pennsylvania gives this arch cypher ("Did you know that the word cypher comes from the ancient Greek for 'dog'?") the opportunity to match wits with both the professorial guru of an end-of-days cult and an evangelist preacher of the fire-and-brimstone persuasion. These exchanges are bracing for all parties involved, including readers who can appreciate a private eye adept at the Socratic method.
In decades past, the words on a printed page were produced by molten lead shaped into lines of type. Then, in 1846, a process similar to the "hot type" process appeared: the first practical phototypesetting machine. Created by Louis Marius Moyroud and Rene Alphonse Higonnet, this "cold type" machine proved to be the bridge to the era of digital typesetting.

Mr. Moyroud died at his home on June 28 in Delray Beach, Fla., his son Patrick said. He was 96.

Like the hot type process, Mr. Moyroud was something of a descendant of Johannes Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type. Before Gutenberg, the few books that existed were hand-copied, mostly by members of religious orders. The Gutenberg Bible, printed in Mainz, Germany, in the 1450s, was the first mass-produced book, hand-set from individual metal letters placed together — an arduous process that endured for four centuries.

In the 1880s, Ottmar Mergenthaler invented the Linotype machine. Its operator sat at a keyboard resembling a typewriter, creating lines of type that were formed from lead bubbling in a pot at more than 500 degrees. Columns of type, called galleys, would be loaded into a heavy metal frame, called a chase. The chase was then pressed against a thick paper mold, from which a curved metal printing plate was cast and, finally, placed on the press.

It was a cumbersome and costly process.

Then, in the early 1940s, Mr. Moyroud and Mr. Higonnet — electronics engineers and colleagues at a subsidiary of ITT (formerly International Telephone & Telegraph) in Lyon, France — visited a nearby printing plant and witnessed the Linotype operation.

"My dad always said they thought it was insane," Patrick Moyroud (pronounced MOY-roid) said. "They saw the possibility of making the process electronic, replacing the metal with photography. So they started cobbling together typewriters, electronic relays, a photographic disc."

The result, called a photo-composing machine — and in later

ONLINE: NOTABLE DEATHS
A slide show highlighting the lives of some of those who died in 2010. nytimes.com/obituaries


Variations the Lumitype and the Photon — used a strobe light and a series of lenses to project characters from a spinning disc onto photographic paper, which was pasted onto pages, then photoengraved on plates for printing.

Mr. Moyroud and Mr. Higonnet first demonstrated the device in France in 1946 and then moved to the United States, where the Graphic Arts Research Foundation established a corporation so that they could further develop and market their invention. It was patented in 1957 and eventually became the industry standard.

"Their work definitely revolutionized the printing industry," said Rini Paiva, the director of research at the National Inventors Hall of Fame in Alexandria, Va. Mr. Moyroud and Mr. Higonnet were inducted there in 1985, two years after Mr. Higonnet died.

"The process was much faster, much easier for the operator," Ms. Paiva said, "and once the high cost of the initial machines came down there was a major reduction in the cost of printing as it became more efficient."

Born in Moirans, France, on Feb. 16, 1914, Louis Marius Moyroud was the only child of Marius and Anne-Marie Vial Moyroud. His father died when he was a baby; his mother worked in a textile factory.

Louis excelled in school and received government financial support to study at Ecole Nationale Superieure d'Arts et Metiers, one of France's premier engineering institutions. He graduated in 1936 and, after serving in the French military, joined the ITT subsidiary in Lyon.

Mr. Moyroud married Marie-Therese Meynet in 1941; she died in 2008. He is survived by three sons, Patrick, Richard and Chris-tian.

The first book printed by a photo-composing machine was published in 1953. Titled "The Wonderful World of Insects," it contained 292 pages of text dotted with 46 black-and-white photographs, among them images of a scarab beetle, a North American giant dragonfly and a round-headed apple-tree borer.

A year later, The Patriot Ledger in Quincy, Mass., became the first newspaper to abandon molten lead and adopt the new process. Soon it became the industry standard, until it, too, began to be overtaken by computer-driven systems in the 1970s and '80s.
Ivan,

Here is that essay I mentioned in my email. I was especially interested because I am convinced the role of work in the lives of individuals, communities, and in national stability has long been underestimated. It is important that when it disappears from a person’s life, from a community, or a nation, the result is far more of a mental health issue than it is an economic issue. Work should be the central focus of psychology and not be relegated to the bin of “applied psychology” where it can be treated like a red-headed stepchild.

