

A Détente Before the Election

By Richard L. Hasen

DOES voter fraud sometimes happen in the United States? You bet. But we are dealing with this relatively small problem in an irrational and partisan way.

In a 1996 primary in Dodge County, Ga., rival camps for county commissioner set up tables at opposite ends of the county courthouse and bid for voters' absentee votes in what a county magistrate later called a "flea market" atmosphere.

Recently, officials in Cudahy, Calif., admitted intercepting absentee ballots and throwing out ballots not cast for incumbents. Every year we see convictions for absentee ballot fraud. Not a lot, but enough to know it's a problem.

So you might think that Republicans, newly obsessed with voter fraud, would call for eliminating absentee ballots, or at least requiring that voters who use them show some need, like a medical condition. But Republicans don't talk much about reining in absentee ballots. Eliminating them would inconvenience some voters and would likely cut back on voting by many loyal Republican voters, including elderly and military voters.

If only Republicans would apply that same logic to voter-identification laws. The only kind of fraud such ID laws prevent is impersonation: a person registered under a false name or claiming to be someone else on the voter rolls.

I have not found a single election over the last few decades in which impersonation fraud had the slightest chance of changing an election outcome — unlike absentee-ballot fraud, which changes election outcomes regularly. (Let's face it: impersonation fraud is an exceedingly dumb way to try to steal an election.)

Pointing to a few isolated cases of impersonation fraud does not prove that a state identification requirement makes sense. As with restrictions on absentee ballots, we need to weigh the costs of imposing barriers on the right to vote against the benefits of fraud protection.

Consider Pennsylvania's new voter ID law, now before the courts. The state conceded that it knew of no instances of impersonation fraud. A top election official did not know how the law worked and played down official estimates that more than 750,000 Pennsylvania voters lacked photo ID, and that an additional 500,000 appeared to have expired ID's. The law gives dangerous discretion to local officials to decide which ID's should be acceptable.

Pennsylvania is a symptom of a partisan system gone wild. Republicans say they want to get rid of fraud, but they want to get rid of only some kinds — using remedies that are likely to at least modestly depress Democratic turnout.

Partisanship runs both ways. Democrats reflexively oppose efforts to deal with ineligible voters casting ballots, likely out of fear that the new requirements will make it harder for casual voters supporting Democrats to cast a ballot. They

Suspend partisan efforts to change voting rules.

have adamantly opposed the efforts of Florida and other states where Republican election officials want to remove noncitizens from the voting rolls. Noncitizen voting is a real, if small, problem: a Congressional investigation found that some noncitizens voted in the close 1996 House race in California between Robert K. Dornan, a Republican, and Loretta Sanchez, a Democrat, but not enough to affect the outcome. Unlike impersonation fraud, noncitizen voting cannot be dismissed as a Republican fantasy.

We need to move beyond these voting wars by creating a neutral body to run federal elections and to ensure that all eligible voters, and only eligible voters, can cast a vote that will be accurately counted on Election Day. The agency could start with a program to register all eligible voters and provide a free national voter ID card with an optional thumbprint to prove identity.

But we are very far from such a comprehensive solution. Congress took a baby step toward uniformity in 2002 when it created the Election Assistance Commission to advise states. But the commission was hobbled from the start by inadequate financing and opposition from some state officials. Today, three months before the election, all four of its seats are vacant.

Sadly, broader bipartisan compromise appears unlikely. Short of a grand solution, we need a moratorium on additional partisan changes to election rules that cannot be implemented before November without a significant risk of disenfranchisement. The courts should put Pennsylvania's law on hold, and Florida should hold off on its plan to remove noncitizens until the off-season. Purging the rolls now risks removing many more eligible citizens than noncitizens.

Almost a dozen years after the Florida meltdown, partisan attempts at manipulation of election rules have become more entrenched and sophisticated. Things will have to get even worse before they get better. □

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Op-Art BEN SCHOTT

Terms of Service

Ever wondered how restaurant staff members communicate with one another? Or why some diners have curious letters appended to their reservations? In the first of a new series on private languages, we offer a selection of secret codes used in the dining rooms and in the kitchens of some of New York's finest establishments.

UNION SQUARE CAFE

21 EAST 16TH STREET

f.t.d. first time diner
H.B. Happy Birthday
H.A. Happy Anniversary
soi. soigné (very special guest)
reg. # regular guest
o-o. guest has glasses
O plump guest
eagle bald guest
l.o.l. little old lady
L.O.L. guest should get Lots Of Love
N.L. guest Needs Love
Kt will be proposing
drops coin spends big money on wine

SWIMMING

Pasta dropped into the pasta cooker.
(Chef to cook: "Geno, you should have 3 fett, 1 gnocchi & 2 raviolini swimming.")

SCRUB DOWN THE PIANO

Clean the stainless-steel shelf that runs the length of the hot line.

SHENANIGANS GOING ON OVER HERE

How line cooks complain about their partners without causing too much offense.

WITH A STORY

An order with a lot of guest modifications. (If the story is especially long, the kitchen will "READ IT AND WEEP.")

LE BERNARDIN

155 WEST 51ST STREET

DOWNTOWN/UPTOWN

Refers to different parts of the hot line. ("Pick up monk uptown!")

LET'S FLY

Indicates an order to be expedited. ("Let's fly on Table 12.")

DINER

85 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN

Inner. industry insider
Thir. regular
N.P.R. Nice People get Rewards (to make even new customers feel like V.I.P.s)

THE DUTCH

131 SULLIVAN STREET

FULL BLAST WE-GO-LA

Plate the table.

LONG TIME

Get a move on ... in a nice way.

THE GUY

General term for any inanimate object. ("Take the guy and sweep the floor.")

STRONG

A qualifying term for a measure: "add a strong pint" means fill the pint to the top.

MAKE IT NICE — Make it nice!

CRAFT RESTAURANTS

VARIOUS

W.E.M. Welcome From Manager
S.E.N. Something For Nothing
H.W.C. Handle With Care
L.O.L. Lots Of Love
F.O. Friend Of...

LE CIRQUE

151 EAST 58TH STREET

PESCE GROSSO ("big fish")

A V.I.P. and a big spender.

FRITTURA ("fried fish")

Not yet a V.I.P.

VERGINI ("virgins")

Newcomers, to be treated gently and sweetly.

AAH-ZAH!

Indicates a table needs to be reset quickly.

S'AMMAZZANO ("killing themselves")

Indicates a diner is planning to propose.

THE LITTLE OWL

90 BEDFORD STREET

TWO-HOUR-WAIT FACE

The doleful look walk-in diners have when told the waiting time for a table.

SHOW THE LOVE + SPARKLING

Extra attention, and a free glass of prosecco.

UNCLE FRANKIE

A special glass used for complimentary wine — favored by the owner's Uncle Frankie.

SAMMY'S ROUMANIAN STEAK HOUSE

157 CHRYSTIE STREET

MR. SCHWARTZ AND HIS NIECE

Old Jewish man with his girlfriend.

BIG MACHER

The one paying the check; a big shot.

MISHPUCHA regulars, like family
SHIKSAS a table of non-Jewish women
OY VEY troublemakers

DEL POSTO

85 10TH AVENUE

X.A.D.S.M.

Extra Assaggi, Dessert and Send Moscato.

NEIGHBOR

Lives near Del Posto, show some extra love.

ALWAYS (... gets a table)

A super-regular: more than 60 visits.

THE MEATBALL SHOP

VARIOUS

FLIP A SWITCH

Reversing the fire on two tickets, to get one order cooked before another. ("Flipping a switch on 23 and 35.")

SLIDERS WEARING HATS

Those with melted cheese.

R.T.R. — Ready To Roll

A note appended to the meatballs in the walk-in when they're ready to be served.

BALLS TO THE WALL

The restaurant is packed.

YIPPY

Special ball and sauce of the day.

DELL'ANIMA

38 EIGHTH AVENUE

W.E. — Wine Enthusiast

HOLD FIRE

Instruction to the kitchen to wait on a course because a table is eating slowly.

BEANY PUSS

The octopus with rice beans.

DROP THE HAMMER

What the chef calls when it is time to add seafood to the second part of a dish in order to time the pickup of the rest of the ticket.

BATHROOM DANCE

After the check is paid, and one diner at a time leaves the table to use the restroom.

SCARPETTA

355 WEST 14TH STREET

PX. → PRX. → PRPX. Levels of V.I.P.
S.E.N. Something For Nothing
L.S.E.N. Light Something For Nothing
H.S.E.N. Heavy Something For Nothing

[The various PX. designations are widely used in the restaurant business. It is thought that they are an abbreviation of *Personne (Particulièrement) Extraordinaire.*]

GOTHAM BAR & GRILL

12 EAST 12TH STREET

SEND A MID

Instruction to send out a complimentary dish between the appetizer and entree.

WEEDED

The kitchen is buried in orders; in the weeds.

RIDING THE PONY

When a member of staff is overwhelmed with work; much worse than WEEDED.

FLYING SOLO

A stand-alone order that doesn't have to be timed with any other dishes (e.g., a solo diner, or where everyone at a table has ordered steaks that are all cooked by the grill master and do not have to be coordinated with the sauté line).

EN JAPANESE BRASSERIE

435 HUDSON STREET

OHAYO

Usually means "good morning" but is also used as a general greeting among those working in Japanese restaurants.

OWARI DESU

All orders are in, and the kitchen can close.

THE HARRISON

355 GREENWICH STREET

F&F. Friends & Family
F.E. Former Employee
F.O.J.B. Friend Of Jimmy Bradley (owner)
P52. Prefers Table 52
N.C. Noise Complaint
B.B. Buyback [i.e., complimentary drinks]

SEERSUCKER

329 SMITH STREET, BROOKLYN

S.B. Send Biscuits
S.S.W. Send Sparkling Wine
F.A. From Arkansas [as is the chef-owner]
L.T.T. Likes To Tweet

JUNOON

27 WEST 24TH STREET

BHASAR' we are slammed; in the weeds
KHATE KHATE' a mid-meal add-on
B.W.C. Big Wine Connoisseur
H.D. Heavy Drinker
V.E.G./V.D.G. Very Easy/Difficult Guest (In Hindi: [1] "we're in trouble" [2] "while eating.")

Who Is Jamaica?

By Carolyn Cooper

DKINGSTON, Jamaica
URING last week's independence festivities, I took out my prized commemorative plate. It was a gift from the mother of a long-ago boyfriend who, incomprehensibly, complained constantly that his mother loved me more than him. Needless to say, he didn't last.

The plate has a little chip, but it's the spirit that counts: a little bit of tactile history. It features the Jamaican coat of arms. There is an Amerindian woman bearing a basket of pineapples and a man holding a bow. At school we were taught they were Arawak. These days, they are called Taino. But the distinction is academic.

The native people of Xaymaca, as the island was once called, are extinct. In their culture, the pineapple symbolized hospitality. Genocide was their reward for the welcome they gave Christopher Columbus. They survive only in the coat of arms and in the modest museum that is dedicated to their history. Perched above the man and woman is a crocodile. The reptile has fared better; its descendants live on.

Jamaica was one of the first British colonies to receive its own coat of arms, in 1661. The Latin motto grandly declared: "Indus uterque serviet uni" (Both Indies will serve one). From East to mythic West, colonial relations of domination were inscribed in heraldry. When we gained our independence from Britain, 50 years ago today, the motto was changed to "Out of many, one people."

Though this might appear to be a vast improvement on the servile Indies, the new motto encodes its own problematic

After 50 years of independence, we need a better national motto.

contradictions. It marginalizes the nation's black majority by asserting that the idealized face of the Jamaican nation is multiracial. In actuality, only about 7 percent of the population is mixed-race; 3 percent is European, Chinese or East Indian, and 90 percent is of African origin.

It was my high school English teacher, Miss Julie Thorne, who first brought the fraudulence of the motto's homogenizing racial myth to my attention. "Out of many, one people?" she asked the class. "Which one?"

In the highly stratified Jamaica of the 1960s, the white and mixed-race elite were the "one" who ruled the "many." On my commemorative plate, there's a map of Jamaica that highlights Spanish Town, Mandeville, Montego Bay, Port Antonio and Kingston — or "Killsome," as the reggae musician Peter Tosh once wittily dubbed the city. These were the centers of commerce to which ambitious youths gravitated. Jimmy Cliff, the star of the classic Jamaican film "The Harder They Come," sang their hopes: "You can get it if you really want,/But you must try, try and try, try and try."

Schoolchildren memorized the original version of that gem: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." But the promise proved elusive, especially for the underclass who had no consistent access to formal education, even after independence.

African Jamaican culture has long deployed music as a therapeutic weapon of resistance. The Maroons used the abeng, a wind instrument of West African origin, to sound the alarm when the British attacked. (Later, they signed a treaty with the British demanding that they return runaway to plantation slavery. Betrayal of other blacks was the price of their freedom. It is a familiar tale — divide and rule.)

But even on the plantations, Maroon traditions of resistance took root. Enslaved Africans perfected weapons of war from within. Silent poisoning of their supposed masters was a deadly tool. And music, the drumbeat of resistance, was a potent language of empowerment.

That beat lived on in the rhythms of reggae. Reclaiming ancestral traditions, the urban poor fashioned new languages of survival. In the words of Bob Marley's "One Drop": "So feel this drumbeat as it beats within/Playing a rhythm resisting against the system." Reggae music brilliantly traced the lineage of "word, sound and power" that connects African Jamaicans across several generations and to the African continent.

The roots of our distinctive music, religion, politics, philosophy, science, literature and language are African. But the culture of African Jamaicans has been marginalized in the construction of the nation-state. Fifty years after independence, we must revise our fictive national motto, rejecting the homogenizing myth of multicultural assimilation.

This does not mean that the African majority disdains kinship with minority groups. We all made the crossing from ancestral homelands, willingly or not. We are an island people with a continental consciousness. We remember our origins across oceans of history. For us, independence is not just about constitutional rearrangements. It's in our blood. □

Carolyn Cooper, a professor of literary and cultural studies at the University of the West Indies, Mona, Jamaica, writes a weekly column for the Jamaica Gleaner.

MICHAEL'S NEW YORK

24 WEST 55TH STREET

CARBS no potatoes, no toast
LAWN chopped salad chopped extra fine — as if shredded by a lawn mower
TEXAS. Joe Armstrong [a regular], burn it!
RUDY. a regular who likes his potatoes hot

TORRISI ITALIAN SPECIALTIES

250 MULBERRY STREET

DUTCH

Indicates a more leisurely pace. ("They're V.I.P.'s, let's do this Dutch.")

SHANGHAI

Indicates a faster pace. ("We need the table, Shanghai it.")

SMOKE 'EM

Send a glass of Champagne and an extra course to the table.

JEAN GEORGES

1 CENTRAL PARK WEST

WE'RE ON TV, EVERYONE

General team motivation, and a reminder to culinary and service staff members that they are on view through the open kitchen and the front dining-room windows.

UNOs

VARIOUS

R.A.O. (Recipe Always Open)

Kitchen reminder to stick to the recipe.

CAMPERS

Guests who "camp out" at a table for hours.

5 FOOT RULE

Acknowledge all guests within 5 feet of you.

NO E.L.Y. ZONE (Food, Liquor, You)

Staff are not allowed to carry food, drinks or dirty plates through the restaurant lobby.

MAIALINO

2 LEXINGTON AVENUE

O.T.C. — Offer To Cook

Allowing the chef to select the meal.

K.I.L. — Kitchen In Loop

Note to inform the kitchen throughout the progress of a meal at a special table.

L.O.I. — Last Order In

Shouted by the chef (and echoed in unison) when the night's last order is called.

DROP DIRTY

Deliver new plates of food before diners have finished their current course (e.g., when a dish is requested immediately).

KIN SHOP

469 SIXTH AVENUE

GET IT IN THE HOLE

Make sure it's in the oven.

POP THE CLUTCH

We need to start moving faster.

DON'T TURN ME INTO A CHEERLEADER

Get organized.

TIGHTEN IT UP

The sauce is too loose.

GWYNNETT ST.

312 GRAHAM AVENUE, BROOKLYN

SABBATH V.I.P.
MISFIT neighborhood local
SEPULTURA not-so-nice person
KILLER general alert (e.g., for a hot pan)

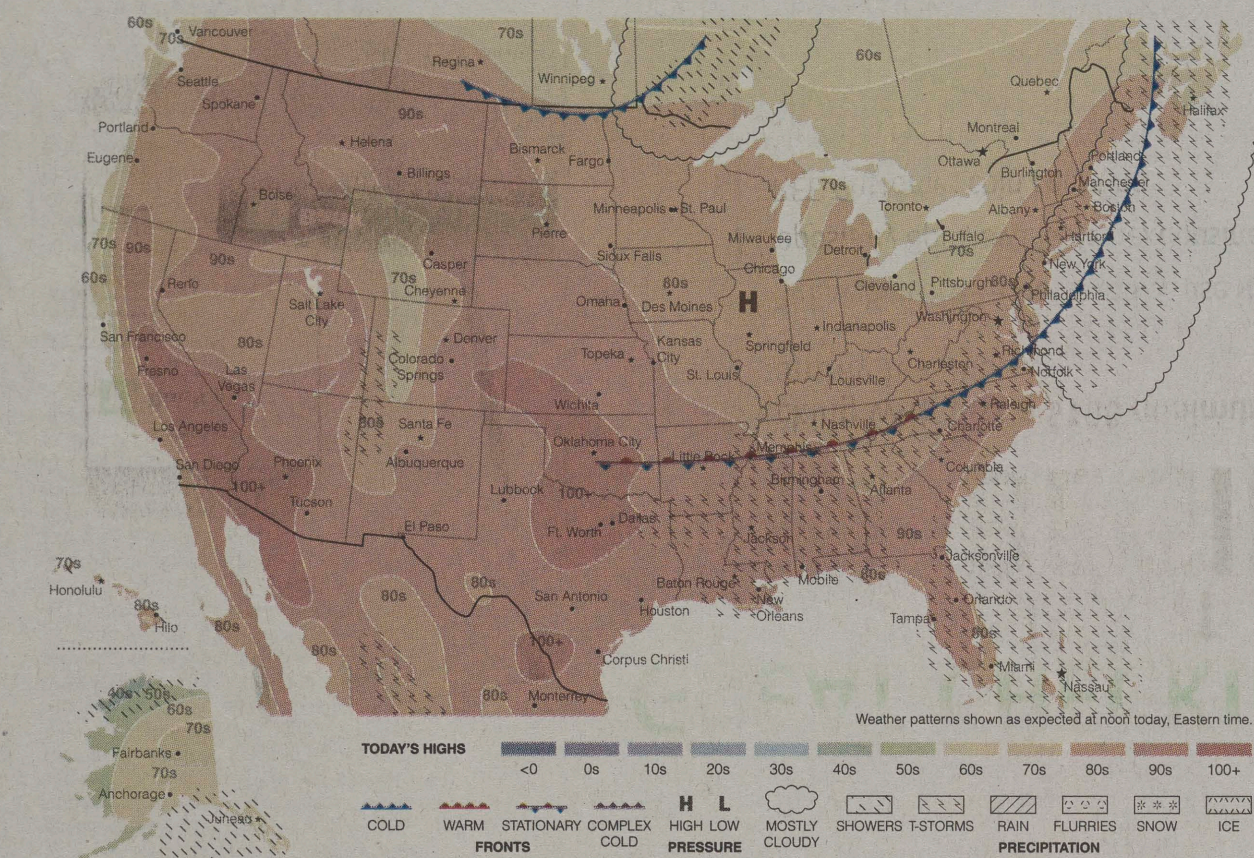
The restaurant prefaced this nomenclature with the explanation "We are all metal heads, so ..."

ANNISA

13 BARROW STREET

Weather Report

Meteorology by AccuWeather



National Forecast

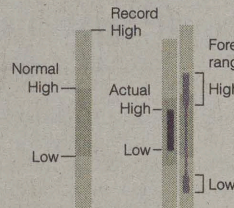
A cold front will settle off the Eastern Seaboard today, bringing just showers to coastal New England. The same front will settle into the southern Mid-Atlantic and Southeast, helping to spark scattered drenching showers and thunderstorms. Thunderstorms will also rumble across Florida and the northern Bahamas. A pleasant and less humid air mass will settle into the Great Lakes and western New England with high temperatures barely reaching the 80s in many areas. High pressure will support a full day of

sunshine from the Ohio Valley through the northern Plains with comfortable temperatures. Hot and humid conditions will persist over much of Texas with little precipitation expected. A few thunderstorms will pop up in the higher elevations of the central Rockies during the afternoon and evening hours. Aside from the Rockies storms, the West will feature dry weather with abundant sunshine. Some slight cooling will affect the coast of the Pacific Northwest

while interior regions experience near-record heat for this time of year. Temperatures will approach the triple-digit mark for some interior areas Boise, Idaho, Pendleton, Ore., and Yakima, Wash. **FOCUS: HISTORIC HEAT WAVE IN THE EAST** Some of the hottest weather ever recorded gripped the East in August, 1918. Washington, D.C., and Richmond, Va., both set all-time highs, 106 and 107, that have never been topped.

10-Day Temperature Trends

High and low temperatures for the past five days and forecasts for the next five. Yesterday's highs and lows are based on preliminary data.



Cities

High/low temperatures for the 16 hours ended at 4 p.m. yesterday, Eastern time, and precipitation (in inches) for the 16 hours ended at 4 p.m. yesterday. Expected conditions for today and tomorrow.

C	Clouds	S	Sun
F	Fog	SS	Snow showers
H	Haze	T	Thunderstorms
I	Ice	Tr	Trace
PC	Partly cloudy	W	Windy
R	Rain	SH	Not available
SH	Showers		

N.Y.C. region	Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
New York City	89/78 0.16	86/68 T	86/70 S
Bridgeport	88/77 0.07	84/66 T	82/67 S
Caldwell	90/78 0.01	84/62 T	85/64 S
Danbury	87/74 0.38	81/59 T	83/60 S
Islip	85/78 0	83/66 T	83/67 S
Newark	93/78 0.04	86/68 T	87/71 S
Trenton	91/75 0.18	85/64 T	86/67 S
White Plains	86/74 0.04	82/61 T	83/63 S

United States	Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
Albany	87/67 0.02	82/58 PC	85/64 S
Albuquerque	87/70 0.02	91/70 PC	95/70 PC
Anchorage	61/62 0.04	59/55 PC	67/63 Sh
Atlanta	90/78 0	89/74 T	86/72 T
Atlantic City	90/77 0	82/69 T	83/72 S
Austin	97/73 0	99/73 PC	102/74 S
Baltimore	95/73 0	88/66 T	89/68 PC
Baton Rouge	92/75 0.02	93/75 T	96/73 T
Bellingham	93/68 0.16	95/68 PC	96/68 PC
Birmingham	90/75 0	90/72 T	91/73 T
Boise	98/68 0	98/68 S	101/71 S
Boston	88/73 0.02	86/66 T	81/66 S
Buffalo	84/61 0.79	78/59 S	83/63 PC
Burlington	97/65 T	79/54 S	84/60 PC
Casper	92/59 0	93/59 PC	92/53 PC
Cedar Rapids	78/50 0.01	82/61 S	91/62 PC
Champaign	84/62 0.28	83/61 S	90/62 S
Charleston, W.Va.	82/69 0.10	83/58 T	87/59 S
Charlotte	90/72 0	89/72 T	93/70 T
Chattanooga	90/74 0	88/70 T	90/70 T
Chicago	82/58 0	84/64 S	91/70 PC
Cincinnati	89/62 0.02	84/62 S	90/60 S
Cleveland	83/61 0.10	77/58 S	83/61 S
Colorado Springs	84/83 0	91/83 PC	91/82 T
Columbia, Mo.	91/59 0.12	87/65 S	94/65 S
Columbia, S.C.	92/72 0.02	91/73 T	88/74 T
Columbus	84/62 0.06	84/59 S	91/62 S
Corona, N.H.	91/69 0	89/74 T	93/58 S
Dallas-Ft. Worth	102/79 0	103/78 PC	103/80 S
Dayton	80/57 0.64	83/59 S	90/56 S
Denver	96/65 0	96/65 S	94/64 PC
Des Moines	81/58 0	85/65 S	92/69 PC
Detroit	86/78 0.16	94/53 S	87/67 PC
El Paso	96/76 0	94/53 S	87/67 PC
Eugene	89/56 0	87/53 S	89/50 PC
Fairbanks	65/43 0.01	71/46 S	70/49 Sh
Fargo	80/59 0	87/57 PC	87/64 PC
Ft. Myers	97/65 0.04	97/77 T	94/80 PC
Fresno	98/68 0	100/72 T	102/71 S
Gainesville, Fla.	88/72 0.02	92/72 T	90/73 T
Grand Rapids	81/56 0	82/62 S	85/66 T
Greensboro	90/73 0	88/71 T	86/70 T
Hartford	92/72 0.01	89/72 T	86/65 S
Harrisburg	91/71 0	85/62 S	88/66 S
Hattiesburg	92/72 0.11	85/61 T	86/62 S
Honolulu	87/72 0	87/73 PC	87/73 PC
Houston	94/76 0	95/77 T	97/77 S
Indianapolis	88/74 1.26	85/62 S	87/65 S
Indianapolis	93/74 0	95/74 T	93/72 T
Jacksonville	85/73 1.00	90/73 T	91/74 T
Johnstown, Pa.	76/61 0.26	75/54 S	80/59 S
Kansas City	87/61 0	90/67 S	97/69 S
Key West	87/81 0	87/81 T	87/81 T
Knoxville	91/72 0	86/68 T	89/69 S
Lansing	84/52 0	81/58 S	84/64 PC
Las Vegas	105/87 0	105/88 S	107/91 S
Lexington	82/66 0.01	85/63 T	91/64 S
Little Rock	100/75 0.01	95/70 T	95/70 T
Los Angeles	83/65 0	87/67 PC	89/66 S
Louisville	84/68 0.01	88/65 S	93/69 S
Lubbock	93/70 0	98/76 PC	98/68 S
Madison	78/70 0	81/61 S	85/61 PC
Manassas	92/76 0	92/71 T	95/70 PC
Marietta	92/79 T	87/79 T	88/79 PC
Miami	78/59 0	80/65 S	86/68 PC
Milwaukee	77/59 0	84/69 PC	86/65 PC
Mpls.-St. Paul	91/74 0.01	91/74 T	94/74 T
Mobile	65/54 0	64/53 PC	66/53 PC
Monterey, Calif.	90/73 0.24	88/70 T	94/70 PC
Nashville	89/77 0.22	92/79 T	93/78 T
New Orleans	92/76 0.02	87/74 T	84/73 T
Norfolk	93/70 0	102/72 PC	102/75 S
Oakland	85/61 0	91/68 S	95/70 PC
Orlando	90/74 0.03	90/75 T	91/75 PC
Philadelphia	95/74 0	88/69 T	88/70 S
Phoenix	108/87 0	110/89 S	110/90 S
Pittsburgh	83/64 0.42	79/55 S	85/58 S
Portland, Me.	81/69 0	84/61 T	79/60 S
Portland, Ore.	93/65 0	87/62 T	89/56 PC
Providence	88/73 0	85/65 T	83/65 S
Raleigh	91/72 0.07	90/72 T	86/72 T
Reno	93/61 T	95/62 S	96/65 S
Richmond	92/74 0	85/71 T	87/73 PC
Rochester	87/62 1.49	78/56 S	84/57 T
Sacramento	87/55 0	92/57 S	96/59 S
Salt Lake City	96/71 0	92/67 S	96/70 PC
San Antonio	90/76 0	98/77 PC	100/78 S
San Diego	75/68 0	80/68 PC	78/68 PC
San Francisco	68/54 0	69/53 PC	70/54 PC
San Jose	78/56 0	80/56 S	81/57 S
San Juan	90/79 0.10	90/77 PC	89/79 PC
Savannah	88/74 0.34	91/74 T	91/74 T
Seattle	92/62 0	81/59 PC	83/57 PC
Shreveport	96/76 0	98/75 T	98/72 S

Sioux Falls	79/60 0	89/65 T	89/69 PC
South Bend	78/53 0.47	80/58 S	88/68 PC
Spokane	94/67 0	92/64 S	93/67 S
St. Louis	90/66 T	88/66 S	97/67 S
St. Thomas	87/79 0.02	89/78 S	89/80 T
Syracuse	91/65 0.07	79/56 S	86/58 S
Tampa	89/77 0.06	90/77 T	90/77 T
Toledo	84/53 0.15	81/55 S	86/62 S
Tucson	100/78 0	99/79 PC	102/80 PC
Tulsa	97/68 0.12	100/67 PC	101/72 S
Virginia Beach	89/77 0.06	86/74 T	83/72 PC
Waco	103/77 0	101/77 PC	104/78 S
Washington	96/75 0	85/70 T	89/73 PC
West Palm Beach	89/79 0.03	87/78 T	89/80 PC
Wichita	93/65 0	96/69 S	102/72 S
Wilkes-Barre	86/69 0.06	84/57 S	87/60 S
Wilmington, Del.	94/73 0	84/66 T	87/68 S

Africa	Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
Abidjan	81/74 0.02	82/72 Sh	81/72 Sh
Algiers	91/72 0	88/69 PC	92/71 PC
Cairo	93/77 0	96/78 S	99/78 S
Cape Town	61/48 0.11	54/45 Sh	57/46 PC
Casablanca	81/66 0	79/63 S	86/70 S
Dakar	84/75 0	88/79 R	87/80 T
Johannesburg	88/59 0	82/31 S	86/30 Sh
Nairobi	75/52 0.27	61/65 PC	78/80 S
Tunis	108/75 0	110/77 S	100/73 S

Asia/Pacific	Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
Almaty	88/55 0	88/63 Sh	87/63 Sh
Auckland	59/48 0.11	60/50 R	59/48 Sh
Baghdad	108/85 0	111/84 S	112/86 S
Bali	84/76 0.01	85/77 S	85/76 S
Bangkok	97/82 0.02	92/79 T	86/79 T
Beijing	90/77 0.05	91/76 T	91/79 S
Calcutta	90/81 0.34	90/81 T	91/80 PC
Damascus	97/70 0	101/67 T	102/66 S
Dhaka	91/80 0.06	91/80 R	94/80 T
Hanoi	99/77 0.29	85/76 T	83/75 T
Hong Kong	91/84 0.14	91/81 PC	93/84 T
Islamabad	88/73 0	101/78 S	104/80 S
Jakarta	92/75 0	91/75 S	91/75 T
Jerusalem	83/68 0	85/70 S	89/70 S
Karachi	90/81 0.01	92/81 S	90/82 S
Kuala Lumpur	97/78 0.11	97/78 T	97/78 T
Lahore	88/72 2.13	100/81 T	100/83 T
Manila	82/77 0.95	84/77 R	84/77 T
Melbourne	61/45 0.07	58/41 PC	64/47 PC
Mumbai	86/82 0.11	88/82 R	87/82 T
New Delhi	97/78 0.27	97/78 T	97/78 T
Riyadh	109/92 0	108/79 S	108/80 S
Seoul	97/77 0	95/75 S	93/73 S
Shanghai	93/81 0	91/82 T	91/82 T
Singapore	88/80 0.03	88/79 T	89/79 PC
Sydney	72/45 0	63/58 PC	66/58 S
Taipei	90/79 0.01	85/76 T	87/79 R
Tehran	93/77 0	93/75 S	94/76 S
Tel Aviv	90/77 0	90/76 S	94/76 S
Tokyo	91/77 0	84/76 T	87/75 PC
Vladivostok	82/67 0.73	84/62 S	74/63 PC

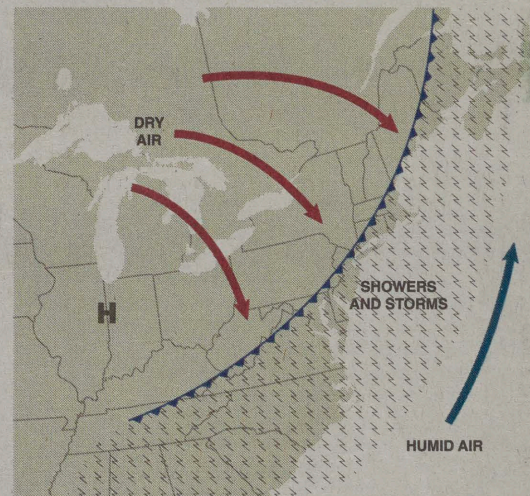
Europe	Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
Amsterdam	73/59 0.30	68/58 Sh	67/57 PC
Athens	100/78 0.11	100/81 S	101/84 S
Barcelona	82/73 0	80/68 C	81/71 S
Belgrade	99/72 0	103/78 S	95/67 S
Berlin	75/59 0	81/59 Sh	75/55 PC
Brussels	73/57 0.01	68/52 Sh	67/51 PC
Budapest	90/72 0	88/73 PC	86/73 S
Copenhagen	70/57 0.12	71/59 R	70/55 Sh
Dublin	63/46 0.05	63/48 PC	64/52 Sh
Edinburgh	59/57 0.35	67/52 Sh	64/52 Sh
Frankfurt	74/54 0.09	75/56 Sh	74/54 PC
Geneva	73/58 0.61	73/58 T	73/58 T
Helsinki	73/59 0	72/59 Sh	72/59 C
Istanbul	93/75 0	94/79 S	95/79 S
Kiev	88/68 0	90/66 S	94/62 S
Lisbon	73/64 0	81/61 S	86/63 S
London	72/55 0.08	72/55 S	72/55 S
Madrid	86/63 0	88/61 S	95/63 S
Moscow	82/64 0.02	80/62 PC	86/66 S
Nice	82/72 0	79/67 T	83/68 S
Oslo	68/55 0.15	68/57 R	63/54 PC
Paris	70/57 0.10	74/54 Sh	74/55 C
Prague	84/59 0	82/60 R	75/54 PC
Rome	88/70 0	90/70 S	91/70 S
St. Petersburg	74/58 0	77/62 C	78/56 R
Stockholm	73/55 0	73/65 Sh	69/54 PC
Vienna	88/64 0.02	92/66 T	81/62 Sh
Warsaw	84/61 0	91/64 T	77/57 Sh

North America	Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
Acapulco	94/79 0.24	91/79 T	92/81 T
Bermuda	84/79 0	85/78 S	85/79 PC
Calgary	75/57 0	87/59 PC	81/55 PC
Edmonton	72/50 0.02	87/57 S	76/53 PC
Guadalajara	77/61 0.33	82/59 T	79/59 T
Havana	90/72 0	87/74 T	89/74 S
Kingston	91/79 0.08	88/81 T	87/81 Sh
Martinique	88/79 0	88/78 T	88/76 R
Mexico City	72/56 0.05	72/53 T	71/54 T
Monterrey	94/75 0	93/73 PC	86/73 PC
Montreal	86/75 0.06	79/59 S	81/63 PC
Nassau	90/81 0.06	90/82 T	90/80 PC
Panama City	88/75 0.07	88/73 T	88/74 T
Quebec City	90/68 0.01	77/57 PC	77/57 PC
Santo Domingo	89/72 0.02	90/74 T	90/73 T
Toronto	81/75 0.04	78/59 S	81/62 PC
Vancouver	74/66 0	78/60 PC	76/59 PC
Winnipeg	76/50 0	78/53 PC	78/57 PC

South America	Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
Bogota	64/52 0.04	67/44 C	67/46 T
Buenos Aires	61/37 0	63/50 PC	59/50 R
Caracas	91/75 0.24	92/75 Sh	91/77 T
Lima	68/60 0.01	69/57 C	69/58 C
Quito	66/54 0	69/48 T	69/48 T
Recife	82/66 0	84/75 PC	83/75 Sh
Rio de Janeiro	81/68 0.26	71/62 Sh	73/64 S
Santiago	61/34 0	55/34 Sh	56/39 S
Sao Paulo	70/61 0.01	64/51 Sh	67/53 S

Highlight: Turn to Dry Air Begins in the East

Dry air from the west will move into the East today, setting up an obvious shift in weather. From Washington to Maine, early showers and thunderstorms will yield to clearing skies. Moreover, humidity will lower during the afternoon, especially north from Philadelphia. Tomorrow, the shift will manifest as sunshine and low humidity.



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OP-CHART BEN SCHOTT

Java Jive

By now, we're all fluent in the language of corporate coffee — from Dunkaccinos® to Caffè Vanilla Frappuccinos®. But across America, independent coffee bars have developed private vocabularies to describe the intricate beverages they brew and the idiosyncrasies of those who order them.

STERLING COFFEE ROASTERS

PORTLAND, ORE.

MARMOT!

An alert to coworkers of a pretty customer, evoking a perking up similar to prairie dogs.

LITTLE BUDDY

An espresso that lasts awhile longer (no crema and four extra ounces of hot water).

CHEESEBURGER, CHEESEBURGER

A series of drinks made with a standard espresso, after a "Saturday Night Live" sketch starring John Belushi, set in a diner that serves little but cheeseburgers.

THE WORMHOLE

CHICAGO

CHECK THE HONEY

Indicates an attractive customer in the line. ("Can you check the honey?")

FRESH POT ("We've got a fresh pot...")

A customer who flirts with the baristas.

HOT SAUCE hot water in the cup

CL-OPEN a closing shift followed by an opening shift

LEGIT indicates an order is ready

JOE

NEW YORK CITY AND PHILADELPHIA

NEED CUPS?

A spurious question baristas ask one another to indicate a cute customer.

CRUSHTOMER

A customer a staff member has a crush on.

N.F.L. non-fat latte

'SPRO general abbreviation for espresso

FRANKENCAF half-decaf espresso

NATTÉ decaf skim (*also WHY BOTHER?*)

LEGITT asks if a spare cup is being used

'DEMI'-TASSE code for a celebrity's arrival

THE BEAN

NEW YORK CITY

RED (or BLACK) EYE

One (or two) shots added to drip coffee.

MAKE IT DIRTY (or FILTHY)

Add one (or two) shots to a chai latte.

BLUE BOTTLE COFFEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND, CALIF.; NEW YORK CITY

S.P.F. ESPRESSO

An espresso made absolutely by the book, named after a type of customer with a penchant for sun-protective hats and an obsessive attention to coffee technique.

P.B.M.'s — Perfunctory Bran Muffins

The kind of coffee bar that has a pastry case filled with lackluster offerings.

THE GIBRALTAR

1.5 ounces of espresso and 2.5 ounces of steamed milk, named after the glass it is served in. (A 3.5 ounce Americano version — **THE DEVITO** — is small, stout and strong.)

COGNOSCENTI COFFEE

LOS ANGELES AND CULVER CITY, CALIF.

FACEMELTER

A superthick ristretto, extracted for more than 30 seconds, less than one ounce.

SIMULSPRO

Two shots brewing at the same time.

EX-PRESSO

Two ounces in less than 20 seconds.

CHERNOBYL or 212 extra-hot

DRAW THRU speed it up

JUGGERNAUT a messy but fast barista

SKINNY a customer who never tips

CHURCHILL a classy tipper

PRESS

DAYTON, OHIO

C.O.B. — Customers-Only Bathroom.

OSAMA BIN LATTE

A quad cappuccino with raw cane sugar.

RAW PECK

A trash-hoarding customer. ("Did that raw peck leave his statues and salt bags behind?")

CUDDLY

An older man creeping out a young woman.

COFFEE SLINGERS

OKLAHOMA CITY

SEASONED SHOT

A shot pulled and discarded to season a filter.

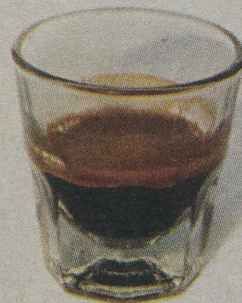
FAST sour, dilute, **UNDER-EXTRACTED**

TIGHT bitter, strong, **OVER-EXTRACTED**

FREE POUR

Tracing **LATTE ART** (designs atop a drink) by hand while pouring steamed milk, instead of using an **ETCHING TOOL** after the pour.

GOD SHOT — The perfectly made 'SPRO.



ABRAÇO ESPRESSO

NEW YORK CITY

BERT & ERNIE cream and sugar

BABY BLANKET cream only

SPECIAL DAY sugar only

MAN'S DRINK iced latte with sugar

DRINK iced latte, no sugar

BEN FRANKLIN black iced coffee

LITTLE LYDIA small latte (piccolo)

JILLY iced cappuccino with no sugar

JOEY iced Americano, cream and sugar

DIZZY espresso in a shot glass [as pictured]

LITTLE JEFFY small drip coffee

MOOSE a clay urn for used spoons

REWIND when an order is changed

DE LUXE COFFEE

BROOKLYN

BURN ONE start brewing a new batch

SNAGGLER a disagreeable customer

JACKED UP an over-caffeinated regular

DOOBIE

Anything to go, named after the Doobie Brothers' song "Tak'in' It to the Streets."

YOU PARTYIN' BACK THERE?

Counter asking the kitchen staff for help.

PARTY WITH FRIENDS

To have an espresso with a regular.

FOUR BARREL COFFEE

SAN FRANCISCO

STRONG OR LONG?

Do you want that Americano to be short (*strong tasting*) or tall (*long lasting*)?

'KANSKI or COOL KID 'KANSKI

A very short Americano.

FLOATER French press with a shot

EALSTAFF drunk or strung-out customer

HELM'S DEEP a daylong rush of work

DOPPIO REGRESSO

Not a double espresso, but a mind-set stuck in the bad old days of corporate coffee.

SNOWBALL

Overly foamy, absurdly large cappuccino. (Emblematic of **DOPPIO REGRESSO**.)

DOGWOOD COFFEE CO.

MINNEAPOLIS

PREMIUM 'SPRO, OPEN BASKETS, NO

SPOUTS, CAN'T SPLIT, DON'T WANNA

An espresso made with a "spoutless" filter,

which allows the barista to see every detail

of the extraction, from a line in the 2012

bike-messenger movie "Premium Rush."

HIT AND RUN ... a shot here, a coffee to go

ONE AND FUN ... a shot and a cappuccino

BRO 'SPRO espresso in a demitasse,

no spoon, plate or sparkling water

SPOONSIES a **BRO 'SPRO** with a

spoon balanced on top

CAFFÉ STREETS

CHICAGO

SORORITY SPECIAL

A skim milk latte with sugar-free vanilla syrup. The most common choice for prissy sorority girls (and a surprising number of burly, football fan, frat-boy types).

DEPTH CHARGE — Drip with a shot.

REGULAR COFFEE!!!

Drip coffee, as ordered by flustered middle-aged people overwhelmed by a myriad of options and frou-frou drinks. (Asking what size often results in a complete meltdown.)

BIRCH COFFEE

NEW YORK CITY

DOUBLER

A customer who asks four workers for the same item — and gets four ramekins of jam.

CLEAR THE LINE!

Brings staff to front of house during a rush.

WHY YOU DOIN' THIS TO ME?

Yelled by the cooks when they are swamped.

DIRKS ask for shots to be "pulled long"

JUICERS sit all day at their computers

PHONIES order while on their cellphones

HOLY SPIRIT ESPRESSO

SANTA FE, N.M.

MAMA-JAMA 20 ounce drink

LITTLE SISTER 12 ounce skinny

latte, **ON THE FLAT SIDE** (i.e., no foam)

TOPLESS no lid

START ME UP any multishot drink

USUAL SUSPECTS regulars

COFFEE EXCHANGE

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

AMBULANCE CHASER or QUAD 911
Four 'SPROS, no milk, no sugar, no liability.

TUXEDO

Caffè mocha with one scoop of white chocolate powder and one scoop of dark.

SIMON SIPS

NEW YORK CITY

SIPSTERS

Loyal customers. (Also, hipsters who insist on porcelain rather than to-go cups.)

TOP MY HOP

Topping off the hopper with espresso beans. ("Hey, can you top my hop?")

GHETTO LATTE

When a customer orders an espresso over ice in a large cup and then fills the cup with milk at the condiment bar to save money.

O CAFE

NEW YORK CITY

HOT BEHIND! ... boiling water alert, for tea

ALPACCINO ... house joke for a cappuccino

CAPPUCCIGO cappuccino to go

TRABANT COFFEE & CHAI

SEATTLE

IT'S NICE WEATHER FOR DUCKS or NICE SHOES — That customer is hot!

J.A.M. — Just Add Milk

When no type of milk was specified.

U.S.A. Americano

BEER ME! hot water for an Americano

SWEATY SUSAN an impatient customer

ASADO COFFEE

CHICAGO

THE FIRST CRACK

A new customer whom baristas try to convert into a hooked regular — or **ASADOPHILE**. (**FIRST CRACK** is also the technical term for a noise made by coffee beans as they roast.)

STARBUCKAROO

A customer who asks (in vain) for a bizarre or flavored coffee concoction.

ELIXR COFFEE

PHILADELPHIA

I REALLY WANT A CHOCOLATE CROISSANT

Said when a barista's "crushtomer" is nearby.

HOP ON REG[ister]

A gentle way of warning an overwhelmed fellow barista that you're stepping in.

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN JUST A MOMENT

Code to placate a waiting customer and prod a co-worker to come and help serve.

ESPRESSO VIVACE

SEATTLE

PILGRIMS

Customers who travel especially to taste the coffee and see how it is made. ("Often they let their espresso collapse while they snap pictures, but we love them anyway.")

STRANGER DANGER

New customers who want 22-ounce cups and ask lots of time-consuming questions.

GIMME! COFFEE

NEW YORK CITY AND FINGER LAKES, N.Y.

CANADIAN

A decaf Americano.

FRENCH CANADIAN

A **CANADIAN** with an extra shot of decaf.

EXTRA BOOM extra shot

SIPPER a cup filled to the brim

SLAP SHOT two shots and a little water

LAZY EYE coffee with a shot of decaf

JITTER JUICE Toddy method cold brew

SHOTTY AND A TODDY espresso with a

cold brew "back" to wash it down

DIALED-IN when a barista has the

grind and dose perfectly balanced

CAP ATTACK a long line of cappuccinos

MIDNIGHT RIDER Americano

with an extra shot

HELP JUICE post-shift beers

VANITY CAP

A cappuccino made for the sole purpose of Instagramming it.

OLYMPIA COFFEE ROASTING CO.

OLYMPIA, WASH.

'SPRO-MANCE

To be falling in love with (or especially fond of) a particular type of espresso. "She is having a 'SPRO-MANCE with the single origin Ethiopia Worka Espresso."

Some of these terms are shared or modified by more than one establishment.

be a prescription for maximizing productivity. Professor K. Anders Ericsson and his colleagues at Florida State University have studied elite performers, including musicians, athletes, actors and chess players. In each of these fields, Dr. Ericsson found that the best performers typically practice in uninterrupted sessions that last no more than 90 minutes. They begin in the morning, take a break between sessions, and rarely work for more than four and a half hours in any given day.

"To maximize gains from long-term practice," Dr. Ericsson concluded, "individuals must avoid exhaustion and must limit practice to an amount from which they can completely recover on a daily or weekly basis."

I've systematically built these principles into the way I write. For my first three books, I sat at my desk for up to 10 hours a day. Each of

Americans left an average of 9.2 vacation days unused in 2012.

the books took me at least a year to write. For my two most recent books, I wrote in three uninterrupted 90-minute sessions — beginning first thing in the morning, when my energy was highest — and took a break after each one.

Along the way, I learned that it's not how long, but how well, you renew that matters most in terms of performance. Even renewal requires practice. The more rapidly and deeply I learned to quiet my mind and relax my body, the more restored I felt afterward. For one of the breaks, I ran. This generated mental and emotional renewal, but also turned out to be a time in which some of my best ideas came to me, unbidden. Writing just four and half hours a day, I completed both books in less than six months and spent my afternoons on less demanding work.

The power of renewal was so compelling to me that I've created a business around it that helps a range of companies including Google, Coca-Cola, Green Mountain Coffee, the Los Angeles Police Department, Cleveland Clinic and Genentech.

Our own offices are a laboratory for the principles we teach. Renewal is central to how we work. We dedicated space to a "renewal" room in which employees can nap, meditate or relax. We have a spacious lounge where employees hang out together and snack on healthy foods we provide. We encourage workers to take renewal breaks throughout the day, and to leave the office for lunch, which we often do together. We allow people to work from home several days a week, in part so they can avoid debilitating rush-hour commutes. Our workdays end at 6 p.m. and we don't expect anyone to answer e-mail in the evenings or on the weekends. Employees receive four weeks of vacation from their first year.

Our basic idea is that the energy employees bring to their jobs is far more important in terms of the value of their work than is the number of hours they work. By managing energy more skillfully, it's possible to get more done, in less time, more sustainably. In a decade, no one has ever chosen to leave the company. Our secret is simple — and generally applicable. When we're renewing, we're truly renewing, so when we're working, we can really work.

nesses, use dirty energy today because it

EDUCATION JOBS

NYTIMES.COM/MONSTER

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE TARRYTOWNS

Our nationally recognized school district, located in Southern Westchester, is a growing district with an ethnically diverse population. We are seeking to fill the following:

Effective July 1, 2013

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT FOR INSTRUCTION & PERSONNEL

The successful candidate will:

- Oversee recruitment, hiring and supervision of instructional staff
- Assure District compliance with State and Federal laws and regulations relating to instructional staff
- Assist with collective bargaining and contract administration for instructional personnel
- Coordinate and advance K-12 academic instruction program
- Collaborate with the Superintendent in providing leadership for new instructional initiatives
- Oversee development and implementation of District staff development program
- Utilize data to analyze student performance and inform instructional practice

Qualifications:

- Proven leadership ability at the central office level
- Current knowledge of Common Core, APPR and State assessment system
- Broad-based knowledge of curriculum and instruction, including integration of instructional technology
- Experience with and demonstrated sensitivity to diverse student population and the needs of ELL learners
- Articulate spokesperson on behalf of the District's instructional program
- Ability to communicate effectively with a broad range of constituents
- Collaborative approach in working with staff to accomplish District goals

NYS School District Administrator Certification Required
Salary will be regionally competitive

On-line application required: www.olasjobs.org/lhv

Letters of interest & resumes due by Monday, Feb 25, 2013

Dr. Barbarann Tantillo, Assistant Superintendent
PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE TARRYTOWNS • SEARCH 127-4

We support the hiring and advancement of all minorities. We are an equal opportunity employer and educator who fully and actively support equal access for all people, regardless of race, color, religion, sexual orientation, age, national origin, veteran status, disability or genetic information. Additionally, we prohibit retaliation against individuals who oppose such discrimination and harassment or who participate in an equal opportunity investigation.

CHAPPAQUA CENTRAL SCHOOL DISTRICT

The Chappaqua School District is located in suburban Westchester County, NY - 35 miles north of NY City. The District enrolls approximately 4,000 students in six schools.

PRINCIPAL Douglas Grafflin Elementary School

PROBATIONARY POSITION BEGINNING JULY 1, 2013

We are seeking an outstanding leader for the position of Principal of Douglas Grafflin Elementary School. The successful candidate will lead an exceptionally talented student body and staff in a highly academic environment. We seek educational leaders who understand that a record of past success must not lead to complacency and are thus eager to work in a dynamic environment characterized by continual growth.

Candidates should possess the following qualifications:

- Coherent and comprehensive vision of an effective school
- Sophisticated understanding of curriculum and classroom instruction
- Ability to inspire and coach students and teachers to the achievement of excellence
- Demonstrated commitment to the emotional and social development of students
- Commitment to inclusionary practices and a belief that all children can learn
- Excellent administrative and communication skills
- Expertise in staff supervision and evaluation involving the APPR process
- A good sense of humor and the ability to work cooperatively with staff, students and parents
- Demonstrated technological abilities
- New York State Certification as SAS or SBL
- Record of successful experience as a teacher and administrator

Application deadline: March 1, 2013

Previous Applicants Need Not Apply

On-line application required: www.olasjobs.org/lhv

CHAPPAQUA C.S.D. • Search #104-4
No phone calls, please. AA/EOE • www.ccsd.wv

WESTPORT PUBLIC SCHOOLS Westport, Connecticut

One of America's most successful, high performing school districts is looking for an exceptional Business Administrator. The Westport Public Schools District, located in suburban Fairfield County, Connecticut is 45 minutes from New York City. While retaining its historic, small-town New England character, Westport is known regionally and nationally for its many community-based cultural and educational opportunities.

SCHOOL BUSINESS ADMINISTRATOR

(092 or 085 CT Certification Required)

Position Available July 1, 2013

Westport Public Schools is seeking an exceptional leader with prior school finance and facilities experience, preferably in a similar, high performing district, who has demonstrated the following skills and abilities:

- Comprehensive knowledge of all aspects of the school district's business operations, including budget development and management, accounting and reporting, risk management, pupil transportation, buildings and grounds maintenance, food service and purchasing and materials management;
- Comprehensive knowledge of local, state and federal statutes relating to public school districts;
- Effective communication skills and strategies;
- A collaborative approach to leadership with the ability to create a positive environment for students, staff, parents and the local community;
- Bachelor's Degree in Accounting, Finance or Business required - Master's Degree Preferred;
- Minimum of five (5) years' experience in a similar position.

CT certification required as School Business Administrator (085) or Intermediate Administrator (082). Competitive Salary Commensurate with Education and Experience

Online applications only at: www.westport.k12.ct.us/employment

Application deadline is March 11, 2013

Applicants should apply online with cover letter to Dr. Elliott Landon, Superintendent of Schools. Attach documents, transcripts and certificate to application. No phone calls or paper copies.

The Westport Public Schools are an Equal Opportunity Employer.

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL

Independent, college-preparatory day school for 690 girls, K-12, seeks:

For September, 2013:

English: 1 FT and 1 PT sabbatical replacement. MA in English Literature and experience teaching Middle School and American Literature preferred.

Physical Education:

- FT, K-12, PE Degree and 2 years experience required; includes coaching.
- 1 year sabbatical leave replacement, FT, K-12, PE Degree and 2 years experience required; includes coaching.
- PT, K-12, teaching only; PE Degree and 2 years experience required.

Lower School: Third Grade Head Teacher, FT, minimum 3 years head-teaching experience preferred; Master's Degree required.

Assistant Field Hockey Coach

Volleyball Coach

Winter '13-14: Assistant Gymnastics and Head Squash Coach

Please submit cover letter and résumé to: Registrar@brearley.org or by mail to Registrar, The Brearley School, 610 East 83rd Street, New York, NY 10028.

No phone calls please.

The Brearley School actively seeks diversity in its faculty and student body and encourages people of color to apply.

HORACE MANN SCHOOL

A leading independent day school seeks to fill the following positions for SEPTEMBER 1, 2013:

UPPER DIVISION

CHEMISTRY TEACHER

Science research and 3 yrs teaching experience required. Ability to teach physics a plus. Master's degree preferred.

LOWER DIVISION

ASSISTANT TEACHERS (Gr 1-3)

Bachelor's degree and experience required.

Please email resume and cover letter indicating the position of interest to: employment@horacemann.org

or Fax to: (718) 601-0498 • EOE

The Spence School

Full time positions to begin September 2013

• LOWER SCHOOL SPANISH TEACHER

• MIDDLE SCHOOL LEARNING SPECIALIST

• HISTORY DEPARTMENT HEAD

• MODERN & CLASSICAL LANGUAGES DEPARTMENT HEAD

Candidates from diverse backgrounds are especially encouraged to apply.

Please visit our website for details.

www.spenceschool.org • EOE

DRAFT ALEXANDER STILLE

The Body Under the Rug



Alexander Stille is the author, most recently, of the family memoir "The Force of Things: A Marriage in War and Peace," from which this essay is adapted.

The week I finished the manuscript of my family memoir, I had a terrible nightmare: a dead body turned up in my hotel room. "I didn't kill this person," I thought to myself, "but everyone will think I did." I went outside to clear my head and when I came back the body was gone. But dead bodies don't just disappear; as I was packing up to leave, I couldn't find my camera and, looking around, noticed a lump in the rug. Thinking the camera might have somehow ended up under the carpet, I lifted it to find a man's head, or rather the front third of a man's head, like a bloody mask. I put the rug down in horror. "Now, they are definitely going to think I killed this person," I thought, before waking up.

