

Gene Lees Ad Libitum &
Jazzletter

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Mail Bag

The Glenn Miller Years are something I never realized I would have enjoyed reading about. But the trick is the creative manner in which you make the characters come to life, as if I were meeting and observing them during the period of their influence. I suppose that is what writing is all about; but as in jazz playing, some folks can take a solo that speaks to you and others just play a lifeless string of notes. You continue to surprise and amaze me. What great fun it gives me.

I insist on adding a little more to my subscription. My motive is selfish. I consider you to be a valued institution and I want you to continue turning out the wonderful material, as only you can, as long as you can. Also, you are a highly valued friend.

— David Klingman, Louisville, Kentucky

Dave Klingman is a prominent Louisville attorney who tells me that one of his life's regrets is that he used his influence to help Mitch McConnell get a judgeship, thereby setting him on the road to one of the more egregious careers in the U.S. Senate.

I have known Dave since he was a law student. Dave and his brother Gene, a lawyer and a very fine bassist much influenced by Red Mitchell, had a trio with pianist Don Murray that played at a joint called Riney's in downtown Louisville. Dave played clarinet and alto, both superbly. Don was one of the pianists with whom I studied over the years (he also taught at the University of Louisville). I put a lyric to one of Don's tunes, long since lost, and when I performed it for them, they found out I could sing. From then on I sat in with their trio, named The Trademarks, often. They recorded one LP and when I heard it again after at least thirty years, I realized they were every bit as good as lingering youthful memory suggested. They made another with tenor saxophonist Phil Urso. I have no idea what became of it. Dave tells me they began still another album, this one with me, no doubt singing standards since I had not yet written many songs. I

*don't know what happened to that one, either.
Dave still plays superb clarinet.*

In 1942-43, I was a student at the Juilliard School. Glenn Miller recruited me to go to Truax Field, in Madison, Wisconsin. His letter had his name on it but no address. Since I was close to being drafted, he wrote me to go through the draft and give his letter to the authorities. I thought everybody liked Glenn and expected the Army to honor his letter. I wound up in the combat engineers. If I'd known that he was in Atlantic City, which was 75 miles from my house, I could have gone there and enlisted in the air force.

I learned recently that Truax Field never got a band. Glenn took off for England and never did follow up.

— Bob Green, Palo Alto, California

I truly enjoyed your issues on Glenn Miller. It was good to see him treated with respect for a change.

— John Tumpak, Reseda, California

Just finished reading your fascinating Glenn Miller article. I enjoyed it from beginning to end. You've put a lot of things together that I only knew about in scraps, and you've added a whole lot of information I never ran across before. Such a good piece of work! Thanks.

— Bill Crow, New York City

As everybody no doubt knows, Bill is one of our finest bassists. For some material I missed, see below.

I was surprised, pleased, and relieved to receive your package with eight issues of the *Jazzletter*. What a joy! Like most of your readers, I cannot begin to tell you how important and significant I believe the *Jazzletter* is.

The *Jazzletter* has opened up new horizons for me and led me to discover artists I might otherwise have missed. Glenn Miller, for instance. I was one of those who were dismissive of his contributions and even though I have not yet finished reading the articles I will be reassessing my opinion of him.

— Jim Armstrong, Richmond, California

Well, as I said, it was Francky Boland's playing of tapes of the Air Force band for me in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1984, that turned me around on the subject.

I am overwhelmed by your most recent *Jazzletter* series.

There is much more information about the "real" Glenn Miller than I had ever heard or known in the past. It is most enlightening how you have fit and woven into his life the many associations of which one could otherwise only guess or surmise. Even though he comes off as a relatively cold human being, his ambition and drive come through the rich and thorough account of his many activities in the music business. I certainly agree with your assessment, backed by Ray McKinley's comment, that the Army Air Force Band was his best, and possibly the best example of a large musical organization that we have experienced. I heard Paul Whiteman in his prime, but as impressive as that orchestra was, it did not have the depth and flexibility of the Air Force bunch. I know that Sam Donahue, whose Navy band played head-to-head with the Miller aggregation in England, had the utmost respect for the musicality of the Air Force band. This is reflected in the comments of John Best, the Shaw and Miller alumnus who was featured jazz trumpeter in the Navy band. There were few renditions by the Navy group on which John did not solo. His short bit on *Stardust* with the civilian Miller band gives just an inkling of his prowess. If one wants to hear Best at his best, to almost make a pun, he is on the relatively numerous recorded renditions of that equally fine band. Even though there appear repeat renderings of some of the same tunes, Sam and John never play the same thing twice, the sign of truly improvisational jazz musicians.

