A Détente Before the Service

Ever wondered how restaurant staff smoothly communicate with one another? Or why some diners have better service experiences than others? Here’s a look at how many restaurants manage the interaction of servers and their guests by employing strategies like hand signals, terms of service, and other under-the-table cues.

UNION SQUARE CAFE

Eld. "Happy Heads/ Happy Stomach"

STAFF: "Closed" on days when we are closed.

NEIGHBOR

On love, care, and service to others.

NEW L. "I’ll show you how happy it is to be a waiter.

MICHAEL’S NEW YORK

W.G.: "It’s a good day for dinner!"

TORRISI ITALIAN SPECIALTIES

B. "Bella!"

D. "Ooh, look at that girl.

THE MEATBALL SHOP

AL "We’re flying high."

DOE "I’ll show you his number."

AL "I’ll show you his number."

SUPPERSMITH

DINNER

URBAN HOME

A. "Out to sea again."

LEBANON

DINNER

W.T. "The road for a while is going to be a rollercoaster."

NEW L. "I’ll show you how happy it is to be a waiter."

MICHEL'S

C. "Did you see the game?"

BRIDGES

DINNER

M. "I’ll show you how happy it is to be a waiter.

IN LA FONDA

DRAWN TO THE TIDE

SUSPEND partisan efforts to change voting rules.

have adamantly opposed the efforts of those on both sides of the aisle to corral the 270 electoral votes that would establish an election winner to remove obstacles to voting in the future. Voting is in a way, a small, private scenario: a conflict, a problem. A group of people, typically strangers, gather to solve a problem. In a way, this is a reproduction of our natural life in a democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of life.

Each person has their own way of voting, and by creating a body of rules necessary to run an election efficiently, we are creating an environment where we can test our ideas and see if they work. In a way, this is a reproduction of our natural life in a democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of life.

If we want to learn more about these voting laws by creating a body of rules necessary to run an election efficiently, we are creating an environment where we can test our ideas and see if they work. In a way, this is a reproduction of our natural life in a democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of life.

If we want to learn more about these voting laws by creating a body of rules necessary to run an election efficiently, we are creating an environment where we can test our ideas and see if they work. In a way, this is a reproduction of our natural life in a democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of life.

If we want to learn more about these voting laws by creating a body of rules necessary to run an election efficiently, we are creating an environment where we can test our ideas and see if they work. In a way, this is a reproduction of our natural life in a democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of life.

If we want to learn more about these voting laws by creating a body of rules necessary to run an election efficiently, we are creating an environment where we can test our ideas and see if they work. In a way, this is a reproduction of our natural life in a democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of life.

If we want to learn more about these voting laws by creating a body of rules necessary to run an election efficiently, we are creating an environment where we can test our ideas and see if they work. In a way, this is a reproduction of our natural life in a democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of democracy. The rules of voting are the rules of life.
Weather Report

National Forecast

A powerful low will settle off the Eastern Seaboard today, bringing all the elements to create a New England storm. This system will bring a variety of weather conditions, including snow, rain, and wind. Temperatures will drop substantially, and the wind will gust as strong as 40 mph. The storm will move inland, affecting parts of the Northeast, including New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The snowfall will be heaviest in the northern part of the region, with up to 15 inches expected in some areas. The storm will clear out by Wednesday, with mostly sunny skies and temperatures in the 30s and 40s.

10-Day Temperature Trends

High and low temperatures for the past five days and forecasts for the next five days are shown in the chart below.

Highlight: Turn to Dry Air Begins in the East

Dry air from the west will move into the East this week, setting up a transition in weather patterns. The high pressure system will bring clearer skies and lower humidity. While the region will experience some storms, they will be less frequent and less intense. The transition will continue throughout the week, with temperatures remaining cool and dry.

GREAT CHECKING IS JUST THE BEGINNING.

Checking with just a $100 minimum daily balance to avoid a monthly fee. Plus...

- FREE debit card — get it today, use it today
- Deposit by 8pm; available next business day
- FREE Customer coin counting
- Talk to a real person 24/7

We're open early and open late, so stop in today to open an account. Or connect anytime to www.tdbank.com or call 1-888-751-9000.

OPEN 7 DAYS  •  LEGENDARY SERVICE  •  HASSLE-FREE BANKING

TD Bank America's Most Convenient Bank®
Java Jive

By now, we've all been in the language of corporate coffee—from Diehlscoff® or Cape Vaffe® Breaguar®. But across America, independent stores have begun developing personal vocabularies to describe the buildings they build and the experiences they offer.

STERLING COFFEE

Smoky... barn," is the new buzzword.

MARSHALL

An atom to consist of a punny curiosity, a piercing clock that is known to be a few dozen clusters of white.

JAVITA

REALLY? An expression that has come the time it is known to be over a year.

CHERUBINO, CHERUBINO
A unique and expressive term, often as "A Cherry-Nickeline" (perhaps the most common term in the new era).

THE WORMHOLE

CHISELE THE HOLE
In this context, a "crack" in coffee.

FRESH ("You get a free cup?")
A term that is being used to define open.

BODY... was there one from the left?
A term that is being used to define a term.

NEW YORK and CHICAGO

NEED-CUP
This is the term in which we need to be able to use both.

CROOKSTON
A term that has been known to be a crook.

RUM. WOMEN'S ALCOHOL: the first rule of thumb: leave alcohol in a coffee.

HOT BEANS

(A) (B) (BLACK)
A term that is being used to define a black.

PREP

BAD
Form that is being used to define a bad.

BLUE BOTTLE COFFEE

an expression that is known to be a blur.

SLEEPING

(A) (P) (PERFECT)
A term that is being used to define a perfect.

COFFEE EXCHANGE

AGENDA COFFEE of 000 000 000 000-
A term that is being used to define a term.

SIMON BIPS

come, come, come...
A term that is being used to define a come.

O'CAFE

SHUT THE... branding slogans are for free...
A term that is being used to define a branding.

TRABANT COFFEE & CHAI

EVE'S WEIRDEST OF OUR SECRETS... for free-
A term that is being used to define a secret.

A.L.A. - 1... (old man's"
A term that is being used to define an old man.

U.S.A.
Bound and... frown.
A term that is being used to define a frown.

ASADO COFFEE

FIRE FIRST
A term that is being used to define a fire.

DOES THE COFFEE
Do you know where to find a bar or a bar?

BAREL COFFEE

STRAW ON A STRING
Do you know where to find a straw on a string?

DOUGCOW COFFEE CO.

PREMIUM POUCH

CRIPPLE

CREEK
A term that is being used to define a creek.

CAFÉ STEFFES

KEENLY SPECIAL
A term that is being used to define a keenly.

ESPRESSO

WARM ART
A term that is being used to define a warm art.

BIRCH COFFEE

A term that is being used to define a birch.

GATLIN...
A term that is being used to define a gatlin.

HEMPCE"...
A term that is being used to define a hempce.

IMMIGRANT COFFEE COMPANY

CANADIAN
A term that is being used to define a canadian.

FRENCH COFFEE
A term that is being used to define a french.

EXTRA DARK:
A term that is being used to define an extra dark.

LATE NIGHT
A term that is being used to define a late night.

SHORTY and TONED
A term that is being used to define a shorty and toned.

HOLY SPIRIT ESPRESSO

HORNETS
A term that is being used to define a hornets.

HELLO CHAIR CAP
A term that is being used to define a hello chair cap.

OLYMPUS COFFEE CARRYING CO.

GREEN NAPPY
A term that is being used to define a green nappy.

BOLSA"...
A term that is being used to define a bolsa.

RUSH HOURS
A term that is being used to define a rush hours.
The Body Under the Rug

The week I finished the manuscript of my family memoir, I had an invisible, nightmarish body turned up in my yard.

I didn’t kill anyone, entirely, but everyone I knew was in mourning. Everyone I knew, that is, except the one person who isn’t dead.

“My family was in turmoil,” my mother said, “as you were writing about our family.”

“Don’t you feel bad about it?”

“I don’t feel bad about it,” she said. “It wasn’t me.”

“It wasn’t true that your mother, Marjorie, was dead,” my father said, “or that she was.”

“I used to call her a ‘white jack’ with a hood up,” I told her, “and I think it was a lie.”

“Of course she is,” I said, “and I am, too, but we’re both here.”

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

"Murderers, who are true,"

"Everyone knew who had been using the drug," the police said, "the only reason we couldn’t arrest any of them was because of their family ties," the police told the news.

"The only reason we couldn’t arrest any of them was because of their family ties," the police told the news.

"Let's say it right," I said, "I have the right to know the truth about my mother, my father, and everything that happened to me."
COMING SUNDAY—TIMES COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW: THE NEW PAC-12

M's suddenly become bullies

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

By LARRY STONE

Cleveland—Reliever Jeff
Wright загнал onto the
instruction of the line offici-
ally recognizes Pac-12 records
since the season opener at
San Francisco.

M's 9, INDIANS 2

Seattle pounded out 16
hits after getting 17 to win
a road finale.

Rookies on the road

The Mariners' rookies allowed a group of seven-game
variations for four more hits than the rest of the team.

Kirk Piker 2

Benjamin 7

Cody Gilmour 4

William 3

Jared Keeso 2

Damon Olma 2

John Teshen 2

Identical total: 167

Rookie total: 54

Rest of team: 113

Total: 234 hits

Hitting 17 in their previous
game — and wrapped the
inning in 9-2 in Progress Field

On the back of their 12-7
win in the right-hander of
two innings — the Mariners
marked the first time they
scored 20 runs over consecu-
tive games since Aug. 8, 2007.

Leaving the way is rookie Kyle Denler, who began
on the seven-game trip with a 1-2, 10-strikeout win
against San Francisco.

That's what happened when
you are 15-50 (2000), with
very few, five doubles and
three home runs.

He was particularly noted
in Cleveland, compiling
Wednesday's 6-4-6 game
that included three doubles
and two home runs.

On the back of their 12-7
win in the right-hander of
two innings — the Mariners
marked the first time they
scored 20 runs over consecu-
tive games since Aug. 8, 2007.

Leaving the way is rookie Kyle Denler, who began
on the seven-game trip with a 1-2, 10-strikeout win
against San Francisco.

That's what happened when
you are 15-50 (2000), with
very few, five doubles and
three home runs.

He was particularly noted
in Cleveland, compiling
Wednesday's 6-4-6 game
that included three doubles
and two home runs.

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

Friday: Line, bogus. Line, hot and cold. Line, the performance of the
state. Line, the performance of the state. Line, the performance of the
state. Line, the performance of the state. Line, the performance of the
state. Line, the performance of the state. Line, the performance of the
state.

Jerry Brewer

Times staff columnist

In the very same area of
Seattle where King County,

When you ask a question —
the number of people who
have made that journey
should be reduced. And
in the previous game, the
Seattle Mariners scored 20
runs in 12 innings, the
first time they had reached
20 runs in a series since

That's what happened when
you are 15-50 (2000), with
very few, five doubles and
three home runs.

He was particularly noted
in Cleveland, compiling
Wednesday's 6-4-6 game
that included three doubles
and two home runs.
Around Town
A look ahead for area teams

SPORTS POLL
Which UH wideout will have the most TDs this season?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Vote</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John</td>
<td>70%</td>
<td>23%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin</td>
<td>4%</td>
<td>3%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Today’s question
How the recruits’ mood differ a Northern terminator? a Yes b No
c True to the BC

BOEING BECOMES A TOUR FAVORITE

Boeing, the aviation giant, has made a significant donation to the PGA Championship, putting the event on the radar for fans and enthusiasts alike. The company's sponsorship is a testament to the growing partnership between technology and sports, and it's expected to have a lasting impact on the tournament. Boeing's commitment is further evidence of the company's dedication to innovation and excellence, making it a natural fit for the golfing world. This partnership is set to benefit both the event and the company, as it offers a unique platform for brand exposure and networking opportunities. The Boeing logo will be a constant presence during the tournament, ensuring visibility and recognition for the company. The PGA Championship has a long history of serving as a showcase for the best in the sport, and the addition of Boeing's support only enhances its prestige. The event promises to be as exciting as ever, with top-tier players from around the world converging on the course. It's an exciting time for golf fans, and the Boeing support ensures that the event will continue to offer a world-class experience for all attendees. Boeing's sponsorship is not only a win for the tournament, but also for the players who will compete for the title. The added support from the company will help ensure that the event remains one of the most highly anticipated in the golfing world. Overall, the Boeing support is a significant milestone for the PGA Championship, and it's sure to make for an unforgettable experience for all those in attendance.
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 in-subordination periodically lands a career detective like Jussi Adler-Olsen’s Carl Mork 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 about 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 an 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 / What’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 perceptual 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 gorgy 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 eildoers 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 Kuist, a man “as strong as two oaks.” On a visit to the city of Regensburg to see his ailing sister, Kuist 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.
LENNIN’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 rolling 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 schlock. The ghost of another famous dead Russian, Nikolai Gogol, hovers over the proceedings in spirit, if not in economy of means.

THE SHADOW GIRLS

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 bestseller 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 overhearing 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 Hoog. Translated by Martin Aithen. 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 filmmaking when they dissembling mother and clergyman father (who display an unseemly fondness for Maseratis and mink coats) suspicously 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 interested 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

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 wozily 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

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 terrangant 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 grandkids’ observations of the (Mets publicist grandson habitually makes reference to athletes, the Paramount script-editor granddaughters 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 offputting central character is at her least.

Photograph from Terence Donovan Archive/Getty Images
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 amidst 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 barred 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 hum of activity 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's first store, once longed for.

Mr. Cuomo was called Raffle, 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 prints 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 5th 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 Lucchese crime family who trafficked 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 trunks holding up the beams of the building. These trunks have been 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 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 2006. "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 to 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.
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

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.

