



**Your on the
Street Reporter**



Uyless Black

**America's Capital
Looking for Lincoln**

Looking for Lincoln Report One

August 18, 2006

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter. This weekend, I'm staying at the Willard Hotel in Washington, DC. The reason for hanging-out in a place only five miles from our Virginia home is to bring myself closer to the places where Abraham Lincoln hung-out during his time as our President. The White House is a block away from the Willard.

The summer tourists have begun to migrate back to their allotted slots in their respective states, so this is a good opportunity to visit a DC hotel and conduct research on nearby landmarks, and of course, to also check out Abe's visitations.

I chose this hotel because Lincoln stayed at the Willard for a few days before he took office as President. He came into town in January of 1861, arriving by train in the early morning from New York. To avoid possible trouble from Baltimore's unfriendly citizens, Lincoln had chosen a passage by night through hostile Baltimore.

During the trip, all telegraph wires between northern Pennsylvania and Washington were cut to make sure Lincoln's arrival was kept secret.¹ It is sometimes difficult to remember that our early 21st century is not the first time Americans have been concerned with internal security. But today, cutting wires would not cut it; too many of them to begin with. Anyway, how does one go about cutting the millions of Internet cables, or wireless cell phones?

Nowadays, stealthy Presidential travels are almost a thing of the past. Occasionally an American Chief of State will fly to a foreign country, unannounced to that country's Chief of State, to check-out the American troops stationed there. It is akin to Lincoln's days of maintaining secrets by cutting wires: Just don't tell anyone about your plans; show up and, *Hey boys, what's for breakfast? What's the bad news today? Oh, someone cut the wires?*

In the winter of 1861, the original plan was for Lincoln to stay at a private house until he took-up residency at the White House. His advisors said, until he was inaugurated, he should make himself available where he could be reached by the people. Lincoln agreed, "The truth is, I suppose I am now public property; and a public inn is the place where people can have access to me."²

Did he ever make himself available! He spent many hours in the Willard Hotel lobby meeting people. During his tenure, the White House was a public thoroughfare. Almost anyone could come and go, and Lincoln felt an obligation to meet with just about any citizen who wanted to talk to him. Even more, he immersed himself in the details of their travails. He was also famous for immersing himself into the details of his administration---a 19th century Jimmy Carter.

¹ Doris Kearns Goodwin, *Team of Rivals* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2005), 311.

² *Ibid.*, 312.

Except Abe won his war and Jimmy lost his.³ So Abe is revered, and Jimmy trouble-shoots other wars for in-residency Presidents.

Lincoln Slept Here

- "Willard Hotel Reservations. May I help you?"
- "Yes, I'd like to spend a couple nights at your hotel. I know Lincoln stayed there. If possible, I would like the same room he had." *Uyless, this is going to be a very big intrusion into your wallet. Probably close to Clinton's rental fees for an overnight sleep-in at the White House Lincoln room.*
- "Let me check on this, sir." Pause. "We really don't know the exact room he stayed in."
- "OK, I'll just pretend my room is the room where he slept."
- (For a moment, I thought of requesting the room where Julia Ward Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic,"⁴ but concluded if Lincoln's room was unknown, why would her room be identified?)
- "Fine. Would you like a king size or regular bed?"
- *Hmm. Abe was a tall dude,* "King size."
- "Smoking or non?"
- "Do you know if President Lincoln was a smoker? I can't recall."
- "Sir, I've no idea."
- "OK. Doesn't hurt to ask. Make it non-smoking."

There, I came as close as I could to securing Abe's room. Now, here I am, maybe in *his room* writing this report to you. Oh sure, things have changed a bit. But not a whole lot. There's a bed, a chair, a desk, and a Bible. Anyway, here is a summary of my in-depth research thus far: I had lunch and dinner.

My lunch was at a place I frequented in my younger days in the Nation's Capital: The Old Ebbitt Grill, on 15th Street, just a short walk from the Willard. My only complaint about this fine restaurant is that the old building where it was located was torn down in the 1980s and the Grill now occupies the first floor of an office building. To their credit, the owners kept parts of the original bar and replicated other parts. The Old Ebbitt Grill is actually the New Ebbitt Grill. It does not have the same small, bistro ambience as the old place, but it's a fine place to eat. I forgot about the Old Ebbitt Grill when a dozen delicious oysters were presented to me across the old/new/replicated bar.

