**IDEAS & TRENDS**

Quick Arriving Fads Quick to Flame Out

PO: Amy and Zachary, so popular. And... they... they... aren't popular. Their well-meaning parents chose much-bland names that, sadly, were decided to have their appeal. Why? They're pedestrian. They're not striking. They're not grand. They're not unique. They're not emergent. A new study by the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School and Stanford University looks at how quickly Americans rank names and how they come for things and people. The study, for example, based on 120 years of census data, is called "America." The study come to great

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>4,238</td>
<td>4.39%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Relatively Constant**

Some names do not change much, favorably or otherwise.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John</td>
<td>1880</td>
<td>4,238</td>
<td>4.39%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>1880</td>
<td>4,238</td>
<td>4.39%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Fament Banger, 1958-2008**

A look at the names that were most popular for boys and girls for a long time.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John</td>
<td>1880</td>
<td>4,238</td>
<td>4.39%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>1880</td>
<td>4,238</td>
<td>4.39%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
and War

right materials from the enemy. At
the same time, I would say, that it
was not our doing, but the doing of
the enemy, that the Indian was de

troyed.

The last bandit who was killed, ac

cording to the report, was shot in the
head and back, but his body, it was
said, was never found.

I do not know whether there are
other bandsmen who have been killed
in this manner, but I do know that
there are many who have been killed
by the laws.

And so we must continue to fight on,
for we cannot afford to give up hope.

But let us not forget that we are on
the side of right, and that we must
strive to maintain our freedom.

In this struggle, we must remember
that we are not alone.

David Riddleman, the chief of the
Sante Fe Railroad, has given a pic

ure of the day. As he looked at the

photograph, he said, "I have always
been proud of my work.

It is not easy to build a railroad,
but it is worth it. We are building a
future for our children.

And so we must continue to work,
for we cannot afford to give up hope.

But let us not forget that we are on
the side of right, and that we must
strive to maintain our freedom.

In this struggle, we must remember
that we are not alone.

David Riddleman, the chief of the
Sante Fe Railroad, has given a pic

ure of the day. As he looked at the

photograph, he said, "I have always
been proud of my work.

It is not easy to build a railroad,
but it is worth it. We are building a
future for our children.

And so we must continue to work,
for we cannot afford to give up hope.

But let us not forget that we are on
the side of right, and that we must
strive to maintain our freedom.

In this struggle, we must remember
that we are not alone.

David Riddleman, the chief of the
Sante Fe Railroad, has given a pic

ure of the day. As he looked at the

photograph, he said, "I have always
been proud of my work.

It is not easy to build a railroad,
but it is worth it. We are building a
future for our children.

And so we must continue to work,
for we cannot afford to give up hope.

But let us not forget that we are on
the side of right, and that we must
strive to maintain our freedom.

In this struggle, we must remember
that we are not alone.
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SEATTLE
& KING COUNTY
intended here, and that's the way it did happen. Off up the South Fork our fathers rode to eyeball a stand of timber which interested Ed for buckrake teeth he could sell at his lumber yard, and Ray and I were left to entertain one another.

Living out there at English Creek I always was stumped about what of my existence would interest any other boy in the world. There was the knoll with the view all the way to the Sweetgrass Hills, but somehow I felt that might not hold the fascination for others that it did for me. Ordinarily horses would have been on hand to ride, the best solution to the situation, but the day before, Isidor Pronovost and some CCC guys had taken all the spare ones in a big packstring to set up a spike camp for a tree-planting crew. Alec was nowhere in the picture as a possible ally; this was haying time and he was driving the scatter rake for Pete Reese. The ranger station itself was no refuge: the sun was out and my mother would never let us get away with lolling around inside, even if I could think up a reasonable loll. Matters were not at all improved by the fact that, since I still was going to the South Fork grade school and Ray went in Gros Ventre, we only knew each other by sight.

He was a haunting kid to look at. His eyes were within long deep-set arcs, as if always squinched the way you do to thread a needle. And curved over with eyebrows which wouldn't need to have been much thicker to make a couple of respectable blond mustaches. And then a flattish nose which, wide as it was, barely accommodated all the freckles assigned to it. When Ray really grinned—I didn't see that this first day, although I was to see it thousands of times in the years ahead—deep slice-lines cut his cheeks, out opposite the corners of his mouth. Like a big set of parentheses around the grin. His lower lip was so full that it too had a slice-line under it. This kid looked more as if he'd been carved out of a pumpkin than born. Also, even more so than a lot of us at that age, his front teeth were far ahead of the rest of him in size. In any schoolyard there always were a lot of traded jibes of "Beaver tooth!" but Ray's frontals really did seem as if they'd been made for toppling willows.

As I say, haunting. I have seen grown men, guys who ordinarily wouldn't so much as spend a glance at a boy on the street, stop and study that face of Ray's. And here he was, thank you a whole hell of a lot, my guest for this day at English Creek.

So we were afoot with one another and not knowing what to do about it, and ended up wandering the creek bank north of the ranger
You Remind Me of Me

By BENEDICT CAREY

Artful persuasion depends on eye contact, but not just any kind. If one person prefers brief glances and the other is busy staring deeply, then it may not matter how good the jokes are or how much they both loved "Juno." Rhythm counts. Voice cadence does, too. People who speak in loud, animated bursts tend to feed off others who do the same, just as those who are lower key tend to relax in a cool stream of measured tones.

"Myself, I'm very conscious of people's body position," said Ray Allieri of Wellesley, Mass., a former telecommunications executive with 20 years in marketing and sales. "If they're leaning back in their chair, I do that, and if they're forward on their elbows, I tend to move forward."

Psychologists have been studying the art of persuasion for nearly a century, analyzing activities like political propaganda, television campaigns and door-to-door sales. Many factors influence people's susceptibility to an appeal, studies suggest, including their perception of how exclusive an opportunity is and whether their neighbors are buying it.

Most people are also strongly sensitive to rapport, to charm, to the social music in the person making the pitch. In recent years, researchers have begun to decode the unspoken, subtle elements that come into play when people dick.

They have found that immediate social bonding between strangers is highly dependent on mimicry, a synchronized and usually unconscious give and take of words and gestures that creates a

Decoding the subtle cues that lead to human rapport, scientists train their focus on mimicry.

Continued on Page 8
A CONVERSATION WITH Joel Berger

When Grizzlies Ruin Eden, Moose Take it

BY CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Joel Berger, 36, is a specialist in ungulates, hoofed mammals that, in general, walk on the tips of their toes to sustain their body weight. His investigations into the behavior and habits of minoceros, bisons, pronghorns sheep and moose have been used to find ways to preserve them and their environments.

On a recent visit to New York City, Dr. Berger, a professor at the University of Montana, spoke to Priscilla de los Santos at the Wildlife Conservation Society. Below is a conversation between them.

Q. If solar flares and cosmic rays are known to be dangerous to life, how can scientists speculate about life forms on Mars?

A. Mars has in fact an extremely thin atmosphere, with no ozone shield between it and the Sun. And it has only a weak magnetic field, unlike the Earth’s protective magnetosphere. So the Martian surface is very much exposed to cosmic radiation. But researchers say these conditions do not rule out life on Mars.

NASA scientists suspect that any indigenous life forms on Mars, past or present, probably harbored themselves under a protective layer of Martian soil or evolved with strong adaptations that made them radiation resistant, like the earth’s microbe Deinococcus radiodurans. Mammals might even have evolved to eat the Martian soil, some suggest.

Solar flares, with their low-energy protons, are the greatest radiation risk to humans in space. The protons move relatively slowly through living cells, releasing energy at a rate too as they go. They encounter and ionize molecules and release harmful radicals that cause DNA damage and eventually promote cancer.

Therefore, any Mars tourists would need the foresight to wear or build very strong shielding against solar flares.

C. CLAIBORNE RAY

Q. Why did the moose go down to the road?

A. If she’s native of the greater Yellowstone ecosystem and she’s pregnant, she may have done it because she wanted to give birth in a place where one of her main predators, the grizzly bear, rarely goes.

Grizzlies tend to avoid humans. In the part of Yellowstone that I’ve been studying this past decade, the Grand Teton National Park, grizzlies don’t go near the roads because they know that’s where the humans and cars are.

I collar and track moose as part of my wider research on prey-predator relationships. For the past 10 years, we’ve noticed that Grand Teton moose are, each year, moving about 375 feet closer to the roads when they are about to calve. We think they are doing it because they’ve figured out that the paved road is a bear-free zone where their newborns stand a better chance of survival. Up in Alaska, grizzly bears have been observed killing between 50 and 80 percent of the moose population. We think that the Grand Teton moose have figured out a way to use humans as shields for their babies.

Q. Is this a new behavior for them?

A. It’s new. Until the mid-1990s, the moose of the Yellowstone basin lived in a kind of moose paradise, without predators. But wolves had all been shot out by about 1975 earlier. Grizzly bears were heavily hunted, and there were few of those. Without their traditional predators, Grand Teton moose were docile, naïve. That all changed in the mid-1990s when the grizzlies rebounded because of a ban on their hunt and when wolves were reintroduced to the Yellowstone region. The first Grand Teton moose to encounter a wolf probably thought it was nothing more than a big coyote, which she didn’t fear. We reconstructed the interaction from tracks we found in the snow. From what we could see, the wolves just walked up to the moose and grabbed her 300-pound calf and ate it.

Grand Teton moose have learned a lot since then. Most of us think of moose as those dim lumbering Bullwinkles, but they figure things out today. Today, if I were to play wolf calls over a loudspeaker to a herd in the park, they’d become vigilant — and they’d move away.

Q. Isn’t that just moose instinct at work?

A. No. They didn’t do it 10 years ago.

Q. Why did you once dress up as a moose?

A. Legitimate scientific inquiry. We wanted to see how the Grand Teton moose reacted to the smell of bear smell. In Alaska, where the moose are very bear-savvy, if they smell it, they’ll manifest fear. But what about “salve” moose? Well, you can’t just go up to moose and put out ears of bear poop patties before them. The outfit — and a tactful act of acting like a moose — was a way of getting in close. We only did this perhaps four times, but I’ll never live it down. The media made a big deal of it. Lerman wanted me on his show. We didn’t go.

Q. How did your guys react to the bear patty?

A. At that time, bears hadn’t been that much of a danger to them. And so they mostly ignored it. But within one moose...
Funny, You Remind Me of Me: How Mimicry Leads to Rapport

From First Science Page

current of good will between two people.

In understanding exactly how this process works, researchers say, people can better catch themselves when falling for an artful pitch, and even sharpen their own social skills in ways they may not have tried before.

"Really good salespeople, and for that matter good con artists, have known about these skills and used them forever," Jeremy Bailenson, a psychologist at Stanford, said. "All we're doing now is measuring and describing more precisely what it is they're doing, whether consciously or not."

Imitation is one of the most common and recognizable behaviors in the animal kingdom. Just as baby chimp learn to climb by aping their elders, so infants pick up words and gestures by copying parents. They sense and mimic peers' behavior from early on, too, looking up at the ceiling if others around them do so or mirroring others' cringes of fear and anxiety.

Such behavioral contagion probably evolved early for survival, some scientists argue. It is what scatters a flock well before most members see a lunging predator.

Yet by drawing on apparently similar skills, even in seemingly trivial ways, people can prompt almost instantaneous cooperation from complete strangers.

In a recent experiment, Rick van Baaren, a psychologist at Nijmegen University in the Netherlands, had student participants go to a lab and give their opinions about a series of advertisements. A member of his research team handed half the participants while they spoke, roughly mirroring the posture and the position of their arms and legs, taking care not to be too obvious.

Minutes later, the experiment dropped six pens on the floor, making it look like an accident.

In several versions of this simple sequence, participants who had been mimicked were two to three times as likely to pick up the pens as those who had not.

The mimicry had not only increased good will toward the researcher within minutes, the study concluded, but it also prompted "an increased pro-social orientation in general."

That orientation applies to far more than dropped pens. In a study done in the spring, Rob Tannor and Tanya Chartrand, psychologists at Duke, led a research team that tested how mimicking might affect the behavior of a potential client or investor.

The team had 37 Duke students try out what was described as a new sports drink, Vigor, and answer a few questions about it. The interviewer mimicked about half the participants using a technique Dr. Chartrand had developed in earlier studies.

The technique involved mirroring a person's posture and movements, with a one-to-two-second delay. If he crosses his legs, then wait two seconds and do the same, with opposite legs. If she touches her face, wait a beat or two and do that. If he drums his fingers or taps a toe, wait again and do something similar.

The idea is to be a mirror but a slow, imperfect one. Follow too closely, and most people catch it — and the game is over.

In the study, the researchers set up the interviews so each student's experience was virtually identical, except for the mimicking.

None of the copied participants picked up on the mimicry. But by the end of the short interview, they were significantly more likely than the others to consume the new drink, to say they would buy it and to predict its success in the market.

In a similar experiment, the psychologists found that this was especially true if the participants knew that the interviewer, the mimic, had a stake in the product's success.

"This is somewhat counterintuitive," Dr. Chartrand said in an interview. "Normally, you'd expect when people realize that someone was invested in a product and trying to sell it to them, their reaction would be attenuated. They'd be less enthusiastic."

"But we found that people who were mimicked actually felt more strongly about the product when they knew the other person was invested in it."

Any amiable conversation provides ample evidence of this subconscious social Waltz. Smiles are contagious. So is nodding, in an amiable conversation.

Accents converge quickly and automatically. A country chime or an Irish whistle can seemingly infect the voice of a New Yorker in a 10-minute phone call.

I especially find myself falling into a Southern accent, which is crazy," Mr. Allieri, the telecom executive, said. "I'm from Boston.

"But I think what good salespeople really do is pick up on physical cues and respond to them without thinking much about it."

It is one thing to move like a naturally synchronized swimmer through the pools of everyday conversation, however. It is another to deliberately employ mimicry to persuade or seduce.

Dr. Bailenson, the Stanford psychologist, has been testing the effects of different forms of mimicry by programming a computer-generated figure, an avatar, to mirror the movements and gestures of people in a study.

He has found that his subjects pick up on mimicry when it is immediate and precise. If the avatar is slightly out of sync, however — within four seconds, for instance — then the mimicking goes unnoticed, and the usual rules apply. The virtual creating comes across as warm and convincing, as if controlled by another human.

"The point is it's a delicate balance to get it right, and I suspect those people who are good at this know how to do it instinctively," Dr. Bailenson said.

Or they have developed ways to engage their skills intuitively.

Veldon Smith, a musician and legendary salesman living in Centennial, Colo., spent 30 years in the automobile parts business before retiring a few years ago said:

"One thing I always did, I learned as much as possible about a client before I met him. What their problem was, what they were worried about. Then I would pick up on what the story about myself being in the same predicament."

"So when I walked in, I was in exactly the same frame of mind as the customer. I was immediately投降 the challenge. Everything else kind of flowed out of that."

One reason subtle mimicry is so instantly beguiling may be that it draws on and, perhaps, activates brain circuits involved in feeling empathy.

In several studies, Jean Decety, a neuroscientist at the University of Chicago, has shown that some of the same brain regions that are active when a person can feel what another feels, then that person imagines someone else like a loved one feeling the same.

A similar process almost certainly occurs when a person takes pleasure in the good fortune of a friend or the apparent enjoyment of a conversation partner, Dr. Decety said.

"When you're being mimicked in a good way, it communicates a kind of pleasurable affect, a social high you're getting from the other person, and I suspect it activates the circuitry that is involved in sensing reward," he said.

Social mimicry can and does go wrong. At its malicious extreme, it can create an emotional gap, when people feel why people often recur when they catch of whiff of mimicry,-ending up with a negative social bond. Preliminary studies suggest that the rule changes if there is a clear emotional gap, which happens with people. For almost everyone else, however, subtle mimicry can serve a social function, such as to add grace and gaiety, the physical dance of charm itself. And if that kind of flattery doesn't close a deal, it may just be that the customer isn't buying.

Everyone has the right to be charmed but not seduced.
Building Organs Even the Prudish Can Handle

By RICHARD MORGAN

The human breast comes in wondrous varieties. Good luck learning that in medical school. There, students practicing on training dummies mostly encounter the same set of perky 36Bs. Many students believe doctors never having learned the nuances of checking for cancerous lumps in larger, smaller, flatter, fuller or droopier breasts.

So Dr. Carla Pugh, a surgeon at the Northwestern University medical school, takes matters into her own hands. She builds fake breasts in her lab from everyday off-the-shelf items. Lima beans, it turns out, are excellent facsimiles for tumor tissue.

Medical schools have a dirty secret: they can be just as puritan as the rest of us. Training is often handicapped by a combination of shame, embarrassment and hyper-etiquette— even as cancers of the breast, testicles, cervix, colon and prostate kill tens of thousands of Americans each year.

In a report in The Archives of Family Medicine in 1998, doctors invariably evaluated themselves as "very comfortable" performing breast and prostate exams, regardless of the doctor’s sex, even though very few of the same doctors evaluated their skill as "excellent." Among male doctors performing breast exams, for example, 78 percent said they were very comfortable but only 35 percent rated their skill as excellent. Interestingly, though 98 percent of female doctors were very comfortable, just 27 percent said their skill was excellent.

Dr. Pugh, 39, has worked nearly a decade to bridge that gap. Her first creation, in 1988, was a "vaginal vault" made of a cardboard toilet-paper roll, Play-Doh and a badminton shuttlecock (a makeshift cervix). She has also constructed a scrotum using two wood balls linked by a rubber band (vas deferens) and suspended in an extra-large condom filled with oil and peanut butter.

She sometimes buys penises at adult "novelty" shops, though they are all erect and circumcised, and sometimes welds on rubber tubing used for synthetic intestines when a foreskin is needed. Blessed with an education that took her through Stanford University in the frenzied 1960s, she attaches sensors to the models so teachers can know whether the students are touching the right areas and using correct pressure.

Her models are perhaps not as polished as some simulators on the market, but they are realistic enough that she hides them from male friends. She patented her pelvic simulators in 2002, and her macgyver-makes-dr.

Ruth approach a celebration of medicine at Medicine that country.

"Just because they get into medical school doesn't mean they have a calming effect about when it comes to the human body out to be the first to

In 2003, Dr. Pugh, a urologist, agreed to fit a pelvic exam simulator. It was given an American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology report.

LIFELIKE, ALMOST Top, Dr. Carla Pugh, right, discusses one of her model body parts with Dr. Katherine Blasfield. Below, a pelvic exam simulator combines a three-dimensional model with a computerized avatar.

For medical students routine pelvic exams can be embarrassing. Dr. Pugh, the University of Wisconsin and a pioneer in teaching medical students to perform pelvic exams now teaches her medical students to perform pelvic exams to women.

"We need environment - tion that has relieved women’s anxiety. We find that it is very embarrassing for medical students to perform pelvic exams. They are not used to performing pelvic exams, but we find that they quickly become comfortable with it."

WELL | Tara Parker-Pope

Reinventing Date Night for Lovers

Long-married couples often schedule a weekly "date night"—a regular evening out with friends or at a favorite restaurant to strengthen their marital bond.

But brain and behavior researchers say many couples are going about date night all wrong. Simply spending cash

Over the past several years, Dr. Aron and his colleagues have tested the novelty theory in a series of experiments with long-married couples. In one of the earliest studies, the researchers recruited 33 married couples. Using standard questionnaires, the researchers measured the novelty of the couple's relationship and the effectiveness of their communication.

The study found that couples who rated their relationship as novel and who reported feeling satisfied were the most satisfied. The researchers concluded that novelty, as defined by the novelty theory, is a key ingredient in happy marriages.

Co
CLINT EASTWOOD GALLERY

Professional Photos
1 - 6 of 98

Community Photos
1 - 6 of 158

Upload Community Pictures on Flixster | Powered by

http://www.rottentomatoes.com/celebrity/clint_eastwood/pictures/40361.php#highlighted_picture
Eli L. Guardipee, has been on the Blackfeet Indian reservation for many years and is best acquainted with the old-timers of the livestock industry. He was born in the Turtle mountains in North Dakota on May 31, 1857.

Much credit is due Guardipee for his aptitude in remembering correct dates, which is so essential in writing histories. His parents were French and Indian. His mother was Judith J. Cardinal before she married Baptiste Guardipee. Her family traveled about North Dakota and Canada, making their livelihood hunting buffalo and other game. At this time there was no surveyed line between Canada and the United States, this far west. They did their trading at Fort Ellis, the Hudson Bay trading post, in Manitoba, Canada and at Fort Union, a trading post located on the North Dakotas-Montana line.

The Guardipees, with about 60 other families, headed by a leader named John Fisher, left the Mouse river, near the present site of Minot, North Dakota, for Montana in the spring of 1888.

They used horses and carts for transportation. Speed was no motive to these travelers as they were living a happy and contented life, making a living that was satisfactory to them. All along the route they killed buffalo, which roamed the range in early days in large and many herds. They killed other game, using the hides for clothing, to build their lodges and for trading. Whenever they came in contact with white traders they traded these hides for tobacco, guns, horses or anything
they could procure in no other way.

Their route took them between the Missouri river and the Mouse river, until they neared Montane, when they followed the Missouri river. They made camp at the mouth of Poplar river, which is near the present location of the town of Poplar. Here they were hired by some whites, who had been bringing a steamboat up the Missouri, which had sunk near this point. They assisted in pulling the boat out of the water, and then to shore to be repaired. They traveled on, making another camp at a small Indian trading post called Fort Peck, which is now the location of the largest dirt filled dam in the world.

They followed the Milk river to the mouth of Beaver creek, where they camped a few days and here the big camp split. All but five families started back for North Dakota.

