

17.

*The Foreigners.**(Written May 16, 1934)**(Completed July 24, 1934)**Sento*

<i>Woodman</i>	<i>July 26, 1934. Letter.</i>	<i>Sept. 26, 1934. Letter.</i>
<i>Story</i>	<i>9/29/34</i>	<i>10/26/34. mini.</i>
<i>Metropolis</i>	<i>10/29/34.</i>	<i>11/5/34 NOTE.</i>
<i>Karlton Kldm Dubuque Dial.</i>	<i>March 27, 1935. note.</i>	<i>Apr. 1, 1935. note.</i>
<i>Manuscript</i>	<i>Apr. 2, 1935.</i>	<i>April 16, 1935. NOTE.</i>
<i>The Magazine</i>	<i>Oct. 30, 1935.</i>	<i>—</i>
<i>Hinterland</i>	<i>Sept. 21, 1937.</i>	<i>Jan. 28, 1938.</i>
<i>Catamount</i>	<i>June 27, 1938</i>	<i>Aug. 22 "folded"</i>
<i>Fantasy</i>	<i>Feb. 1, 1939.</i>	<i>April 12, 1939</i>

It was getting kind of late, and the drinks were running low, so

how strong hope beats in the human breast, ^{regarding} when it comes to politics.

The sun was ^{beginning to go} fast going down ⁱⁿ its hole, and we were thinking of locking the ballot boxes when ~~we~~ ^{we} heard a huge blow, clear as a bell, ^{the stallion's scream of a stud horse,} coming down the road from Mathis' End way. Jairo ran to the window.

"men" he shouted in Finnish, which he always did when he got excited, and worse when "it's an army." "It's an army coming. They're ~~at~~ almost to the school house." We all ran to the window, ^{as many as could see,} and ~~soon~~ ^{more than us,} enough there they were, streaming into the school yard, ^{about} a hundred of them. The bugle blew again and they stopped. They were a bunch of young fellows. Then three of them came up on the porch, opened the door, and walked in. We were all at our stations, ready for them.

One of them, a red-headed young fellow spoke up to ^{Jairo} Andrew Millymaki. "Who's boss, here."

"I'm ^{chairman} chairman," said Andrew Jairo in English.

"~~We came to vote.~~ What time do the polls close?"

"Twenty minutes."

"We're the C.C.C. boys from Mathis' End. We came to vote."

Just then we heard a long cheer, like college boys, from the fellows ^{Jairo looked at me with unsaid words.} in the yard. They were cheering for the Frenchmen ^{from} the ^{front} candidate, ^{against us} from Mathis' End.

^{math}

~~Andrew and Jairo and all the election~~ ^{rest}

^{The rest} of the election board looked at me... like they always did when they got stuck at elections, despite I was not chairman.

I said: "You cannot vote."

"To hell we can't! Why?" ^{you came from down state,}

"You don't reside here." ^{didn't you? "}

"To hell we don't. We've lived in this bloody hole all winter."

It was my past experience in political

situation to keep patient and ^{tactful} explain to those who have got mistaken notions where they are wrong, not having the advantage of ~~the~~ Compiled Laws, like me. So I got out the Compiled Laws and turned to the part with the Constitution, and the part about the elections, I could see ~~some~~ ^{Matt} and ^{and the others} ~~and~~ ^{very proud} ~~Arney~~ looking ~~very proud~~ at me. When I found the place, we all marched out on the porch, and ^{he it was smoky and smelled long with} ~~the crowd inside~~ ^{and} ~~they all followed me,~~ ^{and} ~~soon~~ ^{we were all milling around together} ~~we~~ ^{state} began to read from the constitution.

"No one shall be entitled to vote at any election unless he or she shall have resided in this ^{township or ward} state six months next preceding such election."

There was a silence, only breathing.

"The word 'Residence' for voting purposes shall be construed to mean that place at which a person ^{permanently} ~~habitually~~ sleeps and has a lodging."

