few inches of good soil beneath where the roots of the grass had been, and after that, gravel was in the majority. I confirmed for myself the country's reputation for being a toupee of grass on a skull of stone. We had studied in school that the glaciers bulldozed through this part of the world, but until you get to handling the evidence shovelful by shovelful the fact doesn't mean as much to you.

or three times, I saw cabins in little clearings. The sight is still clear in my mind because it was early in the morning and each one of those cabins had a thread of smoke rising out of it, people having just got up and started their day's fire.

These sheep of Andy's in contentment along this draw were going to yield the Busby brothers some dandy poundage, too. They would need to, to offset Canada Dan's jumpy band.
Nights when I can't sleep, Gros Ventre of those years sometimes sits itself in my mind.

That, in itself, says something. I am not naturally a person who cares a lot about towns, or the differences between them. But I suppose the case is that if any town stays with you, it will be the one from your high school years. For good or ill, the details from then last and last, piled in your memory by your increasing capacity to take them in; by your realization that you are becoming a member of the community, not merely a waist-high tourist in it. And so, the Gros Ventre of memory comes to me clear. Comes, perhaps, from a perspective which is not expected, for the truest way to see Gros Ventre of the Depression years is a sheep's-eye view. I have told of the annual tides of sheep through Gros Ventre; that, starting about mid-May, a band a day passed through town, trailing north to the Blackfeet Reservation and its summer grass. Why I see the town in terms of sheep is that those bands were shoved through in early morning, before there was any traffic; at that hour the town was basic, was only what it was, its human life not yet up and stirring. 

So: a sheep's tour of Gros Ventre, Montana, population 1050, some six decades ago. I was something of a lamb myself.
and talked to one another. There was just enough breeze in the tops of the cottonwoods to rattle them a little, and to float the cotton floating wisps through the air like very slow snow. I would have been gorged my stomach, which was saying a lot.

douser without any lightning and left the forests so damp there was.

No actual instructions were imparted by my father before he left--it went without saying that my mother had no shortage of those--but I did receive a task. My father assigned it the afternoon before he forces he looked me up and said, went to Ear Mountain to join up with Cliff, Step right this way for

All vintages of story agreed: the food was served there with more enthusiasm than skill.
Saturday night always brought out a sufficient cast of characters for loud dialogues, occasional shoving matches, and eventual passing-ousts. But do you know, I can think of no serious trouble that ever erupted in the Medicine Lodge; any knifing, shooting, anything like that. Tom Harry of temper somehow let matters go so far and no farther. (

Saturday night always brought out a sufficient cast of characters for loud dialogues, occasional shoving matches, and eventual passing-ousts. Hardly ever anything more than that, however, for beyond some abrupt line there was the matter of Tom Harry himself.

toward the Two Medicine, and the mountains and foothills fill the scene to its west. All of which makes the town a kind of point of equilibrium in the continental geography. A place poised between balanced landscape of several kinds. True, it catches the weather of the most rambunctious section, the mountains. And much of its livelihood depends upon the benchlands and plains, for platforms stock- or grain-raising. But Gros Ventre at heart is a foothills town. That is to say, Gros
Day eighty-two (Victoria)

The Haida poles rise all around me here in the Provincial Museum in the heart of Victoria. Gray, with great socketed eyes; the eyes of Haida carvings have a special haunted look...

Later, I call at the ethnology division of the library, to look at their collection of photos of Masset in the late nineteenth century.

The poles spike into the air...

Alan Hoover, one of the curators, chats with me about the Queen Charlottes. Then he says he has something to show me, and leads me to a back room, shelved full of masks and baskets. He reaches his hand into a drawer, turns to me, grins, opens his fist. **Jesus, I breathe.**

*It's Jumbo!* in Alan Hoover's hand.
Swan would step aboard a steamship at Port Townsend at 00, walk down the gangplank in Victoria at 00. I spend three hours in consecutive massive tubes of metal—car, airliner, bus—for the same journey. My one advantage a few miles into the air over him is the twenty or so minutes of height, tracing above Puget Sound and across to the Olympics...
Why are arithmetical divisions of time—5-year spans, decades, centuries—important to us? Seasons make sense, but these...?
Ainsley Roseen
dozens of years of correspondence between us. So regular that last Thurs. (1-12-78), as I tinkered with desk chairs during the morn, I had the hunch I'd get a letter from A that day—and I did, even tho our letters go back and forth only every 4 months or so.
sketch of Ainsley: Bob Placek seeing him retirement night

Timpelarages vary as to poteential for wooded production. The Cittepe.

8) 149,000 acres are located in the Coast Range.
6) Among the other regions in the state have high potentialities for the future.
13) 149,000 acres are located in the Coast Range.
10) 70,000 acres are located in the Coast Range.
9) 37,000 acres are located in the Coast Range.
8) 149,000 acres are located in the Coast Range.
In early August, on an afternoon with Lake Michigan blue as steel beside the city, we began to leave. Alongside the expressway, I saw a boy in a yellow shirt. As we passed, his arm flicked, and the rock came at us like a grenade. Carol, driving, believed the webbed crash of the windshield had been a shot. She looked at the blood beginning around glass splinters on the knuckles of her right hand and floorboarded the car. I told her what it was, she pulled onto an off ramp. We picked glass from her cuts, put on bandages, pulled back onto the expressway. Goodbye, Chicago.
followers of Gerrard Winstanley began to dig up a plot of public land near London to sow a crop. "Why may we not have our Heaven here (that is, a comfortable livelihood in the Earth) and Heaven hereafter too?" cried Winstanley in defense of his Diggers. It is a thought which has echoed in countless other minds. As early as 1663, a root of utopia was tried in North America -- Peter Flockhoy's short-lived colony of Dutch Mennonites on the Delaware River. That frail colony also is called the first utopian community to fail on the new continent, but it can be argued that there has been a fervor for utopia throughout the settlement of America.

Part Two of this book will concentrate on the utopian experiments within the United States, because those communities provide a rich and well-documented story. To do so admittedly ignores hundreds of utopian ventures elsewhere: in Britain, scores of tried from the time of the Diggers onward, wonderful names of promise such as First Concordium and Gracehill and New Forest Lodge and Saltaire; Cecilia in Brazil, Cosme and New Australia in Paraguay; the little band of Theodore Hertzka's followers who headed for Uganda; Mexico's Topolobampo, the Rhoen Brudershof of Germany; Russia's Crimean Colonies of Mennonites and Dukhobors and Malakins; the Israeli kibbutzim and the French Communities of Work. But so restlessly has utopia made its way in the world that it overflows any single book.

And most likely the flow will go on, if an upsurge such as the interest in communes during the 1960's and early 1970's is
How account for American utopias in the American wilderness?

Weave a fantasy. In 1804, L & C depart St. Louis, up the Miss and Missouri to the far Northwest. They were highly equipped, an interplanetary expedition of their day. Tutored in OC. Lewis was a skilled herb doctor, Clark a poised leader and mapmaker. Now: had they allied with the Indians, what might have grown? The Indians knew the plenitude of The Willamette, one of the earth's velvet valleys. Fisheries. the land. Might they not build a Pacific Republic?

But the white men loathed the fleas and smoke and rain of their Fort Clatsop winter. The Indians snickered at the white men's taste for dog meat.