Included in the families who traveled on west were Baptiste and Alexander Guardipee, Frank Le Rock, Thomas Bird and a Frenchman called Vevie. While they were camped at Beaver creek a Mexican, by the name of Thomas Levatta, with a few families, joined them and became their leader since he was acquainted with the western prairies.

In the fall of 1867, Levatta was hired by John Grant, a rancher out of Deer Lodge, to take a herd of horses into Manistota to sell and raise. Due to the hard winter of 1867 and 1868 he lost the herd, and was returning to Deer Lodge.
Now that this group was smaller in number and had a more definite destination in mind, they made much better time. They traveled up the Milk River and made a camp near Fort Browning (Fort Belknap), which was just being built in September of that year. Here they had quite an interesting experience with the Gros Ventre Indians, which means "Big Belly", on whose reservation they were camped.

A few of the young men, of a Gros Ventre camp, whose leader was Chief Sitting Woman, came and admired the horses of Lavatta's party. They then rode these horses away to their own camp, returning later with some of their own horses, which were not nearly so good a stock. One of the horses taken was Guardipee's best buffalo-horse. He later tried to get this horse returned. A good buffalo-horse meant much to these travelers since the killing of the buffalo was the main means of existence. Being so small in number, the party did not cause any resistance to the Gros Ventres for the wrong they had done them.

When they arrived at Fort Belknap they explained to one of the interpreters, a Mr. Reeves, what had happened. Reeves sent a scout over to the Gros Ventre camp who told Chief Sitting Woman that Reeves wished to speak with him. After explaining to the Chief what had happened, Chief Sitting Woman went back to his camp and returned with the horse. Since the party planned on traveling farther and was so small in number, Guardipee decided he had better keep the good will of these people. So, when the Chief returned
with his horse, he told him if the young men liked the horse so well he could keep it, if he would give Guardipee a good buffalo-horse instead. The trade was made, but the horse proved later to be a useless stud cayouse.

The next day they camped by another group of Gros Ventres and more unwilling trading followed. After this visit they were left with no good buffalo-horses, but did get a mule which later proved to be a very good trade.

Lavatta and his party traveled on and at the mouth of Big Sandy creek joined up with a group of nine freighters. These men were returning to Fort Benton. They had just come from Fort Browning, where they had hauled a load of lumber to be used in building the fort. The freighters were hauled by ox-teams. They followed the freighters for three days, which proved a fortunate protection from the Indians. On the second day they came upon a party of Gros Ventres, who were returning from the Blackfeet Indian reservation, where they had been warring with the Blackfeet Indians. Lavatta’s party did some horse trading with the Gros Ventres which proved much more successful than their dealings with the other Gros Ventres.

The third day Lavatta’s party camped at the mouth of the Marias river on the Teton, and the freighters went on into Fort Benton. The next day they arrived at the fort and camped.

Lavatta and his party, who had joined Guardipee at Beaver creek, traveled on as they were on their way to Deer Lodge.

It was at Fort Benton that the Guardipees met their cousin,
Alec Guardiée, who was an interpreter at the fort for the American Fur company. The fort at this time consisted of a small square enclosed fort, with one entrance and one exit gate. At two corners were located bastions which housed the cannon and the guns, used in case of Indian attacks. The American Fur company and the Northwest Fur company, two stores, and a few cabins were housed inside the fort. Along the Missouri near the fort, a few traders and hunters had built some cabins. Since Fort Benton was the end of the steamboat run, much trading and shipping was done here at this time. Guardiée's mule, which he had gotten from the Gros Ventres, was traded to another interpreter at the fort. He received $60 in cash, some supplies and a good buffalo-horse.

The Guardiée party moved their camp to the opposite banks of the Teton river, where the fort's cattle and horses were ranged. Guardiée ranged their horses with those of the fort. This was safer from the Indian raiding parties. The head herder was Charles Rose. The keeper of the milk cows was a full-blood Blackfeet boy named Turtle.

Turtle was the first known Indian to be tried and convicted of murdering a white man. In 1879, Turtle robbed and murdered Charles Walmley, who was on his way to buy a supply of liquor to be sold or traded to the Indians. He was arrested by Sheriff John J. Healy in January 1880, who was 'the law' from the Lewis and Clark county to Valley. When Walmley's body was found, the Indian recalled that his dog had been following Turtle at the time. With this clue and other evidence they were successful in
convicting Turtle.

The Guardipee party stayed around Fort Benton about three weeks and then headed north. They went up by the Marias river near the present location of Goose Bill, and just below where the Benton and St. Louis Cattle company later located their Circle Ranch.

Thomas Bird wanted to come up here. He was a Piegan, which means "Muddy Water". The Piegans are a tribe of the Blackfeet nation. These Indians could nearly always be found near the Missouri river. Thomas Bird had lived here in his boyhood. The party hunted and trapped almost a month with the Peigans, and then returned to the elbow of the Teton, which is about six miles west of Fort Benton. Here, a band of Piegans, who had been doing some trading at the fort, passed as they were on the way back to their main camp. That night, two of the Piegan Indians, Sympathize With A Bear and White Bear, got intoxicated on the whiskey they had bought at the fort. They killed many of the horses in their own camp, also some dogs. They killed a chief named Iron Shield and an old woman. When the whiskey fever had worn off they realized what they had done, and left camp for the north country, not returning for more than a year.

After a few days of trading at the fort, with the furs and skins they had brought with them from the Goose Bill country, Guardipee's party went up to the Marias river. They camped at Medicine Rock coulee, which is near the present site of Shelby. Medicine Rock coulee was named after the "medicine rock" a large
rock which the Indians feared and to which they made sacrifices.

Guardipee, with his party, met Adolph Fellers and Peter Cadotte at this point. They told Guardipee to go no farther, but to return to the Teton. They told him to wait for the bul-teams which were leaving Fort Benton, with a load of lumber to be used at Château in building the Blackfeet agency. This warn-
ing was given because some traders had been up Medicine Rock way and the Indians had lots of whiskey on hand, which meant trouble. Fellers and Cadotte had just come from where William G. Conred was building the first fort on the Marias, a short distance from the Guardipee camp. They met the freighters at a place the Indians called the "knees", which were small hills southwest of Goose Bill. The wagon-boss of these freighters was Ben Short. Tom Hailey had the contract to furnish logs and lumber for the fort at Château, and Mr. Hitchcock was the building contractor.

The Guardipee family stayed there for the next few years. The rest of the party pulled out in the spring for other parts. Guardipee had the contract to carry the mail that winter, to and from Fort Shaw, located 30 miles south of Château. He left Château by foot at night, to protect himself from Indian war parties, and reached Fort Shaw before daybreak. He then rested and returned the following night.

In April of 1869 the building of the Blackfeet agency, at Château, was finished. That year the government gave flour to the Indians. Possibly, this was of the first commodities
received by the Blackfeet. During the winter all but one of Guardipee's horses were stolen by the Indians.

Many Piegan Indians camped around the fort the winter of 1863 and the spring and summer of 1869, among them was Chief Bull Head. He had stayed, with his clan of 15 families, longer than the rest, because he wanted to meet the Flathead Indians, when they came over the mountains to hunt. He wanted to make peace with them.

One day all the hunters in this clan, except Bull Head, went on a hunting party along Dupuyer creek. As they went along they saw in the distance a party of three travelers. When the Piegans reached the three, they learned they were Flathead Indians. Disregarding their chief's wishes of peace, they killed the man and the woman of the party. The young boy got away and let it be known to the Flathead camp, which was camped near there, what had happened. The Piegans then returned to the fort singing war songs and doing the scalp dance, which was their way of telling what they had done.

About two weeks later Eli Guardipee, and other children of the fort, were playing along the creek near the fort. He was soon to witness his first Indian battle. All these about the fort were warned and brought in. They began to prepare for the trouble ahead. While Bull Head was out hunting, three Flatheads came to the fort to tell them that their chief was
willing to make peace. The Piegans held two of these as hostages and let the other one return.

Adolph Fellers left the fort immediately to find Bull Head and let him know what had happened in his absence. It was his hope to find the chief and return to the fort before the Flatheads could arrive. He soon found the chief but by the time they were within site of the fort, the Flatheads were already there and had surrounded it. Fellers tried to get Bull Head to go on and make the fort. Bull Head refused. He knew they hadn't a chance for their lives if they went any farther. The Flatheads began crawling up and over the fort as if they were in search of something. One of the Flatheads jumped off the fort wall and ran for Bull Head's cabin. He retrieved the bow and arrows laying there, and which belonged to a party the Piegans had killed a short time back. The Flatheads had been searching for the bow and arrows, but they were not successful in keeping them. Some of the Piegans rushed out and took them away from the Flatheads.

All this time the two captives were in Chief Bull Head's cabin. The Flatheads now asked to have their two men returned, and then they would talk peace terms. This was done, the Piegans not knowing their chief was near the fort and that the Flatheads knew where he was waiting. When the Flatheads received their two men they made a great cry and jumped on their horses, and headed to the place where Bull Head and Fellers were waiting.
Fellers tried to persuade the chief, since they were well armed, to try and hold off these oncoming warriors, until the Piegons from the fort would be able to assist them. The chief got off his horse and sat crossed-legged on the ground with his gun across his lap. He refused to battle. He wanted only to make peace, and no more bloodshed. When the warriors approached, Bull Head got up and stepped back a few steps. He made signs of peace and that he wished to speak with them. They paid no heed to him but took his gun, hit him over the head with it and then shot him twice.

While the Indians were stripping the chief, Fellers saw his chance to escape and started for the fort. He was soon followed by one of the fighters and were shot at. He turned and shot the Indian from his horse. Another Indian followed and he received the same treatment. He then was overtaken by five Piegons from the fort who had come to assist him. The Flatheads were so busy over the body of their fallen chief that they paid no heed to Fellers and the Piegons, they returned to the fort.

The Flatheads hid in the brush about the fort for the rest of the day and left sometime during the night. During the late evening some of the warriors ventured out to try and get some horses, hobbled outside the fort, but were unsuccessful in their attempt. They were shot down by those in the fort. One Piegan woman was killed as she went outside the
fort by the bastion, to see if the Flatheads had left.

The next day the women and the men went and brought Chief Bull Head's body back to the fort on a travois. A travois is made of two crossed poles which reach from the neck of the horse, past the rump and to the ground. A hide-hammock is stretched across the poles, just in reach of the horse's tail. They buried their chief, and gave him all the honors of a fair and brave chief. With him were all his belongings and, also, his best horse by his grave, which the warriors had killed. This fulfilled their belief that he was on his way to the "happy hunting" grounds and they did not want him to walk. Even though more Flatheads had been killed than Piegans, the Piegan warriors did not celebrate. Their chief had been killed and his wishes of peace had not been fulfilled.

The day of the burial Jack Miller, Eagle Flying West and Pete Cobell came to the fort. The Piegans, believing that the battle would last longer than it did, had previously sent a scout to assist them. Pete Cobell was regarded as a hero by the Indians, as he was a very fair and brave man. Jack Miller in later years became a large stockman in the Blackfeet Indian reservation.
Informant: Eli Guardipee
Address: Browning, Montana
In the spring of 1869, after the battle between the Piegs and Flatheads, the Piegs went to Fort Benton. They visited with their relatives and friends, who had gathered to trade. Two Piegs were killed by the whites; also a Blood Indian, who was related to Alexander Culbertson's wife. The Bloods are a tribe of the Blackfeet nation. Culbertson was the head trader for the American Fur company at Fort Benton. At the same time an Indian, named Charge In The Brush, was returning for a war party and was hanged at the fort. The reason for these killings is not known for certain.

Included among those visiting at the fort was Chief Owl Child, who left with his party to go in search of the big camp of the Piegs. When they reached the Sweet Grass hills, they camped near Chief Bear Head, who was Pete Owl Child's father-in-law, his brother Chief Heavy Runner and six other warriors.

Bear Head told Owl Child that he and his party were going out and steal some horses. Owl Child asked his father-in-law not to go, because he was too old. He told Bear Head that he had two enemy horses with him, which he would let Bear Head have, also a keg of whiskey, if he would go on no more of their dangerous missions. Owl Child brought the whiskey out and they had a round of drinks. After a few drinks Bear Head accused Owl Child of beating his wife, who was Bear Head's daughter. Bear Head abused Owl Child both physically and mentally until Owl Child became so angry, he shot and killed Bear Head.

Owl Child was very sorry this had happened. He told those
who were there, that he wished it had been Heavy Runner, who was his enemy. Heavy Runner, heard of the killing, and sent word over to the camp that Owl Child should leave with his party at once. He wanted no more trouble. Heavy Runner also wanted to bury his brother, Bear Head.

Owl Child left the camp and went up into the Cypress hills to join the large camp of the Piegan. Here, he called the young men of the camp together, and told them he was going on a war party to get some horses. He left, with about 40 or 50 of the warriors, and started for Choteau. All traveled on foot except Chief Owl Child, who had a horse. Among those in the party were: Mountain Chief, who was born in 1847 and is the oldest Indian alive on the Blackfeet reservation, Mary Owl, Big Mountain, White Man's dog, who is a hunchback, Water Bull, Crow Feather, and Sacrificed.

They camped at Choteau that night and went up to Malcolm Clark's ranch the following evening. Clark's ranch was located near Wolf Creek, west of present Great Falls. Malcolm Clark was one of the early livestock men in that part of Montana. Owl Child asked Clark's permission for he and his men to camp there. Clark was very willing to do this. Owl Child told him they had a herd of horses up the canyon which they had stolen from the Blood Indians. And, if Clark would send his boy up there, with some of the Indians in his camp, Owl Child would give Clark half the horses.

The story was a lie, but it worked as Owl Child had planned.
Clark believed this because he had had some horses stolen by the Bloods. The Indians took the boy a short distance from the ranch, hit him with a gun, then shot and left him for dead. After they left him, he managed to return to the ranch. As soon as Owl Child heard the shots, he killed Malcolm Clark, robbed the ranch, and left with his warriors. This was the start of the Baker Massacre of 1870.*

As Chief Owl Child was returning to the main camp of the Piegan, he met Black Eagle and Painted Lodge, who also had been on a war party. They stole some horses and killed one white man near Silver City.

In 1869 Lieutenant Pesse came to Fort Choteau, taking charge for about 30 days. He was sent there to learn about the trouble caused by the Indians. While he was there everything was very quiet, and he returned to Fort Shaw.

In the early fall of 1869 Dave Pesse, who had been the trading trader at Fort Union in 1867-68, came to Fort Shaw as the Indian agent. He saw a few small war parties pass the fort during his stay, but they caused no trouble. He left the latter part of October, returning to Fort Union.

* This battle was better known as the Piegan war. The Indians claim it was a massacre, since their warriors were in no condition to fight and were not prepared. Also, that women and children were killed.

John Rippenger built a fort and a trading-post combined,
in the fall of 1869. It was about 50 miles north of Choteau on the Marias river. He stayed during the winter of 1869-70. In the spring, after the trading business became slack, he returned to Fort Benton with his furs and hides. The fort was used only two winters and then was abandoned, as it did not prove successful. Pelts were becoming fewer and the larger forts got most of the business.

A number of scouts went from Fort Shaw in the summer and fall of 1869, to locate the camp of Mountain Chief and Black Eagle, who they thought had killed Clerk. Among the scouts was Joe Kipp, brother-in-law to Cut Bank John, who went up to the Marias in the winter of 1869 to find their camp. In a few days he succeeded in finding Mountain Chief's camp and started back for Fort Shaw, resting over night at the home of Alec Guardipee at Fort Choteau. Kipp reported his findings to Major Eugene M. Baker, who gathered his troops together and headed for the camp.

In the meantime, Mountain Chief had moved his camp and gone down the Marias river about ten miles. Black Eagle, Heavy Runner and Buffalo Painted Lodge, with their clans, came from separate directions and camped where Mountain Chief had been located. As the troops from Fort Shaw approached Priest Butte, where an old mission had been located years before, the people of Fort Choteau saw them. Alec Guardipee went over to ask where the soldiers were going. The soldiers knew Guardipee was from Fort Benton, and that he was all right. They told him
their mission. The soldiers told him to warn any friends or relatives, who might live along the Marias river, to get them back to the fort without anyone finding out the reason. Alex did as he was told. His wife was up on the Marias, so he went on ahead, finding she was much farther north, but safe.

As the troops neared the camp, which they thought was Mountain Chief's, an Indian started across the ice on the Marias, with a sheet of paper in his hand. One of the scouts, not one of the government soldiers—shot and killed him. The troops later learned the Indian was Chief Heavy Runner, who was a friend of the whites. The soldiers then made their charge on the camp.

In the ensuing battle, over 150 Indian men and women were killed, including Buffalo Painted Lodge and a Mexican whiskey trader, who had been selling liquor to these Indians. Chief Black Eagle escaped with his wife during the battle.

The Indians say that many of those in the camp had smallpox and were drunk at the time. Although the battle served a purpose in quieting the Indians for awhile, it got none of the chiefs who had promoted the killing of Malcolm Clerk.
Beef was issued to the Indians by the special agent D. W.
Buck at Choteau, in the winter of 1873-74. The government
bought the cattle from Mr. Ulm, owner of the T. L. ranch. This
ranch was located on the Missouri at the present site of Ulm,
which is east of Cascade. His brand was, the connected T. L.
(Ł), on the left rib. The foreman was Louis Morgan, who was
in charge of about 2,000 head, all owned by Ulm. It was the
first herd of Texas shorthorns, as Guardipee remembers, brought
up the Texas trail, as far north as the Missouri river.

In 1873-74 Guardipee saw the surveyors who were surveying
the land between Sun river and Birch creek. The land was
turned over to the government by the Indians, in the treaty of
1868, for the reason many livestock ranchers came onto it and
settled.

Among those pioneers was Robert S. Ford, who ranged his
cattle on Sun river, between Sun river crossing and the present
site of Vaughn. His herd numbered about 2,000 head. His brand
was the number four (Ł), on the left hip.

A Mr. Cox and Daniel Gordon Flowerree came to Sun river at
the north fork, near Deep creek south of Choteau, at the same
time with their herd of cattle. Cox and Charles Farley were the
two foreman of the ranch. Their brand was a letter F (Ł), on
the left rib. The herd numbered about 3,500.

Pat Langley located on his ranch near Augusta, in 1874.
James D. Hogen* was the foreman of the Langley ranch, herding over
500 head. This ranch herded the first cattle from Augusta to the
market at Salt Lake City.

Another early cattleman was James Gibson, locating his ranch on the Teton range near Choteau, in 1874. He brought 24 heifers and a bull, all registered shorthorns from Deer Lodge.

In 1875, Main and Dennis brought in a mixed herd of cattle of about 400 head, and ranged above Choteau on the Teton range, at Hod Main Coulee. Their brand was a figure five (5), on the left thigh.

Sam C. Burd came to the Teton range from near Missoula in 1876, with about 400 head of cattle. He had two brands. One was the letter S C (SC), on the left thigh. The other was a flying diamond (◊), on the left rib.

About the same time James C. Grant came from Deer Lodge with 50 head of Live Oak stock cossack horses. He ranged these horses near the fort at Choteau. His brand was the letter J G (JG), on the left thigh. He later moved to Dupuyer creek, where he was killed by an Indian in 1883. A group of cowboys killed the Indian the next day.

*(1) According to the Blackfeet Indians there was never such a treaty made by them. Since this treaty was never ratified it is known as a false treaty.

*(2) James D. Hogan's nose was frozen, in the early 1870's, and a doctor at Fort Shaw grafted skin from another part of his body, to replace it. Eli Guardipee saw him in 1874 and said it was a "good bit of surgery".
Fred Saurers came to the Teton range in 1877 with about 50 head of Holsteins.

William Relston came from near Missoula, to the Teton range, with about 500 head of cattle. In 1884 he sold his herd of a few under a thousand head, to a Canadian cattle company.

Samuel Mitchell came from western Montana and located his herd of less than 1,000 head on the Teton range. His brand was the figure 211 (211), on the left rib. He went into partnership with the Buck and Myers outfit, in 1879. D. W. Buck and I. Myers' brand was the letter C and the figure 2 (C2).

These ranchers built small log cabins, large enough for their families and their cowhands. They put up some hay for their horses, with the machinery they bought at Fort Benton. None of the ranchers in those early years built any shelter for their cattle or put up any hay. They felt it was unnecessary. They had no reason to believe the cattle would ever suffer from lack of food, since the land was covered with grass knee-high. Their first experience of a hard winter was in 1881.

Buffalo were plentiful from the Teton north, until 1878. Guardipee tells of the time he and a party of Indians were hunting buffalo, in the summer of 1876. They located their camp on the east side of the foothills of the Sweet Grass hills.

They looked southeast across Sage creek into the lonesome prairie, and saw more buffalo than they had ever before seen in their lives. As far as they could see the ground looked like a burnt prairie, the buffalo were so numerous. The reason was,
for such a large herd being in one place, that they were corralled by Indian hunters. Crow Indians were camped on the southeast corner of the herd, Gros Ventre and Assiniboines on the northeast, Piegan on the west, Crees were camped along the north, and Flatheads along the south.

Many buffalo were killed during that big roundup, and during the entire week of hunting they scattered between the different camps. Some going north, some west and east, until all that had avoided the hunters and escaped, never again to return in such an immense herd.

In 1878, a large camp of Piegan, headed by Big Nose and Bear Chief, traveled from the agency, on Badger creek, down to the Yellowstone river, and hunted buffalo with the Crow Indians. They were in that vicinity from the winter of 1879, until October of 1880.

It was in the early spring of 1879 that Guardipee was called into John Young's office, who was superintendent at the Badger creek agency, to interpret for him and Chief White Calf.

White Calf was the big chief of the Piegan, and it should be added, that he was the last of the Piegan to hold his honored position. There were many chiefs under him, who took care of the smaller troubles among the Indians, but White Calf was the final word. He was a friend of the white people.

