

# **Gina (“Ginnie”) Bowden-Higman’s**

## **Writings Regarding Kirt Hine**

(Compiled by Ted Hine – Jan. 2012)

A few years prior to her death in 2007 at age 91 Gina’s family digitized her early journalistic efforts which included a number of references to Kirt during his college years away from Seattle while at Yale.

Below I’ve included only the 7 pages which mention Kirt or I suspect do (along with the first two pages for context). I’ve highlighted the references in yellow.

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Bob Bolerjack, Editor  
Rebecca Hover, Editor  
Jordan Kline, Editor

IN OUR VIEW

Getting past excuses

WELL, I AM GLAD I  
... I NEVER  
THE OLD FOX  
DID ME AN

g  
It's Monday and you  
would be the first  
exercise program  
overslept this morning  
couldn't start a new  
Now you might as well  
next Monday because  
to do just half a week  
roll out of bed and  
pastry at the local  
again.

With adults making  
these, what else can  
our children expect  
disdain for daily physical  
healthy food?

It's a good thing that  
Snohomish County  
ing for the perfect time  
grant to start major  
signed to help our kids  
healthy and get active.

Childhood obesity  
attention these days  
sionals are calling it  
epidemic. It's that serious  
can do something about  
out having to shell out

Pay attention this  
programs being offered  
dren to help them not  
but get healthy. On  
a.m. to 2 p.m. you can  
children to the

Get Movin' health fair  
place to gather pamphlets and  
brochures. We're talking about kids  
committing to 20 minutes of exercise

# Journalism

according to

# GINNIE



R S T

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Letters mu

Let  
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Th  
Bo  
Ev

Fax: 42

over yet. Go home and take the family on a walk around the neighborhood or for a game of soccer at the local park.

point of panic.  
the following questions:  
What does the term legal mean?  
He makes no distinction between legal concealed carry and illegally con-

2

# Journalism according to

# GINNIE

Virginia Ann Higman (Mom) always wanted to be a columnist. While obtaining her degree in journalism at the University of Washington she published her first DOPE SHEET. 1953 saw her writing Spotlight on Baie d'Urfe for The Lakeshore News of Pointe Claire, Quebec followed two years later writing News & Views for the Baie d'Urfe paper. While sailing the seas in Tormentor she continued writing dozens of Dope Sheets. Upon landing in La Conner, Washington Ginnie was soon authoring Broad Reaches for The Channel Town Press.

DOPE SHEETS  
Spotlight on  
Baie d'Urfe

THE CUTEST LITTLE CORPSE  
I'm the cutest I'll corpse in  
the morgue  
As I lie in the cold ice chest  
I've lain there since last May  
And I've tried to look my best.  
  
But please, what can one do  
When he's left without a home  
And lies there cold 'n' stiff  
Neglected, ignored, alone.  
  
An auto hit me mighty hard  
It knocked me down right dead  
And now my face is out o' shape  
And a dent is in my head.  
  
Oh please someone come save me  
I just can't stand it here  
With a lot of pop-eyed fools  
Staring at me in fear.  
  
I'm only a corpse I know,  
But even a corpse feels hurt  
When no one seems to want  
To cover him over with dirt.  
  
Yes, I'm the cutest I'll corpse  
in the morgue  
But I say it with a groan,  
'Cause I wanna go get buried,  
Oh gee, I wanna go home!  
(Written after visiting the  
Morgue.)  
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POETRY  
Broad Reaches

Anyone who can write a poem like  
this must have some pretty  
original ideas.  
You will find many in these

compiled by:  RAVEN and Company

First Edition: December, 2004

## Who Wouldn't Be Glad

Who wouldn't be glad with him at the helm

And me proudly handling the sheet

With gulls up above

And polgies below

And a Star Boat that's sturdy and fleet

Who wouldn't be glad with a rollicking breeze

With the foam crowned waves dashing by

With the sea just ahead

And the shore 'way behind

And the sun shining gold in the sky.

Who wouldn't be glad for encouraging words

From a bronzed skinned and sparkling eyed lad

With a smile in his heart

And a laugh on his lips

I say, who wouldn't be glad?