For dinner, I chose the open-air restaurant on the top floor of the nearby Hotel Washington. I decided on an early dinner in order to begin writing this report and to conduct some research on Lincoln's walks and rides around this neighborhood.

³ Iran's takeover of the American Embassy and its occupants.

⁴ Richard Wallace Carr and Marie Pinak Carr, *The Willard Hotel, An Illustrated History* (Washington, DC: DICMAR Publishing, 2005), 34. Ms. Howe said she got up in the middle of the night, wrote the words to the song, went back to sleep, woke up in the morning and--in near disbelief--read what she had written. The song had a magical effect on people. Some cried, some shouted. Even Lincoln was moved when he heard it. He said, "...while the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'Sing it again!' " (For more on this episode, see Walt Whitman, *Battle of Bull Run, July 1861, Memoranda During the War, 1875.*)

You've probably seen the view from this eating place in movies. I think it was highlighted in *All the President's Men*. Figure 1 shows the view I had as I polished-off a crab salad. If you're in the vicinity, don't pass up the chance to eat here. The food is OK, although the service is below average. But with this view, who cares?



Figure 1. Meal with a View.

Until tomorrow, when we take up the quest of looking for Lincoln, Your on the Street Reporter is signing off.

Looking for Lincoln Report Two

August 19, 2006

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter, up and about and looking for Lincoln. That is, "looking for Lincoln" as in, "looking for Elvis." You may recall I tried the Elvis routine in an earlier report while traveling through Memphis and visiting the Graceland Mansion. That house, and surrounding hotels and restaurants, displayed Elvis' artifacts and memorabilia, evidence of his former presence.

I suspect I will not find much of Abe's presence. *His room* at the Willard has no more resemblance to an 1860s hotel room than Disney's Frontier Town has to a frontier town. Nonetheless, he was in this building, and like Elvis, he was seen leaving it.

If the room in which I am staying is not Abe's room, that's fine by me. I've a good imagination. I'm sitting at my desk at the Willard writing parts of this report. As I do, it is easy to conjure up Lincoln sitting here, pen in hand, working on his March 5, 1861, Inaugural address. He had some help from his soon-to-be Secretary of State, William Seward. But suggestions and edits aside, Lincoln wrote all his speeches, from start to finish. Speech writers were not yet on the horizon.

I've read many of Lincoln's speeches. I will never tire of reading them again. He was a country bumpkin from the backwoods of our American West. He was ridiculed and mocked by the eastern gentry. Yet he composed some of the most beautiful prose ever written. Its beauty came from Lincoln's profound, yet simple humaneness and wisdom.

I've read the 1861 inaugural speech a number of times, and I reread it in my preparation for this report. He spoke of the problems of possible secession and his skepticism about war, "Physically speaking, we cannot separate. Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions, as to terms of intercourse, are again upon you."⁵

We know, however, the war did not turn out the way he predicted in his inaugural speech. The Union "gained," and the terms of intercourse between the North and South were forever altered.

Speaking of those earlier telegraph wires: They had not yet been strung in the west; they stopped at St. Joseph, Missouri. So Lincoln's speech was relayed to the Pacific Coast via Pony Express riders---the 19th century Internet. Californians were reading the speech in a record time of "seven days and seventeen hours" after Lincoln delivered it in Washington, DC.⁶

A Lincoln-like Breakfast

- "Good morning, Mr. Black, how may we help you?"
- "Good morning. A paper please. Coffee. Fried oysters, steak and onions, blanc mange, and *pate de foie gras*."

⁵ Ibid., 328.

⁶ Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln, The War Years*, Vol. I, 140, in Goodwin, *Team of Rivals*, 2005.

