

"Three Cheers For Daddy."
 (Written: Jan. 23-30, 1950)

	<u>Sent</u>	<u>Ret</u>	<u>Comment.</u>
<u>MA 9</u>			
New Yorker	Jan. 30th.	Feb. 9th.	Min.
Harpers	Feb. 11th.	Mar. 6th.	Note
McCall's	Feb. 23	Apr. 17th.	
Collins	" "	Mar. 6	Min.
Atl. Monthly	Mar. 7.	April 8th.	Letter.
Reader's Digest	Mar. 11	Mar. 20.	Letter.
Ladies' Home Journal	April 17th.	May 1.	Note.
Red Book	May 2nd.	May 17	Min.
Good Housekeeping	May 18th.	June 24	"
SRL	June 26th.	July 17	Note.
Coronet	July 22nd.	July 29.	Min.
Atlantic	Sept. 13	Sept. 25.	Letter
American Mag.	Dec. 6.	Dec. 26	Min.
Seventeen	May 28th '51.	June 9.	"

(Revised into D.A. story in mid-October 1951)

[The D.A. at Home, for Small Town D.A.]

1st.
Jan. 23, 1950.

ADOLESCENT
BRAYING

LOCKERS

Hi

Dudley --
egg head --
is forgotten.

Our Daughter Lizbeth

This year ^{our} daughter Lizbeth is collecting
athletes. ^{Every} ~~Each~~ afternoon after school -- Lizbeth
is a sophomore in high school -- ^{drags} ~~light~~ ^{little}
regiments of high school athletes ^{in triumph} ~~squie~~ her from
the high school to the local drugstore ^{for the ritual of the "coke"} ~~and finally~~ from the
drugstore to our front porch. ^{There} ~~where~~, for what seems
hours on end, they ~~and little~~ ^{stand} ~~stand~~ ^{stomp} ~~around~~ on
the front porch, filling the ^{late} ~~afternoon~~ ^{air} with ~~noise~~
croaking laughter and ~~the~~ ^{hoarse} adolescent
brays ^{and} hootings ^{and} ~~accompanied~~ by grotesque
~~great~~ extravagant guffaws, accompanied by
shrill squeals of feminine ^{delight} ~~pleasure~~ from ^{our} little
Lizbeth.

Of course the ^{real} ~~current~~ hearthrob is missing
from these afternoon excursions. He is ^{sitting} ~~being~~ ^{on} ~~about~~
some gymnasium or playing field practicing
football or basketball or track or baseball:

~~whatever~~ whichever sport is ^{accendant} ~~accendant~~ at the
moment. His big moment comes at night when
just he and Lizbeth alone ^{he} "walks her home"
from the library or the ^{moves} ~~moves~~ or ^{glee club practice} ~~glee club practice~~
or ^{from just downtown} ~~from just downtown~~...

after
the big game

The afternoon crew are
really ^{nothing} ~~nothing~~ ^{more} ~~more~~ ^{than} ~~than~~ ^{romantic} ~~romantic~~
reactions ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{current} ~~current~~ ^{team} ~~team~~; ^{they} ~~they~~ ^{their} ~~their~~ ^{chance} ~~chance~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{either} ~~either~~ ^{just} ~~just
over or just around the corner. ^{Then} ~~Then~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{only} ~~only~~ ^{then} ~~then~~
will they have a chance ^{to} ~~to~~ walk Lizbeth home alone ^{from} ~~from~~
the big game, the ^{clams} ~~clams~~, etc. etc....~~

just
recently

after

Last year as a freshman little Lizbeth had
to content herself all ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{school} ~~school ^{year} ~~year~~ with ^a ~~a~~ ^{lone} ~~lone~~
football squad, and ^{merely} ~~merely~~ ^a ~~a~~ ^{substitute} ~~substitute~~ ^{guard} ~~guard
at that. This so unseated the delicate emotional
and intellectual balance of our little daughter that
she only contrived to annex ^a ~~a~~ ^{scholarship} ~~scholarship~~ ^{average} ~~average
of slightly under A. This year things are much
better. Little Lizbeth went out for cheerleading last~~~~~~

and they had damn better know it, too.

fall, and she applied herself so wholeheartedly to this enterprise that she and two other girls made the churing squad over a field of some forty other frustrated young females. It was then that our daughter ^{Lizbeth} really came into her own. She ~~now~~ ^{could} ~~could~~ ^{not} follow all the teams in all their wanderings. ⁱⁿ sports: every game played ^{everywhere} in every place. This has not only restored her delicate ^{inherently} balance but has ^{shown} gotten her grades into the popular and democratic zone of ^{the} average.

It now being winter and in the midst of the basketball season, our little Lizbeth has naturally annexed a member of the ^{"Streak" is his name.} squad. ^{Streak} ^{precisely} ~~he~~ is not the star -- it sums the real ^{basketball} star, a loyal young soul called Buddy Pearson, ^{was} ^{a junior called down,} ^{desperately} ^{clear} is still ensnared by some tenacious and designing hussy, who had ^{clung} to him from last season. Our little Lizbeth calls ^{refers to} both the real star and his Doris as "drips." While Streak is not a star he is a ^{"wheel"} ^{regular} on the first team; and ~~a~~ he is "real cute" and not a drip; ~~he is also a wheel~~ and, what's more, he lost ^{front} a tooth in the game with Central High.

~~Streak is also the~~ ^{of all the} also enjoys the distinction of being the tallest ^{of all the} athletes who have ever seen our Lizbeth home. He is six feet five in his stocking feet and ^{is} still growing. ^{almost daily.} ^{I estimate that our} ^{little} Lizbeth ^{now} comes up to about his navel. ~~I am~~ ^{I am} taking ^{an} almost a paternal pride in Streak's development, which is perhaps not unnatural since ~~he seems to~~ ^{Grace and I} ^{involuntarily} seem to be contributing considerably towards his diet -- mostly in ^{the} ^{nature of} ~~between~~ - meat evening raids on our refrigerator.

But Streak has his uses, too. He is handy, for example, for replacing ^{burned out} light bulbs in our front porch light. (I have lately observed

that he is ^{also rather} handy in unscrewing the lighted ^{poor} bulb that we have recently begun leaving on for little Lizbeth.) And then there ^{was} that business of the Christmas tree angel. Each year now, since Lizbeth was a little girl, I have toiled and perspired to ~~erect~~ fit the tree into a stand that was never designed to accomodate it, and ^{to} finally erect ^{this uneasy marriage of tree and stand} at a sort of precarious balance ^{with the aid of various hardware} and ^{And each year I would stand back in triumph} ~~stray~~ ^{and} ~~guy~~ ^{and} ~~wires~~ ^{are} only to discover that I had forgotten to affix ^{our} the Christmas angel to the topmost mast of the tree. ^{In our family it's no angel, no Christmas. And} This year was no exception.

In past years I had ^{had to} ~~to~~ go out ^{cursing softly} and rummage around in the garage for the step ladder, and then ^{then} ~~test~~ ^{with Grace clinging to me,} upon which I teetered and careened for suicidal ages trying to ^{lean} reach out and over ^{the swollen base of the tree.} to impale that damned Christmas angel to the top of the tree. ^{at the time} ~~This Christmas~~ ^{Grace hanging onto me.} ~~One~~ ^{year} Grace inadvertently relapsed her grip ^{on} the seat of my pants and I, tree, ladder, ^{guy wires,} ~~the~~ angel and all crashed to ^{in a fine jultide snarl. Only the angel escaped} living room floor. ^{managed to} That was the only year I ever put ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~our~~ ^{absolute} angel on from floor level. But this year our little Lizbeth and Streak appeared ^{in the initial stage --} while I was out in the garage rummaging for the ^{step} ladder. When I returned with the ladder, ^{angel bent} Grace and Lizbeth and Streak were calmly trimming the tree -- ^{with} ~~and~~ the angel ^{Streak had merely reached up and clapped her on.} ~~was~~ proudly flying from the top. ^{very} I was so overcome that I had ^{the impulse to} to resist ^{dart} ~~opening~~ the ladder and ^{the ladder} ~~reaching~~ ^{up on it} and kissing Streak on both cheeks. Instead I went out to the kitchen and whipped up Streak's nightly ration of ^{roughly} one-half bushel of buttered popcorn.

Space. ↑

It is the way we want it, of course. Better to have
Now that we are clutched in the grip
of winter Lyzbeth and her athletes have moved
into the house. Both the afternoon and evening
contingents ^{office} used to like to come home from the
office after work ^{like a model husband,} and read the ^{evening} paper before dinner.

But now All that is gone, gone, alas, like our dreams, too
soon... Little Lyzbeth and her tackles and centers
and pitchers and hundred-yard-dash men have
taken over. For a while I tried to brave it, as
though nothing had happened, and ^{quietly} thread my way
through the ^{maze of legs and} empty pop bottles to my favorite chair with
my paper.

"Hi, Mr. Traver," ^{the athletes} they would chorus
as I slunk ^{through} into the room.

"Hi," ^{gaily} I would ^{in their own} answer in their own
idiom, gamely determined to respond ^{in kind} to this
affecting show of ^{youthful} camaraderie.

