cats are like odd-colored marbles loose on the landscape
...like queer big marbles...

Cats are at the edges of life. My father's stories often had m cats in them.

(note that I used Pete Olson in THOS?)
This is a n'hood of adventure. Cats visit our yard because we don't have a dog. Birds visit because we don't have a full-time cat.

Cats pace through, in robes of color entirely unsuited to hunting—harlequin figures. They perch on fencetops, or come to sliding door and glance in at me, then freeze in amazement to find me there. Once I saw one walk the frost-slick roof next door—slithering, all-but-falling like an ice skater, but keeping on with its effort at dignity. And there is a spot on the hill 15 yards from my typewriter where I have seen cats nestle, 2 years apart, in exactness, in the sun.

Squirrels commute along the fencelines, or gallop on the roof. In early March, one can be seen in the high precincts of the poplar beyond Cochranes' house, out one limbs over a 50 foot drop.

Dogs cannot wander in fenced backyards; cats are free as birds.
Jan 1: Stormy day. Commenced to occupy office on the lower floor of old Post Office building Pt Townsend as the office for Commissioner of Pilots. US Commissioner. Notary Public &c

rent $5 per month

Mr Judson occupies the front room and I occupy the rear.

Squire Morris H Frost from Mukilteo in town.

Called on Judge Dennis for information relative to acting as U.S. Commissioner
Jan. 2  Stormy day wind S.E. engaged in fitting up my office, &c
Jan. 18, '79, 3 p.m.—gray and white cat just visited the garden patch. Settled for a few minutes on far edge, nearest the bank, giving the spot a look of rightness with its presence. Then looked uneasily over its shoulder, I supposed bothered by me. But it got up, walked into the garden dirt, scratched a hole, quickly and daintily settled onto it in a hunched but poised position—Queen Victoria on a thunderbox—and did its duty. Scratching the lid of dirt into place, it paused, looked around uneasily one more time, saw me thru the window, fled.

(Not the orange cat; it would not be lionly.)
The birds are staying away. It is time I invited the cat to be elsewhere.
day 50: this is separate weather from what we have had.
8:15 am, Dec. 28—orange cat makes circuit, coming along hill behind the evergreens, past the back gate, along fence on neighbors' side. Returning from a night of adventure; it is 22 degrees, clear; frost patterns on the garden dirt.
secret life of cats is an epic we are better not knowing.
We had a cat for 6 cats in this house...

- clowders
- what is word? Clowder, right for its hunt. 7 cloud, drifting