I cleared my throat like Judge ~~that~~ ^{Clancy} Young does in Circuit Court, and said:

"That, gentlemen, shows ^{conclusive} that you are not entitled to vote. ^{you are not residents} ~~nothing but~~ down-state ~~nothing but~~ ^{foreigners!} ~~foreigners!~~"

What happened after that I got mostly from being told later, because ^{all at once} ~~something~~ ^{hit me}, and all I remember is slumping to the ground hugging the Compiled Laws, true to the voters trust handed down. I do remember ^{someone} ~~tripping~~ ^{toppling} ~~me~~ ^{and} ~~opening~~ ^{one} ~~eye,~~ ^{the other being closed,} ~~just as the sun was~~ ^{going down,} and ~~everyone was~~ ^{fighting,} and there was a big bon-fire. Then I saw one of those ^{down state} ~~foreigners~~ ^{riffraff} putting papers ^{and a few books} on the fire and when I saw it was the ballots and my Compiled Laws, I just swooned away in a heap, having done all ^{that could be expected of my} ~~township clerk.~~ ^{clerk.}

^{sort of treading} ~~so~~ I just called out nice at loud: "You damn ^{dirty} foreigners" and then I put my head on my Compiled Laws and swooned away, 'cause the constitutional oath doesn't say ^{nothing about} ~~the township clerk has to be a voter.~~

THE FOREIGNERS

Coming down the ^{steaming} township road, ^{steaming from the early ~~sun~~ ^{Spring}} with Toivo driving crazy that way, it was all I could do to hold the Compiled Laws and the ballots upon my lap, what with the roads all pocked from Spring, and crazy with thaw boils and frost heave, too. And it didn't help much to have Toivo under the influence of a bottle, which he was, tugging away at it every mile, like a young calf at udder, driving one had, when two was none too good, and me trying to balance the ballots and the Compiled Laws upon my lap, like the juggler at the medicine show that time he got the belly-ached in the middle of it.

Not that I don't take a little drink myself once in the while, but if the Township Clerk can't keep sober on Election Day it is time he quit and resigned, and left the ~~sacred~~ political arena behind. It would be like betraying a ~~so for~~ sacred trust handed down by the voters at the polls, not to mention the constitutional oath I was carrying on my lap. ^{And my correspondence course in Political Science didn't say nothing about no drinks.} Not that I don't like a little drink once in the while, myself, so to speak.

You could ^{finally} see the flag about a mile away, above the mist, waving gentle from the school house mast, which they had let the children out of to use for voting that day, because it was right at the township cross-roads.

There ~~were~~ quite a few autos there already when we drove in the school house yard, with a sigh of relief, Toivo parking his auto out of view of the school, by the side of the girls' out-house, hiding the bottle in the spare casing in the back seat so he could sneak out and violate the constitutional oath once in the while, so to speak. *That was his affair. No business of mine!*

Eino and Matt and Arne were already there, setting up the booths, besides quite a few drinks, for the Finnish miners ~~were~~ there from Mather's End who were waiting to vote and get back to work. But we members of the election ~~board~~ board had ~~heard~~ the heard the rumor, so I, doing the talking for the board, as usual, exhorted them to stay, which most of them did, Eino at that point introducing 3 big fruit jars of moonshine to sort of cement things.

2.

So we got up the booths, and the ballot box, ^{locked} ~~locked~~, and
by that time there was quite a few voters more waiting to vote,
which they did, and mostly stayed, ^{after being with Ted's dog and Eino.} And all day long they came from
Finn
all over the township, farmers and miners, some even with horses,
the poorer ones, ^{while} some of the few Frenchmen that came ^{even had to walk} ~~even walking~~, and all the while I
did not once violate the constitutional oath, ~~though~~ though
strongly exhorted so to do by my fellow candidates, Toivo and Eino
and Matt and Arne, besides some of the others who did not hold no
political positions of trust.

stay, which most of them did, Eino at that point introducing three big fruit jars of moonshine to sort of cement the argument.

So we got up the booths and the ballot box locked, and by that time there was quite a few voters more waiting to vote which they did -- and stayed. ^{mostly} And all day long they came from all over the township, farmers and miners, some even with horses, the poorer ones, and all the while I did not once violate the constitutional oath, though strongly exhorted ^{so} to do by ^{my fellow-candidates,} Toivo and Eino and Matt and Arne, besides ^{some} others who held no political positions of trust.