For a brief interval there would be a bleak
silence while I rattled my ^{news} papers. Then ~~they~~ our
little Lyzbeth ^{ever resourceful,} would fill the breach by ^{perhaps} recollecting
something that the English teacher, Miss Dubois,
said or did (or failed to say or do) ^{in class that}
afternoon -- ^{they} ^{always} refer ~~to~~ to this poor ^{woman,} ^{evidently also a} ^{woman} ^{teacher,} ^{and}
large ^{one,} ^{woman,} as "S. S. Dubois" -- and away would go
the entire pack, hawing, chortling, ^{wildly} punching
each other, heartily agreeing that old Dubois was
certainly a dope or a drip or a lame brain or -- but I
can't go on. ^{after that I took to staying at the hotel bar until dinner time.}
^{occasionally, I forgot to come home for dinner...}

It was ^{about them that} Grace ~~that~~ finally suggested that ~~that~~
our old spare room off the kitchen would make a perfect
den for me. And hadn't I always wanted a room
where I could ^{sit and brood and} keep my books and ^{pipes and} guns and fly-rods
all together? So during the holidays we got it all fixed
up ^{rug,} ^{leather-covered} ^{pipe rack,} ^{desk,} ^{studies couch,} ^{gun rack,} ^{everything.} ^{But you have guessed it.} I am
^{happy} pleased to report that our little Lyzbeth and ~~the~~ her

The young people have instead of gallanting around, & coming out...

athletes have found ^{my new den} ~~it~~ the most congenial room in the house. I am seriously thinking of ^{installing} ~~putting in~~ some old lockers ^{and} wooden benches and rubber matting and a medicine cabinet full of assorted linaments. We want our little Lizbeth and her athletes to be ^{perfectly} happy. After all, I still have my old leather chair in the living room.

And, too, except Friday nights, I ~~can~~ can have the den to myself almost any night after midnight. In fact,

^{right this very moment} I am writing this report on the progress of our daughter Elizabeth in my den, ^{But somehow it seems} ~~obscene~~ ^{obscene} ~~and faintly~~ ^{reflectively} ~~obscene~~ -- like playing basketball in a church. I also find myself ^{reflectively} ~~reflectively~~ ^{eying} ~~eying~~ ^{my favorite slippers...}

The other night I was shuffling about the ^{upper floors of our} ~~house~~ ^{new Christmas} ~~house~~ in my ^{old} slippers and bathrobe, waiting for the tumult and the shouting ~~to~~ ^{team} to die. ~~She~~ Little Lizbeth and her ^{team} boys had just beaten their closest rivals in an overtime game. ~~and~~ Apparently she had brought home both teams, including substitutes, cheerleaders, ^{masseurs,} and a generous sprinkling of ^{rival} fans.

I judged that the replay of the game must have been in the final quarter when I ^{east} ~~stomped~~ ^{stomped} down stairs, ^{flung open the door and stood on the landing.}

"Lizbeth!" I shouted at the top of my voice. ^{no response. then} ~~There was a flying wedge of~~

Lizbeth came running to the stairway. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. She looked radiant; like the night I proposed to her mother.

"Look," I said, struggling to keep my temper up. "We ^{can't} ~~couldn't~~ sleep -- ah -- ^{for wondering} who won the game?"

"Oh, daddy, we won -- I'm so thrilled! And guess what?"

"What?" I guessed.

"Buddy Pearson, ^{just} asked ~~to take~~ me to the dance at the Youth Center next Friday night."

Buddy Pearson is the real star on the basketball team. I swayed a little on the landing

these new vistas from my sight.
and brushed ~~the~~ my hand across my eyes.

"Lizbeth," I said, wearily, because I was weary. "What happened to that nice quiet boy you used ^{see occasionally} to go with last year? I think his name was Dudley something or other."

"Oh, Daddy -- that, ^{old} drip! He didn't even make substitute guard this year. He's a perfect ~~egg~~ ~~head~~ ~~isosoles~~ triangle -- he gets all A's."

"Goodnight, ^{dear,} I said, turning and flapping my wing ^{somewhat} as I crept into bed I felt old and somehow overcome. Yet, wasn't there a bright ^{side} somewhere?
my way upstairs. After all, basketball season was nearly ^{its true} over, I reflected, and while there ~~old~~ ^{old} nine men on a baseball team, ^{the weather would be warmer and} I could probably erect a ^{miniature} small diamond ^{I woke and wondered what was} and baseball dugout in the side yard. Finally I fell into a troubled sleep.
Sometime in the middle of ^{the night,} ^{Sometimes I} ~~was~~ ^{thought} going to put on our Christmas tree angel next year?

2nd
1-25-50.

I draft, please
Please number pages.

Our Daughter Lizbeth

~~Our home has become
a field house.~~

This year our daughter Lizbeth is collecting athletes. Every afternoon after school--Lizbeth is a sophomore in ^{Chippewa High --} ~~high school~~--disorderly little regiments of high school athletes squire her in triumph from the ~~high~~ school to the local drugstore for the ^{noisy} ritual of the lemon "coke"; and finally from the drugstore to our front porch. There, for what seems hours on end, they stomp about filling the late afternoon air with ^{their} hoarse adolescent brayings and hootings and extravagant guffaws, accompanied by shrill squeals of ^{sensibly} ~~feminine~~ delight from our little Lizbeth. ^{daily} ~~to conduct~~ ^{Before I took to sneaking from the kitchen} ~~off-tackle smashes~~ ^{door after god day at the office I was obliged} ~~through Lizbeth's athletes to gain access to~~

Of course the real hero, Lizbeth's current hearthrob, is missing from these afternoon excursions. He is solemnly flinging himself about some gymnasium or playing field practicing football or basketball or track or baseball: whichever sport is ascendant at the moment. His big moment comes at night when--just he and Lizbeth alone--he "walks her home" after the big game or a Friday night dance at the Youth Center or, on more drab occasions, merely from the library or the movies or glee club or cheerleading practice -- or from just downtown... The afternoon crew are really nothing more or less than romantic culls and throwouts: they haven't made the current team; ^{moment of triumph} their ~~chance~~ is either just over or just around the corner. They will doggedly have to ^{particular} wait their sport. And they had damn better star in it, too. Then and only then will they have their big chance to walk Lizbeth home alone ^{from} after the big game ^{or} the Friday night dance, etc, etc...

Last year as a freshman little Lizbeth had to content herself all the school year with a lone member of the football squad, and a mere substitute guard at that. ^{It was a lean year.} This so unseated the delicate emotional and intellectual balance of our little daughter ^{circumstance} that she only contrived to annex a yearly scholarship average of slightly under A. This year things are much better. Little Lizbeth went out for cheerleading last fall, and she applied herself so wholeheartedly to this enterprise that she and two other girls made the cheering squad over a field of some forty other frustrated young females. It was then that our daughter

to hearth and home; Lizbeth's hearth would charm and I at age 17 would

Lizbeth really came into her own. She could now follow all the teams in all their wanderings: in every ^{contest} ~~game~~ played everywhere. This has not only

restored her delicate inner balance but has ^{advanced} ~~shown~~ her grades into the popular and democratic zone of C average. ^{called Orville,} ~~She started out~~ ^{launched the season} ~~with a first-string~~ ^{halfback, but dropped him before the smoke had dissipated}

It now being winter and in the midst of the basketball season, our ^{latched on to} ~~annexed~~ a member of the basketball squad.

"Streak" is his name. Streak is not precisely the star--it seems the real star, a loyal young soul called Buddy Pearson, was still ensnared by some tenacious and designing hussy, a junior called Doris, who had desperately clung to him clear from last season. Our little ^{ever a realist,} ~~refers to both~~ Lizbeth the real star and his ^{devoted} ~~as~~ Doris as "drips." While Streak is not a star he is a "wheel" on the first team; he is "real cute" and not a drip; and, what's ^{enjoy the enormous distinction of having} more, he ~~lost~~ a front tooth in the game with Central High.

Streak also enjoys the distinction of being the tallest of all the athletes who have ever seen our Lizbeth home. He is six feet five in his stocking feet and is still growing ^A almost daily. ^{Without benefit of calipers (sp?)} I estimate that our little Lizbeth now comes up to about his navel. ^{I find myself} ~~I am~~ taking an almost paternal pride in Streak's development, which is perhaps not unnatural since Grace and I seem to be involuntarily contributing considerably towards his diet--mostly in the nature of evening raids on our refrigerator.

But Streak has his uses, too. He is handy, for example, for replacing burned out light bulbs in our front porch light. (I have lately observed that he is also rather handly in unscrewing ^{this same beacon} ~~the lighted~~ porch bulb that we have recently begun leaving on for little Lizbeth.) And then there was that business of the Christmas tree angel. Each year now, since Lizbeth was a little girl, I have toiled and perspired to fit the tree into a stand that was never designed to accommodate it, and to finally erect this uneasy marriage of tree and stand ^{into} ~~with~~ a sort of precarious balance--all with the aid of various hawsers

the game commencing the last game of the football season.
...
We will likely

and stray guy wires. And each year I would stand back in triumph only to discover that I had forgotten to affix our Christmas angel to the topmost mast of the tree. ~~In~~ ^{a case of} our family it's no angel, no Christmas. ~~And~~ This year was no exception. ^{And in}

In past years I ~~had~~ ^{used} to go out ^{into the night,} cursing softly, and rummage around in the ^{chilly} garage for the step ladder, upon which I then teetered and careened ^{what seemed} for suicidal ages, with Grace clinging to me, trying to lean out and over the swollen base of the tree to impale that damned Christmas angel to the top of the tree. Two years ago Grace inadvertently relaxed her grip on the seat of my pants and I, tree, ladder, guy wires, angel and all crashed to the living room floor in a fine Yuletide snarl. Only the angel escaped unscathed. ^{Now have I forgotten how Grace laughed.} That was the only year I ever managed to ^{put} our angel ~~in~~ ^{install} from absolute floor level. But this year our little Lizbeth and Streak appeared while I was in the initial stage--out in the garage rummaging for the ^{finally charged into the home} step-ladder. When I ~~returned~~ ^{returned} with the ladder, angel bent, Grace and Lizbeth and Streak were calmly trimming the tree--with the angel proudly flying from the very top. Streak had merely reached up and clapped her on. ^O Prest! I was so overcome that I had to resist the impulse to dart up on the ladder and kiss Streak on both cheeks. Instead I went out to the kitchen and ^{gratefully} whipped up Streak's nightly ration of roughly one-half bushel of buttered popcorn.