## Wishing

I wistfully gawk at the distant Star Boat

At the handsome bronzed lad at its helm

I gaze at the sails and the foaming white waves

And the lake and the rest of his realm.

I shout out to him, "Please give me a ride!"

the wind that has snatched at my call,

Only carries away to that trim little craft

A bit of my heart, and that's all.

Ginnie's POETRY

1935 and before



KENT?

TRANSITION

I saw you through the window  
In dear old Randall's room  
You were pointed out to me  
By that dainty miss, Huntoon.

I had heard so much about you  
--things you did since you were born  
And I was so disappointed that  
I stalked away in scorn.

I immediately forgot you  
Save to wonder now and then  
What you had that Margaret liked  
That was not present in most men.

And next the boat regotta  
(Midge sent to me a note  
And said that you'd be there  
With that "much-heard-of" Star boat.)

Then after the regotta  
I didn't see you for just ages  
Until the Reveler's party  
Where I advanced in rapid stages.

Then next semester rolled around  
And you were in my study  
And Monday's you would come to school  
With cheeks so very rudy.

And we would talk of skiing  
And you would help me learn  
The purpose and maneuvers  
Of a complicated turn.

THINKING....

I hate the folks who say  
"Oh, you're the one who dives!"  
And, "My a Red Cross swimmer!  
Have you saved a lot of lives?"  
And those who write in annuals:  
"Dear Gin: You sure can ski!"  
~~Gee I hates 'em all to pieces,~~  
That goes double--woe is me.  
'Cause when I am 'round 60  
And have grand children so sweet  
I'll be old n' fat n' sleep  
And lame in arms and feet.  
And I know no one'll love me And all alone I'll be  
'Cause my friend; why they wan't know  
That I once knew how to ski.  
And so when I am thirty  
I shall start to wish to die  
So my friends will all remember  
What a peppy girl am I!

No, I liked you not at all  
When I first caught sight of you  
But now, oh gee, I worship  
Every little thing you do!

## Ginnie's DOPE SHEET

1936 (Estimated)

Part-One

## SECOND SECTION

GALE PLAYS HAVOC  
WITH SAILBOATS

A measley 35 m.p.h. Gale c'n do a lot of damage when it decides to get playful: Sunday, out of the entire Star fleet, that raced off west Point only three finished: Gogy, Cassiopeia, and Meta taking first, second, and third respectively. Whitney Miller's and Bill Lindsell's "Mil-Lin" swamped by the large waves made by the squall, sank--in fairly shallow water, fortunately. Out of the eleven flattie's that raced, only the CatsPaw, Wakipoo (sp.??--Bob Coe's pride and joy) and the Barracuda managed to finish. Disaster prevailed among the flattie owners. The wind wrecked Marybell Province's deck and broke her mast, and the Coast Guard finished her by ripping out her cockpit while towing her to safety. Temple Wanamaker's Teel was completely demolished. Sonny Lewis' McDuff had her decks ripped off her, and her mast broken. And then Mr. Wind, having had his little afternoon frolic, merely chuckled and scampered up the coast to find some new playthings.

Gina Bowden's little brother Bobby has challenged his big sister to a duel--a wrestling match if ya gotta get technical. Gina resents his saying "So What" every other word and said so. Bobby said, "So What" and said he'd like to see Gina stop him from doing that. The date for the duel is set on the first dry day when both the friendly enemies are free. And Bob's darn strong, so Gina found out in the prelims. This evening

WE WONDER  
(cont.)

"WHY," mournfully creak Gina and Mary Millington, "why is there such a colossal moon every night when we ain't got nobody home with whom we'd like to enjoy it with." notes: The Seattle P. I. quoted a scientist having said that the moon was brighter this week than it has been for fifty years!

IF Hank Lee thinks he's being subtle when he asks Gina Bowden very casually--oh quite casually--what thing or things Janet McDonald was most interested in.

WHY Gina Bowden feels like a Jilted Lily: Well, mebbe not quite that bad, deserted at least: Kirt's back East for the rest of the year; Walt's up in Canada for at least two weeks; Eddie wrecked himself in an auto accident and is out o' commission; Bill works, the other doesn't come around anyhow, and the rest don't count.