As much as the plaques OOing our battlefields and the names of deceased politicians, they are part of our past, a rollcall of tries at a better world: The Society of the Women in the Wilderness (OC); Feiba- a fringe Pelevi, on the of Robert Owen's experiment at New Harmony, Indiana; Ephrata Cloister, Pa.; Jerusalem; Grand Ecore in Natchitoches Parish, La; Sodus Bay, NY: North American Phalanx; Promisewell, Hopedale, Harmonia Equality, Economy, two Harmonies and a New Harmony; Skaneateles; Communia; Freeland, Equality; Teutonia; Joyful; Pisgah Grande; in our own day, M California's Morning Star, New Mexico's Placitas.
has been a utopian streak in our national history which has made us
difficult for our neighbors in the world, too. Look back at Manifest
Destiny, our 19th century notion that the U.S. was preordained to claim
and settle all land from Atlantic to Pacific; what was that but a
national self-righteousness, a sort of patriotic religion by which we
thought ourselves better than other claimants to the western lands?
And when was this nation ever bashful about proclaiming itself, very
much in the loudest style of utopian rhetoric, as a new and better
society, a model for all the world? Such larger utopian themes will
be discussed in the first selection which follows -- "The United States
of Utopia." But throughout these readings, from New Harmony to Total
Loss Farm, ask yourself whether the utopia at hand is peculiar to
itself, or is some dwarf version of American society.

So, Utopia comes seeking in the American wilds -- surprisingly
often in the company of travelers directly inspired by Thomas More
or some later guiding spirit of the imaginary realm. It tries the
climate -- as some of the following selections show, sometimes the
try is desperately hard. It survives or, more often, dies. Whatever
their fate, American utopian ventures must be given this: they have
been the real-life exertions, in stamina and coin and sometimes blood,
on behalf of the glittering ideals.
any indication. For it may be that utopia, with its sundry meanings and unquenchable faiths, will go on as long as the human predicament does. Here in our own century alone, there have been two World Wars and, at a conservative reckoning, some 60 smaller wars; a Depression; nuclear firepower to scorch all of us from the face of the earth; and as this is written, economies are kiting off in directions which seem to baffle the world's governments. Is this the best we can do? It may be, but there is plenty in such a record to inspire more tries toward utopia.
Deal first with the dread, the suspicion that the utopian quest would turn a dark side of we would be lost.
If the neighbors wouldn't be bharitable, perhaps they at least could be distant.

A do-it-yourself expanse, was America. The makings were there.

The heritage was there, known and indeed seeded into this country by travelers from the old. In Britain, OO and scores of others; crimea; New Australia and OO in Paraguay; the Roehn Bruderhof.

Some money and leadership -- Owen and Icaria.
It recalls the splendidly terrible lines from the W.B. Yeats poem: "And what rough beast, its hour come round at last/Slouched towards Bethlehem to be born?" What beast indeed, mutated from what utopian impulse -- rampant technology, tyranny of behavior mod... Rough with what cherished freedom? And born how, in what guise? intimidated mousy

We left George Orwell's citizen of 1984, back many utopias ago caught in the Prelude, xx when an unimaginated knock on the door had terrified him and fulminations against Big Brother. Just so does the spectre crazy of utopia gone amok haunt 00.

For whatever reasons, the modern classics are anti-utopias, both parts of our language -- Brave New World and 1984. Both are well-written, admittedly, but the real tribute is to the imagination in each. Orwell showed us the everydayness of terror -- all of it possible with knowledge and techniques we already have.
Writers have used many metaphors -- clockwork, paradise. But since utopias have been so varied in scheme and intent, it may be better to think about them organically. Utopia is an ideal, in much the same sense tiptop physical condition or sword-quick mental adaptness can be. Society is put into trim, can work strong and smoothly, and with grace. As an athlete moves with each muscle shaping the motion to the intended goal, so it is with utopia, each fiber working to the graceful whole. In the instant, it is lovely. Yet we shall see, too, that it is the perversion of perfection that modern writers have feared -- the grace growing musclebound and grotesque, biceps and thighs bulging to distort lithe movement. The 00 grows to Gargantua.
What ideals of Western man has utopia represented? For one, behind each utopia is. conviction. society can be put right, tinkered into progress. The vision is clear: leave behind the decaying society and perhaps there is a whiff from utopia in all our dreams (in the dreams of us all).

Symmetry -- almost an arithmetic for living. This is understandable, for arithmetical order is easier to comprehend and describe than the muss of life.

As society has gotten bigger, utopian thinking has gotten smaller. The anti-utopias of Brave New World and 1984 now are on the grand scale, while the utopian tries, at least in the United States, are scaled down to commune size: till a few acres, web together with perhaps a few dozen persons, trim life down.

For better or worse, utopias have been political. Somehow even the grandest of ideal societies must function; somebody is in charge.

(For Part Three: we circle back now to the values which have inspired utopias, and see the dark sides. Order -- rigidity. Progress--runaway technology.

Utopia is an ideal, in much the same sense as physical condition or mental adeptness can be. Society is put into trim, can work strongly and smoothly, and with grace. As an athlete moves with each muscle shaping the motion to the intended goal, so it is with utopia, each fiber working to the graceful whole. We shall see, too, that it is the perversion of perfection that modern writers have feared -- the grace growing musclebound and grotesque, biceps and thighs bulging to prevent lithe movement.
A strong current of utopianism feeds its way throughout the American past. The writings of the Puritans show they were aware of setting an example for mankind -- not least in the words of John Winthrop.

Thomas Jefferson, still in his twenties, devised two remarkable systems of government -- the territorial system which brought colonies into full political partnership perhaps more painlessly than any other, and the land system. John Adams knew James Harrington's Oceana, and Mass. etc.

Indeed, we are fortunate not to have some of Jefferson's utopian brainstorms, such as classical names for states.

There was the faith that America was to be the new garden of the world. And in the factories of America the utopian ideal of machinery taking over for man reached its highest level. There was the sense that America was God's chosen nation. Look back at what our Presidents say when they take office; every one of them, save only Washington in his second inaugural, calls upon God.
From early on, there was a sense of utopian striving, of starting fresh and doing it right enough that it would serve as a good example. John Winthrop wrote of his colony of Puritans at Mass Bay Colony, we shall be as a city upon a hill. Half-brag, half-hope, and a mix which never left the American mind. We have proclaimed ourselves an example to the world in religious freedom, in democratic politics. We have shaped the nation from continental acreage with loud proclamations that this, us, is destiny's favorite. Nor is it coincidence that we have come closer than anyone to the ancient utopian theme of machines saving us from labor -- only to find them also saving us from paychecks.

Until the spate of communes in the 1960s, the vastest venture in building new communities came not from any inspirational movement, but from the U.S. government in the years 1933-1936. In the flush of the New Deal, at least 99 new communities were planned. Where two generations before the government had been unwilling to grant Mormon Utah statehood, now bureaucrats were looking to Mormon farms as successes to be copied.

Read the ideas of Jefferson, Madison, the Adamses; it is clear there was a broad impulse to build anew, to make a new model of government. If that new model would have the same old colonial leaders, that was not anti-utopian; utopias generally have had veteran leadership.
The unpopularity list could go on and on. But we should pause
to notice that in a way, all of America qualifies for
the United States itself deserves listing
just as much as the most eccentric commune in the boondocks.
There is a utopian strain in the U.S. which makes us difficult
our neighbors in the world, too. What was manifest destiny, the
19th century notion that the U.S. was destined to spread from Atlantic
to Pacific; but a national
self-righteousness, a sort of
religion
What inspired this nation but the belief it was a new and better
society building on the old? The Statue of Liberty addresses
Europe:
These larger utopian themes will be discussed in the following
section, The United States of Utopia. But throughout, from New
Harmony to Total Loss Farm, ask yourself whether the utopia at hand
dwarf
is peculiar to itself, or is some version of America itself.