Now that we are clutched in the grip of winter Lizbeth and her athletes ^{from the porch} have moved into the house. Both the afternoon and evening contingents. It is the way we want it, of course. Better to have the young people home ^{under the} ~~instead of~~ ^{parental tree rather than} gallivanting around, I always say... Anyway, I used to like to come home from the office after work, like ^{my housebroken} ~~model~~ husband, and read the evening paper before dinner. But now all that is gone, gone, alas, like our dreams, too soon... Little Lizbeth and her tackles ^{forwards} and ^{baseball} centers and pitchers and hundred-yard-dash men have taken over. ^{Our home has become a field house.} For a while I tried to brave it, as though

nothing had happened, and quietly thread my way through the maze of legs and empty pop bottles to my favorite chair with my paper.

"Hi, Mr. Traver," the athletes would chorus as I slunk through the room.

"Hi, boys," I would gaily answer in their own idiom, gamely determined to respond in kind to this affecting show of youthful camaraderie.

For a brief interval there would be a bleak silence ^{except for the noise of} rattling of my newspaper. Then our little Lizbeth, ever resourceful, would fill the breach by perhaps recollecting something that the English teacher, Miss Dubois, ^{had} said or ^{done} ~~did~~ (or failed to say or do) in class that afternoon--they always refer to ~~her~~ this poor woman, evidently also a large one, as "S. S. Dubois"--and away would go the entire pack, hawing, chortling, wildly punching each other, heartily agreeing that old Dubois was certainly a dope or a drip or a lame brain or--but I can't go on...

After that I took to ^{even there} staying at the hotel bar until dinner time. ^{investigating} ~~into~~ The only athletes I saw ^{even} strained solely on dry martinis. Occasionally I forgot to come home for dinner... It was about then that

Grace finally suggested that our old spare room off the kitchen would make a perfect den for me. And hadn't I always wanted a room where I could sit and brood and keep my books and pipes and guns and fly-rods all together? So during the holidays we got it all fixed up: rug, ^{nice colorful} drapes, leather-covered desk, studio couch, pipe rack, gun rack, everything... But you have guessed it. I am happy to report that our little Lizbeth and her athletes have found my new den the most congenial room in the house. I am seriously thinking of throwing out the desk and studio couch and installing some old lockers and wooden benches and rubber matting and perhaps a medicine cabinet full

of assorted linaments. ^{Also an old clothesline from which to dangle woolen socks and elastic overalls?} We want our little Lizbeth and her athletes to ~~be~~

perfectly ^{at home.} ~~happy~~ After all, I still have my old leather chair in the living room. And, too, except Friday nights, I can have the den to myself almost any night after midnight. In fact, right this very moment ~~xi~~ I am writing

feel

elastic overalls?

this report on the progress of our daughter Elizabeth in my den. But somehow it seems irreverent ^{of me} and faintly obscene--^{something, say,} like playing basketball in church. I also find myself reflectively eyeing my favorite shotgun...

The other night I was shuffling about the upper floors of our house in my new Christmas slippers and old bathrobe, waiting for the tumult and the shouting to die. Little Lizbeth and her team ^{mates} had just beaten their closest rivals in an overtime game. Apparently she had brought home both teams, including substitutes, cheerleaders, masseurs, and a generous sprinkling of rival fans. I judged ^{from the din} that the replay of the game must have been in ^{its closing moments} the final quarter when I cast caution to the winds and stomped downstairs and stood on the landing.

"Lizbeth!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

Lizbeth came running to the stairway. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. She looked radiant; like ^{her mother did} the night I proposed to her, ~~mother.~~

"Look," I said, struggling to keep my temper up. "We can't sleep--ah--for wondering who won the game? ^{What -- who won?}"

"Oh, daddy, we won--I'm so thrilled! And guess what?"

"What?" I guessed.

"Buddy Pearson just asked me to the dance at the Youth Center next Friday night."

Buddy Pearson is the real star on the basketball team. I swayed a little on the landing ^{while I contemplated} and brushed these new vistas ~~from my sight.~~

"Lizbeth," I said wearily, because I was weary, ^{What} happened to that nice quiet boy you used to see occasionally last year? I think his name was ~~Dudley something or other~~ Dudley something or other."

"Oh, Daddy--that old drip! He didn't even make substitute guard this year. He's a perfect isosceles triangle--he gets all A's."

"Goodnight, dear, I said, turning and flapping my way upstairs. As I crept into bed I felt old and somehow overcome. Yet, wasn't there a bright

^{spot}
side somewhere? After all, basketball season was nearly over, I reflected,
^
and while it's true there ~~are~~ ^{are} nine men on a baseball team, the weather would
be warmer and I could probably erect a miniature diamond and baseball
dugout in the side yard. Finally I fell into a troubled sleep. ^{then} Sometime
in the middle of the night I suddenly woke ^{and sat up in bed} and wondered who was going to
^
put on our Christmas tree angel next year?

2nd
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Our Daughter Lizbeth

This year our daughter Lizbeth is collecting athletes. Every afternoon after school--Lizbeth is a sophomore in Chippewa High--~~disorderly~~ little regiments of high school athletes squire her from the school to the local drugstore for the noisy ritual of the lemon "coke"; and ~~finally~~ ^{thence} from the drugstore to our front porch. There, for what seems hours on end, they stomp about filling the late afternoon air with their hoarse ~~adolescent~~ ^{adolescent} brayings and hootings and extravagant guffaws, accompanied by shrill squeals of delight

from our little Lizbeth. ~~Before I took to sensibly sneaking in through the~~

~~For a while,~~ ^{straight} ~~to gain access to hearth and home~~ ^{sturdy young band of} ~~after a day at the office, I was obliged to conduct daily off-~~

tackle smashes through Lizbeth's athletes ~~to gain access to hearth and home.~~ ^{After that I}

~~sensibly sneaked in through the~~

"Hi, Mister Trayer," Lizbeth's heroes would chorus as I would stagger ^{battered my}

~~Sometimes I thought they cheered my father~~ ⁱⁿ ~~through the line. After a few weeks of this I sensibly sneaked through~~

^{way} ~~the kitchen.~~ Of course the real hero, Lizbeth's current hearthrob, is missing from

these afternoon excursions. He is solemnly flinging himself about some gymnasium or playing field practicing football or basketball or track or baseball: whichever sport is ascendant at the moment. His big moment comes at night when--just he and Lizbeth alone--he "walks her home" after the big game or a Friday night dance at the Youth Center or, on more drab occasions, merely from the library or the movies or glee club or cheerleading practice-- or from just downtown... The afternoon crew are really nothing more or less

than romantic culls and throwouts: they haven't made ^{they are in temporary eclipse;} the current team; [^] their

moment of triumph is either just over or just around the corner. They will doggedly have to await their particular sport. And they had damn better star in it, too.

Then and only then will they have their big chance to walk ^{our} Lizbeth home ~~alone~~ from the big game or the Friday night dance, etc. etc...

Last year as a freshman little Lizbeth had to content herself all the school year with a lone member of the football squad, and a mere substitute guard at that. It was a lean year. This circumstance so unseated the delicate emotional and intellectual balance of our little daughter that she ~~only~~ contrived

to annex a yearly scholarship average of ^{Lizbeth} ~~but~~ slightly under A. This year things are much better. ^{During the summer, she evidently appraised the situation carefully. She} ~~Little Lizbeth~~ went out for cheerleading last fall, and she

^{leapt and gyrated and shouted and generally} applied herself so wholeheartedly to this enterprise that she and two other girls made the ^{coveted} cheering squad over a field of some forty other frustrated young females. It was then that our daughter Lizbeth really came into her own.

She could now follow all the teams in all their wanderings: in every contest played everywhere. This ~~has~~ ^{seemed to} not only restore her delicate inner balance but

^{catapulted} has advanced her grades into the popular and democratic zone of C average. ^{And she was rolling in athletics...} She ^{modestly}

launched the season with ^{by annexing} a first-string halfback called Orville, ^{cooly} but dropped him

^B But Orville had ^{the bad taste to snap a clavicle in} mid-season. Before the smoke had dissipated from the gun announcing the last game of the football season ^{Orville had become a drip. She} ^{our Lizbeth} ^{cooly} dropped him.

It now being winter and in the midst of the basketball season, our little Lizbeth has naturally latched on to a member of the basketball squad. "Streak" is his name. Streak is not precisely the star--it seems the real star, a loyal young soul called Buddy Pearson, was still ensnared by some tenacious and designing hussy, a junior called Doris, who had desperately clung to him clear from last season. Our little Lizbeth, ever a realist, consequently called both the real star and his devoted Doris "drips." It seems that a drip is two degrees lower than a dope... While Streak is not a star he is a "wheel" on the first team; he is "real cute" and not a drip; and, what's more, he enjoys the enormous distinction of having lost a front tooth in the ^{first opening} game with ^{Fulton} Central High.

Streak also enjoys the distinction of being the tallest of all the ~~hoards of~~ athletes who have ever seen our Lizbeth home. He is six feet five in his stocking feet and is still growing. Almost daily. Without benefit of calipers I estimate that our little Lizbeth now comes up to about his navel. I find myself ^{morbidly} curious to ^{observe} watch them dancing... We are lately taking ^{a sort of} an almost paternal pride in Streak's development, which is perhaps not unnatural, since Grace and I seem to be involuntarily contributing considerably towards his diet--mostly in the nature of ^{quack nocturnal plunges into} evening raids on our refrigerator.

But Streak has his uses, too. He is handy, for example, for replacing burned out light bulbs in our front porch light. (I have lately observed that he ^{has grown} is also rather handy in unscrewing this same beacon ^{when we leave it on for little Lizbeth}) that we have ~~recently begun leaving on for little Lizbeth.~~ And then there ^{is} was that ^{ghastly} business of the Christmas tree angel. Each year now, since Lizbeth was a little girl, I have toiled and perspired to fit the Christmas tree into a stand that was never designed to accommodate it, and to finally erect this uneasy marriage of tree and stand into a sort of ^{swaying and} precarious balance--all with the aid of various hawsers and stray guy wires. And each year I would stand back in ^{moist} triumph only to discover that I had forgotten to affix our Christmas angel to the topmost mast of the tree. This year was no exception. And in our family it's a case of no angel, no Christmas.

