

1st  
Jan. 26, 1967

Paul Keller

It was a warm day early in May when Fred Bengstan and I met during the noon hour at the edge of town, beyond the Barnum Mine, and waited there for the girls to appear. That morning had planned to ~~had~~ <sup>appear.</sup> All of us were playing croquet and ~~were~~ planned to hike out to Oliver's farm and pick May flowers, the local name for trailing arbutus. <sup>Every spring made</sup> The old granite bluffs behind the farm ~~were~~ <sup>and covered them.</sup>

"Look what I got, 'Bolly,'" Fred said when he showed up, reeling in his jacket and of colorless "fluid." "Moonshine," he said. "Stolen it off my old man."

"Bay oh bay," I said, and then we sat on the grassy side of the road and pegged pebbles at an old teakettle. Fred beat me at it, as well he might; because <sup>after all,</sup> Fred had been center on the basketball team <sup>that had won the county championships.</sup> Both of us were seniors, but we had never been particularly chummy in high school. What <sup>brought</sup> us together now was the girls two Finnish girls <sup>we</sup> were about to meet, Hilma and Lily, who just then rounded the bend ~~out~~ <sup>in the direction</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>it was the practice that</sup> girls dressed alike, and enough Both were dressed in white <sup>more</sup> muddy blouse with blue trim and blue skirts. Hilma, Fred's girl, was short and stocky <sup>with thick legs and a square body</sup>, hair gathered <sup>the back in</sup> in a bun at the neck. As she drew closer, she looked like a fullback impersonating a girl. Lily had soft, blond hair and dimples and <sup>and reddish and</sup> giggled and laughed and then we greeted each other and <sup>giggled and laughed and then</sup> Fred leading the way, we crossed the river and then took the <sup>two-hut</sup> farm fork, ~~in the~~ passing the frog-chomping old water-filled cranberry bog pit where Ernie Solem had drowned the year before, and continued on ~~to~~ <sup>sing</sup> toward the farm. Birds flew and sang, gulls wheeled <sup>and cried</sup> above the winding river, the sugar plum bushes were in blossom, and Lily and I were sort of in love.

Was it fair <sup>to</sup> should see judge a person  
by the company he kept?

We had danced together before at school parties, and once or twice at the ~~forbidden~~ Emerson Hall, but had never <sup>really</sup> been "out" together. Hilda, her girl friend, was rumored to be "fast". She worked weekends at the <sup>legal</sup> Feminist drugstore and was reputed to know all about French safes and vaginal douche and <sup>rubber</sup> diaphragms and cures for the clap. It was even said she carried contraceptives in her purse for her more injudicious boy friends.

We <sup>had</sup> left the old trackless railroad grade and crossed the marshy marsh and hit the side-hill gravelled road leading to the farm. Paul had not been there since the <sup>autumn</sup> <sup>fall</sup> before, and he looked curiously about as they approached the abandoned old farm.

Being a resourceful and gifted man, Tedgy took this <sup>sudden</sup> turn of fate, <sup>fortune his</sup> in stride: he started courting the eldest daughter of the town's leading merchant, old Ivar Nelson. Propriety and human chemistry <sup>shortly</sup> did their work; Tedgy wooed and won his Borghild; they were married in a lavish ceremony the following spring. Then, with <sup>an</sup> almost uncanny mathematical precision, Fuzzy was born to them <sup>now, some sixteen years</sup> ~~the~~ next winter. Exactly nine months later. And, here Fuzzy, and Paul were bouncing along an empty country road in the gathering dusk. <sup>Well, not quite empty. A sheepherder suddenly</sup> The automobile overtook and passed them in a <sup>wild</sup> cloud of dust, both boys shielding their faces against "Marmon!" Fuzzy called back to Paul in <sup>the</sup> triumphant voice.

"Right," Paul conceded. "Betcha the next <sup>twelve</sup> on'll ~~be~~ be a Franklin."

"Whatcha bet?"

"Double chocolate soda."

"You're on, <sup>#</sup>easy mark."