By 4:30 P.M. Toivo and I and Eino and Matt and Arne figured sure we was re-elected, despite ~~persistent threats~~ the five Frenchmen from Mather's End who was running against us, despite ~~that~~ a Frenchmen hadn't been elected over a Finnish ~~man~~ in the township since the lumber mill close~~d~~ down. But the five Frenchmen was running anyway, which shows a clear indication how ~~strong~~ hope beats ^{strong} in the political breast regarding politics, ^{regardless of how many Finns there are.}

It was getting kind of late, and the drinks were running low, so we was thinking of counting the votes, when I heard a bugled blow, clear as the scream of a stud horse, coming down the road from Mather's End, ~~say~~ Toivo ran to the window ^{to see.}

"Men," he shouted in Finn, "it's an army. They're almost to the school house. ^{what we heard is true.} It's an army coming!"

We all ran to the windows, as many as we could, and there they were, turning into the school yard, in marching step, ^{about a hundred} being more ^{of them} than us, ~~about a hundred of them.~~ The bugled blew again and they stopped ^{then} and commenced milling around ^{at them} and looking ^{like a bunch of young heifers,} ~~at~~ at the school, ^{and us right back there in the windows.} They were a bunch of young fellows. Then three of them came up ^{upon} the porch ^{and} opened the door ^{and} and walked in. We ^{were} ~~were~~ all at four stations, ready for them, ^{contingency} whatever ^{happened.}

One of them, a red-headed young fellow with freckles, which could not be a Finn, spoke up at Toivo. "Who's boss here?"

"I'm chairman," Toivo said in English.

"What time do the polls close?"

Toivo looked up at the school clock. "In twenty minutes."

"We're the C.C.C. boys stationed at Mather's End.
We came to vote."

Just then we heard a long cheer ^{from the C.C.C. boys in the yard,} like football over
the radio. ~~from the C.C.C. boys in the yard~~ Toivo looked at
me with unsaid words. They were cheering for the ~~five~~/Frenchmen--
the five candidates against us from Mather's End.

^{It was then that}
~~Then~~ all of the election board looked at me, like they
always did when they got stuck ^{bad,} despite I was not chairman ^{which}
~~I~~ picked up the Compiled Laws and
~~I~~ said, "You cannot vote."

From the red-head, "To hell we can't! Why?"
"You came from down state, didn't you?"

"What of it?" ~~His hair seemed to get redder.~~

"You don't reside here," I said.

"To hell we don't. We've lived in this lousy hole
all winter." ^{His hair looked} ~~His hair seemed to get redder,~~ so I decided to change
^{my tactics and not brush the wool their way.} ~~which my correspondence course agreed upon~~
It was my past experience in political situations to

keep patient and explain tactful to those who got mistaken notions
where they are wrong, not having the advantage of Compiled Laws
and correspondence course ^{opened}
like me. So I ~~picked~~ up the Compiled Laws and turned to the

Constitution, the part about elections. I could see Matt and
Toivo and the ~~others~~ ^{others} looking at me very proud -- and very relieved, ^{so to speak.}
When I found the ^{right} place I marched out ^{upon} the porch. The crowd inside
followed me ^{outside} and outside the C.C.C. boys ^{outside} stopped cheering and came all
up to the porch.

I cleared my ^{voice} throat like Judge Clancey always does at
Circuit Court, and ~~they~~ ^{they} all stood there waiting expectant. Then I
commenced reading from the constitution.

" ' No one shall be entitled to vote at any election
unless he ~~or she~~ shall have resided in the township or ward where
he offers to vote for six months preceding such election.' "

There was silence, only breathing.

" 'The word "residence" for voting purposes shall mean
that place at which a person permanently sleeps and has a lodging.' "

I closed the Compiled Laws and tucked them under my arm.