So. Utopia comes to America—surprisingly often in the company
of travelers directly inspired by Thomas More or some later novelist
of the imaginary realm. It tried the climate—as some of the
following selections show, sometimes the try is desperately hard.
It survives or, more often, dies. But why does utopia persist?

Why, after centuries of admittedly scanty success, do new utopian
ventures appear? By what motive does a psychedelic commune try to
exist where a socialist colony and a religious congregation have failed
before it? It may be simply perpetual dismay with the human condition.
Yet utopianism in America, although it has had countless moments of lunacy, has never been nonsense. Look at what American utopias have stood for -- imaginative education and the emancipation of women -- and what they have stood against -- slavery and sex. Utopians have been ages ahead of the rest of us in trying to eliminate the middle man from commerce. They have done so almost entirely without violence. By and large, they have managed to make a living; it has been governance which perplexed them, and it perplexes all of us. Utopians simply have tried new systems.

No need to think of utopias as frontier spearheads. The usual answer from history is heard again: some were, some weren't. A number of utopian colonies did go far west -- the Mormons etc -- but many moved just beyond the neighbors: the Shakers in a radius of 00, for instance. The real frontier for the utopians was behavior, and yet they crossed that.
promising
America was a good place to try utopia. It offered religious
liberty and a generous measure of political freedom. The vast west,
offered land, and on remarkably stable terms: the township system which
marked the continent into square miles made for indisputable title to
land, and the territorial system meant stable politics.

To neighbors comfortable with their own modes of living, the
utopian experiments were banns to the window, wailing that the
old society was dead and the new was being built its grave.

Utopias are criticized for crossing the frontiers of logic -- for trying
to be better or at least different than it is possible to be. Yet, this
is the same country which bailed an Edison for endless experiments
until he got the electric light right, a Ford for tinkering the automobile
into being. Why are utopias, communes, accounted because they did not succeed at once? The history of the United States is strewed
with abandoned tries: homesteads vacant on the plains, ghost towns silent
in the mountain gulches -- yet we do not write off the mining frontier
of the agricultural frontier as failures.

If we called them "temporary societies," would the record look better?
"Experimental models?"

Why should mortality be chalked up only against utopia?
Utopia hasn't secured the American landscape for itself, but it never seems to lack interesting footholds.

ideas we live by, utopia has sought its way. Ours has been a landscape vast with promise, a spiritual bonanza for the hopeful.

This is an ancient skepticism about humankind. "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward". If utopia must mean perfection, the skepticism is justified. But it needn't.

You can search out metaphors.

In OO, Emma Goldman's radical OO newspaper Mother Earth preaches revolution against capitalism. Today, Mother Earth News puts out a gentle philosophy of harvesting the land.

The people of Utopia, USA? Certainly many were cranks, honing to their interior visions of religious paradise, or vegetables, or whatever. Probably an uncomfortable number were freeloaders; Robert Owen found that a number of his Harmonians were eager to the wealth -- his wealth, that is. Some were dogged seekers of the communal ideal. There are records of persons who lived in 0 or 0 different utopias. And a number probably were as decent and striving as any group to be found in America.
The utopian movement is in the odds and ends of American history along with the Populist party, Coxeys Army... one of those patterns which had some influence and some following but never became a major American style.

For most, the promise proved false. Life did not turn out within to be paradise, because the city limits of utopia dwelled jealousy, antagonism, quackery just as in the main streets of anywhere.

It may be argued that communes are simply a retreat, a veer away from society without positive ideas, and as such not utopian. But utopia has never set strict terms for what its legions must think. In the midst of our technology, a patch of vegetable growing seems no less utopian than 00... indistinctly. Wobbl 1910 ers ago.
There was the case of the Pilgrims in Arkansas Territory. They were reported by the visiting Timothy Flint to eat mush and milk, quote. Flint also thought them gaunt and OO.

At Brook Farm, lofty intentions were whittled down by ineptitude. Nathaniel Hawthorne paid his entry fee, tried a bit to do the work of a farm hand. Hawthorne noted that far from being looked upon by the neighbors as a good example, Brook Farm was heartily disliked for quote.

If ever a utopia was born doomed, it was Nashoba in OO. Founded by Frances Wright, an Englishwoman, Nashoba was intended to correct the injustice of slavery. Some residents of Nashoba openly proclaimed living with freed slaves; athwart the racial and sexual taboos of the time, Nashoba lasted 000.

We have had utopias which preached no sex, and utopias which preached plentiful sex. Both have scandalized their neighbors. The Oneida colony

Support nature of the utopian quest.

These elements of utopia on the null-and-Green compound show the story of utopias made in America is another story.

It is not certain what the total of American utopian ventures really is.
Robert Owen was an enchanting blend of fog and illumination. Now you see the cleverness which knew the problems of industrialism, now comes the blather and dabble which muddled his expensive trials to right those evils. Owen was a self-made marvel; from time he left Wales at age ten, while a teen-ager, he learned the new machinery of England's cotton-spinning industry, and at 20 was 20.

He sensed that he was riding the crest of a new force in the world, industrialization, and he believed it could help in rebuilding society. Owen's ideas changed, but to sum up most briefly he believed communities of about 2500 persons could support themselves with industry and agriculture. His first experiment, New Lanark in Scotland, draws today near the falls of the Clyde River, with antique charm. When a chance came up to buy 20,000 acres along the Wabash River, Owen turned to America. New Harmony, as it was renamed, makes uncomfortable reading. Robert Owen, leading the light of the managerial revolution, failed as a manager at New Harmony: the issues of property ownership and membership standards were never settled.

There is the danger of dwelling too much on New Harmony, of saying here utopia lost its balance and went down. The total of communities trying out Robert Owen's ideas was at best ten -- yet there were 00 Fourier towns, 00 Shaker communities over a 00-year span, even 00 socialist attempts in the late 19th-early 20th.
There is drama. July 4, 1826, the 50th anniversary of American independence. The very heavens seem to cut loose. At 00, Thomas Jefferson dies at Monticello. At 00, the second old titan of young America, John Adams, dies in 00. Amid the thunderclaps of history, Robert Owen rises before a crowd of 000 at New Harmony and delivers the Declaration of "Eternal Independence." The day lacks only the trumpets of herald angels.

There is the point that utopias have been attractive to writers. The English poets Southey and Coleridge were infatuated with Pansocracy. Coleridge rolled into his poetry the name of the promised river — quote Susquehanna -- enthused: Quote about making money.