In past years I used to go out into the night, cursing softly, and rummage around in the chilly garage for the step ladder, upon which I then teetered and careened for what seemed suicidal ages, with Grace clinging to me, trying to lean out and over the swollen base of the tree to impale that damned Christmas angel to the top of the tree. Two years ago Grace inadvertently relaxed her grip on the seat of my pants and I, tree, ladder, guy wires, angel and all crashed to the living room floor in a fine Yuletide snarl. Only the angel escaped unscathed.

Nor have I forgotten how Grace laughed. That was the only year I ever managed to install our angel from absolute floor level. ^{She was well installed...} But this year our little Lizbeth and Streak appeared while I was in the initial stage--out in the garage rummaging for the step-ladder. When I finally charged into the house with the ladder, angel bent, Grace and Lizbeth and Streak were calmly trimming the tree--with the angel proudly flying from the very top. Streak had merely reached up and clapped her on. Presto! I was so overcome that I had to resist the impulse to dart up on the ladder and kiss Streak on both cheeks. Instead I went out to the kitchen and gratefully whipped up Streak's nightly ration of roughly one-half bushel of buttered popcorn.

Now that we are clutched in the grip of winter Lizbeth and her athletes have moved from the porch into the house. Both the afternoon and evening contingents. It is the way we want it, of course. ^{Far} better to have the young people home under the parental tree ^{rather} ~~rather~~ than gallivanting around ^I ~~always~~ ~~there~~ Anyway, I used to like to come home from the office after work, like any housebroken husband, and read the evening paper before dinner. But now all that is gone--gone, alas, like our dreams, too soon... Little Lizbeth and her tackles and forwards and baseball pitchers and hundred-yard-dash men have taken over. Our home has become a field house. ^{modestly demonstrated my prowess as a broken field runner as I picked my} For a while I tried to brave it, as though nothing had happened, and ^{clawed my adagio} quietly thread my way through the maze of legs and empty ^{coke} ~~pop~~ bottles to my favorite chair. ^{reach} I would be one of the boys if I ^{broke} ~~with my paper~~ ^{leg.}

"Hi, ~~Mr. Traver~~ the athletes would chorus as I ^{did my adagio} ~~slunk~~ ^{living} through the room.

"Hi, boys," I would gaily answer in their own idiom, gamely determined to respond ~~in~~ in kind to this affecting show of youthful camaraderie.

For a brief interval there would be a bleak silence except for the ~~noisy~~ rattling of my newspaper. Then our little Lizbeth, ever resourceful, would fill the breach by perhaps recollecting something that the English teacher, Miss Buboiss,

had said or ~~had~~ done (or failed to say or do) in class that afternoon--they always refer to this poor woman, evidently also a large one, as "S. S. Dubois"--and away would go the entire pack, hawing, chortling, wildly ^{pounding} punching each other, heartily agreeing that old Dubois was certainly a dope or a drip or a lame brain or--but I can't go on...

After that I took to ^{relaxing} staying at the hotel bar until dinner time. The only ~~at~~ ^{became so solely} athletes I ever saw there ^{exclusively} trained solely on dry Martinis. ^{Occasionally I became so} I even forgot to come home for dinner... ^{Quite frequently, in fact.} It was about then that Grace ~~finally~~ ⁱⁿ suggested that our old spare room off the kitchen would make a perfect den for me. And hadn't I always wanted a ^{quiet} room where I could sit and brood and keep my books and pipes and guns and fly-rods all together? So during the holidays we got it all fixed up: ^{soft}

^{carpeting,} rug, nice colorful drapes, leather-covered desk, studio couch, pipe rack, gun rack, everything... But you have guessed it. ^{happy, may enchanted,} I am ^{happy} to report that our little Lizbeth and her athletes have found my new den the most congenial room in the house. ^{It is beginning to look (and smell) like a small gymnasium.} I am seriously thinking of throwing out the desk and studio couch and ^{a couple of} installing ~~some~~ old lockers and wooden benches and rubber matting and perhaps a medicine cabinet full of assorted linaments. Also ^a an old clothesline from which

to dangle woolen socks and ^{various} elastic accessories. We want our little Lizbeth and her athletes to feel perfectly at home. After all, I still have my ^{comfy} old leather chair in the living room. And, too, except Friday nights, I can have the den to myself almost any night after midnight. In fact, right this very moment ^{stealthily} I am writing this report on ^{progress} the progress of our daughter Lizbeth in ^{her} my den. But somehow ~~it~~ ^{this case} seems irreverent of me and faintly obscene--something, say, like ^{for some} playing ^{occasionally} basketball in church. I also find myself reflectively eyeing my favorite shotgun...

The other night ^{red-eyed and sleepless,} I was shuffling about the upper floors of our house in my new Christmas slippers and old bathrobe, waiting for the tumult and the shouting to die.

Who knows when she will burst in with a flying wedge of ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{athletes} ~~athletes~~ and catch me at it?

became so successful in the end that I related that!

In fact

Little Lizbeth and her teammates had just beaten their closet rivals in an ~~overtime~~ ^{plain} overtime game. Apparently she had brought home both teams, including substitutes, and ~~and~~ ^{and some bystanders.} ~~and~~ ^{not to mention} cheerleaders, ~~and~~ ^{and} masseurs, ~~and~~ ^{and} a generous sprinkling of rival fans, ~~and~~ ^{and} I judged from ~~the~~ ^{even} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~rise~~ ^{rising} that the replay of the game must have been in its closing moments when I cast caution to the winds and stomped downstairs and stood on the landing.

"Lizbeth!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

Lizbeth came running to the stairway. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. She looked radiant; like her mother did the night I proposed to her.

"Look," I said, struggling to keep my temper up. "We can't sleep--ah--for wondering who won the game. ~~What~~ ^{What}--who won?"

"Oh, daddy, we won--I'm so thrilled! And guess what?"

"What?" I guessed.

"Buddy Pearson just asked me to the dance at the Youth Center next Friday."

~~night.~~

Buddy Pearson is the real star on the basketball team. I swayed a little on the landing while I ~~glanced myself to~~ ^{contemplated} these new vistas. *--- the one that was a drip but yesterday.*

"Lizbeth," I said wearily, because I was weary, "what happened to that nice quiet boy you used to see occasionally last year? I think his name was Dudley something-or-other. *You used to do your algebra together.*"

"Oh, Daddy--that old drip! He didn't even make substitute guard this year. He's a perfect isocoeles triangle--he gets all A's. *She turned to leave.* *"But I must hurry back. Gee, am I thrilled!"* *"Don't be too late."*

"Goodnight, dear," I said, turning and flapping my way upstairs. As I crept into bed I felt ~~old and somehow overcome.~~ ^{like an old paper being sent to the showers.} ~~But~~ wasn't there a bright spot somewhere? After all, basketball season was nearly over, I reflected, and while it's true there

are nine men on a baseball team, the weather would be warmer and I could probably

erect a ^{decoy baseball} ~~miniature~~ diamond and ~~baseball~~ dugout in the side yard. ^{Then, despite the din below,} ~~Finally I fell~~

^{I finally fell} into a troubled sleep. ~~Then~~ ^S Sometime in the middle of the night I suddenly woke

and sat up in bed and ^{irrelevantly enough,} wondered who was going to put on our Christmas tree angel

next year.

1 draft

Insert B

One night I tarried at the hotel bar not wisely but rather too long. There was no use going home -- it was a game night and the house would be rocking with juveniles for all hours. Came midnight, then one o'clock, then two. By then, juveniles or no juveniles, ^{from} seemed an unutterably dreary place to go. Suddenly I became gripped with the happy idea of phoning Grace. ^{I believe the} ^{in some quarters} ^{the} symptom is known as telephonitis; ^{in some quarters, I believe.} The idea became an obsession; the obsession found me in a phone booth fumbling for a nickel.

"664 darling," I told the operator. She rang and rang and rang, and I ^{merrily} ^{goaded} ^{natured} ^{lass} smiled and smiled and smiled over the sheer ^{inspiration} of it, all. It was grand to be ^{merrily} ^{to a girl that approaches one every} ^{mind.} "Hello, Grace" finally answered in a sleepy voice. ^{like a TV mobster.}

"Look, Hon," I said, splashing out of the side of my mouth. "Dis is Steve, Hon." "Pause." "I jes' got out of stir, Hon. ^{Don't hang up, Hon, cause} ^{But} ^{honest,} ^{Hon,} ^{dis} ^{Hon.} ^{in a new pasture,} ^{turnin' over a new leaf,} ^{Hon.} ^{Yes} ^{thought I'd} ^{call an'} ^{say} ^{goodbye to} ^{you} ^{before} ^I ^{blow,} ^{Hon.} ^{We} ^{had} ^{some} ^{real} ^{swell} ^{times,} ^{Hon?} ^{You} ^{was} ^a ^{good} ^{mess} ^{to} ^{Steve,} ^{Hon.} ^{Long} ^{pause,} ^{then} ⁱⁿ ^a ^{cracked} ^{voice.} "Wonderin' if da kiddies was sleepin, Hon, maybe I could drop in quiet - like ^{Hon,} ^{an'} ^{see} ^{dem} ^{before} ^I ^{blow,} ^{Hon.} ^{Hates} ^{to} ^{have} ^{da} ^{innocent} ^{poor} ^{little} ^{kiddies} ^{see} ^{dere} ^{daddy} ^{jes'} ^{outa} ^{stir,} ^{Hon.} ^{Pause.} "Wonderin' bin I slip over an' say solong to you an' da kiddies, Hon. Kin I, Hon?"