"That, gentlemen," I said, ^{to summarize it up,} "shows conclusive you are
not entitled to vote. You're not residents. ^{In fact,} I said, ^{to summarize it up,} "you are nothing but
down-state transients, ^{no to speak,} You better turn around and
march right back to ^{your} Frenchmen in Mather's End."
What happened after that I got mostly ~~from~~ being told

attribute largely to my
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subsequent,
~~later~~, because all at once I saw the red-head, and then something
hit me upon the eye, ~~and~~ ^{above} all I remember is ^{there,} slumping ^{falling upon} to the ground,
^{like I was drunk,} hugging the Compiled Laws, true to the voters trust handed down.
Except I sort of rember ^{em that later on the} someone stepping ^{ing upon} on my neck, and I opened
one eye, the only one that would work, just as the sun was going
down, and ^{I saw} there was a big bon-fire and everyone was fighting, like
in the movies.

Then, despite only one eye, I saw the red-head dumping
some papers ^{from a box upon} on the fire, and when I saw it was the ballots, I just
~~called out nice and loud: clearing my throat like Judge Clancey,~~
^{cleared my voice like Judge Clancey, and}
"Go back down-state, you damn dirty foreigners." Then I put my
head ^{upon} ~~on~~ the Compiled Laws and swooned away ^{quick} because the constitutional
oath don't say nothing about the Township Clerk has to be a boxer.

Coming down the ^{steaming} township road ^{steaming from the early sun,} with Toivo driving crazy that way, it was all I could do to hold the Compiled Laws and the ballots on my lap, what with the roads all pocked from Spring, and crazy with thaw boils and frost heave, too. And it didn't help much to have Toivo under the influence of a bottle, which he was, tugging away at it every mile, like a young calf at udder, driving one hand, when two was none too good, and me trying to ^{balance} ~~hold~~ the ballots and the Compiled Laws on my lap, like the juggler at the medicine show that time ~~when~~ he got the belly ache in the middle of it.

Not that I, ~~at the same time,~~ don't take a little drink myself once in the while, but if the Township Clerk can't keep sober on Election Day it is time he quit, and resigned, and left the political arena behind. It would be like betraying a sacred trust handed down by the voters at the polls, not to mention the constitutional oath I was carrying ~~right there~~ on my lap. Not that I don't like a little drink once in the while, myself, *so to speak.*

You could see the flag about a mile ^{above the mist,} away waving ^{gently} ~~proudly~~ from the school house mast, which they had let the children out of to use for voting that day, because it was right at the township cross-roads.

There were quite a few autos there already when we drove in the school house yard, with a sigh of relief, Toivo parking his auto ^{out of view of the school,} ~~by~~ the side of the girls' outhouse, ~~out of view of the school,~~ and hiding the bottle in the spare casing in the back seat, ^{so he could} ~~to~~ sneak out and violate the constitutional oath once in the while, *so to speak.*

Eino and Matt and Arne were already there, ^{setting} ~~putting~~ up the booths, besides quite a few drinks, for the Finnish miners there from Mather's End who were waiting to vote, ^{and go back to work.} But we members of the election board had heard the rumor, so I, doing the talking for the board, as usual, exhorted them to

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

THE FOREIGNERS

by
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and us right back at them there in the windows. They were a bunch of young fellows, all dressed in khaki clothes. Then three of them came up upon the porch and opened the door and walked in. We were all at our placed, ready for them, whatever contingency happened.

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From the red-head. "To hell we can't! Why?"

"All you came from down-state, didn't you?"

"What of it?"

"You don't reside here," I said.

"To hell we don't. We've lived in this lousy hole all winter." His hair looked to get redder, so I decided to change my tactics and not brush the wool the wrong way.

It was my past experience in political situations to keep patient and explain tactful to those who got mistaken notions about where they are wrong, not having the advantage of Compiled Laws like me. So I opened up the Compiled Laws and turned to the

Constitution, the part about elections. I could see Toivo and Matt and the others looking at me very proud -- and very relieved, so to speak. When I found the right place I marched out upon the porch. The crowd inside followed me outside, and the C. C. C. boys outside stopped cheering and came all up to the porch.