Any son-in-law of Ivar Nelson had to be work, at once, gainfully employed, of course, so Tedgy had ~~had~~ set up the Furlong Studios on Main Street and overnight became an optician. In the <sup>extravagant</sup> middle of the day he <sup>had</sup> got up his quarters to look <sup>rather</sup> more like a place to go for a seance <sup>than</sup> a pair of glasses. There were layers of filmy drapes, ottomans, <sup>everywhere,</sup> glowing crystal balls, the smell of incense. Some said that most of the <sup>exotic</sup> furnishings were leftover <sup>props</sup> from the defunct light opera company.

"Goodbye, goodbye," the two boys called back, dutifully waving at Fuzzy's parents standing there, <sup>rather apologetically</sup>, on the front porch, mounting their bicycles and peddling off with their little scout packs <sup>sling</sup> ~~across~~ <sup>across</sup> their backs. They were bound for a summer weekend at the cottage of Fuzzy Gurlong's parents, nearly sixteen miles away. This was indeed their goal, but both boys had neglected to tell their parents that they also intended to attend a <sup>public</sup> dance that night at the notorious Greenland Gardens <sup>in the Valley of Greenwood,</sup> roughly midway to the cottage between Chippewa and the cottage.

Paul pedaled faster and  
overtook Fuzzy at the edge of town.

"Nice going, Fuzzy," he said.

A Plum Red-headed Fuzzy was already panting and perspiring. "They s-s-swallowed at books, line and -- s-sinkers," he managed to say, <sup>fuzzily</sup>, peddling away. Nature had not precisely endowed Fuzzy for long bicycle treks along poached and rutted gravel <sup>country</sup> roads; she had at least equipped him with a useful substitute: a passion for dancing and pursuing girls. Paul had never known a companion who brought more ardor to either enterprise.

The boys stopped at Four Mile Creek and drank and lolled and rested themselves <sup>during which he told a story from their boy scout days</sup>. Fuzzy looked at his Ingersoll watch, <sup>telling</sup> and leapt <sup>an instant</sup> up and away, Polly, "he said, "Boy oh boy, (Fuzzy had had a bicycle accident several years before, losing a front tooth, and the dentist who lagged a little behind and Paul let Fuzzy set the pace. After all there was still twelve miles to go and a night of dancing and frolic after that. Paul had known Fuzzy since kindergarten days and they had been friends ever since. During the summer months large and astigmatism and had replaced it had evidently been color blind; the new one was a gleaming green.)

a tall

he had often spent evenings at the Farlong cottage,  
a modest <sup>old</sup> screened place full of mosquitoes  
and mice and old books standing amidst a clump of mature  
<sup>dark brown - but white pine</sup>  
trees of a glacial lake.)

This glacial jewel of a lake <sup>possessed</sup> had an  
Indian name so long and so unpronounceable that few  
people <sup>ever</sup> dared tackle <sup>uttering</sup> it; probably out of a latent  
fear that the lake might <sup>meanwhile</sup> go away  
had ~~got~~ <sup>were</sup> done saying it. The natives sensibly called it  
simply Lake Hitchi. The nearest <sup>settlement</sup> town to the lake was Campion,  
a sleepy ghost town <sup>a mile away and</sup> which comes to life but twice or  
three times a day: when the morning and evening trains come  
in and left.

Perog.  
cars

As the two boys peddled along, Paul fell to thinking of Fuzzy's father, T. Edgerton Furlong. From what the townspeople called him Teggy, but never <sup>and desirably</sup> to his face, Paul felt a vague sense of quiet <sup>that he should be a party</sup> to leading his <sup>oldest</sup> son Fuzzy astray. But, Fuzzy scarcely needed to be led; in fact it was quite the other way. It was Fuzzy who had planned this latest escapade; who had arranged to meet the girls; who had contrived so that they could stay <sup>out as</sup> late as they wished or ~~not~~ <sup>or</sup> go to bed at all....

From his <sup>own</sup> mother Belle, from Teggy himself, and from <sup>local gossip</sup> history and his own observations, Paul had learned that T. Edgerton Furlong had had a varied and colorful career. Even enviable, Paul half concluded. <sup>Teggy</sup> had first come to Chippewa with a travelling light opera company, which had <sup>already</sup> failed and disbanded when it turned out that its visit had coincided with one of the town's periodic panics. <sup>It seemed that</sup> Miners who were broke and out of work were <sup>frequently</sup> in no mood to be putting out hard cash to <sup>see and</sup> hear The Mikado over at Ed Butler's Opera House. And <sup>it also</sup> seemed that when the country experienced any sort of financial slump, iron and steel -- and therefore the local miners -- were the first to feel it.

