The de Hartogs have one grown family and have adopted two Korean girls, ten and eight. "We speak plain language with them. It really is a very tender language. One day, though, the older girl got really fed up with the younger one taking her clothes. 'Thee little,' she said, 'thee little you.'"

One of the greatest storytellers he encountered was a bosun of a herring schooner on which, at thirteen, he himself sailed. The man's name was Stobbe. "He taught me how to tell a story. 'Tell it to the cook,' he used to say. 'If the cook tells it to anyone else in the galley, you've got a story.' From him too, I learned about art. One day he helped me pick out a present for my mother—a little ship made out of glass. 'Your mother will not be able to use this for anything,' he said, 'so it must be art.'"
Decatur newspapering in JFK assassination aftermath: right-wing wire editor Sidney Scott, whom Ralph Johnson refers to as Sidney Serpent.

Tall tale in DARE, vol. 1, p. 420, under Bucklety-Whet, meaning lickety-split. 1859, Talifero, Fisher's R, NW NC as of 1820s:

I lammed away at him (a buck deer), and away he went around the mounting, and the bullet arter him...Presently round they come like a streak uv sunshine, both buck and bullit, bullit singin' out, "Whar is it? whar is it?" "Go it, my fellers," says I, and away they went roung the Loaf like a Blue Ridge storm. Afor you could crack your finger they was around again, bucklety-Whet.

Bozo Bozonitz, Mint Bar owner/bartender, pal of Dad's, indeed host at Dad's marriage to Fern in living room, if I remember right.

Sharon Alker, Whitman prof of English, told story of her grandfather(?) who emigrated to Canada (from Scotland, I think) and, taken by a soda sign in a store window, went in and ordered a Zup. The baffled clerk finally figured it out: a 7Up.

NU dishroom: new glass washer was Mr. Hurd, called that even by the other blacks such as Archie Moore, a round very black grayhaired man w/ glasses who maybe had never been out of S. Carolina before landing this job; amazed and teeheeing at the college scene and us smartmouth board jobbers.
NY Times correction, 7/18/04: "A picture caption on July 4 with an article about Amish country in Indiana described a farmer's activity incorrectly. He was mowing hay, not plowing a field."

Tri-City Reunion (Sumatra, Vananda and Ingomar) foreword: Our philosophy in preparing this book was most aptly stated by (Sir Walter) Scott: "I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

During the Whistling Season booktour, young woman asked me to put my favorite quote from the book in her inscription. A bit baffled, I think I chose "Light is the desire of the universe" and asked her why. It's a tattoo candidate, she said; she already has Norman Maclean's "I am haunted by waters" on one ankle.

signs seen on our drive north thru Swan Valley during '06 Whistling booktour:

--Vet Clinic Art Gallery
--Elvis Presley Blvd (probably a private sign, though it looked like street sign)

repeated refrain of Montanans during Whistling booktour: four seasons are fall, winter, spring & construction

MT bumper sticker: God wants spiritual fruits, not religious nuts.

torpedo on rr tracks (a mild blasting cap that went off as train rain over it, used as a signal)

Dec. 2 '06 letter from Charles Schafer praising Whistling Season, signed off w/ Latin:

Hodie mihi, cras tibi--goodbye, and good luck

Think the rain will hurt the rhubarb? Not if it's in cans.

Paul Allen trip: 1 of us going in to Summer Palace arm in arm in arm, overtaking worse for wear Meg Ryan, solo. Gave us a mystified look (describe us), Gabri laceratingly young and beautiful. If I had the moment back, I'd have offered her a my free arm... "Join us?"
It was no less an eminence than the great English poet Shelley, taking a moment out from his skyrocket life of lyric verse—"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair"—who once declared, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." But then you get to thinking about poets as a kind of celestial congress, trying to deal with, say, minor housekeeping legislation such as what color to repaint their meeting room.

"Like a red, red rose," proposes the gentleman from the farming constituency of Dumfries, Robert Burns.

"Violet blue as your eyes," objects the honorable Lord Tennyson.

"Orange bright," pipes up the lustrous Andrew Marvell, "like golden lamps in a green night."

Disagreement rapidly runs all over the spectrum, so of course the matter is turned over to a committee. Time passes and time passes, until at last the poetic committee's decision on the paint job is read out by its chairman, John Keats. The room is to be, Keats reports,

"Of dazzling hue—
  Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
  Striped like a zebra, freckled like a leopard.
  Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barred."

Mark Wyman in '05 visit here told of a talk he'd heard from a head of a Norwegian-American history group, of the guy helping out with the chores on a farm run by two brothers and two sisters. He pretty quickly realized it was not the idyllic family farm it looked like, the men were Democrats and the women Republicans and they barely spoke. Came the mealtime when one of the women stepped to the stove amid the usual eating silence, then stopped halfway back to the table to say "To think, we have a President who can't even walk" and then plopped the bowl of potatoes on the table. More silence, until eventually one of the men said: "One does not guide the destiny of a nation with one's feet."

Also from Mark, same trip, same source: the guy noticed on the Norwegian-American farms the cows had Norwegian names, but the horses had American ones. Because the horses went to town.
Mark Wyman in '03 visit here told of his dad, Walker, once having had lunch w/ Mari Sandoz, and she recounted to him her editor's initial skepticism about Old Jules—"We just can't believe anyone could do that to a child." Sandoz jumped to her feet, there in Harlem restaurant w/ the editor, and whipped her skirt up to her thighs, showing him the scars on her legs from beatings from her father."

more Mark W: in his Aug.16 '03 letter he quotes from the Miles City jail registers he researched for hoboes: the 1884 arrest of an Indian named Prairie Chicken for grand larceny, then: "Killed by Butting too Hard a gainst Six Shooters in the Hands of Conley and Johnson."

MT booktour '03: on KRTV in Ft Falls, the weather map gives the lows first—i.e., 38/70

Bill Lang, when we had a drink with him & Marianne @ the Heathman after my Powell's reading in Oct '03, told of his disillusionment with John Fowles when he heard him swipe stuff from John Muir at a lecture series. Bill said Fowles totally filched Muir's anecdote of falling to his knees before a certain kind of wild orchid, told in "A Thousand-Mile Walk," and applied it to a visit to the Columbia Gorge the day or so before.

Barbara Benish letter 5/11/89, in Helena file: --school principal rings fire alarm to call everybody outside to see band of sheep being trailed through.

Ann McCartney is volunteering as an eagle-watch monitor on the Skagit River, and has been taught mnemonic use of her hand to remember the 5 kinds of salmon in the river, if visitors ask:

- thumb--rhymes w/ chum
- lst finger--sockeye, as if you poked s'body in eye
- middle "--king
- ring "--silver
- pinkie--pink
George Shearing on Marian McPartland's NPR jazz show, 2000, reciting about his penchant for puns:

"If I were to be punished for every pun I said I would have to hand my punnish head and take myself to a puny shed."

Patty Limerick @ Stanford seminar 2000 mentioned Karl May's "Old Shatterhand" and someone she met(?) in Germany referring to "the kiva in my soul."

W. Bruce Lincoln, Sunlight at Midnight, p. 323: jazz in Russia: "Enterprising Leningraders turned these treasures from the West into bootleg recordings made on used X-ray plates (hence the nickname 'bone music')..."

ibid. p. 322: "Starting with the arrest of the Polish-Soviet jazz hero Eddie Rosner late in 1946, most Soviet jazzmen were imprisoned or silenced, with saxophonists taking the brunt of the assault, since they were particularly associated in the minds of the authorities with music that was 'hot."

Since saxophones had never been produced in the Soviet union, they had been made available to jazz bands by the government, which, in 1949, required every instrument to be turned in and its user's work papers to be changed to show that he played some other instrument."

"All music gotta be 'folk' music: I ain't never heard no horse sing a song." --Louis Armstrong, qted in Harlem USA, p. 143

"I don't eat anything with eyes."

--a vegetarian's self-description told us by the Atwoods

"I fix anything white."

--refrig repairman's description to us of his appliance work
spiffed-up version of Wyoming cowboy joke Ron Franscell used in Denver Post Apr 15 '01 piece on what Westerners should know:

Guy comes into a lawyer's office. "I want to divorce my wife."
"Mmmmm. What would be your grounds?"
"Got about a hunnerd acres, out of town here."
"No, I meant what kind of suit would you bring?"
"Nice brown pinstripe, I wear it to church & funerals."
"You don't understand. You have to have a case."
"Never owned a case, but my old John Deere still plows pretty good."

"What I'm trying to get at is what it is between you and your wife--is there some kind of grudge?"
"Sure, that's where I keep my John Deere."
"No, no. Is there some kind of trouble between you--does she beat you up?"
"Naw, we both get up about 4:30."
"I give up. Just tell me this: why do you want a divorce?"
"Well, I can't seem to have a meaningful conversation with her."

(This could be amended to have wife silently there to, i.e. Wife says nothing. The wife doesn't say a word...)

NYT article about blues singer B.B. King, March 2, '03:
"King's breakthrough took place in 1968, when Bill Graham, the rock entrepreneur, asked him to appear at the Fillmore West in San Francisco, the music cradle of hippiedom... 'All these white kids, long-haired kids,' Mr. King recalled. 'I never played to people like this before. My knees were trembling."

'When I got hear the stage, Bill Graham gave me the best and the shortest introduction I ever had. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I bring you the chairman of the board, B.B. King." Everybody stood up, everybody. It was the first time I ever got a standing ovation in my life. It was so touching that I cried. Big grown man crying."

--King on his start as a street blues singer after first learning gospel: "Some songs I'd only change 'my Lord' to 'my baby.'"
In arithmetic, I would do the homework while the teacher talked about the assignment. That skill with numbers withered as mysteriously as it blossomed. I can only think that my mind was trying itself out, flexing itself on whatever it could find, and arithmetic served for the moment.

Rae Tufts' Dick Hugo story @ Museum of History & Industry "History Maker" ceremony: Dick once said to her, wouldn't it be wonderful if really great people would once in a while share their applause with those of us who are quite average? Artur Rubinstein, say, would play something magnificent, leave the stage, and Dick would lumber out and take the applause.

On NPR "Jazz Profiles" in autumn '99, story was told of Paul Desmond spotting his girlfriend on the arm of a notably prosperous guy, and he lamented to Dave Brubeck: "This is the way the world ends, not with a whim but a banker."

Rob't DeArmond, "A Voyage in a Dory"--p. 8, cloud of eagles he encountered in 1931 off Baranof I.

@ Stanford summer seminar 2000, the young art historian showing us slides of Gold Rush art put up a slide of ill'n by one of the artists, showing a rough 49er with the woman he'd asked to marry, his caption dialogue to her: "Will you go the caper?" (i.e., will you do it) Historian did not know this slang context--my dad would say things like, "I sure can't go that guy"--and spent next several minutes dwelling on the 49er asking the woman to a dance, "Will you go to the caper?" in his mistaken reading.
obit of Henry Youngman, NYT, Feb. 25, '98, A20:
"The secret of his lasting success in show business, he said, could be summed up in one Yiddish phrase: 'Nem di gelt.'"

"'Get the money,' he explained in his autobiography. 'Don't believe all the baloney people tell you when they're describing what they're going to do for you someday soon. Nem di gelt.'"

on the marquee of the Lusty Lady porn moviehouse:

VENI VIDI VENI

Linda Bierds & Sydney Kaplan provided this from the Stanwood paper's "Sheriff's Report":

A Vista Del Mar resident reported malicious mischief last month when someone used a chemical to write "whor" in a lawn. On April 22, someone returned to add an "e" to the word etched in grass.

Tom Ingram, ex-crab fisherman met on Paul Allen cruise, told of ferocious drinking in Alaska: somebody would buy somebody else a "sixpack"—6 shots of whiskey—and etiquette was that you're supposed to drink them all.

When I was a kid in Ringling, one of the stories about Walter Badgett's past was that he had been on a chain gang. In Dec.'87, @ Jackson's Bookstore in Salem OR, in came Walter's grandnephew, Ed Badgett. He had a wedding pic of Walter and Kate, and mentioned he had another pic of Walter at home—of Walter and one of W's brothers as guards on a Kansas chain gang.
"...Carl (Perkins, country singer) once told an interviewer, 'If it weren't for the rocks in its bed, the stream would have no song.'"