WHY Ginnie Ann Bowden suddenly became so vitally interested in Alan Galley (sp.?) when it became known that he was on his college ski team, in fact was terrifically interested in that sport of sport--skiing--and knew the great Durrance of ~~Durham~~ state Gina the bright idea of earning simply sloughs or money Summer and Autumn quarter of next year and visiting her whole orchard or relatives residing throughout the good ol' state of Michigan.

WHY Gina Bowden's name plays a very prominent part in this here finest of all papers, The Dope Sheet? After all, there's some'n about over doing the matter of repetition.

(continued page 3)

(Cont. from page 1)

Clerk for Blake, Moffit and Towne (her sister's store) famous paper house of Washington. (We sell or buy old clothes, bottles, rags, peanuts, popcorn, tooth picks, barnacles. Nothin' else.) (Lay off the free advertising.) (O.K.)

"It's O.K. working." Yealer Yinnie informed us, "Yep, it's O.K. working for a week like I am doing this time--just long enough to pay my brother back some money I borrowed a couple of weeks ago, and just enough to buy some books for school, Yep, that's all fine and dandy. But the thought that mebbe someday I'll have to do it for months and mebbe years at a time makes me feel funny in my stomach. Deah deah deah, and that'll never do. I'd hate it." (Pause--no, not for station announcements, but for some well-needed sympathy. Her back aches!)

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"Morbidity and mopydity are two words that are interchangeable," says the well-known authority Gina Bowden, "Therefore if a certain Master Edward Kirtland Hine Jr. III Esq. would please f'give me, I'm trying m'darndest not to get lonely 'cuz he's not around. There ain't no point nohow in gettin' the blues for a year. Think o' how long my face would be after that length of time, 'n' I don' wanna f'pet how to smile for him. But oom" (continued page 3)

## SOCIETY NEWS

Miss Janet Wiley MacDonald gave a small dinner party at her Lake Washington home Thursday, September 12, honoring her cousin, Alan Gilly of Ontario, Canada. Those present were the Messrs. Hank Lee and Leland Clark, and the Misses Virginia Ann Bowden and Margery Myers. Following dinner the guests entertained themselves by playing Black Jack, Hearts, Fan Tan and Murder.

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A theatre party was given (Dutch Treat) by the Misses Mary Ann Millington and Ginn Ann Bowden last Saturday afternoon. After meeting (unexpectedly) in Turrell's while buying shoes for school, the two saw a couple of second run shows, retired to Millie's domicile for dinner, and then sat around looking at the moon and wishing....

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Sept. 17  
Miss Gina Bowden visited her friends in Hooverville during her lunch hour today. She was delighted with their naive cabins and admired the modernistic art work on most of the exteriors. One man had very cleverly placed huge chunks of cement on his tin roof to keep it from blowing off on the breezy days. Another had rigged up a very intricate wind mill on his roof with lots o' fancy trimmings 'n' everything. And one very energetic individual had a garden with cosmos, french marigolds, huge sunflowers (at least one foot in diameter) and even grass. She plans to return for a longer visit sometime in the near future to become better acquainted with the inhabitants of this little village.

## WE WONDER

(cont.)

WHY Gina Bowden resented the line in Kirt's letter asking her if her poem was original. Of course it was, and to prove she doesn't always write about Star Boats, she condescended to submit the following:

THE CUTEST LITTLE CORPSE  
I'm the cutest I'll corpse in  
the morgue  
As I lie in the cold ice chest  
I've lain there since last May  
And I've tried to look my best.

But please, what can one do  
When he's left without a home  
And lies there cold 'n' stiff  
Neglected, ignored, alone.

An auto hit me mighty hard  
It knocked me down right dead  
And now my face is out o' chape  
And a dent is in my head.

Oh please someone come save me  
I just can't stand it here  
With a lot of pop-eyed fools  
Staring at me in fear.

I'm only a corpse I know,  
But even a corpse feels hurt  
When no one seems to want  
To cover him over with dirt.

Yes, I'm the cutest I'll corpse  
in the morgue  
But I say it with a groan,  
'Cause I wanna go get buried,  
Oh gee, I wanna go home!  
(Written after visiting the  
Morgue.)