Glenn apparently also regarded Sam and the Navy band highly, and according to Sam, intended to back the band after the war in much the way he had the McIntyre, Thornhill, and Spivak spawnings. It was really a swinging outfit, also with fine musicians. Sam's six-man sax voicings and incredible trumpet section consisting of Conrad Gozzo on lead, Frank Beach (Kenton) on back-up lead, Don Jacoby, John Best of course, plus even Sam on flag-wavers. The trombones were superlative. Oh my! What a bunch of swingers!

Returning to Glenn Miller, you mentioned trombonist Paul Tanner in the most favorable terms. He was certainly a polished musician and a thorough gentleman. I once had the opportunity to sit in with Jerry Gray at the March Field Officers Club. Paul was the only trombonist that I remember being in the band. Dom Lodice was on tenor and Chuck Gentry on baritone. I was only interested in impressing Dom, which fortunately I believe that I did. Ray Linn played lead trumpet and Clyde Hurley and Jimmy Zito played jazz. These

two put on a display that night the likes of which I have seldom heard. Many arrangements were opened up, affording them the opportunity to respond to each other on choruses, eights, and fours. They were absolutely spectacular. I had never previously heard Clyde Hurley play like that or that well. Jimmy Zito had long played impressively well. That night proved to be an incredible stand-off between the two. And they were apparently very good friends. They joined my wife and me for breakfast after the job. I understand that Zito still plays, having by now backed off to the valve trombone.

In the accounting of the Miller band, his early use of marked-up stock arrangements is mentioned. He still apparently did that well into his days of greatest popularity. On one occasion when I heard him at Sweets Ballroom in Oakland, I was surprised to hear them kick off the readily identifiable "stock" of *One O'Clock Jump*. What followed, however, was totally different and completely out of character. Almost everyone took extended choruses, backed by apparent head arrangements contributed by one of the other sections. Those not playing at any given time were beating on their music-library cases with drum sticks. As a result, the Miller band was driven and really did swing on this version of *Jump*. Almost unbelievable, but true. The rendition began and ended as the stock.

As for being in awe of Jack Teagarden, that is thoroughly understandable. I doubt if there was a thinking trombonist who did not realize that Jack was in a class by himself. His control of the bell-less horn, playing into a water glass, was amazing. But your exposition of his playing notes of choice without moving the slide, rather relying on his chops, says it all. His playing epitomizes the term "facile".

Al Klink was a very fine, indeed somewhat repressed, tenor man with Glenn, but Tex Beneke was no slouch, and that was the lone area where the civilian group was possibly better than the military one. Vince Carbonne was a proficient tenor man, and a great guy, but not up to the same standard as Al and Tex before him.

With the early recording of the Miller band, there was a very good clarinetist from Texas by the name of Hal Tennyson. He also played with Claude Thornhill and Charlie Spivak, with whom he recorded solos (*Me and Brother Bill*). Near the end of the war, I had a band at Goodfellow Field, San Angelo, Texas, in which he played lead alto. When sober he was an excellent musician and his clarinet solos were inspired. He was almost in a class with Artie Shaw. Until he joined the band I had taken all of the clarinet as well as tenor choruses. Once I heard him, I stuck strictly to the tenor. Although mostly military, we were the only band in town.

Your *Mail Bag* follow-up musings also elicited some fond

recollections. As you know, Gerry Mulligan was a close friend of Paul Desmond. Paul said that whenever he visited him at his apartment, Gerry would take out Paul's Buffet clarinet and proceed to play Artie Shaw's solo on *Stardust*. Paul said that Gerry was the only one that ever used his clarinet.

Your reference to Judy Holiday was most touching. Paul also thought a great deal of her and often talked about things that Judy, Gerry, and he did together. That last time Paul and I went out together we had dinner at the Four Seasons in New York. Paul pointed to the table at the other side of the little square pool adjacent to ours, saying that, "Gerry, Judy, and I used to eat at that table."

Earlier, I had once had a call from Paul in Jamaica. He said, "Judy and I are vacationing here." He thought a great deal of her and she was obviously deeply loved by those who were close to her. Your *Musings* were most informative,

In your far-reaching there is very little with which I do not concur.

