sweat: the Lord's lubricant

mahogany horse" -- early sailor's slang for salt beef

I didn't feel too good all weekend, and I don't feel too spurtive today

bastardized language: Norska Villa

Carol's phrase: Betty Thomas is blessed with total recall and a half

Lucie, going from wash machine to phone: I'm a slave to buzzers

Dad: that's way to-hell-and-gone too much to pay

Dad: didn't want to buy anything from the honyocker anyway

John Roden: I can abstain, but I can't be moderate

from Nat'l Public Radio interview with Misspn at Smith'n Mall festival: "Thick as ants on a meatskin"

cattywampus
honyocker
scissorbill

latrine queen
colonel of the urinal
head of the head

shagnasty

Finn named Finnigan

While I was immersed in Latin phrasing for spots in The Whistling Season, C remembered lines her mother used to recite, possibly a Ralph Dean poem:

"Nox was lit by lux of luna;
'Twas a moon so opportuna
To spy a possum or a coona."

boogeresque

"...one reason 25-year-old whiskies (scotch) cost so much more than 12-year-olds is that about 2%--the angels' share, it's called--evaporates every year." --WSJ, Dec. 10-11 '05

Dr. Ginsberg as "the rounder"--i.e., the dr making hospital rounds

bottle of light juice: sunshine

"When people are dead red looking for a fastball in the mid-90's and they have to blink when they see this changeup at 76 miles per hour, that's abuse."
--Pedro Martinez, NYT, March 3 '08

advice to zip one's fly: Maybe you better zip up, so you don't trip over it.

the whole Mary Ann

I give you the Russian curse: May Shostkovich play a concerto grosso on your tympanum!

needledink

Mary Clearman Blew: when she was on a panel abt ranching w/ Kittredge & Ralph Beer, Beer told audience that from the ranching point of view he was brought up w/, the Kittredges were a big outfit but Mary's people would have been "legitimate operators."

Mannheim rocket--C heard CBC Take Five host Shelley Soames use, evidently for fierce burst of music at start of a piece

from my barber, Dan Carey, 1st verse of this I hadn't heard:

Carnation milk, in a red and white can,

It's good for boy, it's good for man.

No tits to pull, no hay to pitch

Just punch a hole in the sonofabitch.

voms: theater term used by guide on Ashland b'stage tour--the entrance/exit openings into seating area, term derived from Roman "vomitarium"

Let the church say amen.

NYT, Sept. 12 '03: "The fervor of food in Rappahannock (County, VA) may approach the religious, but there is a down-home quality the come-heres (the local term for newcomers) seem to catch..."

Victoria, BC, floatplane clerk:on phone: "How many of you are there of you?"

Kittredge to Annick: "Dream on, teenage queen."

(dogged) as a pencil sharpener

omnia culpa.

You can argue that round or flat (i.e., one way or the other)

You clean up quite nice!
(Paul Allen's chief of security, upon seeing me dressed up for dinner after couple of days in my Powell's sweatshirt)

That is so relevant to a story I have.
(overheard on Paul Allen trip, Irishman impatiently trumping in on round of joking and storying)

raining ~~bibbbucks~~ billybucks

If you need it, you got it.

my most concern is...

blue rare
(steak cooked so rare it has the bluish tinge of raw)

fundamentalists: they're not fun, and they're not mentalists either

dope: Dad used the word to mean everything from sheepdip to his emphysema medicine; also to mean information--"What's the dope on that?"

green scaling: a term Marcella Walter encountered in her stint w/ Montana FWP Dept--"You better green-scale that w/ Debby..." i.e., get a preliminary rough informal estimate. It comes from measuring horns on trophy animals, she found: the first measurement, in the field, is the green scale, then there's the later official scaling, i.e. measurement.

mosquitoes: "got 'em killed down to about a thousand."

to mad-dog: give a hard cold look

dingleberry (see DARE)

Kinky Friedman profile in NYT, Aug. 31 '95:
"(He) himself never uses the word 'die.' His dearly departed have either 'stepped on a rainbow' or 'gone to Jesus.'"

Carol Burnett, NYT, 24 Sept. '95: her grandmother's saying, "Leave it lay where Jesus flung it."

earth muffin: attractive back-to-the-lander, either sex; in essence, a goodlooking granola

cootie garages: Lucie's term for hair worn in buns on side of head, C says.

Elspeth Sandys, River Lines, p. 476: "'Reckon 'e were asleep when the brain basket went around!"

Someone at a '96 booksigning told me his grandfather would say "No hochstedder", meaning "No horseshit!"

(about as much use as) polishing a turd

T-boned: broadside car collision, one driven into other @ T-bone right angle

the big hay (large round bales, rather than old little rectangular ones.)

Jean Walkinshaw remembers photog Wayne Sourbeer's admonishment not to work over their TV doc'ies too much: "Don't lick your calf, Jean."

Bill Dieter, in 2 Jan. '85 letter in file of letters from writers:
"...as we used to say on the Musselshell, 'slower than smoke off of shit."

DARE, p. 435--bug-eater, resident of Nebraska; citation, "1872, Harper's Mag. 44.318/1, Below will be found a careful compilation of the various nicknames given to the states and people of this republic..."

By popular by God demand

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."

like a skunked dog--in a hurry to get away, as a dog would be after getting sprayed by a skunk: "He went out of here like a skunked dog."

say grace on the food (said by Ross Peterson @ Utah State U. biog prize dinner)

Cherokeets and Volvonians (suburban women driving Cherokees and Volvos)

bovine persons and Native Americans/p.c. cowboys & Indians

from AZ trip:
--dinero electronico (cash machine sign)
--a mick (Michelob)
--That was when we still were on long haul. (long-distance trucking)

Saddyday daddys (divorced men who get their kids on Sats.)

go hermentile--The Sand Pebbles, p. 449

New Zealand & Australia lingo, from Sept. '92 trip:

(NZ) put the jump on--run off; as Brendan Shadbolt said of penguin farmer chasing kids off lawn, "He put the jump on them."

(NZ) twitch off the switch--airline annemt for turning off the seatbelt light

(NZ) disarm the door--airline annemt for opening the cabin door

(NZ) the New Zealand death--in frontier days, drowning in one of NZ's short, fast rivers that rise unexpectedly in flood; told me by a Ph.D. candidate writing on landscape in literature at Waikato U.

(NZ) corrugated backs--Maurice Shadbolt's term for settlers who's originally been convicts (and thus had welts from whippings)

(NZ) "The first four ships"--first settlers of Canterbury/Christchurch, their descendants bragging those origins akin to our Mayflower.

(NZ) a gas-on--gabfest, as when Nigel Morrison said on the phone about our chance to visit over dinner, "We'll have a good old gas-on."

(both countries? definitely NZ) crash hot--keen on; as in, "he was crash hot for"

(NZ, from newspaper story) heaviness--political pressure

(NZ) one-eyed--provincial; as in, "he's one-eyed about that"

(NZ, from newspaper story) horizontal dancing--sex

(Australia) a flat white--cup of coffee w/ cream

(Australia) a short black--small cup of black coffee
a long black--larger cup or glass of black c'fee

(Australia) gins and murrays--aboriginal women and men

(Australia, prob'ly NZ too) barrack--to cheer, as to cheer for your team; you do not root for them, as "root" is slang for "fuck"

(Australia) shout--to treat others, stand your turn; as in buying a round of drinks, "he didn't do his shout"

slugged out: traffic reporter's term for stopped or creeping, as in "there's a ~~xxxx~~ semi slugged out on the Evergreen Point bridge."

to Jane: to do the Fonda exercise video

copacetic motating

Those two are close as three in a bed with one kicked out.

spudbar (crowbar with one wedge end)

brownie points: not in DARE except as rr term "brownie," meaning a demerit

"Softball and Books," Glen Hirshberg, Kinnikinnik, (pub'd by UMontana bkstore), Aug. 10 '90:
"But one opposing third-base coach, who remains anonymous only because all of us Books were too stunned to get his name, has raised third-base coaching to artistic levels. He did it with one comment. It just rolled out of him, like he didn't even think about it... "Come on, Bob...Come on, boy. Be what you drank.'"

Aug. 90; at typewriter repair shop, I was directed to fill out a form--"Print your name here, and then your good stuff" (i.e., address, phone #...)

Oct. '90, during Dallas-Ft. Worth booktour, heard Mac'n sales rep Patricia Kelly say of something unexpectedly good that had happened to someone, some stroke of good fortune such as a lottery winning: "I'd ask for it, you know?"

Nov. '90: in San Francisco Examiner interview, Burr Snider gave Mariah Montana its wildest zingiest compliment by writing that the book "sports major huevos." (i.e., eggs the Mexican slang equivalent of balls)

capish--DARE, p. 530--understand? savvy? (from Italian capisci)

from Lucie: her mother, to ~~xxxx~~ encourage her children when it kept raining, would say: "Maybe this is the clearing-up shower."

from Frank: in his family, the hopeful forecast was -- "If you can see a patch~~x~~ of blue big enough for a pair of Dutchman's trousers, it'll be a clear day."

Somebody once asked Lucie's look-alike brothers Ralph and John: "Are you twins or brothers?"