- "Sorry. We don't have these items on our in-room breakfast menu."
- "Yes, I know. Pulling your leg a bit. You've never taken this order before?"
- "No. May I ask why you ask?"
- "Sure, these items were on your menu many years ago. Abraham Lincoln had all of them for his first breakfast at the Willard. (*How did that man stay so skinny?*) I thought you might have history buffs staying here who would order Lincoln's meal."
- "No, just you, Mr. Black. Wish we could accommodate you."
- "That's OK. I'm not sure what I ordered anyway. I recited them from a book about Lincoln.⁷ Wouldn't mind some steak and eggs, but I'm watching what I eat." *As it goes into my mouth.*
- "May I suggest the Willard Continental Breakfast? Juice, fruit, coffee, and dry toast."
- "Good idea. Thanks...and a side order of hash browns."

Mr. Lincoln's Neighborhood

Knowing I had a lot of places to see, I hit the streets early today. My plan was to visit the avenues, streets, and paths that Lincoln was known to have walked or rode in his carriage, and to discover if the homes and houses of some of Lincoln's friends and enemies were still standing. Leaving the Willard, I made my way toward the White House.

Figure 2 will be helpful in orienting you to the neighborhood.⁸ I've placed a hash mark inside a red circle to denote the location of The Willard Hotel. On the right side of the figure, I've circled the location of Ford's Theatre and the Peterson House, the place where Lincoln died. I'll explain the B and the S shortly.

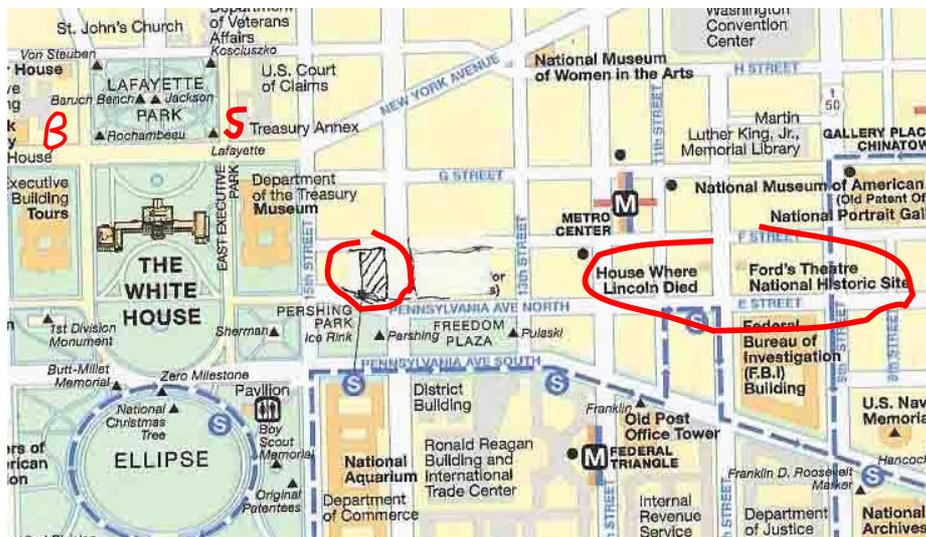


Figure 2. Lincoln's neighborhood.

I walked over to the corner of 17th St. and Pennsylvania, where the War Department building was located during the Civil War days (noted on the map as "Executive Building Tours." Lincoln treaded a well-worn path to the War Department from the White House because this department

⁷ Ibid., 312.

⁸ NPS.gov.

was his only source of timely news: the telegraph. In this building he learned about the success or failure of his generals and their soldiers. For most of the early wars, the dots and dashes of the telegraph informed Lincoln the North had lost yet another battle.

Lincoln was known to be a melancholy man, even a depressed soul. The constant bad news about the early years of the war, clicking-off the War Department telegraph, must have been a tremendous burden on his already taxed mind. Yet he endured, even when he knew something was askance in his mental composition. On occasion, he expressed his concern:

*I am now the most miserable man living.
If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family,
there would be not one cheerful face on earth.*⁹

Consider what Lincoln did. His depression could have been excused because of a haranguing wife---who spoke to spirits during her séances at the White House---and the deaths of two young children. He could have been a bit down about the small matters of winning the American Civil War and reuniting a bitter, fragmented nation. Mr. Lincoln carried a lot on his mind as he walked around his neighborhood---both to the War Department and to Seward's home, next to Lafayette Park (Depicted with a red S on the map).