And there is a lovely incident recorded from the life of the English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge which shows just how stunning the utopian prospect in America could be. When Taylor and his fellow poet Robert in 1791 -- futilely, as it turned out -- Southey were undergraduates, they were dazzled by a proposal which they dreamed of implanting in America called pantisocracy. Coleridge, enchanted enough vowed to implant the new United States. After talking with a land agent, Coleridge wove a worthy advisor into a poem the site recommended by that shrewd American: "...Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream/Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream..." But it is in a scrap of prose, a line from a letter to Southey, that Coleridge bursts forth with the grandest beckon of America: "That literary characters make money there."
any indication. For it may be that utopia, with its sundry meanings and unquenchable faiths, will go on as long as the human predicament does. Here in our own century alone, there have been two World Wars and, at a conservative reckoning, some 60 smaller wars; a Depression; nuclear firepower to scorch all of us from the face of the earth; and as this is written, economies are kiting off in directions which seem to baffle the world's governments. Is this the best we can do? It may be, but there is plenty in such a record to inspire more tries toward utopia.
Wright points out that Puritanism helped give American society a stress on education, and this is as good a bridge as any to the topic of schools as a frontier institution. He makes the point that a potent minority usually were the bearers of culture on the frontier, and this seems especially the case in education.

Rush Welter, in *Popular Education and Democratic Thought in America*, looks at education from the time it was merely the raiment of New England ministers until it became a talisman of Grangers and Populists -- and beyond, to our own day when it's assumed everyone has a right to some sort of education. His is not a chronological study, but a study of philosophy development. He suggests that the American belief in education has grown from being one of many values into a basic social doctrine.

Especially valuable is Welter's discussion of education as part of political platforms in the 1800s. Also, the book provides a strong bibliography and a good set of notes on each chapter.

*The American College and University*, by Frederick Rudolph, is a smooth story of higher education in this country. A topical treatment, it's a good mixture of broad theme and telling detail. Rudolph provides a bibliographic essay which discusses education history done by historians, by educators, by the government, and by foundations. There's also a list of histories of specific colleges and universities.

But both Welter and Rudolph are useful as general background sources, not as portrait artists of frontier schools. Louis Geiger offers a look at a frontier university built from scratch: *University*
of the Northern Plains, the story of the University of North Dakota. Perhaps the entire tale is in the picture inside the front cover: a gaggle of buggies and bystanders near a timid foundation and beyond, maybe to the edge of the world, the incredible loneliness of the North Dakota plain. The founding of a frontier university, October, 1883.

Geiger's book is useful both for detail and because it is about one of the last frontier areas of the U.S. It's worth noting that even then, on the brink of the 20th century, the frontier university still started with a classical curriculum. Greek and Latin were unshakably part of the educated mind. (The university's first school yell, in fact, democratically mixed Greek and Sioux.)

The North Dakota story also reminds us of the energy and dexterity some 19th century educators had. The first president of the university, as an example, was not only a teacher and administrator, but "had found time for extensive periods of professional lecturing, a journey to Europe, the publication of annotated editions of several of Milton's works, the presidency of the New England Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the invention of a windmill."

Frontier publications have to be counted an institution. But I would argue that they were less influential than churches and schools -- perhaps less important than any face-to-face relationship -- and that they get more than their due from historians.

Newspapers in particular seem to me imperfect reflectors of other institutions and only rarely the agent which takes an important belief straight from the realm of idea into use and instruction.
Drama Unfurled in Anti-Red Lesson

Mattoon, May 1 (AP) "All students assemble in the gymnasium," a voice said over the public address system in Mattoon High School on a fall afternoon. After classes started today.

The 1,200 boys and girls began filing toward the gymnasium for one of many assemblies held during the school year. As they passed the administration office, an armed, uniformed man was on guard. At the three exits of the gymnasium another uniformed man stood with sawed-off shotguns. The youngsters took seats.

A leading businessman of Mattoon took the rostrum. In uncertain, hesitant steps the school principal, Roy Sheppard, and the school superintendent, Virgil Judge, followed.

There was no usual nod to the assembled students by the national anthem. No one moved to lead the traditional recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance.

"Sit down," the businessman ordered.

He turned to Sheppard and Judge and asked: "Have you changed your mind?"

Both shook their heads firmly, negatively. The man motioned to one of the armed guards and told him: "Shout them out two outside and shoot them.

Then as the assembled students began to look around questioning, T. Raleigh Nelson, the man on the rostrum, informed the students that on this May Day the government of the United States had been taken over by the Communists.

A few nervous titters and some glances flooded into much whispering.

For 10 minutes, Nelson outlined the students' part in a government run by Communists. His title, he said, was director of instruction.

Hereafter, he continued, any youth whose average falls below a semester grade of 75 would be taken out of school and assigned to a labor camp.

Youngsters would attend school 8 days a week, 12 months a year, Nelson said. All reading matter and studies would be rigidly supervised by the new government.

Some eyes widened, others grew wary.

"These, during his period of organization completed, Nelson stopped for a minute. Soberly he told the students:

"This is what can happen in the United States. This is what is happening in countries where communism has taken over."

And a crescendo of relieved responses followed. Nelson spoke for some 30 minutes on Americanism, the value of freedoms and citizenship.

Nelson, 26, an insurance man, said he thought of the scare stunt after reading a newspaper article.

"He said Sheppard asked him to talk on communism and when he suggested this approach, Sheppard and Judge agreed. They took into their group only one other person, J. Rex Hovious, president of the school board.

Faculty members were told that Nelson would speak on communism, but was out of it for a time as surprised as the youngsters.

What was the reaction of the student body?

Jane Cruse, 16, a junior, said: "I was mystified when I saw the armed men. I asked a friend if she knew what men were doing in the gym. Then we just filed into the gym and there was no national anthem and we didn't recite the pledge."

"All the time the man talked, I kept saying to myself, 'This isn't real.' I was very relieved when he left. It was just too unreal," the assembly.

We've already started study groups to find out more about communism and about our freedom."

Said Lynn Wilson, 15, a sophomore:

"I was shocked when the man told us the Communists had taken over. It seemed so impossible. It could have happened. Some of us laughed a little, but we quieted down the longer the man talked. It was shocking. I was never more relieved when I heard them explain the reason for the assembly."

Nelson said that about 35 or 40 youngsters talked with him after the assembly and asked his advice on reading matter.

He said: "I have no connection with any of the national anti-Communist groups, such as the John Birch Society. I just want people to start thinking and become aware of the danger of communism and how something like this assembly today could happen in this country. It's happened elsewhere and it could happen here."

Sheppard said he believes the assembly was a "dramatic portrayal" of what could happen.

"Of course, it shocked all the students," Sheppard said, "but we have them thinking realistically about these things now. Every class since the assembly, in the corridors and during the lunch periods, there was discussion about communism. I feel I was privileged to be a part of it."

Red Chinese Vessel Sunk
Tokyo, Thursday May 2 (AP) Rescued crewmen of the first Chinese Communist freighter carrying cargo to Japan under a new barter agreement said the ship was torpedoed and sunk Wednesday in the Yellow Sea, the Japanese Maritime Safety Agency (MSBA) reported today. None of the crew of 39 were injured.

The 1,162-ton Yue Jui Ho went down about 120 miles southwest of Cheju Island, south of Korea, in an area where U.S. Navy officials said a Soviet warship reportedly mined by the Chinese Communists during the Korean War.

There was speculation that the ship may have hit a floating mine.

The MSB director, Isamu Wada, said another possibility was the ship had grounded.

He cast doubt on the torpedo report and said investigators were coming on route to the area to investigate.

 Won't Run Again
Churchill to Retire
(c) 1963 New York Times
News Service
London, May 1
Sir Winston Churchill announced today that he would not stand again for Parliament.

No issue in the next general election will hold which cannot be decided after October 1964, Sir Winston will close a career of parliamentary service uninvolved in the country's central event.