--Wn Post Bk World, June 23 '96, review of GO, CAT, GO! by Carl Perkins and David McGee

Tri-Quarterly #1, "Koz'ma Prutkov as the Letter H" by Wm. A. Henkin Jr.

"Koz'ma Prutkov was conceived, born, and began to write at almost the same time...The proud parents were Alexis Constantinovich Tolstoy, Alexei Aleksand, and Vladimir Mikhailovich Zhenchuzhnikov, all members of the Russian aristocracy, and all noted for their writing abilities as well as for their love of the Practical Joke."
(Their invented poet and his aphorisms etc. were meant as a parody of Heinrich Heine and "lyrics he was putting into the mouths of his 'common' characters.")

Prutkov: "If it is asked of you, 'which is more important, the sun or the moon?' answer, 'the moon,' because the sun only shines in the daytime, when it is light anyway."

Prutkov: "At the bottom of every heart lies sediment."

--re-reading The Main, by Trevanian, I found the sun story, in slightly different version, when the 4 guys start their pinochle night.

in Townsend, MT, on July '96 trip, a sign saying:

The Two Dagos
Java--Espresso

Dave & Marcella Walter report another Montana sign:

Llamas and Lattes

phone caller from the San Juans who'd been around Ft. Peck in the '30's recalled, on the dairy where he'd worked, the desperate coldness of "outdoor plumbing" in the winter, and their solution: a horse collar hung by the stove, taken to the outhouse as something warm to sit on.
phone caller from San Juans who'd been around Ft. Peck in the '30's: knew a "Spanish remittance man" who begged issues of early LIFE magazine from him, trying to catch up on what was happening in the Spanish Civil War.

NY Times, Sept. 23 '96, 40 early poems by T.S. Eliot: "They also include echoes of famous lines by Eliot. A poem untitled 'Afternoon' includes the lines 'The ladies who are interested in Assyrian Art/Gather in the hall of the British Museum,' a less successful version of the 'Prufrock' lines 'In the room the women come and go/ Talking of Michelangelo.'"

Sept. '96: in phone convstn w/ our Piper Jaffray broker Steve Charleston, it came up that I'd dealt w/ Steve's stand-in while he was away, broker Jack Ward, who also lives here in Innis Arden. Steve himself grew up s'where here, began telling me of incident when he was a boy, skimboarding w/ 3 or 4 other kids along the beach here, when they found a guy (a car delaer who'd got into fin'cl trouble) who'd shot himself, down there on the rocks.

Fan letter in '96 letter file from B. Kay Cole, who grew up west of Glasgow: "Came away from the book (English Crk) cussin'--wanting to G--damn everything I said. My Dad cussed like your characters--"g--damn the g--damn g--damn!" My mom was so relieved when he bought a tractor--she always felt so sorry for the horses being cussed at..."

seen during '97 Montana trip in Kalispell area:
--La Villa Montana b&b
--Ogle & Worm, lawyers
In Wyo. or Idaho:
--Moonshotters Pinochle Club
In Idaho, west of Idaho Falls on rte. 20:
--Lions Noise Park (i.e., for dirt bikes etc.)
from Sept. 4 '97 visit to Bud Moore @ Condon, MT: Bud became a friend of Norman Maclean—Norman admired his outdoor capabilities and probably envied his life in the mountains—and had these tidbits to tell about Norman:

—They met when Norman asked the Region I Forest Svce office for someone to read over his story "The Cook, the Ranger, and the Hole in the Sky," and was handed over to Bud. Not knowing Norman from Adam—Norman hadn't pub'd anything yet—Bud not only checked the piece for accuracy but red-penciled his way through the writing. When Norman didn't say anything for quite a while about Bud's looking-over of it, Bud at last asked him if it'd helped. Norman (anent the red-penciling): "I'm the professor, you're not."

—Norman would talk to the Moores of death, "the indignity of it."

—He would come up to their place outside Condon to go fishing—in the brush, I was astounded to note!—and to fill jugs with their spring water. He kept after them to fix the bumpy road it, complaining it was going to "tear the testicles out of my little car."

—Toward the end, when Norman's mind was fogging and he had nurse minding him, Bud called him about something and when Norman complained about the nurse making him do something, Bud asked if Norman couldn't "exorcise" get her to change her habit. "I'm not in her weight class," said Norman.

the integrity of the flock: phrase I came across about sheepherding, holding the band together in our old MT term.

In the back of my eye (is embedded) the eclipse of (Roosevelt, UT)...
Writers on Writing, compiled by Jon Winocur
p. 13--"Never make excuses, never let them see you
bleed, and never get separated from your baggage."--
Wesley Price

At lodge @ East Glacier during the Montana trip w/
Linda and Sydney, I watched kids on the big south-facing
balcony taking turns spitting into a puddle in the
road a couple of stories below.

Marvin Shaw of Bozeman told me James Joyce's father
used to give as his occupation on any form, "Submitter
of contests."

phone call from Jerry Ackerman, summer '94, about obit
of someone we knew, and he was reminded of the system
of Ed Leahy (?), old Chi. Daily News reporter, who in
retirement would daily read the obits, average the mix
ages, and tell himself either, I'm not there yet or I
beat the odds.

fan letter, Nov. '94, from Depoe Bay man: "I have
exposed myself to your other works of fiction."

precursors of Norman:

"A river ran through the town..."
0-The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford,
by Wm. Hale White, p. 4

"A river ran through it..."
--Greenwillow, by B.J. Chute, p. 1, 2nd sentence

Studs Terkel, Talking to Myself, p. 301, on Big Bill
Broonzy: One day, in explaining how he writes a blues,
he chose the knife as a subject. "How many things can you
do with a knife? You can cut fish, you can cut your toe-
nails. I seen guys shave with it, you can eat beans with
it, you can kill a man. There. You name five things you
can do with a knife, you got five verses. You got
yourself a blues."
interview with Stephanie Mills, Bloomsbury Review, Sept/Oct '90:

p. 5--"I think Earth First!ers are the primo ecological humorists, with their street theatrics and irreverence. For instance, they offer a bumper sticker for clandestine application to other people's four-by-fours. It reads: 'If your pecker was as small as mine, you'd need a muscle wagon, too.'"

sign in English pub near Corbridge(?), along the Roman Wall, remembered by Jean & John Roden:

"She offered her honor
He honored her offer
And all night long
It was honor and offer."

from Maurice Shadbolt: when Hillary climbed Mt. Everest, his first words were: "We knocked the bastard off."

Simon Schma in Dead Certainties, abt. Francis Parkman's cohorts in Mass. Historical Society in 1890's Boston:

"...history if not wholly on their side was at least firmly in their custody."

man who was such a pitch player that when he died, the family slipped a deck of cards into the coffin so he could keep a game going "in the Great Wherever"

passed along by Mike Malone, April '93:

a faculty member remarked to a new student from Jordan that MSU must be really different for him. The kid said, "Yeah, in Jordan everybody I met I already knew."

Bugling Elk Taxidermy, Lander WYO--store motto is
"You Snuff 'em, We Stuff 'em."

from Frank Muller: cafeteria where he ate and worked on the honor system--you got your meal, ate, paid on way out; Frank and buddies called it the Eat 'em and Beat 'em.
Irina Kolpakova, "the top ballerina in the Kirov Ballet in Leningrad when she asked a young dancer named Mikhail Baryshnikov to become her partner nearly 30 yrs ago," in NY to teach Baryshnikov's American Ballet Theatre dancers; about the famous role as Aurora, the princess in "The Sleeping Beauty," she said "The Bas de deux at the wedding in Act III is about love and trust in the frame of etiquette. It is full of curtsies and not an ordinary pas de deux. If you dance it all, it is wonderful and very hard."--NYTimes, May 29, '89

11 Oct. '89: Catherine Kapp recently told Carol X that a friend of hers, named I think Sam Yellen, says: "If you want to know what God thinks of money, take a look at who he gives it to."

11 Oct. '89: at the liquor store this weekend, C gathered from the clerk's comment to the customer ahead of her that she was short of $10 bills, so C paid in 10s and asked what that was about. Cash machines, said the clerk; they dispense 5s and 20s, and so the American citizenry is so weekend-reliant on the machines that no 10s circulate.

Bill Lang, Dec. '89: told of Jim Castles, ex-Montanan (brother of Wesley Castles, one-time Mont. Supreme Ct Justice) and one of 3 founders of Tektronics, writing to welcome Bill's move back to Oregon: "Montana is a great place to live, but it isn't a place to spend a life."

Aug. '90: Marshall Nelson has a scar above eyebrow where he was conked by a peanut butter jar during bean-planting, one teenage summer in Utah. Kids were hired to string the twine (for beans to climb on) between shin-high and head-high, by a bob-and-weave of passing a peanut butter jar with ball of twine feeding out thru hole in lid under the bottom support and then tossing it from one hand to another over the top support; twine tangled in the jar, creating a glass-jar pendulum which swung and split open Marsh's eyebrow rather than dropping into his hands.
Oct. '87 trip to NY: Amanda Vaill, Viking editor, is a thin Seven Sisterish sort, no NY brass to her; but in talking about how to get a NY cab, it turned out that Amanda carries a police whistle and simulates the signal that doormen use to attract cabs.

Overheard in our St. Paul hotel in Oct. '87, when crowd from symphony flooded into the previously quiet bar and hyper-dressed people suddenly were all around us: one mid-thirtyish stylish woman to another, "Chi Chi, you have a mixed marriage--St. Paul and Minneapôlis!"

George Plimpton and the PW photog at '87 ABA: the bop, bopper and boppee

"And so we've had another night of poetry and poses
And each man knows he'll be alone
When the sacred ginmill closes."

--"Last Call" song lyrics by Dave Van Ronk; provided title for Lawrence Block 'tec novel When the Sacred Ginmill Closes

Hail to thee, blithe spurt! (poet’s wet dream)

from Tom Ross, lunch, Feb. 15 '89: during WWII he was in Coast Guard, stationed at Shi Shi Beach; he and 3 others in cabin at Point of Arches, patrolling against Japanese submarines--patrolling was done where fresh water, i.e. supply for submarines, entered the ocean, as it did at creek there at Pt. of A. He was walking the beach one day with patrol dog--I think he said Irish setter--with its leash hooked into the web belt of the pistol around his waist, while he carried rifle, and shouldered a pack. Dog was sniffing along the beach and Tom looked up to see a bear nearby with its head in a bucket, licking out whatever was in it, and he thought, my god, I'm tied to this dog and it'll go for that bear, and began trying to get the leash loose from the web belt, hell of a predicament. (Just as he did, the bear caught on--the dog still hadn't--and took off.)
Anne Haley, Wash. Library Ass'n pres., told me Isaac Bashevis Singer spoke to the grp a few yrs ago; read from unpublished work. Meeting was in Yakima, so they flew him to Seattle, drove him over; he told the meeting, "I have never been to Yah-kee-muh before."

from Valerie Ryan: "All you can do is give it the Mexican salute." (exaggerated shrug of shoulders, palms out)

fox and goose: grade school game played in WSS, big circle tramped in the snow and then quartered by lines across its middle; a tag game was somehow played on the basepaths of the circle outline and the lines to the middle—intersection in center may have been "safe" home base, the idea was you had to take turns leaving home and make a circuit back to it while the person who was "it" tried to chase you down and tag you.

from Valerie Ryan, describing a woman speaker at PNBA with a small hard-to-hear voice: "this little voice that goes right down here" (indicates with index finger between top of her breasts)

--I've got to do something with my hair.
--Throw it away.