There a monster got da wrong number, Steve. I reflected - but somehow, my talker

There was a deadly pause. Then: "Come home here and get to bed, you damn fool!" a harsh female voice grated over the phone. Then "click" - and my ^{obsession} ^{didn't} ^{seem} ^{nearly} ^{so} ^{brilliant.}

After that interlude Grace wisely (picks up story on p. 5)

Int
10/8/51

~~1 draft~~

here ~~consequence~~

The D.A. at Home

Despite a considerable and ~~highly vocal~~ ^{public} opinion to the contrary, D.A.'s are after all human. Some ^{of the milder specimens have} ~~have~~ been known to ~~take a woman into~~ ^{decide women} marriage and procreate children. In fact, this one ^{did} ~~did~~. ^{Protagonist} D.A.'s can't always be in court wearing papers, haranguing juries or ^{alibi} ~~collaborating~~ ^{Hollywood to the contrary notwithstanding,} ~~persecuting~~ ^{filming} witnesses, nor yet always ~~be~~ ^{chasing} ~~chase~~ across their bailiwicks in skidding squad cars. They must occasionally go home, if only for a bath and a clean shirt. So I suppose that no narrative about a D.A. or ex-D.A. (I keep forgetting) would be either ~~so~~ complete or authentic without telling something about the home-life of the subject.

Picture, then, a beshippered fellow at home at eventide: the shades are drawn, the Franklin stove aglow, favorite pipe ^{clamped} firmly in his remaining teeth (^{the only way to keep a lawyer D.A. so quiet}), a good book close at hand (^{perhaps} ~~by~~ ^{Traver}), a load of Toscanini on the record player, a glass of warm milk at his elbow -- with rum in it. ^{the picture:} Have you got it? Then promptly dismiss it from your mind. For you are picturing one ex-D.A.'s fondest pipe dream. "I lost and by the way grieved." ^{young} ^{Diogenes} ^{Lighter, Yuki and Grace.} three ^{young} ^{daughters} in our house: Perhaps the Curwin case of ^{our daughter} ^{Lighter} ^{Yuki and Grace} ^{Being the oldest} ^{Lighter} ^{is our} ^{oldest} and is therefore presumably entitled to ~~any~~ ^{seniority} rights in any vignette of the home beautiful.

Along all
and Oh yes -- and the phone cut off. Don't forget the phone.

9 One night I tarried at the hotel bar not wisely but rather too long. There was no use going home--it was a game night and the house would be rocking with juveniles/ until all hours. Came midnight, then one o'clock, then two. By then, juveniles or no juveniles, home seemed an unutterably dreary place to go;

a last resort when all the other resorts were closed
"Gimme the same, Horace." Suddenly I became gripped by the happy idea of phoning Grace. I believe ^{that} the symptom is known in some quarters as "telephonitis." The idea became an obsession; the obsession found me in a phone booth fumbling for a nickel.

"Thanks, Gregory Peck," she said, and
"664, darling," I told the operator. ~~She~~ ^{she} merrily rang and rang and rang, while *and I merrily smiled and smiled and smiled over the sheer inspiration of it* all. *Wasn't it* It was grand to be married to a good-natured lass that appreciated one's *fugitive?* every mood.

"Hello," Grace finally answered in a sleepy voice.

"Look, Hon," I said, speaking out of the side of my mouth like a TV mobster. "Dis is Steve, Hon." Pause. *They sprung me before I had time to write, Hon.* "I jes' got out of stir, Hon. Don't hang up, Hon, cause honest, Hon, I'm goin' straight dis time, Hon." Pause. "Figurin' on takin' off tonight for Denver, Hon. Turnin' over a new leaf ^{see, Hon.} in a new pasture, Hon. *Gotta get away from da ol' crowd, Hon. Out dere,* Jes' thought I'd call an' say goodbye before I blow, Hon. *But we* We sure had some real swell times ~~together~~ *Sure sorry it has to end dis way, Hon.* didn't we, Hon? You sure was a real swell moll to Steve, Hon." Long pause, then in a cracked voice. "Wonderin' ^{was} if da kiddies ~~was~~ *was* sleepin' yet, Hon, ^{if dey are} maybe ~~could~~ *could* drop in quiet-like, Hon, an' see dem before I blow, Hon? Hates to have da poor little ^{angels} kiddies see dere daddy jes' outa stir, Hon." Pause. "Wonderin' ^{Ol' Steve} kin I slip over an' say solong to you an' da ~~kiddies~~ *let go quiet, Hon.* Hon. Kin I, Hon?"

pie-eyed imbecile!
There was a deadly pause. Then: "You come home here and get right to bed, you ^{on} *dam fool!"* a harsh female voice grated over the phone. *"Oh Steve you!"* Then a loud click. Then silence. *I held the dead receiver, pondering, stoically,* "Musta got da wrong number, Steve," I reflected--but somehow after that my idea didn't seem nearly so brilliant.

After that interlude Grace wisely *(now back to: "suggested that our old, etc. on p. 5)*

The D. A. at Home

Despite a considerable opinion to the contrary, D. A.'s are after all human. Indeed, some specimens have been known to ^{successfully} lure women into marriage and, in extreme cases, even to ^{beget} ~~procreate~~ children. In fact this one did.

Hollywood to the contrary notwithstanding, D. A.'s can't always be ^{pretending around} in court waving papers aloft, ^{or} harranging juries ^{or felons} or castigating witnesses, nor yet ^{forever} ~~always out pursuing~~ felons across their bailiwicks in skidding squad cars.

They must occasionally go home, if only for a bath and a clean shirt. So I suppose that no narrative about a D. A., ^{rather an} or ex-D. A. (I keep forgetting), would ^{be} ~~be either complete or~~ ^{strictly} authentic without telling something about the home life of the subject.

Picture, then, a beslippered fellow at home at eventide: The shades drawn, the Franklin stove ^{with pine knots, the} aglow, favorite pipe ^{precariously} clamped ^{firmly} in his remaining teeth (the only way I know to keep a lawyer quiet), a good book close at hand (preferably by Traver), a load of Toscanini on the record player, a glass of warm milk at his elbow--with rum in it. Oh yes--and the phone cut off. Above all don't forget ^{to cut off} the phone.

Have you got ^{it?} ~~the picture?~~ Then promptly dismiss it from your mind. For you are picturing one ex-D. A.'s fondest pipe dream. "O lost and by the wind grieved." You see, we have three young ^{female} dynamos in our house: Lizbeth, Julie and Gracie. Perhaps the curious case of our daughter Lizbeth can best help ^{visualize} you to ~~picture~~ ^{at this ex-D.A.'s home. Good being} the true state of affairs. ^{Being} the oldest Lizbeth is presumably entitled to seniority rights in any vignette of the home beautiful.

Begin "Three cheers" and
take to Insert A p. 5

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

copy *Latest copy*

THREE CHEERS FOR DADDY

by

Robert Traver

This year our daughter Lizbeth is collecting athletes. Every afternoon after school--Lizbeth is a sophomore in Chippewa High--little regiments of high school athletes squire her from the school to the local drugstore for the noisy ritual of the lemon "coke"; and thence from the drugstore to our front porch. There, for what seems hours on end, they stomp about filling the late afternoon air with their hoarse brayings and adolescent hootings and extravagant guffaws, accompanied by shrill squeals of delight from our little Lizbeth. There was a time last autumn when, to gain access to hearth and home after a day at the office, I was obliged to conduct daily off-tackle smashes straight through Lizbeth's sturdy band of athletes.

"Hi, Mister Traver," Lizbeth's heroes would approvingly shout as I battered my way through the line. After a few weeks of this I sensibly limped in through the kitchen door.

Of course the real hero, Lizbeth's current hearthrob, is missing from these afternoon excursions. He is solemnly flinging himself about some gymnasium or playing field practicing football or basketball or track or baseball: whichever sport is ascendant at the moment. His big moment comes at night when--just he and Lizbeth alone--he "walks her home" after the big game or a Friday night dance at the Youth Center or, on more drab occasions, merely from the library or the movies or glee club or cheerleading practice--or from just downtown... The afternoon crew are really nothing more or less than romantic culls and throwouts: they haven't made the current team; they sulk in temporary eclipse; their moment of triumph is either just over or just around the corner. They will doggedly have to await the arrival of their particular sport. And they had damn well better star in it, too. Then and only then will they have their big chance to walk our Lizbeth home from the big game, or from the Friday night dance, etc., etc...

Last year as a freshman little Lizbeth had to content herself the entire school year with a lone member of the football squad, and a mere substitute

guard at that. It was a lean year. This bleak circumstance so unseated the delicate emotional and intellectual balance of our little daughter that she contrived to annex a yearly scholarship average of but slightly under A. This year things are much better. During the summer Lizbeth evidently appraised the situation with care. She "went out" for cheerleading last fall. She leapt and gyrated and shouted and generally applied herself so wholeheartedly to this enterprise that she and two other girls made the coveted cheering squad over a field of some forty other frustrated young females. It was then that our daughter Lizbeth really came into her own. She could now follow all the teams in all their wanderings: in every contest played everywhere. This not only served to restore her delicate inner balance but catapulted her grades into the popular and democratic zone of C average. And now she is just rolling in athletes... She modestly launched the fall season by annexing a first-string halfback called Orville. But Orville had the bad taste to snap a clavicle in mid-season. Before the smoke had dissipated from the gun announcing the last game of the football season our Lizbeth coolly dropped her Orville, snapped clavicle and all.

It now being winter and in the midst of the basketball season, our little Lizbeth has naturally latched on to a member of the basketball squad. "Streak" is his name. Streak is not precisely the star--it seems the real star, a loyal young soul called Buddy Pearson, was unavailable. Buddy still found himself ensnared by a tenacious and designing hussy called Doris who had clung desperately to him clear from last season. Our little Lizbeth, ever a realist, consequently labelled both the real star and his devoted Doris "drips." It seems that on this year's market a drip is two degrees lower than a dope... While Streak is not an authentic star he is a "wheel" on the first team; he is "real cute" and not a drip; and, what's more, he enjoys the enormous distinction of having lost a front tooth in the opening game with Fulton High. He also seems to be having a little trouble with the replacement.

"Ith Lithbith thome?" he engagingly greets me over the 'phone.