The face of the man under the rug was someone I barely knew, a friend of a friend. His presence seemed random until I remembered something: the man's wife was a writer who had written a novel based on his family. The man's father had committed suicide and then, not long after the book appeared, his mother committed suicide, too. My dream was clearly one of guilt and anxiety about writing a family memoir, guilt about pillaging the lives of the dead and anxiety about harming the living.

"It's all wrong, it's terrible. I want you to remove me from the book entirely!" she said. Interestingly, she was not upset by the things I had worried about. "That's all true," she said with a wave of her hand. She was upset by things I had considered relatively minor.

It wasn't true that her mother, Mumi, was ugly.

"I never wrote that she was ugly," I protested. "I said she was 'plain' and

The characters in a memoir inevitably feed on the blood of the living.

'matronly,' which was true."

"Everyone who knew Mumi agreed on one thing: she was a truly uncommon woman, she was exceptionally cultivated, kind and a real Signora."

"But I wrote all of that," I said.

"In your account of things, I do everything wrong. The only thing I did right was teach you Italian. I gave you the wrong Christmas presents and I didn't know how to knit. The little white jacket with a hood I knit for Lucy was perfect — perfect — and she wore it a lot!"

"According to you, I am some boring old woman, who talks on and on

reasonable and all of them comprehensible — cut to the heart of the whole enterprise of writing a family memoir. The writer is taking events that belong to several people, appropriating them for himself, and turning them into something that feels alien to those who have lived them. I was asking Lally to read about a piece of her own life placed in the context of my parents' lives and told in my voice instead of her own. Moreover, I had eliminated masses of detail and greatly foreshortened various characters' roles to focus on what was, for me, the main story: my parents and their marriage. It must have been like seeing someone else wearing your favorite coat: it would look recognizable, but totally different and totally wrong.

In short, I had not treated my aunt as a human being, as something infinitely complex and, in effect, unknowable. I had turned her into a character in a book. A book in which she wasn't even the protagonist.

ONE day, Aunt Lally turned up with a spiral notebook that contained a 30-page account of her life, neatly written in the third person so that it could be simply inserted into my book. It was, in effect, a counternarrative, written from her point of view.

One of my favorite passages is her description of a trip she took to Italy in 1950 for her employer, the pharmaceutical company Carlo Erba.

"When she arrived at the airport she was the last passenger of the 1st class and was walking towards the plane. Three attendants came to her, one carrying flowers, one a big box of chocolates, one with a telegram. She felt and looked like a movie star, elegant in a blue wool skirt, 3/4 top lined with gray astrakhan fur, the lapels were also gray astrakhan as well as the cuffs, and with this send off she boarded the plane. . . ."

After months of discussion, I wrote Aunt Lally a long letter listing what I felt I could and couldn't change in the book, and why. Afterward, she said quite simply. "As long as you write that before you knew me I had a successful career working for the Carlo Erba pharmaceutical company, you can leave in all the rest."

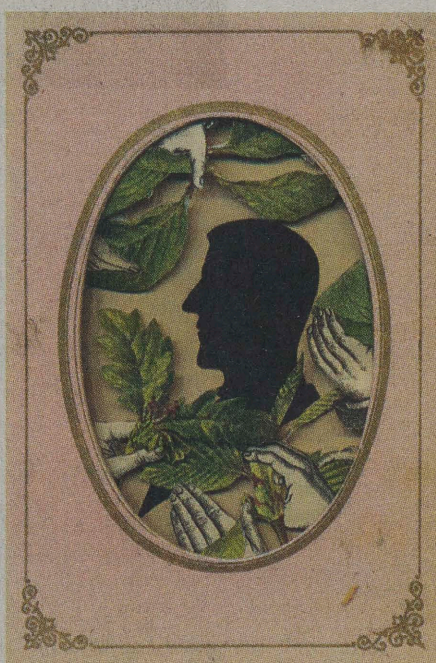
This was an extraordinarily gracious and magnanimous gesture. She had understood that this was my book, told from my point of view and that it didn't presume to be a complete record of her life. But I knew that she was never going to be happy with it.

Even when I tried to give her side of the story — as in this account, which, back when I first wrote it, she also hated! — it was nonetheless folded into a narrative of mine. I could not help plucking out her spirited defense of her dead dog, Ciao. And so she once again found herself a tragicomic character in my story. She died a few months later, alone in her apartment, with the same fierce independence with which she had lived.

Within this kind of work there is inherent conflict. The characters in a memoir are not real people, but inevitably feed on the blood of the living like vampires. And so it is entirely natural for those real people to defend their identities as if they were fighting for their lives.

I did kill the man under the rug.

This is an essay from Draft, a series on writing, at nytimes.com/opinionator.



NICOLE NATRI

After all, in writing about my parents, wasn't I something of a body snatcher? I hadn't killed them, it's true, but I was still, to some degree, trafficking among the dead. I felt I had treated my parents as fairly as I could, but would their friends and relatives feel the same?

My greatest concern was for my Aunt Lally, my father's sister, who was very much alive and could well be hurt. I was particularly worried about the sections in the book describing her compulsive hoarding and her apartment, which she hadn't let anyone see for some 20 years, and which was obviously a source of great shame. I decided that the best policy would be to give her a chance to comment on the manuscript before it was published. It took me seven months to get her to read it ("I'm afraid," she told my sister, Lucy), and then five months to calm her down.

about her silly dog. Ciao was not silly, she was extremely intelligent. One Christmas, I had gotten a panettone that I was going to give to a friend and had placed it on top of the refrigerator to keep it safe. Ciao managed to move a chair over to the refrigerator. Somehow managed to climb up on the chair and get the panettone. Replaced the chair and took the panettone over to another part of the apartment. I was angry at first when I saw the panettone gone, but when I saw the incredible intelligence with which she had gotten it. . . .

"It's not just the facts," she told me. "It's the spirit that's all wrong."

"The person you describe is not someone a person could love — only pity. And I don't want to be pitied by you or by anyone else! You don't really know me."

My aunt's objections and those of other family members — most of them

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SPORTS



COMING SUNDAY > TIMES COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW: THE NEW PAC-12

M's suddenly become bullies

M'S 9, INDIANS 2

Seattle pounds out 16 hits day after getting 17 to win road finale

BY LARRY STONE
Seattle Times staff reporter

CLEVELAND — Reliever Jamey Wright summed up the mindset of the new, offensively resurgent Mariners: "It's nice to beat up on someone for a change."

Or perhaps the optimal quote was provided by Felix

FRIDAY

White Sox @ M's,
7:10 p.m., ROOT Sports

Hernandez, beneficiary, for once, of copious run support: "Wow."

The team that for so long struggled, often unsuccessfully, to score runs is now awash in them. It might not last, but right now the Mariners are thoroughly enjoying the rare experience of being a well-tuned offense.

On Wednesday, they bashed 16 hits — after get-

Rookies on the road

The Mariners' rookies thrived as a group on this seven-game trip, combining for four more hits than the rest of the team.

	At-bats	Runs	Hits	RBI	Avg.
Kyle Seager	25	7	15	3	.600
Trayvon Robinson	22	3	8	3	.364
Dustin Ackley	30	4	9	3	.300
Casper Wells	20	3	4	2	.200
Mike Carp	30	1	5	3	.167
Rookies total	127	18	41	14	.323
Rest of team	135	20	37	19	.274

ting 17 in their previous game — and whipped the Indians, 9-2, at Progressive Field.

On the heels of their 12-7 win in the nightcap of Tuesday's doubleheader, it marked the first time they

scored 21 runs over consecutive games since Aug. 8-9, 2007.

Leading the way is rookie Kyle Seager, who departed on this seven-game trip with a .182 batting average and comes home hitting .313. That's what happens when you go 15 for 25 (.600), with seven runs, five doubles and two homers.

He was particularly torrid in Cleveland, capped by Wednesday's 4-for-4 game that included three doubles and a single, as well as a walk. In the four games

against the Indians, three were Mariners victories. Seager was 12 for 17 (.706), with a homer, five doubles, six runs and two runs batted.

"I don't know how you can have a better series than Seager did," shortstop Brendan Ryan said.

Even Dustin Ackley, who played youth ball with Seager and was his teammate at North Carolina, was amazed.

"I've seen him hot, but this streak, the past few days, is probably the best one I've seen from him," Ackley said.

See > MARINERS, C5



Retired UW football coach Don James stands in his office filled with memorabilia at his Kirkland home. James said he used to have much more material but has been clearing it out.

ONLINE CHAT WITH



DON JAMES

UW FOOTBALL | "The Dawgfather" talks about memorable games and memorable players during his tenure at Washington.

Don James, the legendary former Washington football coach, talked about the 1991 Huskies, his favorite game and Steve Sarkisian in an exclusive live chat with readers Wednesday.

Q: Coach, are there any personal favorite games of yours during your tenure at UW that us fans may not remember?

James: The one I remember most is the one that saved my job. I was in the third year of a four-year contract and we were 1-3 and went down and beat Oregon 54-0. Coach (Rich) Brooks thanked me afterward for calling off the dogs.

Q: Do you believe the Huskies will be poised to win or compete for a national championship in the next five to 10 years?

James: Well, I would hope it would

happen before that. I think they have done a remarkable job of recruiting and that is what it's all about, bringing in the players. It's all about the quarterbacks — that was the thing we had in my 18 years. We had really good quarterback play.

Q: Was there a recruit or two that got away that you really wish you could've gotten?

James: There was a pretty decent QB who played at Stanford and the Broncos named Elway. And Ronnie Lott. We recruited them hard.

Q: How do you like the direction that Coach Sark has taken with this team? What advice would

See > JAMES, C6

INSIDE Washington is developing depth on the defensive line > C5

Williams will keep pushing

A CONTINUING STORY | Receiver Mike Williams rebounded a year ago and will try to contribute this season after changes all around him on offense.

BY DANNY O'NEIL
Seattle Times staff reporter

RENTON — Don't call it a comeback, Mike Williams has been here a year.

The story line isn't nearly so simple for Williams' second season as a Seahawk. The question is no longer whether he can reclaim his football career, but how far he can take it.

He was the feel-good story of last season's Seahawks. The former first-round pick who had spent two seasons unemployed only to rebound from that abyss to a starting job, 65 catches and a three-year extension. It was a tidy little tale of perseverance and determination that de-

SATURDAY

Seahawks @ Denver,
6 p.m., Ch. 5

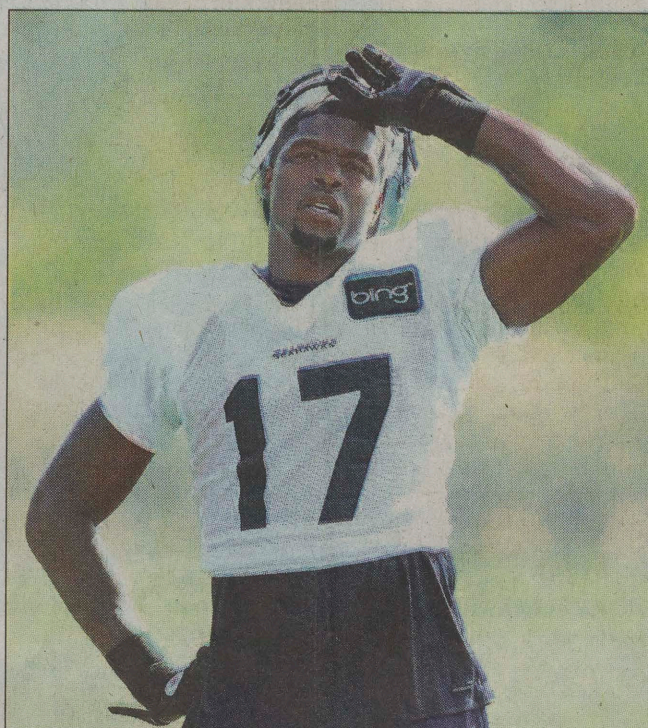
tailed the 30-some pounds he lost, mentioned his always impressive size at 6 feet 5 and praised his more professional approach to coaching. The result was a story that fit neatly into the traditional trilogy of an athlete's rise, precipitous fall and ultimate redemption.

Except the comeback wasn't the conclusion to Williams' story.

"It's just a start," Williams said. "Just a start. Two touchdowns is not that big of a deal. And that's just how I feel."

There were lots of statistics Williams could have recited. He caught 65 passes in 2010, 21 more than in his first three years after the Lions chose him 10th overall in the 2005 draft. He started 13

See > SEAHAWKS, C3



JOHN LOK / THE SEATTLE TIMES

Mike Williams took a self-deprecating look at his 2010 season: "If there's a getting-tackled-at-the-1 Pro Bowl, I definitely would have been first ballot for that."

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK HOME, IF JUST BRIEFLY

Jerry Brewer
Times staff columnist



SNO-QUALMIE— In walks a slice of home, smooth and simple like good Kentucky

bourbon. Kenny Perry extends his hands and lingers in his genteel drawl. All of a sudden, I was a Bluegrass boy again.

With one introduction, my advancing career — my entire 33-year-old life, even — returned to its roots. Sports journalism had finally provided the opportunity to meet a man who I had inadvertently shadowed since I was a teen.

This is a column about Perry, and I suppose, this is a column about me. But mostly, this is a column about home, about its agil-

FRIDAY-SUNDAY
Boeing Classic, TPC at Snoqualmie Ridge

ity and versatility and omnipresence. I've been thinking about home a lot lately, perhaps because Wednesday was the five-year anniversary of my arrival in Seattle. I'll always be a Kentucky kid, but I'm now proud to be a Seattle man. And sometimes, like on this beautiful day, the two intersect.

Perry is an accomplished 51-year-old golfer, one of the best who has never won a major. He's in the area this week to play in the Boeing Classic, which begins Friday at the TPC at Snoqualmie Ridge.

He's also from Franklin, Ky., about 35 minutes from

See > BREWER, C2

INSIDE Boeing Classic a must-stop on Champions Tour > C2

WEB EXTRA

What you'll find at seattletimes.com/sports

Cold Cash

The Storm's Swin Cash is in the middle of a shooting slump. Can the team overcome it to beat Tulsa on Thursday?
www.seattletimes.com/storm

TWEET OF THE DAY

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Wow. How can you tell your franchise has no player cornerstone? Having a bobblehead night for mascot. Here's to you @tulsashock's Volt #wnba

@JaydaEvans

Around Town

A look ahead for area teams

Seattle Mariners www.mariners.com (206-622-HITS)				
Friday Chi. W. Sox 7:10 p.m. ROOT	Saturday Chi. W. Sox 7:10 p.m. ROOT	Sunday Chi. W. Sox 1:10 p.m. ROOT	Monday L.A. Angels 7:10 p.m. ROOT	Tuesday L.A. Angels 7:10 p.m. ROOT
Seattle Seahawks www.seahawks.com (888-NFL-HAWK)				
Saturday @ Denver (Exhibition) 6 p.m., Ch. 5	Sept. 2 Oakland (Exhibition) 7:30 pm, Ch. 5	Sept. 11 @ San Fran. 1:15 p.m. Ch. 13	Sept. 18 @ Pittsburgh 10 a.m. Ch. 13	Sept. 25 Arizona 1:15 p.m. Ch. 13
UW football www.gohuskies.com (206-543-2200)				
Sept. 3 Eastern Wash. 4 p.m. ROOT	Sept. 10 Hawaii 12:30 p.m. ROOT	Sept. 17 @ Nebraska 12:30 p.m. Ch. 4 or ESPN	Sept. 24 California TBA	Oct. 1 @ Utah TBA
WSU football www.wsucougars.com (800-462-6847)				
Sept. 3 Idaho State 2 p.m.	Sept. 10 UNLV 2 p.m.	Sept. 17 @ San Diego State 3:30 p.m.	Oct. 1 @ Colorado TBA	Oct. 8 @ UCLA TBA
Seattle Sounders FC www.soundersfc.com (877-MLS-GOAL)				
Saturday Columbus 1 p.m. KONG	Tuesday FC Dallas^ 7 p.m.	Sept. 10 Real Salt Lake 1 p.m. Ch. 5	Sept. 14 @ Herediano (Costa Rica)* 7 p.m., TV: FSC	Sept. 17 DC United 6 p.m. KONG
Seattle Storm www.wnba.com/storm (206-217-WNBA)				
Thursday Tulsa 7 p.m.	Sunday Los Angeles 6 p.m. ESPN2	Tuesday @ Los Angeles 7:30 p.m. KONG	Sept. 2 @ Tulsa 5 p.m.	Sept. 3 @ S. Antonio 5 p.m. NBA TV
UW volleyball www.gohuskies.com (206-543-2200)				
Friday vs. Prairie View A&M^^ 5 p.m.	Saturday vs. UMBC^^ Noon	Saturday vs. Long Beach State^^ 7 p.m.	Sept. 2 vs. Portland State** 4 p.m.	Sept. 3 vs. Gonzaga** Noon

^ U.S. Open Cup at Starfire Stadium, Tukwila; * CONCACAF Champions League; ^^ Long Beach State Mizuno Invitational; ** Northwest Challenge at Spokane

Tacoma Rainiers | www.tacomarainiers.com (253-752-7707)
Thursday, 5:05 p.m., at Colorado Springs; Friday, 6:05 p.m., at Colorado Springs

Everett AquaSox | www.aquasox.com (425-258-3673)
Thursday, 7:05 p.m., Yakima; Friday, 7:05 p.m., Yakima

Emerald Downs | www.emerald downs.com (253-288-7000)
Thursday, 6 p.m.; Friday, 6 p.m.; Saturday, 2 p.m.; Sunday, 2 p.m.; Sept. 2, 2 p.m.

THURSDAY'S OTHER LOCAL EVENTS

Golf: Boeing Classic, Korean Air Pro-Am, at TPC Snoqualmie Ridge, 7:45 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.

WHL hockey: Seattle Thunderbirds rookie camp scrimmages, at ShoWare Center, Kent, 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

On the Air

Thursday		
NFL exhibition	TV	Radio
5 p.m. Washington at Baltimore	ESPN	
Pro baseball		
5:05 p.m. PCL, Tacoma at Colorado Springs		850
7:05 p.m. NWL, Yakima at Everett		1380
WNBA basketball		
7 p.m. Tulsa at Seattle		1090
Golf		
6:30 a.m. European Tour, Johnnie Walker Champ.	GOLF	
10 a.m. U.S. Amateur Championship	GOLF	
Noon PGA Tour, The Barclays	GOLF	
3:30 p.m.* LPGA Tour, Canadian Women's Open	GOLF	
Pro tennis		
10 a.m. ATP Winston-Salem Open	ESPN2	
Noon WTA New Haven Open	ESPN2	
9 p.m.* ATP Winston-Salem Open	ESPN2	
Little League baseball World Series		
1 p.m. Japan vs. Venezuela	ESPN	
5 p.m. Clinton Cnty, Pa. vs. Hntngtn Beach, Calif.	ESPN2	
Cycling		
7 a.m. Vuelta a Espana	US	
1 p.m. USA Pro Challenge	VERSUS	
Boxing		
11 p.m.* Lightweights, H. Serrano vs. J. Garcia	ROOT	

Friday		
NFL exhibition	TV	Radio
5 p.m. Green Bay at Indianapolis	7	
Pro baseball		
6:05 p.m. PCL, Tacoma at Colorado Springs		850
7:05 p.m. NWL, Yakima at Everett		1380
7:10 p.m. Chicago White Sox at Seattle	ROOT	710
Golf		
6:30 a.m. European Tour, Johnnie Walker Champ.	GOLF	
10 a.m. U.S. Amateur Championship	GOLF	
Noon PGA Tour, The Barclays	GOLF	
3:30 p.m. Champions Tour, Boeing Classic	GOLF	
9 p.m.* LPGA Tour, Canadian Women's Open	GOLF	
Auto racing		
5 a.m. F-1 Grand Prix of Belgium practice	SPEED	
6:30 a.m.* NASCAR Nationwide Bristol practice	SPEED	
9 a.m. NASCAR Sprint Bristol Night Race practice	SPEED	
11:30 a.m. NASCAR Sprint Bristol Night Race practice	SPEED	
12:30 p.m. NASCAR Nationwide Bristol qualifying	SPEED	
3 p.m. NASCAR Sprint Bristol Night Race qualify	SPEED	
4:30 p.m. NASCAR Nationwide Bristol 250	ESPN	
Pro tennis		
9 a.m. ATP Winston-Salem Open	ESPN2	
11 a.m. WTA New Haven Open	ESPN2	
4 p.m. WTA New Haven Open	ESPN2	
Cycling		
7 a.m. Vuelta a Espana	US	
1 p.m. USA Pro Challenge	VERSUS	
High-school football		
6 p.m. Armwood, Fla. at Bishop Gorman, Nev.	ESPN2	

* Delayed broadcast

TV channels/radio stations

US (KING2) is Universal Sports on Comcast Ch. 115 and DirecTV Ch. 625.

AM radio: ESPN (710), KHOO (850), KPTK (1090), KRKO (1380).

SPORTS POLL

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Which UW wideout will have the most TDs this season?

Jermaine Kearse	Kasen Williams	Devin Aguilar	Kevin Smith
70%	23%	4%	3%
Total: 1,193			

Boeing becomes a Tour favorite

BY SCOTT HANSON
The Seattle Times

SNOQUALMIE — From the Boeing jet flyover that opened the first Boeing Classic in 2005 to last year's return of hometown star Fred Couples, it has never been dull or ordinary at the Champions Tour event at the TPC at Snoqualmie Ridge.

Wild finishes? How about the seven-man playoff in 2007, the largest playoff in history on the Champions, PGA or Nationwide tours.

Great comebacks? Loren Roberts birdied the last two holes and shot a final-round 65 for a one-shot win over Mark O'Meara in 2009.

Great champions? Tom Kite has won twice, and fellow Hall of Famer Bernhard Langer won last year.

The Boeing Classic has become a staple of summer in the Northwest, despite its youth. The seventh annual event begins Friday, with a field of 80 looking to win the \$300,000 first prize.

Count Seattle native Couples among the biggest fans of the event, which last year won the Champions Tour Presidents Award, given to the Tour's best tournament. Couples, who became eligible for the Champions Tour in 2010, received a hero's welcome last year at the Boeing Classic.

Boeing Classic

Thursday: Korean Air Pro-Am, morning shotgun start at 7:45. Afternoon shotgun start at 1:30.

Friday: Champions Tour event begins at 11:30 a.m., preceded 10 minutes by a Boeing jet flyover.

Saturday-Sunday: Final two rounds, beginning at 10 a.m. each day.

Tickets: Weekly tickets \$60; tournament tickets (Friday-Sunday) \$40; daily tickets \$20.

Information:
boeingclassic.com

He treated the stacked galleries to a third-place finish behind Langer, who has also made this event a fixture in his schedule. Couples makes it no secret how much he craves winning here.

"The fans were great at the Boeing," Couples said last week before winning the Senior Players Championship. "Everyone I talk to (on the Champions Tour) tells me how much they enjoy playing there."

With the exception of Tom Watson, most of the top names in the Tour have played here the past few

years. One of those top names is Kite, who won in 2006 and in 2008, his last Champions Tour victory.

Roberts said Wednesday that being back at the course brings back good memories "Not only is it a beautiful place but especially for me the way I won," he said. "(Mark) O'Meara and I were both making birdies down the stretch and for me to birdie the last two holes to win without a playoff was magnificent. So, obviously, I'm going to have great memories."

For David Eger, who won the first Boeing Classic and was also part of the historic 2007 playoff that Denis Watson won, the tournament will always be special.

"It was brand new, but it was also my first win in two years and it was the first time my wife-to-be had seen me win," said Eger, who is ranked No. 12 this year in the Tour's point standings.

Eger suffered a broken right ankle and a torn ligament on the same ankle in June last year, but returned to play in the Boeing Classic even though he wasn't physically ready.

"I didn't have any strength in my calf, and I just couldn't do it," said Eger, who finished tied for 46th last year.

Michelle DeLancy replaced Chuck Nelson as

tournament director for the 2009 tournament, but has been working with the tournament since its inception.

"To go from not knowing anything when we started, to winning the Presidents Award six years later is pretty special," said DeLancy, who said the tournament has raised \$3.2 million for charity. "What I also like is doing something new each year, like the Military Day this year (on Sunday), which I am real excited about."

Perhaps the best tribute to the tournament is that even players who haven't played well keep coming back. Hall of Famer Ben Crenshaw has played every year, with his top finish a tie for 14th.

"We love the weather, the scenery, and Boeing is so nice to us," Crenshaw said.

"I am not kidding, it's one of our favorite tournaments. And Seattle's a wonderful town — it's a shame we don't play here more often in the Northwest. It's beautiful, and (designer) Jack Nicklaus did a very nice job on this golf course."

Friday's tee times > C7

WEB EXTRA

For more coverage of the Boeing Classic
seattletimes.com/sports

< Brewer

FROM C1

GOOD TO BE HOME

Perry helps bring Bluegrass boy back to his roots

where I was born. He spent his high-school years at Lone Oak High School in Paducah, where I spent the bulk of my adolescence. And he went to Western Kentucky University, which is also my alma mater.

In my first newspaper job, I was a 16-year-old agate clerk at The Paducah Sun, and one of my responsibilities was to make sure I remembered to put two names in bold in the fine print: Perry and Russ Cochran, another Paducah native who is competing here this week.

My first story for Western Kentucky's school paper, The College Heights Herald, was about Perry's near victory at the 1996 PGA Championship in Louisville. Perry lost in a playoff. The story's headline: "Kenny Perry's Blue Moon." It won an award.

I've followed Perry closely through the years, interviewed him on the phone a few times and even happened to be present for his 2007 induction into Western's Hall of Distinguished Alumni. But we hadn't met until Wednesday. It was a long wait, but the timing couldn't have been more exquisite.

What's the first thing you ask someone you've been hoping to meet in person for years? Well, uh, this: How's it going?

For whatever reason, Perry used the question to take me on his current mental journey. He's stuck between the PGA and Champions Tours. He's still good enough to compete with the young 'uns, but at 51, he's also making the transition to being a senior golfer. And this year, he's struggling to find his place. He's not playing up to his standard on either Tour.

"I feel like a juggler," Perry says. "I'm having trouble figuring out where I need to



Kenny Perry transitions to Champions Tour.

be."

He's too proud to be an insignificant tweener. Perry says something must change and soon. His honesty and vulnerability turns our interview into what I hoped it would be — a conversation between two Kentucky boys.

Perry says his competitiveness comes from his father, Ken, who is 87 now. Ken was a scratch golfer who abruptly quit playing in his 60s because he was no longer as competitive as he wanted to be. Ken used to play board games and card games with his son, and Ken would laugh — "unmercifully," Perry emphasizes — when young Kenny would cry or throw things at dad because he lost.

Perry was 10 when he told his dad that he just wanted to win one PGA Tour event. He has won 14, and he finished second in two majors (1996 PGA, 2009 Masters), losing in a playoff both times.

Back home, Perry is a Kentuckyan who made it, a success story from a tiny home-

town of about 8,000. Golf has taken him everywhere, but he still lives in Franklin, where he built his own golf course. Perry says that my cousin, NBA player Corey Brewer, visits Country Creek golf course often during the offseason.

"Home is everything," Perry says. "I told my wife today that I wish I was home."

I nod. But then I realize that, after this interview, I'll hop in my car, drive 30 minutes and actually be home. My new home. Home is everything. And home is everywhere.

"When I'm home, I'm just Kenny," Perry says. "You're not different than anybody else. I blend in. I let my hair down and relax."

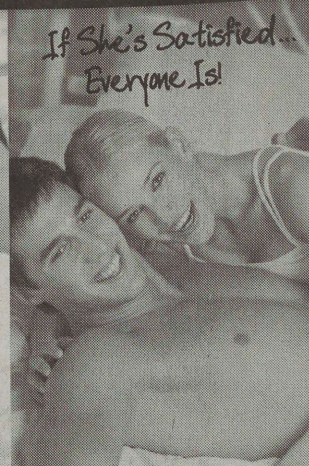
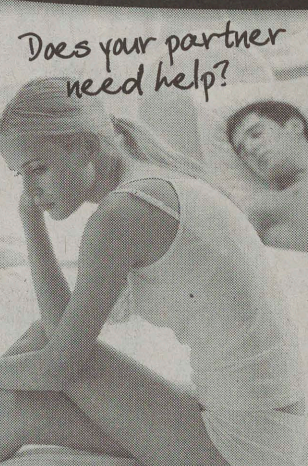
Out walks a slice of home, determined, zooming out of this much-anticipated intersection, hoping to make the best of the remainder of his career. It felt nice to be a Bluegrass boy again, to complete a circle, to catch up to a shadow. But, as always, adulthood beckons.

It's time to go home, for real.

Jerry Brewer: 206-464-2277 or jbrewer@seattletimes.com, Twitter: @Jerry_Brewer

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Dead Reckoning

Old homicide cops never die; they just shuffle off to the cold case department. That's where Michael Connelly's maverick, Harry Bosch, found himself after his ill-considered resignation from the Los Angeles Police Department. The same spirit of insubordination periodically lands a career detective like Jussi Adler-Olsen's Carl Morck in some dead-end division like Department Q. And in the honorable tradition of the watch commander known as the Oracle in Joseph Wambaugh's Hollywood Station procedurals, every veteran seems to feel duty-bound to take one last crack at an unsolved murder before he retires. Come to think of it, every active homicide assignment involving a longtime serial killer seems to lead to the cold case files.

Ian Rankin covers all these bases in **STANDING IN ANOTHER MAN'S GRAVE** (Reagan Arthur/Little, Brown, \$25.99). His incorruptible but moody hero, John Rebus, had second thoughts after retiring from the Edinburgh police force and has since made his way back as a civilian employee in the Serious Crime Review Unit. Rebus claims to find satisfaction working these old cases, "each one ready to take him on a trip back through time." But he doesn't come to life until the mother of a teenage girl who vanished on New Year's Eve in 1999 persuades him that her daughter's disappearance set the pattern for more recent missing persons cases, each occurring in the vicinity of the same major highway and all involving young women.

Always impressive at handling plot complications, Rankin adds another twist by making Rebus redundant, forcing this ex-cop to take unorthodox action in order to muscle his way into an active investigation. As an outsider, he can ignore protocol and consort with criminals, to the point of activating hostilities between two major underworld figures. But his seditious behavior hardly endears him to the detectives working the current kidnapping, and finally goads an enemy in the complaints department into waging a vendetta to keep him from rejoining the force. ("I know a cop gone bad when I see one.")

What's really at issue here isn't Rebus's maverick style but his

character. Abrasive, secretive and unable to make nice with his superiors, he's not a team player — never was, never will be. At the same time, he's uncomfortably aware that he's out of step with the new age. As a sad Scottish toast goes: "Here's tae us / Wha's like us? / Gey few — / And they're a' deid." But once in a while some dinosaur like Rebus manages to rise up to show us how to get the job done.



Every veteran cop seems to feel duty-bound to take a crack at an unsolved murder before he retires.

Maggie is one gorgeous girl, altogether worthy of playing a leading role in **SUSPECT** (Putnam, \$27.95), Robert Crais's heart-tugging novel about two wounded war veterans who nudge each other back to life after suffering a traumatic loss. Maggie is a 3-year-old German shepherd whose best friend was felled by a land mine in Afghanistan. Scott James, a young officer with the Los Angeles Police Department, went to pieces when he failed to save his partner's life in a street shootout. Scott and Maggie survive their battle wounds, but they're so debilitated by post-traumatic stress that neither is fit for duty — until they partner up in the Metro K-9 Unit.

Scott accepts Maggie for all the wrong reasons ("They do what you say, don't talk back, and it's only a dog") because he's desperate to return to the street so

he can go after the professional killers who shot his partner. And although Maggie was bred to guard and protect, she has a lot of tough Marine training to unlearn before she can become a nonviolent cop. Although Scott is a good guy who brings high-grade skills to his detective work, it's Maggie who holds us captive, enthralled by Crais's perceptive depiction of her amazing capacities. Maggie may be "only a dog," but she's the leader of her pack.

Tim Dorsey's nutty novels about a manic serial killer and his weed-smoking sidekick are fanciful, but they're not nonsensical. Accompanied by his habitually groggy friend Coleman in **THE RIPTIDE ULTRA-GLIDE** (Morrow, \$25.99), Serge A. Storms is still cruising the highways on his perpetual quest to cleanse Florida of ill-mannered evildoers and educate ignorant tourists on the colorful history of his state. Chance leads Serge to Pat and Barbara McDougall, a saintly couple from Wisconsin who have come to Fort Lauderdale to recover from the loss of their teaching jobs. These innocents attract predatory thieves who rob them blind, motivating Serge to devise elaborate punishments for the miscreants and allowing Dorsey to let loose with some inspired satirical rants.

Oliver Pötzsch comes from a long line of Bavarian public executioners, so it seems apt that he would write novels about the adventures of a 17th-century Bavarian hangman. **THE BEGGAR KING** (Mariner/Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, paper, \$18), the third book in a series, picks up the narrative in 1662, when Germany is struggling to recover from the Thirty Years' War. Pötzsch is a keen-eyed chronicler of this unsettled period, which he views through the eyes of Jakob Kuisl, a man "as strong as two oxen." On a visit to the city of Regensburg to see his ailing sister, Kuisl falls victim to an old enemy whose machinations lead to some rousing action. But the author's anachronistic language, as translated by Lee Chadeayne, can make your ears bleed. Urging someone to "have a nice day" in 17th-century Regensburg is a strong incentive to toss this book across the room. □

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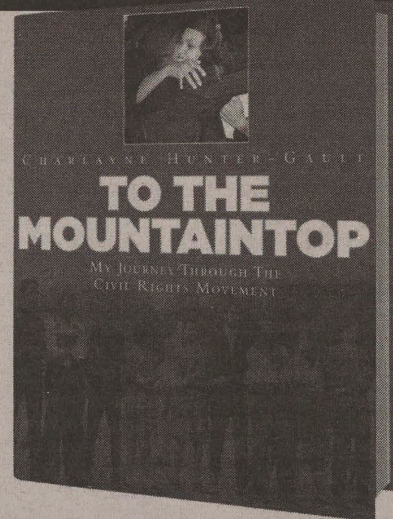
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TO THE MOUNTAINTOP

MY JOURNEY THROUGH
THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT



by Charlayne
Hunter-Gault

★ "Emotionally
engaging, eye-
opening, and
thoroughly
accessible."

— Publishers Weekly,
starred review

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LENIN'S KISSES

By Yan Lianke.
Translated by Carlos Rojas.
Grove, \$27.

"Liven was a village outside the world," the Chinese satirist Yan Lianke writes, depicting the remote rural setting of this epic jest of a novel. Liven's residents, a majority of whom are either blind, deaf, lame or anatomically unusual, dwell contentedly out of earshot of the roiling political upheavals beyond its borders. Their blissful status quo is disrupted by a puffed-up government functionary who blusters into town like Senator Phogbound into Dogpatch with a cockamamie plan to buy Lenin's publicly enshrined corpse from Russia and ensconce it as a local tourist attraction. Over the objections of Liven's earth mother, a former revolutionary, the bureaucrat coerces the villagers into forming a special-skills performance troupe to underwrite his folly. When they turn out to be a smash hit, the self-sufficient Liveners get their first taste of the agony and ecstasy of surplus income. Yan's postmodern cartoon of the Communist dream caving to run-amok capitalism is fiendishly clever, if overextended, in parodying the conventions of fables and historical scholarship. The ghost of another famous dead Russian, Nikolai Gogol, hovers over the proceedings in spirit, if not in economy of means.

THE SHADOW GIRLS

By Henning Mankell.
Translated by Ebba Segerberg.
New Press, \$26.95.

Mankell has made a career of juggling his political engagement with demands for another Inspector Wallander thriller, but he has little sympathy for his feckless alter ego, Jesper Humlin, the vainglorious middle-aged Swedish poet at the center of his latest novel, who meets three refugee women from Nigeria, Russia and Iran and makes it his mission to chronicle their sufferings. Humlin elicits terrible histories when he isn't fending off a publisher who's pressuring him to produce a crime novel, and a competitive circle of intimates who intend to beat him to the best-seller list. Bearing in mind the potential for sanctimony, perhaps, Mankell offsets the women's harrowing testimonies with a Neil Simon-like caricature of the beleaguered artist, as Humlin is assaulted from all sides — by his testy lover, his abusive doctor, his indifferent stockbroker and his overbearing mother, who does phone-sex gigs. The book comes alive whenever the immigrant women are given room to tell their stories, but their power is deflated by Mankell's boorish, navel-gazing Swedes.

Jan Stuart is the author of *"The Nashville Chronicles: The Making of Robert Altman's Masterpiece."*



PHOTOGRAPHERS

By Michael Pritchard and Tony Nourmand. 287 pp. Reel Art Press. \$75.

This celebration of 20th-century photography spotlights the artists behind the camera, presenting them in the wider contexts of celebrity culture and the relationship between photographer and subject. Above, the British fashion photographer John French and his Hasselblad, 1965.

THE ELEPHANT KEEPERS' CHILDREN

By Peter Hoeg.
Translated by Martin Aitken.
Other Press, \$27.95.

It can't be easy growing up exceptional in an unexceptional village on an island in Denmark, particularly if one's parents are high-rolling swindlers in pillar-of-community disguise. Three whip-smart siblings, Peter, Tilte and Hans, display an inherited talent for flimflammy when their dissembling mother and clergyman father (who display an unseemly fondness for Maseratis and mink coats) suspiciously drop from sight for the second time in two years. The ensuing cat-and-mouse pits these inexhaustibly resourceful teenagers against a flamboyant mob of inter-

ested parties, including a preening count who runs a rehab center, a punch-drunk sex worker with Greek-goddess pretensions and an imam with thespian leanings. The lunacy of a spiritually addicted culture motors this sober-hearted screwball comedy from the author of *"Smilla's Sense of Snow."* Your willingness to buy into his sideshow of madcap characters with goofy names like Leonora Ticklepalate and Bodil Hippopotamus may depend on your susceptibility to the hyperprecocious narration of young Peter. A fount of grandiloquent observations and windy circumlocutions, he conveys the cunning of a middle-aged novelist playing at being a perceptive 14-year-old, and the earnestness of a 14-year-old who seems doomed to a life of writing.

KIND ONE

By Laird Hunt.
Coffee House, paper, \$14.95.

This compact but reverberant 19th-century tale tracks a circle of hard-luck souls whose collective tears could fill a dry well. Just 14, an Indiana schoolgirl named Ginny marries her mother's second cousin Linus Lancaster, a Kentucky pig farmer whose surface charms conceal a monster of Simon Legree proportions. Utterly in her husband's thrall, Ginny gradually begins to ape his abusive treatment of his two slave girls, who, when he isn't raping them, are periodically chained in a rat-filled shed. Hunt passes the narration among the principal characters in woozily nonlinear fashion, lending a range of textures to this antebellum melodrama. The testimony of Linus, rendered years before personal tragedies turned him into a sociopath, suffuses his later crimes with a grace note of compassion. The impassive voice of Ginny, who has survived by dissociating herself from trauma, amplifies the horror buried underneath her matter-of-fact tone. When she describes the effect of a folk tale about a sorrowful woman going about her chores in the kitchen, her words could speak for Hunt's disquieting novel: "It follows you out the door to your work or your rest then jumps into your head and runs around inside it like a spider."

GOLDBERG VARIATIONS

By Susan Isaacs.
Scribner, \$26.

Gloria Garrison, née Goldberg, is the sort of matriarch who takes the passive out of passive-aggressive. (When her movie-business granddaughter goes on about her love for film, Gloria shuts her down with, "Personally, I read in my spare time.") It comes as little surprise, then, that when this pushing-80 termagant summons her three adult grandkids to offer them each a shot at inheriting her thriving beauty and fashion business in Santa Fe, they respond with something less than exhilaration. Privately, however, each one nurses second thoughts. Isaacs shrewdly appeals to our gaming impulses as the siblings position themselves for the succession. The contest, along with the family baggage that surfaces in the process, suggests a reality TV series that might have been cooked up by Wendy Wasserstein. Isaacs tends to overdo the career orientation of the grandchildren's observations (the Mets publicist grandson habitually makes reference to athletes, the Paramount script-editor granddaughter wantonly sprays movie analogies), but she resists the temptation to make them gratuitously theatrical. One might wish she had also resisted the sentimental pull of redemption. *"Goldberg Variations"* is always at its most engaging when its off-putting central character is at her least. □

Ray's Pizza, the First of Many, Nears Its Last Slice

From Page 1

heirs with various interests in the building at 27 Prince, which includes apartments and the two sides of Ray's: the pizzeria and an Italian restaurant, each with its separate entrance, but sharing a kitchen and the corporation name, Ray's of Prince Street. When the Ray in Ray's, one of the owners of the building, died in 2008, a row arose over whether the restaurant's lease was valid and whether it should pay rent. A lawsuit was filed in 2009 and settled this year.

Now Ray's Pizza is moving out amid a lot of head-shakes and shrugs and what-are-you-gonna-do Little Italy resignation.

You could say Ray's on Prince Street kept to itself, perfectly content with its place in the constellation where others burned brighter. Just a block away, tourists line up on the sidewalk for a seat in Lombardi's, waiting for a hostess wearing a microphone headset to call their names from loudspeakers. Wait for a pizza? This was not the Ray's way, where pies come whole or by the slice, hot from the oven, enjoyed without hurry in a humble booth beneath a hand-painted "Ray's Gourmet Pizza" board.

The closing of Ray's would seem to remove from the neighborhood any vestige of the late Ralph Cuomo, its first owner, who once loomed large.

Mr. Cuomo was called Raffie, a shortened version of his Italian first name, Raffaele, and so, in 1959, when he opened a pizzeria in a building he owned with his brother, he named it not Ralph's, but Ray's.

"Ralph's might have sounded, I don't know, maybe too feminine," Mr. Cuomo explained, perhaps inexplicably — a girl named Ralph? — to The New York Times in 1991. "Besides, nobody ever called me Ralph."

He could not have imagined the scene today, with dozens of various Ray's across the city and beyond. But in the first city phone books printed after he opened, in 1960, there are seven Ray's Luncheonettes, one Ray's Bar & Grill, one Ray's Food Shop and one — count 'em, one — Ray's Pizza, at 27 Prince.

In the 1960s, Mr. Cuomo briefly opened a second pizza shop, near East 59th Street, but he sold it, and that shop's new owner, Rosolino Mangano, kept the name Ray's. Other Ray's Pizzas popped up, and Mr. Mangano insisted his was first. "Everybody knows me as Ray," Mr. Mangano told The Times in 1991. "Nobody ever heard of Ralph Cuomo."

This is false. Many people had heard of Ralph Cuomo. For instance, the F.B.I., which knew him to be a member of the Luchese crime family who traf-

William K. Rashbaum contributed reporting.



VICTOR J. BLUE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Ray's Pizza, above, has been operating for 52 years. Below right, Ralph Cuomo, the founder, chose the name Ray's because Ralph sounded "maybe too feminine." More photos at nytimes.com/nyregion.



furniture, and she ends many sentences with "What else?"

What is the secret to making good pizza?

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You buy top-grade flour. You buy very good mozzarella." What else?

The tree limbs are still standing downstairs, eight of them, floor to ceiling. Whether they still support any weight is debatable. What else?

Mr. Cuomo spent some of his later years in prison, and died in 2008. "He was well liked by everybody," said a former manager at Ray's, Anthony Pena, 41. "He was a sport. He loved this business. He must be turning in his grave."

Family disputes aside, the sad fact is that the 2011 version of Little Italy with its five-figure commercial rents is not designed in the interests of mom-and-pop pizza parlors that people come there expecting to see. But Ms. Mistretta remains hopeful that something will come along in the weeks ahead. Ray's will remain open through the Feast of San Gennaro, which began on Thursday and ends Sept. 25. After that, who knows?

"Maybe Wahlberg or DiCaprio will come in," she said, chuckling and then serious. "Don't put this in the end. You never know."

Time will tell how long it takes for the fight to begin over who gets to call himself the Now Longest Standing Original Famous Ray's Pizza of New York.

ficked in heroin. Mr. Cuomo was arrested on charges of selling heroin in the 1960s and '70s, and was the subject of a Federal Bureau of Investigation inquiry in the '90s that involved an informant, Alphonse D'Arco, conducting mob business at Ray's.

"Approximately the beginning of September 1991, D'Arco observed Cuomo with a .357 magnum pistol in the basement of Ray's Pizzeria," according to an agent's report. But never mind the gun, the informant seems to add — get a load of this place: "In the basement, there are actual tree limbs holding up the beams of the building. These trunks have a polished finish to them."

Ms. Mistretta, the manager today, was Mr. Cuomo's cousin, and she waved off questions about the mob connections as ancient history. She prefers to remember Mr. Cuomo by the smiling pictures on the wall, of him at a daughter's baptism, or standing with his friend Burt Young from

the "Rocky" movies.

Martin Scorsese, a former neighbor, signed a picture, along with bygone regulars like Leonardo DiCaprio, who, after breaking out with "Titanic," once stood patiently while Mr. Cuomo called Ms. Mistretta's granddaughter, who was around 10 and a breathless fan, and took the phone to say hello. Mark Wahlberg is well remembered among the Ray's staff for his regular visits, with two bodyguards, for his usual order: chicken Parmesan.

Ms. Mistretta was more or less thrust into the pizza business in her 50s, when Mr. Cuomo began to suffer from what would be a series of debilitating health problems. "This is what he did," she said, sweeping her hand across the restaurant last week. "I'm following in his instep."

She is busy now with the seemingly mutually exclusive tasks of looking for space for a new restaurant and for someone to buy all her kitchen equipment and



KIKE CALVO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

36 HOURS IN QUITO In the old town of Quito, Ecuador, a Unesco World Heritage site, colonial churches and newly restored mansions line cobblestone streets. TRAVEL PAGE 4

QUOTATION OF THE DAY

“There’s a prevailing philosophy that certain people can never function in the community. I just don’t think that’s true.”

KATE STANTON-PAULE, coordinator of a “transition to adulthood” program in Montclair, N.J., speaking about students with autism. [A1]

OP-ED

Nicholas D. Kristof

The famine in the Horn of Africa, as seen from the world’s largest refugee camp, is a kaleidoscope of suffering. But there are also glimpses of hope.

SUNDAY REVIEW, PAGE 13

Thomas L. Friedman

Incompetent government along with the crumbling of pillars of Israel’s security have put Israel in a very dangerous situation.

SUNDAY REVIEW, PAGE 13

MAGAZINE

Evaluating Character On a Report Card

Believing that children’s success may depend on learning how to deal with failure, teachers at Riverdale Country School have begun evaluating character. PAGE 38

Extreme Schooling

What happens when you put three American children in a classroom 5,000 miles from home where they can’t speak the language? PAGE 52

BOOK REVIEW

Unexpected Tenderness And Nuanced Tragedies

Leah Hager Cohen drives home our ability to attach to something small and doomed simply because it exists in her novel “The Grief of Others.” PAGE 1

The Inventor of Tomorrow

David Lodge’s novel “A Man of Parts” is based on the life of H.G. Wells, the writer with prophetic ideas. PAGE 17

EDITORIAL

Leadership Crisis Can Be Solved

Americans don’t know how much they agree with President Obama. It is up to him to show them. SUNDAY REVIEW, PAGE 12

Perry’s Vaccine Tribulations

Gov. Rick Perry made the right public health choice when he issued an executive order to vaccinate young girls against strains of HPV. SUNDAY REVIEW, PAGE 12

ONLINE

VIDEO Twenty years ago, Nirvana’s “Nevermind” album introduced the world to the Seattle sound of grunge. Now a new exhibit and documentary are celebrating the antiestablishment music. www.nytimes.com/video

Crossword MAGAZINE, 88
Obituaries PAGE 24-25
Weather PAGE 19

Corrections

FRONT PAGE

Because of an editing error, an article on Saturday about plans by the Palestinian president, Mahmoud Abbas, to seek membership for a state of Palestine from the United Nations Security Council this week misstated a circumstance under which Israel says it would favor creating a Palestinian state. While Israel officially accepts the idea of such a state, it wants to leave nearly all of the settlers — not borders — where they are.

Because of an editing error, an article last Sunday about the effects of Israel’s crises with Egypt, Turkey and the Palestinians misstated the nationalities of the dead in the May 30, 2010, confrontation between Israeli naval commandos and a Gaza-bound flotilla from Turkey that had been seeking to break Israel’s blockade of Gaza. They included eight Turkish citizens and one American of Turkish descent.

NATIONAL

An article last Sunday about relics of an Indian tribe found in Montana misstated the name of the university where the tribe’s archaeologist works as a professor of anthropology. It is Little Big Horn College, not Bighorn Community College.

NEW YORK

An article last Sunday about a recording studio in Brooklyn that was opened by Converse, which invited musicians to use it for free, misstated the name of the marketing company that runs the studio. It is Cornerstone Promotion, not Cornerstone Promotions. The article also referred imprecisely to the relationship between Cornerstone and the lifestyle magazine Fader. While Cornerstone and Fader have the same top executives and operate from the same address, Fader Inc. is publisher of the magazine, not Cornerstone.

histories of the Sept. 11 attacks misstated President George W. Bush’s whereabouts at 8:50 a.m. when he was told that a plane had hit the north tower of the World Trade Center. He was about to enter Booker Elementary School in Sarasota, Fla., to visit a second-grade class; he was not reading to the students at that time. (At 9:05 a.m., he was listening to the students read when he was told that the south tower had been hit by a plane.)

MAGAZINE

The Riff column on Page 72 this weekend, about nonprolific novelists, misstates the year that David Foster Wallace died. It was 2008, not 2010.

Because of an editing error, an article on Page 48 this weekend about the different educational experiences of a variety of writers misstates the surname of the second-grade teacher of one writer, David Leonhardt. She is Ms.

ARTS & LEISURE

An article on Page 57 this weekend about the singer-songwriter Feist omits the first paragraph and part of the second in some editions. The passage should read:

Leslie Feist, the songwriter who records as Feist, led a visitor up a winding trail to a hilltop with expansive views of treetops and a reservoir. Bounding ahead were her two mongrel dogs: the white Sasha, described by her owner as “hyperemotional, sometimes gets depressed,” and the black Bentley, who’s “just out for a good time.” Feist added, “They’re both like me.”

Along the path Feist mentioned lyrics — from her new album, “Metals” (Cherrytree/Interscope) — inspired by the view. “River dam, lake fills up the land,” she recited. “Climb up to the lookout.” She laughed. “I can’t believe I’m doing the cheesy self-quoting thing.”