— Hal Strack, Incline Village, Nevada

Brigadier General (Ret.) Strack was a young musician in San Francisco, playing tenor to Paul's alto. When the War came, he went into the Army Air Corps and stayed on when the war ended. He became one of the architects of our missile defense system, but always kept playing his tenor and always maintained his friendship with Paul Desmond.

As I have mentioned, there were — on General Eisenhower's orders — three military bands representing three countries in England during those years: a British band led by George Melachrino, a Canadian band led by Captain Robert Farnon, and the American band led by Glenn Miller. Bob expressed deep admiration for the Miller band, but it was the Donahue band that the Canadian musicians liked to sit in with.

One of the things I noticed on my recent relistening to the Air Force band was the perfect match of vibrato in the sax section.

The Air Force band is available on RCA reissue programs, usually two or three CDs, derived — all too few of them, alas — from BBC broadcasts. Because of wartime shortages of material, the BBC did not keep all that it recorded of the band. To evaluate Miller properly you need to hear those recordings. And I still don't like his pre-War rhythm section.

The last Jazzletters, as usual, tell me things I hadn't known, not a common contribution of most of the periodicals I read.

Don Shelton mentioned Western Michigan University, where I teach. He was referring in part to the Gold Company,

the group run by Professor Steve Zegree. They're clearly inspired by the Singers Unlimited, and they continually win prizes here and abroad, although the six undergraduates are constantly replaced as they move through the university. Broadway star Marin Mazzie and Don Shelton's daughter are alumni. Bonnie Herman sometimes performs with them, and Gene Puerling has donated some charts.

We were great admirers of Dick Marx and John Frigo, and fondly remember Mr. Kelly's and the Maryland. We've had tapes of their LPs in the cars for decades. I've come to know John personally since his return, but I hadn't known about Dick's death.

I have one story. When Paul Robeson sang at the University of Chicago in 1955, Dick accompanied him. There was much merriment over the combination of Marx and Robeson. I was unable to attend, thus missing what turned out to be my only chance to hear the great man in person.

— Art Hilgart, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Gene Puerling and John Frigo too are gone now.

Your book about Johnny Mercer made me think of a story that might interest you.

Sometime in the late 1970s I decided I wanted to fill in the gaps in my Four Freshman collection and own all of their Capitol LPs. I think there were 24 altogether, beginning with *Voices in Rhythm*. There was no internet then, so I wrote to people who ran classified ads in the back of *Saturday Review* offering to find out-of-print records. Eventually I obtained all of them, but I was surprised to learn that the hardest to find was their very last Capitol LP, *Got That Feeling*. Asking around, I was told that dealers had returned all of their copies to the manufacturer in response to Capitol's urgent request. Capitol wanted to melt them down because they needed the vinyl to make Beatles records.

Of course I can't verify that story, but if it is true, it is a pretty good illustration of Capitol's dramatic change in direction.

— Harold Muir, Chelsea, Michigan

Wow, what a book!!!! I'm totally enthralled in every way. Your passion for the subject comes across in this beautifully written journey of Mercer's life. My goodness, his love for words (and yours) comes across throughout and Mercer's lifelong love of Savannah as well. You take the reader through the 1920s, '30s, and '40s, allowing us to *feel* Americana and every train ride Mercer was on. I must tell you how riveting this book truly is.

Since August I have probably read 50-60 books, including

a stunning biography of Dmitri Mitropolous, but nothing compares to this. I have read at least six of your previous books, each well documented, thorough, and enlightening in numerous ways, but this is way up there with the very best of *anything* I have ever read, so congrats to you. And I mean this most sincerely.

— Robert Levy, Lawrence University, Wisconsin

I greatly enjoyed your *Georges et Maurice* and was especially interested in the Kay Swift/Boston twist at the end.

I'm not sure you met Kay Swift. You might have met Gladys Troupin, the "queen of the piano bar," who played locally for forty years until her death in 1979 at 82. She spent the last ten of those years at Diamond Jim's in the Lennox Hotel, a short two blocks away from the Copley Plaza. A New England Conservatory graduate who taught piano by day at Radcliffe, she was known for her hats, her '30s attire, and her endless repertoire of Tin Pan Alley songs. Troupin maintained she knew George Gershwin very well, that in fact they were engaged, but she broke it off and married a dentist instead.