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"Goodbye, goodbye!" they called, dutifully waving back,  
at Fuzzy's parents standing on the front porch,  
and mounting their bicycles and pedalling off with  
their little scout packages, Fuzzy Furlong and Paul  
bound for <sup>a summer weekend at</sup> the summer cottage of Fuzzy's parents nearly sixteen miles away.

"Nice going, Fuzzy," said Paul, pedalling up alongside.  
"I'm glad you're off," said Fuzzy, gleaming from

panting. "They swallowed it hook, line and sinker,"  
Fuzzy panted, with some complacency, showing his teeth to  
Paul. "Boy oh boy." (Fuzzy had lost a front tooth in a bicycling  
accident several years before and the dentist who had replaced it had been  
Nature had not designed red-headed Fuzzy  
Furlong for long-distance bicycle trips on gravel roads.)  
For one thing he was plump, more than  
a little lazy, and Paul soon noticed that Fuzzy was  
chafing from the perspiration coursing down his person.

They stopped at Four Mile Creek, where they  
had a drink and Fuzzy took a bath, and continued on their  
way. Only twelve miles to go.

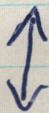
But whatever

color blind: the name was green.)

three nights  
to packed houses

Nelson, Tedgy's rich father-in-law. They even played in the Mac Donald opera house in Iron Bay, the Iron Cliffs County seat, on Lake Superior. One winter they travelled as far as the Copper Country and played in the old Kerrigan House, where Maude Adams and Otis Skinner had once tried the boards.  
~~people like~~  
lived off his father-in-law and

There were those who said that Tedgy Furlong was a failure, a drifter, a sort of lazy male bumblebee who flitted from job to job. Paul was not too sure. However surely, <sup>in his way</sup> he seemed to sense that Fuzzy's father was one of those queer mortals whose role <sup>as if</sup> left was to bring color and grace and beauty to the lives of his fellow mortals. Paul was a little awed by the word -- it sounded so sissy and lightened -- but he guessed that J. Edgerton Furlong might be an artist. There, <sup>up and</sup> ~~he~~ said it...



Franklinian

SS & M (Superior, So Shore & Mackenzie)

The two boys arrived at the Furlong cottage just as the red ball of the sun was sinking <sup>down behind</sup> Lake Superior. It made a trail of pure copper across the <sup>empty</sup> lake, upon which was soon packed, silently watching <sup>the spectacle</sup> for a spell before they tore off their dusty and besweated clothes and made a running dive into the cool water. Well, maybe Fuzzy didn't run so fast. In fact he was so <sup>roughly</sup> chafed between his legs that Paul thought he waddled more like <sup>one of those</sup> four-legged movie cowboys. The boys lolled and dove and swam <sup>and splashed</sup> and ducked each other, and skidded water <sup>at each other</sup> with their poised palms.

Fuzzy gingerly waded ashore and began drying himself on an communal towel. "C'mon, Polly," he shouted. "We gotta get dressed and <sup>on our</sup> hurry or we'll miss our train."

"Train, train? I thought we were going <sup>to the dance</sup> on our bikes."

If Fuzzy made a wry face. "Heavens no, Polly. I doubt if I can ever ride a bike again."

the part of

T. Edgerton Furlong had had a varied and interesting career. He had come to Chippewa with a travelling <sup>light opera</sup> stock company, which had gone broke failed and disbanded when it turned out that Chippewa was <sup>then</sup> in the throes of one of its periodic panics. Miners out of work and wondering where their next meals were coming from were in no mood to be putting out hard cash to <sup>go</sup> hear T. Edgerton Furlong singing in The Mikado over at <sup>Ed</sup> Butler's Opera House. <sup>in a lavish ceremony</sup>

A resourceful man, "Fergy" Furlong met this

fribble turn <sup>at the moment and more difficult and intense and dramatic</sup> smite of fate with philosophic calm: he started courting the eldest daughter of the town's leading merchant, Ivan Borghild. Soon he wooed and won his Borghild; <sup>the following spring;</sup> they were soon married and, with almost mathematical precision, Paul's oldest friend Fuzzy was born to them the next winter. Meanwhile Fergy Furlong had set up on Main Street as an optician. On the make of the day <sup>his quarters</sup> he got up <sup>the</sup> best place to look more like a place to go for spiritual seances than for glasses. The suggestion was not lost on the imaginative Fergy. Soon he was dispensing glasses and prognostications with equal aplomb. A wave of spiritualism hit the town and spread the whole country. Fergy's wife Borghild was among the first and most permanent converts to the new craze. She lived in a dream.... local clubs were formed,