The complete article can be

Highlights and Taillights of the 1950s Slang Page

950

A-Z slang

Actor	Show-off_____
Agitate the Gravel	To leave (hot-rodders)
Ankle-biter	A child
Ape	Used with go - to explode or be really mad
→ Are you writing a book?	You're asking too many questions
Baby	Cute girl, term of address for either sex
Back seat bingo	Necking in a car
→ Bad news	Depressing person
Bash	Great party
Bent eight	a V-8 engine (hot-rodders)
Big Daddy	An older person
Big tickle	Really funny
Bit	An act
→ Blast	A good time
Blow off	To defeat in a race (hot-rodders)
Bobbed	Shortened
Ⓟ Boss	Great
Bread	Money
→ Bug	"You bug me" - to bother
Burn rubber	To accelerate hard and fast (hot-rodders)
Cast an eyeball	To look
Cat	A hip person (Beats)
Chariot	Car (Beats)
Cherry	Originally, an unaltered car. Later, anything attractive (hot-rodders, originally)
Chrome-plated	Dressed up (hot-rodders, originally)
Circled	Married
Classy chassis	Great body
Cloud 9	Really happy
Clutched	Rejected

	Clyde	Term of address, usually for a normal person (Beats)
	Cook, cookin'	Doing it well
	Cool	Indefinable quality that makes something or someone extraordinary
	Cool it	Relax, settle down
	Cooties	Imaginary infestations of the truly un-cool
	Cranked	Excited (Beats)
→	Crazy	"Like crazy, man" Implies an especially good thing
	Cream	Originally, to dent a car. Later, to badly damage (hot-rodders, originally)
	Cruisin' for a bruise	Looking for trouble
	Cube	A normal person
	Cut the gas	Be quiet!
	Cut out	Leave
	Daddy-O	Term of address (Beats)
→	D.D.T. (Drop Dead Twice)	Response: What, and look like you?
	Deuce	A 1932 Ford (hot-rodders)
→	Dibs	A claim - as in "got dibs" on that seat
→	Dig	To understand; to approve
	Dolly	Cute girl
	Don't have a cow	Don't get so excited
	Drag	(hot-rodders) A short car race; (Beats) A bore
	Duck Butt or D.A.	Hairstyle of greasers where hair in back is combed to the middle, then with end of comb, make a middle part.
→	Earthbound	Reliable
	Epistle	Letter
	Eye-ball	Look around
	Fake Out	A bad date
	Fast	Someone who was sexually active
	Fat City	A great thing or place; Happy
	Fire Up	Start your engine (hot-rodders)
	Flat out	Fast as you can
	Flat-top	Men's hairstyle. A crewcut which is flat across the top
→	Flick	A movie
→	Flip	To get very excited
	Flip-top	A convertible car
	Floor it	Push the accelerator to the floor (hot-rodders)
→	Fracture	To amuse
	Fream	Someone who doesn't fit in

Frosted	Angry
Cat	A hip person (Beats)
Chariot	Car (Beats)
Cherry	Originally, an unaltered car. Later, anything attractive (hot-rodders, originally)
Chrome-plated	Dressed up (hot-rodders, originally)
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Clyde	Term of address, usually for a normal person (Beats)
Cook, cookin'	Doing it well
Cool	Indefinable quality that makes something or someone extraordinary
Cool it	Relax, settle down
Cooties	Imaginary infestations of the truly un-cool
Cranked	Excited (Beats)
Crazy	"Like crazy, man" Implies an especially good thing
Cream	Originally, to dent a car. Later, to badly damage (hot-rodders, originally)
Cruisin' for a bruisin'	Looking for trouble
Cube	A normal person
Cut the gas	Be quiet!
Cut out	Leave
Daddy-O	Term of address (Beats)
D.D.T. (Drop Dead Twice)	Response: What, and look like you?
Deuce	A 1932 Ford (hot-rodders)
Dibs	A claim - as in "got dibs" on that seat
Dig	To understand; to approve
Dolly	Cute girl
Don't have a cow	Don't get so excited
Drag	(hot-rodders) A short car race; (Beats) A bore
Duck Butt or D.A.	Hairstyle of greasers where hair in back is combed to the middle, then with end of comb, make a middle part.
Earthbound	Reliable
Epistle	Letter
Eyeball	Look around
Fake Out	A bad date
Fast	Someone who was sexually active

Fat City	A great thing or place; Happy
Fire Up	Start your engine (hot-rodders)
Flat out	Fast as you can
Flat-top	Men's hairstyle. A crewcut which is flat across the top
Flick	A movie
Flip	To get very excited
Flip-top	A convertible car
Floor it	Push the accelerator to the floor (hot-rodders)
Fracture	To amuse
Fream	Someone who doesn't fit in
Frosted	Angry
→ Get with it	Understand
Gig	Work, job (Beats)
→ Go ape	Get very excited
Go for pinks	A drag race where the stakes are the car's pink slip (hot-rodders)
Goof	Someone who makes mistakes
Goopy	Messy
Goose it	Accelerate the car fully (hot-rodders)
Greaser	A guy with tons of grease in his hair, which later came to describe an entire group of people. Yes, John Travolta in Grease.
? Grody	Sloppy, messy or dirty
Hang	As in "hang out" which means to do very little
Haul ass	Drive very fast (hot-rodders)
Heat	Police (Beats)
Hep	With it, cool. Someone who knows the situation.
Hip	Someone who is cool, in the know. Very good.
Hipster	Same as above
Hopped up	A car modified for speed (hot-rodders)
Horn	Telephone
Hottie	A very fast car (hot-rodders)
Illuminations	Good ideas, thoughts
→ In orbit	In the know
→ Ivy Leaguer	Pants style. Also any person who attended an Ivy League college
Jacked Up	Car with raised rear end. (hot-rodders)
Jacketed	Going steady
Jelly Roll	Men's hair combed up and forward on both sides, brought together in the middle of the forehead.
Jets	Smarts, brains
→ Kick	A fun or good thing; Also, a fad

	Kill	To really impress
	Knuckle sandwich	A fist in the face
	Kookie	Nuts, in the nicest possible way
	Later, also later, gator	Goodbye. See ya later, alligator. Response: after while crocodile.
	Lay a patch	To accelerate so rapidly that you leave a patch of rubber on the road.
	Lay on	To give (Beats)
	Lighter	A crew cut
	Like crazy; like wow	Really good, better than cool
	Machine	A car (hot-rodders)
→	Made in the shade	Success guaranteed
	Make out	A kissing session
	Make the scene	To attend an event or activity
	Meanwhile, back at the ranch	From TV Westerns. Usually used to get a storyteller back on track.
→	Mirror warmer	A piece of pastel fabric (often cashmere) tied around the rear view mirror. A 50s version of the Medieval wearing your lady's colors.
	Nest	A hair-do
	Nod	Drift off to sleep
→	Nosebleed	As in hey, nosebleed - hey, stupid. Not a compliment!
→	No sweat	No problem
→	Nowhere	Opposite of cool. Nowheresville was a boring, bad place to be. (Beats)
	Nuggets	Loose change
	Odd ball	Someone a bit off the norm
	Off the line	Start of a drag race (hot-rodders)
→	On the stick	Pulled together. Bright, prepared...
	Pad	Home
	Paper shaker	Cheerleader or Pom Pom girl
→	Party pooper	No fun at all
	Passion Pit	Drive-in movie theatre
	Peepers	Glasses
	Pile up Z's	Get some sleep
	Pooper	No fun at all
	Pop the Clutch	Release the clutch pedal quickly so as to get a fast start
	Pound	Beat up
	Punch it	Step on the gas (hot-rodders)
	Put down	To say bad things about someone
	Radioactive	Very popular
	Rag Top	A convertible car
	Rap	To tattle on someone (Beats)

→	Rattle your cage	Get upset
	Raunchy	Messy or gross in some other way
	Razz my berries	Excite or impress me
→	Real gone	Very much in love. Also unstable. Hmm, there's a difference?
	Reds	The Communists
	Righto	Okay
	Rock	A diamond
	Rocket	A car (hot-rodders)
	Rod	A car (hot-rodders)
→	Royal shaft	Badly or unfairly treated
	Scream	Go fast
	Screamer	A hot rod
→	Shoot low, they're riding Shetlands	Be careful
	Shot down	Failed
	Shuck, shuckster	A deceiver, liar or cheat
	Sides	Vinyl records
	Sing	To tatttle or inform on someone (Beats)
	Sounds	Music
	Souped up	A car modified to go fast
	Spaz	Someone who is uncoordinated. A clutz.
→	Split	Leave
	Square	A regular, normal person. A conformist.
	Stacked	A woman with large er, ah...you know, well endowed.
	Stack up	To wreck a car (hotrodder)
	Submarine races	While waiting for the submarines to race, which might take quite awhile :>) couples found creative ways of killing the time.
	Subterranean	A hipster. Used by both Ginsberg and Kerouac. (Beats)
	Tank	A large sedan (usually driven by parents)
	Tear ass	Drive (or go) very fast
→	That's close	Something wrong or not true
→	Think Fast	Usually said right before someone threw something at you
	Threads	Clothes
	Tight	Good friends
	Total	To completely destroy, most often in reference to a car
→	Unreal	Exceptional
	Wail	Go fast
	Wazoo	Your rear end
→	Weed	A cigarette

→ Wet rag	Someone who's just no fun
Word from the bird	
→ What's buzzin, cuzzin	What's new?
What's you tale, nightingale	

READABILITY

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WikiAnswers - What are some slang words from the 1950's

1950s Slang Words

- actor - show-off
- baby - term of endearment
- cool - impressive or popular
- bash - party
- blast - a good time
- square - someone who is not fashionable or "with it"
- boss - great
- cat - a hip person
- • cool it - relax
- Clyde, Daddy-O - terms of address for a guy
- dig - to understand
- drag - either a short race or a boring situation
- flick - a movie
- flip - to freak out
- greaser - someone who uses a lot of hair grease
- jets - brains, intelligence
- like wow, or like crazy - better than cool!
- make-out - a kissing/petting session
- nerd - same as modern meaning
- no sweat - no problem
- -ville added to a slang term - Nowheresville, Squaresville, etc - used to describe a place in slang terms
- pad - home
- peepers - glasses
- pooper or party pooper - no fun at all
- put down - to insult
- rap - to tattle on someone
- real gone - either unstable or very much in love
- righto - OK
- shot down - failed
- sounds - music
- spaz - someone who is uncoordinated
- split - leave
- threads - clothes
- tight - good friends
- weed - a cigarette
- wet rag - someone who is a bore

1950's slang expressions - Cave News

Another look back to the 1950's

Slang expressions from the 1950's - many are still in use today:

actor - show-off
big daddy - older person
blast - good time
bread - money
cat - hip person
cloud 9 - really happy
Clyde - term of address for any normal male
→ cookin' - doing very well
cool it - relax
cranked - excited
cream - badly damage
cut out - leave
dig - understand
dolly - real cute young girl
don't have a cow - don't get excited
flat out - fast as you can
flat-top - men's hairstyle (flat on top crewcut)
flick - movie
fracture - to amuse
frosted - angry
going ape - getting really excited
hang out - do very little
heat - police
hip - cool, in the know
horn - telephone
kick - a fun thing, or a good thing
knuckle sandwich - fist in the face
kookie - nuts (in a nice way)
→ made in the shade - guaranteed success
make the scene - to attend
nerd - dorky person with brains
→ no sweat - no problem
odd ball - someone a little out of sync
→ on the stick - smart, prepared
pad - home
party pooper - no fun at all
→ rattle your cage - get you upset
shot down - failed
sing - tattle or inform on someone

split - leave
stacked - female with well proportioned figure
stack up - wreck a vehicle
threads - clothes
tight - close friends
total - completely destroy
unreal - exceptional

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Cave News

A potpourri of interesting current events, new products, humor and just plain fun, so pull up a chair and stay a while.

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August 30, 2005

1950's slang expressions

Another look back to the 1950's

Slang expressions from the 1950's - many are still in use today:

actor - show-off

big daddy - older person

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flat-top - men's hairstyle (flat on top crewcut)

flick - movie

fracture - to amuse

→ frosted - angry

→ going ape - getting really excited

hang out - do very little

heat - police

hip - cool, in the know

horn - telephone

kick - a fun thing, or a good thing

knuckle sandwich - fist in the face

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→ party pooper - no fun at all

rattle your cage - get you upset

shot down - failed

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split - leave

stacked - female with well proportioned figure

stack up - wreck a vehicle

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unreal - exceptional

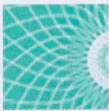
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Comments



Are these british slang ? or american need it for hwk xxxx

Posted by: Leydia | [September 11, 2009 at 11:25 AM](#)



could you put some more in about clothes i need it for a project :)

Posted by: goofey | [April 17, 2009 at 10:47 AM](#)



backseatbingo is so funny i love to do that with out are parents knowing

Posted by: austin lover | [March 25, 2009 at 10:42 AM](#)



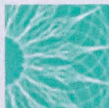
i love all the words they used to use it is so funny what they say some times.*!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!big daddy

Posted by: katie smith | [March 25, 2009 at 10:39 AM](#)



i love this slang

Posted by: katie smith | [March 25, 2009 at 10:38 AM](#)



this is an amazing website. ha you are the pistol to my holster. please razz my berries! :]

Posted by: charlotte :] | [February 20, 2008 at 12:39 PM](#)



THE WHYVILLE TIMES

www.whyville.net

Jan 15, 2007

Weekly Issue



MarMonroe
Guest Writer



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50's Slang

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Have you ever heard your grandparents say something and you had no clue what they were talking about? Well this is a guide to 50's slang. I should probably tell you what slang is in case some of you don't know. Slang are words you use every day, words your parents might not know. Some slang words that I personally like are "rad", "cool", "yo" etc. Every era in time has different slang terms. These are a few people in the 1950's used.

Agitate the gravel - to leave , or exit

Ankle-biter - a child or extremely small person

Ape - to explode from anger

Bash - great party

Bobbed - shortened

Cat - a "hip" person

Circled - married

Cooties - imaginary infestations of the truly "un-cool"

Cream - badly damage

Cut the gas - Be quiet!

Dolly - cute girl

Dig - to approve

→ Duck Butt or D.A. - Hairstyle of greasers where hair in back is combed to the middle

Fake out - a bad date

Fat City - a great thing or place; Happy

Fream - someone who doesn't fit in

Greaser - a guy with tons of grease in his hair, which later came to describe an entire group of people. (yes, John Travolta in Grease.)

Heat - police

Horn - telephone

Jacketed - going steady, dating

Kookie - nuts, in the nicest possible way

Lighter - a crew cut

Make the scene - to attend an event or activity

Nosebleed - an insult

Paper shaker - cheerleader

Pile up Z's - get some sleep

Well as you have probably noticed this is some cheesy stuff, stuff your parents or grandparents say to embarrass you. That's all for now I have to go " catch some z's "

MarMonroe

Packaged and Likely: A Brief Lexicon Of the Police

By AL BAKER

The bulletin broadcast at 1:43 p.m. on Feb. 17 was spare:

NY | BROOKLYN | *INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT* | 63 FLUSHING AVE [BROOKLYN NAVY YARD] | BC-35 REPORTING AN INJURED WORKER WHO HAS BEEN PACKAGED | (C) BNN | NEWSDESK/NYC712

BNN, as anyone in the local news game knows, stands for Breaking News Network, an outfit of scanner-heads based in Fort Lee, N.J., who listen to radio frequencies used by police officers, firefighters and paramedics and then transmit news to journalists.

But what on earth does “packaged” mean? Was the worker trapped in some type of packaging machine, smashed into a cube and tied up with string? (Now that would be a story.)

Not exactly. So perhaps this is a chance to translate police jargon. What follows is a modest glossary of responders’ (that means police officers, firefighters and paramedics) terms to help anyone wishing to understand New York City’s latest calamities.

“**Packaged** is terminology for preparing a victim for transport,” said James Long, a spokesman for the Fire Department. “Stabilize him, on a backboard or Stokes basket, or on a gurney, depending on his injuries, and ready for transport to a hospital. It means he has been secured. If it was a fall, he has been removed from the location. It is the evaluating, the treating and the preparing of the injured for transport.”

One under: A person has been placed under arrest — not run over by a train.

Rush a bus: Hurry an ambulance to the location. This usually refers to situations in which

City Room

News and conversation from the five boroughs:

nytimes.com/cityroom



someone has a serious injury or is “likely.”

Likely: Likely to die.

Perp: Perpetrator or suspect. (Officers have less savory words for suspects as well.)

Collar or collar up: What officers say to indicate that they will take someone into custody or arrest that person. Sometimes it implies that overtime is involved.

Jumper down: Someone jumping from a bridge or building, apparently in a suicide attempt.

In the bag: Someone is outfitted in the blue uniform that an officer wears.

EDP: Emotionally disturbed person. (In less sensitive times, officers just called them “psychos.”)

Flaking: When police officers falsely attribute evidence to suspects, with the goal of arresting them.

Cooping: Officers sleeping while on duty, sometimes in a patrol car in some out-of-the-way spot.

Emergency responders can get even briefer in their radio codes, though a lot of agencies around the nation are moving away from the so-called Ten Codes.

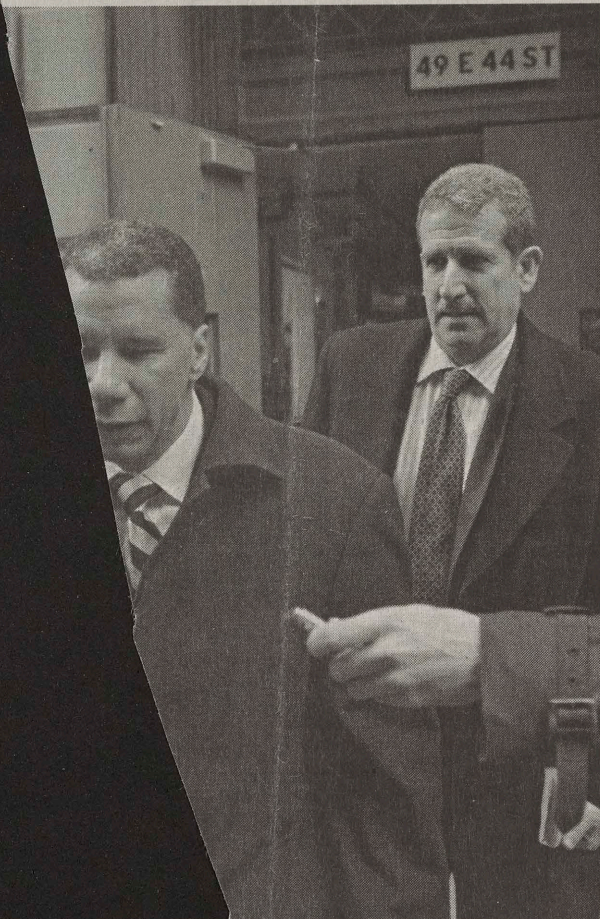
10-4: Acknowledgment of previous transmission.

10-5: Repeat your last message.

10-13: Officer in trouble.

10-63: Mealtime.

10-83: A patient pronounced dead on arrival.



OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES

ould still be governor on Friday.

ing Integrity

front: the state’s Public Integrity Commission has asked Mr. to decide whether criminal charges should be brought against the governor for lying without his solicitation of to a World Series at the Stadium last Oc-

the murkiness aspects of Mr. in the do- he asser- that he ult on et it e

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MARTIN GOTTLIEB, Editor, Global Editions

A.I.G., Greece, and Who's Next?

As Greece has tottered on the brink of fiscal chaos, threatening to drag much of Europe down with it, Wall Street's role in the fiasco has drawn well-deserved scorn.

First came the news that Greece had entered into derivatives transactions with Goldman Sachs and other banks to hide its public debt. Then came reports that some of those same banks and various hedge funds were using credit default swaps — the type of derivative that kneecapped the American International Group — to bet on the likelihood of a Greek default and using derivatives to wager on a drop in the euro.

European leaders have called for an inquiry into the Greek crisis. Ben Bernanke, the Federal Reserve chairman, has told Congress that the Fed is "looking into" Wall Street's deals with Greece, and the Justice Department is investigating the euro bets. That is better than turning a blind eye, but it is not nearly enough.

The bigger problem is in America, where markets are supposed to be fair and transparent. These particular — and particularly complicated — instruments are traded privately among banks, their clients and other investors with virtually no regulation or oversight.

The Obama administration and Congress have been talking for a year about fixing the derivatives market. Big banks have been lobbying to block change. And the longer it takes, the weaker the proposed new rules become.

Here are some of the problems that must be fixed:

NO TRANSPARENCY Derivatives are supposed to reduce and spread risk. In a credit default swap, for instance, a bond investor pays a fee to a counterparty, usually a bank, that

Both the administration and the House would exclude from exchange trading the estimated \$500 billion market in foreign exchange swaps — similar derivatives Greece used to hide its debt. The rationale for the exclusion never has been clearly explained.

The Treasury proposal and House bill also would exclude transactions that occur between banks and many of their corporate clients from the exchange trading requirement, ostensibly because those transactions are for minimizing business risks, not for speculation or window-dressing the books. That's dubious logic. If true, other derivatives users would be able to find ways to exploit such a broad exemption.

What is clear about the exemption is that they would help to preserve banks' profits and that they would defeat the goal of reducing risk, increase transparency and

LIMITED POWER TO STOP

out a draft of new rules in Congress. It gives regulators the power to ban a derivative if it is not necessarily fraudulent or abusive to the system. Derivatives can generate huge profits if a company, for example, might try to manipulate the market. Regulators should be able to ban them, however, the House bill says. Regulators also should be able to punish abuses and

NO

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5. Times June 3 '11 'Global weirding' messes with Texas farmers

BY JULIE CART
Los Angeles Times

LAMESA, Texas — The wind in West Texas is famously powerful and incessant. But more big blows than anyone can remember have roared through this year, stripping away precious topsoil and carrying off another season of hope for farmers and ranchers.

Everywhere, it seems, the land is on the move: sand building up in corners of the just-swept front porch and coating clean laundry on the line, dust up your nose and in crevices of farm machinery. Drive along unpaved county roads and the farmers' plight becomes clear: Wind rakes the surface, scouring sand into adjacent fields, sweeping into deeply tilled furrows.

These clogged fields are said to be "blown out," and some belong to Matt Farmer. He grows cotton and peanuts, or would like to, but the sand, he says, keeps "ooching and ooching" into his fields. In a normal year, his wheat crop would be about knee high. This is not a normal year; the anemic stalks barely rise above the heel of Farmer's dusty boots.

That's bad news for a cotton crop, which must be

planted in furrows between wheat stalks, which shield young plants from wind-driven sand that abrades and slices growing things.

"It's as dry as I've ever seen it in my lifetime," said Farmer, 51. "I don't remember a drought this widespread. I've got a lot of country that's blowing, but I can't do a thing about it."

In coming weeks, when he and his neighbors begin to plow thousands of acres of dry ground, "this whole country is going to be blown away," Farmer said.

The "new normal"

The wind, the dust and the hair-crackling dryness are ubiquitous reminders of persistent drought gripping the Great Basin, a broad dry swath tracing much the same outline as the Dust Bowl of the 1930s. It's part of the "new normal" that climate scientists talk about: the climate of extremes.

April was such a month, with tornadoes wheeling across seven states, monumental flooding of the Mississippi River through the Midwest and the South and searing drought in parts of the western plains.

"'Global weirding' is the best way to describe what we

are seeing," said Katharine Hayhoe, a climate scientist at Texas Tech University. "... What's happening is our rainfall patterns are shifting. In some places it means more heavy rainfall, in some places it means more drought, in some places it means both."

The Oklahoma Panhandle is enduring its longest drought on record. Some communities have not had rain in eight months. Crops wither. The Department of Agriculture last month declared 39 Kansas counties federal disaster areas.

Texas is especially hard-hit. More than 82 percent of the state is experiencing extreme or exceptional drought. Three-quarters of the wheat crop has been rated as poor or very poor.

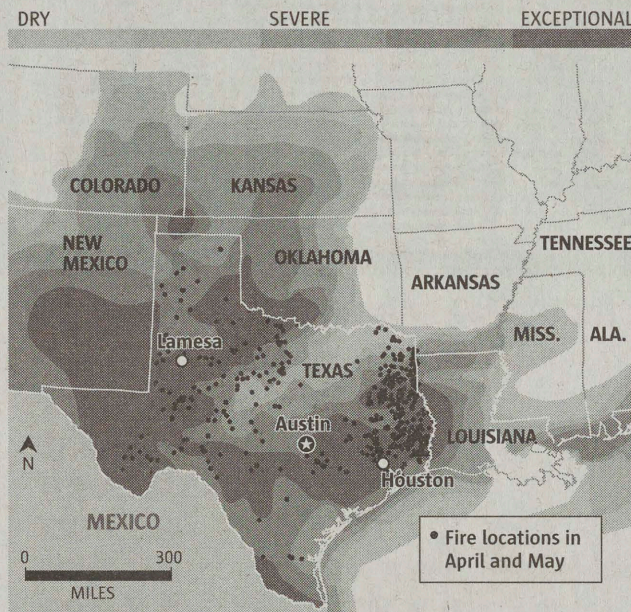
Wildfires — some 9,000 — have scorched more than 2 million acres, including 313,000 acres of grassland. Texas ranchers, the nation's top cattle producers, have no natural grass to feed their animals. Some are down to a few weeks' supply of water in stock ponds.

It used to be said that rain would follow the plow, but that's never been true. West Texas farmers always have had a rough go of it in this arid tableland midway be-

Hot and dry

Persistent drought is plaguing the Southwest, especially Texas, which also experienced unprecedented wildfires that have burned millions of acres in recent months.

Southern region drought conditions



Source: National Drought Mitigation Center, Texas Fire Safety

McCLATCHY-TRIBUNE

tween Midland and Lubbock. Cotton growers raise crops with either costly irrigation or the dryland method: Plant and pray for rain. Either way, it's never easy.

Drought has pared the farming community in Lamesa from 1,200 families to about 250 over the decades.

"Farming is the worst way in the world to make a living, but it's the best way in the world to raise a family," Farmer said. "But you better like the way dirt smells."

The ferocious wind that Farmer calls "a heehaw son of a gun" affects public safety, too, halting air and high-

way traffic. So worrisome are dust storms that NASA uses a satellite to map and predict their direction, duration and intensity, giving public-health officials 48-hour notice of serious events.

Health challenges

The fine-as-cornstarch dust has caused an uptick in respiratory distress, asthma attacks and more severe allergies, according to the Texas climatologist's office.

But Dawson County farmers don't lie down before the wind. They scheme against it. No one plants east-west rows, lest prevailing west winds destroy a week's work in an afternoon. They contour-plow to blunt the wind and to conserve water. The practice of planting cover crops is an outgrowth of the Dust Bowl, when wind took empty, fallow fields.

Fewer farmers are walking off the land today than during the Dust Bowl. Men like Farmer are determined not to let that happen.

"You hope God gives you the strength to get over the drought," he said, tugging his white straw cowboy hat lower over his forehead. "If I fail, I've let my father and my father-in-law down. They all made it."

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THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE WESTERN PROSPECTOR

BY WILLIAM S. LEWIS

THE old time western prospector or miner, in spirit at least, was a throw-back to the days of Jason and the Golden Fleece—when the race was young, when language was in a formative period, and names had a personal and an individual meaning. With his grub supply of bacon, coffee, tea, flour, beans, rice or rolled oats, and an outfit of blankets, pick, shovel, a four-pound hammer, and, possibly, a few short pieces of steel, a roll of fuse, some caps and a stick or two of "giant," carefully wrapped to prevent their explosion, he set forth into the hills feeling as wealthy and contented as a Rockefeller or a Morgan—lured on and on by the craze of the search for gold, for the discovery of it, for the uncovering of it—filled with the thrill and adventure of it, rather than the possession—drawn by the lure of it, the dreams of it, and the excitement of its pursuit.

This undiscouraged optimist periodically returned with his pack horse or burrow, and, ever financially embarrassed, induced the merchant and others who had means to "grub stake him" again. In return for his grubstake of a pittance he generously made a contract to go 50-50 in his future discovery to make millions for others. Loading the "grub stake" provisions and supplies onto the back of his patient pack animal, he started off again along the creeks, working back into the foothills and mountains in renewed search for the precious metal. At night he rolled himself up in his blankets, his feet towards the flickering camp fire; and lay down on earth's mattress to sleep, a loaded six-shooter or rifle by his side.

In social intercourse these pioneers of the early western mining camps took each other at face value. By common consent a man's true name, history and antecedents were recognized as his private affair, which good manners and a dislike for unnecessary trouble prompted all reasonable men, when not in their liquor, to leave with the person concerned, or to the intervention of some serious-minded and interested peace officer. Hence, to avoid the possibility of irritating a new-

comer, adorned with a sturdy "Arkansaw Toothpick" and a "pepperbox," the members of the community proceeded to name him themselves. A kindly, infectious humor, a ready fellowship and a quick appraisal and appreciation of physical characteristics and, often, a keen judgment of character was shown in the off-hand and spontaneous application of these nicknames to strangers on their initial introduction to the camp.

A good-natured and blundering miner who on the outskirts of the settlement encountered and shot a tame goose under the impression that it was a wild one was not only made to settle handsomely with the owner and to "set up the drinks," but was ever afterwards known and referred to by word of mouth and in print as "Wild Goose Bill." "Cash Up" and "No Pay" were the cognomens bestowed in the same camp on two men by the name of Davis on account of the character of their business transactions. "Swearing Jack," "Lying Bob," "Thieving Jack," "Dancing Bill," "Snapping Andy," "Slippery Dick," "The Bilk," "Hell-Roaring Jack," "Wild Bill," "Death on the Trail," "Mush-Head Jim" and "Lucky Bill from Yamhill," conveyed more than a hint of outstanding traits of character.

Other names indicated the previous geographic habitat of the owner, in distinction from other men of the same surname: among these we have "Texas Jack," "Kootenai Dick," "Eldorado Johnny," "Washoe Bill," "El River Jim," "Montana Red," "Virginia Bill," "The Rat of Houdan Ranch," and the like. Physical characteristics earned for their recipients such names as: "Moon-Eyed Tom," "Slim Jim," "Limber Jack," "Hog-Back Joe," "Goose Necked Johnson," "Six Toed Pete," "Three Fingered Ike," "Tenas (Chinook for *little*), George." Nationality was denoted in "Yankee Bob," "Portugese Joe," "Dutch Jake," and "German George." Individual habits and eccentricities won such names as "Dirty-Face Ike," "Shack-nasty Bill," "Coffee-Pot Tom," "Sour-Dough Jim," "Rattlesnake Jack," "Yeast Powder Joe," "Buffalo Kid," "Moccasin Pete," "Hard-Hat

Dick," "Pitch Pine Frank," "Jewsharp Jack," "Shirt Collar Bill," "Tobacco George," "Coon-skin Jack," "Banjo Charley," "Hurdy-Gurdy Tom," "Sagebrush Bill," "Peavine Jimmie," "Yellow Dog Smith," "Poker Bill," "Ace of Spades Jack," "Ten of Diamonds Joe," "Taters," "Cariboo Bill," "Jackass Smith," "Monte Jack," "Gumshoe Jim," "Lemonade Dan," "Soda Bill," "Cocktail Joe," "Big Drink Jim," and the like. These and many thousand others of similar ilk all added a spice and a touch of local color and romance to personal intercourse.

The geography of the country these old-timers inhabited also reflects their peculiar facility for names and we have: First Thought Mountain, Devil's Gulch, Jackass Creek, Dream Gulch, Oro Fino Creek, Whiskey Flat, Thunder Mountain, Hell Roaring Creek and such like.

The ladies of the camp did not escape attention. Among others we recall: "Poker Alice," "Terrible Edith," "Kettlebellied Kate," "Molly Be Damned," "Popcorn Kate," "Featherlegged Mary," "Big Bertha" and "Calamity Jane."

The whole of the great western domain was unsurveyed land at the time of the early mining discoveries and a system of titles arose by staking claims on the ground, tying these locations to some outstanding land mark, and giving each claim a distinctive name for ready reference in the mining recorder's office. Thus each mining claim in the mining district had a distinct name by which it was known, recorded and transferred in event of a sale. As the first man who adopted and recorded the name had a monopoly thereon in the particular mining camp, the same facility and conceit enabled these western prospectors to appropriately designate and distinguish their respective mining locations by distinct and varied names. Seldom was a mining location rejected for filing on account of the locator having duplicated a name previously chosen and placed on record for another mining claim. The names of these claims displayed many quaint conceits and obscure allusions, and honors were impartially distributed among contemporary statesmen, prize fighters, and the great characters of history, fiction and mythology. That weary individual who searches out those many-syllabled

names for the Pullman cars might well take a hunch from these old western prospectors and, by using a little imagination, appropriate and use for designating his various cars some such simple conceits as "Orphan Annie" or "The Rip Tailed Roarer."

In marking his mining claims the prospector was restrained by no limitations of imagination or respect, and his peculiar genius in nomenclature not only extended over and exhausted the field of individual experience but covered as well the whole range from historical, literary, and geographical allusions down to women's names, patriotic names, and classical terms. Reminiscent of the days that were and are not, when "Here's how" was a term of friendly greeting, and acquaintances were wont to adjourn to a place of refreshment on meeting, and hoist a few samples of the goods that cheer, are the Little Brown Jug, Little Nip, Old Crow, Whiskey Toddy, Blind Tiger, and a host of others of similar ilk yet to be read in faded lettering on old location posts, drunkenly careening above the yawning hole of some caved-in prospect shaft or tunnel opening.

Personal history was perhaps behind the Gentle Annie and the Cranky Jane. Many a miner preserved the name of his sweetheart or his loved ones in the name given to his claim, and women's names probably outnumber all others. In addition to such names as Alice, Anne, Abbie, Irene, Mary, May, Nellie, Pearl, Sue and many others, one finds Sweetheart, Little Wife, Old Lady, Little Tad, Daddy and the like, indicative of tender thoughts of home ties and dear ones left behind; or of fleeting attachments for some dance hall girl sought and won when the gold dust oozed from the well filled poke remembered again when the lonely and peniless prospector wandered about in the stillness of the somber hills in search of new wealth.

Hope was the motif of another large class of mine names. The Wonderful, the Lucky Jim, and the Lucky Strike are examples. There are many Bonanzas, and the locator's belief in the greatness of his mine is reflected in such names as the Great Eastern, the Amazon, Mammoth, Golden Chest, etc. The National Debt found on one claim would also indicate that the locator had some inflated

ideas of its possibilities—unrealized, alas, for we found the shaft caved in and the meager dump overgrown with brush. A lurking doubt appears in such names as the Great Maybe, the Perhaps, Hit or Miss, and Who Can Tell. Perseverance outcrops in Achievement, Never Get Left, Get There Frank, and Never Say Die.

Hard formations and difficult working conditions that confronted the miner may be inferred from such names as the Hard Formation, Tough Nut, Hand of Iron, Hard Nut, Little Fraud and the Villain. One might also easily question the personal experience of the prospectors who called their claims the Gold Brick, Bunkum, Delusion and Fool Hen, and the Vampire.

Many old-time miners made their stake simply to be cleaned out again after a few days of hilarious and free-handed dissipation at the nearest town. Hard luck at the card tables, that emptied his poke and sent him back into the mountains, might be inferred from the Grub Stake, the Last Turn, the Bottom Dollar, and the Last Ante. Other references to the miner's great affinity for gambling are found in Seven Up, Four Aces, Seven of Diamonds, the Monte, the Gambler and the Faro Bank.

Many claims were given names taken from history. The Bunker Hill, the Ethan Allen and the American Eagle and like favorites go back to Revolutionary war days. The names of other mines have their memories of the war between the states, as: the Little Rebel, Nancy Hanks, Old Abe, Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, Phil Sheridan, General Grant, Robert E. Lee, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, Union Forever. Ku Klux and Carpathaggar savor of reconstruction days. Forgotten days of the silver question are recalled by such mines as the Trade Dollar, Bill Bryan, Legal Tender, Free Coinage, Coxeyite, and Sixteen to One. Home Rule and the Shamrock plainly indicate the nationality of the locator. The Manila and San Juan both appear, and the Matebeleland, the Mashonaland and Mabundaland cause one to speculate whether the man who located them was a transplanted South African or some hardy American Soldier of Fortune who, like John Hays Hammond, had his sympathies and services enlisted in some of the controversies of our English cousins.

The great names of the contemporary history appear on many a bleak and lonely mountainside mining location. Grover Cleveland, Ben Harrison, Boss Tweed, Levi P. Morton, Moltke, Bismark, Robert Emmet, Frederick the Great, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Marquise of Queensbury, Kosciusko, Victor Emanuel, Gambretta, Garibaldi, all bear their messages, and indicate the period of local mining activities.

Literary allusions are also common. The old prospector loved his fiction. Monte Cristo and Edmond Dantes are particularly prominent. Pickwick, Mutual Friend, Charles Dickens, Hardscrabble, Bulwer, Little Eva, Uncle Tom, Ivanhoe, Rebecca, Topsey, Humpety Dumpety, Excalibur, King Solomon, King Pharaoh, Lord Byron, Volapuk, Roderick Dhu, Wandering Jew, William Tell, Mohegan, Longfellow, Robert Burns, King Arthur, Ben Hur and others are in this class.

Ajax, Andromeda, Atlantis, Hercules, Hector, Hannibal, Jupiter, and Zenobia are some of the many classical allusions recorded. Royalty itself was not overlooked. The Queen, the Silver Queen, the Crown, the Golden Crown, the Monarch, and the Empire are common names for mining claims. A leaning to the manly sports is found in the Benecia Boy, the John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, the Ruby Bob, the Fitzsimmons, the Knock Out, and the Champion. Poetry had fewer exponents, but Bob Ingersoll is remembered on many claim locations, while the Free Thinker, the Agnostic, the Evolution are also found. That the occasional prospector also had an appreciation for music is indicated by such names as Kreutzer Sonata, Madam Modjeska, and Jennie Lind, and simpler tastes by Money Musk, Yankee Doodle, and the Arkansaw Traveler.

The names of towns and states are commonly used as names for mining locations: The New York, Buffalo, Boston, Frisco. Knob Hill, once the home of the wealthy mining men of Frisco, was frequently selected and used as an appropriate name for a mine, few of which, alas, ever led their discoverers to "easy street," or a home among the elect of Knob Hill.

Some names are rather hard to classify and leave one wondering just what the locator had in mind when he affixed the

particular name to the location notice of his mining claim. The Reporter is one of these, as are the Mary's Dream, Six Fingered Jack, Moss Covered, Milo Blue Blanket, Galant Number, Internatural, Homers Burst, Hog All, Killikrates, Ring Tailed Peelers, Pug Ugly, the Iva Esta Silver Crown, Woolloomoolloo, Rights of Man, Odds and Ends, Blunderhead, Dead Guess, Mike Horse, Lone Studhorsey, Cooked Foot. The Stemwinder harks back to the days when most of us had watches we wound with a key. The days of

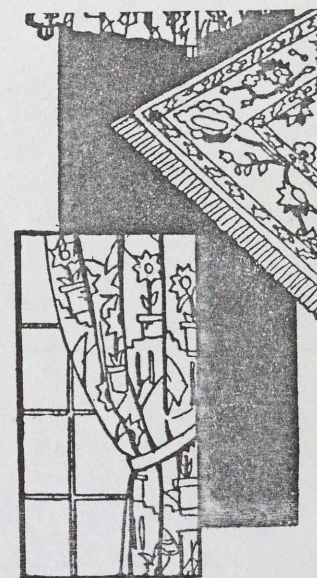
the week, the Fourth of July, Easter Sunday, the Good Friday, and lodes named after the year and month are found, together with the Nineteenth Century and the Twentieth Century.

On the whole the prospector appears to have seldom been at loss for a name, but when mentally tired, after thinking of Oyster Can and Opener, used IXL, X No. 1 and U. One of these old prospectors, however, evidently got stuck eventually and completely exhausted his vocabulary, for he named his claim "What to Call It?"



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The Folklore, Customs, and Traditions of the Butte Miner

WAYLAND D. HAND

Then there are the gentle kind which the Germans as well as the Greeks call *cobalos*, because they mimic men. They appear to laugh with glee and pretend to do much, but really do nothing. They are called little miners, because of their dwarfish stature, which is about two feet. They are venerable looking and are clothed like miners in a filleted garment with a leather apron about their loins. This kind does not often trouble the miners, but they idle about in shafts and tunnels and really do nothing, although they pretend to be busy in all kinds of labor, sometimes digging ore, and sometimes putting into buckets that which has been dug. Sometimes they throw pebbles at the workmen, but rarely injure them unless the workmen first ridicule or curse them.—*AGRICOLA*

"BUTTE, MONTANA: RICHEST HILL ON EARTH." This magic phrase which at once suggests the untold mineral wealth in the bosom of "The Hill," and unfolds a picture of the glories of Butte during the phenomenal development of the camp before the turn of the century and the lush years up to the First World War, now has a nostalgic ring to it that can but sadden the hearts of all old-timers who have followed Butte through her rise and decline. Butte is no longer in bonanza and her miners have known hard times, but memories of the good old days are still fresh and have inspired a healthy interest in local history and antiquities. If this interest has shifted latterly from the "War of the Copper Kings," and the era of high finance and monopoly, to the miner and the vicissitudes of mining folk in one of the most stirring sagas of mining history in the United States, one must ascribe it to the compensatory pleasures afforded by reflection on mining's heroic age, not long since among us, when John Miner counted for something in the community and the colorful ten-day men made all camps intermediate between Butte and Bisbee at least once a year.¹ To the considerable body of prose and verse glorifying the Butte miner, is offered now, I believe, the first general treatise on his folklore: his legends, customs, superstitions, and the jargon of his dangerous trade. This study is an outgrowth of a lively interest in the folklore of miners, collecting experience

¹ For the sake of realism miners' lingo is employed wherever possible. The terms "ten-day miner," "ten-day man," and "ten-day stiff" are common names for the "hobo miner," who worked in a camp only long enough to get a roadstake before setting out for the next camp. Such miners are also commonly referred to as "boomers," "ramblers," and "floaters," and less commonly as "grubstakers." An older designation, dating from the early mining history of the West, and still occasionally heard in Butte, is "Overlander," with its variants, "John, or Johnnie Overland," or "Overland John." A story with local attachments is in point here. A man from Butte tried to get past the pearly gates. His name was Paddy McCarthy. The attendant had never heard of him and was therefore reluctant to let him in; but St. Peter said, "If he's Paddy McCarthy of Butte, let him in. He'll only stay ten days,

in California and Utah,² the work of friends and colleagues in other western states,³ and a consuming ambition to visit Butte and hear for myself the yarns that have been carried forth from this most famous of all American mining towns by literally thousands of miners to every mining camp in the West. The ending of the war and a travel grant from the University of California, gratefully acknowledged here, enabled me to realize this ambition last summer.

Butte is a hardrock miners' town and always has been.⁴ For that reason one may expect to find little or nothing in the way of prospector's lore, tales of lost mines, and the like, although such lore is common throughout the mineralized regions of Montana.⁵

Belief in superhuman forces in the mines is universal among miners the world over, local embodiments of them varying from country to country in accordance with prevailing religious and mythological backgrounds. These

anyway." The chorus of a parodied miners' version of "Casey Jones," collected by Duncan Emrich (*California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 217) reads:

Casey Jones was a ten-day miner,
Casey Jones was a ten-day man,
Casey Jones took a chance too many,
And now he's mining in the promised land.

and the second stanza of Joe Duffy's "One Miner's Union Day," below, deals with the ten-day man's facility at handling "bottled goods." A "sundowner" is a "floater" who arrives at suppertime Saturday night and has "blown town" before work starts Monday morning. The term also denominates a drifting labor agitator.

² The best-known poets and writers to sing of Butte's miners are Berton Braley, Joe Duffy, Walt "Rags" Holliday, Steve Hogan, John Frohlicher, and Bill Burke. Many lesser known and anonymous bards whose verses have appeared in the *Miner's Voice*, the Butte labor paper, also deserve mention. *Copper Camp: Stories of the World's Greatest Mining Town, Butte, Montana* (New York, 1943) is an admirable book on the human side of Butte mining and life in general in the copper metropolis. Its companion volume in the "American Guide Series" of the Federal Writers' Project, *Montana: A State Guide Book* (New York, 1939), has an excellent chapter on Butte. Joe H. Duffy's *Butte Was Like That* (Butte, 1941) is rich in anecdote. Earlier books deal more with the technical side of mining, tonnage, dividends, and the like. C. B. Glasscock's *War of the Copper Kings* (Indianapolis, 1935) is a standard work on the industrial upheaval and economic aspects of Butte history.

³ Caroline Bancroft's "Folklore of the Central City District, Colorado," *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 315-342, kindly made available to me in page proof, her "Lost-Mine Legends of Colorado," *California Folklore Quarterly*, II (1943), 253-263; Duncan Emrich's "Mining Songs," *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, VI (1942), 103-106, his "Songs of the Western Miners," *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 213-232; Hyman Palais' "Black Hills Miners' Folklore," *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 255-269; and my own studies, "Folklore from Utah's Silver Mining Camps," *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 132-161, and "California Miners' Folklore," *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 24-46, 127-153, constitute almost all of the main work done on the folklore of the hardrock miner. Miners' song will receive attention later at the appropriate place. The voluminous literature on prospecting and lost mines can not be treated here.

⁴ Chinese and others worked the placers in Missoula Gulch a little in the very early days and this activity was revived for a time during the recent depression. For an excellent picture of hydraulic operations in this gulch in 1885, see Harry C. Freeman, *A Brief History of Butte, Montana* (Chicago, 1900), p. 16; cf. p. 18. Chinese never worked in the mines of Butte. Cf. *Copper Camp*, p. 109.

⁵ One of the most famous "last-chance" mines of the West is the Granite Mountain silver mine at Philipsburg, which came through on the last shot of powder, and the story of Last Chance Gulch is well known in and around Helena. Cf. *Montana State Guide*, pp. 51-52, 46-47. Montana likewise has its full share of lost mines, and it is to be hoped that people on the ground will collect and publish accounts of them.

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"Tommy Knockers" is a the Cornish superstitions ground, particularly to the application of the phrase by writers on the subject have "Tommy Knackers," or small dwarfish creatures tenanting men and the workings.⁶ That it ever was in the homeland

⁶ This view is set forth with clearances of the *West of England* (2 118-123), and is supported by Wip. pp. 123 ff. Jones leans heavily on Hamilton Jenkin. His book, *The Cornwall*, with fine emphasis on the tommy-knocker superstition (pp. 2 to work in the mines," and describes children twelve months or two years limbs" (p. 294). Reference to creatures parts of the world can be found *Quarterly*, I [1942], 128, n. 3). Of Spectres, and Superstitions in *Michigan Arizona State Guide*, "American G ballad of "Hardrock Hank," in which with my picks and drills." Walter "Tommy Knockers," and in a picture of leather jackets, peaked hats, and lore picked up in Colorado, *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV particularly good reference concerning workings of the Quartz Mill in 18332). In the coal mines of Pennsylvania not much bigger than your hand

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forces range from human and superhuman agents to denizens of many of the branches of lower mythology, comprising thus almost the whole category of personages and forces encountered in our common fairy tales. Among miners in Europe and America these forces and beings are thought of almost entirely in human terms, that is, as creatures with a superhuman extension of power. They are represented as men, ghosts, gnomelike creatures, giants and devils, disembodied spirits—heard, but not seen—animals, and creatures partly human, partly animal.

In Butte, as in other camps of the West where studies have been made, remnants of belief in some of these creatures can be found, and where real instances are lacking, human inventiveness, in the form of pranks, has been at pains to supply wanting examples. Indeed, from the amount of pranking in the realm of ghosts, magic, and ventriloquism in the mines today, one wonders whether some of the ancient superstitions might not have originally struck root from similar attempts to frighten the credulous.

"Tommy Knockers" is a term often assigned by older miners familiar with the Cornish superstitions to almost any superhuman phenomenon underground, particularly to strange noises that cannot be accounted for. This loose application of the phrase has led to much confusion. Historically, as Cornish writers on the subject have pointed out, tommy knockers, or, more correctly, "Tommy Knackers," or simply "Knackers," were conceived of as friendly dwarfish creatures tenanting the mines, who exercised a patronage of the men and the workings.⁶ The notion, perhaps more prevalent in America than it ever was in the homeland, that they were spirits of dead miners, arose

⁶ This view is set forth with clarity by the great antiquarian, Robert Hunt, whose *Popular Romances of the West of England* (2 vols.; London, 1865) is a standard source book (cf. I, 78 f. and II, 118-123), and is supported by William Jones in his *Credulities Past and Present* (London, 1880), pp. 123 ff. Jones leans heavily on Hunt and earlier writers. The best modern authority is A. K. Hamilton Jenkin. His book, *The Cornish Miner* (London, 1927), treats of all phases of mining in Cornwall, with fine emphasis on the human side of the craft, and contains a good summary of the tommy-knocker superstition (pp. 294 ff.). Jenkin calls them "'pick and gad men,' who were thought to work in the mines," and describes them as "'little withered, dried up creatures,' of the size of children twelve months or two years old, with big, ugly heads, faces like old men, and ungainly limbs" (p. 294). Reference to creatures of this sort in the mines of France, Germany, Peru, and other parts of the world can be found in my article on California miners' folklore (*California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 128, n. 3). Of interest here are parallel references from Fisher Vane's "Spooks, Spectres, and Superstitions in Mining," *The Mining Journal*, XXI (May 30, 1937), 5, 40, and the *Arizona State Guide*, "American Guide Series," (New York, 1940), p. 164. Vane reproduces part of the ballad of "Hardrock Hank," in which the playful little fellows are represented as "raising hallelujah with my picks and drills." Walter G. Drysdale, editor of the *Placerville Times*, ran a column entitled "Tommy Knockers," and in a piece that appeared in 1939 portrayed them as pixies "attired in leather jackets, peaked hats, and water-soaked shoes." In some waifs and strays of tommy-knocker lore picked up in Colorado, Caroline Bancroft refers to them as "gnomes who inhabit the mines" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 320, 332), and the "little brown men" (*loc. cit.*, p. 322). A particularly good reference concerns two miners who threw up their jobs in the Chain-O-Mines workings of the Quartz Mill in 1931 because "the tommy-knockers are keeping a cow in there" (p. 332). In the coal mines of Pennsylvania there existed around 1890 a belief in "queer little pygmies, not much bigger than your hand, clothed all in brown, wearing feathers in their hats and always

probably from the fact that they were supposed themselves to work at the lodes, and could thus often be heard picking and tapping away, even though they could not actually be seen.⁷ In this latter embodiment, their sinister as well as their kindly nature was often revealed, for in addition to warning men of cave-ins and other disasters by their tappings, and occasionally leading them to productive formations, they tapped warnings that portended certain death for the person, or persons, unfortunate enough to hear them. This notion is perhaps best expressed in Anthony Fitch's poem, "Tommy Knockers."⁸

'Av you 'eard of the Tommy Knockers
In the deep dark mines of the West,
Which the Cornish miners 'ear?
An' 'tis no laughin' jest.
For I am a Cornish miner,
An' I'll tell you of it today.
The knock-knock-knock of the tiny pick,
As we work in the rocks an' clay.

We go down the skips with our buckets,
With 'earts which nothing fazes,
Each with a candle to light the way
Through the tunnels, winzes, an' raises.
And the stale air smells of powder,
An' the mine is full of sound.
But 'tis only the noise of the Tommy Knockers
Which makes our 'earts rebound.

Pick, pick, pick.
'As some one be'ind us knocked?
Pick, pick, pick—
No, 'tis the souls of dead miners locked,

appearing to a miner whenever something is about to happen to the mine or the individual." On the day of a terrible explosion in a mine at Pottsville, a miner heard a Lilliputian chattering, and looking up, saw a brownie four inches high standing in a crevice in a coal vein and holding up a warning finger. There was a taboo in the mines against holding a flame too close to the crevices where the little creatures dwelt; see *American Notes and Queries*, V (1890), 202. Noises emanating from vugs, that is, holes and crevices in the rocks lined with crystalline formations, were thought to be made by pixies. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, p. 132. Since there is a striking parallelism between the lore of hardrock miners and that of coal miners in the superstitions and legends under discussion, as well as in the whole body of miners' folklore, and since, moreover, many coal miners made their way west to work in the quartz mines, the reader should consult for general background and an idea of the many interconnections, George G. Korson's books: *Minstrels of Mine Patch* (Philadelphia, 1938) and *Coal Dust on the Fiddle* (Philadelphia, 1943).

⁷ Caroline Bancroft relates a tale of a ghost miner's supposedly tommy knocking in the No. 9 stope of the Perigo mine over the hill from Apex. The "pick, pick, pick" sounded like a man using a pickax, but an investigation revealed the sounds to be those of water dripping on a dinner pail. The baffled miner who heard it said, "If you could have heard it, you'd understand how the idea of tommy-knockers got started. I'd have sworn it was a real miner!" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 328.) At a mine in Gold Hill, Utah, years ago there was a legend of a dead miner's single jacking in the face of an abandoned drift at certain times of the night. Cf. *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 142, and n. 30.

⁸ *Ballads of Western Mines* (New York, 1910), pp. 15-16.

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⁹ *The Frontier*, X (1929-1930), 12. riam of the University of Montana, e Professor Merriam also supplied o researches.

¹⁰ In the "Montana Glossary" of t "ghost of a man killed in a mine. They thus explain the creaking of variants of the tale in which the gho at a point in the mine where he wa the men on the shift again, but such this sort from Nevadaville, Colorado riding on ore cars and then hop off tunnel" (*California Folklore Quarte American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 145, who still maintain an interest in the

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themselves to work at the tapping away, even though nobodiment, their sinister as in addition to warning men id occasionally leading them hat portended certain death o hear them. This notion is "Tommy Knockers."⁸

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sedly tommy knocking in the No. 9 pick, pick" sounded like a man using e of water dripping on a dinner pail. it, you'd understand how the idea of r!" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV was a legend of a dead miner's single f the night. Cf. *Journal of American*

THE BUTTE MINER

5

For they're locked in the earthen wall,
Those that found death down there,
And 'tis the knock-knock-knock of their pick
W'ich makes on end stand our 'air.

An' we leave the 'aunted place,
For we won't work w'ere they be,
An' w'erever we 'ear them knockin'
We sure will always flee.
For it means w'oever 'ears it
Will be the next in line,
For the pick-pick of the Tommy Knockers
Is the last an' awful sign.

John C. Frohlicher's poem, "Ghosts,"⁹ has much in common with that of Fitch, except that there is a suggestion that the miners are living ghosts, struggling to escape from their stifling haunts in mines all over the West.

Hear them knocking—listen—there!
Ghosts of miners—fighting for air.
Faint—far away—down the stope—
Picking the cave in—and no hope.
In the Leadville mines, and at Granite, too—
In the Coeur d'Alenes, and the Comstock lodes,
And in the soft coal mines, where gas explodes—
Hear them! Listen—quiet—there!
Ghosts of miners—wanting air.

A miner who worked in the Speculator not long after the disastrous fire of 1917, and most other Butte miners who are at all conversant with the term, thought of tommy knockers as the spirits of men killed in the mines. There was a division of opinion in favor of their friendly, or neutral, character as over against one of hostility.¹⁰ Manus Duggan, dead hero of the "Spec" fire, for example, was long believed to haunt the mine. Among Butte miners, as far as I could ascertain, there are no distinct recollections of the dwarfish

⁹ *The Frontier*, X (1929-1930), 12. This poem was called to my attention by Professor H. G. Merriam of the University of Montana, editor of *The Frontier* throughout its all too short life, 1920-1939. Professor Merriam also supplied other bibliographical references and otherwise made easier my researches.

¹⁰ In the "Montana Glossary" of the *Montana State Guide* a "Tommy-Knocker" is defined as the "ghost of a man killed in a mine. Miners say he returns to work the shift of which he was killed. They thus explain the creaking of timbers and similar sounds" (p. 416). I have not heard Butte variants of the tale in which the ghost of a dead miner, often headless, mounts the tram periodically at a point in the mine where he was killed and rides along for a short distance just to be one with the men on the shift again, but such stories must exist. Caroline Bancroft has documented a story of this sort from Nevadaville, Colorado, in which a ghost that looked exactly like a man "would be seen riding on ore cars and then hop off and disappear with a friendly gesture into the sidewalls of the tunnel" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 327). Cf. examples from Utah in the *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 145, and n. 39 for references to dead men in German mining legend who still maintain an interest in the mine where they were killed.

creatures mentioned above, and I found no one who had ever seen clay effigies of them as reported from California,¹¹ but even today forces at work in the mines, such as moving rock, "heavy ground," bad air, "talking timbers," and the like, are often characterized in human terms. In the Leonard mine in Meaderville less than ten years ago an old English miner recalls having heard someone say in a most serious and uncompromising tone: "The old man is out tonight, the whiskers is hangin' low." This was taken to mean that the "old man" was abroad in the mine, that trouble impended, and that the crew should take care.¹² One of the most experienced Cousin Jack shifters in Butte tells of a countryman who worked in the Buffalo about 1914, and who was once heard to exclaim, "The old man is comin' out, his whiskers is hangin' low, [and he's] carryin' a bloody lantern." He's after me because I ran away." My informant could throw no light on this rather incoherent account, other than to venture the statement that the frightened man was married to a spiritualist. In abridged form, then, "the old man is waiting for you," means that the miners are headed for "heavy ground" or that difficulties of some sort lie ahead. "The old man's workin' again," commonly heard, has reference to settling ground, whereas the expression, "the old man is putting pressure on her" is a way of saying that the timbers are "taking weight." Further examples are cited below in the treatment of the moving of the earth at midnight.¹⁴ A whimsical substitution for "Look out! The old man will get you!" is still heard in Butte: "Look out! Larry Duggan will get you!" Larry Duggan, of course, was the camp's leading undertaker.¹⁵ In the light of this discussion,

¹¹ *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 128.

¹² This bewhiskered old man is reminiscent of an old man with flowing locks and a long gray beard who is reported by Caroline Bancroft to have inhabited the workings of the Gregory-Bates and Bates-Hunter in Mountain City, Colorado, pick in hand. Miss Bancroft writes: "No miner in the district can remember any further details. But they recall that the older men had only friendly, tolerant feelings toward the graybeard's activities and had no objections to meeting him" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 328). Miners in one of the mines of the Tintic district in Utah used to believe in a dwarflike character with a beard to the floor who chased miners in a playful sort of way. *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 144. A miner from the south, known only as "Alabam" at the Murchie in Nevada City, California, fled the mine one day, yelling, "There's a little old man with whiskers comin' up out of the muck pile!" *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 129.

¹³ The reference to the lantern is probably to a Jack-o'-Lantern, small dancing lights reputedly seen in the Cornish mines. This assumption is strengthened by vestiges of belief in "bloody Jack-o'-Lanterns" in California (*California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 133) and by other vague allusions to these flickering lights that I have heard of from old-country miners. For a treatment of this subject, see Jenkin, *The Cornish Miner*, pp. 43, 296.

¹⁴ Personifications of this sort vary from camp to camp. In the mines of Central City, Colorado, the expression, "the guy in the red shirt," is heard, which Miss Bancroft defines as follows: "Modern explanation of ground working itself in a mine, or loose rocks falling, formerly ascribed to tommy-knockers" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 322). In the mines around Randsburg, California, "Dave," or "Blind Dave" is used (*ibid.*, I [1942], 130). Such expressions likely result from references to miners killed in the mines, whose names persist long after their personal identity has been forgotten.

