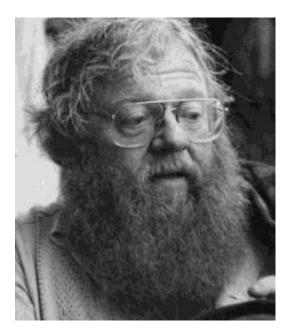
David King Loughran

FLORENCE – David King Loughran, "Dr. Dave," passed away in his sleep on Wednesday, Feb. 25, 2015, in Florence. He was born April 24, 1939, son of Kathryne Loughran Stevenson and David Kerr Loughran. He spent his childhood in Pontiac and Evanston, Illinois. After the death of his father in 1949, he summered with his aunt, Margaret King of Tamworth, New Hampshire, which instilled in him a love of the outdoors and the rural life. He went on to graduate with honors from Dartmouth College and served four years in the Navy as a lieutenant junior grade in naval intelligence. He earned his Ph.D. in Spanish literature at Johns Hopkins University. He was an assistant professor at Dartmouth College before



moving to the Department of Romance Languages at the University of Montana. He retired from the university professor emeritus in 1994.

Dave had a passion for all things Spanish. He traveled to Spain his junior year at Dartmouth, followed the famous bullfighters, Ordóñez and Dominguin, and studied flamenco guitar, returning after college for three years of naval service in Rota. Later, he took many groups of students and his family to Spain. Dave was a recognized authority on the Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca, publishing extensively including the landmark book "Federico Garcia Lorca: The Poetry of Limits." His critically acclaimed English translations of Lorca's complete poetical corpus were poetry unto themselves. As one critic remarked of Dave's translations, "One is tempted to say that if Lorca had been writing in English, these are the poems he would have made." He was a lover of music, literature and place, continually searching for and applauding the voice of authenticity when and where he encountered it. He published two books of his own compositions, "Montana Poems from the Cabin and the Swale and Bitterroot."

Dave loved the mountains of both Montana and New Hampshire. He and his former wife Betsy built a summer house in Tamworth in the '70s and went "back to the land," raising sheep, chickens, pigs, vegetables and two children over the summers. After his divorce, he built a second cabin in Florence, which became his home, though he ranged from Polebridge and Hot Springs to Mexico, Chile, Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia. Over many summers, and wearing the same tattered shirt and shorts, Dave hiked every mile of Glacier National Park and through much of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. It is certain that he touched lives all over the planet in a manner not easily forgotten, whether as an outdoorsman, neighbor, teacher, parent, husband, lover and, lastly, resident of the

assisted living home where he died. His family would like to extend their sincere and deep gratitude to Kathy Porter, her family and staff for their respectful and expert care of Dave in his final years.

He is survived by his daughter, Margaret Loughran of Wonalancet, New Hampshire; son, David Loughran of Los Angeles; and three grandchildren, Wesley Loughran, Madeleine Quinn and Fiona Loughran. He is also survived by his sister, Mary Margaret Loughran Fell of Arden, North Carolina; his brother, James Loughran of Helena; and former wife, Elizabeth Loughran of Belchertown, Massachusetts.

A memorial service will be held Sunday, March 8, 11 a.m. at his beloved cabin located at 185 Mosquito Lane in Florence. Donations in his honor may be made to Kathy's Place, 328 Fesque Slope, Florence, MT 59833.

The Guitar

The guitar begins its weeping. It shatters the wineglasses of dawn. The guitar begins its weeping. It's useless to still it, to still it, impossible. Monotonously it weeps like the weeping of the water, and on mountain snowfields like the weeping of the wind. Impossible to still, it weeps for distant things. Sand of the burning south seeking white camellias, arrow without target, no tomorrow for its evening. The first dead bird on the branch. Guitar! Heart mortally wounded

by five swords.

Translation, DK Loughran

Federico Garcia Lorca, from "Poem of the Deep Song"