John W. Young told Guardipee to ask White Calf, what he thought were the boundaries of the Blackfeet tribe's land.
White Calf told him he did not know. The agent then showed the chief, on a large map, where the tribe's land lay. Young did not mention the treaty of 1853, but showed White Calf the land that had been left to them by the treaty of 1855. The land, as told to White Calf by Young, was all the land north from the summit of the Rocky mountains along the Musselshell river to its mouth at the Missouri river. The northern boundary was the Missouri river, to the mouth of the Marias, and up to its tributary Cut Bank creek, up to the present site of Cut Bank, and north to the Canadian line.

In October of 1879, White Calf with a party of about 100 lodges, went down to the Judith basin to spend the winter.

James Willard Schultz joined the party, while they were camped near the present site of Utica. Schultz came to Fort Benton, in 1878, from the state of New York. He was the son of a well-to-do family, and came for his health and for pleasure. Schultz made this country his home. He married and was adopted into the Blackfeet tribe, and roamed with the Indians for many years. In the later years of his life, he has made his home in Browning, and has written many books, relating to his experiences with the Indians. His books can be found in schools, public and private libraries, throughout the United States.

In the spring of 1880, soldiers came to White Calf's camp, and told him he was off his reservation and that he should re-
turn, with his camp, to the Blackfeet reservation. According to the treaty of 1868, which the soldiers were enforcing, the Blackfeet reservation was bound on the south and east by Birch creek, to the mouth of Cut Bank creek; north along this creek to about a mile west of the town of Cut Bank; and a man-made boundary straight north to the Canadian line. The Rocky mountains serve as the boundary on the west. Indians of the camp were away on hunting parties, and as soon as they returned, all headed back for the Piegan agency.

Many ranchers had written to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington D.C., and complained to him that the Indians were on their rangeland, and were stealing their cattle. Guardipee states that he was with those Indians, and knew that this was not true. The men who were guilty of the crimes, were the white renegades, infesting the country at that time.

Schultz left White Calf's camp at Fort Benton. He went down the Missouri river to Carroll, where Joe Kipp, brother-in-law of Cut Bank John, was building a trading post. While White Calf had been in the Judith basin, Joe Kipp built a small trading-post near their camp, two miles from Utica. Kipp traded with the camp all the winter of 1879-80.

Guardipee went to Choteau and stayed there a month. He then went back to Fort Benton and freighted some store goods up to the Marias to Fort Conrad, another of Joe Kipp's trading-posts. Fort Conrad was built in 1873 by Mr. Conrad, and was
located where the present railroad between Shelby and Great Falls crosses the Marias river. From Fort Conrad, he went back to Fort Benton and filled his wagon with supplies for A. E. Hamilton at Choteau.

Guardipee says about that time many sheep started covering the range. Edward and William Lyons brought a large band of sheep into the Teton range in 1879. They were of the first to introduce sheep into those parts. Charles Scoffin, O. G. Cooper and Charles McDonald were sheep men to come about the same time.

From Choteau, Guardipee went to Bynum to get Joseph Kipp's cattle which were ranging near. There were about 50 head with a brand on the left rib, the letters K I P (KIP). Guardipee was hired by Kipp to take them to Fort Conrad where Kipp had his ranch.

more
Life on a Limb
Camp Grisdale’s a secure niche for gutsy loggers

WRITTEN BY DON DUNCAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS JOHNS

AMP GRISDALE, Grays Harbor County — Birds chirped a cheerful chorus as an orange wafer crept over hills checkered with the greens of standing timber and the browns and grays of clearcut stumpland.

Soon the disk was a fiery red ball in a blue sky, illuminating man-made buildings and heavy equipment in the valley below. There would be no contributions to the 160-180 inches of annual rainfall on this summer weekday.

Since 5 a.m., there had been stirrings in the family-oriented white cottages of “The Village” and in the yellow bunkhouses of the single men.

Loggers brushed sleep from their eyes, slipped into blue-gray shirts and dirt-stiffened Lee-brand jeans held up by red suspenders imprinted with “Grisdale Loggers.” They tugged on high-top Buffalo and West Coast boots that cost $150 and up and would be worn out after one season in the woods.

Roger and Ethel Hanson and Leah Lauerman had been in the cookhouse since 4 a.m., laying out the makings for fix-your-own lunch sandwiches and readying sausages, bacon, ham, eggs, French toast, hotcakes, hash browns, toast, rolls, juice and coffee for those who sleep in the bunkhouse units.

Roger recalled the logger who used to put away 10 hotcakes and six eggs every morning. Now, he said, “you’ll get a new logger, who hasn’t eaten much for a while, and he’ll fill up for a couple of weeks and then become normal.”

At 5:45 a.m., Leah picked up a stout bar and banged it in a circular motion, on the inside of a metal triangle on the front porch of the cookhouse.

The sound carried throughout the camp named for the brothers George and Will Grisdale, who worked for Simpson Timber Co. back in the days of its founder, Sol Simpson.

Once there were live-in logging camps like this throughout Western Washington and in other timber-rich states. All have fallen victim to fires and economics. Now there are a couple of small ones in Alaska, one in Russia and this one, the
last in the continental United States.

Rumors have been flying since shortly after the camp was established in 1946 that it is only a matter of time until Camp Grisdale goes the way of the others.

But it is unlikely that Grisdale’s obituary will be written for some time, thanks to Simpson’s farsighted marriage of convenience with the U.S. Forest Service when the company’s holdings of marketable timber dwindled to near nothing after World War II.

Simpson said “I do” to pooling its own large, logged-off holdings with those of the Forest Service in a then-revolutionary concept of “sustained yield,” the antithesis of the cut-and-run philosophy that had dominated Pacific Northwest logging since men first laid eyes on timber that was old when Columbus set sail.

If the new idea worked, there would be a fresh crop of second-growth timber by the time Simpson ran out of the big stuff. And that is pretty much the way it has gone.

Camp Grisdale is 34 miles north of Montesano and about the same distance west of Shelton. The last 16 miles — nicknamed “the road to destruction” — are rutted dirt, choked with dust in summer, slippery with mud during the rainy season. No man or woman from Grisdale ever has passed a stalled vehicle on that road, “even if,” as one logger said, “it’s your worst enemy; because tomorrow it could be you.”

Almost all the permanent residents — single or family types — drive into Shelton, “Monty,” or Aberdeen on weekends to stock up on necessities, because everything one puts on the table, in the house or on one’s back must be hauled in. There is no store in Grisdale.

It is easy to spot a Grisdale car in town, they say, because it is caked with mud or dust and always looks old beyond its years.

Unmarried loggers often make a run into Aberdeen on Wednesday nights to visit their favorite watering holes. They beat their way back up that dark road in the wee hours, slipping back into logging clothes and flopping on a bed for an hour or two before the breakfast bell opens their eyes; they are surrounded by calendar art and Playboy Magazine centerfolds.

Grisdale has a two-room schoolhouse for children in grades one through eight, usually headed by a husband-and-wife teaching team, plus a couple of aides from among the loggers’ wives. High school students are bused into Montesano.

The 35 white-painted shake houses in the village started as 14-foot-by-20-foot shacks, brought in on railroad cars. Additions have sprouted over the years. Some residents keep neat yards; most mow the lawn and that’s about it.

Rents range from $50 a month for a one-bedroom cottage to $70 a month for one with three bedrooms. Villagers realize they are almost laughably inexpensive. With the savings, they buy big stereos and fine color television sets, which they now can tune into a variety of channels thanks to an employee-installed reception “dish.”

Wood heat is forbidden in Grisdale, because a spark could wipe out the whole camp. There is one telephone for residential use, in a red booth alongside a maintenance shed.

A camp newspaper, the Grisdale Wildword, is written, printed and distributed by Marius Winkel- man, a native of Holland and a refugee from Los Angeles who thinks Grisdale is “the only place” to raise his four sons and is, by common agreement, the single biggest booster of the Grisdale way of life.

Winkelman, who works on road construction, is the heart and soul of the Grisdale Division of the Simpson Recreation Association, which is housed in a big yellow building. In the summer, there will be a few pool shooters on the vintage tables, and the bingo and pinochle nights draw pretty good turnouts.

But most think the dry weather, with the scent of flowers and trees in the air, is too good to waste indoors. They work on their cars, drive up to the Wynoochee Dam to see if there are any steelhead in the trap that will transport them upstream, or just sit on backporches and chin with their neighbors.

During the long wet months, when everybody gets a little cabin fever and the woods are often shutdown, there is snowmobiling outdoors and the recreation center is alive with bowling (two
Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Also available in King Size Flip-Top box.

lanes, manually operated pinsetting), and roller skating, pingpong, basketball and parties in the big gymnasium.

In time, everyone knows the skeletons in every family closet. That familiarity can breed contempt or friendships, just as it does elsewhere — except that here there is no escaping friend or foe.

Besides the permanent residents, there are loggers who elect to live outside, driving to pickup points every morning in Shelton, Montesano and Oakville and boarding dusty white buses, known as "crummies," for the bumpy ride into camp.

At the end of the day — dirty, sweaty and disheveled — they grab a drink of water from a standpipe that nobody ever turns off completely and pile back onto a bus for the return trip.

Don Anderson, a tree faller, commutes from Centralia, getting up at 3:45 a.m. daily, driving to Oakville to catch his bus and returning home at 6:10 p.m. He's been doing it for eight years, and he says, "If the guys on the bus keep quiet, I can set an hour's sleep each way; trouble is, they don't care if I sleep or not."

The curtain rises on Grisdale's logging show at 7 a.m. Kenworth trucks, too large for normal highway use, have been gassed. Cutting crews, buses head into the woods. Empty log cars of what they laughingly call "The Flatwheel Limited," await the first of 60 to 70 loads that will be taken, later in the day, to Shelton for dry-sorting.

Rollie Sackrider has Oregon chains honed to razor sharpness and 36- to 60-inch bars cleaned for those quick-starting Stihl chainsaws. Gas and oil cans are filled to the brim.

Rollie, who wears the badge of the old woodsman — a hearing aid — broke in as a faller when men stood on platforms to chop out undercuts and then did the sawing with 10-foot-long misery whips (handsaws). He later graduated to chainsaws, and he has the arthritic thumbs and forefingers of his trade.

Simpson is doing three types of logging at Grisdale — old-growth timber on relatively flat ground, second-growth timber in forests that have made good on their sustained-yield promise and billy-goat slopes of 30 degrees or more.

They utilize such state-of-the-art equipment as the Sikorsky S64 Sky Crane helicopter and big orange slack-line, high-lead towers that cost $750,000 to $1 million and have relegated to the history books those old fixed-position spar-tree high-leads.

Some fallers today play mountaineer on rocky cliffs, swinging from a line as they bring their chainsaws against a giant Douglas fir.

It is all very technical and it is all done very fast, because time is money.

Logging starts with the fallers, those veterans of the woods who can drop a 90-ton, 225-foot-long fir within inches of where they say they will. If the tree hits a stump or another tree, it can break into scores of pieces and be nothing more than very expensive toothpicks.

To watch a good faller in action is like seeing a veteran actor move on the stage, always in position to deliver his lines for maximum effect. There is no wasted motion. Premier fallers like Jim Jones, a slender, soft-spoken man in his late 40s, drop a giant tree, saw off the limbs and buck
the great log into 36, 38 and 40-foot lengths in a matter of minutes. Then they will drop another tree on the way back, working their way through the woods with fluid grace, decorating the ground with oversized matchsticks.

Les Choate, 63, is as trim as a 30-year-old, as tough as wire rope. At the end of his day in the woods, he goes home to a young wife and a four-month-old child. He has dropped giant Redwoods in California and cedars 45 feet in circumference in Oregon.

Tom Smith, 61, who has just laid down a 700-year-old tree with textbook precision, lights up a cigarette, sticks it in his toothless mouth and grins with satisfaction. One forefinger is missing at the lower knuckle, a reminder of the danger of his craft. "Dropping a tree just right gives me a little pleasure in my heart," says Tom. "I fell lots of old-growth in my time. Stumps is my game, not climbin'. It takes a long time to grow one, and very little time to mess one up."

Tom has a whistle pinned to a suspender. All the fallers and chokers have them. "You get in trouble, and you're supposed to blow it; don't figure to use it much. You get buried under a tree, and you ain't going to do much blowin'."

Virtually all these men of the woods had fathers and grandfathers before them who were loggers. It is in their genes. They sometimes talk about quitting when they have a close call or someone working next to them "buys the farm," but they think about it for a few days and they go on.

But they do talk about the near-misses, the big "widow-maker" limbs that can slam into a helmet and turn a man's brain to jelly, about the undercut that isn't quite clean so the log butt kicks back, about seeing trees falling toward them and being rooted to the spot during the two seconds or so it takes them to hit the ground.

"You think you're going to run 50 yards or so, but there isn't time and you can't react fast enough to go more than a few steps," said Harry Fletcher, 59, the cutting-crew foreman. "The truth is, you see a tree up there coming down and you don't know whether to duck right, left or stay put."

The womenfolk back home, whether formally wedded to the logger or serious live-in companions, know the dangers, too. But they seldom talk about it with their men. Bobbie Walker, whose husband Jack is acknowledged to be one of the best all-around woodsmen Grisdale has ever known, tells about the bad days when the big military helicopters land on the ball field near the village, and an ambulance, with flashing lights, is standing nearby. Somebody has been hurt, possibly killed by a falling tree, a piece of heavy equipment, a broken cable or a bad tumble.

If it is not your man, it is one you know, said Bobbie. The women comfort the one who needs comforting. They take care of kids when the father has been hurt.

Although Simpson pioneers new logging techniques and equipment has been refined beyond the wildest dreams of old-time loggers, some things have not changed.

Chokers must be set on downed logs by nimble young men, so the fallen timber can be loaded on trucks for the trip down to the railroad. It is one of the lowest paying jobs in the woods, a young man's game. Mike Ferrazano, 28 and muscled like a young bear, says he isn't sure how much longer his body can stand up to the daily beating. "But right now it's all I know," said Mike.

As the level-ground, old-growth cutting draws to a close, Simpson turns increasingly to those billy-goat hills.
CAMP GRISDALE

Brian Winkelman rides his bike in Grisdale’s village of 35 houses where loggers with families set up housekeeping.

Erickson Air Crane of Central Point, Ore., has a contract for helicopter logging, at $4,500 an hour. That is a heap of money, and it means the chopper must bring out a lot of logs to pay for its keep. Simpson has 3,000 miles of road to nowhere. But with chopper logging, it doesn’t have to build new roads. Cutters and chokers are deposited by chopper at the start of the day and plucked off the mountainside at night.

Fellers drop logs, chokers string them together with cables in bundles of three or four — up to a limit of 20,000 pounds — and the Sikorsky helicopter hovers overhead, dangling a 200-foot cable, hung like an umbilical cord from its midsection. A connection is made and the chopper takes its load to a nearby dump, dropping it to the ground.

There, four young chokers unhook the logs, a man with a claw-like front-end loader sweeps them up and deposits them in a truck, and the chokers quickly set down the yard so the wind from the chopper won’t blind them with bark and dust.

About every two-and-a-half minutes, eight to 12 hours a day, the chopper makes a return trip. It is grueling work on the ground. It is very dangerous in the air. The Sikorsky has a safe flying altitude of 600 feet. Working at 200 feet, it has no place to go but down, like a rock, if the engines fail.

“It is,” said one of the helicopter loggers, “like jumping out of an airplane with a parachute at 100 feet. The chute doesn’t open. At 200 feet, the rotors can’t bring the helicopter in for a soft landing.” Trucks laden with helicopter-lifted logs growl down the steep, rutted roads, guided by men who are always trying to squeeze in one more trip to the railyard each day, a trip that means money for the company, and, at union-negotiating time, for them.

Ralph Springer on the diesel donkey and Ray Carpenter on the loading bars skillfully lift the logs in a big webbing from trucks to rail cars. Then, with a cable, Springer moves the train another 24 feet down the rail.

Coordination is the key to everything. Backup maintenance is vital. It was once said that the difference between a civilized nation and one that isn’t is maintenance. Grisdale is civilized.

There are reels filled with fresh cable and hydraulic hoses. There are replacement parts for things that break at the most inopportune times. There is radio contact with crews in the woods.

A working logging camp isn’t much for offices. Grisdale has two. The biggest is occupied by Warren Turner, camp administrator, a former logger who fields a hundred questions and makes an equal number of telephone calls every day.

There is a smaller office next to Warren’s, occupied occasionally by Frank Brehmeyer, 53, the camp superintendent. Frank has a young face below his white hair. He has shoulders three feet across and a handshake that could reduce a baseball to pulp. His grandfather was a logger, his great uncle was a superintendent, his father was a superintendent and, just maybe, his son, Ira, a young foreman, will keep the family tradition alive.

An old-time high-climber, who used to scamp- er up to the top of a 250-foot tree and remove the top, swinging around in the sky like a monkey on a stick, Frank gives the impression of never having experienced fear in his life.

“Oh, they overrate that high-climbing bit,”

Mike Ferrazzano and son take aim at a vintage pool

says Frank. “You hear them tell about having to dig in their spurs to keep from getting thrown off those trees. Shucks, if you got a nice limber tree, the fun was trying to sway with it, to give it a good ride and give the boys down below a thrill.

“When I was climbing, I’d come back into camp and the young guys would say, ‘Hey, Frank, can I carry your climbing spurs past the girls,’ and I’d say, ‘Sure, why not.”

Frank commutes from his 240-acre farm in Matlock, where he runs 118 head of Aberdeen Angus. He went to high school in Matlock, Mary M. Knight High School, and so did some of his oldest and closest friends at Grisdale. It is the Matlock fraternity.

When he started in the woods, Frank says, he planned to spend a summer or two at most and then go on to college. He never did. But now it is getting harder to rise up the corporate ladder with a high school education or less.
The men of the future are like Chris Parish, who studied geology in college and took a liking to logging and was hired by Harry Fletcher, the cutting foreman, as his assistant.

"It takes a man 5 or 10 years of hard knocks to learn what those college boys have in their heads when they start," said Harry. "I was maybe a bit skeptical at first. I'm not any longer. Those men not only have better grammar than us, they've got some good ideas, too."

Back when our forests seemed inexhaustible, many logging show operators were greedy to cut and get out and they didn't care beans for the men who worked for them. They'd haul loggers into the woods on flatcars, work them 12 hours a day, feed them slop and bunk them down with blankets that had lice and bedbugs. Paychecks were minimal, and if a logger complained, he'd get a swift kick and a one-way ticket out of camp on the next flatcar.

The Industrial Workers of the World (Wobblies) promised better food, shorter hours and clean bedding if the men would join up and fight. They had little trouble getting recruits. Camp Grisdale would blow an old Wobblie's mind. Paychecks are good. Safety is probably the No. 1 company concern. Housing is clean. And the food — ah, most of us should eat so well.

Roger Hansen, the chief cook, used to work for Western Hotels. He turns out those belly-filling breakfasts, the makings for all the sandwiches a logger can eat and dinners that include prime rib one night, shrimp and scallops the next, T-bone steaks the next and tenderloin steak the next. The cost to single loggers is $5 a day.

Cabin rules are simple. Take all you want, but eat every bit. No hats in the dining hall. Shirts are a must. And no caulks (loggers call them "corks") on the dining room floor.

Those nails that are so vital for staying on one's feet in the woods are limited to the weathered, caulk-pitted boardwalks throughout the bunkhouse area.

Betty Jones, whose husband, Jim, is a master tree-faller, makes the beds and sweeps floors in the bunkhouses. Some of the younger loggers will ask her if the nude photos they have pasted on the walls cause her any concern. "I know they'd take them down if I asked them to, but I tell them they don't bother me a bit," she said, with a knowing boys-will-be-boys smile.

Betty doesn't worry about Jim. She feels he has no survival instincts. Except for a few cuts and bruises now and then — part of the job — he comes home in one piece every night. "But when he tells me about hanging over a cliff to cut a tree, I tell him I don't want to hear about it."

Jim can still hear pretty good, says Betty. Many older fallers are good lip-readers. Many also have "white finger," a common faller's ailment.
At twilight, single loggers like Tom Smith retire to the bunkhouse.

The nerves go in the forefingers, from gripping the vibrating saw, and when it is cold, fingers turn stark white and go numb. Many old fallers admit to a slight tremor in the hands, and difficulty in writing with a pen or pencil.

Other veterans of the woods complain about bad knees, aching backs, pinched nerves in the neck. But as one said, "I think we’re in lots better shape than those guys who play football in the NFL. The only difference is, they can retire as millionaires."

It is during the winters, when the logging show is shutdown, that the men and their wives often talk about moving out. Some settle back and draw unemployment. Others get permits to cut cedar for shake mills or firewood for sale on the outside.

Just when everyone is getting a bit edgy, spring comes. The loggers return to the woods, and they compare Grisdale with the traffic jams in town, or the high house payments in the cities, or the hundred-and-one little distractions of a bigger community.

They think about their wood carving or art work, or hunting and fishing, or taking part in the Grisdale motorcycle rallies.

The insular life looks pretty good. And when the gawkers come through town, on their way to the Park Service’s Coho Campground, they stare right back, and, like Marius Winkelman, the Los Angeles refugee, mutter under their breath, “You poor, dumb bastards, we’re more civilized than you are.”

When the sun is out, beating down on freshly cut wood and giving off a scent that no perfume manufacturer ever can duplicate, the logger knows that this is where he belongs for the rest of his working life.

It is getting close to 4 p.m. on a summer workday, and the crew trucks are rolling into camp and the whistle has grown silent at the railyard. Loggers grin through sawdust caked on their faces. Hair is matted under hard hats. Pants that never come clean have added another layer of stiffness.