"it was raining dandy fine"

Elderly gent on street in Killarney to passing friend: "famous weather, Thomas, famous weather."

from Grandma:

busticate ("I ate so much I'm about to busticate")

jimjams (the willies; "that gives me the jimjams")

mersey (my mother as a child called cows "merseys")

Patch beside patch is neighborly, but patch upon patch is beggarly.

You're not salt nor sugar nor nobody's honey, so you'll be all right."

from Dad:

it'll wend anything but the break of day

B if you came home too late or too drunk, better "throw your hat in first." If it came back out, you were in real trouble.

from Jan B. and Margaret V: "humungous" to mean huge, tremendous.
from Jan: "my very self"

That's stone wonderful, man.

Forgive me, Lord, I have sunned.

Oh dear, bread and beer.

You leave to the sound of marching drum/
and the beat of a lover's heart.
(song heard on KUOW. Sun. morn program of Irish-Scottish music)

Fran Miller: her plasticky college assigned-roommate is "a total ditz."

Grandma's term for "barefoot," which maybe she got from my mother's baby talk: fee-fee.

K from a Catlin-Gable school youngster when I visited there in spring '87: nick name (instead of nickname), which is particularly appropriate because it is a kind of name with a nick out of it.

accountants etc: beancounters

sound superfluous advice of a sign seen during Pendleton-Moscow drive in '87: Do Not Pass Snowplows On The Right

chicano(?) former gang member on NPR, early Jan. '88: "I was pretty good from here."

Roy Reed, "Ozark Lollygagging," NYT Mag Soph'd Traveler supplement, March 13, '88:
"I asked...whether the river guides conducted fishing trips throughout the winter.
'We go all year if they want to,' he said. 'Eye God, if they're tough enough, we are.'"

spit shine (on shoes)

creeping Jesus

dowager's hump

the shrieks of the sheiks (OPEC coming apart, '86)

You can bet your bottom dollar about that.

R Why don't you go take a flying fuck at a rolling donut. (insult common in my high school days)

none of your beeswax

R Got a match?--Yeah, your face and my ass.

R He'll wax your ass for you.

the brainpan of a 00

Say pretty please. (Grandma used to say)

return thanks (John Roden's Texas phrase for saying grace)

If I had his money and he had a feather up his ass, we'd both be tickled.

R DARE, 242--birdies: dust rolls that collect under beds (in my AF days, woollyburgers!)

DARE, 256--black bumper: Mennonites paint car bumpers black, so that the car will be recognized if offender takes it to ungodly place, such as tavern.

DARE, 290--bloodybones (rawhead and bloodybones)

K ~~302~~ DARE, 302--blue dragon: dragonfly

DARE, 316--bobbasheely: to saunter. Cites Faulkner, The Reivers, p. 177, "You and Sweet Thing bobbasheely on back to the hotel now, and me and Uncle Remus and Lord Fauntleroy will mosey along."

R happy horseshit (Air Force term, as in sgt. saying "Don't give me your happy horseshit.")

from Kathy Malone, summer '85, preparing to leave the house: "Testicles, spectacles, wallet, watch", recited with appropriate pat to each locale.

from Bill Reeburgh, summer '85: Alaska job of "spiking the outhouse"--using crowbar to break or tip the frozen mound of crap that builds during winter.

from Bill Reeburgh--someone who was best man at a wedding, describing it as being "good man"

Paul Ringer, Xmas letter '85:
"Her arthritic foot gives her curry sometimes..."
"It takes a direct order to get Steve (to mow)"
"I'd best pull up (stop)"

You drive like a man with a paper ass.

B That came out in the work, too.

B acey-deucey: possible use, OK, "that's acey-deucey with me"?

from Carol's dad: dowager's hump--the humpback that old women sometimes get

Middlearth: our nickname for midway up the hill between here and the college, where fog and other changes of weather (ice, etc.) start

Look what fell off the turnip truck.

Rae-Ellen remembers high school joking saying, "all swayve and debonuse" for "suave and debonair."

collywobbles (upset stomach, shakiness)

Montanaism mentioned by Mike Hart:
"Where's it at?"

overheard at Consuelo's restaurant in Monterey, ~~Apr~~ March '84: woman telling of a co-worker who couldn't remember right and left, so would gesture and say "Go the way of this hand."

Wayne McGuire told C, of incident when Sh'line pr job was abolished to get rid of the guy holding it: a case of throwing out the bathwater with the baby.

B from Frank Muller: the old canning jars with a snap-off wire contraption on top were called "lightning jars"

from a song: (about moonshining) "Don't use no green nor rotten wood, they'll get you by the smoke."

from Dean Vaupel in Havre, abt difficulties of independent booksellers: Hell, I figure every year I'm gonna go tits up.

--also from Vaupel: People here go down to Gt Falls like they're going across the street. Everything in Gt Falls is wonderful, and we're just a bunch of turds here.

at Woerne's, black woman UW student complaining of prof who'd flunked her: "They're not doin' us right."

Doug Smith's brother Wayne: calls accountants etc. "bean counters"

He wasn't walking on level ground.

He's not coloring inside the lines.

if wishes were fishes
B He needs his bolts tightened.

cleaned his clock

have your hide

B really going to town at it.

Who makes up that stuff?

What he didn't show the knack of, in terms of OO, evidently hadn't yet been invented.

from Bill Reeburgh: oldtimer w (in w. Texas?) who remembers how tough things were during the Compression (the Depression)

NYT, Nov. 27, '83, "Kaypro's Bid to Remain on Top," by Eric Berg

IN mid-1981, with its portable computer still in design stage, Non Linear suffered what seemed a crushing blow: Adam Osborne introduced his portable computer. The briefcase-sized Osborne I machine was an immediate hit, capturing virtually all of the then-embryonic portable computer business.

But there's an old saying about how to spot the pioneers: They are the ones with the arrows in their backs. And that is what happened to Mr. Osborne. For although the Osborne sold well to curiosity seekers and computer aficionados, it gave the competition a target to shoot at. Several other computer companies took the Osborne apart, talked up its faults to the public, and brought out their own improved versions. Non Linear, now called Kaypro, was one of these competitors.

B Got you foxed and boxed, looks like to me.

girling

swain

B if brains were dice he couldn't shake snake eyes.

B died of heart attack: somebody attacked his heart with a knife.

Pay no attention to what I was going to say.

Nancy Reeburgh: her Pittsburgh roommate at NHSI summer '83 had habit of saying "Same." Nancy: "I'm 17." Roommate (always with enthusiasm): "Same."

Lois Welch: Jim's family and I guess other ranchers and farmers of Harlem area will be sitting around the living room, not saying much, and someone will proclaim, "She won't be long now"--i.e., to the next season, or harvest, or whatever.

Stairs and I don't get along.

Horny? I tell you, when I go to bed at night the blankets look like a tepee.

John Roden: when he was working on his house in North Carolina, his helpers would say of some Johns Manville product, "that John Manual..."

Bill Reeburgh, Nov. '83: told his dean "You're treating me like a mushroom. Keeping me in the dark and feeding me shit."

--"see him from here to Sunday"--somebody brightly dressed.

--researcher who in recombinant experiments has crossed a phosphorescent organism with a fast-growing lab one, so he can xxx turn off the lights and watch the multiplying: "he put headlights on it."

Gordon Baxter, Texan commentator on Nat Public Radio: "on the television" (not "on television")

somewhere in Sandburg, prob'ly The People Yes: a barn held up by the wind.

He persistently passed up commercial opportunity as if it were cold gravy.

During our '79 England trip, in the pub at the town neighboring the Marlbourough estate, elderly gents discussing a wedding that morning. One said: "They're at it now." (Meaning 1st sex of honeymoon)

Snatch a kiss, kiss a snatch--all the same to you, huh?

basket leave: militaryese for untaken leave paid off at end of service?

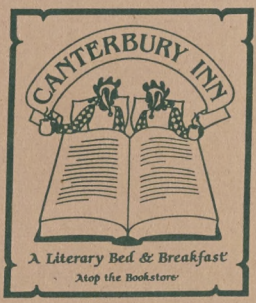
Julie Golding found in Missoula that when she'd been drinking with friends and was about to leave, they'd offer her a "go-cup"--paper cup to finish drinking as she drove.

...or I'll be sending some men around to hit your legs with crowbard...

one after a goddamn other.

R Well, I dunno, she looks plenty fuckulent to me.

R What the hell you think, we're just here dimping around?



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B raining blue snakes

We gots a cats-asstrophe.

R O'heard between Shoreline students: "You lightbulb head"

John Fischer, From the High Plains--damn a country where you have to climb for water and dig for wood.

Rod Svetich: when he was a kid, he called hoboes "bohoes".

" : his grandfather's version of the boogie man was Jake Fox--"Look out for Jake Fox."

In Billings, a woman who knew Stegner's writing, and a lot else of Western writing, talked with me and eventually said she herself had no interest in writing. It surprised me, since so many people do have the itch. She explained that when she was in high school, ~~xxx~~ or perhaps it was college, her teacher had given her the old frank advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes, or somebody: "What you have written is interesting and original. Unfortunately, what is interesting is not original, and what is original is not interesting..."

Roger Clawson, "Western gladiators have their own art," Billings Gazette, Oct. 13, '78:
"Bronc riders aren't as crazy--though some of them are still a few shots short of a full clip."

it costs a young fortune

Gene Bonnet to very tired Tana: Your ball of string is about to run out.