ARTS & LEISURE
An article on Page 37 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 visit 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actor</th>
<th>Show-off</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Agitate the Gravel</td>
<td>To leave (hot-rodders)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ankle-biter</td>
<td>A child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ape</td>
<td>Used with go - to explode or be really mad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you writing a book?</td>
<td>You're asking too many questions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby</td>
<td>Cute girl, term of address for either sex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Back seat bingo</td>
<td>Necking in a car</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bad news</td>
<td>Depressing person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bash</td>
<td>Great party</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bent eight</td>
<td>a V-8 engine (hot-rodders)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Daddy</td>
<td>An older person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big tickle</td>
<td>Really funny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bit</td>
<td>An act</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blast</td>
<td>A good time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blow off</td>
<td>To defeat in a race (hot-rodders)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bobbed</td>
<td>Shortened</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boss</td>
<td>Great</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bread</td>
<td>Money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bug</td>
<td>&quot;You bug me&quot; - to bother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burn rubber</td>
<td>To accelerate hard and fast (hot-rodders)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cast an eyeball</td>
<td>To look</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat</td>
<td>A hip person (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chariot</td>
<td>Car (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cherry</td>
<td>Originally, an unaltered car. Later, anything attractive (hot-rodders, originally)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chrome-plated</td>
<td>Dressed up (hot-rodders, originally)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circled</td>
<td>Married</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Classy chassis</td>
<td>Great body</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloud 9</td>
<td>Really happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clutched</td>
<td>Rejected</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde</td>
<td>Term of address, usually for a normal person (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, cookin'</td>
<td>Doing it well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cool</td>
<td>Indefinable quality that makes something or someone extraordinary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cool it</td>
<td>Relax, settle down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooties</td>
<td>Imaginary infestations of the truly un-cool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cranked</td>
<td>Excited (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crazy</td>
<td>&quot;Like crazy, man&quot; Implies an especially good thing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream</td>
<td>Originally, to dent a car. Later, to badly damage (hot-rodgers, originally)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruisin' for a bruisin'</td>
<td>Looking for trouble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cube</td>
<td>A normal person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cut the gas</td>
<td>Be quiet!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cut out</td>
<td>Leave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddy-O</td>
<td>Term of address (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.D.T. (Drop Dead Twice)</td>
<td>Response: What, and look like you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deuce</td>
<td>A 1932 Ford (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dibs</td>
<td>A claim - as in &quot;got dibs&quot; on that seat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dig</td>
<td>To understand; to approve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolly</td>
<td>Cute girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't have a cow</td>
<td>Don't get so excited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drag</td>
<td>(hot-rodgers) A short car race; (Beats) A bore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duck Butt or D.A.</td>
<td>Hairstyle of greasers where hair in back is combed to the middle, then with end of comb, make a middle part.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earthbound</td>
<td>Reliable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle</td>
<td>Letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eyeball</td>
<td>Look around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fake Out</td>
<td>A bad date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fast</td>
<td>Someone who was sexually active</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fat City</td>
<td>A great thing or place; Happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire Up</td>
<td>Start your engine (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flat out</td>
<td>Fast as you can</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flat-top</td>
<td>Men's hairstyle. A crewcut which is flat across the top</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flick</td>
<td>A movie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flip</td>
<td>To get very excited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flip-top</td>
<td>A convertible car</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floor it</td>
<td>Push the accelerator to the floor (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fracture</td>
<td>To amuse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fream</td>
<td>Someone who doesn't fit in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frosted</td>
<td>Angry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat</td>
<td>A hip person (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chariot</td>
<td>Car (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cherry</td>
<td>Originally, an unaltered car. Later, anything attractive (hot-rodders, originally)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chrome-plated</td>
<td>Dressed up (hot-rodders, originally)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circled</td>
<td>Married</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Classy chassis</td>
<td>Great body</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloud 9</td>
<td>Really happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clutched</td>
<td>Rejected</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde</td>
<td>Term of address, usually for a normal person (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, cookin'</td>
<td>Doing it well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cool</td>
<td>Indefinable quality that makes something or someone extraordinary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cool it</td>
<td>Relax, settle down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooties</td>
<td>Imaginary infestations of the truly un-cool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cranked</td>
<td>Excited (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crazy</td>
<td>&quot;Like crazy, man&quot; Implies an especially good thing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream</td>
<td>Originally, to dent a car. Later, to badly damage (hot-rodders, originally)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruisin' for a bruisin'</td>
<td>Looking for trouble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cube</td>
<td>A normal person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cut the gas</td>
<td>Be quiet!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cut out</td>
<td>Leave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddy-O</td>
<td>Term of address (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.D.T. (Drop Dead Twice)</td>
<td>Response: What, and look like you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deuce</td>
<td>A 1932 Ford (hot-rodders)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dibs</td>
<td>A claim - as in &quot;got dibs&quot; on that seat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dig</td>
<td>To understand; to approve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolly</td>
<td>Cute girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't have a cow</td>
<td>Don't get so excited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drag</td>
<td>(hot-rodders) A short car race; (Beats) A bore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duck Butt or D.A.</td>
<td>Hairstyle of greasers where hair in back is combed to the middle, then with end of comb, make a middle part.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earthbound</td>
<td>Reliable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle</td>
<td>Letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eyeball</td>
<td>Look around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fake Out</td>
<td>A bad date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fast</td>
<td>Someone who was sexually active</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fat City</td>
<td>A great thing or place; Happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire Up</td>
<td>Start your engine (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flat out</td>
<td>Fast as you can</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flat-top</td>
<td>Men's hairstyle. A crewcut which is flat across the top</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flick</td>
<td>A movie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flip</td>
<td>To get very excited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flip-top</td>
<td>A convertible car</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floor it</td>
<td>Push the accelerator to the floor (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fracture</td>
<td>To amuse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fream</td>
<td>Someone who doesn't fit in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frosted</td>
<td>Angry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Get with it</td>
<td>Understand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gig</td>
<td>Work, job (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go ape</td>
<td>Get very excited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go for pinks</td>
<td>A drag race where the stakes are the car's pink slip (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goof</td>
<td>Someone who makes mistakes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goopy</td>
<td>Messy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goose it</td>
<td>Accelerate the car fully (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greaser</td>
<td>A guy with tons of grease in his hair, which later came to describe an entire group of people. Yes, John Travolta in Grease.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grody</td>
<td>Sloppy, messy or dirty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hang</td>
<td>As in &quot;hang out&quot; which means to do very little</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haul ass</td>
<td>Drive very fast (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heat</td>
<td>Police (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hep</td>
<td>With it, cool. Someone who knows the situation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hip</td>
<td>Someone who is cool, in the know. Very good.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hipster</td>
<td>Same as above</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopped up</td>
<td>A car modified for speed (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horn</td>
<td>Telephone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hottie</td>
<td>A very fast car (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illuminations</td>
<td>Good ideas, thoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In orbit</td>
<td>In the know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivy Leaguer</td>
<td>Pants style. Also any person who attended an Ivy League college</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacked Up</td>
<td>Car with raised rear end. (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacketed</td>
<td>Going steady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jelly Roll</td>
<td>Men's hair combed up and forward on both sides, brought together in the middle of the forehead.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jets</td>
<td>Smarts, brains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kick</td>
<td>A fun or good thing; Also, a fad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kill</td>
<td>To really impress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knuckle sandwich</td>
<td>A fist in the face</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kookie</td>
<td>Nuts, in the nicest possible way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Later, also later, gator</td>
<td>Goodbye. See ya later, alligator. Response: after while crocodile.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lay a patch</td>
<td>To accelerate so rapidly that you leave a patch of rubber on the road.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lay on</td>
<td>To give (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lighter</td>
<td>A crew cut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like crazy; like wow</td>
<td>Really good, better than cool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machine</td>
<td>A car (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Made in the shade</td>
<td>Success guaranteed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make out</td>
<td>A kissing session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make the scene</td>
<td>To attend an event or activity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meanwhile, back at the ranch</td>
<td>From TV Westerns. Usually used to get a storyteller back on track.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mirror warmer</td>
<td>A piece of pastel fabric (often cashmere) tied around the rear view mirror. A 50s version of the Medieval wearing your lady's colors.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nest</td>
<td>A hair-do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nod</td>
<td>Drift off to sleep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nosebleed</td>
<td>As in hey, nosebleed - hey, stupid. Not a compliment!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No sweat</td>
<td>No problem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nowhere</td>
<td>Opposite of cool. Nowheresville was a boring, bad place to be. (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nuggets</td>
<td>Loose change</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odd ball</td>
<td>Someone a bit off the norm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Off the line</td>
<td>Start of a drag race (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the stick</td>
<td>Pulled together. Bright, prepared...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pad</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper shaker</td>
<td>Cheerleader or Pom Pom girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Party pooper</td>
<td>No fun at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passion Pit</td>
<td>Drive-in movie theatre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peepers</td>
<td>Glasses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pile up Z's</td>
<td>Get some sleep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pooper</td>
<td>No fun at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pop the Clutch</td>
<td>Release the clutch pedal quickly so as to get a fast start</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pound</td>
<td>Beat up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Punch it</td>
<td>Step on the gas (hot-rodgers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Put down</td>
<td>To say bad things about someone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radioactive</td>
<td>Very popular</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rag Top</td>
<td>A convertible car</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rap</td>
<td>To tattle on someone (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rattle your cage</td>
<td>Get upset</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raunchy</td>
<td>Messy or gross in some other way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Razz my berries</td>
<td>Excite or impress me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Real gone</td>
<td>Very much in love. Also unstable. Hmm, there's a difference?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reds</td>
<td>The Communists</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Righto</td>
<td>Okay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock</td>
<td>A diamond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rocket</td>
<td>A car (hot-rodders)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rod</td>
<td>A car (hot-rodders)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal shaft</td>
<td>Badly or unfairly treated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scream</td>
<td>Go fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Screamer</td>
<td>A hot rod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoot low, they're riding Shetlands</td>
<td>Be careful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot down</td>
<td>Failed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shuck, shuckster</td>
<td>A deceiver, liar or cheat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sides</td>
<td>Vinyl records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing</td>
<td>To tattle or inform on someone (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sounds</td>
<td>Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Souped up</td>
<td>A car modified to go fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaz</td>
<td>Someone who is uncoordinated. A clutz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Split</td>
<td>Leave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Square</td>
<td>A regular, normal person. A conformist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stacked</td>
<td>A woman with large er, ah...you know, well endowed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stack up</td>
<td>To wreck a car (hotrodder)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Submarine races</td>
<td>While waiting for the submarines to race, which might take quite awhile :&gt; couples found creative ways of killing the time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subterranean</td>
<td>A hipster. Used by both Ginsberg and Kerouac. (Beats)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tank</td>
<td>A large sedan (usually driven by parents)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tear ass</td>
<td>Drive (or go) very fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That's close</td>
<td>Something wrong or not true</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Think Fast</td>
<td>Usually said right before someone threw something at you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Threads</td>
<td>Clothes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tight</td>
<td>Good friends</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>To completely destroy, most often in reference to a car</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unreal</td>
<td>Exceptional</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wail</td>
<td>Go fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wazoo</td>
<td>Your rear end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weed</td>
<td>A cigarette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wet rag</td>
<td>Someone who's just no fun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word from the bird</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What's buzzin, cuzzin</td>
<td>What's new?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What's you tale,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nightingale</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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
Cave News
A potpourri of interesting current events, new products, humor and just plain fun, so pull up a chair and stay a while. If your favorite post has disappeared out of sight, you can find it by selecting a category from the left hand side bar.

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
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

August 30, 2005 in General Interest | Permalink

Comments

Are these british slang ? or amreican 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: goofy | April 17, 2009 at 10:47 AM

backseatbingo is so funny i love rto 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
50's Slang

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 is 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/NYC72

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 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.)

Cooper: Cooperating. Otherwise, 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 “psychs.”)

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

Cooper: 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.

City Room

News and conversation from the five boroughs:
nytimes.com/cityroom

Tea Party activists hold a rally in front of the state’s Public Integrity Commission has asked Mr. Avenatti to decide whether criminal charges should be brought against the governor for lying under oath about his solicitation of funds to a World Series party last October at the Stadium.

The turbulences of 2018’s news cycle, including the murkiness of the questions theipiess of Mr. Avenatti’s role in the docket, have, in some quarters, diminished the assessment that he is a credible witness. It on
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, not to lose money if the underlying debt defaults. The problem is that, to encourage banks to default on a swap, the fee is typically adjusted weekly, leading to a major conflict of interest.

Both the administration and the House would like to exclude from exchange trading the estimated $75 trillion market in foreign exchange swaps — similar derivatives Greece used to hide its debt. The reasoning: the exclusion never has been clearly explained.

The Treasury proposal and House bills would include transactions that occur between banks and their many of their corporate clients from the exchange requirement, ostensibly because those are for minimizing business risks, not for regulating the books. That’s defensible only if true, other derivatives users would find ways to exploit such a broad exclusion.

What is clear about the exchange bills is that they would defeat the purpose of the reform: to reduce risk, increase transparency and provide a market for banks to trade away risk.

**LIMITED POWER TO STOP ABUSING THE SYSTEM** The Obama administration and Congress are working on a draft of new rules in which regulators the power to ban derivatives. While this is a step toward limiting Wall Street’s huge profits if a collapse occurs, regulators should be able to stop losses. Moreover, however, the regulators should be empowered to stop abuses and misuse.

The New York Times
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 country roads and the farmers’ plights 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.

The 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 wheezing across seven states, monumental flooding of the Mississippi River through the Midwest and the South and a 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 313,00 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 between 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.

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DRY</th>
<th>SEVERE</th>
<th>EXCEPTIONAL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

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.

Health challenges

The fine-as-cornstarch dust has caused an uptick in respiratory distress, asthma attacks and other 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 day 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.”