Fergy had a good voice, a dramatic flair, and above average musical ability, especially on the <sup>singing been</sup> ~~female~~ concert guitar and mandolin. Soon he was giving <sup>strangers who walked the streets of Chippewa</sup> lessons on those instruments, and of a soft summer evening, <sup>often</sup> thought they were strolling through a sleepy Spanish town. He organized an amateur dramatic and light opera club in whose productions he usually took the leading <sup>make</sup> roles, sometimes two. The <sup>local</sup> company played <sup>regularly</sup> at Ed Butler's Opera House, of course -- after all, Ed rented the place from ~~at~~ the local merchant prince, Ivan

Fuzzy Furlong's parents owned a <sup>summer</sup> cottage on a lake near Campion, a sleepy iron-mining ghost town some fifteen miles west of Chippewa. This glacial jewel of a lake possessed an Indian name so long and <sup>so</sup> ~~unpronounceable~~ that by the time any those few brave souls <sup>who</sup> ~~were~~ had dared to touch it were struck dumb by the fear that the lake might dry up ~~before~~ by the time they got done with it. (Truly translated it was said to mean: Lake Walk-on-the-water-if-you-are-foolish-enough-to-believe-in-the-sly-white-man-God.) The natives settled for calling it Lake Gitchi.

Paul and <sup>red-headed</sup> Fuzzy Furlong had been friends ever since kindergarten days; Paul had frequently spent summer weekends there with Fuzzy and his parents. There was swimming and boating in the lake, trout fishing in the nearby streams, and pretty Finnish girls to be flirted with on their occasional tramps <sup>in</sup> to Campion. But when Fuzzy and Paul got to high school the old cottage

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Despite his well-travelled air of tolerance and sophistication -- or possibly, Paul speculated because of it -- Tedgy was dead against <sup>young men</sup> ~~against~~, drinking, dancing and chasing girls. He lectured Fuzzy about them <sup>especially</sup> ~~them~~ constantly, frequently in Paul's presence. Each ~~alone~~ <sup>the boys</sup> peril alone singly was bad enough, but together they were fatal. And he illustrated his lectures by stories of horrible examples he had <sup>known about</sup> ~~known~~ from <sup>his own observation</sup> ~~from his own experience~~. One of the boys <sup>fact</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~last~~ was it Cleveland? -- his favorite was the story of <sup>a</sup> brilliant young physician he had known <sup>before</sup> who had lost all -- wife, and family, practice, finally his life -- because of his passion for a <sup>very</sup> little tart -- the <sup>phrase</sup> was Tedgy -- he had first run across when on an emergency call to a <sup>public</sup> ~~public~~ <sup>tearoom</sup> dance hall.

"Her name was Mizzy and she worked in the place," his story usually ran. "She  
with any man who had <sup>man</sup> ~~bought~~ <sup>had</sup> a ticket -- and ~~get~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~left~~ with him  
later if he straddled her fancy or promised to buy her <sup>some</sup> ~~a~~ drink  
late supper. <sup>at</sup> She was attractive <sup>lascivious,</sup> ~~in~~ and  
running carnal congress with her voluptuous <sup>young,</sup> ~~wore~~, <sup>bold</sup> found -- I mean carnal  
nervously in purity. He <sup>begin taking</sup> began his downfalls. <sup>everywhere and</sup> making open love to her often

This <sup>then</sup> was the standard opener of Fedya's saga of the fallen doctor. But each time he told <sup>it</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and the</sup> story to the boys he <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ poor the <sup>poor</sup> doctor and his <sup>a</sup> tart <sup>as</sup> waiting <sup>for</sup> <sup>boldly</sup> <sup>there</sup> turned over in a new place leaving their holding.

"What's carnival congress, Mr. Furlong?" Paul had asked, innocently enough, the first time he'd heard the story. It sounded like something people did in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras. Lecoy explained the phrase in such illuminating detail that Paul felt a pang that there were no tapa dance halls in Chippewa. They sounded so exciting....