Engaged to Gershwin? I doubt it — we'd know. Involved? Perhaps, but I leave that to someone with more knowledge of Gershwin than I. She isn't mentioned in the limited Gershwin material I have at hand, so how much truth there is to Troupin's tale, I can't tell. But there is plenty of evidence that she was a popular performer in Boston, and she sure knew her Gershwin.

I have been researching the Boston jazz and pop scene extensively for the last three years, and haven't come across any references to Kay Swift, at least not yet. I'll be sure to let you know if and when I do.

Thank you for all your good work.

— Richard Vacca, Boston

I'm sure you're right! The reference to Radcliffe did it. And the hat, too. Swift lived her last years in Connecticut, not that much distance from Boston. I like to get errors corrected before my stuff ends up being quoted. We are perpetually confronted by Voltaire's admonition that history is a fiction that has been agreed upon.

The Press

A.J. Liebling, who wrote his informative, often scathing, and always entertaining column *The Wayward Press*, for *The New Yorker* from 1935 until his death in 1963, stated the simple but flagrant truth, "Freedom of the press is limited to those who own one."

Witness the infamous Rupert Murdoch and his newspapers such as the *New York Post*, and his Fox network. As I watch "reporters" such as Brit Hume and Neil Cavuto in supine submission to his troglodyte politics, I can only conclude the money must be good. Murdoch has done his considerable best to ruin journalism in three countries, Australia, the United States, and England.

Liebling had been a newspaperman. He said in one of his columns that this had left him an addict to newspapers, reading many of them a day. At the end of our work day, during my newspaper years, some of us would sit down and read the out-of-town newspapers that came into our office; it was as if we just couldn't get enough. And when I first lived in New York in the 1960s, I read several papers a day, including as I recall *The New York Times*, the *Daily News*, the *Herald-Tribune*, the *Journal-American*, and the *Post*, which was a good newspaper before Murdoch got it. If the *Mirror* still existed, I surely read that too, and I think the *Brooklyn Eagle* was still around.

But newspapers have been going out of existence for years. I started at the *Hamilton Spectator*, in the city of my birth, then went to the *Toronto Telegram*, then the *Montreal Star*, and finally the *Louisville Times*. The *Louisville Times* was the only one I respected, because it was the least corrupt and had a benign owner, Barry Bingham, a close associate of Adlai Stevenson. He was good to me and others. But on the other papers you knew that you did not write anything antithetical to the interests of its owners and his circle of friends. If you did, you knew it would never see print, and like the flea that is trained in a low box until it learns not to jump, you quit trying.

Liebling also wrote: "People everywhere confuse what they read in newspapers with news." And Thomas Jefferson said, "The man who reads nothing at all is better educated than the man who reads nothing but newspapers."

Of the four newspapers I worked for, only the *Hamilton Spectator* still survives, and even the competitor papers in the cities I lived in have vanished. Thus television remains my primary source of news, immunized by the *Christian Science Monitor*, (in my opinion the best newspaper in the world), Toronto's *Globe and Mail*, and two French newspapers, Montreal's *La Presse*, and *Le Monde* in Paris, which I read on the Internet. And news junky that I am, I tend to leave the TV on while I am working, tuned to one or another of the news channels. If anything significant turns up, I'll hear it. But I won't trust it, cognizant as I am of the vested interests of the network owners. Bobby Scott used to lament, "Where can I get some *information*?"

The quality of the writing in TV news is dismaying. Most

of the early reporters in TV were alumni of newspapers, and they could write. Walter Cronkite wrote for newspapers in Texas, then during World War II was a correspondent for UPI in Europe. John Chancellor started at the Chicago *Sun-Times*, Eric Sevareid at the *Minneapolis Journal* and the *Herald-Tribune* in Paris. Gwen Ifill spent fourteen years on newspapers, the *Boston Herald*, the *Baltimore Evening News*, the *Washington Post* and *The New York Times* before joining NBC. She is now with PBS. John King came to CNN from fourteen years at the Associated Press. Most of the younger crop can't write, and some can't read a teleprompter with security. It is the age of bimbo journalism, with all those blondes with their hair ironed straight. I think they are hired for their looks, not any semblance of competence.