I mdde a mistook.

doing a landslide business (instead of landoffice)

"right enough"

from Pete McCabe tape:

B the way they're commencin' to operate

B never had too much to say for himself

just any amount of...

B he was a-dancin' and a-singin' and lickin' 'em up...

B the dr kinda pinned it on him about that drinkin'

they're all out in the marble farm

B slickum on the dance floor

My name she is Pancho
I work on a rancho
I make a dollar a day.
I go to see Lucy
To play with her poosy
She take my dollar away.

"Reality is merely the starting point for the grandeurs of hallucination."

B read in Mont. paper during July'78 trip: one fisherman telling other to play his trout to shore, "don't horse 'im"

quote heard somewhere in summer of '78--Calif., or Seattle waterfront?--father to son: "Healthy fish don't float belly up like that."

Off he went, splattered-ass down the country

From Amy: a friend of hers, when she feels its time to depart a visit, says: It's time we weren't here. Also, her WWII chum Maureen(?) once contmpled delibtly missing connections to take them back to London duty after leave and sending hq a telegram: Missed boat. What do?

Frank Greenman, July '77, describing touching a live condenser in radio set: "It felt like fire flying out of the back of my neck."

Ken Fallang, July '77, telling me how much Bob J used to drink: "He'd have a bottle of whiskey on this side, and another one on this side for a chaser."

Tony Hunolt, July '77, telling me to come back again, after interviewing him: "At least we can shoot the hooey."

Harry Palin, July '77, telling how bereft and hopeless Jim Tidyman was after Francis's death: he was coughing blood, apparently from lung cancer, and visitors such as Palins would see bloody handkerchiefs around the house; also a pile of whiskey bottles beside his bed. He died within months of her.

Clifford Shearer, July '77, gesturing with his hand to show how short someone was: "He only stood about yay-yay, y'know."

Harold Chadwick, June '77: day Carol went to GFalls for Bob Marshall topo maps, I fixed lunch for Harold and Tom. On way out, Harold turned and mumbled, "Thanks for building us some grub."

cowboy at roadside rest area near Anaconda, June '77: after long period at lone urinal, during which several of us lined up behind, he finished, and as he buttoned up said: "I either pee slow or I got a big bladder, I never been sure which."

Harold Chadwick refers to having taken the Keeley Cure as "when I went to college."

Harold Chadwick: "I kind of Hoosiered up on it," meaning he had studied it

GFalls Tribune, 7/24/77--Sam Gilluly's recounting of building of Ft. Peck Dam 40 years ago: "Our Valley County nurse Kathryn Worrall told me about farm wives who were canning gophers. Farmers cut green Russian thistle for feed and bitterly called it 'Hoover hay.'"

Lingo

I will come back there and grab you by the epiglommis until your eyes pop poached.

Gary Depew: manure: --"zoo dirt"
Melting ice: "baby water"

From Amy: I'll have your entrails for bootlaces. (guts for garters)

He might send some people by to take you off the living list.

B He had been uptown tp buy hisself some gallons of loudmouth.

B He was an escapee from the overall gang in Butte.

Wayne Arnst: the whole Mary Ann (whole shebang)

Tana Arnst: a bare-butt spanking

drought clouds of Depression: empties going over

1900: nineteen ought ought

Wayne Sourbeer: it's gonna be so good.

cupboard love: devotion of an animal because you feed it

Bill Reeburgh, as transition to any topic:
"It's kind of interesting,"...

drinks in Montana:
--Lord Calvert and water: a Lord ditch
--scotch and water: scotch ditch

Bill Lang at WHA '82: These Texans are into power drinking.

Wayne Sourbeer, stuck for a word: how do you say it in America?

Money talks, poor folks walks, and small change rides de bus.

a legend in his own mind.

There's a place down in France
where the ladies wear no pants
and the men go 'round
with their dongs hanging down...

miniver: fur trim on robes

Bill Farr: Blackfeet say "up the park" to mean someone living near Glacier--he lives up the park.

Forest Service-ese from Mary Muller, Sitka, Nov. '82:

log transfer facilities--log dump

mass wasting--landslide

residence time (of a lot)--time it takes log to rot

tree recruitment--tree falling down

forced landing--plane crash

releasing a forest--logging

roads placed in storage--abandoned roads

idiot strips--buffer strips of trees left standing along streams or beaches

access development--building roads

logging plan--music sheet

~~xxxxxxx~~ stumpmakers--loggers

seen areas--places a person can see

WAD--wet ass day

WA--wilderness adventure (getting lost in woods)

pumpkin patch--fine stand of spruce

ship--helicopter

unit--small machine

ooze--bleed

puzzle palace--regional office in Juneau

opportunities--manmade changes in forest

Mary Muller forest service-ese, cont.--

POC--pieee of cake

backdate--sign something late

access route--road

management prescription--mining or logging plan

waste impact pattern--where and how waste falls in outhouse pit

tree failure--tree falling down

Finn plumbing--backwoods hot and cold water

Norwegian turkey--cormorant

First Avenue bugle--booze bottle hidden in a bag while being drunk by a drunk

The Folkgames of Children, by Brian Sutton-Smith
(New Zealand) UW GV 1204.91 S79

p. 139:
Yesterday at 3 o'clock in the morning,
an empty house full of furniture caught light,
the fire brigade came and put it out before it started,
ran over a dead cat and half killed it.
Two naked men came running down the stairs,
with their hands in their pockets.
Two dead men went to hospital all right.

UW graffitti: Edith Head gives great costume.

TH White, England Have My Bones:
--p. 115, W's flying instructor to him "after a landing which contrived at the very last thousandth of a second to put its tail down"...'Well, that was born in the vestry."

p. 198: "The clientele of the pub which I patronised in that county would have robbed me of my living teeth for the ivory, as I them, but we were very fond of each other all the same."

p. 266: "I believe I am right in supposing that a congeries of teal is called a 'spring.'

from Tom Stewart, Dec. '82: one of his writers, maybe Max Crawford, was chagrined when ~~kxs~~ a line he'd written was cut from a B movie--a truckdriver playing pinball or something and saying of the jammed machine, "Fuck, the fuckin' fucker's fucked"--which C hoped was every possible use of the word in ~~xhxsx~~ shortest form possible.

DuPont spinner--Montanaese for stick of dynamite tossed into fishing hole

from Amy's 11 Group colleague in S. Dakota:
"eyes like organ stops"
"every mortal day"

UW graffiti: Money talks
Bullshit walks
and small change rides the bus.

from the Alpha Helix voyage, Jan. '81:

icebox vacuum--a growing boy

local knowledge--familiarity with area of water or shore

has a lump in it--water with hard swells

"Don't whistle in the wheelhouse, you'll whistle up a storm"--Mate Mike Demchenko's warning to Anchorage lawyer.

Also from Mike D: told of having aboard a young deckhand working just for his keep to get to Alaska, and crossing Dixon Entrance, told the kid they were nearing the international line, he'd better get a gaff hook, go to the bow, snag it and haul it aboard so they could un hook it then buckle it together again once they'd gone thru. Kid stood watch with hook for awhile, told M he'd seen nothing; M said some other ship must have cut it.

--Norwegian sunshine: the work-lights on fishing boats

--Black and Tan: half Guinness, half Harp

Connie Stewart's husband John, inviting me back to Alaska for fishing: "We'll go kill salmon."

lingo

Yessirree; I tooken the money and run.

Frank Muller: about him high (indicating short height with his hands)

watchamddingus

UW graffitia: Kirk to Enterprise: Beam us up, Scotty. There's no intelligent life here.

from Dillis B. Ward diary, Carolyn Blount's ms:
he mentions a "Dutch lawsuit", evidently a fistfight

from Donald Wintersgill, London, April '79: when he responded to a letter-to-editor on some antiques matter with a blast of indisputable facts: "Pick the bones out of that, now why don't ye."

--also from Donald: saying the family had colds, "We're all rotten with it."

It's taken 80 years off my life.

That lady is a fuck and a half.

The calf-puller used in final scene of movie Heartland is called a "come-along" by Annick Smith.

"Shall I write some big numbers on there?" (man asking whether to write ID info on check he wan$$ to cash.)

My religion is you're lucky if you wake up alive in the morning.

ick brick: phony brick siding

Publishers Weekly, N 5, '79, interview with co-authors of "The Narrative of Hosea Hudson: His Life as a Negro Communist in the South":

There aren't many around anymore who sound like Hosea Hudson. "Coming on 82 years," Hudson's Southern dialect is thick, milky. His words are often antique. "Howbeitsoever," he says. "Nineteen-aught-four." "It came a rain." His eyes are clouded with glaucoma and his hearing is bad, but his recall is an astonishment, and he packs his stories with exact dates ("that be July 19, 1936, a Friday," he'll say), dress descriptions as elaborate as *Women's Wear Daily*'s, and a lot of banshee-wailing imitations of faint-hearted men and women. When he gets going on a story, he will not be deterred or interrupted, and he has no patience for those who can't keep up:

"Don't you hear me talking? What did I say? What did I say? Don't stop me now."

Montana: we better git to gittin'

" : he's got a hitch in his gitalong

graffiti: $E=MC^2$ To receive credit, Albert, you must show your work.

from Rose Gordon taped interview:

Mother trained us so that nothing ever bothered us. So when I got out in the world and met the people that didn't like my little black face, I was just proud as a peacock, because I was so proud of being black it wasn't even funny. I consider it a mark of distinction.