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MORE SASSASSITY NEWS

Mr. Dave Morris, prominent Lakeside Senior, started school today. The past week he enjoyed a pleasant cruise up to the Princess Louise Inlet, returning Saturday evening.

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Miss Betty Meacham will soon be comin' home. Hurray.

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No news on the Ross situation. By the way, Gina is still is wondering why she's considered "nervy."

(Cont. from page 2)

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fidentially, I do miss him--lots--and it's not any picnic looking forward to nine months of having fun without m'friend Kirtland beside me. Nuts, why bring that up again?

## NEWS OF THE FIRST WATER

Miss Virginia Ann Bowden has been promoted to Ass't mailing clerk. She can hardly control herself she has so much fun working all the little gadgets. For instance, the envelope sealing machine, the stamping machine, and all the various little doodads putting dates on bills. And oh yes, the book containing all the pretty colored stamps. Her sister is the heap big chief mailing clerk and is very proud of her little sisters helpfulness. (heh, heh, heh.) For the time being she doesn't have to buy her stamps which is a big help--to her budget.

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Sept. 16  
Miss Virginia Ann Bowden received (for the first time in three weeks) ten hour's of good healthy sleep last night.

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Miss Virginia Ann Bowden has finally managed to use (and like) the silly little rubber finger she is required to wear down at her office--to flipping over the statements. The finger is very fashionably made and is of India (??) rubber. The color (re harmonizes beautifully with her new environme-

# Ginnie's DOPE SHEET

February 12, 1936

Part-One

Editor: Me  
Reporters: Me  
Copy Reader: Me  
Linectypist: Me

Depe Sheet  
Seattle, Washington  
February 12, 1936

Weather:  
Not  
So  
Hot!

## SOFTIE...

That bit o' ritzy female woikin' gal, Miss Gina Bowden, has been endowed with a radio at the Studio to while away the long, lonesome (?) hours she spends there.

What's the difference between a jasmin and a ..gardenia? That's what Gina's been puzzling over ever since the Zete formal when Duncan said that the gardenia he so nicely gave her was a gardenia "jasmin."

## SPEAKING O' FORMALS...

The Jackson street gang ..sort of split up Friday night: Fran went to the Theta Chi dinner-dance; Midge to the Deke and Gina to the Zete's.

The Zete's are the fond protectorates of the two Bpice brothers...

## POPULARITY PERSONIFIED..

And Betty Starr and Walt Hogue aren't doing so badly: Walt has been invited to two sorority formals, and to quote from Twink's latest letter received yesterday: "I've been having ..a slick time lately, with ..one and two formals every week."

## PLEASE GO 'WAY...

Gina's been bragging about having only eight hours of sleep from Friday morn to Monday night! No sleep last night, 2 hours Sat. and going to bed at 1:00 Mon. is not so good on the studies ..for the rest of the week

## GARDINIAS TO...

Kirt who's still writing swelligant letters to Gina. It looks as if absence doesn't make "The heart grow fonder for somebody else" after all.

## VERSATILITY PLUS...

Betty Meacham, who c'n do everything in this world but fly, was elected president of the Junior Phi Betes last week!

And is Gina proud o' Kirt 'n' his skiing? Just wait 'n' watch that northwest lad's progress.

## SHOW ME THE WAY TO...

338 30th So. was the theme song Johnney, Ralph, and Gina sang when they were on the 11:00 ferry last Sunday nite after taking Molly home...skiing has its faults too.

Spraken ze Dutch?  
Je ne le parle pas  
I no spika de...French  
Spanish, German, or what not, will be Hostesses Gin's, Midge's, Betty's reply to Seattle's foreign consuls who will rub elbows with the University foreign students at the International Friendship Reception this evening.

## GOOD TASTE...

While climbing, Johnney and Gina spent all their excess wind hashing over recipes the two had tried out while camping. They concluded their forum by agreeing that there's nothing better 'n good ol' fashion "spuds" 'n' gravy.

## ALL WET ARE...

Gina and Betty who have been swimming during their noon hour every day this week...

## TEETOTALERS...

a spot o' tea and toast is what Midge 'n' Gin like: After having this delicate repast at a "Y" meeting, the two sojourned to Hutton's domicile and repeated their little mid-meal.