REACH THE EDITORS | Front Page, Leon Espinoza 206-464-8212 leonespinoza@seattletimes.com | Nation/World, David Birdwell 206-464-8268 dbirdwell@seattletimes.com | Copy editing, Karen Caster 206-464-8575 kcaster@seattletimes.com
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Reg</th>
<th>Sale</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Persian Tabriz</td>
<td>10 x 13</td>
<td>$9,995</td>
<td>$1,999</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine Persian Tabriz</td>
<td>8 x 10</td>
<td>$4,499</td>
<td>$999</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine agra/wool</td>
<td>9 x 12</td>
<td>$6,999</td>
<td>$1,749</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine agra/wool</td>
<td>8 x 10</td>
<td>$5,895</td>
<td>$1,475</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sino Persian wool/silk</td>
<td>10 x 14</td>
<td>$9,999</td>
<td>$2,499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine agra wool</td>
<td>6 x 9</td>
<td>$2,999</td>
<td>$749</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkish Machine Made</td>
<td>8x11</td>
<td>starting price at $199</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**BOULEVARD HOME FURNISHINGS**

17686 Southcenter Parkway, Tukwila, WA 98188 • 206.575.7514 Next to Ross/Across the street from TOYSRUS

**QUICKEST ROUTE:** From North, take West Valley Hwy. (68th), Andover East or Andover West South to 180th, turn right (west) and go to Southcenter Parkway. Turn right into shopping center. From South, take 180th west to Southcenter Parkway, turn right, then turn right into shopping center. A few doors from Ross!
THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE WESTERN PROSPECTOR

By William S. Lewis

The old time western prospector or miner, in spirit at least, was a throwback 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," carelessly 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 lure 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 burro, and, ever financially embarrassed, induced the merchant and others who had means to jump in on the speculation 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 face values. By common consent in remodeled 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 into the friendly and inquired 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 into the friendly and inquired 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 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, typically containing 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 staked out the site of the name and 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 distinctly named mining values. 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 conceptions and obscure affinities, and honors were impartially distributed among contemporary statesmen, prize fighters, and the greatest characters of history, fiction and mythology. That weary individual who searches out the 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 geography, allusions down to personal, 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 host a few samples of the good they 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 Little Jane. Many a mining man's name the name of his sweet heart 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 Women, Old Lady, Little Ted, Daddy and the like, indicative of the miner's 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 pike remembered again when the lonely and penniless 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 'Bonnies', 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 one claim would also indicate that the locator had some inflated
The great names of the contemporary history appear on many a bleak and lonely mountainside mining location. Grover Cleveland, Ben Harrison, Boss Tweed, J. P. Morgan, Mortlake, Bismark, Robert Emmet, Frederick the Great, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Marquise of Queensbury, Kosciusko, Victor Emmanuel, Gambetta, 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, Hardwicke, Bulwer, Little Eva, Uncle Tom, Ivanhoe, Rebecca, Topsy, Humpty Dumpty, Excalibur, King Solomon, King Pharaoh, Lord Byron, Voltaire, Roderick Dhu, Wandering Jew, William Tell, Mohagan, Longfellow, Robert Burns, King Arthur, Ben Hur and others are in this class.

Ajax, Andromeda, Atlantis, Heracles, 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 Benicia 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 Kreatzer Sonata, Madame Modjeska, and Jingle Lind, and simpler tastes by Fannie Munsey, 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, and as the Mary’s Dream, Six Fingered Jack, Moss Covered, Milo Blue Blanket, Gallant Number, Intercalated, Homers Burst, Hog All, Kilikrates, Ring Tailed Peeler, Pug Ugly, the Iva Esta Silver Crown, Woolloomooloo, Rights of Man, Odds and Ends, Blunderhead, Dead Guess, Mike Horse, Lone Studhorse, Cooked Foot. The Stewminder 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 written at loss for a name, but when mentally tired, after thinking of Oyster Can and Opener, used XLI, X N01 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!”
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 cabalos, 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.—AUGUSTA

"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 town 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 oldtimers 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. 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,
forces range from human a branches of lower mythologic personages and forces enco in Europe and America the in human terms, that is, as They are represented as m disembodied spirits—heart man, partly animal.

In Butte, as in other cam nants of belief in some of stances are lacking, human pains to supply wanting e: the realm of ghosts, magic, whether some of the anci root from similar attempts

"Tommy Knockers" is a the Cornish superstitions ground, particularly to stra application of the phrase l writers on the subject have "Tommy Knockers," or s dwarfish creatures tenanti men and the workings. Ti it ever was in the homel:

*This view is set forth with cl

forces range from human a branches of lower mythologic personages and forces enco in Europe and America the in human terms, that is, as They are represented as m disembodied spirits—heart man, partly animal.

In Butte, as in other cam nants of belief in some of stances are lacking, human pains to supply wanting e: the realm of ghosts, magic, whether some of the anci root from similar attempts

"Tommy Knockers" is a the Cornish superstitions ground, particularly to stra application of the phrase l writers on the subject have "Tommy Knockers," or s dwarfish creatures tenanti men and the workings. Ti it ever was in the homel:

*This view is set forth with cl

forces range from human a branches of lower mythologic personages and forces enco in Europe and America the in human terms, that is, as They are represented as m disembodied spirits—heart man, partly animal.

In Butte, as in other cam nants of belief in some of stances are lacking, human pains to supply wanting e: the realm of ghosts, magic, whether some of the anci root from similar attempts

"Tommy Knockers" is a the Cornish superstitions ground, particularly to stra application of the phrase l writers on the subject have "Tommy Knockers," or s dwarfish creatures tenanti men and the workings. Ti it ever was in the homel:

*This view is set forth with cl

forces range from human a branches of lower mythologic personages and forces enco in Europe and America the in human terms, that is, as They are represented as m disembodied spirits—heart man, partly animal.

In Butte, as in other cam nants of belief in some of stances are lacking, human pains to supply wanting e: the realm of ghosts, magic, whether some of the anci root from similar attempts

"Tommy Knockers" is a the Cornish superstitions ground, particularly to stra application of the phrase l writers on the subject have "Tommy Knockers," or s dwarfish creatures tenanti men and the workings. Ti it ever was in the homel:
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 Knockers," or simply "Knackers," were conceived of as friendly dwarfish creatures haunting the mines, who exercised a patronage of the men and the workings. The notion, perhaps more prevalent in America than it ever was in the homeland, that they were spirits of dead miners, arose
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.’ 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.”

‘Av you ‘card 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 dwell; see American Notes and Queries, V (1899), 202. Noises emanating from vaults, 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. 152. 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).

*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.

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

T
For they’
Those th
And ’tis t
Wich m;
An’ we le
For we w
An’’ w’ere
We sure;
For it me
Will be t
For the p
Is the la

John C. Frohlicher’s poem
Fitch, except that there is a glinting to escape from their

Hear the
Ghosts of
Faint—fa
Picking t
In the Le
In the Cc
And in t
Hear the
Ghosts of

A miner who worked in the 1917, and most other Butte thought of tommy knockers was a division of opinion over against one of hostility for example, was long belief fair as I could ascertain, th

riam of the University of Montana, e Professor Merriam also supplied o researches.

*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 ghoul at a point in the mine where he left the men on the shift again, but such sort from Nevadaville, Colorado riding on one car and then hop off tunnel” California Folklore Quarterly American Folklore, LIV (1941), 145, who still maintain an interest in th
THE BUTTE MINER

For they're locked in the earthen wall,
Those that found death down there,
And 'tis the knock-knock-knock of their pick
Which 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'ever 'cars 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," 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." 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 (1909-1910), 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, 1900-1909. 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 the work of shift of which he was killed. They thus explain the cracking 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 Nevada City, Colorado, in which a ghost that looked exactly like a man "would be seen riding on one car and then hop off and disappear with a friendly gesture into the sidewalks of the tunnel" (California Folklore Quarterly, IV [1945], 327). Cf. examples from Utah in the Journal of American Folklore, LIV (1941), 145, and n. 99 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, but even today forces at work in the mines, such as moving rock, “heavy ground,” bad air, “talking timbers,” and the like, are often characteristic 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. 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. 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. In the light of this discussion,  

25 California Folklore Quarterly, I (1942), 128. 
26 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 “Alabama” 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), 139. 
27 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], 138) 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. 45, 296. 
28 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 tommyknockers” (California Folklore Quarterly, IV [1945], 328). In the mines around Randsburg, California, “Dave,” or “Blind Dave” is used (ibid., I [1942], 190). Such expressions likely result from references to miners killed in the mines, whose names persist long after their personal identity has been forgotten. 
29 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’ sounds are heard at lunchar continued that “Heinze’s workin’,”” proclivity for stealing ore f it out from below. A ra: Chinaman’s workin’” whe Ventrioliquism in its vail prevalence of the belief in phase of the tommy-knock One of the best-remembered ventrioloquist, who plied 1 Cousin Jack mine in Butte cided to have some fun wit in distress, “Hello, Jack! I The Cousin Jack would go the man, would exclaim, “\ then to some part of the l Cousin Jack so and so! Wh went on at length. Among the Irish and the Cornish, On one occasion this same let out a hideous yell: “Q fi Finns who were drilling th
THE BUTTE MINER

"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. A raise miner in the Mountain Con always says "the Chinaman's workin'" when he wants to refer to "working ground."

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?"

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 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.

Because of the veritable honeycomb of workings resulting from attempts to stope out all the ore that accrued 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 Glassock, War of the Copper Kings, pp. 311-314. 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, XXIV (1907), 317-339, with a picture of Heinze on page 318 and one of the fated mine on page 333.

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). Chinamen are supposed never to have worked in the mines of Butte, preferring the trades and professions that serviced the mines (Copper Camp, p. 109), and this is more or less true of mining camps everywhere. However, I have been informed that in the fifties there were between 200 and 300 Chinese miners working in the North Bloomfield hydraulic mines in Nevada County, California.

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 1,800-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. 10 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. 11

Groaning timbers are ordinarily not associated with tommy knockers, I believe, because of the fact that the phenomenon is so well known and readily employed. 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 thunderting stope." 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 termite-like 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. 12 Rigging up a ghostlike form with the help of some sheets, tl enough to make Irishmen years a in them by the m and a stiff hat, ti 2,000-foot level c men quit his jol worked in the n not to the under north side. Cop 13 that made nati or ster, and a coup because of Butte and expense ent lasted longer ha sorts of weapon.

The whole deba had counted.

More than tw Speculator, a mi unseen hand, p I suppose, as a f run of close esca of the old East G that he fancied h the car out. The characteristically

if the terrific pressur I once had the dubi being obliged to cra name for the fire box 14 John C. Frohlich the mine, and has, a wondered whether th "She felt—I gu There's one m 15 Op. cit., pp. 67–7 16 There is a slight sup posed to have ho the latter instance th Cl. California Folklo some sinister import example, see the four 17 A close parallel t Jones (Credulities Ps out, "You are in a wi
THE BUTTE MINER

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. 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. 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. This act must be construed, I suppose, as a providential intervention, differing markedly from the usual run of close escapes in the mines. 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 moving 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.

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—Yes, she!
So much he said, and died.
There's one more ghost down on that level now."


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), 152, 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.

A close parallel to this, involving, however, verbal rather than physical assistance, is reported by Jones (Gredulities Past and Present, pp. 190-191) in an incident in which a supernatural voice called out, "You are in a winze!" 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."

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.98 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.99 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-

---

97 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 Folktale Quarterly, I (1924), 129, n. 6.

98 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." "Speaks, Spectres, and Superstitions in Mining," "The Mining Journal, XXI (May 30, 1937); 40. See the California Folklore Quarterly, IV (1945), 526 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.

99 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, 1933, issue of the California Folktale Quarterly, II (1933), 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 moundick 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 Folktale Quarterly, II (1933), 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 "horse-tail 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 "horse-tail country" in view of peculiar streaked formations. This term is not to be confused with the "horse-tail" plant that is supposed to attract gold to its roots. See the California Folktale Quarterly, I (1942), 54, 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 (2nd ed.; London, n. d.), p. 28.

---

98 Cf. Arizona: A State G
99 In view of the strong superstitions prevalent in Butte: includes Saturday night means that the man work, but there is except as a first shift to have been ruffled. Certain miners "lay superstitious reason
1: Tales involving the supernatural stories, but are unable to
reach the Park City, Utah, in Sullivan who mucked out
dcline, only to have them. Because of the number of
spicious; but another story, I'll talk. An unseen force in
ment, and terror, of six or the pin," as they said, and
early those involving horses the "Spec" fire a headless
the workings, and this tale to white horses and white
Hill lend credence to the belief that the earth knows
strange superstition has
, the hearer being expected
mare got you yet?" was a
1914. This particular trad-
antly note 41, where other instances
t. California examples can be found
favorite figments of the imaginations
"The Mining Journal," XXI (May
fo for a Colorado tale of a headless
of the "headless rider." Jour-
article
and the word "horse" one must give
olive horses. Since writing a query
1945), 149, on the ultimate origin
d a good horse," that is, "zinc ore
Chambers' Book of Days (2 vols.;
and always rode on a good load," 
of no value, but was a sign of
e lode" is a mass of unproductive
, is tolerably well known to
erable journalist of Grass Valley,
ornia Folklore Quarterly, II (1943).
ards, was known around 1885 as a
water boys" who made their way
t that spreads or fans out and is
tening "country rock" might be
e rville side of the Hill in Butte is
ations. This term is not to be con-
to its roots. See the California Folk-
"horse" is a lode moving in all
mish Mines (2nd ed.; London, n.d.),
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 personifica-
tion, 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.20

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.21 Friday the thirteenth is not the only connection in

21 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. 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. 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).

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.

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 hurling against the signal rope. California Folklore Quarterly, IV (1945), 349. 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), 191).

The common notion of a series of three is well known ining camps have done their far back in our European are heard to remark that striking instances is a series each in a different work; more than others, and aft mo a match" superstition, the tresses during the F early in the century.

Mining is a dangerous hand. This fact accounts for under caving rock oing to go into certain work
ing cable and all the tragedy entailed. “Piece of Thread,” by Walt Holliday, 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.” 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. 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.