Nowdays on the TV they have one colored person appearing now and then, and when Taylor and I go out to a big crowd, I say to Taylor, Well, the two colored people are here, anyway.

from Elmer Buehler, former BPA man: Oregon's attempts at effective PUD laws have been "like a bladeless knife without a handle."

much of a muchness

from Linda Doig: Jay remembered to her that Mrs. Brekke would say, upon going home, "Well, I have to scoop."

Calif. trip, June '78: boy riding BART with his mother, making noseprints on window: "Mommy, look at my nose spots." Train went beneath freeway: "Look at them tangled-up streets."

the bland, cottony dinner rolls often served in Mont. cafes: dumbuns

He's hot (angry) enough to eat sand and shit glass.

Gertrude McStravick, 7/23/77:
Rankin bought the Ringling holdings "for a song, and did his own singing."

Refilling our drinks, she said "Here, let me do the needful."

Frank Muller: "about him high", holding hand to whatever height (likely small) he was estimating

One bimmng bright morning in the middle of the night
Two white niggers had a fight
Back to back they faced each other
Pulled out their swords and shot each other
--jumprope song remembered by Carol, similar to lead to Edna O'Brien's book NIGHT

Peter De Vries, I Hear America Swinging, p. 126--
"Artie put his head in his hands,..and mentioned the Nazarene."

Robert Newton Peck, A Day No Pigs Would Die, 111:
"He'll walk to his barn at six and six. You could set a clock at the first chime of milk that hits the pail."

p. 75: "You look like a potato dug up on a rainy day..." (meaning poorly)

p. 63: "...he saw us for certain sure..."

p. 56: "...I didn't have brains enough to dump sand out a boot."

p. 46: "...I guessed they'd be there until Hell froze and got hauled to the ice house."

p. 44: "Papa wasn't one to smile every year, but he sure did then."

Delaware delicacy: Muskrats in winter

Phila. Inquirer Dec. 26, 76 B1

By Bill Giese
Special to The Inquirer

Samuel Fox, a fur buyer for 60 of his 77 years, walked into a warehouse behind his Leipsic, Del., home and stood over a counter heaped with what turned out to be frozen muskrats.

Four long, curved incisors jutted from the mouth of each animal. The fur on each was matted, and their thin, whippy tails hung limp.

Fox, white-haired and fit looking, hefted one of the stiff little animals in his hand. He ran his thumb through its damp coat before replacing it with the rest.

"Now that," he said with satisfaction, "is a first class 'rat."

That particular muskrat was later skinned and trimmed up nicely for eating.

Chances are it has already vanished down a local gullet because it is winter again and that means muskrat-eating time for many Delawareans.

Trapped primarily for their fur, the animals also have long been considered a delicacy, especially among the state's rural dwellers.

Muskrat lovers include Gov. and Mrs. Sherman W. Tribbitt (see recipe).

Witt Brothers, a small Kent County grocery store, sells up to 1,200 muskrats a week between December and March when they are in season.

A rock bottom minimum 75,000 muskrats will be eaten in Delaware this year, state wildlife officials estimate.

According to Fox's wife Ellen, a well prepared muskrat is "so good you'd swallow your tongue."

Devotees say muskrat tastes like, well, muskrat, and must be eaten to be appreciated.

The animal's unappealing name, though, is enough to turn many off without a taste.

"I have never eaten a muskrat," said one native Delawarean with frigid dignity, "and I have never had the slightest desire to try one."

Mrs. Fox said one of her own children disdains the marsh-loving ro-

(See MUSKRATS on 6-B)

MUSKRATS, From 1-B

dent. She says he claims he's "never been that hungry."

It is illegal for skinners to sell Muskrat meat in Pennsylvania. This is because the meat is sometimes of poor quality, a state game official said.

"We won't sell a muskrat we wouldn't eat ourselves," said Fox's son Rodney.

Fox contends that you must have a rural upbringing to gain an appreciation for the dish. He concedes the animal's name is unfortunate.

Terry Witt, an owner of Witt Brothers, says some shoppers are more likely to buy muskrat under an alias —"marsh rabbit."

Dealers refer to the animals simply as 'rats.'

Muskrats are large rodents. They prefer to live in fresh and brackish water marshes, which abound along Delaware's shoreline.

The animals grow to almost a foot in length, with a tail nearly as long.

They have been trapped and eaten in Delaware for centuries, according to Lloyd Ale0ander, a naturalist with the State Division of Fish and Wildlife.

"The muskrat history in Delaware is very important," said Alexander. "In colonial times many farms were bought and paid for in muskrat hides."

Muskrat trapping is still a fair income source for an outdoorsman. Alexander estimated that at least 75,000 would be caught and sold this year.

The trapped animals currently bring between $4 and $6 each, which is considered very good. Muskrats with black fur are prized over the brown variety.

Almost afterthought

Muskrats are bought for their skins, and the meat is sold almost as an afterthought. It retails for about 85 cents an animal.

But Fox and others who love muskrat take great care to skin the animal properly so that the meat will be at its best.

Fox's skinner, who is also 77, takes about one minute for each animal.

The job can be done four times as fast, Fox said, "but we don't go in for speed."

The finished, skinned product, as displayed in Witt's grocery story, looks a bit startling.

Paws and tail are gone but the skinned head with its distinctive teeth must by law remain for purposes of identification.

Many people like to stew these heads. Others, such as Fox and Gov. Tribbitt, say they prefer to discard them.

Muskrats are not available in supermarkets. They are sold in grocery stores, private houses or small seafood shops as a winter sideline.

Meat is dark

Muskrat meat is dark. When cooked it can be anywhere from deep red to mahogany to gray.

Alexander compared its taste to chicken or rabbit, but said it was slightly different from those and unique.

Witt said it was a "sweet meat."

Others who don't like it claim that it is strong tasting or "marshy."

Just about every family has its own special muskrat recipe.

Gov. and Mrs. Tribbitt like theirs fried and quartered.

Mrs. Fox cooks her muskrats slowly with herbs, onion and larding.

Alexander likes his in what he calls "stew-type situations."

Witt said he does not eat much meat of any kind.

The grocer speculated that many people consider themselves too "civilized" to eat muskrat.

"Also, they're not a very good looking thing," he said. "And the 'rat' part of the name doesn't help, either."

None of this appears to bother the true Delaware muskrat lover.

"They're very good to eat," declared Fox. "They're the nicest, cleanest little animal that swims."

lingo

James Morris, Pax Britannica, p. 509:
"When One Arrow, a colleague of Louis Riel, was charged with 'levying war against Her Majesty's Crown and dignity', it was translated for his benefit as 'kicking off Victoria's bonnet and calling her bad names.'"

Morris, ~~260~~ Heaven's Command, 260:
"They used to drink, Private Wheeler said, 'until they could put their fingers in their throats and dabble in it."

Morris, ditto, 435: British sentry as natives began attack on Rorke's Drift: "Here they come! one of the British sentries cried as he raced down the hillside--"black as hell and thick as grass!"

from Margaret Svec: has a friend who fatalistically says "what is to be will be, whether it ever comes to pass"

kersplattity

shit and corruption

somethin' you dingdang better get into your square head

I've fucked all nationalities and some livestock, and there ain't a cunt hair of difference...

pissified

getting down to the nut-cutting

you've got a bad case of the slows

purty near to bein' edible

James Morris, PAX BRITANNICA, p. 44:
"...Basutoland, whose King asked to be taken under imperial protection to forestall annexation by the British settlers of the Cape, and who later wrote to Queen Victoria that 'my country is your blanket, and my people the lice upon it.'"

Morris, ditto, p. 132: "The joke that 'niggers began at Calais'..."

Morris, ditto, p. 288: British soldiers' nicknames for Indian beer: neck-oil, purge, pig's ear

Morris, ditto, 312: Empire nicknames for dysentery: Gippy Tummy, Poonaitis, Karachi trotters.

Morris, ditto, 359: rainfall so spare in the Indus Basin "that when it showered, so they said, one horn of a buffalo got wet, but not the other."

Morris, ditto, 444: British slang included cooee! "which was originally the signal-cry of Australian aborigines, imitative perhaps of the dingo, perhaps of the wonga pigeon, but was by the nineties the habitual call of the Kensington Garden nannies, when they wished to recall recalcitrant charges from the Round Pond -- 'keep within cooee, dear,' they used to say, as they settled for a gossip on the bench."

Morris, ditto, 462: The Pale was "the circuit of delectable (Anglo-Irish) residential country around Dublin," and "one of the saddest imperial allusions in the language was the contemptuous epithet 'beyond the pale' -- not quite a white man, not a pukka sahib, Irish in fact."

Morris, Heaven's Command, 157, on Irish belief in fairies: "Do you believe in fairies?" "I do not, but they're there."

police officer, during my Skid Road patrol ride: when report of man with gun came on radio, he said sardonically: "Oh, good!"

speech differences noted in Canada: pärk
about -- about

lodge fishing

doss down

Dad: "quite a deal"

G'ma - barefoot: "fee-fee"

Dad: quitting a job: "write 'er out"

from Jean: in Texas, independence day (?) -- she thinks it's June 19 -- is known as June 'teenth.

remembered from Britain: when police hold suspects without bail or bond, as they were doing with IRA suspects, they say the jailed are "helping police with their inquiries."