¹⁵ Miners all over the West refer to a "Larry Duggan" as a false hanging, or loose rock on the "back," or top of a tunnel or stope that is likely to fall on a miner at any minute and send him to the

"Look out! St. Peter is goin' out, the sounds are heard at lunchtime that "Heinze's workin'." The proclivity for stealing ore from it out from below.¹⁶ A rain Chinaman's workin' " when

Ventriloquism in its various prevalence of the belief in phase of the tommy-knock. One of the best-remembered ventriloquist, who plied his Cousin Jack mine in Butte decided to have some fun with in distress, "Hello, Jack! I'm The Cousin Jack would go the man, would exclaim, "V then to some part of the I Cousin Jack so and so! Why went on at length. Among the Irish and the Cornish, On one occasion this same let out a hideous yell: "Q Finns who were drilling the

slab at Larry Duggan's. "Bar down junction whenever loose rock over he comes on shift is to "wet 'er down lungs from silica dust, and the last preliminary to timbering. Cf. the pa

¹⁶ Because of the veritable honey ore that apexed on his property, i before his rivals could reach them. "Heinze stope," with the attendant Heinze's fight with the Amalgama Copper Camp, pp. 32-45. The fight litigation, is treated in a special ar a picture of Heinze on page 318 and

¹⁷ This phrase is well known in Chinamen worked in the mines and *Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 130. (Butte, preferring the trades and p this is more or less true of mining 'seventies there were between 200 an mines in Nevada County, Californi

¹⁸ The "chippy" is the cage on wh Between times it is used for transp around" from level to level of stati will be heard to say, for example, "I tender. The wall plate is the part o

no had ever seen clay effigies today forces at work in the air, "talking timbers," and s. In the Leonard mine in miner recalls having heard g tone: "The old man is out aken to mean that the "old ed, and that the crew should Jack shifters in Butte tells ut 1914, and who was once his whiskers is hangin' low, ne because I ran away." My oherent account, other than was married to a spiritualist. g for you," means that the difficulties of some sort lie nly heard, has reference to l man is putting pressure on g weight." Further examples ; of the earth at midnight.¹⁴ d man will get you!" is still get you!" Larry Duggan, of the light of this discussion,

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"Look out! St. Peter is goin' to get you!" needs no elucidation. When strange sounds are heard at lunchtime, or at other times, someone is likely to remark that "Heinze's workin'." This saying is based upon F. Augustus Heinze's proclivity for stealing ore from adjacent properties in his heyday by stoping it out from below.¹⁵ A raise miner in the Mountain Con always says "the Chinaman's workin' " when he wants to refer to "working ground."¹⁷

Ventriloquism in its various forms has likely had much to do with the prevalence of the belief in the imprisoned spirits of dead miners, and is a phase of the tommy-knocker superstition that is encountered in all camps. One of the best-remembered stories in Butte deals with one Paddy O'Neil, a ventriloquist, who plied his art at the Mountain View, the most famous Cousin Jack mine in Butte. It was Christmastime in 1907 when O'Neil decided to have some fun with a Cousin Jack. He would call out like a miner in distress, "Hello, Jack! Here I am on the wall plate. Come and get me!" The Cousin Jack would go to the "chippy" shaft, and, being unable to find the man, would exclaim, "Where in bloody hell are you?"¹⁸ Shifting his voice then to some part of the hoisting shaft close by, O'Neil would yell: "You Cousin Jack so and so! Why don't you come down and get me?" This process went on at length. Among other things it illustrates the great rivalry between the Irish and the Cornish, of which there will be occasion to speak later. On one occasion this same Paddy O'Neil, while working in the Moonlight, let out a hideous yell: "Quit shovin' that drill through me!" The two big Finns who were drilling the hole, of course, were seized with panic. Another

slab at Larry Duggan's. "Bar down that 'Larry Duggan,'" as *Copper Camp* reports, is a stock injunction whenever loose rock overhead is detected (p. 162). The first thing that a miner does when he comes on shift is to "wet 'er down" and "bar down," the former being calculated to save a man's lungs from silica dust, and the latter, as observed, his head. After that he "dresses 'er up" a bit, preliminary to timbering. Cf. the parody on "Drill, Ye Tarriers Drill!" below.

¹⁵ Because of the veritable honeycomb of workings resulting from attempts to stope out all the ore that apexed on his property, it often chanced that Heinze had worked out chambers of ore before his rivals could reach them. Any drift or stope into an unknown working became known as a "Heinze stope," with the attendant explanation: "Heinze's been here." For a full discussion of Heinze's fight with the Amalgamated, see Glasscock, *War of the Copper Kings*, pp. 141-314. Cf. *Copper Camp*, pp. 32-45. The fight over the Minnie Healy property, most notorious in a long list of litigations, is treated in a special article by C. P. Connolly in *McClures*, XXIX (1907), 317-332, with a picture of Heinze on page 318 and one of the fated mine on page 323.

¹⁷ This phrase is well known in California, and probably dates from the very early days when Chinamen worked in the mines and were often killed under mysterious circumstances. Cf. *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 130. Chinamen are supposed never to have worked in the mines of Butte, preferring the trades and professions that serviced the miner (*Copper Camp*, p. 109), and this is more or less true of mining camps everywhere. However, I have been informed that in the 'seventies there were between 200 and 300 Chinese miners working in the North Bloomfield hydraulic mines in Nevada County, California.

¹⁸ The "chippy" is the cage on which miners are raised and lowered as they come and go on shift. Between times it is used for transporting all personnel up and down the shaft and for the "chasing around" from level to level of station tenders, or cage riders, whence the unusual name. Someone will be heard to say, for example, "Bob's pimping on [for] the 'chippy,'" meaning that he is a station tender. The wall plate is the part of the shaft to which the guide rails of the cage are fixed.

ventriloquist, Paddy Keough, was known to immobilize for several minutes at a time many an unsuspecting miner about to ascend a manway in the Anaconda by calling out: "Look out below! The steel's comin' down," and similar warnings. Diamond drill holes are a handy substitute for ventriloquism, and they are used in mines all over the country to frighten miners. About fifteen years ago pranksters on the 1,300-foot level of the Tramway called a green miner's name ever so faintly through a diamond drill hole at lunch time. Half asleep on a raised lagging in keeping with a lunchtime custom of long standing in Butte, the "Johnnie come lately" was roused by the call and frightened half to death.¹⁹ About ten years ago a hoax was worked through a diamond drill hole near a place where a man had been killed in the Mountain Con. "Don't come in here where I was killed," a voice would cry out. Shifters would not work there until the hoax was uncovered. Pipes of various sorts and other conductors of sound are also utilized for these pranks. A more legitimate use of them in tapping out signals passes as "Tommy Knockin'" among men of imaginative speech who are acquainted with the Cornish superstition.²⁰

Groaning timbers are ordinarily not associated with tommy knockers, I believe, because of the fact that the phenomenon is so well known and readily understood. Notwithstanding this circumstance, however, personification is widely employed. Some of the most common expressions are: "She's takin' weight," "she's a ridin'," "she's a talkin' to us." Every miner knows that "when the timber talks, you'd better look out!" Timbers are referred to as "grunters" and "groaners," and a heavily timbered stope in soft ground might be called "the thundering stope."²¹ The "death watch" is a subtle play on words having to do with the ticking sound in mine timbers, a noise supposed to stem from the gnawing of termitelike creatures.

Ghosts with visible corporeal forms are nowhere near as common as those merely heard, and all such reported, to be sure, are of the man-made variety. On one of the dead levels of the Leonard two years ago, for instance, some miners decided to have some sport with a "fire bug" who made the rounds periodically through this level.²² Rigging up a ghostlike form with the help

¹⁹ A "piece of laggin'" is a miner's favorite spot for reclining. One miner from the old school claimed, "We could sleep better on laggin' than home in bed." Lagging is a boardlike timber usually for the support of loose rock overhead, and comes in varying lengths and thicknesses, but, like other mine timbers, is far heavier than ordinary cuts of lumber seen around buildings.

²⁰ An old man in Butte who was once pinned beneath falling rock in a mine, and emerged from the ordeal with impaired mental faculties, reputedly has the habit of tapping with his cane any and everything made of iron. This simulates in his mind the tapping sounds that he heard while buried in the cave-in.

²¹ Because of its usefulness in warning miners of caving ground the loblolly pine (*pinus taeda*) has acquired the popular appellation, "the groaner." *National Geographic*, LXXIX (1941), facing p. 400.

²² A "dead level" is a level that has been worked out, or one abandoned for any reason. In California's deep mines these levels and workings are often spoken of as "ghost workings," particularly

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of some sheets, they placed the wraith at a point where the air flow was strong enough to make him appear to move. An English miner who made fun of an Irishman years ago for his professed belief in ghosts was converted to a belief in them by the mere mention of a ghost attired in street clothes, a white collar, and a stiff hat, that was reported to frequent a spot in a lateral drift off the 2,000-foot level of the Anaconda where he had been killed years before.²³ The man quit his job without even investigating, and is reported never to have worked in the mines again. The "Centerville Ghost Scare" of 1901 belongs not to the underground traditions of the camp, but to the folklore of Butte's north side. *Copper Camp* contains an extended account of this famous hoax that made national headlines.²⁴ The perpetrators, Joe Duffy, poet and prankster, and a couple of newspapermen, kept their secret for almost forty years because of Butte's intense preoccupation with the incident and the trouble and expense entailed. The hoax lasted almost ten days and might well have lasted longer had not a frenzied citizenry armed itself to the teeth with all sorts of weapons with instructions to dispatch the ghost once and for all. The whole debacle attests to the fertile imaginations upon which the jokers had counted.

More than twenty years ago, in one of the Clark properties north of the Speculator, a miner is reported to have been snatched from a cave-in by an unseen hand, presumably of ghostly nature.²⁵ This act must be construed, I suppose, as a providential intervention, differing markedly from the usual run of close escapes in the mines.²⁶ Many years ago in the "dead man's drift" of the old East Grayrock there was a mucker who believed so firmly in a ghost that he fancied he saw it across the car pushing against him as he tried to push the car out. The mucker is reported to have run all the way to the station and, characteristically, never to have gone back into the mine. Stories of cars mov-

if the terrific pressure of the overlying ground mass has snapped the fourteen-by-fourteen timbers. I once had the dubious pleasure of going through some ghost workings in the fabled Argonaut, being obliged to crawl through what once had been regular drifts. "Fire bug" is a common nickname for the fire boss, or fire watch.

²³ John C. Frohlicher's poem, "Cave-in," treats the theme of a miner's ghost being imprisoned in the mine, and has, as we have already seen, tommy-knocker affinities. A young Irishman who had wondered whether the hanging wall would fall finally got the grim answer. The last two lines read:

"She fell—I guess!" so much he said, and died.

There's one more ghost down on that level now. (*The Frontier*, VIII [1927-1928], 174.)

²⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 67-71.

²⁵ There is a slight parallel between this most unusual rescue and the tales of a human hand that is supposed to have hovered in the shafts and drifts of a mine in Alleghany, California, except that in the latter instance there were no indications that the hand ever snatched miners from their doom. Cf. *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 132, n. 11. The Alleghany tale of the hand probably had some sinister import like the famous "dead hand" mentioned in Hunt, *op. cit.*, II, 128 f. For a Utah example, see the *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 153, n. 57.

²⁶ A close parallel to this, involving, however, verbal rather than physical assistance, is reported by Jones (*Credulities Past and Present*, pp. 130-131) in an incident in which a supernatural voice called out, "You are in a winzel!" to keep a miner from plunging ten fathoms to his death.

ing without human aid are among the rarest of all tales involving the supernatural in the mines. Old-timers vaguely recall such stories, but are unable to supply details. Two miners who went from Montana to Park City, Utah, in the early days told me about "Candlestick Dan" Sullivan who mucked out forty cars about four hundred feet down a slight decline, only to have them move back into the workings of their own accord. Because of the number of cars involved, "Candlestick's" story is not above suspicion; but another story, also from Montana, has fewer elements of the tall tale. An unseen force in one of the mines moved a loaded car to the amazement, and terror, of six or seven miners who were on the point of "pulling the pin," as they said, and quitting their jobs.²⁷

Ghost stories of animals in the mines, particularly those involving horses and mules, are well represented in Butte. After the "Spec" fire a headless miner was reported to be riding a horse through the workings, and this tale was believed by many a miner.²⁸ Other allusions to white horses and white mules in the same mine and other mines on the Hill lend credence to the notion that such stories were once plentiful.²⁹ This strange superstition has degenerated into mere allusions to ghostly animals, the hearer being expected to make the proper associations. "Has the old gray mare got you yet?" was a stock question asked in the Buffalo mine around 1914. This particular tradi-

²⁷ Cf. *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 146, particularly note 41, where other instances are cited, including a tale of the superhuman operation of a hoist. California examples can be found in the *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 129, n. 6.

²⁸ Headless men and ghosts and headless horses and mules are favorite figments of the imaginations of men underground, yet legends concerning them are invariably vague. Speaking of ghosts, Fisher Vane says: "Down in the deeps they've been known to stroll through the workings minus arms, legs, and even heads." "Spooks, Spectres, and Superstitions in Mining," *The Mining Journal*, XXI (May 30, 1937), 40. See the *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 326 for a Colorado tale of a headless ghost, and my Utah article for further examples, particularly of the "headless rider." *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 144-145; cf. p. 5, n. 10 in the present article.

²⁹ From the number of mining terms that have developed around the word "horse" one must give more than passing notice to miners' beliefs and superstitions involving horses. Since writing a query in the April, 1943, issue of the *California Folklore Quarterly*, II (1943), 149, on the ultimate origin of the expression found in Hunt (*op. cit.*, I, 214), "Black Jack rides a good horse," that is, "zinc ore gives good promise for copper," I came upon a similar phrase in Chambers' *Book of Days* (2 vols.; London, 1883), II, 85-86, "white mundick was a good horseman, and always rode on a good load," which I take to be a misreading of "lode." Mundick itself was of no value, but was a good sign of valuable minerals in the lode. According to Hunt, a "horse in the lode" is a mass of unproductive ground in the middle of a mineral lode (*loc. cit.*). This term, of course, is tolerably well known to old miners as well as to geologists, and Edmund G. Kinyon, venerable journalist of Grass Valley, California, has given it a classic definition in his note in the *California Folklore Quarterly*, II (1943), 315. The formation of clay between ledges in Virginia City, Nevada, was known around 1895 as a "porphyry horse," according to Joe Duffy, one of the many "hot water boys" who made their way to Butte before the turn of the century. A "horsetail lode" is a vein that spreads or fans out and is streaked with little stringers of ore like a horse's tail. The intervening "country rock" might be thought of, I suppose, as a "horse," as defined above. The Meaderville side of the Hill in Butte is called the "horsetail country" in view of peculiar streaked formations. This term is not to be confused with the "horsetail" plant that is supposed to attract gold to its roots. See the *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 34, especially n. 33. A "wild horse" or "wildish horse" is a lode moving in all directions. See R. M. Ballantyne, *Deep Down: A Tale of the Cornish Mines* (22d ed.; London, n.d.), p. 28.

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tion started when the old mare was killed in one of the workings. In almost every mine in Butte at one time or another one might have heard, "Have you seen the white mule yet?" or "Don't go back in there, the white mule will get you!" On hearing such remarks older miners would usually smile, but younger men would usually ponder well the questions and warnings.

There is a widespread notion among miners, and one that has some basis in fact, that there is a movement of the earth in the mines at midnight and thereabouts. I have heard this explained as being due to the pull of tides, the exchange of hot and cold air, the temporary breaking of gravity, and the like. A shifter in the Leonard, with mining experience in many western camps, explains this movement of the ground by saying, "The old man's tipping her over now; he's going to start the sun down the other side." This personification, one notes, involves the favorite Butte figure of "the old man." "The earth just turns center, somehow" is the way that a retired Cousin Jack speaks of this strange phenomenon. Such expressions as "she's turning over," as an old miner in the Emma described movements of the earth from eleven until two in the morning, and "the day is turning" are other layman's attempts at scientific exegesis. More common than any of these are the phrases "the earth's breathing" and "the ground's working." Now and again someone will connect the phenomenon of moving ground at night, or at any time, with spirits in the mines. An old miner from Drytown, California, was wont to describe the small bits of falling rock, or ravellings—"telegrams" to many a miner, by saying, "The spirits are working again." Granite usually resists this movement and shifting, but softer varieties of rock often do not, with resulting cave-ins. It goes without saying that miners on the graveyard shift feel greatly relieved when the fateful hours have passed without incident.³⁰

There are no widespread taboos against working on particular days, though certain old-time miners, mainly Irish, make a point of not showing up at the collar on Friday the thirteenth, explaining, "she's a tough one in Butte." The common superstition against starting new operations on Friday is about as prevalent in Butte as elsewhere among mining folk, and by extension often includes Saturday and Sunday as well. Starting a job on Saturday, for example, means that the man will keep it but a short time. Many miners dislike Sunday work, but there is no superstition particularly against working on Sunday, except as a first shift. As a matter of fact, most miners in Butte are reported to have been ruffled whenever they could not get in the extra Sunday shift. Certain miners "lay off" on secular and religious holidays, but usually not for superstitious reasons.³¹ Friday the thirteenth is not the only connection in

³⁰ Cf. *Arizona: A State Guide*, "American Guide Series" (New York, 1940), p. 164.

³¹ In view of the strong feeling in the old country against working certain religious holidays in the mines, and in view of the strong religious cast of mind in Butte, I am at a loss to explain why

which the number thirteen is thought to be unlucky in the mines of Butte.³² Every now and again one hears of some superstitious miner who will resent, or at worst, refuse, to work in a stope numbered thirteen. Whether certain mines have followed the practice of many hotels in omitting thirteen from their numbering systems, I have not heard, but there would really be no need of this because the stope number is added to that of the level. Stope No. thirteen on the 1,500-foot level, for example, would be numbered 1513. Neither is there occasion for a thirteen-hole blasting, although in certain types of formations a round might consist of as few as twelve holes. On this point one old miner said if there were need of an extra hole, an experienced miner would "put in two more. You're darn right, he would." The taboo against thirteen explains, perhaps, the use of this number in ringing the hoistman as a prank. The exact wording of a thirteen-bell signal varies from miner to miner; suffice it to say that none of the salutations are ever printable. Many a wild ride on the cage is reported to have followed a ringing of thirteen bells, and testimony on this point comes from old hoistmen as well as from miners. In the mines today, at least in the big and modern ones, a hoistman no longer tallies, or plugs, his hoistings. This is all done by a "stool pigeon," an automatic recording device. For this reason the superstition against plugging a thirteenth hoisting, as reported from California, is not known.³³ Some cage riders used to give the signal, "Cut the rope!" or "Let 'er drop!" when the hoistman was to "lower away." This command was occasionally accompanied by a gesture of cutting the throat. At the big mines, of course, the hoistman can not see the collar of the shaft and must depend entirely on the use of bell signals. The cable is jocularly called the "string," but the remark, "the string broke," is not to be taken so lightly as it sounds, for it has reference to a broken hoist-

feelings or superstitions against working on such holy days are apparently not to be found. On these matters of faith Jones writes: "Many miners object to enter a mine on Good Friday, Innocents' and Christmas Days, fearful that some catastrophe would attend the breaking of a prescribed custom" (*Credulities Past and Present*), p. 135.

³² It is interesting to note that the taboo against this fateful number was not sufficiently strong to warrant the moving of Miners' Union Day to either June 12, or 14. Furthermore, the breakup of the annual parade in 1914, which drove the union underground for a full twenty years, occurred not on that unluckiest of days, Friday the thirteenth, but on Saturday, June 13, 1914.

³³ *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 137. It is interesting to note that whereas nine bells is the profane salute to hoistmen in California, instead of thirteen, as in Butte, nine bells in Butte, and in all the mines of Montana, I believe, is the signal of danger. Cf. *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 143. Walt Holliday's poem, "Bells—Not Edgar Allen's," treats of the electric bell signals in a mine. *Mining Camp Melodies* (Butte, n.d.), p. 29. Caroline Bancroft cites a remarkable bit of lore on mine signals. The mysterious ringing of a hoisting signal at the Pittsburgh mine in Central City, Colorado, when all mine hands were eating lunch in the shaft house, led to the deduction that a ghost below was pulling the bell rope. Like so many other strange phenomena in mining, this one could be traced to its real cause: a cave-in in the shaft, with timbers hurtling against the signal rope. *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 329. A skip passing over a wire caused a bell to ring at a mine in Soulsbyville, California, but until this fact was discovered, Italians at the mine laid the mysterious ringing to a dead miner (*ibid.*, I [1942], 131).

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Mining is a dangerous hand.³⁸ This fact accounts for a miner can relate hunches from under caving rock or going to go into certain work

³⁴ *Mining Camp Melodies*, p. 92

³⁵ Cf. *Arizona State Guide*, p. 16

³⁶ "Putting (or running) the men smashing into the timbers. This into the woods," which happens timbering in a shaft. Motormen a

³⁷ For a discussion of the origin 1945), 10, 28, 60. I have always v *Dreizahl*, the magic of three's, w

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ing cable and all the tragedy entailed. "Piece of Thread," by Walt Holliday³⁴ is a poetic treatment of this grim theme.

It's just a tiny piece of thread,
Though it's made of steel I know.
If the cable breaks, old pal, good night—
We're headed down below.

There's dogs and things to catch it,
And patent kinks galore;
But if they catch it ever—
They never did before.

If the cable breaks and 'sunders,
When the decks are filled with men,
There's one chance in a million
They'll see daylight again.

The common notion of deaths, accidents, fires, and the like occurring in a series of three is well known, of course, in American superstition, and mining camps have done their full part in keeping alive this folk belief that reaches far back in our European ancestry. After untoward events in the mines men are heard to remark that "there'll be two more to come."³⁵ One of the most striking instances is a series of three deaths in one day in the Leonard in 1944, each in a different working. Motormen are reputed to harbor this superstition more than others, and after "putting the motor into the woods" once, many a motorman will face the psychological hazard of further trouble.³⁶ The "three-on-a-match" superstition, which is popularly thought to have developed in the trenches during the First World War, was known in the mines of Butte early in the century.³⁷

Mining is a dangerous craft, with accident and death lurking on every hand.³⁸ This fact accounts for the general popular belief in hunches. Many a miner can relate hunches bordering on the miraculous, such as moving out from under caving rock or in the nick of time escaping falling timber, refusing to go into certain workings, or leaving a "glory hole" just before the whole

³⁴ *Mining Camp Melodies*, p. 92.

³⁵ Cf. *Arizona State Guide*, p. 164.

³⁶ "Putting (or running) the motor into the woods" means, of course, jumping the track and smashing into the timbers. This expression is likely derived from "putting (or running) the cage into the woods," which happens whenever the cage runs afoul of the metal guides and wrecks the timbering in a shaft. Motormen also speak of "running the motor into the ditch."

³⁷ For a discussion of the origins of this superstition see *American Notes and Queries*, IV (1944-1945), 10, 28, 60. I have always viewed it as a sort of modern example of the fairy-tale device of *Dreizahl*, the magic of three's, with characteristic *achtergewicht*, or emphasis on the last.

³⁸ The dangers of the copper mining craft are admirably summarized by Angus Murdoch in *Boom Copper: The Story of the First U. S. Mining Boom* (New York, 1943), pp. 209-213.

thing came thundering down.³⁹ These stories are soon spread abroad by the men underground and by their families and friends aboveground, until, in many cases, the facts have been noticeably enlarged upon. In these matters some miners have a sort of sixth sense. One such related to me a few remarkable instances, including a hunch that he once had that the Big Mitchell stope in the Leonard would cave. His extraordinary premonition saved the crew from the false hanging that gave way. Trapped in the Anselmo not long ago, an old miner was dug out hardly the worse for his harrowing experience. He reported that he had said to himself before going into the working, "Eli, your time is come," but, contrary to his better judgment, had gone in anyway.⁴⁰ About 1940, in the same mine, another man was killed when he failed to play his hunch and "knock off" for the shift. He is reported to have gone into the mine just to make his "ringer" for the week.⁴¹ At the Pennsylvania, about 1923, a man had a hunch not to ride the cage. A few minutes later the engine blew up and "put the cage into the woods." Some years ago a big Finn at the Belmont was talking about "getting it," and talked so convincingly that two other men in the stope laid off the next day, only to hear that their partner really did "get his." Most men who have "got the hunch" will seek some excuse to keep from going to work. Getting drunk is considered as good as any, and many a wife has been known to be *particeps criminis* in such a conspiracy. A man's turning around at the collar of the shaft and going back down the hill for the day is not unusual, particularly among the so-called "Austrian" miners.⁴² Somewhat rarer is a miner's announcement that "She's deep enough," just before he is about to go on shift. This favorite phrase

³⁹ The derivation of "glory hole" is uncertain, but the term is applied to any dangerous working in which a man is likely to be dispatched to his glory at any moment. That the hole is of considerable size is the popular notion, because in Butte one hears, for example, that "the Finlen [Butte's tallest building] could go into that glory hole!" The verb "to glory-hole" refers to steam shovel operations in vast pits. This accords with the dictionary definition of "glory hole": "An open pit produced by surface mining."

⁴⁰ The *Arizona State Guide* contains a typical verbatim account of "getting the hunch": "I was working in a stope one day and all at once a funny feeling struck me and I yelled to my partner 'Beat it, Jim. Get out of here quick!' and I ran and climbed up the manway, and just as I reached the top of the ladder the entire stope caved under me. The foreman ran up and said, 'What's going on, Mark?' and I said, 'I don't know. All I know is that something told me to get out of there'" (p. 165). For California and Colorado literature on hunches in the mines, see the *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 139-140, and IV (1945), 323-325. Utah examples are found in the *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 155-156.

⁴¹ A "ringer" is a full week of six days, plus time and a half for the last shift.

⁴² "Austrians" is an appellation given to miners from southern Europe and the Balkans, and is preferable to the mildly opprobrious term "Bohunks" or "Hunkies." "Austrian" is an inadequate collective, of course, for Austrians, Hungarians, Serbians, Croats, Slovenians, Slovaks, and other peoples of southeastern Europe. "Bohunk" is little better when it is loosely applied to Poles, Italians, and other such non-Anglo-Saxon groups. Butte had its famous "Bohunk Scare" around 1910, but it was of short duration. *Copper Camp* contains a chapter on this subject, including a sensational contemporary exposé of living conditions and working conditions (pp. 133-137). A variant of the "Rustling Song," below, breathes the miner's resentment at losing his job to these hardy immigrants who have always been regarded as excellent miners.

for quitting is used in the popular twist in Butte is, matter of hunches, accident, philosophic view follow and let it go at that.⁴³ No friend of mine did at the is, quit his job without a

Deaths in the mines and miners frequently do not. The European custom of Christian burial, or even and, perhaps, was never of course, would be allowed to the hospital in case of mine officials to the wife visit from the partner, or fear of the corpse of a man place where a man has been are held by individual miners. Numerous stories deal with be properly disposed of most likely an active age

Butte miners share the shafts "fall out of their beds in support of this notion man fell from the 2,800-foot

⁴³ A miner was about to quit safe. "Rimmer" O'Neil, colorful one of them slabs has your name bed." The man was still unconscious of the most common names in Butte

⁴⁴ I have known old miners who in Butte deal mainly with small complete shutdown of the Daly Another Butte miner, now retired South Dakota, over thirty years repairing to the bar afterwards hearse backs up to your door." For "Mining at the Wakes," below.

⁴⁵ From earliest times miners have been founded upon this tradition. Teams of Butte are treated in California mines to pair men racially, as in countryman. A couple of these some of the most famous mining

⁴⁶ "A Finn will perform any service it is strictly hands off the corpse.

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for quitting is used in the mine, as well as at the collar of the shaft, and a popular twist in Butte is, "Turn off the air, Pard', She's deep enough!" In the matter of hunches, accidents, and deaths, miners, on the whole, take a rather philosophic view following the theory that "when your time's up, it's up," and let it go at that.⁴³ Now and then someone will "hear the voice," as a good friend of mine did at the Mountain Con in 1923, and simply "bunch it," that is, quit his job without a moment's notice.

Deaths in the mines do not cause so much attention as they once did, for miners frequently do not hear of them until many hours or even a day later. The European custom of shutting down the mines until the deceased received Christian burial, or even shutting down for the rest of the day, is unheard of, and, perhaps, was never known in Butte except in token.⁴⁴ The man's partner, of course, would be allowed to accompany the body to the undertaker's, or to the hospital in case of accident. The impersonal telephone call from the mine officials to the wife of the dead or injured man is often avoided by a visit from the partner, or more correctly, "pardner."⁴⁵ Finnish miners have a fear of the corpse of a miner,⁴⁶ and Filipinos steadfastly refuse to work in a place where a man has been killed. Superstitions of this sort, needless to say, are held by individual miners of all races, including the canny "Cousins." Numerous stories deal with the retrieving of severed members, which must be properly disposed of before the victim can have peace. Autosuggestion is most likely an active agent in such cases.

Butte miners share the popular belief that men falling to their deaths down shafts "fall out of their boots," and they are not at a loss to offer many instances in support of this notion. A well-known example will suffice: In 1938 a pump-man fell from the 2,800-foot level to the 3,600-foot level of the Leonard, losing

⁴³ A miner was about to quit his job in a stope at the St. Lawrence because he thought it was unsafe. "Rimmer" O'Neil, colorful foreman at the mine, came along and told him not to worry: "If one of them slabs has your name on it, you'll get it. Otherwise you're as safe as if you were home in bed." The man was still unconvinced, because his name happened to be Sullivan, then as now one of the most common names in Butte. *Copper Camp*, p. 210.

⁴⁴ I have known old miners who can recall this venerable custom in camps elsewhere, but examples in Butte deal mainly with small mines and at a very early day. A shifter in the Anselmo recalls the complete shutdown of the Daly West at Park City, Utah, as late as 1917, following a fatal accident. Another Butte miner, now retired, remembers a similar instance at the famous Homestake at Lead, South Dakota, over thirty years ago, in which the whole shift "knocked off" on the day of the funeral, repairing to the bar afterwards, as was their wont, and then singing "All men are equal when the hearse backs up to your door." For an ironic touch in this connection, see the second stanza of Duffy's "Mining at the Wakes," below.

⁴⁵ From earliest times miners have always worked in pairs, industrial and union regulations having been founded upon this tradition as much as upon notions of safety. Some of the famous two-man teams of Butte are treated in *Copper Camp*, pp. 213-215. There was never any attempt in the Butte mines to pair men racially, as far as I can learn, although Finns usually insist on working with a countryman. A couple of these "herring chokers," Butte Block and Whiskey by name, were among some of the most famous mining pairs in Butte. Cf. *Copper Camp*, pp. 123, 212-215.

⁴⁶ "A Finn will perform any sacrifice or act of heroism to rescue a disabled comrade, but once dead it is strictly hands off the corpse." *Copper Camp*, p. 122.

his boots in the fall. In this connection there is a belief that once a man starts to fall down a shaft he is completely unable to grab at anything or otherwise to arrest the fall. The same notion is held with respect to a car that starts down a shaft or over a dump: a man simply cannot let go. One Butte miner explained this strange loss of faculty thus: "He's froze to it."⁴⁷ ?

Most miners' superstitions are believed in only whimsically, if at all, but the superstition against working one's final shift in a mine is actively held by most men working underground today. It is a matter of record that many a man has failed to work his announced last shift because of a "hunch" that some providence would betide him on his last trip below. The superstition is so widely held that miners' wives often prevail upon their husbands not to work the last shift. The ancient device of the bottle, as noted above, is often pressed into service if the man is intent on making his "ringer." Many a miner gets around the difficulty by simply quitting without setting a date at all. An Italian, who worked in one of the mines of Meaderville and had saved over \$5,000 with the plan of quitting and returning to his homeland for his wife and boys, was killed on his final shift. This story follows a stereotype that is well known in most camps. A man who won a big baseball pool in 1929 and planned to quit his job at the Tramway wanted to "put in just one more shift." This was his last shift, for he never came out of the mine alive. A similar fate befell a so-called "gun-shy expert," or reserve miner from the army, only last summer in the Mountain Con. In the same mine, about 1939, a motorman who had turned miner worked twelve shifts in a so-called "cut and fill" stope, and announced his intention of working just one more shift in "that glory hole."⁴⁸ Many a miner would never have faced the double jinx of the last shift

⁴⁷ One of my best informants witnessed an accident of this sort at the Josie mine in Rossland, British Columbia, many years ago, in which a "top-cager" followed an empty car down an incline-shaft. In Butte, before the advent of the hoisting of ore by skip, miners were urged to push cars onto the cage "flat-handed," a circumstance which bears out the credence placed in the belief. Letting go of a stopper drilling machine when the steel breaks in underhand stoping is another precarious business, and many a man has been "dragged in with it."

⁴⁸ The "cut and fill" process of stoping, reputedly brought to the Butte mines from Michigan by a mining man named Weed less than ten years ago, is an operation calculated to open up and work out vast chambers of ore without timbering. To the miners the "Weed-Stope" soon became known as "cut and kill." J. B. Houchin's poem, "The Weed-Stope, Cut and Fill" (from the *Miner's Voice*, December 1940, p. 3) is a classic listing of miners' "beefs" about the equipment. These "beefs" are as common among miners everywhere as complaints about the food served at boarding houses. I give only stanzas 4 to 9 of this modern miner's lament.

The hanging walls were caving
With her bellyful of rock,
The back was sloughing badly
And the footwall was a shock.

The slusher's valve was busted
And the bucket hitch was broke,
With her cables frayed and rusted
And no shackles for the rope.

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⁴⁹ *The Frontier*, VIII (1927-1928) with this common theme. *Mining* section of the *California Folklo*: Thorpe's sentimental ballad on th

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on the thirteenth day. W. H. Holliday's short story, "Compensation," deals
fictionally with the theme of the fatal last shift.⁴⁰ In this story, ironically
enough, an Italian shaftman who was quitting his job so that his unworthy
wife and family would not get workman's compensation in the event of acci-
dental death, was struck down by a falling boulder. Injuries as well as deaths,
in the popular mind, are likewise more likely to occur on the final shift. For
this reason a shifter at the Anselmo habitually cautions his men about being
extra careful. Such admonitions, of course, are usually enough to make a man
stay away altogether. The superstition against trouble of some sort on the
first shift is little known, and might be better characterized as an idiosyncrasy
of certain miners. The dislike of putting in a first shift on Sunday has already
been noted.

Many miners have a taboo against returning to a diggings once they have
left it for the shift, and simply pick up on the following shift whatever they
have left behind. This taboo extends also to the dry room, or locker room, for
once a man heads for the collar to be lowered, he should not return to the
"dry" for anything. Furthermore, it is bad luck to go back to see how much
rock has been broken on a shift, although with missed holes this ordinarily
must be done. Young miners are the principal offenders in these matters and
are "wised up" in due course by older heads.

Locker-room superstitions are not easy to generalize. To my knowledge
there are no single superstitions of this sort that could be regarded as com-
monly known. Most men dress and undress in the most unsystematic and
carefree way, but a few are more systematic and thoughtful. Now and again
someone makes a ritual of taking off what the Cornish call "the forth and

The airhose was busted
And the goose-neck full of rock,
The buzzie wouldn't rotate
And not a spare one in the locker stock.

The fourth steel was twisted
The third was full of mud
The second it was broken
And the starter was a dud.

The axe had done yeoman service
Cutting cables to the core,
Until it busted through its handle
And would serve its use no more.

The pick was like a hammer
And the hammer was like a pick,
The hammer flat and pointed
And the pick was blunt and thick.

⁴⁰ *The Frontier*, VIII (1927-1928), 108-111. "The Last Shift" is another story by Holliday dealing
with this common theme. *Mining Camp Yarns* (Butte, 1927), pp. 87-91. In the "Notes and Queries"
section of the *California Folklore Quarterly* for April, 1946. I shall reproduce Rose Hartwick
Thorpe's sentimental ballad on this theme, "In the Mining Town."

'toey clothes" and slipping into the "diggin's outfit," and people of this sort are usually the ones that attach importance to the hundred and one little things that take place in the "dry." What, for example, can one say about a Cousin Jack at the Lexington who saw a man burn a hole in his overalls with a cigarette, and claimed it was a bad omen? "Austrian" miners often lay store by trivial dry-room happenings such as the falling of shoes, hats, and other items of clothing, and envision these trifles as evil omens. I have heard miners say that the men in question will refuse to go down the mine after some such occurrence, but I know of no examples that can be elaborated. The superstition that one should not change an item of clothing that is mistakenly put on wrong side out, a belief well known in American popular tradition, is observed to a certain extent in dry-room custom and usage.⁵⁰ Many miners dislike putting on a new item of raiment toward the end of the week, and feel better when such a garment is first worn on Monday morning. Other men have a prejudice against putting on more than one new item at a time, and donning a whole new outfit at once is definitely taboo. Men going down the mine for the first time, with a completely new outfit, are easily labeled. Some men wear diggings clothes past the point of decency. According to their close associates, economy is not the whole motive. A shifter in one of the most active mines on the Hill wears an outfit that is in shreds, and his comrades claim that, although he would be whipped to death in a windstorm, he cannot be prevailed upon to part with his rags. The taboo against wearing new clothing may extend to other new items. A few miners, I am informed, always prefer secondhand dinner pails.

An item of interest in connection with miners' dress is the humorous notion of blacksmiths that when their apron strings come untied "someone is home making love to mama." This is a variant of the common superstition that if a miner's light goes out there is trouble of some sort at home, trouble usually arising from the visit of an amatory adventurer.⁵¹ Although this popular fancy is well known in Butte, no one could, or would, cite actual examples. One

⁵⁰ The genealogy of this superstition in England reaches back at least to Reginald Scot's *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584). Cf. Brand-Ellis, *Observations on Popular Antiquities* (3 vols.; London, 1841-1842), III, 85. Interesting in this connection is a superstition among the early Cornish miners of Wisconsin that if a person became "pisky laaden," that is, misled or benighted by pixies, he should turn some item of clothing inside out to counteract the spell. Louis Albert Copeland, "The Cornish in Southwest Wisconsin," *Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, XIV (1898), 321-322.

⁵¹ This candle divination, which was readily expanded to include carbide lamps when they came into use, seems to be a purely American invention, not being noted, I believe, in any of the standard English treatises on mining lore. Other candle auguries, however, are known and probably stem from a fear of being without light in the labyrinthian passages. For this reason old Butte miners were urged always to carry plenty of extra matches. For Cornish candle auguries, see Jenkin, *op. cit.*, pp. 64, 209, and for the humorous American tradition, see the *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 135-136 and IV (1945), 331-332. Cf. *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 150; also the *Arizona State Guide*, p. 165.

interesting account, however, of considerable trouble with I must be stepping out with I and all out of sorts, he is re making sure of her guilt. Co and their tolerance with er apocryphal account, the mi of the terrific battles that shut-downs only to find me decided that two long blasts

The taking of women in of the West, seems not to fact that this classic prejud breach than in the observ indifference. A strapping w and Tramway mines about handled the Yankee Boy h tence for contempt of cour

⁵² "The Men Who Went Back" i from the mine early one night, arr ably esconced on the sofa with the would have done, the miners ran t is, quitting time. Duffy, *Butte Wa* Bancroft of a Cousin Jack who reft because " 'Ee was a perfic stranger in Butte in variant forms. See also andric weaknesses of Cousin Jinni dalliance (*Boom Copper*, p. 214).

⁵³ For English references to the f *Credulities Past and Present*, pp. 1 more to women aboveground than 1894), p. 507. The superstition see unequivocal statement in the *Ari Journal of American Folklore*, LIV addition to the typical beliefs in l favorable turn of events brought Bancroft has turned up an imagin in a tunnel where a woman makes superstition still exists among the Worker for Man," *National Geogr* is likely to result in disaster."

⁵⁴ *Copper Camp*, p. 257. Womer were until the outbreak of the wa Butte (p. 90). Joe Duffy informs m shaft of the C. and C. mine at Vi mule train that took them throu Sutro. This was in the late 'ninete Mining Journal, XXI (May 30, 193 underground, but adds, significant when women appear.

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interesting account, however, deals with a greenhorn in the Leonard who had considerable trouble with his light. When older men told him that someone must be stepping out with his wife, he hurried home to investigate. Breathless and all out of sorts, he is reported to have belabored his spouse without even making sure of her guilt. Cousin Jacks are usually made the butt of such jokes, and their tolerance with erring wives is almost proverbial.⁵² According to an apocryphal account, the mines started to blow whistles after accidents because of the terrific battles that ensued when miners returned home from sudden shut-downs only to find men from other shifts billeted in their homes. It was decided that two long blasts would enable a miner to make a hasty exit.

The taking of women into the mines, once a strict taboo in many mines of the West, seems not to have established itself very firmly in Butte.⁵³ The fact that this classic prejudice has been honored over the years more in the breach than in the observance has led nowadays to an attitude of complete indifference. A strapping woman named Bobby Watson worked at the Badger and Tramway mines about 1929, and passed for a man. Mrs. Charles Gyman handled the Yankee Boy herself while her husband sat out a thirty-day sentence for contempt of court in a case of mine litigation.⁵⁴ Superstitions attach-

⁵² "The Men Who Went Back" is a fictional story of a couple of Butte miners who sneaked away from the mine early one night, arriving home in time to find the foreman of the day shift comfortably esconced on the sofa with the older man's wife. Instead of surprising the foreman as most men would have done, the miners ran back to the mine so they would not be missed before "tally," that is, quitting time. Duffy, *Butte Was Like That*, pp. 308-313. The delightful story told by Caroline Bancroft of a Cousin Jack who refused to move against such an interloper following a candle augury because "Ee was a perfic stranger to me" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 332) is known in Butte in variant forms. See also Miss Bancroft's amusing account (*ibid.*, p. 332, n. 30) of the poly-andric weaknesses of Cousin Jinnies for "the boarders." Murdoch has a brief treatment of miners' dalliance (*Boom Copper*, p. 214).

⁵³ For English references to the prejudice against women being in or around the mines, see Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, pp. 127, 134, although these, like those of Hunt, cited in note 56, refer more to women aboveground than below. Cf. Paul Sébillot, *Les travaux publics et les mines* (Paris, 1894), p. 507. The superstition seems firmly established in the mines of Arizona to judge from the unequivocal statement in the *Arizona State Guide*, pp. 164-165, and in other western states. Cf. *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 146-147; *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 134. In addition to the typical beliefs in bad luck, the California source cited also contains instances of a favorable turn of events brought on by a visit of women underground. In this connection Miss Bancroft has turned up an imaginative variant to the effect that a rich strike is promised at a spot in a tunnel where a woman makes love to a miner. *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 331. "A superstition still exists among the miners," writes Albert Atwood in his article, "Coal: Prodigious Worker for Man," *National Geographic*, LXXXV (1944), 582, "that a woman's visit [in the coal mines] is likely to result in disaster."

⁵⁴ *Copper Camp*, p. 257. Women are frequently taken into the visitors' drift of the Leonard, or were until the outbreak of the war. Freeman has a picture of women underground in his history of Butte (p. 90). Joe Duffy informs me that women and their escorts were regularly lowered down the shaft of the C. and C. mine at Virginia City, Nevada, to the 1,600-foot level where they boarded a mule train that took them through the Sutro tunnel to the dances in the old Concordia Hall at Sutro. This was in the late 'nineties. In his "Spooks, Spectres, and Superstitions in Mining," *The Mining Journal*, XXI (May 30, 1937), 5, 40, Fisher Vane debunks the prejudice against taking women underground, but adds, significantly, that Tommy knockers are scared stiff and never "cut up didos" when women appear.

ing to the appearance of a miner's wife at the collar of a shaft with her husband below are unheard of now. Most likely it is because it is impossible for a woman or anyone else to get into most mine properties without going through well-guarded gates. If a woman has a hunch that something is happening to her man, she can always telephone the mine, and such calls, I am informed, really are made every once in awhile. The evil omen of a miner's meeting a woman on the way to work has never been widespread in American mines, and it is almost unknown in Butte.⁵⁵ One miner, however, construed it as bad luck to meet a crying woman when bound for the mine, and claimed that this superstition is well known among miners in the West. Another man was always wary of meeting a red-headed woman or a cross-eyed man under such circumstances.⁵⁶ More common, of course, are beliefs in the bad luck brought on by a black cat's crossing one's path while en route to the mines, and this fact emphasizes once more that miners are quick to appropriate to themselves popular traditions of general interest. Over the years certain miners are reported to have turned back home on seeing a hearse as they ventured forth to work.

Butte has its story of "the woman in black," which seems to be a favorite legend in some western camps.⁵⁷ Many years ago a strange female creature clad entirely in black was seen at various times wandering slowly around the Mountain Con. She made a most unusual spectacle and was thought by some to be a sort of fairy woman, or even banshee, although she was, I am told, never heard to wail.⁵⁸

The taboo against whistling, still recalled by some old-timers, is fast becoming a thing of the past in the mines of Butte. If a man nowadays is asked to stop whistling it is more likely because someone does not like the tune rather than because of any anxiety that a cave-in may be brought on or some other baleful event transpire.⁵⁹ In spite of this, there are certain vestiges of the ancient

⁵⁵ In the early days a man's wife or sweetheart would often accompany him to the mine on night shift and sit around on the timbers talking until it was time for him to be "lowered away."

⁵⁶ In Cornwall, in the old days, a miner encountering a woman on his way to the mines, especially at night, regarded the incident as an evil portent, and many a man would return home. Hunt, *op. cit.*, II, 127. Cf. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, p. 127, who also reports the same superstition among the Welsh colliers (p. 134). Among the Serbians and other Eastern Orthodox groups of Butte there is still a popular prejudice against having a blonde or red-headed woman enter one's home as the first visitor on Christmas morning, and this applies by extension to a man of the same light complexion. I know a dark-complexioned Irishman who was eagerly sought as a first visitor Christmas morning by his neighbors.

⁵⁷ *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 148-149.

⁵⁸ Banshee lore properly belongs to the general folklore of Butte rather than to that of the miner, but I shall cite one banshee legend as being illustrative of the sort of stories that await the collector. Many years ago a prominent Irishman in Butte, whose name cannot be divulged, heard the wail of a banshee. He came downstairs and told the people in the house of what he had heard. Soon a telegram came telling of the death of a relative in Ireland.

⁵⁹ Writing in 1880, Jones says: "Whistling in the mines is on no account permitted, a superstition shared alike by seamen as well as miners" (*Credulities Past and Present*, p. 135). Cf. Hunt, *op. cit.*,

taboo. Whistling on the cage a few years ago; my informant on the first shift of the week.

Although mules have many years, their exploits are still of *Copper Camp*, which Mines," "They were as much Jack, dynamite, and the but on the number of mules under care of the animals, and a tentative amount of legend to count, tell time, and the inquiries of old miners can from all the mines on the Attempts to delude the animal that the clicks could not be I have testimony from the for a downhill pull the cage in the Bell and Diamond is much rock had to be moved fine sense of hearing are none in the mines of Butte is "working."⁶² A mule's sense and many a miner in the ore reach. On the 1,500-foot level ner pails from hooks on tin would. An old mule skin until they were fed such it

239, 127; Sébillot, *op. cit.*, p. 525. conjure forth evil spirits, to cause in Colorado and Utah, seems better IV (1945), 334; *Journal of American*

⁶⁰ *Op. cit.*, pp. 198-202. The quo cars in a Butte mine, together with (facing p. 180). These terms have of today. Many swamper, by way excellent whistlers from whistling; helper who hands things up to a r and the term also connotes a gene or course, a "swamper" is a man with the privilege of keeping money and sor in the early days had rightful

⁶¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 199-200.

⁶² A retired Butte miner, who would a mule refused to enter a tunnel should consider parallels from his

of a shaft with her husband because it is impossible for a parties without going through something is happening to d such calls, I am informed, men of a miner's meeting a spread in American mines, however, construed it as bad mine, and claimed that this est. Another man was always is-eyed man under such cir- s in the bad luck brought on e to the mines, and this fact o appropriate to themselves e years certain miners are earse as they ventured forth

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no account permitted, a superstition d *Present*, p. 135). Cf. Hunt, *op. cit.*,

taboo. Whistling on the cage while being lowered was a taboo in the Tramway a few years ago; my informant claimed that objections were raised particularly on the first shift of the week.

Although mules have not worked in the mines of Butte for many, many years, their exploits are still recounted with much pleasure, for, in the words of *Copper Camp*, which contains an excellent chapter on "Mules in the Mines," "They were as much a part of the mines as were the Irish and Cousin Jack, dynamite, and the buzzy."⁹⁰ In this model treatise statistics are set down on the number of mules underground in the Butte mines in the halcyon days, care of the animals, and actual operations performed, together with a representative amount of legendary material dealing with a mule's uncanny ability to count, tell time, and the like. For all such fabulous exploits anyone making inquiries of old miners can obtain numerous ready examples. There are stories from all the mines on the Hill about a mule's refusing to pull an extra car. Attempts to delude the animal by pulling the links of the couplings taut, so that the clicks could not be heard, as reported in *Copper Camp*, and for which I have testimony from the Anaconda and Mountain View, always failed.⁹¹ Even for a downhill pull the canny beast would make no exception. An old mule in the Bell and Diamond invariably took a good look at the chute to see how much rock had to be moved during the shift. Stories bearing out a mule's fine sense of hearing are not so well known, but a miner of many years' experience in the mines of Butte said that the mules would not go into ground that is "working."⁹² A mule's sense of smell, on the other hand, is well developed, and many a miner in the old days learned to put his lunch bucket well out of reach. On the 1,500-foot level of the Tramway an old mule used to knock dinner pails from hooks on timbers, and if the fall did not open them, a lusty kick would. An old mule skinner told me that mules would often block tunnels until they were fed such items as sugar, apples, and the like. The toll exacted

239, 127; Sébillot, *op. cit.*, p. 525. The strident tones are thought to cause the earth to vibrate, to conjure forth evil spirits, to cause the ore to pinch out, and the like. The last-named jinx, recorded in Colorado and Utah, seems better known than others in this country. *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 334; *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 151.

⁹⁰ *Op. cit.*, pp. 198-202. The quotation is on page 198. There is an excellent picture of a mule and cars in a Butte mine, together with the "skinner," or driver, and the "swamper," or switchman (facing p. 180). These terms have carried over to operators of the motorized trams, or "iron horses" of today. Many swampers, by way of repudiation of the prejudice against whistling, develop into excellent whistlers from whistling signals; others carry a whistle. A "swamper" also refers to a helper who hands things up to a raise miner, much in the manner of a hod carrier tending a mason, and the term also connotes a general sort of helper, or "flunky" anywhere in the mines. In saloons, or course, a "swamper" is a man who sweeps the floor and tidies up the place, to whom usually goes the privilege of keeping money and unclaimed items of value found on the floor, just as his predecessor in the early days had rightful claim to all gold dust recovered on the floor.

⁹¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 199-200.

⁹² A retired Butte miner, who worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania in the old days, reports that a mule refused to enter a tunnel of a mine in Wilkes-Barre where a miner had been killed, and I should consider parallels from hardrock mines as not unlikely.

often included chewing tobacco, and this habit among the mules of Butte, as reported in *Copper Camp*, seems to have been far more common than it was underground in Grass Valley, California. Peerless tobacco, popularly known as "Michigan Hay,"⁶³ was at a premium. These human proclivities, of course, endeared mules to their masters, and many a tale of friendship between mule and skinner has become part of the oral tradition of the mines. The affection of Nellie in the Mountain Con for a young Irish skinner is an idyll that belongs beside the legend of Pyramus and Thisbe.⁶⁴ The "Old Miners' Ballad,"⁶⁵

My sweetheart's a mule in the mine,
I drive her with only one line.
On the dashboard I sit
And tobacco I spit,
All over my sweetheart's behind.

is an enduring token of a skinner's love for his charge. Abuse of mules was almost unheard of, and skimmers guilty of this heinous offense were properly dealt with. Recounted in *Copper Camp* is the story of another Celtic skinner. This one was accustomed to beat his mule for any slip.⁶⁶ Belaboring the poor beast with a pick handle for missing the mouth of the ore chutes on one occasion, the skinner was flabbergasted to hear the mule warn him in low, sepulchral tones, "You damn Harp son-of-a-bitch, if you hit me once more, I'll kick your brains all over the mine!" The skinner turned and raced down the drift yelling, "Japers! He's human!" The skinner never did learn that a joker with didactic aims had uttered the threat from a darkened manway. This incident is a footnote to ventriloquism in the mines, discussed above. Joe Duffy's account of "How Kelly Killed the Mule," widely known in Butte, is fictional. The story tells of a greenhorn's killing an injured mule as painlessly as possible (with dynamite!).⁶⁷

Whenever a mule or a horse cast a shoe in the mines it was picked up by the first man that happened along and for good luck was nailed over his man-

⁶³ *Copper Camp*, p. 201. Cf. Duffy, *Butte Was Like That*, p. 90. Old Jasper, who worked on the 2,000-foot level of the North Star at Grass Valley, chewed tobacco and ate pasties. My informant could not remember whether this craving for pie, albeit meat pie, extended also to apple pie, a preferred variety with the mules of Butte.

⁶⁴ *Copper Camp*, pp. 200-201.

⁶⁵ *Copper Camp*, p. 198. The editors label this a "well-known early-day mining ballad," presumably known in Butte. Duncan Emrich's version, "My Sweetie's a Mule in the Mine," was collected from an old miner in Virginia City, since turned bartender, who sang it to the tune of "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds" (*Casey Jones and Other Ballads of the Mining West* [Denver, 1942], p. 16):

My sweetie's a mule in the mine,
I drive her without any lines,
On the rumble I sit,
Tobacco I spit
All over my sweetie's behind.

⁶⁶ *Op. cit.*, pp. 201-202.

⁶⁷ *Butte Was Like That*, pp. 195-198, esp. pp. 196-198.

way or on some other place passing of draught animals horseshoes are procured and to this once flourishing place.

Rats were never so common. They were always mice in the dark. They were taken below in the shafts. Those that survived the pick were obliged to live on the scraps of the keepers, of course, and pick mice have a sixth sense with other untoward conditions of the miner,⁷¹ applies equally to friends and will brook no more. I know that it's deadly bad, so there's bound to be a man. I am sure, would likewise.

Kelly the Ghost, a big fellow in a greenhorn in the old days, had been too deep for many years. He never hears of stray cats and mice wandering in, as is reported.

The flying of birds into the mine and such a happening always in some connection between the mine and the house or against a

⁶⁸ See Jenkin, *The Cornish Miners*, cf. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, emblems in manways and shafts down. *California Folklore Quarterly*.

⁶⁹ Around 1900, when "boomers" inquire: "Why aren't there any rats in our ancestry was: 'There are too many rats at the expense of the Irish.'

⁷⁰ For popular notions about 1900, see *Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 136; tale of a pack rat's running along a shaft (p. 329) is matched by a similar story up and down, simulated the mysterious posthaste.

⁷¹ *Nevada: A Guide to the Silver State*.

⁷² "Spooks, Spectres, and Superstitions: My note on white rats leading a pack rat [1942], 136, n. 19), is confirmed by 1900 a white rat led a procession of pack rats.

⁷³ *Copper Camp*, p. 92.

among the mules of Butte, as more common than it was to tobacco, popularly known as a man proclivities, of course, of friendship between mule and horse of the mines. The affection between them is an idyll that belongs to the "Old Miners' Ballad,"⁶⁵ a mine.

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charge. Abuse of mules was a serious offense were properly the property of another Celtic skinner. They slip.⁶⁶ Belaboring the poor miner the ore chutes on one occasion he warned him in low, sepulchral tones, "I'll kick you and raced down the drift and never did learn that a joker was a darkened manway. This is the mines, discussed above. Joe says," widely known in Butte, as an injured mule as pain-

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early-day mining ballad," presumably "The Mine," was collected from a miner to the tune of "Blessed Be the West [Denver, 1942], p. 16):

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way or on some other place where it could be readily seen or touched. The passing of draught animals underground and the extreme difficulty with which horseshoes are procured anywhere today, has almost put an end in the mines to this once flourishing popular symbol of good luck.⁶⁸

Rats were never so common in the mines of Butte as elsewhere, but there were always mice in the days when mules and horses worked underground.⁶⁹ They were taken below in bales of hay and straw and lived around the stables. Those that survived the passing of the animals from the mines have been obliged to live on the scraps of lunch tossed to them. They are expert time-keepers, of course, and put in an appearance about lunchtime.⁷⁰ Like rats, mice have a sixth sense when it comes to detecting caving ground, gas, and other untoward conditions. The adage, "When the rats move out, so does the miner,"⁷¹ applies equally to mice. For this reason miners regard mice as friends and will brook no mistreatment of them. Fisher Vane writes: "Do you know that it's deadly bad luck to kill a rat underground? That if you ever do so there's bound to be a man killed in that mine not long after?"⁷² Butte miners, I am sure, would likewise think of mice in this connection.

Kelly the Ghost, a big white pet cat in the St. Lawrence, frightened many a greenhorn in the old days when on the prowl for mice.⁷³ The mines have been too deep for many years, and there are so few tunnels and adits that one never hears of stray cats and dogs underground today, much less of wild animals wandering in, as is reported from small mines deep in the hills.