Streak also enjoys the distinction of being the tallest of all the athletes who have ever seen our Lizbeth home. He is six feet five in his stocking feet and is still growing. Almost daily. Without benefit of calipers

I estimate that our little Lizbeth now comes up to about his navel. Morbid is my curiosity to watch them dancing... I am lately taking a sort of paternal pride in Streak's development, which is perhaps not unnatural, since Grace and I seem to be contributing considerably towards his diet--mostly by way of his quick nocturnal lunges into our refrigerator.

But Streak has his uses, too. He is handy, for example, for replacing burned out light bulbs in our front porch light. (I have lately observed that he has also grown rather handy in unscrewing this same beacon when we leave it on at night for little Lizbeth.) And then there is that ghastly business of the Christmas tree angel. Each year, since Lizbeth was a little girl, I toil and perspire to fit our Christmas tree into a stand that was never designed to accommodate it, and to finally erect this uneasy marriage of tree and stand into a sort of precarious balance--all with the aid of various supplemental hawsers and guy wires. And each year I stand back in moist triumph only to discover that I have again forgotten to affix our Christmas angel to the top of the tree. This year was no exception. And the Christmas angel must fly in our house: in our family it's a sheer case of no angel, no Christmas. This is an edict straight from Lizbeth.

In past years when I duly forgot to install the angel I used to go out into the night, cursing softly, and rummage around in the chilly garage for the tall stepladder, upon which I then teetered and careened for what seemed suicidal ages, with Grace clinging to me, trying to lean out and over the swollen base of the tree to impale Lizbeth's damned Christmas angel to the top of the tree. Two years ago Grace inadvertently relaxed her grip on the seat of my pants and I, tree, ladder, guy wires, angel and all crashed to the living room floor in a splendid Yuletide snarl. Only the angel escaped unscathed. It was a miracle... Nor have I forgotten how Grace laughed. That was the only year I ever managed to affix angel to tree from absolute floor level: that time she was well installed... But this year our little Lizbeth and Streak appeared while I was in the initial stages--still out in the garage rummaging for the tall stepladder. When I finally charged into the house with the ladder, angel bent, Grace and Lizbeth and Streak were calmly trimming the

tree--with the angel proudly flying from the topmost mast. Streak had merely reached up and clapped her on. Presto! I was so overcome that I had to fight a Gallic impulse to dart up on the ladder and kiss Streak on both cheeks. Instead I went out to the kitchen and gratefully whipped up Streak's nightly ration of roughly one-half bushel of buttered popcorn.

With the coming of chill winter Lizbeth and her athletes promptly moved from the porch into the house. Both the afternoon and evening contingents. It is of course the way we wanted it. Far better to have the young people home guzzling cokes under the parental tree rather than out gallivantin' around... Anyway, in Lizbeth's pre-cheerleading days I used to like to come home from the office after work, like any housebroken husband, and relax in my leather chair with a drink and stare at the evening paper until dinner. But now all that fine old gracious living is gone--gone, alas, like our dreams, too soon... Little Lizbeth and her tackles and forwards and baseball pitchers and hundred-yard dash men have moved in and taken over. Our home has become a field house. And I am reduced to the status of a doddering old grad occasionally suffered back for Homecoming. For a while I tried to brave it as though nothing had happened. Daily I modestly demonstrated my prowess as a broken field runner as I picked my way through the maze of sprawling legs and coke bottles to reach my favorite chair by the fireplace. I would be one of the boys if I broke a leg.

"Hi," the athletes would chorus as I did my evening minuet through the living room.

"Hi, boys," I would gaily answer in their own idiom, gamely determined to respond in kind to this affecting show of youthful camaraderie.

For a brief interval there would be a morose silence save for the nervous rattling of my newspaper. Lizbeth's athletes fell suddenly ruminant, stricken dumb before the spectacle of genius grown so eccentric, so perverse, that it would consult anything in a newspaper outside of the sport page or Dick Tracy. Then our little Lizbeth, ever resourceful, would fill the breach by perhaps recollecting something that the English teacher, Miss Dubois, had said or done (or failed to say or do) in class that afternoon--they always refer to this

poor woman, evidently also a large one, as "U. S. S. Dubois"--and away would go the entire pack into squalls of merriment: hawing, chortling, wildly pounding each other, hilariously agreeing that good old Dubois was indubitably a dope or a drip or a lame brain...

After that I took to relaxing at the hotel bar until dinner time. I felt reasonably safe to come home then because Grace and I had not yet formally established a regular training table. The hotel bar was my refuge. The lone athlete I ever beheld there flowered forth only under the treacherous therapy of seven Martinis... Anyway, I relaxed so successfully that occasionally I forgot to come home for dinner. Quite frequently, in fact. For a time I even debated shacking up with the Rotarians... ^{Insert A} ~~It was about then that~~ Grace suggested that our old spare room off the kitchen would make a perfect den for me. Hadn't I always wanted a quiet room where I could sit and brood and keep my books and pipes and guns and flyrods all together? So during the holidays we got it all fixed up: soft carpeting, nice colorful drapes, leather-covered desk, studio couch, pipe rack, gun rack, everything...

But you have guessed it. I am happy, nay enchanted, to report that our little Lizbeth and her athletes have found my new den the most congenial room in the house. It is even beginning to look (and smell) like a small gymnasium. In fact I am seriously thinking of throwing out the desk and studio couch and installing a couple of ^{battered} old lockers and wooden benches and some rubber matting; and perhaps even a medicine cabinet full of assorted linaments. Also a clothes-line from which to dangle woolen socks and various elastic accessories. And do modern gymnasiums still harbor those varnished rows of Indian clubs? We want our little Lizbeth and her athletes to feel perfectly at home. After all, I still have my comfy old leather chair in the living room. And, too, except on Friday nights, I can have the den to myself almost any night after midnight. In fact, right this very moment I am stealthily writing this progress report on our daughter Lizbeth in her den. But somehow this use of her favorite room seems irreverent of me and faintly obscene--something, say, like playing poker in church. And who knows when she and a flying wedge of her muscular swains might burst in upon me and catch me at it? For some strange reason I also find myself reflectively eyeing my favorite shotgun...

The crisis came the other night. Red-eyed and sleepless, I was shuffling about the upper reaches of our house in my new Christmas slippers and old bathrobe, tossing off bumpers of aspirin and waiting for the tumult and the shouting to die. Little Lizbeth and her teammates had just beaten their closest rivals in an overtime game. Apparently she had brought home both teams, including substitutes, and even the cheerleaders and masseurs, not to mention a generous sprinkling of rival fans and plain bystanders. All seemed to come equipped with megaphones. I judged from the rising din that the replay of the game must have been in its closing moments. This had gone too far. Squaring my jaw I cast caution to the winds and stomped downstairs and stood on the landing.

"Lizbeth!" I shouted at the top of my voice. There was no lull. I longed for a referee's whistle. "Lizbeth!" I bellowed.

Lizbeth came running to the stairway, still clad in her striped pants and sloppy cheerleading sweater. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. She looked radiant; like her mother did the night I proposed to her.

"Look, Chum," I said, struggling to keep my temper up. "We can't sleep--ah--for wondering who won the game. Er--what--who won?"

"Oh, Daddy, we won--I'm so thrilled! And guess what?"

"What?" I guessed.

"Buddy Pearson just asked me to the dance at the Youth Center next Friday."

Buddy Pearson is the real star on the basketball team--the one that was a drip it seemed but yesterday. I swayed a little on the landing while I contemplated these new vistas.

"Lizbeth," I said wearily, because I was weary, "what happened to that nice quiet boy you used to see occasionally last year? I think his name was Dudley something-or-other. You used to do your algebra together."

Scornfully: "Oh, Daddy--that old drip! He didn't even make substitute guard this year. He's a perfect isocoles triangle--and he gets all A's." She turned to leave. "But I must hurry back. The whole team's in there. Gee, am I thrilled."

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Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

THREE CHEERS FOR DADDY

by

Robert Traver

This year our daughter Lizbeth is collecting athletes. Every afternoon after school--Lizbeth is a sophomore in Chippewa High--little regiments of high school athletes squire her from the school to the local drugstore for the noisy ritual of the lemon ~~Coke~~ and thence from the drugstore to our front porch. There, for what seems hours on end, they stomp about filling the late afternoon air with their hoarse brayings and adolescent hootings and extravagant guffaws, accompanied by shrill squeals of delight from our little Lizbeth. There was a time last autumn when, to gain access to hearth and home after a day at the office, I was obliged to conduct daily off-tackle smashes straight through Lizbeth's sturdy band of athletes.

"Hi, Mister Traver," Lizbeth's heroes would approvingly shout as I battered my way through the line. After a few weeks of this I sensibly limped in through the kitchen door.

Of course the real hero, Lizbeth's current hearthrob, is missing from these afternoon excursions. He is solemnly flinging himself about some gymnasium or playing field practicing football or basketball or track or baseball: whichever sport is ascendant at the moment. His big moment comes at night when--just he and Lizbeth alone--he "walks her home" after the big game or a Friday night dance at the Youth Center or, on more drab occasions, merely from the library or the movies or glee club or cheerleading practice--or from just downtown... The afternoon crew are really nothing more or less than romantic culls and throwouts: they haven't made the current team; they sulk in temporary eclipse; their moment of triumph is either just over or just around the corner. They will doggedly have to await the arrival of their particular sport. And they had damn well better star in it, too. Then and only then will they have their big chance to walk our Lizbeth home from the big game, or from the Friday night dance, etc., etc...