Dad: "...or I'll put in with you."
"That was bright, wasn't it?"

Parents' perpetual negotiation with kids: "Can you wait, or do you have to go real bad?"

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."

Wm McIlvanney, Remedy is None, p. 104:
"This is it. Gen. Straight from the bull's mouth."

lingo

from lawyer Bill Rodgers: black activist E.J. Brisker's definition of peers is "the cats you run with"

from Schneiders' friend Ed Friedman: black woman in New York said she only goes to hospital "when I'm $10 sick" (i.e., cost of cab fare to Harlem hospital)

neighborhood kids: "Koolaid, 2¢ a glass. ½ glass for a penny. 21 glasses for 42¢. Superduper Koolaid."

that man can do a job of work

Pete Campbell, on breakdowns of his stock car: "we keep breakin'"

Clifford Shearer: "By golly, I tell ye ..."
mosquitoes -- muskeeters; castration - casteration
Talking about putting in expensive irrigation equipment: "But if you got the money to do that, what do you want with a thing like that?"

Overheard at Bottle 'n Cork, Hotel Imperial, Portland: 2 men at next table, one a 50ish stout fellow who was job hunting, probably in investment field: "It's not the money thing I'm holding out for, it's the job thing."

noodling around
(British: canoodling)

poppyrot

from Mark Wyman (he copied from Owyhee, Ida., Avalanche): "the weather has ceased hostilities"

snot-nose kid

one of Dad's whimseys: occasionally prncg "helicopter" as "hellicopeter"

from Carstensen: mumpsimus -- an idea firmly and wrongly held

graffiti

from one of Carol's student's notebooks:

SDRAWKCAB is backwards spelled backwards.

Into the valley of death rode the sex hungry.

Tolkien spokien here.

George Orwell was an optimist.

Keep New York green, throw your trash in New Jersey

The more you cultivate people, the more you turn up clods.

seen at UW:

$E=MC^2$

To receive credit, you must show your work.

words for "drunk"

carrying too much sail

getting polluted

about half-swacked

lit up like a church

just gettin' slick

topheavy

got a load on

swearing

I'll be double-diddled

the drizzlin' shits

Christ-chompin'- on -a-scallion

That's way to hell and gone too much to pay

shitfire

too lean to piss, nor any pot to put it in

character who uses "lame" as all-purpose denigration:
"You're just too lame a SOB to say so."

Christ on a slick raft.

Christ all Friday.

John Roden's dad called a straight-through house, with room added upon room, a shotgun house.

also from John: in Texas, when shower comes as sun shines -- what we called a sun shower -- saying is "The devil is beating his wife."

Illinois mushroom hunter on Chas. Kuralt on-the-road CBS news feature: "from milk teeth to store teeth."

Dave Felts, after hearing any bit of pretentious foolishness: "I wanted to get up and walk around for awhile."

My barber Dick McNeil to his partner Darrell, about ~~Darrell~~ Darrell fruitlessly trying to clean out his basement: "You're one of these guys who just re-arranges stuff and concises it."

UW graffito: "Why did you take my rainbow away?"

Dave Felts had an old joke that the ideal best-seller, with all the best-selling elements in it, would be Abraham Lincoln's Doctor's Dog. Anson Henry, Wash. Ter. politico during the Civil War, had been Lincoln's doctor; now if I only knew something about his dog...

At Kulshan cabin, we met a climber who said he hasn't taken the world seriously since the day he picked up a newspaper and read: "The UN is prepared to use force to end violence in The Congo."

Same guy called tiny annoying gnats "bite 'um no see 'ums."

Overheard at Boat Day, '74: "When is a race not a race? When it's a sailing race."

definition of pr: artificial dissemination
(from Don Wells of WSU, who says one of Hugh Rundle's students unwittingly came up with it)

language from Jean's book, The Oystermen of the Chesapeake:

A man can make a pretty good lick if the boat's goin' the right speed.

Arsters look thicker than either year yet.

Days like this when there ain't neither breath, I go nipperin' for cove arsters. Pick 'em up single for the roast at the church.

It ain't no wind, but it's a fair wind.

Arsters is nothin' plentiful.

The breeze kept stirring and sighing until it woke itself up, and Cap'n it began to blow.

It's sneaky cold and gets into everything.

A man wants to follow the water, ain't neither way to keep him ashore.

It's cold enough to make your blood hum, no colder.

I've heard odds and ends, but I never got the right of it.

This Bay ain't no place for a deep wader.

Sailboats was thick as pine trees out there.

Often there's a blusterous wind, but I stand here and take it.

We've got right good o' arsters this year.

They caught the bottom and didn't put it back.

Seems ever' year some get towed up a gut to die.
(pic shows a "gut" is marshy inlet, shaped like intestine)

Only 'bout thirty o' them boats left in the whole world, and that's a big place.

over

argy-bargy -- ~~argument~~ bandying of
argument (CH)

barrage -- barrier; dam
blacking -- on strike against
bumf -- lavatory paper; papers, official
documents (CH)
busby -- fur hat (CH)
bloody-minded -- mood of aggressive obstncy

barney -- squabble
bird -- jail
billion -- a million million
barracked -- jeered
barbican -- projecting watchtower over gate
busker -- wandering actor of castle
or musician
biff -- to strike hard (CH)

chemist -- druggist
clever dick --
caravan -- mobile home
costermonger -- fruit seller (CH) (costard-- large kind of apple)
chuntering -- to mutter; grumble (CH)
codswallop -- piece of codswallop: nonsense put forward as serious info (CH
caff -- cafe
cack hander -- lefthander
cosh -- bludgeon
canoodling -- to fondle amorously
clippie -- bus conductor
1 woman

dossers -- homeless who doss in streets
dogsbody -- jr. naval officer; general drudge (CH)
duff -- no good; broken; not working (CH)
"play worth seeing despite duff production"
douce looking -- sweet; sober, sedate
drawing pin -- thumb tack

footplateman -- train engineer
flog -- sell illicitly (CH)
flyover -- overpass
fruiterer -- fruit seller
fraught -- freighted, laden; filled (CH)
"a fraught business"
frowsty --fusty, ill-smelling
fly ** (adj) -- wideawake; knowing
flash (adj) -- showy; vulgar
fladge -- flagellation
fag --schoolboy forced to do menial service for another
flitch -- side of hog salted and cured

ginger group -- a group within (CH);
pressure group
gaol -- jail
glacier -- pronounced glass-yer
Geordie -- native of Tyneside
gob[redacted] -- mouth

heel bar -- shoe repair shop
hypermarket -- multiple self-service store
bigger than supermarket (CH)
hoicks -- to urge on with cries (CH)
"who hoicks some thugs out of
local gaol"
hive off -- withdraw as if in swarm; divert
hiccup strikes -- wildcat strikes
Hogmanay -- last day of year
hard -- serve time; three years hard

jinking -- to dodge nimbly

lorry -- truck
lay-by -- area to pull off road
loudnailer -- bullhorn
lump -- coal: put a lump on the fire

mod cons -- modern conveniences
mug up on -- study up on (CH)
motile -- characterized by motion
mort --flourish sounded at death in hunting
moithered ("dumpy figure standing moithered
on the sidelines of history")
--v.t., to confuse; to stupefy,
overcome

nevvy -- nephew
nick -- in marvelous nick: in good condition
(CH)
nobbled -- to swindle; to get hold
of dishonestly (CH)
nutter --
navvy -- laborer; orig. on canal
nosh -- to nibble, eat between meals
nap -- racing tip professing to be certain
noddle -- the head

oasthouse -- kiln to dry hops or malt (CH)

poovy
pop papers -- blue collar tabloids
pos papers -- The Times etc.
Pc -- police constable
punter -- bettor
po-faced -- stupidly solemn and narrow-minded (CH)
plimsoll -- rubber-soled canvas shoe (CH)
potty -- crazy
poncing -- pimp
panda car -- small car used by police in residential area

re-jig -- rearrange in new or unexpected
way, sometimes unethically (CH)
roundabout -- traffic circle
raddled --v.t., to interweave
red biddy -- booze; red wine and meth. spirit
rusticated -- to banish from town or village
rave-up --

sleeping rough -- sleeping in streets
scrim -- open fabric used in upholstery (CH)
stroppy -- quarrelsome (CH)
scouser -- Liverpudlian
scatty -- slightly crazy and unpredictable (CH)
swot -- to study hard (CH: also used as noun)
semibreves --
spiffing -- (adj) excellent
skiver -- skewer
squidging --
Sassenach -- (sas-e-nahh) Saxon; Englishman
scrimshanker -- to evade work

tucking into -- eating; "tucking into a 5-course banquet"
twee -- sentimentally pretty (CH)
tat --
ta -- thank you
'tec -- detective
trad --

vet -- to examine thoroughly (CH)

wonky -- unsound: shaky, amiss, awry (CH)
Woolies -- Woolworth's
way out -- exit
wnacked -- exhausted (CH)
wodge -- roughly-cut portion; lump (CH)
wallop -- pint of wallop: pint of ale

yob -- lout

zebra crossing -- pedestrian crossing
Z(ed)-car --

Localisms:

Baytown, Tex., folks call Humble Oil Co. 'umble

Seattle: the native word is Boeings.

John O'Hara in Sermons and Soda Water, p. 124, has Pa. locals calling the local aluminum plant The Aluminum or The Loomy.