John Roden's knock-knock joke. Nightclub comedian asks his audience if they have jokes they'd like to contribute, drunk gets up at back of the room, "Yeah, I do. Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Goat." "Goat who?" "Go take a flying fuck at a rolling donut." Enraged comedian has him thrown out. A while later the drunk is back, asks forgiveness, says he has a better joke: "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Hugo." "Hugo who?" "You go take a flying fuck at a rolling donut." Thrown out again, drunk eventually re-emerges, contrite, says he has a nicer joke. Comedian, wary, decides to hear him out as far as punchline: "Who's there?" "Constantinople." Thinking that has to be harmless, comic asks: "Constantinople who?" The drunk: "Go take a flying fuck at a rolling donut."
Nov. '83--during morning coffee at Shay's, sat in booth behind older man and younger. Younger guy, with mustache and Buffalo Bill hair and blotchy complexion, begins bitching: "Janice's Mom is always on my back, about why we don't come over more. Well, Jesus, the stuff she cooks, she never salts anything or anything, and I don't eat that shit without no salt on it. Last time she called up and asked Janice why I wasn't coming too, I told Janice to tell her I had to lay down and rest. Then there's Janice's Dad, he's just out of the AA unit there at Monroe. Cranky old sonofabitch, I think they oughta let him have a few beers so he wouldn't be so fucking cranky. And you know what else, Janice's brother and sister-in-law had a Halloween party and didn't even invite us. That's the kind of people they are. I tell you, Janice and I been talking a lot lately. I told her, soon as the first of the year and I get my motorcycle, I'm gonna go back to school. Yeah, I'm gonna be a social worker."

Columbia Journalism Review, Nov/Dec '83: Philip Weiss, "Letter from Texas": "Even the most sophisticated Dallasites are haunted by their origins in cowtowns, and so they require regular assurance that they know cow pie from caviar, and which fork to use with which."

Old soldiers never die. Young ones do. (UW graffiti)

San Juan Batista mission, March '84: in area at back of church where tourists are allowed to watch during mass is the sign: This has been a place of worship since 1797. Please do not disturb.

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon, A virgin sturgeon's a very rare fish; Very few sturgeons are ever virgin, That's why caviar's a very rare dish.

Drexel Lambert broker, Rob somebody, said his grandmother used to get grandkinds on a group walk by annnning, "Everybody choose their cane" and the kids would each get one from household collection of them.
John Roden: as a boy in Texas, when the family would hear an owl whoo outside, John's father would say, "you better tell him who you are," and John would call out "John Preston Roden!"

Mary English Lindsey recalls singing this in Dupuyer schoolyard:
  Teeter totter, bread and water,
  Oh my god, how I hate Sam Potter!

Kathrin Maloof had a Chinese student in her ESL class who came down with a cold and went to pharmacist to ask for cough medicine, explaining: "I have a bad cow." "Where is your cow?" "In my chest."

excerpt from letter from Teresa Jordan, author of Cowgirls, in writers' letters file: "There is a theory that the world has only a dozen people and the rest is done with mirrors."

Mike Hardy, retired USFS fire researcher in Missoula, told me of being on Mann Gulch fire in '49; he had a small squad of smokejumpers, 3 or 4 of them, I think helping him with some sort of helicopter experiment. Got word to take his men down to the river, there were some injured to help with. He did, there met a Helena doctor, said "We were told there's some injured." "Injured, hell," the doc said, "there are 13 dead men up there."

from Bob Boynton: better to be a drunk than an alcoholic, because an alcoholic has to go to all those meetings.
WSJ, April 8, 1982--
article on pres of GM: "Roger Smith reminds me of a
Guy running around stamping out ants who doesn't see
the elephants coming," says Eugene Jennings, a prof'r
at Mich St U's Grad School of Business Ad..."

Prairie Home Companion, 10 April '82, Garrison Keillor's
story of Father Bill, hip young priest filling in for
Father Emil: at Easter he wore a T-shirt with a pic of
Our Lord, showing him on water skis wth the words,
He's Up.

Norwich--'nickers off, ready when I come home.
Burma--be upstairs ready, my angel.

UW graffiti: Boeing puts the zero into being.

All the world is queer but me and thee; and thee's
a little queer.

Frank, about modern tight pants: they remind him of
a small hotel, lobby only, in Paterson--Hudson Hotel
pants, no ball room.

Vietnam vet on ATC, Nov. 12, '82, abt being in Nam:
"It's a lesson worth learning, but I wouldn't
recommend the course."

somewhere in Don Quixote is query something like,
"shall we mark this day with a white stone or a black?"

Why does a North Dakotan carry a turkey under his arm?
--For spare parts.

from Lois Billips in Dupuyer '82: when she was a girl,
visiting from the south and going to a dance with Sal
Morris, Sal kept saying as they walked to the barn
dance: "commoner...commoner". Which baffled Lois, but
proved to be "cow manure"
from Donald Wintersgill: when Olivier appeared in Glasgow in "The Entertainer" - "playing a clapped-out comedian with clapped-out jokes" - the Glasgow audience thought the purposely laced jokes were terrific - "so there was a clapped-out audience too."

- Donald said his Glasgow grandparents were poor, but now his son will go to Westminster, one of 7 great 'public' schools. It would have taken 4 generations to achieve in my family in US.

from Bob McCaig of Gt. Falls at Western Writers meet, Boulder, June '79: the newspaper vendor remembered by Lucy Thorson, selling his papers near the Mint, was Blind Ed Sackett. Lucy remembers the chant as: Leader... Leader... wodimp, wodimp, woday. Bob recalls it as: tradimp, traday

From Linda Miller: apocryphal letter of telegram of reply: Fuck you stop strong the letter to follow.

Scottish joke heard on Alpha Helix trip: asked what he wears under kilt, he invites young lady to put her hand under and find out. She does, pulls away saying "Och, Sandy, that's gruesome." "Y're right, put your hand back and it'll grow some more."

Zoretich: born to raise heck.
at & Crabs, Dec. '81:
One of the regulars asked barmaid if they had
to Quality gin.
Never heard of it, she said.
It's the latest thing, she said.
We don't care, she said.

Another regular, at corner of bar, following this: Is it a booze? Sounds like a condition.

Flannery O'Connor to Granville Hicks (The Habit of
Being, p. 251)--

"I haven't spent much time worrying about whether the
novel is dead or not but only about whether the one
I'm working on is dead."

--p. 473: "Around here it is not a matter of finding
the truth but of deciding which lie you live with better!"

--p. 584: A drove of cattle was coming down
Constitution Ave. in Washington one day and Edward
Everett said in the presence of Davy Crockett, "Those
are Mr. Crockett's constituents. Where are they going,
Mr. Crockett?" "They're going to Massachusetts, Mr.
Everett," Davy Crockett said, "to teach school."

--p. 590: My dose of prednisone has been cut in half
on Dr. Merrill's orders because the nitrogen content of the
blood has increased by a third. So far as I can see
the medicine and the disease run neck & neck to kill
you...
North Street

Performance/Comedy

ADVANCE

Miss Vance, a black feminist performance artist, is a fast-rising downtown star whose style is simultaneously incisive and entertaining as it is incisive. A classically trained actress, Miss Vance is equally cognizant of Shakespeare and contemporary authors. She takes special delight in overlaying Shakespearean settings with cultural references in amusingly Riders of Justice, the director of an inner-city high school drama, "Juliet," Miss Vance interprets the role of the female lead in a well-spoken and well-phrased performance. As a well-spoken actor, she translates an acidulous and satirical Motown dance piece entitled "lesbian version of Richard III" in a mock March 2. Showtime is 8 P.M. and tickets are $10; information and reservations: 966-3651.

GAMBLE ROGERS

Gamble Rogers, the country-folk raconteur appearing at the Speakeasy on Saturday and Sunday, suggests a Grand Ole Opry version of Will Rogers or Mark Twain. He spins long, digressive yarns featuring oddball characters with classical-sounding names colliding on mythical Southern soil. Regional color abounds, The stories are peppered with down-home philosophical insights, like "Life is what's happening to you while you're making other plans." When Mr. Rogers ceases monologizing and picks up his guitar to sing — a repertory that runs from Hank Williams to Bessie Smith — he is less interesting. But for those folk aficionados with a taste for cornball down-home oratory, Mr. Rogers is a one-of-a-kind character who's worth an ear. Showtimes are 9 and 11:30 P.M. at the Speakeasy, 107 MacDougal Street, and tickets are $5. There is a two-drink minimum. Information: 568-9670.

Stephen Holden
James Morris, Pax Britannica, 264-5: the British govrd Ascension Island by declaring it to be a ship. See also Alan Morehead on this.

Morris, ditto, 261: "When Sir Edwin Lutyens (1869-1944) went to India in 1913 to build the new imperial capital at Delhi, he inspected Simla first and was appalled. 'If one was told the monkeys had built it all one could only say, 'What wonderful monkeys -- they must be shot in case they do it again...'."

from Lucy Thorson, typist: having done a chapter of life, she told me she's from Gt. Falls and her father had run the drug store just across from Mint Bar. There she would see Charlie Russell go past. But what she remembered clearest was the newspaper vendor on the corner, selling the GF Leader with the chant: Leader. Leader. wodimp wodimp wodimp wodayy. Leader. Leader...

Jan. 22-3, '77, amid our droughty winter, we drove the N. Cascades Highway just to be doing it. Good weather going over, spectacular sunny day coming back. Snowbanks at edge of road as we drove past glinted sparkles of light like silver needles flying through air.

Bellevue Square before late April, '77: in looking at plants at Wells-Medina, went into drugstore to buy coughdrops or vitamins or something; young girl behind register commented to white-mustached man in front of me about his gold-rim sunglasses. He said, "Wanna know where I got 'em? Off a dead Japanese in the South Pacific."

from Frank Muller: when he was a kid in Paterson, a rule of shooting marbles was to keep your knuckles on the ground.
from Mont. book-selling trip, Oct. '78:
--woman in Billings told me she gave up notions of writing when high school teacher quoted her, from Oliver Wendell Holmes(?), "your work is original and interesting. Unfortunately, what is original is not interesting, and what is interesting is not original."

--Also in Billings, Eleanor Mast asked me if I was the Doig child who had the habit of rolling up his pancakes--I suppose like a tortilla--before eating them. Told her I didn't think so; she said one of Annie Doig's grandkids had the habit, which Annie thought was awful.

--Eleanor also told story of being at my parents' wedding dance in Ringling, in '34, and congratulating Annie Doig on Dad getting married. She huffed, "Och, he's mmmuch too young to be leaving home."

--from Jake Mast: story of the Doig bros and others from the Basin heading home after a WSS rodeo, coming to a farmer's newly fenced field, being told "you fellas can't go thru there any more." Dad: "We never seen a place yet we couldn't go," and they all jumped their horses over the fence.

Based on something overheard at The Depot in Missoula, where 2 young timber workers and wives were eating: "Funny, this place didn't seem nearly so goddamn expensive when I was in here last week drunk."

license on bright yellow Porsche: Y55MPH
July '78: running at Sh'line track, C finished before I had, I asked her why she was wandering in circles (cooling down). She replied, "It's an allegory for life. On good days, it'd be pirouettes."

from Jan Mason of LIFE, July 8, '78: after day of family reunion, we were having drink with her in Jay and Linda's living room, and she talked about traveling on the job. Said at night, she had to have some grass--by which she meant not marijuana, but a lettuce salad. She carries with her tiny packets, like jelly containers, of Lesory's (?) Pinch of Herbs, which she says gives a decent taste to any salad, no matter how pallid and wilted.

Aug. 30, '78: as we ate last night at Deluxe tavern on Broadway, girl came in, sat at next table, said to waitress: "I know this is a silly question, but do you have lemonade?" Told that no, she said: "Okay, I'll have a rum collins."

In the AF, tired of the inevitable standing-on-line queries of "Anybody here from Birmingham, etc." I began asking, "Anybody here from Adak, Alaska?" Total silence, then murmurs of "Ajax what? Wheah?"

On NY trip of Nov. '78, morn I was to go to HBJ and negotiate Winter contract with CHill, as I industriously brushed my teeth in hotel bathroom, my capped front tooth came off, lit in sink, and began bouncing like marble around roulette wheel. Got my hand over the drain before tooth hit it, jammed the tooth back in, shakily went and sat down.

NY trip: in restnt, CH asked waiter what a certain kind of spaghetti was like, he said it was flat. She said, No, I need something round--then there was a moment of blink as she, Stuart Harris and I mulled what she had just said. Harris: "Something round and loving?"
May 30, '78: Late last week, Margaret Svec, retiring at the end of this spring quarter, handed Carol the poem she had written on March 27, the first day of the quarter's classes:

SISYPHUS
They have taken away
my rock
and given me a boulder instead.

Could I have complained
about that 5:30-in-the-morning rock?
The rock worn smooth
through years of painful pushing,
catching it on snags,
nudging it with my nose
when the going was easy?

What am I doing
with this boulder
with sharp edges
and a destination
up a hill
that they blithely
call Eternity?

