

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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Daniel Patrick Wilson was born July 22, 1965 in Walnut Creek, Northern California, in the maternity ward of the Kaiser Foundation hospital. He was born big and loud, and the first time his dad got close to have a look at him, Daniel socked him in the eye, beginning an intensely competitive, deeply loving father and son relationship for life. He was not well suited for the constraints of the modern world. His values and code of ethics were those of the old western frontier. Among many other occupations, Daniel was a genuine cowboy in the Great Northwest. What he was most suited for was living free in the wilderness, where he spent a great deal of his time, but probably not enough. He knew well the back acres of many wild places that still existed, and perhaps still exist today, in North America. Always a target of AUTHORITY for being too big and loud and happy at heart, along with an incredible appetite for life's pleasures, and the stated intention to "do anything for action," Dan Wilson lived 44 years and 268 days before his death, either untimely, or a long time coming, on April 16, 2010. Now at the half century mark since this ancestor was first born into the world, be sure that ROARSHOCK PAGE will do all that it can to celebrate and amplify Dan's legend.



DW50

"Remembering the first time I met Daniel...coming home with Dave from college and Daniel appeared to me like an African lion from the bush! I actually remember him leaping out from behind some bushes in the Wilson's yard. Loud, commanding, intimidating...and before me appeared young Daniel...full of spunk and as dangerous as a kitten! Who's this guy? He exclaimed... Why he's my friend Daniel...in a matter of fact reply said Dave...Well any friend of Dave's is a friend of mine...and with that I had a new friend... He was gregarious, he was incorrigible...he had that appeal! As my friend...I will always remember his encouragement to me personally." -- Tom Phipps

"Daniel turned into a nut heh heh." -- Tom James

The King of the Kitchen

by

D. A. Wilson

Many of Daniel's adventures were culinary. He loved to eat and he loved to cook—so that he could be sure he was having something *good* to eat; something *he* made. When Daniel was a real little kid, still having an afternoon nap, I went past the open door of his room one time and he was standing in his crib, with his back to me, and looking out the window. He suddenly said in a high pitched voice: "This is the French Chef Cooking! Today we are making salad! This is Julia Child, bon appetit!" I went and told mom about it and we had a good laugh, and a few days later she showed me a couple of little paper cups she had found in Daniel's room, and he had drawn little dots on the outside bottoms. "David, they are little salt and pepper shakers!" Helga said chuckling. Julia Child was an early and enduring icon for him (not to mention Graham Kerr), and as a little guy he was known to dart about the kitchen and hone in on the artichoke dipping sauce, eliciting this response from our father, John O: "What do you mean eating all the sauce?! My short friend—How do you expect me to serve artichokes when you eat all the sauce?" Many years later when Chris and Dan were living in a nice big house off Morello Ave. (with a nice big grow room!) and invited me over for a fancy lunch,

Daniel served filet mignon with a green salad, mashed potatoes and gravy and sautéed vegetables, but what impressed me most about the meal were the artichokes: Daniel instructed me to dip the leaves into the dish of melted butter before dipping them into the dish of seasoned mayonnaise. He was famous for using a lot of dishes and utensils when he cooked. If he could not use all of them, he used as many as he could. He was not as famous for restoring the aftermath of his exuberant cooking to anything like its former state. Helga's kitchen @ the Top of the Hill was often the scene of such strife. One time in October, Helga and John O were away on a trip, and Chris and Dan were staying at the Top of the Hill. It was Chris' Birthday, and Dan instructed her to stay out of the kitchen. After a long time, she peeked to find that every bit of counter space was occupied, and he was sitting in the middle of the floor frosting a triple layer German chocolate cake. In the 1980s, Daniel, Dean Simpson and I rode up the mountain to see the Grateful Dead play at Boreal Ridge. George James was living in Truckee at the time, and we invaded his house the night before the concert. "You know what I'm going to do in the morning?" Daniel said, "I'm going to make the Big Breakfast!" "No, you're not, Daniel." George said, "Because if you make the Big Breakfast, you make the Big Mess, and you're not going to do that in my kitchen." Of course, fishing, foraging, hunting and gathering are primal to eating. On a trip out to the Bay delta that Dan and Chris once took with their other friend Chris, Dan told the ladies not to worry for dinner, he would catch fish. So taking his fishing rod up to the bluff by a bend in the Sacramento River, he lifted the pole to cast, and being a bit under weight, his shorts slipped and fell about his ankles. As Chris and Chris laughed heartily—Daniel with his ass free in the breeze—a large party boat came around the bend in the river. The deck was crowded with people, and as they caught sight of Dan's naked butt up there buff on the bluff, waving his fishing rod, they applauded and cheered until the ship had sailed on by.

You can always find more Daniel Stories here, from now until who knows when... <http://roarshock.net/dpw.html>

Dan Takes An Adventure

by Dan

I had a friend named Jeff. Me and Jeff played a lot. We did a lot of things too. All that time there was a strange man always looking at us. He wondered what we were doing. While another one of my friends, named Larry, was spying on the guy who was spying on us. So Larry thought he should jump down on the stranger. All that time the stranger's name was John. When Larry jumped down he didn't know John was pretty tough. When Larry was on him John threw Larry off right into the dust. After that good boom on his head he sort of had a bump on his head. When he got up he saw it was late so Dan and Jeff suggested they go inside and finish their day.

DANIEL ALMANAC

12/12 1903	Robert Hugh Wilson was born in Denver.
01/11 1904	Walter S. Roessler was born in Metz.
03/11 1905	Mavis De Blanc born in New Orleans.
05/22 1915	Julius Stürmer born in Caransebeș, Banat.
10/01 1921	Lisbeth Holz born in Cincinnati, Ohio.
03/17 1938	John O. Wilson born in San Francisco.
07/04 1940	Helga E. Wilson was born in Timișoara.
10/15 1953	Christina Johns was born in Idaho.
10/09 1960	D. A. Wilson born in Walnut Creek, CA.
07/22 1965	D. P. Wilson born in Walnut Creek, CA.
03/02 1974	Mavis De Blanc Barnes Wilson died.
01/06 1977	Dr. Robert Hugh Wilson died.
03/24 1983	Brenna Rose Hills-Wilson was born in Walnut Creek, California.
01/11 1992	Christina Johns and Daniel Wilson were married in Tilden Park, Berkeley, CA.
12/25 1993	Elizabeth Wilson born in San Francisco.
12/23 2002	Walter S. Roessler died in Oakland, CA.
12/25 2003	Juliette Carstensen born in Vallejo, CA.
04/16 2010	Daniel Patrick Wilson died on Friday morning at his home in Chimacum, WA.
04/22 2010	Daniel Wilson buried in Juliaetta, Idaho.
05/16 2010	Great Northwest Celebration of Life for Daniel P. Wilson, Port Townsend, WA.
06/05 2010	A Teddy Bear's Picnic for Daniel Wilson in Briones Regional Park, Martinez, CA.
02/07 2011	Julius Stürmer died, Geltendorf, Bavaria.
04/19 2012	Logan Daniel Farmer born, Antioch, CA.
12/31 2013	John Ogden Wilson died in Martinez, CA.
09/22 2014	Inara Madilyn Farmer was born.
07/22 2015	Daniel Patrick Wilson's 50th Birthday.

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Calling for Contributions! ROARSHOCK PAGE invites submissions of art, photographs, poetry, and micro-prose, to be considered for inclusion in future issues.

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