Ford Co. in Britain is called Fords.

Place names --
For'dodge, Iowa

Jack Shelley told us folks around Keokuk, Iowa, give it a twist something like key-YOK-uk.

Sequim, Wash.

Havre, Mont.

"Alick", La.

Llanelli, Wales

Karen Fiser of La. pronounced bayous "baw-oes"

Carol pronounces Avon, N.J., with soft a; I pronounce Avon, Mont., with a hard a.

Oregon often misprncd with "gone" sound

Jean's version of Baltimore -- roughly Ballermer

Ann Arundel county, Md. (Ann A'rundle?)

Dona Maria county, N.M.

Valdez, Alaska; Kalaloch; Helena, Butte

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, 9
Monday, Oct. 6, 1975

A 'Tuning' Note

Editor, The Wall Street Journal:

Your page-one article on the career and accomplishments of Daniel Majeske, concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, (Sept. 9) was welcome to those of us who appreciate these essential but little-known "stroke oars of the first violin section."

But unless Mr. Majeske's talents extend to playing the oboe, he does not, as stated in the article, "tune" the orchestra. It is the principal oboe who sounds the A which the other players use for tuning their instruments.

ARTHUR S. DAY

Berlin, Conn.

(Mr. Day is correct. But in Cleveland at least, after the oboe sounds its "A" for the brass and woodwind sections, Mr. Majeske stands to sound the "A" from which the string section players tune their instruments.—Ed.)

Remembering an Aphorism

Editor, The Wall Street Journal:

I have read with great interest Jonathan Kwitny's two page-one articles concerning "The Perini Caper" (Sept. 10, 11):

While I was only on the periphery of this investigation I have followed the matter with great interest through the years. One of our examiners, a north Georgia boy himself, made a "county" aphorism which I have always remembered concerning one of the primcipals: "He (she) has a head as thick as a $3 bible."

ROBERT R. DINCE
Acting Director
Department of Research
and Analysis
The Administrator
of National Banks

Washington

from NEWSPAPER ENGLISH: ITS VICES AND VIRTUES
--Sir Linton Andrews, Editor of Yorkshire Post;
pres'l address to the Bradford English Society
(pamphlet)

p. 3 -- "...The Telegraphese of George Augustus Sola. Rather than repeat a word, Sola would use the most pretentious and polysyllabic synonyms, so that in an article about odd walking sticks he would presently be referring to "these baculine curiosities'."

NY Times
Dec. 27, '76
C13

THE GERMANS CALL IT "wailing of cats" (Katzenjammer), the Italian "out of tune" (stonato), the French "woody mouth" (gueule de bois), the Norwegians "workmen in my head" (jeg har tommermenn) and the Swedes "pain in the roots of the hair" (hont i haret).

Any American suffering a "hangover" can readily attest to the accuracy of these international designations for the splitting headaches, searing thirst, churning stomach, furry tongue, and shaking jitters that can characterize the morning after the night before.

Fellow tipplers abroad also have their share of home remedies—the Norwegians drink a glass of heavy cream, the Russians prefer salted cucumber juice, the Swiss use brandy with peppermint—to add to the American repertory, which ranges from gobbling vitamins to gulping Bloody Marys (for those who adhere to the "hair of the dog" philosophy). In one way, none of these work, and in another, all of them do. The reason: the most powerful hangover remedy is belief in the curative value of whatever you do, whether it is steaming in a sauna or sticking your head in the freezer.

In fact, the only real cure for hangover is time—time and rest (and aspirin, if your stomach can take it). For, in the view of some experts, the single most common cause of hangover is fatigue.

LIFE AT 50 BELOW

Oh, That Wind ...Cold As Hell'

P-I 2-19-76 A1

P-I writer John O'Ryan, on a mid-winter trek through Alaska, has left Fairbanks and flown to Prudhoe Bay. In this fifth article of his series, he reports on "life below zero" in the great oilfield where thousands of people are working on the Trans-Alaska pipeline project.

BY JOHN O'RYAN
P-I Staff

PRUDHOE BAY, Alaska — A sign on the bulletin board in the Atlantic Richfield — Exxon Building gave the following weather report: "Temperature — 50 below zero. Wind — East, 12 mph, chill factor — 90 degrees below zero."

When the wind hits your bare face at this temperature, it doesn't feel cold. It feels hot, like someone is playing a blowtorch on your skin.

At Pumping Station No. 1, Bill Windecker, Aleyeska Co. project manager, pointed to cranes, tractors and other equipment and said all these machines had to be kept working 24 hours a day because it didn't pay to shut them off.

"When they get real cold, metal gets brittle, parts break, and engines won't start," he said.

A mechanic said that at frigid temperatures which prevail here, even engines which have mechanical heaters, and are plugged in at night to power, won't start in the morning.

"When it's 60 below zero, there's only one machine worth using in this country, and it has Pan Am written on its tail and it flies to Seattle," he growled.

Miami Herald, Dec. 25, '74

By STAN WINDHORN
Herald Staff Writer

KEY WEST — Forty years ago today Key West spent Christmas as the only bankrupt city in the United States but some oldtimers recall that hard times didn't dampen the holiday spirit.

Key West and Monroe County — had six months earlier turned their charters into the state of Florida and Gov. Dave Sholtz had assigned responsibility for the city — with its debts and poverty — to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA).

An old timer recalls that "no two holes in the streets were more than eight inches apart" in weed grown coral or brick streets, and a sewer system and indoor plumbing were still at least four years away for residents. "but," he adds, "we'd never had it better."

P-I, May 25, '76, A-10

By RICHARD HARDESTY

Linda Hall operates a University District boutique called Our Gang It is one of the most imaginative avant garde clothing shops in town.

She is part of an increasingly large group of young Seattle shopowners and artisans who are providing contemporary design for city dwellers who like their clothing to be dressy and casual.

And — at 27 — Hall is going to be the next president of the U-District Chamber of Commerce, an organization which a few years ago was dominated by middle-aged bankers and lawyers whose uniform consisted of business suits, ties and tight collars. ...

Hall talked for a moment with one of her co-workers and then got a cup of coffee from the back room.

"Money used to be so good here that nobody really got concerned about promoting the area," she said. "You could've sold false teeth in a waterglass.

"Now we're ... bring ..."

The National Observer, March 1, '75, "Home Harvest,"
by Glenn Esterly

Theodore and Wina each spend about three hours a day on the self-sufficiency aspects of their life. In addition, both work at what amounts to full-



egins with the grinding of wheat.

time jobs. Theodore writes fiction, television scripts, and book reviews. Wina, whose colorful background includes a stint as a wing rider in an air circus ("you can tell a happy wing rider by the bugs on her teeth"), appears frequently on KCET, a local public-television station, and on some radio stations, giving tips on gardening, tailoring, and cooking.

J.H. Plumb review of THE WORLD ENCOMPASSED: Francis Drake and His Great Voyage, by Derek Wilson, in NYT Book Review, Feb. 12, '78, 6:

There is much that is loathsome about Drake — particularly his actions. But, as this short but exciting book makes clear, he possessed admirable qualities too. He was a superb seaman. In his day navigational aids were primitive, the ships small yet cumbersome, the commanding sea vast, unpredictable, more frequently the master than the mastered. Every coast was full of unknown dangers; there was little knowledge and less that was exact. The crews of these small ships were a motley lot, Dutch, Germans, Welsh (and

Continued on Page 20

Continued from Page 6

Welsh-speaking, for it was on this voyage of Drake's that penguins got their name: "pen gwynn" means "white head" in Welsh). They were men driven by their own strange natures to a lottery with death — more died than survived in most of these transoceanic voyages, and that fact was widely known. The crews were violent, querulous, not easily controlled or disciplined; it required a man as tough and as resourceful as Drake to master them. And master them he did, even though his methods — mock courts, executions and the lash — were terrible.

John Keats, You Might as Well Live (Dorothy Parker biog)
p. 19 -- "A girl's best friend is her mutter."

p. 28 -- "...I was following in the exquisite footsteps of Edna St. Vincent Millay, unhappily in my own horrible sneakers."

p. 32 -- Ever since she had been "a woman of eleven," she said, she had read the fashion magazines.

p. 46 -- "You can lead a horticulture, but you can't make her think."

p. 68 -- ... a canary she called Onan because he spilled his seed upon the ground.

p. 86 -- "Would he be the kind of man who would put the wings back on flies?"

p. 104 -- Mr. Benchley was not as amused as he might have been by her poking her head out of the oxygen tent and brightly asking the doctor, "May I have a flag for my tent?"

p. 113 -- ...Hemingway raised his glass and proposed a toast. "Here's to Dorothy Parker," he said. "Life will never become her so much as her almost leaving it."

p. 124 -- "What fresh hell can this be?"

p. 157 -- "... his body went to his head."

p. 159 -- When Alexander Woollcott came to call, she immediately rang for the nurse -- in order, she told Mr. Woollcott, to assure them forty-five minutes of absolute privacy.

p. 160 -- ...she said she needed good fairies to take care of her.

p. 164 -- All of which left Dorothy Parker muttering darkly that she wanted to write her autobiography, but was afraid that if she did, "George Oppenheimer and Ruth Gordon would sue me for plagiarism."