What does Gina mean when she says she absolutely does not like Baker when Paradise is to be had, and yet she raves on 'n' on about that "honey of a run from the Lodge down?"

## Woolah Boooo-lah...

Yale has a loyal booster in the form of Miss Gin Ann Bowden. She's already converted a Harvard sympathiser over to the good ol' Blue 'n' Whites.

## SLEEPY HEADS ARE

Molly Riley and Gina Bowden who got two hour's sleep Saturday night while up at Baker. 'Tisn't so good sleeping in the wrong room, aye what?

Willi MacDonald, that young debutante who's Seattle's gift to Pine Manor is now in their infirmary recuperating from an apendicitis siege. Little Woman, what now?

## GREAT PALS

Are Trevor Kincaid and Miss Bowden, now that the latter visits the famous "bug Specialist" twice a week in order to read a book recommended by him.

Ginnie's DOPE SHEET February 12, 1936

Part-Two

FEMALE BOY SCOUT...

It's to recompense her soul for all the very bad things she's done in her life that Miss Gina Bowden is going to start reading to a blind student twice a week.

Mary Millington has taken up horseback riding.

The famous Bowden Pent house acquired a new addition in the form of an empty Muscatel (sp) bottle. Ol' "Oscar" was the pride and joy of one Msr. John Ritter & Mt. Baker last weekend

HARD AS NAILS...

Is an expression greatly scoffed at by Ginnie Ann Bowden. Her own thumb nail, binged up during Thanksgiving vacation, is now peeling off.

HIGH SCHOOL PUNK?...

Nevin Clarke wanted to know what Gina was doing at the "H". "I thought you went to Bush's!" was his startling comment.

ADMIRAL BYRD

Had nothing on Seattle this last week. The thermometer dropped to 14 above and in Bellingham to 4 below. Mt. Baker obtained the new low of 12 below!

Two more comps were given to Gina by her "boss" for one of the Cornish plays Thursday night. Gina studies, Mom 'n' Pop see show...

HOW TIME FLIES...

Remarked Gina after taking a roll of time pictures and noting that they were exposed too long.

JERSE...

Swiss variety, will be used in making up the open-face sandwiches for the Valentine party tomorrow. Gina's in charge of the refreshments, Betty's helping her, and we hope to heck there'll be some left for the guests.

ALONE...

sings Gina who wants to go--but isn't--to the Engineers Informal Friday evening.

Gina wonders whether Duncan will have "raked enough dough together" by Saturday to take her to Tobacco Road.

In Psyc. lab today they experimented with the "Lie Detector." 'Twould be very useful in a game of "murder."

IT MIGHT NOT BE COINCIDENCE, BUT...

Gina Bowden knew one girl from South America at Camp. While skiing she met a boy from Argentina. Laughingly she told him she knew a neighbor south American of his. He inquired who, she told him, and the two families have adjoining ranches and he's gone out with her sister!

RATS...

Ted Bowden has decided to become a scientist: He's built a cage and is going to buy a pair of white rats and inject them with some sort of disease and then operate on 'em. The whole family is scared stiff he'll contaminate them.

Jean MacDonald didn't have to go to the Mountain to ski, she just took her car and headed up to Everett and played on the Golf course up there--on skis.

ALL NICE 'N' JEALOUS

Is Gina of Kirt and Oats for getting to see the far-famed Dartmouth ski carnival.

PROTECTED...

There's about six dollars in the box office at the Studio, yet Gina has the door locked & two guns--1890 variety--at her side Why?

NEWS FLASH!!!...

Gina is through telling jokes for a while. The reason? No one laughs but Gina.

SHIFTY...

was Gina last nit when going up 36th North in the Bowden auto. From high to second to low to dead stop both in momentum and engine.

FRANK BUCK II

Is what Johnney Ritter called himself up in the mountains last Sat. He stalked and caught--by hand--two large size mice and stuck 'em in a jar...

About this time of year--when 'tis cold 'n' smashing Gina starts thinking o' horses, more specifically--Ske ets. Wonder what the colt'll be like?

MIRACLES...