But whatever ~~the~~<sup>his</sup> embellishments, Tedgy's  
their congressional sessions, as it were, in more bizarre  
and erotic circumstances -- in tapis, <sup>on</sup> baper in the  
theatre, in low waterfront saloons, in <sup>public</sup> <sup>perks</sup>, <sup>and</sup> <sup>table</sup>,  
blouses, once even in a <sup>claptrap</sup> <sup>box</sup> (Paul wondered how vaguely  
<sup>all this</sup> Tedgy knew <sup>it</sup> had <sup>hoped the</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>part</sup> <sup>and</sup> sped on them?)

But eventually the infatuated doctor lost every

And the story always ended the same way.  
Eventually the young doctor lost everything -- family, practice,  
self-respect, even <sup>his</sup> Mitzi -- and one gray morning his  
body was found washed up on the shores of Lake Erie.

Tedgy sometimes drove the bays to camp

The bays <sup>always</sup> formed <sup>curiosity exciting;</sup>  
so much liked this story that  
And in fact they <sup>so</sup> much liked it that when Tedgy began few  
lecturing them <sup>on the wife of high living</sup> in the abstract, or <sup>during these intervals</sup> <sup>sometimes</sup> when he  
was not lecturing them at all, they asked him to tell <sup>more</sup> of the poor doctor and his Mitzi.  
and his dancehall-tart, <sup>brand</sup> one of them would say and, after sufficient warning, Tedgy would be off, <sup>on a new chapter in the rumble, sexual and</sup> the bays would fall silent and lean forward <sup>as</sup> <sup>shining and</sup> <sup>a favorite</sup> enrapt as children listening to a fairy tale at their mothers' knee.

and half-truths

Idegy belonged to the budding fathers  
who would be glad to their sons. His <sup>ways</sup> were not going to

learn about girls and sex and babies come from and all  
that from <sup>the permitted</sup> back-alley gossip of ignorant, and doubtless  
prudish companions. He would give it to them straight,  
man to man, and be done with it. More young men  
started <sup>to take</sup> the wrong path through <sup>their</sup> ignorance than from  
~~any~~ inherent <sup>mischief in their makeup?</sup> development.

"Her name was Mitzi and she worked in the place," his story ran. "She was one of those girls whose job <sup>it</sup> was to dance with any man who ~~gave~~  
handed ~~her~~ her a ticket. She was for sale. Here Tedzy would pause and lower his voice <sup>and</sup> almost hiss the next words. "In other words, <sup>pay,</sup> ~~her body~~, <sup>she</sup> was for sale!" When he felt that the utter degradation of ~~this~~ her situation <sup>lot</sup> had sufficiently penetrated the consciousness of the boys, <sup>Tedzy</sup> he went on. "The girls were encouraged by the management to leave after work with any male customer who struck their fancy, especially with those men who offered to buy them a <sup>late</sup> supper at the all-night restaurant and saloon next door owned by the same management.

"Well, <sup>young</sup> Doctor Gardner -- for that was his name -- revved this Mitzi, during which he discovered she was quite pregnant. He in turn struck her <sup>willing</sup> fancy and she <sup>gladly</sup> accepted his impulsive invitation to have late supper with him next door. One thing led to another. Attracted by her cheap tinselly beauty and voluptuous <sup>ways</sup>, the young doctor plied her with wine. In fact (At this juncture in the narrative Paul would invariably conjure up a picture of the obsessed young doctor in his smock injecting a tall bottle of wine into Mitzi's ~~thirsting~~ veins.) "One thing led to another! The doctor quite fell for her. On the pretext of examining <sup>in</sup> her further he took her to his office in the middle of the night -- and there they had carnal congress!"