There is a bit of horseplay — jokes about “canvas back,” the logger who enjoyed a brief prizefighting career, cracks about fallers who broke chains and forgot to bring spares, knowing winks by young loggers who are going to get “duded up” and give the ladies a treat in town that night.

Frank Brehmeyer says there is still nine years of old-growth left back in the hills, at the present rate of cutting, and the second-growth that has been thinned is producing some logs of respectable size, although the old-timers would laugh at them.

The future may hold more helicopter logging, even laser-beam saws, says Brehmeyer. The young bucks coming up will see the changes.

Camp Grisdale carves a civilized oasis for loggers and their
see Carol's family pics in guest room desk drawer (particularly young Aunt Lou)
THETA... First chapter at DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana... 1870... Alpha Nu chartered in 1909...

Harriet Haines, president.

Mackenzie
Perry
Stamp

Moore
Persons
Stermitz

Moran
Powell
Stritch

Neils
Radigan
Taylor

Newport
Robertson
Thomas

North
Sanderson
Vine

O'Neil
Shallenberger
Zunchich
KAPPA
ALPHA
THETA

ANGSTMAN
BEATTY

BESSIRE
BOSCHERT

BRING
BURGESS
CALVERT

CARR
HAINES
KUHNE

CHEZICK
HAMMELL
LAW

FAHEY
HARRINGTON
LLOYD

FELT
HAYS
LUKENS

FLOYD
HELMER
LUND

FRASER
HUNTER
McCrea

GEARY
KELLY
McSHANE
COMMITTEES

CONVOCATIONS BOARD ... operates on a shoestring budget ... schedules the welcome Friday morning breaks in class routine ... imports as much outside talent as possible ... recruits reluctant student talent.

Seated: FREEMAN, HARRINGTON, chairman; LUEBBEN.
Standing: WORKING, BALDWIN, BUÉ, HELLAND.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE ... members relieved themselves of their only major function when they knocked closed dates from the social calendar in November ... survive because a social committee seems a logical inclusion in the asmsu set-up.

SMITH, KURFISS, MORRISON, chairman; BLESSING, SHORT.

TRADITIONS BOARD ... little understood committee ... regarded by some as the "originator of traditions" ... survived its most difficult period of keeping traditions alive for a student populace who simply didn't care ... anticipators of the new order ... the advent of the 18-year-old regime.

JOHNSON, NEILS, HUNTER, chairman; JESSE, KALLGREN.

BUDGET AND FINANCE COMMITTEE ... harried distributors of ASMSU funds ... headed by Lucas and advised by Badgley they listened to constant demands for more money, more money, more money, but doled this out judiciously.

BADGLEY, SARSFIELD, LUCAS, chairman; LUND, FROST.
DADDY ABER WOULD shudder if he could see what had happened to his memorial day...
"Lock the door, the spurs are in Siberia...
Get up?... the picnic won't start for hours yet... Go to school?... they'll put you to work if you get near there... Not resting, just waiting for a rake... I know she's not wearing lipstick but I've wanted to meet her all year... Why vote? I'm not running for an office... What d'ya mean, my duty, I'm an Independent... Raffle tickets? I've never won anything in my life... Who told the Theta Sigs about this?... it's a lie... of course... Paper cups? Just throw them on the lawn... Swearingen always cleans up afterwards anyhow... High court? Sure I'll go, they ain't got nothin' on me...
I hope... Well that's over... where's the nearest picnic?... Shay mister did you see a bunch o' guys and a lot of beer go this way?... Girls should get late per on a day like this."

After it all things do look a little fresher, the grass begins to grow in earnest and spring feels that it has been officially welcomed.

Foresters, the official keepers of the steaks. What some people won't do for excitement, and it's water, too. The oval on Aber Day, playground of the gods, Greek, that is. Don Kern puts one over on the faculty. His mother never told him there would be moments like this. They don't serve beer on the campus, we gotta eat you know.
ABER DAY

More energetic students took time out from picnicking to give campus lamp posts the new look, while faculty big-wigs used spare time to give students a lesson in softball.

Officials "dug up" a famous personality for MSU's big day. Contestants dug in for the traditional pie contest and cherry pits flew in all directions. For those who rose early enough the purpose of "A" day was quickly explained.
VET'S HOUSING

LIFE IN A PRE-FAB; not the pleasantest place to make a home; no built-ins; plenty of mud; no place for the kids to play; community showers; too many pets; dust; holes in the walls; but the residents of "Splinterville" will defend their community to the last against those who dare to utter any harsh or derogatory words against it.

Splinterville Administration: BOB FADE, ANDY ARVISH, JACK SWEE, DALE FALLON.
Front row: ROBERTS, NEILS, RISCH, ZIBELL.
Second row: THOMPSON, MR. WOLLOCK, MR. HINZE, BULEN.
Third row: BLINN, PATTerson, JESSE, BROWN.
Back row: STEVENS, HAIGHT, KRAUS, S. VEE, FIELDS.

MONTANA MASQUERS

DRAMA WORKERS HONORARY ... requires twenty points earned back stage or behind the spotlights. Marilyn Neils is president ... Masquers assist in the regular University theatre productions ... put aside the grease paint when they present the annual Spotlight ball. Part of the honorary ... Masquers Royale ... reserved for top-notchers with one hundred or more drama work points.
MORTAR BOARD

TOP SENIOR WOMEN . . . a dozen of them . . . with brains, activity records and universal good standing. This year, with Ann Albright, president, they presented a student calendar combined with their photographic contest . . . hung their rare Wake Island surrender papers in the Eloise Knowles room . . . honored Erika Mann, writer and actress. Chosen for the revealed and the potential, the twelve reflect the somewhat conservative ideas of the grade and good works aristocracy.

Back row: KINNEY, LOMMASSON, SAVARESY, MILLER, KINCAID, ROUNCE, SHEPHARD.

Front row: SMITH, HAMMELL, ALBRIGHT, CHAFFIN, MASTOROVICH.
FORESTERS' CLUB

HARD WORKING OUTFIT with log-rolling contests, hikes and
Foresters' ball . . . nationally famed and campus popular with
its boisterous advertising and then its complete week-end of
woodsly informality. Foresters bake the Aber bear for the all-
school barbecue . . . keep close track of Bertha, yet carry on
their traditional spats with the lawyers across the way.

DOC FULLER entertains at the fall hike . . . newlyweds take a ride . . . a neophyte pays
tribute to BERTHA. Cooks, McDUGAL and BANGLE . . . MOTHER EVELYN DeJARNETTE
receiving honorary membership . . . President DAVE LANE . . . "wood-wind" section of the
club band. Serenade to the shysters . . . preparation to leave the bucking bronc . . . adminis-
tration of the oath.
Abhary, Hossein
Physical Education
Adams, William
Forestry
Agte, Roy
Sociology
Albright, Ann
Spanish
Allen, Margaret
Sociology

Amole, Warren
Pharmacy
Anderson, Keith
Education
Anderson, Vernard
Law
Angstman, James
Wild Life Tech
Armstrong, Keith
Forestry

Arnegard, Mavis
Dietetics
Arno, Arthur
Law
Athey, Murray
Geology
Baillie, William
Law
Baldwin, Roger
Law

Barrett, Phyllis
Sociology and
Psychology
Barrett, John
Pharmacy

Bauman, Richard
Forestry
Bays, Bette Mae
Physical Education

Bays, David
Physical Education
Beckman, Lois Mae
Economics

Bessire, Jean
Pre-Nursing
Beveridge, Charles
Education

JIM MUELLER . . . forestry senior
. . . honor student . . . casmsu
proxy . . . silent sentinelle
. . . phi sigma . . . ad infinitum
. . . his drawling speech and
easy manner belle his enthu-
siasm and ambition . . . plans
to enter private lumber in-
dustry.
men's and women's senior honoraries

silent sentinel ... mortar board
Theta Actives and Pledges

Adams, Florence
Allen, Sue
Barry, Marian
Beckstrom, Janet
Boschert, Sarah
Burgess, Beverly

Carb, Shirley
Cheadle, Jane
Collison, Mary
Fahy, Marcia
Fanning, Donna
Felt, Denise

Floyd, Virginia
Fraser, Anne
Geary, Edna
Gillespie, Helen
Haines, Harriet
Halseide, Elaine

Hammell, Myrtle
Hays, Joyce
Hunter, Margery
Kaufman, Theodora
Kirkwood, Carolyn
Lake, Nancy

Landry, Ann
Law, Mary Frances
Lindsay, Margaret
Lloyd, Katherine
Lund, Doris Alvina
Maclay, Mary Jean

McCauley, Jo Ann
McCauley, Jo Ann
McGuire, Mary Carol
McDonald, Billie
McGee, Anna
McShane, Shirley

Mitchell, Betty
Mulligan, Bess
Neal, Marilyn
North, Levonne
Oakley, Janet
Ottman, Margaret

Reibeth, Alice
Robertson, Jan
Sanderson, Jo Ann
Shallenberger,
Katharine
Stamp, Doris
Taylor, Jeanne

Trask, Annie
Walsh, Carol

1948 Sentinel
EDITOR'S NOTE

Starting with this issue of Northwest Magazine, The Oregonian's David Sarasohn brings his particular brand of humor and powers of observation to our pages. Since 1983 he has written opinion pieces for The Oregonian's editorial department and has been the newspaper's restaurant reviewer. Now, in addition to those tasks, he'll be brightening the magazine with his remarks about Northwest habits and habitudes.

The title of his new column, "Upper Left Coast," refers to a trendy new label for this part of the world — the kind of label that goes with goat cheese, compact discs and other cultural icons of the '80s. It suggests Sarasohn's ability to notice and cut through the affectations of our time.

Please turn to page 4 for the first installment.

EEH

CROSS-WORD ANSWER

Our Woman on Wall Street
The $15-billion clout of Carol Hewitt
Suzie Boss 6

The Maitre'd With Moxie
Philip Feredinos' flaming passion
Ann Wall Frank 11

Bounding Ambition
We have met the enemy and it is a pogo-stick
Bill Donahue 13

FEATURES

PETE'S COLUMN

September 10, 1989

Upper Left Coast.......................... David Sarasohn's new column 4
Fun Facts................................. Just don't say "no-hitter" to the Beavers 5
Designs for Living.......................... Gonzo magazine design 16
Health & Fitness.......................... Bringing up baby teeth 19

September 10, 1989

Carol Hewitt, Oregon's queen of public investment (page 6).
Portraits Individual
Miss Ellen A(Nellie) Russell
Treasurer Daughters of the Pioneers.
Taught in Seattle schools 1900's

1659
Portraits - 1659
Miss Ellen A (Nellie) Russell
[1912]
the down grade.

Hall served as a deputy sheriff under "Leather" Griffith and as undersheriff four years while "Puck" Powell was sheriff. In 1918 it became Hall's duty to arrest a man named Cole who was reputed to be a horse thief but about whom little seems to have been known. What he was actually wanted for was draft evasion. Hall started out after him in a Model T Ford. The trail he followed took him through part of North Dakota into Canada to Regina and down to Assiniboine, then back to Moose Jaw, and from there south to the border, down along Rock creek and across to the Missouri, then around to the Lenz bridge on Milk River, southeast of Glasgow, where he passed the man he was looking for. The officer stopped and pretended to be looking at the motor and when the man came by asked him if his name was not Cole. He said, "No." Hall said, "You surely answer his description." Immediately the fellow fled into the brush and disappeared. Hall sent a message to Glasgow asking for help. Two men came out and the hunt began. They spied the fugitive's saddle horse and suddenly a bullet cut through the brush close to Hall's chest. He took shelter behind a log and the next bullet hit the log and filled his eyes with dirt and bark. Then the man mounted his horse and Hall called to him to halt.

1. According to the testimony of witnesses given at the inquest held November 7, 1918, at Glasgow. No. 167, Court Records, Glasgow, Montana.
As he disregarded this command Hall fired and fatally wounded him.

The several fatal shootings that members of the sheriff's force took part in during those years were regrettable affairs, nothing to be proud of, but necessary, Hall asserted. It was a case of shooting or being shot. One good result was the check on horse and cattle stealing.

When the "Pigeon Toed Kid" came to Glasgow as a stranger, he found work at Hall's livery stable. It is suspected that was the first real work he had ever done. Some years later Hall made a trip to a sheep ranch in northern Valley County to carry the owner word to haul in his wool. When he put his horse in the stable he saw a saddled horse there. On entering the house he noticed that the table was set for two but only the owner was in sight. The second man was in an adjoining room. The sheepman called to him to come out, as the new arrival was Clarence Hall. Out stepped a man in the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police. Hall hardly knew him at first but soon realized it was the "Pigeon Toed Kid". He asked him when he joined the police and the kid said,"About a year and a half ago." "And just getting your uniform now?" Hall asked. "Yes, but I did have to take it off another fellow", the kid replied. He had two hounds with him. He said, "If you see me riding over a ridge with the hounds ahead of me, you will know that I'm after a coyote, but
if you see me ahead of the hounds you will know that somebody is after me."

Practically all of the information contained in the foregoing was furnished by Clarence Hall at his home a few miles northwest of Glasgow, March 5, 1941.

Mr. Hall is recovering from a serious illness of the past winter. He believes the prosperity of this section depends very largely on giving live stock a greater place in the agriculture program.
The Dakota Indians called it Devil’s Backbone for its twisting shape. The geological name for it is moraine, a pile of rock and gravel left behind by retreating glaciers. Early settlers labeled it Lumberman’s Lane for the many lumber barons who once called it home.

Today we call it Mount Curve Avenue, and it remains an unmistakably one-of-a-kind street, the sort that attracts tour busses and draws denizens of humbler neighborhoods, who ogle from their bicycles and cars. Because Minneapolis is an otherwise flat city with streets laid out in a grid, geography alone has marked this hilly, sinuous street as a special place. To stroll its shady sidewalks, admiring the solid houses of brick and stone—many built in the early 1900s—is to stroll the history of Minneapolis. Once home to some of Minneapolis’s founding citizens, Mount Curve is a thriving survivor of urban renewal and fuzzy-headed developers, a monument to the people who have lived there and fought to keep a neighborhood of homes rather than a collection of high-rises.

“I love living here, where I sense being part of the city and a neighborhood,” says Judy Kronick, a former suburbanite. “It’s something I never felt in Wayzata.”

Mount Curve’s majesty has attracted many famous people. The best list of them comes from Star Tribune columnist Barbara Flanagan, a 19-year Mount Curve resident. The king of Sweden once stayed on Mount Curve (at the former Swedish consulate at 912), she reports, as did Andy Warhol, Christo and other artists (with art dealers Gordon Locksley and George Shea at 1300). Both Sinclair Lewis and Elliott Roosevelt rented houses on the avenue (Flanagan remembers interviewing Elliott’s mother, Eleanor, there in the 1950s). Other
notables have included author Robert Penn Warren, who lived there in the 1950s, and Minnesota Orchestra conductors Neville Mariner and Edo DeWaart and Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Dominick Argento, all of whom lived there more recently, as did former Walker Art Center luminaries Mickey and Martin Friedman and publishing-family-turned-dancers Sage and John Cowles. Flanagan herself, and state auditor Mark Dayton still live on Mount Curve. And this list doesn’t include, of course, the original owners of the houses, who bear such locally familiar names as Dunwoody, Donaldson and Gluek.

The selling price of the houses on Mount Curve—typically $400,000 to $1 million—makes the neighborhood exclusive. Yet it belongs to all of us. As the suburbs sprawl ever outward and the alarmists accelerate their litany of urban woes, environs such as Mount Curve become cherished reminders that knowing and preserving our city’s past is increasingly important in securing its future.

Lowry Hill—of which Mount Curve Avenue is a prominent part—was the first section of Minneapolis’s lakes area to be platted into blocks and lots, in the 1870s. Before then the area had been the remote outskirts of a growing lumber town centered on St. Anthony Falls. The big houses were being built due south of downtown, along Portland and Park avenues in the Fair Oaks area. But that was soon to change. One of the men responsible for developing Lowry Hill—no small task given its formidable topography—was Thomas Lowry, a businessman who also developed and managed Minneapolis’s once extensive streetcar system. (Lowry’s own home was located not on Mount Curve but in the block now occupied by Allianz Life Insurance and the Walker Art Center-Guthrie Theater complex.)

None of the original houses built in the 1880s remains. That first generation of houses, more modest than the street’s existing homes, were moved or torn down, explains Bob Glancy, Burnet Realty agent and long-time amateur historian of Kenwood and Lowry Hill. Mount Curve has a long history of getting rid of the old to make way for the new. Or, as David Lanegran and Ernest Sandeen matter-of-factly explain in their 1979 book The Lake District of Minneapolis, “For almost a century Mount Curve has been a much sought-after fashionable address, and, as a result, many of the older residences on the street have been razed and replaced with newer houses.” Indeed, one of the street’s most architecturally significant homes is 1700 Mount Curve, a one-story house—reminiscent of the style of California architect Richard Neutra—designed by the firm Bliss and Campbell in 1960, according to David Gebhard and Tom Martinson’s A Guide to the Architecture of Minnesota. Today some people would like to call a halt to this evolutionary tendency of Mount Curve’s—but that’s getting ahead of the story.

Despite the presence of significant and not-so-significant modern homes on Mount Curve, the majority of its most impressive and historically important houses were built during the street’s second round of construction in the early 1900s. The Midwest at that time looked to the East Coast for its cultural cues, so it’s somewhat surprising that the architects who designed most of these notable dwellings were local. As a 1984 House & Garden article rather haughtily put it, “With a self-assurance pe-
culiar to Minneapolis, few of the Mount Curve elite imported talent from Boston, New York or other centers of national taste and usually retained local architects.”

That local talent, which included such eminent midwestern architects as William Channing Whitney, George Washington Maher, Harry Wild Jones and Alexander McLeod transformed Mount Curve into the historic and unique street it is today. William Dunwoody, one of Minneapolis’s pioneer flour millers and leading citizens, commissioned the street’s first major house, a Tudor Revival at the northwest corner of Groveland Terrace’s convergence with Mount Curve. Called “Overlook” for its view of the city, Dunwoody’s mansion and outbuildings were designed in 1905 by William Channing Whitney. Whitney also designed several other houses on Mount Curve, chief among them the Italian Renaissance palace-like 1300 Mount Curve, which was built in 1904 for Dunwoody’s associate Charles Martin and is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Other notable houses built during that time include 1600, a monumental arts-and-crafts-style manse designed by Hewitt and Brown in 1905 for Josephine Brooks, widow of lumber magnate Lester Brooks; and 1324, a sort of Prairie-style Italian palazzo designed in 1901 for lumberman Charles Winton by George Washington continued on page 83
As has been his habit for years, Wood tours Stillwater prison's cellblocks unarmed and unescorted.
Mount Curve remained a fashionable address until two developments in the 1930s and 1940s led the entire neighborhood into a temporary decline. First came the depression, when the large homes' taxes and maintenance costs became too onerous for many residents to bear, and then followed the trend among the city's wealthiest families to decamp to the more pastoral atmosphere of Lake Minnetonka. Many homes were torn down or converted into rooming-houses—or worse.

"The taxes were so high during the depression that some people literally walked away from their houses," explains Diane Montgomery, a longtime Mount Curve resident and chair of the Lowry Hill History Committee. "We had houses that were Bible schools, sewing factories, rooming houses—you name it. The houses were overpriced and overtaxed relative to their condition, and people just couldn't afford them."

The Lowry Hill Neighborhood Association (now Lowry Hill Residents, Inc.)—one of the city's earliest homeowners' groups—was founded in 1948, in large part to combat the trend toward multiple-unit dwellings and non-residential uses then threatening many older parts of the city. One strategy used by Lowry Hill residents to turn the rooming-house tide was to attract people with large families to the neighborhood's spacious—and at the time relatively inexpensive—homes.

Many area houses sold for around $15,000 in the 1950s, resident Bob Arnesson recalled in 1983 for the neighborhood newspaper, the Hill and Lake Press. "Everybody around seemed to have five or six children," he added, "and that became an important factor in getting people to move here. They needed those big houses."

Resisting non-single-family uses of homes went well beyond discouraging rooming houses, however. From a Minneapolis newspaper article of the time: "In recent years the Lowry Hill Home Owners group...has fought off a nursing home, a night school and the University Club of Minneapolis, as each tried to move into their midst."

Says Barbara Flanagan, "[The residents] moved equally against black activists and the Catholic Church [when those groups sought to move to Mount Curve]. They didn't discriminate."

Or, as Montgomery puts it, "People have worked with, and in some cases against, city hall for years to keep this a neighborhood. There's a long history of litigation and a big tradition of volunteer participation."

What really ignited the homeowners' group—and led to much of the litigation of which Montgomery speaks—was its long, tenacious and ultimately successful fight to keep a high-rise from being built on the site of the old Dunwoody mansion.

This key battle, which most residents now feel turned the tide, began in 1959 when developer Anthony Cherne wrote to the board of the homeowners' group that "the [Dunwoody] buildings are obsolete" and predicted that throughout the neighborhood "the larger homes will be abandoned and be allowed to deteriorate and a permanent blight will set in.... Each neighborhood group seems to think their experience is unique and that somehow within their own unique situation they will be able to maintain the quality of their neighborhood...[but] inevitably the obsolete mansion must go. If it deteriorates, it will take the neighborhood down with it." Cherne, along with his business partner Reuben Anderson, had the perfect solution: Tear down the Dunwoody property and build a 12-story, 55-unit apartment building as an "anchor."