And the words they do not know and cannot pronounce are many. They consistently pronounce *route*, which means a highway or road, as *rou*, pronounced *rowt*, meaning a disorderly retreat, instead of *root*, as in "Get your kicks on Route Sixty-six." They say *garnish*, which means an ornamentation on furniture or a condiment, such as mayonnaise or mustard, when they mean *garnishee*, which means a seizure of wages or some other asset. And I recently heard a TV reporter (male; let's not just knock the ladies) say *demure*, which means sedate or shy, when he meant *demur*, which means to dissent or take issue.

The language in modern movies is no better. In *The Road to Perdition*, one of the characters says in a 1931 or '32 setting, "We're out of here," using a very recent coinage and thus an utter anachronism. It certainly (for me, at least) shattered the mood and suspended what Coleridge, I think, called the voluntary suspension of disbelief. And then there was a television movie about the suffragette movement in which the ladies say "fuck" so many times in the first ten minutes that I turned it off, not because I was offended but because I could not believe the story: the suffragette movement was the work of religious women. And I never heard a woman use the word until I was in my thirties.

In *Generation of Vipers* (1942) Philip Wylie wrote: "A few years ago the American 'intellectuals' . . . turning from a futility about with what they called 'humanism' fell with glad cries upon semantics. Semantics deals with meanings. It is no wonder that the intellectuals, having thought so hard and written so much only to find tenet after tenet as carefully explained by themselves collapse in the face of reality, should suddenly decide to delve into the meaning of meaning. It is no wonder, either, that, having exhausted the superficial illumination which flows from the study of semantics, they did not pursue it back to the origin of all meaning, and find it in their own internal struggles. Such a step would have demonstrated

that, in the real meaning of 'intellectual' they were using their intellects for nothing more than antique theological rhetoric, dressed up as 'science.' The intellectuals have a spiritual wall against that shock which is easily as thick as the wall in the minds of the godly.

"But even a superficial understanding of the meanings of words is a help toward thought."

And, let us not forget, to comprehend communication.

Wylie had a point, though his writing leaves an impression that he thought he was the only intelligent man on earth.

For myself I study Latin to know the real meaning of words, and even skittishly flirt with Sanskrit, which takes us back farther. One of my favorite Indo-European words is the root *sneighwe-*. Take out everything but *ne-we* and you pronounce the *w* as *v* as many of our languages do and you have *neve* in Spanish and Portuguese; take out all but *neig-e* and use a soft *g*, and you have *neige* in French. Take out all but *sne-e* and you have the German word *snee*. Substitute *ou* for *ei* and you get *snough*, as in *though*, and if you drop the *gh* you get *snow*. And it's all the same word. In other words, we all speak dialects of Sanskrit. And so, yes, the accurate use of words means a lot to me.

Unless you have been hiding in a mushroom mine, you cannot but be aware of the antics of what have aptly been called the pop tarts of Hollywood, among them Paris Hilton and especially Britney Spears. The quantity of coverage given to their utterly irrelevant activities in television "news" broadcasts is the measure of the decline and decay of TV journalism. I feel somewhat sorry for Spears, classic victim of Hollywood's hideous sexual exploitation of young women, reminiscent of what was done to Marilyn Monroe, the town punch passed around as a lubricious toy by Frank Sinatra, John F. Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, and others.

Britney Spears had a bodyguard, a massive, fat, bearded hulk with a head almost shaved, who admitted she hired him because he scared people. When an interviewer asked how he knew she was stoned, he described her nervous manner and added, "And she did not converse well."

If you saw the Ken Burns documentaries on the Civil War, you were no doubt impressed by the literacy and even poetry in the letters written home by soldiers. Letters from World War II also have this quality. The decline came with the rise of rock and roll. The previous generation had grown up on the lyrics of Cole Porter, Dorothy Fields, Howard Dietz, Yip Harburg, Frank Loesser, and others of that stature — Mitchell Parish's lyric for *Stardust* is one of the most magnificent pieces of writing in the English language; so is Cole Porter's *In the Still of the Night*. Those who entered adolescence in the 1950s grew up on the declining literacy of

rock-and-roll. The generation that does the television news came from that era. The Elvis Presley fans of 1955 are now in their sixties, some of them in Congress. Mike Huckabee is a huge fan of Jimmi Hendrix, and so is Joe Scarborough, rock fan and a former member of the House of Representative now trying to make us think on his overnight broadcast that he is a journalist. And of course the generations that came after them are even less literate.