And this writer? I worry about the neighborhood children intruding on my dog's disposition as she treads her way through the local park. I fret about my air conditioning. My pathetic tennis backhand stroke. My concern about parking space at wherever I may be attempting to park. I fret about matters that do not matter. What I need to do is get a grip on what is important in my increasingly short life. Are you and I kindred spirits in this regard?

Lafayette Park

I strolled over to Lafayette Park, reminiscing about coming here during the Vietnam War protests. Not as a protester, just to look around. The Park is across the street from the White House, and adjacent to the (former) house where Major Henry Rathborne and his fiancée, Clara Harris, waited for Abe and Mary to pick them up in the Presidential carriage on the night of April 14, 1865. The four shared a box at Ford's Theatre that night.

Also nearby was (and is) the home of the Blair family, a powerful political lineage for several decades (the red B in Figure 2). Montgomery Blair served in Lincoln's cabinet. The Blair house is now used for high officials to stay during their visits with American Presidents and other politicians.

After checking out the statue of Lafayette to the right side of the park, I walked to the front of the park and came across a person on a hunger strike, as seen in Figure 3.

⁹ Ibid., 99.



Figure 3. Street scene.

- Reporter, "Do you mind if I take a picture and turn-on a recorder?"¹⁰
- Street person, "No, I encourage it. Anything to advance the cause."
- Reporter, "I see your cause is Darfur. I came across a Darfur demonstration on the Mall a few months ago." (Reported in *Dignitaries and Demonstrators (II)*.)
- Street person, "Yes, April 30th, and we have another one scheduled for September 9. Thirty thousand people attended the April demonstration. It had an impact. The next week, Bush sent delegates over to Darfur. The United States can make a difference there. For now, the Sudan government is saying it will solve the problem by deploying forces into the region. It's like Hitler advancing into Auschwitz."
- Reporter, "I haven't studied the situation much. ... Why are you sitting here on a street curb? You're articulate. Sober. As far as I can tell so far, not crazy. So, why be a street person?"
- Street person, who was interacting with his personal computer when I came by, "A few years ago, I had a quarter-million-year job in the computer industry. Did the routine with money. But I came to realize that money separates us from each other."
- Reporter, "No kidding." (*Case study: See Darfur.*)
- Street person, "For the first time in my life, I feel liberated. I've been here for 87 days. Today is the 37th day of my fast, in protest of America and the UN ignoring Darfur. I keep my strength up with a banana now and then."
- "Potassium?"
- "Yep, need it for the brain."
- Reporter, "I've read where the US and the UN have been sending aid for a long time."
- Street person, "Aid? This is genocide! If actions aren't taken soon, thirty-five hundred people a week will be dying over there. We have the hardware to make a difference, but the American people have to wake-up. That's why the September demonstration is so important."
- "Things will change. I just know it. Humans are basically good... Have you read Maslow?"

¹⁰ This conversation, which continues to amaze me, reflects the notes I took during our dialogue.

- *This man is not an average walk-about street person.* Reporter, "I'm familiar with Maslow. But I'm skeptical of his basic ideas. He doesn't account for ingrained aggression in humans' behavior."
- Street person, "Ingrained aggression?"
- "Yes, humans have a lot of it in their DNA. If you've read Maslow, maybe you know of Lorenz" He nodded yes. "Lorenz would disagree."
- Street person, "Lorenz is misunderstood. He actually had a positive view of human nature."
- *Whoa. Now Lorenz. Let's see if this man has eaten his requisite banana.* Reporter, "I disagree. Lorenz had a positive view of birds and ducks. Not humans. If you read his *On Aggression*, it is clear he was pessimistic about the future of our species."
- Street person, "So you do know about Lorenz! So you also know about Maslow's hierarchy of needs and about his self-actualizer?"
- Reporter, "Yes."
- Street person, "Good, I believe we humans are built to be self-actualizers." (Reporter note: Self-actualizers are good, kind, and happy.)
- Reporter, "I'm not so sure. As long as we have sufficient food, water, clothing, shelter for us and our family....yes. If we don't, we get what we need to survive."
- Street person, "No. We are born as self-actualizers. It is the world we live in that pushes us down to where we kill one another...to where we commit genocide. Just look at the Amish, they don't even lock their doors."
- Reporter, "The Amish! I wonder what would happen to their behavior if they were relocated to Darfur. Your concept is interesting and just the opposite of what I have concluded about our race. I'll think about it. Let me share a story with you:

I first came upon Maslow in my undergraduate studies. My professor explained self-actualization---as best anyone can explain it. Then he asked his students to name a type of person who might be a self-actualizer. We students first offered America's presidents. Our teacher countered with, 'How about a tramp?'