PUNS
WORD PLAY

puns

SKY: Zen and the art of Montana reminiscence.
(Fred Olson knows both me and Persig, whom he went to UMinn with)

My Time review: on being TIME-Xed

lyrical waxing

these on-going goings-on

Uncle Sam--universal uncle, as British have universal auntie

scarcity-- scar city

Fran Lebowitz seems to operate under the delusion she's Jaws III.

the salivation army

gather ye raw spuds while ye may.

Thelonius Monk's wife's nickname for him:
Melodious Thunk

short-lived--or, better put, short-livid

Peter De Vries, I Hear America Swinging, 74:
"When the tough get going, the going gets tough."

p. 153: ...a man should be greater than some of his parts."

George V. Higgins, "The Friends of Richard Nixon," Atlantic, Nov. '74, p. 45:
"...the Nixon School of Lying was erected on the premise that..."

to coin a quiche

sibylline rivalry

my family's relentless history of mental wellness

devil take the Hindemith

penile colony

new criticism: crew niticism

divorce now called dissolution, which sounds like being dropped in acid

in the laps, and other low portions of the anatomy, of the gods

tic-tock of time

rich little poor boy

law firm: Hither, Thither & Yawn (or travel descptn)

hallucination: hellucination

goose-bumply

more Matted Hairy than Mata Hari

Puns

A cure for authoritis sufferers

Man does not live by bed alone

I have oenophilophobia--fear of fine lovers

The residents of Thoreauvia

Puns

Mittygating

The sweet success of smell

Mindquake

For all I know about electronics, solid state could be the university where the bionic woman majored

Circuitry-riders

He had been either a marquis, or a maquis, I don't remember which

Marriage is double-solitaire

A public relation man's sport coat: flack jacket

From Dick Lander's English exam of March 1976 " Formal English is used in Ph.D. distortions.

Forest genes--genie

Swine flu--I sure as hell feel swinish

A whirlwind chasing its tale

Mock haiku: frail as eel fingers

Larry Parberry of the Newberry library

The over-examined life is not worth living

EPA is APE spelled backwards

Boswash: hogwash

the Boswashing of the world

Nerf (earth) and nerflings

half-apt analogy

notebooks -- or notbooks

and slow to bed

local news -- lo-cal(ory)

as the butcher explained when his supplier was late,
the wurst is yet to come.

dancing baar: dancing bare, did I hear someone say?
Where do I park my shorts?

James Morris, Pax Britannica, 294, quotes Kipling on a sleazy hotel, "dark and bungaloathsome"

Thoreaufare

Farjohn, Alaska

the Joint Thieves of Staff

school puns: is this your'n (urine)?
--from Mary Wintersgill: her class would titter when asked, "are there any queries?" (Queeries)

from wedding ceremony to shedding ceremony

down at the literary fartworks

somewhere north of Dixy

Pete Steen's FS history, p. 253 about TPWP agency:
nicknamed Teepee Weepee

Observer profile of Australian PM Gough Whitlam, March 18, '73, p. 10):
"In private he has a mordant wit. (He described a senior colleague as 'torn by a conflict of disloyalties.'

Saw sign in Ann Arbor saying Violators will be prosecuted; could be flipped to Prosecutors will be violated.

Hardd Knox U.

freelance writher

the aboriginal cast

Line that occurred after meeting Tom Baugh of PNW Forest & Range Exprmt Stn: Baugh, you humbug.

the age of vicarious

John Greenway, in American Folksongs of Portest, p. 309: Union songwriter Joe Glazer, in "Monkey Ward Can't Make a Monkey Out of ME," hit upon the pun in the name of the MW president -- S-L-Avery.

Tinker at Pilgrim Creek

hibernati on -- Hibernia

workers of the word, unite

the young die good

The prick of fame, we call that. He sure is.

You go into one of them Turkey baths...

Customer to waiter who spilled soup in his lap: "Waiter, there's soup in my fly."

earthsway

Pablo O'Higgins -- chili con blarney

puns

Joan Didion's prose occasionally ticcy tacky

from Frank M: sloppy picnic is a pignic

onward, Christmas soldiers

by Hieronymous Bosch, or ~~xxxx~~ maybe Anonymous Bosh, I forget which

thinkerer (part thinker, part tinkerer, such as Buckminster Fuller)

definition of pr: artificial dissemination
(from Don Wells of WSU, who says one of Hugh Rundle's students unwittingly came up with it.)

the nice man cometh

bolster my sagging ego -- sag my bolstering ego

give us ~~inside~~ this day our daily treadmill

homage to catatonia

diary -- diarea

a plague on all our houses

stellar by starlight

oil troubles the waters

semantically inclined

JFK: John of the Thousand Days

America's patron saint -- our lady of the Edsel

Margaret Mead -- Margaret Media

US suffering from Consumption

sheepwagon grub: a washed pot never boils

pair of jealous performers: friction from rubbing two shticks together? (Neil Simon play about team called Lewis and Clark)

from tick of time to tic of living ... time no longer ticks, we tic

we must have the courage of our doubts

drunch -- variant of brunch, a drunk lunch

how the west was forfeited

Pallbearings

Mr. Dooley so often quoted by historians desperate to liven writings and lectures that you begin to wonder if US indeed was Dooley-constituted

my pod and my chaff

Ronald Reagan -- Ronald Raygun

Ambletonian

If it's good, is it news?
If it's goo, is it news?

from Seattle Center watercolors show:
Landlesscape
Terra Infirma

bon voyeur

whose ox is gorged

El and Ora Deuce, Siamese twins
Father Figure, Boy's Town priest
John Forsyte, designer of bathrooms

elfintine

The Right to Arm Bears

scene from Hieronymous Bosch, or maybe Anonymous Bosh

puns

flower mill

puns

boat names:

seen off Foster I: The Wet Dream

seen at Longboat Key, Fla: The Happy Snooker

Shoreline's girl ~~xxx~~ cross-country runner: The Loveliness of the Lone Distaff Runner

boat names seen: Witchcraft
Amicus Curia

from Doug Smith: Shegavin (she gave in)
Doug knows fellow who named his 1st boat Love Affair, his 2nd Mistress

Starwagon (seen at Shilshole?)

a boat so light it looked ready to fly upward out of the water...

from The Game of Words, by Willard R. Espy

p. 31 -- Alphabetical advertisement, The Times, 1842 (possibly from Oddities and Curiosities of Words and Literature, ed. Martin Gardner, which Espy cites in foreward):

TO WIDOWERS AND SINGLE GENTLEMEN. -- WANTED by a lady, a SITUATION to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philospphic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, &c. Address X.Y.Z., Simmond's Library, Edgeware-road.

p. 65 -- poem by Humbert Wolfe:

You cannot hope
To bribe or twist
(Thank God!) the British
Journalist;
But, seeing what
The man will do
Unbribed, there's no
Occasion to.

p. 68 -- Humbert Wolfe parody of A.E. Housman:

When lads have done with labour
In Shropshire, one will cry,
'Let's go and kill a neighbour,'
and t'other answers 'Aye!'

So this one kills his cousins,
and that one kills his dad;
And, as they hang by dozens
at Ludlow, lad by lad,

Each of them one-and-twenty,
all of them murderers,
The Hangman mutters: 'Plenty
even for Housman's verse.'

Espy, Game of Words, cont.

74 -- the clerihew, an irreverent unscanned rhyming quatrain upon a fanciful biographical theme, always beginning with the name of its subject (invented before WWI by English journalist Edmund Clerihew Bentley). Some Bentley examples:

Sir Christopher Wren
Said 'I am going to dine with some men.
If anyone calls
Say I am designing St. Paul's.

George the Third
Ought never to have occurred.
One can only wonder
At so grotesque a blunder.

p. 139: "I Arise from Dreams of Steam Publishing,"
by Peter Dickinson

All night, from hush of thrush till rouse of rooster,
Simon and Schuster, Simon and Schuster, Simon and Schuster
The Great expresses thundered through my dream
Or Houghton Mifflin, Houghton Mifflin panted
On gradients a bit more steeply canted,
Or the implacable wheels took up the theme:
Lippincott, Lippincott, Lippincott they'd clink,
Lippincott, Lippincott, Doubleday and Company Inc,
Lippincott, Lippincott till I could scream.
I turned to British books for my salvation:
The Rationalist Press Association
Now all night long lets off its antique steam,
And all night long a shunted goods-train clanks
GOLLANCZ, Gollancz, Gollancz, Gollancz, Gollancz.

p. 143: Arthur Guiterman, in Gaily the Troubadour:

In Sparkill buried lies that man of mark
Who brought the Obelisk to Central Park,
Redoubtable Commander H.H. Gorringe,
Whose name supplies the long-sought rhyme for 'orange'.

Espy, Game of Words, cont.

p. 157 -- "A Californian musician named Ernest Vincent Wright wrote a 50,000 word novel without using the letter e...." (Gadsby, Wetzel, Los Angeles 1939)

p. 202 -- pun from columnist Don McLean:
Three Indian women are sitting side by side. The first, sitting on a goatskin, has a son who weights 170 pounds. The second, sitting on a deerskin, has a son who weights 130 pounds. The third, seated on a hippopotamus hide, weighs 300 pounds. What famous theorem does this illustrate?
Naturally, the answer is that the squaw on the ~~the~~ hippopotamus is equal to the sons of the squaws on the other two hides.

p. 262 -- William Cole's irreverent second lines to famous first lines:

When as in silks my Julia goes (Herrick)
the outline of her girdle shows.