The flying of birds into tunnels or down shafts is regarded as a bad omen, and such a happening always gave superstitious miners pause. There is likely some connection between this belief and the popular notion that a bird flying into the house or against a window pane was a harbinger of death or dire mis-

⁶⁸ See Jenkin, *The Cornish Miner*, p. 297 for an account of horseshoe superstitions in Cornish mines; cf. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, p. 135. Caroline Bancroft notes the custom of placing these emblems in manways and shafts in Colorado, so that they can be touched by men moving up and down. *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 340.

⁶⁹ Around 1900, when "boomers" came to Butte and did not see any rats in the mines, they would inquire: "Why aren't there any rats in the mines?" The stock answer given by men of non-Hibernian ancestry was: "There are too many Tarriers in the mines." This was a jocular homonymous *bon mot* at the expense of the Irish.

⁷⁰ For popular notions about rats in the mines, see the *Arizona State Guide*, p. 165; *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 136; *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 157. Caroline Bancroft's tale of a pack rat's running along with a lighted candle (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 323, 329) is matched by a similar story from the Badger about thirty-five years ago. The light, bobbing up and down, simulated the mysterious *ignis fatuus* of the mines so well that the shift quit the drift posthaste.

⁷¹ *Nevada: A Guide to the Silver State*, "American Guide Series" (Portland, Oregon, 1940), p. 61.

⁷² "Spooks, Spectres, and Superstitions in Mining," *The Mining Journal*, XXI (May 30, 1937) 5. My note on white rats leading a pack of rats fleeing from disaster (*California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 136, n. 19), is confirmed by a similar reference from a Butte miner who relates that about 1900 a white rat led a procession of rats in a coal mine in South Wales.

⁷³ *Copper Camp*, p. 92.

fortune. Whereas the latter superstition is known in Butte, there are, perhaps, but few vestiges of the other, even though the association is a natural one.⁷⁴

Religious customs and observances in the mines of Butte, as elsewhere, constitute no unified body of lore, yet many of the popular faiths and fancies, to which even the most matter-of-fact miners confess, have deep, and often unconscious, religious associations. Nowhere else in America except at the Salem Dream Mine in Utah, perhaps, are there vestiges of the custom of group prayer before commencing the day's work in the mines, a custom that was well known in Europe until the beginning of the present century.⁷⁵ Individual miners of religious bent in Butte are reported over the years to have taken the Scriptures into the mines as the spirit moved, and to have prayed underground at meal-time and in moments of stress and danger.⁷⁶ Clergymen have always been welcomed underground to administer to the spiritual wants of dying men, and not a few lay preachers have served as regular miners. Many Catholic miners wear scapulars and other devotional emblems underground and cross themselves in dangerous workings or at a spot where some comrade may have met death.⁷⁷ These devotional practices are always respected. A shift boss at the Black Rock about 1925 sent two inexperienced Mexican miners to muck out a stope that had caved a few days before and piled up many tons of rock.

⁷⁴ Caroline Bancroft has turned up some excellent examples of these superstitions in Colorado. *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 330-331. Since the legend of the Seven Whistlers has close associations with mining in the old country, one might speculate on the possibility of a connection between the mere flying of birds around a mine or into the shaft or tunnel of a mine and the ominous song of these ill-fated plovers. Finally, one might reasonably wonder what, if anything, the whistling sound of birds had to do with the beginnings of the prejudice against whistling in the mines. Cf. W. Carew Hazlitt, *Faiths and Folklore* (2 vols.; London, 1905), II, 540; Hunt, *op. cit.*, II, 127; Christina Hole, *English Folklore* (New York, 1940), p. 40.

⁷⁵ *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV (1941), 138. During a wave of revivalism that swept Wales shortly after 1900, miners went to work a half hour early for religious services which were held right in the mines, according to a Butte miner, now retired. The taking of carolers into the Idaho-Maryland mine at Grass Valley, California, for Christmas eve broadcasts, and the carol singing in the mines by miners of Butte and other camps in the old days are survivals of the traditional religious devotion of miners and mining folk. Cf. *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 152, for a sketch of the Grass Valley broadcasts.

⁷⁶ I recently chanced upon a reference to a shrine hewn in the rock of the New Almaden mine near San Jose, California, where miners gathered in the 1850's to supplicate the tutelary protectress of the mines, Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. Propitiatory candles were kept constantly burning beside the figurine, which was adorned with a handsome white gown and red morocco slippers. William V. Wells, "The Quicksilver Mines of New Almaden, California," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XXVII (1863), 41. On page 32 there is a print of the shrine with a group of miners in votive pose. This picture is reproduced by Idwal Jones in his article, "Lights in a Mine," *Westways* (May, 1945), 8, which treats of this shrine and one at the El Hijillo mine in the same region, bestowed by relatives in memory of Juan Ribiera, a foreman who was killed in a cave-in in 1876. For a period of about ten years after Juan's death a priest, Father Nuñez, celebrated mass in the subterranean chapel. The custom of memorial lamps seems to have persisted in the camp until 1896, when the last Spanish miners were employed and the ties with the past broken (p. 9).

⁷⁷ Pierre van Paassen reports having seen a Croatian miner cross himself in a Canadian gold mine before entering a chute where tons of rock lay overhead. *The Days of Our Years* (New York, 1940), p. 93. I have collected numerous instances of this and similar offices in the mines of Utah and California, as well as in Butte.

Repenting of having put two a short time later to find the cross that they had fashione of the muck pile.⁷⁸

Occasional acts of sacrilege the predominantly religious easy for a man to refuse to w heard of men quitting a wor God and religion were made the reviler in accordance wi In a somewhat lighter vein Pennsylvania that was accus Street for some merriment : second or third Sunday. Be singers of Methodist hymns cises that might have sugges ated. Butte was like that!

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Repenting of having put two green hands in a dangerous working, he returned a short time later to find them working in good spirits beneath an improvised cross that they had fashioned from a couple of boards and placed at the top of the muck pile.⁷⁶

Occasional acts of sacrilege and irreverence in the mines are reported, but the predominantly religious feelings of the miners are such as to make it easy for a man to refuse to work with a scoffing or blasphemous partner. I have heard of men quitting a workings, after some sulphuric representations against God and religion were made, for fear that rock would come crashing down on the reviler in accordance with the ancient penalty of stoning for such offenses. In a somewhat lighter vein is the story about the Cousin Jack crew from the Pennsylvania that was accustomed to repair to a boarding house on East Park Street for some merriment after coming off shift at two in the morning every second or third Sunday. Being great drinkers, great churchgoers, and great singers of Methodist hymns they unconsciously gave way on occasion to exercises that might have suggested a travesty of the church service to the uninitiated. Butte was like that!

⁷⁶ Among the many Cornish miners interviewed I could not document any objection to the making or marking of a cross in the mines, as reported in Hunt, *op. cit.*, II, 123.

(To be continued in the April number)

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C. GRANT LOOMIS

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The Folklore, Customs, and Traditions of the Butte Miner

WAYLAND D. HAND

(Conclusion)*

The critics say further that mining is a perilous occupation to pursue, because the miners are sometimes killed by the pestilential air which they breathe; sometimes their lungs rot away; sometimes the men perish by being crushed in masses of rock; sometimes, falling from the ladders into the shafts, they break their arms, legs, or necks; and it is added there is no compensation which should be thought great enough to equalize the extreme dangers to safety and life. These occurrences, I confess, are of exceeding gravity, and, moreover, fraught with terror and peril, so that I should consider that the metals should not be dug up at all, if such things were to happen very frequently to the miners, or if they could not safely guard against such risks by any means. Who would not prefer to live rather than to possess all things, even the metals? For he who thus perishes possesses nothing, but relinquishes all to his heirs. But since things like this rarely happen, and only in so far as workmen are careless, they do not deter miners from carrying on their trade any more than it would deter a carpenter from his, because one of his mates has acted incautiously and lost his life by falling from a high building. I have thus answered each argument which critics are wont to put before me when they assert that mining is an undesirable occupation, because it involves expense with uncertainty of return, because it is changeable, and because it is dangerous to those engaged in it.—AGRICOLA.

MANY A BUTTE miner has shed a big tear for the passing of the good old days when more than twelve thousand men worked in the mines of Butte and every miner went to his work with sprightly step and a jaunty pride in his craft. Mechanization and improved methods of mining have conspired with management and fluctuating prices of copper over the years to reduce the number of miners "on the Hill" to roughly a fourth employed in the heyday. Layoffs and shutdowns, concomitants of the violent industrial strife that gripped Butte for a quarter of a century prior to the 'thirties, on the one hand, and depleted mine properties, on the other, are responsible; and together they have made inroads on the morale of miners and mining folk that can not be assessed by anyone who has not himself experienced the many heartbreaks brought on by curtailment.

The meridian of time, as it were, in Butte mining history, dates from about * 1919 when the contract system of mining was generally adopted; and the decline and eventual dying out of a great body of mining lore, sad to relate, likewise dates from this time. Because they could not afford to "take five" underground, as of yore, under the burden of an ever heavier quota of work,

* The first installment of this article appeared in the January, 1946, number of the *Quarterly*, pp. 1-25.

with less freedom and less peace of mind, miners were on the way to forgetting the stories that had been handed down from mining's golden age. The third stanza of the parody on "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," which I shall print in full in my forthcoming article, "Songs of the Butte Miners," catches admirably the mood of the old miner as he ponders his present lot with fresh memories of a happier day:

There (once) was a time in Butte, Maggie,
When you could take five and hold your job;
Now it's "Put the rock in the box," Maggie,
"And then put the waste in the gob."¹

Since, however, a trade as dangerous as mining must inevitably produce fine *esprit de corps*, in the nature of things it cannot fail to produce folklore of some sort. Under the new conditions, then, the inventive energy of the men has not been stifled; it has found outlet in new directions. In keeping with the commonly accepted thesis that folklore is born from the vicissitudes and unhappy moments of life quite as much as from life's lighter moods, one is not surprised to find that much of the folklore created in the mines of Butte today deals with the ordeals of mining, miners' diseases, and the economic and social framework of mining life.² Lore of this sort usually assumes the form of colorful speech and reference to men and working conditions, often uncomplimentary, together with a considerable body of poetry much of which is burdened with political and social overtones. This is true to a far lesser extent of miners' songs, of which there is no comparable yield.

¹ "Rock in the box" has reference to the chutes and bins into which ore-bearing rock is dumped preliminary to hoisting. An extended use is treated in note 2. "Gob" is a term applied to worked-out chambers and tunnels into which waste rock is dumped. The ballad of "Casey Jones, Miner," characteristically, also contains a stanza on the "speed-up" of mining, with a pointed reference to "taking five" (Duncan Emrich, "Songs of the Western Miners," *California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 217):

Casey said, "We'd better dig in
Before that damned old shift boss comes in;
If he finds out we've been taking five,
He'll send us to the office to get our time."

Joe Duffy immortalized the custom of yarn spinning underground in a series of weekly articles in the *Montana American* in 1915 and 1916 under the caption, "While the Boys Below Are 'Taking Five.'" Too few of these classics have been reprinted in Duffy's novel, *Butte Was Like That* (Butte, 1941). This anecdotal novel, incidentally, ends with a sort of lament at the passing of the free and easy spirit of the miner under the exigencies of what the author calls a sort of "new penal system" (p. 374); and one gets the distinct feeling that the old saying, "Mining's dead and gone to hell," is no mere bit of rhetoric. For further references to "rock in the box" and "taking five" see the poems "In the Dry" and "Mining at the Wakes," respectively, below.

² Silicosis, dread disease of miners, is humorously called "rocks on the chest," "rock in the box" (an extension of the term for putting rock in the bins, as treated in note 1), the "Cousin Jack tickle," the "jackhammer laugh" or "jackhammer giggle," and the "Galen giggles." The last mentioned epithet derives its name from the silicosis hospital at Galen, near Deer Lodge, Montana, and reminds one of the reference to the sanitarium for miners at Weimar, California. Any broken-down miner in California eventually must board the "Weimar Express." Around 1900 the No. 2 shaft of the Mountain Con was known as "the hospital" because of the fact that most of the men working there were old and broken-down miners who had "lost their pick."

Miners of every generation where else for that matter years the boom age of mining among foremen and shifters "out on the flat pushing up cemeteries south of town. who these great miners wentence to the "Cousin Jack best miners. There were the Welsh, the Finns and Mexicans and the Filipinos "Arkies" who have come this polyglot of miners—and Missouri, and from there. Not a few of them came known as "the old dirt" and

Old miners recall with pride and "savvy" were assessed by the crew as well as and new methods of doing sentimental consideration old way." It must be noted traditionally been conserved adopt anything new in the shoes, carbide lamps, and a conversion.⁶ A favorite c

³ Cf. *Copper Camp; Stories of 1943*, p. 208. The cemeteries were Butte's famous mortician. See the references.

⁴ See *ibid.*, p. 14, n. 42, for a dis

⁵ Accurate demographic statistics have been conceded to outnumber the place, and Finns in fourth. Cf. *C.* on the racial distribution of miners (New York, 1941), pp. 107 ff.; *At Boom* (New York, 1943), pp. 37, 1897, p. 250; Maurice O. Morris, "The Cornish Miners of Early Gold Copeland's article, "The Cornish of Wisconsin, XIV (1898), 301-35

⁶ In my brief treatment of the I stated: "Many of these fine old methods of mining by machinery at least in story, with mischievous miner who worked in Grass Valley'er go, Goddame, she don't belong

were on the way to forgetting mining's golden age. The third is "Young, Maggie," which I call "Songs of the Butte Miners," and which ponders his present lot with

Maggie,
and your job;
"Maggie,
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must inevitably produce fine poetry. It fails to produce folklore of inventive energy of the men of the West. In keeping with the vicissitudes and unevenness of the lighter moods, one is not far from the mines of Butte today and the economic and social conditions, often uncomplicated by poetry much of which is true to a far lesser extent yield.

to which ore-bearing rock is dumped "Job" is a term applied to worked-out land of "Casey Jones, Miner," characterized with a pointed reference to "taking five" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 217):

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found in a series of weekly articles in "While the Boys Below Are 'Taking Five'" (novel, *Butte Was Like That* (Butte, 1911), at the passing of the free and easy life or calls a sort of "new penal system" "Mining's dead and gone to hell," is "Job" and "taking five" see the poems

clinks on the chest," "rock in the box" (see note 1), the "Cousin Jack tickle," "Galen giggles." The last mentioned is Deer Lodge, Montana, and reminds of California. Any broken-down miner in 1900 the No. 2 shaft of the Moun- most of the men working there were

Miners of every generation that ever entered the mines of Butte, or anywhere else for that matter, soon learned that they had just missed by a few years the boom age of mining. Over the decades it has been a stock observation among foremen and shifters in Butte, for example, that the real miners are all "out on the flat pushing up daisies," a euphemistic reference, of course, to the cemeteries south of town.³ There was rarely a distinction in racial terms as to who these great miners were, except perhaps for an occasional flattering reference to the "Cousin Jacks," or Cornish, usually conceded to be the world's best miners. There were the English, including the "Cousins," the Irish and the Welsh, the Finns and the Swedes, the Italians and the "Austrians,"⁴ the Mexicans and the Filipinos, and all the rest, including the "Okies" and the "Arkies" who have come in prodigious numbers in late years. These men—this polyglot of miners—came from camps all over the West, from Michigan and Missouri, and from the coal fields of Pennsylvania and other eastern states. Not a few of them came directly from the old country, more affectionately known as "the old dirt" and "the old sod."⁵

Old miners recall with pride and a sigh, the old days when individual initiative and "savvy" were appreciated and these resources were commonly possessed by the crew as well as by shifters and foremen. Comparisons between old and new methods of doing things in the mines were commonly made, with sentimental considerations invariably tipping the scales in favor of the "good old way." It must be noted in this connection that miners on the whole have traditionally been conservative in matters of this sort and thus reluctant to adopt anything new in the mines, even to such useful innovations as hard-toed shoes, carbide lamps, and battery lights. It always takes a week or two to effect a conversion.⁶ A favorite comparison is the prodigious amount of rock "broke"

³ Cf. *Copper Camp; Stories of the World's Greatest Mining Town, Butte, Montana* (New York, 1943), p. 208. The cemeteries were also known as "Duggan's pasture," to celebrate the name of Butte's famous mortician. See the January, 1946, issue of the *Quarterly*, pp. 6-7, n. 15, for further references.

⁴ See *ibid.*, p. 14, n. 42, for a discussion of the "Austrians," or so-called "Bohunks."

⁵ Accurate demographic statistics for Butte are difficult to obtain, but the Irish miners have always been conceded to outnumber the English, including the "Cousin Jacks," with "Austrians" in third place, and Finns in fourth. Cf. *Copper Camp*, pp. 121, 133. For further information of a general sort on the racial distribution of mining populations in the West, see W. P. Morrell, *The Gold Rushes* (New York, 1941), pp. 107 ff.; Angus Murdoch, *Boom Copper: The Story of the First U. S. Mining Boom* (New York, 1943), pp. 37, 121, 201-202; Charles H. Shinn, *The Story of the Mine* (New York, 1897), p. 250; Maurice O. Morris, *Rambles in the Rockies* (London, 1864), p. 124; and Lynn I. Perrigo, "The Cornish Miners of Early Gilpin County," *Colorado Magazine*, XIV (1937), 92-101. Louis Albert Copeland's article, "The Cornish in Southwest Wisconsin," *Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, XIV (1898), 301-334, contains useful material for the earliest period, 1825-1850.

⁶ In my brief treatment of the Cousin Jack as a miner in my article on California miners' folklore, I stated: "Many of these fine old craftsmen are reported to have been reluctant to accept new methods of mining by machinery, and tie-ups resulting from broken-down machinery were greeted, at least in story, with mischievous delight." (*California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 149.) A retired miner who worked in Grass Valley, California, in the old days said that Cousin Jacks would say, "Let 'er go, Goddame, she don't belong to we," whenever machinery was damaged. The lengths to which

in the good old days as over against the puny modern tonnage. This is a mere fiction, of course, but it reveals the lively imagination of miners who still do their mining in memory. Such discussions and comparisons take place wherever miners are gathered: in the home, at saloons, at wakes, and the like. I myself once had the exquisite pleasure of listening to a couple of young miners boast about their prowess late one night in the "Board of Trade," Butte's most flourishing gambling and thirst parlor. Not a little wrought upon by drink, they carried on for a full hour or more discussing mining in all kinds of ground with all kinds of equipment, each claiming for himself a cubic yardage that would gladden the heart of the most "rock-hungry" shifter "on the Hill." Completely oblivious of the crowd that had gathered to watch the show, they held imaginary power drills weighing almost two hundred pounds into the top of the breast, or face, of the tunnel, without so much as a bit of staging, or support for the machine. The most intimate experiences were freely related as each sought to outdo the other. With all its flare for caricature, Hollywood, I am afraid, could never capture the full comic effect and impact of this scene. One old miner listened for some time, and then delivered the familiar injunction: "Let's get out of here, before they start to blast."

Because it recaptures with great fidelity the spirit of the old days, and almost takes one underground with the men, I reproduce the anonymous ballad, "Fill 'Em Up Again." One might expect to witness such a reenactment almost any payday at Tim Maloney's saloon and others all over Butte where men gathered to slake their thirst as they recounted events of the week underground.

FILL 'EM UP AGAIN⁷

Oh, gather 'round, old timers, gather 'round and shed a tear,
For the days of old, when whiskey was old and the stuff called beer was beer;
An' every bar had a brass footrail an' a shiny brass spittoon,
And there wasn't a lovelier joint in town than Tim Maloney's saloon.

men would go to protect the *status quo* is illustrated by a story that I heard from an old Cousin Jack in Butte. He said that when the Holman Brothers' air drill was tried in the Will Grenville mine in Troon, about 1900, it took but two shifts to put in twenty-six holes four feet deep—a mere fraction of the time necessary to do the job with hand steel. An old captain, or foreman, is reported to have taken the machine into an abandoned tunnel soon thereafter and blown it to pieces, with the explanation, "I want my grandsons to work here, too." New machinery, of course, there as here, was ultimately accepted. The christening of such with whiskey and other spirits is an oldtime custom in the mines, vestiges of which persisted in Butte until quite recently. In his poem, "Feminism," Walt Holliday makes even mules resentful of motorization, and has one old mule with the inevitable name of Maud kick the motor off the track (*Mining-Camp Melodies* [Butte, n.d. (1924)], p. 39):

Down in the mine lived a mule named Maud.
Whoa Maud!
A jealous creature she,
When the motor took her job away,
She was as mad as she could be.
Whoa Maud!

Her heels were itching bad that day—
Her ears were moving too.
She kicked the motor off the track,
And the cars as they came through—
Whoa Maud!

⁷ *Miner's Voice*, June, 1936, p. 4.

Big Manus was there one Saturday
And just as a matter of passing
His holes were loaded and ready
When a character elbowed him

Now the timber-man's pocket
carouse,
An' his thundering roar shook
All boys looked up in respect
He used up a number of posts

Big Manus was wild but he owned
Says he, "Maybe it's the truth
For I mind the time," an' he
"When I drilled twenty holes

The silence hovered over the
The bartender hefted a basel
But a husky Swede postponed
An' grabbing a shovel in either

His partner Ole drained his
He discovered a car at the end
And the boys all caught the lead
They only stopped for another

Leyners and buzzies and sing
The miners and muckers and
An' "Dan the speed ball" clapped
He rolled under a table and

The bartender looked at his
"It's twelve o'clock and tally,
In a few minutes more he had
He yawned a bit as he turned

Oh gather 'round, old timers
It isn't the same since the boom
The place is closed an' dusty
For the day is gone when miners

Such dramatic presentation
among other occasions, all
skill and prowess of a decade
tales that could no longer
boys," Joe Duffy's "Miner
and jargon of the mines
that I know.

ern tonnage. This is a mere
ation of miners who still do
mparisons take place wher-
is, at wakes, and the like. I
to a couple of young miners
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odies [Butte, n.d. (1924)], p. 39):
were itching bad that day—
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l the motor off the track,
rs as they came through—
vhoa Maud!

Big Manus was there one Saturday night imbibing of a few,
And just as a matter of passing the time, he was drilling a round or two.
His holes were loaded and ready to blast; and he ordered another drink.
When a character elbowed his way to the bar who called himself Timber-man Frank.

Now the timber-man's pockets were loaded with jack, and he yearned for a mild
carouse,
An' his thundering roar shook ceiling and floor, as he ordered drinks for the house.
All boys looked up in respect and awe, Frank stood six feet two in his socks;
He used up a number of posts and caps, and dozens of wedges and blocks.

Big Manus was wild but he only smiled, as he shoved the timber aside,
Says he, "Maybe it's the truth ye tell, anyhow I'll let it ride,
For I mind the time," an' he yelled it loud an' slapped big Frank on the back,
"When I drilled twenty holes in half an hour, and that with a single jack."

The silence hovered over the place for a couple of minutes or more,
The bartender hefted a baseball bat and got ready to open the door.
But a husky Swede postponed the stampede when he staggered through the ruck,
An' grabbing a shovel in either hand he hollered for room to muck.

His partner Ole drained his glass and he was rarin' to go,
He discovered a car at the end of the bar an' he pushed it to and fro.
And the boys all caught the laboring spirit as they donned their diggers and duds,
They only stopped for another shot, or another schooner of suds.

Leyners and buzzies and single wheel buggies were roarin' all over the place,
The miners and muckers and timber truckers all of them entered the race,
An' "Dan the speed ball" clanged his bell 'til everything went black,
He rolled under a table and went to sleep when his motor jumped the track.

The bartender looked at his watch at last and delivered a mighty shout,
"It's twelve o'clock and tally, boys, an' all of ye better get out."
In a few minutes more he had closed the door and was switching out the light,
He yawned a bit as he turned the key and he locked her up for the night.

Oh gather 'round, old timers, gather 'round and shed a tear,
It isn't the same since the bootleggers came, there isn't the same old cheer;
The place is closed an' dusty an' dark, they'll be tearing her down pretty soon,
For the day is gone when mining was done in Tim Maloney's saloon.

Such dramatic presentations, to be sure, were not limited to saloons. A wake,
among other occasions, always provided a good opportunity for extolling the
skill and prowess of a deceased miner, and especially for the spinning of tall
tales that could no longer be refuted. Besides depicting such a meeting of "the
boys," Joe Duffy's "Mining at the Wakes," gives an insight into the language
and jargon of the mines not rivalled in any prose account of equal compass
that I know.

MINING AT THE WAKES

McManus was a "Mucker," who always used his head.
He had the largest wake in town, the night that he lay dead;
A Shift-Boss caught him "Takin' Five"—McManus just used tact—
He stepped into an open "Chute" and ended up the act.

The "Skinners" got a timber truck and sent "Mac" up on top—
The Company lost ten minutes when production had to stop;
And at his humble boarding house friends gathered by the score;
When the undertaker finished and had crepe nailed on the door.

The breweries were all notified—they sent around the "Stuff,"
Told the "Boardin' Boss" to call them if they didn't have enough;
And when his friends assembled for a farewell squint at "Mac,"
Two guys in the kitchen, started "pickin' down th' back."

Upstairs they started blasting and above the noise and din,
A little shrimp with lusty lungs "put a square set in."
"Cross-cuts," "Raises," "Bulkheads," "Chutes" were executed right.
Believe me there was Mining going on at "Mac's" that night.

A "Lateral" started in the hall, a "Winze" not far away—
The "Hangin' Wall" was "Angle-Braced" and "Wedge" to make it stay.
"Posts" and "Caps" and "Girts" were trimmed and fitted into place,
While refreshing draughts were handed 'round and drank with easy grace.

"Muckers" had the "Chutes" all full—it was no easy job—
'Cause what they had left over, they put into the "Gob";
"Skinners" with "Pole Laggin'," slapped the mine mules on their backs
As they hauled a load of "First-Class" over rough, uneven tracks.

The Air Drills bit the flinty breast of ore down on the "Sill,"
A "Single-Jacker's" steel on steel, was clanging in a "Rill";
While in the "Sump" in high hip boots and rubber coats and hats,
A grinning pair came up for air as wet as half drowned rats.

The "Cage" kept going up the "Shaft" and coming down again—
When it didn't have a load of "Rock"—it had a load of men;
Those "Hard-Rocks" kept things hummin' like bees around a hive—
And no one seemed to worry none at all 'bout "Takin' Five."

They "Eased Off" timbers, put in "Stulls," freed a hung-up "Chute,"
They caved a "Stope" and caught her up and "Lagged" a "Gob" to boot.
A "Hasher's" bedroom was so full of smoke and waste and ore,
They had to move the bed outside and then take off the door.

I never play the "Market"; (it's quite too dense for me)
And if I didn't get the "Breaks," I'd get no sympathy;
But I'll tout you an investment—a laugh-producing stock—
You'll find it at a "Mucker's" wake, when the Gang start breakin' rock.

In this connection Joe Du
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⁸ *Butte Was Like That*, p. 298.
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The wake feast, I am told, is stil
⁹ *Copper Camp* (pp. 3, 8, 209-
Caroll of the Anaconda, Joe La
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the "higher ups." *Miner's Voice*,
¹⁰ Cited from an interview give
Administration in 1938 by Hank
West. No locale is given, but Bu
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In this connection Joe Duffy has Barney, one of the colorful characters of his novel, compare oldtime wakes with the modern ones, and Barney observes in all good faith, “They broke more rock [at wakes] in thim days.”⁸

The bosses in the old days were a breed apart, and the camp abounds with stories touching on their idiosyncrasies. These are mainly of the factual sort: human interest items involving new miners, run-ins and fights with miners, tricks played by and on the bosses, habits of hiring and firing, and the like.⁹ The sovereignty of the foreman was supreme, although most bosses in the old days were always eager to solicit the opinions of the men who were down in the workings day after day. An Irish Catholic foreman once told an “Overlander” named Simms, whose opinions on mining he greatly esteemed: “Simms, when I am up on top of the ground the Pope can tell me what to do, but when I’m down in it, your word is as good as his.”¹⁰ This story, of course, emphasizes

⁸ *Butte Was Like That*, p. 298. Wakes constitute a special subject, and I can but allude to them here. The old custom of eating, drinking, and carrying on at wakes died out many years ago when undertaking parlors supplanted the home as the place of meeting. The wake that I attended in Butte followed a rosary service, and there was nothing but subdued conversation until half past ten or so, with mourners and family acquaintances of the deceased chatting in groups but not moving around. *Copper Camp* contains a short chapter on “Wakes for the Dead,” including a recitation of some humorous incidents (pp. 186–189), and there are additional references on pp. 2, 20, and 47. The wake feast, I am told, is still observed in the Serbian Orthodox Church in Butte.

⁹ *Copper Camp* (pp. 3, 8, 209–210) contains short sketches of such well-known figures as Micky Carroll of the Anaconda, Joe Laird of the Green Mountain, Jim Brennan of the Mountain Con, “Rimmer” O’Neil of the Anaconda, “The Big Bull,” and “The Little Bull” (foreman and assistant foreman, respectively, of the Grayrock), “Rags” Daly, “Tango” Culhane, and others—all names to be conjured with! George W. Riley’s poem, “The Old Time Shift Boss,” is a salute to the old-line “bull o’ the woods” (*Miner’s Voice*, January, 1942, p. 2):

The old time shift boss is a pretty swell guy,
If you’re sick or you’re green, he will help you get by.
If your place is too tough he will give you a lift,
He will do all he can so you put in the shift.

But don’t try to gyp him; he’s nobody’s fool,
He don’t have his knowledge from mines school.
He is not always pleasant as he works every day,
But he learned all he knows in the good old hard way.

He has wore out the shovels, and many machine,
And has stood plenty timber that was heavy and green.
He has worked on the motor and tended the pump,
Repaired in the shaft from the top to the sump.

So don’t try to fool him, as it won’t go across,
And you soon will have reason to know he’s the boss.
So just meet him half way and you won’t hear him cry,
’Cause he is an old time shift boss and a pretty swell guy.

Riley’s “The Greenhorn Shift Boss,” as one can imagine, is a long catalogue of “beefs” against the “shifter” who “takes it out” on the crew because of his own inexperience and craven desire to please the “higher ups.” *Miner’s Voice*, November, 1941, p. 4.

¹⁰ Cited from an interview given a field worker of the Oregon Writers’ Project of the Work Projects Administration in 1938 by Hank Simms of Portland, who had worked in mining camps all over the West. No locale is given, but Butte would be as good a guess as any. I was allowed the privilege of consulting the Oregon material, now deposited in the Oregon State Library at Salem, by Miss Eleanor Stephens, librarian.

the need of coöperation below ground where all men really are as one, even though their specific duties vary. After trouble of any sort in the mines, lines of authority and guilt are soon established.¹¹ Distinctions between miner and mucker in the old days were likely not so great as traditional accounts would indicate. At any rate they were lost entirely with the advent of the contract system when all men breaking and moving rock hired out as miners. As late as thirty years ago the wife of a miner in Centerville, north of Butte, was heard to remark with appropriate elation, "So and so was only a mucker, but he's a hardrock miner now." At the Hazel Block, famous old Butte boarding house, on one occasion, the chambermaid came running downstairs, exclaiming breathlessly to the landlady: "Oh my! Oh my! There's a mucker in a miner's bed!"¹² Joe Duffy tells a similar story about a mucker in a machineman's bed at the "Big Ship," or Florence Hotel, on East Broadway, most famous of all old-time Butte boarding houses.¹³ Overtones of this rivalry between miners and muckers are preserved in the ditty, "Says the Miner to the Mucker," which was sung in the 1890's to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw," according to Duncan Emrich, Chief of the Archive of American Folk Song, who collected a version of it in Virginia City, Nevada, a few years ago.¹⁴

Says the miner to the mucker,
"Will you give me a chew?"
Says the mucker to the miner,
"I'm damned if I do!

Save up your money,
Save up your rocks,
And you'll always have a chew
In your old tobacco box."

The rift between miner and mucker, among other things, was emphasized by a difference in pay of fifty cents per day. In the light of the foregoing discussion it would seem that the mucker might well have been inspired also by a desire to please "the little woman." In a variant of the above verses the mucker bar-

¹¹ A favorite rigmarole on "buck passing" in the mines, and out, makes the foreman bawl out the assistant foreman, who in turn takes it out on the shifter, who quickly passes it on to the miner. Next in the line of descent is the mucker, who belabors his wife, and she in turn makes a scapegoat of their child, who finally kicks the dog before the "beef" has fully worked itself out. This device is also employed in other trades and professions to caricature chains of authority.

¹² In the old days all chambermaids were known as "admirals," according to *Copper Camp*, p. 8, the reason being, as one miner explained, "They always had charge of the vessels."

¹³ "Did I ever tell ye av the mucker who wor excumunicated?" he was saying, unaware of Lanagan's entry. "No? Well, the sacriligious divil wor caught sleepin' in a miner's bed one noight in the 'Big Ship.' Think av it—a dirty mucker occupyin' a masheenman's bed." (*Butte Was Like That*, p. 28.) See p. 25 for a reference to the erection of the Florence Hotel shortly after the turn of the century. This famous hostel was razed a few years ago.

¹⁴ "Songs of the Western Miners," *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 229.

gains to be made a miner and voluminous corresponder and verses to light, although circulated in the camp at

The traditional street clothes," of Butte miners overalls, a blue serge coat, known as "the cappy boys. of a hard hat, pants or o doffed all the clothing the

The act of chewing tobacco and were ready to as "Michigan Hay," was a

The favorite drink was O'Farrell," with variants of the real spelling, and didr is a long salute to this local miner is revived after a ha above his cares,

¹⁵ Joe Duffy's poem, "Butte's A about 1915, contains an interesti

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¹⁶ *Copper Camp*, pp. 9, 201. Cf a poem of that name, ending wit

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¹⁷ Séan O'Farrells, whisky witl could produce a dinner bucket Cf. *Montana: A State Guide Boc* p. 10. See the *Miner's Voice*, Sep

¹⁸ William A. Burke, poet, wr my disposal several of his poems ing volume of verse. His long p the copper metropolis, gives the single poem that I know.

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gains to be made a miner for "giving the chew." Repeated inquiries in Butte and voluminous correspondence have failed to bring such miner-mucker songs and verses to light, although I am convinced that they must certainly have circulated in the camp at one time.

The traditional street garb, or, in the Cornish idiom, "forth and to-ey clothes," of Butte miners until the time of the depression was a pair of blue overalls, a blue serge coat, and a soft cap, from which fact they were sometimes known as "the cappy boys." Underground they wore diggin's clothes consisting of a hard hat, pants or overalls, shirt, and jumper. In the "hot boxes" they doffed all the clothing they could.¹⁵

The act of chewing tobacco was a symbol that young men had passed their nonage and were ready to work in the mines. "Peerless," jocularly referred to as "Michigan Hay," was a favorite brand.¹⁶

The favorite drink was a good stiff "boilermaker," known locally as a "Séan O'Farrell," with variants of Shawn, John, and Jawn for those who didn't know the real spelling, and didn't care.¹⁷ Bill Burke's poem, "The Shawn O'Farrell," is a long salute to this locally famous potation.¹⁸ After describing how the tired miner is revived after a hard, trying day in the mines and lifted for the moment above his cares,

¹⁵ Joe Duffy's poem, "Butte's Army of Blue and Gray," which appeared in the *Montana American* about 1915, contains an interesting stanza on miner's garb:

Their clothes were the kind the miner wears;
 No gold braid, trappings or stripes;
 Two heavy shoes and an old slouch hat—
 And some of them mighty slouchy at that.
 Their arms—just their buckets and pipes.
 Some of the "digging suits" worn were blue;
Stained by the dust they turned gray;
 But down in the stopes where the air was hot,
 As to style and color it mattered not,
 Just so long as they "made her pay."

Harry C. Freeman's *A Brief History of Butte, Montana* (Chicago, 1900) contains several photographs of types of clothing worn on different jobs above ground and below (pp. 87-95).

¹⁶ *Copper Camp*, pp. 9, 201. Cf. Duffy, *op. cit.*, p. 90. William A. Burke has celebrated "Peerless" in a poem of that name, ending with the stanza:

So, light up, me lad, here's me candle,
 It's both smoking and food when you're cheerless;
 As well as first-aid for a bruise or black eye;
 It's God's gift to miners—this sturdy old Peerless.

¹⁷ Séan O'Farrells, whisky with a beer chaser, were sold for a dime to men coming off shift who could produce a dinner bucket to prove that they had been working. *Copper Camp*, pp. 7, 250. Cf. *Montana: A State Guide Book* (American Guide Series [New York, 1939]), p. 137; Duffy, *op. cit.*, p. 10. See the *Miner's Voice*, September, 1939, p. 4, for a short poem on "The Boilermaker."

¹⁸ William A. Burke, poet, writer, and one of the editors of *Copper Camp*, has kindly placed at my disposal several of his poems about the mines of Butte which he plans to include in a forthcoming volume of verse. His long poem, "Butte," published in booklet form and widely circulated in the copper metropolis, gives the best kaleidoscopic view of Butte and its many contradictions of any single poem that I know.

39015-

Gone the grief and toil of mining,
 Gone the worry and the fret,
 Gone the powder smoke and gases,
 Gone the hot-box and the sweat,

the poem ends on a high note of praise for the humble "Shawn O'":

Oh yes, they boast of lordly liquors—
 Brought from corners of the earth;
 Creme-de-minth and Parisian absinthe,
 And high-toned beverages of worth.

But I'd stake my bottom dollar,
 Also my honor and repute
 On the humble Shawn O'Farrell
 Sold at quittin' time in Butte.

Indulgence, of course, did not always end with one, or even two Séan O'Farrells, for both fictional and real accounts of Butte miners make them out two-fisted drinkers of the old school. Although Maze or Maaze Monday is merely an old term, understood, if at all, by only the oldest Cornishmen, the time-honored custom of overdrinking on payday and then having to take a "Cousin Jack holiday" to recuperate amounts to the same thing.¹⁹ Even for drinking at home the Butte miner early discovered that lard smeared on the inside of the "growler," i.e., the dinner pail, bucket, or pitcher, in which the beer was fetched, would keep the foam down and assure him a full measure.²⁰

Much can be learned about mining and miners' relationships by recourse to the cant and jargon of the trade. Some of these slang terms are generally known, others perhaps only in certain mines.²¹ The mine, or company officials,

¹⁹ Maze Monday was a name popularly assigned in Cornwall to certain Mondays when the mines were shut down for inspection. This extra day gave the miners a chance to prolong their week-end drinking. The adjective "mazed," meaning 'foolish,' 'bewildered,' and even 'mad,' describes the foggy state of mind likely to result from an overlong spree. See Murdoch's *Boom Copper*, p. 214, for a fragment of an old Cornish drinking song, "Pon Maaze Monday." The drinking of crews as a body is now uncommon in Butte, though for years Al Bartle, one of the most experienced Cousin Jack shifters "on the Hill," has always used his safety bonus to treat his crew as they came off shift after winning a safety award.

²⁰ See *Copper Camp*, p. 145. Cf. Caroline Bancroft, "Folklore of the Central City District, Colorado," *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 337-339.

²¹ General treatises on present-day miners' jargon are: Helen L. Moore, "The Lingo of the Mining Camp," *American Speech*, II (1927), 86-88, and L. J. Davidson, "Mining Expressions in Colorado," *ibid.*, V (1930), 144-147. The "Montana Glossary" in the *Montana State Guide* contains a liberal amount of miners' slang and is particularly in point in the present discussion (pp. 413-416), while Joe Duffy's "Dramatis Personae" includes many legitimate mining terms with slangy definitions (*Butte Was Like That*, p. 56). Albert H. Fay's *Glossary of the Mining and Mineral Industry* (Bureau of Mines, Bulletin 95, Washington, D.C., 1920) is a valuable compilation and deserves reprinting. Following the practice of Caroline Bancroft I have tried to draw the line between miners' jargon and standard terminology. Miners' nicknames are in a slightly different category, and I cannot include them here. Joe Duffy's poem, "Nicknames of the Camp," which I shall reproduce in the "Notes and Queries" section of the *Quarterly* for July, 1946, is a veritable onomasticon and gives a good notion of the infinite possibilities in nicknaming.

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²² *Montana State Guide*, p. 413.

²³ *Mining-Camp Melodies*, p. 11

²⁴ *Copper Camp*, pp. 209-210.
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²⁵ *Miner's Voice*, March, 1937, p

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who make periodic inspection trips through the mines are referred to as "the brain trust," or "big shots," designations common for such officials in other industries, while the engineer is dubbed "the brains."²² The superintendent comes by his name "supe" quite naturally, the term "king" being somewhat less exclusively applied to him. Another nickname is the "push" or "big push." Walt Holliday's poem, "The Big Push," is a sympathetic treatment of the man who "has to make her pay."²³ Foremen share with other "high mucky-mucks" the distinction of "the brains," and in addition are known as the "brass buttons," "the pushers," and "the gaffers." These last two terms apply more properly, I believe, to the shift bosses, or "shifters." "The old man" is not to be confused with the personification involving this same phrase, as discussed on page 6 of the January, 1946, issue of the *Quarterly*, although anyone can see that "the old man will get you," can easily apply to a foreman descending on some miner for any dereliction of duty. "Savages" was a term used in the old days for Irish bosses and also as a sort of generic term for all Irish miners. Irish foremen likewise were called "bulls,"²⁴ while the Cousin Jack bosses kept their old-country title of "captain." Duffy's definition of a "shifter" as "a hard-boiled guy who wears a hump on his shoulders and who talks out of the corner of his mouth," is a bit severe, but the common terms, "the gaffer," "the slave driver," "the pusher," "the heeler," and "the enemy" are hardly more felicitous. The last mentioned sobriquet is likely a product of World War II, but Barney McPhail, character in *Butte Was Like That*, long before even World War I used to say "here comes the enemy." These terms, of course, are employed jocularly, and only in special cases do they breathe a real animus. Individual shifters are often described in terms of personal idiosyncrasies. "The Slasher" was the name of a famous shifter around 1906-1912 who used to command, "Slash 'er into the chute." An assistant foreman who used to move furtively through one of the mines of Butte on the half run earned his title of "The Greyhound." Many a shifter over the years has gained the name of "More Rock" because of incessant appeals for greater tonnage, with the title "Superman" serving for variety of expression. "Rock-Hungry," a poem by E. S., is a delightful caricature of this type of a shifter, and the term itself is often used in other poems, jokes, and stories, along with "rock in the box," and "more rock" to lampoon the hurry-up of the contract system.²⁵ Certain bosses in the old days earned the reputation as "pushers." Con O'Neill, old foreman at the Bell and Diamond long before the advent of the contract

²² *Montana State Guide*, p. 413.

²³ *Mining-Camp Melodies*, p. 113.

²⁴ *Copper Camp*, pp. 209-210. The "Big Bull" and "Little Bull" were the foreman and assistant foreman, respectively, at the Grayrock.

²⁵ *Miner's Voice*, March, 1937, p. 4.

system, used to warn his new men: "Hit the ball today, or you'll make a home run tonight." A shifter who has a "pull" with the foreman is known as a "meat hound" or as "the meat," but these terms may likewise denote anyone attempting to curry favor with the boss. The "jigger boss" is a sort of "straw boss," but few mines have such officials today, and the men do not have to be "jiggered" in warning of the sudden appearance of a boss. The contempt for a stool pigeon has issued in many unprintable phrases. Needless to say, any man known to betray a fellow workman is sure to "lose his pick," as the saying goes, with respect to being "washed up" in the mine.²⁶ A "capon" is any roustabout in the mine who does not manage to keep as busy as the rest of the crew, or one who spends most of his time "soldiering," or wasting time.²⁷ "Go get the capon to help!" is an injunction frequently heard. The feeling against any man with a "soft" job is often so severe that any man not actually breaking rock may be denominated a "capon."

The common miner, especially one of the old school, is a "hardrock" or "hardrocker." "John Miner" is a generic term applied to miners with emphasis on their role in the community.²⁸ "Johnnie Come Lately" was an old timer's monicker for a new hand in the mines. Today "greenhorn" is the standard term, although "new hat" is also frequently heard, in token of the fact that a man with completely new equipment most likely has never worked underground. "Longhorns" are greenhorns from Texas who came to the mines of Butte in great numbers, along with "Okies" and "Arkies" during the drought years. "Top hands," "sodbusters," "hay stopers," "stubble jumpers," "prairie miners," and the like, denote farmers who have turned to mining, and these terms are always opprobrious. Sheepherders who hired out in the mines were known as "sheepherders," "lamb jockeys," and "lambers." There is a good story about a "sodbuster" at the Steward one time, who, when asked how much rock he had broken, answered: "I reckon there are about two hayracks full."²⁹ Greenhorns in the mines, as everywhere else, are traditionally the victims of pranking. At the Mountain Con almost twenty years ago cowboy miners were often made to mount a Burley drilling machine which had been provided with stirrups. When the air was cut in and the machine began to jiggle they were

²⁶ One of the best poems on "stooling" bears the title, "Even as Today," and appeared in the *Miner's Voice*, November, 1937, p. 4.

²⁷ Cf. Duffy, *Butte Was Like That*, p. 182.

²⁸ Cf. *Copper Camp*, p. 20. In *Butte Was Like That* Duffy adds a middle initial "H."

²⁹ Cf. *Copper Camp*, p. 12. "Long John" is a poem celebrating a farmer of that name from Nevada who hired out in "a stope on the 39" (3,900-foot level) of the Mountain Con some years ago. (*Miner's Voice*, April 1, 1942, p. 3.) The boss eyed the new man over in the morning, and came through on his afternoon round to give him the "pink slip," saying:

"You're like the rest of the farmers,
As a farmer you would do well;
But this is no place for a green hand,
You are down in the depths of hell."

fervently admonished: "St in the drift!" Every young errand in quest of pole str left-handed tamping bars black, left-handed square fastened to the tops of tu rustled the Leonard for laying rails in a raise; and overlooked. Men are wet mysteriously get filled up around are nailed to posts often carries home in hi lovers. Compartments of disastrous results.

Pipemen are "underg "jerries" or "gandy dan railway." ³⁰ The "nipper" defines quite correctly as is really the "Robin Hood he is known as "the new all from the fact that he course of his regular du once asked a foreman if t replied, "I don't know. Y butt of many a joke, for I man with the short tape," man, by which miners' sheets, otherwise known : wish board" (wishing th name, however, is "wee- ouija board will move an Nicknames for tools, c

³⁰ *Butte Was Like That*, p. 56.

³¹ *Montana State Guide*, p. 41.

³² John Miner's [pseud.] "The in view of the great body of we

We're driving a drift on the
The ground is rotten, but sa
We're going to coin us some
Yes, nearly double day's pay.

Never no time twixt the cage
For a "How's she going ther
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 is pick," as the saying goes,
 "capon" is any roustabout
 the rest of the crew, or one
 g time.²⁷ "Go get the capon
 ling against any man with
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chool, is a "hardrock" or
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 Lately" was an old timer's
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 raditionally the victims of
 s ago cowboy miners were
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fervently admonished: "Stay with 'er kid! If she gets loose she'll kill every man in the drift!" Every young miner at one time or another has been on a fool's errand in quest of pole stretchers, left-handed monkey wrenches, post benders, left-handed tamping bars, red oil for a red lantern, a bucket of white lamp-black, left-handed squares for the timbermen, post holes, sky hooks to be fastened to the tops of tunnels and stopes, and the like. One greenhorn who rustled the Leonard for a job not long ago was put up to asking for a job laying rails in a raise; and other tasks equally preposterous, of course, are not overlooked. Men are wetted down "by accident," and a man's pockets often mysteriously get filled up with sand taken from the motor. Coats left lying around are nailed to posts with 80-penny nails, and a miner, Bellerophon-like, often carries home in his lunch bucket, tender notes from pseudonymous lovers. Compartments of lunch pails, as noted below, are often exchanged with disastrous results.

Pipemen are "underground plumbers," and trackmen, says Duffy, are "jerries" or "'gandy dancers' who look after the track of the 'underground railway.'" ³⁰ The "nipper" or "tool nipper," which the *Montana State Guide* defines quite correctly as the "supplier of powder and sharp steel in mines,"³¹ is really the "Robin Hood that robs one stope and gives to another." Otherwise he is known as "the newspaper," "the scandal sheet," and "the grapevine"—all from the fact that he gets around to all of the workings with "the dirt" in course of his regular duty. He is always the great rumor monger. Someone once asked a foreman if there was going to be a shutdown in the mine, and he replied, "I don't know. You'll have to ask the nipper." The measureman is the butt of many a joke, for he is "Jesse James," "the robber," "the cheater," "the man with the short tape," and all the rest. The week's postings of the measureman, by which miners' earnings are determined, are listed on the contract sheets, otherwise known as "the scandal sheets," "the cheatin' board," and "the wish board" (wishing that there were more than there is). The most popular name, however, is "wee-gee board," thus denominated by the fact that the ouija board will move anywhere the operators want it to move.³²

Nicknames for tools, operations, and workings in the mines are not always

³⁰ *Butte Was Like That*, p. 56.

³¹ *Montana State Guide*, p. 415.

³² John Miner's [pseud.] "The Wee Gee Slave" is a modern miner's lament worth printing entire in view of the great body of wee-gee lore circulating in Butte (*Miner's Voice*, February, 1937, p. 4):

We're driving a drift on the thirty,
 The ground is rotten, but say,
 We're going to coin us some money,
 Yes, nearly double day's pay.

Never no time twixt the cage and the drift
 For a "How's she going there, boys?"
 There's lots to be done by the end of the shift,
 Our leyner must be first making noise.

We run with the cars when we've mucked 'em,
 Tho the gas makes our chest kinda sore.
 We've fifty cars and timber to set,
 To make that ten-fifty or more.

At the end of the shift we're weary,
 And as wet as a drowned wharf rat;
 We are always last to the cages,
 And sometimes miss them at that.

(Continued on next page)

as meaningful to the layman as those for personnel. I therefore discuss them together so as to give a more adequate notion of this type of miners' lingo.³³ The old "wobble tail" drilling machine, or dry stoper, got its name from the vibrations, and from the crank at the end that enabled the operator to keep pressing the steel against the flinty rock. The "wobble tail," no longer in use, was labelled "the widow maker" from the fact that it was a dry machine and was responsible for much of the silicosis contracted by miners. Although this machine was the real "widow maker," the term applies also to the "buzzy" ("buzzie"), or extension stopper, and perhaps to the Leyner, both wet machines.³⁴ By association, other types of machines, such as the "plugger," a machine for drilling boulders, and the "bull-mooser," a drill for sinking shafts and winzes, received the uncomplimentary appellation.³⁵ Any machinery or tool dangerous to operate almost automatically becomes in the popular mind a "widow maker."

An extra long steel, i.e., any steel longer than seven feet six inches, for obvious reasons is known as "the bonus rod," or "alimony steel." Hand drilling is a thing of the past, lingering only in memory, and I shall treat it later in connection with drilling contests, which, too, are fast disappearing from the scene. An ineffective round of shots is a "bootleg round," and a single hole that explodes, but does not break rock, is also a "bootleg." In such cases a miner will simply explain, "the round (or hole) bootlegged." A "California round" is a contemptuous designation of a single hole in the "face" or "heading" of a drift, or tunnel. There is an unmistakable allusion to the soft geologic formations in many parts of the Mother Lode in California as compared with Butte's flinty rhyolite. A missed shot is a "live one," a "sleeper," or a "dud," and it's an old miners' maxim that a man had better take care when working around missed shots.³⁶ *Copper Camp* contains a statement to the effect that it was not uncommon for a shift boss to tell some miner to beware of a couple of "requiem

At the end of the week we hurry
To find what the "Wee Gee" will say.
And there's where the dream is broken,
For it's five and a quarter a day.

But as slowly our feet drag homeward,
It's always, "Now, don't worry, part [partner],
Next week I know that place will pay,
But we'll have to hit her hard."

Yes, we work like slaves in a galley,
Under conditions far worse than he,
But being several centuries late,
We're just slaves of a modern wee gee.

Sure we're driving a drift toward the graveyard,
Where all the old-timers lay.
Who usta be drifting on the thirty,
For five and a quarter a day.

Al Giecek's "The Butte Measureman" is a close parody of Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith." *Miner's Voice*, May 7, 1943, p. 4.

³³ Freeman in his book, *A Brief History of Butte, Montana*, reproduces many excellent photographs of mine workings, above and below ground, tools, etc., including an air drill (p. 93), a timbered stope (p. 92), and hoists and cages of various sorts (pp. 87-89, 94-96).

³⁴ Cf. *Copper Camp*, pp. 162, 221.

³⁵ Cf. *Montana State Guide*, pp. 413, 415.

³⁶ Cf. *Boom Copper*, p. 212. A "pop" is a hole less than two feet deep. *Montana State Guide*, p. 415.

high masses in that stope." stope that cannot be extricated. At the change of some such statement as "Yc a drill lurches suddenly from hole" of some sort, without miners acquainted with the in the hole."³⁸ "Fitchering" that otherwise has been lost "played out," or simply "go ore fissure are occasionally certain people who do not foundation. Every time a (for example, they "lost co continually about a "pecu and many men refuse to w as "country rock," a term ore," probably from the fa ones, were in the hands of (ing, and is of old country which waste rock is dump plying the word "horse" *Quarterly*, p. 10, n. 29.

Timbermen's terms are Duffy in "Mining at the ' usage. A timberman might "Get the tree stumps and and wedges. An "Irish me while a "Dutchman," not is a small block of wood u been cut too short.

The most common slang term may likewise refer to heat in parts of certain mi stope," with possible exte

³⁷ *Copper Camp*, p. 162.

³⁸ "Bug hole" is a folk etymology with some crystalline formation. p. 132, n. Caroline Bancroft gives *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV

³⁹ Cf. A. K. Hamilton Jenkin, *T*

⁴⁰ Cf. *Copper Camp*, p. 145.

I therefore discuss them as type of miners' lingo.³³ er, got its name from the dled the operator to keep le tail," no longer in use. it was a dry machine and by miners. Although this plies also to the "buzzy" ie Leyner, both wet ma- such as the "plugger," a "a drill for sinking shafts tion."³⁵ Any machinery or mes in the popular mind

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high masses in that stope."³⁷ Steel stuck in the "breast" or "face" of a drift or stope that cannot be extricated on one shift, is left for the following shift to remove. At the change of shifts the new crew will be informed of the fact by some such statement as "You've got a porcupine up there tonight." Whenever a drill lurches suddenly from hard rock to soft, or into a small cavity or "bug hole" of some sort, without drilling a hole large enough to release the drill, old miners acquainted with the Cornish terminology say, "There's a Dutchman in the hole."³⁸ "Fitchering" is the standard term. Ore that has faulted away or that otherwise has been lost has "pinched out," "worked out," "petered out," "played out," or simply "gone to hell." Such mysterious disappearances of the ore fissure are occasionally laid to the jinxing and hexing of a diggings by certain people who do not belong there, or for other reasons equally without foundation. Every time a crew went into a certain workings in the Belmont, for example, they "lost contact with the lead [leader vein]." Men who talk continually about a "peculiar feeling" in a working are regarded as jinxes, and many men refuse to work with them. Waste rock between leads is known as "country rock," a term enjoying general standing, and also as "Protestant ore," probably from the fact that many mining properties, especially the rich ones, were in the hands of Catholics. "Attle" (waste rock) has dictionary standing, and is of old country origin.³⁹ A "gob" is a workings stripped of ore into which waste rock is dumped. For a discussion of popular mining terms employing the word "horse" and derivatives, see the January, 1946, issue of the *Quarterly*, p. 10, n. 29.

Timbermen's terms are pretty much standard, and all those used by Joe Duffy in "Mining at the Wakes," above, for example, are in good technical usage. A timberman might say, "Bring the post and all the trimmings," or "Get the tree stumps and all the tighteners," i.e., the posts or stulls and braces and wedges. An "Irish measurement" is a timber either too long or too short, while a "Dutchman," not to be confused with an obstruction in a drill hole, is a small block of wood used to fill up a space when a timber has mistakenly been cut too short.