The 88-year-old, former prime minister explained that his accident last year in Monte Carlo had greatly decreased his mobility.

In a letter to Mrs. Doris Moss, chairman of the Conservative Association of Woodford, his constituency since 1945, Sir Winston said it has become difficult for me to attend the House of Commons as I would wish."

Last June 28 Sir Winston fell in his hotel bedroom in Monte Carlo while vacationing and broke a thigh bone.

He was treated from another vacation in Monte Carlo only last week and tonight attended the Royal Academy banquet at Burlington House in London.

Sir Winston is the "father" of the Commons, with the longest continuous service, since 1924. In fact, he first entered the House 49 years ago and served two years, after the coalition government of David Lloyd George broke up in 1922.

No one in the House has spent more years there than Sir Winston, although he is not the oldest member. That is David Loggan, a Labor member for Liverpool, who is 91 and has been in the House since 1929.
PROGRAM: Wisconsin at Northwestern

DATE: Saturday November 11, 1961

BROADCAST TIME: 1:25 PM— to end of game

ASSISTANT: Bell — play by play (1st qtr
Levone — announcing and colour

OPENING CUE FROM W klar STUDIO: "And now, for the broadcast
of today's game, we take you
to Dyche Stadium!"

STATION IDENTIFICATION: All will come from stadium
(see cards)

CLOSING CUE FROM DYCHe: "And that's all from Dyche Stadium
this season!"
Good afternoon football fans. From Dyche Stadium in Evanston, Illinois — W-N-U-R brings you Northwestern University football. Today the Wildcats take on the University of Wisconsin Badgers, in the final home game of the 1961 season. I'm Sam Levene, and with me to bring you today's play by play action is Steve Bell, along with the rest of the crew.

It's a _______ day here in Evanston, with the temperature in the _______ and a _______ mile an hour wind blowing from the _______. A big crowd is expected today — more than 45-thousand, with plenty of supporters from Madison on hand to cheer on their horses.

At half time, we'll bring you the music of the Wildcat band as they present another exciting precision display. We'll have scores from other games for you too, so stay tuned to WNUR throughout the afternoon.
BACKGROUND

Northwestern carries a highly respectable record of four wins and two losses into this game today. They've won their last two games in a row -- over Notre Dame & Indiana. But they were not impressive on the whole, last week, in defeating the Hoosiers 14 to 8 before 35-thousand Homecoming fans. Alums and experts alike agreed that the team's offense -- outside of the fine running and passing of quarterback Tom O'Grady -- was not all it should have been -- particularly against a relatively weak Indiana line. Similarly the defense let down, and Indiana quarterback Byron Broome looked like an All-American as he completed pass after pass. This bodes ill for today's game because the Wildcats must shortly face the finest passing combination in college football -- that of Badger Quarterback Ron Miller -- a six foot senior from Berwyn, Illinois -- and 6 foot 6 junior End Pat Richter -- a letterman in three sports. He also stars in basketball and baseball. Richter needs only one more reception to break the Wisconsin record of 25 pass receptions in one season. He had the same record tied last year when he suffered a broken collarbone and missed the rest of the season, including the Northwestern game -- which the Badgers lost 21 to nothing. We mention the six-foot-six height of Richter. That's considerably above any of the Wildcat backs. So even if they put two men on him, he'll still have that big height advantage -- unless of course, one climbs on the other's shoulders.

At any rate -- if Fullback Bill Swingle is in shape today -- we may see six-foot-one-inch Paul Flatley at the left halfback spot from time to time. Wisconsin quarterback Ron Miller is currently third in the Big Ten in total offense and has piled up 556 yards in passing -- tops in the conference.

Despite this formidable duo, the Badgers have only managed to win three and lose three this season.
However, they've been beaten by Michigan State, Iowa and Ohio State...not exactly pushovers. But they had even more trouble beating Indiana than the Wildcats did. They squeaked by six to three.

This will probably be an aerial game both ways, because Northwestern too seems to have found a passing quarterback in / Tom O'Grady. The young sophomore (from Chicago's Brother Rice high school) completed seven of fifteen passes last week and against Notre Dame he completed 8 of 12 — total: 15 completions in 27 tries for 170 yards.

Injuries are hurting the Wildcats. Fullback Bill Swingle, safety man Al Kimbrough, and middle linebacker Larry Onesti are all limping. All three are key men. Swingle — the hard-driving sophomore who tore the opening game against Boston College apart — has missed two games with a knee injury. Onesti and Kimbrough both were hurt last week. All three are expected to see some action today.

This is one of the oldest series in midwestern football. It began in 1890 with the Wildcats winning. However, Wisconsin leads the series, 26 to 16, with four ties. (Today, the favorite is ________, by ________ points.)

Now — it appears things are about to get underway, so here with his opening comments and the play by play of the first quarter — is Steve Bell.
CLOSING

The final score again: ____________________________.

The Wildcats have two games left this 1961 season—both away. Next Saturday afternoon will be one of the toughest of the season as they came up against the (mighty) Spartans of Michigan State, one of the country’s top teams. But the Wildcats looked better in losing to Minnesota than Michigan State did—so it should be a good battle. (Today the Spartans ____________________________.)

The Wildcats finish their season November 25th in sunny Florida against the Hurricanes of the University of Miami, where they’ll have a look at All-American End, Bill Miller.

We hope you’ve enjoyed our Northwestern home football broadcasts this year. There’ll be more of the same next season on W-N-U-R. And we’ll be on hand later in the year with Northwestern Wildcat Basketball. So there’s plenty of excitement ahead.

Right now, I want to express thanks on behalf of Steve Bell, your play by play man—and the entire crew, consisting of ____________________________.

Remember to stay tuned to W-N-U-R throughout the week for fine music and variety programming.

Now this is Sam Levene bidding you good day, and that’s it from Dyche Stadium this season.
PROGRAM: Northwestern vs Minnesota

DATE: Saturday, October 14, 1961

BROADCAST TIME: 1:25 P-M to end of game

ASSIGNMENTS: Bell - play by play
Levane - announcing and color
Traband - statistics & spotting
Croft - engineer
Doig, Bartling - scores & misc.

OPENING CUE FROM WNUR STUDIO: "And now, for the broadcast of today's game, we take you to Dyche Stadium!"

STATION IDENTIFICATION: All will come from stadium (see cards)

CLOSING CUE FROM DYCHE: "And that's all from Dyche Stadium this afternoon!"
OPENING

Good afternoon, football fans! From Dyche Stadium in Evanston, Illinois -- WEHR brings you Northwestern University Football. Today the Wildcats play their second home game of the 1961 season. Their opponents will be the tough University of Minnesota Gophers. I'm Sam Levene and with me to bring you today's play by play action is Steve Bell.

It's a _________ day here in Evanston, with the temperature in the _____, and a _____ mile an hour wind blowing from the _______. A crowd of around _____ -thousand is expected for today's game.

At half time, we'll bring you the music of the Wildcat band as they present another exciting precision display.
Today, Northwestern's surprising young football team faces its stiffest test of the season up to now, as they take on Minnesota -- last year's Big Ten Champions. The Wildcats have looked powerful in winning their first two games, 45 to nothing over Boston College and 28 to 7 over Illinois. However, some cynics might say that Boston was highly overrated, and the Illini are weak. But if Northwestern wins today -- they'll really give the experts something to think about.

