

THE UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT
SCHOOL OF LAW
39 WOODLAND STREET
HARTFORD - 5 - CONNECTICUT

} Old Times
Remembered

Sunday - March 4, 1984
4 P. M.

OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Dear Bill:

This is a beautiful day in Connecticut;
The Sky is blue; the air is good; temperature 40 F.
My 1040 is at long last in the mail; it has not been easy!
At long last, to relax, I took your mother to a 1 P.M. dinner
at the Copper Kettle in Farmington. While waiting to be
seated we encountered my tailor on his way out.
He observed that the Yankee pot roast was exceptionally
good; I ordered the same.

Yankee Pot Roast always reminds me of the stops we always
made on Route 2 just north of the Presidentials when
returning to Moose Brook from a day on the trails.
Mountain trails reminded me of a climb I made up (and down)
Moscow Mountain in the spring of 1930. Your mother was
interested to hear the saga again; perhaps you have not
heard it - or have forgotten it. In either event,
here goes.

I was the young and single law professor who socialized
with the young-and-singles on campus, mostly in the
English Department. I shared quarters in the home of
Dr. von Ende with Lawrence Smith, one of my students.
We took our meals at a boarding house nearby. One of the
fellow boarders was Francis Talbot (Fanny), not of the
English faculty, but a teacher in Moscow High School.

Fanny was a devout Christian Scientist - and therefore
perpetually cheerful and optimistic. I recall a cold dreary
morning when Lawrence and I were awaiting breakfast ~~when~~ and
Fanny came in all wet and cheerful with a greeting like
"Good Morning Boys - what a fine day!" I remember Lawrence
snorting "what in hell do you find so good about it?"

At that time the younger faculty folk were talking about and
accepting the challenge of climbing Moscow Mountain. Most
did more talking than climbing. Fanny was a party to the
talk about the boarding house table.

Thutuna

2

You probably remember little of Moscow Mountain, since you elected to desert the village of your birth at age three. It is a long ridge running east and west, wooded nearly to the summit, called the Thuna Range - an offshute of the Bitter Roots. It dominates the eastern sky line as seen from Moscow. The summit rises about the height of Mt. Washington above sea level, but Moscow and the intervening Palouse wheat land lie at about 2500 feet. In the 30's a primitive trail took off for the summit from a ranch fence gate at the end of a dirt road. You must understand that this was no groomed trail like those to the huts in the Presidentials, but I expressed at table my intention to take it come a good sunny Sunday. With her usual enthusiasm Fanny said she would go along.

Now Lawrence had several times escorted Fanny to the movies, and he gave me the tip that Fanny's motives were not entirely athletic in nature. After all, I was in the Law faculty at Professorial rank at about twice the salary of any English instructor. I was not intrigued by Fann'y romantic designs, if any existed. My dates to chaperone Frat dance was one Pauline Lamar, an English instructor from Oregon State. Besides - there was that Red-head back in St. Paul. Lawrence, who was mischief personified, urged me to take Fanny up the Hill despite her obvious lack of athletic trim. She was very well put together, indeed, but somewhat too plump for climbing. I was in good condition from tennis with young English faculty friends. I agreed to escort Fanny up the mountain.

Beyond the ranch gate there was some distance of pasture land with bushes and scattered trees. The day was sunny and hot. Fanny was uncomfortable before the trail began to stand on end. She complained about her tight girdle. I suggested that she discard it. She did so - behind a bush just off the trail, but vowed to pick it up on the way down.

We made the summit, but Fanny was dead tired and hot. About a dozen others were at the top as well, but they had arrived from the East side after a shorter hike from the Potlatch road. I knew about that road and trail, but Fanny did not. She gave me no criticism about leading her up the west side trail - probably because of her Christian Science charity. She was game for the trek down, but too tired to look for the girdle. Besides, all bushes looked alike in the lowering Western sun. Story moral: Always mark trail carefully for your down-hill casche.

POp

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