The most common slang term for a mine in Butte is "hot box," and this term may likewise refer to some special workings within a mine.⁴⁰ The intense heat in parts of certain mines has given rise to such terms as a "Death Valley stope," with possible extensions in the direction of the literal meaning of the

³⁷ *Copper Camp*, p. 162.

³⁸ "Bug hole" is a folk etymology of *vug*, or *vugh*, which denotes a small crevice in the rock, usually with some crystalline formation. Cf. William Jones, *Credulities Past and Present* (London, 1880), p. 132, n. Caroline Bancroft gives "dog in the hole" as a popular definition of a fitchered hole. *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 321.

³⁹ Cf. A. K. Hamilton Jenkin, *The Cornish Miner* (London, 1927), p. 209.

⁴⁰ Cf. *Copper Camp*, p. 145.

phrase.⁴¹ Because of its extreme heat and wetness the 3,200-foot level of the Steward is frequently called a "Chinese laundry."

When a man is lowered for the shift he "takes off," and upon leaving he "goes on top," or, in the Cornish idiom, "returns to grass."⁴² In any case he is either "leavin' the dry" or "headin' for the dry," because "the dry," or locker room, is the center around which revolve all comings and goings in the mine. Steve Hogan's poem, "In the Dry," with its haunting refrain, gives an engaging account of what goes on in "the dry" as men get ready to go on shift. From it one can easily see how much of the folklore of the mines, including the special category of locker-room superstitions, already discussed in the January issue of the *Quarterly* on pages 17 and 18, has its inception.⁴³

IN THE DRY

Half-clad miners chewing the rag,
This one is a thinker, that one is a wag.
A swarthy Hunky sits and grins
As a shameless Cousin talks about his sins.
A wild Corkonian calls on God
Telling of the glories of the Auld Auld Sod.
Jokes about the shifters and what they do,
And talk about the cave-in at the Mountain View.

"ROCK IN THE BOX" is the Shifter's song,
He sings it all day through,
"ROCK IN THE BOX"—and you're always wrong,
No matter how much you do.

A young buck laughs with a wicked leer
As a blushing bridegroom chooses not to hear.
A gray-haired pensioner is lavish in his praise
Of a Hawkesworth bit and the easy days.
A timid newcomer known as "Mex"
Shudders as a station-tender talks of wrecks.
Echoes of a crap game at Curley's place,
Whispers of a girl with an angel face.

⁴¹ The use of "coffin" as a name for a mine is known, but not widely. It has likely survived from Cornish usage. Cf. Shinn, *The Story of the Mine*, p. 243. Belgian miners applied the term "la fosse" to a mine, with the same meaning. *Ibid.*

⁴² Cf. *Montana State Guide*, p. 414. There is an interesting connection between "returning to grass" and a miner's working at the "grass roots." This last phrase denotes an unusually high back (top) wall in a tunnel, stope, or raise—so high, in fact, that a man is right near the grass roots. This use is not to be confused, of course, with "grass roots mining," which is a pocket miner's way of describing the prospecting for small deposits of gold just beneath the surface of the ground at the "grass roots." See Jenkin, *The Cornish Miner*, p. 209, for the use of "returning to grass." Cf. R. M. Ballantyne, *Deep Down: A Tale of the Cornish Mines* (22d ed.; London, n.d.), p. 54.

⁴³ Besides the two poems published in this article, "In the Dry" and "Whistles on the Hill," Steve Hogan has kindly placed at my disposal several other poems that reveal the intensity of mining life in Butte. I am indebted to him, moreover, for many helpful suggestions while doing field work in the town he loves so well.

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⁴⁴ Cf. *Montana State Guide*, p.

⁴⁵ See Walter L. Pierre's short of "tallying in."

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and "Whistles on the Hill," Steve
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"ROCK IN THE BOX" is the Shifter's God
His life and his love as well.
I'll bet when he rests beneath the sod,
They'll hear that song in Hell.

Talk about the hot box and the haunted stope,
Murmurs of the young 'uns and a miner's hope.
Stories of Nevada and the Comstock too,
Curses at the charges of a loan shark Jew.
Mutterings of wage scales and the cost of meat,
From the "Don't Give Damn Boys" with itchy feet.
"Blizzard on the hill, boys, look at 'er blow!"
"What the Hell do we care, it's warmer down below."

"ROCK IN THE BOX" is a fickle jade,
Is the tally six or seven?
"ROCK IN THE BOX," if we make the grade
We'll sink a shaft in Heaven.

"Tally" or "tally time" is a more common expression for quitting time than "to go on top," and the "tally cage," or simply "tally," picks up the craftsmen fifteen minutes ahead of the regular shift hoistings.⁴⁴ In the accepted technical language, a miner is said to "tally in" and "tally out," but the use of these terms is by no means common in the mines of Butte.⁴⁵ "Tally," moreover, denotes the number of cars of rock "pulled from a workings" and dropped in the skip pocket for hoisting. Stock greetings at the change of shift usually bear on the work itself, with the oncoming shift asking, "How's she goin'?" or, with a more pointed reference to the drilling itself, "How's she cuttin'?" If special information about the work needs to be conveyed, this is done in some lingo that is readily understood; otherwise someone might mumble incoherently about "another day, another dollar—a million days, a million dollars," with a parting salute, "Tap 'er light!" This final injunction goes back to the day when hand steel was used and a miner spent most of his time "beating the borer."

Of all the entertainments and holidays in a miner's life in Butte in the old days nothing bulked as large as Miners' Union Day, celebrated annually on June 13 from 1878 until 1914 and resumed again in 1934. More was made of the holiday in the days now almost beyond recall than at any time since the first World War, when a whole day's entertainment, including speechmaking, contests of various sorts, picnicking, and all the other things that go with an outing at an amusement park, was held at Columbia Gardens in a canyon east of Butte at the foot of the Continental Divide. The ballad "One Miners'

⁴⁴ Cf. *Montana State Guide*, p. 416.

⁴⁵ See Walter L. Pierre's short story "Underground," *Frontier*, XI (1930-1931), 334, for an example of "tallying in."

Union Day," by Joe Duffy, gives an unforgettable picture of what happened at Columbia Gardens on one such gala occasion:

The old Butte Miners' Union, one 13th day of June,
Held a picnic at the "Gardens," where nature was in tune.
The sun was shining brightly and a happy crowd was there;
The Gardens used to advertise: "Fun, Flowers and Fresh Air."

Each street-car stopping at the gate, had passengers galore
And when a car was empty, it went back to town for more.
The miners took their families, each mucker took a "frill"—
The 10-day men took bottled goods to help ward off a chill.

The babies played upon the grass, the girls played on the swings,
The hobby-horses galloped 'round, their riders grabbing rings.
The young folks all were dancing, the old folks watched the games;
To mention each feat by itself, would take too many names.

The Sullivans and Harringtons, the Murphys and Malones,
Richards, Williams, Thomases, Trevithick and Treglowns—
Take-a-hitch and Six-year-itch, Olson, Johnson, Thor
Were the names of some contestants when they had the tug-o'-war.

The next four stanzas treat the speech of the orator of the day who tells of a baby boy in Dublin who grew to manhood, emigrated to Butte City, joined the union, and, starting from outside guard, "wint thro' all th' chairs—" at which "The audience applauded like they do at County Fairs."

He waved them down to silence—of water took a drink—
"That ould couple back in Ireland—little did they think
That on this 13th day of June, nineteen an' ought, ought,
An educated audience would be upon this spot."

"We have a dhrillin' contest an' a thry at muckin' rock
An' th' street-cars will be runnin' afther 12 o'clock;
There's a lot here to amuse ye, for this is a day av joy—
An' in closing let me mintion, that I was that baby bhoy."⁴⁰

Written much in the same vein, and once more featuring an Irish hero, Bill Burke's "Miners' Union Day in Butte," with a descriptive subtitle, "In the Good Old Days," takes one to a typical parade held in the city proper, with five bands playing, and all the rest.

⁴⁰ In a prose version of this particular Miners' Union Day Duffy is able to describe the doings in somewhat greater detail, including the dance, the cars running till twelve, and all the rest. (*Butte Was Like That*, pp. 249 ff.) The author also discusses the breakup of the old Butte Miners' Union, No. 1, of the Western Federation of Miners at the time of the "Wobbly" trouble in 1914, which started with the breaking up of the Miners' Union Day parade of ten thousand miners by I.W.W. labor agitators, and ended with the dynamiting of the old Miners' Union Hall on north Main Street some ten days later (pp. 110-112). *Copper Camp* (pp. 60-65) carries a detailed contemporary account by an eyewitness who had belonged to the union since 1888.

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THE BUTTE MINER

171

Call me early in the mornin'
And press me other suit,
For tomorrow is the greatest day
Of all the days in Butte.
Pluck a posy for me frock coat,
Put some lard upon me shoes,
Look in me union stamp book
To be sure I've paid me dues.

'Tis Miners' Union Day, dear,
I'm to wear a white cockade.
I'm fourth assistant marshal
In the Miners' Day parade.
I'm to ride a fine big bay horse;
Sure your heart will burst with pride
Whin you see me ridin' down on Park Street
Like a mounted Lord asthride.

I'll be marchin' with the mayor;
The cops 'll all be there.
Lay out me brightest necktie,
Me new, green shirt I'll wear.
Six thousand miners will be marchin'
While I ride in stately ease,
Just like a Celtic warrior
As handsome as you please.

Five bands will all be playin'
Sammy Treloar at their lead,
While I ride in time to music
Asthride me prancin' steed.
I'll arise at dawn tomorrow
Long afore the whistles toot,
Sure, I wouldn't miss a minute
When 'tis Miners' Day in Butte.

There'll be shots and scoops and Shawn O's,
And big cigars galore;
There'll be dances, fights, and frolics,
And then we'll drink some more.
There'll be arguments a-plenty,
And perhaps a broken snoot;
For anything can happen
When 'tis Miners' Day in Butte.

The pièce de résistance of any Miners' Union Day was the drilling contest,
and this more than anything kept alive memories of working conditions in the
mines in the early days of the camp. Mike McNichols and Walter Bradshaw

were Butte's greatest drilling team, Bradshaw alone winning \$13,000 over the years in prize and wager money at contests all over the West. Joe Freethy, another Butte hammersmith and a Cousin Jack, teamed with Bradshaw at Spokane in 1901 to drill fifty-five inches in fifteen minutes for a world's record. The contests were held not only in Columbia Gardens but at other places in town and at the mines themselves; and granite boulders around town, notably one in Mrs. Globich's yard in the McQueen addition, provided training grounds for aspiring hammersmen.⁴⁷

Because of the fact that no special skill was needed, mucking contests were very popular also, and prodigious amounts of rock were mucked from metal "turn sheets," or slabs of iron, brought to the Gardens from the mines in trucks. As in mucking, strength and weight, rather than skill, counted in the tug of war and provided a good means of stimulating group rivalries. Duffy relates one such contest in which Serbians were pitted against the Irish, and after a see-saw battle appeared to be winning, when the wives and sweethearts of the Sons of Erin grabbed the end of the rope and saved the day for their team. What happened after that belongs to the apocryphal lore of the camp.⁴⁸ The bull and bear fight, a favorite divertisement of miners in California and elsewhere during the gold-rush period, was revived as late as July 4, 1895, in Butte; and rat baiting, which never was especially associated with the mines, enjoyed a perilous illegal existence, along with cock fighting, dog fighting, and the like.⁴⁹

National and religious holidays are celebrated in Butte much as elsewhere, with Labor Day claiming an interest for miners second only to Miners' Union Day. Celebrations on Labor Day and on the Fourth of July constitute at best

⁴⁷ *Copper Camp*, from which I take much of my material, lists the names of other famous teams, including those of a couple of blind men, Harry Rodda and Mike Davey, and gives an excellent description of how short steel is replaced by longer rods without the loss of rhythm in the blows of the double jacker (pp. 221-223). I am informed that a variety of granite found in Silver Plume, Colorado, was much in demand throughout the West for drilling contests because of its unusual hardness, but all that is changed now that the sport has almost died out. Although drilling contests are occasionally still held in a few camps in the West, no one seems to recall any in Butte for a decade or more. On Labor Day, 1941, I witnessed an exciting drilling contest in Virginia City, Nevada, with three or four crack teams performing. Machine drilling contests are sometimes held, as for example on Miners' Union Day in Park City, Utah, but these have never gained wide favor. Jenkin includes a picture of hand-drilling by a three-man team in the mines of Cornwall (*The Cornish Miner*, p. 216), Freeman shows a couple of double jackers at work in the mines of Butte (*A Brief History of Butte, Montana*, p. 90), and *Copper Camp* pictures Walter Bradshaw and Mike McNichols on a training scaffold near the railroad yards (facing p. 229). Murdoch mentions drilling contests as being a favorite holiday sport in the copper country of Michigan, but observes that "the air drill has left few miners who know much about hand drilling." *Boom Copper*, p. 217; cf. p. 203.

⁴⁸ *Butte Was Like That*, p. 179. The treatment of the tug of war in the fourth stanza of Duffy's "One Miners' Union Day," above, with teams drawn from all racial groups, is, of course, more in keeping with the cosmopolitan spirit of Butte.

⁴⁹ *Copper Camp*, pp. 220, 234-239, 242. See the *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 179, and V (1946), 111, for notes on ratting mains and rat baiting.

only weak facsimiles of what the various nationalities hence cannot be discussed here whether Christmas trees in the early days, as seems to be only a vestige of the practice of putting branches to caps across a Christmas tree on the light along with an illuminated every gallows frame "on the busiest period of the camp" a full hour with the turning routine blasts, which in the morning and 4:30, daily, and in the afternoon but with many properties aren't the same." In fact, the way to forgetting the

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They sing a song of
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⁵⁰ See *Copper Camp* (p. 247) for the *Montana State Guide* (p. 58) for those to the Julian calendar. This was throughout the year are treated on holidays is to be found in *Cof*

⁵¹ For a picture of the decorated bushes into the mines of Central Cornish custom as practiced abroad. *Customs* (London and Toronto, 1945), mines, as noted for California in the same journal, IV (1945), 340.

⁵² *Copper Camp*, p. 11.

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cking contests were mucked from metal from the mines in kill, counted in the up rivalries. Duffy ainst the Irish, and ves and sweethearts d the day for their lore of the camp.⁴⁸ s in California and as July 4, 1895, in ed with the mines, g, dog fighting, and

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of other famous teams, and gives an excellent rhythm in the blows of found in Silver Plume, because of its unusual Although drilling con- recall any in Butte for ontest in Virginia City, sts are sometimes held, ever gained wide favor ines of Cornwall (*The* : in the mines of Butte er Bradshaw and Mike doch mentions drilling , but observes that "the pper, p. 217; cf. p. 203. ourth stanza of Duffy's i, is, of course, more in

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only weak facsimiles of what took place in the lush years. Christmas customs of the various nationalities in Butte do not bear particularly on mining, and hence cannot be discussed here.⁵⁰ No one whom I interviewed seems to remember whether Christmas trees or bushes were taken into the mines of Butte in the early days, as seems to have been the custom elsewhere in the West. The only vestige of the practice today, apart from the occasional nailing of green branches to caps across drifts, is the placing of a huge electrically lighted Christmas tree on the lighted gallows frame of the Anselmo every Christmas, along with an illuminated cross.⁵¹ Since the beginning of World War II almost every gallows frame "on the Hill" has flown a large American flag. In the busiest period of the camp over a hundred mine and smelter whistles blew for a full hour with the turning of the New Year,⁵² as if to compensate for the short routine blasts, which in most mines were sounded only at 8:00, 12:00, 12:30, and 4:30, daily, and in times of emergency. The whistles still blow, of course, but with many properties shut down entirely, like everything else, "things just aren't the same." In fact, but for Steve Hogan's fine poem one should be on the way to forgetting the rare music of the "Whistles On the Hill."

WHISTLES ON THE HILL

They range from highest tenor to the low and deepest bass,
They sing a song of labor, blasting high-grade from the face.
They tell a tale of engines, of compressor, pump and drill,
Copper's mighty music—the whistles on the hill.

They hum of expectations and of dreams that all came true,
Of courage never-failing and determination, too.
Of men who never faltered and who kept their Faith sublime,
Whose deeds will live forever; whose names will last through time.

They sing a song of miners, of the Supe and powder monks,
Of the Irish, Welsh and English, and all the swarthy Hunks.
Of the men who built Butte City, the Harps and Cousin Jacks,
And the buxom girls who fed them, in the houses 'cross the tracks.

⁵⁰ See *Copper Camp* (p. 247) for a treatment of Serbian Yuletide and Easter customs and the *Montana State Guide* (p. 58) for those of other Balkans who celebrate Christmas on January 6, according to the Julian calendar. This was known popularly as "Little Christmas." Other religious holidays throughout the year are treated also, with attentions to cuisine customs. *Ibid.* Still further material on holidays is to be found in *Copper Camp*, pp. 30-31, 46-47.

⁵¹ For a picture of the decorated gallows frame of the Anselmo, see the back cover of the *Anode* for January 15, 1938 (Vol. XXIV, No. 1). Miss Bancroft's reference to the old custom of taking lighted bushes into the mines of Central City, Colorado, at Christmas time, seems to accord more with the Cornish custom as practiced abroad, for which she cites A. K. Hamilton Jenkin, *Cornish Homes and Customs* (London and Toronto, 1934), p. 171, than with the taking of real Christmas trees into the mines, as noted for California in *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), 152. Her reference is in the same journal, IV (1945), 340.

⁵² *Copper Camp*, p. 11.

They tell about the Shifter, who is sometimes called "The Push,"
And they tell about the Foreman,—the lad who gets the cush.
They sound from here to Wall Street, where the talkin' is of Par,
And they sing about the nipper and the lad who pushes car.

They murmur of the secrets that are told beneath the ground,
Of drifts and stopes and raises,—how the vein was lost and found.
They sing about the heroes that the world will never know,
And they tell about the danger,—how a little fire will grow.

They tell of mining engineers, who worked their way through school,
And polished off their learnin' in a drift behind a mule.
They sing about the clear-eyed lads who do the hoisting job,
And tell about the high-grade rock that's dumped into the gob.

They roar about the hot box and the place that's nice and cool,
And the mucker who is careful and the mucker who's a fool.
They tell about the watchmen,—old timers, near retired,
Veterans of the prospect days who simply won't be fired.

They sing about machinists and the guys who braid the rope,
And all the other workers from the head-frame to the stope.
To some their tones are strident, unpleasant, harsh, and shrill,
But to me they're sweetest music, and I never get my fill.

When my final shift is ended, if I hit the Heavenly Dry,
I hope St. Pete will park me with some other miner guy.
Who knew some real old-timers, like Jack or Joe or Bill,
To sit on a cloud and listen for the whistles on the hill.

Joe Duffy's "Music of the Whistles on the Hill" is another excellent poem dealing with this favorite theme.

It is difficult to overestimate the contribution of the Cornish miner to the development of hardrock mining in the United States, but great as has been this contribution, it has scarcely exceeded the rich legacy of mining lore and legend, the delightful humor and the colorful speech, and the customs and traditions that are part and parcel of the culture of the Cousin Jack everywhere in his adopted homeland. Like every other mining camp in the West, Butte has drawn its full quota of these canny hardrockers. They came from the copper mines of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, from the lead mines of Missouri, and from the booming goldfields all over the West. A clannishness, rarely offensive, earned them the title "Cousin Jacks," or simply "Cousins," because they were always sending back to Cornwall for some cousin or other relative to come and work in the rich mines of the new world, where "tributin'," or prospecting for ore in developmental work, paid far better than

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⁵⁵ Caroline Bancroft's "Folklor
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He can take an eighty pen
And bend it in his hand—
The strongest little Cousi
That ever struck the land.

Though when it comes to
He will not do it—nay;

⁵⁵ *Copper Camp*, p. 210.

⁵⁶ The proverbial Cornish "meet, although these attribut
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THE BUTTE MINER

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"back 'ome," and where "tut-work," or driving drifts on contract, really paid handsomely. The wives, of course, became "Cousin Jennies," or "Jinnies."⁵³

The fame of Cousin Jack drillers and timbermen was proverbial in Butte, as elsewhere, and a new man of any skill at these jobs was sure to find work at the Mountain View, provided he "spake the right spoke," i.e., Cornish.⁵⁴ So numerous were the sons of Cornwall at the Mountain View that someone got the notion to call the mine the "Saffron Bun," out of respect for one of the staples of the Cornish kitchen. The name caught on, and with an appropriate suffix was soon extended to Cornish miners: "Saffron Bunnies." The Pennsylvania and the Rarus were other mines largely staffed with Cousin Jacks. Irish rustlers at the Mountain View were always told "Thee are in the wrong line, my boy."⁵⁵ This was a polite invitation to rustle the Anaconda, the St. Lawrence, and the Neversweat, all under Irish management and worked by Irish miners.⁵⁶ The pride of the Cornish in the mining craft is shown in the following story in which a Cousin Jack miner on one occasion was called upon to speak a few words in memory of a departed comrade. Addressing the de-

⁵³ Caroline Bancroft's "Folklore of the Central City District, Colorado" (*California Folklore Quarterly*, IV [1945], 315-342), I believe, is the most complete treatment of Cornish lore yet to appear in this country. Her study is more than a dissertation on the folklore of the Cornish miner of the Central City District; it is a general survey of the customs and traditions of the Cornish people who settled there, and is concerned with all the manifestations of Cornish culture. A good knowledge of the old-country background enabled Miss Bancroft to rescue from almost sure oblivion many an interesting item in the last stages of obsolescence. Her explanation of the term "Cousin Jack" (pp. 318-319) is the accepted one and is added reason for rejecting the suggestion of a derivation from "Cussin' Jack," notwithstanding the fact that the Cornish took no back seat in the matter of profanity. This latter suggestion is found in the *Montanan's Golden Anniversary Humorous History Handbook and 1940 Almanac* (Helena, Montana, 1940), p. 91. For an emphasis on Cornish speech and wit, see Miss Bancroft's "Cousin Jack Stories from Central City" *Colorado Magazine*, XXI (1944), 51-56, and Charles E. Brown's *Cousin Jack Stories* (Madison, Wisconsin, 1940). For the early Cornish influx (1825-1850), particularly to the North Central states, Louis Albert Copeland's article, "The Cornish in Southwest Wisconsin," *Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, XIV (1898), 301-334, is an indispensable study.

⁵⁴ Because of their skill as miners, and particularly as timbermen, Cousins Jacks eschewed the more common jobs underground, a circumstance that led many miners to regard them as lazy. A "Cousin Jack shift," for example, is a Saturday night shift, or any other easy shift. In his poem, "That's Different," Walt Holliday celebrates the Cousin Jack as a man that can bend an 80-penny spike in his hand, and more than hold his own on a wrestling mat—but loading rock is another matter (*Mining-Camp Melodies*, p. 13):

He can take an eighty penny spike
And bend it in his hand—
The strongest little Cousin Jack
That ever struck the land.

Though when it comes to loading rock,
He will not do it—nay;

He wouldn't load a car of ore,
Not in a twelve-hour day.
In wrestling down upon the mat,
This Cousin's the best bet;
But the fellow who can make him work
Has not seen daylight yet.

⁵⁵ *Copper Camp*, p. 210.

⁵⁶ The proverbial Cornish "eye for ore" and "nose for ore" are discussed wherever mining men meet, although these attributes were by no means exclusive property with them, in Butte or anywhere else. Old Marcus Daly himself, for example, had a good eye for ore, and F. Augustus Heinze could "smell 'er" with the best of them. Cf. Murdoch, *Boom Copper*, p. 202; *Copper Camp*, p. 43; C. B. Glasscock, *War of the Copper Kings* (Indianapolis, 1935), p. 160.

funct, he said: "Thee were a real good miner, a neat and pretty hammersmith; thee could build a bloomin' bulkhead, drive a raise, lay a track, or any other bloody thing they wanted thee to do. 'Ere's 'opin' thee are 'appy now." So great was the respect of an old Finn for the prowess of a Cousin Jack with the hammer that he habitually called a single jack a "Cousin Jack." Once when his hammer fell down the chute, he called out: "There's a Cousin Jack in the chutel!" Much anxiety and commotion resulted, and subsided only when the hammer was retrieved.⁵⁷

Among the Cornish people in Butte today the pasty, or as it is popularly known, the "letter from 'ome," and the saffron bun, or "nubbies," are time-honored Cornish foods. Restaurants and bakeries in town feature them. With the Welsh and Irish the Cornish shared a predilection for a pudding known as "boxty." This dish was prepared from the first milk of a cow after calving, and was popularly supposed to insure fertility for the partakers.⁵⁸ Almost a thing of the past now is the old round dinner pail, with a bottom compartment for beverages and a top part for food. The top part fitted snugly into the bucket and was supported at the top by a flange. Because of this feature it was an easy matter for pranksters to exchange compartments, with the result that a Cousin Jack might get a dish of spaghetti or something else in place of his coveted pasty. Tea and coffee were taken into the mines, but not beer because of the heat in the "hot boxes."⁵⁹ The lunch pail served admirably as a "growler," as already noted, for picking up beer on the way home after a miner had stopped to toss off his favorite "Séan O'Farrell."

"Coursing," or greyhound racing, was a favorite sport among the Cornish folk in Butte, although it has long since passed into the limbo of forgotten things, and many younger people would not particularly think of a greyhound as a "Cousin Jack race horse or a "narrow face."⁶⁰ Cornish wrestling is likewise nothing more than a memory.⁶¹

⁵⁷ A former resident of Colorado remembers the Cousin Jacks using the term "oney" for a single jack, and "twoey" for a double jack around Cripple Creek and Creede about 1900. I have noted elsewhere the fact that Cornish boys boasted of the weight and length of their fathers' hammers (*California Folklore Quarterly*, I [1942], 148), and have heard that a shortening of hammer handles resulted every time there was a reduction in wages. This is most likely only a story.

⁵⁸ *Copper Camp*, pp. 246, 248. See the entire chapter, "Copper Camp Cuisine" (pp. 243-252) for an excellent treatment of the eating habits of various racial groups in Butte. Cf. *Montana State Guide*, p. 138. For Cornish eating customs elsewhere see Caroline Bancroft's article in the *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 337-338, and Copeland, *op. cit.*, pp. 327-329.

⁵⁹ Italians were not deterred by the heat from taking wine into the mines, and many a shifter was allowed to imbibe freely of it for such favor as he could bestow. Cf. Duffy, *Butte Was Like That*, p. 105.

⁶⁰ For a good treatment of "coursing" see *Copper Camp*, pp. 224-225. Cf. *Montana State Guide*, p. 138; Duffy, *Butte Was Like That*, p. 348.

⁶¹ Cornish wrestling is treated in *Copper Camp*, pp. 225-226. For Michigan background see Murdoch, *Boom Copper*, p. 216. Colorado notes are found in the *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 317.

In religion the Cornish litical persuasion Republic that the Irish were almost detract in the least from the strains from the "old country" in the Steward, for example the next, with the tally between Cornish and Irish in the wrong tone of voice of Queen Victoria, was able to be referred to only as gain must be laid to the general usually got started where saloons, or vice versa. The spirit of tolerance, and

The Irish immigration his own that when Pat is "Don't stop in the United States about a new man in some old dirt," i.e., Ireland. Moving to an apocryphal story Hotel, or "Big Ship," a "slugger," or piston drill of "wising up" a complete man could climb "the Lawrence) or some other:

⁶² For a discussion of these histories west Wisconsin," *Collections of*

⁶³ *Copper Camp*, p. 49. Cf. GI extended into the mines, for many in some unfavored spot, if not Democratic in Calumet, Michigan, p. 157.

⁶⁴ Other names, opprobrious their peculiar brogue, "Savage Fish Eaters" or "Herring Churn on anyone miscalculating the nickname "Spaghetti Snake" exception to the terms "Wops"

⁶⁵ The reader will gain an excellent two chapters on the subject in pp. 134 ff. Miss Bancroft alludes to this in the *California Folklore*

⁶⁶ Similar stories were heard who accosted policemen in New mention of Shea's boarding house

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In religion the Cornish of Butte were traditionally Methodists and by political persuasion Republicans, as elsewhere in the United States.⁵² The fact that the Irish were almost all Catholics and 100 per cent Democrats did not detract in the least from the natural rivalry as miners between these two hardy strains from the "old country."⁵³ This rivalry was exploited in some mines, as in the Steward, for example, where Cousin Jacks worked one shift and Irish the next, with the tally sheets recording the phenomenal progress. Fights between Cornish and Irish were frequent, and calling an Irishman a "chaw" in the wrong tone of voice, or labeling a Cornishman "a petticoat," in honor of Queen Victoria, was ample cause for fisticuffs.⁵⁴ Fights which can honestly be referred to only as gang fights flared up in Butte at various times, but these must be laid to the general political ferment of the camp. Fights of this sort usually got started when Irishmen showed up in strength at Cousin Jack saloons, or vice versa. This clannishness gradually gave way over the years to a spirit of tolerance, and today most saloons cater to the general trade.⁵⁵

The Irish immigration to Butte was so great when Marcus Daly came into his own that when Pat in Butte wrote Mike back in Ireland, all he said was, "Don't stop in the United States; come right on out to Butte."⁵⁶ An inquiry about a new man in some of the mines would bring a reply, "He's from the old dirt," i.e., Ireland. Most of the new men had never seen a mine, so, according to an apocryphal story, they were taken to the basement of the Florence Hotel, or "Big Ship," as it was known, and there taught how to operate a "slugger," or piston drill. This machine was set up expressly for the purpose of "wising up" a completely green hand. With this modicum of experience a man could climb "the Hill" to the mine "with the five smoke stacks" (St. Lawrence) or some other Irish mine, and ask with good grace: "How's a show

⁵² For a discussion of these historic alignments see Louis Albert Copeland, "The Cornish in Southwest Wisconsin," *Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, XIV (1898), 320-321, 331.

⁵³ *Copper Camp*, p. 49. Cf. Glasscock, *War of the Copper Kings*, pp. 113-114. This political rivalry extended into the mines, for many a miner who voted the "wrong" way soon found himself working in some unfavored spot, if not actually fired. See *Copper Camp*, p. 53. Murdoch reports that voting Democratic in Calumet, Michigan, was cause for assigning many a man a worse job. *Boom Copper*, p. 157.

⁵⁴ Other names, opprobrious and otherwise, for the Irish are: "Harps," "Flannel Mouths," from their peculiar brogue, "Savages," "Cannibals," and "Maneaters." Finns didn't mind being called "Fish Eaters" or "Herring Chokers," but they resented being called "Round Heads," and would turn on anyone miscalculating enough to address them thus. Italians took kindly in most cases to the nickname "Spaghetti Snappers," just as they took kindly to spaghetti itself; but they took exception to the terms "Wops" and "Dagos."

⁵⁵ The reader will gain an excellent idea of these fights and those involving labor issues by reading two chapters on the subject in *Copper Camp*, pp. 46-67. Cf. Glasscock, *War of the Copper Kings*, pp. 134 ff. Miss Bancroft alludes to the fights between the Irish and Cornish in Central City, Colorado, in the *California Folklore Quarterly*, IV (1945), 327.

⁵⁶ Similar stories were heard in Eureka, Utah, in the boom days, when prospective Irish miners who accosted policemen in New York would have a ticket to Eureka purchased for them at the mere mention of Shea's boarding house. *Journal of American Folklore*, LIV [1941], 133, n. 3.

for a miner?" Because of a predominance of numbers and the fact that the Irish were interested financially in the mines, Irish influence in the mines seems always to have outweighed that of the Cornish. Thus it happened that many a mine operated by Cornish crews eventually came under Irish management. Such, for example, was the fate of the famous Parrot. A Cornishman is reported to have left the Parrot for a year or so. Upon his return he went to the mine to get his old job back, only to learn of a change in management. On leaving the mine yard, he was overheard to address sadly the imaginary parrot, after which the mine was named: "Good-by birdie, savage got thee; no more place for we."⁸⁷ In keeping with the broadly cosmopolitan character of Butte, these rivalries between the Irish and Cornish were soon forgotten; hence the unusual spectacle, as reported in *Copper Camp*, of the Irish celebration of St. George's Day (April 23) and the Cornish observance of St. Patrick's Day.⁸⁸

If the Cornish had their "Cousin Jack Race Track" in the early days of dog racing, as noted above, the Irish also had theirs, and not merely the race track built by Marcus Daly for the sport of kings. The real "Irish Race Track," says Duffy, was the stretch of road from Harrison Avenue out to the cemeteries on the flat, where some of the most spirited races in the town's history were run between equipages that broke rank in a funeral procession, overshot the cemeteries, and pulled up finally to a precarious halt at some of the roadhouses along the Nine-Mile-Road to drink to the memory of the departed. Needless to relate, the horses that had been thoroughly "leathered" all the way, were in a full lather by the time attendants at the roadhouses cared for them.⁸⁹ Butte was really like that!

⁸⁷ Glasscock tells this same story about the Grayrock claim: "Good-by birdie. Thee was a good home for we, but the savages got thee." *War of the Copper Kings*, p. 144.

⁸⁸ *Copper Camp*, p. 7. Cf. Duffy for a description of a St. Patrick's Day celebration in the Hibernian Hall in Centerville, led by Sammy Treloar and his crack Cousin Jack band. *Butte Was Like That*, pp. 122 ff.

⁸⁹ *Butte Was Like That*, pp. 75-83. Now that I have finished this phase of my study of the folklore of the Butte miners—"Songs of the Butte Miners" will not appear until 1947—it is only appropriate that I give a salute to Joe Duffy, now retired and living in Maywood, California, who, since my return from Montana, has devoted with complete unselfishness many hours to helping solve problems within the ken of only a "hardrock from the old school." Moreover, he threw open to me his excellent scrap books, that contain, among other things, his ballads and poems, which, appearing serially under the caption of "Songs of Old Butte," delighted a whole generation of miners and mining folk in Butte as they were published in the *Montana Standard* many years ago. Indebtedness to published sources is acknowledged throughout the article, and this material has added substantially to the field work so pleasurably undertaken.

HUNTING AND FISHING

Bar -- Name of any brown, black, or cinnamon bear.

Big Neck -- Buck deer in mating season.

Buck Fever -- Mental state, excitement when firing at game.

Bugle -- The call of a bull elk.

Cannon -- Large bore rifle.

Drilled Center -- Head shot.

Drumming -- Mating call of partridges. Flaps wings against log.

Flys up and down log striking sides of log with wings.

Gut Shot -- Animal shot through intestines.

High Bank -- To cast fish over shoulder when fishing. (horsing 'em)

Lolipalooser -- Big bird, fish, or game animal.

Meat in the Pot -- Name given trusty rifle by owner.

Mowitch -- Venison killed out of season.

Open Up -- To begin shooting at game.

Pill -- Poison bait, or bullet.

Play Him -- To wear fish out by giving him line and allowing him
to fight before landing him.

Porky -- Porcupine--(Called a pest by campers.)

Side Hill Pork -- Venison shot out of season.

Spoiled Meat -- Game animal badly shot up.

Track Soup -- To report at camp without any game.

Tracking Snow -- New snowfall.

Whistle -- Call of a buck deer to its mate.

Winged -- To hit feathers or fur when shooting at game, no damage
done to animal.

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damage done to animal.

MILL and SMELTER JARGON

Assay Ton -- A sample of ore weighing but a few pounds, adopted by assayers to determine per ton values.

Bag House -- Structure equipped with cloth bags and curtains through which gases and flue dust from the blast furnaces pass; most of the values in the flue dust and gases drop to the floor or lodge in the curtains and bags.

Ball Mill -- Grinding machinery that crushes ore to the fineness of powder by the action of steel balls falling on the ore as the mill rotates.

Barrels -- Small amalgam traps at edge of amalgamation plates which catch gold values that pass over the plates.

Bar-room -- Place where bullion is stored.

Bath -- Acid solution used in the electrolytic zinc and copper methods of refining.

Belt -- Wide rubber composition belt which carries ore from mill feed bin to the crushing department; in some mills pickers take off the large chunks of waste and the high grade ore, thus increasing capacity, and also the grade of the mill heads.

Big Boy -- The smelter manager.

Brains -- The assaying and chemical departments.

Bull-gang -- Gang of men who do the common labor around smelters; repair crew at a mill.

- Bullion -- Semi-pure gold, silver and lead bars as turned out either by blast furnaces or by small assay furnaces or retorts.
- Bullion Room -- Place where bullion is stored.
- Bull-of-the-Works -- The smelter foreman.
- Charge -- A "charge" for a blast furnace consists of roasted ore that is mixed with certain percentages of limestone, silica, coke and powdered coal.
- Charge Floor -- Where the smelter furnace charges are mixed.
- Charge Pit -- A pit below the charge floor into which limestone, roasted ore, coal and coke are dumped to make up a furnace charge.
- Cones -- A cone-type of crusher which grinds ore with a rotary movement; it crushes finer, and is able to handle more ore per day, than crushers of the jaw-type.
- D and L's -- Dwight and Lloyd machines that roast ores to release excess sulphur content in ore; the ore passes to the charge floor to be mixed into a furnace charge.
- Dishwasher -- An assayer's helper.
- E. M.'s -- Mining engineer's who hold college degrees in mining engineering and metallurgy.
- Floater -- Experienced operators of flotation machines.
- Flow-Sheet -- A plan of the interior arrangement of the equipment of a mill; the system used in concentrating the ore.
- Frothers -- Agencies which cause bubbles to rise from the bottoms of flotation machines. The bubbles carry with them fine particles of metal and mineral; pine oils, creosote, etc.

Fumer -- A plant which treats zinc-bearing slag by causing the zinc to pass off in fumes and thus be recovered from the fumes.

Heads -- The ore that comes from a mine to a mill feed bin.

Ink Slingers -- Timekeepers and bookkeepers.

"Insulter" -- Ironical name for consulting engineers.

Jigs -- Concentrating machines that make separations by an up and down motion and the use of screens. Obsolete now, being replaced by flotation machines.

Leaching -- Applies especially to copper ores and involves system whereby low grade ores are subjected to the action of acid-bearing water which removes most of the copper in solution; copper is then precipitated by introduction of scrap iron.

Lead Well -- Receptacle where lead gathers in a blast furnace.

Long Change -- Mill and smeltermen, when they change from the day shift (7 a.m. to 3 p.m.), have what they call a "long change" as they leave work at 3 p.m. Saturday and do not report again until 11 p.m. Sunday.

Kud -- A Mixture of fireclay used to close the slag and matte openings of a blast furnace.

Pebble Mills -- A grinding mill resembling a ball mill, using hard flint-like pebbles for grinding the ore; the pebbles are imported from Sweden.

Pots -- Huge iron bowls used to receive molten matte, slag, lead, copper, etc., as the blast furnaces are tapped; matte pots at lead smelters are hauled out to the smelter yard and

allowed to cool; when cool the matte is removed from the pots by overturning them and the matte, resembling a huge cup-cake, falls out.

Pulp -- Mill term for finely ground ore.

Recovery -- Percentage of the metals and minerals in the mill heads that is finally recovered in the concentrate produced by the mill; modern flotation plants recover as high as 99 per cent; former mechanical methods of concentration rarely recovered more than 85 per cent.

Red Dirt -- Oxidized ore containing a high percentage of iron.

* Reverbs -- Reverbatory furnaces in a copper smelter where copper matte is treated to produce a product known as "blister" copper, which is about 98 per cent pure copper.

Roast -- Product of a D and L (Dwight and Lloyd) roasting plant at a smelter; the product is sometimes called "sinter".

Roasters -- Men who operate the roasting machines at smelters; the machines that remove excess sulphur from ores.

Run-A-Way -- When the slag of a furnace contains a high percentage of metals, the furnace is said to be "running away". The cause is improper charging of the furnace.

Salamanders -- Huge open outdoor stoves used in cold weather around furnaces and other smelting departments where the work is out in the open; fuel used is coke.

Short Change -- Mill and smeltermen say they are on "short change"

when they change from the 3 p.m. - 11 p.m. shift to the 7 a.m.-
3 p.m. shift.

Slag -- Molten limestone, silica and iron, containing little or
no other metallic or mineral values.

Snoopers -- Chemists who travel over the area around a smelter tes-
ting soils, garden truck, grains, etc., and examining cattle
alleged to have been killed by arsenic and other poisonous
gases coming from the smelter stack; smelters are constantly
harassed by suits brought to recover alleged damages resulting
from smelter fumes.

Stamps -- Ore crushers which crush ore with an up and down stamping
motion; formerly the crushing system used in gold mills; now
largely replaced by cone crushers and ball mills.

Sweetening -- Mixing high grade ore with medium grade to boost
the tenor of the mill heads.

Tails -- Waste reject of a mill.

Tappers -- Men who poke holes in the fire clay that closes the
opening to bottom of the furnace and thus releases the molten
slag.

"Tears" -- Set of pipes and valves that regulate and supply air
for the blast to furnaces; spelled "tuyeres", but pronounced
"tears" by furnace workers.

Wheelers -- Men who wheel buggies of limestone, siliceous ore,
coal and coke to the charge pit on the charge floor, where
the furnace charge is mixed.

FORESTRY JARGON

Back Fire -- Fire set by man in path of forest fire. This is done to stem the rush of the larger blaze.

Belly Robber -- Camp cook.

Blisters Rust -- Disease common to yellow pine. Sometimes used to express illness of men in camps.

Brush Hook -- Hook with long handle, used to cut small brush.

Canned Cook -- Cook who uses too much canned goods.

Crown Fire -- Forest fire that burns heaviest in tops of trees.

Diamond Hitch -- Rope hitch or knot used by packers.

Dry Range -- No creeks or water holes.

Embalmed Beef -- Dry chipped beef.

Emergency Crew -- Crew held in camp to respond to emergency fire call.

Fire Fighters -- Men who work on fire line.

Galded -- Saddle sores on pack or work animal.

Game Trail -- Trail worn in side hill or gulch by wild game.

Grass Fire -- Low burning fire, close to ground.

Hay Wire -- Old inferior equipment.

Hoedag -- Combination pick and hoe.

Lookout -- One who camps on high point and watches for fires during fire period.

Patrol -- Area over which patrolman walks or rides on lookout for fire hazards.

Roasting Oven -- Fire surrounded gulch.

Sheeped Off -- Grazing land from which all vegetation has been trampled or eaten by sheep.

Smoke Chaser -- One who answers call of Lockout, attends fire, puts out or attempts to put it out.

Smoulder -- Smoke from burning rotten stump, or the smoke that arises after a fire is under control.

Tarp -- Canvass spread.

The Old Man -- Thunder and lightning.

Tin Pants -- Heavy stiff khaki pants.

Mont His Soc (try UW - looks useful for lingo)
398 H19

"The Folklore, Customs and Traditions of Butte Miner"

- Wayland D. Hand

Calif. Folklore Q'ly, Jan '46 - vol. V, #1

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Mont His Soc (try UW - looks useful for lingo)
398 H19

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country
and women of the mil-

His advisers sat in uncomfortable silence. That very afternoon, someone leaked word of a cable sent by Ambassador Eikenberry from Kabul expressing reservations about a large buildup of forces as long as the Karzai government remained unreformed. At one of their meetings, General Petraeus had told Mr. Obama to think of elements of the Karzai government like "a crime syndicate." Ambassador Eikenberry was suggesting, in effect, that America could not get in bed with the mob.

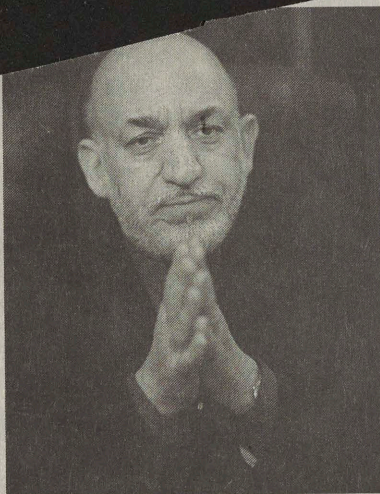
The leak of Ambassador Eikenberry's Nov. 6 cable stirred another storm within the administration because the cable had been requested by the White House. The National Security Council had told the ambassador to put his views in writing. But someone else then passed word of the cable to reporters in what some in the process took to be a calculated attempt to head off a big troop buildup.

The cable stunned some in the military. The reaction at the Pentagon, said one official, was "Whiskey Tango Foxtrot" — military slang for an expression of shock. Among the officers caught off guard were General McChrystal and his staff, for whom the cable was "a complete surprise," said another official, even though the commander and the ambassador meet three times a week.

A Presidential Order

By this point, the idea of some sort of time frame was taking on momentum. Mrs. Clinton talked to Mr. Karzai before the Afghan leader's inauguration to a second term. She suggested that he use his speech to outline a schedule for taking over security of the country.

Mr. Karzai did just that, declaring



ALEXANDRE MENEGHINI/ASSOCIATED PRESS

American officials have criticized the Afghan government, which is led by President Hamid Karzai.

NYT Dec. 6 '09

Afghanistan by mid-2010 and beginning to pull them out by July 2011. Admiral Mullen came up with the date at the direction of Mr. Obama, despite some misgivings from the Pentagon about setting a time frame for a withdrawal. The date was two years from the arrival of the first reinforcements Mr. Obama sent shortly after taking office. Mr. Biden had written a memo before the meeting talking about the need for "proof of concept" — in other words, two years ought to be enough for extra troops to demonstrate whether a buildup would work.

The president went around the room asking for opinions. Mr. Biden again expressed skepticism, even at this late hour when the tide had turned against him in terms of the troop number. But he had succeeded in narrowing the scope of the mission to protect population centers and setting the date to begin withdrawal. Others around the table concurred with the plan. Mr. Obama

...little time
...to this point. Even
though it would need Republican support, the White House had made no overtures to the party leaders.

But there was back-channel contact. Mr. Emanuel was talking with Senator Lindsey Graham, Republican of South Carolina, who urged him to settle on a troop number "that began with 3" to win Republican support. "I said as long as the generals are O.K. and there is a meaningful number, you will be O.K.," Mr. Graham recalled.

The day after Thanksgiving, Mr. Obama huddled with aides from 10:30 a.m. to 9:15 p.m. refining parameters for the plan and mapping out his announcement. He told his speechwriter, Ben Rhodes, that he wanted to directly rebut the comparison with Vietnam.

On the following Sunday, Nov. 29, he summoned his national security team to the Oval Office. He had made his decision. He would send 30,000 troops as quickly as possible, then begin the withdrawal in July 2011. In deference to Mr. Gates's concerns, the pace and endpoint of the withdrawal would be determined by conditions at the time.

"I'm not asking you to change what you believe," the president told his advisers. "But if you do not agree with me, say so now." There was a pause and no one said anything.

"Tell me now," he repeated.

Mr. Biden asked only if this constituted a presidential order. Mr. Gates and others signaled agreement.

"Fully support, sir," Admiral Mullen said.

"Ditto," General Petraeus said.

Mr. Obama then went to the Situation Room to call General McChrystal and Ambassador Eikenberry. The president made it clear that in the next assessment in December 2010 he would not contemplate more troops. "It will only be about the flexibility in how we draw down, not if we draw down," he said.

Two days later, Mr. Obama flew to West Point to give his speech. After three months of agonizing review, he seemed surprisingly serene. "He was," said one adviser, "totally at peace."

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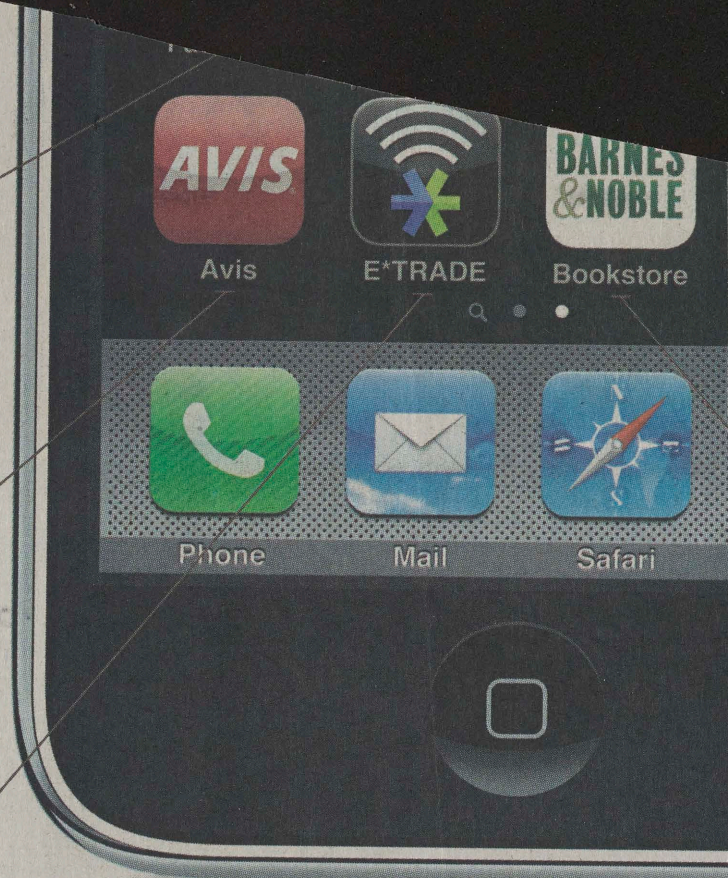
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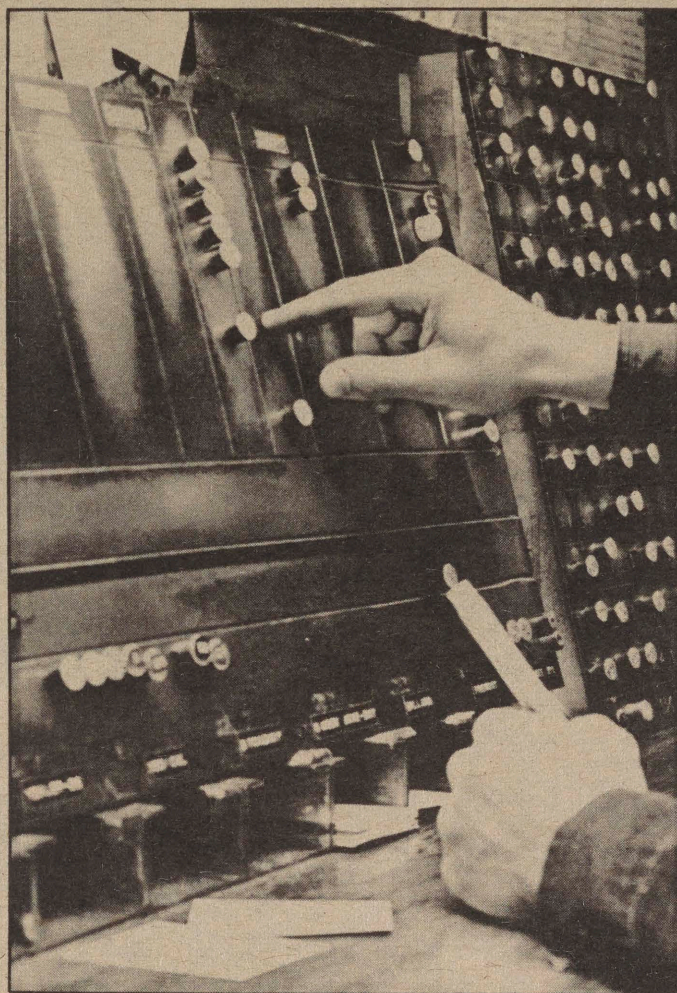


It's pretty amazing what you can do with an iPhone.

A City By The Boards

If you know where the Owl is, or the Zero, Bow Lake or the G.I., then you're plugged into Seattle like a taxi dispatcher

story and photos by John Stamets



DO YOU know where the Owl is in Seattle? How about the Zero, Bow Lake, or the G.I.? If you do, you know the city like a taxi driver.

Seattle's radio dispatched taxi fleets — Farwest, Graytop and Yellow — have their own peculiar working language. To a passenger, that radio squawking in the front seat may sound like gibberish, but to a cab driver it's the heartbeat of the city. Its pulse is phrased in a local taxi slang with roots in the 1920s.

So the next time you're in a cab, listen carefully. Someone may have just called you a Bingo, a Kingo or a Green.

Historically, Seattle's taxi companies have relied on a telephone "bell" business rather than pick-ups off the street. Although taxis can be hailed from the street or cab stands in the downtown area, such business accounts for only 25 percent or less of the trips by the fleet drivers. (The independent cabs, representing about 27 percent of the licensed cabs in Seattle, rely totally on pick-ups from the street.)

The switchboards at the major companies receive thousands of calls each day from customers requesting service. The dispatchers distribute these calls, or bells, to the fleets which range in size from about 55 cabs at Graytop to 70 at Yellow to more than 150 at Farwest. To dispatch bells in an orderly, fair and reasonably efficient fashion, the companies have devised elaborate sets of radio procedures, the rules of which have evolved gradually since the taxis first started using two-way radios in 1948. With minor variations among the companies, this radio dispatch game and its language works like this:

The dispatcher sits in front of a metallic board which is divided geometrically to represent as many as 21 different areas of town. Some of these areas, like Queen Anne or West Seattle, are known by their common neighborhood names. Others are named for a principal arterial in areas like Broadway or Yesler. And others, like the Owl, the Zero and the G.I., have names which are unique to the

local taxi industry.

These latter names derive from an older system of dispatching cabs which was in use back in the 1920s before two-way radios. In those days the cabs queued up at special cab phones placed at different locations around the city. When a customer called the company requesting service, the dispatcher would ring the cab phone in the neighborhood which was closest to the address. The first driver waiting in line would answer the phone and consequently he got the bell.

Many of these cab phones were placed outside of neighborhood cafes, businesses and hotels, as well as the train and bus stations. One of them was at the old General Insurance Company at Northeast 45th and Brooklyn. Although the cab phones have long since been removed and General Insurance has become Safeco, Farwest and Graytop still routinely call the University District, the G.I.

In Pioneer Square the company cab phones were at the old Zero Cafe and Card Room at 214 Jefferson. The cafe is gone, but Farwest still refers to the entire downtown area between Madison and Royal Brougham as the Zero or Z. In fact the Zero Cafe was such a popular hang-out for cab drivers, that up until 1974 Farwest continued to give out the Zero bells on this telephone line even though the rest of the system had long since converted to radio.

Similarly the industrial Duwamish area is known as the Owl at Farwest after the Owl Cafe which was at 1st Avenue South and Spokane.

When Sea-Tac International Airport was built, it almost covered up a little swamp of water called Bow Lake. In taxi slang the airport soon became known as Bow Lake or simply Bow. The term is still frequently used by both company drivers and the independents. Sea-Tac is also called the Port.

Each company's working map of the city is slightly different, but their radio procedures are essentially the same. On the dispatcher's metallic board, the cabs are represented by round magnetic pegs imprinted with the cabs' numbers. They're called pegs because under the old cab telephone

system, the dispatchers kept track of the cabs on a wooden peg board.

Cabs that are vacant and ready to work in an area are pegged in a hierarchy depending on who has been waiting the longest. The first bell to come up in that area goes to the first cab, the next bell to the next cab, etc. Generally the dispatchers are interested only in the whereabouts of the vacant cabs. All others have their pegs placed on a "dead board."

A driver ready to work can "peg-in" by calling in vacant at an intersection location, say 15th West and Dravus. Usually the dispatcher then gives him/her a choice of positions in several nearby areas, like, "Okay, 63, you're two in Ballard, first in the Bay, or five on the Queen."

The driver must then quickly choose one of those positions. That decision is usually based on the driver's sense of which parts of town are moving faster than others. For instance, when a large crowd is breaking at the Coliseum or the Opera House, it might be better to be pegged the fifth car on Queen Anne, than the first car in Interbay where business is generally slower.