Last year as a freshman little Lizbeth had to content herself the entire school year with a lone member of the football squad, and a mere substitute

guard at that. It was a lean year. This bleak circumstance so unseated the delicate emotional and intellectual balance of our little daughter that she contrived to annex a yearly scholarship average of but slightly under A. This year things are much better. During the summer Lizbeth evidently appraised the situation with care. She "went out" for cheerleading last fall. She leapt and gyrated and shouted and generally applied herself so wholeheartedly to this enterprise that she and two other girls made the coveted cheering squad over a field of some forty other frustrated young females. ⁹ It was then that our daughter Lizbeth really came into her own. She could now follow all the teams in all their wanderings: in every contest played everywhere. This not only served to restore her delicate inner balance but catapulted her grades into the popular and democratic zone of C average. And now she ^{was} ~~is~~ just rolling in athletes... She modestly launched the fall season by annexing a first-string halfback called Orville. But Orville had the bad taste to snap a clavicle in mid-season. Before the smoke had dissipated from the gun announcing the last game of the football season our Lizbeth coolly dropped her Orville, snapped clavicle and all.

It now being winter and in the midst of the basketball season, our little Lizbeth has naturally latched on to a member of the basketball squad. "Streak" is his name. Streak is not precisely the star--it seems the real star, a loyal young soul called Buddy Pearson, was unavailable. Buddy still found himself ensnared by a tenacious and designing hussy called Doris who had clung desperately to him clear from last season. Our little Lizbeth, ever a realist, consequently labelled both the real star and his devoted Doris "drips." It seems that on this year's market a drip is two degrees lower than a dope... While Streak is not an authentic star he is a "wheel" on the first team; he is "real cute" and not a drip; and, what's more, he enjoys the enormous distinction of having lost a front tooth in the opening game with ^{Nematite} Fulton High. He also seems to be having a little trouble with the replacement.

"Ith Lithbith thome?" he engagingly greets me over the 'phone.

Streak also enjoys the distinction of being the tallest of all the athletes who have ever seen our Lizbeth home. He is six feet five in his stocking feet and is still growing. Almost daily. Without benefit of calipers

I estimate that our little Lizbeth now comes up to about his navel. Morbid is my curiosity to watch them dancing... I am lately taking a sort of paternal pride in Streak's development, which is perhaps not unnatural, since Grace and I seem to be contributing considerably towards his diet--mostly by way of his ^{skillful} quick nocturnal lunges into our refrigerator.

But Streak has his uses, too. He is handy, for example, for replacing burned out light bulbs in our front porch light. (I have lately observed that he has also grown rather handy in unscrewing this same beacon when we leave it on at night for little Lizbeth.) And then there is that ghastly business of the Christmas tree angel. Each year, since Lizbeth was a little girl, I toil and perspire to fit our Christmas tree into a stand that was never designed to accommodate it, and to finally erect this uneasy marriage of tree and stand into a sort of precarious balance--all with the aid of various supplemental hawsers and guy wires. And each year I stand back in moist triumph only to discover that I have again forgotten to affix our Christmas angel to the top of the tree. This year was no exception. And the Christmas angel must fly in our house: in our family it's a sheer case of no angel, no Christmas. This is an edict straight from Lizbeth.

In past years when I duly forgot to install the angel I used to go out into the night, cursing softly, and rummage around in the chilly garage for the tall stepladder, upon which I then teetered and careened for what seemed suicidal ages, with Grace clinging to me, trying to lean out and over the swollen base of the tree to impale Lizbeth's damned Christmas angel to the top of the tree. Two years ago Grace inadvertently relaxed her grip on the seat of my pants and I, tree, ladder, guy wires, angel and all crashed to the living room floor in a splendid Yuletide snarl. Only the angel escaped unscathed. It was a miracle... Nor have I forgotten how Grace laughed. That was the only year I ever managed to affix angel to tree from absolute floor level: that time she was well installed... But this year our little Lizbeth and Streak appeared while I was in the initial stages--still out in the garage rummaging for the tall stepladder. When I finally charged into the house with the ladder, angel bent, Grace and Lizbeth and Streak were calmly trimming the

tree--with the angel proudly flying from the topmost mast. Streak had merely reached up and clapped her on. Presto! I was so overcome that I had to fight a Gallic impulse to dart up on the ladder and kiss Streak on both cheeks. Instead I went out to the kitchen and gratefully whipped up Streak's nightly ration of roughly one-half bushel of buttered popcorn.

With the coming of chill winter Lizbeth and her athletes promptly moved from the porch into the house. Both the afternoon and evening contingents. It is of course the way we wanted it. Far better to have the young people home guzzling cokes under the parental tree rather than out gallivantin' around... Anyway, in Lizbeth's pre-cheerleading days I used to like to come home from the office after work, like any housebroken husband, and relax in my leather chair with a drink and stare at the evening paper until dinner. But now all that fine old gracious living is gone--gone, alas, like our dreams, too soon... Little Lizbeth and her tackles and forwards and baseball pitchers and hundred-yard dash men have moved in and taken over. Our home has become a field house. And I am reduced to the status of a doddering old grad occasionally suffered back for Homecoming. For a while I tried to brave it as though nothing had happened. Daily I modestly demonstrated my prowess as a broken field runner as I picked my way through the maze of sprawling legs and coke bottles to reach my favorite chair by the fireplace. I would be one of the boys if I broke a leg.

"Hi," the athletes would chorus as I did my evening minuet through the living room.

"Hi, boys," I would gaily answer in their own idiom, gamely determined to respond in kind to this affecting show of youthful camaraderie.

For a brief interval there would be a morose silence save for the nervous rattling of my newspaper. Lizbeth's athletes fell suddenly ruminant, stricken dumb before the spectacle of genius grown so eccentric, so perverse, that it would consult anything in a newspaper outside of the sport page or Dick Tracy. Then our little Lizbeth, ever resourceful, would fill the breach by perhaps recollecting something that the English teacher, Miss Dubois, had said or done (or failed to say or do) in class that afternoon--they always refer to this

poor woman, evidently also a large one, as "U. S. S. Dubois"--and away would go the entire pack into squalls of merriment: hawing, chortling, wildly pounding each other, hilariously agreeing that good old Dubois was indubitably a dope or a drip or a lame brain...

After that I took to relaxing at the hotel bar until dinner time. I felt reasonably safe to come home then because Grace and I had not yet formally established a regular training table. The hotel bar was my refuge. The lone athlete I ever beheld there flowered forth only under the treacherous therapy of seven Martinis... Anyway, I relaxed so successfully that occasionally I forgot to come home for dinner. Quite frequently, in fact. For a time I even debated shacking up with the Rotarians... ^{Insert B} ~~It was about then that Grace~~ suggested that our old spare room off the kitchen would make a perfect den for me. Hadn't I always wanted a quiet room where I could sit and brood and keep my books and pipes and guns and flyrods all together? So during the holidays we got it all fixed up: soft carpeting, nice colorful drapes, leather-covered desk, studio couch, pipe rack, gun rack, everything...

But you have guessed it. I am happy, nay enchanted, to report that our little Lizbeth and her athletes have found my new den the most congenial room in the house. It is even beginning to look (and smell) like a small gymnasium. In fact I am seriously thinking of throwing out the desk and studio couch and installing a couple of old lockers and wooden benches and some rubber matting; and perhaps even a medicine cabinet full of assorted linaments. Also a clothes-line from which to dangle woolen socks and various elastic accessories. And do modern gymnasiums still harbor those varnished rows of Indian clubs? We want our little Lizbeth and her athletes to feel perfectly at home. After all, I still have my comfy old leather chair in the living room. And, too, except on Friday nights, I can have the den to myself almost any night after midnight. In fact, right this very moment I am stealthily writing this progress report on our daughter Lizbeth in her den. But somehow this use of her favorite room seems irreverent of me and faintly obscene--something, say, like playing poker in church. And who knows when she and a flying wedge of her muscular swains might burst in upon me and catch me at it? For some strange reason I also find myself reflectively eyeing my favorite shotgun...

The crisis came the other night. Red-eyed and sleepless, I was shuffling about the upper reaches of our house in my new Christmas slippers and old bathrobe, tossing off bumpers of aspirin and waiting for the tumult and the shouting to die. Little Lizbeth and her teammates had just beaten their closest rivals in an overtime game. Apparently she had brought home both teams, including substitutes, and even the cheerleaders and masseurs, not to mention a generous sprinkling of rival fans and plain bystanders. All seemed to come equipped with megaphones. I judged from the rising din that the replay of the game must have been in its closing moments. This had gone too far. Squaring my jaw I cast caution to the winds and stomped downstairs and stood on the landing.

"Lizbeth!" I shouted at the top of my voice. There was no lull. I longed for a referee's whistle. "Lizbeth!" I bellowed.

Lizbeth came running to the stairway, still clad in her striped pants and sloppy cheerleading sweater. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. She looked radiant; like her mother did the night I proposed to her.

"Look, Chum," I said, struggling to keep my temper up. "We can't sleep--ah--for wondering who won the game. Er--what--who won?"

"Oh, Daddy, we won--I'm so thrilled! And guess what?"

"What?" I guessed.

"Buddy Pearson just asked me to the dance at the Youth Center next Friday."

Buddy Pearson is the real star on the basketball team--the one that was a drip it seemed but yesterday. I swayed a little on the landing while I contemplated these new vistas.

"Lizbeth," I said wearily, because I was weary, "what happened to that nice quiet boy you used to see occasionally last year? I think his name was Dudley something-or-other. You used to do your algebra together."

Scornfully: "Oh, Daddy--that old drip! He didn't even make substitute guard this year. He's a perfect isocoles triangle--and he gets all A's." She turned to leave. "But I must hurry back. The whole team's in there. Gee, am I thrilled."

"Goodnight, dear," I said, turning and flapping my way upstairs. "Don't be too late." As I crept into my rumpled bed I felt like an inept running guard who'd been hustled to the showers. But wasn't there a bright spot somewhere? After all, basketball season was nearly over, I reflected, and while it's true there are nine men on a baseball team, the weather would be warmer and I could probably fashion a decoy baseball diamond and dugout in the side yard and lure them outside. Yes, that was the solution. Then, despite the din below, I finally fell into a troubled sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night I suddenly woke and sat up in bed and wondered. I wondered, irrelevantly enough, who would be the lucky athlete to install Lizbeth's Christmas tree angel next year.