Minnesota, in their first two games this season, have a one and one record. Missouri beat them in the opener -- 6 to nothing, and the Gophers defeated Oregon last week -- 14 to 7. Actually they lost a number of stars from last year's championship team due to graduation. But they're still very much to be reckoned with -- particularly on defense. In their two games so far, they've held their opponents to a net total of 129 yards by rushing. The Wildcats have rushed the ball for 721 yards in their two games -- tops in the country in rushing. 256 of those yards have been rushed by sensational sophomore fullback Bill Swingle -- a 19 year old from Grand Haven, Michigan. Bill has an average of 8-point-four yards per try. He's also the team's top scorer with 30 points on five touchdowns, and the leading pass receiver with three for 37 yards.
It remains to be seen just how Swingle will do against the Gopher defense, headed by Bobby Bell — a 6-foot, five inch, 220-pound tackle, and an All-America candidate. If the Wildcat ground attack bogs down against the bigger, heavier Gophers, they will probably take to the air. Last week against Illinois, quarterback Fred Quinn completed five of seven passes for 113 yards.

Minnesota hasn't looked too strong on offense — scoring just 14 points so far. Highly-rated quarterback Sandy Stephens has completed only three of 19 pass attempts.

But a man to watch is sophomore halfback Jim Cairns — hero of last week's win over Oregon. Northwestern coach Ara Parseghian has not been completely happy with the Wildcats pass defense. He's also been concerned with the team's fumbles — 13 in their first two games. So they've been holding anti-fumble drills all week. As far as injuries go, the Wildcats must play without starting guard Jack Cvercko (SVER-ko), who re-injured his knee against Illinois and may be out for the season. Sophomore Kent Pike will probably start this afternoon.

This will be the 45th game between these two teams, the Gophers having the edge 25 to 15, with four ties. Last year, a heavily-favoured Minnesota team just squeaked by, 7 to nothing. But the Wildcats have scored only 19 points against Minnesota in the last five years. So it'll be interesting to see if this year's explosive Cat offense can improve the picture.
Now it's getting close to game time, so let's have some opening comments and the starting lineups from your play by play man -- Steve Bell.
The final score again: ____________, ____________.

Next week, we'll be right back here in Dyche Stadium as the Wildcats face powerful Ohio State. It'll be the first time the two teams have met since 1958 when Northwestern defeated the Buckeyes 21 to nothing, in one of the most exciting games ever played here. Next Saturday is also "N" Men's Day. We'll be on hand starting at 1:25 PM to bring you the complete play by play of what should be another thriller.

Now speaking for Steve Ball and the entire crew, this is Sam Levens hoping you've enjoyed today's broadcast, and that you'll set your dial to 89.3 — WNUR-FM — one week from today at 1:25 for another Northwestern Football broadcast. And stay tuned to WNUR throughout the week for fine music and variety programming.

And that's all from Dyche Stadium this afternoon.
PROGRAM: Northwestern vs. Boston College

DATE: Saturday, September 30, 1961

BROADCAST TIME: 1:25 P-M to end of game

ASSIGNMENTS: Bell - play by play
Levene - announcer & colour
Traband - statistics & spotting
Croft - engineer
Doig, Houk, Bartling - scores & misc.

OPENING CUE FROM WNUR STUDIO: "And now, for the broadcast of today's game -- we take you to Dyche Stadium!"

STATION IDENTIFICATION: All will come from stadium. (see cards)

CLOSING CUE FROM DYCHE: "And that's all from Dyche Stadium this afternoon!"
OPENING

Good afternoon, football fans! From Dyche Stadium in Evanston, Illinois -- WNUR brings you Northwestern University Football! Today the Wildcats open their 1961 season against those rugged Boston College Eagles. I'm Sam Levene, and with me to bring you today's play by play action is Steve Bell.

It's a _______ day here in Evanston, with the temperature in the ______, and a _______ mile an hour wind blowing from the _______.

A crowd of around ______-thousand is expected for today's game.

And at half time, five-thousand young musicians from 61 high schools will march onto the playing field to mark the sixth annual high school band day.
BACKGROUND

Boston comes into this afternoon's contest with one victory already on the book -- an impressive 23 to nothing win over Cincinnati last week. The Eagles have what many feel is their strongest team in 20 years. Northwestern, on the other hand, graduated nine seniors from the squad that last year compiled a record of five wins and four defeats.

So the Wildcats face what Coach Ara Parseghian calls his biggest rebuilding job since 1958. Gone from last year's starting lineup are Quarterback Dick Thornton, Fullback Mike Stock, and Ends Elbert Kimbrough and Irv Cross. Also halfback Ray Purdin, offensive centre Dick Nichols, and guards Russ Asala and Wayne Chamberlin. The big replacement job, of course, is at Quarterback where Junior Fred Quinn will start this afternoon. Senior Bob Eickhoff, smaller in size than Quinn -- also should see action at Quarterback. And veteran Al Kimbrough -- a starter at halfback last year -- will be used to spell the quarterback on defense.

Fullback has been another major backfield problem. Leading candidate Paul Flatley is hurt.
But Bill Swingle— a 200-pound sophomore — has been looking good and will start today. At Halfback, five lettermen are available. Juniors Bob Snider and Larry Benz are on this afternoon's starting unit.

The Wildcats are depending on their heavy line, anchored by team Captain Larry Onesti at defensive centre, and by Tackle Fate Echols. Both men are All-America prospects. Onesti will be replaced on offense by junior Jay Robertson. However, two potential Northwestern starters probably will not see action today due to knee injuries. They are junior guard Jack Cvercko (SVAIR -ko) and sophomore end Tim Ziemke. Cvercko will be replaced by Sophomore Kent Pike, and Ziemke by junior letterman Dick Machalski. All in all — there are three sophomores in the Wildcats' starting lineup.

Looking at Boston College, Coach Ernie Hefferle has 24 lettermen returning from last year's team that won three, lost six, and tied one. Outstanding are Quarterback George Van Cott, a fine passer, and 205-pound Fullback Harry Crump. Crump was the team's leading scorer last year, and Van Cott was second.
The Eagles are a big team, and will outweigh Northwestern 18 pounds per man in the line. So coach Parseghian is relying heavily on a strong defense.

Today will be the first time that Northwestern and Boston College have met in football. And it will be one of two games this year against an East Coast team. The season's final sends the Wildcats to the University of Miami November 24th.

Other away games are against Illinois -- that ancient rivalry resumes next week -- as well as Notre Dame and Michigan State.

We'll be bringing you all Northwestern's home games this season.

Besides Boston College, the Wildcats also host Minnesota, Ohio State, Indiana, and Wisconsin.

As the day progresses, we'll have scores for you from other important games across the nation. And of course, you'll hear the exciting music from the field during the big half time production.

So stay tuned to WNUR throughout the afternoon, and enjoy the game with us.
Well, the Northwestern University band has finished playing the Alma Mater, and it's just about game time. So here to bring you the play by play as Northwestern begins its 73rd football season, is Steve Bell.
The final score again: _______ ___: _________ ___!

Next week the Wildcats resume a traditional rivalry somewhat earlier in the season than usual, as they move downstate to face the Illini at Champaign. After 68 years -- the series is all tied up. The next home game will be here two weeks from today against Minnesota's Gophers. We'll be on hand to bring you the play by play of that one too.