There is a garden in her face; (Campion)
Her dermatologist has the case.

To be, or not to be; that is the question --
Has anyone an alternate suggestion?

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!
I've had to punch a new hole in my belt.

p. 272 -- I am reminded also of the immigrant who asked his neighbour: 'You speak the English, not so?' The neighbour replied: 'A few, and then small.'

Dmitri A. Borgmann, Beyond Language

p. 171 -- The State of Illinois replaced English with American as its official language in 1923 (see Acts of the Legislature of Illinois, Chapter 127, Section 178, 1923 edition).

p. 204 -- In the Story of English, Mario Pei mentions a ridge near Plymouth, England called Torpenhow Hill. This name consists of the Saxon Tor, the Celtic Pen, the Scandinavian Haugr (later transformed into How), and the Middle English Hill, all four of them meaning "hill". Hence, the modern name of the ridge is actually "Hillhillhill Hill"!

p. 224 -- words with two opposite definitions:

skin -- to cover with skin; to strip of skin
flesh -- to remove flesh from; to cover with flesh
bone -- to put bone into; to withdraw bone from
table -- to bring a motion forward for consideration; to remove a motion from consideration
scan -- to examine with care; to glance at hastily
lease -- to give a lease; to take a lease
fast -- moving swiftly; immovable
temper -- to soften; to harden

Borgmann, Beyond Language cont.

p. 15 -- Whether consciously or subconsciously, you have undoubtedly noticed that the names of some countries are generally preceded by the definite article: the Congo, the Sudan, the Ukraine, the Yemen, the Transvaal, the Yukon, the Punjab, the Crimea, the Hejaz, the Netherlands, and others.

All sorts of explanations for this phenomenon can be advanced, in relation to particular cases. It can be argued, for instance, that the article is justified for Holland because its present name is a synonym for "the lowlands." For the Arab nations, the excuse is that an article is prefixed to the names of the countries in Arabic. This is not a particularly convincing explanation, for the same practice is followed in French, but we don't speak of "the France". The Congo and the Yukon happen also to be the names of rivers, but this is an equally weak explanation, as we do not refer to the distinguished Senators from the Ohio and the Illinois....

(Borgmann's solution:) p. 234-5 -- Almost all of the articled lands have been the scene of patriotic achievements by British generals and explorers: the Crimean War, the Boer War, Dr. Livingstone we presume, etc. If we take it for granted that there is nothing a British general or explorer likes to talk about more than his career in the service of his Empire -- and the assumption is a wholly reasonable one -- then a picture emerges from the mists:

Somehow, a place seems more remote when a "the" is put in frontof it. When a man sips his whiskey and soda and reminisces about his days out in "the Sudan", we tend to think of vast spaces, hardships, hostile tribesmen or wild animals, and of course, of indomitable courage. To say merely "in Sudan" wouldn't sound much more exciting than Northumberland or Somersetshire.

John Keats, You Might as Well Live

p. 127 --(Dorothy Parker's "Constant Reader" column in The New Yorker) She said of one book that is was written without fear and without research; of another that it must be a gift book because no one would take it on any other terms; of a third that it was not something to be tossed aside lightly, but thrown away with great force. ...Of the four-volume authobiography of theEnglish countess, Margot Asquith, she said, "The affair between Margot Asquith and Margot Asquith will live as one of the prettiest love stories in all literature." And when she came eventually to AAA. Milne's The House at Pooh Corner... "tonstant weader fwowed up."

p. 161 (her theater reviews) Of one play, she wrote, "In the last act (the heroine) is strangled by one of her admirers. For me, the murder came too late." Of another, a play by Mr. Milne, entitled Give Me Yesterday, she said, "Its hero is caused, by a novel device, to fall asleep and a-dream; and thus he is given yesterday. Me, I should have given him twenty years to life." The play The House Beautiful was, she said, "the play lousy." Increasingly depressed by the plays she had to suffer through as the theatrical season wore on, she took to ending her columns, "Mr. Benchley, please come home. Nothing is forgiven," and "Mr. Benchley, please come home. A joke's a joke."

p. 174 -- "She is the only woman I know who pronounces the word 'egg' with three syllables."

p. 183 -- (DP writing poem for Smoerset Maugham)
Higgledy Piggledy, my white hen;
She lays eggs for gentlemen.
"Yes, Mr. Maugham said, "I've always liked those lines.
He said she favored him with a "a thin, cool smile, and without an instant's hesitation" added:
You cannot persuade her with gun or lariat
To come across for the proletariat.

John Keats, You Might As Well Live

p. 210 (When Dorothy Parker's husband had been arguing with his mother)

"When the voices finally ceased," Miss Hellman wrote, "Alan appeared in the living room."

"He said, immediately, irritably, 'It's hot as hell in here.'

"'Not for orphans,' Dottie said..."

p. 238 -- "Whenever I meet one of those Britishers, I feel as if I have a papoose on my back."

Edmund Pearson, Queer Books

p. 7 -- Mrs. Julia McNair was given to jocular titles, like Jug--or Not and John and the Demijohn.

cartoon in Punch, Nov. 28, '73 (p. 834): puzzled man reading The Guardian to his wife at breakfast table: 'Terrible Disaster--Thousands Dead'!... Where's the pun in that?

Anthony Sampson, DRUM, p. 205-206:

Harry was only one of thousands of "playwhites," as they call the light-skinned Coloureds who "pass for white" and break away from the Coloured world. At Ma Parker's they were always telling stories about past play-whites and their tricks. How they powder their faces to lighten them, use irons to straighten their hair, avoid sunshine, always wear a hat to hide their hair. How they're called Vensterkies, or "window-men", because when they see their old Coloured friends they stare into a shop window.

land of the spree

the kaftans and the kings

the aboriginal cast

our female letter carrier: the post ma'am

that's a lobe off my mind

the mills of the godwits

I can have my cake and eat yours too

can't teach an old dog no tricks

free lance writher

mediacracy

can't teach an old dogma new tricks

the goshfather

Carol: before I was so gladly interrupted

a man's home is his bastille

a place for everything, and nothing in its place

pseudo Polynesian decor: Tiki tacky

a washed pot never boils

flattery will get you

Jilly Cooper's "Peke in Darien"

one man's Mede is another man's Persian

St. Peter from "petra"

making pun

THIS WEEK, Feb. 2, '63 -- Charlie Rice's Punchbowl

I've said before, you'll never get rich writing ımn, but you get a lot of interesting mail.

Mr. Robert L. Gale, Vice-President of Carle- College, Minn., wrote to ask if I knew that out of all the 500,000 English entries in an unabridged dictionary, only about 50 are prepositions — just one in every 10,000 words! That is, prepositions that are in common use.

"Furthermore," he said, "in flagrant disregard of the time-honored rule against ending a sentence with a preposition, there is a perfectly good sentence that ends in five prepositions — exactly one-tenth of all the prepositions in the English language. It goes this way:

"Johnny's father was angry because he wouldn't listen to 'Aesop's Fables,' so he sent the boy to bed without his dinner. After dinner, the father brought the book upstairs for another try, and Johnny said: '**WHAT DID YOU BRING THAT BOOK THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE READ *TO OUT OF UP FOR?*'**"



Winston

Challenge! I felt sure that this gem could be improved upon, so I gathered my band of merrymen and offered a prize of a slightly-used 1963 calendar to anyone who could top Mr. Gale's sentence. Sure enough, I finally received a sentence that added one more preposition:



"WHAT DID YOU BRING THAT BOOK THAT BEFORE DINNER I DIDN'T WANT TO BE READ *TO OUT OF UP FOR AFTER?*"

NY Times 6-28-81

Inquiry on Texas Drownings Leaves Police Role Unclear

the new John realize why heart of it. I'm surrender

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS
Special to The New York Times

MEXIA, Tex., June 26 — The party would go on all night. But at 11 P.M., as the festivities were just gathering steam, the drownings that would mar memories of the day and create a furor whose tremors would reach Washington, were about to happen.

For generations, black people from all over north-central Texas have flocked to Booker T. Washington Park on June 19 for the joyous observance of a holiday, marked only in to Texas, called Juneteenth. It is the anniversary of the day in 1865 when word of Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was delivered to Texas. And they came on this June 19, some 5,000 in all, back to the grassy, oak-shaded shores of Lake Mexia.

In the dark, three sheriff's deputies, two white and one black, set out from their temporary command post in a red cabin across the narrow lake from the party. Unable to get across the only bridge because of the crowd, they crossed the lake by boat. On the other side they arrested three teen-agers, all black, on charges of possessing marijuana ar pills.

The deputies had the youths cli their low-sided, 14-foot metal b according to later testimo fied by the Coast Guard passengers. About 30 shore, the boat sw Two of the deput the third, a overturned words o cued

yesterday that he "would not risk a suggestion" as to what might happen if no indictments are returned.

"It's very strange that excellent swimmers would drown in a little, small lake like that," Mr. Dockery said, adding that "many local residents have strong reservations about what they have heard" and displayed "an intense desire for what they believe to be justice."

"Those officers are the only ones who know about what happened out there," said Lois Colbert, who lives a few yards from the scene but could not clearly see what was going on because of the da ness.

Evidence of Negligence S

A special prosecutor Larry Baraka, a 31-ye yer, said he belie had been produc of negligent deputies: both 23 32.