

Nov. 14³⁹
1st.

I Love You, Slim.

When the ^{last} War to save ^{those who had bet on} Democracy was ended I was ^{gallantly} fighting the battle of Iron Cliffs Grammar School. I remember it, I cannot forget ^{it}. Monk Doney and I were peace profiteers. We ^{became partners and} sold newspapers. extras, The Iron Cliffs Mining Journal. There was a ^{phony} armistice on ¹ I think, November 9th. We made over eight dollars apiece on that. Then, on November 11, at dawn, came the real ^{Mc Casp} Monk and I covered the town. ^{They were in radius then} People came out in the mist of dawn, ^{many} barefooted, walking on the frost that way, in ^{their} nightgowns, ^{with} tears in their eyes or weepy and ^{standing up like} ^{some forgetting their teeth.} eyes.

There was one little old Finnish woman ^{on my side of the street} who forgot her change for fifty cents. She ^{she wouldn't take it.} also forgot her teeth. She couldn't read the paper but she could tell by the size of the headlines that ^{the} War was ^{really} over. She stood in the street there, barefooted, ^{and her eyes were wet,} without any teeth, ^{gaping and} hollering, "Wah it's over! War it's over!" A little boy ran out of her house and led her away. I saw ^{that} she had a ^{red} service star in her window.

"War is over!" All day long Big Monk and I hollered, baling out papers, all over town, out in the mining locations, ^{to hell and gone everywhere} until ^{somewhere} we came to feel that ^{Monk and I} ^{personally} ^{had} ^{ended} the war.

Late that night, counting our money in ^{Old} McLean's pasty shop, we discovered we had made \$27.45 apiece.

Listen, Slim, said Monk, ~~confronting~~ the way he did,

"~~The American~~

people," ~~said Monk~~ ^{the American people} between a big bite of pasta, "are like sheep."

Monk and I did not realize that we ~~to~~ had become members of the last generation.

"Yes, Monk, I am sure just they are like a sad sheep."

2.

During High School Monk and I played football together. Monk was a big devil, with red hair, narrow greenish eyes, and a face - man guessed it - like that of a puzzled monkey's. He played football

fullback on the first team, ~~where~~ I was a substitute quarter-back. I was ~~not~~ ^{all but} not very heavy, ~~and~~ they came me Slim, and I had trouble with my kidneys. ^{But} the coach used to like to put me in on defense, as a safety man, as I was ~~great~~ ^{at} returning punts. ^{the} ^{real} ^{reason} for that, ^{which} ^{only} ^{Monk} ^{knows,} ^{was} that I was afraid of being tackled, so I would run and twist & squirm like a terrified bitch, ~~sometimes~~ ^{often} running through the whole ^{afternoon} team.

But Monk was the player. He was afraid of nothing. He used to get mad. This could happen only after an side got behind. Then there was hell to pay. Monk's face would get redder and redder and his eyes would get narrower and greener. From then on the offense would be tackled in their tracks by a ranting raging Monk. He was everywhere, and carry the ball!

When the ball came to him
He scowled intently. He wanted
grab ^{it} the ball in his two ^{big} hands, like it
was a live goat, squint his eyes and
show his teeth, ~~staring~~ ^{creaking} there, like a
big ape being captured by an
expedition, ~~until~~ ^{when} they were almost
upon him he would start to screech,
or rather scamp, cross the short
way, dumping the opposing players over
his ~~back~~ ^{back} as their fingers, until the
coast was clear, when he would, with
evident reluctance ~~at~~ ^{over} leaving his
corner, ^{sheepishly} ~~let~~ down to the goal
and down the ball.

In our senior year Monk
made all-state high school football.
That spring, before we graduated,
an ~~assistant~~ ^{backfield} coach at the state university
came to Don Cliff to see Monk. He
said he wanted Monk to come and
play on their team the next fall.

Monk said he had no money
for school, he was going to work in the mines.
~~I think I should~~

Monk's father was a hoist
man at one of the Mori mines. A hoist
man is a fellow who runs the big ^{cable} drums
which winds up the steel cables which ~~lift~~
lower and raise the ships, or elevators, in
the mine shafts.

"That's O.K. Monk." Telling his
son, "you ^{just} needn't advertise this, but
we ~~will~~ ^{want to} give you a scholarship. I'll pay
your tuition and room and board and
some money besides. What do you say, Monk?"

I remember
Monk and the
coach and the
were seated in
the deserted ^{back}
room in the high
school gym.

Monk sat there looking down at his big hands cupped in his lap, his brow knit and troubled.