"What's carnal congress, Mr. Furlong?"  
Paul had asked, innocently enough, the first time he heard the story. To him it sounded faintly like something masked people <sup>guily</sup> did <sup>together</sup> in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras. Tedzy had swiftly dismissed Paul and explained the phrase in such illuminating detail that Paul felt a pang that there were no typewritten books in Utopia. They

But despite his well-travelled air of tolerance and sophistication -- or possibly because of it, Paul sometimes ~~suspect~~ speculated -- Tedgy was dead set against drinking, dancing and the pursuit of girls. He often lectured Fuzzy about their perils, often, frequently in Paul's presence, especially when the three were alone together up at the Furlong summer cottage. Each peril singly above was bad enough, he warned the boys, <sup>darlings</sup> but together they were invariably fatal. Usually he illustrated his lectures by stories of specific horrible examples he had learned about through his own observations. One of his favorite stories was the harrowing story of the brilliant young physician who had lost all because of his obsessive passion for a sly little tart -- the phrase was Tedgy's -- he first ran across while on emergency call to a <sup>low</sup> waterfront dance hall. One of the ~~as~~ pregnant girls had fainted <sup>whily</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>young</sup> doctor revived her.

"Her name was Mitzi and she worked in the place," his story ran. "She was one of those girls whose ~~job~~ <sup>was</sup> to dance with any man who bought a ticket, and who often <sup>she would go</sup> out with him <sup>after work</sup>, ~~later~~, <sup>if</sup> he struck her fancy or ~~if~~ promised to buy her a late supper, during which she expected to be plied with wine." (Always in Tedgy's accounts the girl was <sup>will</sup> "plied with wine," and Paul would conjure up a picture of the absurd doctor in his <sup>a bottle of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>thirsty</sup> struck injecting ~~the~~ wine into Mitzi's veins.)

Teddy belonged to that budding new school of fathers who would be pals to their growing sons. His boys were not going to grow up learning about girls, sex and life from ~~that~~<sup>the</sup> the perverted back-alley gossip and half-truths pedalled by ~~of~~<sup>and often</sup> ignorant and ~~evil~~-minded companions. He would give it to them straight, man to man, and finally be done with it. <sup>Wasn't it obvious to the most</sup> obtuse father that far more young men took the wrong turn in life out of ignorance than from any inherent evil in their makeup? And so it happened that early in their teens, Fuzzy and his inseparable companion Paul, <sup>had probably known</sup> learned more about sex and girls and where babies come from than many of the parents of their ~~other~~<sup>less emancipated</sup> playmates. Teddy was something of a pedagogue at heart, and in Fuzzy and Paul he found willing listeners.

## The iron ore deposit

When, millions ago, iron ore was deposited on Michigan's Upper Peninsula, God, or ~~one~~<sup>as yet unchristened</sup> of his cosmic ~~creatures~~<sup>assistants</sup>, saw fit to spread the stuff in a pattern roughly equivalent to <sup>that of</sup> the human nervous system. The main lode occurred in what became the started at the mining town of Chippewa, which might be called the brain, and ran down the spine of Iron Cliffs County to <sup>the town of</sup> Chocolay, carrying <sup>minor</sup> off shoots of nerve ends in all directions.

The country in Iron ore was discovered in 1844; the first mining began in ~~between~~<sup>about</sup> ten years later, and <sup>with</sup> the advent of the Soo locks and <sup>dead earnest.</sup> ~~dead earnest.~~ <sup>desperately</sup> massive supplies of iron and steel

It was a warm sunny day early in May. Fred B. and Paul met the girls during the noon hour at the edge of town, just beyond the Barnum Mine: stocky Helma - Fred's girl - with her straight hair pulled <sup>straight</sup> back into a bun, and blonde-haired Lily, with her soft smile and <sup>quick</sup> dimples. Both girls were a year behind Fred and Paul in high school. Fred and Paul were seniors. Fred and Paul were seniors and Helma was a year behind them <sup>while</sup> Lily <sup>was</sup> a mere sophomore.

Curly-haired red-headed

Fuzzy Furlong's parents had a cottage on a lake near Campion, a sleepy former mining town <sup>now</sup> ~~village~~ some 15 miles west off Chippewa. This lake <sup>had</sup> an Indian name as long <sup>meanders</sup> that my brave soul got through time <sup>and</sup> one pronouncing it <sup>all of there was deep as danger that negative</sup> the lake <sup>meant</sup> might dry up. <sup>the</sup> lake was <sup>no longer</sup> to have <sup>sufficient</sup> running <sup>water</sup> dried up. Truly translated it meant: Lake Walk-on-the-water-if-you-have-faith-in-the-say Frenchman-God. The natives <sup>were</sup> settled for calling it Lake Bitchi.