July '78:
Gary Svec, Sunday features editor at Missoulian, relating a saying he'd heard from an oldtimer: "Why, that fella was the most honest man I ever knew. He'd tell a story a dozen different ways rather than lie about it."

July '78, from Wally, about some near-catastrophe: "He knew he'd had a lot of Good Help."

July 8, '78, at family reunion: John Doig, on seeing Jake Mitchell's mop-like beard: "Have you shaken that thing out recently?"
April 18, '38: 1:55--In the garden plot a few min. ago, there was a high, excited sound something like HEEP-HEEP-HEEP... and flash of blue and black. I looked out and it was a stellar's Jay pecking and tossing what seemed to be a large worm. The worm flicked and writhed, and I understood that it was a small snake which had been sunning itself on the warm garden dirt. The jay attacked and attacked, in a kind of chopping, grappling way, the snake at times caught in its claws like a tangle of string. When the jay had the snake finished off, it tried to pull it apart, like a man trying to stretch a band of rubber he's standing on. Jay was still excited, full of fight; time or two arched out its wings, as if spreading snapping elbows up and out; dark pointed brush at back of head still was laid back in fight. After few minutes of pulling at the snake, jay dropped it, hopped half a dozen times elsewhere in the garden, and flew away.

I went out to look at the snake. It fit across the span of my hand, 9 inches: gray-green, with three lengthwise strings of yellow down it--I suppose a young garter snake. The jay had frayed it through in three places along its body, in breaks like those in an electrical cable. The snake's head, with large eyes and broad arc of mouth, seemed to register a kind of accepting astonishment. Mouth partly open, showing light rim of lower lip; flat yet bevel-segmented top of head, like queer jewel. The fast taper of snake's body, the take tail dwindling to mathematically-correct end.

Even as I studied the snake, an ant so tiny it could have climbed through the eye of a darning needle clambered up the front of snake's head, went along the lower lip and up onto top of skull, raced in and out of the first body-rip in exploration.

Altered language for above: ant clambered on like pirate coming aboard derelict schooner, dashed along the snake's lower lip and sped up to a quick circle of the top of skull, then raced in and out...

Also: breaks in snake's body were as if made by knife cutting into rubberoid **exx** wiring.
Asbury Park beach run, Dec. 24, '76:

- Sheen of water on sand receding after each wave

- Tan sand, cold heavy blue of water; no breakers, tide gently sloshing like tilted bowl, hard to judge tide; every so often I see scuttle half-sideways like sandpiper to miss it.

- Coming back, north wind chisels at my face; my footprints already gone

- On boardwalk, clopping sound as I run

- On way down, ran under As Park casino, past grottolike pilings; pilings of flaking concrete, showing rust -- ("mites run up, tites come down" -- like stalactites)

- Fat

Ocean Grove -- only skyline in America that seems not to change. Houses vee-ed back for views from front porches. OG hotels have towers, balconies, one odd square chunk where elevator shaft comes up thru. Few new coats of paint, but otherwise the entire ocean frontage is nearly the same as I 1st saw it dozen yrs ago.

Coming onto OG beach, coat too warm by then (Dad's quilted jacket), zipped it onto short post on beach near Homestead Restnt; fromm as I glanced back to keep an eye on it, sleeves flapped gently in wind, like limber man on his knees; got back just as gent was eyeing coat from boardwalk

- Brilliant clear cold weather, n wind
Nov. 15, '77, 11:30 a.m.—Eating lunch minutes ago, started when two shapes flashed over patio, one hit the patio door about two feet beneath the latch, bounced away onto patio. Other shape stayed with it, pummeled and poured: it was a hawk, about the size of a crow, tan with patterned chest—looks most like Swainson's in Field Guide book—which had chased what I think was a robin. Hawk sat clenching on its prey for a couple of blinks, then lifted off and flew into woods at back of house. Tiny pile of feathers remained, and a few sifted down from the sky for a minute or so afterward, apparently remainder of aerial combat before last fatal dive. Hawk seemed no more than three times size of its victim. Pale sunshiney day, birch leaves littering lawn as backdrop.

from notes jotted after hike with Lynn (Smith) and Billy, a few summers ago: from campsite, 3 of us set off for Three Horse Lake, where B wanted to fish. Late afternoon, 40 min. hike (50 min. back up and out). L became more and more apprehensive; qns about bears. B began framing qns thru L: "I wonders if..." We had plenty of daylight left, weather ok; had survival gear, matches, compass, flashlight. At lake, I immedly took off my watch, gave it to L and told her to tell us when we'd been there an hr—about 6 pm—so we cd start back, and she relaxed at once.

Call them Florida I and Florida II?

John Roden remembers that his father's stories veered from truth just at the point where he would say, "So I just reached back and got hold of a two-by-four."
With Dad, it was "you lyin' sonofabitch, I says to him", the hard snap of tongue at the end like a 40-penny spike in the 2x4.

from Betty Thomas, Xmas '77: in one of her trips to Ireland, she and 2 other women were in car with single man. At roadblock (because of IRA), policeman came up, looked in, and said to man: "Blessed art thou, among women."
From Trudy Forbes, August '77: She once saw gravestone for a child which read: She faltered by the wayside and the angels took her home.

Also Trudy: She recalls that when WWII broke out in Sept. 1939, her father came from house and called to T and her sister: Better come in now, girls, the war has begun.
trip to Horace Morgan ranch, 7/13/77--

H, as we drove back from Rung Cabin and stopped for Carol to take pic of Painted Canyon, said his father Frank once was driving a band of sheep into that area after unloading them at railroad, got into patch of death camus and lost 300 head.

--Showing us White Shed, where lambing was done, H said he once was caught in snowstorm there, lost 75 lambs. Morgans didn't use gutwagon, simply let ewes lamb themselves on gulch slopes and "Pray it don't snow."

--H said in winter of 68-9, he spent 110 hours plowing snow with his Cat.

--H ran a small test on me at Rung Cabin. He sat down on silvering board remains of collapsed barn as I took notes, and at one point I said, "Now this cabin sits in here...what direction." He just grinned at me; I at once glanced where the sun was, and said, "North to south?" He grinned more and said, approving my rightness, that a lot of people get turned around back in that country. Mentioned this to Carol later, she said it was nothing to the test Charles Couly set me when he had me define clones to her.

--H's story of Ted Rinehart stealing sheep from him: Someone who overheard R in Ringling bar tipped H by phone, and he went to his sheep camp, where herder told him R and another guy had visited him the day before. H said, "Well, do you think you've got all your sheep?" Herder thought so, but count showed 90 short. H went to WSS for Harold Britton, who must have been undersheriff then, and they met R driving the sheep toward Ringling stockyards. "He went white as a ghost when we pulled up. I said, 'Where you going with my sheep?' He said, 'I found 'em, I was just bringing 'em in.'" Britton later found where R had bought sheep paint for changing brands. H says R was convicted, but got only about 5 months, and some suspended time.

--Just before we started to Rung Cabin, H laid across hood of Pat's car the bloody carcass of young raccoon he'd trapped after it demolished her cherry tree; later, she complained that she'd had to poke it off with pole and wash her car; Horace chuckled.
from Harold Chadwick, June '77: back in the Bob Marshall area once with a horse party, H and Hank Pfeiffer went fishing in small fork of Strawberry Creek--likely the East Fork -- and found it so narrow and shallow that a number of huge trout were trapped there. They set to work with snag hooks, greedily choosing the biggest fish first. After a couple of nicks of the snag, the fish divined what was up, and began making a slicing escape down the trickle of creek, his back sticking out of water it was so shallow in places. Harold and Hank charged in after him, trying to kick him, hug him, sit on him, everything they could think of, with the fish still making his frantic slither. In spite of all the two of them could do, and getting soaked in the process, the fish got away.

Jim Sheble, June '77, remembered that the summer I worked for him, he and I had run a ditch line or a field edge, some job which required his son Jim to stand at far end of field so we could steer straight for him with the equipment. When we got there, I congratulated Jimmy: "You sure did a good job of that standing."

from Don Lamey of Seattle, during our stay at River Bend Motel in W. Glacier, June '77: Mr. Bates steered me to him, saying the family had had a bear incident. Lamey's story: while backpacking at Shallow Lake at Banff, left their VW convertible parked at trailhead, with styrofoam cooler containing half a salami, some cheese and backpacking foods, in back seat. A runt black bear crawled over the top of the car, ripped the convtbl top open, reached in and grappled cooler out, further grappled it up onto hillside, where he ate pickily--demolished some corn on the cob, scorned Hamburger Helper. When the Lameys came down the trail to their car--an inbound hiker alerted them what had happened--they found sundry notes on car from onlookers, incldg one which read: Seen a black bear trying to drive your car away. If you want pictures, call Derek in Calgary.
from Gertrude McStrawick, July 23, '77:
She recalls, from when she and Theresa were girls, Wellington D. Rankin wooing young Gloria Cook, daughter of big rancher **X** A.B. Cook; also that he did some of same toward one of the Ringling daughters. G and Th once were invited to a weekend stay with Gloria, at a time when Rankin was her guardian. She says Rankin did marry once before the current Mrs. Galt, but it didn'w **X** work and has been almost entirely forgotten and nnever appears in print. Story is that Louise, the current Mrs. Galt, lawsuited Rankin into marriage--apprtly threatened something like breach of promise--and that she married Jack Galt before R was cold in his grave.

G now kicks herself that she didn't buy valley land during the Depression, especially the Ringling land that Rankin got, when the Ringlings couldn't pay taxes on it in early '30s. And she said that Rankin once tried to buy the Luppold from her, and she replied, "You can covet mine, and I'll covet yours."

Among G's many voiced regrets about not making more land investments in valley is that she lost her uncle Johnny Kirshbaum's place, west of Luppold. She couldn't gget along with him--"he was an incompetent"--when she became heir, went to court and got money out of him, and he hung onto the place. G was 26 then.

G said Fred Buckingham has many stories of the **IX** Manuel (sp?) bros. who once owned much of **IX** lower valley, bought with money they got from George Hearst for share in Homestake mine. G kicks herself that she did not go heavy into Homestake investing long ago; she once heard one of the Manuels complain "this May payment is an awful problem, we'll never drink it all up."

According to G, Walter Donahoe of the Dogie was put in charge of ranch because he was drinking too much in Seattle; says he always was bothered by being such small man. Pointed out, too, the absurdity of sending a problem drinker to a boozing area such as this. Donahoe's wife, Bobbie (sp?), was from San Francisco money, the Grier family; G says she once went to Palos Verde for a wedding, and B said, "We used to own this." She's now married to Charles Coles, former president of Amherst and once an ambassador.
from Hazel Bonnet, Valier, June 25, '77: Denis and brother-in-law biked into fishing lake in Glacier just a few days before the "Night of the Grizzlies" killings, and encountered deranged-acting bear which forced them onto a log jam. The brother-in-law, Cille's husband Gary Payton, said she (or he) seemed to be acting as if she thought they were bears of the opposite sex; Denis said, "I hope so, I'd sure as hell rather be screwed than eaten!"

Ralph Jordan, July 18, 1977, telling of visit his father once made to crippled Frank Greenman; G's wife was also crippled, in wheelchair, and in one corner lay their dog with a broken leg: "He said it was the sorriest place he ever had seen."

Sarah Foster, July 18, 1977, telling of how Blackie Larue cured her of drinking coffee: Visiting her family, Blackie saw S, as small girl, take a drink of coffee, and told her if she kept it up, her hair would turn black as his. Since her hair was a nondescript blonde and she'd always wanted curly black hair, she sneaked coffee all day long, and by night was sick on it—and didn't touch it again until well into adulthood.

Glacier Park, June '77: on path to Hidden Lake at Logan Pass, a mother was trying to take photo of young son, who was tottering back and forth. In exasperation, she cried: "Eugene, you're unfocusing!"

from Hazel Bonnet, Valier, June 25, '77: late one afternoon she rec'd call from Mrs. Tidyman, checking to see that Den would be at Honor Society meeting that night. H said of XXX course he would, then hung up and drove frantically to the lake shore, where Den was duck hunting. She spotted his head, cried for him to get in the car and get humping for that meeting. Den slowly turned and said: "Won't be anybody there but me and Ivan Doig."
NYTimes business section, March 20, '77, COLUMBIA GAS vs. OHIO, by Jerry Flint--

...ran L.N.G. will be flowing.