We were confused by his question. A tramp? In today's jargon, a street person, the person you appear to be. Our professor then explained the position one occupied in life had nothing to do with self-actualization. He offered examples of famous, rich people who were sad or who had committed suicide.

I must admit, in my later years I often think of the famous saying, 'I've been richer and I've been poorer and on the whole, I'd rather be richer.' But the idea of a street person being a self-actualizer hit us students hard, made us rethink a bit about the values in life. And I thought you would enjoy this story...you know, you're being a street person and all."

- Street person, "Thanks for the story, but it doesn't surprise me. Self-actualization has nothing to do with wealth. What do you think of Dante and King?"
- *Huh? Dante. What the hell does Dante have to do with Maslow or Martin Luther King? Maybe this guy is a bit tetchy.* "Eh, I think King might have had some self-actualization in him. That's about all I know about the subject."

- Street person, "Have you read Tolstoy?"
- I saw the movie, *War and Peace*."
- Street person, "Read his *Gospel in Brief*. It formed the basis for many of the philosophies of Dante and King. Dante practiced many of Tolstoy's ideas when he was in Africa and India, and dealing with the British."
- *This man has lost it*. "Look, I'm trying to be polite and learn something here. But Dante was long dead before Tolstoy came along. Some of your stuff connects and some doesn't."
- Street person, "Dante? I said Gandhi!"
- Reporter, "Ah! Sorry, I'm hard of hearing. As for Gandhi, Yeah, I saw the movie. I would like to talk more, but my day is devoted to Lincoln."
- Street person, "Lincoln. A self-actualizer?"
- Reporter, "Of the highest kind."

Yes, this conversation actually took place. It was one of the most surprising, pleasant encounters I have had in my life...in spite of my hearing problems.

Looking for Lincoln Report Three

August 19, 2006

I left Lafayette Park and headed for Ford's Theatre, the place where John Wilkes Booth Lincoln assassinated Lincoln on April 14, 1865. I continued to think about my amazing conversation with the street person. An exceptional man, I wish him well and hope he can make an impact in Darfur. Just now, my tennis backhand did not seem important.

I had not walked this part of Washington, DC for many years. By "this part," I mean the places between the White House and Ford's Theatre. My more recent walks had been around the National Mall and the Smithsonians. They are several blocks away from where I spent my time this weekend. Anyway, I was surprised to see that most of the town homes and row houses on G, H, and I streets had been replaced with modern office buildings.

Ford's Theatre

Later in the day, I was standing at 10th and F streets, where I could see the Ford Theatre on 10th Street, and the Peterson House, across the street, where the wounded Lincoln was taken to die. Figure 4 shows the outside of Ford's: The left photo is Ford's as it is now. The right photo shows Ford's as it was shortly after Lincoln's assassination.¹¹

I have been coming to Ford's Theatre since the early 1970s. Around this time, Ford's was renovated and rescued from its prior consignments as an office, and later, a warehouse. It was converted to a warehouse after its internal office floors collapsed, killing several civil servants. In 1960, government funds were allocated to restore the theatre to its 1865 appearance.

The government funds were well spent. The place has been carefully restored to its state on April 14, 1865. Look at Figure 5. It shows the box where Lincoln, Mary, Major Rathbone, and Clara Harris sat and watched *Our American Cousin*. The flags are now as they were that night. They were placed in front of the box that afternoon after the theatre personnel learned the President was to attend the evening performance. The picture of Washington on the front of the box is the original that was there that night. Somehow, it has been preserved. As well, many of the assassination artifacts are extant. A small museum in the basement of the theatre displays: Lincoln's clothes, Booth's weapons, the pillow on which Lincoln's head rested in the Peterson House. Even the rope used to hang the conspirators.