Anyway, I thought you might be interested because of the Butler Project and the attention he pays to the ethnic groups in Butte in the early 1900s.

Best regards,

[Signature]

Chuck
Us and them vs. all the rest...

I am coming here to stay, and take your jobs away.

—Kultur Shock

During the first half of the 20th century, the mines in Butte, Montana, were the most dangerous in the world. The work was tough, and the immigrants who did the work were even tougher, a quality that served them well underground but wasn’t always the right tool for the job aboveground. Heavy drinking was common. So was fighting. Butte was a combative place, less the happy-go-lucky melting pot of lore than an on-again, off-again free-for-all. Frequently the conflicts were driven by, or at least blamed on, wide-ranging ethnic differences. Yet the underlying fabric of the town remained mostly intact. Now that the nation is again debating immigration, it might be useful to consider what kept multi-ethnic Butte from coming apart at the seams.

Although at first many Butte mines were segregated by nationality, the copper industry grew so rapidly that manpower needs soon eclipsed occupational tribalism. The “No Smoking” signs underground appeared in at least 16 languages, Buttecitans like to boast. It’s true. But more important was the knowledge that the gibberish-speaking guy working beside you held your fate in his hands, and vice versa. While your partner ran a drill, you watched out for falling slabs of granite. If you passed out after encountering a pocket of bad air, he carried you to safety. Your lives were entwined, at least until the shift whistle blew. And afterward, aboveground, you likely viewed that former wop or mick or bohunk in a more sympathetic light. Camaraderie, born of facing danger together and respect for a job well done, carried over into other realms of life.

Not always, certainly. But a second powerful force was in play — the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. — and it also helped to unify the town, especially in the mid-1930s, when FDR endorsed organized labor. Earlier in the century, the union movement in Butte had disintegrated, in large part over internal divisions that reflected interethnic hostility. Workers in the one-company town were determined not to make that mistake again. During the 1935 strike, people came together to demand better conditions. Newspapermen even refused to deliver the Anaconda-owned daily. Butte’s collective action, along with similar strikes in other industrial cities, eventually produced the 40-hour work week (seven 12-hour days had been typical in Butte) and — a luxury often taken for granted today — the weekend. It was a landmark in American labor history.

If nothing else, the Butte experience further discredits the Western myth of the lone individual who makes his way entirely on his own, beholden to no one, past or present. Such an attitude would have doomed the miners. After decades of struggle, they realized that if they were going to stand up at all, they had to work together, share their fate, care for each other, and make sure they weren’t alone.

Copper miners, Butte, Montana, summer 1939. (Source: U. S. National Archives)

pragmatic, conditional. They didn’t join forces inspired by lofty moral sentiments about universal brotherhood but because it was the most promising way to survive. That’s how common purpose was forged from disparate, frequently warring factions. That’s how genuine community was created. Even at its most cohesive, Butte remained a contentious place. Differences didn’t disappear; they were placed in service of something larger — a particular way of life, located in a particular place.

Contrast this with what increasingly passes for community in the West, where, given sufficient resources, one can avoid, or at least control, encounters with people unlike ourselves. The most dramatic example is the gated community, which is little more than a private club, its members united in their desire to exclude others, except for the carefully constrained part-time roles of housekeeper, gardener, etc. But suburban enclaves yield a similar if less pronounced effect. So do towns dominated by a single subculture — education, recreation, agriculture, extraction. And to the extent that community is a vehicle for exclusion, whether by design or default, demonizing difference becomes easier. In the absence of a robust social commons — where we come together to negotiate and, yes, sometimes fight over our differences — our words and actions can assume any action.

Butte’s story isn’t a model, of course. But it is something to hold onto, to feel secure in. It’s a reminder that there is still, yes, hope for an integrative, inclusive future. No one gets eaten. No one has to die. But a sense of place, a strong bond of dependency, holds us together, keeps us in touch with the life force, the joy, the potentiality of our human existence. It is our gift to each other, and to ourselves. Butte is the story of that gift. In that sense, Butte is an emblem of hope. But it is also an emblem of the place we have lost, and the place we are losing.