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Insect B

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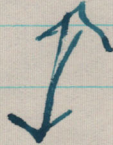
with juveniles until

One night I tarried at the hotel bar not wisely but too long. ~~Along about~~ There was no use going home -- it was a game night and the house would be rocking, ~~long~~ past midnight. Came midnight, ^{then} one, two o'clock, ^{then} two o'clock, and by then home seemed an unutterably dreamy place to go. ^{in some quarters} Sometime later I ^{was} gripped with the ^{the symptoms is hand} that happy idea of phoning Grace. ^{Telephoning is the trade name, believe} The idea became an obsession; the obsession found me calling 6664.

"Hello," Grace ^{finally} answered in a sleepy voice.

"Look, Hon," I said, speaking out of the side of my mouth. "Dis is Steve, Hon. I ^{just} jes' got outa stir, Hon. But, ^{honest, Hon} dis time I'm figurin' on goin' straight, Hon." Pause. "Figurin' on takin' off, ^{tomorrow} for Denver, Hon. ~~Tonight~~, Hon. Jes' thought I'd say goodbye to you an' da kiddies before I blow, Hon." Long ^{then} pause, ^{in a cracked voice} "Wate 'a have da kiddies see dere daddy jes' outa stir, Hon. Wanderin' if dey was sleepin', ^{Hon} maybe I could drop in quiet, ^{like} an' see ^{da little angels} them, before I blow, Hon." Pause. "Wanderin' kin I slip over an' say goodbye to you an' da kiddies, Hon. Kin I, Hon.?"

"Come home here and get to bed, you damn fool," a harsh female voice grated over the phone. Then "click" -- and my obsession was over.



After that interlude Grace wisely suggested that our old spare room off the kitchen would make a perfect den

Some ^{children} D.A.'s ^{occasionally} have been known to marry and ^{and sometimes} divorce. Therefore it would seem that

No narrative about a D.A. or ex-D.A. would ^{seem to be} quite ^{be} complete without ^{including the subject} devoting a little time to ^{the} "D.A." at home.

locked in his bosom of his family, ^{chattering in} slippers, ^{or} on his feet, glowing pipe clamped in his mouth, a glass of warm milk at his elbow. ^{with rum in it.}

Grace and I have three ^{growing} daughters: Lisbeth, Julie and Grace. I could devote quite a volume to ^{unfolding our adventures} ~~detailing~~ our life with these three dynamic young ladies, but since Lisbeth is the oldest, and ^{therefore, presumably} entitled to seniority rights, perhaps I can best picture the ex-D.A. at home by telling you some of her more recent activities.

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After all D.A.'s are human

Despite a considerable ^{and highly vocal} opinion to the contrary, D.A.'s are after all human. Some have even been known to marry and procreate children.

In fact ~~this one did.~~ So I suppose that no narrative about a D.A. or ex-D.A. (I keep forgetting) would be either ^{be} complete or authentic without ^{describing something of} ~~the~~ ^{preparing} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~home~~ ^{life} of the subject. ~~He couldn't~~ ^{He can't} ~~always~~ have been ^{in court} ~~making~~ ^{making} impassioned pleas to juries, castigating witnesses, ^{and} ~~recessing~~ ^{recessing} around in morgues, ^{and} ~~chasing~~ ^{chasing} murderers across his bailiwick. ~~There must be~~ ^{There must be} ~~some time when he relaxes,~~ ^{must occasionally relax} ~~in his carpet slippers,~~ ^{in his} ~~clamps a pipe in his mouth to relieve his~~ ^{relax}

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Picture then ^{a beshipped fellow} ~~the D.A.~~ at home at eventide: The gladder drawn, the Franklin stove aglow, ^{favorite} pipe clamped ^{firmly} in his teeth, a good book close at hand (preferably one by Trower), a load of Toscanini on the record player, a glass of warm milk at his elbow -- with rum in it. Have you got it? ^{for you} ~~Then dismiss it,~~ ^{promptly} ~~from your mind.~~ ^{It is a} ~~Delusion.~~ ^{Delusion.} ~~Then you are picturing one ex-D.A.'s~~ ^{"O I got and by the way grand."} ~~fondest pipe dreams.~~ ^{you see,} we have three growing daughters at home. our house. Perhaps

the case of I can best picture the true state of affairs. Libeth, our the oldest -- and therefore entitled to seniority rights -- can best help you to picture the true state of affairs.

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Three Cheers for Daddy

Our ~~Daughter~~ Lizbeth

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Of course the real hero, Lizbeth's current hearthrob, is missing from these afternoon excursions. He is solemnly flinging himself about some gymnasium or playing field practicing football or basketball or track or baseball: ^{Of course it's all for dear old Chippewa High...} whichever sport is ascendant at the moment. His big moment comes at night when--just he and Lizbeth alone--he "walks her home" after the big game or a Friday night dance at the Youth Center or, on more drab occasions, merely from the library or the movies or glee club or cheerleading practice--or from just downtown... The afternoon crew are really nothing more ^{or} less than ^{Romantic's romantic} ~~romantic~~ culls and throwouts: they haven't made the current team; they ^{sulk} ~~are~~ in temporary eclipse; their moment of triumph is either just over or just around the corner. They will doggedly have to await ^{the arrival of} their particular sport. And they had ^{well} ~~damn~~ better star in it, too. Then and only then will they have their big chance to walk our Lizbeth home from the big game, ^{from} or the Friday night dance, etc., etc...

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It now being winter and in the midst of the basketball season, our little Lizbeth has naturally latched on to a member of the basketball squad. "Streak" is his name. Streak is not precisely the star--it seems the real star, a loyal ^{was unavailable. Buddy} young soul called Buddy Pearson, ^{found himself} was still ensnared by some ^a tenacious and designing hussy, ^{desperately} a junior called Doris who had ^{desperately} clung to him clear from last season. Our little Lizbeth, ever a realist, consequently ^{labelled} called both the real star and his devoted Doris "drips." It seems that ^{on this year's market} a drip is two degrees lower than a dope... While Streak is not ^{an authentic} a star he is a "wheel" on the first team; he is "real cute" and not a drip; and, what's more, he enjoys the enormous distinction of having lost a front tooth in the opening game with Fulton High. ^{trouble with the replacement.} *He ^{also seems to be} ~~is~~ having* "Lizbeth, how's your ^{engagingly} thome?" he greets me over the phone.

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It was a miracle...

"stepladder" is one word

new
No 4

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For a brief interval there would be a bleak silence except for the rattling of my newspaper. ^{The athletes were examining} Then our little Lizbeth, ever resourceful, would fill the breach

Stricken dumb before literate old age, were suddenly
Here Take Insert A, - 4 - *minimum*

Insert A

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In fact I am seriously thinking of throwing out the desk and studio couch and installing a couple of old lockers and wooden benches and ^{some} ^{varnished} rubber matting, and perhaps ^{even} a medicine cabinet full of assorted linaments. Also a clothesline ^{modern gymnasiums} ^{those rows of} from which to dangle woolen socks and various elastic accessories. ^{And don't you still harbor Indian clubs?} We want our

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^{still in her sloppy cheerleading sweater.} Lizbeth came running to the stairway. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. She looked radiant; like her mother did the night I proposed to her.

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Ishpeming, Michigan

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by

Robert Traver

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"Hi, Mister Traver," Lizbeth's heroes would approvingly shout as I battered my way through the line. After a few weeks of this I sensibly limped in through the kitchen door.

Of course the real hero, Lizbeth's current heartthrob, is missing from these afternoon excursions. He is solemnly flinging himself about some gymnasium or playing field practicing football or basketball or track or baseball: whichever sport is ascendant at the moment. His big moment comes at night when--just he and Lizbeth alone--he "walks her home" after the big game or a Friday night dance at the Youth Center or, on more drab occasions, merely from the library or the movies or glee club or cheerleading practice--or from just downtown... The afternoon crew are really nothing more or less than romantic culls and throwouts: they haven't made the current team; they sulk in temporary eclipse; their moment of triumph is either just over or just around the corner. They will doggedly have to await the arrival of their particular sport. And they had damn well better star in it, too. Then and only then will they have their big chance to walk our Lizbeth home from the big game, or from the Friday night dance, etc., etc...

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It now being winter and in the midst of the basketball season, our little Lizbeth has naturally latched on to a member of the basketball squad. "Streak" is his name. Streak is not precisely the star--it seems the real star, a loyal young soul called Buddy Pearson, was unavailable. Buddy still found himself ensnared by a tenacious and designing hussy called Doris who had clung desperately to him clear from last season. Our little Lizbeth, ever a realist, consequently labelled both the real star and his devoted Doris "drips." It seems that on this year's market a drip is two degrees lower than a dope... While Streak is not an authentic star he is a "wheel" on the first team; he is "real cute" and not a drip; and, what's more, he enjoys the enormous distinction of having lost a front tooth in the opening game with Fulton High. He also seems to be having a little trouble with the replacement.

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"Lizbeth," I said wearily, because I was weary, "what happened to that nice quiet boy you used to see occasionally last year? I think his name was Dudley something-or-other. You used to do your algebra together."

Scornfully: "Oh, Daddy--that old drip! He didn't even make substitute guard this year. He's a perfect isocetes triangle--and he gets all A's." She turned to leave. "But I must hurry back. The whole team's in there. Gee, am I thrilled."

"Goodnight, dear," I said, turning and flapping my way upstairs. "Don't be too late." As I crept into my rumpled bed I felt like an inept running guard who'd been hustled to the showers. But wasn't there a bright spot somewhere? After all, basketball season was nearly over, I reflected, and while it's true there are nine men on a baseball team, the weather would be warmer and I could probably fashion a decoy baseball diamond and dugout in the side yard and lure them outside. Yes, that was the solution. Then, despite the din below, I finally fell into a troubled sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night I suddenly woke and sat up in bed and wondered. I wondered, irrelevantly enough, who would be the lucky athlete to install Lizbeth's Christmas tree angel next year.

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