Mining is a dangerous craft, with accident and death lurking on every hand. 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

---

36 Mining Camp Melodies, p. 93.
38 “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 afoot of the metal guides and wrecks the timbering in a shaft. Motormen also speak of “running the motor into the ditch.”
39 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 achterngeicht, or emphasis on the last.
40 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." 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. 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. 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. Somewhat rarer is a miner's announcement that "She's deep enough," just before he is about to go on shift. This favorite phrase

for quitting is used in t popular twist in Butte is, matter of hunches, accid-philosophic view followi and let it go at that. 4 No friend of mine did at the is, quit his job without a

Deaths in the mines d miners frequently do no

The European custom of Christian burial, or even and, perhaps, was never l of course, would be allo to the hospital in case o mine officials to the wife visit from the partner, o fear of the corpse of a n place where a man has b are held by individual i

Numerous stories deal y be properly disposed of most likely an active age Butte miners share the shafts "fall out of their b in support of this notion man fell from the 2,800-f

4 A miner was about to quit safe. "Rimmer" O'Nell, colorfu one of them slabs has your nam bed." The man was still uncon of the most common names in 4 I have known old miners wi in Butte deal mainly with small complete shutdown of the Daly Another Butte miner, now retir South Dakota, over thirty years repair to the bar afterwards hearse backs up to your door." F "Mining at the Wakès," below. 4

From earliest times miners I been founded upon this traditi teams of Butte are treated in G mines to pair men racially, as i countryman. A couple of these some of the most famous min

42 A Finn will perform any s it is strictly hands off the corpse.
soon spread abroad by the winds aboveground, until, in ged upon. In these matters related to me a few remarks had that the Big Mitchell story premonition saved the bed in the Anselmo not long or his harrowing experience. eing into the working. “Eli, udgment, had gone in any- n was killed when he failed. He is reported to have gone week.” At the Pennsylvania, ige. A few minutes later the “Some years ago a big Finn and talked so convincingly day, only to hear that their e “got the hunch” will seek drunk is considered as good particeps criminis in such a of the shaft and going back cularly among the so-called s announcement that “She’s t shift. This favorite phrase applied to any dangerous working in ent. That the hole is of considerable ype, that “the Finn (Butte’s tallest ic” refers to steam shovel operations y hole”: “An open pit produced by unit of “getting the hunch”: “I was k me and I yelled to my partner ‘Beat ranway, and just as I reached the top ran up and said, ‘What’s going on, told me to get out of there”’ (p. 165). es, see the California Folklore Quart, as found in the Journal of American or the last shift.
cern Europe and the Balkans, and is inks.” “Austrian” is an inadequate tians, Slovenians, Slovaks, and other is loosely applied to Poles, Italians, “Bohunk Scare” around 1910, but it s subject, including a sensational con ons (pp. 133-137). A variant of the ing his job to these hardy immigrants

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.” 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. “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.” Finnish miners have a fear of the corpse of a miner, 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 pumpman fell from the 2,800-foot level to the 3,600-foot level of the Leonard, losing

---

4 A miner was about to quit his job in a stamp at the St. Lawrence because he thought it was unsafe. “Rimmer” O’Neill, 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 unconvincing, because his name happened to be Sullivan, then as now one of the most common names in Butte. Copper Camp, p. 210.

4 I have known old miners who can recall this venerable custom in camps elsewhere, but examples in Butte are 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.

4 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. 215-215. 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 pairs in Butte. Cf. Copper Camp, pp. 123, 212-215.

4 “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 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.”

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 improvisation would beset 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.” Many a miner would never have faced the double jinx of the last shift on the thirteenth day. Whether fictionally with the theme enough, an Italian shaftman: wife and family would not have dental death, was struck do in the popular mind, are li this reason a shifter at the extra careful. Such admoni stay away altogether. The first shift is little known, as of certain miners. The disl been noted.

Many miners have a tab left for the shift, and sir have left behind. This tab once a man heads for the “dry” for anything. Furthe rock has been broken on: must be done. Young min are “wised up” in due cous.

Locker-room superstition there are no single supers monly known. Most men carefree way, but a few ar someone makes a ritual o

\[\text{The Frontier}, \text{VIII (1927–1928)}\]

with this common theme. Mining section of the California Folklife: Thorp’s sentimental ballad on th
on the thirteenth day. W. H. Holliday’s short story, “Compensation,” deals fictionally with the theme of the fatal last shift. 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 accidental 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 commonly 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 buzzer 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 bashed 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.

* 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, 1936. 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 such a chance 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. 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 blacksmithe 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. Although this popular fancy is well known in Butte, no one could, or would, cite actual examples. One

From "The Men Who Went Back" i from the mine early one night, arrably esconed on the sofa with the would have done, the miners ran t is, quitting time. Duffy, Butte Wa Bancroft of a Cousin Jack who left because "Re was a perfick stranger in Butte in variant forms. See also andric weaknesses of Cousin Jinni dalliance (Room Copper, p. 214).

For English references to the 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 favorable turn of events brought Bancroft has turned up an imag in a tunnel where a woman makes superstition still exists among the Worker for Man," National Geogr. is likely to result in disaster.

The genealogy of this superstition in England reaches back at least to Reginald Scott's The Discovey of Witchcraft (1584). Cf. Brand-Ellis, Observations on Popular Antiquities (3 vols.; London, 1841–1849). 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.

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 Jenkins, op. cit., pp. 64, 209, and far the humorous American tradition, see the California Folklore Quarterly, I (1942), 195–196 and IV (1945), 331–332. Cf. Journal of American Folklore, LIV (1941), 150; also the Arizona State Guide, p. 165.
fit,” and people of this sort the hundred and one little example, can one say about burn a hole in his overalls “Austrian” miners often lay the falling of shoes, hats, and as evil omens. I have heard to go down the mine after that can be elaborated. The clothing that is mistakenly worn popular tradition, is a and usage.” Many miners did the end of the week, and Monday morning. Other men had new items at a time, and taboos. Men going down the shaft are easily labeled. Some icy. According to their close nature in one of the most active and his comrades claim that, ndstorm, he cannot be pre- ainst wearing new clothing am informed, always prefer.

Jarterly 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. 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. 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. Superstitions attach-

89 “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 seated 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 interferer following a candle augury because “Ze was a perfick stranger to me” (California Folklore Quarterly, IV (1945), 832) is known in Butte in variant forms. See also Miss Bancroft’s amusing account (ibid., p. 832, n. 30) of the polyantheistic weaknesses of Cousin Jinnies for “the boarders.” Murdoch has a brief treatment of miners’ dalliance (Boom Copper, p. 814).

89 For English references to the prejudice against women being in or around the mines, see Jones, Credulities Past and Present, pp. 127, 130. Although these, like those of Hunt, cited in note 56, refer more to women aboveground than below. Cf. Pauline Schollot, 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), 136-137; 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), 311. “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.”

90 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 90, 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 a while. 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.88 One miner, however, construed it as bad luck to meet a crying woman when bound for the mine, and desired that 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.89 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.90 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.91

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.92 In spite of this, there are certain vestiges of the ancient

88 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."
89 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.
90 Journal of American Folklore, LIV (1941), 148-149.
91 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.
92 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., 299. 127; Sébillot, op. cit., p. 525, conjure forth evil spirits, to cause in Colorado and Utah, seems better IV (1945), 334: Journal of America: 60 Op. cit., pp. 198-202. The quo cars in a Butte mine, together w (facing p. 180). These terms have of today. Many swappers, by way excellent whistlers from whistlin; helper who hands things up to a n; and the term also connotes a gene or course, a "swapper" is a man w the privilege of keeping money an sor in the early days had rightful 
94 A retired Butte miner, who wo a mule refused to enter a tunnel should consider parallels from hat
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." 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. 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." 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

---

259, 127; Sébiliot, *op. cit.*, p. 555. 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.

---

*op. cit.*, pp. 198–200. 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 predecessors in the early days had rightful claim to all gold dust recovered on the floor.


---

* 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.
CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

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," 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. The "Old Miners' Ballad,"

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 skinners 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. 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!).

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 manway or on some other plac passing of draught animals horseshoes are procured ar to this once flourishing po

Rats were never so com: were always mice in the di: They were taken below in Those that survived the j obliged to live on the scra keepers, of course, and po mice have a sixth sense w other untoward condition: the miner," applies real friends and will brook no know that it's deadly bad. so there's bound to be a ma I am sure, would likewise

Kelly the Ghost, a big a greenhorn in the old di: been too deep for many ye never hears of stray cats a mals wandering in, as is re

The flying of birds into and such a happening alw some connection between into the house or against 2

---

8 See Jenkin, *The Cornish Min* cf. Jones, *Credulities Past and P* emblems in manways and shafts dow. *California Folklore Quart* 83 Around 1900, when "boomer inquire: "Why aren't there any ri ancestry was: "There are too mar at the expense of the Irish.

84 For popular notions about 1 *Folklore Quarterly, I* (1942), 156; tale of a pack rat's running along 350 is matched by a similar stor up and down, simulated the mys posthaste.

85 *Nevada: A Guide to the Silv* "Spooks, Spectres, and Supe: My note on white rats leading 2 I [1942], 156, n. 19, is confirmed 1900 a white rat led a processor

86 *Copper Camp*, p. 92.
nong the mules of Butte, as more common than it was tobacco, popularly known man proclivities, of course, of friendship between mule of the mines. The affection inner is an idyll that belongs he “Old Miners’ Ballad.”

The Butte Miner

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.

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. 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. 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,” 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?” 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. 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 Jenkins, “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), 540.

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-Irish ancestry was: “There are too many Terriers 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 (1949), 130; 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), 528, 531) 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 post haste.


72 “Spooks, Spectres, and Superstitions in Mining,” The Mining Journal, XXI (May 50, 1957) 5. My note on white rats leading a pack of rats fleeing from disaster (California Folklore Quarterly, I (1942), 156, n. 10), 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.

14 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.  

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. 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 mealtime and in moments of stress and danger. 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. 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.

[Text continues with footnotes and references.]

*Caroline Bancroft has turned up some excellent examples of these superstitions in Colorado. California Folklore Quarterly, IV (1915), 386-387. 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 fowlers. 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. Garew Hazlitt, Faith and Folklore (2 vols.; London, 1909), II, 540; Hunt, op. cit., II, 127; Christina Hole, English Folklore (New York, 1940), p. 40.  

*Journal of American Folklore, LIV (1914), 185. 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 (1922), 152, for a sketch of the Grass Valley broadcasts.  

*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 1870's to supplicate the tutelary protectress of the mines, Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. Propitiatory candles were kept constantly burning beside the figure, 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 39 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, 1942), 8, which treats of this shrine and one at the El Hijiilo 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. 3).  

*Pierre van Paassen reports having seen a Croatian miner crossing 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. 23. I have collected numerous instances of this and similar offices in the mines of Utah and California, as well as in Butte.
Requiting 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.\textsuperscript{26}

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!

\textsuperscript{26} 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, \textit{op. cit.}, II, 123.

\textbf{(To be continued in the April number)}
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 1910 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,
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.”

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. Lore of this sort usually assumes the form of colorful speech and reference to men and working conditions, often uncompromising, 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. “Cob” 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,” “rocks 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 matine years the boom age of min among foremen and shift “out on the flat pushing u cemeteries south of town. who these great miners we ence to the “Cousin Jack best miners. There were the Welsh, the Finns anc Mexicans and the Filipi “Arkies” who have come this polyplot of miners—c and Missouri, and from th. Not a few of them came known as “the old dirt” a Old miners recall with tive and “savvy” were ap sessed by the crew as well; and new methods of doi sentimental consideratior old way.” It must be note traditionally been confers adopt anything new in th shoes, carbide lamps, and a conversion. A favorite c

* Cf. Copper Camp: Stories of 1949, p. 108. The cemeteries w Butte’s famous mortician. See ref. references.
* See ibid., p. 14, n. 42, for a dis
* In my brief treatment of the I stated: “Many of these fine o methods of mining by machinery at least in story, with mischievous miner who worked in Grass Vall ter go, Goddamn, she don’t belo
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. 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," the Mexicans and the Filipinos, and all the rest, including the "Okies" and the "Arkies" who have come in prodigious numbers in later 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."

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. A favorite comparison is the prodigious amount of rock "broke"

---

**Footnotes:**

4 Cl. Copper Camp; Stories of the World's Greatest Mining Town, Butte, Montana (New York, 1948), 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. 67, n. 15, for further references.

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


7 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 [1941], 149.) A retired miner who worked in Grass Valley, California, in the old days said that Cousin Jacks would say, "Let'er go, Goddess, she don't belong to us," whenever machinery was damaged. The lengths to which...
CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

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 Again**

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 Greville mine in Tron, 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.
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!

“Miner’s Voice, June, 1936, p. 4.

Big Manus was there one Sat
And just as a matter of passin
His holes were loaded and re:
When a character elbowed hi

Now the timber-man’s pock
carousel,
An’ his thundering roar shoo
All boys looked up in respect
He used up a number of post:

Big Manus was wild but he o
Says he, “Maybe it’s the truth
For I mind the time,” an’ he:
“When I drilled twenty holei

The silence hovered over the
The bartender hefted a basel
But a husky Swede postpone
An’ grabbing a shovel in eith

His partner Ole drained his
He discovered a car at the en
And the boys all caught the i:
They only stopped for anoth

Leyners and buzzies and sing
The miners and muckers an’
An’ “Dan the speed ball” cla
He rolled under a table and

The bartender looked at his
“It’s twelve o’clock and tally,
In a few minutes more he ha:
He yawned a bit as he turned

Oh gather ’round, old timers
It isn’t the same since the box
The place is closed an’ dusty
For the day is gone when min

Such dramatic presentation among other occasions, ab
skill and prowess of a dec
tales that could no longer be
boys,” Joe Duffy’s “Minin
and jargon of the mines i
that I know.
ern tonnage. This is a mere
ition of miners who still do
arisons take place wher-
is, at wakes, and the like. I
to a couple of young miners
ard of Trade," Butte's most
le wrought upon by drink,
ining in all kinds of ground
mself a cubic yardage that
gry shifter "on the Hill."
red to watch the show, they
hundred pounds into the
much as a bit of staging, or
eriences were freely related
 for caricature, Hollywood,
ct and impact of this scene.
ivered the familiar injunc-
 it of the old days, and almost
the anonymous ballad, "Fill
h a reënactment almost any
ver Butte where men gath-
s of the week underground.

a tear,
[Called beer was beer;
:toon,
aloney's saloon.

hat I heard from an old Cousin Jack
as tried in the Will Grenville mine
holes four feet deep—a mere fraction
ain, or foreman, is reported to have
r and blown it to pieces, with the
china, of course, there as here, was
other spirits is an oldtime custom
recently. In his poem, "Feminism,"
has one old mule with the inevitable
odds [Butte, n.d. (1924)], p. 39):
were itching bad that day—
ere moving too.
le motor off the track,
as they came through—
ho Maud!