I cleared my voice like Judge Clancey does when they hold Circuit Court at the county seat. They all stood there waiting expectant. Then I commenced reading from the constitution.

"No one shall be entitled to vote at any election unless he shall have resided in the township or ward where he offers to vote for six months preceding such election."

There was silence, only breathing.

"The word 'residence' for voting purposes shall mean that place at which a person permanently sleeps and has a lodging."

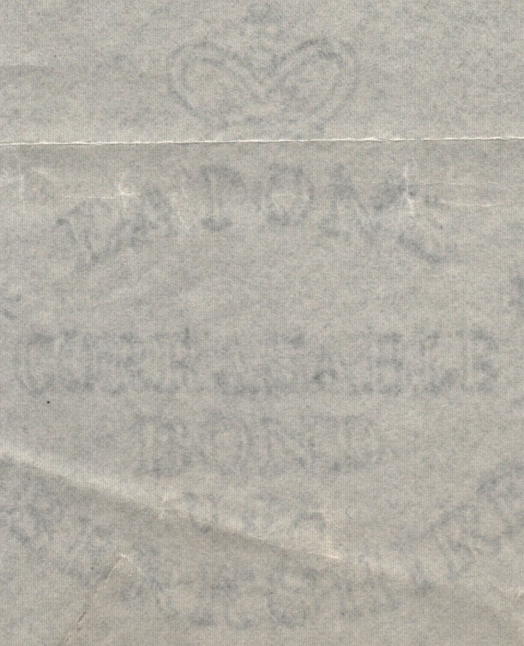
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"That, gentlemen," I said, "shows conclusive you are not entitled to vote. You are not residents. In fact," I said, "to summarize it up plain, you are nothing but a bunch of down-state transients, so to speak, and you better turn around and march right back to your Frenchmen in Mather's End."

What happened after that I got mostly from being told subsequent, because all at once I saw the red-head there, and then something hit me upon the eye, and then I didn't see the red-head, or anyone else. In fact, about all I remember is falling upon the ground, like I was drunk, hugging the Compiled Laws, true to the voters' trust handed down. Except I sort of remember later on someone stepping upon my neck, and I opened one eye, the only one that would work, just as the sun was going down in its hole, and I saw there was a big bonfire and everyone was fighting, just like in the movies.

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"What time do the polls close?"

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The red-head said; "We're the CCC boys stationed at Mather's End. We came to vote."

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I just cleared my voice like Judge Clancey, and called out nice and loud, "Go back down-state, you damn dirty foreigners!" Then I put my head upon my Compiled Laws and closed my eye and fell quick into a swoon, because the constitutional oath don't say nothing about the Township Clerk has to be a boxer.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan.

THE FOREIGNERS

by
Robert Traver

Coming down the steaming township road in the early sun, with Toivo driving crazy that way, it was all I could do to hold the Compiled Laws and the ballots upon my lap, what with the roads all pocked from Spring, and crazy with thaw boils and frost heave, too. And it didn't help much to have Toivo under the influence of a bottle, which he was, tugging away at it every mile, like a young calf at udder, driving one hand, when two was none too good, and me trying to balance the ballots and the Compiled Laws upon my lap, like the juggler at the medicine show that time he got the belly ache in the middle of it.

Not that I don't take a little drink myself once in the while, but if the Township Clerk can't keep sober on Election Day it is time he quit and resigned, and left the political arena behind. It would be like betraying a sacred trust handed down by the voters at the polls, not to mention the constitutional oath I was carrying on my lap. Not that I don't like a little drink once in the while, myself, so to speak.

We could finally see the flag about a mile away, above the mist, waving gentle from the school house mast, which they had let the children out of to use for voting that day, because it was right at the township cross-roads.

There was quite a few autos there already when we drove in the school house yard, with a sigh of relief, Toivo parking his auto out of view of the school, by the side of the girls' out-house, hiding the bottle in the spare casing in the

back seat so he could sneak out and violate the constitutional oath once in the while, so to speak.

