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NOV 24 REC'D

MISSOULA.
McConnell.
Missoula.

November 22nd. 41.
750 words.

AMERICA EATES.
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Missoula Mont.

X Y P L M N X R Y.

Some time in the summer of 1910 eleven Missoula men gathered for a picnic at Marshal Grade, just east of town, the occasion being the last time those men would have to get together before one of the number embarked on the sea of matrimony. Not much thought was given in advance to what food was to be taken, only each one was supposed to bring something edible and to come equipped with his own "hardware". (tin plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon.) This extemporaneous gathering became the first of a series of picnics that have been held annually until this day and about the only change is that some of the original eleven have died, other members have sweeled the membership to about thirty who meet two or more times each summer just as the spirit moves them.

There was plenty of food that first picnic, coffee and cocoa was brewed on the spot, most everyone had brought, in addition to the usual cold meats, pickles, potatoe salad, jam and jelly sandwiches, ect., some kind of pie. One, an architect, was overly ambitious and brought four cherry pies, needless to say that the occasion became a virtual pie-eating contest.

Every-one having eaten all they could, they gathered around the campfire and swapped yarns, smoked and relaxed in general, it was an enjoyable evening and before leaving for home it was suggested that the same bunch should plan on having another

picnic the following year. This decided they then proceeded to take suggestions for some sort of a name which must be one suggestive of pie as there had been so much in evidence that meeting. A newspaper man was present and at his suggestion the jumble of letters , x y p l m n x r y, (any mixed up quantity to type in the composing room of a print shop is referred to as "pi" or "pied.") This seemed appropriate as all had eaten a great deal of pie of many varieties that night.

This unusual name latter attracted the attention of an Associated Press correspondent who was in Missoula on another assignment--he singled out one member and interviewed him about as follows:

"I have seen the repetition of that odd name for a number of years and it has caused a great deal of comment, I would like to get some facts on the organization. First, who are the officers?"

Member. "There arent any!"

Cor. "When do you meet?"

Member. "When ever we feel like it!"

Cor. "What is the program?"

Member. "Dont have any!"

Cor. "What do you do."

Member. "Every one does as he pleases."

Cor. "Where do you go?"

Member. "Wherever the gang wants to go."

"Some organization", remarked the correspondent, "how do you decide when you are going to have a picnic?"

Member. "When ever enough of the gang meeting on the street says 'let's go.'"

When a picnic is thus decided upon the word is passed around and each member now brings what is indicated, this system having been worked out after one picnic at which everybody brought cake.

Once each summer there is a "Corn on the Cob" picnic. The only property owned by the bunch jointly is a kettle in which 100 ears of corn can be cooked at one time, corn on the cob covered with golden butter and seasoned to the individual taste, eaten in the woods whern no "holds" are barred, accompanied by a steaming cup of coffee brewed only as men seem able to do it over a camp fire, good old boiled coffee drunk from a tin cup, this is the star event of the summer!

Weather conditions proved at first to be a problem on account of the rain encountered. For many years the U.S. Weather Bureau was consulted but this did not prove infalable. In recent years they depend wholly upon the condition of the rheumatism in Robert Mudd's feet and have found that this method of forecasting is almost 100% correct. "Robert" or "Bob" Mudd is one of the best known and liked of Missoula's colored inhabitants.

Members are faithful in attending and with the exception of those who have died the only change has been the addition of new faces around the camp fire, Judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants, clerks, printers, editors, in fact men from most every walk of life get together twice or more each summer for these informal picnics and have done so since the first one in 1910. The following day the Missouliaian always carries a news item to the effect that the

XYPLMNXY Club met the evening before and a good time was had by all those present, the subscriber reads the story wondering just what it could be and what the members do on those mysterious picnics. The answer is simple, they eat and always a goodly lot of pie because even though some of them are now well along in years they still retain that boyhood longing to get out in the hills and eat a meal around a camp fire.