THE BUTTE MINER

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, he brought 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.
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," "Raiser," "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 "Wedged" 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 novel, compare oldtime w all good faith, "They brok
The bosses in the old d stories touching on their i human interest items inv tricks played by and on t
The sovereignty of the for d days were always eager to the workings day after d lander" named Simms, wh when I am up on top of th I'm down in it, your word

["Butte Was Like That", p. 298, here. The old custom of eating, undertaking parlor supplanting Butte followed a rosary service, a or so, with mourners and family around. Copper Camp contains some humorous incidents (pp. 1: The wake feast, I am told, is still Copper Camp (pp. 3, 8, 209).- Caroll of the Anaconda, Joe La "Rimmer" O'Neil of the Anacon foreman, respectively, of the Gr: be conjured with! George W. Ri "bull o' the woods" (Miner's Voice

The o
If you
If you:
He wi
But d
He do
He is
But b
He ha
And h
He ha
Repai
So dot
And y
So jus
'Cause

Riley's "The Greenhorn Shift B "shifter" who "takes it out" on t the "higher ups." Miner's Voice,
[19 Cited from an interview give Administration in 1958 by Hank West. No locale is given, but Bu consulting the Oregon material, 1 Stephens, librarian.]
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 them days."

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.

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." This story, of course, emphasizes

*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.

+Copper Camp* (pp. 3, 5, 209–210) contains short sketches of such well-known figures as Micky Caroll 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, 1948, 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 Greenborn 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.

+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 cooperation 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. 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, exclamining breathlessly to the landlady: “Oh my! Oh my! There’s a mucker in a miner’s bed!” 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. 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 miner 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-

---

14 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 excommunicated?” he was saying, unaware of Lanagan’s entry, “No? Well, the sacrilegious divil wor caught sleepin’ in a miner’s bed one night in the ‘Big Ship.’ Think av it—a dirty mucker occupyin’ a masherman’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 hotel was razed a few years ago.

14 “Songs of the Western Miners,” California Folklore Quarterly, I (1942), 229.
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.25

The act of chewing tobacco was a symbol that young men had passed their nongage and were ready to work in the mines. "Peerless," jocularly referred to as "Michigan Hay," was a favorite brand.26

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.26 Bill Burke's poem, "The Shawn O'Farrell," is a long salute to this locally famous potation.26 After describing how the tired miner is revived after a hard, trying day in the mines and lifted for the moment above his cares,

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).

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.

Séan O'Farrell's, 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. 177; Duffy, op. cit., p. 10. See the Miner's Voice, September, 1939, p. 4, for a short poem on "The Boilermaker."

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 single poem that I know.
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-mint 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. Even for drinking at home the Butte miner early discovered that early sneared 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.

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. The mine, or company officials, who make periodic inspect brain trust,” or “big shots,” industries, while the engin comes by his name “supe” less exclusively applied to h: Walt Holliday’s poem, “Th who “has to make her pay,” the distinction of “the brai tons,” “the pushers,” and properly, I believe, to the be confused with the perso on page 6 of the January, 15 that “the old man will get some miner for any derelic days for Irish bosses and Irish foremen likewise wear their old-country title of “c boiled guy who wears a hu of his mouth,” is a bit sev driver,” “the pusher,” “th itous. The last mentioned Barney McPhail, character War I used to say “here c played jocularly, and only vidual shifts are often d Slasher” was the name of command, “Slash’er into furtively through one of t of “The Greyhound.” “More Rock” because of i “Superman” serving for E. S., is a delightful cari often used in other poem and “more rock” to lamp bosses in the old days ear foreman at the Bell and

---

164 CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

---

T
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." 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." 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," while the Cousin Jack bosses kept their old-country title of "captain." Duffy's definition of a "shifter" as "a hardboiled 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. 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

---

89 Mining-Camp Melodies, p. 113.
90 Copper Camp, pp. 209-210. The "Big Bull" and "Little Bull" were the foreman and assistant foreman, respectively, at the Grayrock.
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. 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. “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. “Johnnie Come Lately” was an old timer’s moniker 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.”

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 juggle they were fervently admonished: “Sit in the drift!” Every young errand in quest of pole strleft-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.

Pipe men are “underg “jerries” or “gandy dan railroad.” The “nippers” 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 l 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

---

86 One of the best poems on “stooling” bears the title, “Even as Today,” and appeared in the Miner’s Voice, November, 1937, p. 4.
87 Cf. Duffy, Butte Was Like That, p. 182.
88 Cf. Copper Camp, p. 20. In Butte Was Like That Duffy adds a middle initial “H.”
89 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’re down in the depths of hell.”
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 lampblack, 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 “jerrys” or “gandy dancers” who look after the track of the “underground railway.” The “niper” or “tool niper,” which the Montana State Guide defines quite correctly as the “supplier of powder and sharp steel in mines,” 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 niper.” The measureman is the butt of many a joke, for he is “Jesse James,” “the robber,” “the cheat,” “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 “weegee board,” thus denomimated by the fact that the ouija board will move anywhere the operators want it to move.29

Nicknames for tools, operations, and workings in the mines are not always

\(^{29}\) Butte Was Like That, p. 56.

\(^{30}\) 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 leayer must be first making noise.

We run with the cars when we’ve mucked ‘em,
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,
As we as a drowned wharf rat;
We are always last to the cages,
And sometimes miss them at all.

(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. The old "wiggle 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 "wiggle 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 stoper, and perhaps to the Leyner, both wet machines. 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 complimentary appellation. 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 "almoney 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. 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 stope that cannot be extric high masses in that stope." At the change of some such statement as "Ye a drill lurches suddenly frc hole" of some sort, without miners acquainted with th the hole.""Fitchering" that otherwise has been lost "played out," or simply "gore fissure are occasional" certain people who do not found. 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 DuFF in "Mining at the" usage. A timberman mig "Get the tree stumps 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 exten
high masses in that stope."** 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."** "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. 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.** 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

---

** Copper Camp, p. 162.
** "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. 152. n. Caroline Bancroft gives "dog in the hole" as a popular definition of a fitcher hole. California Folklore Quarterly, IV (1945), 321.
** Cf. Copper Camp, p. 145.
CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

phrase."  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."  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.

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.

43 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.

44 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, stopes, 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 (2nd ed.; London, n.d.), p. 54.

45 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.

"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. 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. "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'
CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

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 thrly at muckin’ rock
An’ th’ street-cars will be runnin’ after 12 o’clock;
There’s a lot here to amuse ye, for this is a day av joy—
An’ in closing let me mention, that I was that baby bho’y.”**

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.

**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.

The pièce de résistance
and this more than any
mines in the early days
THE BUTTE MINER

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 astride.

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, Bradow 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 Bradow 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. Globoch's yard in the McQueen addition, provided training grounds for aspiring hammersmen. 44

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. 45 The bull and bear fight, a favorite divestment 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. 46

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

44 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 (lacing p. 223). 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. 209.

45 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.

46 Copper Camp, pp. 220, 234-239, 240. See the California Folklore Quarterly, IV (1945), 179, and V (1946), 111, for notes on ratting mains and rat baiting.

They range from h
They sing a song of
They tell a tale of Copper's mighty m

They hum of expen
Of courage never-f
Of men who never Whose deeds will l

They sing a song of
Of the Irish, Welsh
Of the men who be And the buxom g

47 For a picture of the decorat for January 15, 1915 (Vol. XXIV) bushes into the mines of Centre Cornish custom as practiced abr. Customs (London and Toronto, mines, as noted for California ir same journal, IV (1945), 540.

48 Copper Camp, p. 11.
THE BUTTE MINER

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. 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. 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, 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.

---

\(^{36}\) 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.

\(^{37}\) For a picture of the decorated gallows frame of the Anselmo, see the back cover of the Anode for January 10, 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), 15a. Her reference is in the same journal, IV (1945), 310.

\(^{38}\) Copper Camp, p. 11.
CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

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

“back ome,” and where “handsomely. The wives, o

The fame of Cousin Jac

as elsewhere, and a new m

the Mountain View, prov

numerous were the sons o

the notion to call the mit

staples of the Cornish k

sUFFIX was soon extended

ylvania and the Rarus w

Irish rustlers at the Mount

line, my boy.”” This was

Lawrence, and the Never

Irish miners.” The pride

following story in which z

to speak a few words in

“Cornish influx (1825-1850), part

“The Cornish in Southwest W

XIV (1895), 301-334, is an indi

Because of their skill as n

more common jobs undergone

“Cousin Jack shift,” for exam

“That’s Different,” Walt Holl

spike in his hand, and more t

matter (Mining-Camp Melodie.

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;

“Copper Camp,” p. 230.

The proverbial Cornish “

meet, although these attribute

where else. Old Marcus Daly l

could “smell ‘er” with the bes

C. B. Glasscock, War of the Co
JARTERY

called “The Push,”
o gets the cush.
hes talkin’ is of Par,
hesho pushes car.

eath the ground,
was lost and found.
ll never know,
fire will grow.

eir way through school,
nd a mule.
e hoisting job,
aped into the gob.

at’s nice and cool,
er who’s a fool.
year retired,
n’t be fired.

braid the rope,
ne to the stop.
, harsh, and shrill,
get my fill.

venly Dry,
miner guy.
Joe or Bill,
’ on the hill.

I’ is another excellent poem

1 of the Cornish miner to the
1 States, but great as has been
lich legacy of mining lore and
spech, and the customs and
of the Cousin Jack everywhere
bing camp in the West, Butter
ers. They came from the cop-
, from the lead mines of Mis-
er the West. A clannishness,
Jacks,” or simply “Cousins,”
wall for some cousin or other
f the new world, where “trib-
tal work, paid far better than

“back home,” and where “tut-work,” or driving drifts on contract, really paid
handsomely. The wives, of course, became “Cousin Jennies,” or “Jinnies.”

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 “spoke the right spoke,” i.e., Cornish. So
numerous were the sons of Cornwall at the Mountain View that someone got
the notion to call the mine the “Saffron Butte,” 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 Penn-
sylvania 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.” This was a polite invitation to rustle the Anaconda, the St.
Lawrence, and the Neversweat, all under Irish management and worked by
Irish miners. 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

Caroline Bancroft’s “Folklore of the Central City District, Colorado” (California Folklore Qua-
terly, IV 1945: 315-341). 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 “Cousin Jack,” notwithstanding the fact that the Cornish took no back seat in the matter of
profanity. This latter suggestion is found in the Montana’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 (1855-1865), 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), 301-384, is an indispensable study.

Because of their skill as miners, and particularly as timbermen, Cousin Jacks exhorted
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 Holiday 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—may;

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
Hasn’t seen daylight yet.


The proverbial Cornish “eye for ore” and “nose for ore” are discussed whenever mining men
meet, although these attributes were by no means exclusive property with them, in Butte or any-
where else. Old Marcus Daly himself, for example, had a good eye for ore, and F. Augustus Heinie
could “smell” with the best of them. Cf. Murdoch, Boom Copper, p. 203; Copper Camp, p. 43:
C. B. Glasscock, War of the Copper Kings (Indianapolis, 1925), p. 166.
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 chute!" Much anxiety and commotion resulted, and subsided only when the hammer was retrieved."

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. 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." 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 "Sean 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." Cornish wrestling is likewise nothing more than a memory."

---

In religion the Cornish liturgical persuasion Republ that the Irish were almost detract in the least from the strains from the "old cou in the Steward, for exam the next, with the tally between Cornish and Iris in the wrong tone of voice of Queen Victoria, was a be referred to only as gan must be laid to the gene usually got started wher saloons, or vice versa. Tt a spirit of tolerance, and

The Irish immigrator his own that when Pat is "Don't stop in the Unic about a new man in our old dirt," i.e., Ireland. M ing to an apocryphal sto Hotel, or "Big Ship," a "lugger," or piston drill of "wising up" a comple man could climb "the Lawrence) or some oth

---

47 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 especially the fact that Cornish boys boasted of the weight and length of their fathers' hammers (California Folklore Quarterly, IV (1945), 316-318, and Copeland, op. cit., pp. 327-329.

48 It was 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.


50 Cornish wrestling is treated in Copper Camp, pp. 222-226. 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 of Butte were traditionally Methodists and by political persuasion Republicans, as elsewhere in the United States. 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.” 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. 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.

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.” 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

---

---
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.”

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.

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. Butte was really like that!

---

67 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.


69 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.

Flies 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.

Lollipaloozer -- 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 Scup -- 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.
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.

Bucie-- 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.

Lolipaloosor-- Big bird fish or game animal.

Meat in the Pot-- Name given trusty rifle by owner.

Mowitch -- Venison or deer meat, 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, deer meat, 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.
KILN 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.

Cone -- 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.

Floaters -- 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.

Lud -- 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.

Reverb — Reverbatory furnaces in a copper smelter where copper matte is treated to produce a product known as "blistet" 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 testing 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.

Blistere 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.

Embalmad 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.

Lockout -- 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 Son (try WW - looks useful for bingo)
398 H19

"The Folklore, Customs and Traditions of Butte Miners"
- Wayland D. Hand
Calif. Folklore Q'tyly, Jan '46 - Vol. V, #1

398.09186 H19E
Mount His 50c (tiny 0W - looks useful for bingo)
39 & 1419

"The Folklore, Customs and Traditions of Butte Miners"
- Wayland D. Hand

Calif. Folklore Q'ly, Jan '46 - vol. V, #1
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

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

...
Free. With the biggest name in online trading on your iPhone, you can easily check real-time quotes, set stock price alerts, and make stock and options trades.

E*TRADE

Free. Get the car you want, when you want it from the most dedicated car rental service. Easily check real-time availability, make on-the-fly reservations and enjoy special access to reduced rates.