Eino and Matt and Arne were already there, setting up the booths -- besides quite a few drinks -- for the Finnish miners there from Mather's End who were waiting to vote and get back to work. But we members of the election board had heard the rumor, so I, doing ~~not~~ the talking for the board, as usual, exhorted them to stay, which most of them did, Eino at that point introducing three big fruit jars of moonshine to sort of cement things.

So we got up the booths, and locked the ballot box, and by that time there was quite a few voters more waiting to vote, which they did, and mostly stayed. And all day long they came from all over the township, Finn farmers and miners, some even with horses, the poorer ones, while ~~some~~^{most} of the few Frenchmen that came even had to walk. And all the while I did not once violate the constitutional oath, though strongly exhorted ~~to~~ to do ^{so} by my fellow candidates, Toivo and Eino and Matt and Arne, besides some of the others who did not hold no political positions of trust.

By 4:30 P.M. Toivo and I and Eino and Matt and Arne figured sure we was re-elected, despite the five Frenchmen from Mather's End who was running against us, despite a Frenchman hadn't been elected over a Finn in the township since the lumber mill close down. But the five Frenchmen was running anyway, which shows a clear indication how strong hope beats in the political breast regarding politics, regardless of how many Finns there are.

It was getting kind of late, and the drinks was getting low, so we was thinking of counting the votes, when I heard the sound of a bugle, coming down the road from Mather's End, clear as the scream of a stud horse. Toivo ran to the window to see.

"Men," he shouted in Finn, "it's an army. They're almost to the school house. What we heard is true. It's an army coming!"

We all ran to the windows, as many as we could, and there they were, turning into the school yard, in marching step, about a hundred, being more of them than us. The bugle blew again and they stopped and then commenced milling around, like a bunch of young heifers in ^{the} pasture with a bull, looking at the school, and us right back at them there in the windows. They were a bunch of young fellows, all dressed in khaki clothes. Then three of them came up upon the porch and opened the door and walked in. We were all at our places, ready for them, whatever contingency happened.

One of them, a red-headed young fellow with freckles upon his face, which could not be a Finn, spoke up at Toivo. "Who's boss here?"

"I'm chairman," Toivo said in English.

"What time do the polls close?"

Toivo looked up at the school clock. "In twenty minutes."

The red-head said: "We're the C.C.C. boys stationed at Mather's End. We came to vote."

Just then we heard a long cheer from the C.C.C. boys in the yard, like football over the radio. Toivo looked at me with unsaid words. They were cheering for the Frenchmen -- the five candidates against us from Mather's End.

It was then that all the election board looked at me, like they always did when they got stuck bad, despite I was not chairman.

I picked up the Compiled Laws and said, "You cannot vote."

From the red-head. "To hell we can't! Why?"

"All you came from down-state, didn't you?"

"What of it?"

"You don't reside here," I said.

"To hell we don't. We've lived in this lousy hole all winter." His hair looked to get redder, so I decided to change my tactics and not brush the wool the wrong way.

It was my past experience in political situations to keep patient and explain tactful to those who ~~has~~ got mistaken notions about where they are wrong, not having the advantage of Compiled Laws like me. So I opened up the Compiled Laws and turned to the Constitution, the part about elections. I could see Toivo and Matt and the others looking at me very proud -- and very relieved, so to speak. When I found the right place I marched out upon the porch. The crowd inside followed me outside, and the C.C.C. boys outside stopped cheering and came all up to the porch.

I cleared my voice like Judge Clancey ~~always does at~~ *does when they hold Circuit Court at the county seat.* Circuit Court. [^] They all stood there waiting expectant. Then I commenced reading from the constitution.

"No one shall be entitled to vote at any election unless he shall have resided in the township or ward where he offers to vote for six months preceding such election."

There was silence, only breathing.

"The word 'residence' for voting purposes shall mean that place at which a person permanently sleeps and has a lodging."

I closed the Compiled Laws and tucked them under my arm.

"That, gentlemen," I said, "shows conclusive you are not entitled to vote. You are not residents. In fact," I said,

" to summarize it up plain, you are nothing but a bunch of down-state transients, so to speak, and you better turn around and march right back to your Frenchmen in Mather's End."

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