Day 2, I woke to terrifically hard rain, the seething sound of rain mixed with hail; continued for about 20 min.
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 that memeloose (sic) was dead squid which he ate for supper very heartily..."
Mr. Tucker very ill with his eye, his face badly swollen. This evening got Kitchcock's Cowichan squaw to milk her breast into a cup and I then bathed Mr. Tucker's eyes with it.
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 00, 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...
Day 2:
0 hrs. at typewriter. 17 longest writing days of my life.