The use of clichés by journalists, lawyers, politicians, and others is appalling. *Absent* is an adjective, not a preposition, but its use as the latter has become almost universal, as in *absent a floor motion* . . . Similarly *venue* means the place of a court trial, not a nightclub or sports arena or book publisher. We are inundated with *in your face*, *skinny*, *kick start*, *jump start*, *at that point in time* (instead of *then*) and even worse *at that particular point in time*. *Sunk* has replaced *sank*, and the once-playful *snuck* has become the ubiquitous replacement of *sneaked*. *Less* has replaced *fewer*, *amount* has replaced *number*. We hear newscasters throwing in *if you will* in what seems like every third paragraph, I suppose because it sounds British and Victorian and therefore classy, and so is *basically*. *Fulsome*, which really means *smelly*, *stinking*, is used for *plentiful*. And then there's *unique*. Something can't be somewhat *unique*. It is an absolute. It means one-of-a-kind, and something can't be slightly or very one-of-a-kind. A neo-horror is *at the end of the day*, which apparently came into use five or ten years ago and simply spread. *Heart-wrenching*, which makes no sense, has replaced *heart-rending*, which did.

One of the newer ones, and again it has proliferated like the 'flu, is *above my pay grade*. It seems to be only a few months old, but if you watch enough of the recent political debate, you could hear it three or four times a day. Very new is the egregious *cratered*, meaning to do badly in a poll.

Sometimes these fad words arise and soar for a while, like a school of flying fish, and then disappear back into the water. *Robust* came into use a few months ago, and then (at least I hope so) fell silent. It was bad enough when journalists were *embedded* with troops, but when they became *embeds*, language suffered a severe blow.

Have resonance with and *slippery slope* are horrors. Then there is *went missing*, which you'll hear even in kidnap cases, implying that the person disappeared voluntarily.

One of the most egregious samples of mangled English is the wanton use of the word *gentleman*. What ever happened to the word *man*? A bank robber, a child molester, a serial killer, each is referred to in news broadcasts as a *gentleman*. Recently there was a stand-off between the Santa Barbara police and a man brandishing what turned out to be an air pistol. It happened in front of a supermarket, which the police

swiftly evacuated. They surrounded him with drawn pistols, a SWAT team took its place, and a sniper fixed a rifle on him. He kept holding up the air pistol, seeming deranged. I am no admirer of cops, but the Santa Barbara police handled the situation with sanity, restraint, and decency, finally dropping the man with a bean bag and taking him into custody. But all through the hour that this went on the TV reporter, John Palmanteri, referred to *the gentleman*.

My brother David recently turned in a magazine article on a scientific matter. He referred to a girl who took part in an expedition. A woman editor, presumably a flaming feminist, asked him to replace it with "female." She said "girl" was demeaning. Any good dictionary will tell you that "female" is not a noun, it's an adjective. It is comparable to the word "human" which, in my early days on newspapers, we were not allowed to use as a noun. We had to speak of a "human being." And it still is primarily an adjective, though it has crept into use as a noun. The damage done to the English language by an irrational feminist movement is incalculable.

Among my current unfavorable neologisms, as used by politicians and the bimbo newscasters are:

Pushback (replacing backlash or repercussion); *that said*, or *that being said*; *toxic assets*; *you know what?* (which you can hear twelve times a day if you watch a lot of news); *ramp up* (whatever that means); *ratchet up*; *gravitas*; *hubris*; *I wish you would have said* (instead of *had said*) and *if the judge would have been*; *Our thoughts and prayers go out to*; *winning the hearts and minds of*. *Uptick* became popular for a while but may have faded a little, along with *robust*, and *push the envelope*, which I never understood. And then there's *think outside the box*. And *meat on the bones* has become sufficiently common, meaning, I suppose *substance*, to turn one into a vegetarian. Or is it *vegan* now? *Metric* is used to mean measure; very fashionable with federal politicians. The hideous *get your head around* something seems to have grown overnight, like mushrooms on a dead log.

It is significant that TV journalists and politicians take up these trite expressions within a matter of hours, not days, which is an indication of the intimate and incestuous relationship between them. And you wonder why we can't get any objective reporting, particularly in TV? It's because the so-called reporters are *embeds* with the politicians.

Back to Jefferson. He said, "I do not take a single newspaper, nor read one a month, and I feel myself infinitely happier for it."

He also said: "I believe that banking institution are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies."

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