Fortunately for Mount Curve and all of Lowry Hill, the residents saw that a high-rise, rather than anchoring their neighborhood, would sound its death knell, and so began what Glancy terms the "22-year Battle of Lowry Hill." Residents spearheaded protracted negotiations, organized petition drives, fought the developers' attempts to rezone the property, lobbied the mayor and city council and appealed to the Minnesota Supreme Court until an exhausted Anderson and Cherne finally sold the property to developer Ray Harris in 1979. Harris then worked with Lowry Hill Residents, Inc., and the city planning commission to develop the appropriately scaled brick townhouses that can be seen there today.

Rather than leaving neighbors tapped out, the two-decade-long siege seemed to empower them. They went on to fight over high-rises on Hennepin Avenue, a recreation building in Kenwood and development of rail property between Lake of the Isles and Cedar Lake. But the biggest battles of all, waged as fiercely in the newspaper as at city hall, were the financial ones.

The property taxes that helped drive out depression-era residents have been a recurring problem on Mount Curve (and indeed throughout Lowry Hill and Kenwood), and complaints reached an apogee in the 1980s. There was good reason for outrage during that decade, as the steep climb in assessed values, coupled with changes in city tax regulations, caused taxes to double or triple. Then-city council representative Barbara Carlson was led to complain in 1983, "We are not a bastion of the rich." A Mount Curve resident ruefully repeated what a new neighbor—who had recently relocated from expensive Manhattan—told her: "When I first saw my tax statement, I thought it was a misprint."

Whether for high taxes or other reasons, sales remain active, with at least five Mount Curve houses on the market in early 1994. One of those still for sale—for $699,900—at this writing is 1600 Mount Curve Av., which has been on the market for more than a year. One of the true beauties of the street, the 1905-1906 arts-and-crafts style house was on a sunny Sunday the site of a rare (for Mount Curve) open house, thus allowing all to ogle its magnificent beamed living room with a gigantic tiled fireplace, built-in art-glass bookcases and Prairie-style...
MOUNT CURVE
French doors leading to a sunroom. The house also has a distinctive basement, complete with sauna, swimming pool, large English-pub-style bar, fireplace, corner eating booth and 1920s-vintage recreation room with large windows overlooking the back yard. The pool was empty and looked rather forlorn during the sparsely attended open house, but once it was a much livelier place.

Georgie Slade, the youngest in a family of six children who lived there from 1972 to 1979, remembers that pool fondly, having learned both to swim and to skateboard in it. Her memories of the grand house are happy ones, though as a child she was more taken with the carriage-house tunnel than the elegant living-room fittings.

“That house was a kid’s dream—the world’s biggest playground,” Slade remembers, listing the menagerie of baby chicks, chinchillas, geese and rabbits that inhabited the front lawn; the large vegetable garden and forts that took over the back-yard lawn and woods; the four levels and tunnel in which to play hide-and-seek; and, of course, the basement’s pool table, Ping-Pong table and swimming pool.

Slade and her siblings frequently played ball games in the front yard to the accompaniment of music blasted from speakers in the attic windows. “It was pretty wild,” she admits. “I’m not sure what the neighbors thought.”

Mount Curve seems rather more sedate today, although Mary Alice Harwood, who lives just a few doors down in the red-brick colonial at 1616, says that her end of the block still has lots of kids—mostly boys—and that football and other games continue to be played on Mount Curve front lawns.

Nevin and Mary Alice Harwood have lived on Mount Curve for just three years but have been in the neighborhood for the past 15. Their house, built in 1906 for Clive Jaffray (president of First National Bank and of Soo Line Railroad), is not one of the giants of the street but is roomy enough to have hosted three weddings in as many years. With two teenage sons, the Harwoods have found the size of their house handy, especially the third-floor ballroom, where the boys entertain—though Mary Alice admits that she and her husband sometimes hear a bit more music than they might like in their master suite, located directly beneath the ballroom.

Although spacious, “the rooms have a wonderful, intimate quality,” she says. That intimacy extends to the street, where the Harwoods have found it easy to meet neighbors, in part because of the relatively narrow street and lack of alleys.

Down the block at 1014, Bob and Sue Anderson have found they have a bit too much space, so despite having recently completed a remodeling project, they’ve put their house of three years on the market for $875,000. When the Andersons moved in, Sue explains, her parents were living with them but have since moved to an apartment, making the 6,000-square-foot French Provincial-revival home too big for the Andersons and their 10-year-old daughter.

Built in 1926 for Valentine Wurtele, who owned Minneapolis Linseed & Oil Paint Co. (now Valspar), this home’s claim to fame is that the Archbishop of Canterbury stayed in it for several months in 1954 when a world conference of Anglican churches was held in Minneapolis (a special wing was added to the house for his use).

Mount Curve’s proximity to downtown and the lakes was what attracted the Andersons. “We’d done the suburban thing before and were tired of it,” Sue explains. “When you live out that far, you never want to come back in at night for theater or music. Here we are seven minutes from work [at the University of Minnesota] and a 20-minute walk from downtown.”

Another resident glad to be done with commuting is Judy Kronick, formerly of Wayzata. She and her husband, Bruce, are happily at home in a stunning Kees and Colburn house at 1712 Mount Curve, built in 1906 for L.S. Donaldson of department-store fame. House & Garden said that this was the Mount Curve house “perhaps the closest to a work of art, dripping with Secession and Sullivan-style ornament, with museum-quality arts-and-crafts interiors within.”

And, indeed, the interiors are remarkable, including a dining room with original hand-painted murals, a living room with carved mahogany woodwork and a sunroom with green-stained cypress-paneled walls, green-and-brown ceramic-tile floors, and oriental-style botanical hand-painted murals.

Upstairs much of the house also has been preserved, including a couple of remarkable white-tile baths with original fixtures, down to the glass-and-nickel towel bars. Kronick is respectful of her home’s history, having chosen to remodel only the kitchen and the master-bedroom suite.

The most noteworthy aspect of the houses built since the 1950s is their remarkable turn inward, away from the street. While the first and second generations of structures created a community by putting their best faces toward Mount Curve, later houses, such as those at 1700, 1716 and 1904, show blank brick walls and garage doors to passersby. Even the otherwise sensitive Ray Harris-developed townhomes—which are carefully matched in scale and brick and copper materials to other Mount Curve houses—turn an endless wall of blank garage doors toward the street, their front doors a hidden afterthought.

These new homes are private little worlds with no relationship to the community; while they’re on Mount Curve, they’re not of Mount Curve. The attitude of residents has taken a similar inward turn. Warnings of security systems have sprung up like daffodils on front lawns, and many residents declined to speak for publication out of fear of exposing themselves to burglary. Sadly, a street once proudly public now feels increasingly private and fortresslike.

The newer houses are also much smaller in scale, shrinking along with the typical household. The early days of extended families with multiple live-in servants—as well as the later baby-boom years of large families—are long gone, and much of the street’s vitality has departed with them. In the past, Mount Curve would have hummed from dawn to dusk as children played, wives came and went, and domestic servants bustled about; but in this era of small, two-career nuclear families, Lumberman’s Lane is as quiet as a clear-cut forest—or any street in suburbia.
Changing times and changing technology mean that older houses everywhere—and Mount Curve is no exception—are constantly being updated. Kitchen and bath remodelings are the most common projects, but some houses on the street have undergone complete renovations. Indeed, houses along Mount Curve illustrate the wide range of attitudes toward the past among many of the Twin Cities’ best residential architects and builders.

Elizabeth Hyatt, a preservation purist, has restored homes at 1800 and 1903 to their former splendor, sparing no expense in her quest for historical accuracy. (The house at 1903 Mount Curve sold in 1989 for $1.3 million and again earlier this year for $1 million, the highest-priced house sold in Minneapolis in the last two years, according to Glancy.)

A far more relaxed attitude toward history has been taken by architects Tom Meyer of Meyer, Scherer & Rockcastle; Dale Mulfinger of Mulfinger, Susanka & Mahady; and Tom Ellison. Meyer added an informal family-living area to the red-brick and gray house at James and Mount Curve avenues, Mulfinger helped convert the carriage house at 1721 into a living unit, and Ellison seamlessly updated and expanded 1418. All these projects respectfully pick up historical detailing without freezing the houses at any single point in time.

Perhaps the least deferential attitude toward history on Mount Curve—recently anyway—was taken by Ellison, who transformed a banal duplex at 1425 into a contemporary—and controversial—single-family endeavor in cream-colored stucco. Most neighbors are quick to express alarm at any house that doesn’t scream fin-de-siècle, but why shouldn’t new houses look contemporary? It’s easy to forget that now-revered Prairie-style architects such as George Washington Maher were once considered wild-eyed radicals, and that many of the houses along Mount Curve we admire today as “historic” once were considered shockingly modern and stylistically au courant.

Although 1300 Mount Curve is on the National Register of Historic Places and 1324 enjoys local historical designation, protecting individual buildings does nothing to protect the surrounding homes and, most important, the general character of the neighborhood.

To that end, as part of its Neighborhood Revitalization Program Action Plan, Lowry Hill is proposing to create a historic-preservation district. Much of Mount Curve would be included in that district, according to neighborhood activist Montgomery, who is involved in the process. The area’s historic importance is ascribed to the well-known architects who designed many of its homes, its siting, topography and role in local history. That there may be some urgency to achieving the historic designation is obvious from the new round of teardowns that already has begun in Kenwood and Lowry Hill, a process likely to continue as the area’s real-estate values increase. “We want to protect and maintain it as a picture of early Minneapolis,” Montgomery says. “We need to preserve entire streetscapes rather than single houses. That’s a legacy that is important to keep for the city.”

Those curious to learn more about Mount Curve Avenue’s historical and architectural legacy can take Bob Glancy’s walking tour of Lowry Hill, next offered through Open U on Oct. 8 (call 349-9273 for information). Glancy’s interest in the area runs far deeper than that of your average Realtor. He researched its history thoroughly and compiled a comprehensive registry of every Kenwood and Lowry Hill home, including its date of completion, architect, original owner and original cost, among other information.

Those more interested in the future than in the past should seek Mount Curve’s westernmost end, where it intersects Kenwood Parkway. Questions of how Mount Curve will face the future are nowhere more apparent than there, where a series of 4,500-square-foot, four-level townhomes developed by Metropolitan Development (a.k.a. Tim and Chuck Rooney) and designed by the internationally recognized San Francisco architect Mark Mack are under construction.

Mack first gained notoriety for a series of widely published, colorful, “neo-primitive” retreats in California’s wine country, and these Mount Curve townhomes, with their ochre and rust-colored acrylic stucco, Copenhagen-blue aluminum windows and exposed smooth-faced aggregate block are likewise straight from the pages of a glossy architecture magazine, complete with in-floor radiant heat, sleek European bathroom fixtures, granite countertops and slate floors.

Are these townhomes, the first of which were completed this spring and listed for $796,000, the best design today’s architects have to offer? Or are they, as some neighbors have heatedly suggested, a polychromatic, postmodern eyesore and an insult to Mount Curve’s gracious turn-of-the-century legacy?

Does the fact that Metropolitan Development hired a Californian rather than a local architect mean that we have lost that “self-assurance peculiar to Minneapolis” House & Garden wrote of? And is Lowry Hill’s quest for recognition of its historic status a sign of continued vibrancy or a misguided attempt to preserve—and hence stultify—an important urban neighborhood?

These questions, finally, can never be resolved in print. The best way to answer them is to stroll along the shady sidewalks of Minneapolis’s most beautiful street. Look, appreciate, ponder—and then judge for yourself. ■

Lynette Lamb and Robert Gerloff live in another traditional Minneapolis neighborhood, Linden Hills. She is a freelance writer and editor. He is a writer and an architect with Mulfinger, Susanka & Mahady.
Wrong Turn on Lois Lane
continued from page 47

the liquor store with cases of beer. But
I absolutely never bought beer for the
kids, and as far as I know they didn’t
drink in the house.”

Anoka County public defender
Luke StellPlug, who represented
Frederick, supports her assertion. “If
the state thought there was credible
evidence that she provided liquor to
minors, they’d have charged her,” he
says, “but they didn’t.”

Pat Thayer, an assistant Anoka
County attorney who worked on Fre-
drick’s case, says it’s not quite that
simple. “[Buying alcohol for minors]
is a relatively minor crime, a misde-
meanor, so it would be oversimpli-
ing things to claim that because she
wasn’t charged there was no evi-
dence,” she says. “[Frederick] ulti-
mately pleaded guilty to two felonies.
I will not discuss the facts of this case,
but you should keep that in mind.”

At his trial, the perpetrator of the
violent act that took place in the early
morning of Sept. 10 will claim his
judgment, his moral sense, was miss-
ing because he’d had so much to
drink. He was 14 years old when it
happened, much too young to pur-
chase liquor legally himself. Is the
question of how he got it important?
Did the alcohol he consumed relate
directly to the life he took? Was the
county right to omit that charge from
its case against Frederick?

THE BOY IDENTIFIED

in police reports as MJE appeared
at Sandra Frederick’s door about 2:30
p.m. on Sept. 9. He was with several
other boys who’d visited before, but
Frederick says she’d never seen MJE.
“He said he was 17, and I believed
him,” she says. “He was about 5’8”
maybe 175 pounds. He looked like a
head-banger, you know—long hair on
top and shaved on the sides. He was
wearing jeans and a Megadeth T-
shirt.”

MJE was an outsider. “The other
kids treated him like they didn’t want
him around,” Frederick says. “Gener-
ally I would describe his behavior as
reserved compared to the others. You
got the feeling that he was pretty
smart. He was just strange, not like
your normal, curious kid who asks
questions about the stuff on your wall,
or whatever. He was more, like, kind
of strange. He would stare at you—
you know, when you can sense some-
thing is not quite right. I could tell
he was interested in M [one of Fre-
drick’s baby sitters], though. There
was some teasing and flirting going on,
and he was coming on strong.”

He also was showing off a pistol
he’d recently acquired and begging
Frederick to buy him some ammunition
for it. “He told me he wanted to
shoot birds and squirrels,” she says, “and being from
a background where that
was nothing unusual. I
didn’t think much of it.
He bugged me continuously,
and meanwhile I was trying to keep peace
because these other kids
were giggling and calling
him a drip, sort of, behind
his back. I told him to put
the pistol in my pickup truck because
I didn’t want it around the house.”

Frederick drank some beer
and made some phone calls. The kids or-
dered pizzas. Frederick paid for them.
Every time she came downstairs, MJE
asked her to buy ammunition. Eventu-
ally she gave in, an act of incredibly
poor judgment, she admits, but with
one caveat: “I had a Wisconsin dri-
ver’s license and a check with my hus-
bond’s name on it,” she says. “I truly
did not believe they would sell me any
bullets, and I certainly didn’t think
he’d kill anybody.”

She was wrong on both counts, as it
turned out. Frederick, MJE and M
took Frederick’s pickup, where the
pistol already was stashed, and drove
to the Coast to Coast store in Circle
Pines. A clerk there sold her a box of
.38-caliber ammunition without ques-
tion, and they headed back toward
Lino Lakes.

She denies being legally drunk at
the time, running a red light or almost
colliding with Neil Laitala. Her first
recollection of the events he described
comes at a stoplight where, she claims,
he put his truck in reverse and backed
toward her in a menacing way. He repe-
tated this at two subsequent lights,
she says. At the third light she got out
and approached Laitala’s truck. “He
looked at me, laughed and flipped me
the bird,” she says. “I saw red. I was
irate.”

Asked why Laitala might have done
what she describes, she replies: “He
might have been jealous of my truck.
It’s brand new, and his was this old
junky thing with a ladder on top, like
he was a construction worker or some-
thing.”

She dashed back to her truck, where,
to her surprise, MJE had
loaded the pistol. She
claims he said, “Here,
here, take the gun and
shoot at the asshole.”

“So, in all anger, I did,”
Frederick says. “I shot a
few times in the air, to
scare him. Then I wrote
down his license number
and put it on the visor.”

She says she intended to
call the police on him, but
that was soon forgotten.

When she parked the
car in her driveway, MJE got out,
pointed the reloaded pistol toward
the house across the street and squeezed
off six rounds. Frederick went inside
and drank more beer.

“Over the next few hours I drank
a lot,” she says, “and I made about
10 phone calls. I talked to a girlfriend
in Canada for a long time. I don’t re-
member too much because I was
drunk.”

Around 10 p.m. she told the baby
sitters and their friends to leave. “I
was quite sure they’d all left,” she
says. “I went to sleep.”

THE TEENS IN

Frederick’s rec
room had been drinking since late that
afternoon. According to a 15-year-old
girl familiar with the scene, there was
nothing unusual about that. She re-
fused to blame Frederick directly for
the drunkenness though. “Sandy’s
OK,” she says, adding that the pro-
ponent of a nearby liquor store routinely
sells beer to minors. The drinking was
due to Frederick’s neglect, she claims,
not to her active cooperation.

Two adults familiar with the case
the state is assembling against MJE
disagree. They say there is “ir-
refutable” evidence that Frederick
purchased beer and other liquor for
the minors in her home. It is unclear
see the 2 WSS geezer faces sent by Herb Griffin of Tacoma, Feb. '88, in "possible Montana sources" file.
Ernest H. Stewart,  
Research Assistant  
Browning, Montana.  

YEAR BY YEAR OUTLINE OF THE  
LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY  
IN GLACIER COUNTY.  

The Blackfeet reservation is approximately 51 miles east and west by 54 miles north and south, and contains a grass area of 1,125,518.86 acres grazing, 50,000 acres of forest, 7,234 acres irrigated, 28,850 acres dry farm land and 238,439.58 acres alienated.

1875: In 1875 the Blackfeet Indian agency was moved from Choteau to Badger creek, under the supervision of John W. Wood. Twelve head of cattle were brought along to supply the agency with beef, milk and butter. Those were the first cattle known to enter the Blackfeet Indian reservation north of Birch creek. The agency cattle, with the brand I D., were the only cattle on the reservation until 1885.

1885: Sam C. Burd came from the Missoula country onto the Blackfeet reservation, with about 500 head of cattle. He was the first known livestock man to bring a herd of privately owned cattle onto this reservation. The winter of 1885-86 was moderate.

1886: Many cattle were brought onto the reservation to graze in the summer of 1886. The following were some of
E. H. Stewart
Browning, Montana.

the livestock men who brought their cattle:

Cox & Flowerree -- -- -- brand ( F ) left rib 10,000
Benton & St. Louis Cattle Company -- -- -- brand ( O ) left rib 200
Davis-Heuser-Stuart -- -- brand ( D-S ) left rib 500
Sands & Taylor -- -- -- brand ( S T ) left rib 3,000
Buck & Myers -- -- -- brand ( C2 ) left rib 3,000
Sam Mitchell -- -- -- brand ( 2/1 ) left rib 1,000
Lich Taylor -- -- -- brand ( 999 ) left rib 500
Louis Robare -- -- -- brand ( 9 R ) right rib 200
Frank Truchot -- -- -- brand ( 3 F ) left rib 500

These are the figures of the approximate number of cattle brought onto the reservation.

1886-87: In the winter of 1886-87, 75 per cent of the cattle on the Blackfeet reservation starved or froze to death. That winter will always be remembered by the stockmen, since the snow covered all the feeding grounds. All water holes were frozen solid and there was no shelter to protect the cattle, or any feed prepared. The agency cattle, under the supervision of Eli L. Guardipee, survived throughout the winter. The reason for this was that Guardipee, knowing the country so well, was able to find feeding grounds. He also knew where to find natural shelter. Those big ranch owners came up into this country
and stayed during the summer and then went back to their homes in the late fall, after the roundups. They left cowboys to care for their cattle. Cut Bank John had a place for the cowboys to board and room. Richard Frune came through the reservation in 1886, with between four and five thousand cattle. He passed Cut Bank John's which was located on Cut Bank creek at the mouth of Willow creek. He told Cut Bank John that about 15 miles south were 30 calves which he might have. The calves had just been born and were too young to travel with the herd. After this big herd headed north, Cut Bank John and William Upham went after the calves and brought them back to their home. In the summer of 1886 Cut Bank John bought a milk cow from Sam C. Burd. Those calves and that one cow were the start of Cut Bank John's herd which in later years numbered almost 1,000 head.

1887: There were no new cattle men.

1888: Through squatter's rights the following ranchers took up land on the Blackfeet reservation:

E. J. Devereaux -- (T J seven) brand ( ) left rib 35
Henry A. Powell -- brand ( ) left rib 100
Joseph Kipp -- brand ( ) left rib 100
Joseph Cobell -- brand ( ) left rib 10

Since many of the government herd were killed each
year for beef for the Indians, the number varied throughout the year. The herd numbered nearly 1,300 head in 1888.

The winter of 1888-89 was mild.

1889: The same ranchers remained with their herds throughout the following year until 1895.

The winter of 1889-90 was a favorable winter causing no loss to the cattlemen.

1890: As in previous years the different outfits had their spring roundups. Each rancher would round up all of his cattle, segregating his from the other herds, and brand all of the calves. Most of the cattlemen, as in previous years, herded their cattle to Big Sandy, where they were shipped to market. The winter of 1890-91 was very moderate, having only about two months of cold winter.

1891: The winter of 1891-92 was an average Montana winter. Some cattle were lost in the northern part of the reservation. In the spring of 1891 the Great Northern railway company began building its railroad through the reservation. In the fall of 1891 the ranchers were able to ship their cattle to market from Baltic.

1892: Agent Steele received orders on July 21, 1892
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

to issue those stock cattle to the Blackfeet, received from McNamara. Stallions were issued to reliable Indians, to different points on the reservation, to those who agreed to properly care for them. This letter was written by T. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Many Mormons from Salt Lake City came through the reservation with their cattle and crossed the line into Canada. The northern part of the reservation was quite cold, during the winter of 1892-93, with some loss of stock in this part.

1893: In 1893 beef hides here sold f. o. b., $1.15.

January 24, 1893, Dupuyer, Montana.