Right now, the company's actions are under investigation by the Ohio legislature and the F.P.C. is interested.

Murphy's Law, Mr. Clarke was reminded the other day, states that everything that can go wrong will go wrong.

"You want to know Clarke's Law?" he replied. "Clarke's Law is that Murphy is an optimist."
Anecdotes

Carol's student, in the spring of 1976, apologized for offering an excuse. He said when he was in the Army his commanding officer said: "Excuses are like assholes---everybody's got one."

April 12, 1976: In the sauna today, runners were talking about the phenomenon of running out of stamina abruptly, as if hitting a wall. Jackson, the black four forty man, said that's called "The bear's got you"—that when you tire, your head goes back as if a bear has grabbed you around the neck from behind.

Ralph Johnson, when asked about his military service, always simply said: "It was hell out in them islands."

from "Reflections on Yank," Kennett (sic) Moritz, UW ma 1950, 800 th6504:

p. 41, from Yank, Jul 9 '43, p.5 -- "War here is a blindman's buff with bullets."

p. 56, from Yank, Jan. 26, '45, p. 15: "General Eisenhower has ordered use of the word 'replacement' discontinued in the European Theater of Operations. Hereafter, that type of personnel will be called 'reinforcements.'"

p. 94, from Yank, Oct. 7, '42, p. 19: She's like this. you
kind of look
a girl
p. 99, from Yank, Jul 9, 1943, p. 17:
"In my present mood
I'd prefer you mood."
Ronald Clark, JBS: The Life and Work of JBS Haldane: p. 46, Haldane in WWI: ...in France... he had contrasted an Indian unit under bombardment to the Scots Guards, who swore with fluency, dodged around traverses and were rarely hit. "The Indians," JBS noted, "stood and waited to be killed, which they were. They apparently thought that the bombs were devils and could not be dodged."

p. 37--JBS commanded a small private army, answerable only to a headquarters somewhat farther back and operating its own small workshop where the men put experimental fuses into experimental weapons and undertook minor repairs. Known as the bomb factory... it was probably the only such establishment in which smoking had ever been made compulsory. "I did so on psychological grounds," Haldane has explained, "as I thought it important that we should have absolute confidence in one another and in our weapons. We had no accidents and few casualties."
Coming home from NJ, Dec. 27, '76: at Dulles stopover, tiny Xmas music in nearly empty plane as short, blocky, late 20ish man is dragged down aisle past us by tall younger man -- mustache, dark leather jacket, black turtleneck -- the tall guard coming backwards fast and strong, hands at his chest to pull along the con manacled to him and resisting. The 2 of them joined at wrists in struggle like Siamese beast fighting with itself.

4 other men follow: a guard and an unresisting con, (this guard looking like lawyer, heavy, baldish, sideburned; the con young, slender, with long combed back hair), a trim cold-eyed man who proved to be 1st con's other guard, and tall man with smoked glasses and some kind of ID card clipped to pocket, reading IAD.

Con was put into middle seat of back row. Cried -- not screaming, just speaking loudly and profusely -- "The United States government is a bunch of fascist pigs. I'm being kidnapped on this flight. Help." Only one "help", done flatly and without desperation.

When entourage came aboard and went down aisle to middle section of seats (4 seats wide on DC-10), I stood where I was, in middle section 3 seats in front of them, and watched. Looks of guards did not bother me, but the con's eyes finally did. After few minutes I quit watching because I was his only audience, didn't want to be the reason for him to shout and resist and be subdued. But should I have been?

Through it all, automatic voices of captain and stewardesses went on unperturbed in prep'n for takeoff. Plane interior of gray-trees, blue-leaves plastic pattern -- a tunnel of plastic and fabric.

2nd, smaller guard, in dapper gray slacks and dark blue blazer, said quietly to con after shouting, "they hear you." Then con's mouth was taped, sound of his muffled cries.

Carol and I had seats 30G and H, window seat on right side of plane; con must have been in 33E, tailored to his right in 33F, empty seat to con's left, big guard in 33C.

Later, hr and half into flight, cons and guards all in earnest, chummy convs. Who has converted whom.
This began by smaller guard, cold-eyed and brisk, listening with brief nods to con after tape was taken from mouth.

At 5:37, just past Minnpls, con went to john, cuffs and chains taken off with great clinking; allowed to go alone. Stay of several minutes, for sake of freedom of that tiny space? Docilely came out, went to seat.

At Seattle, both cons came off without manacles -- the unresisting one had made time with a stewardess last half of flight -- and they and guards, including some new ones, moved idly off through airport, toward McNeil.

In the category of stories I don't know what to do with, maybe. Somehow, con's life had focused down to that point, where he was put on plane to be taken to prison, for what I don't know...
James Morris, Pax Britannica, p. 492 -- Queen Victoria, dubious about Lord Salisbury's reassurances on giving up Heligoland to Germany in exchange for African concessions: "Giving up what one has is always a bad thing."

Morris, ditto, 508: "A shrewd Basuto once asked Lord Bryce if Queen Victoria actually existed, or if she was purely a figment of British imagination."

Morris, Heaven's Command, 30: "How could one be expected to show an interest in a country like Canada, demanded Lord Melbourne the Prime Minister, where a salmon would not rise to a fly?"

Morris, ditto, 79: when British were fighting Thuggism in India, the culprits "were tattooed with the single word 'Thug' neatly on their lower eyelids."

Morris, ditto, 84: old-school empire administrators "who believed in the principle of non-interference--" 'do nothing', as it used to be said, 'have nothing done and let nobody do anything.'"

Morris, Heaven's Command, 180: Charles Napier, facing the Chartists: "He supported sympathetically, he said, everything they stood for: but if they ever provoked riot and disorder in pursuit of those honourable ends, By God, he would shoot them all."

Morris, ditto, 256: Lord Guilford, eccentric British expatriate living on Corfu: "very pleasant," Napier called him, "addressing every person in a different language, and always in that which the person addressed did not understand."
"Surely the fog is clearing away-lifting or dissipating under the influence of the rising sun," I ventured to say...
"The trees is drinkin' it," shouts John, from his place at the head of the caravan... "That's what they live on mostly. When they git done breakfast you'll get warm enough."

Also from Schrepfer distn, quote from John Campbell Merriam of Save the Redwoods League:
"Trees are streams of time flowing from the past."

James Morris, PAX BRITANNICA, p. 70:
Halldor Laxness's definition of homesteading: 'Clearing away boulders, uprooting tree-stumps or digging ditches, and then posing in collar and tie in a photographer's studio.'

Morris, ditto, p. 118: (Poet Alfred) "A'stin was once asked to define his idea of Heaven. It was, he said, to be sitting in a garden receiving news by alternate messengers of British victories at sea and British victories on land."

Morris, ditto, 307: "Above Jamalpur a favourite tombstone wryly commemorated a Welsh imperialist, Owilym Roberts, 'who died from the effects of an encounter with a tiger near this place, AD 1864.'"

Morris, ditto, 364: "In the open frontier country of India (roadbuilders) used simply to light a fire at a distant point, and aim their road at the smoke."

Morris, ditto, 444: epitaph in India -- "Here Lies All That Could Die of William Stephen Raikes Hodson"
Dec. '75 -- From Lucie: When she was (practice?) teaching, teachers had code when principal was beginning an inspection sweep through classrooms: 1st teacher hit would send child around to all others, asking: "Do you have the big scissors?"

Dec. '75 near Esalen: grungy VW pulled to side of road, young couple both meditating in lotus position at roadside, facing the Pacific.

from Janet Cullen, ed. of newsletter for Citizens and Scientists Concerned About Dangers in Environment:

Will Durant quote: "Civilization exists by geological consent -- subject to change without notice."

Weather: on streets of WSS, Dad might meet one old crony and be told: "Allus get a spell like this, this time of year. You can count on it just about regular as the calendar." On the next block, he would meet another who would say: "Goddamnedest weather I ever did see. I tell ya, I dunno: must be them ay-tomic bombs they're shootin' off."

Sept. 15; '76: working on ½ life, alarmed by spot in my vision. After a few seconds, realized it was tiny spider, so close to my eyes (maybe ½ inches away) that it lost all focus. Pulled my head back and watched him spin down, no bigger than pencil dot, but with small silver legs, a completeness about him. ('I tried to blink it away, no cd').
Dec. 5, '75 -- White and gray cat has just gone up onto neighbor's house to the north, from perch on our fence, and made its way the full length of the roof. But roof is slick, from rain or likely light frost, and cat slid perilously sideways all the way, hindquarters going off on their own while the front padded cautiously along. Cat took erratic route, up and down roof, seeking firmer footing, but never turned back, or even looked back to consider it. Thus, constant route and peril of pitching off the roof, but ever onward. Could see the black rings on its tail as it twitched on way across.

from Pete Steen in Santa Cruz, Dec. 18, '76: his research mystery of whether Forest Service Chief Stewart jumped to his death in early 30s -- or as ass't chief Chapline told Pete, tripped over sill while looking out to see if staff car was in lot below, as customarily done. Flaw in Chapline's story, Pete found, is that sills are not low, and there are no signs the bldg has been altered.

Hawk Tower, Carmel, Dec. 19, '76: (also see diary entry)
--tower abt 75 yds from ocean, road now between house and ocean. 20'-25' embankment to ocean; rocks close offshore. Surf noise and spray.
--tower hemmed in by expensive modern tan-gray homes.
On point of land just south, a swoop-roofed modern house, like a pagoda washed ashore in pieces. Every house you can see must have cost more than Jeffers made in his lifetime.
--Cross st to the south of tower, where you turn to circle around to see tower from back, is Scenic & Stewart.

Dec. '75, Koffee Kup cafe in Occidental, Calif:
Proprietor to young townsmen loud during counter breakfast: "You guys are makin' too much noise. You'll wake up the customers."

Dec. '75: Dorothy Krueger comment: Their Xmas cards now are full of illnesses, but not deaths -- mark of advancing medicine?
Nov. 11, '75, 7:30 am -- A golden kinglet is outside the study sliding door, sitting in one spot and panting or nodding heavily. He apparently can't move -- I could press up against the glass, within 2' of him, and still he sat there. Delicate flame pattern over center of his head, little round gray body, small point of beak not much bigger than pencil point. When he [first] first saw me, out of what must be a fatal daze, he turned away, as if to put this giant new danger away by not looking at it. After a bit he propped around to look at me, propped on small orange legs, the space beneath his beak still bellowing in and out like panting. I wondered what to do -- feed him? There was feed every where out there. Left him alone, coming back 2 or 3 times to look at him, and after about 5 minutes he was gone. Simply exhausted from migrating flight?

Dec. 1, '75: from note by Dick Blount after spending some time with Carolyn during her Ghana sabbatical:
"One of the distinctive things about transportation in Ghana are the 'Mammy Lorries' or Tro-tros, named after the passengers, and the fact that it used to cost three pence (tro-pence) to ride them. Originally these were flat bed trucks with wooden benches, seating eight or more per bench. Now the Datsun pick-up with a camper type body with two (slightly) padded benches facing each other inside, and three in the front seat, is more common -- and each vehicle is distinctively painted and named." Among Tro-tro names he saw:

Consider your ways
Poor No Friend
Poor No Fix
Don't Do
God Is King
Aim High (schoolbus)
Oh Father Forgive Them
Wisdom
God Is Great
Good J, Never J, Lost
Ability
Allow Me
Give to God
Either Or
Modesty
Character

After All
Life is War
Wonderful Jesus
Many Are Called
Be Kind
A Day Will Come
Man is Suffering But Woman Do Not Know
Mother Sweet
Uncle Fat
from Lucie: one of her teachers once told her that life is one damned thing after another, and love is two damned things after each other.

from Anthony Sampson's book about ITT: "Every man for himself," cried the elephant as he danced among the chickens.

from Barney McPhillips, at Pac S meet in spring '75: McP has been friend of Wm. O. Douglas. D told their mutual friend Schenk (?) story he liked very much -- about the overzealous ant collecting too much horse manure for the colony, and being signalled by waving of the antennae (pantomimed by extended fingers in front of forehead) which meant: "Leave us have no more horse shit." D afterward was reading a Supreme Court opinion when he looked into the audience, and found there his friend S. giving the antennae signal.

from Jim Clay, WSS druggist: claims he's so inept at being handyman that he can't turn pages of do-it-yourself book without tearing them.

remembered from going with Dad to a dance, likely at Ft. Logan: someone lost his hat out of car, and wind wheeled it along, wearing down the brim.