"Go ahead, Monk," I said, softly. "It's your chance to get out of here. To make something of yourself. To do some of the things we've talked about." ~~What for~~

Monk slowly looked at the coach. "What kind of a scholarship is this?"

"Why - look, Monk - what kind do you want?"

Monk, slowly, "I ^{would} want a literary scholarship." Smiling sheepishly. "Slowly," "I want to become a writer."

"Wha - what!"

locker room, "I want to be a writer." *Someone finished a toilet at the other end of the*
"Yes, sure, Monk - Oh - Sure, Monk - Where -
We can fix that up. Will make a writer out of you." ~~What do you~~

"Thanks, Monk said simply. There's just one more thing."

"Yes?"

I won't go without Siri here. ^{After all,} Siri wants to be a writer, too.

The coach turned to me.

Are you going to the community this far?

Siri afraid not, Sir, I answered.

"What's your father do?"

Monk answered for me. "His own retail business."

"My father runs a saloon," I said. "No. A saloonkeeper. Sure. Do you play football?"

"yes ^{he has} ~~said~~ Monk said.

The crowd thought for quite a while ^{then} ~~she~~ looked at Monk and said:
"It's a deal. Will make writers out of both of you."

III.

Ride t.
a. a.

Clutter

Fraternity

The next night, Friday night, Smitty and I stayed out and shot ~~porcupine~~ ~~beaver~~ when they closed the place.

"Do you think it's safe now, Johnny?"

"I dunno. Will try ^{our} Smitty felons, So we ^{sneaked} ^{like} ^{flirting} ^{felons} walked home, locked our door, muffled put a study light on the floor to cover the reflection, and put on our goggles. ^{mixed} ^{some} ^{at} ^{my} ^{tall} ^{hugbills} ^{we} ^{couldn't} ^{sleep}. ~~It was~~ We were like troops waiting a call to arms. So there was nothing to do but for me to mix ^{some} a ^{my} tall drinks. Then Smitty mixed ^{some} a tall drinks. Then I poured ^a ^{couple} ^{of} ^{big} drinks. The ^{old} clock in "U." hall struck twelve. ^{from} ^{seen} ^{at} ^{last}, Smitty and I sighed, and Smitty grabbed his mandolin and played snatches from Regatta.

I sighed. "We're safe, Smitty. Mama would never let him out this late."

Smitty grabbed his mandolin and played snatches from Regatta. He was humming into the Mikado when ~~the~~ we both heard a knock on our door. There was no mistake. ~~It was~~ ^{there} ^{another} knock on our door.

I turned out the light, and Smitty got up and whispered hoarsely to Smitty. "Go peek who it is."

Smitty crept into his bedroom. Another knock on the door. Smitty crept back.

"Johnny, it's a bear."

Again dumb.

I swear it.

Let the bear in. Don't be so rude.

Smitty crept to the door, turned the key, flung open the door and leaped into my bed, under the covers. There, in the light from the hallway stood Isherwood.

From Smitty. "Good evening, Mr. Bear.
Do come in."

Haw. Haw. What're you fellows doing.
Got some girls up here?

Smitty: My mander shall deplama this room.
I turned on the overhead light and
stared at Isheward.

"Where'd you get that garment."

"You mean the coat?"

"Yes, Isheward - that coat."

"Mama gave it to me, just today."

"Don't you know the last rascoun was
assassinated on this campus over four years
ago. There's a bounty on 'em."

Mama said it'd keep me warm.

Haw.

What was the occasion? Did you tell
her then from E's you got a Harvard meant
Elegant.

Arvidsten, Johnny. I got one D.

What happened?

It was a true and fake quiz. I tossed
a coin and answered them all true.

With negative results, I gathon.

Arvidsten, fellows. Hurry - they're
waiting down in the car.

Who's they?

The twelve English dummies.

Chorus: Wha- what!

They're ^{astride} ~~down~~ in my car.

All twelve of 'em?

Why yes. Do hurry, fellows.

I staggered to my feet.

Wait, Truman. Did you say you had
only twelve? Smitty, do you think four girls
again will be enough.

Isheward, Arvidsten, Johnny, that's all there were.

Smitty reached over and paternally patted
Fanny on the buttocks.

"~~Oh~~" when rape appears inevitable, Chile, just
relax and enjoy it

Freeman, ^{ecstatic,} stirred the begonia with the ~~ecstatic~~
and many enjoy of a Swedish bellringer.

He sighed.

Smully gave thoughtful, "I suppose
that we must carry on then, Johnny." He flung
his mandolin under the bed and grabbed his
trousers. "Get going, Johnny — this is
~~International night~~ for the laws. We study
international law tonight.

I stumbled over Halbo