Captain L. W. Cooke; August 15, 1893, was the day Captain L. W. Cooke took charge of the Blackfeet agency.

1894: From a letter written by a Canadian office to Captain L. W. Cooke, we learn that there were some gold prospectors in this country. In 1894 the range around Two Medicine was poor. The range on Milk river on the reservation was very good. There was "big jaw" on the reservation at the same time. Sheep sold for as low as 90 cents a head.

It is estimated that about 20 square miles of range-
land was ruined by fire caused by the railroad. On June 5, 1894, a small cyclone swept the reservation causing some damage.
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

1895: That was the year that C. J. McNamara, who was located in the Bear's Paw mountains, bought out the following ranchers, taking their cattle off the reservation: Sands and Taylor, Buck and Myers, Sam Mitchell, and Lich Taylor.

1896: In 1896 the Indians signed a treaty giving the land, where present Glacier national park is located, to the government.

1897: The government, in 1897, turned the new land open to prospectors. It was thought by the people that these mountains were rich in minerals. Prospectors came by the hundreds.

1898: Nothing important.
1899: Nothing important.
1900: Nothing important.
1901: Nothing important.
1902: Nothing important.
1903: Nothing important.
1904: C. Ed Lukins brought in 2,000 head of mixed cattle, and most of them were Texas longhorns, from Texas.
Stewart,
Browning, Montana.

1905: Nothing important.

1906: The last of the large roundups for the shipment of cattle was drawing near. The winter of 1906-07 was a hard one with much loss to the ranchers. That winter was second to the one the ranchers witnessed in 1886-87.

1907: Nothing important.

1908: The government made its first allotment to the Blackfeet Indians. 320 acres of land was given to each person of Blackfeet heritage.

1909: Nothing important.

1910: Nothing important.

1911: Nothing important.

1912: Nothing important.

1913: Nothing important.

1914: The Portland Loan company, subsidiary of Swift and company, began its operations on the Blackfeet Indian reservation in 1914: The company started loaning small amounts of money to a few livestock men. Each year increased its loans.
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

1915: Nothing important.

1916: Nothing important.

1917: Nothing important.

1918: Nothing important.

1919: There were approximately 77,000 head of cattle and about the same number of horses ranging on the reservation. The winter of 1919-20 is comparable to the winter of 1886-87.

1920: There were approximately 30,000 cattle ranging in Glacier county.

1921: The date was procured from the assessment books at Cut Bank, county seat of Glacier county.

Taxable livestock: Cattle -- 13,716

Sheep -- 15,198

Horses -- 5,810

1922: Taxable livestock:

Cattle -- 17,048

Sheep -- 22,697

Horses -- 5,421
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

1922: The Portland Loan company formed a subsidiary called the Blackfeet Livestock company. This corporation was formed to handle their loans and cattle. Their cattle interests amounted to about 12,000 head.

1923: Taxable livestock.
   Cattle -- 17,669
   Sheep -- 23,475
   Horses -- 5,421

In 1923 C. L. Heren, was made company manager of the Blackfeet Livestock company. From 1923 through 1926 the company, since all the livestock men had procured loans from it, handled nearly 100 per cent of the livestock industry in Glacier county.

1924: Taxable livestock:
   Cattle -- 15,592
   Sheep -- 29,230
   Horses -- 4,689

1925: Taxable livestock:
   Cattle -- 11,776
   Sheep -- 33,417
   Horses -- 5,007

1926: In 1926 the Blackfeet Livestock company dissolved. The estimated loss to the Portland Loan company was approx--
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

Imately $500,000. The total loss of the Portland Loan company during its financial venture in Glacier county, between the years of 1914 through 1926, amounted to about five million dollars. The reason given by their bookkeeper, George Berger, was that these cattle were bought at high prices and had to be sold at a low market.

Taxable livestock:

1927: Taxable livestock:
  Cattle -- 4,848
  Sheep -- 44,089
  Horses -- 4,864

1928: Taxable livestock:
  Cattle -- 4,387
  Sheep -- 56,300
  Horses -- 4,325

1929: Taxable livestock:
  Cattle -- 6,379
  Sheep -- 56,580
  Horses -- 4,340

1930: Taxable livestock:
  Cattle -- 10,280
  Sheep -- 102,301
  Horses -- 4,711
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

1931: The following are figures gathered from the various extension agents' annual reports for the Blackfeet agency. When speaking of the "lessee" livestock in these reports, it refers to the cattle whose owners have leased land from the Indians, to graze their cattle. It is possible that these figures in some cases may duplicate the county assessed livestock, but most of them are out-of-county or out-of-state livestock.

1931: Wallace Murdock's annual report:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Indian</th>
<th>Lessee</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cattle</td>
<td>1,650</td>
<td>12,100</td>
<td>12,750</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horses</td>
<td>3,400</td>
<td>2,280</td>
<td>5,280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheep</td>
<td>13,000</td>
<td>120,000</td>
<td>133,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goats</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hogs</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>175</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

County assessment records compiled at Cut Bank:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cattle</td>
<td>8,847</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheep</td>
<td>121,619</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horses</td>
<td>4,367</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1932: Wallace Murdock's annual report:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cattle</td>
<td>2,450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheep</td>
<td>16,030</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horses</td>
<td>7,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goats</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

1932: County assessment records:
   Cattle -- 7,691
   Sheep  -- 110,982
   Horses -- 4,589

1933: Wallace Murdock's annual report:
   Cattle -- 4,700
   Sheep  -- 9,000
   Horses -- 5,000
   County assessment records:
   Cattle -- 7,654
   Sheep  -- 114,590
   Horses -- 3,796

1934: Earl Stinson's annual report:
   Cattle -- 10,308
   Sheep  -- 7,260
   Horses -- 4,900
   Hogs   -- 116
   County assessment records:
   Cattle -- 6,876
   Sheep  -- 92,878
   Horses -- 2,732

1935: From 1935 to the present date the sheep industry has increased and the cattle industry has declined.
1935: Earl Stinson's annual report:
Cattle -- 7,447
Sheep -- 4,895
Horses -- 2,891

County assessment records:
Cattle -- 7,977
Sheep -- 90,994
Horses -- 2,434

1936: Earl Stinson's report:
Cattle -- 7,000  (approximate figures)
Sheep -- 6,290
Horses -- 500

County assessment records:
Cattle -- 5,730
Sheep -- 58,260
Horses -- 2,203

1937: Earl Stinson's report:
Cattle -- 5,500
Sheep -- 10,000
Horses -- 2,100

County assessment records:
Cattle -- 3,793
Sheep -- 52,310
Horses -- 1,882
Stewart
Browning, Montana.

1938: Rex D. Kildow's annual report:
      Cattle -- 5,248

County assessment report:
      Cattle -- 3,011
      Sheep -- 36,826
      Horses -- 1,452

1939: Rex D. Kildow's annual report:
      Cattle -- 6,846
      Sheep -- 19,411
      Horses -- 2,500 (estimated)

County assessment reports:
      Cattle -- 3,425
      Sheep -- 48,733
      Horses -- 1,212

1939: All the livestock in the various extension agent's reports are Indian-owned except for the lessee cattle. Those are non-taxable and therefore are not included in the court house records.

Livestock owned by Farm Security borrowers not included in the taxable:
      Cattle -- -- 222
      Sheep -- -- 1,263
      Horses -- -- 106
Stewart, Browning, Montana.

1939: Donald Wilson, who ranches five miles south of Browning, is considered the largest sheep rancher in Glacier county. In the winter of 1939 he bought the J. E. Long outfit at Stanford, Montana.

1940: Rex D. Kildow states in his annual report of 1939 that, "The Galbreath family, who have been in the livestock industry since 1890, specialize in remount horses. Their entire ranching operations are devoted, at the present time, to the raising of remount horses on a commercial scale. Many are sold to the War department. This area is particularly adapted to horse raising, and undoubtedly more Indians will become interested as the demand increases for this type of horse."
26 August 1986

Dear Ivan,

From your remarks on Chaplin I gathered you were very interested in the Du Maurier adaptation by BBC of "My Cousin Rachel". So I went for that. Unfortunately since it was done in Nov-Dec 1985, the loose periodicals were scarce and the indexing not too hot. It is also "bindery time" for that time period. Anyway, I did get excited and immediately sad when I found two newspaper items and read them. As follows:

Re: My Cousin Rachel:

NYT Dec 13 '85 PC 34 L

"Worryingly gaunt but surprisingly sturdy". Then it said she had told someone she played it guilty half the time and half the time innocent deliberately.

Wa Post Sept 6 '85 pd 4 col 1

"drearily gaunt"

Not another word!!
Too bad.

As I write this it occurs to me that there is one chance left. But it's in English publications. If the production was BBC than it would have to precede the December WGBH Boston release. By how much who knows? Anyway, Index access to the London Times, etcetera could yield something.

I discovered that the trouble with Television adaptations' reviews is that they are interested in telling the audience it will happen much, much more than how it was done. The dials I found mentioned Chaplin but only that she would be in the Mystery series as Cousin Rachel. Nothing else. Again really notices not reviews.

Then I thought of the enclosed. Sorry it is all I got.

Please do not even think of money. You were over generous to me before. I cannot take anything.

Hope you both a Bon Flight and stay in Alaska.

Love to you and Carol.

-If you do not want to pursue Chaplin as Rachel, then you have another direction. She can, obviously, play anything. If you are looking for her personal quality, you are stuck with interviews. (I found no biography). If she gave them that means Reader's Guide 1965-1985
Chaplin, Geraldine

July 31, 1944- Actress. Address: b. c/o Paul Kohner Inc., 9169 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., 90069

As the daughter of the late British-born Hollywood comedian Charlie Chaplin and the granddaughter of the late American playwright Eugene O'Neill, Geraldine Chaplin made a relatively easy entrance into the acting profession, but without her own talent and offbeat photographic looks she would not have been able to establish the reputation she now enjoys as an international actress. With one or two exceptions, all of her credits have been in the cinema. Since 1965, when the British director David Lean cast her in the role of the title character in Doctor Zhivago, she has accumulated more than thirty screen credits, including many of the Buñuel-esque films of the Spanish director Carlos Saura, her close personal as well as professional collaborator; of Robert Altman, the American creator of omnibus plots; and of Altman’s protégé, Alan Rudolph. Altman has described Miss Chaplin as “a remarkable actress who has as wide a range as anyone performing today. She’s like a racehorse you pick for its breeding.”

The first of the eight children of British-born Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin and Oona (O’Neill) Chaplin, Geraldine Chaplin was born in St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica, California on July 31, 1944. Because her mother had been disinherited by Eugene O’Neill, who disapproved of her marriage to Chaplin, Geraldine never met her maternal grandfather. During the first eight years of her life she was raised in the Chaplin mansion in Beverly Hills, California. When she was seven years old she had a walk-on role in her father’s film Limelight (United Artists, 1952), in which she recited one line (“Mrs. Alsop is out”).

On September 17, 1952 the Chaplins sailed from New York City on a six-month world cruise on the Queen Elizabeth. Two days later United States Attorney General James P. McGranery ordered immigration officials to bar the reentry into the United States of Charlie Chaplin (who had never become an American citizen) pending an investigation. There was no hint as to the purpose of the investigation, but it was generally assumed that it would have something to do with the uproar in the American press over Chaplin’s “leftist” sympathies, which were anathema in that time of McCarthyism. Tired of harassment, Chaplin moved to Switzerland, where he settled on a twenty-acre estate overlooking Vevey, with his family and a menagerie that eventually included wolves, badgers, mice, a fox, crocodiles, a crow, and an eagle. “In Hollywood,” Geraldine Chaplin has recalled, “we had millions of cats. We started with a lot of cats in Switzerland, but they all managed to get on the road and be killed.”

Miss Chaplin attended the village school in Corsier, near Vevey, and, for seven years beginning at age ten, the convent boarding school of Mont Olivet, a little farther away, where she ranked third in her class academically. When Rex Reed interviewed her for the New York Times (December 19, 1965), she recalled that her schooling was French but “at home everything remained American.” “It was a strange life, and the Europeans thought we were all crazy. The crazy Chaplins in the big house on the hill, they called us. We had no friends, only our animals.” There was, however, a steady stream of visiting celebrities— including Picasso, Casals, Braque, Stravinsky, and Chou En-lai—that she regretted having been too “babyish” to appreciate.

Her first aspiration was to be the ballerina, which she studied in Switzerland for four years as a teenager and subsequently for two years at the Royal Ballet School in London before deciding that she had not begun training early enough to attain excellence in dance. She had only one professional engagement as a dancer, in the chorus of a production of Cinderella in Paris in December 1963. Her performance on that occasion received publicity out of all proportion to its importance, as Miss Chaplin recounted to Rex Reed: “I was terrible, but I ended up on the front pages. Only one of twenty little dancers in the chorus of Cinderella, but you’d have thought I was Pavlova. Sure, they were exploiting me. My father was furious!”

In Paris, Miss Chaplin stayed with her half-brother Sydney and his wife, Noèlle Adam. They introduced her to the agent Claude Briac, who helped her land a part in the film Par un beau matin d’été (On a Beautiful Summer Morning), of which she later said: “It was one of the worst movies I’ve ever done. I would have got anything else.”

As Tonya in Miss Chaplin regarded herself as “shiny but not original.” In the days following the opening, she was “a nobody,” and Judith Anderson, another actor of note, was “The London thought that I was a confidence trick.”

The following December she appeared on the London stage in the London Revue. She was billed as “Geraldine Chaplin, the ‘cardboard cutout’ fluished through a rain of abuse.”

During the fiestas of the Spanish Provinces No one who thinks that Miss Chaplin, a woman who acts in the movies, accepts the idea of going to Madrid to “As sophisticated, no one ever thought of her as ‘glamorous’.”

As Alexandra Foxes at the Et York City from 20, 1968, Miss (most promiscuous) Variety’s poll of 1968. She was a morbid, tragic figure on the film was her one of the most rewarding experiences of her career. She was described as “the best known woman in the world.”
of the worst movies ever made, and if David Lean or anyone else had ever seen it I never would have gotten a job in Doctor Zhivago or anything else.

As Tonya in Doctor Zhivago (MGM, 1965), Miss Chaplin received mixed notices, ranging from "shiny but vapid" to "ingratiating, warm, and gentle." In the middle was William Wolff, who observed in Cue (January 8, 1966) that "if pretty Miss Chaplin can act, this isn't a fair test; here all she has to do is smile a lot as the stiff-upper-lip wife." Among the most positive appraisals were those of Kenneth Tynan in the London Observer (May 3, 1966), who thought that Tonya was played "with growing confidence by the bright-eyed Geraldine Chaplin," and Judith Crist in the New York Herald Tribune (December 23, 1965), who found Miss Chaplin "perfi and probable" in the midst of the "cardboard characters" whom Lean "shuffled through a ridiculous plot."

Following Doctor Zhivago, Miss Chaplin was cast as Princess Golovine in the French motion picture (Telépathie (1966), directed by Robert Hossein. She also had roles in the British mystery Stranger in the House (Rank, 1966) and the Italian film Andreo in Città (We Will Go to the City, 1966), directed by Nello Risi, among other films.

During the filming of Doctor Zhivago in Spain, Miss Chaplin met the young director Carlos Saura, a protégé of Luis Buñuel who provided the spark that ignited her talent and with whom she later set up a ménage. Their first professional collaboration was Peppermint Frappé, (1967), released, like most of Saura's films, by Elyas Querejeta. It was the outre story of the obsessions of an aging introverted Spanish provincial physician named Julian, who falls in love with Elena (Miss Chaplin), the young bride of his playboy brother, Pablo. Rebuffed by her, he, in his twisted mind, converts his peasant nurse, Ana (also played by Miss Chaplin), into her doppeiginger. The nurse accepts the role and she and the doctor end the movie in a wild dance after he pushes the car in which Pablo and Elena are sitting off a cliff, killing them. "Miss Chaplin is excellent in the dual role, demonstrating great range," William Lyon wrote in his dispatch from Madrid to Variety (September 6, 1967). "As sophisticated Elena she is alternately innocent and childlike or cruel and calculating. As the nurse she is at first shy, later seductive."

As Alexandra in a revival of The Little Foxes at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre in New York City from December 19, 1967 to January 20, 1968, Miss Chaplin drew a nomination for "most promising new Broadway actress" in Variety's poll of New York drama critics. Back in Spain, she was cast as the wife involved in a morbid, tragic love triangle in Stress et tres, tres (Stress is Three, Three, 1968), and when the film was shown at the Venice Film Festival she was described in Variety (September 18, 1968) as a "lovingly lensed" actress who "fits the bill as the gamine wife."

The actress collaborated with Saura and Rafael Azcona on the script of La Madriguera (1969), in which she and Per Oskarsson portray a married couple who indulge in psychodramatic games that become their reality and lead to homicide. When the film was released under the title Honeycomb in the United States in November 1972, the New York critics generally panned it. In the New York Post (November 24, 1972), Frances Herridge suggested that only the fact that Miss Chaplin was a coauthor could explain "why she would play so insufferable a role in so irritating a film." Roger Greenspun, writing in the New York Times (November 23, 1972), thought that Oscarsson "has no relation to his part" and that Miss Chaplin "is better, but not good enough." But Judith Crist of New York (December 4, 1972) considered the picture a "bothersome quality film" in which Miss Chaplin was "excellent in performance."

In The Hawaiians (United Artists, 1970), the sequel to Hawaii, based on James Michener's sprawling historical novel, Miss Chaplin played Purity, the quietly psychotic wife of Whip Hoxworth (Charlton Heston). Archer Winsten of the New York Post (June 19, 1970) thought she did so "nicely," and if other reviewers disagreed, most of them were too busy faulting the cluttered epic itself to say so.

According to Derek Malcolm of the Guardian (May 25, 1972), Miss Chaplin was "lovely, but wasted" in the science-fiction film Zero Population Growth, (Sagittarius, 1971), in which she and Oliver Reed starred as a twenty-first-century couple defying a law forbidding childbirth under pain of death. The reviewer for Variety (January 10, 1973) described as "well-enacted" her role as a hostage held by a secret agent in the espionage thriller Innocent Bystander (Paramount, 1972).

Richard Lester cast Miss Chaplin as Anne of Austria in his cinematic burlesque of Alexander Dumas's The Three Musketeers, released as two films, The Three Musketeers (Twentieth Century-Fox, 1974) and The Four Musketeers (Twentieth Century-Fox, 1975). Critics called her "lovely" and "stunning" in the role, and Rex Reed, writing in the New York Sunday News (April 21, 1974), declared, "Chaplin's performance in this heavily star-encrusted spectacle is like a luminous natural pearl in a washtub of noisy and nacrous oyster shells."

Carlos Saura's metaphorical Ana y los lobos (Ana and the Wolves), made in 1971 and released the following year, starred Miss Chaplin as Anar, a young governess hired by three brothers, representing various Spanish taboos and other hang-ups, to work in their decaying mansion, which apparently symbolizes Spain itself. In Saura's Cria Cuervos (1975), she was cast as a pianist who gives up her career for her family only to die of uterine cancer soon afterward—a role that brought her some of the
best notices of her career when the film was released in the United States as Cria! in 1977. In 1976 Saura directed her in Elisa, vida mia (Elisa, Darling), and two years later in Los Ojos vendidos (Blindfolded) which represented Spain at the 1978 Cannes Festival.

One of Miss Chaplin's most memorable performances, for many Americans at least, was that as Opal, the dizzy BBC reporter in Altman's Nashville (Paramount, 1975), a brilliant, kaleidoscopic musical melodrama about a political campaign set in the country-and-western capital of the United States. In Altman's Buffalo Bill and the Indians (United Artists, 1976), she was cast as Annie Oakley. Among others, William Wolf of Cue (September 29, 1976) thought she was a "standout" as the wedding coordinator undaunted by a disastrous nuptial day in Altman's subversive, controversial black-comedy attack on the American nuclear family. A Wedding (Twentieth Century-Fox, 1978).

Altman produced Alan Rudolph's Welcome to L.A. (United Artists, 1976) and Remember My Name (United Artists, 1979). In the first—a film whose several vignettes fit its theme song, "City of One Night Stands"—Miss Chaplin was cast in the role of a neglected housewife who fantasizes herself to be Garbo's Camille; in the second she is again a woman scorned, one who reacts to the unfaithfulness of her husband (Anthony Perkins) with murderous fury. Reviewing Remember My Name in the London Financial Times (February 9, 1979), Nigel Andrews contrasted Miss Chaplin —"a fearless sylph in shirt and jeans"—with the Barbara Stanwycks and Joan Crawfords of yore: "Times have changed and so have movie heroines. Miss Chaplin is a cinematic Medea for the 1970s: gawky, oddball, in manner simultaneously sad and matter-of-fact. Rudolph gives the viewer more between her and Anthony Perkins... a spring-heeled tragicomic tension more vibrant and precise than anything in Welcome to L.A."

Later in 1979 Miss Chaplin portrayed Lily Bart in a television production of Edith Wharton's novel The House of Mirth.

Geraldine Chaplin is a slim, petite woman, barely five feet tall, who has a distinctive freckle birthmark under each of her long-lashed gray-green eyes. Among her favorite composers and writers are, respectively, J. S. Bach and Katherine Mansfield. In approaching a role, she reads the script several times, takes notes as she does so, and tries to construct a complete family and personal history for the character. She and Carlos Saura live quietly in a spacious Madrid penthouse apartment with their son Shane Saura Chaplin O'Neill.