Overheard at Green Lake, Sept. '75: Grandmother on bike and 5-6 yr old grandson on small bike setting off. G'ma: "Stay behind me, now." Boy: "Why are you in front of me?" G'ma: "So you can stay behind me."

John Ray on KING-TV intvwd a jr hi girl about what she wanted to be; she said either a clerk typist or a clarinet player or a writer. (Oct. 29, '75)

Alan Fotheringham of Vcyr Sun, pointing to O'Doul's sidewalk cafe as an example that V was becoming a lst-rate city. The mountains look down and wonder what took so long.
scene from Manning Provcl Park: camper driving past our tent with firewood stacked on hood of his car. Also, the lodge waitress who kept saying in response to our food orders: "That's good. That's really good."

Vancouver, BC, July '72:
--nicely dressed couple, Indian or Pak, walking downtown, calmly conversing as their small son, suspended between them, held his legs stiff and was dragged along.
--bus driver who anned the Robsonstrasse destination we'd asked for with: "Where's that distinguished elderly couple that wanted to get off at Robsonstrasse?"

--lawn bowlers in Stanley Park, rolling their cockeyed balls over impeccably manicured grass. Tiny old Oriental man, like a crumple of parchment, in dapper striped pants and straw hat, playing putting course in park.

from Jean Roden, autumn quarter of '73: she's been giving lift to Indian student (from India, that is) who lives in her neighborhood. Says with exasperation that the nuisance of having a rider, whose sense of time never quite jibes with yours, or a car pool, must be prime reason so many people drive alone to work.

Clifford Shearer: mosquitoes so bad on his ranch that when he walked past his cows, they mooed at him to do something. He hired an aerial spray, said it was worth it to stop their mooing at him.

Talked about installing expensive irrigation pumps and sprinklers: "But if you got the money to do that, what do you want with a thing like that?"

Backstage at ACT during Summertree, Ted D'Arms predicts that someone will do Shakespeare in gas masks within 4 years. Dirk (niewoechner) Benedict says someone already has. D'Arms, surprised, asks how they talked. Dirk: "Muffled."
scrawled on back of stage set at Edmonds Art Fair:
Bolt the debris to the hubris

from Frank M: (about Carol's granddad)
--Hello, Pops, how are you?
--Never ask an old man how he is. He's liable to tell you.

Sarasota, Fla: in the John Ringling Towers, faded old hotel, is window sign for Florida Institute of Ethical Hypnosis

at Zinn's restaurant in Sarasota, Christmas Eve '74 dinner: on way out, I heard man tell waiter in deep south accent: "B'lieve Ah'll try that cold vicysoisse", prncy it vitcheeswaws.

from Grandma: she went through only about 3d grade of school, and what she seemed to remember best was teacher's gibe once when she was misbehaving in class:

Glun, Glun, don't have so much fun or you'll get a taste of Jack Hickory's son.

In NJ, generation gap scene when I overheard guy in cafe joshing waitress about something, and he said it was like the old Army marching song: "I hadda good home but I left ... left ... left." Waitress looked at him and gave puzzled what-the-hell-is-that? shrug; she had never heard of the song.

from Amy Mates: Willamae Pym of Shoreline is member of longtime group of Theosophists who vacation on Orcas.
--Also, poet Carolyn Kizer was married to Stimson Bullitt
--Amy herself remembers running across Aurora Bridge as mayor cut the ribbon. Among her adventures in Britain are talking with woman who knew Yeats, has letters from him which are to be burned when she dies.
--Amy also has story of WWII, in which reps of Britain and Germany sat at opposite ends of same pub, waiting to handle pilots crash-landing on Irish soil.
Hunting expedition, hunters share can of pork and beans. One hunter breaks wind, says "I'd better slow down. I felt a little moisture with that one."

Patient in Townsend hospital with Dad. Had no slippers so he clomped around in logger boots. After stiff dose of castor oil, told nurse: "That sure cleaned out the old barn."

Dad after seeing Dr. Allen at Mason Clinic: "If I was as good as he says I am, I wouldn't be sick at all."

Dad said mosquitoes were so bad in WSS he saw one carry away a baby chick. Burt Finn agreed, said she'd seen a pair of them carry off a lamb, one at each end.

from Rodens: near tennis courts, saw 2 boys in immense football uniforms after practice. One said: "what was our motto again?"

Margaret Svec in fall quarter '73 had Japanese woman student whom she assigned to listen to American slang. Student at one point asked, "how do you spell goddamn?" At another, asked if she could tell her history prof she was pissed off about a grade.

from Pat Vessie: before Brando appeared in Streetcar, she saw him as squeaky juvenile in I Remember Mama. Also saw Judith Anderson in Robinson Jeffers's Medea, remembers the incredible intensity.

from circus museum at John Ringling estate in Sarasota: Barnum & Bailey big top, 1906, held 11,000 people -- "and more could be squeezed in by spreading straw on the Hippodrome track (the ground between the seats and the ring curbs). When this was done it was called a 'straw house,' something which made every circus proprietor happy."

Overheard at Lake Quinault Lodge: "The only time a fisherman tells the truth is when he calls another fisherman a liar."
squirrels in backyard at Linden Ave: Carol, Jean and I watched ma squirrel try to teach young one to jump from tree to tree. She would hurl across to fir branch, the limber limb dropping and swaying terrifically. Young squirrel would get out too far on his limb, making it dip too far for jumping. Mother crossed back and forth at least dozen times as we watched; youngster finally fled up tree trunk.

Night sounds at Sequim Bay: splashings, gurgles. Carol mock whispers, a la Eiseley: "Something is coming ashore."

The first loggers here must have seen -- well, I might illustre with a story about my favorite cat (Kitty reacting to 1st big firs she saw here after lifetime in small Texas trees)

When I was in high school, best writing happened in secret notes. Patti Palin, for ex, once wrote about wanting to get baby chicks and incubate them in kitchen oven. Mother objected, pointing problem of the chickens popping. So then we could have baked chicken poop, Patti suggested. Another time, in about 8th grade, Pete Sibley wrote me such a torrid note I'd still be inflamed if her conscience-stricken friend Darlene hadn't slipped over and told me Sib did it as a gag.

In Decatur restaurant, a big-butter-and-egg salesman was playing for waitress. "Say," he said, "what does a person do for entertainment in this town?"
"Well, my husband and I bowl a lot."

Editor telling neophyte reporter what elements attract reader. "Religion, of course, and royalty. And sex -- people are always interested in sex. Let's see -- mystery; a good story that keeps 'em guessing keeps 'em reading. Oh yeah, and keep it short; tell it tersely. The reporter came up with the ideal story:
"Christ," cried the duchess. "I'm pregnant. Wonder who done it?"
anecdotes

Overheard at Lake Quinault Lodge: story of the man who had a carpenter work on his wine cellar, made him whistle all the time to be sure he wasn't drinking.

from Amy Mates, describing the poet Carolyn Kizer not paying any attention to her children: she'd go around with them dripping along behind.

incident from John and Jean Roden, summer '73: while driving cross-country with visiting Britisher Sue Emmet and Kay Armstrong, they stopped one hot noon near Gallup, N.M., for picnic lunch. While shaded up, they noticed man trying unsuccessfully to hitch ride -- walking back and forth, but always staying in shade out of blistering sun. John decided to give him a lift. They discovered he was a Navajo, and as they loaded up Sue said excitedly: "Oh, Kay, we're going to be sitting next to a real Ind-yun." Also discovered he had almost no English. Nervous laughter was the only communication on all sides until the girls heard him making a sort of low rumbling. He was singing, very low, very tentative, to see how they liked it. When they applauded, he sang more, and kept on singing, even urging them to join in chant which went along the lines of yippie-aye-yippee-yay-YO. Faced with lack of communication, the man had turned to song, and it worked.

from John, at Amy Mates party on Sept. 29, '73: as Amy told us about her latest trip to Britain, John said in the Marines she would have been called a "temples and shrines" man; the other variety was "bars and brothels."

overheard at Crab Broiler near Seaside, Ore: middle-aging man recalling that when rationing ended after WWII, he would stand in line without knowing what it was for, and buy whatever was being sold at the far end, nylon or sugar or whatever.

Quinault rain forest, Oct. '70: Mustang turned off road in front of us; taped on its side: "Your life is your poem."

79 -- April 1865, 4000 Michigan cavalrymen occupied Chapel Hill. Books had been moved from U. of NC library, and ground floor was used as stable. Chancellor House of UNC said it turned out happily "because since the war Michigan horses have been noted for their intelligence and University of North Carolina students for their horse sense."

William W. Prochnau, Seattle Times, Dec. 20, '66 (article in writing examples file)

"When the Duke of Edinburgh visited Yellowknife, or so the story goes, he was served a dinner befitting the husband of the Queen.

He also received treatment befitting Yellowknife.

'Save your fork, Duke,' the waitress said sweetly, clearing away his plate. "There's pie."

George Orwell, in novel Burmese Days: pp. 59-60 -- (Hero, Flory, has been lost in jungle, emerges into village)

Flory sat down on the steps of the headman's house and relighted his pipe. He was thirsty.

"Is the water in your well good to drink, thugyi-min?"

The headman reflected, scratching the calf of his left leg with his right big toe nail. "Those who drink it, drink it, thakin. And those who do not drink it, do not drink it."

"Ah. That is wisdom."
Theon Wright, The Big Nail
p. 22 -- The Eskimo word for the North Pole is Tigi-su, which means "Big Nail." The name was the natural result of hearing white men who sailed into the waters of North Greenland express their interest in a "pole" far to the north, which seemed to be a huge iron spike driven into the crust of the earth.

p. 43 (Fridtjof Nansen, staggering back from polar exploration:) ...As they neared the village, a man walking up the trail stared at the weary group in surprise, and then asked:
"May I know your name?"
"Nansen," the tired traveler replied.
"Good heavens!" the man exclaimed, extending his hand.
"I must congratulate you on taking your degree!"
"My what?" Nansen asked.
"Your degree....The University has awarded your doctorate. We have just received the news."

p. 140 -- The movement of the sun, no longer undulating but circling at what seemed a fixed distance from the horizon, puzzled them. "The sun I do not understand," Etukishook said to Cook.

p. 153 -- During the marches the dogs, with sagging ears and drooping tails, pulled spiritlessly at the sledge lines. Cook found himself bemused as to the purpose of a dog's tail. He pondered for hours, as they struggled along, over this problem, until he found they used it to curl around their snouts at night to protect their faces from the wind.

Edmund Pearson, Queer Books
p. 21 (on long-winded American oratory) -- It is strangely significant to find, in Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe, that nothing which North America had in the way of trials for these two brave spirits seems to have filled them with deeper melancholy than the dreadfully long speeches inflicted upon them by their Indian allies.
Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught
p. 205 -- Mr. O'Faolain, in his fine "King of the Beggars," tells the famous story of how O'Connell caught out one witness who kept on repeating of somebody who was supposed to have signed a will that "there was life in him," meaning merely that somebody had put a fly into the dead man's mouth."

p. 255 -- A friend in Wexford judged a performance of "Everyman," in which the seven deadly sins were represented in tableaux; Lust was portrayed as a lot of small boys sitting at cafe tables, with small girls on their knees, all singing: "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do."

p. 278 -- Petrie has movingly described how a country where in his youth everybody sang suddenly fell silent during the great famine of 1848 and never sang again.

p. 83 -- "By the by," Lord Edward wrote to his mother, "what a melancholy house it is; you can't conceive how much it appeared so when first we came from Kildare, but it is going off a little. A poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days and said she thought she was in prison."

p. 104 -- Many of the dirty jokes which cheered our boyhood centred about the rural mariage de convenance, like that about the man who nudged his sleeping wife on their wedding night and said, "can I trouble you again, Miss Ryan?"

Edmund Pearson, Queer Books
p. 28 (quotes Mose Skinner's Centennial Book of 1875, spoof of centennial oratory) -- "Any person who insinuates in the remotest degree that America isn't the biggest and best country in the world, and far ahead of every other country in everything, will be filled with gunpowder and touched off."