¹¹ "Ford's Theatre, and the House Where Lincoln Died," National Park Service, GPO 2004-304-337/00187.

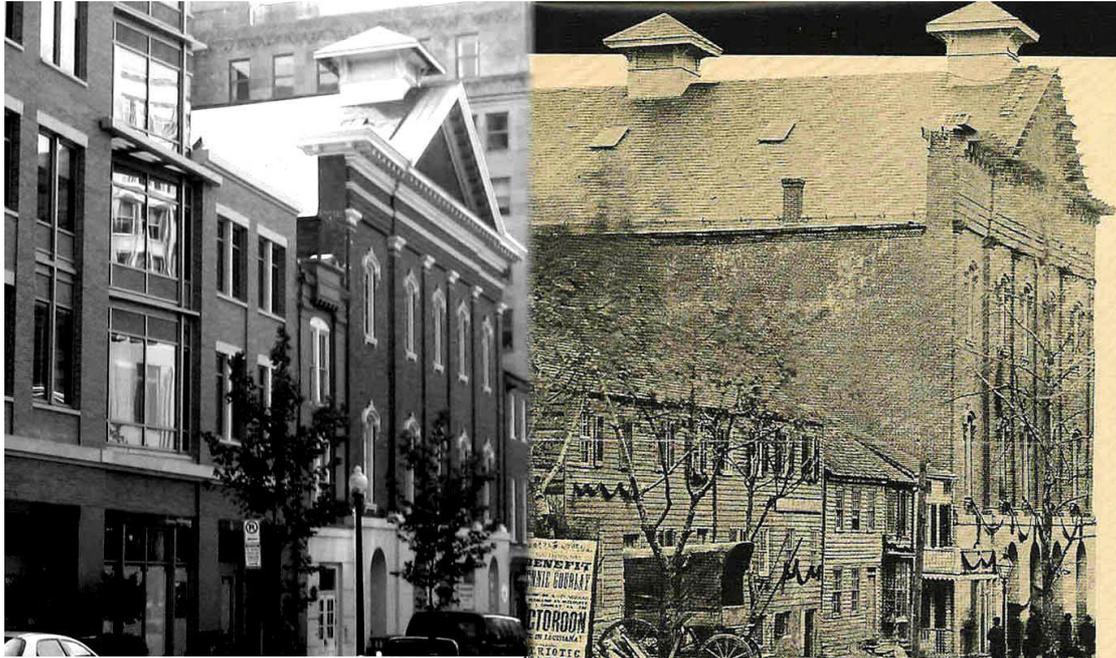


Figure 4. Ford's Theatre, now and then.



Figure 5. Lincoln's box at Ford's.

I will not bother you with a rehash that evening. It is chronicled in many other writings. If you are interested in learning about the details, read *Manhunt*, by James L. Swanson. It is well researched, yet reads like a mystery thriller. I knew the stories of Booth and his cohorts but I could not put the book down. I asked a Ford's National Park Service lecturer (an expert on the subject) what he thought of the book,

- "It's not much of a contribution to history. More like a dime novel."
- *That man should be in academia. Most likely, his problem is that he had not thought to write it.*
- "Really? I've not seen any book that pulls all the pieces together of the killing and the subsequent chase to capture him. Can you give me a reference?"
- "Not off-hand."
- "Have you read Goodwin's book about Lincoln's cabinet?"
- "Not yet."

In academic terms, this man was probably tenured. Anyway, I spent the remainder of the day walking around the area, searching for any Civil War era buildings that might have survived the wrecker's balls. The table in the addendum will give you the details of my findings.