From the standpoint of the driver, this dispatch scheme becomes a game of trying to peg-in to the most profitable areas of town, which can shift hourly. There are as many different strategies to playing this game as there are cab drivers. One of the most common tricks is to "throw one's peg ahead," which means that the driver calls in vacant not where he is really is, but where he would like to be. In this way he can peg into the faster moving part of town even though he's still miles away. If he's lucky, or skilled, he can arrive in the areas where he's supposed to be just as his peg makes it to the top of the list.

Company rules forbid drivers to throw their pegs, but in practice it's hard to prevent. Usually the dispatcher has no way of knowing whether the driver is at 4th and Pike or at Rainier and Genessee. The only way the driver can get caught is if he throws his peg ahead too far and conse-

(Continued on Page 8)



(Continued from Page 7)

quently is late for picking up a bell. Then if the customer calls the company back inquiring where the cab is, this can inspire the dispatcher to chew out the driver with such lofty phrases as, "63, your peg is in the wastebasket until you see the superintendent" or "Try that again, 63, and I'll throw your peg out the window."

There are many other accessory rules and code words used by the radio taxi companies. For instance, if a Yellow Cab driver sees someone waving him down and can't pick him up because he's already occupied, then he calls the dispatcher with a Bingo. The dispatcher then announces the Bingo's location to the rest of the fleet. The first cab to get there gets the trip. At Graytop they use the word Kingo for this situation, and at Farwest the code word is Green, the company's color.

Yellow has a variation of the Bingo rule called a GTM. If a driver is dispatched to an address, but while on the way there sees someone else trying to flag him down, then he can pick up that person if he calls in a GTM to the dispatcher. The dispatcher then sends another cab to the original address. GTM stands for Get the Money. Farwest and Graytop don't have a comparable rule.

Alki, as commonly taught in Seattle history courses, is an old Indian word meaning by and by or eventually. When Arthur Denny and his associates first settled this region in 1851, they named their campsite in West Seattle New York Alki, meaning that someday this would be like New York.

Active use of the word Alki survives only at the taxi companies where it has somewhat different

Local taxi slang has its roots in the 1920s, and even though dispatchers like George Wooten have forgotten its origins, they appreciate its usefulness

meanings. At Farwest it means nobody is there. If a Farwest driver is dispatched to pick up at a certain address and arrives to find that nobody is there or that they have already left, then he calls in an Alki. The dispatcher then automatically puts his peg back as top car in that area and he gets the next bell.

Alkis are a real problem for the cab companies because they result in wasted time, wasted gas and shortened tempers. About 10 to 15 percent of all bells turn out to be Alkis.

Graytop and Yellow have similar rules for compensating drivers for no-shows, but their code words are different. At Yellow they use a rather dry Code 4, and at Graytop they make dual use of the word Kingo.

Yellow also uses the word Alki but with an altogether different meaning than at Farwest. At Yellow it's used by some drivers as an okay, meaning that they can get the bell given by the dispatcher. However, most of the drivers at Yellow don't seem to use the word much anymore and

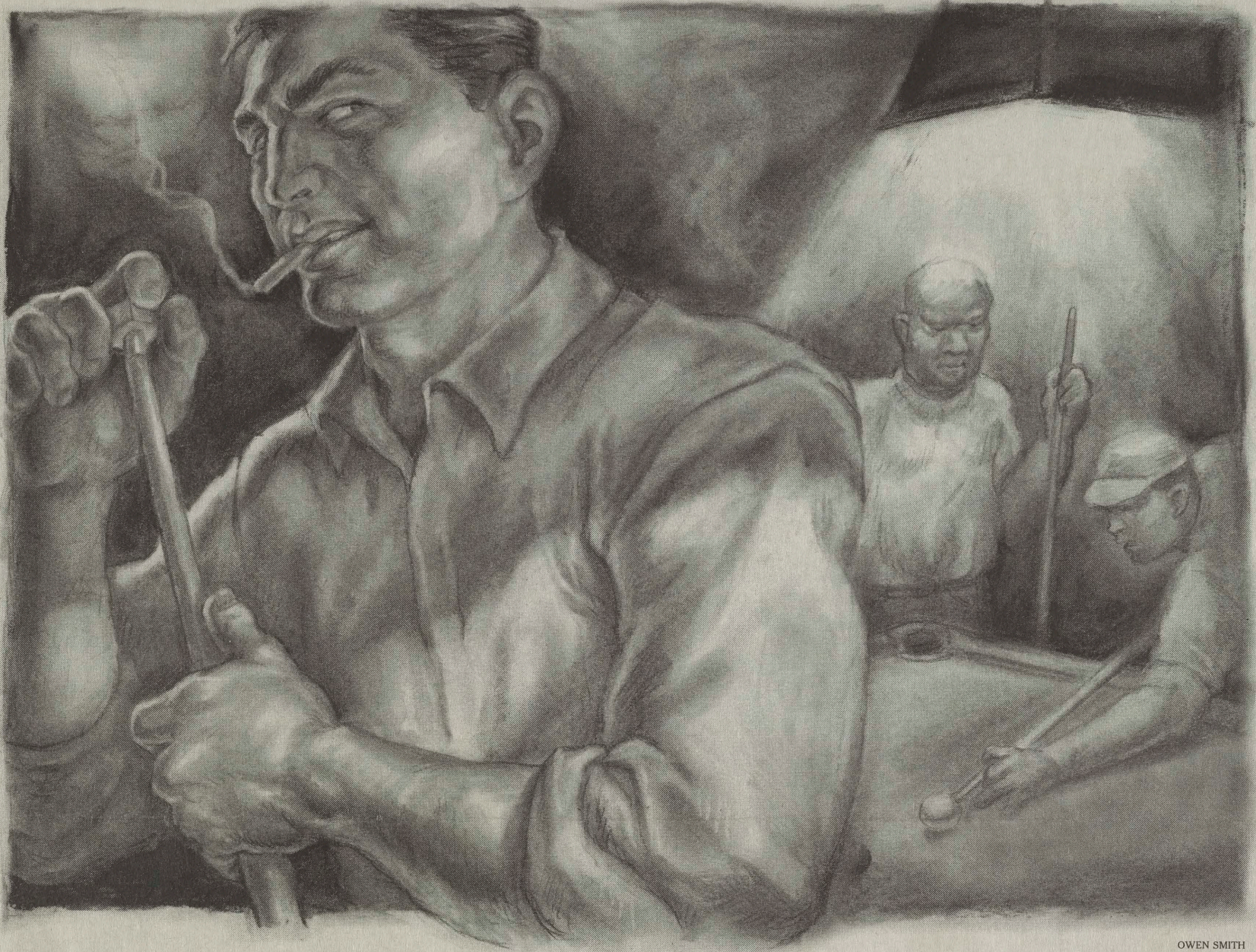
instead simply repeat the address to the dispatcher. That is the procedure at both Farwest and Graytop.

This taxi radio lingo is a workingman's language that has been spoken non-stop for years. Its rules are supposedly written down in the companies' rule books, but nobody has read them. New drivers learn directly from other drivers and dispatchers. The dispatchers also change the rules of the game to fit new circumstances. And often they make up their own names for neighborhoods, like Muscatel Flats (Pioneer Square) or Halibut Valley (Ballard). Common colloquial names like Rat City (White Center), Pigeon Hill (east West Seattle) or Snoose Junction (Ballard) are also frequently heard on the taxi radio.

Many of the rules and words in today's taxi lexicon, like Bingo and Alki, are said to be the creations of a dispatcher named Bob Smith. Apparently in the late 1940s and early '50s Smith took a special interest in devising a radio procedure which would allow a single dispatcher to communicate separately with many different drivers with a minimum of confusion. After working at both Farwest and Yellow — virtually establishing the present system — Smith traveled around to other Western cities and, for a fee, taught other cab companies the same radio procedures.

Neither George Wooten, a dispatcher with Farwest since 1946, nor Charlie Baiocchi, a driver and dispatcher at Yellow since 1922, can recall any clear reasons why most of the code words were chosen except that they had to be short and clipped to be easily heard on the early static-prone radios.

Jump the Shark



OWEN SMITH

By L. Jon Wertheim

WHILE there are, admittedly, figures more deserving of sympathy than unemployed pool players, the demise of the hustler is an occasion to be mourned. As recently as 10 years ago, it was possible for a pool player to earn a living hustling, provided he was armed with the requisite chops and disposition. Plenty of "roadmen" made plenty of money with scores at Chelsea Billiards in Manhattan or Mikey's 24/7 in Oklahoma City or the Sports Palace in Columbia, S.C. Odds were good that there was at least one unsuspecting local in the joint with an inflated impression of his talent for pocketing balls, and thus a willingness to throw down "big timber" against the out-of-towner.

Today, pool hustlers have joined American heavyweight boxing champs, complete-game pitchers, hockey goons and drug-free cyclists as relics in sports. Endearing bit players in the cast of American culture, hustlers have been written out of future episodes. "It used to be that you had to turn down action; then you had to look hard for action; and now there's no action," Bucky Bell, a Cincinnati-based pool wizard, lamented to me. "A lot of guys who play real good pool are having to look for real jobs."

The pool hustler wasn't murdered by any single suspect, but the last man holding the knife was Kevin Trudeau, the

bestselling author of the "Natural Cures" series who once served a prison term for felony larceny. Mr. Trudeau out-hustled the hustlers — and killed off a national archetype in the process.

But even before Mr. Trudeau, hustling was on its deathbed. The Internet didn't help. Time was, a player would score big in, say, Cheyenne, Wyo., and by the time word got out over the pool transom, the hustler was already in Lexington, Ky., or Laredo, Tex. But then came the popular

How pool hustlers were gamed into extinction.

online forum AZBilliards.com. Suddenly a player would score big and his exploits would be publicized by sunrise.

The poker boom hurt too, siphoning the species who once hustled pool — young, competitive, predominantly white men with an incurable gambling jones — with guaranteed round-the-clock action and a reduced threat of getting jacked in the parking lot. Even \$3-a-gallon gas prices exacted a price: why drive to Olathe, Kan., for a chance at winning \$500 when it might cost \$250 just to get there?

Then came the International Pool Tour, Mr. Trudeau's final squirt of embalming fluid. When he founded the professional pool tour in 2005, Mr. Trudeau vowed to turn eight-ball into a viable, big-league sport. Winners would take home \$500,000 prizes; first-round losers

were guaranteed \$5,000.

For pool players, accustomed to driving miles out of their way just to avoid paying bridge tolls, this was akin to raising the minimum wage by a factor of 10. Hustlers who had been traveling incognito for years came out of the woodwork to try to qualify for the tour. Joining meant that their cover would be blown, but the money was too good to pass up.

The first three events were smashing successes. But in keeping with the circadian rhythms of pool, the boom times didn't last. Last year, after a tournament in Reno, Nev., players were informed of an inconvenient detail: the tour couldn't pay the prize money. Mr. Trudeau, once accessible and upbeat, was nowhere to be found.

The tour eventually notified players that the debts would be paid in small, periodic installments. But to date the players have yet to be paid all of the money they are owed. There hasn't been another International Pool Tour event since.

Some players were so demoralized by Mr. Trudeau's hustle that they quit the sport entirely. And the rest had become known quantities to avid amateur players. Unmasked by television and the Internet, these once-stealthy hustlers could no longer lure anyone into believing they were just passing through town, innocently looking to relax at the local poolroom.

The death of hustling marks the end of a uniquely American pursuit. What's a more vivid extension of the frontier mentality than a man, carrying only a wooden stick, slinking into town and making a buck? What's a better example of self-sufficiency than caroming around the country and using superior skill, craft

and wit to fleece the other guy? Who embodies Melville's "Confidence Man" better than the suave and mysterious pool hustler?

Pool hustlers are outlaws, but they are — or were — the kind of outlaws we root for, "honorable swindlers" who usually dripped with charisma and eccentricity. "You don't make much money but you do get paid in stories," Kid Delicious, the New Jersey hustler, told me. "And you don't got to worry about the taxman getting his hand on them."

And hustling doesn't merely involve the players at the table. There was a rogue's gallery of "stakeholders" (financial backers), "sweaters on the rail" (side bettors) and "nits" (kibitzers). As the gambling spigot has been turned off, the local poolroom — once a civic institution — has almost vanished. The extinction of the pool hustler has bleached some color from the cultural landscape and dotted small-town America with yet another economic casualty.

Look hard and there's still action out there. Earlier this year, two players won a high-stakes six-player "ring game" in Mobile, Ala. In September in Sioux Falls, S.D., a hearing-impaired player, Shane Van Boening, beat Corey Deuel, a veteran shark from Ohio, in a \$10,000 winner-take-all race to 100 games. The annual Derby City Classic in Louisville, Ky., still features late-night games with stakes that can exceed six figures.

"But that's just gambling," Mr. Bell says wistfully. "Real hustling — driving to a pool room in another state, walking in, setting the trap, busting the local guy and then heading to a new town — is different. That's what ain't there any more." □

L. Jon Wertheim, a senior writer at Sports Illustrated, is the author of "Running the Table: The Legend of Kid Delicious, the Last American Pool Hustler."

Holiday Auction

Stunning Selection from Norman Cohn

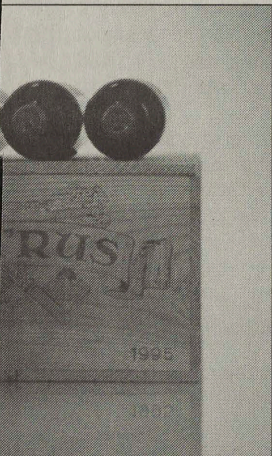
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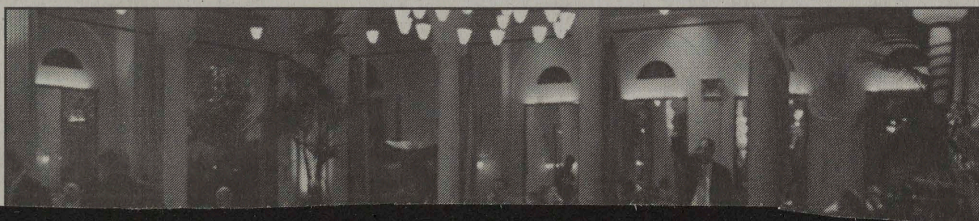
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9:30AM TO 9:30AM

DANIEL, NEW YORK



The real Gallipoli is a vivid memory

The battle depicted in the popular film is recalled by one who was there

The past is among us — in the personages of our older citizens. They have seen remarkable changes: The world has speeded up; old taboos have come tumbling down. They have known boom and bust, war and peace, grim times and glad. They have seen the world grow, and only they truly know what we have lost or gained in the process. History lives in their memories. In the coming weeks, the Scene section will be presenting their "Extraordinary Lives" as a way of looking at history through the eyes of those who saw it and those who made it happen.

by Frederick Case
Times staff reporter

"Gallipoli" is more than a film title to the Rev. Frank Morton. He fought there. And the ache in his shattered left shoulder has reminded him of it for 66 years.

In some history books, and in the film, Gallipoli just is an unsuccessful, blood-soaked World War I campaign.

But Morton, an 89-year-old Australian living in Seattle, disagrees.

"It's easy to be critical, but in some ways Gallipoli was a glorious victory. After all, we kept the flower of the Turkish army en-

EXTRAORDINARY LIVES

gaged (the Turks suffered 218,000 casualties, including 66,000 deaths), and we kept the Germans guessing. That eased the pressure on the Western front."

The hardy old "digger" still stands trim and erect, his ruddy face neatly framed by white hair and beard.

Daily he takes a brisk walk with the woman he calls his "treasure" — Elizabeth Morton, 79. Then the Mortons return to their home at Broadview Community Church parsonage where their daughter, the Rev. Christine Morton, is pastor.

Morton says reflectively that the "Gallipoli" film is "good." But he feels the movie should have included two extraordinary events known to all Gallipoli veterans.

The old soldier rummages in a box containing his 1914-15 Bronze Star, two other medals and several tarnished bronze Australian army insignia.

He produces a tattered little diary containing a description of his four months of stoic suffering in the Australian trenches only 15 yards from Turkish troops.

The trenches were that close because Gen. Otto Liman von Sanders, the resourceful German commander-in-chief of the Turks, pushed them forward so that British warships offshore could not bombard the Turks without hitting their own men.

Morton talks about his diary entry of October 18, 1915, one of the two incidents he feels the film should have included.

Written in an upright but barely legible hand, the entry reads:

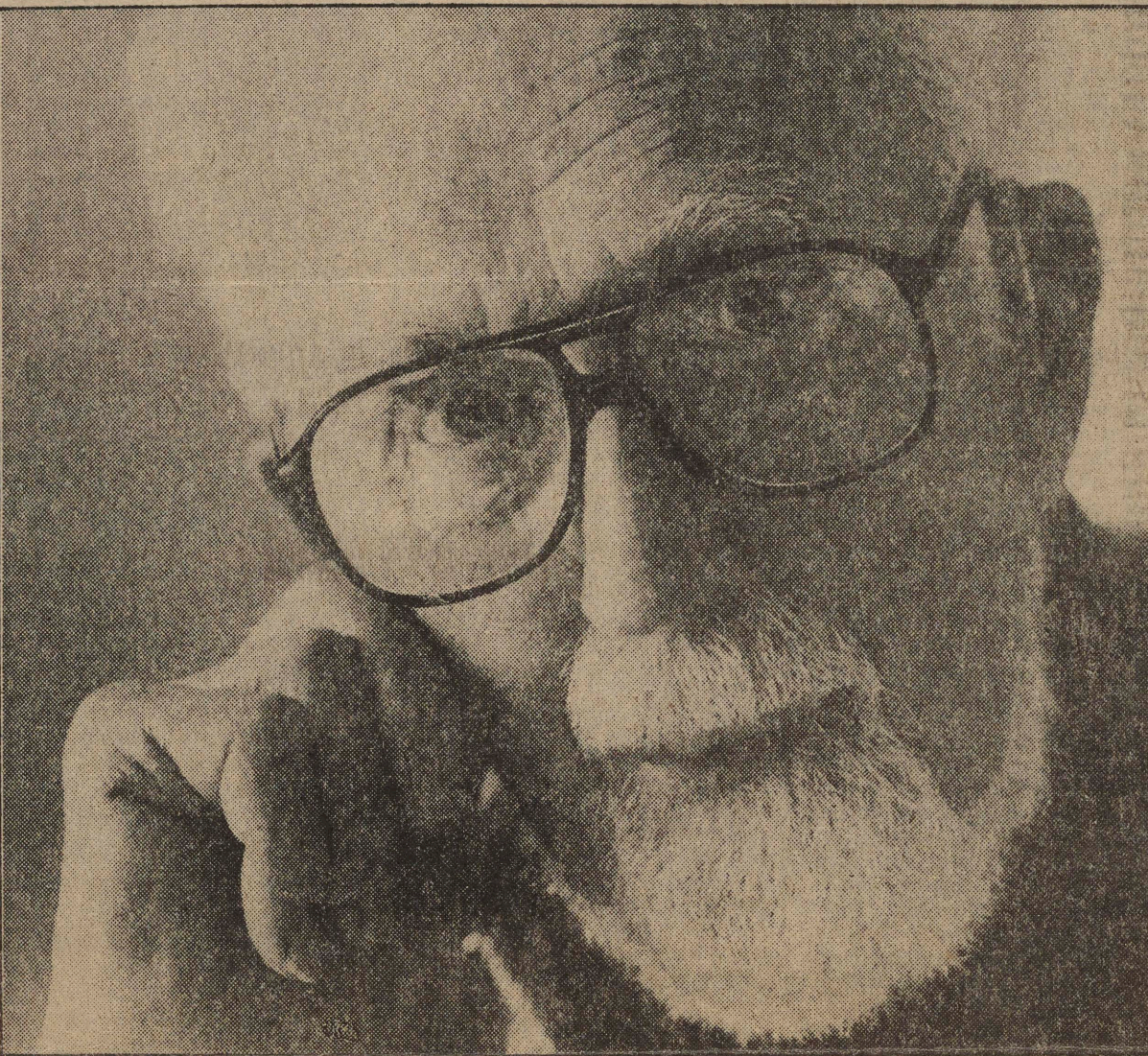
"Today a remarkable thing happened. The Turks in front of our trenches at Post 3 and 4 threw some cigarettes over into our trenches, and one or two of them put their heads above the parapet.

"Our chaps did not fire, and instead they threw over a tin of bully (corned) beef.

"It turned out to be the Turks' Christmas (Bayram). During the afternoon more cigarettes were thrown over, and some of the Turks stood head and shoulders above the parapet and said 'Mar-feesh' (finish).

"Then they disappeared. This we put down to the appearance of their German officers.

"Oct. 19: Today the Turks sent



Mike Siegel / Seattle Times

The Rev. Frank Morton wishes the movie, 'Gallipoli,' had included two events he lived through during the 8½-month campaign.

more cigarettes over. One of our officers jumped on our parapet and ran about 30 yards. The Turks did not fire on him. A Turkish interpreter had a conversation with the Turks. Our colonel agreed to this, but said we could not continue with it. He is going to warn the Turks that if they appear above the parapet after a certain time we will fire on them."

Morton pauses, sips a small glass of sherry and reminisces: "We were fond of 'Johnny Turk,' as we called him. He fought a clean fight."

To illustrate that wry camaraderie, Morton describes how the lookout post in his dugout had a peephole covered by a little iron door. The diggers suspended a tin can on a string behind the peephole. Each morning when they opened the little door at exactly 4 a.m., a Turkish bullet would come whizzing in and hit the tin can. "It was their way of saying 'Good morning,' Morton chuckles.

After chronicling the unexpected Turkish Christmas truce, Morton's diary returns to its sad daily litany of suffering and death.

Morton began his battle diary when he landed with the 17th Australian Battalion (1,000 men) at dawn on August 15, 1915. Heavily laden with equipment and ammunition, he jumped from a landing craft and waded onto the beach amid showering shrapnel.

Two months later, his diary reports laconically that only 12 remain of the original 54 diggers in his platoon. The rest had been killed, wounded or felled by a type of dysentery which often was fatal.

Frequently, the Australian soldiers are having their right hands blown off by faulty grenades.

Because of supply problems, the diggers' principal diet is bully beef and hard biscuits. Sometimes their daily ration of water is cut to half a pint. In addition, the diggers are covered with "livestock" — lice.

The weather, at first sultry, turns to rain, then snow, then back

to rain. The clay beachhead turns into treacherous mud.

Morton now spends some of his time helping army engineers "sap" (dig tunnels) toward the Turkish trenches. Their aim is to blow up the Turks. The Turks are trying to do the same thing. Occasionally each side can hear the other digging.

November 16, Morton is made lance-corporal.

December 9, Morton is made acting sergeant.

December 12. Personal disaster. Morton's left shoulder is shattered by a Turkish hand grenade while he and his men are repelling an attack by a Turkish patrol. He is shipped to Egypt, operated on twice, and also treated for paratyphoid.

Morton's military career has ended, but not before he has taken part in a rehearsal for what he and many others believe to be the most amazing withdrawal in the history of warfare. He feels it should have been included in the film.

Morton's diary describes it this way:

"Nov. 25: Today new orders came out. It is the intention of the authorities to make the Turks believe we are all withdrawing from our positions. There is to be no rifle fire, no bomb throwing, and strict silence. The trenches are to appear deserted."

At 6:45 next morning the Turks sent out patrols to see why the Allied lines were so quiet. The diary continues:

"Four Turks came over to our position (position), No. 3 Northern, and threw bombs into the trench, wounding three men. One Turk then jumped into our trench, but a corporal bayoneted him. The other three Turks fled back to their trenches.

"We went through the dead Turk's pockets. I got a belt, scabbard and ammo pouches as souvenirs. We afterwards learned the man was a Turkish hero, with a medal equivalent to our Victoria Cross."

The silence continued for three

days, and Morton's diary says the Turks sent over a note asking why. But it wasn't until January 9, 1916, that the Turks and Germans found out.

In dense fog, the Allied troops withdrew silently, leaving their trenches mined and booby-trapped.

The 45,000 men boarded ships and left Gallipoli without a single casualty.

Belatedly the Turks and Germans realized they'd been set up by the November 25 three-day silence.

Gen. John Monash, the ANZAC brigade commander, later ended a description of the withdrawal by saying: "It will rank as the greatest joke in the whole range of military history."

Thus ended 8½ months of hand-to-hand carnage. There were about 250,000 Allied casualties, including about 10,500 ANZAC dead.

Morton was sent back to Australia, and marched with the other Gallipoli survivors through cheering crowds in Sydney.

He was the first soldier to return to his Sydney suburb of Bankstown. So he had to walk onto a platform in front of the town hall with a girl on either side holding up a banner which read: "Welcome to our hero."

Morton chuckles now: "It was worse than facing the Turks!"

Does he have any regrets about serving at Gallipoli?

Only that he, a man who just had graduated from an Australian Baptist seminary, took pleasure in knocking off enemy soldiers with his rifle. "War makes a beast of man," he said.

(We're looking for people to profile in "Extraordinary Lives." Maybe that person is you — or someone you know. Please send us the name, address and telephone number, along with a few words on why others might be interested in knowing more about this "extraordinary life." Address to: Scene Section, c/o The Times, P.O. Box 70, Seattle 98111.)

Benevolent bazaars

Ancient market practice still works

by Ed Weiner
Times staff reporter

The word bazaar comes from the ancient Middle Persian noun "bachar" (pronounced bay-chair) which experts in Middle Eastern linguistics recently have translated to mean "Go ahead, if you think you're so smart, make me an offer, gringo."

In somewhat the same tradition of private enterprise, a whole caravan of bazaars are springing up, all of them for good causes.

For instance, the Polish Home Association's bazaar, 1714 18th Ave., from noon to 7 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, will be offering for sale the ubiquitous arts and crafts and bric-a-brac, with a portion of the proceeds going to Solidarity, the Polish labor union, as well as toward helping Polish refugees in relocating. Dinner will be served all day, in case you don't own a watch.

Egan Hall, 123 N. 79th St., is where St. John's Catholic Church will be performing its stall tactics, 6 to 10 p.m. tomorrow, and noon to 10 p.m. Saturday. There'll be food and beer, a baby-sitting service and Santa, too.

And the Washington State Federation of Garden Clubs, is having its 35th annual Holiday Flower Show and Bazaar in the Northwest Rooms at Seattle Center, from 7 to 10 p.m. Tuesday and 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Wednesday. As many as 438 clubs may exhibit their flowers, and, unless you have an allergy, that's nothing to sneeze at. Advance tickets are \$1 (at the door they'll be \$1.50), and are available by calling Mrs. Alvin Goldman, 362-3201.

Slightly less bazaar is the Pre-Holiday Home and Gift Fair, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday, and noon to 5 p.m. Sunday at Totem Lake Center, Kirkland. And also on Saturday, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., is the Toy Craft Fair in the Mercer Island High School gymnasium, 9100 S. E. 42nd St., Mercer Island.

Today's festive occasions

Now that we've taught you the root of the word bazaar, it's time to fill the uninitiated in on Guy Fawkes. Pretty elucidating column, eh? And you thought all you got for your quarter was news. Back in 1605, this Guy Fawkes was sitting in a house in London, right next door to the Parliament building (sometimes he even received their "Dear Occupant" mail by mistake, he was that close). He sat waiting for Parliament's opening day, November 5, so he could light a match, touch it to some gunpowder, run like the dickens. And blow the bloody building and all those in it to smithereens.

He got caught on the fourth.

Nevertheless, today is Guy Fawkes Day, and locally Barnaby's, 12405 S.E. 38th St., Bellevue, is commemorating history's most near-explosive nonevent (the comet Kohoutek notwithstanding) by serving fish-and-chips, fresh roasted chestnuts, tossing a dummy into a bonfire (only a dummy would let such a thing happen to himself) and setting off fireworks at 6:30 p.m.

Then, your anarchic little cheeks a-blazin', head over to the University of Washington's Savery Hall, room 239, for a reading of poetry and prose by Al Young, visiting professor of creative writing. He'll throw out the first adjective at 7:30 p.m.

Tomorrow's temptations

For the theater buff, the Which Theater will present "Vinegar Tom," an experimental production about witch mania in rural 16th Century England (they didn't have TV back then, so they had to do something for fun). The show goes on in the creepy and cold, abandoned Pioneer Square Wax Museum, 110 First Ave., 8 p.m. daily except Sunday through November 14. Only 50 audience members per show at \$4.99 a ticket. Call 622-2016 between noon and 5 p.m. for reservations.

Also, the Bainbridge Performing Arts' production of Stephen Sondheim's "Company" opens tomorrow at 8 p.m. in Timber Lodge on Bainbridge Island's south end. The show will be presented this coming weekend and next. For times and ticket information call 842-8569.

Tomorrow's a great day to be an older citizen of the area. In fact, if you stop and think about it, we'll all be older tomorrow, so have a great day. For those older than just plain older, however, it's Senior Day at the Seattle Art Museum, with a film about the Columbia River and a program of Indian classical music scheduled.

Presley case may be a show-biz landmark

"The worse the society, the more law there will be. In hell there will be nothing but law, and due process will be meticulously observed," wrote E.L. Strider of Colby College to the Equal Opportunity Commission.

The probate court of Memphis has issued a writ that appoints those famous record attorneys, Peter Parcher and Peter Herbert, to litigate on behalf of Lisa Marie Presley. Earlier, this same court had ordered that Col. Tom Parker and RCA Records both be joined in a lawsuit designed to protect the interests of the daughter of the late Elvis.

Only a few weeks ago, Parcher and Herbert were very much in the news with their precedent-shattering case on the Marx Brothers — a legal landmark that restored the right of privacy in the image and act of a deceased star, so that the heirs of the star control the image and the act.

In the Presley case, it is anticipated that the attorneys not only will ask for sums of money



LIZ SMITH
Syndicated columnist

tory... Mrs. Billy Joel lost all her expensive jewelry on Halloween when someone at a private party lifted it... At the Club Ibis in Manhattan, Donna Valery was saying she'll soon launch a new act with her brother, Sergio Franchi.

Love you, Sidney! Tony Randall is getting tons of pressure, plus big, big money offers from his "Love, Sidney" producers. They want to move the TV series to the West Coast, where they

Steel band to play on Tacoma campus

The Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band will play at 8 p.m. November 10 at the University of Puget Sound Memorial Fieldhouse in Tacoma. Tickets, priced at \$4, are avail-

able at The Bon ticket office in the Tacoma Mall, the information desk at the U.P.S. Student Union Building and the Tacoma Community College bookstore.

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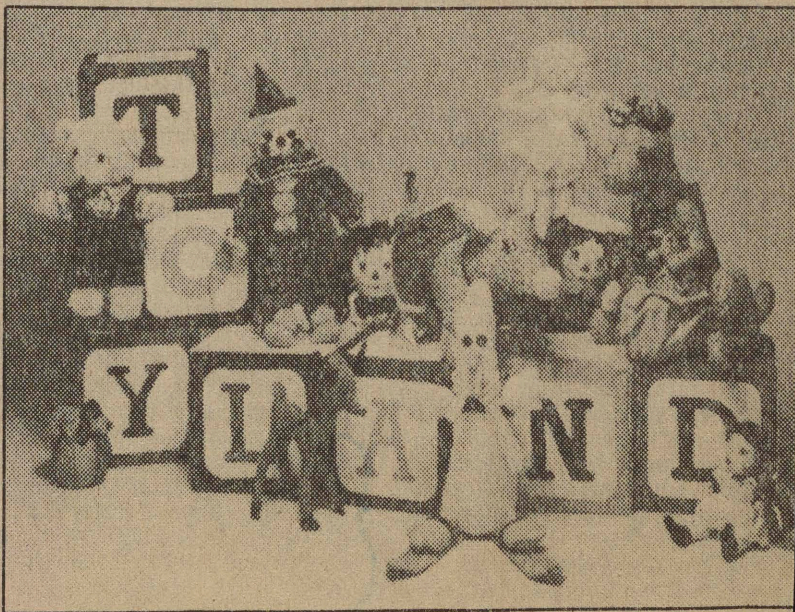
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Christmas G starts at Pacific I

Toys To Sew

Fabric World has toys to sew to make your Christmas memories grow; Raggedy Ann—and Andy too; Little Bo Peep and Little Boy Blue; Crackers the Clown and his trick dog Jack are waiting to fill your Santa's sack; If you want to see the children laugh then sew up Tutu Tall Giraffe; Or get a great big Christmas hug by giving one a Lucky Bug; Toys, toys everywhere Admiral Bird and Teddy Bear; Kang-A-Rang Kangaroo with plump and prissy Piggy Sue; All waiting for your loving touch to make their Christmas mean so much!



Dr. Ginsberger~~er~~ was "the rounder"--i.e., the doc making hospital rounds.

'Collyers' Mansion' Is Code For Firefighters' Nightmare

NYT July 5, '06
By ANDY NEWMAN

On the West Coast, some firefighters call it a "Habitrail house." In the Midwest, it is often a "packer house." In parts of Nevada, it is a "multiple waiting to happen," meaning a multiple-alarm fire.

But in New York City, and along much of the East Coast, a dwelling jammed rafter-high with junk is referred to by rescue personnel, with dismay and no small degree of respect, as a "Collyers' Mansion." As in, primary searches delayed because of Collyers' Mansion conditions.

The phrase, as many New York history buffs know, refers to the legendary booby-trapped brownstone in Harlem in which the brothers Homer and Langley Collyer were found dead in 1947 amid more than 100 tons of stockpiled possessions, including stacks of phone books, newspapers, tin cans, clocks and a fake two-headed baby in formaldehyde.

The Collyer Mansion is not just a slice of urban lore and a monument to what psychologists now recognize as obsessive-compulsive disorder. It is, in New York, an official term of art, taught in the Fire Academy to cadets learning the potential dangers that can await in burning buildings.

So, on Monday, after 14 firefighters were injured putting out a three-alarm apartment fire in Sunnyside, Queens, Deputy Chief John Acerno described the scene this way: "They tried to open the door, and they couldn't get it open because of all the debris that was behind the door. In Fire Department jargon, we call that a Collyers' Mansion. There was debris from the floor to the ceiling throughout the entire apartment."

The apartment's tenant, Vyacheslav Nekrasov, was in critical condition last night at NewYork-Presbyterian Hospital/Weill Cornell hospital.

The Breaking News Network, a service run by scanner hounds that some news outlets subscribe to, has sent out reports of "Collyers' Mansion conditions" at least 10 times in the past three months.

Once upon a time, the Collyers were routinely invoked by frustrated parents. "Every time my room was a mess when I was a kid, my mom

Anthony Ramirez contributed reporting for this article.

would say, 'My God, this looks like the Collyer brothers' house,' said John Miller, the head spokesman for the F.B.I., who said he heard the phrase sometimes when he worked for the New York Police Department as a deputy commissioner.

But as 1947 recedes ever further into the past, the facts behind the lingo are fading.

However widespread knowledge of its origins may be, the term itself continues to spread. An Internet search turned up references to Collyers' Mansions in news and fire department sites in Manassas, Va.; Clinton, Md.; and Cochran, Pa. The Fire Department Web site in Clearwater, Fla., noted that at a trailer and house fire this past April, "Companies inside were experienc-

A debris-filled blaze in Queens evokes a phrase rooted in 1947.

ing Collyers' Mansion conditions as the fire intensified."

Calls to about a dozen fire departments across the country yesterday yielded a few regional variants on the Collyers' Mansion, though most department officials said they knew of no special phrases.

Carl Kietzke of Seattle, the president of the International Fire Buffs Associates, said that up and down the West Coast he had heard the phrase "Habitrail house," referring to buildings there that firefighters have likened to rambling, unkempt rodent cages.

Firefighter Scott Salman, a spokesman for the Boston Fire Department, said that while the official term for excessive clutter was "heavy debris," firefighters privately refer to "pack rat" conditions.

By whatever name, said Jeff Crianza, an emergency medical technician in Queens who moonlights at the Breaking News Network, Collyers' Mansions lurk behind many more doors than the average civilian would suspect.

"I see it every day in E.M.S.," Mr. Crianza said. "It's a wonder more people aren't injured in those places."



The New York Times

In 1947, a fire inspector looked at a cluttered Harlem brownstone where Homer and Langley Collyer were found dead amid their possessions.

vitality necessary to the space station project. The shuttle will carry up a new crew member for the station. He will join the two on board, who are serving as minimal caretakers but are unable to devote much time to research. Discovery will also unload tons of supplies and equipment for the station and will haul back tons of accumulated trash. Two astro-

whether Discoverer Griffin, the NASA try to shut the power lost. That would station and of se the life of the Hub productive scienc

North Korea's Fo

Americans can take some comfort from the reported failure of a long-range missile test by North Korea. Pyongyang is apparently still a good way from mastering the intercontinental ballistic missile technology that might one day allow it to threaten the United States.

But the other message from the missile tests is considerably less reassuring. North Korea has again shown itself to be a dangerous rogue actor, ignoring the almost universal pleas from other countries to refrain from a test that can only add to regional tensions and multiply doubts about its trustworthiness and intentions.

The goal of negotiating an end to North Korea's long-range missile and nuclear weapons programs is one that, in principle, all concerned countries have agreed to. North Korea's reckless and unilateral decision to proceed with a missile test now can only make it harder to achieve that goal any time soon.

Since the test poses no direct security threat,

and violates no in fication for any States or anyone

Everyone's ing the diplomac an unrelated ban tion should have come that obstac

But now it is self in the wrong reward that bac the bargaining t more considered best interests.

Someday No build a missile t orated diplomat fore it comes cl idea.

Naming Names at Grou

We have always respected the emotional burden the 9/11 families have had to bear, as well as the complicated ways that private grief intersects with public issues during the rebuilding of Lower Manhattan. But when it comes to the heated debate over how the names of the victims of the World Trade Center attack are to be placed at the Ground Zero memorial, we are simply puzzled.

The original design, endorsed by Mayor Michael Bloomberg and Gov. George Pataki, places the names randomly around the two pools at the memorial. The natural analogy is to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, by Maya Lin. There, the names of the dead are recorded in the order in which they died. Neither rank nor hometown nor the circumstances of death intrude.

We will never know the order in which the 2,979 people who died on 9/11 met their deaths, nor will we know, for most of them, precisely where they died. To record their names randomly — though there will be clear guides posted at the memorial showing the location of every name — is to acknowledge the randomness with which death struck on that day and to honor the individuality of every victim.

In contrast, argued that the tower they died and the floor they the desire to plac vide a richer na more than any r part of the argum

This manne the identity of the ly in terms of th than their stark important to ren women who died be important to r tor Fitzgerald — fice groupings in

Death come we work for or v alone to each of 9/11. To us, the n can make to the viduals.

Hospital-Caused De

The results may seem hard to believe, but if the so-called 100,000 Lives Campaign has prevented even half of the needless hospital deaths it is claiming, the medical system is becoming a whole lot safer for patients.

A 1999 report from the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences estimated that up to 98,000 Americans die needlessly each year because of medical errors in the nation's hospitals. That provoked a flurry of reform efforts, including a campaign started in December 2004 by the Institute for Healthcare Improvement, a nonprofit organization based in Cambridge, Mass., to reduce hospital deaths by at least 100,000 over 18 months.

The campaign recommended six potentially lifesaving innovations to more than 3,000 hospitals that agreed to participate. The changes included rapid response teams to rush to a patient's bedside at the first sign of trouble, checks and rechecks to ensure that the proper drugs were prescribed and

administered, a treatments, and during surgery Roughly a third ures, and more t

Now, in its t tute says that it estimated 122,34 pital mortality r before it. The c some analysts scrutiny. One co ready making h part of the mort would likely hav

Even so, th boldness of its g forts. The task a expand the use o and needless dea

New York Report

The New York Times

7/31/04

Disco Rice, and Other Trash Talk

In New York, Picking Up the Garbage Means Picking Up the Lingo

By IAN URBINA

Trash stinks, and as the summer heats up and the rain casts a musty net over the air, it stinks more. So the garbage workers step into the spotlight. The summer is their moment to be heroes, like firefighters at a four-alarm or police officers at a murder scene. The garbage crews clear the air and make way for the next day's mass consumption.

But listen closely. Safeguarding New York City from olfactory assault are its 6,200 sanitation workers. You may notice them in their sweaty haul from curb to truck, but understanding what they say is a different matter. That's because the insular subculture of this thankless job requires a lingo almost as funky as the work itself.

The hopper is the back of the truck. Baling is when the truck compacts trash in its belly. Workers often refer to themselves as trash hounds or sanit men. Lazy workers walk backward. Speedy workers are called runners. The trucks are called white elephants, for their size, smell and expense. The amount of trash they consume is measured by indentations on the side, called ribs.

The slang has been created over generations, an argot so encompassing that it is actually the focus of academic study. It makes disgusting items not so disgusting. It honors retired supervisors. For no other reason than it is summer, and it is hot outside, and the garbage men are breaking their backs carting away the city's smelly trash, here is a guide to this other language of New York.

"If an outsider steps into a sanitation garage in the city, there is a good chance he will have no clue what's being said," said Robin Nagle, an anthropology professor at New York University, who has studied the culture of sanitation since 1995. "It's a fairly closed community."

Some terms have crossed over into pop culture. Art exhibits around the country now feature "mongo," New York sanitation slang for salvaged garbage. Other expressions are less than enticing. "Disco rice" refers to maggots. "Urban whitefish" are used condoms.

Perhaps it should come as no surprise that a vibrant lexicon has emerged from the oldest uniformed municipal sanitation force in the nation, handling more trash than any other, in a city known for its clever turn of phrase.

Much of the jargon comes from workplace tasks. Senior employees do "collections," which means residential pickup at about \$35 extra per day. The fortunate who get the "tissue" do lighter duty, such as desk work. The luckiest "get Schranked," named for Bob Schrank, a departmental official who in the 1980's established the policy that a worker with collections seniority who does not get to ride the truck still earns higher pay for tasks like desk work and "running the baskets."

Newcomers usually "run the baskets,"



Robert Stolarik for The New York Times

New York City sanitation workers, who sometimes call themselves trash hounds, near the hopper in the Bronx.

In the sanitation business, slang is passed down through the years.

emptying city trash cans on street corners. Worse still is the job of draining "hopper juice," the dreaded bile that collects in the belly of the beast.

"Swinging a load" is when corrupt crews weigh down their truck with leftover trash from the previous day or hidden objects like cinder blocks or roof-welded steel plates to trick the scales and get credit for a larger haul.

The reason for the proliferation of sanitation slang remains unclear. "The irony is that the very stigma that makes these workers invisible is what gives rise to their gallows humor and the wit of their overall culture," said Mierle Laderman Ukeles, who has been the artist in residence for the city's Department of Sanitation since 1977. "People isolated on the fringe always create their own mores and their own lingo."

Grant Barrett, project director for the Historical Dictionary of American Slang, the third volume of which will be published by Oxford University Press in early 2006, offered a similar explanation. "Much of professional jargon is tongue in cheek," he said, explaining that it lends levity to the drudgery of daily labor.

Sanitation policymakers also contribute to the catchy argot, as with "nimby," or not in my backyard. Carmen J. Cognetta, counsel to the City Council's sanitation and solid waste committee, said that "nimby used to be the key term in the department."

"But now," he added, "the Sanitation Department describes the mood as 'banana,' which means 'build absolutely nothing anywhere near anyone.' And sometimes they say things in the city are verging on 'nope,' which is 'not on planet earth.'"

The existence of sanitation jargon is not new. Mr. Barrett of Oxford University Press said some terms originated in the 1940's and 50's. A few examples: honey boat: a garbage scow or barge (1941); g-man: garbage man, soldier handling garbage duties, usually associated with the military (1941); airmail: trash thrown from high windows (1952).

But Frank O'Keefe, who has been with the department nearly two decades, is quick to point out that workers — not administrators — produce the best material.

"For administrators, we don't pick up trash, we collect it," Mr. O'Keefe said. "We don't dump it in Jersey, we export it. There's never a pile on the corner of Fifth Avenue, there's a situation on Fifth Avenue. The guys on the back of the truck are the ones who know what they're doing and who have the knack."

Ms. Ukeles pointed out that aside from

handling snow removal, the sanitation workers haul about 11,000 tons of garbage a day. "The workers hold two things in common: the language of their trade and the sense of being taken for granted," she said.

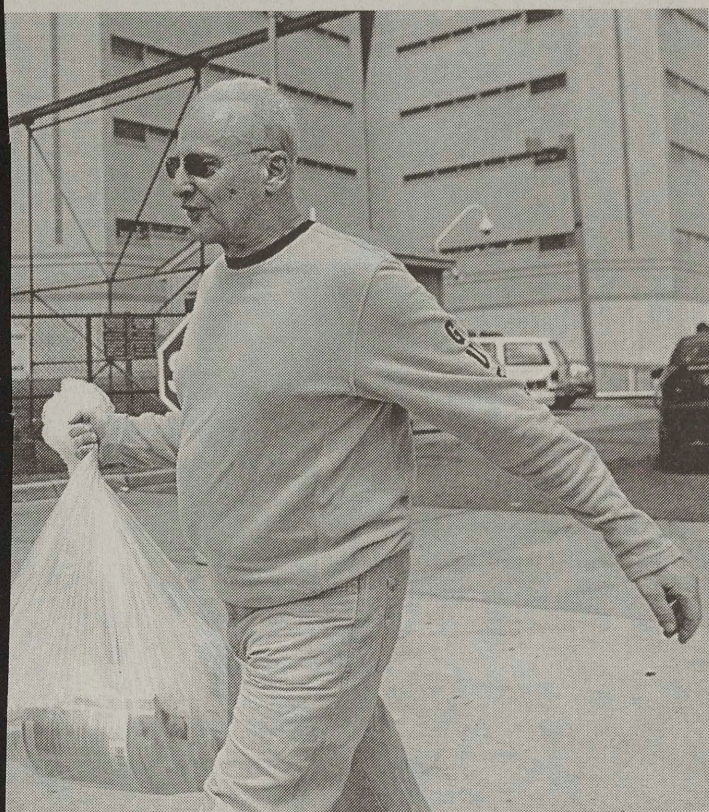
This self-perception may explain sanitation workers comparing themselves with the city's police officers and firefighters. "Sanitation workers always say you can go your whole life without ever needing a firefighter," Ms. Nagle, the anthropology professor, said. "If you're lucky, the same goes for calling the cops. But you need sanitation workers every single day."

Official mottos from each department echo others. "New York's finest" refers to the city's police. The firefighters are "New York's bravest." The sanitation force goes by "New York's strongest."

While admitting that their job does not require facing off with knife-wielding criminals or racing into burning buildings, sanitation workers are quick to point out that their profession is consistently ranked among the top 10 most dangerous jobs, according to the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics. The danger, Ms. Nagle said, comes mostly from car swipes, machinery injuries, rat bites and debris flying from the hopper.

"We've got a saying when people take us for granted," said Ronnie Cohen, a worker from Manhattan. "We just tell them that we can deliver instead if that's their preference."

R E G I O N



Joseph Kaczmarek/Associated Press

ed Again

was re-arrested after an arrest in 2002 after serving 38 years for killing two police officers, but the arrest last fall prompted a revocation of his parole. "I choose freedom and peace," Mr. Trantino said after his release.

na Held in Film Piracy Case

Chinese news agency, Xinhua, said that Hong Guangming, director of Shanghai Public Security Bureau, told reporters in Shanghai that Americans had sold 100,000 of the worldwide.

American officials said they knew about the Americans arrested case. But Mr. Guthrie, the son of a doctor, described himself as a length in a profile on a Web site of men seeking brides from

id that his father was a platoon leader and that his mother ran a

of a China-U.S.

to counter the

terfeiting of

s.

before she retired. He said he had a master's degree in business administration from Columbia University and moved to China in 1995 because I thought that it would be an interesting place to live with business opportunities."

A resident of Shanghai who speaks English and Chinese, he said he had a Web site that sold DVD's. "My gross sales are currently \$25,000 per month, and I have 100 part-time employees," he wrote.

He said he sold the DVD's worldwide as a business he described as "highly profitable." He also said that he had owned a bank, Bessemer Bank, a privately held financial

York. But Richard Davis, the company's general counsel, said no one named Guthrie had a controlling interest of the company.

Mr. Guthrie's father, Randolph Hobson Guthrie Jr., retired from his practice about 15 years ago. A receptionist at his former office provided a telephone number in Connecticut, but a message left seeking comment got no response.

American authorities said they had no information about Mr. Thrush.

The theft of intellectual property has been a major problem for American filmmakers, costing the industry about \$3.5 billion a year in lost revenues worldwide. With new technologies making it inexpensive and ever easier to copy films onto DVD formats, privateers have become especially active in Russia, China and other countries.

Jack Valenti, the departing president and chief executive of the Motion Picture Association of America, said Russia and China accounted for the vast majority of illegal sales and estimated that the ring broken up in China had cost American filmmakers \$180 million in lost revenues.

Mr. Valenti, who is retiring next month, said he had pressed American and foreign leaders for years to intensify their efforts against illegal marketers. He said the arrests in China fulfilled a promise made by Vice Premier Wu Yi of China when she visited Washington three months ago.

"This raid is unprecedented," Mr. Valenti said. "She pledged in April that China would significantly reduce piracy by the year's end. This was a very crucial step in redeeming her promise."

Panel Faults Handling of Funds for Statue

Continued From Page A1

operating with the investigation. It noted that it had already turned over reams of records, and that it was confident that the committee would conclude that "the foundation has conducted itself in an entirely appropriate manner and in accordance with the highest standards."

The Finance Committee's actions came as the foundation released its own commissioned report on its operations. The report, which the foundation paid for, concluded that its fund-raising had not unduly delayed the reopening, now set for Aug. 3. It found that the charity had done good work over the years, had exercised admirable caution in protecting its endowment and had not usurped control of the monument, which is managed by the National Park Service.

The report, prepared by a panel headed by Griffin B. Bell, the former United States attorney general, did find common ground with the Senate committee's inquiry on the issue of the pay for the foundation's top executives: both concluded that the pay packages could not be justified.

Mr. Bell found that the foundation's president, Stephen A. Briganti, had years ago struck an agreement with the board's chairman that allowed him to earn hundreds of thousands of dollars in additional income by working one day a week as an independent consultant to other nonprofits. The report said that this arrangement, which some board members were unaware of, boosted the effective pay rate for Mr. Briganti in excess of his regular salary, which was more than \$300,000 last year.

Mr. Bell's panel also concluded that the foundation, created in 1982 to raise money for the restoration of the statue after years of neglect, needed to reassess its mission and future, and take steps to improve its overall management structure.

In addition to concerns about salaries, the congressional investigators questioned expenses the foundation had incurred, such as \$45,000 a year for a dog to chase geese away on the islands, and a recent licensing agreement they said the foundation entered into allowing a company to market whiskey in bottles shaped like the Statue of Liberty.

The Senate committee said that the findings made clear that the foundation was poorly run.

"The Statue of Liberty Foundation board was too often AWOL or uninformed in managing the foundation and ensuring that charitable donations were being used appropriately," Senator Charles E. Grassley, Republican of Iowa, who is chairman of the Finance Committee, said in a statement. "I'm concerned that the foundation's board may not have been in compliance with tax laws, or even its own bylaws, when it approved high salaries for foundation executives."

In their respective inquiries, the Finance Committee, which oversees the compliance of charities with the nation's tax laws, and the foundation's panel obtained thousands of pages of documents from the foundation and interviewed officials at the foundation, the National Park Service and Department of Interior.

The Bell report concluded, based

on its review, that The Times had erred in a front-page article last April that asserted that the foundation's decision to finance the reopening of the statue through fund-raising had delayed the project.

The report said that construction work on the reopening had not begun until April of this year because Interior Secretary Gale A. Norton had not signed off on the project until then. Ms. Norton has said that the fund-raising drive did not delay the timing of her approval.

"The committee found no evidence that the foundation was responsible for any delay in the reopening," the report said.

But a park service official involved in the reopening, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, said that long before the final plans reached Ms. Norton, the pace of the project within the agency was slowed by the knowledge that it would require raising millions of dollars. In an interview yesterday, Mr. Bell agreed that could be true.

"Yes, that does make sense," Mr. Bell said. "Both stories might be correct. I don't doubt that that had



Ruth Fremson/The New York Times

The Statue of Liberty is scheduled to reopen, in part, on Tuesday.

something to do with it. You've got two different groups, and each one of them are on different wavelengths."

Still, he said that while "you could make the argument that it took too long to get the money to make the security changes," that did not alter his conclusion that the fund-raising "was not the causation" of any delays.

But Mr. Grassley said the committee had found material in the foundation's records that appeared to contradict the organization's public claim that the fund-raising did not affect the pace of the reopening effort.

He said one foundation document, a set of talking points for the fund-raising campaign, says, in response to the question of when the monument will reopen, "The sooner we can raise the money through this campaign, the sooner the work can be completed."

"The foundation appears to have presented a fund-raising project as necessary to help reopen the statue," Mr. Grassley said yesterday. "Yet at the same time, the foundation

ment, "the foundation has made several statements binding itself to a policy of preserving the principal."

The foundation is not actually a private foundation under the tax laws, but a public charity, and as such, it derives its donations from the public rather than a narrow funding source — such as a wealthy family or corporation. Some charity consultants said that with an attractive fund-raising tool like the Statue of Liberty, there was little need for the foundation to maintain a large endowment while also raising money for each new project.

The foundation's reluctance to rely on the endowment, given the extraordinary circumstances of the statue's closing, appeared to surprise some people. A senior park service official told Mr. Bell's panel that "he assumed the foundation would use its endowment for the work, and not engage in additional fund-raising."

Former Interior Secretary Donald P. Hodel, who said he had not been contacted by Mr. Bell's panel despite having worked with the foundation for years, criticized the foundation's decision.

"It appears they had raised, and were sitting on, a significant amount of money that should have been spent on the park," Mr. Hodel said, adding that he was not surprised that the panel had not sought him out, given "that my antipathy toward the foundation as it has been operated has been pretty well known."

The Bell report also undertook the question of the losses suffered by the foundation's endowment through its investments. It found that while the investment managers had turned in below-average returns in recent years, the decline in its endowment was not as dramatic as the foundation's tax returns and financial statements make it appear, because they do not reflect that some money was shifted into safer investments.

The report said this omission caused The Times to reach "the false impression" that the foundation's endowment losses were larger than they actually were.

The Senate committee, in its investigation, explored whether the foundation had worked to prevent other groups from raising money for the parks service and its monument.

It found, in fact, that when the park service had considered allowing another group to also raise money for the statue, Mr. Briganti, the foundation's president, objected to the possible partnership.

Mr. Briganti, the committee found, wrote a memo to board members last September in which he complained that the foundation was "stabbed in the back" by the park service's dealings with the other group. As a result, he wrote, he had "halted all work" on an immigration history project the foundation was planning "until we can have some fund-raising assurances."

That memo did not surprise Norman Liss, the vice president of the Ellis Island Restoration Commission, a nonprofit group that consults on issues related to the monument.

Mr. Liss, who said he had spoken to Senate Finance Committee investigators, but had not been contacted by Mr. Bell's panel, has long complained that the foundation wielded

Fickle Fingers Flash The Signs of Cash In the Trading Pits

* * *

Fast-Moving Digits Translate
Into Big Bucks in Chicago;
Some Odd Signals in Bed

WSJ ——— 5/14/95

By CLIFTON LINTON

Special to THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

CHICAGO—On the trading floors of the futures markets here, hand signals are still one of the most efficient ways to handle millions of dollars of transactions. Dealers can flash their orders to clerks quicker than they could be typed into a computer.

To the untrained eye, though, the crowded, litter-strewn pits seem an ocean of chaos. That's where Romey Bracey comes in.

A clerk on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, Mr. Bracey also teaches the hand-sign basics to budding clerks and traders. Standing before his students in the now-vacant Eurodollar futures pit an hour after the CME's close, Mr. Bracey orders his students to "show me how I would buy 10 contracts at a price of 70." A few awkwardly try the motions.