Now, speaking for Steve Bell and the entire crew, this is Sam Levene, hoping you've enjoyed today's broadcast, and that you'll stay tuned tuned to WNUR all season and throughout the year.

And that's all from Byche Stadium this afternoon!
PROGRAM: Northwestern vs. Ohio State

DATE: Saturday, October 21, 1961

BROADCAST TIME: 1:25 P-M to end of game

ASSIGMENTS:
- Boll — play by play
- Levene — announcing & colour
- Traband — statistics & spotting
- Croft — engineer
- Dcig — scores & misc.

OPENING CUE FROM WHUR STUDIO: "And now, for the broadcast of today's game, we take you to Dyche Stadium!"

STATION IDENTIFICATION: All will come from stadium (see cards)

CLOSING CUE FROM DYCHE: "And that's all from Dyche Stadium this afternoon!"
Good afternoon, football fans. From Dyebe Stadium in Evanston, Illinois -- WMUR brings you Northwestern University football. Today the Wildcats play their third home game of the 1961 season. Their opponents will be the undefeated Ohio State Buckeyes of Ohio State University. I'm Sam Levine and with me to bring you today's play by play action is Steve Bell.

It's a ________ day here in Evanston, with the temperature in the ________, and a ________ mile an hour wind blowing from the ________. A crowd of around 45-thousand is expected for today's game.

This is "F" Men's Day. Being honored today are members of the 1936 Wildcats -- the only Northwestern team ever to win an undisputed Big Ten title. Among those attending the reunion is Coach of that team -- Lynn "Pappy" Waldorf -- a popular figure in American College Football history. We'll bring you on the halftime ceremonies when these men are saluted.
BACKGROUND

Looking now at 1961 football, the picture is perhaps not quite as bright as it was back in '36. The Wildcats lost their first game of the season last week when Minnesota beat them here in Evanston, 10 to 3. Ohio State arrives fresh from a solid trouncing of Illinois -- 44 to nothing. But Northwestern also beat the Illini, 28 to 7. The Buckeyes other two games were considerably less decisive. They defeated U-C-L-A 13 to 3, and were held to a surprising seven-seven tie by Texas Christian.

Nevertheless they lead the Big Ten both in offense and defense, and they've been improving in every game. The Buckeyes traditionally powerful ground attack is led by All American Fullback, Bob Fuge son. He has plenty of help from Halfbacks Paul Warfield and Matt Snell. A third halfback, Bob Klein, is highly regarded by Coach Woody Hayes. He's been hurt, but is okay now and we're sure to see him today. And Quarterback Bill Mrukowski gives the Buckeyes a strong passing attack as well. He threw for 123 yards against Illinois.

The Wildcats, if they hope for an upset, must improve the ball handling. They've been fumbling for an average of seven times per game.

There are several starting lineup changes today. Sophomore End Chuck Logan is out with an injured knee. He'll be replaced by Senior Ray Dillon, (who has seen only limited Big Ten action in the past.) At the other End position, sophomore Pst Riley has been promoted to the First unit, as has sophomore Guard, Larry Zeno. And Bobby Eichhoff will handle the First Team's Quarterbacking duties, taking over from Fed Quinn. Halfback Bob Snider is back in the lineup today. He missed last week's game because of an ankle injury. Team Captain Larry Oneisti has been bothered by A Charley
horsemanship, but he'll be in his customary position at defensive center.

The last time these two teams met was in 1958.

In that Dyche Stadium event, Northwestern astounded the football world with a 21 to nothing upset, scoring two touchdowns in the closing minutes. That was Homecoming Day, and the Stadium simply reeked with excitement as the Wildcats held another Ohio State to All American Fullback, Bob White -- minus three yards. It was almost perfect football -- hard, clean and driving -- and the Wildcats electrified this campus and the whole sports world with a tremendous performance.

Needless to say, Northwestern fans, team and coach are hoping for a repetition of history.

Over the years in this series, Ohio State has won 15 games, Northwestern 10, with one tie.

Although the Buckeyes are strongly favored to win today, a landslide is not predicted. They go into the game a seven point choice.

(This is the first of three Northwestern games against top rated teams this year. The Wildcats must also face Notre Dame and Michigan State, both away games. So there are tough days ahead.)

As the afternoon progresses we'll bring you scores of other important games across the nation, as well as the Halftime show. So stay tuned to WNUR. Now, game time is approaching, so here with his opening comments, is your play by play man -- Steve Bell.
"CLOSING"

The final score again

Next Saturday afternoon, the Wildcats visit another old rival, Notre Dame. As everyone knows, the Irish have returned to prominence this season, so it should be a hard-fought game.

The next game here in Dyche Stadium will take place two weeks from today. The Hoosiers from Indiana University will be here to face the Wildcats. And it'll be Homecoming Day. There'll be plenty of excitement, so if you can't attend in person — be sure to hear it on WNUR. We'll bring you the play by play and all the related festivities. That'll be starting at 1:25 P-M, two weeks from today — Saturday, November 4th.

Now, speaking for Steve Bell and the entire crew, this is Sam Levens, hoping you've enjoyed today's broadcast, and that you'll stay tuned to WNUR throughout the week for fine variety programming.

And that's all from Dyche Stadium this afternoon.
"If you kiss the hand at, argues to want, and only

"I f wanna, plz."

5 of us: As the main & the boys having worn by what they cannot be
disected, she said aff.

2 of girls, a skinny, blonde, who had ended in the tray 14-7 & 3 of us
had, stayed to part 1 again. ours would be ice cream scoop & a can of warm
water & would:

"baby, signal bell. 3 again, went by speed 6 & stuff my top 2 both.
They read:

Wanda
On top

Mary Aydette

"Blonde and corn, cupcake & the cup of java
same cherry aspa... aspa... me 3d one?"

\[\text{taped here}\]

"pretend we launched, went into, eaten again on ice cream with\nread "Chicken mite... not after me, Harold P. &. Plum Nugat,\nMurphy, Big Bill, & Penny tune complete. We. cement girls we sinned,\n
all to love her\n
"I made it. --- e. her.~ Mary."
The first girl in line looked hard at the signs, but said only: "One of vanilla, please."

The second girl, a chunky blonde who already had enough food on her tray for most of a football team, stopped in front of the signs. Behind the counter, Joris swizzled his ice cream scoop in a can of warm water and watched her.

The blonde puzzled over the three signs, neatly lettered and spaced in the slots of a small signboard from top to bottom. They read:

VANILLA

ORANGE SHERBET

CHERRY APHRODISIAC

The blonde looked up at Joris. "What's cherry aphro ... aphor ... that third one?"

Joris was launched. The next night, the bottom sign on the ice cream counter read CHICKEN MINT. The night after that,
Dear Mr. Lumsden,

I'd like to try a few articles on you:

1. The second girl in the food line at the store.
2. The phone buzzing over the phone at the police station.

I'm sure you have a weekly magazine subscription. The next night, I'll be at the cinema, and I'll have the ice cream Sundae.

Sincerely,

Vonnelle

Orange Sheet
Cheery Ophionissic

... not the cake we made.

Spot: 

The next night, the phone rang on the ice cream counter. Keep Chickerin' Mind. The night after that.
MUSTARD RIPPLE, PLUM NOUGAT, MUSHBERRY, FIG DELIGHT, and
PARSLEY CHUNK completed the week. The dormitory girls were
entranced. They would file through the cafeteria line, 250
nubile versions of a college boy's erotic dreams, and every night
several of them would ask Joris how he ever thought up these
flavors of funny imaginary names for ice cream. And that, we began to see, was the name of the game.