Addendum

My Discoveries about the Fates of Notable Washington, DC Buildings of the Civil War Era:

- The Chase mansion at 6th and E (Chase was Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury. Later, Lincoln named him to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court): AARP headquarters.
- National Hotel at 6th and Pennsylvania (Where Booth rented a room): An office building presently under construction.
- Kirkwood house at 11th and D (Residence of Vice President Johnson): An office building.
- Rathbourne house (where Abe and Mary's theater companions were staying the night of the assassination): An office building.
- Bates' home at 6th and G Streets (Bates was Attorney General in Lincoln's cabinet): The MCI/Verizon Center.
- Blair house on Pennsylvania between 17th and Connecticut (Montgomery Blair was a member of Lincoln's cabinet, Postmaster General): Still intact and used to house visiting dignitaries.
- McClellan headquarters at H and Madison Place (One of Lincoln's unsuccessful generals): Torn down and rebuilt, now the Dolly Madison House.
- Seward's home at Madison and Pennsylvania (Lincoln's Secretary of State): Government office building.
- Grover's Theatre on Pennsylvania Ave: The National Theatre.
- Welles's home at 16th and H Streets (Wells was Secretary of the Navy): The Hay-Adams Hotel.
- St. Johns Church at 16th and H: Still standing.
- New York Avenue Church at New York Ave. and H: Still standing.
- Newspaper row along 14th St, between E and F: The National Place building that houses the National Press Club.
- Edward Stanton's home at 17th and K streets (Stanton was Lincoln's Secretary of War): Office building.

- Mrs. Surratt's boarding house on H between 6th and 7th (where some of Booth's conspirators lodged): Possibly intact. This area still has old town homes, most of which are Chinese laundries or restaurants. No historical plaques are to be seen on any of the buildings. If they exist, they're in Chinese:



- Finally, the Willard Hotel on Pennsylvania: Still standing!

Looking for Lincoln Report Four

August 20, 2006

Hello again from Your on the Street Reporter. This morning I continued looking for Lincoln. Once again, I walked the area around the White House, and returned to Ford's Theatre to look at the alley behind the building. It was in this alley where Booth entered Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865. He owned a small stable behind the theatre, but he recruited a Ford's employee to hold the reins of his horse while he went about the task of killing the President. Later, after shooting Lincoln, he jumped from the box onto the stage, ran from the building to his horse, escaped through a back door, and fled through this alley into Maryland.

The alley is still the shape of an L, just as it was in 1865. Of course, the stables are gone, and the only old building around the alleyway is the theatre. I snapped a photo of the back of Ford's Theatre, shown in Figure 6. According to Park Service guides, the door on the right was Booth's entrance and exit that night. As you likely know, he was able to move about freely inside the theatre because he was a famous actor. Thus, he had an easy time gaining entrance into Lincoln's box.

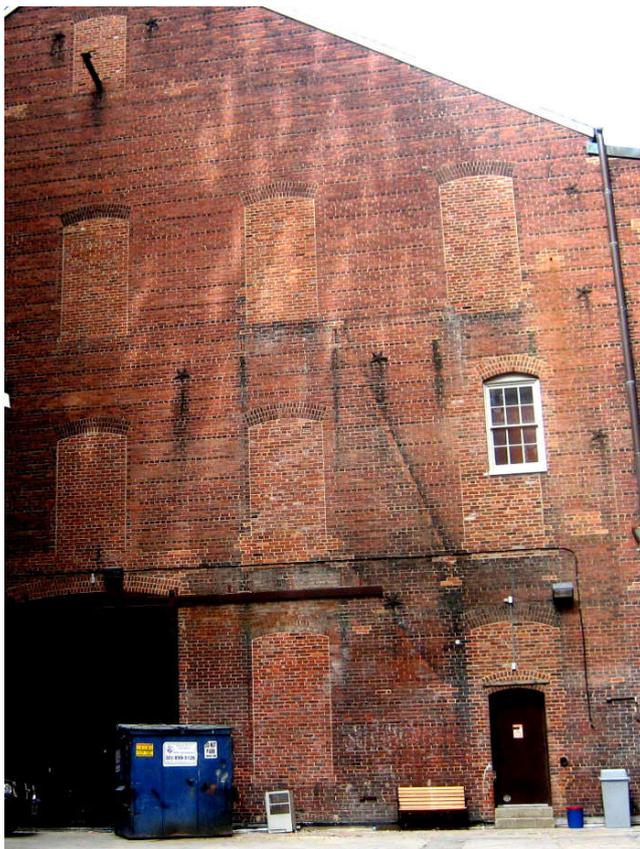


Figure 6. The back of Ford's Theatre.