Avis

Free. Whether you're checking what's in stock at your local Target store or you're using the gift idea generator to find something well-designed, affordable for a friend, shopping for items is easier than ever.
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

D O 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 passerby, 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 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 cab on Queen Anne, than the first cab 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 Genesee. 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 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 calls 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 chipped to be easily heard on the early static-prone radios.
THE NEW YORK TIMES OP-ED SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 2007

Jump the Shark

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 Columbus, S.C. Odds were good that there was at least one unsuspecting local in the joint with an infatuated 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 goats 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 an 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 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 jackd 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 avoid amateur players. Unmasked by television and the Internet, these once-stealthy hustlers could no longer lure innocents 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 embodiment of the frontier mentality than a man, carrying only a wood-stick, slinking into town and making a buck? What's a better example of self-sufficiency than caravanning 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 "stakehorses" (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 Carey 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, basting the local guy and then heading to a new town — is different. That's what ain't there any more."
Holiday Auction
Stunning Selection from Norman Cohn

Friday, December 7, 2007, 9:00AM*–4:00PM (note our earlier start time)
65th Street, between Park and Madison, New York City

$3.6 to 5.5 Million • 2235 Lots

2007 is over 2200 lots of wines perfect for your holiday celebrations. On Friday afternoon we are offering A Stunning line. This consists of nearly 800 lots from a Philadelphia culinary legend. It includes an assortment of fortified wines from the 1700s to the present (Lots 833-915). Saturday opens with an incredible range of large format Bordeaux, just in time followed later by a span of nearly 100 lots of DRC wines, all purchased on release and most in original wood case.

Breakfast at DANIEL!

Friday, December 7, 2007
8:30AM TO 9:30AM
ANIEL, 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 personalities of our older citizens. There are some remarkable changes: The world has speeded up, old taboos have come tumbling down. They have known home and hearth, war and peaceful times and glad. They have seen the grass grow, and they truly know what we have lost in the process. History lies 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 were not.

by Frederick Case
Times staff reporter

"Gallipoli" is more than a movie to the family of the late Frank Morton. He fought there. So is the act in his that
tended shoulder has reminded him of his past. It was in some history books, and in the minds of those of Gallipoli, just an unsuccessful, blood-soaked World War I battle.

But Morton, an 89-year-old Aus
ter, a former soldier, says, "It's easy to be critical, but in one way, Gallipoli was a great
ey. After all, we kept the flower of the Turkish army en-

EXTRAORDINARY LIVES

aged (the Turks suffered 216,000 casualties, including 62,000 deaths), and we kept the pressure on the enemy." The hardy old "digger" still stands up straight and proud, his face neatly framed by white hair and glasses.

Daily he takes a brisk walk with the woman he calls his "treasure" — Elizabeth Morton, 78. Then the Morningsiders meet in their home at Brookfield Church with friends where they discuss the Rev. Christia Morton, i- 

Morton says reflectively that the "Gallipoli" film is "good." But he likes the movie because it included two extraordinary events long hidden by Gallipoli's verdict.

The old soldier remember in a house in Gallipoli, the Star, two other medals and sever-

Her passion is a letter-sized diary containing a description of his four months of daily working in the Australian trenches only 10 yards from Turkish troops.

The trench were dug just because Gen. Otto Liman von Sanders, the reknown German commander-in-chief of the Turks, pushed them forward so that British warships offshore could not bombard the Turks while hitting their own men.

Morton, when he was in his diary entry of October 18, 1915, one of the entries that it feels the film should have included.

Written in an upright but barely legible hand, the entry reads:

"Today a remarkable thing hap-
pened. Out of the blackness in front of our trenches at Post 3 and 4 threw our heads over into the trenches, and one or two of them put their hands above the parapet.

"Our chaps did not fire, and in the dusk we could see their bulky (corned) beef.

"We were the Turkish Christmas (Bayram). During the afternoon, the Turks throw over, and some of the Turks threw over their cigarettes. They threw over the parapet and said "Mashzad!" (Eat)."

"Then they disappeared. This we put down to the appearance of the Allied officers.

"Oct. 18: Today the Turks sent more cigarettes over. One of our officers jumped on our parapet and ran away 30 yards. The Turks did not fire. Our 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 war. Turks that they cannot see above the parapet after a certain time we will fire on them.

"Morton passed, a small glass of sherry and remoniances: "We were fond of 'Johnny Turk,' as we called him. He fought a clean fight."

To illustrate what wry comman-
ders, Morton described how the look out post in his digger had a parapet covered by a little door. The digger suspended a tin on a string behind the parapet. Each morning when they opened the little door at exactly 4 a.m., a Turkish bullet would come whistling in and hit the tin. "It was their way of saying 'Good morning,'" Morton chuckles.

After chronicling the unexpected Turkish Christmas truce, Mor-
tin's diary returns to its daily daily

Morton began his battle diary when he landed on the 17th Australian Battalion (1,000 men) at dawn on August 15, 1915. Heavily laden with equipment and ammunition, he and his comrades were from a landing craft and washed onto the beach amid shouting strafed.

Two months later, his diary reports landatory that only 12 remained of the original 84 diggers in his platoon. The rest had been killed, wounded or killed in a field of dyemust that was fatal.

Frequently, the Australian sol-
diers are having their right hands blown off by friendly gunners. Because of supply problems, the diggers' principal diet is bully beef and hard buns. Sometimes their daily ration of water is cut to half a pint. In addition, the diggers are covered with "loosest -

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 "helps" (dig trenches) 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.

November 9, Morton is made a corporal.

December 12, Personal disaster.

Morton's left shoulder is shattered by a Turkish grenade while he was trying to repel an attack by a Turkish patrol. He is stopped by a grenade, opened, reassembled, and then treated for para-

Morton's military career had ended, but not before he had 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 he should have been included in the film.

Morton's diary describes it this way:

"Nov. 35: Today new orders came out. It is the intention of the authorities to make the Turks believe we are all withdrawing from our trenches. There is no rifle fire, no bomb throwing, and no further movement of our men or our trenches are to appear deserted.

"At 6:45 next morning the Turks sent our patrols to see why the Allied lines were so quiet. The diaries continue:

"Four Turks came over to our point (pointe), No. 3 Northern, and three bombs into the trench, wounding three men. One Turk then jumped into our trench, but a corporal bayoneted him. The oth-

Morton chuckles now: "It was worse than facing the Turks!"

Does he have any regrets about serving in Gallipoli?

Only that he, a man who just 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. 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 78, Seattle 8117."
Steel band to play on 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 available at The Ron ticket office in the Tacoma Mall, the information desk at the U.P.S. Student Union Building and the Tacoma Community College bookstore.

**GOOSEDOWN COMFORTER AND PILLOW KITS**

**WEDDING INVITATIONS**
**EXCELLENT SELECTION**
**3 DAY DELIVERY**
**WASHINGTON WEDDINGS**
**PUBLISHERS DELIGHT**

**ITALIAN GARLIC DRESSING**

Top rated by a national consumer magazine

**NO GUMS OR PRESERVATIVES**

**TOYS • CHINA • BRASS RUBBINGS**

"The Feast of Britain is Sullivan's Novel!"

"The English Centre"

For the unusual gifts from the British Isles.

Come and do a Brass Rubbing from 120 facsimiles.

Tel. 777-6911

**STATIONERY**

**PILGRIM'S CANADIAN**

**ENGLISH CERAMICS • PRINTS • STATIONERY**

**Thanksgiving Sale** 15% off in balance of store. On display in all boutiques and in Office Supply Center.

"Look for All-American Quality!"

**Holiday Niters**

**FACTORY DIRECT SAVINGS**

**$3.99 PROMPT SHIP**

**Sailor's Hats**

**STANBROOK HATS**

**417 7th St.**

"The heart of the hat district of Seattle's International District."

**Steel band to play on**

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 available at The Ron ticket office in the Tacoma Mall, the information desk at the U.P.S. Student Union Building and the Tacoma Community College bookstore.

**Benevolent bazaars**

Ancient market practice still works

By Ed Weimer
Times staff reporter

The word bazaar comes from the ancient Middle Persian noun "bashar," (pronounced bay-chair) which experts in Middle Eastern linguistics recently have translated to mean "enrich," if you think you're smart enough to make me an offer, "grind."

Somewhat the same condition of private enterprise, a whole swarm of bazaars are springing up, all of them for business.

For instance, the Polish Home Association's bazaar, 1741 14th Ave., will be open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, where you can buy the wares of the Polish nation; as well as toward helping Polish refugees in relocating. Dinner will be served for those who don't have lunch.

Edgem Hall, 130 N. 76th St., is where St. John's Catholic Church will be performing its stall tactics, 8 to 10 p.m. tomorrow, and noon to 10 p.m. Tuesday and 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Wednesday. As many as 450 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. John Bednarski, 200 25th St.

Slightly less busy 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 Pre-Thanksgiving Sale at Federal Hill High School gymnasium, 1000 S. 42nd Ave., Mercer Island.

Today's festive occasions

Now that we've taught you the root of the word, it's time for the unfilialized one in Gay Fawkes. Pretty elucidating columns, eh? And you thought all you got for your quarter was news. Back in 1590 this Gay Fawkes was sitting in a house in London, right next door to the Parliament building (sometimes he even received their "Dear Gentleman" mail by mistake, he was so close). He sat waiting for Parliament's opening day, November 5, so he could light a match, which is known as a petard, and blow up the bloody building and all those in it to smithereens.

He got caught on the fourth. Nevertheless, today is Gay Fawkes Day, and locally Barnabas', 4205 S.E. 38th St., Bellevue, is commemorating history's most respectable revolt. The event follows the Robert Carlyle nourishment line of serving fish-and-chips, fresh roasted chestnuts, toasting a dunnet into a bonfire (or a dunnet dummy) and letting a thing happen to happen and setting off fireworks at 6:30 p.m.

Then, your ornamental tin chats a-blaze, head over to the University of Washington Hall, room 204, for a reading of poetry and prose by A. 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 Theatre will present "Vinegar Tom," an experimental production about witchcraft in rural 16th Century England (they didn't have TV back then, so they had to do something). The plot goes on in the crevass and cold, the abandoned Pioneer Square Wax Museum, 119 First Ave., 2 p.m. daily except Sunday (there's nothing wrong with the audience members per show at $1.99 a ticket. Call 202-0166 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. at Timbers Lodge on Bainbridge Island's south end. The show will be presented the coming weekend and next. For times and ticket information call 842-3956.

Tomorrow's a great day to be an older citizen of the area. In fact, you stop and pick it up, it will 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 no show-biz but due process will be meticulously observed." wrote L.J. and C.B. Colby to the Equal Opportunity Commission.

The probate court of Memphis has issued a writ that appoints those famous record attorneys, Peter Parcer and Peter Herbers, 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, Parcer and Herbert were very much in the mode with this preoccupation, threatening case on the brotherhood — 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.

As to the Presley case, it is anticipated that the attorneys not only win but win for sums of money.

**LIZ SMITH**

Syndicated columnist

LIZ SMITH

Syndicated columnist

LIZ SMITH

Syndicated columnist

LIZ SMITH

Syndicated columnist

LIZ SMITH

Syndicated columnist
Dr. Ginsberger was "the rounder"—i.e., the doc making hospital rounds.
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 disdain 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-head- ed baby in formaldehyde.

The Collyers' 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 Acrino 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, Vycheslav Nekrasov, was in critical condition last night at NewYork-Presby terian 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 would say, 'My God, this looks like the Collyer brothers' house,"' said John Miller, the head spokesman for the F.D.N.Y., 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 experiencing debris-filled blaze in Queens evokes a phrase rooted in 1947.

A debris-filled blaze in Queens evokes a phrase rooted in 1947.
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 clear, but in principle all concerned parties 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 international law, it will be another blow to the peace process. This failure could, however, provide an opportunity to move toward a resolution of the crisis by a way other than through bilateral talks.

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, where 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 2,977 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.

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 every 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, and treatments, and using the surgical team to ensure that the correct patient was in the correct bed before the operation was performed.

Now, in light of new research, some of the most radical changes, including those that would have most likely have saved the most lives.

In contrast, the tower they died in the theater and the floor they died on, the desire to place a poster Fitzgerald said they made did not want to reach out...
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 city, it stinks more. So the garbage workers step into the spotlight. The summer is their moment to be heroes, like firefighters at a four-alarmers 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 is 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 funny as the work itself.

The hopper is the back of the truck. Bailing is when the truck compacts trash in its belly. Workers often refer to themselves as trash hounds or sani 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 “monga,” New York sanitation slang for salvaged garbage. Other expressions are less than enticing. “Disco rice” refers to mansions. “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, “Schranken,” named for Bob Schrank, a departmental official who in the 1980s 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,” 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 lead” is when corrupt crews weigh down their truck with left-over 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 Mieke Lademman 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 C. Capretta, 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 (1953).

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 year 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 mottoes 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.”
Panel Faults Handling of Funds for Statue

Continued From Page A1

operating with the investigation. It noted that it had already turned over "a large number of records, which the panel is confident that the committee would conclude that the "foundation has invested itself in an entirely appro-
riate manner and in accordance with the highest standards.
The report's conclusions about the foundation'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, even as a report, prepared by a panel headed by Griffin B. Bell, the former United States attorney general, did. The report, prepared by the Senate committee's inquiry on the issue of the statue, was not published.

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 thousand dollars in additional income by working one day a week as an independent consultant to foundations and other nonprofits. The report said that this arrangement, which some board members were unaware of, led to substantial revenue for Mr. Briganti in excess of his regular salary, which was more than $50,000 a year.

Mr. Bell's panel also concluded that the foundation, created in 1992 to raise money for the statue after years of neglect, needed to reassess its mission and future, and take steps to improve its overall management.

In addition to concerns about salaries, the congressional investigators questioned expenses, which were not included in the foundation's annual report. A $45,000-a-year salary for a dog to chase geese away from the statue, and a $14,000-a-year salary for the Statue of Liberty, was found.

The Senate committee that was formed as a result of the investigation "is concerned that the foundation's board may not have been in compliance with tax laws, or even its own bylaws, when it approved salaries for founda-

something to do with it. You've got two different groups, and each one of them are on different wavelengths."