Is what Gina will believe in if she gets any good grades this quarter. just...sort of...lazy, that's all. In 10 more days she's a term paper to hand in, not started yet..

8 BELLS, 8 BELLS.  
Sings Gina, only  
she doesn't know  
the rest o' that  
song. Why does  
not Kirt be a man  
'n' send 'em to  
her?

ALSO....  
Miss Antoinette  
Burby would be a  
very nice song to  
learn, if she only  
had the words....

ALLS QUIET....  
On the Yakima front.  
What's happened to  
Eddie all of a sud-  
den?

WHAT A CUTE CHILD....  
would be the laugh-  
ing remarks o' Gina's  
friends if she threat-  
carries out her threat  
about wanting to adopt  
18-year old Dick Nel-  
son, her new found  
friend from La Push.  
Dick's coming to town  
in a few weeks, so all  
ye skeptics, better  
watch out....

IF I COULD  
chose to be anyone in  
the world, I'd rather  
be myself! Agreed both  
Gina and Dick Everett to  
each other the other nite.  
Nice to be self satisfied!

THE LIFE OF RILEY  
Is what Dick Griffith's  
accuses Gina of leading:  
sitting up in bed typing  
her lessons! If he only  
knew that her so-called  
"lessons" was the editing  
of Ye Ol' Dope Sheet, meb-  
be he'd change his mind!

I WAS SLOWLY GOING NUTS!  
Confided Johnney Lea, Deke  
law student to Gina today  
when the two had a quiet  
l'il tete-a-tete in one  
corner of the law libe.

12

FRECKLES....  
Sobbs Gina, Is the only  
thing keeping that pic-  
ture from being the es-  
sence of a Perfect Xmas  
card!

50° ABOVE  
Is the temperature of  
the present atmosphere  
in Gina's Penthouse,  
courtesy of the "Empire  
State Bldg." thermometer.

BOSH!  
Is the only word Gina o'd  
find in expressing her con-  
tempt towards the statement  
Ted made that "disregard-  
ing air resistance, a bomb  
hurled from an airplane,  
would land when hitting the  
ground, be directly under  
the airplane. Is that rite,  
Mr. E. K. Hine!

ITS INITIAL VELOCITY  
would immediately diminish,  
is her proof tha the above  
statement is false. Or is  
air resistance the only  
thing that retards the so-  
called "initial velocity"  
of a hurling object?!!!

AT STAKE....  
Is the price of a show, for  
the above problem. The only  
answer she'll take as correct  
must fall from the pen of E.  
K. H. Bribes, prohibited....

A NEW DEAL....  
Is needed when you get a ~~Joker~~  
Joker like Roosevelt in office,  
is what Republicans say. More  
sour grapes has been going a-  
round since F. D. get into  
office.

ALL EXCITED....  
was Mrs. E. H. Hine when she  
informed Gina that mebbs Yale  
would compete against the U of  
A in a ski tournament next Spring.  
Gina refused to get excited. Too  
many disappointments spoil the dis-  
positi n.

GLAMOUR GIRL....  
Is what Gina is  
thinking of call-  
ing herself, hav-  
ing had Movie news  
cameramen wanting  
to take her picture.

NO SLEEP....  
At all, practically,  
sighs Gina, thinking  
over the 9! hours  
she receives nightly.

NEVER OUT CLASS....  
Is what Gina advoc-  
ates, proving that  
she practices what  
she preaches by in-  
tending to go to her  
2 o'clock tomorrow  
and requesting per-  
mission to get out  
by 2:40 to go ice  
skating with Dick.  
Dr. Savages is a  
mighty lucky prof.  
to have that Bowden  
gal in his class.

WEOA.....  
We don't like the  
sound of that above  
sentence.

DO YOU REALLY....  
Was the silly re-  
mark Gina made to  
the request one of  
her customers at  
the store made to-  
day of: "I want  
some theme paper!"

DRAGGED IN....  
was Gina Friday, to  
the YW-YM tea dance,  
by Midge Huntoon,  
chairman. But she  
was also dragged out  
by that same miss,  
who couldn't get her  
to go home, she was  
having such a keen  
time!!!!

NEWS....  
but no space!  
what a tragedy!