

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION TO CRIQUETTE MONTAGUE AND JUDITH SUTTON

The printing of this issue of Journal of Oregon Ornithology (JOO) was partially supported by a gift by Judith Sutton in memory of her mother, Criquette Montague (or Ruth DuBarry Montague), who passed away in September 1991, at the age of 75.

The following is partly derived from p. C10 of the 9 October 1991 Newport, News-Times newspaper: Criquette (or Cricket as she was also known) was a published writer and poet, a lecturer, an educator, and an artist in oils. Her canvases (which she signed as DuBarry or Criquette) often represented the interpretation of her prose verse and were reflective of her life experiences. She had studios and students in the United States and France, and her paintings are a part of collections throughout the world. Until January 1991, she had a studio near Otter Rock.

Biographical information about Criquette was in: Who's Who in American Art, Who's Who of American Women, Who's Who of Women, Who's Who International, Who's Who in Poetry, Foremost Women in Communications, and in other publications.

Criquette was also a member of the National Audubon Society, had a great interest in Nature, and was a next-door neighbor to the JOO Editor in the late 1980's. In Carmel Knoll, we lived in a series of rustic beach cottages with an ocean view that an overgrown wooden sign proclaimed to be "Easy Living Villa by the Sea"; the cottages have since been torn down in preparation for condominiums. She liked conversing about birds or the deer that she did not begrudge for tip-toeing up on her deck to eat her flowers. And she loved the warm sun shining through her big south-facing windows and her view of the Pacific Ocean and Yaquina Head Lighthouse.

A fond memory of Criquette was when she would type on her mechanical typewriter in the afternoon. She usually typed fairly fast and with rhythm as if her ideas were flowing directly from her mind straight to the paper without her fingers or the typewriter providing any resistance. Her feelings seemed to be reflected in the sounds of her typing--sometimes her typing resonated with passion, sometimes her typing sounded as if her thoughts were coming faster than her human fingers could express, and sometimes her typing ebbed as if her train of thoughts was coming to a junction or stop. Her typing was music--a music that computer keyboards or printers can't express as well or with as much flair as mechanical typewriters . . .