Mr. Grassey 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.

He said one foundation document, a set of talking points for the fund-raising campaign, says, in response to the question of when the statue 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. Grassey 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 fund-

ing source — such as a wealthy fam-
ily or corporation. Some charity con-
sultants said that while an attractive fund-raising tool, the Statue of Liberty, there was little need for the foundation to maintain a large endowment to raise money for each new project.

The foundation's reluctance to rely on the endowment, given the extrava-

tionary circumstances of the statue's closing, appeared to surprise some people. A State Department official told Mr. Bell's panel that he "assumed the foundation would use its endowment for the work, and not engage in other 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," Mr. Hodel said. "It should have been spent on the park." Mr. Hodel said, adding that he was not surprised that the panel had brought it up.

"That my sympathy toward the foundation as it has been operated has been pretty well known."

The committee also undertook the question of the losses suffered by the foundation's endowment through its investments. At the time that 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 moved that 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 inve-

Most of a China-U.S. to counter the perceiving of

before she retired. He said she had a master's degree in busi-

Ministry and moved to China in January I thought that I would be able to spend a lot of time with business opportunities."

resident of Shanghai who English and Chinese, he said that a Web site that sold DVD's to individuals and companies was not what he had expected it. The site sold DVD's to individuals and companies, but he had expected to sell DVDs to China in order to help him find a job. He also said that he did not own a bank, because he had always held financial

York. But Richard Davis, the compa-
nies general counsel, said no one named Guthrie had a controlling interest in the company.

Mr. Guthrie's father, Randolph Hobson Guthrie Jr., retired from this practice about 3 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. Trush

The theft of intellectual property has been a major problem for American film companies, raising the industry about $3.5 billion a year in lost revenues worldwide. With new technologies making it inexpensive and easy to copy films onto DVD formats, privateers have become especially active in Russia, China, and other countries.

Jack Valent, the departing presi-
dent 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 filmmak-
ers $810 million in lost revenues.

Mr. Valent, who is retiring next month, said he had pressed Ameri-
can and foreign leaders for years to intensify their efforts against illegal marketeers. 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. Valen
ti said. "She pledged in April that China would significantly reduce piracy by the year's end. This was a very crucial step in redeeming its promises."
Pickle Fingers Flash
The Signs of Cash
In the Trading Pits

Fast-Moving Digits Translate
Into Big Bucks in Chicago:
Some Odd Signals in Bed

BY CLIFFTON LENTON
Special to THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

CHICAGO—The trading floors of the futures exchanges here, hand signals are still one of the most efficient ways to handle millions of dollars of transactions. Dealers can pass orders, or 'flash,' quicker than they could be typed into a computer.

To the untrained eye, though, the crowd of floor-screen pits seem an ocean of chaos. That's where Romeo Bracey comes in.

A clerk on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, Mr. Bracey also teaches the hand-signal basics to budding clerks and traders. Standing before his students a short time ago, he described how futures pit a half hour after the CME's close. Mr. Bracey orders his students to "show me how I would buy the contracts at a price of 70." A few awkwardly try the motions.

Palm Reading

Then, Mr. Bracey takes charge. "Palm reading," he says, holding his hands away from his body with the palms facing out. "Palm means I want to buy. Hands away from the body is the price. Hands near the face show quantity."

His hands move with the grace and precision of a trained dancer, displaying the correct signals. Holding his hand about a foot in front of him, he holds two fingers up, indicating the price of the palm toward his body. Then, his hand snaps into a fist and he moves it down a few inches; he has just shown the palm and the price. Lastly, he touches his index finger to his forehead, the sign for 10 contracts.

Mr. Bracey, who charges $20 a student, also teaches the other two major clerks, whom his student, adds to the list as he teaches them 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 trade at the exchange, expecting an average of 180 students a year.

Cheryl Friedlander, a clerk in the CME's pit, says Mr. Bracey's class and says it helped her develop an ability to quickly daily customer position data. "You'd have to take 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 the down aisle: 'Buy two cans of this' or 'three cans of that.'

Suzanne Cerny's 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 wakes the trader by flashing the hand signals. "He doesn't talk in his sleep, he just uses hand signals. If I could figure out what I was saying, maybe I could control over this marriage," she says.

The hand lens is also used on the golf course. Some two players play in a foursome, and their opponents aren't sure of the business, they'll shout to each other if they shoot a good score, a three, four or five. One caddy this week said Brad Tyl, an options analyst who also manages Audrey G. Lanston's floor operations at the CBT.

Signing comes naturally outside of work, says Toula Retinos, a clerk in the CME's Breadpits futures pit. "When I Please turn to Page AS, Column 3"
Defiant Car Makers

Despite the growing U.S. pressure, Japanese car makers are holding fast. In a letter to Commerce, Nissan, Mazda, Toyota and Honda reiterated that they wouldn't yield to U.S. demands that they repay the subsidies.

"We are determined to resist accepting arbitrary purchasing quotas that could ultimately force us to choose between sources," wrote the Japanese suppliers or being subjected to retaliation for failing to fill our politically inspired quotas," they maintained.

"This idea that you purchase what we want you to purchase or we're going to retaliate is not acceptable," 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 $3.9 billion listed today, administration officials say. But even at half the amount the published, which admin-

Please Turn to Page A5, Column 7

General Dynamics, Ruggles 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 expects to spend about $1 billion to build a third Seawolf submarine at Electric Boat, not because the Cold War ends anytime soon, but to keep alive the industrial capacity to build nuclear-powered submarines. As a conse-

loration to Congress, the Navy says it won't delay building a multimillion-dollar car

The New York Times

Please Turn to Page A46, Column 7

CORRECTIONS & AMPLIFICATIONS

AMERICAN EXPLORATION Co. said it will offer shareholders to approve a 1-for-10 reverse split stock- split at an annual meeting June 13. An article yesterday incorrectly said American Ecology Co. was seeking the same thing.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

(Heads 448-BS)


Executive and subscription headquarters:

300 Liberty St., New York, N.Y. 10028.

Publishing and distribution headquarters and general legal office.

Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

Subscription rates (postpaid) in the United States, territories and possessions: one year (13 issues) $65, two years $121. Single copies, $5 each. All foreign subscribers: one year (13 issues) $107, two years $216. Special requests not for general delivery.

For address changes, please write: Subscription Service, 300 Liberty St., New York, N.Y. 10028.

Copyright 1975 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All rights reserved. Reprints or copies of this newspaper are available to qualified customers through Dow Jones Reprint Corp., 200 West St., White Plains, N.Y. 10604 or 212-481-5600. Only an official publication of an advertisement shall constitute final acceptance of advertising copy submitted.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to re-

please turn page a5, column 7
Continued From First Page

give someone a phone number, I sign it. Even my kids are picking it up.

The idea here is that if the hand signals are called, are easy enough. Counting
one through five is about as one would expect. The trick is the execution — that's
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. It means clerks are puffing.
It's a marijuana joint, or reefer (which sounds a
bit like Refco).

If clerks are starting their necks, it may be from
stiff muscles. But the universal
signal for a pain in the neck more likely means that PainWebber Inc. is trading.

When clerks are twisting or settling,
clerks start to straighten their
really askew ties — just like a banker
arriving at work. The Bankers Trust symbol with raising the tie over the
head.
That sign translates into "you're hung,
meaning a bank client 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 going out on my own."

Some sort of hand signals have always
been used in the markets here. But arbiting
was a refined art when traders in the
CM-E'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, they can spell disas-

Aside from the embarrassment and ridicule from one's co-workers, clerks can be fired
for abuses that brokers incur.

Marty McGone. The ever-constant
Treasury bond futures at the
CBOT, admits once
misreading a signal that cost his broker
$30,000. Later, 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 in the CI-E's sliced-pretzel hand
mean what he bought an extra 300 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 CME, you can see that the
index finger held upright means one beer
but held sideways means six bottles. Still,
bartender says, "We have a few children of
clerks and traders and when they use signals to order
I tell them, 'You're not at work anymore.'
Tell me what you need.'"

And an occasional overeager

That says, 'You're done'" he says.
called for street problems floating t
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 windowless conference room, the chiefs of staff have gathered for a briefing on firefighting 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 efforts around the country.

"Things have changed significantly in recent days," said Skip Scott, the manager of the logistic support office here. "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 Impression 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 burning, is an imprecise science — "like trying to nail Jell-O to the wall," said Arnold Harrigan, 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 seek 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 loaded 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 punch-up of data on a region's relative dryness and temperature.

The center is also a quadrarmaster general, dispatching supplies to the men and women on the front lines from the same Territory to the Okanagan Swamp.

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.'s. 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 "intradermal 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.

Firefighting can 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 bureaucratic and chains of command.

The center is the as 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 "Palaebkis," the combination ax and hoe that serves as the firefighter's most valuable tool.

Steve Brown, staff meteorologist for the Boise Interagency Fire Center in Idaho, giving a weather briefing to managers at the center.
Army's Reliance on Reserves Halted

Continued From Page 1

short of an all-out war.

"They made all sorts of assumptions to prove their policy of substituting re-

serve for active forces would work," said James H. Webb Jr., former Asst.

ant Secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs, "but if any of their assum-

ptions were wrong, the program would fall apart.

The Army has 746,000 soldiers, and it maintains 18 active divisions, as it did

when there were more than one million soldiers, in the 1970's. To main-

tain these combat units in the Army budget, many engineer, motor transport, main-

tenance, medical and other non-com-

bat functions were shifted to the Reserve.

Some Combat Units Trimmed

The Army even trimmed some combat units by transferring one of three

brigades in some divisions into the Na-

tional Guard, with the Guard expected to provide the missing brigades in a

emergency.

Richard A. Davis of the General Ac-

counting Office said 50 percent of the

Army's personnel strength was with the

Army Reserve and the Guard, consis-

tering about 63 percent of the combat

units and 81 percent of the combat

units.

The Army acknowledged that it

deliberately sacrificed support units
to maintain combat divisions. The Army

gave the "sufficient tactical support

forces to support about five and a half
divisions."

Gen. John Wickham, the former

Chief of Army Staff, told the Con-

gress 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?" Gen.

Wickham said.

Gen. Glenn K. Otis, retired, former

commander of the Army in Europe, ac-

knowledged that "we are on the mar-

gin of a war, potentially with our com-

bat support and service support units," Army

Reserve units that are the first sched-

uled to reinforce the regulars. He

added, however, "A lot depends upon

how much training time we get before

the fighting starts."

And Now for the Defense

Indeed, many military officials dis-

agree with those who say it is unwise
to rely so heavily on the reserves. Stephen M. Duncan, Assistant Secretary of De-

fense for Reserve Affairs, said the cur-

rent mix of reserve and active units

provided a ready, adequate substitute

for likely contingencies, even a war in

Europe against the Soviet Union.

But the Guard could meet its obliga-

tions, he said. "We conduct Guard unit-mobil-

ization 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 con-

trolled by the states' governors except

when on Federal duty. The bureau is a

office between the Secretary of De-

fense and the governors.

But despite new money from Con-

gress, the National Guard has only 77

percent of the equipment it is required
to have for wartime, and the Army Re-

serve has only 59 percent.

Another problem is personnel.

"The mission doesn't change," he said.

It was much more difficult to get

medically fit, he said. The Army Reserve

have only 38 percent of their required

number of surgeon slots. Comparable

shortages exist in other highly techni-

cal areas. Together the Guard and the Army Reserve have a

millions men and women in organized

units.

The Achilles heel of the reserve re-

mains training. Many reservists can-

not spend more than their required 38

days a year on active duty, or attend

advanced schools in their military spe-

cialties. As a result, many are techi-

cally unqualified to handle the increas-

ingly sophisticated equipment they must

operate.

"The reserves get only 20 percent

distance of the training of active-duty units

and half of that is spent traveling to train-

ning sites and in administrative proce-

dures," said Robert L. Goldrich, a na-

tional defense specialist at the Library

of Congress.

The Army is taking a variety of

measures to solve the reserves' train-

ing deficiencies. The most innovative

are regional training centers, where re-

servists can be sent for short periods for

schooling on the modern equipment being

issued to their units.

Training centers, where wartime

missions would parallel their civilian

jobs — truck drivers in motor trans-

port units — can easily maintain the

level of combat-readiness expected of them.

In a war, would the reserves be

ready?

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 dur-

ing war games at the Pinon Canyon

Maneuvers Site. Officials said the sol-

diers were injured when winds, accom-

panied by rain and small hail, flattened

between 12 and 15 tents with troops in

side. The injuries ranged from scrapes,
cuts and bruises to a few broken bones

and concussions, they said.

Panther 10Z Zoom

PENTAX

specifical

specials

is available in a

435.80
Emergency Room: A Crack Nightmare

NYT Aug 6, '89

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 Institute 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 do.

Continued on Page 16, Column 1
Obituaries 23
Paolo Baffi, headed Italian bank 23

Pastimes 24-25
Chess 24
Coins 24
Gardening 24
Stamps 24
Bridge 25
Camera 25

Sports 27-33
Autos: Labonte forming own team 33
Baseball: Red Sox beat Indians 29
Dave Stieb, Toronto ace 29
Yanks defeat Blue Jays 29
Column: Vecsey on another kind of save 29
Football: Skins beat Bills 27
Football at Oklahoma 27
Horse Racing: Dead heat in Hambletonian 27
Notebook: Baseball 28
Outdoors: An auction 32

Television Highlights 16

WORLD'S BEST ENGLISH SHOE SALE

FINAL REDUCTIONS TAKEN!
WHILE LIMITED STOCKS LAST

GENUINE ENGLISH SHELL CORDOVAN CLASSICS
40% OFF

"TRIUMPH"  "CONCORDE"  "SORBONNE"
Reg. Price $285.00 Reg. Price $285.00 Reg. Price $299.50
Sale Price $209.00 Sale Price $209.00 Sale Price $225.00
FINAL PRICE ONLY $169.90 FINAL PRICE ONLY $169.90 FINAL PRICE ONLY $179.90

★ Genuine Cherry Cordovan Leather ★ Made in England ★ Full Leather Linings ★ All Leather Welted Soles ★ Widths: B-E & EEE

CALL FOR FREE SALE BROCHURE

Naturally All Leather...Naturally From The World's Best...