No one knew a lot about Joris, not even those of us who lived on the same dorm floor with him and worked the same job shift he did. He had transferred to the university from some small college in the Southwest at the start of winter quarter and was a geology major; I knew from a few taut conversations with him. But he was quiet. Tall, husky through the shoulders, mild blue eyes, black hair slicked back, although this a crewcut was the style then. "Valentino," my roommate, a drama major, judged. "You sad son of a bitch, you wouldn't know a Valentino if one came up and barfed on your script of The Cherry Orchard," I repeated told him.

He shook his head. "Valentino," he said again.

Joris worked in the dish room that quarter. The university food service took on about two dozen students at Merrill House, which wasn't a house at all but a girls dormitory which looked like an overgrown motel. Merrill House was a prize among board job students, first because it had more girls than any other dormitory and second because the
food was not bad. Those of us with jobs there generally clung to them throughout our four years. I was in my third year in the dish room when Joris began. Working as a busboy or behind the ice cream counter were supposed to be the easier jobs, but I stuck with the dish room. It wasn't hard if you didn't mind the steam from the dish washing machine. The girls filed to the cafeteria past an open door in one corner of the dish room, and at slack times I sat on a sink and watched the girls.

Joris worked glasses. The busboys brought trays of dirty dishes to a large window at the front of the dish room; garbage was scraped through a hole in the counter into garbage cans, glasses were pushed to the left for washing, dishes were pushed right to be racked, sprayed, and then sent through the washer to me.

"Joris did..." make a big impression on me or. Then I worked to the dishroom, Geo. Geboe and Ralph. Ralph was a quiet man, plump, and to his late days he was responsible for "Made man. Plump & to his late late..."

he said. (Reading a joke.)

"Yes. Garbage bags were, in garbage cans. Geo was a silent, working o a o be music theory, his middle name was "..." So his job, + unspoken, he place: very quiet, steel, fed + didn't plowed to a garbage can. Geo's reaction to Joris was..."
The Fireworker

The forge is a life.

Bellows breath blown
in a long, high moan.

A bell, a bell, a bell,
ringing in the heart of the room,

where visions come
to me in the night.

When the fire is high
and the heat is hot,

I see the flames dance and sway,
and the forge comes alive.

I stand before it
and watch it burn,

until the coals turn red
and the iron glows.

Then I strike it
and hear the hammer strike,

as the metal shatters and breaks
and the forge echoes with sound.

The forge is a life,

and I am its heart.
Joris did his work quietly, almost stolidly. The only surprise I found in him was an edge of malice.

Gene Tiflin ran the kitchen at Merrill House. He hired and assigned the student help and was in charge of the *mess* cooks and other full-timers. Gene had a title which only a stupefyingly big institution could bestow: Branch Food Service Manager. Soon after Joris came to work, he began referring to Gene, just out of earshot, just behind his back, as "Sparrowhead."
All of us were in love with Mary Webster. Some more than others, but all in love. She was a pale girl with chestnut hair. She was slim and elegant, with fine small breasts looking cozy in the expensive dark sweaters she wore. Ralph would wink and encourage us. Mary Webster, your quiet smile and cozy breasts flamed in many after-midnight dreams around the campus. John simply watched her -- but more appraisingly, it turned out, than we knew. She used to sweet & soft 2 bed, & ran to thing o her w/o me. She never let any do it.
"It wouldn't be far," Mr. Sing said. "Where to?"

"The corner of Seventh and Bush. You'll be going near there for the freeway. And I would greatly appreciate . . ."

"Sure, why not?" Walter replied, noticing a tightness in himself.

"I'll be right with you. Just one minute." Mr. Sing hurried back into the museum. By the time Walter unlocked the car and shoved the key into the ignition, Mr. Sing was almost back. He turned the ignition key -- part away disinterested. It was dark and quiet now we were very close to the corner.
A bulge the size of a robin's egg had appeared on my right leg, just below the kneecap. It was tender as fire, and after some weeks of wincing almost to tears whenever the knee came against anything, I could keep it secret no longer.

The doctor in Livingston sat me on the end of a metal table, pressed the bump and watched me rear in pain. The X-rays showed what he already knew: the knob of the long bone in my leg had cracked off, a tiny but long crevice between the bones. The pull of the muscle across the kneecap would lift the bone cap away like a rope working over a pulley, he said. I would have to keep the leg straight to prevent that; I would have to bandage the leg constantly, keep pressure on the bone knob. I did not, there was a chance the leg would wither.

It was the greatest of luck that I was at the age when I could not follow those strictures. I bandaged the leg, all right, but then ran with it stiff, a kind of rigid hobble with which I could still play football and softball. I ran in a 100-yard dash once, and placed third.
She would ask me if the Hemenway who read news on the radio was
the Hemenway who wrote the books I read, or whether the John L.
Lewis of the labor fights was Joe Louis of the boxing ring.
The three of us went to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota. The aloneness within the fear of what the doctors would say must have made Dad bring one more prospect of us with him. Death, and this time slow and inside him, he did not want to face alone.

The hotel room stood far above the street. But for the one night with Dad in the cranky bed of the Sherman, this was my first stay in a hotel. In a day or so, a telegram came. Tom Ringer was dead. His last torment of my grandmother was that she felt something which made Dad saw no choice to it either. her return to bury him. She and I took the train back to Montana, leaving Dad to his proddings and samplings.

It was weeks before he followed us home to Montana. I stayed with Angus's family, and watched the trains to see if Dad got off. When he did, he was pale and weak. The doctors had been able to make him a trade; life for two-thirds of his stomach, a chance toward health for several days, and an extension of time enough to think.
Books - fall, 1966

Frontier History

Westward Expansion - Billington
American Expansion - Sale & Karn
Puritan Village - Powell
Day of the Cattleman - Osgood
Wolf Willow - Stengel
Culture on the Moving Frontier - Wright
The Turner Thesis
Old Jules - Sandog
Following the Indian Wars - Knight
The Farmer's Age - Gates
War of the Copper Kings - Glascott
History of American Fur Trade - Chittenden
This Reckless Breed of Men - Cland
Jacob Smith - Morgan
History of U.S. Indian Factory System - Pease
The Fur Trade - Phillips
John A. Astor - Porter

The Beaver Men - Sandog
Fur Trade & Early Western Exploration - Vandivier
The King Ranch - Lea
Castoreologia - Martin
Holy Old Mackinaw - Holbrook
The Great Forest - Lillard
Making of an American Community - Curti
Sod House Frontier - Dick
Religious History of America - Gaustad
U. of Northern Plains - Geiger
Voices in the Valley - Kramer
American College & University - Rudolph
Story of Religion in America - Swett
Domestic Manners of Americans - Trollope
Influence of Newspapers - Turnbull
American Newspaperman - Weisberger
Popular Education & Democratic Thought in America - Walter
Frontier Mind - Moore
Saloon in Motion - Fox
Great Plains - Webb
I pick memories like apples. Some have gone soft, unreliable. Some show elderly wormholes. A few are solid and fulfilling as vintage . . .
The blinking eye of memory is in the camera lens. Blinking and blinkered. Much does not tell itself. First sex: a sway of nipples, a private thatch, clutch and gush...