T.E. Ripley, Green Timber
p. 93 -- He remembered Eli Brigg's rule: "When you're gittin', git plenty."
Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught
p. 38 -- When I was appointed Managing Director in an honorary capacity I asked Yeats how I should behave. "I asked Lady Gregory exactly the same question when I was Managing Director," he replied, "and she said: 'Give very few orders and see that they are obeyed.'"

p. 11 -- He carefully trained the players to turn every "st" into "sht", so that Castlebar became "Cashtlebar." The girls politely asked how he wished them to pronounce "sit."

p. 69 -- ...of politics Mrs. O'Shea seems to have felt as Dr. Johnson felt of trade, that it "could not be managed by those who manage it, if it had much difficulty."

p. 87 -- the ecclesiastical college of Roman Catholic Ireland... "where," in Shaw's words, "the young priests of Ireland are taught that if the world is not exactly flat, it is not quite so round as it is generally supposed to be..."

p. 102 -- A short time ago I took an Irish friend to Chipping Campden, and we sat in the pub, and the locals blew in and for hours they told funny stories which all seemed to revolve about some crazy repartee, as, for instance, a man saying he was going home to his dinner and his neighbour saying, "You don't have dinner on Friday, surely?" and the other replying, "Only once a week," at which everybody roared, and then at ten everybody said goodnight to everybody else and departed without a cross word being spoken, and my fellow-Irishman swore he wouldn't have believed that people could be so charming in a pub.

p. 118 -- ...like the old woman who kept on confessing the one passionate sin of her youth, I like talking about it.
Ved Mehta, John Is Easy to Please
p. 9 -- ...he had learned to annoy his father by calling Russian "the language of Dostoevski" instead of "the language of Tolstoy," which was its favored sobriquet in the household...

p. 16 (about UN translator George Sherry) -- when he translated Vishinsky's allusion to Pushkin's 'Boris Godunov' by a quote from Macbeth.

p. 80 -- (about Blackwell's bookshop): ...to the critic Marghanita Laski, when she was an undergraduate at Oxford fifty years later (sic), it was "the best bookshop in the world, where no one ever disturbed you and you could, if you wished, simply sit in a corner and read books right through."

p. 89 -- The education of the two boys was taken in hand by a portly and placid classicist called Walter How, who fancied himself a gifted orator and spoke almost entirely in alliterative sentences, on the order of "Thus Pericles found it impossible to pursue a policy of peaceful penetration..."

p. 231 -- (quoting linguist Roman Jakobson) "I was driving with a student, and I was thrown from the car. I was lying in the snow waiting for an ambulance. Every sentence I uttered, the student later told me, I repeated in several languages: 'Gentlemen, help me!' 'Herrshaften, helfen Sie mir!' 'Messieurs, aidez-moi!'

p. 70 -- ...titles may be misleading (Trotman) Dickenson's "Free Radicals" is to be looked for not in the political section but among the books on physical chemistry, and Duffin's "amphibians" and Davie's "Articulate Energy" not in science but in English Literature...
Ved Mehta, John Is Easy to Please
p. 13 -- At the counter, he ordered "a bloody cow
and black water," and interpreted this for me as a
roast-beef sandwich and black coffee.

p. 99 -- When I get up, I put on my business suit --
it keeps the bed warmth in...

p. 137 -- "Once upon a time I used to smoke, and then
one day it struck me how ridiculous it was for a
grown-up man to have fire between his teeth...."

p. 137 (on Indian novelist R.K. Narayan) -- "New York is
the absolute yendor in the summer," he said. "I should
come here wonly in the winter...." As Narayan talked
on, I discovered that he spoke a certain sort of
Indian English; he made some of "o"s into "a"s, and
prefixed "y" and "w", respectively, to words beginning
with "e" and "o". It gave his English a soft, balmy
tone.

p. 168 -- "Come on, foremost novelist," Miss Rama Rau
said, "tell us the happiest and the saddest moment in
your life...."

Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught
p. 42 -- "There lives not three good men unhanged in
England, and one of them is fat and grows old.

Theon Wright, The Big Nail
p. 20 -- ...the immense waste of the ice cap, called by
the Danes the "ice-blink" because of the phenomenon of
reflection of the ice against the clouds, which provides
one of the few helps for navigation across the trackless
surface.

p. 22 -- Eskimos called white men the Oopennadleit, or
"men who come in the spring"...

H.L. Davis, Honey in the Horn
p. 27 -- ...who turned all his gs into ds after the
fashion of stump-country roustabouts, inquired how the
dodam they had dot onto Wade Shiveley's tracks.
Edmund Pearson, Queer Books

p. 5-6 -- The dreadful power of strong drink was never so thoroughly impressed upon me as when I sat, one afternoon, probably in the early 90's, and waited for the successive risings of the curtain, with its picture of the Bay of Naples, which separated us from the state, in the Newburyport City Hall. As the grog shop was revealed in all its horrors we felt that dramatic realism was in our midst. When the drink-crazed father hurled the rum bottle into the left wing, the little daughter obediently trotted on from the right, exclaiming:

"Oh, Papa, you have killed me!"

Then she fell dead in the centre of the stage, and we suspected, as I have often suspected since, that the Demon Rum does not always get fair treatment from his foes. We felt sure that not even a drunkard could pitch such a curve as that.

T.E. Ripley, Green Timber

p. 78 (Tacoma's great civic parade for Pres. Harrison)

"What are those children doing out here in the rain?" asked President Harrison. "Tell them to go home and be dried."
A LEGAL PARTY LINE

Our roving contributing editor, Larry L. King, writes: Recently the medical doctors and lawyers of West Texas decided to bury their various hatchets arising from law suits which keep on splitting the two professions into hostile camps. The doctors hosted at Odessa Country Club. There was first a two-hour cocktail party, which in retrospect looks like bad planning, and then a banquet at which the biggest doctor muckety-muck there welcomed the lawyers with a stiff, formal little speech. Warren Burnett, one of the best-known trial lawyers of the Southwest, a master of the high sardonic, who had been in dogged attendance at the cocktail party, had been tapped to respond on behalf of the lawyers. He made a short but memorable speech. Rising, he dropped his voice low and said, "During the course of these festivities, I have taken judicial notice of the arrival of our doctor-hosts and their ladies, in limousines and mink, all or most of them wearing expressions of superior knowledge or secrets known only to themselves and/or God. I feel moved to remind our hosts that while their professional antecessors were bleeding George Washington with leeches and teaching that the night air was poisonous, my professional antecessors were drawing up the Constitution of these United States—as noble a document as known to the minds of men or angels. I thank you one and all." End of party.
Seattle's oldest publicly supported museum is more a swinger than a dowager.

The University of Washington Henry Gallery, celebrating its 50th anniversary now through March 13, has always been "where the action is" in the arts.

It grew from a conservative beginning, a gift of Horace C. Henry. Henry, a native of Vermont, had fought in the Civil War at Gettysburg July 2, 3 and 4, 1863, and was mustered out at the end of that year. He moved to Seattle in 1890, at the age of 46, to be where business was good. He was a railroad contractor. He built the belt-line and the Palmer Cut-off for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and lines from Seattle, Bellingham and Everett to the summit of the Cascade Range for the Great Northern Railroad.

He began to deal in real estate, and to collect art. Henry became a prominent citizen, serving as president of the Rainier Club, and president of the Anti-Tuberculosis League of King County. He donated land for the Firland Sanitarium, and contributed liberally toward the building.

HENRY was a philanthropist in many ways. In 1915, he announced that any newsboy in Seattle who would deposit 25 cents in any savings bank each month for a year could call upon him to match the sum at year's end. About 100 newsboys took advantage of the offer.

There is an apocryphal but persistent story that he carefully trained his dog. When Henry asked, "What do you think of Tacoma?" the dog rolled over and played dead.

p. 328 --(Sydney Mitchell, founder of UCAL library school, was native of Montreal, grad of McGill) M. knew Stephen Leacock at McGill, and "tells a good story about Leacock's way of working up his humorous material. A colleague was returning to campus after Christmas vacation and saw Leacock alone tramping through the snow on the deserted station platform, talking to himself, whereupon he crept up quietly behind Leacock in time to hear him say, 'So the chemist said to his assistant, "I can dispense without your services."'"

A HURRICANE COMING ASHORE

Politics often is a family affair, and not just for Adamses, Rockefellers and Kennedys. In 1931 Richard Russell was sworn in as governor by his father, Georgia's Chief Justice. Byrds were in seventeenth-century Virginia politics and Harry Byrd Jr. is Long's colleague on the Finance Committee, which Harry Byrd Sr. chaired before Long.

Russell Long's Uncle Earl was the most novel governor in postwar America. He had Flaubert's flair for bons mots ("Jimmie Davis loves money like a hog loves slop") and a gift for concision, as when he described an uncle's death: "He got drunk and pulled a man out of bed and got into bed with the man's wife, and the man got mad and shot my poor uncle, and he died." Earl's downfall was loose living and the premature declaration that "niggers is people too."

George F. Will, Newswise, May 16, '77
Wagner on the Move:
The Sound of Silence

by Clark Whelton

It's an old story. A dynamic young politician is trying to unseat a long-time County Roads Commissioner in a Midwestern state. In one of his campaign speeches, he sarcastically notes that the widest, best-graded road in the county runs right by the farm of the incumbent. "And that's why I'm going to vote for him!" a man calls from the audience. "He already has his road!"

Robert Wagner's apparent lead in the race for the Democratic Party mayoralty nomination seems to be the result of just such a feeling on the part of many voters and party functionaries. Wagner's record may not be one of unblemished brilliance, but, as one Queens housewife said last week, "At least with Wagner you know what to expect." And, for an electorate dazed and angered by four years of change and turmoil, knowing what to expect from a politician is important, even if the expectations aren't great. The other candidates may offer a variety of new remedies for the perennial problems of the city, from statehood to state aid, but Wagner just coasts along, saying little that's new or controversial, and hopes support for his candidacy will grow. Three other contenders have already bowed out of the race in his favor and the Central Labor Trades Council, in a move that's almost unprecedented for a primary, has endorsed him as well. With less than a month to go until the June 17 primary elections, Robert Wagner's chances of being the next mayor of New York City continue to improve.

But if Wagner doesn't offer a new or radical solution for the city's ills, he has something else going for him that makes him an almost irresistible choice for the wary voter: the past. There are strong conservative influences affecting the mayoral campaigns this season and other candidates have been broadcasting coded racist appeals and putting policemen on their tickets. They have also been seduced by the dangerous illusion that the city used to be a better place to live in than it is today. But Wagner is one up on them all. He doesn't

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someone you evidently consider a monstrous liar?

WEINSTEIN: If I felt sorrow, and I suppose I did, it was because I pity him. Here is a man who had been an adviser to a President, a man who under different circumstances might have become Secretary of State, a man with an enormous future ahead of him and a respectable set of achievements behind him. Yet for the past 30 years all he has been left with has been his “Case.” He’s an unwitting creature out of Yeats’ poem, “Easter 1916,” in which Yeats describes his old Irish rebel friends as “changed utterly” by the Easter Rebellion, left mainly with their own symbolism and myths to nurse and nurture and live with. The human marrow and capacity for change is gone. I keep thinking of a line the historian Esmond Wright wrote about John Adams: “He wore his rectitude like a banner and stopped, now and then, to salute it.”

POLITICKS: When did you stop liking and believing Alger Hiss?

WEINSTEIN: I neither like nor dislike the man at this point. When I stopped believing him is another story. I have always found Hiss a genial man with a wonderfully facile way of evading direct response to tough questions concerning evidence that incriminates him. Just about everyone, pro or con, who has dealt with Hiss has made the same point. The evasiveness doesn’t come
SURPRISING REMARKS

While reading the account of Cincinnati Enquirer publisher Frank Dale’s address to the local Rotary Club (E&P, October 13), I kept wondering where I had heard his remarks before.

Then, it hit me. I had heard them many times previously from public officials—felons like J. Parnell Thomas to Cornelius E. Gallagher to Spiro Agnew, who claimed the press skewered them but who in reality did it to themselves by betraying the public trust in order to enrich themselves.

It isn’t astonishing to hear cries of foul from politicians caught with their hands in the till. It is somewhat of a surprise, however, to find a newspaper publisher deploring the Greek messenger role newspapers perforce perform—even a newspaper publisher who originally headed up the Committee to Re-elect the President.