CHURCH'S ENGLISH SHOES
428 Madison Avenue (at 49th St.)
New York, NY 10017  (212) 755-4313
Toll Free (800) 221-4540  Hrs.: Mon.-Sat.: 9-6

ALL MAJOR CARDS
Crack Nightmare: Compulsion Shrivels in an Emergency Room

Continued From Page I

do him, medically or psychologically.

For care costs thousands of dollars and he took up a bed at a county institution that is overcrowded and near-
ing collapse. A special drug court or a court of last resort for the addicted and mentally ill was proposed as a 'waste

And even if he wanted help in overcoming his addiction, a rare request for help from people who feel ashamed to
drowed in a sea of morgue records, he was there but a place on a long list of people waiting for treatment, and a trip to

‘Dirtball’s’ Use Drugs; ‘Citizens’ Don’t

"This place was turned into a zoo by crack and everything that goes along with it," said Dr. Robert Daley, the last full-time chief at Highland, who quit the post last year in frustration and honor because he felt he had completely failed two weeks ago. "Cocaine is the devil, the most powerful drug I’ve ever seen come along.""

Dr. Lake J. Weinstein, a psychiatrist, calls crack the worst public health problem he has seen in 25 years of practice.

Emergency rooms have a kind of de-

The staff members who are most se-

They are just exhausted by the whole thing and what is doing to their community," said Dr. Jannine Froom, 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 go any more than is ab-

Violence and Wealth

Cast Long Shadows

Visits to Highland’s emergency rooms often coincide with the issue of days of welfare checks. "We get to know these folks by name," said Donna McCleary, another nurse who sees the same patient each month on the first and last Thursday of the month. "Certain patients are known as ‘Frea-

Other patients are self-medicating to avoid admission, a practice that has become common in the psychiatric emergency room. Patients are given urine tests and 45 percent tested positive for cocaine.

And the streets pull in by Saturday night, when the streets of Oakland resonate with the din of drugs and stress, a "clean sweep," Dr. Connell said. Every urine sample tested posi-

dness.

‘A Place to Sleep

Out of the Wind’

Many come back again and again, cut off by welfare, work, school, or the specters of getting treatment. Here in America 2.1 million, or 18% of the population, have an annual income of $1.3 million, there are 10 bed deaths in resi-

Highland's hustle and bustle, said Dr. From. "Very acute in-
terference with the sleep of the general public can be toler-

Left with no fresh ideas and his col-

Continued From Page II

"I don’t do drugs because of the people who are there to get it," said Dr. Daley. "I don’t do it because of the people who are there to get it.

This is a place where everyone has a bad scar on his belly," said Dr. Sornain. "You start to think there’s no one in Oak-

Emergency Rooms

Have Their Own Laws

In the psychiatric emergency room, the most common problem is cocaine use. There have been complaints of cocaine intoxication and cocaine-induced psychosis. Other patients arrive deeply depressed and suicidal, some in desperate need of treatment, and on the down slope of a cocaine binge. "It is a lot of patients have long histories of schizophrenia and were released from institutions in the 1960s. They’ve held a little cocaine and gone completely crazy," Dr. Weinberg said, adding that these patients continue to en-

And court rulings in certain states, in-

Today’s Late Te

10:30 A.M. (C.S.T.) "Face the Nation" Yitzhak Rabin, Israeli Defense Minister and Moshe Safdi, Israeli Prime

10:30 A.M. (N.B.C.) "Meet l"

10:30 A.M. (C.N.N.) "Newsroom of New York"

11:30 A.M. (C.B.C.) "Cut Out"

12:00 P.M. (C.B.C.) "Cleveland Brown Love"

2:30 P.M. (C.B.C.) "Michigan Intergovernment-

2:40 P.M. (C.B.C.) "Round 70"

4:00 P.M. (C.B.C.) "Cold Storage"

4:00 P.M. (C.B.C.) "Saturday Night, N.F.L.

7:00 P.M. (C.B.C.) "Saturday Night, N.F.L.

The Good News

Comes Too Rarely

A small number of the patients do arrive with nothing to offer. Addiction — 10 to 15 percent, according to several doctors' estimates. A much smaller number receive it, out-patient drug treatment so rarely works in out-pa-

Mr. Daniels, the social worker, said, "It’s a matter of fact that I don’t bother to call" seeking treatment slots, Steve Braunstein, a social worker in the psychiatric emergency room, said Dr. Da-

One of the 18 women patients, a 38-

she was told. "Actually, I didn’t know that she was an addict.

She had tried out-patient treatment before and failed. "On the streets you either get that high or you don’t, but you always make up your mind," she said.

Immanuel, a young woman, found a place for her in an alcohol treatment program with people with multiple addictions. "If she wouldn’t have found that, we would have been like a God knows where she would be today," Ms. Owens said in an inter-

But such successes are rare. And the failures are devastating, on patients and their families.

For a while, Dr. Daley said, the work had been "very rewarding," in part because of the fascination of "the people who came here and brought back a piece of solid reality, he said, ‘you’re left with the facts, left with the irreconcilable fact of shattered human beings. Once you see that, you’re finished. You can’t do anything.

Crack families also burn out and begin to "urge themselves," by casting out the unruly, thieving drug users, Dr. Daley said. "It’s our job to say, ‘I got to let one go on because it got a little bit too much. I’m bothered by the young one and I got to keep the other one, it’s my plan."

Said one client and they say, ‘Keep the boy, and hang up the phone.’
Dallas Deal Collapses
For Bankrupt College

DALLAS, Aug. 3 (AP) - A Sri Lankan woman has forfeited $75,000 worth of sapphires that she put up as a deposit and still owes $166,000 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 Robert C. McCourt of United States Bankruptcy Court when officials of the 186-year-old school could not raise $1.85 million needed to cover the school's deficit.

The school, which is on a 20-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 Aryadesh Inc., a group represented by Panditha Sudhakara Nadarajah, a Sri Lankan woman whose lawyer said she had lived in Lubbock, Texas.

Her lawyer, A.W. Clem, said in March that Mr. 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 helped to free lawyers for both sides say.

Rohinton Hirani, the brother whose conviction in the killing of a Dallas police officer, Maurice Morris, received full rights to any books or commercial movies about his life. The settlement was finalized Thursday.

"We're pleased that we were able to settle this, but I'm not pleased with the way it had to come about," Hirani's lawyer, Randy Schaffer. "I never should have gone to trial."

After being a prisoner of the justice system for 13 years, Mr. Hirani should not have been required to be a prisoner of Errol Morris for life."

Demand for Payment Dropped
Mr. Adams, who was fired in Ohio, sued Mr. Morris in Federal District Court in Houston on June 17.

In a statement released by his lawyers, Mr. Morris said he believed 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 settlement.

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 of his $65,000 and 2 percent of profits if he made a commercial movie.

Mr. Adams's lawyer contended that "The Thin Blue Line" was a special film, although it was produced in a documentary style. Morris agreed it was released in commercial theaters.

Film Maker Still In Debt
Mr. Morris said, "I was unwilling to pay money to Adams to make "The Thin Blue Line," a documentary motion picture of his life story for which I am still approximately $100,000 in debt."

He added that Mr. Adams did not sue for rights to his life story. "It has never been our position that Randall Adams of the opportunity to make his life story," Mr. Morris said.
Hot and Dirty Jobs End: So Does a Way of Life

By RICK BRAGG

DOLOMITRE, 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 18 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 work 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 may have called a great American economic recovery. All 380 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 hard 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 been 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 the "drowsy spell," 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 ambulances. I’ve run hot before, and seen little pink elephants. I couldn’t figure out where I was."

Mr. Roberts, who worked at a United States Steel coke plant before moving to Koppers, always thought about just walking away, but how does a man abandon $17 an hour, especially a man with no college, no real technical training beyond what he learned in the glow of the ovens?

"I would have liked to have changed fields," Mr. Roberts said, "because I was tired of abusing my body. But this is all I know."

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 1960s, when Birmingham was called the "Pittsburgh of the South."

"All the smokestacks were burning, 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.

"I would have liked to have changed fields," Mr. Roberts said. "Because I was tired of abusing my body. But this is all I know."

Mr. Roberts and his wife, Mary Ann, raised three children, and the paychecks were regular as a courthouse clock. Makers of coke in Birmingham even exported it to Japan.

In 1960, 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.

Wolferen-brand work boots gave way to alligator shoes. The skies cleared. Steel never recovered.

By 1960, the industry had 10,700 jobs. In 1996, the industry had 9,300 jobs, a 17 percent drop. The steel mills here imported coke from Japan, Mr. Roberts said.

"I wonder if 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."

Photograph by Justin Wells for The New York Times
U.S. Leaked British Intelligence to I.R.A., Ex-Envoy Says

BY WARREN HOGE

LONDON, Jan. 18 — A former American Ambassador to Britain has accused the Clinton Administration of having leaked British intelligence to the Irish Republican Army.

He also says that the United States Ambassador to Ireland, Jean Kennedy Smith, is an “ardent I.R.A. apostle.”

In his memoirs, Raymond Seitz, left, says Jean Kennedy Smith, the Ambassador to Ireland, has become an “ardent apostle for the I.R.A.”

“The following months,” the Clinton White House made one concession after another (fund-raising, official recognition, high-level meetings, presidential photos and so forth), and again and again it backed away from its own conditions, usually over the furor of the British,” Mr. Seitz recalled in an excerpt from the book published in The Sunday Telegraph today.

“Thus, the Clinton White House made one concession after another (fund-raising, official recognition, high-level meetings, presidential photos and so forth), and again and again it backed away from its own conditions, usually over the furor of the British,” Mr. Seitz recalled in an excerpt from the book published in The Sunday Telegraph today.

“In this fractious atmosphere, London’s stopgap sensitiveness to the White House because it often seemed to find its way through the Embassy, which was to the Ambassador himself, a point of view, however, a Kennedy was a Kennedy.”

Mr. Seitz said he became a “pro-motion agent” for Mr. Adams and added, “This shifting of the past and the too-naive to anticipate the future, she was an ardent I.R.A. apostle.”

When she insisted on “national security” in Belfast, Mr. Adams refused, saying that her responsibilities did not extend into Britain, and when presented “Kennedys have a hard time absorbing refusal,” he wrote.

Mr. Seitz, a career foreign service officer in a post usually given to political appointees, was a popular Ambassador with the British, and he has remained in London as vice chairman of Lehman Brothers and a frequent contributor to British news outlets on Anglo-American subjects.

He was appointed by President Bush but remained in office under President Clinton until his replacement in 1994 by William J. Crowe, retired, the former head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

He said his anger over the treatment of Mr. Adams, a man he identified as “in the front rank of planners and planners of political violence,” stemmed from his feeling that it had “debased America’s long-established policy on terrorism as well as the value of relations with the United Kingdom.”

He said he could not be reached for comment tonight. The Sunday Telegraph reported that he told the paper the previous evening, “It’s hard to elaborate further, but it would not be proper.”

Seek Peace...and pursue it

By JAMES F. CLARITY

DUBLIN, Jan. 18 — Several renegade groups, including one that took responsibility today for the killing of a Catholic man in Northern Ireland, have the capacity, and apparently the intention, to wreak mayhem in the coming weeks with shootings and bombings, according to British security and intelligence officials.

For the last time, the officials say, would be to subvert the inventive but not indisputable evidence, as allies of sectarian killers. The renegade groups do not recognize the cease-fire being maintained by the overwhelmingly Catholic Irish Republican Army and the main Protestant paramilitary groups: the Ulster Defense Association, its affiliate the Ulster Freedom Fighters and the Ulster Volunteer Force. All those groups are represented by political leaders at the peace talks. Since the

Groups try to settle internal scores and stop peace talks.

Dave Ervine, head of the Progressive Unionist Party at the peace talks, is a former guerrilla with the Ulster Volunteer Force, which is observing the cease-fire. The P.U.P. jacket with the collar pulled up to cover the lower half of his face and a black watch cap. The P.U.P. is on paid informers, usually disgruntled guerrillas, rather than infiltrators, to get information.

They get automatic rifles or pistols. "Let’s kill a Catholic," one might say.

Dear President Clinton, Prime Minister Netanyahu and Chairman Arafat:

As you prepare for your meetings in Washington next week, we offer our prayers for your success and for progress toward peace.

Our tradition teaches us to strive for peace with all our being. In that spirit, we pledge our support for your efforts to negotiate an end to this terrible conflict. We are heartened that our government has the credibility, skill and backing needed to serve as an honest and effective broker, and we urge all sides to take the realistic steps that are necessary to enhance security and build mutual confidence at this crucial stage in the peace process.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

[Signature]

[Signature]

[Signature]
Hearing Offers Clues About Towboat’s Disappearance

By Tim O’Neill
Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

The crew searching the Mississippi River for signs of a towboat that mysteriously sank May 16 found only floating mops, buckets and a tiny oil slick oozing from beneath a fleet of tied-up barges.

“I saw the mop coming up,” pilot Kenneth Simmons told a Coast Guard briefing 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 were 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 cracking noises from the heavy chains that held the barges together.

Kelso said he looked toward the front of the boat 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 upstream 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 about 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.

“The 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 [propeller], a loss of power.”

Later Wednesday, the St. Louis medical examiner’s office identified the remains of deckhand William H. Liedbetter, 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 say they would try to determine whether he was being pulled into the barge.

Bill Bryan of the Post-Dispatch staff contributed information for this story.
oil / oil jargon: Christmas tree - control head / flowing well
whiggin - a good strike
tool pusher - drilling or constn foreman
 crude - unrefined oil
spudding in - drilling at few feet / hole
hansman - in charge of leasing land / for drilling
tight hole - well on which no info is released
drilling mud - solution of water / cement pumped into a well thru drill pipe to keep walls of hole in shape during drilling
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
Opportunities -- 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.
Fix plumbing -- backwards hot cold water
Norwegian turkeys -- costume
First Avenue eagle -- bootie hidden in bag while being drank by a drunk.

—from Mary Mueller, USFS, Sitka, Nov. '82—