

Day 2, I woke to terrifically hard rain, the seething sound of rain mixed with hail; continued for about 20 min.

Swan, box 5

WINTER

*check  
at UW*

*Botl*

*used*

161, 1861- "Sunday, March 10--...Jimmy had the night mare last night and made a great howling. This morning he told me that the memeloose were after him and made him crazy. I told him this memloose ~~(sic)~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ dead squid which he ate for supper very heartily..."

*OK*

N 30, '62

Mr Tucker very ill with his eye, his face<sup>u</sup> badly swelled. ~~up~~ This  
evening got Kitchook's Cowichan<sup>t</sup> squaw to milk her breast into a  
cup, and I then bathed Mr Tucker's eyes with it.

OK



Day 2: insert: Think of Swan as someone in your own lineage, a grandparent who crossed the plains or an uncle who knew all about OO, when he was sober...

(plant this reference, then with NYT-Clallam Bay scene turn it to the point that it seems Swan is somewhat in my own family...)

Days:

O great typewriter. 17. longest writing days of my life.