Palm Reading

Then, Mr. Bracey takes charge. "Palms away means I want to sell," he says, holding his hands away from his body with the palms facing out. "Palms in means I want to buy. Hands away from the body show the price. Hands near the face show quantity."

His hands move with the grace and precision of a symphony conductor, displaying the correct signals. Holding his hand about a foot in front of him, he holds two fingers in a sideways V, with the palm toward his body. Then, his hand snaps into a fist and he moves it down a few inches; he has just made the sign for 70, the price. Lastly, he touches his index finger to his forehead, the sign for 10 contracts.

Mr. Bracey, who charges \$150 per student, also mouths the words as he makes the signs, a trick he passes on to his students to ensure they get the order correct. "If the hand signals don't match what you're saying, you have a problem," he says. He and two other veteran clerks regularly teach the class, instructing an average of 180 students a year.

Cheryl Friedlander, a clerk in the CME's Eurodollar options pit, took Mr. Bracey's class and says it helped her develop an ability to quickly tally customer positions. Without the course, "it would have taken a lot longer to feel comfortable" in the markets, she says.

Into the Streets

Now, the signs are spilling out of the financial markets and into the supermarkets. "A lot of brokers and clerks use hand signals with their spouses," Mr. Bracey says. "They're in the grocery store signaling down the aisle: 'Buy two cans of this' or 'three cans of that.'"

Sara Barry, whose husband, Tom, is a trader in the Chicago Board of Trade's Treasury-bond futures pit, must deal with the signals when her spouse is asleep. She awakens whenever he starts making the hand signals. "He doesn't talk in his sleep, he just uses hand signals. If I could figure out what they mean, I would have control over this marriage," she says.

The hand lingo also is used on the golf course. "When two brokers play in a foursome, and their opponents aren't in the business, they'll shout to each other if they shoot a good score, a three, four or five. Otherwise, they hand signal it," says Brad Tyl, an options analyst who also manages Aubrey G. Lanston's floor operations at the CBOT.

Signing comes naturally outside of work, says Toula Retsos, a clerk in the CME's Eurodollar futures pit. "When I

Please Turn to Page A8, Column 3

World Trade Organization. The U.S. has also filed its own WTO complaint, alleging broad discrimination in the Japanese trading regime.

Defiant Car Makers

Despite the growing U.S. pressure, Japanese car makers are holding fast. In a letter to members of Congress, Nissan, Mazda, Toyota and Honda reiterated that they wouldn't yield to U.S. demands that they make a purchasing commitment.

"We are determined to resist accepting arbitrary purchasing quotas that could ultimately force us to choose between sourcing from less-competitive U.S. suppliers or being subjected to retaliation for failing to fill our politically inspired quotas," the letter said.

"This idea that you purchase what we want you to purchase or we're going to retaliate . . . that can't be tolerated," William Duncan, general director of the Washington office of the Japan Automobile Manufacturers Association, said yesterday.

Whether that stance continues to hold remains to be seen. The monetary value of any sanctions actually imposed will be much less than the \$5.9 billion listed today, administration officials say. But even at half the amount published, which adminis-

Please Turn to Page A5, Column 1

General Dynamics, ruggle for Survival

certain "defense-unique" industries must be kept alive—even if there were no immediate need for their wares.

Most notably, and expensively, the administration decided to spend more than \$1 billion to build a third Seawolf submarine at Electric Boat, not because the Cold War-era boat was needed, it said, but to keep alive the industrial capacity to build nuclear-powered submarines. As a consolation prize for Newport News, it chose not to delay building a multibillion-dollar carrier at the Virginia yard.

But the shift of power in Congress has called that policy into question. With the Democrats knocked into the minority by last November's GOP victory, Congress is no longer inclined to spend billions to support a Democratic president's industrial policy that largely benefits heavily Democratic New England. And while no one was elected to Congress last fall by arguing for a strong defense, many pledged to cut the deficit. Killing the third Seawolf could produce a fast \$1 billion toward that end, deficit hawks contend.

"It's a very tough year" in which to argue for the Seawolf, notes Rep. Sam Gejdenson, the Connecticut Democrat who represents the district where the subma-

Please Turn to Page A6, Column 5

CORRECTIONS & AMPLIFICATIONS

AMERICAN EXPLORATION Co. said it will ask shareholders to approve a 1-for-10 reverse stock split at its annual meeting June 13. An article yesterday incorrectly said American Ecology Co. was seeking the reverse stock split.

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FIRST RULE

Fickle Fingers Flash Signs That Mean Cash On Trading Floors

Continued From First Page

give someone a phone number, I sign it. Even my kids are picking it up."

The basics of arbing, as the hand signals are called, are easy enough. Counting one through five is about as one would expect. Three is the exception — that is signaled with the index finger lowered and the pinkie, ring finger and middle finger extended. To count six through nine, simply turn the hand from upright, sideways. Zero is a fist.

The extra signs, however, add to some of the color.

When clerks at the CBOT's bond futures pit collectively start puffing on imaginary cigarettes, they aren't asking for a break to grab a quick smoke. It means that Refco, a commodities brokerage firm, was just active in the market. And that isn't an imaginary cigarette the clerks are puffing. It's a marijuana joint, or reefer (which sounds a bit like Refco).

If clerks start patting their necks, it may be from stiff muscles. But the universal signal for a pain in the neck more likely means that PaineWebber Inc. is trading.

When Bankers Trust is buying or selling, clerks start to straighten their normally askew ties — just like a banker arriving at work. But don't confuse the Bankers Trust symbol with raising the tie over the head. That sign translates into "you're hung," meaning a broker or trader is stuck with the trade, like it or not.

Twirling a finger around the ear doesn't mean things are nuts. It signals that "I'm working on your order."

Some sort of hand signals have always been used in the markets here. But arbing was refined in the mid-1970s when traders in the CME's gold futures pit needed to quickly react to cash dealers on phones trying to profit from price discrepancies. Use of the signals later spread to the new interest-rate and currency markets.

While hand signals are an effective way to trade, a misfired finger can spell disaster. Aside from the embarrassment and ridicule from one's co-workers, clerks can be fired for losses that brokers incur. Marty McGlone, who trades Treasury-bond futures at the CBOT, admits once misreading a signal that cost his broker \$35,000. Luckily, he managed to keep his job. Mr. Bracey says, "Every mistake you make, someone writes a check."

Even dialects have developed. The sign language isn't the same on the floors of the CME or its cross-town rival, the CBOT. Accidentally make the CME sign to buy 100 contracts in the CBOT's bond market, for instance, and the result will be 10 times the original expectation. (Try explaining to a customer that the slip of the hand meant he bought an extra 900 contracts.)

When the trading day is over and many clerks and traders retire to nearby bars, they still use their hand signals — to buy beers, not bonds or deutsche marks.

At the Cactus Club, a watering hole near the CBOT, bartenders know that the index finger held upright means one beer but held sideways means six bottles. Still, bartender Rachael Larmier chides traders and clerks when they use signals to order. "I tell them, 'You're not at work anymore. Tell me what you need.' "

And the occasional overexuberant trader may face an early invitation to leave from the club's general manager, Naresh Nair, who uses a few hand signals of his own. He holds up one hand, first with a sideways three, then with a sideways one, to signal that the customer has been eighty-sixed.

"That says, 'You're done!' " he says.

s called for street
problems floating t



Edna Felthousen
Billings, Montana

characters

FOLKLORE
Anecdotes -
Persons
Mont. St.
WPA

L. A. Nutting

The weddings in the frontier days were very different than the well planned church weddings we have now. One time there was a man working for Jim Westbrook by the name of Gary, who wished to marry a cook on one of the ranches. Gary had a little pinto pony fourteen hands high and a big gangling horse sixteen hands high. He borrowed one of those high old Democrat wagons to go up to marry this woman who belonged to the Countryman family. Now the Countryman's had a reputation for being dangerous so Gary also borrowed a revolver from Westbrook and a clean white shirt and started out. Thus all of his equipment was borrowed but Gary brought the woman back all right and continued working for Westbrook for two years, his wife doing the cooking. Later Mrs. Gary married Frank Quinn who had two wooden legs and whenever he and his wife had a fight she would throw his legs out the window and poor Frank would have to go thumping down the stairs at night on the stubs of his own legs to get his wooden ones. This performance was repeated again and again and it furnished entertainment and amusement for the cowboys around the ranch".

Command Post of a War Against a Nation's Fires

By DIRK JOHNSON

Special to The New York Times

BOISE, Idaho, July 15 — In a win-dowless conference room, the chiefs of staff have gathered for a briefing on battle strategy. A man with a pointer turns to a series of color-coded maps. He charts the movement of the enemy.

It could be the basement of the Pentagon, but in this war the enemy is forest fires. Here at the Boise Interagency Fire Center, near the foothills of the Sawtooth Mountains, officials of five Federal agencies direct firefighting around the country.

"Things have changed significantly in recent days," Skip Scott, the manager of the logistic support office here, said at a briefing Friday morning. "We've got 40 crews still committed to fires. But we'll be moving many of them home in the next few days."

After the hectic first round of seasonal fires in the West, including the burning of 42 houses in Boulder Canyon, Colo., the officials here had a chance to catch a breath.

Perhaps not for long. "We're not out of this yet," said Jack Wilson, director of the center. "My gut feeling is that this year is going to be tough, though not like last year."

The Imprecisions of Assessing

About 1,231,000 acres have been burned this year, slightly more than last, but about this time last year the fires became critical. In all, 6 million acres burned last year, including half of Yellowstone National Park.

But assessing damage, especially while the fires are still doing it, is an imprecise science — "like trying to nail Jell-O to the wall," said Arnold Hartigan, a spokesman for the fire center.

The center was established in 1965 after a rash of fires in 1964 caused confusion about where to send firefighters and supplies. It includes seven gray squat buildings on 55 acres that abut the Boise airport.

"The general public sees only the flames, the smoke and the firefighters on television," said Reed Jarvis, a National Park Service official who is a

temporary spokesman here. "What they don't see is this huge interconnected support system behind the scenes."

An estimated 100,000 people around the country are involved in some phase of firefighting, from the firefighter on the scene to the secretary at Boise. At the peak of the burning last year, officials had to recruit help from the street and military units.

When Localities Need Help

A fire will be fought at first by the local authorities. If they cannot control it, a call for assistance comes to Boise.

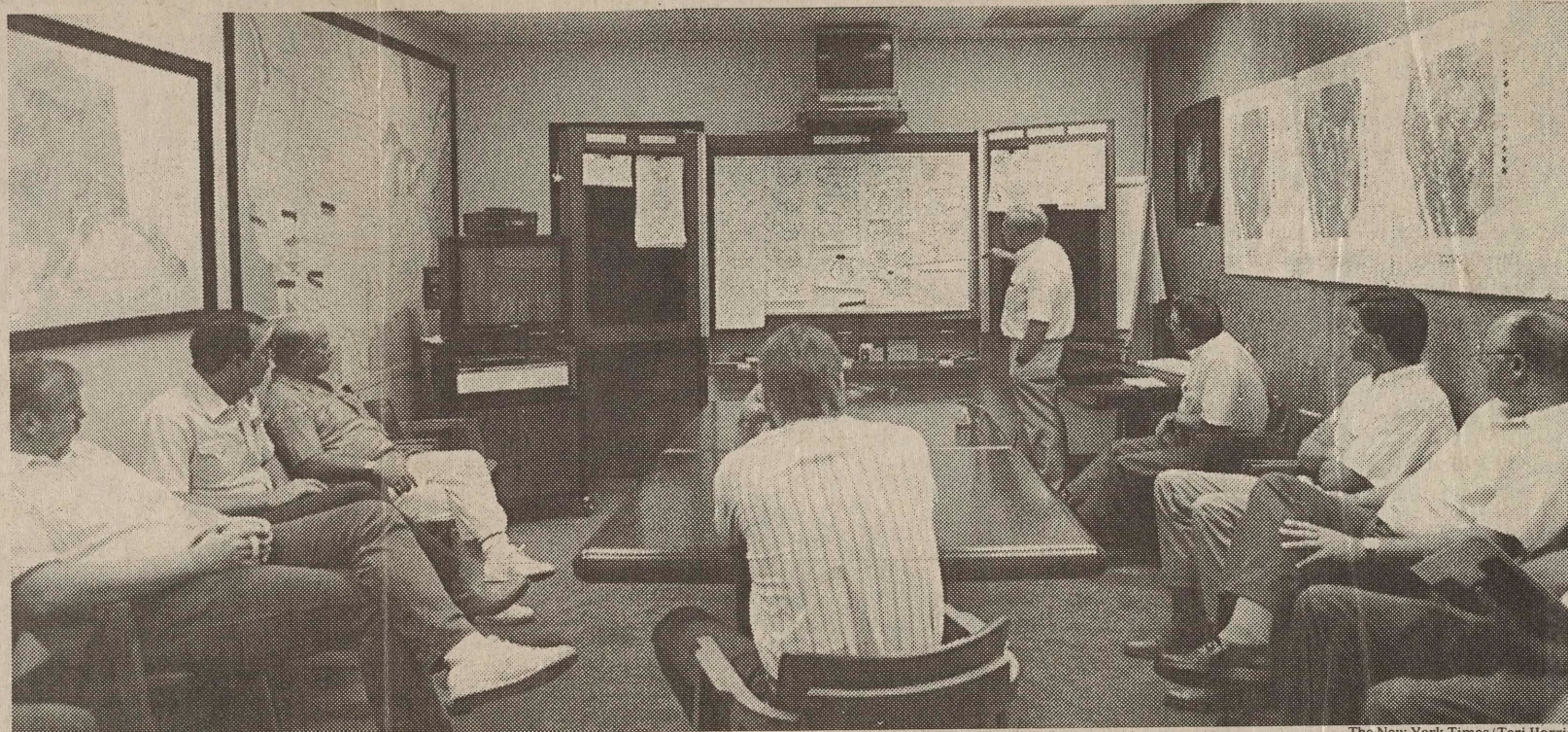
The calls come to the Logistic Support office, where a map of the United States is festooned with tiny representations of aircraft bombers marking the location of real aircraft carrying chemical fire retardants.

Telephone dispatchers take the requests from the scene and direct movement of supplies or personnel. If supplies are lacking in the large warehouse here, workers here quickly contract with private business to arrange shipment of anything from portable toilets to aircraft.

Last year, trucks were loading up and leaving from the warehouse here every half an hour and when gear was returned from one fire, workers quickly prepared it for shipment elsewhere. "For our radios, we have a turnaround time of about four hours," said Kim Peterson, an electronics technician. Sitting on his desk was a radio so badly twisted and burned that it looked like abstract sculpture.

The National Weather Service keeps an office at the fire center where meteorologists keep tabs on "lightning strikes" around the country. These reports are relayed by satellite to computers here, for quick punching-up of data on a region's relative dryness and temperature.

The center is also a quartermaster general, dispatching supplies to the men and women on the front lines from the Yukon Territory to the Okefenokee Swamp.



The New York Times/Teri Harris

Steve Brown, staff meteorologist for the Boise Interagency Fire Center in Idaho, giving a weather briefing to managers at the center.

An old bomber loaded with chemical retardant is on the runway outside, ready to be sent to a hot spot at any moment. The plane has been there for days. The battle and the forests have cooled off for now. The warehouse has boxes and crates of firefighting equipment and the instant meals that firefighters take into battle.

The kits come in foil pouches, "meals ready to eat," or M.R.E. The meals are not noted for being delicious, and many firefighters say M.R.E. stands for "meals already eaten."

Included in each kit is an "intradental stimulator," a toothpick.

Depending on the scope and intensity of fires around the country, the center employs 200 to 700 workers, from computer programmers to warehouse laborers. Most work for the Bureau of Land Management, but many work for the National Fire Service. The other Federal agencies represented here include the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the National Park Service and the Fish and Wildlife Service. A forest fire could start on territory controlled by any of

these agencies.

Consequently, coordinating the efforts of firefighting can mean trying to navigate through a complex web of bureaucracies and chains of command.

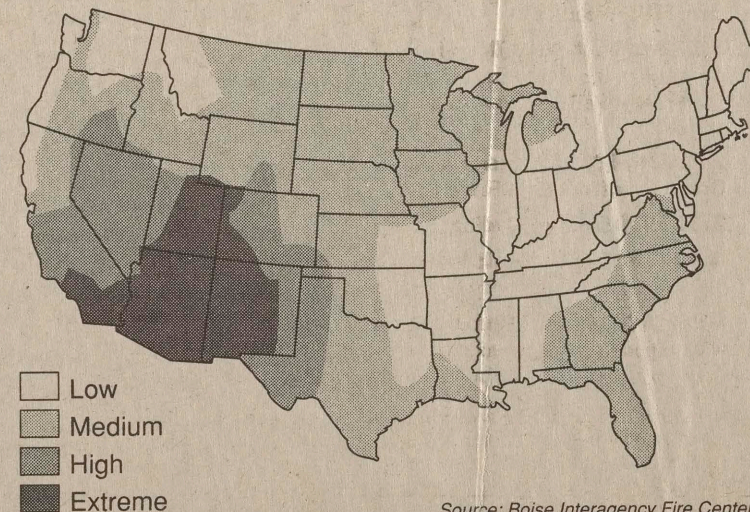
The center is as the information clearinghouse for news organizations. An eight-page glossary of technical terms is kept here to help those not versed in the sometimes esoteric language of firefighting.

"Cold trailing," for example, is controlling a partly dead fire by carefully inspecting and feeling with the hands to detect any smoldering spots.

Many workers here put in hundreds of hours of overtime at the peak of the fire season. Most are laid off in winter. In the off-season, some have jobs as teachers, construction workers and, in the case of one maintenance man, making porcelain dolls.

In winter months, workers who are retained often clean and refurbish two-way radios, helmets and "Pulaskis," the combination ax and hoe that serves as the firefighter's most valuable tool.

Predicted Fire Potential (July 8, 1989 to Aug. 11, 1989)



Source: Boise Interagency Fire Center

Army's Reliance on Reserves Faulted

Continued From Page 1

short of an all-out war.

"They made all sorts of assumptions to prove their policy of substituting reserves for active forces would work," said James H. Webb Jr., former Assistant Secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs, "but if any of their assumptions on warning time, equipment levels, training, casualty rates are wrong — as some of them will be — the program falls apart."

The Army has 764,000 soldiers, and it maintains 18 active divisions, as it did when there were more than one million soldiers, in the 1970's. To maintain these combat units in the Army budget, many engineer, motor transport, maintenance, medical and other non-combat functions were shifted to the Army Reserve.

Some Combat Units Trimmed

The Army even trimmed some combat units by transferring one of three brigades in some divisions into the National Guard, with the Guard expected to provide the missing brigades in a crisis.

Richard A. Davis of the General Accounting Office said 50 percent of the Army's personnel strength was now in the Army Reserve and the Guard, constituting about 63 percent of the combat units and 81 percent of the support units.

The Army acknowledges that it deliberately sacrificed support units to maintain combat divisions. The Army has only "sufficient tactical support forces to support about five and a half divisions," Gen. John Wickham, the former Army Chief of Staff, told Congress in 1986. He said the reserves would have to be used for any multi-division commitment.

But with a smaller all-volunteer force, General Wickham argued that combat forces were more important than support units, because the Army's role was deterring war, not fighting war. "What deters better: cooks, truck drivers or combat infantry?" General Wickham said.

Gen. Glenn K. Otis, retired, former

commander of the Army in Europe, acknowledged that "we are on the margin, particularly with our combat support and service support units," Army Reserve units that are the first scheduled to reinforce the regulars. He added, however, "A lot depends upon how much warning time we get before the fighting starts."

And Now for the Defense

Indeed, many military officials disagree with those who say it is unwise to rely so heavily on the reserves. Stephen M. Duncan, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs, said the current mix of reserve and active units

In a war, would the reserves be ready?

provided a ready, adequate substitute for likely contingencies, even a war in Europe against the Soviet Union.

Lieut. Gen. Herbert R. Temple Jr., chief of the National Guard Bureau, said the Guard could meet its obligations. "We conduct over 900 unit-mobilization exercises annually and the readiness of the entire National Guard is only a few percentage points below that of the Regular Army," he said. The National Guard units are controlled by the states' governors except when on Federal duty. The bureau is a liaison office between the Secretary of Defense and the governors.

But despite new money from Congress, the National Guard has only 77 percent of the equipment it is required to have for wartime, and the Army Reserve has only 59 percent.

Another problem is personnel. Across the board, the figures look good, but in medical units, for example, the Army Reserve have only 38 percent of their required number of surgeons; comparable shortages exist in other highly technical areas. Together the Guard and the Army Reserve have a

million men and women in organized units.

The Achilles heel of the reserves remains training. Many reservists cannot spend more than their required 38 days a year on active duty, to attend advanced schools in their military specialties. As a result, many are technically unqualified to handle the increasingly sophisticated equipment they must operate.

"The reserves get only 20 percent of the training of active-duty units and half of that is spent traveling to training sites and in administrative procedures," said Robert L. Goldich, a national defense specialist at the Library of Congress.

The Army is taking a variety of measures to solve the reserves' training deficiencies. The most innovative are regional training centers, where reservists can be sent for short periods for schooling on the modern equipment being issued to their units.

But only reservists whose wartime missions would parallel their civilian jobs — truck drivers in motor transport units — can easily maintain the level of combat-readiness expected of them.

In a recent study, "U.S. Army and Reserve: Rhetoric, Realities and Risk," Martin Binkin and William W. Kaufmann of the Brookings Institution put the situation this way: The Army "is not as ready as the rhetoric implies to execute the worldwide strategic concept involving multiple contingencies nor to deal rapidly with a single, but significant threat."

Guard Troops Injured

TRINIDAD, Colo., July 15 (AP) — About 100 soldiers in National Guard units from Kansas and Missouri were injured Friday when a storm hit during war games at the Pinon Canyon Maneuvers Site. Officials said the soldiers were injured when winds, accompanied by rain and small hail, flattened between 12 and 15 tents with troops inside. The injuries ranged from scrapes, cuts and bruises to a few broken bones and concussions, they said.

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Emergency Room: A Crack Nightmare

NYT Aug 6, '89



The New York Times/Terrence McCarthy

A patient suffering cocaine intoxication who spent 16 hours in the emergency room at Highland General Hospital in Oakland, Calif. Many hospitals nationwide are being overwhelmed by drug-related emergencies.

By JANE GROSS

Special to The New York Times

OAKLAND, Calif., Aug. 5 — Crack has turned emergency medicine at Highland General Hospital here into a nightmare, a scene of chaos and despair that is crushing the spirits of all who encounter it.

"All we're doing is picking the bones," said Dr. Patrick Connell, the interim chief of the emergency medical department. "The work is post-mortem."

A recent study by the National In-

stitute for Drug Abuse found hospitals around the country reporting a dramatic increase in cocaine-related emergencies.

Added Burden in Inner City

The burden is clearly heaviest in places like East Oakland, Watts in Los Angeles and the South Bronx and Bedford-Stuyvesant in New York, where doctors say perhaps half their emergency patients are drug users.

Typical of the patients seen in inner-city emergency rooms is a man who arrived here by ambulance the

other day, suffering from acute cocaine intoxication.

He thrashed uncontrollably, threatening to yank his arms and legs from the leather restraints that lashed him to the gurney. He fought off three police officers, two paramedics, a doctor and a nurse trying to tie him down with a coiled sheet. He cursed, brayed and spat at them until they covered his face with a surgical mask.

The man spent 16 hours in the emergency room, medicated, tested and observed by physicians, psychiatrists and nurses who knew from the first that there was little they could

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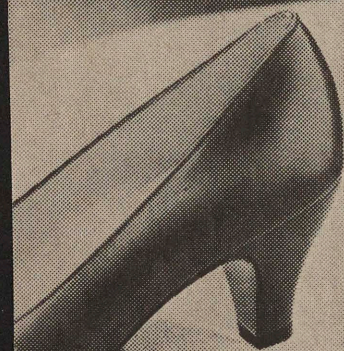
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ALL MAJOR CARDS



Crack Nightmare: Compassion Shrivels in an Emergency Room

Continued From Page 1

do for him, medically or psychologically.

His care cost thousands of dollars and he took up a bed at a county institution that is overcrowded and nearing fiscal collapse. His abusive behavior further tested the waning compassion of staff members who say that crack has transformed their work into an exhausting, thankless treadmill.

And even if he wanted help in overcoming his addiction, a rare request from the entrenched addicts who predominate here, there was nothing doctors and nurses could offer him but a place on a long list of people waiting for treatment, and a trip back to streets awash in cocaine.

'Dirtballs' Use Drugs; 'Citizens' Don't

"This place was turned into a zoo by crack and everything that goes along with it," said Dr. Robert Dailey, the last full-time chief at Highland, who quit the post last year in frustration and left the hospital completely two weeks ago. "Cocaine is the devil, the most savage drug that has ever come along."

Dr. Arthur J. Weinberg, a psychiatrist, calls crack the worst public health problem he has seen in three decades. "You can't do a good job, no matter what you do," he said. "And I don't see it getting any better."

Emergency rooms have a kind of depersonalized jargon all their own, but the staff here is now particularly harsh when talking about the crack patients. Doctors and nurses describe them as rude, mean and narcissistic, "dirtballs" as opposed to the "citizens" who do not use drugs.

The staff members who are most severe in their criticisms are those who are struggling to keep their own families intact in the flatland neighborhoods of Oakland, which have been devastated in recent years by crack and the attendant violence.

"They are just exhausted by the whole thing and what it's doing to their community," said Dr. Jannine From, the head of the psychiatric emergency room, whose staff includes one nurse whose ex-husband is an addict and another with a crack-abusing brother who has robbed her several times. "They won't give any more than is absolutely necessary."

Emergency patients here are not uniformly screened for crack or other drugs, but several informal surveys suggest the magnitude of the problem. In a 72-hour period last winter, all 500 patients in the medical emergency room regardless of age or complaint were given urine tests and 45 percent tested positive for cocaine.

A similar 12-hour survey, on a Saturday night, when the streets of Oakland reverberate with gunfire and sirens, produced a "clean sweep," Dr. Connell said. Every urine sample tested positive for cocaine. In the psychiatric emergency room, doctors variously estimate that between 50 and 90 percent of their patients are cocaine abusers.

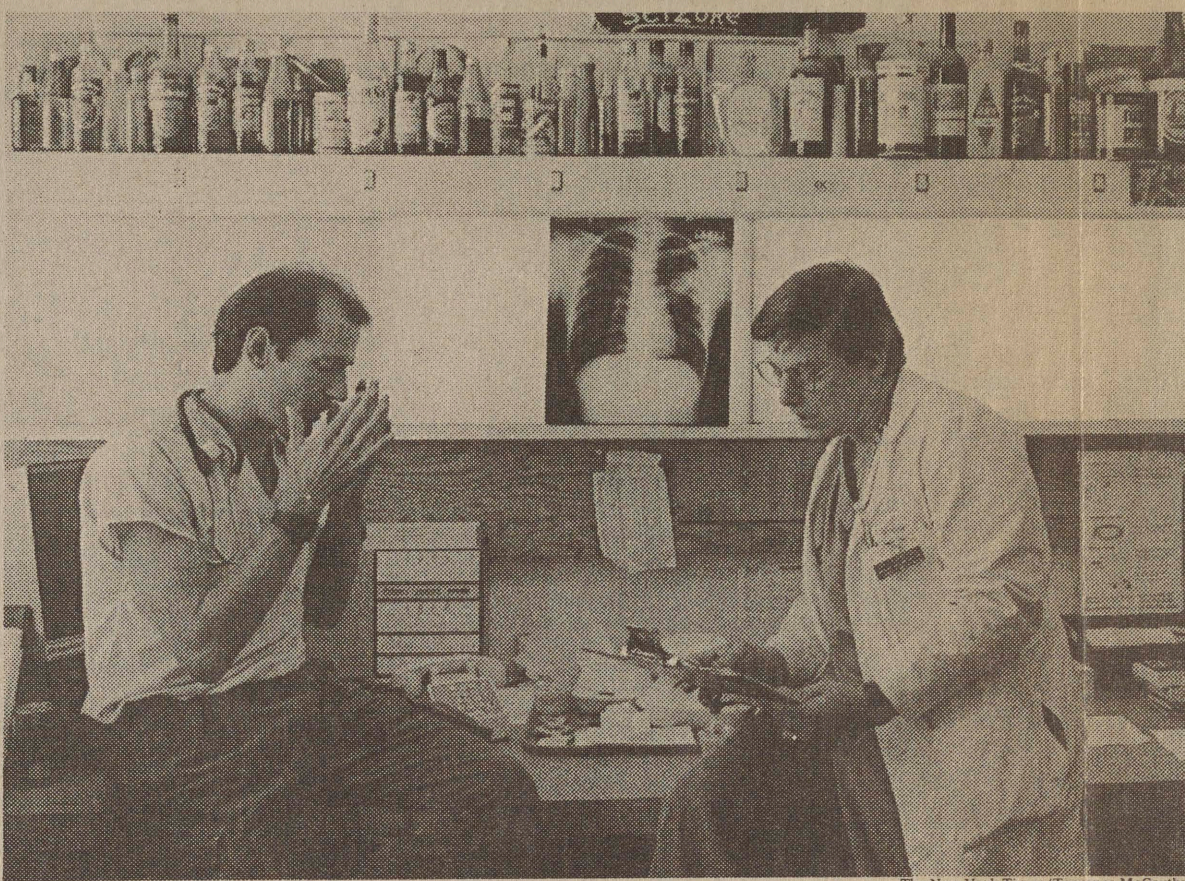
'A Place to Sleep Out of the Wind'

Many come back time and again, cut off by their families and with no prospects of getting treatment. Here in Alameda County, with a population of 1.3 million, there are 127 beds in residential settings for indigent or uninsured drug addicts. Waiting lists of four months are common.

"There's basically nothing for them," said Dr. From. "Very acute intervention is all they get, so they deteriorate over time."

Dr. Connell said he and his colleagues "do the social work fandango," seeking the scant help available. "But we don't have much to offer but a free meal and a place to sleep out of the wind," he said. "Eventually they'll die. That's the end point."

The beginnings are many. In recent days emergency room doctors and



Dr. Steve Sornsin, left, with Corey Klein, a physician's assistant, at Highland General Hospital in Oakland, Calif., which has been overwhelmed by drug-related emergencies. In the background were

bottles confiscated from patients. "There are shifts where everyone has a big scar on his belly," said Dr. Sornsin. "You start to think there's no one in Oakland who hasn't been shot."

nurses at Highland saw these cocaine-related cases:

• A woman whose baby was delivered two months prematurely by ambulance paramedics, who found her smoking a crack pipe when they responded to her 911 call.

• A gunshot victim who was pushed from a moving car and left in the parking lot, a common method of getting to Highland that is known in the emergency room as a "rolling stop."

• A man who was hit by an ax; officers said he was a cocaine dealer.

• A woman brought from court after a psychotic episode during an appearance for possession of crack. The drug was found in her vagina during her last visit to the emergency room.

• An 84-pound woman, five years on crack by her own account, who said she had had diarrhea for six months without seeking treatment.

Violence and Wealth Cast Long Shadows

Visits to Highland's emergency rooms often coincide with the issue dates of welfare checks. "We get to know these folks by name," said Donna Doss, a psychiatric nurse. "We see the same ones each month on the first and the 15th."

Certain repeaters are known as "frequent fliers," recognized not by name or face but by old wounds. "There are shifts where everyone has a big scar on his belly," said Dr. Steve Sornsin, a senior physician in the emergency room. "You start to think there's no one in Oakland who hasn't been shot."

Dr. Carter Clements described peeling back the shirt of a gunshot victim in preparation for trauma surgery to open up his chest: "There was a scar from the last time he'd been here. It obviously hadn't changed his life any."

Dr. Connell said minor riots and patients with loaded pistols were routine, turning him from a "60's radical who hated cops" to a physician grateful for the four sheriff's deputies who patrol the hallways under contract to the hospital.

His staff members are trained in self-defense but nonetheless suffer concussions and broken bones. In the psychiatric area, initial interviews are conducted in the hall rather than in private offices because too many doctors and nurses were being beaten up.

As commonplace as the violence are the trappings of wealth on patients who present themselves as unable to pay for their care. They often arrive with beepers or cellular telephones, the tools of the drug trade, and staff mem-

bers said they have found as much as \$15,000 in their pockets.

Sermonizing about such ill-gotten wealth is not particularly effective. Dr. Connell once found \$700 on a teen-ager hurt in a car accident. The teen-ager said he was a bookkeeper at a crack house. When the doctor challenged his career choice, the boy said, "I'm not going to work for chump change. I make \$2,000 a week, tax free. What do they pay you, sucker?"

Dr. Connell gulped. Virtually every doctor at Highland made less than that.

Family members seem mesmerized by the riches from the cocaine trade, which Dr. Connell described as "the primary economy of this community."

Christal Cox, a nurse, said a mother and a father recently burst into the trauma room not to ask about their son's condition but to announce, "We know exactly how much jewelry he had on him." Ed Daniels, a social worker, recalled a mother who asked for her son's beeper before he went into surgery so she could return calls from his clients.

Fists and Feet, Tire Irons and Guns

The gunshot victims seen at Highland, more than 700 of them last year, are the most dramatic cocaine casualties, but not the most common. In the medical emergency room the most frequent complaints are erratic heart beat, chest pains and seizures, potentially fatal conditions that are frequently induced by cocaine. Other patients come in with simple problems like toothaches or respiratory infections that have become serious because cocaine masked the symptoms. Some are malnourished and hollow-eyed after long binges.

"They haven't slept in five days or eaten in a week," said Dr. Clements. "They have no place to stay. Their head hurts, their neck hurts, their stomach hurts. They have urethral discharge and there's something wrong with one knee. We're talking global systemic complaints here."

Then there are wounds inflicted with knives, baseball bats and other weapons when drug users are "tweaking," the street jargon for the volatile behavior that accompanies crack. "Women get fists and feet, men get tire irons and guns," Dr. Dailey said.

Treating these patients is difficult, doctors said, because once they crash from a cocaine high they sleep in a nearly comatose state for 24 hours or longer. During this period, it is impossible to take a medical history, creating

a situation "more like veterinary care than medicine," said a resident, Dr. Christopher Wuerker.

In the event of chest pain or seizures patients are given an array of costly tests, including CAT scans. "You think it's drugs," said Dr. Sornsin, "but it could be a heart attack, a stroke, bleeding inside the brain. You have to go through A, B, C, D, E, F and G before you're absolutely sure it's H."

Dr. Monica Rosenthal, a senior physician, said, "More money is being spent on unnecessary testing and hospitalization related to cocaine than on actual medical care."

Emergency physicians here are constantly trying to decide an appropriate level of treatment, but "just because somebody is smoking themselves to death doesn't mean their family can't sue," Dr. Rosenthal said.

Emergency Rooms Have Their Own Laws

In the psychiatric emergency room, the most common problems are cocaine intoxication and cocaine-induced psychosis. Other patients arrive deeply depressed or suicidal, some in despair over their addiction, but many more because they have run out of money and are on the down slope of a cocaine high.

Many patients have long histories of schizophrenia and were released from institutions in the 1960's. "They get hold of a little cocaine and go completely crazy," Dr. Weinberg said, adding that these patients continue to engender sympathy from the staff.

Court rulings in certain states, including California, prohibit involuntary medication of mental patients. In some cases, hospital workers said, this has increased the risk faced by staff members who treat cocaine-induced psychosis. Doctors said they could be cited for giving anti-psychotic medications to violent patients, but some do it anyway.

"The court is not in the emergency room with someone trying to kill them," Dr. Connell said. "If I have to medicate them I medicate them. If I have to hit them I hit them."

Dr. From agreed, and asked: "Do they expect us to go back to cold-sheeting patients and putting them in ice tubs?"

Some psychiatric patients are faking, pretending to be suicidal or violent, and thus requiring observation, when they really want a safe haven from dealers dunning them for money or threatening their lives.

"They tell you, 'I'll kill myself if you

put me out,'" said Ms. Doss, the psychiatric nurse. "Meanwhile, they're on the phone looking for money and asking if the coast is clear."

The Good News Comes Too Rarely

A small number of the patients do ask for help in shaking their addiction — 10 to 15 percent, according to several doctors' estimates. A much smaller number receive it; out-patient drug treatment so rarely works and in-patient treatment is so rarely available.

Mr. Daniels, the social worker, said, "It's gotten to the point where I don't bother to call" seeking treatment slots. Steve Brummett, a social worker in the psychiatric emergency room, said he has placed only three people in drug treatment in nearly two years.

One of them is Ramona Owens, a 30-year-old recovering crack addict, who tells a typical tale of degradation, of selling herself on the street and fencing her aunt's new vacuum cleaner to feed her habit.

Then she attempted suicide and wound up in the emergency room. "It didn't look like I was going anywhere but death," she said. "I couldn't get me no help. My mom put me out and called the police on me."

She had tried out-patient treatment before and failed. "On the street you can do good for a minute or so, but you always mess up," she said.

Instead, Mr. Brummett found a place for her in an alcohol treatment program that accepts people with multiple addictions. "If he wouldn't have found this place for me, God knows where I'd be today," Ms. Owens said in an interview at the treatment center.

But such successes are rare. And the failures are devastating, on patients, staff members and families.

Dr. Dailey, for example, has left for a private hospital, and a permanent replacement has not been found, despite a nationwide search.

For a while, Dr. Dailey said, the work here was exciting and interesting, in part because of the fascination of "the netherworld." But when that wears thin, he said, "you're left with the facts, left with the interminable line of shattered human beings. Once you see that, you're finished. You can't do it anymore."

Crack families also burn out and begin to "triage themselves," by casting out the unruly, thieving drug abuser, Dr. Connell said. "I hear mothers say, 'I got to let this one go because I got another one I can save,'" the doctor said. "Sometimes I call and they say 'Keep the boy,' and hang up the phone."

Today's Late Te

10:30 A.M. (CBS) "Face the Music" Yitzhak Rabin, Israeli Defense Minister; Middle East; Patrick Buchanan.

10:30 A.M. (NBC) "Meet the Press" Israeli Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu; Republican from Maine; Richard Cheney, Secretary of State. (CC)

10:30 A.M. (CNN) "News at 10" Cuomo of New York. (CC)

11:30 A.M. (ABC) "This Week" held hostage again: Israeli Foreign Minister; Senator Jesse Helms; Majority Leader Bob Dole.

1:00 P.M. (NBC) "Today" Cleveland Browns; London.

2:30 P.M. (ABC) "The 20/20" Michigan Int'l.

4:00 P.M. (ABC) "The 20/20" from the T. round 70 g.

4:00 P.M. (NBC) "The 20/20" onship, J. N.F.L.'s.

7:00 P.M. (ABC) "The 20/20" help; seek.

7:00 P.M. (NBC) "The 20/20" A. s.

consolidation in its court action, the court had exceeded its authority. The predominantly black board had governed Southern University while one of the other boards governed Grambling.

The order also requires white schools to set aside 10 percent of their student openings for blacks and requires black schools to set aside 10 percent of their openings for whites. Black students made up 7 percent of the enrollment at Louisiana State University in 1988, while white students made up 4 percent of the enrollments at Southern and Grambling.

The court's plan names Louisiana State University as the state's flagship university with the strictest entrance requirements. Southern and three other schools would make up a second, somewhat less selective tier, the court said. Grambling is one of eight schools designated for a third tier to offer undergraduate degrees only, with even more relaxed admission requirements. The four remaining colleges are to become part of a new community college system.

The court also ordered Southern's law school to merge into Louisiana State's law school.

The panel was composed of Judge John Minor Wisdom of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit and Federal District Judges Charles Schwartz Jr. and Veronica D. Wicker. When a state is challenged in federal court, a three-judge panel can be convened in the case.

Suit by Justice Dept.

The judges acted in a suit filed against the state by the Justice Department in 1974. The Justice Department also asked the court to order money for improvements at black schools to make them more attractive to white students.

In 1981 the state agreed to provide the money but last year the court concluded that the state had failed to live up to its agreement. The judges appointed an expert to study the higher education system and make recommendations. The court ordered many of these recommendations, most of which had been backed by Governor Roemer.

Thomas N. Todd, the lawyer representing the Grambling alumni, said in court papers, "Considering its sorry history in dealing with Grambling State University and Southern University, we cannot expect fairness from the state even if ordered."

Arnett James, first vice president of the Southern University Alumni Federation, said of the order, "It's assuring desegregation for point guards and running backs at the expense of students."

Found to Clean Line of Tanker Oil

More than 1,000 miles of shoreline in Prince William Sound and along the coast of Alaska were contaminated by oil from the tanker that ran aground in 1989.

Heil acknowledged that the environmental agency was just as unprepared as the 11 million gallon spill as the government agencies and the oil company said his agency had been "reluctant" to something as common as oil spills, and that it had not been on hazardous wastes.

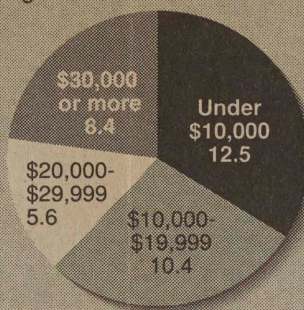
Only primitive technology was used on the oil spill. It was not until June that environmentalists at the agency were testing the use of fer-

ries were done with the French people that it had been in Norway with said.

They were hopeful. Applied, white beside de- tests were at bacteria were showing it to it could ally said even

that s to

by family income. Population figures are in millions.



Source: Employee Benefit Research Institute

Dallas Deal Collapses For Bankrupt College

DALLAS, Aug. 5 (AP) — A Sri Lankan woman has forfeited \$75,000 worth of sapphires that she put up as a deposit and still owes \$100,000 after failing to meet the deadline to buy a bankrupt college for \$10 million, officials say.

"We're kind of back to square one," Duke Salisbury, a bankruptcy court trustee, said Wednesday. "It's for sale again."

The predominantly black Bishop College was closed last year by Judge Robert C. McGuire of United States Bankruptcy Court when officials of the 108-year-old school could not raise \$1.85 million needed to cover this school year's deficit.

The school, which is on a 200-acre plot in south Dallas, was \$18 million in debt. Faculty and staff members worked without pay for about two years and were owed about \$900,000.

In April, a contract to purchase the school was awarded to Aryades Inc., a group represented by Panditha Sujatha Nadarajah, a Sri Lankan woman whose lawyer said she had lived in Lubbock, Tex., since 1985.

Her lawyer, A.W. Clem, said in March that Ms. Nadarajah, an internationally known Buddhist scholar, planned to open an international university at the school.

"The Thin Blue Line" helped to free a death row inmate, has settled a lawsuit brought by the man he helped to free, lawyers for both sides say.

Randall Dale Adams, the inmate whose conviction in the killing of a Dallas police officer was questioned in Mr. Morris's film, received full rights to any books or commercial movies about his life. The settlement was announced Thursday.

"I'm pleased that we were able to settle this, but I'm not pleased with the way it had to come about," said Mr. Adams's lawyer, Randy Schaffer. "It never should have gone to litigation. After being a prisoner of the justice system for 12 years Mr. Adams should not have been required to be a prisoner of Errol Morris for life."

Demand for Payment Dropped

Mr. Adams, who now lives in Ohio, sued Mr. Morris in Federal District Court in Houston on June 22.

In a statement released by his lawyers, Mr. Morris said he agreed that Mr. Adams would have the book and commercial movie rights.

As part of the agreement, Mr. Adams dropped a separate demand to be paid \$60,000 for "The Thin Blue Line," Mr. Morris said. But Mr. Adams's lawyer said the question of payment was a separate one and was not part of the lawsuit.

Mr. Adams and Mr. Morris had made a written agreement before the movie was produced that Mr. Adams would be paid \$10 if Mr. Morris made a documentary film or \$60,000 and 2 percent of profits if he made a commercial film.

Mr. Adams's lawyer contended that "The Thin Blue Line" was a commercial film, although it was produced in a documentary style. The film was released in commercial theaters.

Film Maker Still in Debt

Mr. Morris said, "I was unwilling to pay money to Adams for 'The Thin Blue Line,' a documentary motion picture for which I received no profits and for which I am still approximately \$100,000 in debt."

He also said Mr. Adams did not have to sue for rights to his life story. "It has never been my intention to deprive Randall Adams of the opportunity to make money from his life story," Mr. Morris said.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1998

National Report

The New York Times

Hot and Dirty Jobs End; So Does a Way of Life

By RICK BRAGG

DOLOMITE, Ala., Jan. 17 — Looking into the glowing mouth of the coke ovens, a man could almost imagine what hell is like.

Until Thursday, when the ovens cooled for good, Gary Roberts labored 13 years in the 130-degree heat of the Koppers Industries coke plant in this blue-collar enclave of rusty mills and frayed houses near Birmingham.

His skin blistered and his mind sometimes melted into black, and at times he wondered whether he would catch fire as he and 300 others turned the raw coal into the volatile noxious fuel used to produce steel.

"I've had my clothes start smoking," said Mr. Roberts, 44. "My son's hard hat melted on his head."

Then, every payday, Mr. Roberts would peek into the pay envelope and glimpse a bit of heaven. He made \$14 to \$17 an hour till the fire winked out, until the plant shut down in the midst of what many have called a great American economic recovery. All 300 people are out of work.

Now Mr. Roberts, who abused his body every workday for one of the best paychecks in American labor, puzzles over the prosperity that everyone is talking about. He said he heard about it on television, read about it in newspapers, "and I figure they're talking about somebody else."

Dolomite, these days, is an island of despair, a place of uncertainty in a time when Americans talk about spending money with confidence.

Hard industry like steel mills and the industries that support them have been dying here for three decades.

The remaining plants tend to rely more on machines and less on the flesh-and-blood power that poured the steel and burned the coke. Coke plants like Koppers, besieged by the Environmental Protection Agency for abuses and facing uncertain demands for their product, have just closed their doors.

It does not make the men who worked there feel any better to hear that McDonald's is hiring. When people refer to the closing of Koppers as an end of their way of life, it is more

than a blue-collar cliché from the bitterness over lost work.

"It's disheartening," said Mr. Roberts, one of a handful of workers staying on for a few weeks to shut the plant, which opened in 1912. "It was good money." And to earn it, he said, "it took a special breed of man."

It is, say people who work in steel and steel-related industries, the hardest, dirtiest work in a hard and dirty field. At Koppers, bosses took job applicants through the plant before interviewing them, so they could see smut-covered workers breathing through respirators to spare them from poison gases that are a byproduct of the process, so they could feel the heat from furnaces burning at 2,100 degrees.

"At least half of them would just keep walking," said Daniel Hundley, who was a carpenter before the lure of steady paychecks brought him into the coke plant. "You ever jump in a black car on a hot summer day," one with all the windows rolled up? Mr. Hundley asked. "It's a lot like that, 24 hours a day."

The good thing about the plant, one of a few left in the Birmingham area, was that a man always felt that he had earned his pay, said Mr. Hundley, 35. In an odd way, the real pain caused by the work made losing the work harder to take. It was as if the fact that they had survived it, day after day, year after year, bound men and their labor closer.

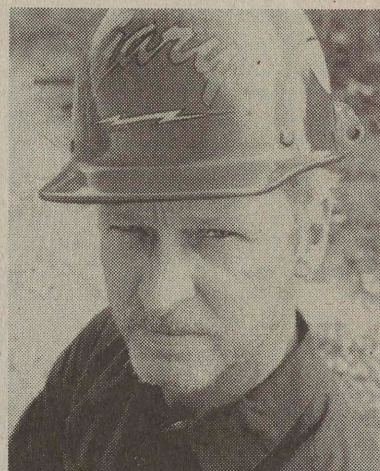
They will talk about it as if they were describing a live thing that always had them by the throat and then, in the next breath, talk about how much they will miss it.

It was common, the workers said, to see a man sag and collapse, and they knew that the man would not be back for at least three days. It took that long, Mr. Hundley said, for a man to get his head cleared, to get to thinking right again. The workers called it "running hot," like a car engine when the radiator overheats.

"You wear thermal underwear, even in the summer, to keep the heat off you," Mr. Hundley said. "It will hurt you. You wear wooden shoes. If you wear rubber, it will absorb the heat and burn the bottoms of your shoes. I've seen people carried off in



Photographs by Justin Webster for The New York Times



For Gary Roberts, left, the closing of the Koppers coke plant near Birmingham means the loss of 300 jobs in a line of work that was already in decline. "It was good money." And to earn it, he said, "it took a special breed of man."

His father retired from a coke plant. Three uncles worked in steel plants. But that was a long time ago, when the evening skies seemed to burn orange from the smokestacks of the mills, and the smut hung over Birmingham skies like a black veil. The air smelled strong, like tar. People down here like to say that it smelled like money.

Mr. Hundley grew up in Pleasant Grove, just north of here. He was a boy in the 1960's, when Birmingham was called "the Pittsburgh of the South."

"All the smokestacks were blowing, people were working," he said. "U.S. Steel would dump its slag after the day was done."

The slag, waste product from the smelting, piled up in what seemed like mountains to the boys his age.

In 1970, 26,400 people worked in steel and steel-related industries in the four counties surrounding Birmingham, according to state figures.

Mr. Roberts and his wife, Mary Ann, raised three children, and the paychecks were regular as a court-house clock. Makers of coke in Birmingham even exported it to Japan.

In 1980, as the economy shrank, foreign competition loomed and demand plunged. The number of people in steel-related jobs fell to 10,500.

"I got laid off, and I thought it was the end of the world," Mr. Roberts said, but he found a job at another plant, at Koppers. "I figured to retire from there."

A college became Birmingham's new economic mainstay. The University of Alabama at Birmingham's medical school became one of the best in the country.

Wolverine-brand work boots gave way to alligator shoes. The skies cleared. Steel never recovered.

By 1990, the industry had 10,700 jobs. In 1996, the industry had 10,300 directly linked to steel. Steel mills here imported coke from Japan, Mr. Roberts said.

"I wonder if it's that same coke we sent them," he said.

Now the skeletons of the mills stick up like old bones.

"It's a great big graveyard, in a way," Mr. Hundley said.

But if the economy is so good, why not retrain for jobs that are increasing? Like workers in hard industry

all over the country, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Hundley know that the jobs politicians talk about are either highly technical ones or those in the low-paying service industry.

Mr. Hundley will retrain for a year at a school in Florida to learn how to repair boat engines and hopes that Federal money will pay for it. But the Federal Jobs Training Partnership Act requires him to train in the state where he worked.

As often happens in Alabama, where Federal programs are concerned, there is a breakdown. Although millions of dollars are available for retraining, the state has only two employees to begin the program.

"The ones I feel the sorriest for are the ones who have been there the longest," Mr. Hundley said. "They haven't learned the skills to do anything else. You take a man 50 years old, it's hard for him to jump into a college and do well."

Mr. Roberts would rather find work in an industry that he knows, even if the sweat does rain off him. But even in his own industry, things have changed too much.

"Nowadays you've got to be a pedigreed dog," he said. "They want a paper on you, saying you can do the work, and it doesn't matter whether you really can."

Hearing Offers Clues About Towboat's Disappearance

By Tim O'Neil

Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

Boat crews searching the Mississippi River for signs of a towboat that mysteriously sank May 16 found only floating mops, buckets and a thin oil slick oozing from beneath a fleet of tied-up barges.

"I saw the mop coming up," pilot Kenneth Simmons told a Coast Guard hearing Wednesday. "When I saw the oil slick, I knew right away that the boat was gone."

Simmons was among eight river workers and officials who testified on the sinking of the Valley Sunshine, which disappeared with its crew of three while shuttling barges about a mile south of the MacArthur Bridge. None of crew members from three other towboats working with the Valley Sunshine that evening, including

Simmons' Mary Burke, saw it disappear.

They said the last visual and radio contacts were of the Valley Sunshine heading upstream to get more barges.

Coast Guard investigators believe the sunken towboat is in about 40 feet of water, beneath the site where the fleet of 60 barges had been tied.

Lt. Dennis Branson, who conducted the six-hour hearing downtown, said the Coast Guard will not issue findings until after salvagers can raise the wreck.

Investigators suspect the Valley Sunshine struck the upstream end of the tied-up barges and was swamped by the swift current.

The bodies of two crew members have been identified. Wednesday afternoon, an unidentified body was

pulled from the river near Crystal City.

Shannon Kelso, a deckhand from the Neeva Belle, testified that he was standing on one of the barges May 16 when he heard loud creaking noises from the heavy cables that hold the barges together.

Kelso said he looked toward the front of the fleet and saw a cloud of black smoke but never saw the Valley Sunshine itself.

The Neeva Belle worked with the Valley Sunshine that evening. They and the Mary Burke are owned by Paragon Marine, which also operates under the name of Eagle Marine Fleet.

Some of the testimony served as a debate over the prudence of Valley Sunshine pilot John R. Smith's last maneuver — approaching the up-

stream front of the barges so he could pull two of them away. It is known as "downstreaming" because it involves motoring downstream, then throwing the propellers into reverse to counteract the current.

A man who sent a towboat to help the Valley Sunshine testified he urged his pilots to avoid downstreaming with the river above flood stage. The Mississippi was almost 4 feet over flood stage on May 16 and was running at about 10 mph, twice the normal current.

"Things can get away from you," said Kevin Jennings of Mandeville,

La., whose West Point Marine owns the assisting boat Mary R. "You can get turned around, and it can get ugly. Boats don't work as well going backwards."

But Larry Cornett, pilot of the Neeva Belle, called the maneuver safe and "standard operating procedure."

John Smith Jr., a son of the missing pilot, criticized the Coast Guard's questions about downstreaming. "Dad had been on the river for 40 years, and he knew what he was doing," Smith said. "Anything could have happened — a log in a [propel-

ler], a loss of power."

Later Wednesday, the St. Louis medical examiner's office identified the remains of deckhand William H. Ledbetter, 31, of Belleville, whose body was among two found last week. The other was Charles W. Dickerson, 40, of Cahokia.

Searchers have not found Smith, 55, of Imperial. Investigators said they would try to determine whether the body found near Crystal City is that of Smith.

Bill Bryan of the Post-Dispatch staff contributed information for this story.

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Albany scrapbook, Tri-State Petroleum Story

oil/ld jargon: Christmas tree - control head of flowing well
whizzer - a good strike
tool pusher - drilling or conston / oreman
crude - unrefined oil
spudding in - drilling 1st few feet of hole
landman - in charge of leasing land for drilling
tight hole - well on which no info is released
drilling mud - solution of water & cement pumped into
well thru drill pipe to keep walls of hole
in shape during drilling

1982 Forest Service lingo

Log transfer facilities -- Log dump
Mass wasting -- land slide
Residence time (of a log) -- Time it takes a log to rot.
Tree recruitment -- Tree falling down
Forced landing -- Plane crash.
Releasing a forest -- Logging
Roads placed in storage -- abandoned roads
Loon shit --
Idiot strips -- Buffer strips of trees left standing along streams or beaches.
Access development -- building roads
Music sheet -- Logging plan
Stumpmakers -- loggers
Seen areas -- Places a person can see.
WAD -- Wet ass day.
WA -- wilderness adventure (getting lost in the woods).
Pumpkin patch -- Fine stand of spruce.
Ship -- Helicopter
Unit -- small machine
Ooze -- bleed
Puzzle palace -- Regional office in Juneau
Opportunit  es -- Man made changes in the forest.
POC -- Piece of Cake.
Backdate -- Sign something late.
Access route -- road
Management prescription -- mining, logging, etc. plan.
Waste impact pattern -- where and how waste falls in an outhouse pit.
Tree failure -- tree falling down.
Finn plumbing -- backwards hot & cold water
Norwegian turkey -- cormorant
First Avenue bugle -- beer bottle hidden in bag while being drunk by a drunk.

— from Mary Muller, USFS,
Sitka, Nov. '82