References: N Y Post p19 D 26 '65 por, p42 Jl 1 '77 por; N Y Times II p7 D 19 '65 por; Look 29:57+ A p20 20 '65 por; Parade p4+ Jl 1 '78 por; Who's Who in America, 1976-79

---

Chase, Chevy

Oct. 8, 1943- Comedian; actor; writer.
Address: c/o Rm. 200, KTAL Studios, 6900 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

When NBC's irreverent weekly comedy show Saturday Night first invaded the small screen in October 1975, one member of that live latenight program's subversively funny troupe in residence, the Not Ready for Prime Time Players, stood out from the rest—Chevy Chase, a master of clumsy pratfalls and deadpan outrage. Originally and still basically a writer, Chase either wrote or ad-libbed most of his own material on Saturday Night, the high point of which was his "Weekend Update," a spoof of newscasts. Looking disarmingly like everyone's least favorite striped-tie anchorman, the clean-cut Chase would intone in a resonant, sincere voice, "Good evening, I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not," and then launch into what were probably the most hilariously controversial topical comments on television. Chase, who left Saturday Night at the beginning of the 1976-77 season, has since done several television specials and starred in the motion picture Foul Play. His long-term plans lie chiefly in the direction of writing combined with producing.

Chevy Chase described his family background to Tom Burke of Rolling Stone (July 15, 1976) as "upper-middle-class, WASPish." He was born Cornelius Crane Chase in New York City on October 8, 1943 to Edward Tinsley Chase, a writer and editor now an executive at G. P. Putnam's Sons, the book publishers, and Cathalene (Crane) Chase, the plumbing heiress. When he was a newborn, his paternal grandmother began calling him Chevy—perhaps Washington, D. Chase has an aid lawyer in siblings from his parents, who a.

Growing up Chase lived primarily with his father in New York or, his rich maternal in Ipswich, Massachusetts; his family in Dipch, called Mitchell Over the family Hill with Cony yacht, watching the mansion. A to deal with, with the very wealthy either none or because Grand grandmother to purchase land to a Buddhist

As Chase has he "always wanted to go to academeia" and centrate on his music. He is a member of the University of Cambridge's Cambridge Institute in the Cotswolds. Dalton School East Side, an elite country club and the Stoc Massachusetts lege in Haver Ford, PA. At Bard College in New York. Bar at and played in New York. Bar and played in 1967. Later he engineering in New York. Chase began to be seen in the acting in dentists in the Bard, actor, and the video record in 1975. The Chap of Chase and Off-Off-Broad s the of the and the other jobs, in 1967. A later brought Groove Tube, Corporation in the Meanwhile, the short-motion which cut the MGM in other jobs, in 1975.
BROWNING — DOORE, Roy H., Sr., 62, died Thursday in Browning. Services will be 2 p.m. Monday at the Church of the Little Flower in Browning, with mass at the Eagles Shield Sunday evening. Burial will be at Spring Hill family cemetery with arrangements by the Riddle Funeral Home. A Browning rancher who also worked at carpentry and welding, he lived his life on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. He graduated from Browning High School in 1942 and attended a vo-tech center in Oakland, Calif. He belonged to the Blackfeet Tribal Business Council from 1950 to 1952 and was an Army veteran of World War II. He was decorated with a Bronze Star. His wife, Mildred Tatsey, preceded him in death. Survivors are five children all of Browning, Leona Little Dog, Donna M. Crawford, Roy H. Doore, Jr., Robert "Smokey" Doore and Dickie Doore; six brothers, Walter Long Time Sleeping and Alex, Roger, Tom and Bill Doore, all of Browning, and Gordon Big Snake of Gliechen, Alta., three sisters, Debbie and Thelma Doore, both of Browning, and Rosalind Breaker of Gliechen, Alta., 12 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.
Going-to-the-Sun with Citation

By MEL RUDER
For The Tribune

WEST GLACIER — Interior Secretary James Watt will give the Prince of Wales the royal tour of Glacier National Park on Friday as Glacier Park officials celebrate the golden anniversary of the completion of the Going-to-the-Sun Road.

Half the Logan Pass parking area will be roped off for the hour-long tour starting at 10 a.m. The public is advised that parking will be a problem, and recommendations have been sent to more than 200 people, including a number of people who were involved in the road’s construction.

Glacier Park Superintendent William Haraden, who will welcome the prince of Wales, notes in 1933 Glacier had 1,000 visitors compared to 1,666,431 in 1983.
1208 N. Lamborn  
Helena, MT 59601  
August 23, 1985  

Dear Ivan:  

First let me apologize for this long delay in answering your good letter of February 26. Can it actually be that long?!!  

I immediately started contacting people that may have known Petzold to learn as much as possible about him. We often point to the Petzold place up the hillside from the Ringling Ranch near Loweth, but I don't remember ever seeing him. He left about the year after we came to Ringling.  

But in talking with several who had seen him or knew of him, all reports brought out the idea of how well he coped with his handlessness. Here are a few remarks I heard:  

Several mentioned his beautiful penmanship. He signed his name with a flourish.  

He did all his farm work and drove a 4-horse team like an expert. He wound the reins around his arm stubs below the elbows and kept complete control. He also drove a car.  

My brother Lawry recalls Petzold coming to our school near Castle one time. He came in the door and immediately reached up and took off his hat, using both arms, as easily as anyone.  

This is about the extent of any specifics I have been able to dig up. Hope it might help you in some way.  

You should have been at the Ringling School Reunion last Saturday! There were about 400 people there from all across the country. I think the women's Club was surprised at the interest. They had planned to cook the meal but when they received over 200 reservations they decided to have it catered. Olaf took pictures of his class, all there I believe except Paul, and he plans to send some to Paul. It was a shock to see Wally -- do hope he gets OK.  

I spent about three months last winter with Alice in Bozeman when she was having health problems and then a while in May when she had cataract surgery. She is doing pretty well now but not as peppy as before.  

Sorry I missed seeing you when you were in Helena. I was out of town and read the account of your visit when I returned. Did you get a copy of the full-page article? If not, I can send you one.  

Here's hoping you and Carol are well and happy. Do you have plans to come back to Montana any time soon. Would like to see you when you do come.  

Sincerely,  

[Signature]  

Edith Breckks
Dear Edith--

Thanks for your letter, and for the effort you put into finding out about Petsold. The details help a lot. I'm constructing a character in this next book who won't have anything in common with Petsold except the lack of hands, and it's been interesting to think and write about someone in that situation.

I do regret not making it to the Ringling reunion. It may be that I simply should have dropped everything else, got on a plane and come. But Carol and I had an unrelenting August, tackled onto an already busy summer, and I simply couldn't face one more thing. I had a note from Joe Pitman and his wife, thanking me for the copy of "Inside This House of Sky" they won as a doorprize, and as there are some photos of Ringling in there I'm glad Marion Lucas thought to ask me for the book, and am doubly glad that a real Ringling "veteran" won it. That reminds me, I have some fine black-and-white photos of Ringling of about 20-25 years ago--Mike Ryan's store among them--which a guy in Bozeman shot, put away for years, then dug out and mounted them and gave them to me when I was selling House of Sky in a Bozeman store. If you're ever interested, I think I can dig out his name for you.

As the Helena newspaper story indicated--yes, I do have copies, thanks--Carol and I had a fine full Montana trip in late June-early July. It was heartbreaking to see the country so dry, though. I did try to call you during our week or so in Helena, and figured you were away. Am not sure when the next trip will be--I have a towering amount of work on this homesteader novel in the next year--but something conspires to bring us to Montana at least a time or two a year.

I hope Alice is on the mend. I'm frankly leery about Wally's chances. Poor guy, he's had little chance to enjoy retirement. I owe Paul a letter-- incidentally, he is a vivid and informative correspondent, if you can ever get him to write--and so with my news of Montana and Olaf's photos, he will have a dose of the old country. Again, I appreciate you and the rest of the Brekkes.

all best wishes.
Dear Edith--

I've come across some mentions of a one-time Ringling person I wonder if you remember. One version has his name as Herman Petzold, another as Louie Petzold; in either case he'd have been memorable, as he had no hands. (I assume he lost them in some horrible accident; but sources agree he coped amazingly without them.) Do you recall him, or know of anybody who would? It's possible he'd have been before your time. In any case, if you have any memory of him I'd appreciate your letting me know, so that I could come by and talk to you about him when Carol and I reach Helena this summer. I don't really need specifics on him, but on how he coped in life; I'm contemplating having a similarly handicapped-but-undefeatable character in my next book.

I hope you're thriving. We've had the coldest winter in our almost 20 years in Seattle, but it's not a patch on what everybody else has had, I guess. I don't know if you've heard that Wally Ringer had a cancer operation in Missoula a few weeks ago; he's in a wait-and-see period, he told me on the phone. I had a dandy letter from Paul some months ago; he's a gifted correspondent, if he just would write more than once a year or so!

best regards,
June 11, '79

Dear Art--

I understand that by a highly roundabout route some questions I've had about Herman Petzold managed to reach you. First off, thanks immensely for troubling to answer them. I am thinking toward a novel set in Montana early in this century, and when someone wrote me about Petzold, I thought he would make a wonderful basis for a character in the book.

Second, I wondered if you could spell out a few specifics of Petzold's life that I haven't nailed down yet:

--I'm told that his hands were blown off when he was young. Do you know how--blasting cap, or what?

--The ring on his rifle and shotgun by which he fired them was it simply an enlarged ring like, say, the one on a lever-action rifle, through which he could put the stub of his arm?

--My correspondent said you asked Petzold how he managed to button and unbutton the fly on his trousers and he showed you; was he simply able to manipulate the buttons in and out of the holes with his stumps, or how?

--Butto on his handwriting; do you know if he held the pen between his stumps, or somehow attached it to one?

One of the pleasures I've had from House of Sky has been meeting Norma Ashby and her mother. Each time I am reminded of all the lore of the Watson family. I hope all is well with you, and the number of friends I still cherish in White Sulphur. Given the gas situation and my writing schedule, it looks as if I won't make it to Montana again until next spring. Anyway, best regards until then.

--
Mr Ivan Doig;
17021 Tenth Ave N.W.
Seattle, Wa. (98171)

Dear Ivan;

Nice to receive your of 6-14 - Subject Herman Petzold.

I first met Herman when I was perhaps 10 years old when he came to Watson, driving a four horse team, buying hides. He usually had a green bronc in his team, as he broke horses as a supplement to his divers means of making a living. I know nothing of his background, except that he spoke with a decided German accent and brogue. When he came our way he always ate dinner or stayed all night. We kids were of course fascinated both by his affliction and his accomplishments. He was not at all self conscious, but was very proud of his ability to cope with the world. Very few things he could not do, as well as anyone with hands. Cutting his meat at the table- he could not manage, and would slide his plate over to the party nearest him and request- very politely- to have his meat sugar cut. He took the spoon between his stubs, dipped it full of sugar and deftly twisted the stubs, spilling the sugar into the cup as neatly as anyone with hands. This deftness he used in handling knife, fork or whatever. I asked him how he wound his watch. Oh dots easy, I showed you. He carried his watch attached to a buckskin string and tied to his belt loop. He slipped a stub under the string, slightly raised his thigh, held the watch still with his left hand and rolled the stem with the right stub then slid the watch back on.
back into his watch pocket. He wrote a beautiful hand a dd was
very proud of his shading. His signature looked like it had been
done in a college of penmanship. He held the pen between his stubs.
He had to button and unbutton his fly, as most of his life was spent
alone. He did the job so deftly, that unless you were trying to
watch him, the operation would have been completed without your know-
ledge. As to the guns. He took off the lever of a lever action gun
and had a ring fashioned there, with the ring large enough to ac-
modate his right stub, with his left stub supporting the barrel.

As I gaze around to find someone who could assist you further, I come
up against a blank wall. They are all gone, and my knowledge was very
simply gleaned from observation.

I hope your next book will meet with the same reception that your
first one has. If you chance to come this way, I would be very
happy to chat with you. I appreciate your comments about Norma and
her mother. I am proud to carry the title of "Norma's Uncle" and in
my estimation she is one of the Top Brains and talents of the country.
Most of what I have related about Petzold is repetition in your mind
and of little value. Sorry I couldn't help you, but in writing my books
I found that re-search is impossible as records have not been kept,
and death has sealed the memories. I wish you every success.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Walter had many offers to go
with the Circus, but this pleased him
in his estimation as a spectacle and
July 16, 179

Dear Art—

I've been out of town, so this is belated thanks for your letter about Herman Pethold. Your material is quite useful—anything you knew about him was more than I did. When I'm next in W33—which now is beginning to look like next spring, given my writing schedule for the rest of this year—I'll indeed look you up. I hope your own enterprises are going well.

all the best

KOW HAVEN HEREFORDS
17021 - 10th Ave. N.W.  1-79-79
Seattle  98177

DEAR Van—

If you will forgive a quarreling old man, I would like to add a footnote or two to my last letter which you so graciously acknowledged.

As I stated to you in my first letter, your great book opened up great vistas of things I had not thought about for many years.

To take off—There was a most interesting character in Ringling about 1916—Louis Petzold. Louis was a bartender in the largest saloon. He did not have hands—you should have seen how he handled glasses and bottles with his stubs.
He was very fast-said I dropped anything. We kids would peer under the door in fascination. Louis was no pushover. My father told me that one night somebody did something to Louis - Louis jumped nearly over the bar and proceeded to kick that individual into submission. I never saw anything like that until Rouen, France 1944. Along about 1920 one Luke Brown had an auction sale of his farm equipment and moved over into the Gallatin Canyon and started the first "Dude" Ranch known in that part of the country. The place is still there (1968) and the name is the same "320 Ranch." The names you mentioned in your letter brings up things I now remember.
Johnny Donovan was about the only person who understood the repair and care of automobile tires. "Donovan's Garage." His wife, I believe taught school. I probably went to school with Kathryn.

Also went to school with Isobel and Kathryn McClure. Think they had a little sister - Marcella. (?)

The McClure residence was near the school and they had a parrot. The only one I had ever seen at that time. His vocabulary was limited but he would ride around on your shoulder.

Also remember some history my father told me—what is now Pingree was once called Dorsey but when Sagebrush Annie Line was built they moved Dorsey to the Railroad junction and renamed it.
Believe also there were two wide places along the Railroad called "Old" Dorsey and "New" Dorsey. I believe I went to school with the Arthurs and Breddes - or they were teachers. Something tinkles in the back of my mind.

Along about 1976 my daughter and her husband stopped in Ringling and talked to a lady who said she had been the postmistress for many years - Mabel Condecker - she was older than I when we went to school.

Also went to school with Jimmy Stevens - his father had a blacksmith shop.

Another interesting character in Meagher County was the County Engineer - Wheeler. I went to school with his boy.
Jack's mother was dead so Jack lived with his father, and later, worked with his father on road design. I can't remember Mr. Wheeler's first name, but he was the first roadway curves that made square corners obsolete. However, the camber of the curves was greater than it should have been, prior to proper surfacing. In muddy weather your car could slide off the roadway and into the ditch at the lower side (inside of curve). Many names come to me: Railroad people (?), Dry land settlers of 1st World War (?). Even then when any body left the country, the old farm buildings sat vacant. No way could a family survive on "Dry Land Farming."
Names - Crowley Bros. - sheep - Bachelors - ERIK Ridge
Elliot - Bell - MCvay
Hardin - Walker - Schuyler
Rowland Bros. - wheat - Bachelors
but one married a schoolteacher later

And last - in my time horses
ran loose by the hundreds - all
over the country. They were
truly wild, although many of
them were wordstock that had
gotten away from some farm
heard later that they were all
rounded up about 1978. Too bad,
I loved to watch those bands.

1 VAR - Thank you for
listening - your book
was so good for me.

Erie K. Ford
Dear Ivan,

Just a quick note to tell you Dad is gone. He passed away Friday morning at 3:30 a.m. It has been downhill since July and just day to day since before Thanksgiving. He was 91 last August 21 so he has lived a long, colorful and varied life. Cowboy, poet, sheriff, superb metal craftsman, and friend to many.

The funeral will be Dec 19 in Hildreth. He is to be buried in a poplar wood casket with an evergreen funeral spray with feel
Masonic rights. My family will all be there except the daughter in Seattle. She are having a Montana Northern Storm but it is forecast to clear and be beautiful again by Wednesday.

I hope to meet you sometime in the future.

Flavince R. Crocket
Dear Florence---

Sorry to hear of your father's passing. He must be about the last one of his generation from the Sixteen country. What a considerable life he led, though.

I may be in Montana this spring for a few weeks, though I don't know if I can make it to your corner of the state. On these trips where I have to combine business and visiting, I find just what a big damn place Montana is. Also, since House of Sky appeared, the people who know me, or know of my family, have multiplied. Anyway, I'll let you know if I get close. In the meantime, I hope all is well with you.
Oct. 3, '79

Dear Florence--

Thanks enormously--and thank your dad for me--for passing along the material about Herman Petzold. I've gathered some other material on him from White Sulphur people such as Art Watson, and now have a pretty good notion of the man, I think. In time, you may see him, much changed by fiction except for the details of how he used his stubs, in a Montana novel.

All is going pretty well. Have worked like a beaver all summer on the next book--am about two months from finishing the manuscript. I don't know that this one will mean much to Montanans, since it's set here on the Coast, but it has a few touches of Montana--I can't escape them--and it takes a fairly belligerent stand about what it means to be a Westerner.

May get to Montana briefly next spring, speaking and reading. If I get anywhere near Glasgow, I'll let you know. Best till then.
9-12-19

Ivan:
I asked Dad about Herman. Came up with some interesting information, some of which I can verify as I also remember the little guy. He had both hands blown off in a mining accident. Depressed where it wasn’t supposed to be.

He fended for himself amazingly but he was never a soft tender to my knowledge and Dad said “NO” I was a hide buyer. He had a rather spirited gray team and a large wooden wagon. He drove around and bought hides of all kinds and resold them. He filed on a homestead and built a house. The horses would run away.
with the wagon at fairly regular intervals and as he couldn't stop them he would tumble backwards into the box. When they got tired he would again take control if none had come to his rescue and go on from there. It was somewhat of a game between horses and man.

He made arrangements for a mail order bride, but when she arrived from Chicago she wasn't interested in a man with no hands. He eventually married Miss May Belle (the name is lazy) She was Mrs. J.C. Stewart's sister and not overly bright. J.C. Stewart had at least 4 children—Frank, Jess, Alex, and Belle. Belle married Fred Lenzig.
on her third go-round and
came back to the Basin to
live. Jess and Dad were
good friends. He was killed
in a logging accident in
Washington. I'm not sure
if May Belle was her
given name or if that was
her entire name. No one
ever called her anything
else.

She and Herman lived
on the homestead. He
eventually sold it and
they moved to Florida where
he bought property. (In doubt
this either made him a pauper
or a millionaire — Dad
doesn't know the end of
the story).

A side issue — Dad
served on the jury with
Herman. He loved his beer
and managed to get enough
that he had to be excused from the case.

I remember Herman at our home. He couldn't manage to cut meat but if someone cut it he held the fork handle between his stumps and ate very graciously. He would wrap his hat brim between the stumps and carefully remove it when being introduced to, or meeting a woman. He was always the polite gentleman. With people he knew there was no shyness about his lack of hands but with strangers he became quite hesitant. He could handle a hammer between the stumps. He could harness horses, saddle a gentle horse and ride it.
I can't tell you all, because as a child I didn't realize he was that different in most ways. I assumed that everything went on in a reasonably normal way for him.

I hope this has been of some help to you. Dad is becoming a little fuzzy around the edges, however he really comes to the party when it is necessary.

Best wishes

Florence Caslet
Dear Florence—

Somewhere I missed the fact, in whatever correspondence we had first, that your maiden name is Roberson. Certainly that's one of the most familiar of sixteen names to me.

I appreciated the letter, and you were on the mark about the people you mentioned. My father's fishing partner at the end of his life of course was Leo Alley, and his friendship with Dad—and my grandmother—for those few years was a remarkable act of grace on his part. Leo, of course, would not know what the hell that might mean. I was intrigued with Leo, as I have been with quite a number of Montanans, somewhat too late in life. By the time I recognized their great worth, I was a college man and a city man, and it wasn't possible to get them to be entirely at ease with me. Perhaps it went better than I think, however; the section about Leo in House of Sky was among the most easily written in the entire book, he was so vivid to me.

I am also astounded and touched, to hear that you and your dad once rode into my folks' Grass Mountain sheep camp. That is a true touch from the past for me. My source for much of that Grass Mountain material was a gent you may know—Johnny Gruar, who was Jake Mitchell's nephew, I believe. Johnny was the ranger for that area when my folks were on Grassy. He's still alive, in Townsend, and very alert.

Yes, I hope we might get together sometime when I make it to Montana. You might watch for me in living again in about a year; there's a chance I may make a swing of speeches to libraries and colleges. I was asked to do so this March, but couldn't because of my writing schedule. Maybe next year, and I'll try get in touch with you if I do.

all the best

[Signature]
Ivan,

I read your book last night. I can't comment on how the general reading public will accept it, either from the standpoint of literacy (which is superb) or from content. The latter has roused ghosts and emotions for me that are the reasons for this letter to you.

First, I'm sure, I know more of the history of your Scotch family in America than you do. It would add nothing to your manuscript and probably nothing to you as a man. The Scotch boys from Tierney Basin that were the Widda Doig's sons were a part of my growing up years. I only spent seven years on the ranch at the head of the canyon on the north Fork of Sixteen but that is the home I sprang from. The web is deep and pervading.

My knowledge of that country and its people is first hand but where that leaves off and the knowledge of my father and his view takes over I myself am not really sure and your book pointed this out to me very clearly. We left on my birthday the summer I was fifteen and except for one secretive horseback trip through the following summer I have not been back.