The Willard Is Not The Willard

Last night I spent some time catching up on the history of the Willard Hotel and reading some of Lincoln's speeches. I discovered the reservations clerk had made an error when she told me it was not known in which room Lincoln stayed, "...Alan Pinkerton, the soon to be famous detective, brought Lincoln into Washington...where he took up lodging at Parlor No. 6 on the second floor of The Willard."¹²

Bummer. Not only was I not in Lincoln's room I was on the seventh floor. How could I savor the essences of Lincoln when I was five stories away from where he was located 145 years ago?

Before I checked-out of the hotel, I examined the second floor in search of Parlor No. 6. No luck. I encountered the Chase Room, even the Ulysses S. Grant Suite. I found the spa, probably a post-Lincoln addition, maybe where Parlor No. 6 had once been. But no No. 6.

I'd had a busy weekend. I'd walked many miles on my quest, and I was determined to get to the bottom of these questions:

- (a) Why did the reservations clerk *not* know Lincoln was documented as having stayed in Parlor No. 6?
- (b) Where is/was Parlor No. 6?
- (c) Is/Was my room in the vicinity of No. 6?

Here are the answers to my questions:

- (a) Because the reservations clerk *is* a reservations clerk and *not* an historian.
- (b) It does not exist.
- (c) See (b).

Let's concentrate on part (b):

- Concierge, "Good day, sir. May I help you?"
- Reporter, "Yes. This book on the history of the Willard Hotel states Lincoln stayed in Parlor No. 6 on the second floor of your hotel. I can't find this room."
- Concierge, "Sir, the hotel where Lincoln stayed no longer exists. A new hotel was built---from the ground up---in the early 1900s."

He wasn't even in this building.

I had been laboring under the illusion that I had slept somewhere near the great Lincoln's Willard room. My going to the Willard for a sleep-over séance with the ghost of Abe made as much sense as Abe's going to Mary's sessions with her spiritualists.

- I didn't say anything for a moment or two, "Well that explains a lot. I guess I looked pretty silly asking to stay in a room that didn't exist."

¹² Richard Wallace Carr and Marie Pinak Carr, *The Willard Hotel, An Illustrated History* (Washington, DC: DICMAR Publishing, 2005), 29.

- *No, Uyless, you looked pretty silly asking to stay in a room where a dead President once slept. But join the crowd: Again, see Clinton with the Lincoln Room, and associated campaign contributions.*
- "Nonetheless, it's been a fine stay. When my wife comes back into town, I'm bringing her for a visit...Eh, do you accept pets?"
- Concierge, "Yes, we welcome pets."
- "Great, the three of us will be back soon."

One Last Visit to Lafayette Park

- Reporter, "Hello. Remember me?"
- Street person, "Yes! Maslow. Dante! Ha!"
- Reporter, "Yep. It's awfully hot out here. You should be under a tree."
- Street person, "Don't want to change positions. People know I'm here, not someplace else."
- "Here, I brought you a present."
- "A banana! I could use one right now."
- "Right. Potassium."
- "Yes. Many thanks brother."
- "You don't know my views on fasting, else you might not be inclined to call me brother. Anyway, keep up your strength. It would be ironic if you starved to death to protest starvation."
- Street person, "Ah so. ...Oh, your day yesterday was devoted to Lincoln. How did it go?"
- Reporter, "Last night I reread his second inaugural speech and his Gettysburg address. I've been writing an essay this weekend, which I have named Looking for Lincoln."
- "I suspect you're not really looking for Lincoln are you?"
- Reporter, "You don't know about my efforts to sleep in his hotel room. ...I suppose not, but I think we humans might be better off if we put into practice the ideas in his speeches."
- "As I told you. It's all about Maslow."
- Reporter, "As I replied, Lorenz would beg to differ. ...Here's another present I picked up at Borders yesterday. It's a book by Jared Diamond, *Germs, Guns, and Steel*. I think you will like it. Jared's ideas settle somewhere in between Maslow and Lorenz."
- Street Person, "I'll read it! Many thanks, brother."
- Reporter, "My pleasure. Anyway, don't eat the banana too fast. Might give you a hard stool. Another irony for a fasting person. Take care, good luck with your quest. The world could use a few more like you."
- "Thank you again, brother. So long"