On second thought perhaps it’s not all that surprising. It is apparent that Dale has not taken to heart Frank Simond’s categorical imperative: “There is but one way for a newspaperman to look at a politician, and that is down.” It is clear, alas, that publisher Dale not only doesn’t look down on the leader of the most corrupt administration in the history of the United States—and that’s covering a territory considerably larger than the Louisiana Purchase—but looks up to him.

W. E. CHILTON, III

(Chilton is publisher of the Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette)
"With the passion of the scientist and the precision of the poet," Vladimir Nabokov used to tell his classes, and he'd pause for a moment, as if he'd overheard himself making a mistake. "Do I mean the passion of the poet and the precision of the scientist?" he'd ask with a rising inflection, as if bewildered. "No!" he'd suddenly thunder, "the passion of the scientist and the precision of the poet!" And as most fans know, the poetry of baseball isn't in its myths and legends—mere doggerel—but in its precision, in those epically eye-killing rows and rows of six-point numbers, a ledger intimating legerdemain. I mean I tuned in with mild curiosity for an inning or two on opening day, but the authentic start of the season was the appearance on the newsstands of
Stornoway:
Capital of the Isles

By CUTHBERT GRAHAM
With pictures by IAN HARDIE

I tell you lad, the place will be
The garden of the west,
The northern Venice by the sea,
With milk and honey blest.
Geraniums growing in the glens,
An' gold-fish in the burns,
An' Sunlight medals for the hens
That give the best returns.

SUDDENLY the sweet high rivulet of sound swelled into a mighty river of song. Seventy voices, rich and full, took up the haunting melody.

"O is tu, gu is tu air m'aire" they sang: "You are always in my thoughts!" The girls of the Elizabeth Hardane Hostel in Stornoway were giving Ian Hardie and I the biggest thrill of our visit to the Lewis.

And that was only the beginning. They went on to sing "Cadal cha dear mi, sugrath cha dear mire": "I shall not sleep till my lover returns". Then a lilting puirt a beul, "Hi Ho Heirim."

They came from every corner of Harris and Lewis and sometimes one corner of the room would take up a local song identified with their district. From Carloway came a favourite in that airt: "The Piper was killed at El Alamein."

Then there came a classic song of the griefing of the exile "Farewell to Stornoway Pier." Very lovely, too, was the Gaelic original of the Christmas hymn "A Child in the Manger," while petite red-haired Annie Macdonald, a Mod poet, gave us — after the insistent urging of the fear an tigh, Warden Malcolm Macleod and the whole company — her own composition "Leodhais mo gradh" — "Lewis of my love."

This was a brief ceilidh, for the girls' homework study period lasts to 9.15 and bedtime is at ten o'clock, and all too soon it was time to sing the rousing "Suas leis Ghaidlig."

"The Gaelic for ever" or "Up with the Gaelic," which in the Western Isles is not just a pretty sentiment but a living conviction.

The Genius of the Gael

It was brief but it was long enough to convince me of the truth of Fraser Darling's words: "The Gael of the Outer Isles expresses a different social life from the people of the mainland, and from the people of the rest of Britain, except perhaps, in parts of Wales... The quality of sociality is of such an order that few bourgeois folk can know or understand... The island Gael must have sociality or he wits."
From the heights we drove down into Ullapool, which stands on a little promontory on Loch Broom. It was founded as a colony, in 1788 by the British Fisheries Society and the ubiquitous Scottish architect and engineer Thomas Telford had a hand in the planning of its streets and houses, which must once have been handsome. But the fisheries did not flourish; Ullapool failed to become what we would today term a ‘growth point’; and it is now a rather scruffy holiday resort, which threatens to become a smaller-scale Fort William.

There, almost for the first time on our jaunt, it started to rain. A pleasure steamer at the pier disgorged a huddled mass of trippers, wearing Pakamacos, and sprouting umbrellas. They had been to the Summer Isles, and had got very wet and cold. The black clouds dropped lower and lower; the loch became the colour of gunmetal; an icy wind appeared straight from the North Pole, and viciously whipped sweet papers over the glistening streets. There was the smell of fish-and-chips, and the wail of fractious holiday children. At a general shop, I tried to buy a paper. Had they a national paper? No. Or a Scottish paper? No. Or a local paper? No. They had to be ‘ordered’. But didn’t many holiday-makers ask for newspapers? ‘Yes,’ said the man in exasperation. ‘They dhu. An’ I haf to explain to them, time and time again, there’s no demand here.’ Had they any Colgate’s toothpaste, then? No: only Maclean’s – ‘and a good Highland name, too’. Baffled, we left Ullapool.
THE INADVERTENT obscenities of the innocent (as in Dickinson, "Wild nights" etc., and in Hopkins' "Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.") See also Melville's Pierre where the half-sister cries to P. "My bed! Lay me! Lay me!" (Though here of course another matter than innocence—in M.'s time that verb evidently was not used as in ours).

THE TROUBLE with Conrad Aiken's poetry is, he's all lips and no teeth.

FOSTER DAMON used to say, "The best poems are those you get out of bed to write."

ADD: CHARMING things said by writers. Arthur Miller is quoted in an interview this weekend as saying that when people praise his new play he feels like saying, "But you should have seen it before it was written!"
THE ONE TIME I met Carl Van Doren the name Christopher Morley somehow came into the conversation. Van Doren said of him: "He got mellow before he got ripe."

sit down to write as though you were the only writer in the world. Charles Jackson’s charming recollection that when he wrote his first poems, in his adolescence, he would rush to a mirror to see if his looks had changed.
WHILE I was growing up in Scotland, we were often visited in the country by an egg-bald, red-faced Uncle Charlie, who always brought us some bizarre gift—a Norwegian flag, a single spur—and gave off an atmosphere of what I retrospectively realize was whisky. But I remember him most vividly for something else entirely, for the inadvertent gift of a language. One time at table, Uncle Charlie’s stomach rumbled royally. Winking at me and rolling his eyes, he glanced down affectionately and whispered to us, “That’s the boys below the belt. They’re always fighting.” All at once, we saw the guerrilla bands swarming across the pink canyons of Uncle Charlie’s interior. Our fairly bewildered view of our bodies changed at a stroke, for we suddenly had been given a way of talking about the mysterious processes going on inside us. If Uncle Charlie’s stomach acted up with unusual violence, he would glare at it and mutter, “If you fellows are going to move that grand piano, at least pick it up!” He peopled our insides for us with an entourage of miniature staff members—kitchen and scullery maids who sloshed about the digestive tract in gum boots, teams of hardhats and crane drivers who manned the muscles, soft-footed librarians who prowled through the bookshelves in our heads, busy operators at the switchboard of the senses, nurses, scuba divers, commandos, and singing waiters. We turned what went on inside us into legend, and I have never quite lost the habit—I still think of myself as something rather like a stray ocean liner, kept afloat by a cantankerous knockabout crew.

I invoke Uncle Charlie because he did provide us children for a time with a serviceable metaphor. His whimsical anthropomorphizing allowed us at least to envision what was otherwise beyond us. My mother was a doctor, and would occasionally give us pocket lectures, usually at table, on matters like digestion, but her crisp explanations were nothing like as gripping as Uncle Charlie’s accounts of barroom brawls in the small intestine. She talked, as doctors still do, about “the body,” yet we had to take her on trust, because the insides were something she had seen and we had not. Our bodies may have been objects to her, but they were very much more to us who inhabited them and were often at their mercy.

The most woeful lack in our general education continues to be a working knowledge of what is going on inside
BY R. M. CAMPBELL
P-I Art Critic

ESKIMO ART, to some, may seem as improbable as the Arctic is remote. Nevertheless, under the watchful and benevolent eye of the Canadian government, Eskimos have become artists, depicting their way of life, their point of view using conventional and not-so-conventional means to express unconventional — to us — ideas.

There are now a number of communities which are known for their artistic abilities producing prints and carvings with considerable regularity and skill.

The best-known of all the Arctic communities is Cape Dorset, a remote point on the Hudson Strait. The community’s graphics are sold throughout Europe and North America. The Snow Goose Gallery, 4220 NE 125th, has been and is the place in Seattle to buy Eskimo art.

...The most famous artist from Cape Dorset is a woman who is now probably in her 70s (she isn’t quite sure): Pitseolak. The mother of 17 children, five of whom are living, she did not begin drawing until she was nearly 60.

“I became an artist to earn money but I think I am a real artist...I don’t know how many drawings I have done but more than a thousand. There are many Pitseolaks now — I have signed my name many times,” Pitseolak says.

The artist, who was born around 1900 on Nottingham Island, and later moved to Baffin Island, knows the old ways: hunting, living in igloos, traveling over ice-covered land, many of which no longer exist in their old forms.

Houston wanted Pitseolak — the Eskimo word for sea pigeon — to draw “the old ways and monsters,” the legends of the Eskimos, the spirit world, the shamans. Pitseolak has never stopped. “I am going to keep on doing them until they tell me to stop. If no one tells me to stop, I shall make them as long as I am well. If I can, I’ll make them even after I am dead.”
That classic, two-sentence Quaker prayer, immortalized by the late Barrow Cadbury at the 1952 world conference in Oxford, was often quoted here last week. With devastating simplicity, the prayer goes: “Oh God, we are in a fix. Please help us out of it.”

Happily, many Quakers can chuckle about this development of “aggressive nonviolence.” One Indiana Friend recalled his grandfather, who used to address a reluctant cow at milking time this way: “Thee knows that I will not strike thee. Thee knows I will not swear at thee. But what thee does not know, cow, is that I might sell thee to a Baptist who would beat the devil out of thee.”

A Tradition: Peace

p. 183 -- (Sibley was Harvard College Librarian 1856-1877.) "Unfortunately Sibley is known to a majority of those who have heard his name only by a story which (Pres. Charles William) Eliot, and his sons and friends after him, used to tell with amusement. It told how the President one day met the Librarian hurrying across the Yard and asked where he was going. Sibley replied: 'The Library is locked up and every book is in it but two, and I know where they are and I am going after them.' The generation of Eliot's sons assumed that this story illustrated Sibley's primitive ideas about libraries and books. In fact, the Harvard rules, like those of many other libraries in that day, ordered the Librarian once a year to get in every book and to lock the Library for a formal check and visitation, performed by a committee of Overseers.... The story of Sibley's going after the two missing volumes probably had its origin in an incident during Eliot's tutorship, for in 1858 there were only two books out on loan at the time of the visitation."

(My note: problem of accuracy. Both Carol & I have heard above story, dismissed it as apocryphal. Apparently it's accurate, & Librarian had good reason.)
By David W. Hacker

A writer's mind is a stew of miscellany. Bread ends. Succotash of sights and sounds. Gingham patches. A purse of memories. Once in a while some truths. And if the fellow, which I happen to be, is particularly perverse and persistent, the mind sticks to a piece of literary quartz that just doesn't fit anywhere. I've tried and tried to sink this trifle into a story. But it won't go. I am impatient. So rather than wait any longer, I want to share it.

I found it last summer in *The National Observer*, the magazine of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. There was a story entitled, "When the Turtle Collapses, the World Ends." Intriguing. It told me everything I never knew about turtles (though it made no mention of my colleague Jim Perry's first stab at turtle steak). But it wasn't the turtle's plight, nor that of the turtle catcher, that impeled me. It was a little yarn that introduced the piece. I thank you, Bernard Nietschmann, for passing it on. I keep wanting to find something profound in it. I can't. It's just the funniest story I've ever read:

"After delivering a lecture on the solar system, philosopher-psychologist William James was approached by an elderly lady who claimed she had a theory superior to the one described by him.

"'We don't live on a ball rotating around the sun,' she said. 'We live on a crust of earth on the back of a giant turtle.'

"Not wishing to demolish this absurd argument with the massive scientific evidence at his command, James decided to dissuade his opponent gently.

"'If your theory is correct, madam, what does the turtle stand on?'

"'You're a very clever man, Mr. James, and that's a good question, but I can answer that. The first turtle stands on the back of a second, far-larger turtle.'

"'But what does this second turtle stand on?' James asked patiently.

"'The old lady crowed triumphantly, 'It's no use, Mr. James—it's turtles all the way down.'"