I knew most of the people you mentioned, one way or another. Matt Van Patten, your referral to him sorted out some questions that had been at the edge of my mind for years. That giant, that sheared sheep and drank too much, for a period of about three years had a partner, another giant who seldom drank too much, but had to know what was over the next mountain, my father. There was a bond between them that time and death never erased. I met Matt the summer I was seven, married, family and working as a maintainence man on a gas well at Dry Creek in Wyoming. Even as a child I could feel the bond between the two men and ten years later when Dad received word he had been killed in an oil field accident I knew he mourned, but he never once mentioned either the sheep shearing or the bouts of drinking both of which were sins to him.

The fishing partner, Leo, could have been none other than Leo Alley. No he had not lost his hair in World War I, he was too young. I can't answer that. But his background contains another story of immigrants as surely as if they had come from Europe. He came from the back hills of Oklahoma on a bridge of family and friends. The railroad offered employment to men that could not read or write and the fishing and hunting were a way of life for them since birth. I have been thinking of Leo this winter. In 1930 we had a total eclipse of the sun in May at Sixteen. Leo's reaction was that of primitive man five million years ago. The impending eclipse has returned him to my mind.

Our family backgrounds are very different and yet manybe not. My immigrant ancestors were generations ahead of yours but mine were immigrants in their own land so what the difference. The time and the place have left much the same stamp on both of us. The living with loneliness and not only liking it but needing it. The feeling that family was there and gave us much of what we are, somehow the human bonding of that fierce resistant section of Montana must
have given us that. Both as only children we learned very early
to be self reliant not only physically but emotionally. Living
in a world of adults we grew up before our time. I, as you, do
not feel that this was an imposition. Grass mountain, Walled
Mountain, South Mountain and the Bridgers were my playground.
Dad and I rode into your camp (your parents) on Grass Mountain
shortly after their marriage. We "visited a spell" and rode
on. I'm sure the extra seven or eight miles horseback were
Dad's need to know that Charlie and Bernetta were all right. The
story had spread of her illness. They were happy and she seemed
to be doing well in the high dry mountain air. She was pretty
and well groomed even in the rough camp-out life.

The dances at the school house at Sixteen never quite got under
way until the Scotch boys arrived. How they loved to dance and
how they loved to drink. They came over the hill with a whoop
and a holler with their jugs tied to their saddles. Everyone
danced. As a child I was included and I'm sure danced with all
but Claude. At the time this was crushing, he was Sir Galahad,
the super cowboy and Prince Charming all rolled into one. They
guarded their baby sister with a fierce pride and care that probably
nearly ruined her later life. She could dance with anyone, but
who could date a girl with five guardians watching every step.

After writing this I can lay some of the ghosts to rest again
and I do wish to thank you for writing many of the emotions
and thoughts I have had of a similar time and place. Your
inscption on the fly leaf "from my house of sky to yours" is
uncanny and will always be treasured.

Out of past times and places,

Florence Robertson Caslet
For Alsatians, Miss Liberty Evokes Special Pride

By DEÉDRÈRE CARMODY

Among the millions of people expected to be in New York for the Statue of Liberty centennial celebration will be a small, intensely proud group of Alsatians and Alsatian-Americans, who think of the statue as an extension of their own heritage.

Their hero is Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, the statue's sculptor, who was born in Alsace.

Every year since 1886, members of the Alsatian community in New York, many in traditional red-aproned skirts and big black-bowed headdresses, have gathered on Liberty Island at the foot of the statue to celebrate its birthday.

Over the July 4 weekend, 10 musicians and 20 folk dancers from Alsace and 16 other dancers from the town of Castroville, Tex., will join in the three-day Harbor Festival in lower Manhattan. They will perform native dances and then invite the public to dance.

"To us there is no festival unless you have a band and a folkloric dance group," said Robert H. Schmitt, president of l'Union Alsaciennne. "Every Sunday in the summer months in Alsace in some village, there is a band and a dance group performing on the stage in the center of town where everybody comes to dance and to eat onion tarts."

Bartholdi was an ardent French patriot who was very much affected by the annexation of Alsace by Germany under Bismarck in 1871. Alsace, the traditional buffer between France and Germany, forms a corridor between the Vosges Mountains and the Rhine.

Alsatians contend that without Bartholdi's indignation at the loss of liberty under Prussian rule, the Statue of Liberty would never have been built. They say it was his obsession with freedom that brought him to the United States later in 1871 to press his crusade to build a monument to liberty.

The Alsatians are a close-knit community with a singular history of immigration. Independent by nature, they began coming here by the hundreds after the annexation of Alsace. They continued to arrive until the end of World War I, when Alsace was returned to France. Many then went home, and the emigration from Alsace virtually stopped.

"Leave Alsace?" Mr. Schmitt asked. "Nobody — nobody leaves Alsace now. There is no reason to."

At one time there were 2,000 Alsatians in New York who were members of l'Union Alsaciennne, a self-help union. Mr. Schmitt says there are now about 100 in New York.

"We are a little folk who are very close," said André Soltner, owner of Lutece restaurant on East 50th Street. "I remember when I came to this country 25 years ago and didn't speak a word of English. The first day I was told I had a phone call, and I said, 'No way, I don't know anyone here.' I took the phone and it was the president of l'Union Alsaciennne, who wanted to welcome me to America."

The union president then called Ernest Luthringhauser, an Alsatian who owned La Toque Blanche, a restaurant down the street, and asked him to look out for Mr. Soltner, which he did.

Enclave in Texas

After New York, the largest Alsatian community is in Castroville, Tex., a town of 2,000 settled by Henri Castro in 1844 and where almost everyone has Alsatian roots.

After World War II traditions began to die out, but interest revived in the 1970's when a number of Castroville citizens began to visit and re-establish contact with relatives in Alsace. In 1980 an Alsatian instructor, Roland Bentz, spent a month in Castroville teaching singing and dancing to schoolchildren and giving lessons to adults in the Alsatian language and culture.

The groups from Alsace and from Texas will perform at the Harbor Festival in Manhattan during the day and evening of July 4, 5 and 6 at the Singing and Dancing Liberty Stage on State Street, near the Staten Island Ferry toll booth.

"We are really proud to be Alsatian," Mr. Soltner said. "When you ask a Frenchman his nationality, he says French. When you ask a German, he says German. When you ask us, we say French Alsatian."
Park

birthday with friends, posed for her grandmother.

Issues at Issue in

agers to disperse from the sidewalk outside the pizzeria.

The pizzeria, Miss Hodges said, was a popular gathering place for neighborhood teen-agers and she had arranged to meet a girlfriend there who was to accompany her to the discothèque. The other teen-agers, obeying the officer, walked away. But Miss Hodges said she entered the pizzeria to await her friend.

A few minutes later, she continued, Officer Mattor motioned to her to come outside. When she was unable to show him any personal identification or proof of where she lived, Miss Hodges said, he placed her under arrest, handcuffing her behind her back.

Miss Hodges said she pleaded with the officer to take her to her home...
Suburban Journal

Let's Design Our Own Playground

BY MICHAEL WINERIP

No more is Fairmont Elementary School without the playground the students demanded. Robert Leiber has built a new playground with slides, swings, and a tire-jumping structure. The students themselves helped design it. They wanted a place where they could play without being told what to do. They didn't want just a playground, but a place where they could be themselves.

The students dreamed up octopus swings and horse tunnels.

It was sunny and warm for the first day of the playground. Each child could hardly contain their excitement. They ran around, laughing and shouting. The slides were fast, the swings made loud sounds, and the tire-jumping structure was a hit. The students had planned every detail, and it was more than they could have asked for.

"We did this, you see," said Allen Abson, "Mr. Leiber built it for us, but we planned it." The students felt a sense of ownership and pride. They had been involved in every step of the process, from designing to building.

"We worked hard," said Linda Johnson, "and it paid off." The students had sacrificed hours of their time, but they knew it was worth it. They had created a playground that was exactly what they wanted.

Mr. Leiber was proud of the students and their dedication. He had seen them work in their spare time, and he knew they had put in a lot of effort. He was glad to see their hard work pay off.

"This is what education is all about," he said. "It's about giving students the tools to create something of their own." The students were excited to see the results of their hard work.

The playground was a success, and the students were proud of their achievement. They had created a place where they could play and have fun, and they were grateful for Mr. Leiber's support.

"It's a great day for all of us," said Mr. Leiber. "Let's enjoy the playground and make the most of it." The students were thrilled to have their own playground, and they looked forward to spending many happy days there.
Cold Brown Fields

ROBERTS, Vt. — The motherless heifers were huddled in a low barn and the barnyard was covered with drifts of snow.

The only sign of life was the occasional pattering of rain against the roof and the grocery bag that dangled from the porch light. The only sound was the muffled grunting of the heifers, who were eating grass stored under the floor of the barn.

If the latter, these heifers were a hardy breed, able to survive in the coldest weather. But if the former, they were a breed that had been forced to seek shelter from the elements.

The motherless heifers were a symbol of the nation's economic downturn. Despite the efforts of the federal government, the nation had been hit hard by a severe recession. The heifers were a reminder of the hard times that many Americans were facing.

The storm was expected to last for several days, and the weather forecasters predicted that temperatures would drop even lower. The heifers were prepared for the worst, hunkered down in the barn and waiting for the storm to pass.

The nation's economy was in shambles, and the outlook for the future was bleak. The heifers were a symbol of the hard times that lay ahead.
Portrait - Individual
# 6381
Roald Amundsen

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SEATTLE
& KING COUNTY
Gisborne Album #2: feeding kitten(?) with eyedropper

Scoops Scouille
### Photocopy Cash Sale

University of Washington  
Department of Printing

**PLEASE PRINT**

**Name:** IVAN DOLG

**Telephone:** 542-6658  
**Date:** 25 Jan '83

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flat Copies</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>#Originals</td>
<td>#Copies per original</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Book Copies</th>
<th>From</th>
<th>Thru</th>
<th>Copies Per Page</th>
<th>Rate</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SEE BELOW</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**For Suzzallo**  
**Copy Center ONLY**

- [ ] Return book to library  
- [ ] Hold book for customer

**Subtotal:**

**Sales tax:**

**Total:**

---

**Special Instructions:**  
Dorothea Lange, V. II, Fiches 6, 7, 8—please copy photos numbered as follows:

- 6-33  
- 6-76  
- 7-7  
- 7-12  
- 7-35  
- 7-75  
- 8-3

- 6-74  
- 7-8  
- 7-15  
- 7-49  
- 7-74  
- 8-13

- 6-75  
- 7-9  
- 7-17  
- 7-51  
- 8-19

**WARNING CONCERNING COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS**

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material.

Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copying order if, in its judgment, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of copyright law.
Library of Congress
Photo-Duplication Service
10 First St. S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20540

For a book I'm writing about the American West during the Depression, I have found the photos in Dorothea Lange text/microfiche edition extremely useful for insights into the period. I know that you can provide prints of those microfiche pictures, upon proper order; but is it possible to order photocopies, or some other cheaper reproduction than prints? Inasmuch as I need the copies only for reference, prints are unnecessarily elaborate and expensive, while an attempt to copy the pictures on a microfiche printer produces a negative image: photocopies would seem to be the ideal answer, if they're within your purview.

cordially

Ivan Doig, Ph.D.
Since the Photoduplication Service of the Library of Congress was established in 1938 by a Rockefeller Foundation grant, it has operated under the revolving fund principle to provide photoreproduction of material in the Library's collections to libraries, organizations, and individual researchers in accordance with U.S. copyright law and preservation constraints.

Price lists and order forms outline the general conditions applicable to orders. Minimum charges apply separately to each type of reproduction, and advance payment is required. Upon receipt of a formal purchase order from a domestic public library, university, or governmental organization, photoduplicates may be prepared and an invoice issued. Cost estimates are generally sent unless the purchase order specifies an amount which approximates the actual cost of the job. A letter, purchase requisition, or the order form may be used to place requests.

Researchers visiting the Library may use the coin-operated copiers to photocopy books, microforms, pictorial materials, and manuscripts. These copiers operate for $0.10 to $0.25 per exposure (print). Rare books, oversize volumes, and deteriorating material may not be used on these copiers.

Certain newspapers, periodicals, and government gazettes (primarily foreign titles) are microfilmed on a continuing basis. Retrospective files of similar publications including domestic titles, manuscript collections, and other library materials are filmed as special or cooperative projects. Research libraries can request that their name be placed on the mailing list to receive announcements of such filming projects.

The time required for processing orders varies from a few days to several months depending on their size, type of reproduction required, completeness of references, and availability of material.

Rush service, at a surcharge, can usually be provided; however, the completion date will depend upon the work requested and the Service's current workload.
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PHOTODUPLICATION SERVICE

CONDITIONS OF ORDER

Photocopying is done by the Library under the following conditions:

1. The Library will generally make photoduplicates of materials in its collections available for research use. It performs such service for research, in lieu of loan of the material, or in place of manual transcription. Certain restricted material cannot be copied. The Library reserves the right to decline to make photoduplicates requested, to limit the number of copies made, or to furnish positive prints in lieu of negatives.

2. Copyright material will be copied in accordance with copyright law (Title 17, U.S. Code) and the CONTU Guidelines. Written permission from the copyright owner or payment of a royalty fee may be required. All responsibility for use of the photoduplicates is assumed by applicant.

3. Facsimile prints will be made to approximate original size of the text copied, unless enlargement or reduction is specified.

4. Payment in advance is normally required. Deposit accounts may be established. Checks and money orders should be payable to Library of Congress, Photoduplication Service. Do not send postage stamps. Receipt will be sent upon request.

5. Special identifying or bibliographic targets to be microfilmed are to be supplied with the order.

6. Service charges may be added for reference work required due to incomplete citations, for quotations requiring extensive reference work, for searching the records of the Copyright Office to locate registration and renewal data, for orders for scattered pages of a volume or reel of film, for any reference or laboratory work completed on a subsequently cancelled order, or for any work requiring special handling, such as rush service, orders with detailed technical specifications, or material requiring a special camera set-up or which cannot be brought to the laboratory, etc.

7. All reproductions are prepared on order and may not be returned for credit.

8. To reduce the possibility of damaging the Library's collection of master negative microfilm, only orders to print complete reels of positive microfilm will be accepted; portions of reels will not be supplied.

9. The Library is not responsible for loss or damage to shipments outside the continental United States unless the purchaser gives written instructions to provide insurance at added cost. Partial shipments of large orders may be made at the Library's discretion.

MICROFILM NEGATIVE (35mm)

Made at our laboratory's routine specifications on unperforated medium-high contrast stock; the size, condition, and type of material determines the unit rate; a surcharge applies for filming to customer specifications; a minimum charge applies for each citation, entity, or item that must be accounted for; size limits are overall dimensions double-page spread including binding for bound volumes, and borders of unbound material.

(A) Regular textual material in good condition of uniform size and background density; bound volumes not over 3" thickness, size 4½ x 7½ up to 17½ x 24½ filmed two facing pages per frame (exposure), and unbound material not over 17½ x 24½ filmed one page per frame per exposure $0.14

(B) Manuscript, rare book, music, brittle or deteriorating, and other material requiring special handling, within size, etc., limits for “A” above per exposure .25

(C) Material varying in size, etc., from “A” above but not over 4½ thickness nor exceeding 24½ x 36”, map, pictorial, scrapbook, and similar material minimum per exposure .35

(D) Halftone illustrations in textual material for “A,” “B,” and “C” above add per exposure .25

Minimum charge for first volume or item of each citation 7.00

Each additional physical volume (same LC call number) processed on same negative film order minimum 5.00

Minimum charge per negative microfilm order 10.00

Changes of camera set-up (e.g., position, reduction, or filming overlapping sections required by foldout charts or variations in material format) each change 1.00

Foldout charts in bound volumes may require making a photodirect positive print in one or more sections prior to filming; each photodirect print 17½ x 23½ minimum 11.00

Spool and box per set .60

MICROFILM POSTIVE (35mm)

From negative of uniform density per foot .20

Minimum charge for each positive strip (only entire reels are printed from LC master negative) 15.00

Spool and box per set .60
PHOTODIRECT PRINTS

Positive photodirect prints on resin coated paper can be made from either positive images or from negative photocopies. Material exceeding 34" x 46" (overall size including border for unbound material and for double-page area of bound volumes), fold-out charts, enlargements over 200 percent, and reductions less than 50 percent, are subject to surcharge and feasibility.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Unbound material</th>
<th>From bound volumes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Small exposure (17 1/2&quot; x 17 1/2&quot; image size)*</td>
<td>$7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Large exposure (17 1/2&quot; x 23 1/2&quot; image size)*</td>
<td>8.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foldout charts, surcharge per exposure</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camera change of 50%–99% or 101%–200% for enlargement or reduction</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grouping similar materials, four items or less per exposure, minimum</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minimum charge per order for photodirect prints</td>
<td>7.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Deduct 1" from each dimension when copy material exceeds these sizes.

ELECTROSTATIC POSITIVE PRINTS (Xerox)

Positive photocopies made by the electrostatic process are useful primarily for the reproduction of textual and line material. Graphs and charts reproduce exceptionally well. However, photographs and similar illustrations do not reproduce satisfactorily by this process and it is suggested that photographic prints be ordered.

Electrostatic prints are supplied on a single-weight non-photographic paper and may be moderately reduced at laboratory discretion from the size of the originals. Folded charts which are larger than the volume to which they belong may be supplied in sections. Maximum double-page overall size of material handled is generally 12 1/4" x 20". Material up to 10 1/2" x 17" may be reproduced to approximate size of the original.

Rates applicable to each item, prints made at our routine laboratory specifications:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Rate</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rare book, manuscript, music, law, and other material requiring special handling, per exposure</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Regular material, per exposure</td>
<td>.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surcharge for single-page prints of double-page material, prints made to customer specifications when feasible, etc., minimum added to above rates</td>
<td>.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minimum charge for first volume or item of each citation, minimum charge per order for this process</td>
<td>7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Each additional physical volume of same title (same LC call number) processed on same order for electrostatic prints, minimum charge</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Changes of camera set-up required by fold-out charts or variations in material format, each change</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foldout charts in bound volumes may require making a photodirect positive print in one or more sections; each photodirect print 17 1/2&quot; x 23 1/2&quot;</td>
<td>11.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copyflo prints from master negative; magnification up to 14x; images may not be reproduced to size of original material due to film, paper, or equipment limitations; rate per foot of microfilm</td>
<td>1.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minimum charge for each part of reel printed</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: Printing by the copyflo process from 16mm or positive film requires a different cost computation; inquire when applicable. Newspapers and other large format material would probably not be legible if printed by this process.

PHOTOPRINTS FROM 35mm MICROFILM

Refer to our “Price List for Enlargements from Microforms.”

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVES, PRINTS, AND COLOR TRANSPARENCIES

Refer to our “Price List and Conditions for Routine and Custom Photographic Services.”

BLUE PRINT, BLUE LINE, OR BLACK LINE PRINTS (at our laboratory’s discretion as available)

from Vandyke negatives or other reproducibles of HABS measured drawings up to 17 1/2" x 23 1/2".

Each $1.75 ... minimum order $7.00

PACKAGING AND MAILING FEE (Surface)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Orders of $10.00 or less, minimum</th>
<th>U.S.</th>
<th>Foreign</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$1.80</td>
<td>$2.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orders over $10.00, minimum</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orders over $50.00, minimum</td>
<td>6.50</td>
<td>7.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

25-15e (rev 10/81)

Effective October 1, 1981
Cancels previous issues
LIBRARY of CONGRESS  
Photoduplication Service  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540

ORDER FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS

MAKE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO:
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, PHOTODUPLICATION SERVICE

25-70 (rev 4/81)

Date of Request  
Customer’s Order Number  
PS: Deposit Account

MAIL  
PICK UP

CAPTIONS REQUESTED  
PHONE:

Name
Address
Zip

ATTN:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of Reproduction</th>
<th>Regular</th>
<th>Custom</th>
<th>Other</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ITEM IDENTIFICATION</th>
<th>Print Size</th>
<th>Quantity Glossy</th>
<th>Matte</th>
<th>Unit Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>$</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>$</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>$</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>$</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>$</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;x&quot;</td>
<td>$</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Special Instructions:

SURCHARGE FOR SPECIAL SERVICES

PACKAGING and MAILING

ESTIMATED COST $ 

AMOUNT PAID $  

TOTAL COST $ 

FOR PROMPT, ACCURATE SHIPMENT fill in the following label——Please PRINT or TYPE.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
Photoduplication Service  
Washington, D.C. 20540

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

Name
Address
City and State
Zip

Order No./Attn:
Dear Madeleine--

Thanks for the loan of the pictures, they help a lot. If it's all right, I'd like to hang onto them for a couple more weeks. Did somebody tell me you once did some modeling? If so, are there any pictures of that, that I could track down? (Please don't go to any more trouble yourself.)

see you...best,

[signature]

Dear Ivan:

No pictures that I can think of. My modeling career (?) was not all that glamorous...it mostly consisted of changing clothes in hot little hotel bathrooms (with a plastic bag over my head to protect the "Do") and then parading around a showroom full of buyers. I also worked in department stores but no one took pictures.

No rush on the photographs.

Take care..

Madeleine
Library of Congress
Photo-duplication Service
10 First St. SE
Washington DC 20540

I'd like to order an 8x10 glossy print of this Dorothea Lange photo from her Farm Security Administration collection:

LC USF3d-21423-E Boy of the Cleaver family, Malheur County, Oregon, Oct. 1939

Thank you
SEPARATION NOTICE

The following items have been removed from Box 173, Folder 15, Collection 21002, for oversize storage elsewhere.

Items Removed:

Photographs: #4375-4380 were removed from Series 10, Research, subseries 2, Research topics. Images were relocated to Series 8, photographs, subseries 3, photographic prints.

☐ Material has been placed in Box 1163, Folder 10, Collection 21002

☐ Location information is available from the Special Collections Staff.